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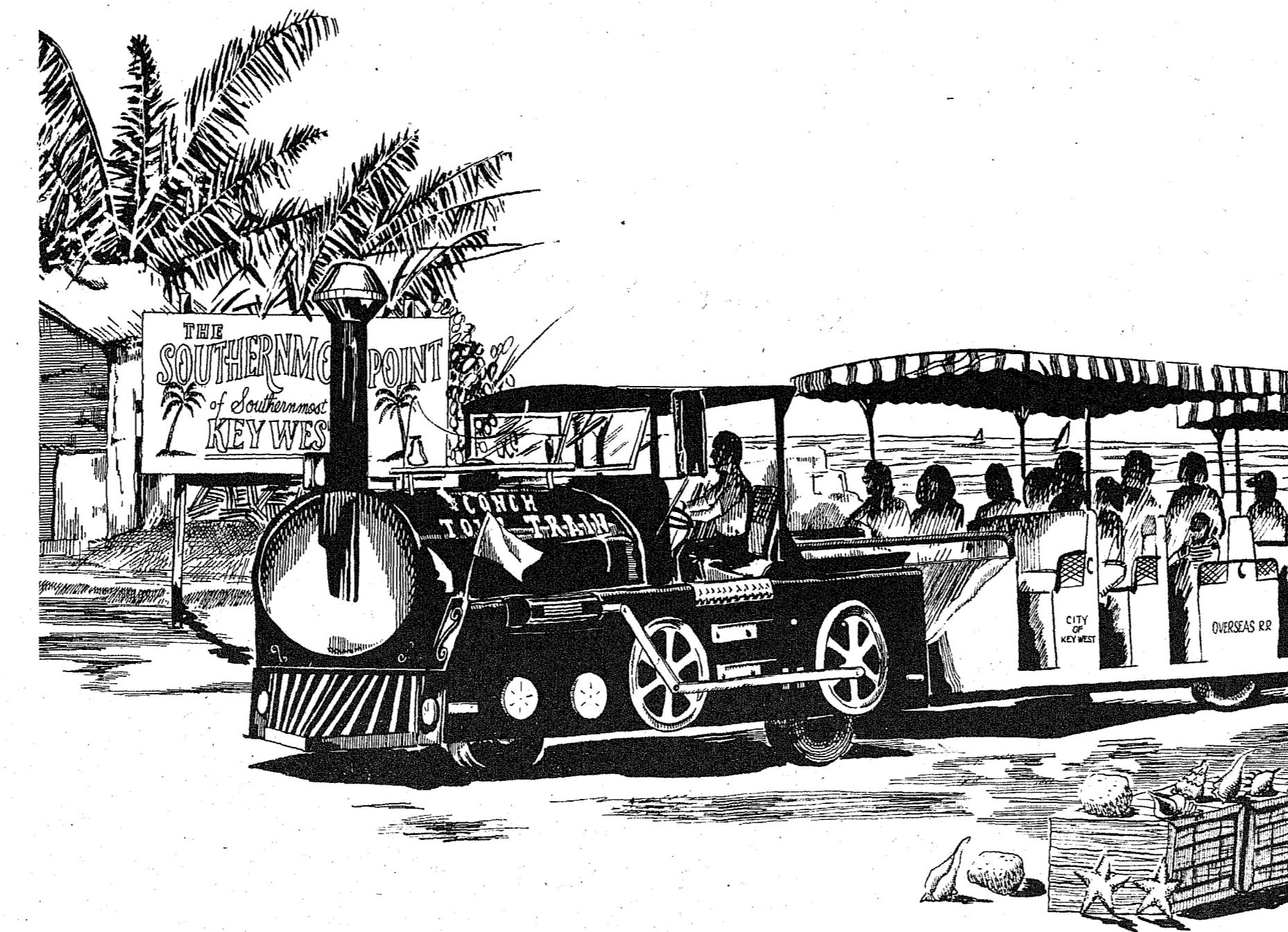
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VOL. V, NO. IV

Key West, Florida

May 1980



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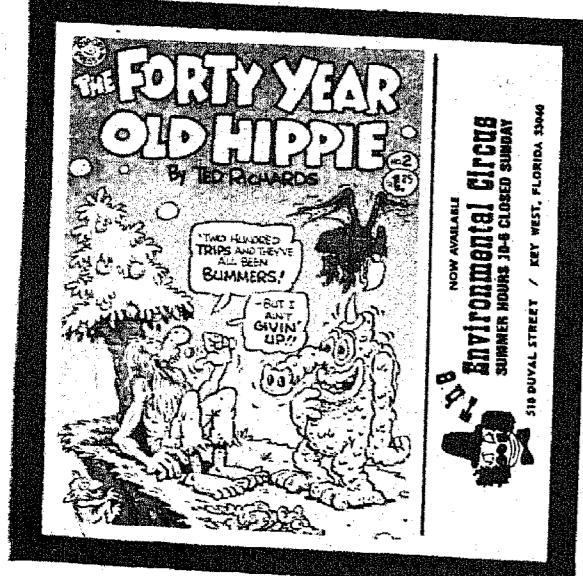
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FROM THE EDITOR

HELLO --

I REALLY ENJOYED the production of "The Threepenny Opera" at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center this April. Mack the Knife (Rodney Gregg), Mr. Peachum (Peter J. Saputo), and Lucy Brown (Perri Halley) were standouts in the large cast, but I thought that Claire Paige walked off with the show with a memorable performance in the part of Jenny. I was very impressed, also, with the stage effects.

I HAD A call from Charlie Ramos about the photo we ran last month showing the no-parking lines in front of his family's house. He told me that his family had had a no-parking sign in front of their house gate for over twenty years due to the difficulty in opening the gate when a large vehicle is parked there and also to give tourists a position from which to take a picture of this famous house. I agreed with Charlie that it was fair to have that space kept open in front of the house.

He said he had no idea why the city put those other lines on the street down to the corner and he felt, as I did, that it was a mistake. I spoke with Public Safety Director Larry Rodriguez at City Hall and he felt it was probably unnecessary to have no-parking all the way down to the corner though he stated that the order to paint came before he assumed this position. In any event, the lines are fast wearing away and no cars are being ticketed. Hopefully, there will be a new no-parking sign for in front of the Ramos house and that will be the extent of it.

THE MYSTERY PHOTO in last month's paper was of the Fleming Street United Methodist Church tented for fumigation.

A REALLY EXCELLENT guy named Garry Boulard, who worked for the Public Defender's Office and wrote for Solares Hill, has accepted a reporter's job in New Orleans. We will miss him. As our readers know, Richard and Donna Marsh, the first team of the paper, moved to Ireland last month and now Garry is gone as well. However, we have had luck in finding some very talented people to help fill in those empty spaces and all looks good for us.

WE DIDN'T HAVE enough time to put together an article about the Cuban refugees coming into Key West but we will have one next issue. Our Cuban community certainly has opened its heart to the new arrivals and there have been countless stories of good and selfless acts on everyone's part. Next month, as I said, we'll have a full report.

SEE YOU IN JUNE.

WJ

Our cover artist this time is Robert Lee, from Key West Design Group located at Key Lime Square.

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"Dr. Victor"

AN OLD CUBAN woman comes into the drugstore with a prescription slip in her hand. She asks for Victor and is told he won't be in for two hours. "I'll wait," she says. The young pharmacist assures her he can fill the prescription just as efficiently. She shakes her head. "I'll wait for Victor," she says.

A man comes to the drugstore and tells Victor his dog is dying. "Go to a veterinarian," says Victor. "No," the man replies. "The veterinarian says my dog is going to die no matter what. You've got to give me something." Victor shakes his head, then mixes something for the dog. The dog recovers, enhancing a reputation Victor would rather not have.

Victor Vargas is more than a pharmacist. He is a Key West institution. For more than half a century, Key Westers--particularly those in the Cuban community--have been going to "Vitico" for medicine and advice. Some people won't let anyone else fill their prescriptions. Some won't take any kind of medicine until "Varguita"--another of his nicknames--approves.

"PEOPLE COME IN here with personal problems that only Victor can solve," said David Alea, who once trained under Victor. Alea now owns Dennis Pharmacy (corner Simonton and United), where Victor has worked for 15 years. "He's very well respected and loved in the Latin community," said Alea. "People are willing to wait for hours just so Victor can fill their prescriptions. They come to him for everything. A woman came in with a sick parakeet one time and wanted Victor to do something. A doctor will prescribe something and the patient will ask Victor if it's okay."

"The Spanish people are notorious for going to the pharmacists before they go to a doctor," he said, "because in Cuba pharmacists are almost physicians. They trust Victor's judgement on everything, so they believe if he makes something with his hands, it's got to work."

Danny Martinez, a well-known Key West businessman who grew up with Victor, said Victor Vargas is "the father of medicine for the Latin community. He is always reaching out and helping people," said Martinez. "I don't know how anybody could say anything bad about him."

SUCCESS WAS NOT handed to Victor on a silver platter. Born in Key West in 1912, Victor grew up in poverty. "My father was a cigar maker," he said. "He came from Cuba for a new life in the United States. It was better here, but we were very poor. He was making from twelve to fifteen dollars a week and there were seven children. All of us children worked as soon as we were old

enough. My sisters worked in the cigar factories preparing the tobacco to be rolled into cigars. We all did what we could. Sometimes I didn't have shoes to wear or decent clothes, but I am not ashamed now that I was poor. I'm proud that I worked my way out of it and could give my children what I didn't have."

"I took up a collection among my relatives so I could make the trip to Gainesville," he said. "That was in 1939. I hitch-hiked up there, and the professor gave me the test. I knew a lot. 'What university did you go to?' he asked me. I told him I didn't even go to high school, and he couldn't believe it. He told me I had to have the equivalent of two years of high school before I could be licensed."

So he hitch-hiked back to Key West and went to a Professor Schultz. "He asked me how much English I knew and I said 'a little.' He asked me how much Spanish I knew and I said 'a little of that, too.' He said, 'I like you because you are honest and don't boast that you know everything. But you are wrong. You know a lot.'"

VICTOR STUDIED WITH Prof. Schultz for a while, and soon earned the equivalent of a high school diploma. "I went back to Gainesville to take the test. In those days you had to mix just about everything, even baby aspirin. Now 90 per cent of the medicine is already made up, mixed at the factory. The man who gave me the test questioned me very closely. He would say, 'Mr. Vargas, I want you to put this and this and that together for this compound.' And I would say, 'No, I can't do that.' He would say, 'Why not?' and I would say, 'That's poison when you put it together.' He tried to trick me every way he could think of, but I always knew when the compound was poison. Finally he said, 'How do you know so much?' I said I knew so much because I wanted to be a pharmacist. I got my license."

He went to work at the old Oriental Pharmacy (now Medical Aids Pharmacy) at the corner of Duval and Truman with Eugene Martinez and Emilie Romero, and worked there for several years. Then in 1945 he went into business for himself. He opened Central Pharmacy in the old stone building at the corner of White and Truman. He was in business there for 20 years, but went bankrupt in 1965.

"I WENT BANKRUPT because I couldn't say no," he said. "They would say, 'Victor, I'll pay you next week but I have to have medicine for my baby now.' I couldn't say no, and most of them never paid. I was too easy."

Victor admits that in those days he sometimes bent the law prohibiting pharmacists from practicing medicine. "I used to give shots when people needed them, especially asthma shots. Or someone would come to me with a child with a high fever and say, 'Victor, I don't

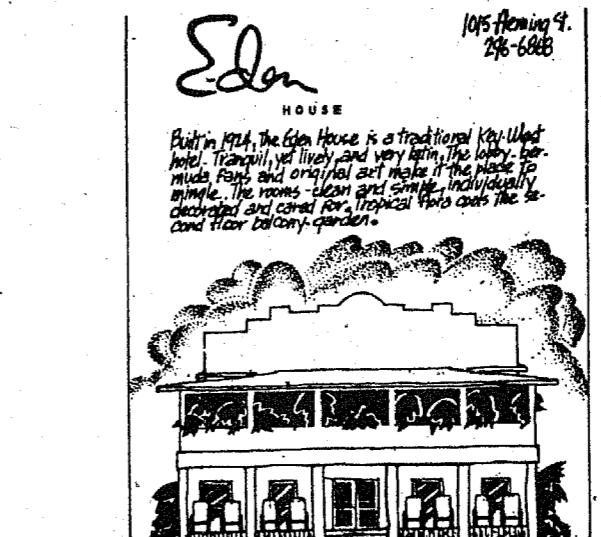


PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

When he was thirteen, Victor went to work for Quintin Garcia, a pharmacist who had a drugstore on Duval Street. "I washed bottles and cleaned up and made deliveries," said Victor. "I made about three or four dollars a week, and I would give all but fifty cents of it to my parents. I got interested in pharmacy and little by little Mr. Garcia taught me how to mix this and separate that. He let me borrow some pharmacy books, and I used to stay up until 12 or one o'clock in the morning studying them."

When he wasn't working, Victor went to school at the old San Carlos school on Duval Street. He also studied English under a Miss Napoles, but ultimately got only about six years of formal education. He got his real education on his own, by reading and working in the drugstore.

HE LEARNED MORE and more by doing, and finally he was dispensing drugs right along with his employer. Then the



have the money for a doctor, please help me.' What was I supposed to do, say, 'No, let your child die.'? So I did things the doctors didn't like. In the old days, though, the doctors and the pharmacists worked together for the patients a lot more. Money is more important now than it used to be."

After Central Pharmacy folded up, Victor went to work at Dennis Pharmacy, where he's been ever since. At 68, he has no intention of retiring. "If I live to be a hundred I want to keep working," he said.

TWO NEAR-TRAGEDIES only five years apart didn't discourage him. One night in 1971 a man grabbed the delivery boy outside, put a gun in his back, and marched him into the store. "He made the delivery boy lie down," said Victor, "then he put the gun behind my head and told me to open the safe. I told him I didn't know the combination, and he cocked the gun and told me if I didn't open it in two minutes he would blow my brains out. The delivery boy was crying and begging me to open it, and the guy sounded to me like he meant what he said. So I went to where the combination was hidden and got it and opened the safe. Then he threw me on the floor and started tying me up with an electric cord. He almost choked me to death. I was gasping for breath. He got my car keys out of my pocket, then he tied the delivery boy up with my tie and left in my car."

Some quick detective work by local police and the FBI resulted in the man's capture in Kentucky. It was later learned that the robber and his brother were responsible for at least two murders. "He was a killer," said Victor. "I thought I was going to die."

THE INCIDENT UPSET him for a while, but things eventually got back to normal. Then in 1976, a tragedy struck that would change his life drastically. He

and his wife were spending a quiet evening at home when an electric lamp somehow shorted out and ignited a couch. Victor tried to put out the flames with his hands and feet, but the fire spread out of control. The fire department got to the house in less than three minutes, but they were too late. The house and its contents were a total loss, and Victor was hospitalized with second and third degree burns.

Tears well in his eyes when he talks about it. "I fought them at the hospital because I was in agony," he said. "I was screaming, and they were just trying to help me. They finally put me to sleep. I was in the hospital for three weeks, and the visitors that came to see me drove the hospital people crazy. They would be packed into the room with more waiting downstairs. It made me feel good to know so many people cared about me."

The scars he has left from the fire were not all physical. "When I was in the hospital sometimes I would wake up at night screaming 'Fire! Fire!' I had terrible nightmares. The nurses would rush in to shut me up because the other patients might think there was a fire. Even now sometimes I have bad dreams about it. It was horrible."

After the fire a local radio station mistakenly broadcast the "news" that Victor Vargas had died in the fire. "My daughter heard on the radio I died," he said. "There was some panic. They should be more careful before they say things on the radio."

VICTOR HAS GRADUALLY gotten back to his old routine, which is as predictable as the path of the sun. He gets up around 6:00 a.m. and goes to the Fourth of July restaurant on White Street to have breakfast and talk with his friends. It's a ritual he's enjoyed every day he has been healthy for the past 20 years. If he has a stop to make

before he goes home to freshen up for work, he lets somebody know at the restaurant. "He's easy to keep track of," said his employer, Alea. "Usually I can tell exactly where he is just by looking at the clock."

Victor worked hard all his life to earn his comfortable routine, and he has no desire to change it. "My wife Nellie tells me, 'Why don't you paint that or nail that or fix this thing up?' I say, 'no, I don't want to learn nothing else,'" he said with a laugh. "The more you learn the more you have to do."

VICTOR BEAMS PROUDLY when he's asked about his children, two sons and two daughters. His oldest son Robert is a psychologist at Johns Hopkins University Hospital in Maryland. His daughter Zaida is a legal secretary in Key West, and Christi is a supervisor for the Key West Marine Telephone Answering Service. His youngest son Victor is a professional drummer. "I'm not saying this because he's my son," said Victor, "but he's the best drummer in Florida."

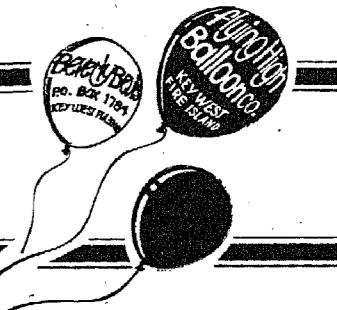
He worked his way from poverty to a place of respect in his community. He educated four children and gave them opportunities he would only dream about. But Victor is most proud of the fact that he has friends, lots of friends, who care about him not as a professional but as a person. "I try to help everybody I can," he said. "I've never tried to hurt anybody, and if I have any enemies I don't know who they are. And it's not just in the Latin community, either. I have men and women friends in all the groups in Key West."

Asked about his alleged reputation as being a ladies' man when he was younger, Victor smiles broadly and replies simply, "You want my wife to kill me?"

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Key West: Smuggler's Island? Questions for a Community

BY PETER HEYMAN

Richard Heyman the file replied to allegations, but it did not include a copy of the application. Of those allegations which have been looked into further, Stack has been cleared.

ALSO INCLUDED IN the April Solares Hill article were comments from City Commissioner Heyman on the Herald series as a whole. He felt the stories had helped bring some things into the open, but he also thought the series had implied that he was a one-man clean-up operation for the island's drug problems. "I'm against these drugs, but there's no way I have the power to change all of these problems myself," Heyman told Solares Hill.

The debate has continued, and many questions raised by the articles have not been answered to everyone's satisfaction. Key West citizens and officials who read the series have their own opinions on its importance and of the issues which it scrutinized.

"City Commissioner Alton Weekley contended that the reporters from Miami had gone into their investigations "with the attitude of a witch hunt." Weekley didn't feel that they had turned up much. "I didn't see anything earth-shattering. They simply put down what we already know." Weekley went on to say that there was "exaggeration in some cases."

OTHER VIEWS OF the stories were somewhat different from Weekley's. Monroe County Sheriff William Freeman thought the drug smuggling articles "demonstrated the need for something to be done. These problems are all over South Florida. What we need here in

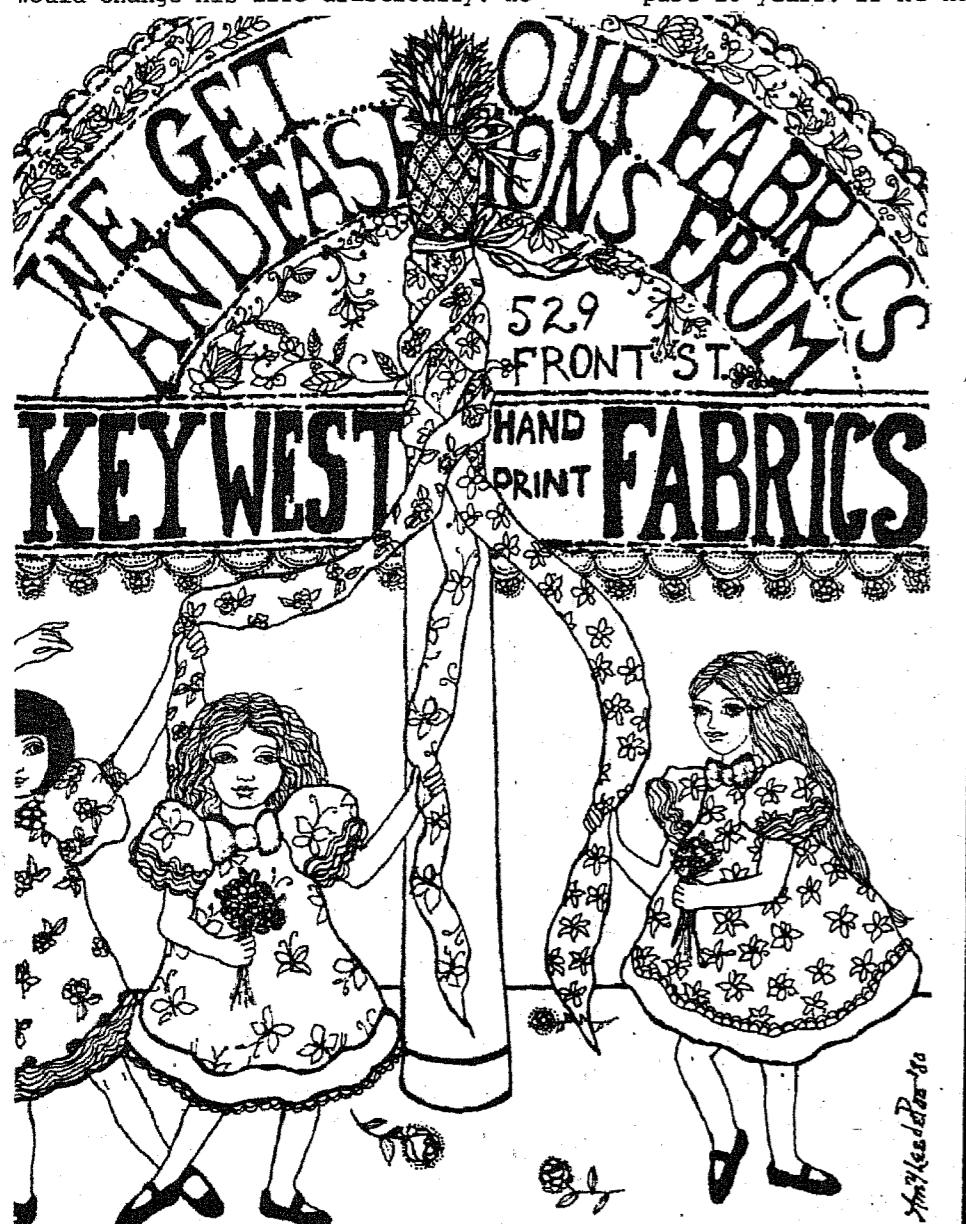
Monroe County is either federal money or federal people. We (the Sheriff's office) are really just social workers with guns. We deal with day-to-day problems among people in the community."

Freeman said his department acts on drug information when it comes in, and he pointed out that the Sheriff's office has confiscated fifty thousand pounds of marijuana so far this year. However he doesn't have the manpower, funds or equipment to deal with the drug problem as he feels it should be dealt with.

The Herald articles emphasized charges of a lack of cooperation between agencies and departments of the local, state and federal governments. I asked Freeman about any problems he might have in this area. "The Feds that are sent here cooperate with us," Freeman told me, "but there's just not enough agents." Freeman had no other complaints to make about cooperation.

JUDGE BILL CHAPPELL was quoted extensively in the Herald, particularly in an article which covered the record of State Attorney Jeff Gautier and his office. When I spoke to Chappell he would not say anything about matters concerning the State Attorney, but he did have comments on the Herald articles.

One query I put to him was whether there had been any question of his being on or off the record when he was interviewed by the Herald reporters. "I didn't really have an interview," he said. "They came in to talk to me, but there wasn't really anything on the record." Chappell told me the quotes which were attributed to him were misleading.



I asked him about a specific quote which seemed to imply that he didn't have a full case load, and that this was due to problems in the State Attorney's office. "The impression that I don't have a full case load is incorrect," Chappell said.

THE SAME STORY contained quotes from Public Defender John Keane. I asked Keane if he thought the articles had presented a fair picture of his office's role. "I'm not displeased with the reflections on this office," Keane said. I went on to inquire about the *Herald's* contention that there is a lack of cooperation among the various components in the law enforcement and court systems. Keane answered: "First of all, once a case comes to court the system is necessarily an adversary one. However I do think there is a decided lack of cooperation particularly with the lower levels in the law enforcement agencies, and this shows up in the courtroom." Keane felt more funds were needed if the operations of law enforcement agencies were to improve.

Key West criminal lawyer Kirk Zuelch said he thought there was some truth in the *Herald's* articles, but he also felt there was some inaccuracy. One article contained an accusation against Assistant State Attorney William Kuyper. The charge was that Kuyper had been offered a bribe to throw a case, then failed to report the bribery attempt. "I don't think anybody's being paid off," Zuelch said in reference to the article.

Zuelch did cite what he feels is a "lack of leadership" in the State Attorney's office. He said: "The prosecutors should be letting the courts and juries make more decisions" in relation to borderline cases which the prosecutors often drop before they reach court. Zuelch said this was particularly true of search-and-seizure cases. "This is how new law is made," Zuelch said, referring to the fact that court decisions set precedents and prosecutors' decisions do not, in terms of law.

