

The highest point in Key West

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Solares sh hill

FREE

Vol. 1, No. 1

Key West, Florida

May, 1976





From the Editor

Water plays an important role in this issue of *Solares Hill*. Writer Bill Brunelle has put together an interesting piece on Jacques Cousteau and his mammoth and heroic commitment to the waters of the world.

There is a possibility apparently, that Key West could be considered as a port for Cousteau and his research staff. How wonderful this would be for Key West and, of course, how wonderful it would be for Jacques Cousteau.

On a smaller but still significant scale we are rerunning the popular well-digging article written by Mike Frewett and illustrated by Jerry Miller.

The well-digging business is brisk these days and will probably get brisker. The constant water shortages in the Keys promise a lot of work for the diggers.

FKAA Director, Royal Newman, very wisely is pushing for the reuse of cisterns. Cistern cleaners, designers, and renovators will probably be busy also these days.

This is all to the good. Getting back to practical and natural ways of getting water is very healthy.

Certain things are native to the tropics. Beautiful weather, of course, exotic fruits, relaxed living, glorious views and, of course, music. Whether it is the sounds of the wind rattling through the palm fronds or whispering through the Australian Pines, or music coming from a home or music from a street musician, music has always been a part of the life in the tropics and, especially, in Key West.

Every year there seems to be an attempt to muzzle music locally. A dulcimer player was arrested at Mallory Square this past winter for performing without an occupational license. Surprisingly, and happily, he won his case when he proved that he was not soliciting money for his music.

Now, there is a local law pending that insists that two or more musicians playing together in public must be licensed. Worse, the county is trying to apply this law to the unincorporated parts of the county.

Nothing could be more spontaneous or more natural than a couple of musicians playing together. You shouldn't have to run for a license if you want to play with a friend at sunset; it just isn't right.

Perhaps the reason is that some musicians get too loud when they play together. If this is so, then they should be warned to play quieter and if this doesn't happen, then arrest them for disturbing the peace.

But, for every warranted arrest for a noisy jam session, there are 25 pleasant pick-up musical moments that are a pleasure both for the performers and the listeners.

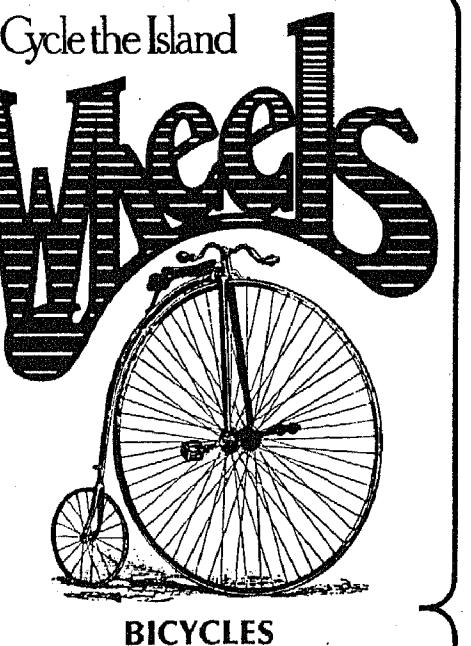
Speaking of covers, one of our favorites was by Peter Cosgrove a few years back. We are rerunning, it in the back of this issue. We hope that you enjoy it, also.

Will a group of little girls singing as they walk to school need to be licensed next?

Bill Huckel

Our cover this time is by Conrad Lamm. He has hopes of selling his T-shirts using this design. If you are interested in finding out more about them, drop a card to *Solares Hill* and we will see that he gets it.

Speaking of covers, one of our favorites was by Peter Cosgrove a few years back. We are rerunning, it in the back of this issue. We hope that you enjoy it, also.



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EDITORIAL..... BILL HUCKEL COPY EDITOR..... WENDY RUSSO
ART DIRECTION..... TOM POPE PHOTOGRAPHER..... NADAR

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served.

"JIMMY" HYDE

by Bill Huckel

The other day I was working at home when a lady came to the door looking for me. She wanted to talk about *Solares Hill*. Quite honestly I had been enjoying many favorable comments about the paper and was prepared to enjoy some more.

Not this time. The lady, Mrs. Delphina Valenzuela, had been trying to catch me at home for days. She was angry.

"Turn to page 24 in your paper," she asked — this was the page of the "Old Island Anecdote".

"It's lies," she said, "all lies about my father."

Mrs. Valenzuela's father was James "Jimmy" Hyde (we misspelled it Hide), a well-known and very respected barber in Key West for 65 years. Jimmy Hyde was one of the people we talked about in the anecdote.

Incorrectly, it appears.

I had the pleasure of speaking with two of Jimmy's daughters and they set the record straight.

Let me give some facts on Jimmy Hyde's life first.

He was born in Key West on Oct. 2, 1888. His father had come to Key West in 1865 after being in the Civil War. His mother died when he was a very little boy and his half-sister, Amelia Torano Mathews, raised him. He had to work hard as a little boy — he was up delivering milk around Key West at dawn and would finish his route before the second bell rang at his school.

As a youth he became an apprentice barber to Arthur "Kitty" Gomez, who later became famous as a Fla. senator. Jimmy was the only one of seven apprentices to finish and become a full-fledged barber.

At the age of 17 he became his own boss and bought a shop from Berlin Sawyer's father across from the Florida First National Bank where the parking lot is today.

Later, he had a shop for a number of years at the famous old Jefferson Hotel.

It was around this time that he became a customs official as well. He worked both jobs for awhile and then had the golden opportunity of transferring to Port Tampa to be a customs official for life. But like many Conchs, Jimmy knew a good thing and refused to leave Key West. He used to say to his children then they were grown and would travel, "Why leave? Everything you need is here!"

Later, he moved his shop to Division St. (now Truman Ave.) and was in where the Sausage Shop was for many years. He bought a house on White St. in '36 and moved there.

Jimmy had a small stand by the side of his house which he used as a barber shop till 1939. At that point he rented the stand to his half-brother, Peter Torano, who sold fish from it till the late '40's.

After Peter Torano died several people had a bollo business from the stand including a man nicknamed "Haivita Linda", or pretty little crab.

"Haivita", whose real name was Roman Menendez, was a small, stout, good-natured Spaniard who walked with a limp, spoke with a deep gravelly voice, and sold bollos from a motorized scooter.

Prior to renting the stand from Jimmy, he had sold bollos from a baby carriage. It should be mentioned here that "Haivita" spoke almost no English and often Jimmy would be called from his shop to translate for tourists who would buy from the stand.

Eventually "Haivita" left Key West and went to Tampa.

Meanwhile, all this time, Jimmy was cutting hair in the front room shop of his house. He kept cutting hair almost up to the time he died at age 82, after being a barber for 65 years.

Mrs. Valenzuela emphasized the peaceful loving nature of her father, and another sister, Mrs. Amelia Gonzalez, said beautifully, "We will always remember him as father, mother and best friend." Let me point out here that Jimmy's first two wives died young, leaving him four young children to raise. In addition to Mrs. Valenzuela and Mrs. Gonzalez, children of his first marriage, Jimmy had twins from his second marriage, a son, Jimmy H. Hyde, who lives here (and who is the fourth generation James Hyde to live here), and a daughter, Emily Hyde who lives with Mrs. Gonzalez.

He married a third time to Mrs. Ethel "Hattie" Parkes Roberts with whom he stayed happily married for 35 years till her death in 1964.

So we were wrong on a lot of things.

Jimmy didn't sell fish, didn't have a side kick named Poncho, didn't spell his name Hide, wouldn't have been angry with Poncho had there been a Poncho and had Poncho been Roman Menendez, he wouldn't have spoken any English anyway.

Let us apologize here for the misrepresentations and untruths that appeared in the article. We hope that this corrected version will set the record straight.

We want to continue running anecdotes on some of the fabulous characters in Key West history. Also, obviously, we want to be doubly sure that we are correct in the future.

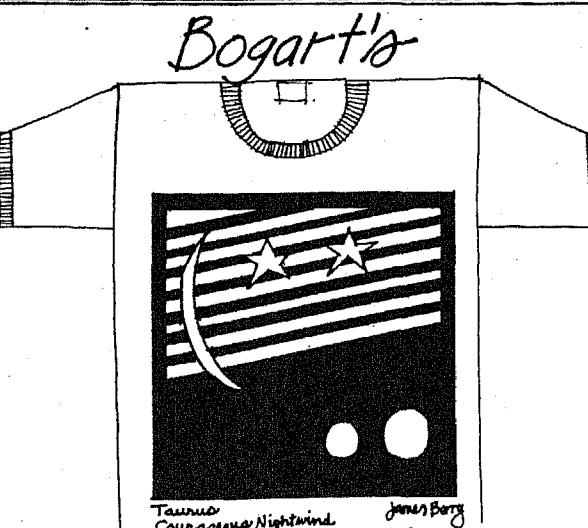


I want to emphasize that we are not poking fun at or being mean to anyone. Historically, islands attract a number of odd people whose antics enrich the lives of those around them. I think that the free and easy, relaxed tropical flavor of Key West has brought out the zaniness in a lot of people and, I stress, in NO way, are we saying that only some of the Conchs have been characters. Far from it. Our anecdote this time is about a wonderful rogue from Philadelphia named Winthrop Biddle. A few nice things came out of that anecdote, however. One was meeting Mrs. Valenzuela (I'd known her daughter for years) and meeting Mrs. Gonzalez (I had seen her on her front porch often and wondered who she was). Another was finding out and talking about a fine human, Jimmy Hyde. And one more thing.

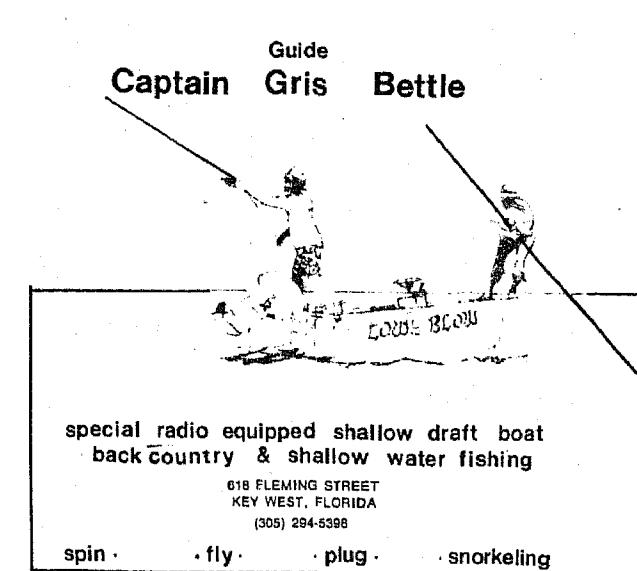
When Mrs. Valenzuela was putting me right about the article, she mentioned that she'd voted for me years ago when I'd run for City Commissioner. She said that she was so mad at me after reading the article that it reminded her of the story of the little girl who was being punished by her grandmother for using a bad word.

The grandmother told the little girl, who was feeding a cracker to her pet parakeet, that she would have to go to her room. The little girl asked, "Who told you?" The grandmother replied, "A little bird told me." Whereupon the little girl exploded and said, "And to think I've been feeding crackers to that S.O.B. all this time!"

And that was how Mrs. Valenzuela felt about having voted for me after reading the article. I hope she doesn't still feel that way.



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some remarks

An interesting program for the community is scheduled for the evening of May 10 at 7:00 at City Hall. The program will provide the people of Key West with a unique opportunity to express what they feel are their greatest concerns and needs at this time. This program is sponsored by the Key West Community Involvement Council and it will be known as the National Congress of Volunteerism and Citizenship. It is open to the public and is really a public forum.

This is how it works.

Here in Key West the major economic concerns remain the closing of the Naval Air Station and the opening of the Naval Base to city use and development. How do you react to this? What do you want to see done with the Navy base? Disney World? Jacques Cousteau headquarters? A U.S. Steel plant? A beautiful beach? What? Here is an opportunity to get total input from the community on these issues.

The first step then is to discuss both our local problems and probable solutions to them.

Then the agenda developed from these local forums will be the basis of the Congressional District Forums, which are being scheduled this summer in each of the nation's 435 U.S. Congressional districts and Washington, D.C.

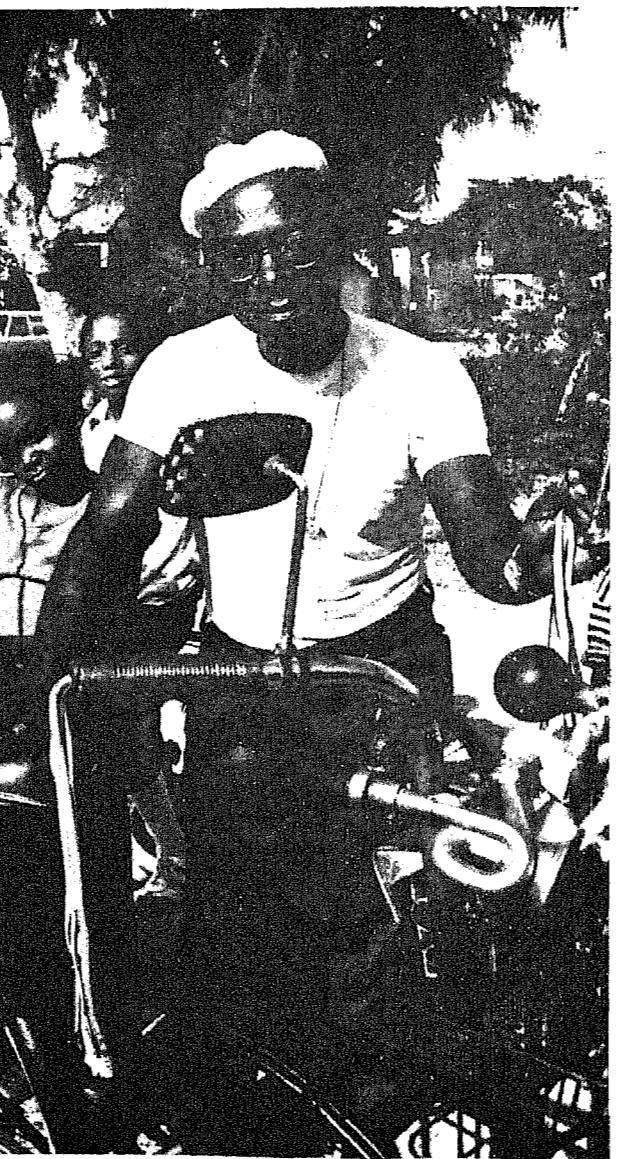
Next, representatives from these District Forums will be elected to attend the National Congress in Nov. in Wash. D.C. to discuss an agenda based on the findings and recommendations of the Local and District Forums. Delegates to this National Congress will formulate final resolutions and recommendations for action.

