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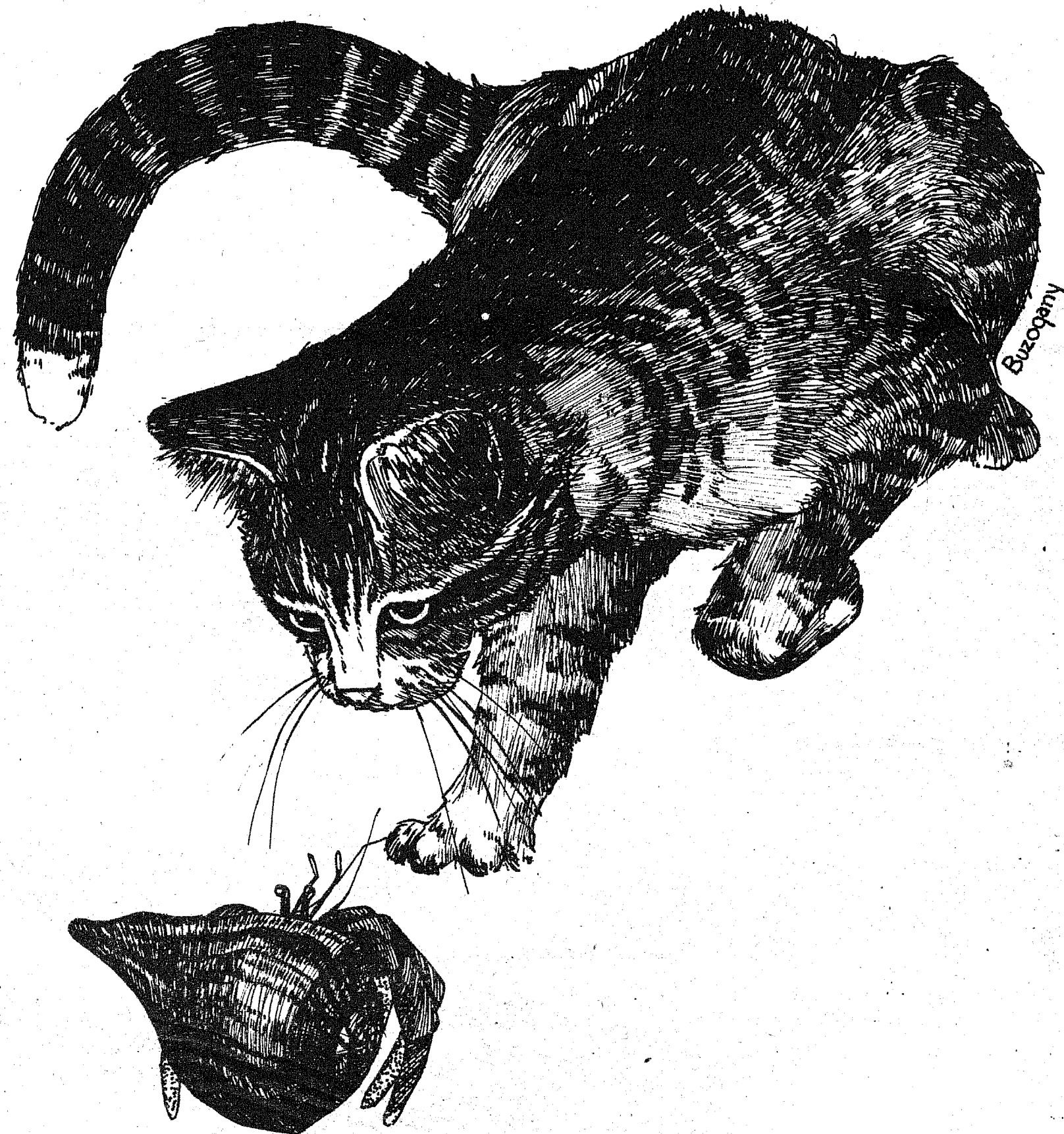
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Vol. 3, No. 1

Key West, Florida

January, 1978



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AILENE KRAMER:
AFTER 45 YEARS,
I STOPPED!
(see page 36)

From the Editor

Hello.
In our last issue, writer John Heller wrote a piece arguing for the right of the local combo "Band of Four" to play two free concerts at the Sands Beach on the weekend of November 20th. There were complaints from the people in the neighborhood -- seven lodged formal complaints -- and, on the third visit of the police to the beach, the four members of the group and Lennie Milan, manager of the Sands, were arrested. John presented both sides of the question with his customary excellence and concluded with:

In view of the reasonable daylight hours of the concerts, and considering the musicians' compliance with the requests to lower the volume, and taking into account the subjective nature of judging "loudness," and aware, too, of the relative quietness that reigns most of the time in the neighborhoods of those who complained, and remembering the right of Lennie Milan to put his private property to use as he sees fit, and not forgetting the rights of two hundred people to enjoy a properly presented concert, it would seem that those persons (seven, at the time that this was written, ed.) finding the concerts objectionable were being too hardnosed and uncompromising about their own right to quietness.

I had no argument with his reasoning, but I was dismayed to hear that the concerts were becoming a regular weekend event. I spoke with friends in that area (or, rather, they spoke to me), and their reaction was totally negative to these events. The music was loud, and it travelled right

into the homes of the residents of the area to such an extent that many took to leaving their homes on the weekends. These were not arabby, misanthropic, youth-hating people, but were people who had had enough of this sound intrusion. When we ran this piece, our impression at Solares Hill was that this was to have been a single weekend event, and we felt that the group should have been permitted to play; indeed, when I spoke with one outraged friend in the area, he said that if this were three or four times a year, he wouldn't dream of complaining, but every weekend, well, that was a different story. And I agree. You can't have loud music on a regular basis in a residential area -- it just isn't fair. I have heard that for the past two weekends the group has not played, and hopefully this means that the situation is resolved -- I hope so.

I spoke with City Attorney Joe Allen recently about what was happening with the eviction action against Island Renovations, Inc., at the concession stand at South Beach. He said that they are trying to dispose of the case as soon as possible and that there is to be no compromise with Island Renovations, Inc. -- they are to be evicted. This is good news. The City must follow through and see that a proper tenant gets the concession and gets it open for the public.

That's all for now. See you next month.

WJ

Cover artist this time is John Buzogany.

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With a little help from our friends

Solares Hill Co., Inc.

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The first GONG SHOW

written and illustrated by Malcolm Ross

KEY WEST has had many visitors over the years: some interesting, some dull, some distinguished and some less than distinguished. Many come for short durations, some stay longer, some remain on and weave themselves ultimately into the diverse fabric of this place that is like no other. Many troubled souls arrive: the confused, the unloved, human driftwood washed up on these shores, many of them trying to escape a past that slowly, inexorably searches them out and eventually overtakes them. The lesson: One can run...but only so far.

ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO Key West welcomed a wealthy doctor (an American) and his wife and family who had just returned to this hemisphere after spending several years in the Orient. Why Key West should be chosen over thousands of other locations in the continental United States is open to speculation, but the doctor, who shall remain nameless, arrived with a comely wife, two very young children, and all the trappings of a happy, affluent lifestyle.

The wealthy doctor, who weighed in at 250 to 300 pounds, soon bought a large house on Eaton Street, and, being a specialist in ailments of the ears, nose and throat, he quickly set up a practice and attracted a good number of satisfied patients. As is the case with all outsiders (or "strangers," as they were then referred to by the Conch population), townspeople regarded them with a silent suspicion, watching and waiting to see what events they would precipitate, what sanity or madness they would manifest. In a short time observers were surprised to see a large construction of odd proportion and strange design taking shape in the back yard of the doctor's new house. Those who had traveled somewhat or were devotees of the *National Geographic Magazine* quickly recognized the strange form as an oriental -- to wit, Siamese -- pagoda! Tales also were reported by those fortunate enough to see the interior of the house of elegantly hand-carved furniture of oriental origin and precious artifacts which defied description. The local populace watched and waited with great interest.

AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, the word came out that the doctor was opening his home to a Sunday afternoon concert of music. Key West buzzed with excitement in anticipation of the event. On the afternoon of the musicale, the cream of Key West society turned out in all its finery, a scene worthy of an opening at the Metropolitan Opera. Solemnly the throng of excited music lovers filed into the elegantly furnished quarters of the

doctor and his family. The rooms, which looked something like a stage set for *The King and I*, were filled with the hum of low voices, as the visitors took their places on the handsomely carved chairs and settees that had been specially arranged for the affair. Yards of brightly colored Thailand silks had transformed one end of a large room into a stage, and the audience waited anxiously to learn what exquisite things awaited behind the large makeshift house curtain.



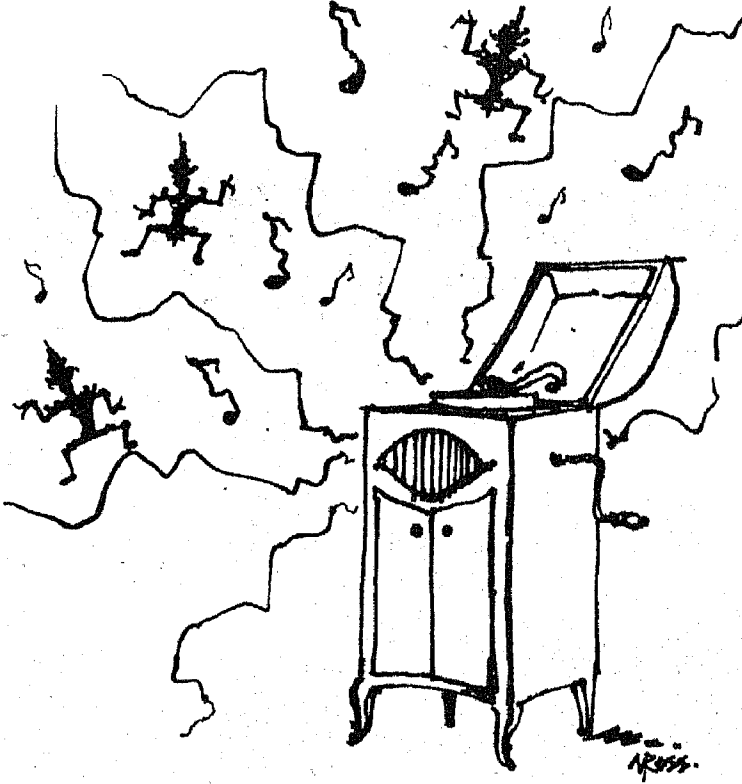
AS THE GUESTS sat around greeting friends and engaging in quiet conversations, the solemnity of the surroundings was suddenly shattered by the jolting sound of a large metal gong, which reverberated throughout the room, bringing some of the guests to their feet and others to the brink of coronaries. The audience swallowed their hearts, which had leapt up into their throats at the loud interruption, and slowly settled back into their seats, trying to regain their composure, but now alert and a bit apprehensive as to what was yet to come.

After the J. Arthur Rank beginning, the colorful silk curtains ever so slowly separated to reveal a sight which looked like a combination of Ho Tai, the Chinese god of happiness, and a scene from an Abbott and Costello movie. In the center of the stage, barefoot and nude to the waist, stood the portly doctor, assuming the air of a conductor who had just mounted the podium. Starting at the shoulder and wrapping itself around his

waist and under his huge protruding belly was a sarong of brightly colored material, rivaling in beauty the fabric of the curtains. Slowly, and with great dignity, the incongruous spectacle on stage came to life.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...delighted to have you here this afternoon..." The audience had by now recovered from its first shock, but here was a second shock, almost as overpowering as the first -- the quivering naked corpulence of the doctor. The impulse was to respond to the humor of the situation, but no one had the courage to laugh. Most were successful in suppressing their mirth, yet there were many smiles on the faces of those in attendance. Few were able to listen to the doctor's words as he outlined the afternoon's musical offering and recited copious program notes; the scene was too distracting, and the audience was primed to expect anything.

IT WAS NO SURPRISE a short time later, when the half-naked figure glided with the elegance of a Japanese geisha over to a large console wind-up victrola and proceeded to put on a scratchy 78 of Siamese music. In its proper setting and performed by elaborately costumed singers and dancers, the music might have possessed a fair amount of charm, but in



an old Key West Conch house the result was a series of squeaks and squawks capable of setting one's teeth on edge. Some-

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thing had been lost in the transport across the sea and half-way around the world.

For some in the audience the odd sounds became too much to bear, and those who had maintained their composure started to lose it. One visitor, recently from California, immediately grew hysterical and started to giggle and snort and shake convulsively. At one point she stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth to try to stop the waves of giggles that began to rise and roll over her. A friend at her side even tried to pinch her in an effort to get her to regain her composure. When nothing else availed, her friend dragged her from the room to the kitchen and forced a glass of water down her throat. The sight of the corpulent doctor in his multicolor sarong, the forced solemnity of the situation, the squeaky squawk of the victrola, all were too great for the two women, so they made no attempt to return to the musicale, which remained in progress. How long the strange performance continued they would never know, for they decided it was best to make an exit from the nearest door.

WHETHER OR NOT the doctor was able to communicate this bit of musical esoterica to Key West society and acquaint local minds with the beauty and enjoyment he felt is difficult to determine, but those who sat through the concert from beginning to end certainly deserved medals for endurance.

Sensing a degree of social success, and not wishing to shirk any further his social responsibilities, the doctor decided to also host a lavish Thanksgiving dinner. *The Key West Citizen* printed an article outlining the guest list (which included various celebrities and a titled European or two) and went into great detail explaining the numerous courses

and gourmet delights which were planned for this repast of all repasts. It was an enviable thing to be placed on the guest list, and of course Key West's

elite were to be present in great numbers.

THIS EVENT unfortunately turned out to be less successful than the afternoon musicale -- in fact it might be described as a social disaster. It included raw and bloody turkey and was in general a totally inedible meal. The host, it was said, appeared at table dead drunk, and one of his publicized guests, a European aristocrat, was so wiped out on spirits that he could only groan and was unable to remove his head from the plate! The scene turned out to be total chaos right down to the doctor's two children, who sat under the table unattended and squawling from wet and chafing diapers.

ONCE THE DOCTOR'S world began to crumble it was quick to fall apart. Bits of the past which he thought he had left behind crept up on him and followed him to Key West. It was said that his many years in Thailand came to an end as a result of a murder which he had committed there, and that he was banished speedily and ignominiously from the country. The body of a dead man appeared mysteriously in an upper area of his house on Eaton Street, and the doctor was linked to this death.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE disappeared and then reappeared suddenly, ragged and in a pathetic state with tales of imprisonment by the doctor in a locked room in the house. Her frantic tales of poisoning and torment at his hands found sympathy, but no sanctuary from the man. She was returned, protesting, to the house, where she died shortly after -- it was said to be a suicide -- but no complicity by the doctor was ever proved. The doctor himself met his end in the old Monroe County Hospital, the only testimony left to his memory being a



plaque bearing his name on the house he once owned and a few pieces of exquisitely carved Oriental furniture now in private collections.