The drug smuggling stories took the Key West Police Department to task,

bringing up the imminent trial of four veteran Key West police officers on charges related to drugs. Also reported was a falsified job application put in by one officer on the force. That officer has since been fired.

MEMBERS OF THE department point out that it is impossible to deal with drug smuggling as a local problem. They contend that little marijuana is brought directly into Key West for a very good reason: This is the most populated island in the area. They say most grass comes in on sparsely populated Keys between here and the mainland. Those islands are outside the Police Department jurisdiction.

Still, these arguments cannot defend a police officer who helps in drug smuggling operations. Honest cops on the force have disagreements with the *Herald's* presentation of the Key West Police Department, but they also recognize that the force does have problems.

ONE STORY ZEROED in on the cash which is pumped into the Key West economy by the drug trade. The *Herald* quoted a realtor who described how the seller of a home would seek out a buyer with cash, often drug cash, then try to make part of the sale under the table, thus avoiding taxes. I talked to Ed Knight of Knight Realty and he said: "I've never had any experience with drug money in real estate. I've never seen any of that kind of thing." However another realtor said, "Sure, there have been real estate transactions in town involving drug money. It creates problems."

Key West resident Gil Ryder said: "We'll feel the economic effects if drug smuggling stops down here. It may be our number one industry, above tourism, or anything else. But we must decide: Which is the lesser evil?" Ryder feels marijuana should be legalized, but he also observed that it is a commodity, and if it is made legal its price would plummet, so even if the Keys were still a main port of entry for pot, which is unlikely, there would be much less money coming into the community.

REACTION TO THE series as a whole varied. In many cases I found people simply didn't want to comment. Others insisted that most or all of what they said was to be off the record. In some cases the reluctance to respond seemed well-founded. The articles had obviously touched some very sensitive nerves. Those who were willing and able to speak had differing views.

Gil Ryder thought the *Herald* had done "a great job that needed doing. Maybe this will wake people up and get the public to take a better look at who they vote for." Ryder felt Jeff Gautier had come off very badly in the series. "Maybe people will vote him out now," Ryder said.

Kirk Zuelch commented: "My feeling was one of embarrassment for our community ... but the suggestion in the articles that all of us in Key West are allowing this to happen was in poor taste."

Key Wester Hester Clifford was "not offended by the stories. The news is the news, and when you find it you print it." In reply to a question about the problems cited in the series she said: "A lot of the problems will be for our children. There seems to be a standard of 'If you can get away with it, do it'."

JOHN KEANE "WASN'T at all dissatisfied with the articles in general." He thought the series had given a fair picture of the problems related to drug smuggling in the Keys.

As I queried more people one comment I heard over and over again was: "They barely scraped the surface." These people felt the stories hadn't said enough, and that the reporters hadn't turned up as much concrete information as readers hoped they would. This is often a problem in investigative reporting. Reporters learn many things which they know are true, but they can't print the material because it came off the record, or it might expose a source.

PERHAPS THE BIGGEST problem with

CON'T ON PAGE 34

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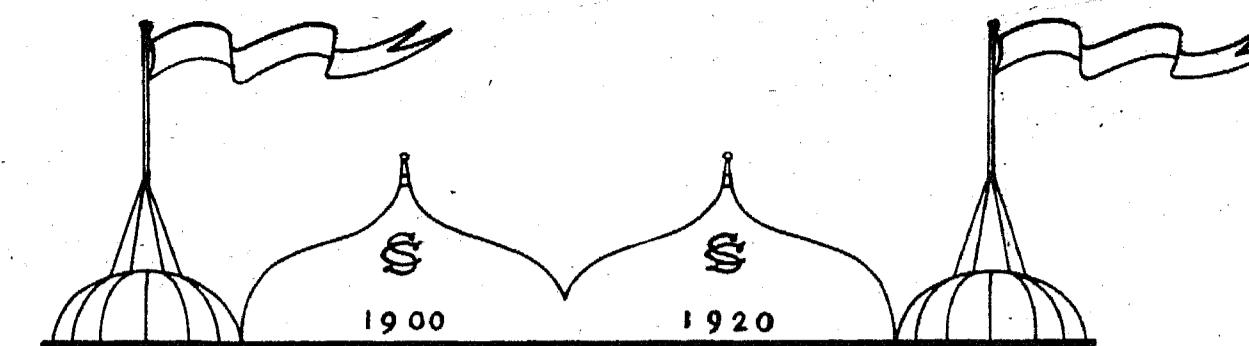
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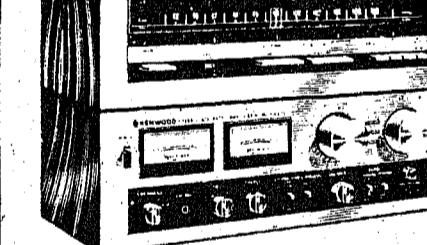
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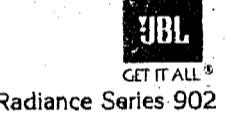


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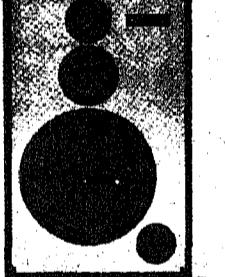


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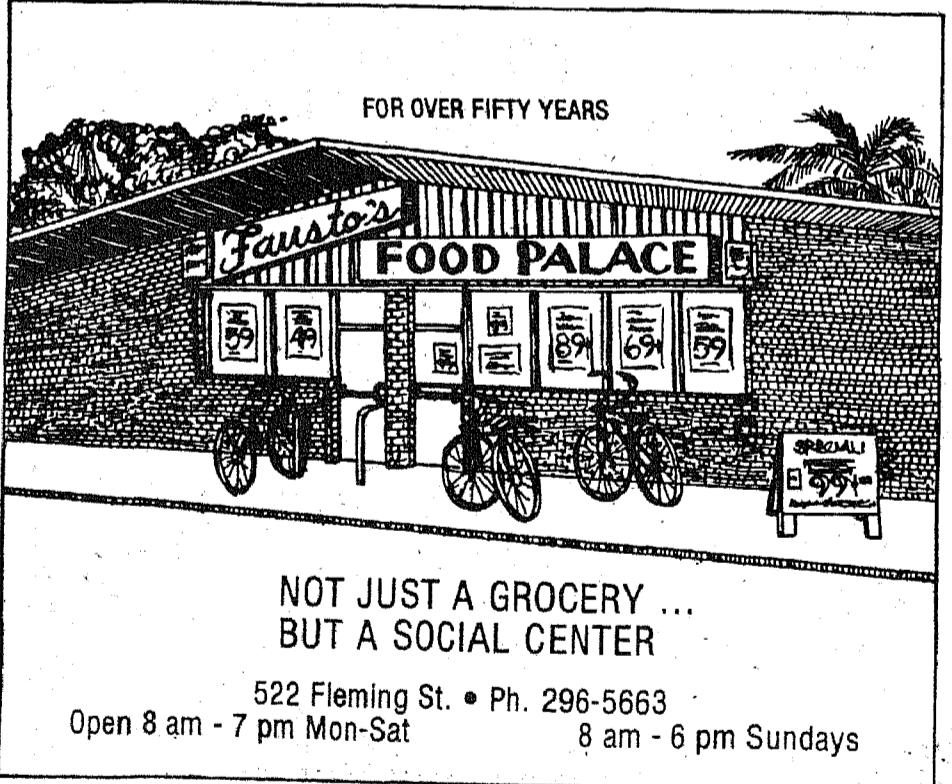


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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

Unless you have lived in Key West for a number of years, it may seem difficult to determine the difference between the end of spring and the start of summer in this sub-tropical island. The changes are subtle and the exact time of the seasonal switchover is hard to pinpoint.

But for decades there was a non-weatherwise indication that "spring had sprung" and summer was about to begin with a vibrating twang, that of a guitar plucked by a musician-singer with the professional name of Mighty Whitey. His real name was plain Bill White, and he would show up in Key West, come May, like a bird of annual migration, flying in to perch at the old Bamboo Room on Smith Lane, after spending the winter months working in nightclubs at Freeport and Nassau in the Bahamas.

His month of May arrival in Cayo Hueso was regarded as a true harbinger that the most frenetic of the gambling sessions had slackened off for the Bahamas casinos.

I FIRST GOT acquainted with Mighty Whitey in the 1940's when I was entertainment editor and columnist for the *Miami Daily News*. He had a partner called Madman Mitchell who played piano, and whose real name was Jack Mitchell. The two of them teamed as a nightclub act, usually at the Famous Door on Miami Beach.

Whitey was a sturdy, somewhat stocky man, quite handsome, with a suave manner to match his "hair's breadth" mustache, and he had a pleasant southern accent.

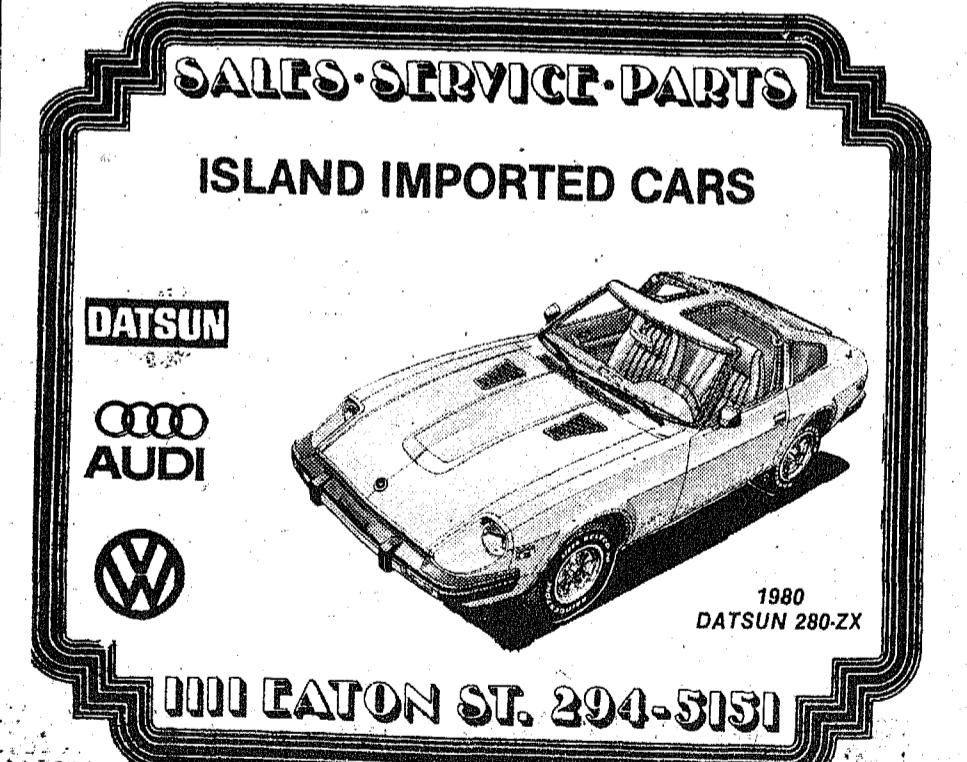
Mitch had reddish hair, was thin and wiry, and had been born in Globe, Arizona. He had a western recklessness in his makeup, plus the veneer of a hard-boiled New York City resident, for he had lived in Gotham for a long time.

Mitch wore contact lenses, one of the first to do so. Just before he and Whitey went on stage, Mitch would insert the lenses with a liquid solution in which he put a few drops of green vegetable dye. When the spotlight was turned on him at the keyboard, his eyes glowed with a weird emerald tint and enhanced his dramatic tendencies as a performer. He had a husky singing voice and played fantastic piano.

WHITEY AND MITCH often got requests for a special number, *Come Josephine in My Flying Machine*. They enjoyed doing the song and repeated it several times in an evening. There was a personal reason for this! At intervals, during the presentation, Whitey would stop strumming his flat-top guitar to light a couple of thin cigarettes, passing one to his partner. Whereupon, Mitch would also stop playing and they would duet on the words to *Come Josephine*, pausing to inhale deeply on the cigarettes, holding the smoke before exhaling. They alternated on the lyrics, then joined on the chorus of the song, until they had consumed the hand-rolled smokes.

Of course, what they were actually doing was "turning on" as they smoked the joints. But it seemed to be just part of the song gestures, to go with lines such as "And we'll FLY--We'll FLY." They were truly flying... on a reefie high right there on stage. (Back in those more innocent days, the un-initiated were not aware of what was going on.)

I LEARNED THAT the twosome were on the "maryjane kick," as it was known, when Mitch borrowed my old car and drove down to Key West to pick up a fresh supply of "grass." I was questioned by an investigator who had him under surveillance.



Shortly after that, Jack Mitchell was caught with a good supply of the weed and was sentenced to a term in prison on federal charges of possession of marijuana in bulk.

Bill White swore off the habit about that time. When he and Mitchell split up, Bill continued his act as a single in the music field. He selected a new style and picked up some of his material right here in Key West, learning calypso and reggae. He freely admitted that his new approach was influenced by Lofton (Coffee) Butler. He expanded his knowledge in Jamaica and the Bahamas, but he gave most of the credit to Coffee.

THE BAMBOO ROOM, where Coffee Butler starred, either solo or in the trio which included Bobby Lowe (this was before they did a stint in Fort Lauderdale), was a prime fun spot. The little bistro had been decorated in earlier years with striking murals of pink elephants in a swamp-jungle environment. The masterpieces were done by an English artist, Cyril Marshall, who was also the painter of the murals at the Duval Street Club that became the Oldest Bar, and which is now Capt. Tony's Saloon.

It was erroneously reported that the Duval Street murals depicted Key West scenes. But Marshall created a Polynesian motif. Granted, there was one hedonistic panel which I dubbed "Spirit of Key West"--jokingly. The painting was of a very fat-bellied Haitian in a lava-lava, lying on his back receiving the tender attentions of a South Pacific maiden. She was pictured leaning over the indolent islander pouring wine from a jug directly into his wide-open mouth while he lay back guzzling in drunken abandon.

I tried to persuade Don Pinder to photograph this halcyon setting so that I could have postcards made to lure friends to our idle life style. However, Don never got around to it, and the enticing bar murals were eventually painted over, as were the pink elephant fantasies. What a pity, and what a loss.

IN LATE SPRING, 1958, Mighty Whitey was again booked into the Bamboo Room; during his gig there the famous drummer, Gene Krupa, astonishingly agreed to play a one-night, two-show engagement. The little club was jammed. There were double lines all along Duval Street and Smith Lane hours in advance for both shows.

Mighty Whitey was on the program to keep the patrons interested in the interludes prior to the two Krupa spectacles. And he accomplished the job with aplomb.

As for Krupa, he was happy, too, and high, floating along after smoking bouts in the cramped back room at the Bamboo. I wangled a brief interview with him there and he made no effort to conceal his fondness for pot.

DRIFTING BACK in memory to the early 1950's, for the nonce, I am reminded of a witty incident occasioned by the arrival of Mighty Whitey's erstwhile show biz mate, Madman Mitchell. Key West was at that time the locale for the filming of *Under the Twelve Mile Reef*, a saga of spongefishing. Mitchell and I ran into each other at the corner of Duval and Front streets, near the Florida First National Bank, during a scene in which the principals were Gilbert Roland and Robert Wagner.

Mitch gestured toward the actors and asked, "What's the title of this movie?"

"It's to be called *Under the Twelve Mile Reef*," I told him.

He considered this with a cocked eyebrow and then quipped, "If they change the title to *Under the Twelve Mile Reefer*, I'd be more than happy to join the cast."

CONT'D ON P. 18

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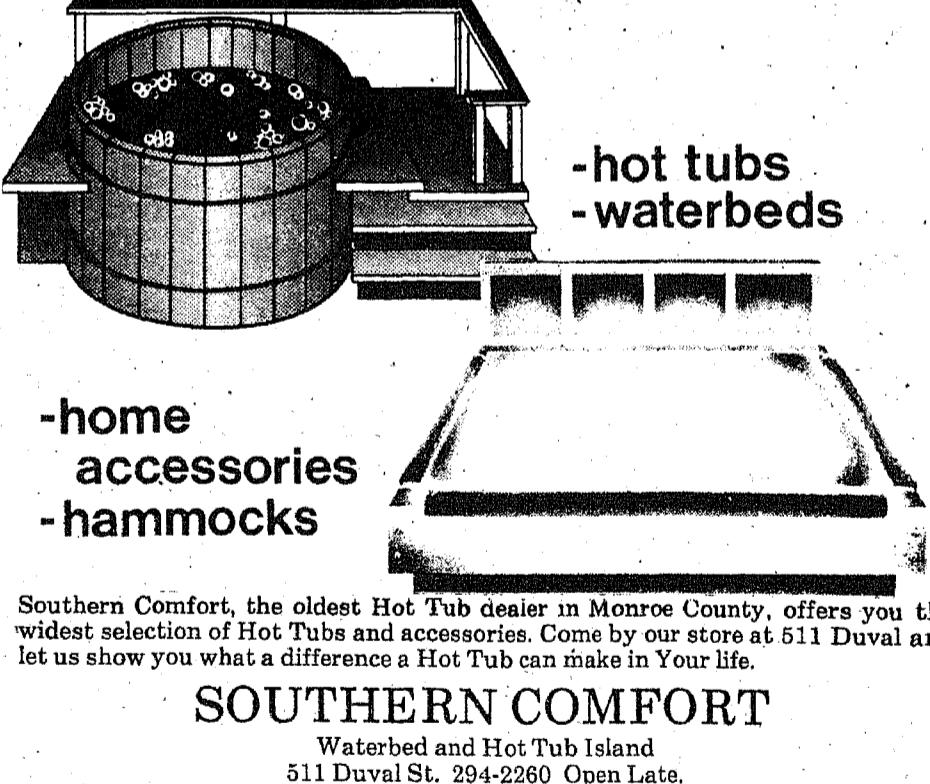
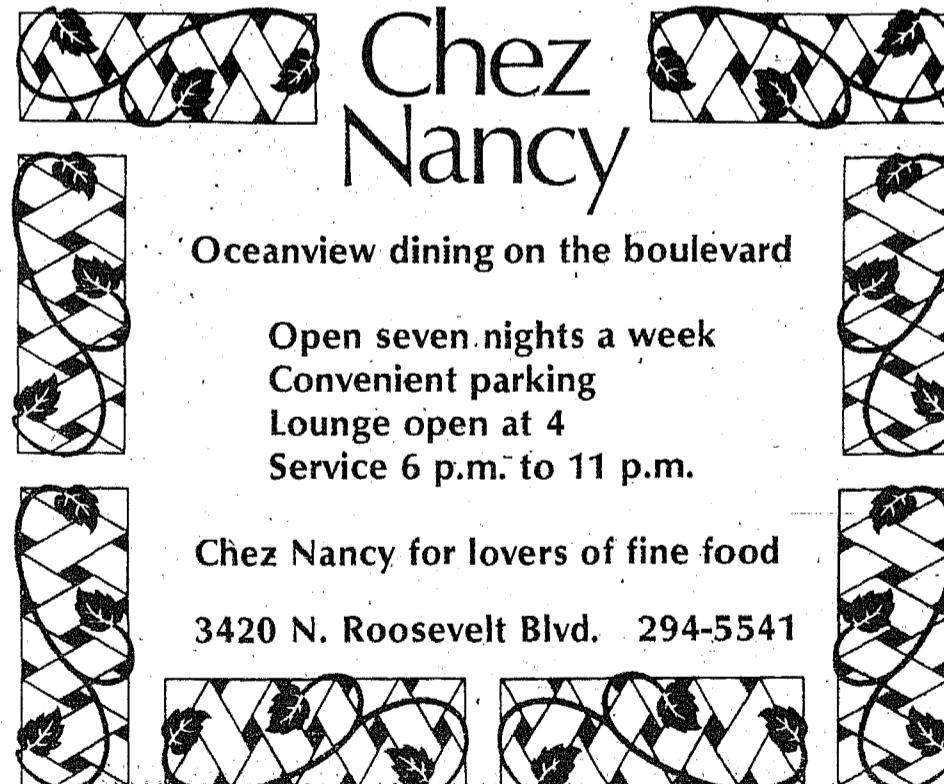


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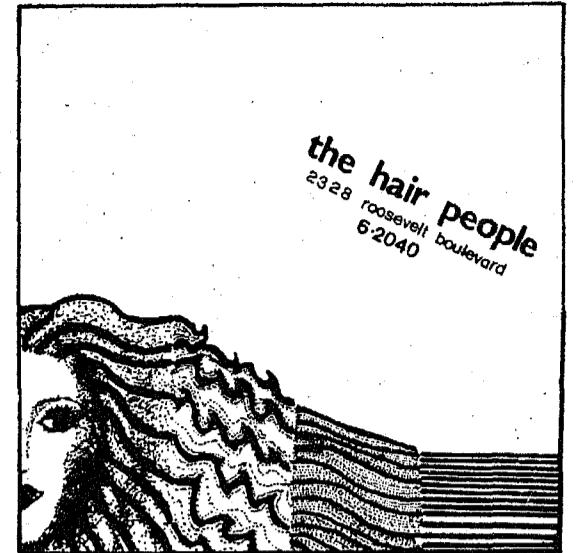
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WEATHER OR NOT

OF ALL THE places I've lived, I've never met people so affected by weather as Key Westers. I've lived in California during long dry spells, and although we complained, we carried on normally -- went to work, paid our bills -- that sort of thing.

I've lived in New York City when it rained for two weeks or more, and although we all mildewed in unison on the subway, we still went to work, paid our bills -- that sort of thing.

IN KEY WEST, no matter what kind of weather, everyone goes berserk -- stays home from work or quits a job, gets in fights, or falls off bikes. And the weather gets all the blame.

It's been hot and dry for weeks.

BY HELEN CHAPMAN

Someone smashes into the rear end of your car. Don't get mad at him -- it's been so hot and dry, his nerves are disorganized. Just rush to the nearest bar, explain to the bartender you need a drink badly because some idiot ran into you, and after a few drinks, you'll feel better. You go out and run into someone else's car. But what can they expect? It's been so hot and dry lately.

A LOW DEPRESSION area has been hovering over the island for a week. No one wants to go to the beach. You can't even enjoy your garden, which looks as gray as the sky. Even your black cat looks gray. You're suicidal. So you head for the nearest oasis and find a row of sad suicidal faces staring at nothing. Suddenly the heavens let

loose a torrential downpour and the sun finally comes out.

Someone says, "Let's have another round. It's so hot and muggy, I can't stand it!"

When the winters are cold and you have to wear that moth-eaten ski sweater under a toocap you brought down from New York ten years ago, you are forced to go to a bar. It's too cold to stay home and too early to go to bed.

DURING THESE weather crises, of course, the bartenders have a tough time keeping it together. Not only are they affected by heat-cold-damp-dry like everyone else, but they have to handle a bunch of hot or cold or damp or dry nuts besides.

Some day the weather is going to become weary of getting the blame for everyone's neuroses and just give up. Will that stop us? We'll look out the window and say, "Good heavens, there's nothing out there today! We'd better go have a drink!"

THEN, I SPENT hours lying about on Dog Beach, a small spit of sand considered unutterably sweet by everyone.

Now, this all took place B.W. (before Wolkowsky). This was at the time another wave of refugees was fleeing Cuba, arriving in small boats. And, this was before I caught on that my skin resembled an old piece of leather and shut down on sun-worshipping.

It was a quieter Key West--not enough happening to get a cat in trouble. Afternoons were sociable on Dog Beach (or Telephone Beach) where always there was a gathering of neighbors full of opinions regarding nothing. Refreshing, reactionary, and often all-inclusive malice dispensed cheerfully.

CLOUDS LIKE LITTLE ermine muffs in a teacup blue sky smiled upon my spot I chose against the crumbling coral rock guarded by an obdurate seagrape bush. Those of us who whiled away our time

threshing in the tepid water or sitting in the clumps of sea oats seemed to draw the tattered shreds of a grand tranquility about ourselves.

Most bathers came from Vernon Avenue, the Avenue of Broken Dreams. I swam with a senuous-looking lady friend, the Pole Star of Dog Beach, who floated about looking like a white mermaid in pale green aspic.

Mr. Bingham, a southern squire, came from the cottage down the way which the Aleas just sold to Dr. Caraway. Mr.

Bingham's brother visited with his wife from Spain. When the brother stepped from the ocean, she would towel his feet dry carefully with a slavelike dedication. The Anglo women all stopped in their tracks and looked as she towed his long, slender, arched, masculine feet.

THE BIKINI SNATCHER arrived regularly. He would guide a tourist lady out past the Casa Marina Pier, and when she bent her head over the graceful, laverder sea fans or the ocean cabbage they had discovered, he would whip off her

bikini bottom and swim away with it. That was all. It just somehow nourished his mental state on windless, perfect island afternoons.

I never saw a bather at Dog Beach without a smile, whether a scamp smile or a child smile.

The locals, the Dog Beachers who owned or rented in that favored five-block perimeter, behaved like dogs asserting a territorial imperative. We didn't own it. But we held some sort of firm, unbending, stingy, homesteading stake on it.