Finally, State Conventions will follow in 1977, offering the opportunity to relate the findings of the National Congress to the specific needs of each state and its communities.

This is an expansion of the American way of action through town meetings, concerned citizens, action groups, etc., going as it does from the local to the state to the national levels and then back down again from the national to the state, then to the local.

An excellent local man named Isadore "Izzie" Weintraub is in charge of the program. Please remember that it is scheduled May 10 at 7:00 at City Hall. Open to the public. Please come.

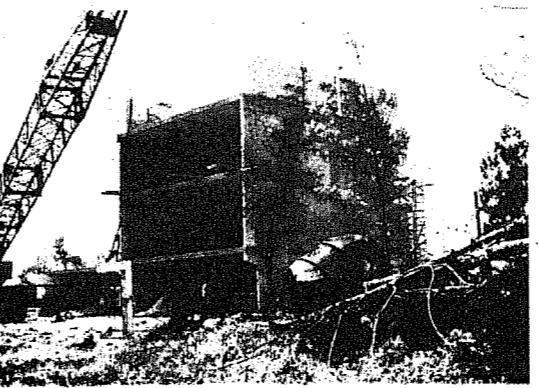
I was very upset when the photo of Sam didn't come out clearly. It was a good shot but something went wrong when we were preparing it for the newspaper. I promised Sam and I promised myself especially that I would get another photo of Sam and put it in the paper. The other photos that I did get didn't please me quite so much as the first one did so I've decided to re-run it. Hopefully, this time Solares Hill will have a good photo reproduction in the paper of our friend Sam.



— rest beach editorial continued —

The townhouse development on the ocean front at Rest Beach in Key West has continued unabated in spite of written protests to the Mayor of Key West and to the Director of the Building Service Department of the city. The editorial and feature article in our April edition of Solares Hill have likewise had little effect on our public officials. There has been citizen response to our editorial and Solares Hill hopes to move more positively in the next few weeks to cause the city officials to take some action on the development.

There appear to be four major areas of possible violations. One is townhouse violations; the second, coastal set-back violation; the third, water hook-up violations; and the fourth is dredge and fill violations.



TOWNHOUSES

With the issuance of the third and fourth building permits and commencement of construction on the first three connecting lots, any doubts that these are townhouses, as defined by the city's Building and Zoning Ordinance 69-29, seem to be dispelled. The city ordinance describes townhouses as a group of three or more one-family dwelling units with adjoining (side) fire walls, constructed upon separate lots with separate utility services.

At press time the first unit at 1334 Atlantic Blvd., had progressed to nearly full height with two elevated living-area floors and a roof patio area topped with a seven-foot parapet wall. It is thirty feet wide and appears to have reached the planned height of 37 feet, which is itself a violation of the building code which limits the height of townhouses to 30 feet. Next door, the second unit at 1332 Atlantic, had reached one story

and the third unit at 1330 Atlantic had its foundations in place. Each of these houses is 30 feet wide on a 30 foot wide lot.

By law, any townhouse development requires a Special Exception from the Board of Adjustment and this has not been attained.

COASTAL CONSTRUCTION SETBACK LINES

The State of Florida's Coastal Construction Setback Law, Florida Statute 161.052, requires a 50-foot setback from the high water line on sand beaches. The developer is apparently attempting to squeeze his buildings into the narrow strip of ocean-front land to conform to this law. His initial plans called for buildings 30 feet wide and 56 feet deep. The footings at 1334 and 1332 Atlantic followed these plans giving coastal setbacks of only about 36 feet and 33 feet respectively. After complaints were filed with the State of Florida on February 15th, the developer apparently switched building plans in favor of buildings only 40 feet deep, cutting 16 feet off the rear of the buildings.

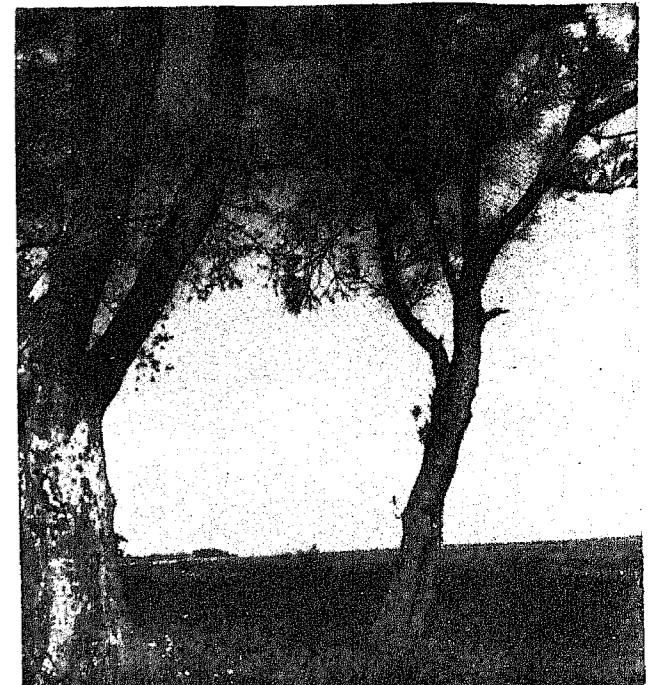
When Solares Hill asked the city for copies of the plans on about February 23rd, it was forced to wait a week, and then on March 1st it was furnished plans for buildings only 40 feet deep. The original plans on file with the city on February 2nd depicted two-story buildings, 30 feet wide by 56 feet deep containing 3360 square feet of floor space. The substitute plans only account for 2400 square feet of living space although the last two building permits continue to call for 3360 square feet.

However, reducing the building depth to 40 feet allows the first unit at 1334 Atlantic to barely fit within a 50-foot coastal setback. But, since the building lots diminish in depth by about 3 feet per lot as the water line meanders inshore, the second unit would appear to violate the 50-foot coastal setback requirement, as would all the rest of the planned units.

The Florida Division of Beaches and Shores had promised to investigate the alleged Rest Beach violation. As of this writing, its director William Carlton has not yet done so.

WATER CONNECTIONS

The developer had apparently secured two water connection permits from the Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority for his first two units at 1334 and 1332 Atlantic before the latest water moratorium became effective.



A water connection has already been partially made, it appears, as evidenced by the ditch the contractor has cut across Atlantic Boulevard. FKAA financial records, however, as of April 15th, indicated that the \$1,000 system development fees had not yet been paid. FKAA Executive Director Royal Newman has stated that no more permits will be issued unless the water moratorium is lifted. The propriety of issuing even the first two permits has been questioned in representations to Newman, to FKAA Attorney Feldman, and to members of the Authority, in February. The Authority, in a split vote, decided to authorize the permits on the basis that the city had issued building permits as single residences and that it wasn't the Authority's prerogative to decide the propriety of building permits issued by the city.

However, in administering water permits for construction in the county, the FKAA had, by resolution, limited such permits to RU-1 zones, detached single family residences. The equivalent to this zone in Key West is R-1A and R-1B, detached single family dwelling units, and the townhouses being built on Rest Beach are certainly not detached dwelling units.

DREDGE AND FILL

The legal description of the Rest Beach townhouse development on file at the County Courthouse, describes the tract as long (831.5 feet) and narrow (72 feet to 160 feet deep). However the tract includes about 15 feet of ocean bottom at the east end.

Thus over 25 percent of the land is under water at high tide. The developer has stated to Solares Hill that he intends to exercise his Riparian rights in accordance with state and federal law.

cont. on page 8

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JACQUES COUSTEAU

Research, education and action are the watchwords of the Cousteau Society. The organization was founded in 1974 by Philippe and Jacques Cousteau of undersea fame. Concerned about the growing need to preserve the water systems of the world and to reverse the present course of their destruction, the father and son team set up their non-profit society to broaden the base of activities needed to achieve these goals.

The Cousteaus remind us that the earth's vital water supply is limited. Water is not a self-renewing natural resource but part of a continuous cycle. The oceans are our main source of water and once they are fouled, we have nowhere else to turn for clean water. The oceans can cleanse themselves if given enough time, and then only from the degradable pollutants. Man is polluting the oceans faster than their slow and partial processes can correct. Action must be taken to avoid pollution at the source instead of trying to clean the rivers and the sea after they have been damaged.

We must soon organize the management of the sea instead of its plunder. This is the message the Cousteau Society carries to the people of the world.

According to Jacques Cousteau, human ignorance about the sea is a major reason for the deteriorating condition of our oceans. With this in mind he has dedicated 1976 to be a year of involvement for the 145,000 member-strong Cousteau Society. He forsees a year of more intimate participation of society members in developing activities.

Jacques and Philippe have inaugurated a series of "Involvement Day" programs. The first "Involvement Day" was held in Lakeland, Florida, on March 28, 1976. 7000 people from Florida, Georgia, and Alabama attended the one day conference.

Local businessman, Dexter Springstead, was one of them. He had attended as a representative of the Greater Key West Citizens Association in the capacity of vice-president. Because of limited space, Solares Hill is only reporting a small selection of the material Dexter brought back with him. Many topics were covered by twenty speakers throughout the fourteen hour day.

According to Dr. Betts of the U. of Florida, Florida could become a desert just like the great wheat fields of Africa had become the Sahara Desert 1500 years ago. Look at a world atlas and you will see that Florida, the Sahara Desert, and the dry regions of Mexico all lay within the same lati-



tudes. Florida is tropical only because of the Gulf Stream. Dr. Betts showed through scientific measurements that Floridians in 1975 consumed as much water as fell from the clouds - our only source of water.

Except for the panhandle, the rest of Florida, including the Keys, have no underground rivers, no artesian wells, no underground flowing water at all. There are underground holes, called aquifers, that trap rain water. We tap the aquifers with our wells. With our population and the number of water-using enterprises (industry and farms) increasing each year, we slowly deplete our water supply. As in economics, if we spend more than we take in, we go broke.

Carl Keeler, professor of Biology at Manatee College suggests, for one thing, that we use another type of toilet. Conventional toilets waste too much water and pollute our water as well. He states that Florida's rivers are already severely damaged from deadly asphalts and are further polluted by this raw or partially treated sewage.

Our estuaries are over-fertilized and out of balance. This causes deficiencies of oxygen which causes massive fish kills. Our waters are

and KEY WEST

by Bill Brunelle

more fragile than other areas because of higher temperatures. He states, "Water holds less oxygen the higher the water temperature."

Quick tidbits: Mr. Keeler noted that damming causes an increase of salinity. He said channelization of rivers causes bays to silt up.

World-wide, Keeler predicted that 5,000,000 tons of oil will flow into our environment in 1976. 85% of the oil flow will be from normal operation, i.e., all the wasted oil that gushes from a well before it is capped. One thousand tons will be spilled daily by ships on the oceans.

Mr. Keeler had noted that a nuclear power plant planned for Florida will use 500,000 gal. of water per minute to cool the reactors. The water temp. change will kill billions of microscopic organisms which are the basis of the food chain with man being on top. (Fish eat organisms, large fish eat smaller fish, we eat the fish.)

Keeler closed his talk by suggesting that we ask congress and industry questions about what is being dumped into our oceans and why.

Dr. Henry Kendall, professor of nuclear physics, M.I.T. stated that nuclear power plants were once thought to be the answer to all energy needs of the world. He said there are too many catastrophes possible and therefore, nuclear plants are an unacceptable risk. Dr. Kendall reminded the assembly that floating the nuclear plants out to sea should be out of the question. An accident could dump tons of material so dangerous, that a parti-

cle the size of a grain of pollen could cause cancer in a person.

Jacques Cousteau spoke on this next topic: On the ocean floor three miles off the coast of the resort and fishing town of Otranto, Italy, rests a rammed and sunken ship holding 900 drums of tetrachloro and tetrachloro lead. These compounds are used as anti-knock additives in gasoline and are the pollutants present in automobile exhaust. Both the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization and the National Academy of Sciences in the U.S. have ranked these compounds among the most lethal of chemical poisons.

When dispersed in seawater and metabolized in the fish we eat, the lead compounds can cause insomnia, emotional instability, and hallucinations. Should a drum leak in the hands of a diver or should children play close to a barrel washed up on the beach, convulsions, insanity, coma, and death could follow. The life expectancy of the drums is eight more years and the compounds are insoluble in water. No nation is taking responsibility for the recovery.

For more information on this last topic, read "Time Bomb - in the Mediterranean", by Jacques Cousteau in the 4/3/76 issue of Saturday Review at the library.

For more information on the Cousteau Society, stop in and chat with Dexter at his Royal Standard Pub on Duval.