KEEP AN AUSTRALIAN PINE IN YOUR HEARTS TODAY

by Jerry Grapel

WHEN I FIRST came to Key West, I was unfortunate enough to live along the route of the fabled Conch Train. I'm sure many of you have experienced such misfortune. As a result, various tales of wooden pegs, narrow lanes, widow's walks, and Bahama Houses are injected into your consciousness, quite against your will, at regular intervals all through the day.

"Now off to the right, just beyond those tall Australian pines, is the..." My first dwelling place in Key West was geographically situated at a point in this universe where those exact words, emanating from the Conch Train, could be heard. Every day, over and over again, "just beyond those tall Australian pines," more regular than the mailman, they never went away. I never quite heard the complete sentence, but "those tall Australian pines" never failed to pierce my serenity.

I began to hate Australian pines.

ONE DAY, after perhaps a month of Australian-pine-Conch-Train-speeches, I went out into the street where the Conch Train went by. Gazing "off to the right," as the driver had suggested, I saw the stand of trees in question. So those were Australian pines. Perhaps I had built up a prejudice nurtured by weeks of Australian pine speeches, but I must admit I found them to be not at all attractive at the time. Even to this day, I feel some justification for this negative first impression, especially when I compare them to the infinite array of beautiful plant life which abounds here. In the company of such tropical beauty, the Australian pine is simply a plain Jane. To call it the "Ichabod Crane" of the botanical world would not be too far from the mark. It grows up in that rather tall, ungainly fashion one might associate with the big, skinny adolescent who is rather awkward as a basketball player.

As the old saying goes, "You can't tell a book by its cover." Now that I've lived here for a few years, I've grown to know the Australian pine better. I now understand where its attributes lie, and my early impressions of distaste are no longer part of me.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, the Australian pine is not indigenous to this area. There are rumors to the effect that it was introduced here around the turn of the century. Therefore, strictly speaking, we cannot call it native to the Keys, but we can at least grant the Australian pine status as a botanical Conch by now. It is perfectly suited to an area such as this, because it responds well to salty water. In fact, its success has been so pronounced that it now appears on a very elite list with

two or three other trees (one being the coconut palm) that are now considered to be part of the natural botanical scheme of the area, even though they are not indigenous to it. Many familiar standards like the mango, avocado, and sapodilla do not qualify for this list. With this in mind, I feel it is safe to say that the Australian pine is as naturally well-suited to live here as any plant there is, with the exception of our hardy friend, the mangrove. If that ambitious intermeddler known as man had not built his railways to the sea, his overseas Highways, Seven Mile Bridges, Hemingway Houses, Conch Trains and the like, there'd be little here save for mangrove and Australian pine.

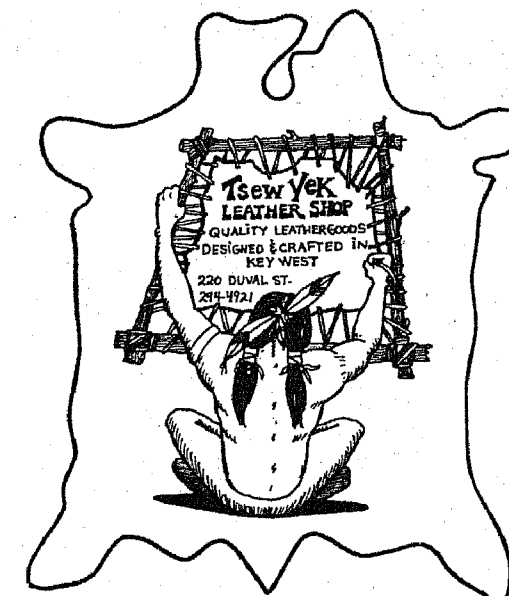
I REACH THESE conclusions based upon an evening that I spent on Sugarloaf Key. For miles around, all that could be seen was an unbroken tangle of mangrove, interspersed quite irregularly with the windbent forms of numerous Australian pines. Virtually nothing else.

It was on future trips to this area that I discovered the thing which makes the Australian pine special. One evening, as the wind blew regularly out of the southeast, a beautiful purring sound softly flew by me. A gentler, more soothing noise could not possibly exist. At first I looked in bewilderment, trying to ascertain exactly what was the source of this pleasing sound. A minute or so passed before my sight settled upon an Australian pine standing about 75 feet away. It curved like a bow as it bent in the wind, and its long, slender pine needles flew horizontally as the air rushed by. I walked towards it. The sound grew stronger.

IF MY "utopia" existed now, and I was able to live in my own version of Shangri-la, I would have a house which stood downwind from a tall stand of Australian pine. And each night that the wind blew, I would be lulled to sleep by one of nature's finest sleeping pills. There would be no need for Merck or Lilly and bottles full of pills. The Food and Drug Administration would surely approve. With the sound of the wind filtering through those long pine needles, nervousness and tension would simply have to evaporate.

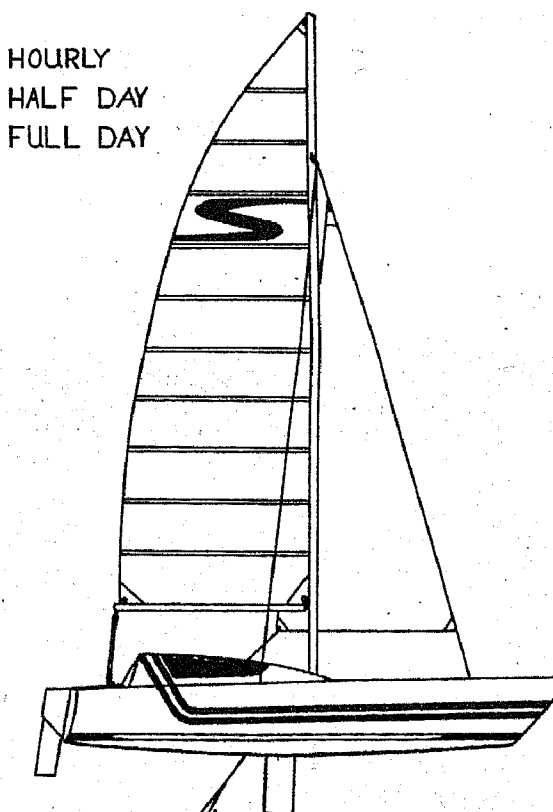
AS LONG AS we are into old sayings, let's try this one -- "Beauty is only skin deep." The Australian pines are living proof of this statement. The more you hear the melody that comes from them, the more beautiful they become.

Keep an Australian pine in your hearts today.



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notes and antic-dotes Dorothy Rayner

CALEDONIA is the poetic term for Scotland; it is also a street in London where a fabulous flea-market is located; and it is the title of a foot-stamping tune of several decades ago. The opening phrases of the song were "Caledonia, Caledonia! What makes your big head so hard?"

But to old-timers in Key West, Caledonia is a name associated with one of the town's most startling and literally colorful characters. I never learned her actual full name in the past, and query even now has been unsuccessful. I suspect that some of the people questioned knew the real name, but refrain from revealing it out of consideration for relatives. So just Caledonia will suffice for this word sketch.

CALEDONIA was of medium-height, but looked taller because of dress style and high heels. Hats piled high with millinery frippery, which Caledonia often wore over afro pig-tails, contributed to the illusion of tallness.

CALEDONIA WAS CONSIDERED to be one of the better seamstresses in Key West's black community. She fancied herself a dress designer, and she did create individual ensembles of clothing for herself. Rumor had it that she did well in this field until she suffered the trauma of a blighted love affair and developed a "disturbed personality."

She frequented the Aronovitz dry goods store, in the 600 block of Duval, carrying a paper sack containing pennies and small change. She rummaged around selecting remnants of cloth, ribbon and lace.

BERNIE DICKSON, who not only recalls Caledonia herself, but also talked to sales clerks, said that tourists at nearby Ramonin's Restaurant would leave their tables, rush out and snap photos of Caledonia in the bizarre getups, which could be regarded as a forerunner of some of today's styles.

THE FIRST TIME I saw Caledonia she was wearing one of her monochrome ensembles in yellow, but she also favored pastels: pink, blue, green, lavender, and rose. Her ruffled and flounced gowns were accompanied by accessories in matching color. Gloves, shoes, hats, and handbag, with perhaps just a shade of tone difference depending on the material, composed the symphony of tints. To top it all, she flourished a frilly parasol in the chosen color.

Pirouetting and dancing, Caledonia loved to admire her reflection in the windows of stores up and down the main stem. She preened herself in the mirrored front of the Aronovitz emporium especially. She liked to dance on the street corners and collected tossed coins.

BUT SHE WASN'T always lady-like, to say the least. The florist-manager of Southernmost Flowers and Gifts, 616 Duval Street, was Johnny Knight. He says she used to stand out in front early in the morning yelling, "Who's gonna buy my breakfast?" and begin cursing unless placated with a quarter.



Jeweler Paul Sher recollects that every merchant in the area met her money demands just to get her to leave the store premises. "She pestered everybody."

WHEN SHE SWAGGERED into bars demanding money, she was often greeted with the loud and lusty rendition of the song "Caledonia," but with alterations, substituting the word "fat" for "hard," and changing the word "head" to "rump,"... well...that's the polite version.

However, there was one occasion when Caledonia overstayed her visit to a bar and was forcibly ejected by the proprietor. She promptly reentered, bent over, flipped up the back of her skirt and answered the ditty singers with a howled, "See for yourselves."



TOWARD THE END of her bouts of capricious behavior, which grew rowdier and more profane, even her style of dressing changed. She seemed to be making a parody of her former careful color blends, and appeared in a cowboy hat, a bright red blouse with Cuban style ruffled sleeves, and a Seminole Indian skirt with multi-hued bands encircling it. The final touch of "originality" was a pair of bright blue, fluffy-feathered boudoir slippers.

Eventually Caledonia was institutionalized and died in Chattahoochee.



I PREFER to remember Caledonia as contributing to the legends of Key West. I personally saw one incident which proved she had a genuine sense of humor.

A smart haberdashery was operated in a frame building across from La Concha Hotel on Duval Street. It was known as Stinchfield's, after the owner, George Stinchfield, also fondly called "Stinky." He had a quality shop in Palm Beach and was well informed on the latest gadgets for displaying resort wear for men. Chic mannequins of wire and basketweave straw, with simple body outline, were imported. The dummies were wigless and had oval-shaped heads; the faces were featureless.

FASCINATED, I watched Stinchfield dressing his window with the mannequins. Then along came Caledonia, prancing in lavender finery.

She paused, peered at the window setup with a perplexed expression at first. Then she splayed hands on hips, rocked back on her heels and laughed hysterically.

She shrieked, "Just look at them

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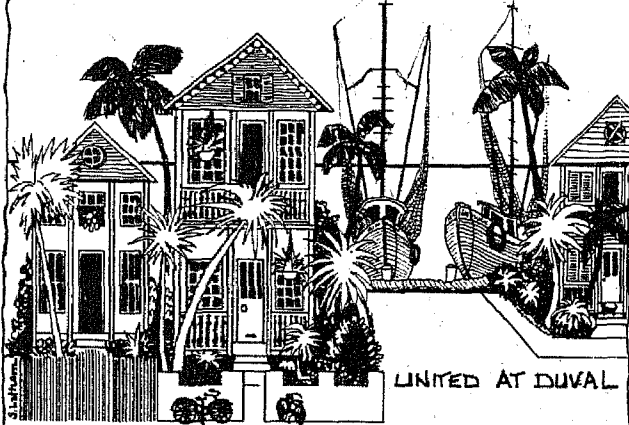
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dummy things. Ain't got faces! And people say that I am the crazy one around here!"

THERE WERE OTHER street characters who drew attention. One dowdy woman called "Crazy Helen" roamed the streets with a beatup baby carriage crammed with empty beer cans. If she encountered another woman pushing a baby buggy, she would ram it and declare, "Look at my baby. Just as pretty as yours."



One summer Crazy Helen acquired a moth-eaten raccoon coat, and even in the heat of August she wore it parading proudly along the pavement, and, like Caledonia, admiring her reflected image in store windows.

THE LATE ARTIST, Bruce Mitchell, claimed she must have had a stage career sometime in her past, although she never disclosed anything of it. He cited a happening to prove his point. Helen used to hang out around Fisherman's Cafe, the old yellow building on Caroline Street which has long been a favorite subject of artists re-creating local scenes.

One day Bruce was sketching the cafe, and he noticed Crazy Helen, who had a mobile face coarsened by age and cheap wine, but with a certain strength to it. He asked her if she would pose for him.

Helen considered a few seconds and

then said, "You'll have to wait until I get my makeup on straight." She had no compact or comb or any facial cosmetics at all, but she had imagination, for she retired coyly behind a telephone pole and went through all the gestures of applying makeup, after setting up an imaginary mirror.

SHE KEPT PEEKING around at Mitchell while she daintily applied foundation cream, then went ahead patting on rouge, powders, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, and lipstick, all in precise professional detail. From time to time she fluttered her eyelashes and asked, "How do I look now?"



Finally, slanting a rakish hat over her forehead, she consented to sit for her portrait sketch, maintaining a somewhat arrogant posture. When Bruce had finished several preliminary sketches, Crazy Helen demanded to see results. With a grande dame attitude, she examined the work and remarked, "I can't say you have done me justice."

THE GRAPEVINE tingle on Caroline Street reported that Helen, last name unrevealed, had finally been hospitalized and died of "complications."

editorial

IN LAST MONTH'S editorial, dealing with the need for more fire protection for Key West, I made two errors -- one the result of a misunderstanding, and the other the result of misinformation.

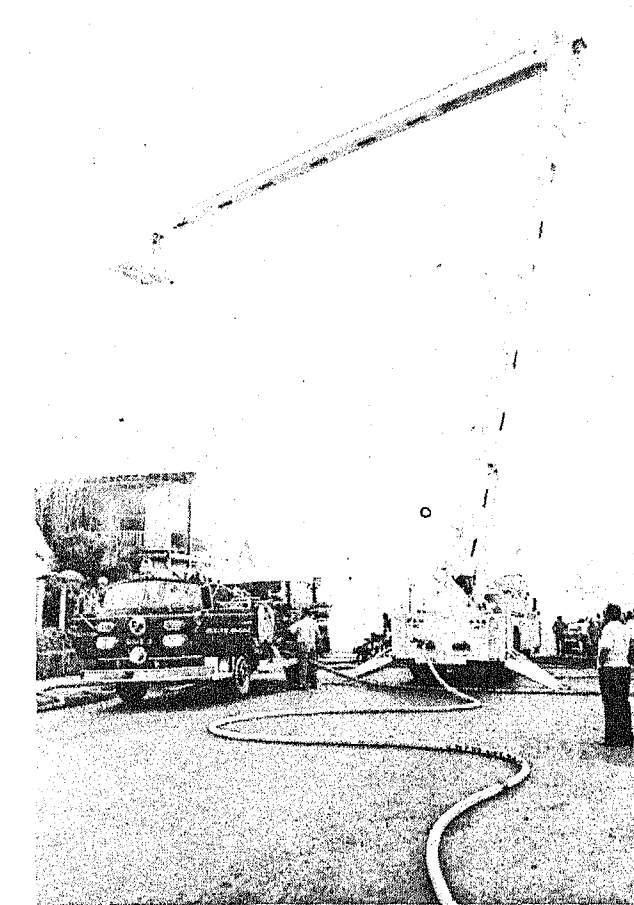
I reported that the snorkel truck is crewed by only one man: the driver. The snorkel does not respond to a fire call unless a chief at the scene of the fire decides that the snorkel is needed. Then the driver brings the snorkel to the fire. Thus far I was correct.