MUTUALLY HOSTILE, the worthy, established, put-upon, outraged, Near Ones held solid. And, the pushy, not-to-be-denied, hot, dry, panting town outlanders pressed in.

Until, it all blew up. As such things do.

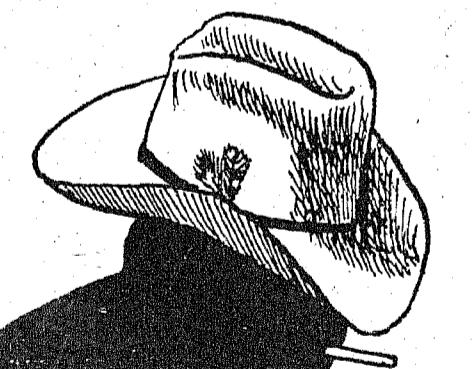
Never again, since Dog Beach Afternoons of another day, have I so leaped into the saddle of my own personality.

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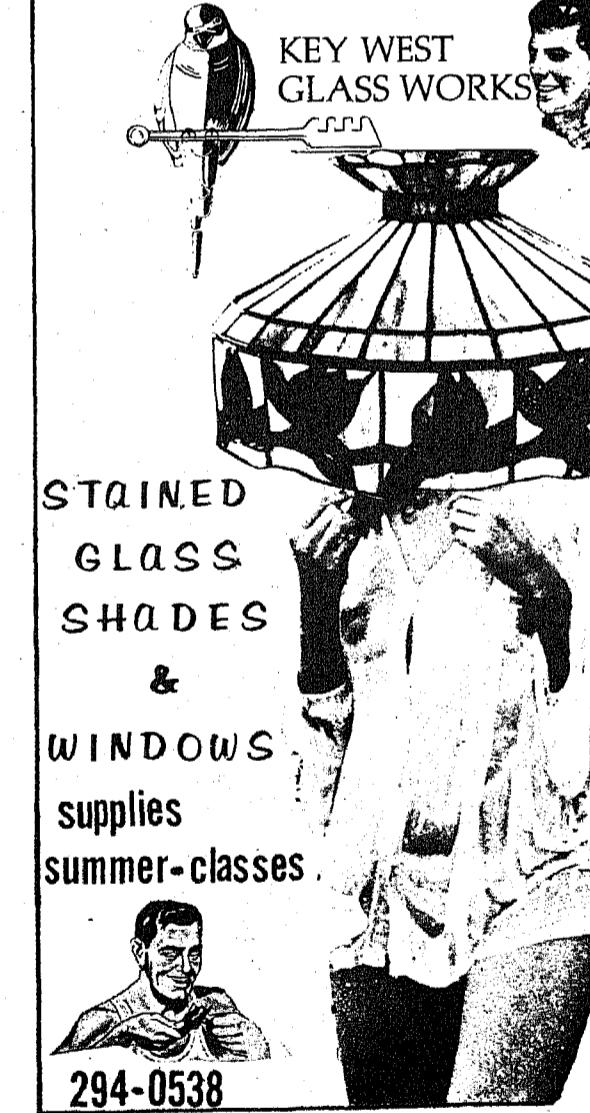
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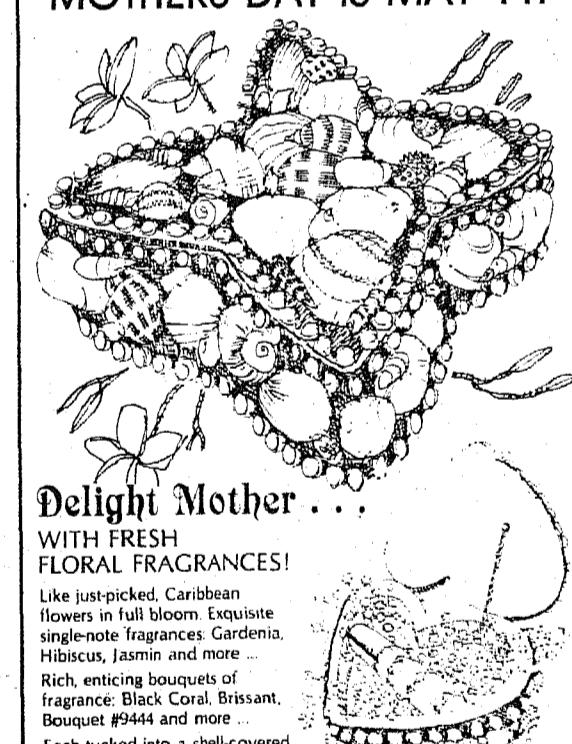
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Trucks On Duval

BY EILEEN MOORE QUINN PHOTO BY APRIL JOHNSON

The case could be made that Key West, Florida, has one of the most unique traffic situations in the U.S.A. It sports a nineteenth century street condition in its downtown area, while at the same time attempting to cater to twenty-first century consumer demands for goods and services.

In a few square miles, it hosts an array of "deals on wheels" not commonly found elsewhere. At any given time, a pedestrian will surely encounter a confusing assortment of bicycles, mopeds, roller skates, bicycle taxis, Conch tour trains, horse and buggies, tandems and skateboards, not to mention the usual blend of tourist and vehicular units. Undoubtedly, there are more examples which could be added to this list.

It is not until a collision of significant magnitude occurs, however, especially one involving loss of human life, that a closer look at this complex traffic condition becomes necessary. How efficient is the system which governs total travel control and maintenance? What are the specific problems prevailing in a given locality, or for that matter, all localities? How does time of day affect motoring? In short, how can similar occurrences be prevented?

THESE QUESTIONS AND many others like them have been raised and discussed since Wednesday, April 2nd, when a young woman riding a bicycle in the daytime was struck down and killed by a tractor trailer truck (commonly referred to as a "semi") on Duval Street where it intersects with Angela.

Some observers, like Bruce Steinberg, who manages a business on Duval, think it was "just a freak accident." But the most pointed opinion appeared in print in The Key West Citizen on Sunday, April 6th. In a laconic letter to the

Editor, Theron Lyda took his stand: "Enough! No more 40 foot trucks on Duval."

MR. LYDA OWNS the Environmental Circus on Duval Street. Large trucks deliver merchandise to his shop. Yet, as a witness to the accident's aftermath, Lyda confessed that the reality of the situation triggered his awareness.

"I'm not one to go about 'banning' anything. But I must point out a dangerous situation. I see 'semis' on Duval as



a high risk element which O.S.H.A. (Occupational Safety and Health Administration) would not tolerate. Can you imagine two of those monsters traveling opposite each other on Duval? How much room do you think there would be to spare?

"I have no axe to grind. It's not to my benefit to get 'semis' off the main street of Key West. Just the opposite, in fact. But I see these trucks as a contradiction to the old time flavor of Olde Towne. To not come up with an alternative is to be short-changed by

the power structure.

"The girl's death is a symbol of society, a larger thing. It's the symbol of broken streets and sidewalks, damaged trees and shrubs, noise pollution and the carcinogenic influence of diesel fuel. Will we continue to allow the 40-footers to determine and degrade the level of everyone's existence here?

"I WAS INSULTED at the sight of the hosing down of a human being's remains because of that massive machine. If there were no 40-footers on Duval, that girl might be alive today. Sure, she still might have been struck by a moving vehicle. But she might not have ended up crushed under the damn thing!"

"They're not allowed on Mallory Square docks and they're not allowed on the White Street Pier. They shouldn't be allowed on Duval Street either."

ON THE SAME day that Mr. Lyda's solution was proposed, the case against the "road-hog" bicyclists appeared in Sheila Quickstad's column in the Key West Citizen. On the same page, in the space opposite the "Reader's Forum," citing examples of near wipe-outs and obscenity gestures, Ms. Quickstad stated that cyclists generally "do not observe the rules of the road," and that "red lights don't mean anything to bicycle riders, as they merrily pedal their way into the path of traffic having the right of way."

These two opposing viewpoints, one against the trucks and one against the cyclists, both well-expressed and valid, seem to predominate. There has been lively controversy from both camps, with the drivers of pedal vehicles delivering angry expletives against the operators of motor vehicles, and vice versa. They have also broadened the issues. "Motorcycles (or 'popcorn machines,' as one complainer called them) are too wild and dangerous," "taxis drive too fast down side streets, trying to avoid lights and traffic," "cyclists run down pedestrians on the street and on the sidewalks," and on and on goes the debate.

IT SEEMS THAT these disputes, apt and formidable though they be, are, for the most part, obscuring a much larger issue, which is the concern everyone shares for more responsible traffic safety on the entire island of Key West. As Jerry Brand, a former 'semi' driver who now lives on Stock Island, put it:

"To take issue against one particular vehicle or group of vehicles is to over-simplify things. It doesn't make sense. There are many types of accidents around here."

Deaths are on the increase as well. Sheriff William A. Freeman recently noted that the county's traffic toll stands at 15. At the same time last year, it stood at eight.

IN AN EFFORT to reduce road fatalities, a control program known as STEP (Selective Traffic Enforcement Program) has lately been initiated in the Florida Keys. Financed through a grant of \$164,150 from the Department of Community Affairs, Bureau of Highway Safety, it provides six new fully-equipped "traffic enforcement units" to be strategically placed at various locations, with the intention of reducing traffic accidents.

"It is hoped," said Freeman, "that the drivers will voluntarily comply with traffic laws to minimize arrests and accidents."

But a tourist from New York City, upon reaching Key West, quipped, "If radar guns could kill, I would've been dead 20 times today. I've never been 'shot up' with radar so much in my life."

AND EDDIE SPURIA, who drives a tractor trailer along the eastern seaboard and makes frequent deliveries into Key West, observed, "Is this the best way to spend money to reduce road deaths? I don't think so. As far as I'm concerned, more police cars simply mean more tickets, not necessarily more safety."

What then does constitute greater safety? Certainly nothing that is static or permanent or intended for a long

time, because travel patterns are constantly in a state of flux everywhere. One shop opens where another has closed, and the traffic pattern changes. A new road goes in here or a building is constructed there. In addition, there are shows, carnivals, fairs, seasonal and holiday buying, etc. Each of these actions creates yet another bend in the complex maze of the highway. Therefore, it behooves the general public to study and consider the efficiency of the operation of the whole traffic network. Outmoded conditions may exist which create hazards where none existed previously.

A traffic light may have become merely a nuisance rather than a safety measure. Entrances and exits, crossings for pedestrians, the handicapped and their vehicles, etc., all must be looked at with an observant eye.

AT PERIODIC JUNCTURES, a number of U.S. cities, tourist and otherwise, undertake traffic engineering surveys in order to better understand the intercourse of business and street commerce. Over the course of weeks or months, surveyors seek to determine the general transportation flow. They ask from where vehicles traveled to reach a certain destination, and to where they plan to go upon departure. From their findings, recommendations for improvement are made.

In this manner, Chicago chose to allocate the period from one to five in the morning as the only delivery time for semis. New Orleans chose to close off certain streets in the French Quarter for a number of hours each day, and issued "permit only" orders for truck delivery during that time. Provincetown, Mass., made certain streets one-way, and posted "bike rules" for visitors and new-comers. Nashville, Tenn., insisted that its complex string of alley-ways be used exclusively for deliveries and removals.

PURCHASE SOME OF these ideas apply to Key West. Or perhaps none of them. The point is that the time seems to have

arisen to ask pertinent questions with the intention of making Key West's streets and by-ways safer for all.

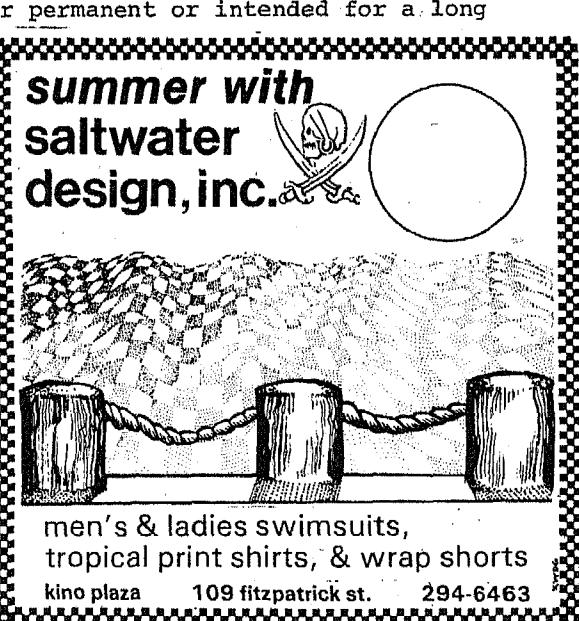
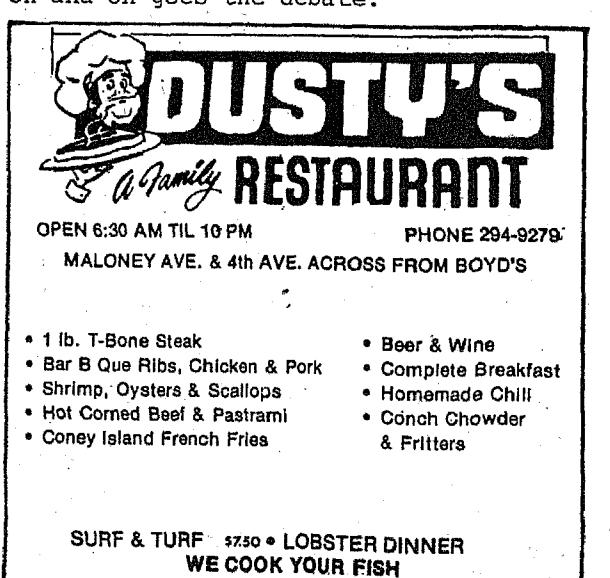
IT might be feasible to make Duval Street one-way and Simonton the other once again. Maybe traffic (car or bike) should be banned from certain streets during certain hours or during certain times of the year. The tourist population could be made more aware of the existing road "givens" in Key West via visitor publicity. Perhaps agencies which cater to the tourist trade could more adequately stress safety and proper conduct along the Old Island's highways.

By chance, some side streets might be better utilized as "access channels" for the delivery of goods to particularly congested areas of the city. Posted "truck routes" could be established at the outskirts of the island, which would prevent needless truck traffic in heavily populated or unusually narrow areas.

"Let's face it," said one disgruntled trucker not familiar with the streets of Key West. "How the hell does the average out-of-towner know where the hell he's going?"

THE CITIZENS OF Key West first responded with their natural feelings of anger and dismay over an unfortunate traffic death. The larger response now remains. It is for the members of the Key West populace, who are familiar with its streets and its road problems, to suggest whatever appropriate concrete traffic alternatives apply to their home town.

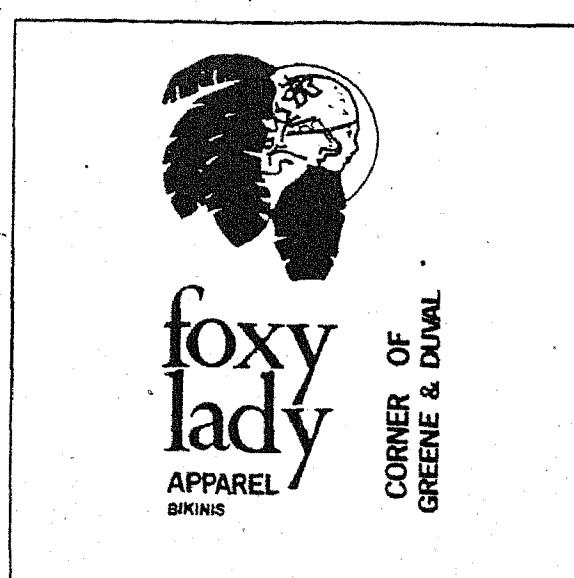
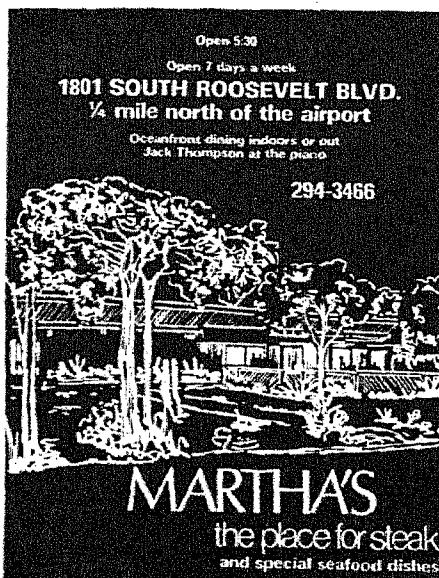
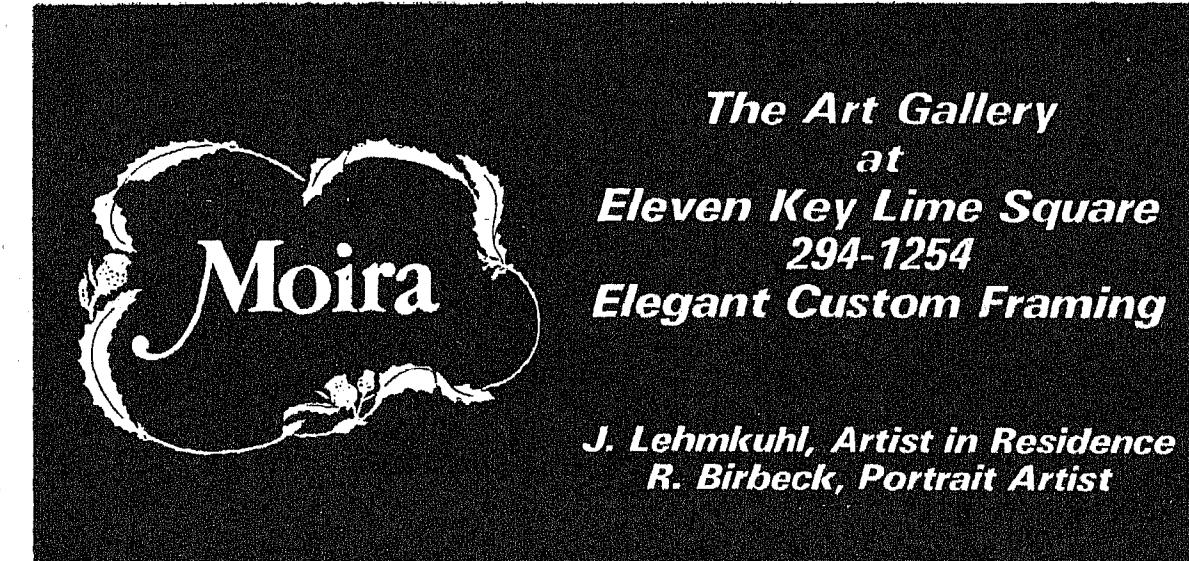
It is for them to decide: Will Key West continue to operate its traffic patterns as if nothing occurred great enough to justify a change, a study, a task force, a committee, *or something?* Or rather, will it feel a need to respond to a mandate to consider anew all traffic options and alternatives, and then to act accordingly?



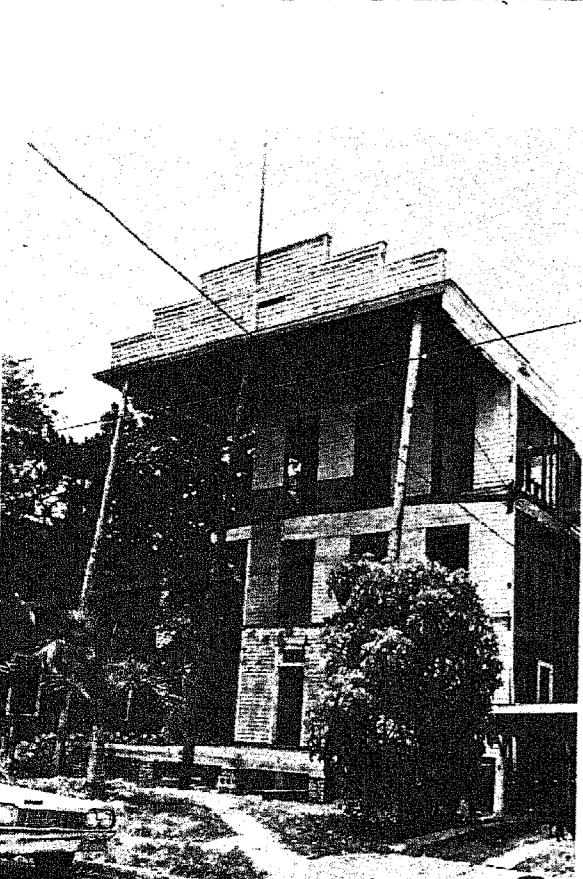
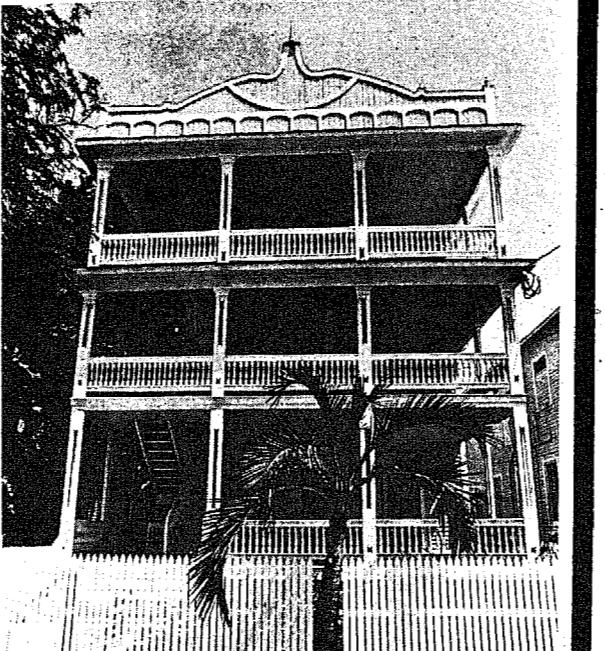
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Both the "Arch House" and the Island City House were owned by a Mrs. Koch who, on her death in 1972, left the properties to the Catholic Church from whom Dr. Jude bought them.

The Island City House, which is around 100 years old, was originally a two-story building with a third floor added around the turn of the century. Presently the three stories contain 12 large apartments which are being rented. Hats off to the Judes on a lovely restoration!

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Black and white in contrast swirling --
Tragic ballerina twirling --

Caught in white voluminous silk
Dies the fly in a glass of milk.

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HEIGHT

How tall I've grown.
"Why so?" you speak.
Because I've had a lovely week
In which I found my heart again.

I'm taller now
Because I see
That love can still exist for me
When I had lost my faith in love.

I'm tallest when
I think of you,
My lover, father, friend and beau,
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The early builder's efforts of
My hopeful pride and shy self-love.

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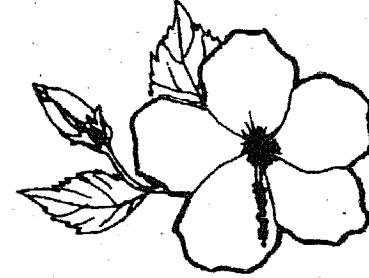
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EDITORIAL

BY BILL WESTRAY

ABOUT MID-APRIL, RESIDENTS of Key West began receiving bills for \$3.98 each, from Key West Resource Recovery, P.O. Box 1057, Key West, FL 33040. Bills were in the format of the Florida Disposal Corporation and were marked for "Curb Service thru 02/30/80 Disposal Fee."

The bills contained no other explanation of their purpose, and unless one happened to be present when the subject was discussed and the billing procedure explained at the City Commission meeting on Feb. 4, 1980, one would have had no idea why one's trash disposal costs had approximately doubled.

The answer is that the latest contract between the City of Key West and the Florida Disposal Corporation is only for collection and transportation of trash and garbage (solid waste). Under the new contract the cost of disposal, represented by a \$20.12 per ton fee charged by the City in the name of Key West Resource Recovery, is billed directly to the customer on a pro rata basis. For February 1980, this was \$3.98 per customer. It is being billed by Florida Disposal for the city because the company has the lists of solid waste customers, and with slight modification to its own computer billing program, was able to adapt to the city's needs.

THE NEW RESOURCE recovery plant was built by the city with a no-interest \$1.47 million loan from the U.S. Navy. The Navy will use the facility for its waste disposal, and will recover its loan from credits at the rate of \$20.12 per ton for waste deposited. At the same time the Navy has insisted that every other user, including Florida Disposal customers, be charged at the same rate. The city weighs the trash dumped by Florida Disposal, totals the cost, and divides by the number of customers to get the customer fee of \$3.98 for the first month. This fee is expected to vary, month by month.

In the City Commission meeting on Feb. 4, Mayor Charles McCoy explained: "It is going to be quite a shock to a lot of people all of a sudden to be paying one cent a pound to dump fill or garbage. It costs you money to load it on the truck, it takes money to transport it and, unfortunately, now it's going to cost money to dispose of it. In the long run we will be doing something that is not only in our best interests environmentally, but economically it will benefit us in the long run."

In response to Commissioner Alton Weekley's question about what the added costs would be to city residents, the answer was that no one knew until the first month's usage had been calculated. Now we know.