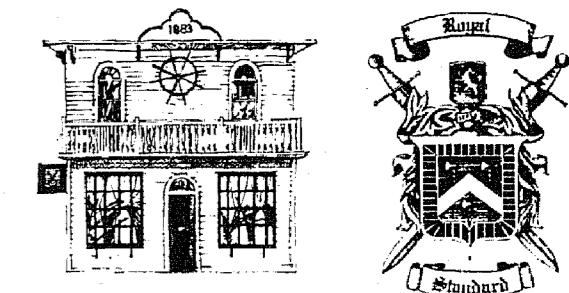
During the Involvement Day program, Key Wester Bob Deans viewed Cousteau's most recent production,

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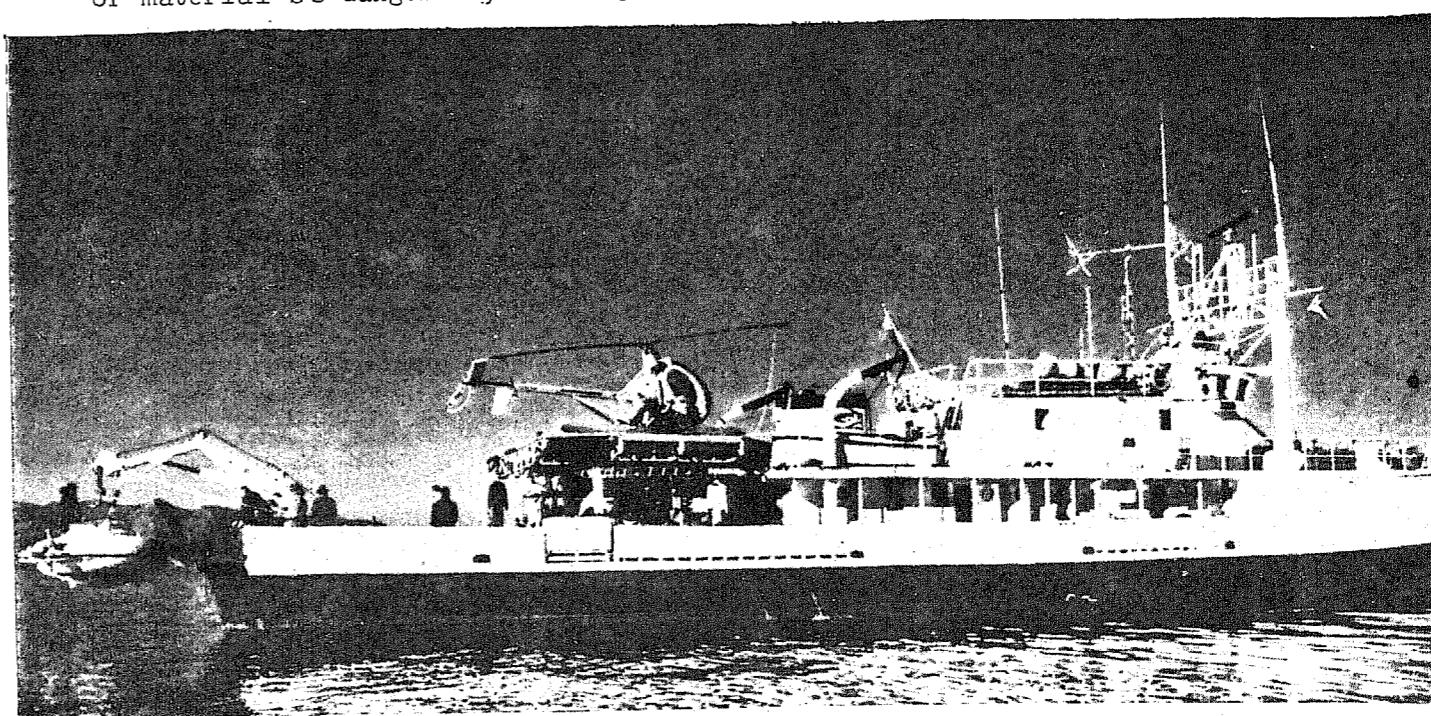
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GOOD PEOPLE

Alfred "Scottie" Scott and his wife, Iva, recently had the terrible experience of having their house burn down. The fire destroyed all their possessions as well. Monday, the 22nd of March was the date this happened.

At first it was felt that the building might be partially salvaged but the damage was total. By the 25th most of the wreckage was hauled away.

"Scottie" and his wife, Iva, are both local people, born and raised here. He's worked for K.B.C. and the Spottswoods and is now retired. Being burned out is bad enough at any time but when you're getting up in years (Scottie is in his 70's) it can be worse.

But some beautiful wheels began to turn. The NAACP held a dance that Sunday night to aid the Scotts and raised over \$1000 for them.

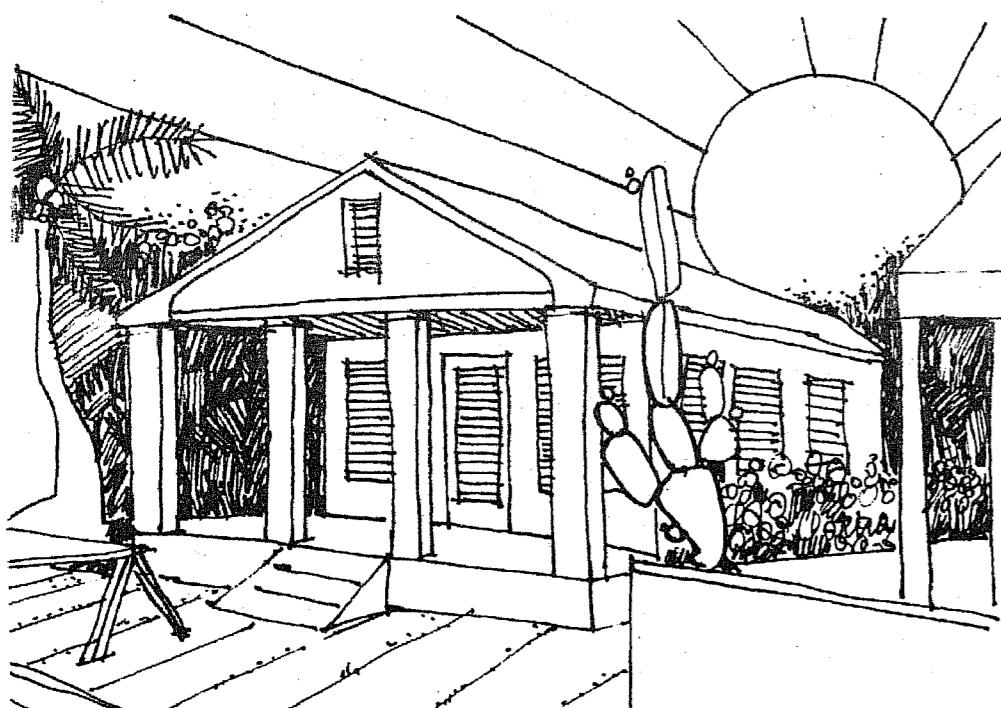
The Trujillo Grocery raised money to help as did Marion Stevens, who also donated furniture and a piano. Another lady donated the furniture from her house when she moved. Then a refrigerator and a stove were given.

This form of generous giving is thankfully, a fairly frequent occurrence these days.

But at the same time these good people were opening their purses and hearts to the Scotts, a group of volunteers assembled and began to rebuild the Scott's house for them. Literally from the ashes of the 22nd of March, a fully framed-out, wired, and plumbed house now stands - and all this in less than a month from the fire!

People passing by have seen dozens of different people pitching in and helping; along with professionals for electricity, plumbing and carpentry, many people just came to help wherever they were needed.

An incomplete list of the volunteers includes some very well known names in the community. For example there is Wm. "Bill" Butler, Tom Major, James "Steelhead" Allen, Clarence Skeens, Robert "Rooster" Barnett, Carl "Hoxie" Allen, Philip Allen, Joseph "Mullet" Allen, Leonard "Uncle" Allen, Lee "Joe" Whyns, Kenny "Barrogo" Rahming, Bob Kiteler, Otie "Blank" Rahming, Oscar Fabel, Manuel Fernandez, Bif Soldado, Alfred "Podudo" Hall, Francisco Johnson Sr. and Jr., Gregory Lopes, Frank "Rudy" Leggett, Al Curry, Randolph Johnson.



FRONT ROW: William "Gum" Allen, Harry "Sugar" Allen, Kenneth "Barrogo" Rahming, Alfred Scott, Sylvester Murphy, Sr., Sherman Davis; BACK ROW: Bobby Brown, "Joe" Whyns, Sylvester Murphy, Jr., Carl Allen, Bob Kiteler, Cisco Johnson, Alfred Hall.

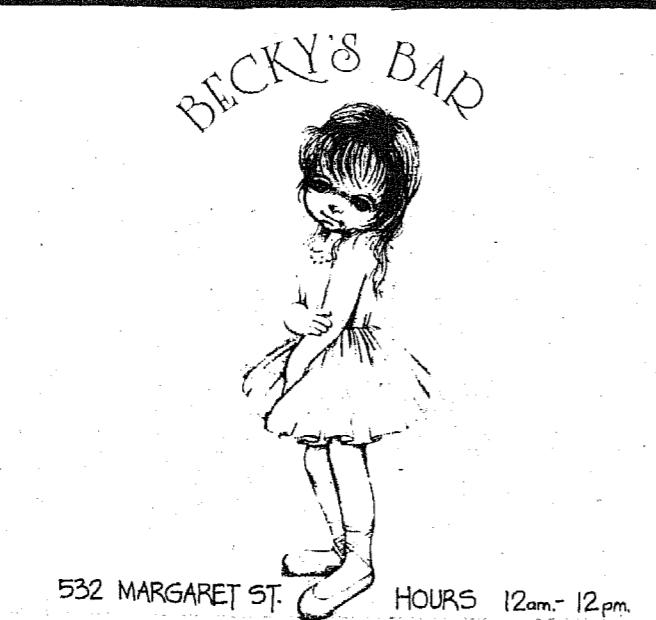
Let's take a breather here and put in the names of some of the women who have kept the men eating on the job. There is Annette Barnett, Joan Leggett, Vera Butler, Leona Williams, Barbara Whyns, Mystic Tynes, etc.

Again some more names of the men who pitch in: Ray Diaz, Peter "Mr. Pita" Lopez, Ralph Estenes, Willie Ward, Sylvester "Big Mac" Murphy, Sr., Sylvester "Little Mac" Murphy, Jr., Ray Allen, Pepe Allen, Danny Garcia, "Louie" Canahallo, James Curry, Solomon "Ruster" Scott, George Albury, Mario Davila, Jack Knowles, Raymond Leffiatte, Cecil Vanila, Louis Tynes, William Curry, Henry Roberts, Howard Cook, Philip "Fee" Allen, Charles "Bookie" Allen, Charles "Poom-Poom" Lopez, Lefay "Butch" Allen, Harry "Syrup" Allen, Melvin "Willie" Bell, Oscar "Shampoo" Basz and overall job supervisor, Alvin "Grasshopper" Scott, son of "Scottie".

The list goes on. "Grasshopper" expects the job to be completed in just another ten days. When asked how they were able to rebuild the house exactly as it had been (Mrs. Scott is blind and the layout of the house will be identical to her old one), "Grasshopper" replied that Roger Swift made a plan of the rooms after the fire and before they were bulldozed down and hauled away.

"Grasshopper" hangs above the door is a hand painted sign donated by a girl named Doreen. It is a take-off on Mad Dog 20-20 Wine and says ANOTHER SERIOUS JOB BY MD 20-20 CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

Some really nice things happen in Key West. And some really nice people make them happen.



SOUTHERNMOST BICENTENNIAL ACTION LINE

Dear Fannie-Bessie,
Can you advise a newcomer how to stay out of the clutches of the law here?

Law Abiding

Dear Law Abiding,
Instant legal kit:

1. Don't swim the current to Christmas Tree Island holding a lid over your head.
2. Don't hang about on Aisle One in Faustos Food Palace whistling Jimmy Buffet's "Peanut Butter Conspiracy".
3. Don't run down to Dog Beach with your dog.

Dear Fannie-Bessie,
I have joined Great Books seminars in seven U.S. cities. I would like to know what is the most consuming intellectual interest here?

Unsigned

Dear Unsigned,
Where's Bum?

Dear Fannie-Bessie,
Any creative ideas how to make a living off the crowds at Mallory Square Sunset?

Ambitious

Dear Ambitious,
A Southernmost Bicentennial rental booth offering:

- Pair of barber clippers
- Good back scratcher
- Hari Krishna T shirts
- Gift certificate to Guidance Clinic of the Lower Keys

Dear Fannie-Bessie,
How can I show in kindness and brotherly love my gratitude to this singular island paradise where I have found love and tranquility?

Joyful

Dear Joyful,
Don't squawk if you walk up onto some soul breaking into your Mark IV with his hand on your tape deck. He may be looking for his lost tennis ball.

Dear Fannie-Bessie,
A man at the electrical shop installed the radio in my Volkswagen. There is just one thing wrong: It will only play when I am in reverse. I consider such service is disgraceful.

Mad

Dear Mad,
Oh, so you are the one I spied backing up and down Riviera Drive with music wafting from your windows! Easy does it.

Dear Fannie-Bessie,
Any creative ideas how to make a living off the crowds at Mallory Square Sunset?

Ambitious

(Editor's note: If you discover yourself plunging into an unparalleled decline, you are invited to put your problem up to Fannie-Bessie, your Southernmost Bicentennial Mama-Security-Blanket. She will give it all she's got.)

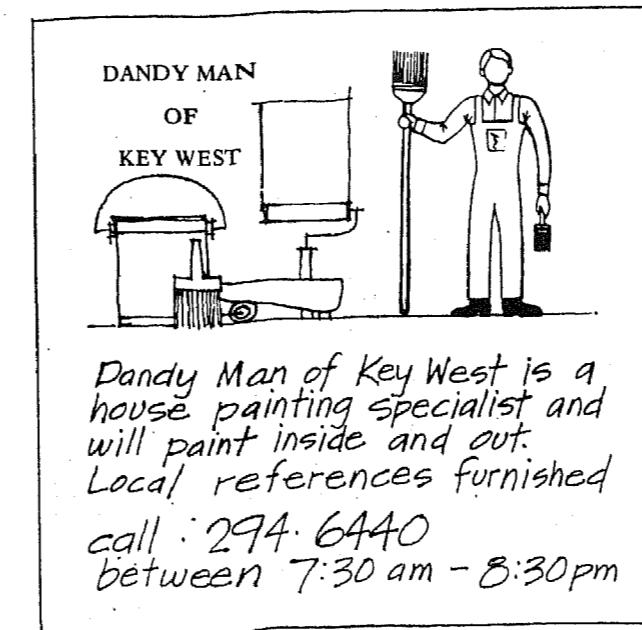


Inside, church is on the perch,

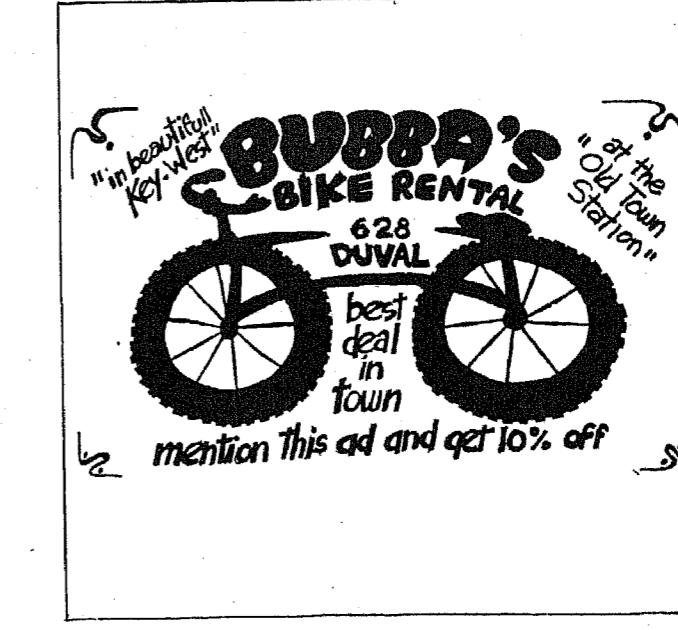
But

Outside, church is everywhere.