Then I said that when the snorkel arrives at the scene it is operated by untrained volunteers off the street. That is not correct. I said that because I had misunderstood the term "volunteers" and because I had once observed an untrained City official operate the snorkel at a fire a couple of years ago, with nearly disastrous results.

I WAS INFORMED by Fire Department officials that when the snorkel arrives at a fire, men from other units, off-duty firemen, and trained volunteers -- all of whom have been trained to operate the snorkel -- crew the snorkel. Occasionally a bystander may be asked to help move a hose in the street, but under no circumstances are any untrained, non-firefighters employed in the actual fighting of the fire or operation of the equipment. The incident that I observed happened when Bum Farto was Fire Chief, and current policy would prevent such a thing happening again.

I ALSO SAID that when the unit from the City Hall fire station is called out, the Grinnell Street unit also answers the call as a backup unit. That

is correct. Then I said that one unit



The snorkel in operation from the Kennedy Drive station moves to the Grinnell Street station to stand

con't on page 33

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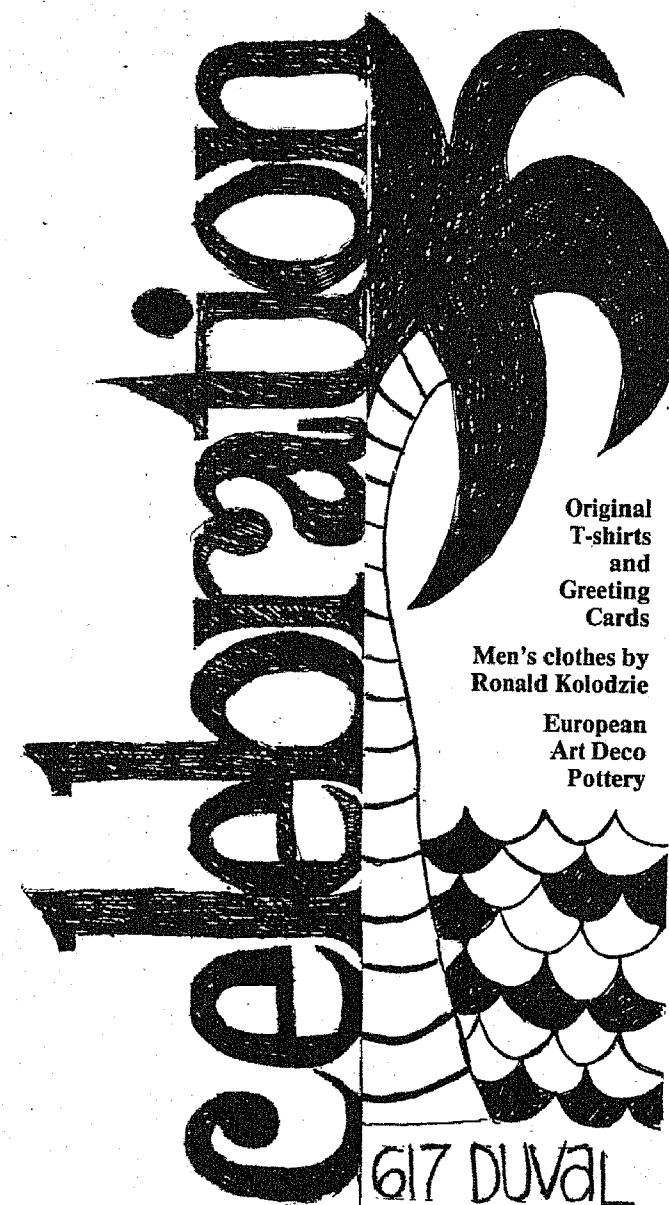
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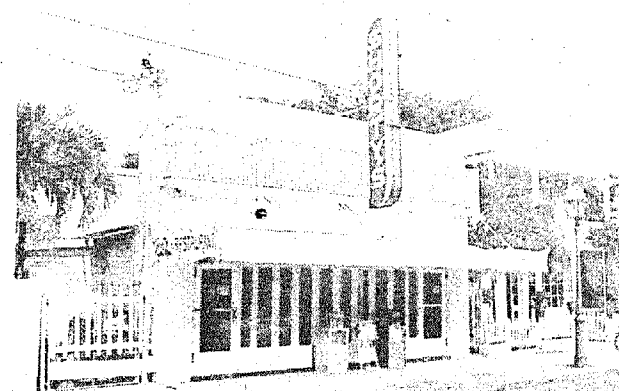
Men's clothes by
Ronald Kolodzie

European
Art Deco
Pottery

SHORTY'S

by John Hellen

FEW BUSINESSES in the downtown area have enjoyed the longevity and attendant popularity to become known as institutions. Particularly along Duval Street, flux and adaptation have proven more the rule than the exception among an ever-changing parade of mercantile ventures. For constancy and consistency, perhaps no other Duval Street enterprise could be said to have been as stable as Shorty's Restaurant.



UNOBTRUSIVELY situated at the heart of downtown, Shorty's has been for years the surrogate kitchen for many Key Westers, ranging from pensioners to laborers to shop owners to hippies. Situated in its present location since early 1957, Shorty's regularly has been the choice of visitors away from home due to its unmistakable appointment as an all-American diner. Stainless steel and formica, shelves thick with successive coats of white enamel paint, rubber floor mats

behind the counter, and a large grill within view of the public are all religiously scoured daily in what results in the neon-lit immaculateness possessed by at least one railway car diner in every small town, U.S.A. Visitors who peer in through Shorty's elongated shutter style windows know immediately, because of the Norris milk dispenser, the plastic bubble orange juice swirlers, the uninhibited pie and cake display case, and the bank of thick crockery coffee cups, that here is an acceptable place to eat, a place where quality and neighborliness will be as much in evidence as it is in the home.

ABLE TO SEAT only 27 people at one time, Shorty's relies on a high turnover of business to insure its daily revenue, and it's unlikely that anyone would linger there longer than the sufficient but customarily allotted time. Due as much to its basic nutritious menu as its convenient location, Shorty's, like the Post Office, is a hub of early morning socializing where local people say good morning and marvel at the content of the "Key Area News" and politic and even gossip. The arrangement of wall panel mirrors and a partial visual blockade by bulky restaurant equipment in the center and several Seeburg song-o-matic nickelodeons clamped at intervals along the counter allow individuals who for one reason or another don't like each other or do like each other either to ignore each other or to exchange furtive or admiring hellos through the pie case or from visual ricochets off the mirrors.

OPENING PRECISELY at 6:30 every morning, Shorty's provides the reliable daily

breakfast for many on their way to seven o'clock government or construction jobs. By seven-thirty that large wave of workers who clock in at 8 o'clock are ordering their o.j., eggs and steaming hot-cakes. Again, by eight-thirty a smaller and some say luckier group due in at the first banker's hour arrive to linger a few moments over coffee, rolls or cereal. From 9:30 to 10:30 shop owners and late rising visitors vie for Shorty's twenty-seven chairs. By eleven and until two seating for lunch is purely a matter of time in line and luck. Actually those awaiting a seat in the square room don't line up but hug the walls behind the chairs with restrained but weighty glances aimed at anyone seated who appears to be dallying too long with his coffee or who dares venture into the "Living Today" section after having been through the editorials, sports and comics.

THE MAN who makes Shorty's run is Arnold "Jim" Galloway, the long-time proprietor and stepson of Shorty. A lean trim man of 48, Galloway has an energy about him resulting from years of getting up at 4 a.m. to work from ten to twelve hours a day in his busy restaurant. As a boy Galloway worked alongside his mother, Nellie (who still is active in the business), and stepfather at the original Shorty's, which was located in the Tropical Hotel (known later as the Jefferson Hotel), where the family began their operation in 1939 as a coffee shop. The first Shorty's was smaller even than the present one but identical in the layout of the counter and menu format.

Galloway paints his father, Shorty, as a stern but patient taskmaster whose fastidious habits and penchant for doing things correctly have resulted in the consistent high quality of food and lasting endearment of many patrons. He tells the story of a hungry Georgia fisherman in bib overalls, who one evening asked

Shorty for some work, any work, in exchange for a meal, because it had been several days since his last. The fisherman told Shorty that he had the promise of a job, but it would be a week before his boat could go out. Shorty fed the man for the week and sure enough a week later the man disappeared. In another two weeks the man reappeared in brand new overalls and with a wad of bills. "What do I owe you?" he asked Shorty. "All you owe me," said Shorty, "is a promise to help out someone else who needs it." The fisherman for years thereafter bought all his meals when in port at Shorty's Restaurant.

SHORTY WOULD resort to trickery on occasion in order to introduce Arnold to various phases of the business. One night Shorty took his cook out drinking and purposely got the man so drunk he could not work the next day. In the morning when no cook showed up Shorty said, "Well, son, looks like you'll have to make the soup today." "Dad, I don't know anything about making soup!" "Damned if it ain't time you learned then, son."

LONG HOURS of work sometimes take their toll on a person's memory. There is the story about Shorty closing up his restaurant one night after a busy fifteen-hour day. It was his habit to wrap the day's receipts in a newspaper when going home at night. On this particular evening Shorty set down his \$3,000 newspaper on a trash can outside while he was securing the doors. Tired and looking forward to a cold one at Sloppy Joe's down the street, Shorty blithely strolled the one block to the bar, oblivious to the fact that he had forgotten to pick up the paper. Relaxing with his drink, he then thought he'd look over the day's headlines before going home. Caramba! The newspaper! He raced out of the bar and up the street only to discover that the garbage truck

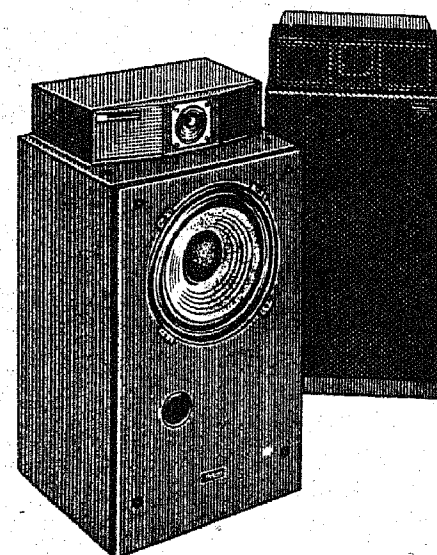
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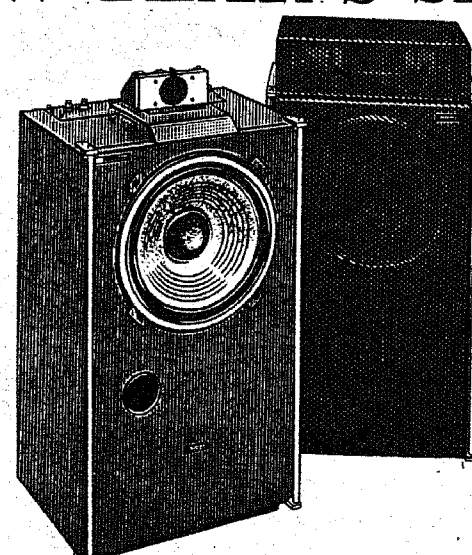
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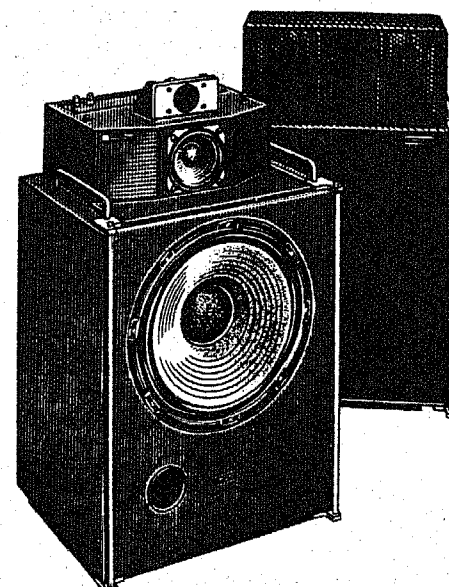
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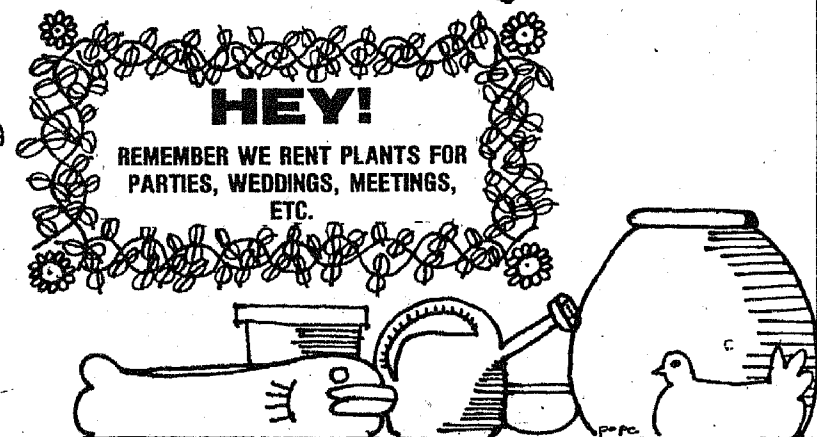
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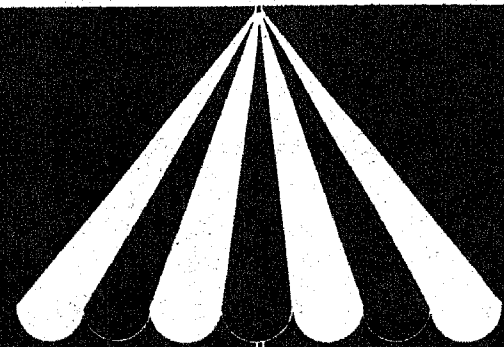
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Palms & Pelicans

by Fannie-Bessie

THE YEAR is 1960. In an overheated station wagon, we have reached Key West. A family of six, including a seven-year-old son in a Texas bull rider hat clutching a moldy chocolate Easter rabbit. This is October.