IN ANSWER TO a question from a resident as to what the product of the "shredder-composter" facility would be, Mayor McCoy replied, "It goes into a digester and it comes out a sterile soil. We have two possibilities. We have a product, the sterile soil, that comes out a very fine, good-looking top soil. In its sterile condition it can be sold to ... purchasers like the chicken industry ..." to neutralize nitrogen-high droppings. We can also introduce sludge cakes from the sewage treatment plant, to produce a high quality soil that could be used by golf courses, parks and individual users. "So ultimately," concluded McCoy, "we will be producing a byproduct that will be ... making money. It will be worth more than the (disposal) cost of material going in."

WE FEEL THAT the city was grossly remiss in not providing any written explanation of the purpose of the charge

in its first billing for trash disposal in April. We feel that someone in City Hall must have known that the disposal charge would approximately double the cost to users when the plant was built, or at least when the contract with the Navy was negotiated. We believe that the failure to answer Commissioner Weekley's question on Feb. 4 bordered on deception —certainly someone present must have known or should have known that the cost would be about \$4 per month per customer.

We are disturbed at the many reports that we are receiving about malfunction and breakdown in the shredder-composter equipment. We are reliably advised that much of the trash of the Navy and others is still being diverted to sanitary land fill. We hear reports of major tire damage to Navy and other trash vehicles from inadequately covered fill.

WE HEAR RELIABLE reports that the sterile soil product of the plant is full of metal and glass and is unsaleable. To talk about introducing sludge cakes from a non-existent sewage treatment plant to provide top soil for our golf course, is, in our opinion at this time, wishful thinking at best.

We call upon City Hall to give us a full and candid report on the status of the resource recovery system; to include current operational status, what construction is completed, what remains to be finished and when, percentage of operable time in last month or comparable period, amount of saleable products produced, and amount sold to date, amount of Florida Disposal waste delivered, comparison with other users, how Key West resident charges are computed.

WITH NUMEROUS MAJOR public works in the offing—solid waste, liquid waste, electrical power, potable water, etc.—we believe that it is imperative that all elected officials insist upon full disclosure of financial information, with a full and honest assessment of the expected financial impact on users in terms of rates, surcharges, and other charges and obligations.

IT IS IMPROPER to delude citizens into thinking they are going to get something for nothing. Capital improvements and replacements cost money which must be passed on to the users. To suggest otherwise is lacking in candor.



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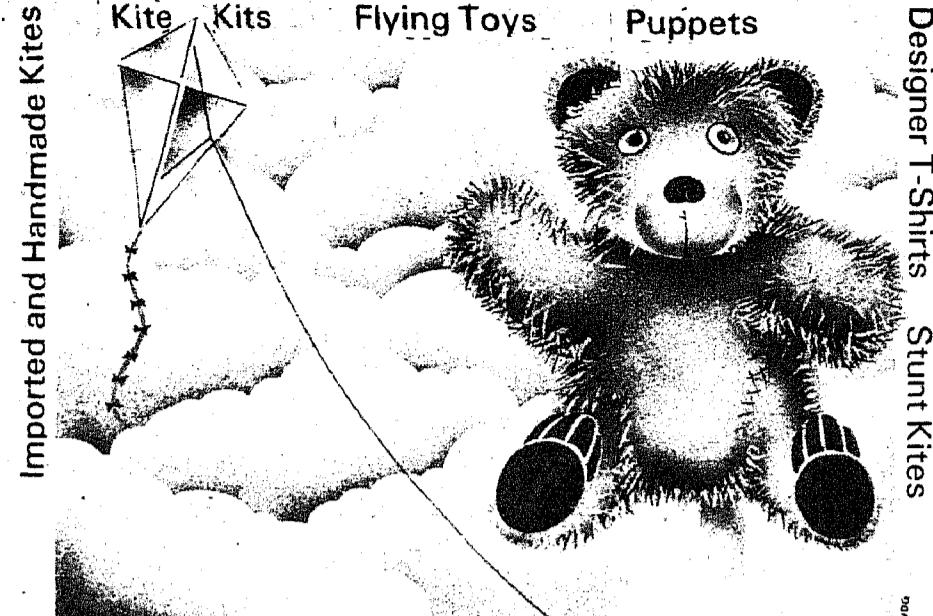
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NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES: CON'T FROM P. 9

MITCH AND WHITEY had gone their separate ways by then, but they were still friends and kept in touch with each other. Mitch and I had an amusing reminiscence session that day, concentrating on a sort of Damon Runyon tale which bears repeating. We recalled the winter of 1947, and the date, December 5, was etched in our memories because that was when a birthday fete was given in honor of Bill White at the Famous Door.

Among the celebrants was a big, rugged man in a sports outfit including a pair of dirty tennis shoes. "Just like Howard Hughes," somebody exclaimed. Hughes used to wear similar sneakers the clock around. Anyway, the big guy came up on stage and presented Bill with a bottle of Cutty Sark scotch. Bill thanked him with the remark, an atrocious pun, "I'll be delighted to Sark on this. Join me." The stranger said he had shown up because the occasion was also his birthday.

He didn't announce his full name and asked that he be addressed as simply "Joe."

AFTER AN HOUR of mutual toasting, Joe invited Bill and Mitch to come and see his "fabulous estate." He said it was on one of those islands just off the Venetian Causeway which connected Miami and Miami Beach.

Mitch declined the invitation because he had a date with his girl, but Bill accepted. The two had become instant pals. Of course, the Cutty Sark had helped eliminate any social barriers, and Bill was flattered to view a rich man's residence.

He got mystic about the shared birth date, especially when he found that Joe had also been born at the hour of dawn, so he said. Bill hailed the bond with enthusiasm. He exclaimed, "We must have been influenced by the same stars and zodiac signs." In fact, a little more of the liquid influence and he was convinced that he and Joe were soulmates in destiny.

Mitch pointed out that their horoscopes did have odd differences: Joe lived in luxury, and Bill had to struggle to earn a living.

THE BIRTHDAY BUDDIES departed in a roseate state of euphoria—and a cab, at 4 a.m. when the Famous Door closed. Bill was glad to pay the taxi fare when Joe explained that he never carried much money on his person. He promised reimbursement at "the fabulous estate."

In re-telling the adventure, Whitey always referred to the story as "The Case of the Fabulous Estate." He would get a faraway look in his eyes as he recalled the first part of his visit to the millionaire's palace: "I guess it was what you call a fancy Italian-style place complete with impressive stairways and floors, all in pink and white marble. The main entrance was two stories high, with balconies all around and deep windows. There must have been 30 rooms all told. Every one of them was furnished with genuine antiques and with big paintings. There were tapestries on the walls and lots of statuary inside the mansion as well as outside in the gardens and on the terraces."

Admittedly, Bill White was drunk as he made the tour, but as a showman, he had a trained memory and he retained his impressions vividly. He summed it all up in the words, "Man! That estate was be-hedged, be-flowered, be-shrubbed—and I was absolutely be-dazzled!"

FINALLY, AFTER A last nightcap served to him in a be-chandeliered dining salon, Bill's host ushered him up the magnificent marble stairway and into a splendid bedroom decorated in tones of soothing green with gold touches. Even the king-

sized bed had a leaf-green canopy and the satin sheets matched.

"I fell asleep wondering about all the turns of fate," Bill confided afterward. "Here I was, born at the same hour and year as Joe, under the same zodiac sign, but man, what a difference in our lives! I confess that I turned green with envy. Maybe it was because of those green bed trappings?"

The host excused himself to retire to his "quarters," and Bill sank into deep slumber. The sleep lasted until mid-morning about four hours later. Then he was awakened by a cacophony of raucous sounds. A vocal bugle sounded reveille. A decidedly unctender grip fastened on his shoulder and shook him out of his blissful oblivion.

"Hey, you! Where's Joe? And who the hell are you, anyway?" Bill managed to focus blurry vision on the rude intruder—a mountainous female with a shrill voice.

SHE HOVERED OVER the bed with a menacing attitude, her face flushed with fury. "She had mean little piggish eyes," Bill said. "In fact, she reminded me of an irate sow we had back on the farm in Georgia."

She shouted at Bill again. "I'm Joe's wife, and I am the housekeeper here. Joe ain't nowhere I can find him. Probably hidin' out somewhere around, but he ain't in the house. How come you are?"

Groggily, Bill sat up and stammered the explanation of how he had been invited by his birthday sharer to see the estate and then bed down in a guest room.

The rampaging woman screamed—this time with laughter. "So that's how you got in here, huh? Sight-seeing invite to admire Joe's estate, huh? He lives here, okay, but he is the CARETAKER! The owner is fishing from a yacht down in the Florida Keys. And he is due back today. You want Joe should lose his job? Now you git outta here and git out fast."

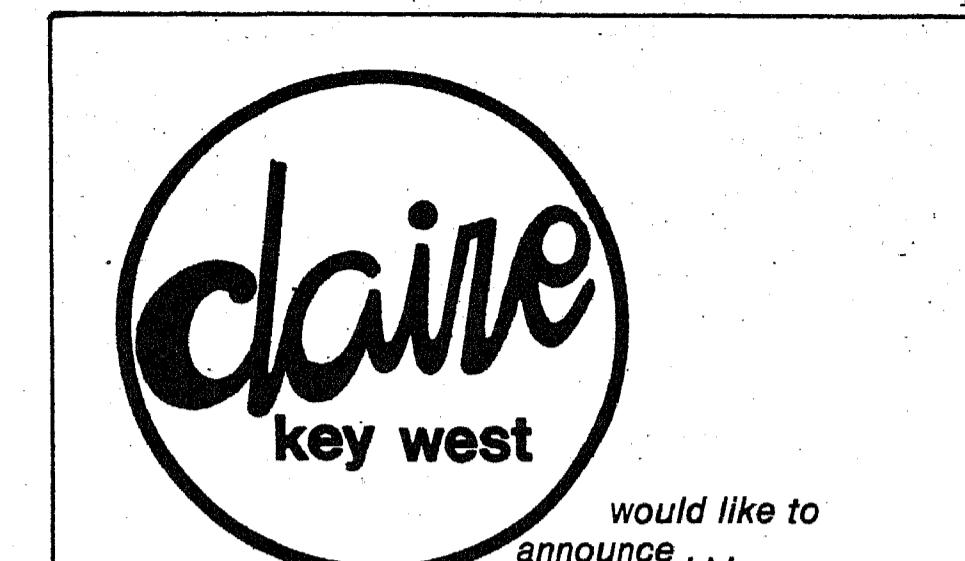
SHE TOLD BILL she would wait outside the room while he dressed. "And make it quick or I'll call the law," she snapped.

Mighty Whitey never felt less "mighty" in his existence. Only "mighty poorly." He dashed cold water on his face in the marble-fitted bathroom, and, after struggling into his rumpled clothing, staggered out of the bedroom.

He followed the bulk of the housekeeper to a side exit. She pointed down the long driveway and ordered Bill off the premises. He wanted to call a taxi, but he remembered that he was stone-broke after paying last night's fare. He would just have to chance thumbing a ride after he reached the causeway.

"You know, I felt shattered, and it wasn't just a hang-over," Bill confided. "It was that dame. As a parting shot, she called me a bum and then she shouted, 'What's more, my Joe warn't born yesterday, December 5. His birthday is next March!'"

Bill didn't stop to ask what date in March. Doubtless it was during the fatal Ides of March, a time to beware, as Caesar was warned by a soothsayer.

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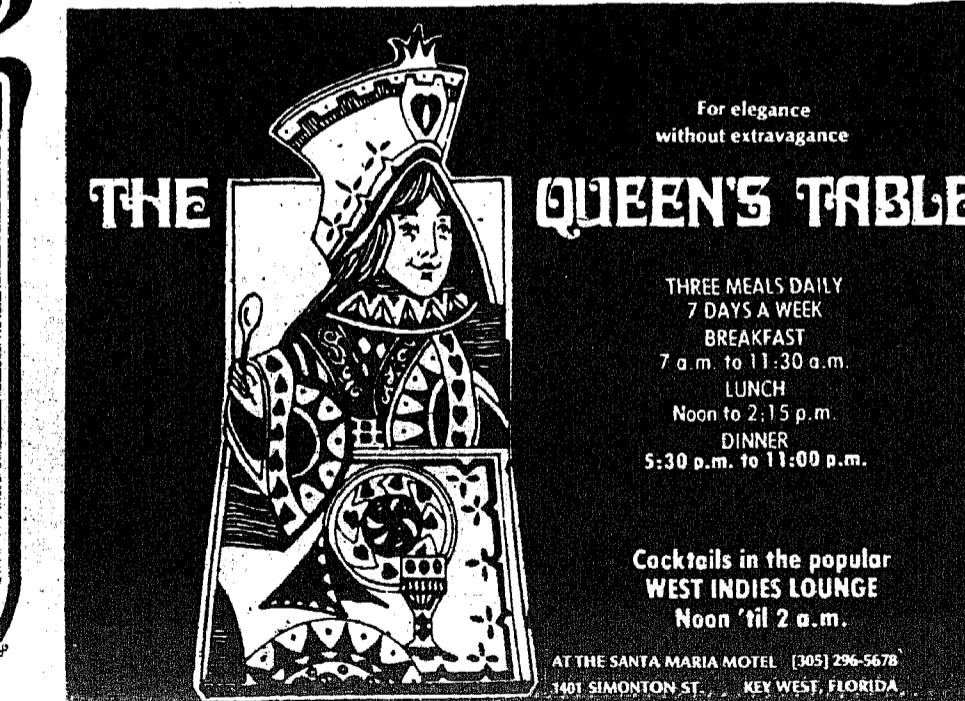
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Food For Thought

BY PHOEBE COAN

Years ago some friends introduced me to the *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese Book of Changes. We threw the coins, and the hexagram that was selected for me was under the sign of the turtle—which indicated nourishment. This prophesized a great interest and area of learning that I was yet to uncover.

It was around that time I became pregnant with my first child, which caused me to slow down and consider the haphazard manner in which I was eating.

After years of heavy, rich, Jewish-style food, then Lifesaver diets at college to prepare myself for a heavy weekend in a tight-fitting dress (I'd love guessing the color of the Lifesaver I was going to eat next), I had graduated into a more wholesome diet.

THE FIRST COOKING I did for myself was oatmeal and bananas which, after the consistent hamburger, fries and shakes of college days, was the beginning of improvement. Lentils became my best friend during pregnancy and I learned many ways to deal with them creatively.

Now, I'm into tofu, the curd of the soybean. Through the magic flashes of bread making, where I knew the bread I was mixing would last a long time for my family, to times my young son was so limited in intake, I really learned to be special in the kitchen to meet his needs. A whole way of living developed from the way I was eating and serving my family.

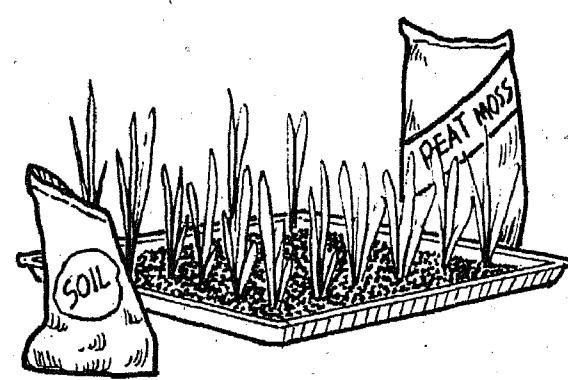
Over the years, the benefits became more and more apparent—from a fanatic fruitarian, I grew to a state of more general acceptance and I realized that food, a common bond, can bring us together.

I have talked with cancer victims. I have discovered different approaches

and alternatives to chemotherapy, through regulation of diet. One approach is through the consumption of life foods—live foods, food not made of killed animal flesh, uncooked food.

FROM VIC, THE sprout man of Life Energy Farms from up the Keys, I had received an interesting and vitalizing Survival Newsletter. "Sprout for the love of everybody," we are told. You can get this newsletter with information on the nutritional evaluation of sprouts and grasses from the Survival Foundation, Box 77, Woodstock Valley, CT 06282.

The newsletter also said: "Sprouts, indoor grasses and fermented seed milks can help to solve food scarcity, survival, organic nutrition and health problems. The effect of chemicalized farming is equivalent each year to dropping 72,000 atomic bombs of Hiroshima size. Chlorophyll-rich organic greens can off-



set radiation effects, even when lethal dosages are used ... Raw vegetarian protein is easier to digest, and over 80%

is utilized by the body, whereas cooked animal protein is incomplete and denatured, difficult to digest—as much as 85% is lost—causes diseases, especially cancer, schizophrenia and heart disorders . . ."

An instant apartment salad garden is noted in the publication which "may be grown with or without soil. An all-organic salad for 3 to 19 cents a pound compares well to the commercial salad greens, which can cost 70 cents and have little nutritional value. Harvest from your own apartment garden. No mess. Little space needed. Requires 7 to 14 minutes of daily care. Kids love it, grandmothers become like kids, pets cannot get enough of it, grownups even do it. A baker's tray with about 1/4 inch of soil from a garden supply center or from nature will produce up to 7 pounds of apartment greens—which can be snacked, saladed, juiced, or blended. Mix 50/50 peat moss and top soil. Add enough water to get it moist, no puddles; use tray or make one, cut the sides of cardboard box down to 1 inch height. Line it with large plastic garbage bag. Plant for sprouting: Try mung, lentil, alfalfa, radish, fennugreek, sesame, Chinese cabbage, spinach, red clover, cress, chick peas, peanut, sunflower, grains."

*

AT MY FRIEND Indian Ron's I learned a lot. He is having some success dealing with his lung cancer through diet, vitamins, and the loving care of friends.

Abbi Bliss, who was helping him out at the time (now she operates a pedicab), shed much light on the subject. She had managed a health foods store in New Haven, owned by a naturopath. "I was his apprentice for three years. I worked closely with customers, healing through diet. Many had come from the medical scene. I became a tester also, using the urine and saliva tests of biophysicist Carey Reums."

*

Abbi was involved in the establishment of an underground fasting clinic for fasting cancer patients. "I came here because I was interested in fasting and chose to have a warm climate to do it in."

FASTING IS A way of cleansing the system, giving the overtaxed digestive processes a chance to rest and heal.

Abbi was assisting Ron and sharing her knowledge. We had some wonderful carrot and beet juice she ground up in her Norwalk, the Cadillac of the juicers. It pulverizes (masticates, really) and presses out the juice amazingly.

"Things are experienced psychically," Abbi and Karen (Ron's close friend) told me, "and can then be felt physically, as does the physical affect the psychical. A person who fears losses may have a difficulty in elimination."

"THERE IS LIFE energy in everything. If we want more, we must choose our food from living things," Karen told me. Their home is a dream come true. Beautiful yards, back garden, cockatoo in love, big airy rooms, a fresh and orderly kitchen—a well-managed home, with many colorful works of art to inspire the spirit, as Ron concentrates to heal himself. He is doing so, effectively; I am told his cancer is at least now 30 per cent arrested.

They termed all cooked food as dead and said that closest to the original diet is the raw food—that cancer cells do not thrive on raw, live foods such as sprouts, fruits, fruit and vegetable juices, nuts and seeds.

"THE MORE LIFE energy in your food, the more energy in your body," said Abbi. "During fasting you get energy from the release of toxins. After a few days a person experiences a tremendous increase of energy. This is beneficial for it helps a person maintain a posi-

tive mental attitude—which will affect the physical body. We're all students!" says Abbi.

She adds: "There is a drop of blood sugar when you fast. Your mood can change. It takes tremendous dips and flights during fasting. There's no food to counterbalance the drops in your blood sugar."

Karen told me that chlorophyll was a natural body purifier. I have read also that if you get a cut and chew on some grass and rub it over the wound, the chlorophyll will prevent infection and the saliva will help it heal. Excepting for one atom, Karen and Abbi tell me, "chlorophyll and blood are similar in composition."

AT RON'S THE ladies prepare a wonderful sun bread, uncooked and made of sprouts. It is sweet, satisfying and delicious when combined with raisins. It requires a thorough chewing and, as in Bible times, can be baked in the sun. The sprouts are ground into a dough. You can also soak grains, mash them, and form them into cakes to bake similarly. Their energy is not destroyed this way.

The ladies agreed that with a purer diet comes more clarity of mind and sharper vision.

I already knew about the effects of clean blood on vision. A dialysis patient told me that immediately after a kidney transplant, his vision sharpened, for the machine method had been less effective than the natural. The fasting and the purer diet, cleansing the blood, can have similar results.

"SOME PEOPLE EAT for emotional reasons more than for hunger," Abbi told me. "It has been my task to learn new ways of coping with my emotions. We have to learn to become our own doctors. Cancer is an overall degenerative disease."

We looked at the publication called *The Bulletin for Cancer Victims and Friends* and saw some indication for suc-

cess in the area of live food diets such as Ron was on. Ron had consulted Michio Kushi, a macrobiotics master, but found the live foods diet more to his philosophy and liking.

The macrobiotics approach, which uses many cooked foods, essentially rice, beans, some vegetables and few fruits, has also dealt successfully with disease. Much information filtered my way through the East-West Foundation. They use sea vegetables, too, and talk also of a life style. I read a testimonial from an M.D., (Dr.) A. J. Sattler, who cured himself in such a manner: "For years many have implied that nutrition and specifically diet might



well play a role in the etiology and possible prevention of cancer. Little has been written about the place of diet as an adjunct to other forms of therapy...."

The testimonial goes on to state that a physical exam has revealed that tissue from his prostate showed a "well-differentiated carcinoma. Macrobiotics was advised, and since the prognosis was poor, the patient (like my mother) felt he had nothing to lose. "Pain diminished strikingly within several weeks of beginning the diet and by the spring of '79 there was no laboratory evidence of cancer.

"Evidence relating nutrition to disease is unclear. Chronic disorders such as heart disease, stroke, cancer, diabetes, arthritis, and dental cavities have been associated with nutritional factors."

CONT'D ON P. 38

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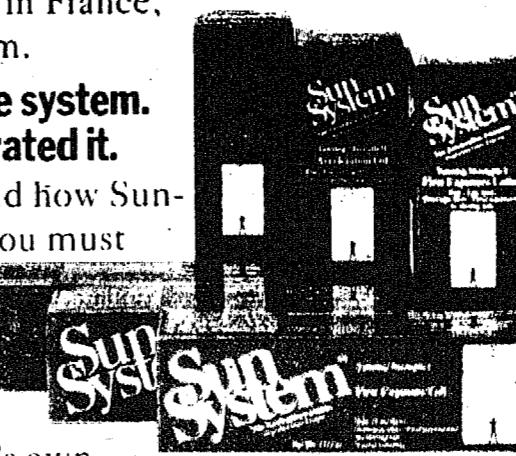
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Limb From Limb

THE CONTINUED SMALLNESS of island life gives a magnified focus to one's life. My sisters and I had horizons of water all around us but we still lived in a very small world, so to speak, because we were expected to find things to amuse ourselves in and around our yard most of the time, unless we were in school or it was summer time and we were at the beach.

Beach going was reserved for the summer months only because we considered it too cold otherwise to waste time shivering in a towel if even the slightest breeze was blowing. Besides that, it was too much of an ordeal to get ready to go to the beach--finding a towel, locating a snorkel from the back of the closet, scraping up enough money to get a snow-



cone, cramming it all in the basket of your bike and waiting outside for your sisters to get ready (they both had no sense of punctuality--making the whole process very tedious and anti-climactic.)

It really was much easier just to stay home and find something to do. I enjoyed playing school very much and conducted classes on the front porch with my chalkboard and pointed stick, but it became increasingly difficult to round up enough willing students once our playmates got a little older and refused to surrender to my authority. I was a strict teacher as I presumed all good teachers were, but the neighborhood kids had matured beyond the point of wanting to learn and traded erudition for blissful ignorant independence.

Life magazine was my main textbook.

EATING WAS ANOTHER form of entertainment and diversion and my sister Kathryn did a lot of that whether or not she was looking for something to do. Martha and I took another approach to eating for fun and something to do. We became fascinated with the new miracle of instant mashed potatoes and instant gravy. I remember first seeing French's Instant Gravy being advertised on television and was entranced by the smoothness, the uniformness, the glossiness, the instant joyousness of it all. I had to have it--the gravy my mother served up NEVER looked that good and her mashed potatoes certainly never stood up in fluffy white mounds like those instant

ones did. Which is not to say hers didn't taste good, because they did, but those alluring instant potatoes were Hollywood all the way and we craved the whole glamorous vision.

Carlos Grocery store was right around the corner from our house on Dey Street and on a really slow day Martha and I would beg enough change from my mother to get a package each of gravy and mashed potatoes, just enough for two people, ourselves, because we figured we were more deserving than Kathryn who had her own style of preparation and eating. Kathryn possessed an intense passion for boiled-soft macaroni shells with butter and just a hint of jarred marinara sauce. And, if a starving, malnourished soul (like myself) took just one little,

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AMY LEE DE POO

The only other thing that could surpass eating as an interesting way to pass the time was tree-climbing, which we did a lot of all year round, except when it was very cold in winter. (Then we'd climb on the roof because it was easier. Nothing was more exhilarating than snaking your way to the top of our roof on a blustery winter day, clinging desperately to the silver tin with your fingernails and watching the whitecaps move forward over the chalk-green ocean while the cold salt air rushed through your hair. All the shrimp boats would be tied up and their masts looked like a mystical forest of black skeletons which made it all the more spookier.) But the only thing that could surpass both eating and tree-climbing as an interesting way to pass time was to be able to climb and eat at the same time. Not having apple or peach trees to climb as the children in our not-tropical-at-all textbooks did at school, we had to settle for Spanish lime trees. There were several very good bearing Spanish lime trees in our immediate area--one next door, one in the yard behind us and two on Caroline Street. Naturally the Spanish limes only got ripe once a year, but we kept in practice by climbing as much as we could, seeing how high we could go, plotting how we should keep a close watch on them as they ripened (to keep poachers from getting all the good bunches) and regularly testing our ever-increasing weight against the strength of the branches.