Phoebe Coan



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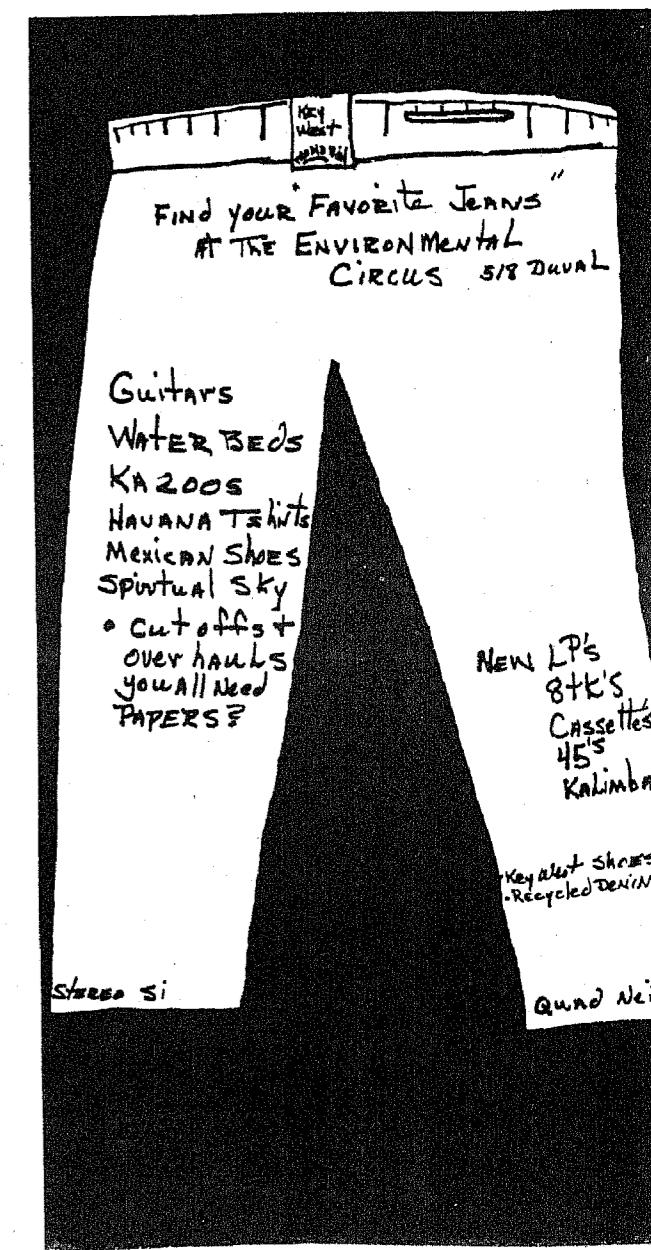
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Old Island Anecdote

by Bud Jacobson

There is probably some mysterious magnetic force at work that seems to cast a spell over all the islands on the earth, especially island communities like Key West, that seem to attract and hold for years the oddballs and eccentrics among the two-legged human species.

Beachcombers and sun worshippers are a breed apart. So many have landed in Key West and never left.

One of them, now gone to his own eternal beachcombing paradise, was a scion of one of America's oldest, most distinguished and wealthiest families--the Biddles of Philadelphia--the family that playwright Philip Barry immortalized in his humorous show, *The Philadelphia Story*, some years back.

Winthrop Biddle was the proverbial black sheep, one of the most colorful of the old rascals that came down the pike--and most of the stories about Win Biddle and his mad escapades were told by him.

His Key West adventures were a source of grief and headaches to the local authorities with whom, after a short time, he was on a first-name basis because they saw so much of him.

But he was on a first name basis with most everyone, and one of his staunchest friends from his "old life", as he called it, was the late U.S. Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine, whose kindly heart managed to come to the aid and comfort of Win Biddle in many of his erratic scrapes with the local law.

Biddle had been a commander in the Navy in WW II and cut a fine figure of a man for his age, although an old back injury caused a stoop as he walked.

He sported a bristling mustache, trimmed neatly, looking very like a British general slogging across the sand on South Beach. Tanned face, mischievous blue eyes, wavy silver hair and a muscular physique made him a hit with a gaggle of the older ladies on the beach.

Being from that fine Philadelphia family, Biddle was born and bred an Episcopalian out of the old Peter Arno mold. Sunday evenings in Key West, some years ago, used to be given over to church services and all the bars had to shut down between six and nine P.M. St. Paul's then

held Sunday evening services and among the few but steady parishioners who were there Sunday evening was Win Biddle.

Now being down on his luck, as Biddle was most of the time, he'd murmur, "the Lord provides", and as the collection plate passed him it would go on down the pew just a bit lighter than when it arrived.

In his day he'd figured out nearly every freebie around town--how to run a tab at Pepe's Cafe, how to get a free shower and shave (and do a little laundry) at the old Standard Oil docks, how to mail his letters without using a stamp--he'd simply scrawl his name where the stamp should go, a franking privilege he figured he had coming--how to bum a buck from tourists on the waterfront who loved his weird tales of strange local happenings.

After that, he'd sip a little wine on Caroline with his pals like Joe Plummer, Harry (the engraver) Golden, Kitty Gray, K.K., and others.

One of the most remarkable facets of Win Biddle's personality, something that ranked him in the forefront of those individuals tagged as "characters", might have been his amazing brass when it came to pulling the stunts he did--and getting clean away, usually with a laugh from the victim or some derogatory observation about "Old man Biddle", and his latest escapade.

One of his last forays into the devilish tricks he would get up to was his impersonation as a newspaperman, one late night in Key West.

Biddle had been visiting with his friend, the newspaper reporter, and was given a ride back to his digs.

While in the car, Biddle apparently spotted the newsman's PRESS card attached to the sun visor inside the car, and later that night, with the car parked in front of the reporter's home, Biddle came past.

Cool as he usually was, Biddle opened the car door, sat in the passenger's seat and rifled the glove compartment, "borrowing", as he later admitted sheepishly to the news reporter, a handful of heavy black copy pencils and the reporter's notebook.

To back him up, Biddle also lifted the PRESS card.

From there, he hiked his way through town to the open-all-night Royal Castle



It was the day of his daughter's wedding, he used to say. Win Biddle was all decked out in swallowtail coat, striped trousers, pearl-gray waistcoat, and a rich silk tie held by a pearl stick pin, when he was "taken with a terrible thirst", an hour before the church bells tolled the wedding march.

He slipped away for a dram or two, he'd say, and that was the last he was seen in Philly for some time to come. It put the cork in the bottle, so to speak, and Biddle was on his way to Key West.

Win Biddle had a lot to say about many subjects and loved to write his friends but it would cost you a six-cent stamp if you wanted to read his deathless prose or poetry--the post office took offense at his franking privileges. If he was in a generous mood about the postal service, he'd sometimes glue a canceled stamp on his communiqué.

Biddle's sentiments about Key West politics, persons or places were often inflammatory and, at times, even obscene. He was a man of his word, he'd say.

When things got tough, he'd appear at the front door of whatever friend lived near his digs, looking healthy as a horse, and in exchange for a little libelous gossip he'd bum a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk--"but if you've got anything stronger, I won't object", he would add quickly with a charming smile.

One of his many friends and acquaintances in those years was the late John M. Spottswood who was sheriff when Biddle was in his heyday on the beach. His frequent stopevers in the old county jail caused John some painful headaches.

It was another evening on the town for Win Biddle and part of the act, of course, was bacon and eggs at the expense of somebody in the crowd of admirers.

No one was ever too sure how he managed to crumple a couple dollar bills in his sun-bleached britches to pay his "rent" at 411 William Street, or in a room on Kelsey Lane.

Most of the time, he slept out on the beach and loved it.

He was no shrinking violet when it came to telling stories about his

checkered career in high society up north and one of his favorites was about his final break with the family.

Win Biddle would demand attention. He knew most everybody in the calaboose and could wrangle phone calls to his pals on the outside for cigarettes and stationery.

Then one year the locals grew so weary of his disruptions along the waterfront, they pointed out the way out and said: Go. Well, he was "taken with a terrible thirst", an hour before the church bells tolled the wedding march.

He slipped away for a dram or two, he'd say, and that was the last he was seen in Philly for some time to come. It put the cork in the bottle, so to speak, and Biddle was on his way to Key West.

Some months later the word filtered back to Key West that Win Biddle had outlasted his welcome in New Orleans and the relative bought him a bicycle for his return journey to Key West.

A few miles out of the Crescent City, biking along the highway with his pack on his back, a fast-moving truck sideswiped Biddle and, according to the story he later told his friends, he was hurled head-first into a nearby tree. When he woke from that little trauma, lo and behold, Win Biddle was in a hospital and the blow had joggled his mind into a quiet phase.

Win came back to Key West, after that, took to wearing glasses, clean clothes, lived quietly in a trailer home, read a great deal and in general calmed down from his old raucous days.

He outgrew it, though, and when he left Key West back in the mid-60's for a trip to up north he packed all his worldly gear, this time in a supermarket shopping basket on wheels and marched along the highways and byways.

On the New Jersey turnpike, in the darkness of night, Win Biddle was hit and killed by a passing car that never stopped.

Something of the amazing force and effect of Win Biddle's personality may have come through from the next world.

Jessie Watkins, the lovely lady who managed General Delivery for the local Post Office--Biddle was one of her favorite customers when he'd appear for his mail, or a check from home--told Solares Hill that one day she was working in her garden when she "heard Mr. Biddle's voice" speaking to her.

Mrs. Watkins looked around but there was no one there.

The following day, she said, she learned of Biddle's death on the New Jersey highway.

Months later Miss Watkins received a letter from an Episcopal minister in the Virgin Islands. It read as follows:

Did you notice in a recent Time the account of the death of Winthrop Biddle, one of the Philadelphia mainliners who traded his family's wealth for a drifter's life? We had him around here for some time recently sleeping back of the church and pushing around a grocery cart with all his possessions in it. He was twice at worship - 74 and in shorts, bearded, clean, and steady-eyed. He ate at our table, played the piano, picked our flowers and then gave the bouquet to Jan as a gift. I got his Social Security check for him from the mainland and once got him out of the Fort (the jail). About the day he was killed by a car as he pushed another grocery cart on a country road in Jersey, I had a call from an airline, asking about him. He had given a cheque and said he was associated with me. His Chase Manhattan account was closed out, the airplane discovered. If my name helped for one of his last free airlifts, I'm not sorry. He was daft, full of wonderful demolishing tales of the Biddles loaded with incredible stories of his World War I and II experiences in the Navy from which he emerged a commander. And he wanted a copy of the first sermon he heard me preach. There are more incredible people per square feet here than any other place I've been - he was one of the more incredible.

After the things he did here and lived through, I was sure he was immortal. His angel must have sat napped in sheer exhaustion that day in Jersey, and we mourn his inattention.

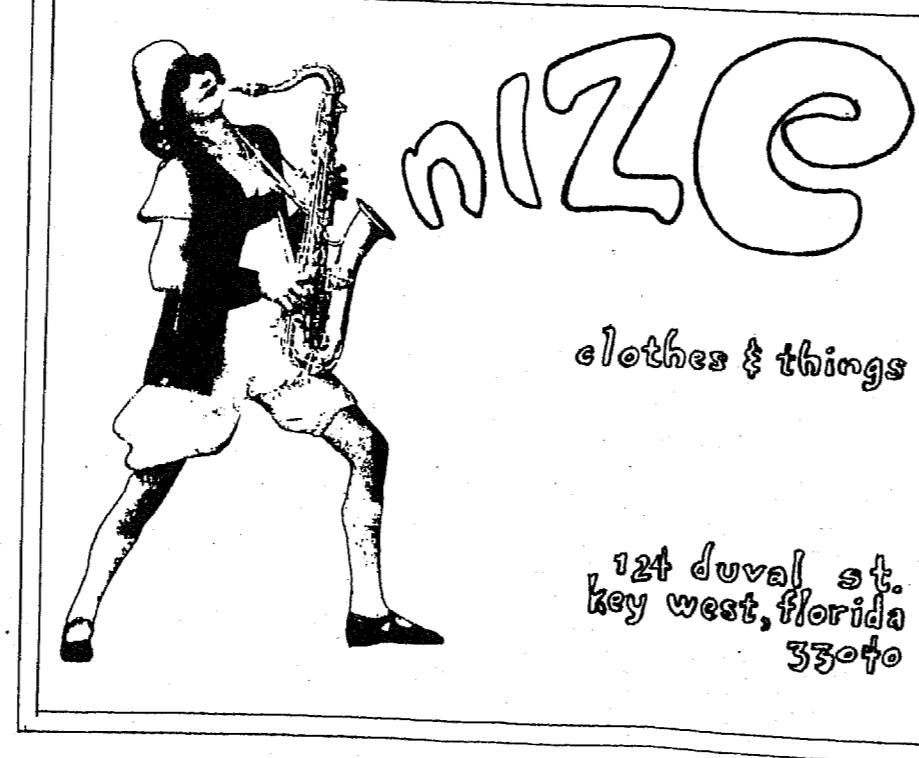
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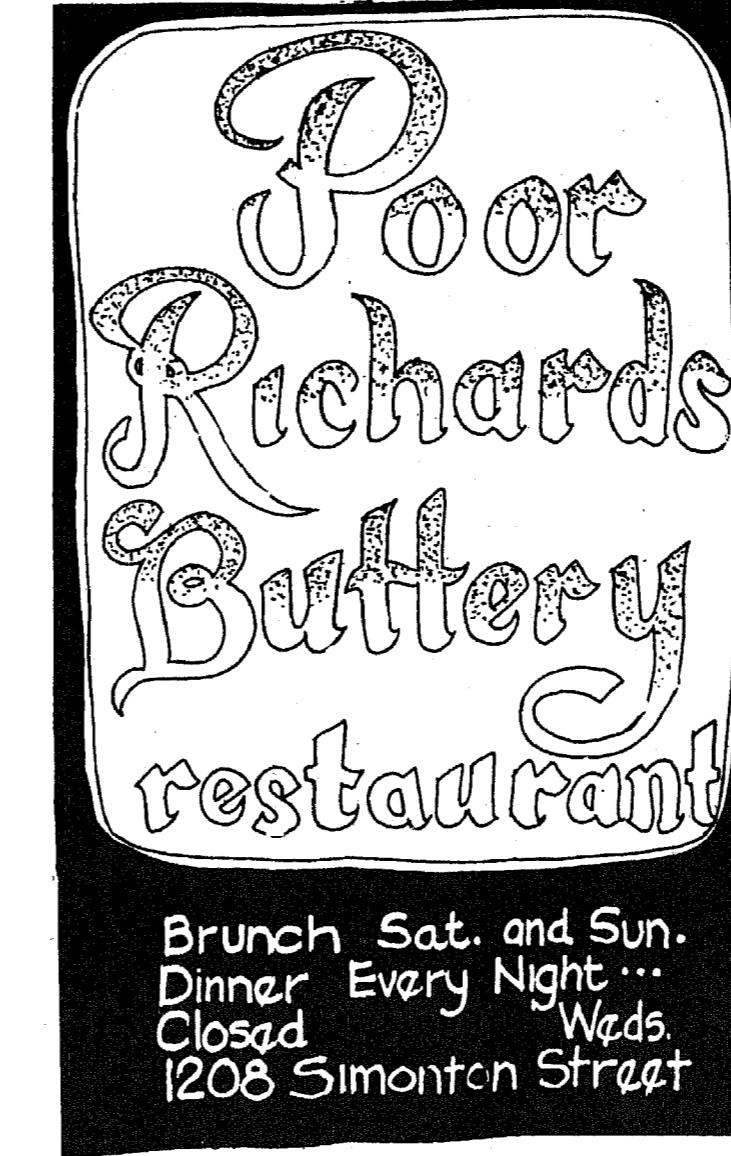


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THE ART OF WELL DIGGING

written by Michael Prewitt

illustrated by Jerry Miller

Artist's Note:

To prevent an anticipated dispute at the patent office in D.C. involving certain highly competitive local diggers, specific components of this machine have been classified CONFIDENTIAL by the inventor.