Like almost everyone who lands on this island, ours is a quest for "otherness" in a world where everything tends to resemble everything else. "I believe I've found it," I exult silently, poking in my blouse and untangling my feet from the road maps.

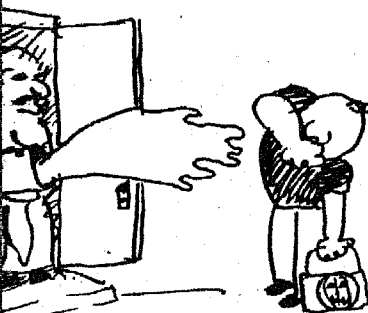
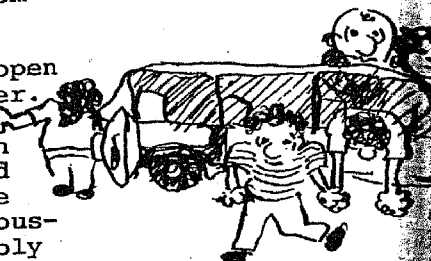
THE STATION WAGON empties like an ant hill, and everybody penetrates an open air food joint downtown on a busy corner. Nothing trendy about the place, but a marvelous, confused, untidy milieu with island residents popping in and out and wooden fan blades sullenly whipping the thick air. There is a long table obviously reserved for street regulars, probably political savants. My kids fit right into the scene; they love untidy spots.

Appetites stoked, we press on. Heads hang out the windows. We are appreciatively eyeing the fleecy white clouds in a palest blue sky like romping billy goats. As luck would have it, we turn into the curving driveway of the old Casa Marina Hotel. Like a failing, aristocratic old lady, the hotel holds onto certain shreds of tranquility...a nice, dignified sweep of lawn, a big, cold swimming pool facing the ocean and a heavy, homey, imperious lobby.

FROM HERE ON IN, the Mainland has lost me. The fatal Key West seduction pulls at my heart, and for these 17 years through some upping and some downing, catastrophes and triumphs, the dearness of this island illusion has never palled for me.

Fatally, winking from a lobby coffee table that first evening is a local newspaper headline, "Please, won't somebody buy the city bus?" Obediently, the following morning, we buy the city bus, undoubtedly the poorest investment available at that point in time in the Western hemisphere. The struggle with sputtering, ancient, diesel-burning dinosaur buses lurching through the labyrinths of the island lasted ten years, led to a few incendiary adventures, used up most of our money, took down my marriage. But I learned the warp and woof of this island I call home.

HOME BECOMES an old, awkward-looking clapboard house peering through its shutters over the Atlantic Ocean through a sort of grotto formed from a generous, spreading gnarled, leafy sea grape giant. That real estate man, showing the island houses then up for sale, must be the



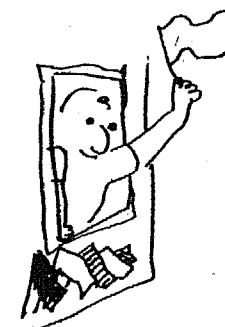
sharpest salesman of the century. He shows Old Town homes, concrete block houses, houses on stilts, mansions and cottages in varying stages of polish or dissolution. But always he manages to drive me past this old oceanside house. It seems the key is inaccessible. He has summed up his customer, all right. Daily, my persuasion grows in enthusiasm, and so he locates the key, and we buy the house.

THROUGH THE YEARS, the growing family of four children make the ocean their backyard. One blessed summer, they acquire an old raft tethered offshore a few yards, and they literally live aboard, taking their food out there. I communicate by means of different-colored flags. White means "Stay there a long time." Red means "Come in instantly." Blue, "Whoever's turn to sweep the patio, get in." This works well.

There is an oval hole in the worn, old coral rocks behind our house which fills at high tide. We call it the Bath-tub, and if a family member feels at odds with his world, or suffers angst, he repairs to the Bathroom to loll, soaking therapeutically and gazing fretfully at the canopy of sky. Soon he comes around and, with new strength, faces his peers. It remains my opinion that calamities, domestic or religious, however severe, may be exorcised by a spell in the Bathroom.

UNDER THIS OLD HOUSE, tucked in a modest corner, resides a musty artifact, a sea chest. Everyone agrees that, however exciting the temptation, the Sea Chest must remain unopened. Pirate bones? Treasure maps? Whatever is in the Sea Chest could not surpass in thrills the mystery of what is in the Sea Chest. So the conjecturing continues.

One of the last childhood sprees, while all the four children are yet at home, in the old house on the coral rocks, occurs one Halloween. The dozen or so neighborhood kids gather to examine their loot on the broad verandah. It proves too much for the 15-year-old son, a large 15-year-old, and advisedly too old for Trick or Treating. After watching the enviable haul of this younger brother and sister, he decides to give it a try. This particular Halloween has been a trying time for all housewives within a radius of three or four blocks. The stresses have been many, and a certain nervous lady down the street simply has had all that she can take. When the 15-year-old, with a nylon stocking over his face, rings her bell, she is ready. She opens the door and throws a bucket of cold water over him. This is his sole visit this Halloween. He drips disconsolately onto the old hammock. I can't recall if the younger ones shared their booty with him.



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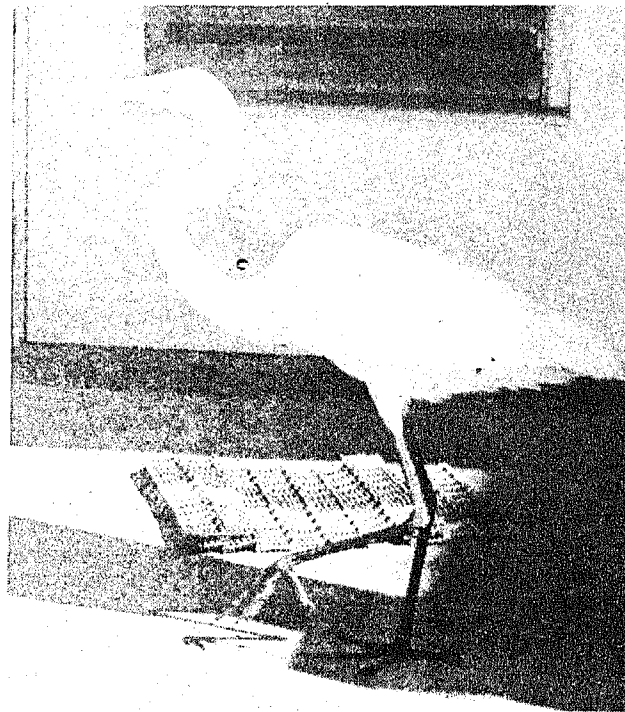
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Not a stork delivering babies, not a snowbird, and not a great white heron (which has yellow legs and to which it is related), this great egret (also called the American egret) has been doing some people-watching around Key



West the past few months. It has been seen ambling along sidewalks and through backyards and flying low across streets

some remarks

photos by Richard Marsh

all over town. We found it window-peeping on Grinnell Street near Eaton. It seems to have learned to survive the heavy winter traffic and small boys with stones and is not shy of people. Our guess is that it was involved in the Christmas people count for the birds' version of the Audubon Society.

SOME TIME AGO, I filed a suit against the City of Key West and against builder Carl Rongo. I asked in my suit that the city be ordered to follow its own laws concerning the townhouse construction on Rest Beach built by Rongo. There are special steps that have to be taken before such projects are allowed in the City of Key West, and these were not taken. In the suit, I also asked that a temporary injunction be granted forbidding any more building on that site while I sought a permanent injunction against this building. I asked that the existing townhouses (4) be torn down and the beach area that they had been built on be restored to its original condition and be declared a public beach. I have been helped by many people who feel, as I do, that the building does not belong on Rest Beach.

THE ATTORNEY for the City filed a motion asking that my suit be dismissed, and Judge Gomez ordered us to rewrite our suit on the grounds that it was too vague. We were ordered to do so on

September 10th, 1977, and given twenty days to file an amended complaint.

MY ATTORNEY, Max Fischer, advised that I should simplify my requests. He felt that we would achieve more if we would drop our demand that Rongo remove his townhouses and restore that part of the beach to its original condition, whereupon it would be declared a public beach. I agreed to do this, and the suit was so changed and filed within 20 days. On December 6, we met in the chambers of Judge Gomez with City Attorney Joe Allen. At that meeting we voluntarily dismissed the City (dropped our suit against them) without prejudice (which means that at any time I can reinstitute the suit), with the stipulation that the City Attorney would recommend to the City Commission that they sit as a Board of Adjustment to hear my complaints against the remaining four building permits that Rongo has. We feel that the City will now vote against these permits.

MEANWHILE, the suit against Rongo has never been replied to, and he was defaulted for failure to contest the suit. We feel that this should mean that, upon final judgement of default, Rongo would be permanently denied the right to build townhouses on Rest Beach.

WE CERTAINLY HOPE that this will be the case. We will keep our readers informed of our progress in this matter.

Bill Huckel

With eyes to the sky and the shallows in Cow Key Channel, a group of bird watchers stood by the seawall on South Roosevelt Boulevard spying on a crowd of royal terns, laughing gulls, ruddy turnstones, black-bellied plovers, and double-crested cormorants during the December 3rd Audu-

bon Society birdwalk. Suddenly, someone noticed that a representative of the wild kingdom had snuck up on the humans



and was watching the watchers. The octopus (above) was photographer Richard Marsh's best shot of the day.

con't on page 20



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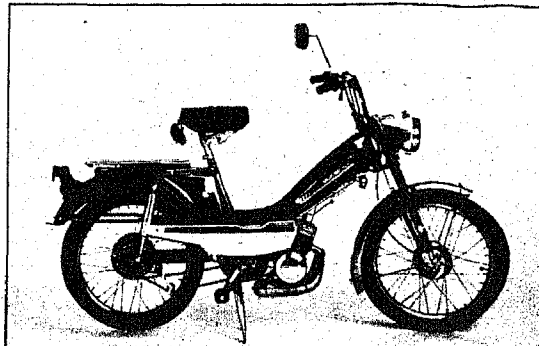
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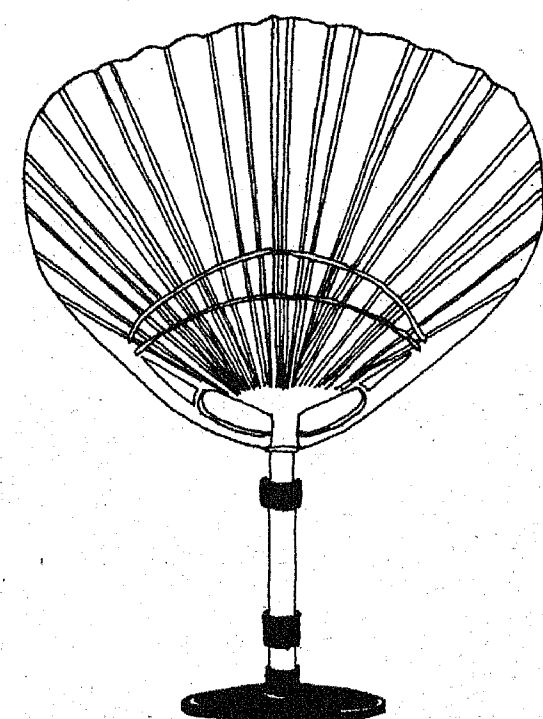
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Horace's Caretaker

Part one of a two-part series

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: The story you are about to read is based generally upon certain real events, places and people. Names have been changed, including the author's name. The writer wishes to protect the privacy of all those concerned from curiosity-seekers. Moreover, the writer believes that it is necessary to be an observer in order to be a writer. It is difficult to be an observer if one is also the subject of observation himself, whether that observation be by others or forces unknown.

THERE ARE PROBABLY only a few people alive today who know anything at all about Horace. The others who had firsthand knowledge, family members and servants, took their knowledge with them into the Richter family cemetery plot. In the middle of that unattended plot, amongst palmetto brush and a profusion of sea grape, stands an ancient banyan tree, which over the past decades has "walked" ever and ever outward and away from its original trunk. And, like pliable tentacles, roots and limbs of the tree have stolen their way into cracks and fissures of each sarcophagus. Huge and triumphant, the tree seems to look down upon everything with a bemusement; a bemusement acquired, I submit, by its tentacled tapping of the vaults.

UNLIKE THE TREE, however, my dark knowledge of Horace was derived not from where the dead dwell but from the Richter home itself; a once-elegant Victorian structure located on a tree-arched street in Old Town. Some time ago, I had accepted the position of caretaker after the last heir in the Richter family, Karl Richter, died childless and insane. Karl Richter had spent his entire 87 years in the old place. Of course, there was a time when the house was full of life. Every evening the upstairs and downstairs windows were lighted. On holidays and other special occasions piano music and singing overflowed the shuttered windows and spilled out onto the quiet street. But as the years passed and each family member departed this world, the lighted windows became fewer and fewer, like candles snuffed out one at a time, until only one light could be seen flickering at night in the front bedroom.

WHEN KARL ARRIVED at middle age, the place was in shameful disrepair. Its unpainted face, weatherworn as driftwood, presented a picture of sadness, neglect and desolation. The mosque-like cupola capped the house in an air of decadence and mystery. Karl Richter haunted the place, and he in turn seemed haunted by something unknown or unnamed. He lived an isolated and introverted life; a life that must surely have been too long even for him. Since Karl seldom ventured forth from the world within the house that held and contained him, an elderly neighbor woman cooked his meals and did his shopping and other errands. It was her regular coming and going which maintained the little pathway through the jungle of growth that surrounded the place.

ON THE DAY I moved in as caretaker, it was this neighbor who showed me the house and Horace. I remember entering the front door; a heavy, mahogany door with beautiful designs etched into its plate glass window. Musty odors permeated the still silence of the hallway as the woman hobbled along and I followed. Water-stained wallpaper covered the walls. We went into a parlor, ducking beneath a pair of black, mildewed curtains that were tied back to adorn the

entranceway. The late afternoon sun's rays made bars of yellow across the room. Shelves of old medical texts caught my attention momentarily before my guide spoke in her raspy voice.

"Mr. Richter's studio," she declared, answering my unspoken question. "He spent many, many years in here painting. Most Key Westers thought him crazy, but don't you believe it. There's my portrait, done twenty years ago," she said wistfully. A very flattering portrait hung on the wall opposite us.