KATHRYN WAS NOT a very good climber at all. She had extremely weak vision to start with and that made her fearful of heights, plus I think her balance and coordination were thwarted because of this. But that did not stop her from occasionally climbing up in a tree and you could believe her mouth and lungs were still in very good working order. I know this to be a fact because if Kathryn did have to get up in a tree and happened upon some interesting carvings in that tree, I would be the one to suffer unflinchingly while she bellowed out a voice that carried to Christmas Tree Island: "HEY! DOES ANYBODY WANT TO KNOW WHAT I JUST FOUND?" (Nobody wanted to know, incidentally, but that still didn't stop her.) "HEY! YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT--THIS IS TOO MUCH--RIGHT HERE IT SAYS: AMY LOVES KENT FORD! CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? ISN'T HE THE ONE WITH THE CURLY BLONDE HAIR THAT STICKS UP IN THE FRONT? SOMEBODY GET ME A BAG, I THINK I'LL THROW UP! YUCKO!"

Unfortunately Spanish lime trees have very soft bark that made writing on them very easy with a three-penny nail and what's worse, the bark remembered things you had long forgotten and wished never to be reminded of again, but Kathryn thought it her duty to bring up ancient third-grade history and toss it in your face just to make your day a little brighter. To be sure, Kathryn had a way of making everything a little brighter in her own inimitable style and I can think of nothing that could stop her jaws from working once they got started. Especially if she considered herself to be in the right (which was a hundred per cent of the time.) Indefatigably correct, Kathryn was a master at calling you on a point, any point. Be it the degree of filth on your clothes or the date of Armistice Day, Kathryn WAS right.

IT SO HAPPENED that my sisters and I all had identical high-chair stools to sit at the dinner table. My father got them at the lumber store unfinished and stained them to match the table, which was really a hollow door with iron legs on it. To distinguish which chair be-

longed to each girl, my mother thoughtfully painted each chair on the inside rim with the appropriate initial, in gold paint, and added some decorative curlyques and leaves around the initial to make it more beautiful and special, because that was her way.

We loved our chairs and we always but always sat in our own chair every night. I must say I did prefer to sit in the chair with the big A on it (being that it matched the grades I got on almost all of my school papers) but I was not such an extremist that I would lose my mind if for one moment someone sat in my special chair. This was not the case with Kathryn. One night I happened to, out of sheer mental preoccupation with deep philosophical thoughts (most likely the outcome of a Beverly Hillbillies plot), sit in Kathryn's beloved chair by mistake. I proceeded to begin eating while she was still washing her hands in preparation for dinner and by the time she made it to the table she

policy at the U.N. After this incident life went on, as it always did, each day bringing fresh challenges, each night bringing cozy suppers and cookie and milk desserts. My life had the warmth and security of a feather quilt and I was very happy except for the occasional cockle-burrs supplied by Kathryn. But even that didn't bother me too much because my mother always told me nothing was ever perfect and I believed her, as I always did. I figured that was the best way to get along in life, taking the good with the bad but always hoping for the best.

OF COURSE, KATHRYN was presented with these very same words of advice, but I don't think she quite absorbed them. She always reacted hysterically to things and if something went wrong in her life, she would scream and cry a lot and practically pull out her hair.

It is my firm belief that this attitude served to make her extremely accident prone.



had already espied the gross breach of etiquette and was screaming at me at the top of her lungs.

"YOU'RE IN MY CHAIR! GET OUT OF MY CHAIR! DAMN YOU, AMY, I SAID GET OUT OF MY CHAIR, YOU LITTLE SNOT!"

Still thinking deeply, I responded to her braying with a polite denial of said crime. "Kathryn, I am not in your chair and would you please get out of the way, I can't see the T.V."

"OH YES YOU ARE IN MY CHAIR, YOU FOOL, JUST TURN AROUND AND LOOK! THAT'S MY CHAIR!" I still persisted that I was in my own chair because the chair I was sitting in was in my regular place, but what I didn't know was that when my mother was vacuuming that day, she must have pulled the chairs away from the table and shifted these two around, and Kathryn with her eagle-eyes saw the A on the one next to me. Finally, I leaned forward and looked behind me and sure enough, there was the tell-tale K staring at me and I was indeed sitting in her chair, which was a big surprise to me.

"Oops, I'm sorry, I'll...."

"I'LL SAY YOU'RE SORRY. YOU'RE THE SORRIEST THING I EVER SAW. NOW GET YOUR GRUBBY LITTLE BODY OUT OF MY DAMN CHAIR."

I did so very quickly, thinking it better to be accommodating to Kathryn, secure in the knowledge that she with her rare diplomatic style would probably end up one day dictating foreign

A week or two later Martha and I were up to our old tricks, climbing various trees in the neighborhood that presented themselves as challenges to us, planning tree houses and scoping out the prospects of the upcoming Spanish lime season. In particular, there was a very difficult tree to get up into on the corner of Elizabeth and Caroline streets. It was not a Spanish lime tree but it served to test the agility of a climber because the trunk was so smooth only very monkey-like person could shinny up the trunk far enough to get a good hold, and then further hoist themselves upward. Luckily, both Martha and I possessed these simian characteristics (she more than me, I was on the frail and delicate side) and we both had little difficulty in conquering this tree. Besides, we would help each other by letting one or the other get a boost from the hands or back.

"Whew--it sure is nice up here, how do you guys manage to get up so easy?" "Oh, we manage--it's not hard. Just takes a little know-how, that's all," Martha said, using one of John de Poo's favorite understatements. "Well," said Kathryn, "I don't think I could have done it alone. Can you?"

"OF COURSE WE CAN--we do it all the time," I lied. "Do you actually think I'm going to call Martha every time I want to climb this tree? Ha! That's ridiculous." I paused for a moment, but it began to sound so good I decided to elaborate. "Why, I climb this tree regularly, all by myself, and usually I go straight to the top, it's easy, and besides, you can see everything from up there--it's fantastic." Kathryn's mouth was hanging open. I could see that I had her. She had the wild spirit of the armchair adventurer, and this was very exciting to her.

She spoke. "Do you think I could climb up there ... I mean I never went that high before, but if it's as good as you say it is, I bet I could if I tried and was real careful ..."

I broke in. "Of course you could, all you have to do is hang onto the branch above you while you make sure your feet are on the branch below real good and don't step up until you're sure you can make it. It's simple."

Kathryn reflected on this for a moment and with a definite set to her chin she said, "I'm going to try."

air-conditioning.) As she walked by, we called to her and told her what a wonderful time we were having in this tree. I told her the view was excellent and already we had seen two winsos and the crazy woman from the docks go by and nobody had seen us. The leaves were so lush and dense we were quite concealed from where we sat on the branch. I can't say why we told all this to Kathryn because she was generally not interested in sport of this nature at all. Oddly enough, she told us she would go home, take her books and come back and join us.

When she left, Martha and I sat wondering why we had made it sound so appealing when it was really not that much fun at all, and now with Kathryn coming back, it was sure not going to be any party because she always got into arguments with us about everything and anything. It must have been fate or some mysterious force that causes things to happen because Kathryn was keeping an appointment with destiny.

PRESENTLY SHE ARRIVED wearing a pair of Bermuda shorts that just grazed her knees and button-up cotton blouse with short sleeves. Those shorts did not aid her cause when it came time to be able to climb. They were stiff cotton, fit rather snugly and Kathryn was not that limber to begin with.

By this time I did not want her up in the tree at all, and I thought back to the lovely things she called me when I was in her chair at dinner time, and the embarrassment she caused me by announcing to the world about my foolish third-grade infatuation and the thought of her intrusion into our leafy paradise just took all the wind out of my sails. Kathryn was at the base of the tree and she called up to us.

"Hey, you guys, I'm ready to come up now. Would you give me a hand?"

Martha responded, "It's getting pretty late now--are you sure you want to come up? We were thinking of coming down in a little while anyway. Nobody's been by since you left."

"Yes, I still want to come up, so would you PLEASE give me a hand?"

"Oh, all right," Martha said and inchmealed her way down from her perch to assist Kathryn. Finally after much pulling and straining, Kathryn was far enough up in the tree to make it the rest of the way by herself.

"Whew--it sure is nice up here, how do you guys manage to get up so easy?"

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THIS IS WHERE fate steps in. Fate and Kathryn's proneness for disaster. What she should have said was "I'M GOING TO DO IT" but she didn't, she said she was going to try. She slowly and shakily stood up and clutched the branch above her. She didn't look very confident and I think I saw her knees wobble slightly. "Is this how you do it?" she asked.

"Sure, that's how you do it--that's just fine." Half of me wanted to encourage her and the other half knew she just did not have the stuff it took to make the climb. She chose a medium size limb to make a horizontal approach to a higher branch and was making her way along. She stopped.

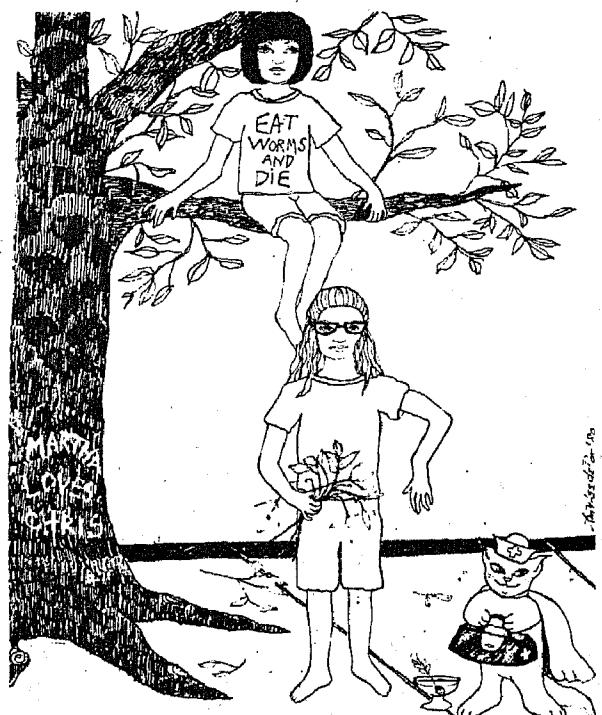
"I changed my mind--I don't want to do it--I don't think I can make it--I'm going to come back."

"NO! DON'T COME BACK!" I shouted. I really can't say whether I didn't want her to come back because I wanted her to make it, or because I knew she couldn't make the climb and would have to come back anyway and be proven wrong for once. (Martha claims I didn't want her to come back permanently, but Martha has a black imagination and this is just not the case at all.)

AT THIS POINT I jumped up and began to rush towards Kathryn, possibly to help, possibly to stop her, but when I did, she turned around, let go with one hand, began to weave back and forth and her eyes grew wide. Time stopped. I knew it was over. It was one of those moments that you want to call back, to start over again, to try to do anything to stop the inevitable. But it was too late. Kathryn let out a scream and fell out of the tree to the cold, hard sidewalk below. I asked God to please let her not be dead. Martha was in shock and was frozen in a crouch on her branch. We were both motionless watching Kathryn on the ground.

To our amazement, she stood up. She

was not crying. She was not screaming. She was just standing there. I was hoping she wouldn't tell on me and everything would be all right. She looked up at us. As she stood there, I noticed her arm was dangling in a pecu-



perfect health had I drenched her in water from Lourdes.

MARTHA DID NOT say anything. I imagine she did not want to alarm Kathryn, who was highly excitable.

"Well, I feel all right ... except my arm sort of hurts a little bit ... I think I'm going home." She began to walk down the sidewalk and as she got further down the street I could see that her arm was not in its usual place. I didn't want to go home right away lest someone put two and two together and figure out that perhaps I had something to do with it. Martha and I stayed in that tree until it was almost dark.

When we finally got home, Kathryn was nowhere to be found. My father had taken her to the Hospital to get a cast put on Kathryn's arm. It was broken. I felt terrible and I kept telling myself that it wasn't my fault, but of course it was my fault and I was probably going to get some terrible punishment to go along with my crime.

Martha and I decided to go to the hospital and see her. Much to my surprise, when we arrived, Kathryn was smiling and seemed very happy. Maybe she was glad she was not going to have to do any more climbing, maybe she was glad she had taken it so bravely and maybe she was glad she was the center of attention, I couldn't tell. I only know I was glad she didn't tell on me and I decided I loved her after all even if she called me a stupid pig every day of my life from that day on. And after she was healed, she did.

liar angle from her body.

"Kathryn, are you all right? You look all right. Doesn't she look all right, Martha? She looks all right to me anyway." I could not have been any more effusive in my quest to make Kathryn in



perfect health had I drenched her in water from Lourdes.

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Two Pieces

BY HEIDI LANDECKER

MENDING THE SAIL

I DID NOT HAVE boats in my past. I came from farms where there were no dinghies or prams or cutters, and I did not row or sail or motor in my growing up. When I have encounters with boats now, they are sometimes awkward and sometimes funny, but they are always important to me. Boats are different from that with which I am familiar, and in spite of or because of that, I like them.

So I wanted to mend the sail of a friend's daysailer where it had torn around the batten. I had learned things about sailing abeam her, and I liked the feeling of doing something to take care of her, of completing a task because it needed doing before she could be sailed again.

I liked rowing the dinghy out to the mooring because I had not rowed very much, and I was not very surprised when an oar slipped into the water as soon as I propped it on the gunwale. At the same moment, I missed the railing of the sailboat for which I was reaching and the car and I were cast adrift, separately. A dinghy paddled with one car is inefficient and slow. An oar adrift in the falling tide, free from its oarlocks and encumbrances, moves swiftly.

I was distressed at our parting. I could not maneuver the dinghy with one oar, but I had to in order to retrieve its wayward partner. It is fortunate that

the car came to rest against the blue hull of the sailboat, and that the current moved me in her direction, or the dinghy and I would be there still, rowing in circles.

I LIKED MENDING the sail, because it was evening and a good breeze was blowing across the channel. I have sewed all my life, and I liked the synthesis of the familiar with the new. My neighbor's motorboat came by and he waved, and that was significant because my neighbor never waves or acknowledges me when I pass him in my car. Perhaps he saw that I was sewing a sail and thought that I had chosen a good thing to do.

The mending was not perfect, and I figured out the stitch the sailmaker used after I finished the patch, but it will hold, and well. I furled and covered and wrapped it with the mainsheet and watched the sun turning the sky red. I took pleasure in lighting the anchor light, which is made of copper with a globe that magnifies the small kerosene flame. I enjoyed the light on the boat and the changes in the sky for a long time before returning in the dinghy to shore.

And when I drove into my driveway, my neighbor was cleaning his fish. I said "hello" through the open window, but, as usual, he did not look up from his fillets.

CLEAR MORNING

THERE ARE MORNINGS in the Florida Keys without horizons. They are the con-

sequence of a calm sunrise when no breath of wind stirs the surface of the sea, and it is left flat and unripped. As dawn becomes daylight, water and sky take on a color that is the same, a gray-blue that moves from one to the other without a line of division. With no transition, the boundary between them disappears.

There is a fragile and insubstantial quality about a horizonless morning. Islands appear to hover in space. Boats at anchor seem to float in air rather than water. And all images are seen twice, for the sea acts as a great flat mirror, bearing the perfect reflections of dark shorelines, or of an ibis still asleep in a mangrove.

IT IS OFTEN a fleeting thing, this property of no horizons. It may be more than momentary, but it rarely lasts beyond the slanted-light hour after dawn. When the sun reaches a height of true dayness, from where it shines brilliantly down on us, the water takes on its own color. That color creates the definition that removes the water from its oneness with the sky.

Except for today. Today there has been no horizon for several hours. So Ellen and I untie the Limpkin from her moorings at our canal, and row out upon the mirror.

THE LIMPINK IS a small, flat-bottomed skiff with a sprit sail which we leave wrapped around the mast on this calm morning. Her narrow, pointed bow cuts easily over the surface, creating soft ripples which disrupt the quiet plane of the sea. Once beyond the canal, we stow the oars in favor of a quieter device

that will leave the water still. The device is a push pole, a light, long pole favored by shallow water boatmen who glide over the flats in their skiffs. They are sometimes looking for conch, great edible snails that graze the grasses on the sandy bottom. The conch are easy to see on days such as this one, when the water has the clarity of a crystal window.

Today the window is as clear as

glass but with a quality of dimension that is unlike simply looking through a pane. Water slows light rays and bends them, magnifying the objects that are viewed through it. And water's added density changes the shapes on the bottom in another less definable way. The sponges and green sea grasses below us seem to gain a new depth and a different sort of amplitude. Their edges are sharper, they are more focused, they have a visible definition that is different from things we view through air. It is as if a screen has been lifted and we are looking where it was.

THAT IS HOW it is as we pole across the bay. The round basket sponges attached beneath us are sharply there, and indefinitely more than round. We gasp when we realize that the clearness today allows for shadows on the bottom. The sponges have odd, stretched shadows, and a barracuda that is motionless beyond our

bow has a slender shadow that seems to be longer than he. At once Ellen and I notice the shadow of ourselves and the Limpkin. We are a dark image moving like a cloud over the bright bay.

A gull passes with the sun upon its wings. From far away we hear a whistle, without apparent source. Moving toward an island ahead of us, we see another poler.

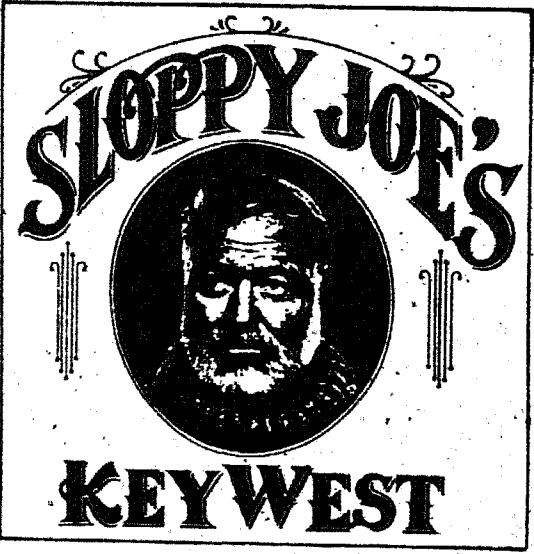
We know him. His name is Luke. He is poling a narrow punt that he built of plywood in a day. He poles in one strong motion, and his light boat is swift as he approaches us. Luke has built many boats, most of them much larger than this punt, at least one of them an exquisite sailing ketch. But he is done, for a time, with the complexities of grand cruising and large boats. Although he owns three of them, his boats are small and simple now. He lives in a tiny houseboat that is dry-docked beside a canal. On windy days he sails a small garvey called the 'Pogo.' He built them both, with accuracy and purity of design, with function far exceeding luxury as his purpose. The poling punt is the same, light and easily maneuvered, yet elegant in her simplicity. She was built with a speed that is not haste, but a deftness that comes of doing what is familiar.

Luke hails us, and we draw our boats together.

WE TALK AND DRIFT for a while in the

sun. Luke is pleased by our poling the skiff and remarks that one does not regularly see two women poling a boat. I complain that I am a gunwale-thumper with my pole, and request advice on how to pole quietly. Luke replies that there is nothing wrong with the sound of wood against wood, that one can use the pole against the gunwale to guide and steer. We practice, taking turns at poling the two boats, which handle differently. It grows hot with the sun high now, and we dive into the water, even though in March it is still quite cool. We drift and laugh awhile more, the Limpkin seeming large beside the slender punt. A fish jumps with a soft splash. Somewhere Luke remarks that women are far more complete than they realize and capable of more than they know. We do not really know what he means, but are pleased that he has said it. A barely detectable wind begins to stir the surface of the sea.

"There goes my window," Luke sighs, looking into the water. This time we know exactly what he means, and as he skims away in the punt we stow our push-pole in favor of the sail. The shapes at the bay bottom are blurry now through the ripples, and the perfect reflections are marred by little waves. The mirror has diminished, and with the sun now high, above us, the horizon has returned.

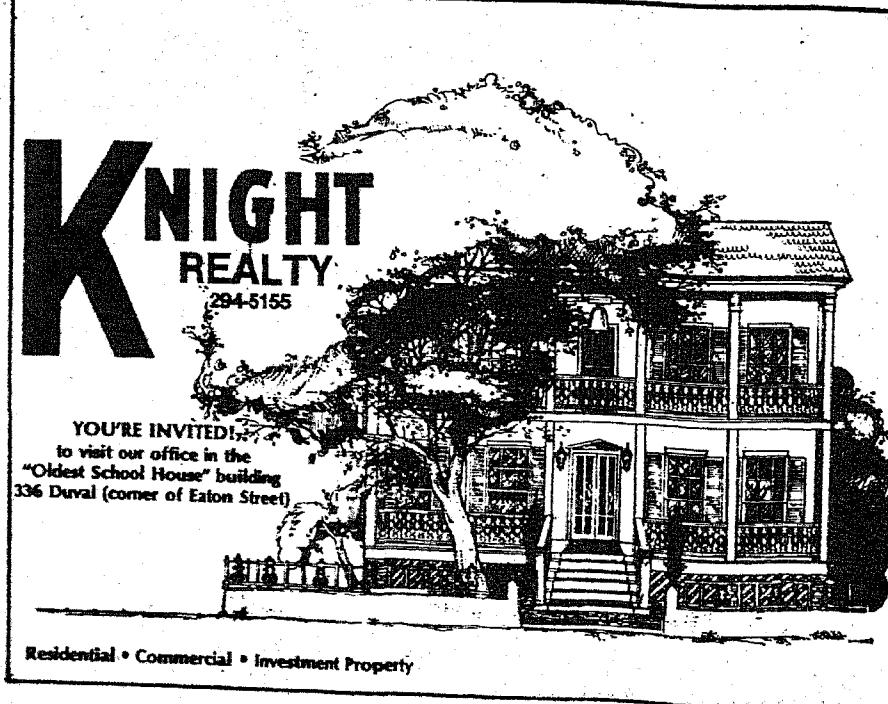


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NOT Right Now

BY JOHN HELLEN

JOHNNY PIABELLO STARED at the back bar while twisting the left side of his mustache. His elbows were spread on the edge of the bar, and his right leg was pumping in place on the rung of his chair. Susan Crane opened another beer, placed it in front of him, and smiled. She took a dollar from the money in front of him to put in the register.

"You look worried, Johnny."

"Now, well, I'm not worried. It's just more money than I've ever had. And, ah, I don't know if I want to spend it all at once."

"What else would you do with it except start your own business?"

"Eh, I don't know. Go on a trip. Take you on a trip. Take it easy for a while. Maybe go to Italy. What would you say to that, Suzie? You and me go to Italy. Travel first class all the way. Stay in the best places. Get out of this town for a while."

SUSAN CRANE DID NOT reply, because she had broken off listening to Johnny in order to go to the other end of the bar to wait on two men in suits. She poured two V.O.'s and water, collected for the drinks, and handed one of the men change from twenty dollars. He quickly gave one bill back to Susan. He smiled. She smiled and half nodded while keeping his friendly eye. "Thank you," she said. The men went to sit at a table.

Susan, a tanned, athletic-looking girl with brown hair, was wearing as a top the halter from the only swim suit she owned. She returned to the end of the bar and again smiled at Johnny.

"What do you say, Suzie?"

"What do I say to what?"

"Italy."

"Johnny, I can't go to Italy now."

The season is just beginning. This is a good job and I don't want to leave it. I've already been to Italy and I don't want to go back, at least not right now. Why don't you go to Italy!"

"No fun going alone."

"Well, take someone," said Susan.

"You said you didn't want to go," Johnny said, perplexed.

"Not me, Johnny. Take somebody else."

"Who?" questioned Johnny. "I don't know anyone else. I wouldn't want to go with anyone else. I like you. As a matter of fact I love you, Suzie. Do you know that?"

"You say it enough. I guess you believe it," said Susan flatly.

JOHNNY STARED at her. Susan looked away and went to move down the bar.

Johnny said, "Gimme another beer." With thumb and forefinger Susan pinched a dollar from in front of Johnny and gave it a pert tug from beneath his still half-full bottle. She put the dollar in the register, then opened another beer for Johnny. She walked quickly away to wait on another man in a suit, who had sat at the other end of the bar.

Johnny looked at Susan as she made the man a martini. Johnny loved the way she looked. She had green sparkling eyes, a straight nose and the whitest teeth that stood out in the tanned frame of her face. Her figure was of the sort made famous by centerfolds, the kind that any man who liked women would have to like. Johnny had liked her figure on two occasions. He had liked her figure very thoroughly. Thoroughly to the point where he had fallen in love with her. Susan served the man his martini and brought him two dollars and fifty cents change from the five he

gave her. The man slid a dollar to the edge of the bar for Susan. He smiled. Susan took the money and smiled at him while keeping his friendly eye. She half nodded and said, "Thank you."