These components, all part of the highly sophisticated vertical shaft assembly which is essential for operation, have been omitted from this sketch in accordance with the regulations of the classification.

It is therefore necessary to make maximum utilization of one's imagination to accurately visualize the intricate beauty of this machine in full operation.

Oh, the man that invented that steam drill,
Thought he was mighty fine
John Henry made his fourteen feet
The steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord,
The steam drill only made nine.

- The Ballad of John Henry

This is the story of a giant of a man and his craft, a crafty inventor and his machine, and a blistered reporter after him digging wells.

Well-digging has always been a vital enterprise in Key West. Although slightly optimistic about the depth needed to reach sweet water, John Lee Williams, in 1837 reported in, *The Territory of Florida*:

"Wells of fresh water may be obtained in any part of the island by cutting through the limestone rock from six to ten feet."

If Mr. Williams were around today he would have to dig as far as 32 feet on top of Solares Hill to reach sweet water. But there is fresh water under almost any part of the island.

With only cisterns for the storage of rain water for drinking, the well became a vital source of water from the first days of this island's settlement. Today this vital trade is pursued by only four Key Westers. This reporter ventured out to re-discover the art of well-digging from two of these noted craftsmen. With only minor wounds on his hands, upper arms and back, the novice well-digger takes pen in blistered hand to fill you, dear reader, in on this long forgotten art.

As with any craft which is sharpened to a fever pitch of skill and acumen, the art of well-digging has proponents of differing techniques.

Henry Poole is well-digging technician, the old calculating inventor-digger who is about to revolutionize well-digging on this island with the machine which is partially pictured in the adjacent drawing. Henry, or Father as he is called by most Conchs and many Key Westers, has been digging wells for over thirty years. He has dug hundreds and he claims he would be the favorite in any contest of well-digging because he is experienced. Father explained many of the ins and outs (ups and downs) of digging to me in an afternoon dig back of Bill Geyser's place on Simonton Street. His machine, still in the works, Father was relying on his hand tools (also his inventions).

The drill bit is a steel bit, shaped like a canoe paddle blade, about four inches wide. This bit is connected to an eight foot pipe shaft; total weight of this assembly - approximately twenty pounds. On top of the shaft are threads to attach another eight foot shaft - total weight of the two pipe sections and bit 35 pounds. For the 32 foot-deep well he dug on Solares Hill, Father used five sections of pipe - about 60 pounds of drill rig.

That's why Father has done a lot of scheming and come up with his digging machine. Driven by a lawnmower engine commanded from the Stock Island used parts department (City Dump), the digging machine will lift the bit and then drop it into the hole. Father will stand to the right of the machine, smoke cigarettes, and grin a lot.

But so much for dreaming. At Bill Geyser's, Father explained the full process: "Now this island is a rock, so you've got to break up that rock to get to the water. I use my drill bit and when the hole is a few inches deep, I start pouring water into the hole. This water helps break down the rock. Now see this tube. This tube is my pump. I've got a little piece of leather hinge on the bottom which makes a flap. This flap opens when water and the rock comes in and then closes by force of the tube's contents. You know, it's a trap. Now when I've broken up quite a lot of this rock into fine sand, I put down this pump and drain the hole." By this time Father had the pump filled with creamy white liquid which he poured out on the ground like he was pouring pancake batter on a skillet.

"This here is like cement. Holds tight. I use it when I put in my casings. Holds them in the hole just like cement."

Father's stroke is as practiced and as consistent as Arnold Palmer's or Ted William's. Pull up on the shaft, hold it over the head, let the bit drop giving it a final force with a slight flex of the knee. When he's humming, Father works the bit twenty times a minute.

"One time I was working for Roberts' Plumbing and I had to do this well around back of Olivia Street. There used to be an old grocery there. I got off work at 5:30, I remember. And I told them I'd have that well in by dark."

Father is taking a cigarette break; Geyser's well is four feet deep; Father's shirt is soaked through.

"Of course they didn't believe me, so I set out with all the power I had. Now that well was 16 feet deep and I had sweet water by nightfall. Even had time to hook up the pump. Now that couldn't have been more than an hour. Sixteen feet. Probably less than an hour. Got dark early then; I remember."

Father is back now pouring water down Geyser's hole. The stroke is slower in the late July heat.

"Maybe I'll spend some time on that machine tonight."

He sat on his front porch and told me that he didn't want publicity.

"What'll that do for me? I don't want any publicity. I got enough business now. Publicity will just mean more people knocking on my door, getting me up from the table."

An hour later we were still on the porch. He loves to talk about well-digging but he doesn't want any publicity. Call him John Henry. He's 6'3-1/4". He's got those biceps that keep going right down to the forearm. He'll be 60 years old in August.

"I've been digging wells for 41 years. Over 400 wells in Key West, quite naturally." John Henry, although from Key West, speaks with the Bahamian lilt of his parents and grandparents.

"Bahamian wells are those open wells. Open and wide. You dig them with a crowbar and it takes six months to do. But the Bahamians didn't know any better when they came, so they dug those open artesian wells. Now my gadget is a handy one quite naturally. I carry it on my bicycle. My gadget is handy and can go in among the dwellings, you know. Quite handy. The city has a big gadget, but it can't dig where I can."

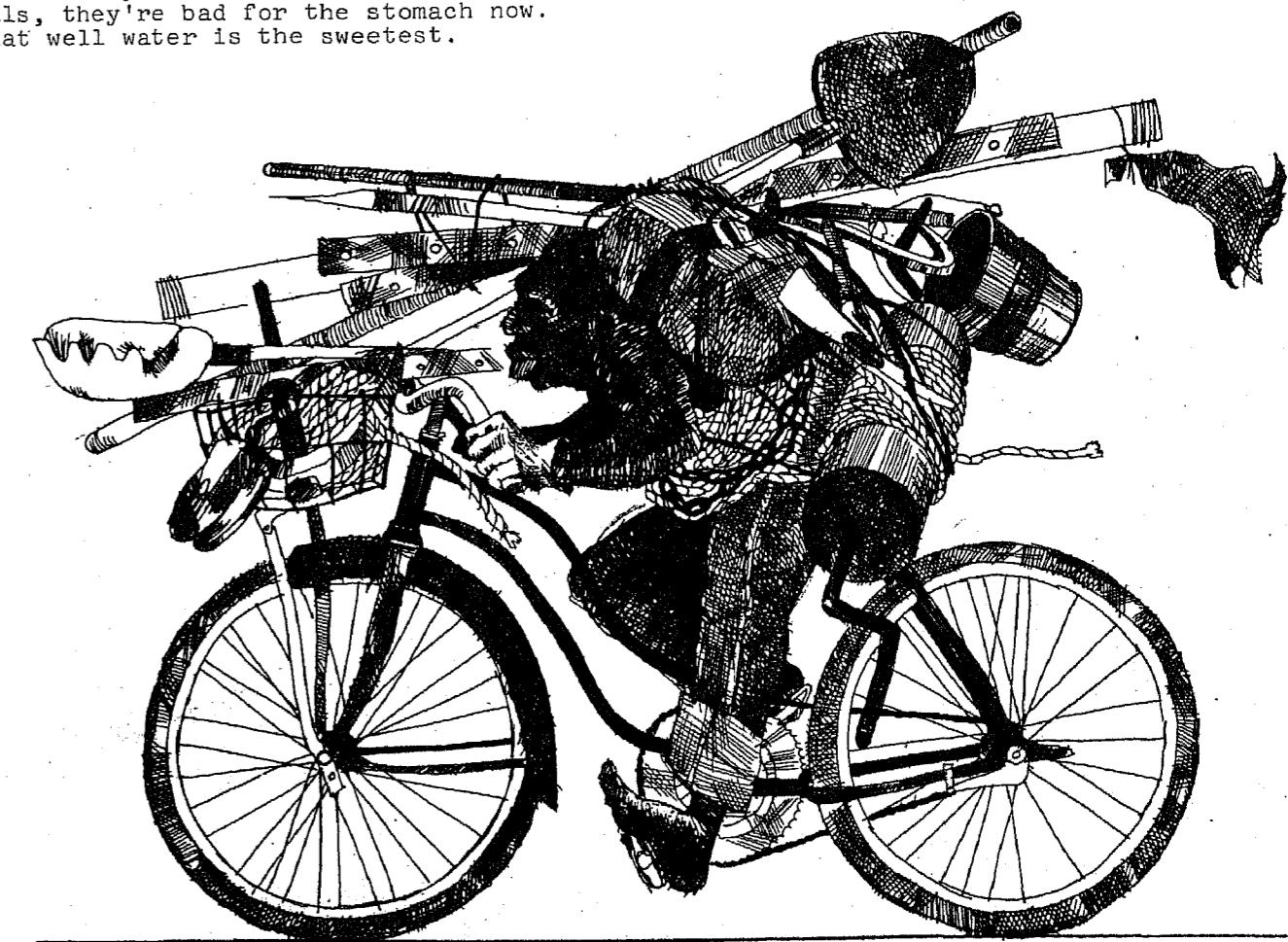
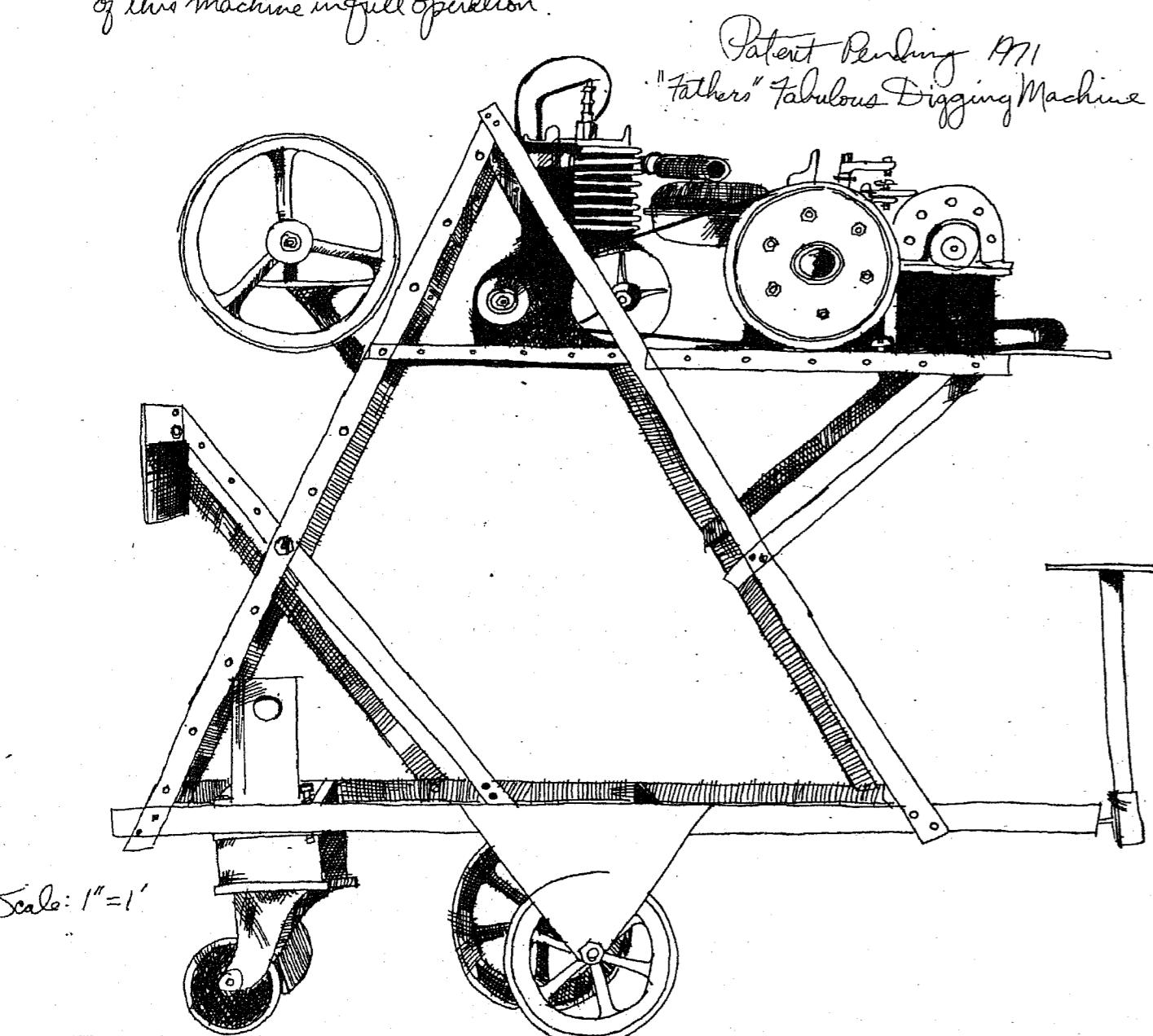
John Henry sees the city as his competition. John Henry vs. the Aqueduct Commission. His business comes from word of mouth. Undercover. But John Henry knows the island and its water. He's a great believer in the strength of God and nature.