THE PARLOR'S antique chairs and sofas were covered with white bedsheets. I moved to an oval-shaped, marble table. On the table were arranged, against red velvet cloth, a queen conch shell and a vase of dried spider lilies; the dried leaves made a vivid rustling, like a shaman's rattle, when the wind stirred them. The still-life before me had once been a study for a painting on an easel next to the table. Or, so I thought. But when I walked around the easel to look at the painting, gooseflesh went up the back of my neck. The painting was not of the still-life arrangement but rather of some hideous, human-like form. As depicted from torso to head, its features were rendered in an incredibly realistic manner. Small, leering, black eyes peered out at me from the two-dimensional canvas. And most arresting was the grimace in its mouth. Indeed, I was captivated, perhaps slightly hypnotized. In what were only a few seconds but seemed like a day, the sun went behind a cloud, and the room became subdued and somber. Curtains of the nearby window billowed from the chilled rousing of a breeze. My gaze still fixed, a venous hand entered my peripheral vision and looked to be detached -- a solitary object suspended in air; a visual non-sequitur. Moving slowly, between the painting and me, the old woman appeared and passed her hand tenderly over the canvas image. I watched with apprehension as her gray head turned around towards me mechanically, in the manner that an owl's head turns.

"Lovely, isn't it?" she asked in a heavy whisper.

"What is it?" I asked.
"A portrait of Horace. We're coming to him. I'll show you soon."
I drew back a little.

RICHTER, I LEARNED, desired that everything in the house should remain exactly as it was. There was even an artist's beret hung, with finality, on one corner of the easel; as if the artist had placed it there in order to leave the studio and climb the stairs to his waiting deathbed.

We left the studio-parlor, as I recall, and went through a spacious dining room, where a chandelier graced the vaulted ceiling. Off the dining room, I entered a living room that contained family portraits on each wall. Stern faces glared down at me. I flipped the switch to the ceiling fan. Motes of dust swirled and spiraled upward from the shrouded furnishings. My guide advised me that the living room had been out of use for at least twenty years. She turned off the fan, and we exited as the dust began to settle.

ASCENDING the curved staircase, I had the odd notion that we were being watched by someone. The upstairs was more gloomy than the downstairs. At the top of the staircase, the old woman paused to wheeze and gesture towards the front and the back of the house.

"In the last few years," she said, still wheezing, "there were periods when Mr. Richter wouldn't come downstairs for weeks at a time. I hardly knew him then. He wouldn't let me see him. I

had to talk to him from down there at the bottom of the stairs. Meals had to be left on the steps for him. Sometimes I could hear him talking to himself up here."

STANDING ON THE STAIRS, I looked down a long, carpeted hallway that ran past several closed bedroom doors. We moved into the front bedroom, where we were greeted by trumpeting angels and dancing cherubs that adorned the upper walls. The old woman seated herself in a chair and watched me as I marveled at the room's interior. A brass bed, in the middle of the room, looked like a funeral pyre with its leaning and ragged canopy. French doors opened onto a balcony that overlooked the street. In one corner of the bedroom, a very narrow staircase wound its way upward into the cupola.

"I STRONGLY RECOMMEND that you sleep in this room," said the old woman. "It's farthest from the back of the house, and you'll rest easier here."

"Is this where he died?" I asked.
"Who? Who died?" She answered.
"Didn't Karl Richter die in this room?"

"Well," she said, "he passed on here, he and the others. Let me tell you something. Mr. Richter always knew the date and hour of his death. And, sure enough, when it arrived, he climbed the stairs in the late afternoon, bathed, shaved, dressed himself in that dark suit that he wanted to be buried in, lay down in this bed here, and died. Of course, the undertaker was pleased."

"So he was completely mad?" I interjected.
"If you are to be caretaker of this house, young man, you must begin by forgetting everything you have heard about Mr. Richter," she scolded.

"All right," I said.

WE CONFRONTED each other's embarrassment for a moment until she added, "I'll show you Horace now."

Past the closed doors along the hallway we treaded like two monks in a monastery. Coming to the last door, in the very back, the old woman stooped over painfully and fished out an iron key from under the carpet. She inserted the key and turned it, and the door came open with a small groan. The open doorway revealed a darkened bedroom occupied by hulking forms of sheet-covered furniture. Across the bedroom was another open doorway that led into Horace's room. We went through that doorway, and the old woman said: "This is Mr. Davis, our new caretaker. Mr. Davis, please say something, or Horace will be offended."

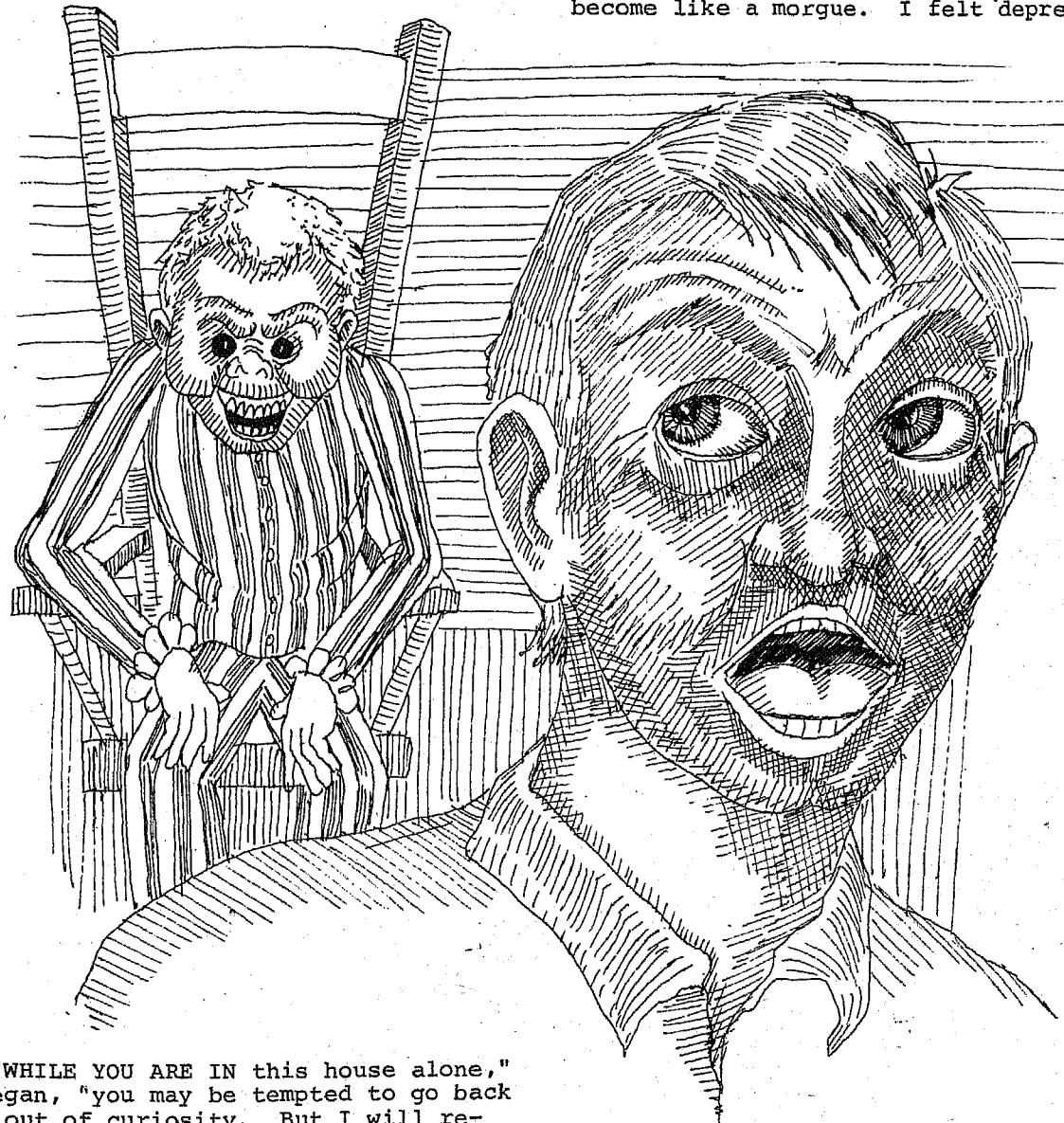
PLACED UPRIGHT in one corner in a child's rocking chair was a doll about the size of a two-year-old child. So this was Horace. I did not like playing this silly game, but I said hello towards the doll anyway. In a sense it was the old woman's way of testing me.

The doll was dressed in a rotted, polka-dotted jester suit. The wooden feet hung unevenly from the little chair and touched the floor by the toes only. A small patch of flesh-colored paint had flaked off, exposing the grain of wood on the right hand. Horace's head and face had been carved with extreme delicacy. Glued to the top of the wooden skull was a toupee of human hair. With photographic accuracy, Richter's portrait of Horace depicted perfectly that leering expression in the doll's face. Horace's jaw was shut with a frown, clenching upper and lower rows of tiny, white wooden teeth. Two glass eyes stared at us with an impish kind of perversity. Then, without my knowing it, the old lady left the room. I remained alone, fasci-

inated but uneasy.

ALTHOUGH A DISBELIEVER at that time, I still would have sworn then that the doll possessed its own strange sentience. To be sure, it must have been a sentience filled with years of family secrets, of decadence, of misdeeds, of whisperings and hushed talk behind closed doors and of skeletons in the Richter family closet. More important, as I learned later, it was a sentience consumed with hatred and revenge; if one could impute such emotions to a wooden doll.

Finally, I closed the door on Horace's stare and went through the bedroom and into the hallway, where the old woman was standing and waiting for me. After she closed the outer door, she spoke in a nervous and distracted manner, as though her talking might be overheard. From what she told me, I learned that Horace had been Karl Richter's alter ego and self-effigy when he was a child. Little Karl had had long conversations with Horace and punished it (supposedly by hanging it around the neck from one of the staircase spindles), when he, Karl, was severely punished by his parents.



"WHILE YOU ARE IN this house alone," she began, "you may be tempted to go back there out of curiosity. But I will remind you of Mr. Richter's wishes that nothing, including Horace, is to be moved or disturbed. Horace belongs here, and this is his house. Always keep Horace's door, Mr. Davis, under lock and key as I do."

I asked her why the doll was so large. I had never seen one that size before.

"Because he's the same size that Mr. Richter once was as a child. Horace is what's known as a jester doll. In those days, only wealthy families could afford these dolls. You are probably aware that Mr. Richter's father was a well-to-do physician?"

I nodded quickly in order to allow her to go on.

"IN THE OLD DAYS," she continued, "the dollmaker used photographs of the child to make a look-alike doll. I'm told that Horace looked just like Mr.

Richter when he was a two year old boy. Of course, over all those years, Horace's appearances have changed."

I noted that Horace did not seem to have an innocent look about him.

The old lady then leaned forward to whisper in my ear. "You must know the story about Dr. Richter? Mr. Richter never got over it. The poor man always thought that his father was returning whenever he heard the front door bells jangle."

"I never heard the story," I said.
"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were a Key Wester."

A CHASM seemed to yawn open in the very floor on which we were standing. I explained that I was a Key Wester on one side of my family. This redeemed me somewhat, but she still eyed me a little cautiously.

We agreed to go down to the studio-parlor where she could tell me the story about Dr. Richter. The second time I entered the parlor, I refused to look at the painting, which now seemed to loom large as a billboard. We sat down on a covered sofa. With the white sheets drawn over everything, the house had become like a morgue. I felt depressed.

mainly because there were Key Westers who worked at the prison as guards and cooks.

"ANYWAY, yellow fever had no cure.

There had been some very bad epidemics in Mexico and in the Caribbean. The alarm it generated then is like, how shall I say, like the alarm that maybe nuclear radiation would cause today. When news of the fever reached Key West, some people packed up immediately and went to stay with their relatives in Tampa.

"Well, to make a long story short, Dr. Richter never returned. A storm must have capsized him, or maybe he just fell overboard trying to handle that sloop by himself. God only knows. None of the fishing boats ever did find wreckage from the sloop. But later the wrecker *Dauntless* found one piece of flotsam near the Marquesas. Can you guess what it was?"

"A doctor's handbag?"

"No!" she retorted, smug with her secret knowledge.

"Horace!" I said. "It had to be Horace. But how did a doll get on board Dr. Richter's sloop?"

"He was a gift, given to the doctor by a Creole dollmaker from New Orleans who was imprisoned at the Fort," she replied.

"DR. RICHTER treated him for some illness on a prior trip, and the Creole made the doll for the doctor's son. Funny part is, the Creole had no photograph to work from, and yet everybody was a little spooked at the close resemblance. It is said that before Dr. Richter left for Ft. Jefferson, he told his son that he was returning with a surprise for him. Instead of Dr. Richter bringing the doll, Captain Bethel of the *Dauntless* brought the doll to the house one evening and left it on the front porch without saying a word. We still don't know how he knew where to bring the doll. At least you can now see why Horace was so important to Mr. Richter."

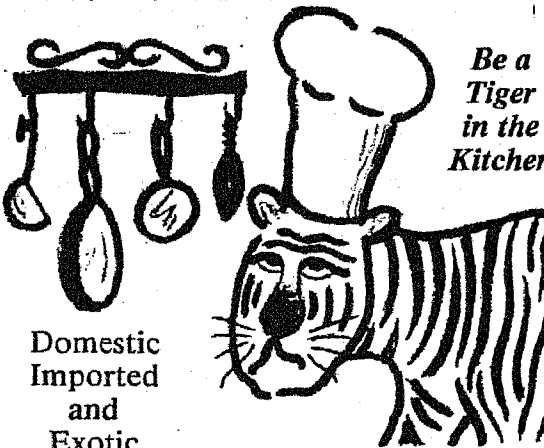
I SHIFTED my position on the sofa and imagined, momentarily, the scene on that evening when Horace was brought to the house without a word spoken: Captain Bethel's footsteps sounding on the porch and then Horace being laid down (the doll loose-jointed, the eyes fixed skyward) and the heavy knock, knock, knock that followed on the door.

"And what happened at Ft. Jefferson with the fever?" I asked.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed. "A dreadful thing happened out there. The story goes that when Dr. Richter left suddenly, panic ran through the prison. When he left, they thought they were hopeless cases. Rumors flew around the prison that the government was on its way with the Navy and militia to kill all the inmates and burn the whole island down in order to stop the spread of yellow fever to the American mainland. Fights and riots broke out. When the fever took more than half of the people out there, the remaining guards and prisoners swam to a nearby key and managed to hold out there. The boats that belonged to the prison were taken earlier by some of the guards."

"AT LAST, two ships came carrying the militia and a work gang of prisoners from Tampa. The ships were not really rescue ships. They merely anchored offshore at a respectable distance and waited. They waited about ten days, playing their harmonicas and banjos, until everyone in the Fort finished dying. A couple of guards swam for the ships, but they were shot in the water. Someone described those two ships as like roosting vultures. Both ships flew black quarantine flags instead of the American colors. Eventually, the crew moved onto the island and went to work incinerating the bodies and building a hospital on another key."