"What's your name?" the man asked her.

"Susan," she answered.

"Mine is Corbett. You mix a good martini, Suzie," he said.

"Susan," she said, "not Suzie, Mister Corbett. It's Susan."

"Oh, sure," sputtered the man apologetically. "Everyone has the right to be called what they want. My name isn't Mister Corbett, either. It's Mister Bentley. You can call me Corbett, though. That's my first name." Susan smiled again. He smiled, too, looking appreciatively into her green eyes.

JOHNNY LOOKED DOWN the length of the bar at Susan and the well dressed business man. He wondered again what to do with the windfall he had received that morning. Johnny Piabello was a good mechanic. He was thought of as the best by most local people, especially those who owned temperamental foreign cars. Johnny had always worked hard and made a lot of money, most of which he had always managed to spend. In spite of his free-spending ways he had saved about four thousand dollars over the years.

Just a week ago he had entrusted a thousand dollars to a friend, who this morning had inexplicably paid Johnny back three thousand dollars. "What's this, Bernard?" Johnny had asked his friend. "That's your premium for the no-questions-asked loan, Johnny," Bernard said. He gave Johnny Piabello a sly smile and patted him on the shoulder.

"Thanks for the loan. You pulled me out of a hole. That big bill gave me ten, which was all I needed. The upstate boys were more than glad to pick up my share for thirty. Very good profit in this sort of thing, if you got the chips you need to get in."

"I don't know what you're saying, Bernard," said Johnny, although he did, "and I don't know if I want to," which he did not. "I'm going into business for myself, maybe. But mine'll be easier to understand than whatever the hell it is you do."

"Don't bet on it, old buddy," grinned Bernard.

"Hey, Suzie," said Johnny, loudly enough to be heard across the six empty stools between him and the man in the suit named Corbett.

"I thought 'Suzie' was anathema," Bentley said to her.

"You can't get through to some people," Susan said. "He's an old friend. He's always called me that. I gave up trying to make him stop. He doesn't do it on purpose. It's just that he doesn't understand. He doesn't understand a lot of things."

CORBETT BENTLEY LOOKED across the vacant chairs at Johnny with an expression of irritation at being interrupted while talking to the pretty bartender.

"Give me another beer, huh," said Johnny with no tone of "please" in his voice. "What time you get off, Sue?"

Susan set the beer down, slid another dollar from beneath Johnny's empty bottle and put it in the register. "Seven," she said.

"Let's go for a boat ride when you get off. Go out for sunset," suggested Johnny with enthusiasm.

"Not tonight," Susan dismissed. "I was up late last night. I'm going right home after work tonight."

"How about tomorrow night, then?"

"I don't know," she said, sounding exhausted.

"Maybe we could go into the city over the weekend; go to a concert," Johnny said, undeterred.

Johnny stared at her, then said imploringly, "I love you, Suzie. I do very much. Doesn't that mean anything at all to you?"

SUSAN CRANE LOOKED away from Johnny to two well dressed women who sat down at the bar. She went over to them and barely smiled. "Yes," was all she said to them.

"Give me a frozen daiquiri," one said.

"I'll have a pina colada," said the other.

The blender for making such drinks was at the end of the bar where Johnny sat. He quizzically watched Susan put ice, liquor, and mixes into two stainless steel canisters. He looked unblinkingly at her eyes when she walked to his end of the bar. She looked at him looking at her and poutily looked away. She fitted one canister onto the blender and flicked it on low speed just as Johnny spoke.

"You know, if you'd spend a little more time with me you might get to like me better. You'd find out I'm a nice guy..."

"Ghurrrr," sounded the machine.

"What?" said Susan, slightly irritated.

JOHNNY REPEATED VERBATIM what he had said, unwittingly loud enough for not only Susan but the two ladies to hear. The ladies stopped talking to each other and gave peripheral attention to Johnny. Susan flicked the blender to high speed. "Chirrrrr." Johnny went on loudly competing with the machine.

"You're acting like there's something wrong with me being in love with you! I've never been nothing but nice to you, but you never want to do nothing with me anymore. I love you, don't you understand?"

The pina colada had been on the machine for too long; Susan did not want to turn off the machine because of Johnny's ranting declarations of love. She yanked the canister out of the high speed blender and set the other one with the daiquiri into the slot, amazingly with no grinding of gears. No sooner had she set the second canister onto the blender than she pulled it off prematurely.

She walked back in front of the two women, leaving the machine whining loudly. Susan poured out the ladies' drinks. The pina colada was the consistency of skimmed milk, while the daiquiri was not homogenized at all; the ice cubes had barely been broken into smaller chunks. She set the drinks in front of the ladies and took the ten dollar bill one of them had laid on the bar. She went to the register and returned with four dollars, which she put sternly on the bar. The lady who had paid for the drinks picked up the four dollars, counted them, glanced at the six dollar reading on the register, shook her head, folded the money two times, and slid it into her billfold.

JOHNNY REACHED ACROSS the bar and switched off the blender. He sat back in his chair saying, "Hey, ah, Sue. I'll have another beer."

Susan gritted her teeth and went over to Johnny. "Look," she said softly but sternly. "If you're going to sit here and get drunk and bother me when I come up this end of the bar, I'm not going to stand for it."

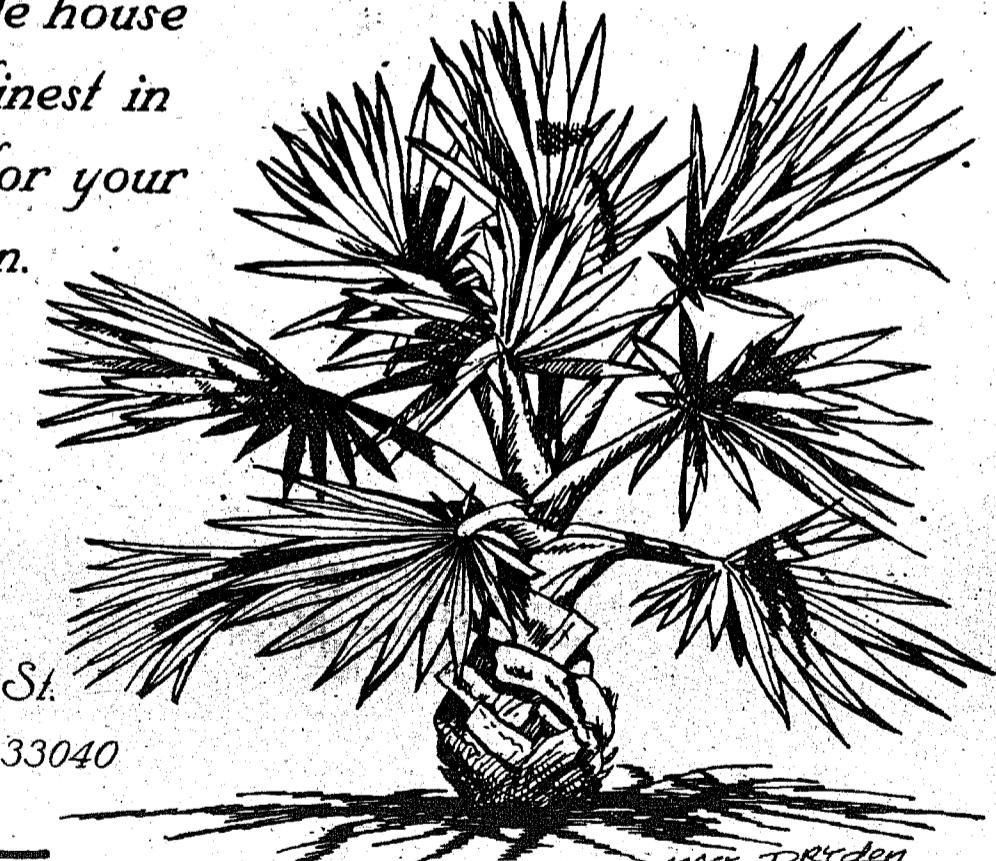
"Bother you!" Johnny said, acting surprised and shocked. "I'm speaking direct from my heart to you, and you call it bothering you!"

"This is not the place for this sort of thing," said Susan with finality. "Lemme have another beer," Johnny ordered, then said "please."

"This is not the place for it. You hear me, Johnny?"

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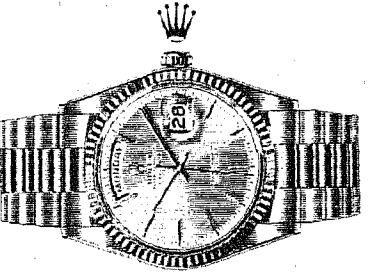
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I've told him.
"Maybe someone else should have a talk with him," said Bentley. "Maybe I could help."

SUSAN WAS STANDING sideways behind the bar looking out the window. Bentley's eyes had drifted down from her face to settle on her fine breasts. He said, "Of course, I'm a perfect stranger."

Susan looked over quickly at Bentley and caught his glance at her chest. She looked down and saw the money he had pushed over the edge of the bar. "Oh," she half nodded, catching Bentley's eye again and held it while smiling at him. "Thank you, but I doubt he'd listen to anyone. He would just say it's none of your business."

Johnny had been leaning back in his chair watching the two of them out of the corner of his eye, even though he could not hear what they had been saying. When he saw Susan coming up the bar with the dollar and fifty cents, he quickly finished his beer and said, a little groggily, "Yeah, Suzie, will you get me another one."

Susan looked at him as she put the money in her tip cup. She said, "You'll be drunk."

"So what. I don't work today."

"Does that mean it's o.k. to get drunk? I thought you were going to go about a loan from the bank to start your own garage."

"WELL, THANK YOU much, Susan!" He pushed the dollar-fifty remaining from his first drink into the trough on the bartender's side of the bar. "Is that fellow up there bothering you?"

"Not really," Susan replied, looking out of the sliding glass door at a group of bathers around the hotel's pool. "He thinks he's in love with me. Maybe he is. But I don't want to be in love with anybody. I'm only twenty-six. I've got lots of time for that. I don't need love yet."

Bentley nodded as if he wholeheartedly agreed, and said, "Have you told him this?"

"Not in those words. But, yes,

JOHNNY WAS TAP DRIVING his fingers into the elbow pad of the bar. His right leg continued to pump in place. "I gave up that idea," he said. "I don't want to go into debt. I'd rather go to Europe or something, with you. But if you don't want to go right now I can wait."

Susan wrinkled her brow. Her patience was becoming thin. "Johnny, that's foolish," she said with some scorn. "It's more likely every minute that I'll never go anywhere with you again. Live your own life."

"I am. Don't you worry about me, Suzie Q. Just slide me down another beer."

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All are welcome

Susan got the beer, took the money, this time a five, put the money in the drawer, and put four dollars back on Johnny's pile.

A TALL MUSCULAR man in a bathing suit came into the bar. He asked Susan for three imported beers to take out to the pool. She gave them to him with plastic cups inverted on the neck of each bottle. "Four-fifty, please," she said. The tall man in the swim trunks handed her a five and a one dollar bill. She said, "Thank you," while half nodding to him, and she caught and held his smiling eye for a moment. She smiled. They knew each other. "How have you been, Brad? How was the race?"

"Great, Susan. I just got back yesterday," said Brad. "I finished fourth even though our spinnaker ripped near the finish. Hey, I'm taking some of the gang out on Dad's new yacht tonight. You ought to come along. We're leaving about eight-thirty."

"I'd love to," said Susan. "I need something to look forward to after such a slow day here."

"O.K. then, I'll see you over at the club after eight," said Brad, and he went out.

CORBETT BENTLEY HAD finished his second martini and had been thinking about having another one in order to continue engaging the beautiful bartender in more conversation. He had been fantasizing about having an outside chance of offering Susan some consolation and possibly dinner after she got off work. But he had overheard her accept the invitation from the young yachtsman, and he smiled to himself. He knew very well outside chances seldom paid off. As a successful businessman he had trained himself to accept the realities of marketplace probability. He stood up with his briefcase and bade goodbye to Susan without using her name.

"Thank you for the drink. Good-bye," he said. He did not look at Johnny as he went out.

"Thank you," said Susan wanly.

JOHNNY PIABELLO FOUND himself unable to concentrate on anything at all. He looked at Susan behind the bar. She had her back to him. He was the only customer in the bar. He felt sleepy. "One more beer before nap time, Suzie," Johnny said. "One more beer before you pass out," thought Susan. She gave him one and put his dollar in the register. She returned to the other end of the bar and stared out the window.

Johnny drank his last beer even more quickly than he had the previous six pack. His head began to swim. He knew he would have to go and sleep. He picked up all the bills remaining in front of him and stuffed them unceremoniously into his jeans pocket. It took him several moments to plan his exit and his route home.

HE TOOK A deep breath and stood up. He was a bit taller standing at the bar than he was while seated at it. "See you later, Suzie," he said slurringly. "Going to go take a nap. Maybe this weekend we can go fishing; maybe we can go into the city. I love ya Sue..."

"Goodbye, Johnny," replied Susan not unsweetly. "Be careful on your way home."

Johnny went out the door unsteadily and disappeared around the corner of the hotel. Susan went over to the cash register and rang up two dollars on the machine. Then she took five dollars out of the drawer and put it in her tip cup. She quickly counted the bills in her cup. Thirty-two. She thought of a bikini she had seen in a downtown window yesterday.

Susan went over to where Johnny had sat and threw away his last empty bottle. She wiped up a puddle of water that had collected around the cold beers and wondered if Brad would like her in her new bikini.

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CON'T FROM PAGE 6

the articles was that when a reader got caught up in a story's sensationalism it was easy to forget one's frame of reference. The questions posed by the facts in the articles were never really stated and sometimes it seemed as if the reporters didn't even know they were raising questions.

The questions brought to my mind were: How much does our economy depend on cash brought in by smuggling? How willing is the community to accept the cash and what goes with it? What is the social and cultural cost of being dependent on such a system?

Key West and the Florida Keys have a long history of outlaw culture. Wrecking was the primary industry of our island at one time, and often the methods of the wreckers were hardly legal. During prohibition rum runners were common here. Seen in those terms the drug trade is just one more step in the historical

development of the Keys. But there were plenty of people who were against the rum runners, just as we now have many opponents of the drug smugglers. How much are the people of Key West willing to pay to get rid of the smugglers?

Some facts in the *Herald* series are being challenged. Most aren't. The general tone of the series might be seen as understatement or exaggeration. Still, whatever the point of view, there are questions brought up by the stories that the *Herald* cannot answer. The answer lies with the people of the Florida Keys.



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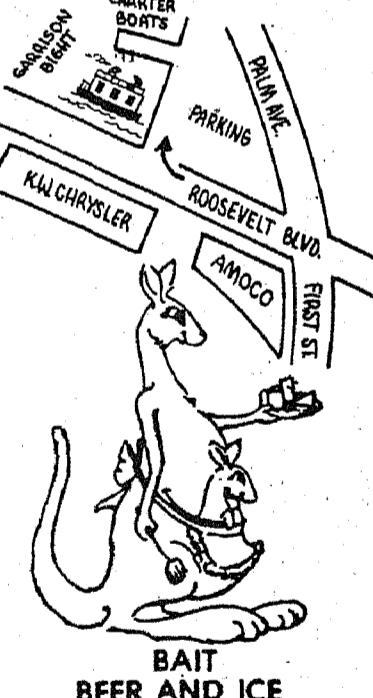
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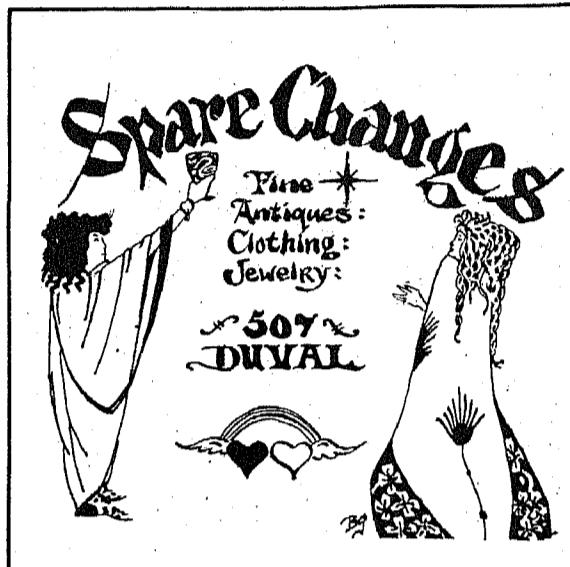
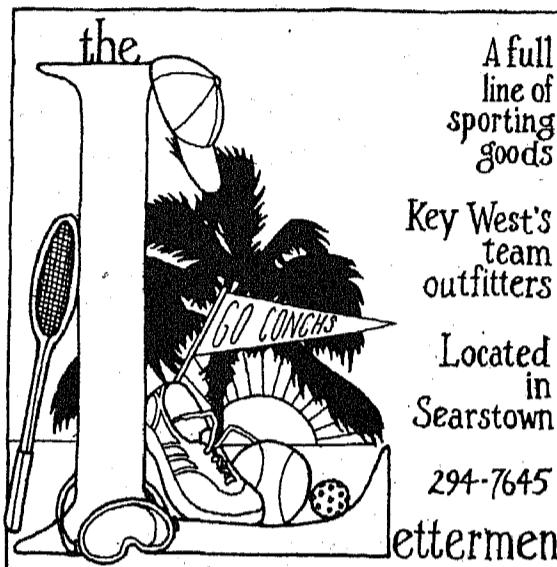
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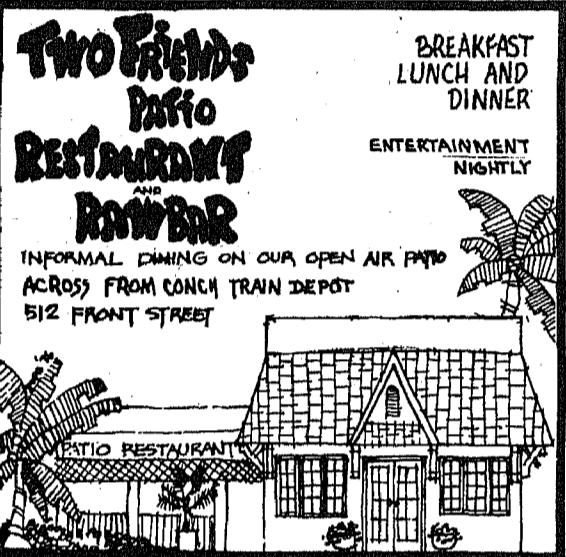