"Look at me now. I've been drinking that sweet water for all my life and I'm strong now. That's water from the ground now. God Almighty gave you these springs to use - quite naturally, they're the best water. With the Aqueduct water, you don't know what you get. Chlorine, other chemicals, they're bad for the stomach now. That well water is the sweetest."

"Sweeeeest water!!" Father just struck water. From Fausto's to City Electric pedestrians are wondering at the bellow coming from 412 Simonton Street. The digging is over. Now comes the delicate part. We see a flaw in the cold, scheming inventor.

"These waters will flow and flow. You can't pump them dry. But I've got to bless this one before I hook up the pump. The blessing is the most important part. Honey is what I use. God says in the Bible that honey's the sweetest thing. So I use honey to keep the well sweet. Stick with God and His way. His water is good. His water is sweet. Good for the kidneys. I've never had a stomach ailment."

Father packs up his bit and his pump. He's got to get home. There's a machine out back which will transform the art of well-digging for evermore.

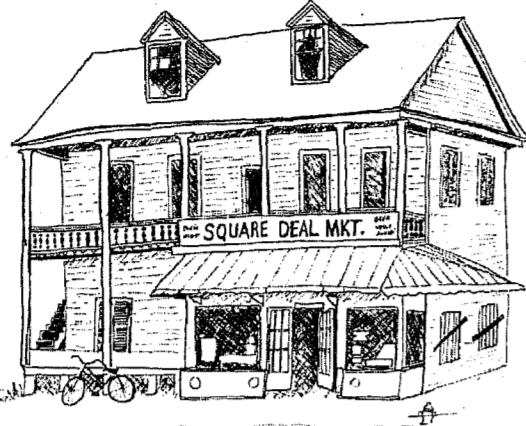


OLIVIA STREET

Seemingly frustrated in her flow between Gulf and Sea, Olivia Street begins as a dusty dead-end, unnaturally truncated by the chain link and barbed wire of the Key West Naval Station. Exotic looking pyramids, vine choked and in ruin, rise up between the fence and the longed-for Atlantic. At their summits, swaybacked, weathered constructions of indeterminate usage falter under a tropical sun.

Still pondering the mystery of these unapproachable and, yet, apparently forgotten mounds, one turns to face a more familiar Key West. A small black man with neatly combed-back grey hair sits on a little packing crate on his front porch, almost in the shadow of these alien structures. I eye the "beware of dog" sign on the picket fence, and, after spotting said dog unconscious in a patch of shade, strike up a conversation. The little man rises politely, almost with pleasure, to explain about the huge cranes and the dredging operation which worked a long time connecting the island where Civil War Fort Taylor was built to the island of Key West and about the "big guns" which used to occupy those strange hills. "They been gone a long time," he told me. "They took 'em out in '45, I think it was, just after the war. The ground used to shake all around here when they fired 'em. But times change, you know, now they got bigger guns and someplace else." I can see that this end of Olivia used to be quite an exciting place. Now it seems impossibly peaceful. My friend introduces himself as Omego Green (Omego from the Bible). Then he begins calling for Mamie to come meet me, and I prepare to greet his wife or, perhaps, daughter. Instead, the old dog in the shade stretches, and without the least ferocity, slouches up on the porch. As I take my leave, Omego is again seated on his crate, watching life go by on Olivia, with Mamie's serene head in his lap.

Olivia is a street of people, not of tropical vistas, nor even of buildings of great historical interest. Some of her residents have been famous, most are simply Key West characters. I watch an old woman in clean white bandana walking with great deliberation

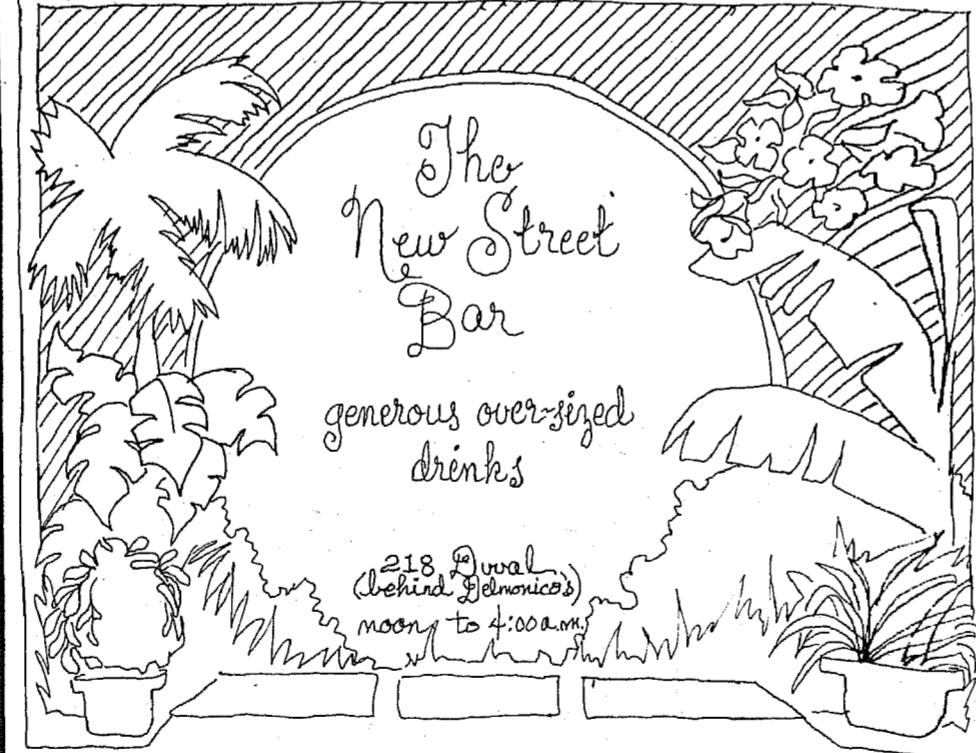
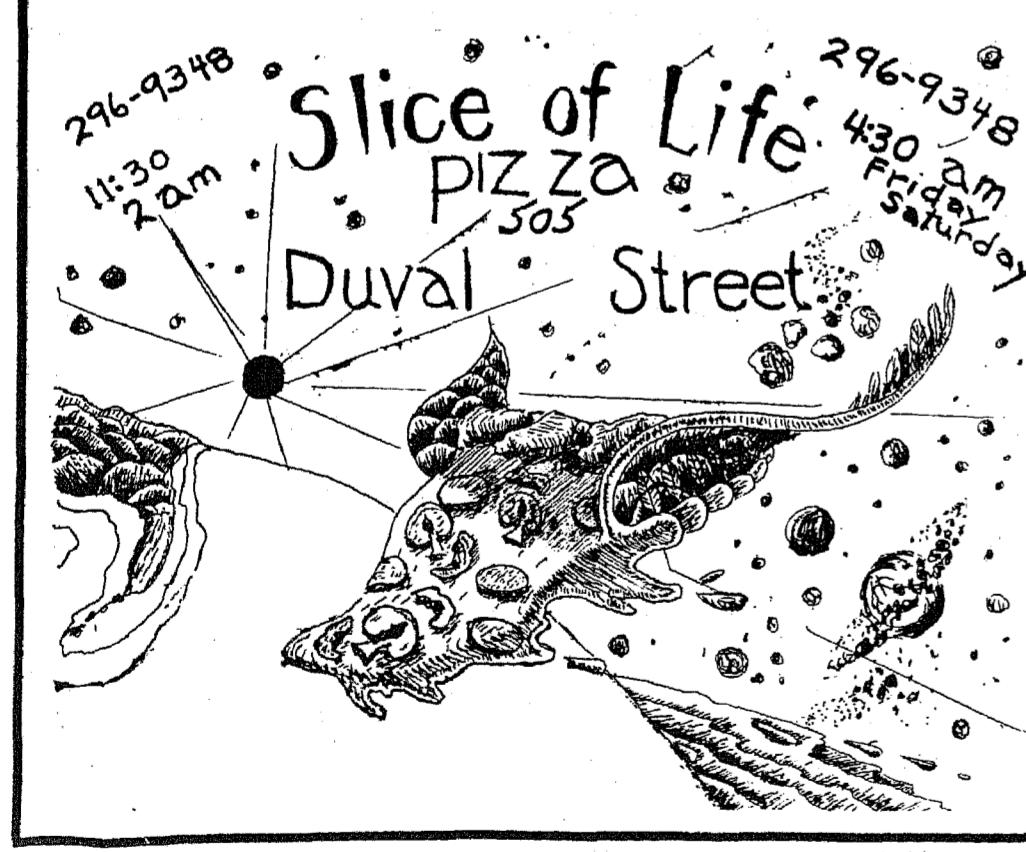


toward a tiny, faded neighborhood grocery. A colorfully painted open-air van displays oranges and the big-toothed smile of its owner. Everywhere doors and windows are thrown open to the breeze. Through the door of a dilapidated cottage I see two freaks searching frantically for something. A woman of indiscernible age sings as she hangs out the clothes. The streets are a riot of children.

Time has pretty much ignored this section of town. These people remain as they must have been for years unaffected by such things as the comings and goings of the huge Naval Base with its memorable noises. Dirt lanes lead off Olivia. Small unpainted Conch cottages with packed earth yards collapse under extravagant burdens of bougainvillea, and rusty cans sprout crotons on the porches. In the back yards chickens make contented little noises as they scratch after roaches.

I stop to wonder by a once graceful two-story house in complete disrepair. The roof is a mere lattice. Swallowtails are visiting the bright forgotten flowers, and I am joined in my delight by a young boy with a balloon tied to the handle bars of his bicycle. A modest old church just off Olivia stretches a rusted spire toward Heaven; a good sized tree grows directly in front of its door.

Kittycorner from the low cost housing project on Whitehead and Olivia is the elegant, airy house where Ernest Hemingway spent his years in Key West. The old brick wall along Olivia St.



by Joan Borel

presents tantalizing glimpses into a separate world. A visit is irresistible.

Green soon becomes one's favorite color—not a like, a passion: the incredible shade of green radiated off a healthy banyan tree in full sunlight or the bright chartreuse of a newly unrolled banana leaf. One can feel the living energy of the plants as they strain visibly toward the sun. There is the wonderful sharp contrast between the blinding light and the deep shade that seems to enter the consciousness through every sense.

The cats are everywhere, and, along with the lizards, are the only creatures about. A white cat lounges at the end of a nearly horizontal coconut palm. A black cat with feet tucked up under him, hunches fast asleep on a shade-mottled brick patio. Big leaved vines drip into the silence of a summer noon, and even the sun seems motionless overhead.

Somewhat being in Hemingway's surroundings does not bring him any closer. He remains, not human, but a larger than life character like one of his own fictional creations. I can see him rising early to try to begin writing, walking these very grounds to uncloud his mind. I imagine him in the shady afternoon with a cool drink under one of those immense trees, rewarding himself for a good days work or consoling himself for an unsuccessful one, and yet, somehow, I still do not have the man.

Olivia makes a brief acquaintance with the world of fashionable shops and art galleries as it passes by Gingerbread Square at Duval St. The Square Deal Market one block up is a spectacular two-and-a-half story building of weathered wood and rusted shingle. On an early Sunday morning, one might find derelicts still sleeping it off on the little side porch. The building is crumbling with a rustic charm, and one cannot help but admire it for its beautifully classic lines and details, not to mention the straightforward name of its business establishment.

Once again Olivia becomes a residential street. Some of the old homes have been restored yankee style, some Cuban style, but most, not at all. I pass by a haphazard little cottage with chipping paint and a black wooden

mask over the front door, and smile to see on the sunny porch, a man with a big cigar in his mouth reading a magazine entitled in bold red letters, Money. Sometimes Key West is just too perfect to be real.

On a skinny tree next door, bright mustard colored papayas swell in the sun, and I look up to find half a dozen kids staring silently at me from the wrap-around balcony of an ancient house.

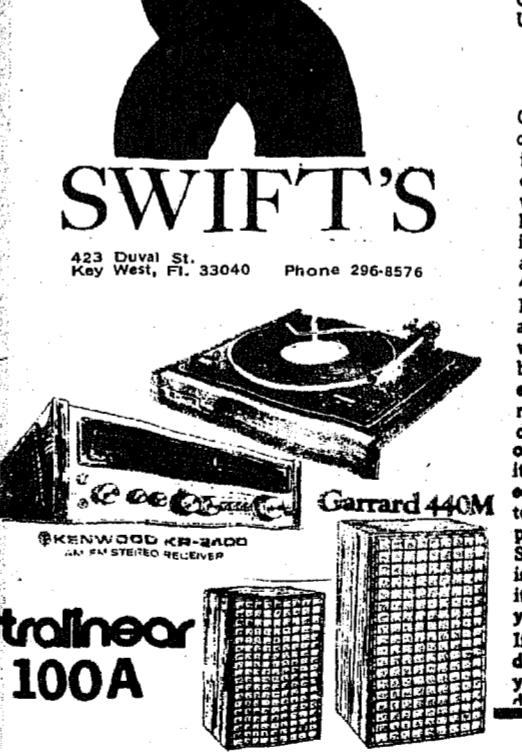
Mornings on Olivia often find Lyder Frederickson out in his back yard, transforming an old tree trunk into a work of art. Lyder came to this country in the 1920's. Through several generations of artists, critics and movements, he and René, his French wife, have been closely involved in the New York art world. In past winters they opened a modern art gallery in Key West. Now, while Lyder seems to accept his somewhat frustrating place on the fringe of fame, he remains prolific in his painting and experimentation with new art forms. Those who stop to chat might be invited into the modest cottage filled with the treasures and memorabilia of two eclectic lifetimes. There Lyder would take pleasure in relating stories of a long-ago boyhood in Norway, years spent in Europe, the bohemian life of New York City, and now of an ever more urgent desire to visit his only son and grandchildren in far away Australia.

The Fredericksen live in Key West's first compound. Since its creation many more have sprung up. One of the most interesting, although unofficial, ones lies coincidentally just down Olivia from the original.

Known to some as "hippie row", this area boasts some of Key West's most colorful homes. Uninhibited imaginations have come up with new decorating treatments which either fail miserably or turn out to be surprisingly successful. I pause to look at one little house with a fresh coat of white paint, the doors and windows outlined in red and a garland of bright flowers around the entrance. On the porch is a still life of fishing traps, boots, ropes and potted plants. The next house has irregularly shaped windows cut through the walls in strategic places, and the next one is painted to look like part of a rainbow.