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

SOME REMARKS can't from page 17

F.I.U. OFFERS COURSES

FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL University's School of Education will offer seven (7) courses in Monroe County. Five (5) of the courses will be offered on the Florida Keys Community College campus. The courses are scheduled to begin January 6, 1978, through March 18, 1978, and meet on alternate weekends.

The first three (3) courses will begin January 6, 1978.


1. ECE/EE1 616 Instruction in Science (4)
2. EAR/405 Teaching Laboratory: Art in Grades K-6 (5) (P.S.) will be offered in Key Largo
3. EVO/306 Course Planning (5) (F.W.S.)

HSM/400 Management for the Health Profession (5) - will be offered in



The Marta Menendez dancers performed at the Community Center December 4 for the Florida Keys Marine Institute benefit telethon.

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Marathon at the Fisherman's Hospital, starting January 7, 1978.

The remaining three (3) courses will begin on Friday, January 13, 1978, at 6 pm.

1. ECE/EE1 608 Instruction in Language Arts (4)
2. EDA/605 The Organization and Operation of Public School Systems (4)
3. EVO/504 Educational Media (5)

Persons wishing to enroll in the courses are asked to register at FKCC in Trailer M-6, Monday through Friday from 12:00 noon to 4:30 PM or on the first night of class. Complete registration information may be obtained by calling 296-9081, ext. 269. Payment of tuition fees is due at the time of registration.

FLORIDA DISPOSAL

They refuse(d) to cater my wedding
They refuse(d) to remove my snow
I refuse to believe a blessed thing
I read any mo

by Richard Goodspeed

ON TAKING BETTY FISHING

Mackerel await us, we know, way
Out in the Gulf; yet
Friends have intoned: "The
Moon must be overhead or
Underfoot" or "Find a
Tide table, fish slack
Water." The passenger's
Advice avoids presumption. It
Comes as our wake winds the
Curves of Calda Channel: "The
Colors in the water -- who
Could believe them." She
Absorbs without mention all
The other shades
Deep jade mangroves titanium
White heron
Sea, cloud, sky staining
Each other.

Who needs mackerel...

by Richard E. Goodspeed

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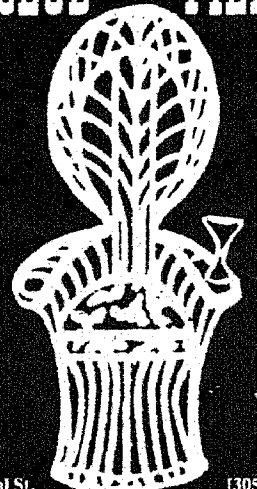
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Crime Prevention

WITH A FINAL PRESENTATION in Key Largo on Sunday, December 11, the Crime Prevention Committee of the Lower Keys Chapter of the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) completed a four-month program on how to reduce crime.

The program, commenced last August in Key West, consisted of sixteen presentations. It covered a wide range of crimes against people and gave advice



photo by Richard Marsh

Gil Ryder (seated front row left), organizer of the Crime Commission's public information programs, with local law enforcement officers: Capt. Nilo Albury, next to Ryder; and standing, left to right, Sheriff William "Billy" Freeman, Police Chief Winston "Jimmy" James, and Corporal Lee Pinder of the Sheriff's Department.

and assistance on how to reduce or stop such crimes. Several hundred persons attended the shows, which were also given in Big Pine Key and Marathon. Gil Ryder organized and directed the shows, assist-



CARL MELLIN:

IT WORKED.
I LIKED IT.
(see page 36)

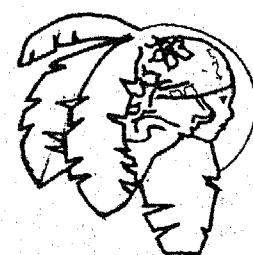
SCARBOROUGH FAIR
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ed by Bill Westray and Joe Seibald and the wives of all three.

The program was given in four segments at each of the four locations. Each program included a theme movie, followed by presentations, demonstrations, and panel discussions with local law and judicial officials.

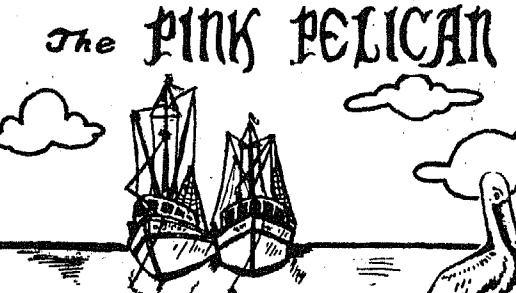
THE FIRST PROGRAM, covering street crimes, made a number of key points. First, that street crimes are usually crimes of opportunity. So...don't give a potential thief a reason or opportunity to hit you. Don't flash large sums of



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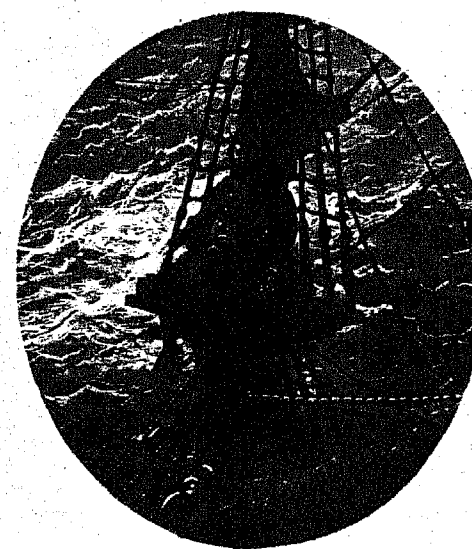
entering your car.

If you think you're being followed, try to go in a public place -- restaurant, drug store, etc. -- and remain till the danger passes. Most important, if held up, DO NOT RESIST...give the thief what he wants. Better a loss of property than loss of life -- YOURS! Chief Winston "Jimmy" James and Captain Albert "Nilo" Albury of the Key West Police Department both discouraged possible victims from carrying weapons. "Besides being illegal," they emphasized, "it is too easy for thieves to turn them against the victims."

DEFENSE against home robberies was the theme of the second series of shows. At the outset it was emphasized that more than half, perhaps as much as two-thirds, of home robberies are committed in the daytime, and that a large percentage of these are by amateur teenagers looking for an easy mark.

These robbers look for obvious signs that a house is unoccupied and then look for easy entry. Accumulation of newspapers or mail, uncut lawns, and notes on doors are some of the obvious signs of vacancy. Unlocked doors or windows and doors open or ajar are open invitations to intruders. Poor or inadequate locks facilitate entrance by a moderately determined thief.

CORPORAL LEE PINDER of the Sheriff's Crime Prevention Unit demonstrated a number of better locks and locking devices that are available from hardware stores and locksmiths. Most spring type door locks have short bolts and are easily forced. Good locks have bolts at least one inch long and are usually turned by key or knob. A method of securing outside hinges was described, whereby one screw was replaced by a longer screw or nail and allowed to protrude into a matching hole drilled into the other half of the hinge. This prevents the hinge side of a door from being slipped out of the door frame if the



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hinge pins are removed.

OF PARAMOUNT ASSISTANCE to police in recovery of stolen items and successful prosecution after a robbery is a new program called "Project Identification." In this program, citizens are urged to mark high-loss items with their driver's license number. Valuable items such as cameras, stereos, and CB radios should be indelibly marked, using an electric stylus. A stylus can be checked out from police and sheriff's offices by any citizen upon presentation of his Florida driver's license. Items so marked can be checked for ownership by radio by a policeman in a few seconds.

ANOTHER important aspect in preventing home burglary is to call police immediately if suspicious activity or persons are noted around your own or an absent neighbor's home.

"We'd rather answer ten false alarms to make one arrest than to miss that one arrest because someone was reluctant to call us," declared Sheriff Billy Freeman at a number of meetings.

FRAUD AND BUNCO was the subject of the third round of presentations. The Phony Bank Examiner is a ploy still used by some bunco artists. A woman in Marathon was fleeced out of \$8000 last summer with this gambit. Fraudulent home repair artists are other common con men out to "rip off" the gullible home-owner anxious to benefit from a "good deal." Beware of anyone inquiring about the state of your finances and report such incidents to the police immediately. Beware of "good deals" from transient repair men.

THE FINAL PRESENTATIONS emphasized the man behind the badge, the policeman, the sheriff's deputies, and other law enforcement officers who work around the clock to protect our persons and our property. Their capacity to prevent crime can be greatly extended by alert,

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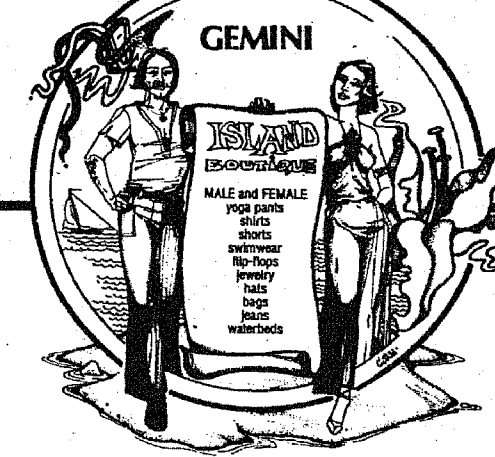
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CIRCUIT JUDGE William G. Chappell was one of the principal speakers who gave highly informative talks at each of the four locations. He explained the relationship between the police, the state attorney, and the courts. He explained how the decision to prosecute any accused person rests with the state attorney and is based on the evidence provided by the police. "Not pros" decisions are not court decisions, but indicate the state attorney's decision not to prosecute a certain case. He went on to explain about negotiated pleas, which are arranged by the state attorney but subject to approval by the court. In most cases, he explained, the choice is one of accepting the negotiated plea or going to trial with weak evidence, missing witnesses, or no case at all. He opined that it is better to accept the plea and retain some control of the offender than to lose the case and have no control at all.

SHERIFF BILLY FREEMAN made presentations or took part in panel discussions at 15 of the 16 programs. He gave an answer to every question directed to him and volunteered answers to many general questions. One of the principal problems he described was that of the juvenile offender. He recounted the case of a fourteen-year-old on Stock Island who led a gang of older teenagers breaking into mobile homes. They had tools to open any lock. When finally apprehended, they were released in their parents' custody before the deputy completed his report.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER JEROME SHIPLEY, in a presentation in Key West, also addressed the juvenile problem. He suggested pressure on parents of the young offenders. Neighbors and friends of such parents need to make known to the parents their disgust and displeasure at

the parents' refusal to control their children's criminal acts.

COMMISSIONER DON SCHLOSSER also addressed a question raised by Sheriff Freeman — the need for more patrols in the Middle and Upper Keys. Each patrol car and deputy costs about \$25,000 per year, and it takes four such units to cover one round-the-clock patrol. Schlosser said that recently the voters in the two Upper Keys tax districts voted to tax themselves to acquire more fire protection, and that perhaps voters in these and other tax districts would be willing to pay for more police patrols by the same process. He proposed putting the question on the ballot in an early election for a decision by the voters.

AT A LUNCHEON meeting following the last presentation, Key West Police Captain Albury gave some interesting crime statistics. A marked reduction in serious crime has occurred during the four months (August through November). The Crime Prevention shows have been underway, compared to the four months (April through July) just previous to the presentations. Assaults dropped from 135 to 121, burglaries dropped from 270 to 230, thefts from autos dropped from 150 to 123. Overall, this represents a 13.7% drop in the crime rate, for which the greater public awareness resulting from the Crime prevention shows may have been partly responsible.

DON'T FORGET, if you want to report a crime or suspicious activity, call 296-6060 in Key West or 911 from any place in the county, including Key West.

by Bill Westray

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Angel Parada

by Phoebe Coan

YOU CAN MOST OFTEN FIND him in front of the Key West Glass Works, hanging out with his dog Tuti nearby. Angel Parada oversees the corner of Watson Lane and Truman Avenue, where he has resided for the past 50 years. An infirm old gentleman, known by some as the "candyman" (others call him the "paperman"), he sits patiently in his wheel chair (been in it for 4 years now), eyes clouded by the years, but with the wisdom that only the years can impart.

He has hung out on this corner most sunny days, except when he wasn't feeling well due to his crippling arthritis. He enjoys talking to strangers. It is now his occupation. He gives shoes away; also. Somehow he comes by lots of shoes. "I got hep to people. I like to help them out how I could." He is a sweet man, who mostly wants to be helpful.

HE HAS SEEN the changes and the unvarnished truth those changes have brought, and was kind enough to grant an on-the-street interview, feed my children crackers, and take the time to reminisce. He is more prone to be involved in the here and now than in the nostalgic past.

When asked how he got his name, he said, "When my mom was looking at the sky before I was ready to come to town, she thought of it." Angel had two children himself...the fruits of 57 years of marriage. One daughter died. Another had 4 children: Richie, Joe, Maria, Marcella. Angel now has 4 great-grandchildren. All are in Key West. "Kids like to play all the time," he says.

HE HAD BEEN TO CUBA once when he was small; but outside of that, he has spent his 76 years on the "rock." His vocation,

a baker. He worked for the Valdez Bakery and the old Tip Top Bakery. He has also worked as a painter/electrician/carpenter, and for the school board as a custodian.



photo by Richard Marsh

For a while he was involved in managing a boy's and girl's baseball team through the city park. "We even beat Miami."

ANGEL REMEMBERS that where Solares Hill is, there was once a house "built from under the ground up (a 12 foot basement). You could go inside the house to get water from the well. The ground is still there where it was built. A friend of mine lived there."

He can't remember too much, he says. What arises is the turbulent memory of a fire 60 years ago when 46 houses went.

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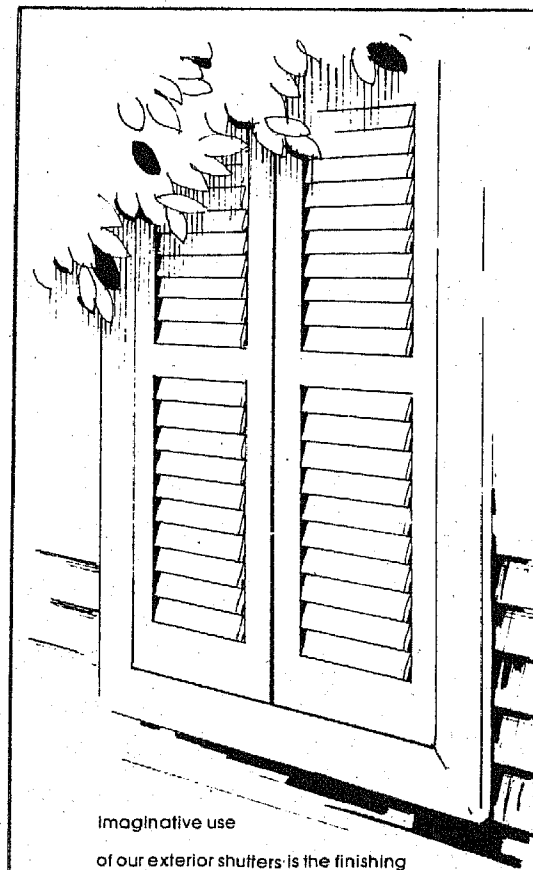
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SUSAN BAIR:

I THOUGHT I'D DO IT
FOREVER. NOW IT
SEEMS I WON'T.