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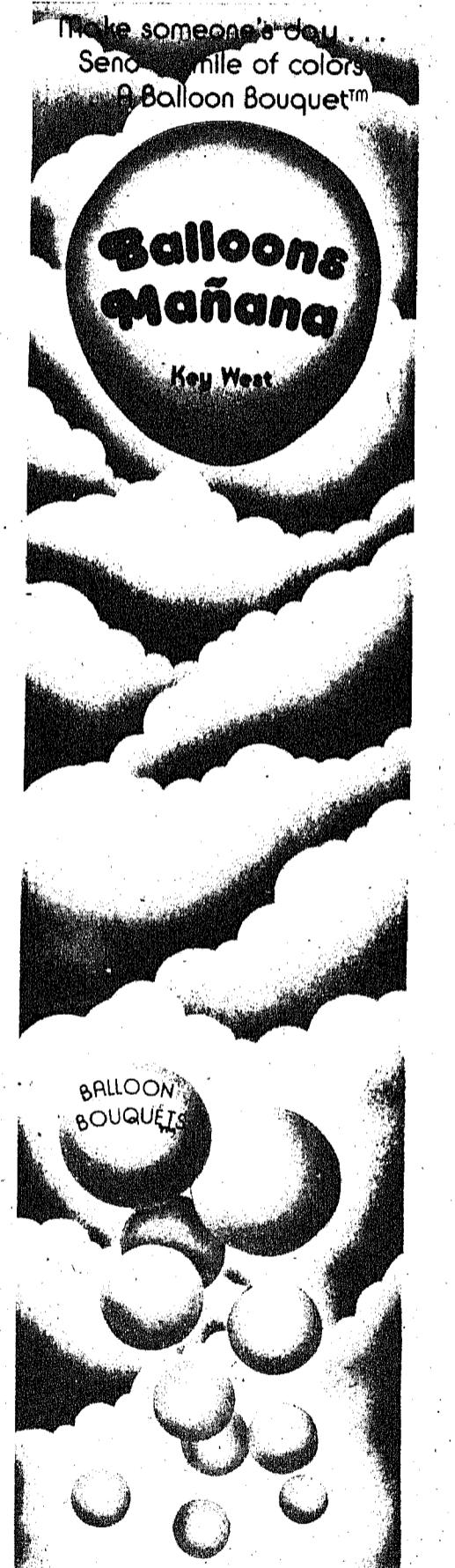
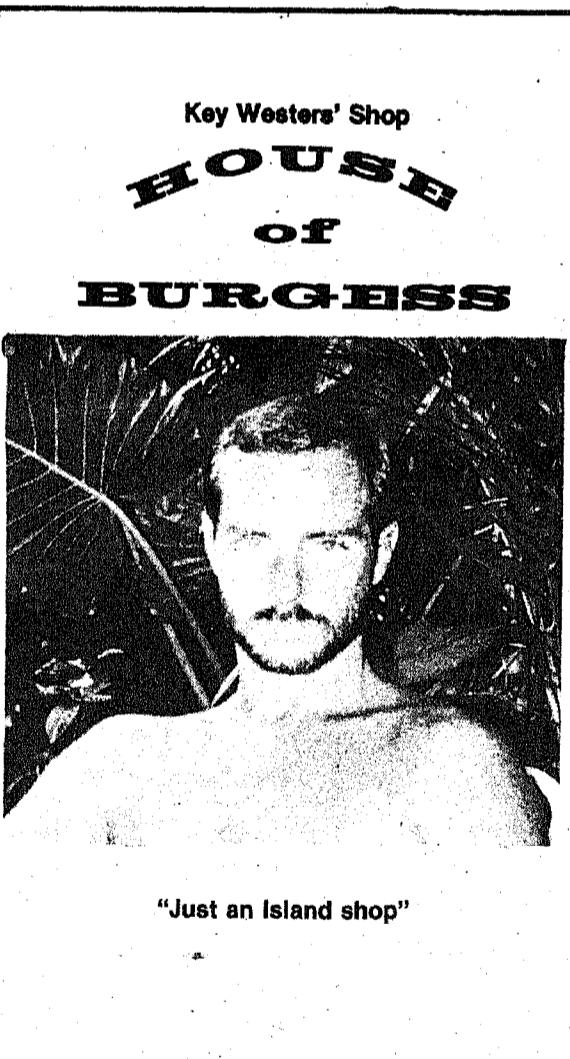
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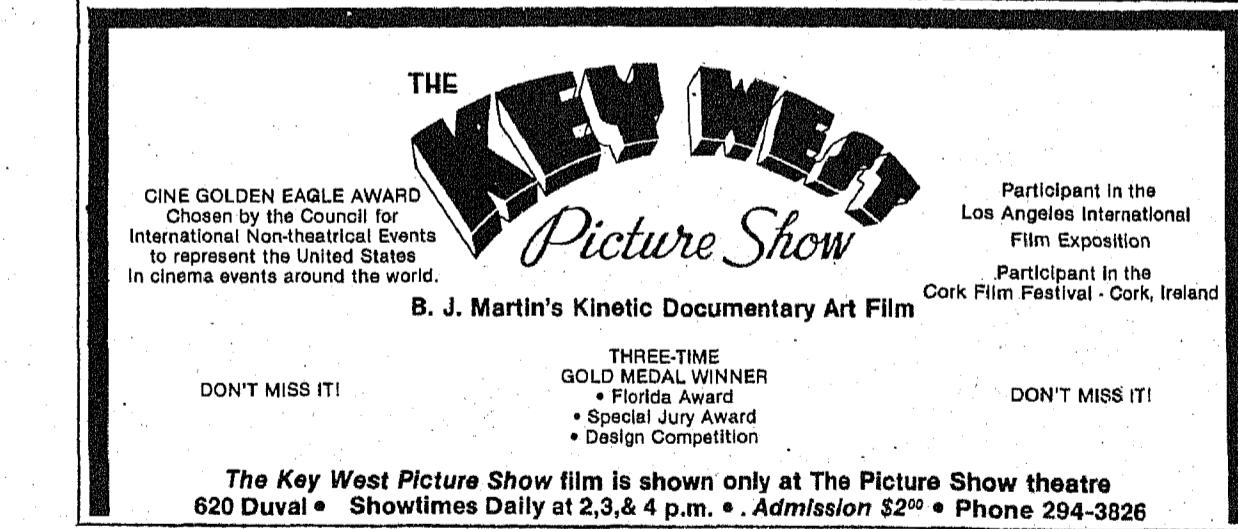
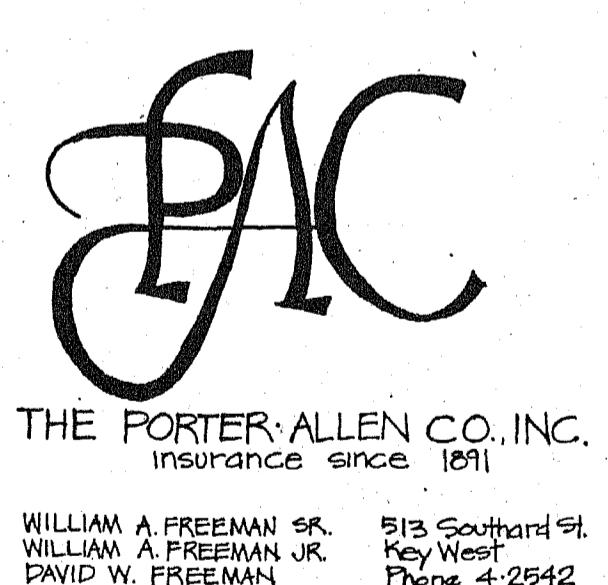
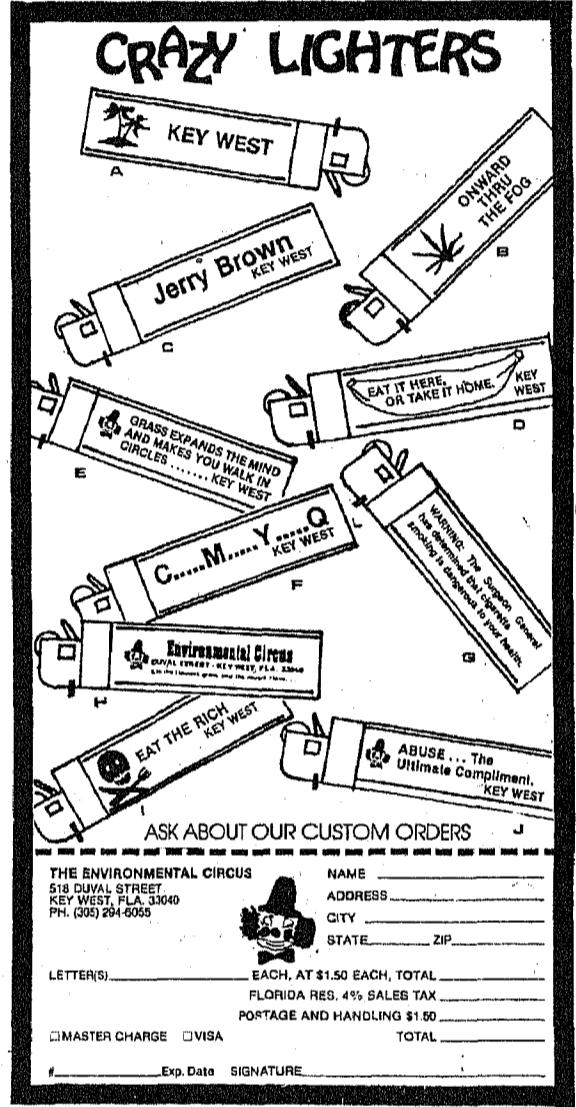
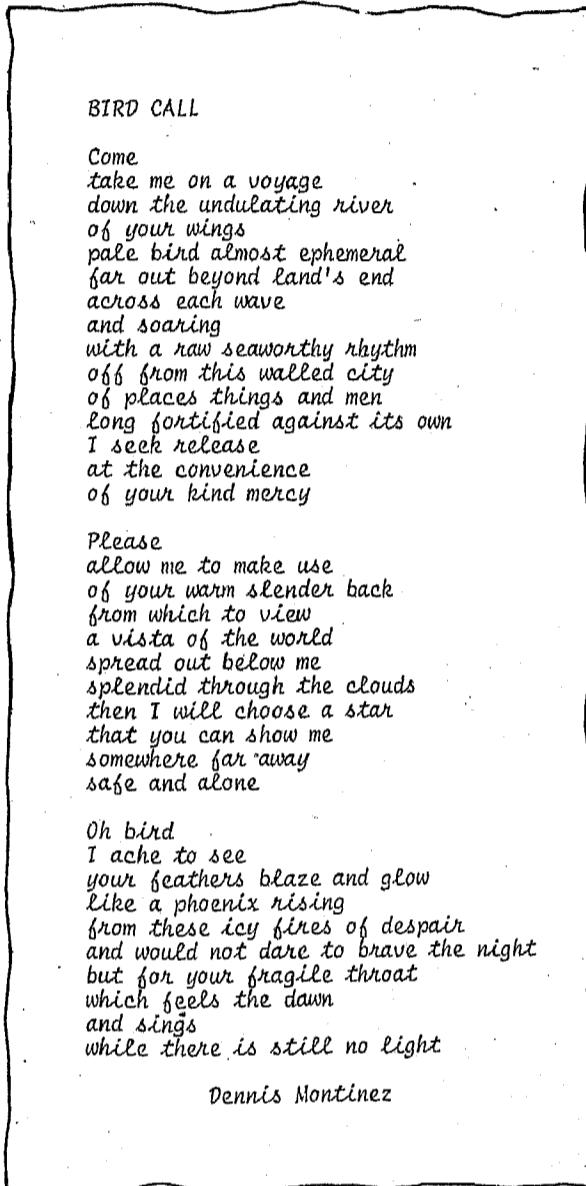
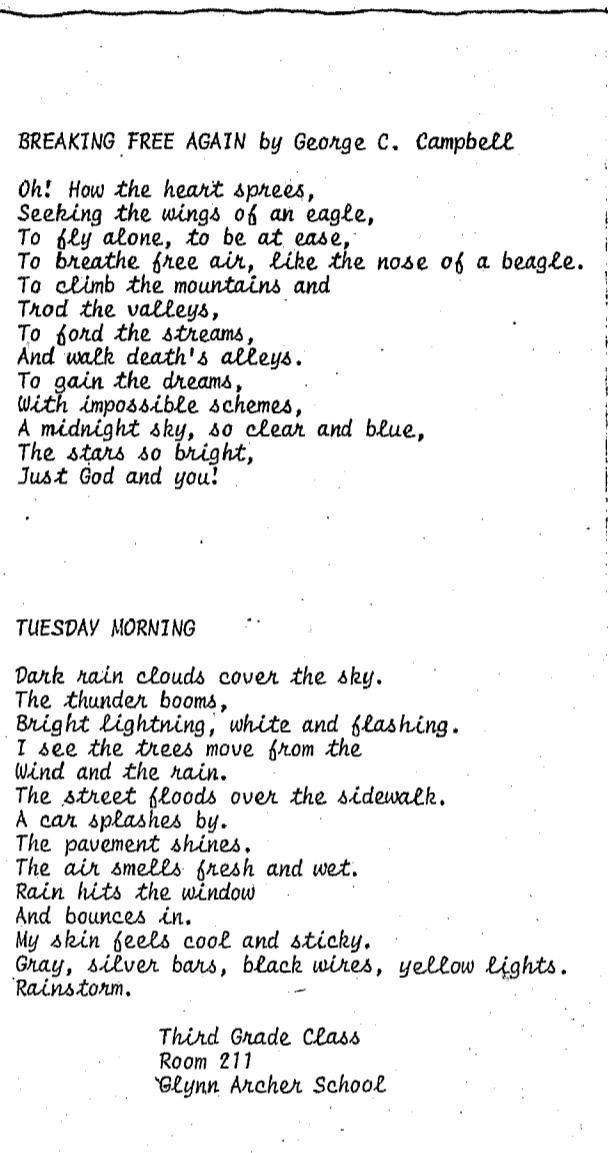
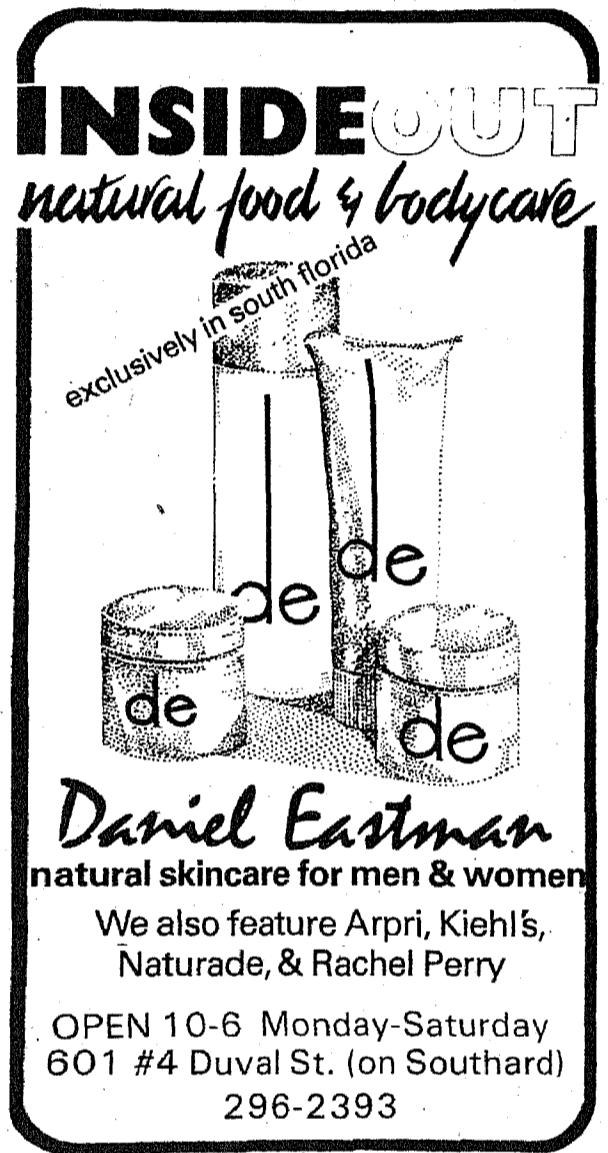
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FOOD FOR THOUGHT: CON'T FROM P. 21

A REPORT I was shown--Cancer, Nutrition and Macrobiotics: A Preliminary Report, by Dr. Sattilero--describes the macrobiotic approach: "With macrobiotic dietary approach to cancer, one's efforts would be dedicated to neutralizing the extreme yin or yang elements causing the cancer and, once this neutralization occurred, reorganizing the internal environment of the body so that poisons will not accumulate to

Macrobiotics is balanced. Recommendations must be followed in accordance with one's altered environment, and should not be approached indiscriminately. It must be gradual and consist initially of modification.

One should consult a doctor and a specialist in macrobiotics with serious disease, so that balance might be restored and health improved.

DR. SATTILERI'S REPORT concludes: "With increasing numbers of case reports appearing and implicating diet in carcinogenesis, we are examining the opportunities to establish in our hospital a Macrobiotic Ward for cancer patients who will voluntarily participate in testing our hypothesis that the balanced nutritional approach advocated by macrobiotics is, in fact, the key to the riddle of malignancy."

So, in effect, as many feel, we ARE what we eat. I know the well-being I feel from making and drinking my own kefir (a yogurt-like culture) and the healthy feeling you can get from a good bowl of homemade split pea/potato/carrot soup, laced with plenty of nutritional yeast. You can get high, a rush of good energy, from eating the right things. But the cook should put a little caring love in with the ingredients, too.

"Let us be grateful for everyone, everything, and let us pray before and after each meal," suggests the East-West Foundation. They have a calm, loving philosophy that goes along with the foods suggested.

UP ON SOUTHARD, past the Herb Garden Natural Foods Store, one will find "The only true natural foods restaurant (Dr. Sattilero himself has dined here) on the Florida Keys," according to Ernie Vantriglia, proprietor of Las Palmas del Mundo.

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reprecipitate the disease process. Dietary recommendations of course depend upon the type of cancer which has developed."

The Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs of the United States Senate advises us to increase the consumption of whole grains, beans, fresh vegetables and fruit in order to reduce the risk of serious disease. I have myself fallen naturally into such a diet, eating a lot of grains and vegetables.

ONE BOOKLET I read, concerning Dr. Wm. Kempner's Rice Diet, stated that during the war when bacon and butter and other fatty foods could not be traded, the people showed a decrease in heart diseases and other related cardiovascular diseases, being on a more simplified, less fatty, diet.

There have been diet fanatics, and many gave macrobiotics a bad name. A rice diet requires close medical supervision as I saw at Rice House in Durham, N.C., where, I was told, many who could barely ambulate, or see, walked out self-sufficient.

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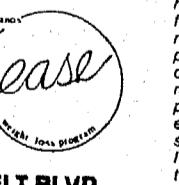
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— Edith Amsterdam

ease is more than a weight loss program. It's given me a whole new outlook on life and I feel myself. Thanks, Ned, for *ease*.

— Connie Fowler

I have looked forward with great anticipation to our meetings. My interactions with you and the friends in the class have contributed positively to my feeling of worthiness. Carry on, Ned!

— Edwina D.

ease has taught me that there are more important values in my life than carrying the wearisome load of my fat. I know that I can become thin by letting go.

— Anna Gibson

I really have enjoyed the program. It has changed the way that I have been thinking about my life and my family. I finally feel good about myself. Thank you, Ned!

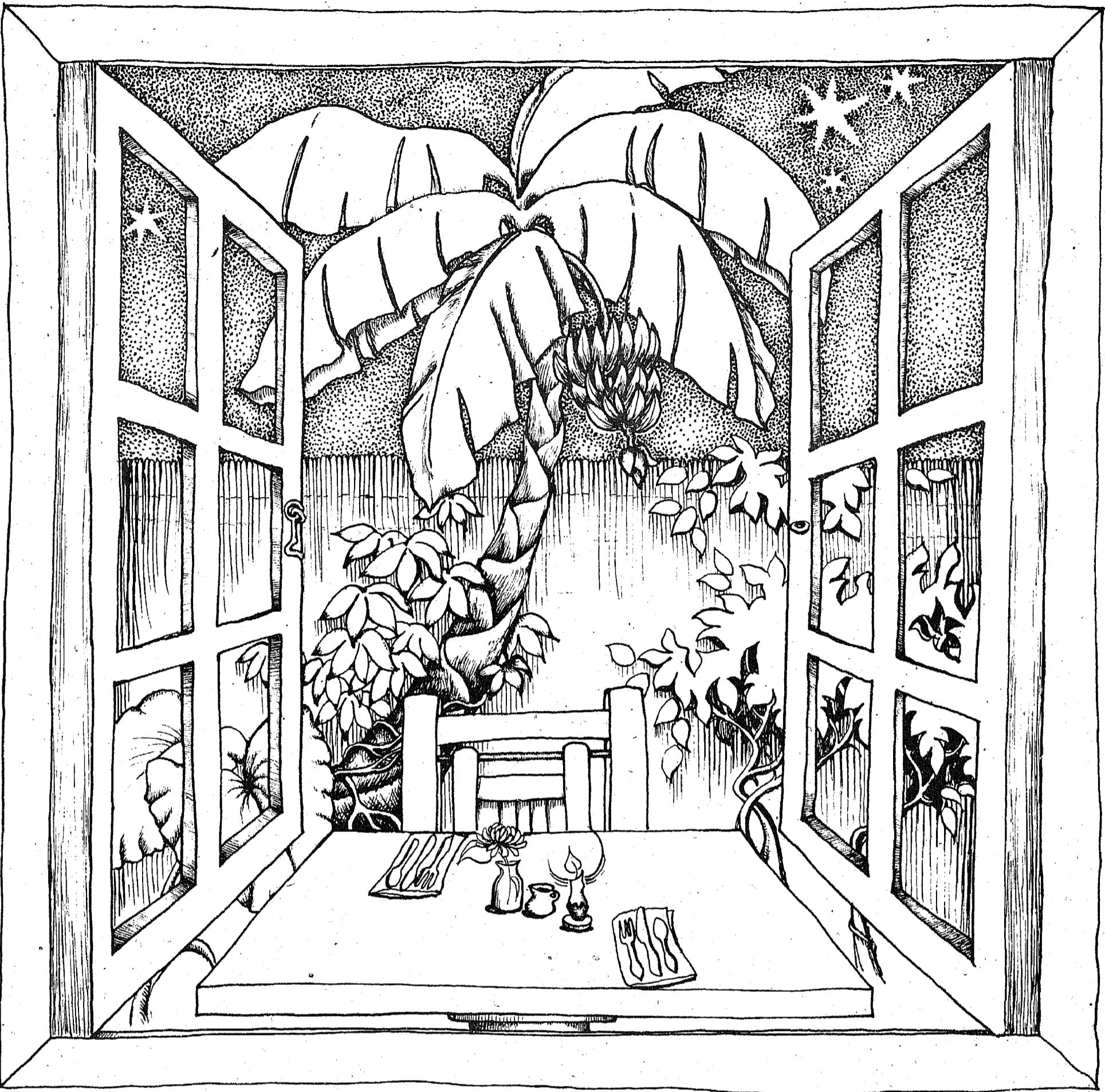
— Karen Baso

I think this is the most positive program for good mental and physical health. It's helped me a great deal both in weight loss and daily life.

— Winnie Baldwin

After years on a roller coaster ride of weight loss and weight gain, I've finally found a way to permanent weight loss. Not only does it work, but it's healthy, natural and easy. I also found that losing weight was not the only benefit of this program. It helped me to come out of my shell and improved my relationships with the other people in my life. I have more energy and confidence in myself and in my life. I know that I've learned will be with me for the rest of my life. No more diets for me! Thank you, Ned!

— Mimi Hildebrand



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Now, Las Palmas has been mentioned



in the pages of *Vogue* magazine, *The New York Times*, and elsewhere.

Food costs are so high at Las Palmas that his accountant gets upset. Most restaurants spend about 20% on food costs, says Ernie, whereas his costs, since they are purchasing only the best and purest, run 40% to 50%.

ERNIE TENDS TO keep it pure and simple, has great pride in the purity of his health foods restaurant. For one thing, Tree of Life delivers every week. There is only organic brown rice and whole wheat flour used. Arrowroot is used instead of cornstarch. They cook in Hain cold pressed oils and the tempura is delightful. Tofu is made here and does not sit in Miami water. Overseas Fruit Market on Truman supplies much of the produce. Even the ketchup and jelly are Hain's. Shopping is done daily.

Also made fresh on the premises are their own granola and juices from organic fruits, veggies, sprouts ... "The wheat-grass juice can flush the system

out, turn your pee green," chuckles Ernie.

Celestial Gardens teas are offered, and Cuban-American coffee with cinnamon. "It's wicked," he testifies. The water is filtered and purified. "This is not a hype. This is for real!" says Ernie.

"We use the bananas from our trees here in the yard and we have breadfruit, papayas and avocados, too."

SOME MORNINGS THERE is music. John from Pacific orchestra plays his idyllic flute for love and breakfast. People eat peacefully inside the building and out on the patio. Sometimes there are guest chefs and special dishes from other cooks. Very creative recipes are used. A vast variety of cookbooks are referred to.

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ERNIE INFORMED ME it is the long grain rice that, with its husk, cleanses the intestines, scrapes them out. "Eat what grows around you," he says. They make vegetarian tacos every night and get their bread from the Bavarian Bakery. Vic, the man from Life Energy Farms, grows the sprouts, and the spices come from two ladies on Summerland Key. There's also a spice garden on the premises. Their cheese is low-fat and rennetless and doesn't have the cholesterol of other cheeses.



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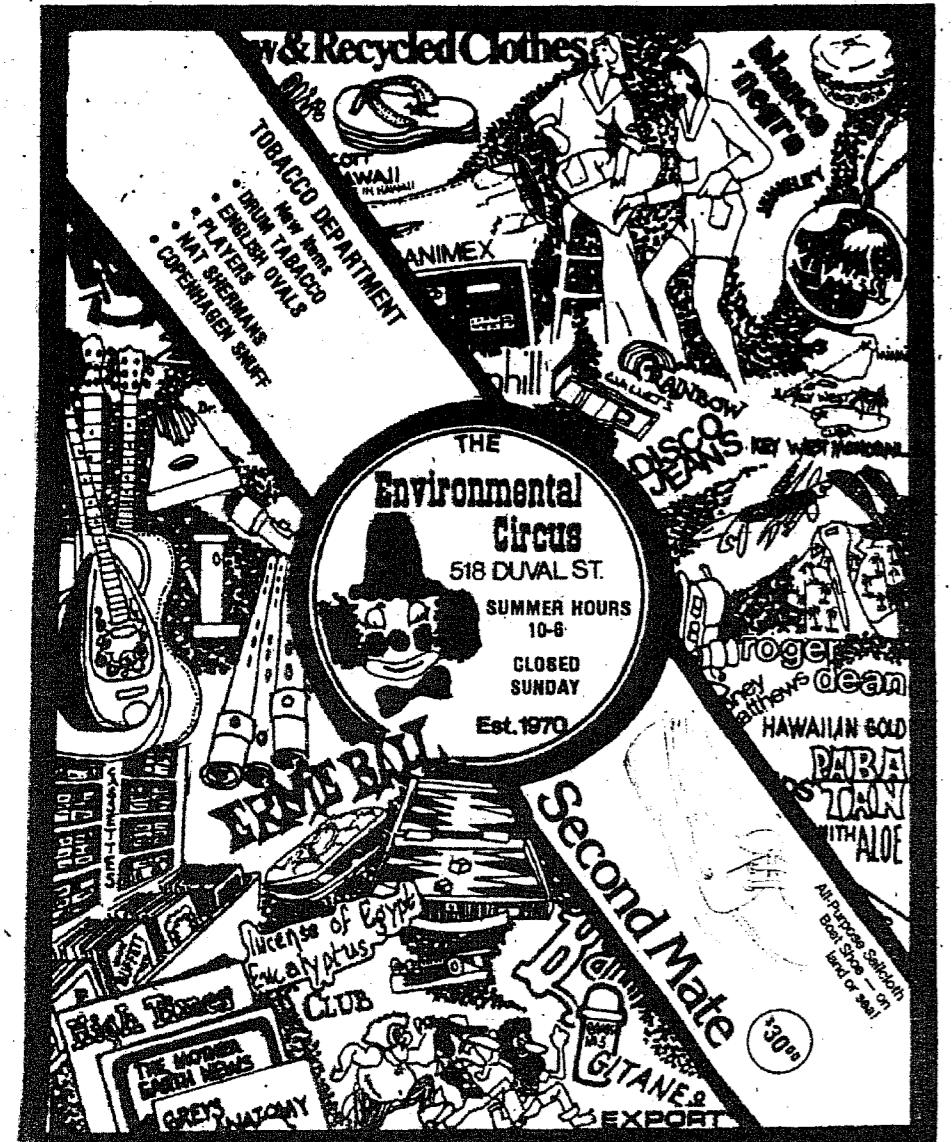
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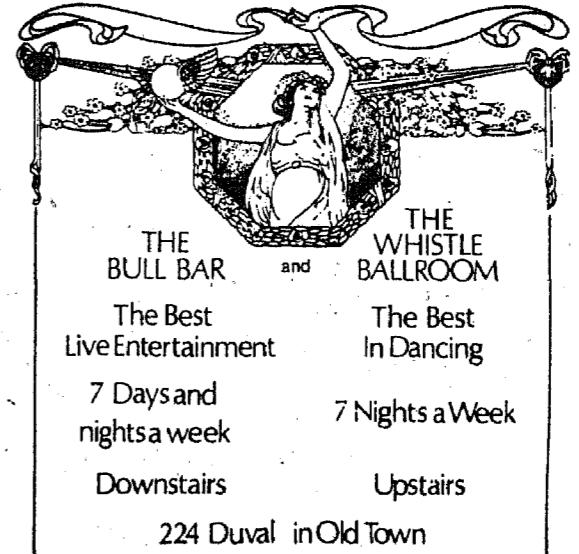
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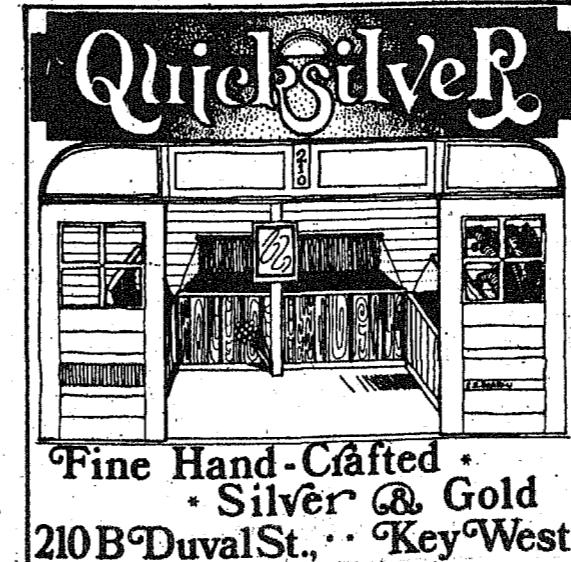
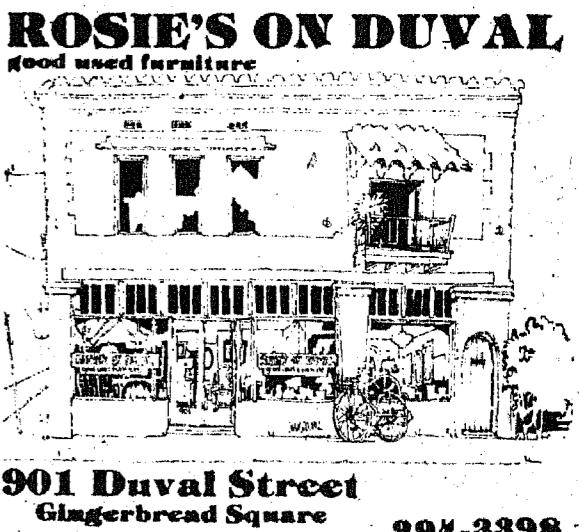
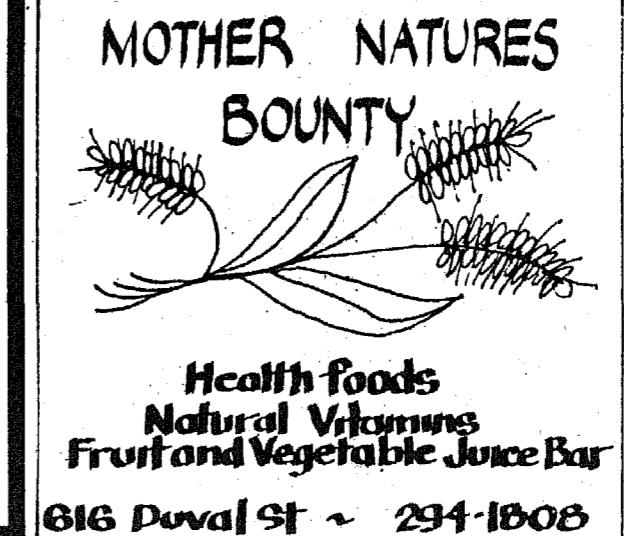
KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE

BY EMILIA CATES

Sun in Taurus, after 20th in Gemini
Venus in Gemini, after 12th in Cancer
Mercury in Taurus, after 16th in Gemini
Saturn in Virgo retrograde, turning
direct on the 22nd

THE NEW MOON on May 14 favorably aspects the chart of Key West. In last month's forecast I said that "the city will be forced to face up to changes that must be made." I think the move by the governor to alleviate the water situation is that change, but the planets are still in favor of good results for the people of Key West. The new moon again accentuates overall improvements in city services. This situation will continue to improve and problems will be resolved.