Across the street, backed up against the cemetery fence, is an

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tight. Sometimes the crypts are too close for a person to pass between. Everywhere there are broken statues and cracked, overturned pots filled with dry, dead plants. Walking is difficult for the ground is bumpy with what seem to be mounds on top of mounds.

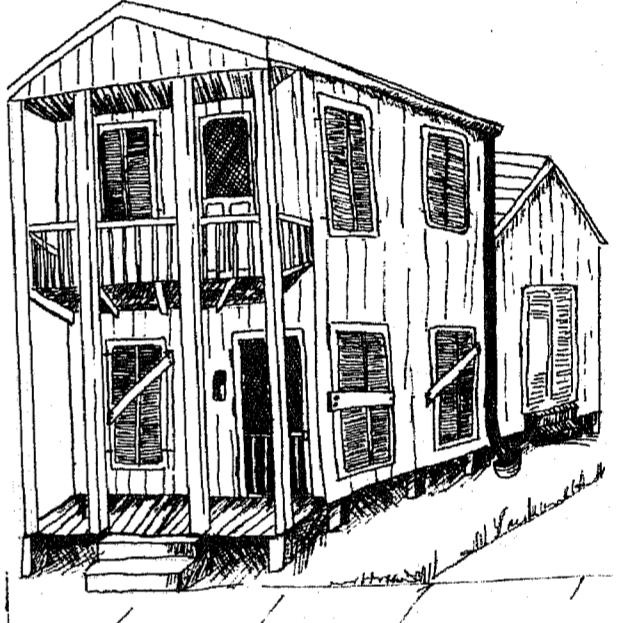
Many of the names are familiar. They belong to a number of the town's present day citizens as well as to these tangible remains of the adventurers who created Key West's amazing history and left behind their endless interesting buildings.

A city's cemetery says a lot about its population. Key West's most dramatically expresses its variety. It is a patchwork of differing tastes. One might find a bright green landscaped square conspicuous among the dry weeds. A little wrought-iron seat is placed next to an unended grave in order to deceive the dead or, perhaps, the living. There are the Cuban places of mourning with covered, carpeted cement terraces displaying old photographs or momentos. A crooked stone over a cracking slab relates in Spanish the major events of a young man's life and of his death in a 1922 ferry boat explosion. Here, is a simple grave marked by a small roughly molded clay tablet, scratched in a childish hand, "my darling daughter", the right bottom corner broken off, obscuring the year of death. Perhaps the most poignant of all is the anonymous little mound of



unusual museum. The place might at first strike one as a junk yard, but it is more than that. It also contains remarkable, tangible bits and pieces of Key West's history of loss. Its curator, Red Beccaise, is an old town hauler who has for years selected unusual treasures from the things others would throw away. Down the street lives Coffee Butler, one of Key West's most talented entertainers who prefers going fishing and living on Olivia to the dubious benefits of show biz fame and fortune elsewhere. All these people share a view of one of Key West's most intriguing areas, the city cemetery.

Key West's cemetery (or graveyard, as old Key Westers tell me I must call it) is contorted into a jagged space, now completely surrounded by small conch houses. At one time it lay on the edge of the Angela St. City line. But when Simonton and his partner, Wall, subdivided an addition naming the first two streets Petronia and Olivia after Mr. Wall's wife and daughter, the cemetery grew along with the town. Today a walk down Olivia carries one past fragments of it, first swelling up against the street, then pushed back behind groups of houses. A detour into the cemetery presents rare, spacious vistas of above ground crypts, cement madonnas, and faded plastic flowers. The unrelieved sunlight bounces back from a stark, bleached scene. Space is



We'd like to thank those people who made this ad necessary.

The past five years have been enjoyable ones for us at the Rooftop Gallery so it seems fitting to thank those who have made it possible.

From both the old location and our new quarters in Harbor House to the artists, people of Key West and visitors from throughout the U.S. and Canada... our sincere thanks.

The Rooftop Gallery

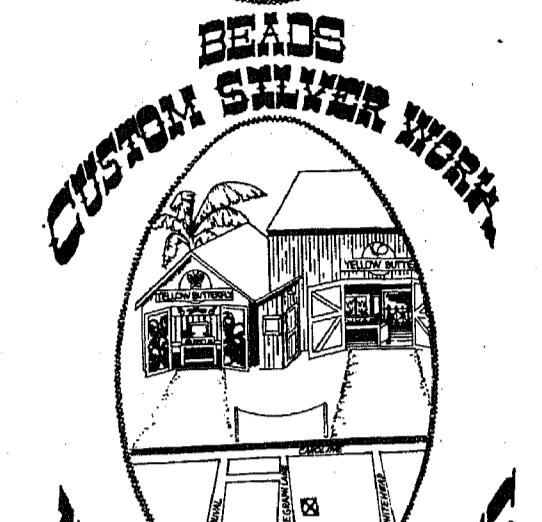
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naked earth remembered only with a single plastic flower. Others are altogether forgotten. Spiders spin bright webs between the cracked stones tilting sideways among the weeds. Some living trees usurp the holes dug for the dead in the unyielding coral rock.

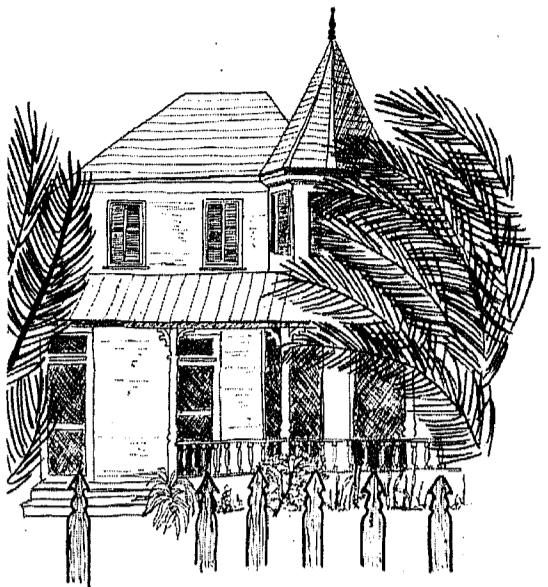
Pie Fernandez used to have a little wood working shop downtown. Now he has retired to the house across Olivia St. from the cemetery where he has lived for 32 years. There have been shattering changes to Key West in the last 32 years, but things somehow look pretty much the same from his vantage point. Pie, a Conch, who sometimes leaves to visit his son or daughter, both traveling evangelists, is always relieved to return to his little workshop and to the contemplative rhythm of working with his hands. Think while you work, but don't work too hard or too fast or the end gets lost and forgotten is the rhythm of the work itself.

The block of Olivia from Francis to White St. used to be the site of the Polanski Village, a huge cigar factory and the surrounding cottages of its employees. It was all destroyed by fire around 1915. Now the area is a conglomeration of Conch houses, garage apartments and modern structures of no definable style.

The little house on the corner of Francis has a lovely patina to the weathered wood and a large leafless tree in the front yard displays striking flowers of the same rusty red as the old roof. Tiny Fernandez cleaners looks as if it might have survived the fire unchanged. In the step-in shop, a little white haired man stands behind a worn counter, smile ready to greet his neighborhood customers.

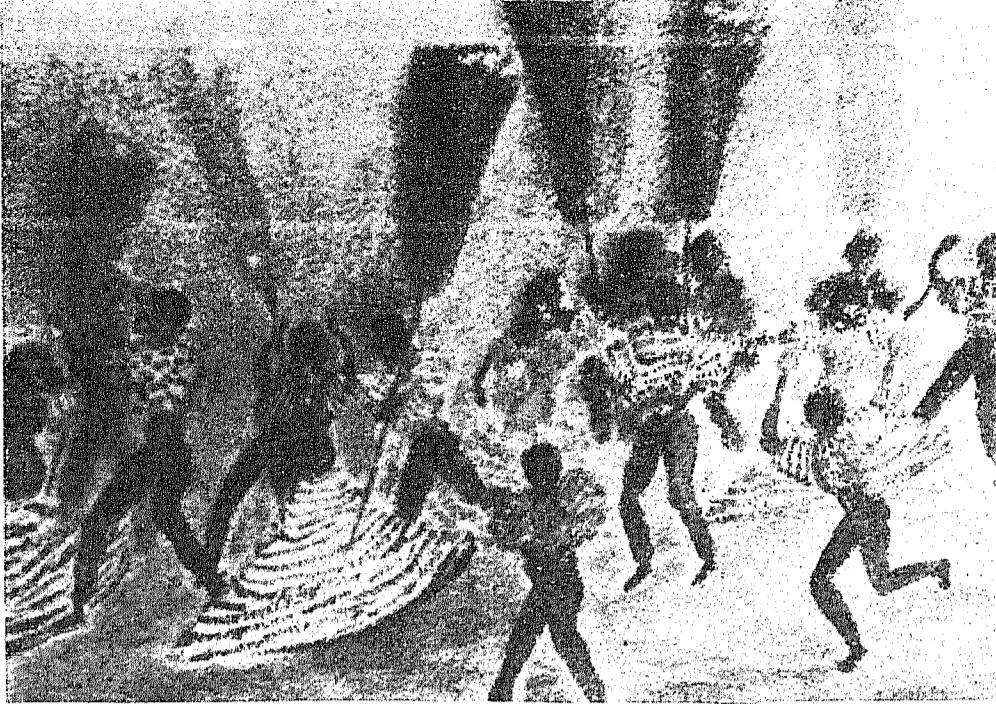
In her last few blocks, Olivia seems finally to reach a certain peace and prosperity. There the elegant old houses built after the fire of 1886 have retained their Victorian dignity in the carefully maintained details and the dainty gardens. Leaded glass windows give on to wide shady porches filled with geraniums and begonias. The bright sun which gives all Key West her life brings out the reds and yellows of the foliage and accentuates the smells of damp earth and gardenias.

Unlike the rest of Olivia, the streets are virtually empty of people and even of animals. Occasionally, a distinguished-looking man in shorts might be seen watering his yard in the late afternoon. A woman weeds a flower garden beside her tiny but noisy poodle. One might happen upon an artist with easel and canvas stool doing a watercolor of the houses. The privacy of the seldom glimpsed people seems secure behind the wide lawns, the trellised vines and the well-



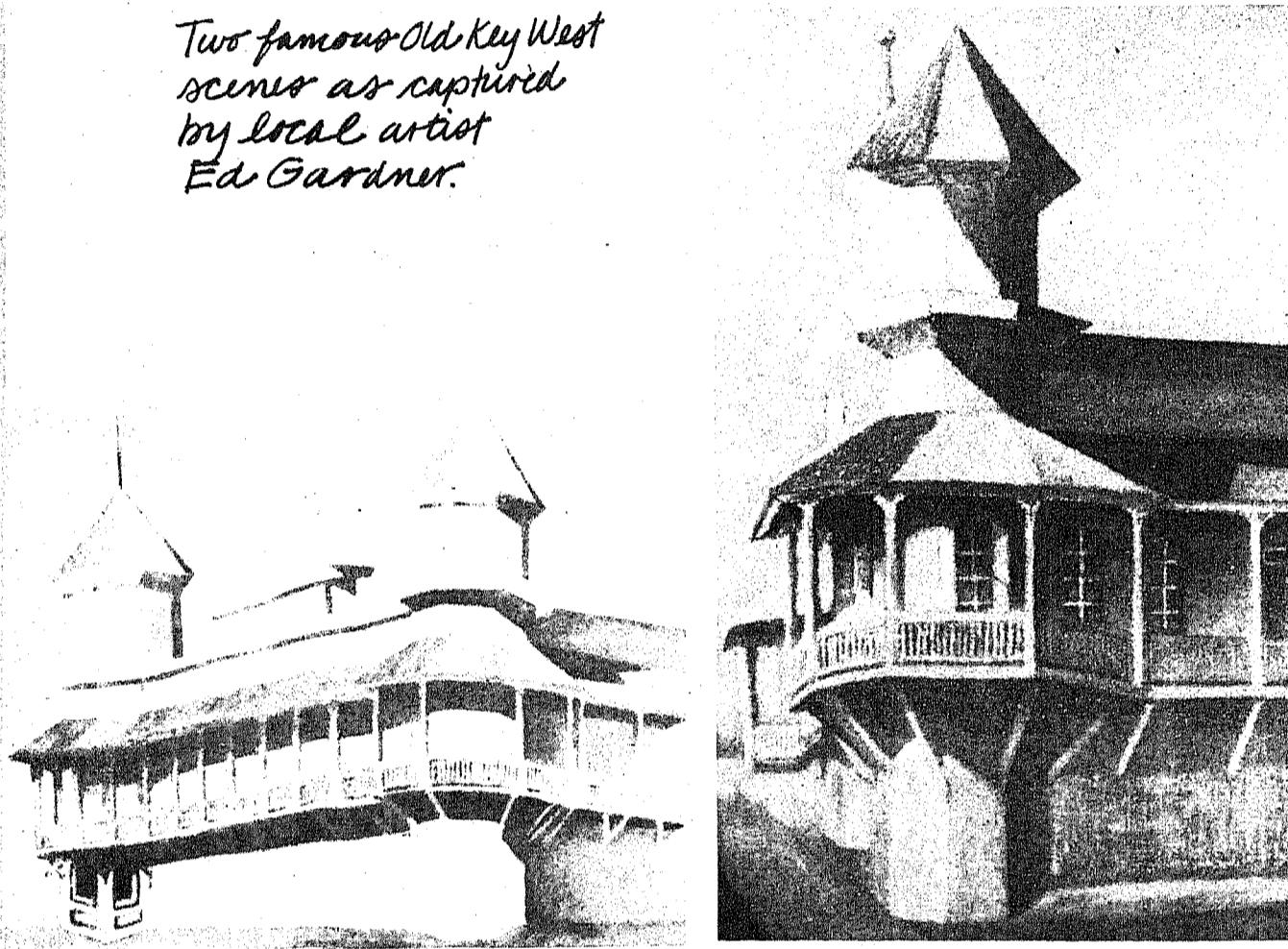
pruned walls of vegetation. Olivia takes her leave without so much as a good-bye as if she had revealed enough. She ends on the protected waters of Garrison Bight, strangely with the same impressions of mystery and withdrawal with which she began. On the last corner is a large lot, surrounded by an old picket fence, on which are situated two old turreted houses close together. The new roofs and mowed lawn give the feeling that the place is maintained as necessary but that nothing is done for the sake of mere beautification. The striking thing is that the heavy wooden louvers over all the windows from ground floor to turret are tightly closed, as they always are. The view is lovely, the afternoon warm and sunny. I walk all around the fence hoping to see some sign of life. Finally I spot one high window with louvers opened wide to catch the western sun, and as I stand there, watching in dismay, they slowly close.