(see page 36)

He recalls the ferry, the railroad, the vague glimmerings of a well-spent childhood, a valuable life lived here on the streets of Key West and continuing on into the present day.

Angel makes pads for school children to use. His small slot here is definitely bachelor quarters: a crowded room, a hot plate, lots of stuff around, a slim little porch where he can look across the street.

RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET from him is Raul Llanez. (I wrote a story about him for *Solares Hill* years ago.) The two are old friends.

Raul comes over to rap with us too. We talk about the changes. He says that Christmas has become a dying thing. "Nobody has feelings...the world is going backwards."

I catch my breath, and Angel says to me, "You can see it; but you don't want to give it up."

"It ain't gonna get better. A change will come, but after our time. Maybe he'll see it." (He motions to my littlest one.)

Both agree that, sadly true, young people don't respect their parents. And, they say, the parents don't respect the children!

We commiserate these broken feelings on the street, like archaeologists digging up remains to identify.

"It's a big mix-up," says Angel. "The working mother, and the parents not caring about what the children are doing." They shake their heads.

RAUL CLAIMS it's a different world today, and the old men say their say. They say they were taught to hold onto money and to appreciate the parents' struggle. They say that many of today's children (many of them having lacked the proper supervision) grow up without appreciating what their parents are doing for them. "Sometimes food was very scarce."

"Today, some children even get away with stealing, and the parents don't return the stuff."

"The change is all over -- not just here."

"There are still good people. We live in a unique neighborhood. People here still try to help one another, and they are nice. It is just that there aren't enough good people."

Both agreed that things might get better, but nobody knows, and "for sure, you can't let it get you down."

RAUL PUTS DOWN TV as a cause of much of the difficulty with young people. He says that he finds the kids pick up so much from it, "it makes your head swim." He feels also that the children today lose the touch of innocence sooner because of this and other speedy aspects of modern life.

These old men see Key West's changes as benefiting the new people mostly, and take a dim view. "It's too fast," they agree.

"Give me the old Key West," they say. "Everything was the best, you never needed a key. It was littler then and more like a big family."

"Now it's hard to stop people from doing what they feel like."

WHEN ASKED what was the most vivid Key West snapshot from the past, Raul said, "When I was young, we felt good about bringing a flower to our mother."

"I can't complain," says Angel. "The Lord helped me out. It's been hard, but a nice life. I'm glad and happy to be alive."

"I do miss the sharing," he says. "Even the doctors were more caring and helped you out." (Angel is now under a doctor's care.)

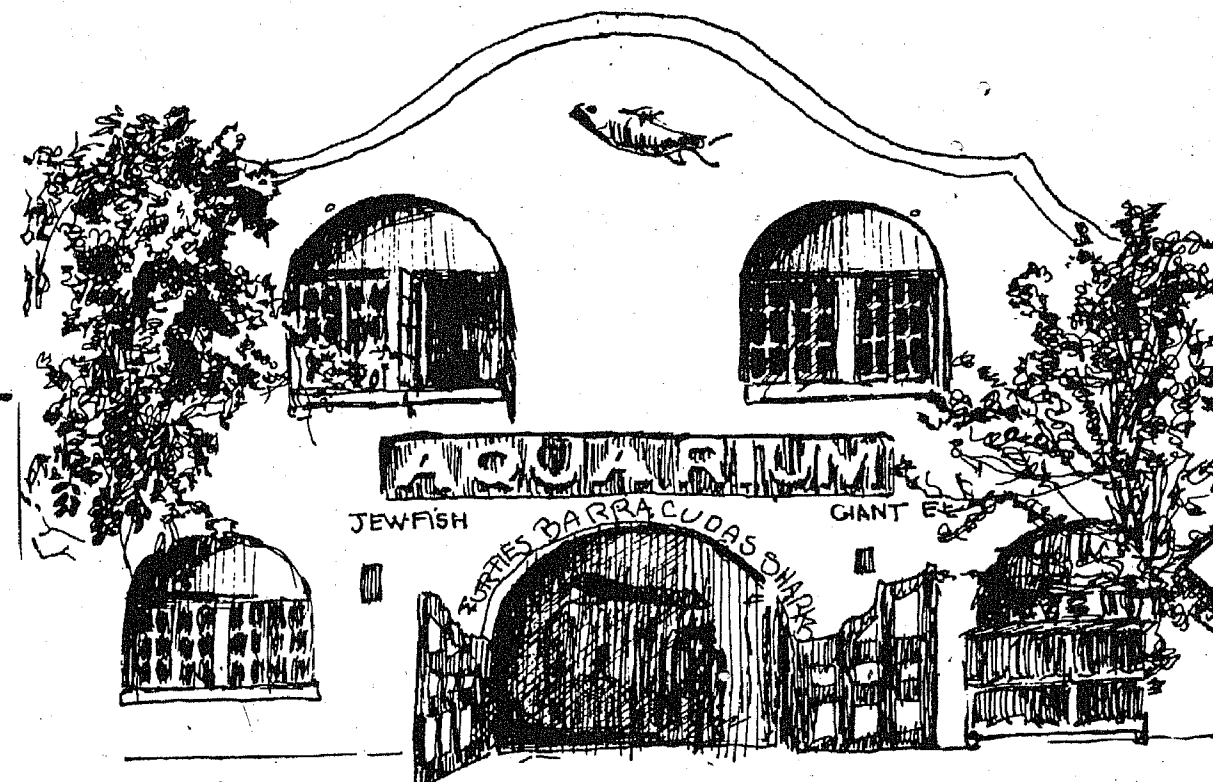
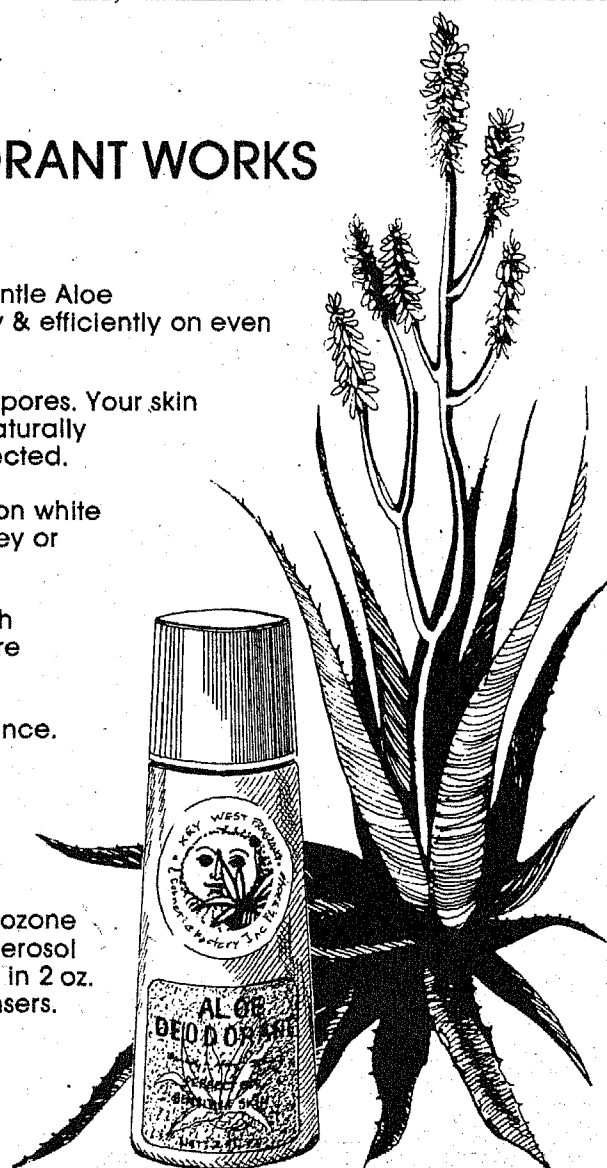
Aside from all of that, Angel says, "There's a big difference in the bread."

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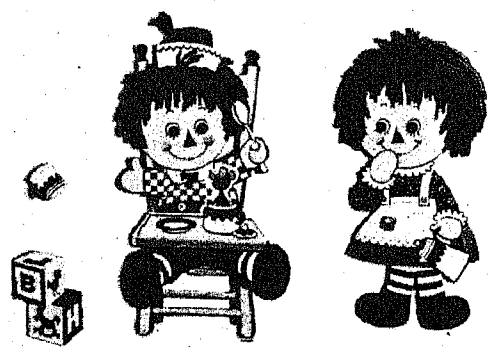
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Helping People Grow

by Jennifer Raynal

THE MONROE AREA Association of Retarded Citizens (M.A.R.C.) is an important organization in our island community. It provides vital services, fulfilling needs of an exceptional group of Key West's citizens. The day activity center known as the Sunshine Center has just moved to a new location in the Douglass School on Petronia and Forte. The group home is on Eagle Avenue. Together these facilities perform as home and school environments for those who live and learn there.

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oriented around developing their individual needs and interests. Although the facility may be defined as a day care center, the curriculum reflects an extensive, and growing, list of activities. Under the careful guidance of a trained staff, clients take part in a class schedule uniquely designed to make each person a more responsible, educated member of society. In the words of Dr. Pat Palmer, Executive Consultant of the M.A.R.C. program, "We are trying to tune into the client's individual needs and tailor the program to develop this person's growth."

A TYPICAL DAY at the center in-



photo by Richard Marsh

Helene Deloge working with her creative arts students

THE SUNSHINE CENTER comes alive each weekday as twenty-two adults with a wide range of intellectual abilities take part in a program

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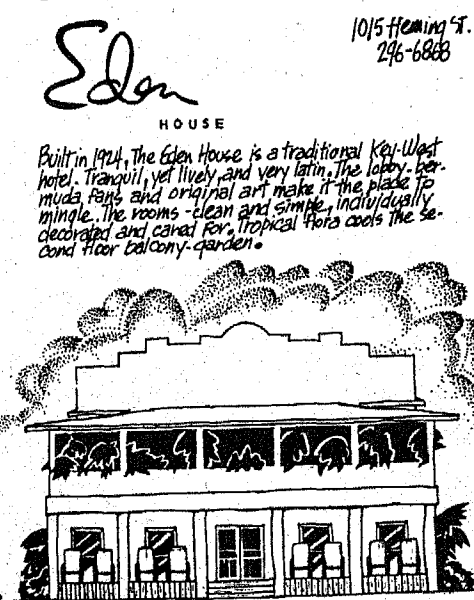
817 Peacock Plaza, Searstown
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four clients might look like this:

IN THE AFTERNOONS the clients rotate between Community Living Skills and Creative Arts. The former involves supervised trips, in groups of four, to places such as the laundromat, the bank, or the library. Each client has an opportunity to participate once a week, thus developing skills necessary for independent living in the community. Once a month they may take part in supervised swimming lessons at the community pool. The Creative Arts section includes sewing and woodworking, as well as arts and crafts. In this energetic effort clients are exposed to many activities which develop their artistic and eye-hand coordination skills.

THIS EXTENSIVE CURRICULUM utilizes a program card system. The clients pick up a color-coded card each morning, which guides them through their daily schedule and serves as an excellent incentive toward independence. All of this is designed to expose the center's students to social and intellectual growing experiences that most of us become accustomed to in our Junior/Senior high school years. It should be mentioned that the individual's instructors have daily evaluation as a part of the program, and the course of study changes monthly to meet the demands of the client's progress. An open door policy is encouraged between staff and clients to allow for cooperation in planning and an exchange of suggestions and ideas.

THE IMPORTANT BASE in the M.A.R.C. Center is individualized development training. Goals are set, and the staff works with the clients to achieve them. There is an acceptance of each client as a growing individual. In this light,



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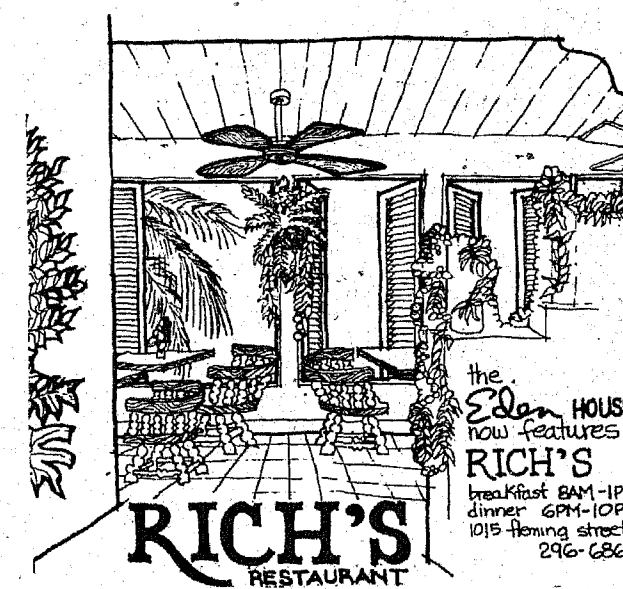
Mariah's ... where ladies come first

a financial counseling service was initiated with the staff. Clients have accounts with Key West's Boulevard Bank. Marcia McGarry, acting Executive Director of the Sunshine Center, aids clients with decisions on their personal budgets. The final choice is left up to the client's own judgement. Marcia encourages them all toward thriftiness with their earnings and savings.

As a new feature, the center held elections for Student Council this fall. With ballots, the clients elected seven of their co-workers as officers who will attend weekly meetings with the staff. These officials will be newly elected every three months so that all have an opportunity to take part, encouraging leadership and cooperation. The officers for this term of office are: Larry Wilson, Alvin Johnson, William Castro, Jimmy Zades, Milton King, Louis Labose and Ronnie Wilson.