May 22 is a magic day when Saturn, the ruler of the Key West chart, will go in direct motion after being retrograde since January 7. This bodes good news. This planet also in Virgo in the 4th house of the Key West chart, will bring long term benefits to our city, particularly in the area of real estate. Conjoined with the planet Jupiter it also shows financial prosperity. Recession does not show in any area of the Key West chart. New beginnings do.



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Member—Int. Guild of Professional Electrologists (Formerly of Saks Fifth Avenue)
296-6934

SOME REMARKS

THE FOLLOWING IS a policy statement issued by the Key West Tourist Development Association, promoters of last year's successful Fantasy Fest '79.

The purpose of Fantasy Fest is to bring visitor traffic to our island at one of the slowest times of the year. Halloween is a natural promotion, because for many years Key Westers have celebrated it in earnest.

We succeeded in bringing visitors last year--some ten thousand of them. We believe that this year we will see even more and that, in time, Fantasy Fest will become the "Mardi Gras of Autumn."

In spite of some local misconceptions, Fantasy Fest '79 DID generate positive publicity for Key West--in newspapers around the state, on radio and television. WTVJ in Miami showed a videotape of the many beautiful floats on its Sunday night newscast that weekend.

IN NO INSTANCE WAS ANY OF THE PRESS GENERATED BY FANTASY FEST OF A NEGATIVE NATURE. ONLY A SEGMENT OF KEY WEST'S OWN POPULATION TALKED IT DOWN.

WE ADMIT FANTASY Fest '79 wasn't perfect. Few brand new things are. But with a VERY limited budget, few workers and very little time, Fantasy Fest brought the tourists here, increased the volume of sales, generated publicity, came off without a single incident of violence, and gave us the best parade in twenty years!

There has been some confusion over the term "adult" in connection with Fest '79. We'd like to clarify that now. We used the term adult because of the fact that alcoholic beverages would be being

consumed along the parade route. What we perhaps should have said was, "Children are welcome--so long as they are accompanied by an adult." This is for the children's own protection. The parade, after all, is a nighttime affair, taking place in a "night-club" district.

THIS YEAR, BRING your children, by all means. We know now that Fantasy Fest is an event EVERYONE can enjoy. In fact, this year's Fest features a special Halloween Party for children at Bayview Park. There will be games, prizes, entertainment, candy... all for free, on Friday afternoon, October 31, from 2:00 to 5:00 p.m.

This year, with more time, people and money, we are issuing an official "Fantasy Fest HandBook," which gives participants and observers alike an idea of what to expect--and what's expected of them.

We DON'T want Fantasy Fest to become yet another divisive issue in Key West. The Lord knows that's the LAST thing this town needs. We DO want this city to come together so that, in years to come, Fantasy Fest can reach its true potential. We solicit your help and support--and constructive suggestions as to how we can make Fest '80 better.

THERE ARE SOME folks who won't be pleased no matter what we do. We can't help that; it's THEIR problem. It's easy to sit back and tear something apart; the world is full of arm-chair critics. But we really believe that the vast majority of Key Westers are active, constructive people who want to see Key West get its fair share of the tourist dollar--with a promotion that will become a national showcase. It is to those people that we turn for the support we need.

Fantasy Fest '80... a delightful, dazzling, delicious diversion for everyone to enjoy! We're already getting inquiries from around the state from people

who've heard about it. Join the fun--get involved. We need hard-working, responsible volunteers to help get the job done. There will be a community "involvement" meeting sometime in early June. Watch the newspapers and listen to the radio for further information.

The Key West T.D.A. wants YOU!

Dear Solares Hill:

Reading Richard Marsh's farewell article in Solares Hill prompts me to write you about the poetry reading we had at the Guild Hall this Easter Sunday.

As you know, Richard has been the guiding force behind the readings. We just want to let Solares Hill and its readers know that we are still here, inviting anyone to join us who wants to read original poetry or just listen and share refreshments.

Poetry readings are held at Guild Hall, 614 Duval at 8:30 on the first Sunday of every month.

-- Jody Adams

THE PRIVATE INDUSTRY Council of Monroe County, Inc. (P.I.C.) is now searching for employers who need and can train on-the-job prospective permanent employees.

P.I.C. offers Keys employers a chance to directly benefit from their federal tax dollars and boost the local business economy.

The P.I.C., composed of business and professional leaders of the Keys community, is federally-funded to develop on-the-job training and permanent employment in private business here for the people who need it the most.

A NON-PROFIT, INDEPENDENT Keys organization, the P.I.C. is now eligible for federal Comprehensive Employment and Training-Act funds not to exceed \$180,650 for the current fiscal year. Funding has just been approved by the South Florida Employment and Training Consortium.

For the individual employer, this reflects an opportunity to train an employee specifically to suit his or her business needs, while being reimbursed for the employee's salary at the rate of 50 per cent.

THE NEW PROGRAM is designed to determine, and try to meet, the specific needs of Keys employers and those who most need jobs, explains Joe Alonzo, Executive Director of P.I.C.

He notes the Council's effort is to develop employment in the private sector in contrast with other programs that place persons in governmental jobs.

Contact P.I.C. at the Keys agency's headquarters, 1129 Simonton St., Key West, Florida 33040; telephone 294-6671.

P.I.C. says it is recruiting people who want to work and need jobs, and that it will try to cut all the "red tape" for prospective employers while working with them to develop job training programs that meet their individual business needs.

cently before the Greater Key West Chamber of Commerce received my careful and thoughtful attention in spite of some arguments and interruptions during the meeting. After you had completed your presentation, you may recall, I casually mentioned to you, "I'm going to Orlando next week, I'll take your plane instead of driving my car."

This I did as evinced by the attached plane tickets issued by your Company. The flight Northward was satisfactory and pleasant, while the flight Southward was utterly miserable with dreadful inconveniences and inexcusable delays.

THE SALIENT FACTS of that flight are as follows:

1. Departure of the flight from Orlando delayed due to inefficiency on the part of your personnel, who overbooked the flight.

2. While the plane was enroute to Miami, becoming aware of the tight connection for the plane to Key West, the Hostess with the aid of the Captain tried but could not obtain for me the Corridor and Gate Number, or if the plane to Key West would await the arrival of the plane from Orlando.

3. In view of the tight connecting schedule, which occurred by the delayed departure from Orlando, after the engines had stopped, thru the cooperation and courtesy of fellow passengers sitting near the exit door of the plane, I was permitted to get near the door, only to be politely ordered back to my seat by your Hostess.

4. After leaving the Orlando plane, I had to rush (long distance) to your Main Counter to learn the Corridor and Gate Numbers for the Key West plane. The Counter Clerk informed me then that the plane to Key West would wait for me.

5. Again, I was compelled to go

that long distance from the Main Counter to the Gate (this time I literally ran the distance). However, as you well know, passengers cannot hasten the action of those Guards monitoring the Security Stations, so by the time I arrived at the Departure Gate, the plane for Key West had departed, in spite of the fact that your Counter Clerk had advised me that the plane would wait for me.

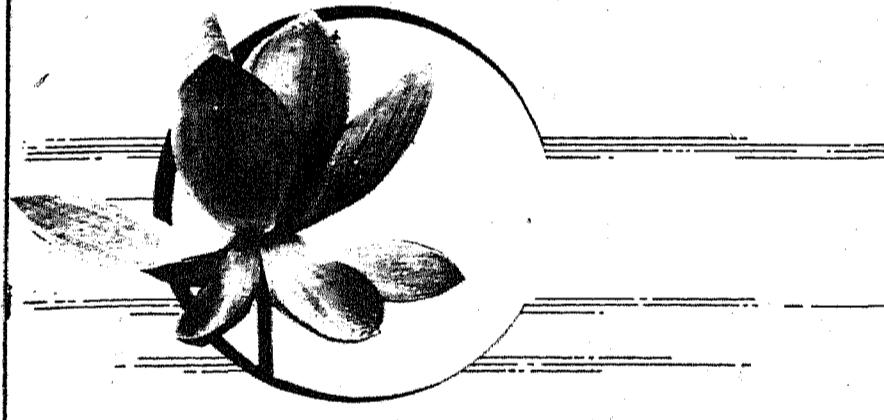
6. After this disappointment, again it was necessary for me to take that long walk down the Corridor to your Main Counter to get the essential information about the next plane to Key West, together with such vital information as Corridor and Gate Numbers.

7. MORE EXHAUSTION!!!! Shortly before the scheduled departure of plane for Key West, I arrived at the designated Gate, only to find some 10 seats were available for some 45 passengers for that plane. I directed this inconvenience to the attention of the Gate clerk, who in turn called a Supervisor. He arrived on the scene, saw the odd and unpleasant condition, and informed me as well as other Standees that we all could find seats in a vacant space down the Corridor. While seated in that area, we all noted that a Crew from another arriving plane of yours, appeared in no hurry to board your plane to Key West.

8. All during this period of suspense, there were many passengers standing in the limited area near to the Gate door for the plane for Key West. When I directed the lack of seats to your Supervisor, I was informed that the matter of additional seats for passengers was the responsibility of the Dade County Airport Authorities. That fact may be true, but your Company is the leasee of certain space and, in my opinion, you should provide more seats for outgoing Jet planes that carry more passengers than the smaller aircraft. I have observed that other Airlines in Miami Air-

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port have spacious areas and plenty of seats for passengers.

When I arrived in Key West, I was utterly exhausted from the many ordeals. I thought that my troubles for the day had ended. NOT so as you will read!!!

Upon my arrival in Key West, I proceeded to the "Incoming Baggage Area" to claim my bag. After watching passengers remove all of the baggage in that area, I discovered my bag had not arrived from Miami. I went to the Counter and informed the Counter Clerk of the missing bag, whereupon he went into an office and returned with my bag. Why that bag was not placed in the baggage area for me to claim it, I'll never know, just another incident of poor service to your passengers.

After getting my bag, I went to the Taxicab area and much to my continuous disappointments, due to the delay in getting my bag, ALL of the usual taxicabs stationed there had departed for the City. It was then necessary for me to telephone for a Taxi to come to the airport and take me to my home.

I will await with keen interest for your comments.

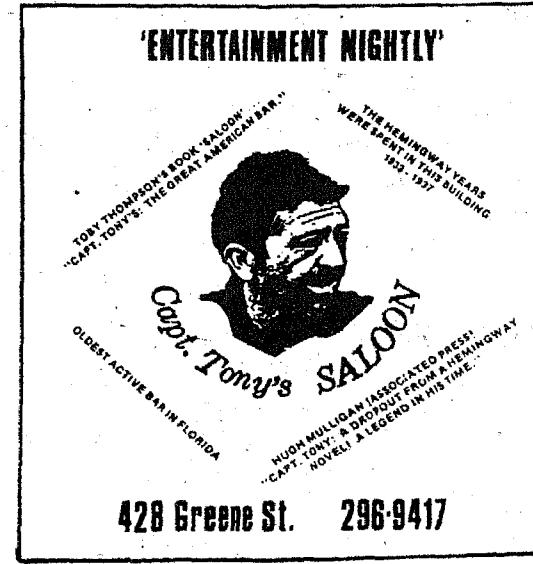
JOHN H. KEANE, Public Defender for the Sixteenth Judicial Circuit, announced that he has received authorization from Chief Judge Helio Gomez to organize and implement a Citizens Dispute Settlement Program for Monroe County.

Citizens Dispute Settlement Centers are a growing concept in the state, and are an alternative means of settling disputes between its citizens without resorting to the courts. Such programs have been established in Pinellas, Dade, Collier, Escambia, and other major counties in the state.

SKATE RENTALS PRO SHOP



SKATE SALES PRO SHOP



AMONG THE LOCAL artists who are involved with the current production of *Twelfth Night* are Joe Regan, who has designed the sets and costumes; Lucile Kravitz, property mistress; Suzanne Dion, master electrician; Bob Spencer, sound; and Laura Balboni, stage manager.

of Roddy Brown that Greene Street Theatre has flourished. It was natural that Greene Street be associated with the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center because of their work in town. The purpose of the Fine Arts Center is to serve the community, as a producing agency, as well as the audience.

"I'M DELIGHTED TO be doing Shakespeare, since it is my major interest, and it has not been done by Greene Street before. It is a joy to work with this company of former students. They are all trained in doing Shakespeare," said Prosser. "This is the most professional company we have had so far this season with the largest number of professionals. Doing Shakespeare is like taking a vacation because you live in the language of another world. This particular play is one of the golden comedies from his great middle period."

KIRK BROWN, THE technical half of the very talented Brown brothers, is busily making 14 papier-mache trees for this rollicking romp through the land of love and is also acting as general manager for this production. Said Brown: "We did at least one Tennessee Williams play each year as well as a balanced program of interesting theatre. Our biggest hit, financially and box office wise, was *cabaret*, but in my opinion *Streetcar Named Desire* was the best production, overall." Roddy Brown shifted hats last month, as an Impressario, and brought Bonnie Rait, in concert, to Key West. It was an overwhelming success with the community and financially, and helped to pay off old Greene Street Theatre debts.

"My association with Greene Street Theatre goes back eight years to Richmond, Va. and the Virginia Commonwealth University, where many of the cast members of *Twelfth Night* were students of mine in the Department of Drama," said Prosser.

"I WAS FLATTERED to be asked to direct the first Greene Street Theatre production, suddenly last summer, in 1976," he continued, "and I was delighted to return last year to direct their production of *Streetcar Named Desire*. It is only through the persistence

Roxana Stuart, David Booth, Doug Anderson, Jan Ellen Steininger, Steven Small, and Jeff Allin have all played together before in Shakespearean Festivals. They are supported by Greene Street Theatre players including Fred Goss, Duane Peterson, Mike Whalton, Rita Brown, and Perri Halévy.

GREENE STREET THEATRE'S audience has been loyal and has followed the players out to the Center. Kirk Brown said, "We not only have our old Greene Street audience but we have begun to build a wider audience by transferring our activities out to the Fine Arts Center.

"People may come out for twelfth night who are looking not only for food of the soul but food for the tum-tum. The Banyan is offering a special Dinner Theatre Program through Claire restaurant for the show. A pre-theatre dinner, transportation to and from the Fine Arts Center, and a ticket will be available for those making reservations quickly at Claire."

Following is an announcement from City Electric System:

AT THE MARCH 26 meeting of the Utility Board, Dr. Otha Cox, board member, urged management to "knock on every door" in seeking federal and state funds for the tie line to the mainland and for an Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion development. The statement is a capsule description of City Electric's major objective reducing the company's dependence on oil.

Major efforts the past two years have been aimed at insuring an adequate supply of electricity. With that problem under control the primary objective is to cut the oil noose. Oil, termed fuel adjustment on the monthly residential and commercial bills, is choking the local

economy. Residents and businessmen alike feel the effects of high fuel costs. City Electric had to cope with declining sales for nine consecutive months beginning in the summer of 1979 until March, 1980. Other local governmental bodies have their resources strained due to high electric bills.

DURING THE PAST eight months City Electric has engaged in an intensive campaign to obtain federal or state funds. On May 20, the Utility Board is holding a public forum to enlist community support for their efforts. Faced with declining sales and serious cash flow problems, outside aid is a must. Thus, the attempt to drum up full community support.

THE QUESTIONS TO be answered are:

1. How will the community at large benefit from supporting City Electric?

First, the effort should pull together many diverse groups who are at odds over a number of other issues. Second, the chances of state or federal aid are greatly enhanced through community support.

2. What are the benefits to the residential customer of a reduced fuel adjustment charge?

The answer here is obvious: lower fuel adjustment means a lower electric bill. The economy is positively affected because customers would then have more spending power. City Electric benefits because customers with lower bills will use more electricity.

3. How will the business community benefit?

Lower fuel adjustment means less overhead and higher profits. Lower overhead can lead to expansion, which means more jobs in the community.

4. How will other governmental

bodies benefit?

Badly strained budgets will gain breathing room through lower bills. This too can lead to more jobs as well as a sounder financial footing. The big winners would be the City of Key West and Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority. The City of Key West can receive up to 50 per cent of City Electric's profit annually. Lower bills due to a slashed fuel adjustment charge means greater usage. Fuel charges do not produce revenue; every cent goes to the oil company. Electric usage means higher profit and more money for the City.

To clarify, it is cheaper to buy power through the tie line than to produce it. More cheaply produced power means higher profits when it is sold.

The Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion process can initially mean far more to the FKA than to City Electric: a one-megawatt plant, small amount of the necessary electric power, could produce 700,000 gallons of water. This is 10 per cent of the county's daily needs. The process uses NO fuel in producing electric power and fresh water.

5. Are there any other benefits?

Both the tie line and the Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion process reduce the need for oil. City Electric would be helping the national effort to conserve precious fossil fuel.

IN SUMMARY, high electric bills are having a severe negative effect on every segment of our community. A total community effort is necessary to reduce oil dependence, thus reducing electric bills. It will require data-gathering from comparable communities. It will require a great deal of correspondence and such research. However, no one can deny that the end result will be worth the effort.

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EVENTS

THEATRE/CONCERTS

WATERFRONT PLAYHOUSE: 294-5015
May 5-10 *Feiffer's People*, by Jules Feiffer, 8:30 p.m.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER (TWFAC) at Florida Keys Community College, Stock Island, 294-6363.

May 8-10 & 15-17 *Twelfth Night*, by William Shakespeare, performed by the Greene Street Theatre group (294-5001), 8 p.m. Matinees May 10 & 17, 2 p.m.

May 22 Piano Recital with artist Tracy Star Barnett, 8 p.m.

May 29 H.O.B. Band Concert, 7:30 p.m. Original Plays for Children by M&M Productions, 296-8952

May 11 The *Canterville Ghost*, 3:30 p.m.

May 18 The *Mark Book Show*, 3:30 p.m. The TWFAC will not have any productions during the summer.

SPECIAL EVENTS

May 3 San Carlos Theatre, 516 Duval St. Flea Market Benefit at entrance to the theatre. 9 a.m. 'til.'

May 3 Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming St., 294-7100 or 294-1343. Last library book & bake sale of the season in back of the library. Hardcover and paperback books, 10¢. Use Elizabeth St. entrance.

May 7 M&M Productions presents the World Premiere of *The Game*, a comedy by Timothy McShane, Robert D. Mowry and Tony Klein, featuring Celeste Day. One night only at Fitzgerald's, 430 Duval St. Cash bar and disco dancing. Tickets available at Melanie's, 430 Greene St., or The Top of La Concha, 430 Duval.

May 8 "Bernardo de Galvez Day" at the Monroe County Public Library. Open House 2-4 p.m. with slides of Key West, a movie about Mario Sanchez, display of Spanish books and tour of Florida history rooms.

May 20 Community Forum, City Electric Utility Board, Board Room, Wm. Arnold Service Building, 1001 James St. at corner of Grinnell. Public invited and encouraged to attend.

MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION SEMINARS, each Thursday in May, at the Public Library, 700 Fleming St. Free, 7-9 p.m.

May 8 "Winning at Life Through Transactional Analysis," Marta Vago, A.C.S.W. Psychotherapist, Trainer and Consultant

May 15 "Identifying the Problem Child," Richard Hellman, Ph.D. Clinical Psychologist

May 22 "Coping With Stress," Wm. Rowe, M.A. Psychology Inst.

May 29 "Building Life Strategies," Roland Fisch, M.A. Social Science Inst.

GALLERIES

CAYO HUESO GRAPHICS, 806 Duval St., 296-5221 (Tues.-Sun, noon 'til 5) A variety of Key West art works on display.

EAST MARTELLO, South Roosevelt Blvd., 296-3913
May 7 Monroe County Public School Children's Art Show

GINGERBREAD SQUARE GALLERY, 903 Duval St., 296-8900 (11 a.m. - 6 p.m., Wed.-Sun. Not open evenings during the summer months) Local artists featured.

KEY WEST ART CENTER, 301 Front St., 294-1241

May 14 Membership Program Topic: "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Pricing Art But Were Afraid To Ask," with guest speaker Betsy Langdon, President of Langdon Studios & Instructor at FKCC. Also featuring donated art piece by Bellanti to be raffled for the benefit of the center. 7:30 p.m.

MOIRA, THE ART GALLERY IN KEY LIME SQ., and FRAMES BY MOIRA (custom framing), 294-1254. (10 a.m. - 5 p.m. daily except Sundays) Jim Lehmkuhl, Artist in Residence, Bob Birbeck, Portrait Artist in Residence.

ART INSTRUCTION

Life classes Monday evenings 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. and Fridays 11 a.m. - 2 p.m. (\$2-3 model fee) For information call Malcolm Ross at 294-8301.

POETRY READINGS

THE BOOKSHOP, 534 Fleming St., 296-9089. Sundays at 4:30 p.m.

GUILD HALL GALLERY, 614 Duval St., 296-9359. 8:30 p.m. First Sunday of every month.

May 4 Featured poet: Jody Adams

FILMS

MONROE COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY FILM SERIES

Adults: Wed. evenings, 7:30 p.m.
May 7 Music of Williamsburg and Colonial Printer
May 14 Mysteries of the Great Pyramid
May 21 Spectrum of Tyrol and Faith in Ourselves
May 28 And There Was No More Sea and Forbidden City

Children's: Sat. mornings, 10 a.m.
May 3 Evans Corner and People Soup
May 10 The Fiddler and Patrick
May 17 Doughnuts and Lambert, the Sheepish Lion
May 24 The Case of the Cosmic Comic and The Sneetches
May 31 Blind Bird

SENIOR CITIZEN NEWS

SENIOR CITIZEN CENTER, 600 White Street, 296-3119

May 2 Seminar on Medicare with Group Health, Inc. Rep. from Miami will discuss claims and problems. 2-4 p.m.

May 3 Flea Market & Senior Citizens Arts & Crafts Fair "Show & Tell." Benefits for Armory Chapter & Senior Citizens. 9 a.m. - 3 p.m.

May 12 Membership meeting. Free blood pressure testing for senior citizens 7-8 p.m., followed by program on cardio-vascular health with film and local physician on hand to answer questions.

REGULAR EVENTS

QUEENSLAND AUTHORITY MEETING
May 29 Place & time to be announced.

CITY COMMISSION MEETINGS, first & third Mondays, 8 p.m. City Hall, Simonton & Angela.

CITY ELECTRIC UTILITY BOARD MEETINGS, second & fourth Wednesdays, 5 p.m., Board Room, 930 Caroline St.

MONROE COUNTY COMMISSION MEETINGS
May 6 Plantation Key
May 20 Marathon

Great Books Discussion every other Monday evening at the Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming St., 7 p.m. through May.

Please send notice of events of public interest to Solares Hill, 513 Fleming St., Room 3, by the 20th of the month preceding the event.

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remember
MOTHER'S DAY
may 11

PEARL JEWELRY STARTING AT 30.00

goldsmith

114 fitzpatrick street 294-1243

Boat in the
bay,
Dog on the bow
woof!

By Jerome Pfahning