THE INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF is made up of one part time and three full time persons. Patricia Bonner teaches sections in Home Economics, evaluates students for the Individual Program Plans, and teaches Community Living Skills, while Helene Deloge plans and instructs Creative Arts, Drama and Job Skills classes. Tom Falco and Julie Kellogg handle the academic subjects for the center. All are certified, or certifiable, teachers in their respective areas of concern. The Miami office of the Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services has provided in-service training for the center's staff. This continual staff training covers vital topics such as Crisis Intervention and Assessment of Needs In Training.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACET of the M.A.R.C. program is the group home located on Eagle Avenue. This comfortable residence functions as a



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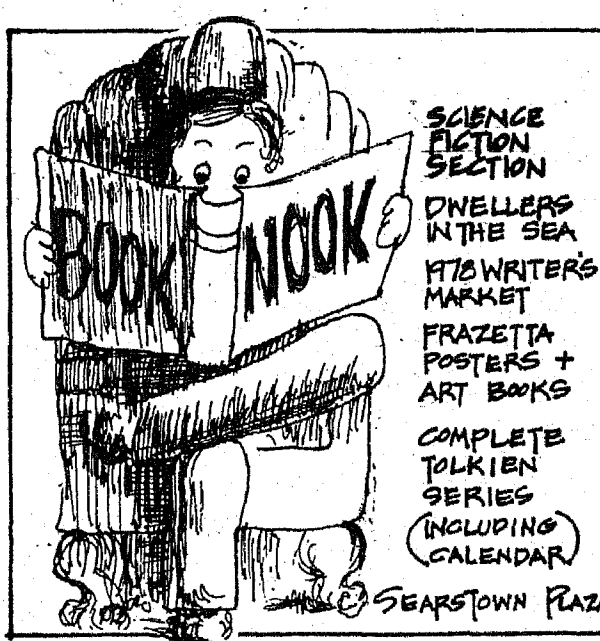


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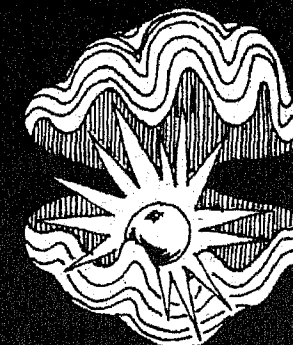


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food. Air Sunshine is of great help in the transportation department, aiding in excursions to the summer camp in Silver Springs, Florida, Disney World, and the annual Special Olympics. There have been individual donations in the way of financial contributions, as well as tools and supplies, to the center. A concerned group of M.A.R.C.'s staff and Monroe County citizens make up a Board of Directors, who govern and direct both the Sunshine Center and the Group Home through monthly meetings. All of these are critical to M.A.R.C., which is an independent organization. M.A.R.C. is a private, non-profit effort, dependent on outside assistance for support. Eighty-five percent of their funding comes from a State Developmental Training Grant, while ten percent comes from Monroe County Commission grant monies. The remaining five percent must come from various fund-raising efforts, necessary to match the state and county financial assistance. Due to recent budget cuts, the 1977-1978 fund-raising campaign is crucial to M.A.R.C.'s growth and development.

IN PROGRESS NOW is the M.A.R.C. community membership drive. Interested persons will receive a yearly membership and a quarterly newsletter in return for their contribution. Everyone is invited to become a member of M.A.R.C. One may also donate time and effort during the weekdays as a teacher's aide in the Sunshine Center and as a recreation worker in the group home during the weekends. A small amount of time and effort on your part can make an important difference to one who has been placed in a category by society as a handicapped person. To the twenty-two clients attending classes at the Sunshine Center and the Group Home,

con't on page 32

Treasure Ship
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CHRISTMAS CONCERT
by Richard Marsh

THE CANADIAN BROADCASTING Corporation presented a special Christmas show last month on its "As It Happens" musical variety program. For a Christmas-Around-the-World or Our-Neighbors-to-the-South segment, producers Barbara Fromm and Allen Maitland arranged and gathered a trio of musicians to perform Handel's "Joy to the World" over the phone. The musicians performed more or less in unison and approximately in the same key, give or take a sharp or a flat and a beat or two. They ended within seconds of each other. Maitland pronounced the result "incredible." Fromm agreed that the third attempt would suffice. The performers kept their opinions to themselves, since each could hear only himself.

THE PERFORMERS had never played together before or even met each other, and they probably never will. Nor has a similar ensemble ever been gathered in concert, for each instrument is as unique in the annals of musicology as each performer is individual in character.

Professor Frank Crawford played the corruga horn in Berkeley, California. The corruga horn, an instrument of Crawford's invention, is constructed of corrugated brass tubing and plays only in the key of "A." Crawford is best known as the developer of the rubber telescope, the purpose of which is to take the twinkle out of the stars. Only temporarily though, Crawford is quick to reassure, since "poets can put the twinkle back in the stars by not looking through the telescope."

HARVEY POLLUCK, who recently won the World Champion Whistler title in Nevada and just finished shooting a Cliff Robertson movie and is referred to as "the

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Isaac Stern of the whistle," whistled. SINCE SOLARES HILL specializes in news of Key West, and a Key West angle was needed to get this article published in these pages, the reader has probably already guessed who the third performer was: Rev. Thurlow Weed on the conch shell, of course. Rev. Weed has achieved world-wide fame for his performances, solo and in duet with his wife, Auwina. He has appeared on the television show "To Tell the Truth" (his account of the February 1976 taping session was published in the June 1976 *Solares Hill*), played previously for Canadian radio, and recently gave a command performance for the third grade at Sigsbee Elementary School.

THE TRANSPLANTED northern American or Canadian who was a CBC fan in his pre-Key West life will best appreciate the earnest confusion of the conference call - recording session by recalling the now-defunct "Rawhide" program on the Canadian network, in which the mythical, typical, solemnly pompous CBC announcer Marvin Mellowbell repeatedly and undauntedly strove to conduct the perfect interview, and whose naive shortcomings were obvious to everyone but himself. Producer Allen Maitland sounds like Marvin Mellowbell.

THE RECORDING session began -- once the participants were assembled, lost, and recovered several times with "Hello, are you there, California?...Hello?...I'm here...Who are you?...The conch shell...Where's the whistler?...How's the weather where you are?...Where did you say you were?" -- with Professor Crawford (fading in and out) warming up on the corruga horn to the tune of "What Child Is This?" Then Thurlow and Auwina Weed did a duet of "Angels We Have Heard On High" to reactions of "That's amazing" and "I don't believe it." Next, from the CBC Winnipeg studios, Polluck whistled "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" like a pipe organ.

"JOY TO THE WORLD" was agreed on

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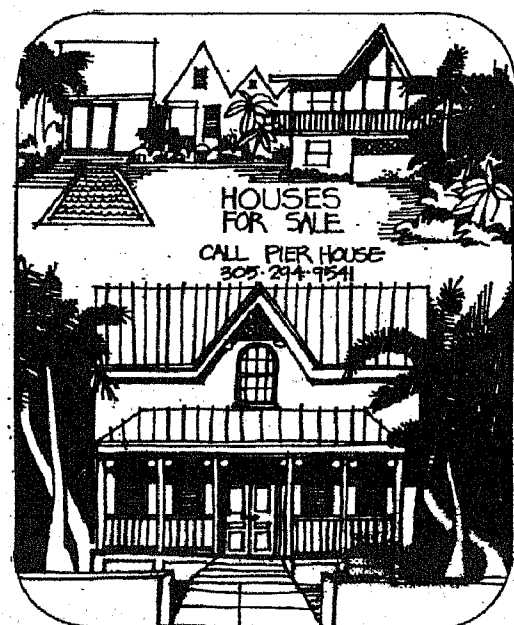
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for the trio's performance, and the key was discussed briefly until it was discovered that the corruga horn could only play in "A." The tuning and playing of a conch shell is a complicated matter that only conch shell performers and other musicians can appreciate. Suffice it to say that Rev. Weed had to carefully wedge his right hand into the whorls of his instrument each time he got a "C#" from California or Winnipeg, hold the shell with his left hand, and cram the telephone receiver between his ear and shoulder to try to hear the rest of the group over the sound of his own instrument. The corruga horn held the phone to his ear with a rubber band. The whistler seemed to have no problem.



GENERALLY, two or more of the performers and producers were talking at once, and anyone not heard from for a sentence or two was assumed strayed or disconnected. "Alright now, on the count of four...are you there California?...what key did we decide...give me a 'C#'. I can't hear the melody and I get ahead or behind...who's that, the conch...that's right, the conch...here's an 'A'...I need a 'C#'. How do you pronounce that, it's not 'contsh,' eh...no, if you go into a store here and say 'conch' with the 'ch' you'll get charged double, it's 'konk'...I can't hear your

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horn when it gets low, so just keep the same tempo and I'll keep the same beat... I'm going to put the phone down so I can play...Professor, are you there... I'll need a 'C#' when we get started..."

IT WAS MOSTLY a babble of voices, whistles, toots, and honks, except when Rev. Weed asked for a "C#." Then a brief respectful silence set in while whistle and corruga horn intoned for an answering wavering hoot from the conch shell.

Finally, the musicians' interior metronomes almost meshed, and "Joy to the World" was run through nearly simultaneously a few times, assuring at least one usable take.

THE COAST-TO-COAST and across-the-border musical melee straggled to a conclusion with thank yous and well-wishings and mutual congratulations, and the participants hung up their phones one by one, staunchly independent individuals to the end.

MARC con't from page 30
time and energy from the community are valuable gifts. Both client and volunteer can learn and grow through working and cooperating together.

FOR THESE PEOPLE the center is a place to come, to share, to grow. Without this opportunity, many of the clients' lives would have little direction and meaning. All centers depend on help with their support. Money filters down through channels slowly. This is why M.A.R.C. is looking to you, your club, your organization...Will you lend a helping hand to these people? If you would like to participate in this worthwhile effort please contact:
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EDITORIAL con't from page 9

by in case of another call in the downtown area. That is not correct. I was misinformed. The Kennedy Drive station is put on standby alert, but the units stay at the station.

I MENTIONED in the editorial that there was some dissatisfaction about the fact that one unit at the City Hall station had been removed and one side of the station converted to office space. There is also fear among some downtown residents that the remaining unit at City Hall may be removed. I understand that there is a strong feeling among Fire Department officials that the unit should remain at the City Hall station, even if a new station is established on or near the Truman Annex of the Navy Base.

THE EDITORIAL was otherwise well accepted by the Fire Department and commented upon positively. I had not made any negative statements about the Fire Department -- although my misunderstanding about the snorkel was taken as such by some --, and the whole point of the editorial was that the Fire Department was doing an outstanding job, but it is handicapped by lack of planning and foresight on the part of the City Commission.

THE POINT REMAINS: the Fire Department is already undermanned, and the recent acquisition of the Navy property at the Truman Annex stretches the City's fire protection too thin. One more fully manned and equipped fire station, on or near the Truman Annex, is needed. It was needed months ago.

Richard Marsh

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Key West Sunrise Song

I love to feel the south wind blow
Upon my face in winter-time
I love to hear the waves roll in
Upon the shore with mist so fine
I love to watch the clouds float by
Upon their base they're tinted red
But most of all I love the sun
Upon its rays earth things are led.

FRANK BROWNELL

PEG COFFEE:
I STILL DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED.
I JUST STOPPED.
(see page 36)

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Sullivan Re-Visited

by Dorothy Raymer

WILL SHAKESPEARE would have felt quite at home at the Greene Street Theatre during the performance of the Ed Sullivan III show produced by "Just Bo," as Richard Bogage is known. The show was one of a series planned by Bo as an outlet for talent, mostly of young people, but enjoyed by an all-age level audience.

THE CROWD was much like that in Shakespearean days, expressing itself with shouts, exchange of greetings between performers and audience, and, as in Elizabethan times, some of the on-lookers actually seated themselves on the border of the stage. There was a prevailing carnival mood, much laughter, verbal encouragement, applause, and complete rapport between actors and the throng.

STAR in the Sullivan ensemble is Lloyd Mager, whose hilarious impression of Ed Sullivan's style -- the pursed lips, the hunched shoulder, the from-under-the-brow stare as he introduces participants -- is an exaggerated caricature drawn with skill. Mager injects his own brand of slapstick, twirls, pratfalls, socking himself with the mike, and other seeming accidents. He projects a very funny monologue, too.

LLOYD WAS BORN in the Bronx, admired Sullivan in his boyhood, as did Bo, and absorbed ideas from watching the early Sullivan TV performances.

Lloyd came to Key West from New York out of high school. He likes to swim, to play tennis and the flute, and to entertain the public.

One day, Lloyd was just fooling around, according to Bo, doing Sullivan profiles, and the conception of the Key West Ed Sullivan fun-fair hit. Bo and Lloyd combined ideas and developed the

Sullivan revue. Bo explained, "Key West is loaded with talent, and the show concept proved to be good for everybody involved."

BO WAS BORN in Worcester, Massachusetts, and is a graduate of Clark University with a B.A. He won his Master's Degree from the University of Arizona. Besides producing the Sullivan show, Bo is a comedian in his own wit, which is salient. He has been a teacher and a show business broker.



Bo and Lloyd

photo by Richard Marsh

THE SULLIVAN PRESENTATIONS are separate from the regular plays seen at the Greene Street Theatre.

Bo notes that Lloyd "knows how to blend his brand of comedy and talent with that of others, so that the result is a variety of interwoven comedy, music, dance, skits, singing, and even acrobatics."

The regular backing of music is provided by the excellent Hearts of Palm trio, composed of Woody Allen, Ron Miller, and Quint Lange, who do instrumental offerings contemporary fashion with piano, flute, guitar, woodwinds, brass, and drums.

THE PROGRAM, last time around, included folk-singing, guitar strumming, harmonica, takeoffs on TV personalities, sound effects and impressions, yoga dancing, tap dancing, a skit showing a bolita ticket man in operation on a street scene, the tossing of a cream pie, and a string of highly amusing stand-up comedians in a two hour show, and never a dull pause in pace.

THERE WILL BE MORE such romps in the season. I shouldn't be surprised to see the ghost of Will Shakespeare in the sidelines enjoying the fun and frolic, both onstage and off.

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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE
BY EMMA CATES

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Venus in Capricorn, after 20th in Aquarius
Mercury in Sagittarius, after 13th in Capricorn
Saturn in Virgo retrograde, after 4th in Leo retrograde
Jupiter in Gemini retrograde
Mars in Leo retrograde
Uranus in Scorpio
Neptune in Sagittarius
Pluto in Libra

legal and ethical climate in government. Uranus in Scorpio continues its transit in Scorpio now in the sixth (6) house of the chart. Changes in the work patterns and the overall income from jobs of the citizens of Key West are changing markedly in a very positive way. The town is changing. Old Key West is not the same. Most of the changes are positive, but the nostalgia of the oldest city in South Florida will always remain.

1978 begins with three (3) retrograde planets. This winter will feature a rerun of the Summer and Autumn of 1977.

The city of Key West will continue to improve its image. Improvements in the physical looks of the city will be in high gear; also the money picture will be improving at a steady pace for Key West's businesses.

January is the birth month of the City of Key West. The aspects for this 150th birthday are good for the future of Key West. Jupiter in the first house until the spring will have Key West in the limelight. This is a boon for tourism and the financial good health of the community. Saturn in the 3rd house of the chart until June 1978 will continue to aspect legal involvements for the City. This is in itself a negative aspect, but Saturn in retrograde motion will allow the City to learn from its past mistakes and improve the overall

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