Summer passes gently through the small streets of Key West. The throngs of winter are forgotten, and there seem to remain only oneself and the long, blisteringly brilliant days. It is during these times that the essence of Key West is most visible. Then streets with the wistfully elegant names of ladies fallen on hard times fill with impressions of a varied citizenry, and glimpses into lives of humor and sorrow are allowed even the casual pedestrian in search of a truer Key West.



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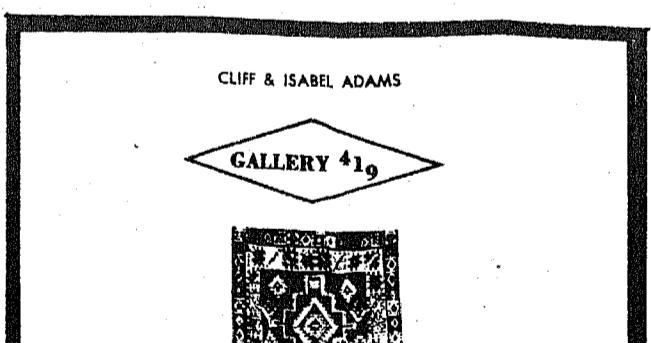
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THE INTERRUPTED QUEST

by Richard Marsh

Rod Skenandore, a Blackfoot Man of Power, came to Key West in February 1975 with a mission: to challenge the evil spirit of the Bermuda Triangle.

He left his home and family in Montana, where he conducts the Sun Dance for his people. The Sun Dance is one of the most powerful rituals of the Blackfoot religion. On his way to Key West he spoke with those he met concerning his intentions to approach the Triangle spirit with an ultimatum—to cease its seizure of boats and planes and direct its energy to more constructive purposes, or else.

He prepared himself to back up his intended threat by casting his spiritual bread upon human waters. He is a spiritual and physical healer, and the energy he expends in healing is returned to him in greater proportion than he gives. He continued to focus his now doubled and redoubled energy of the mysterious force somewhere off the coast of Florida, drawn closer and closer by an instinct like that of a homing pigeon.

In Miami he encountered a bad omen. Thunder, which was to have coincided with part of a preparation ritual, arrived ten hours earlier than expected. A storm-cloud ring given to him by a friend to warn him of impending danger offered no definite answer.

He came on to Key West. When he arrived, he felt that he had enough power to walk on the surface of the ocean eastward until he met the spirit of the Triangle. He walked to the edge of the water and paused. A wave broke on the beach, and the water forked around his bare feet and washed over the sand behind him, avoiding contact with his flesh. This sign precipitated doubts and uncertainties and made him hesitate.

He prayed for the Creator to send him someone to tell him unequivocally in plain words what he was to do. As nearly as could be determined later, it was within minutes of that prayer that another man of power in Key West, who has the blood of the Druidic peoples in his veins, learned of Rod's mission by overhearing a conversation. He felt an urgent need to let Rod know that the time was not right for him to confront the spirit of the Triangle. The exact words which came to him were: "You are not prepared for what you plan to do."

The message came to Rod, and he sought out the man chosen as the medium for the answer to his prayer. The Indian medicine man and the Celtic wizard consulted the Tarot cards, then spoke together for several hours,

sharing knowledge and customs. When Rod left Key West early the next morning, he awakened his new-found colleague with a telepathic farewell.

Rod returned to his people and the mountains to undergo a further initiation, the dragging of the buffalo skull, one of the most demanding and rewarding of the Blackfoot initiations. This, he says, will prepare him for what he plans to do.

Rod's age is probably over thirty and under forty. His long black hair is parted in the middle to flow over broad shoulders. His neck is stiff, his carriage erect, his stride that of a foot-traveler with a purpose. He has the poise of an eagle. You might see him somewhere, some day, as he goes about his greater mission of preaching the Red religion in fulfillment of ancient prophecies.

Rod and many other Native Americans are offering their culture, their religion of Creation, to those from whom their ancestors had to guard it from destruction. They are teaching the white heirs of the Industrial Revolution how to understand and care for the earth and live in harmony with all members of the Creator's family. In the words of the Oglala Sioux, Black Elk: "The earth is our mother, the sky our father, and all livings their children."

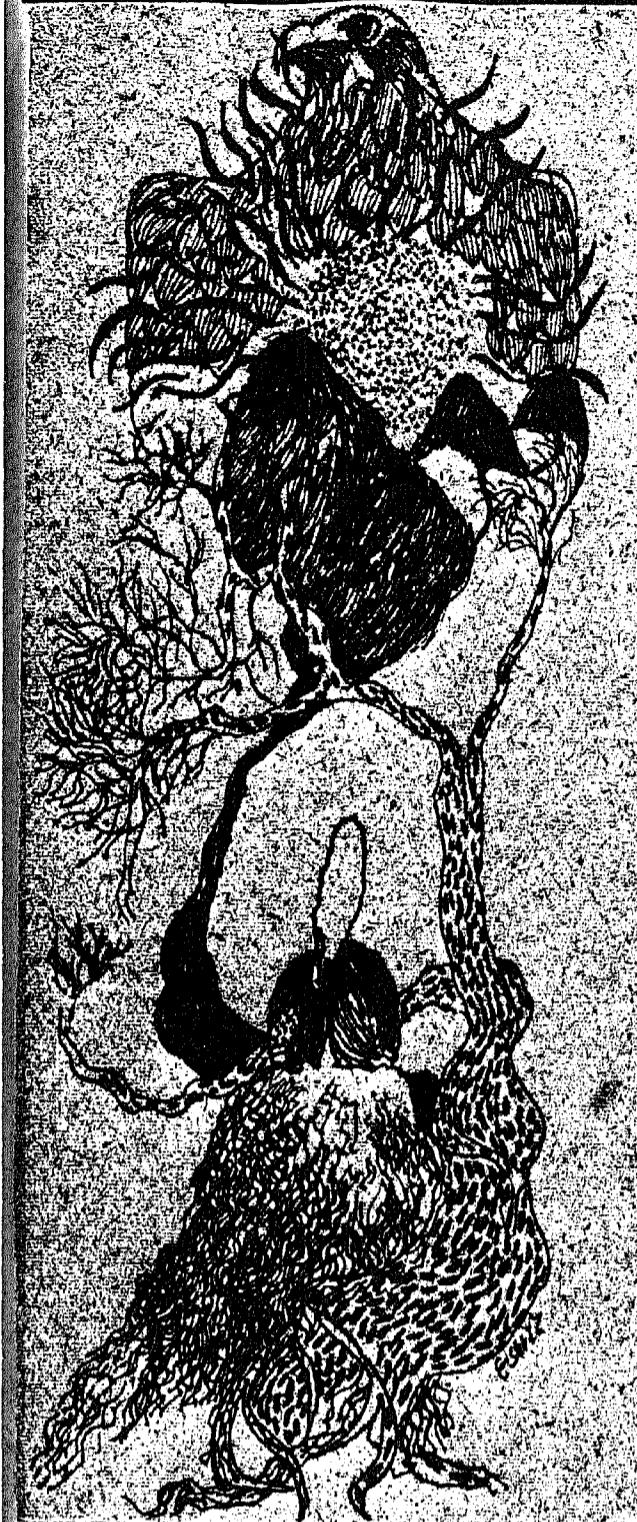
When Rod left Key West, he left behind a poem of his own making, which he recited from memory, as an illustration of the Indian religion and philosophy. The poem is transcribed from a tape recording and printed here with his permission.

WHAT THE BOOK IS ALL ABOUT

by

Rod Skenandore

As I looked up toward the mountains
A man was kneeling there,
A robe around his shoulders,
A feather in his hair.
There was something safe about him
From his feet up to his head.
The robe he wore was buffalo hide;
His coloring was red.
And then it seemed I saw him move,
He turned his face my way
And gazed into the rising sun,
Then rose to greet the day.
Although he was a young man
There was something in his eyes,
As though he'd lived a million years
And had seen a million skies:
And as he rose I watched him,
Not knowing what I'd see.

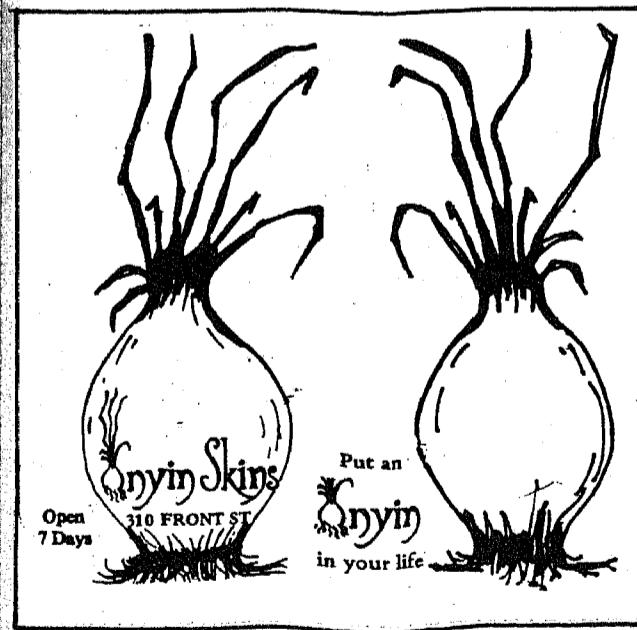


As though they both had purpose now,
As though they both were free.
And then they reached an apex,
And at that point they stopped,
And colors like the rainbow
Leapt from the thing he dropped.
I couldn't make it out, though,
Til it came nearer to the ground,
Then to all of my amazement
I saw that it was round.
It fell like nothing else I'd seen;
It was spinning as it came.
It was like a hoop of silver.
It was like a hoop of rain.
It stopped above the mountain,
Turning in a sway,
And then I heard a whistle
A thousand years away.
Like nothing else I'd heard before
The man began to sing.
The eagle matched his rhythm
By turning wing to wing.
The song was more than powerful,
And I too was borne in flight,
And all around was sacred,
And all around was night.
I looked upon Creation
Where light and darkness meet,
My mind and heart suspended,
No need to plant my feet.
The moon became the grandmother,
The father was the sun;
They all moved in a circle,
They all were made as one.
They all had cause to be there,
Turning as they do,
And then I was descending,
But yet it wasn't through.
It was like I'd lived a miracle;
As doubt escaped I knew:
The whistle held an answer,
And it had purpose too.
And now the man was back alone.
The eagle had gone on,
Heading for the whistle,
Climbing on the song.
Well, like a child I watched them.
What more could I have done?
For I had seen reality,
And all of us are one.
I can see a different picture
That's unfolding in my mind,
And it's not the same old story
You and I have known.
It's made of different colors,
Not simply black and white.
It has a different movement;
It has a different light.
It takes me on a journey
That breaks the bond of time.
I can smell the buffalo snorting.
I can see the wind unwind.
I can hear the grey clouds moving.
I can taste the dewdrops form.
I can feel the Mother's breathing,
And her heart is growing warm.
I believe the rainbow's realness.
I walk the ocean spray.
The circled sun is rising;
it brings a better way.
I pray the light to darkness.
I know what love can do.
I am going to the mountains--
They have purpose too.

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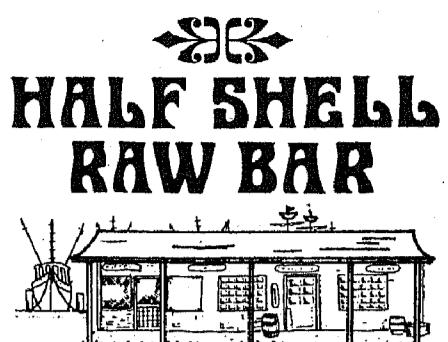
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COMMON SENSE

by Gil Ryder

The submarine base has been vacated and declared surplus. Since it is developed, and has utilities, facilities and amenities ready for use, it should not be idle for too long a time, but neither should it be rushed into any possibly profitless or community-degrading enterprise.

A number of possibilities have been suggested. Some or even all of these suggestions may have merit, the biggest problem being to decide on who will decide what is meritorious. Obviously, persons or groups who would profit in any way from projected activities in the area should be eliminated at the outset in any such decision-making. A completely neutral board, made up of highly intelligent and completely objective men and women should be convened to study all pertinent suggestions and make final recommendations.

The answers to certain basic questions should quickly eliminate some projects and indicate feasibility of others. How much water and electric power would the project require? Are the existing streets and highways adequate for the project?

Would the project cause too much added strain to the existing sewer system? Would the project in any way pollute the air, the water table, or the adjoining sea? What sort of employees would be attracted, what would the wage scale be? Would the project produce noxious odors or unpleasant noise? Would it necessitate the building of more subsidized low-rent housing? Would changes in the national economic picture be likely to create lay-offs and thus further burden the local economy? Would employees be predominantly local residents, or would labor be imported? Would the project be attractive to tourists and acceptable to existing residents? Would the majority of the profit go into the local economy or would it go to owners or shareholders living and spending in far distant places?

These and many more questions must be asked and the answers verified by astute men and women - preferably men and women with questioning natures.

Let's look at some of the uses already suggested for the area. A women's wear manufacturing business - This is a comparatively clean operation, would not be too noisy, would create little or no odor, and might absorb some of our local unemployed, but unless it is

a very high class operation, similar to Key West Hand Print Fabrics, it would be foredoomed to failure due to the distance from raw materials and from the big city markets needed for the finished product. If very high class and high profit, it could be a winner.

Ship repair facility - Seems a natural for this area and should be studied. All the questions should be asked, plus one more: Could a Key West ship repair facility compete successfully with Cuban repair facilities (not far away) or would it get only the emergency jobs, and would such emergency jobs be a paying proposition? Don't discard that suggestion - go into it thoroughly.

Yacht marina - a clean operation that few would find objectionable. Possibly not a real big money-maker, but it would add something to the economy and create a small amount of employment.

A Free Port - Most people have a completely wrong conception of a Free Port. If memory serves correctly, there are nine Free Ports in the United States and its territories, and eight of them are economic failures.

A full four year college - sufficient plant and structure exists to get started. If such a college can be restricted to highly qualified students (no remedial reading course, etc.) and admissions limited in number, rather than aiming at a vast bubbling heap of humanity, it might well be the best thing that ever happened to Key West. It would provide considerable employment for local people, add appreciably to the local economy, and add considerably to the prestige of the community.

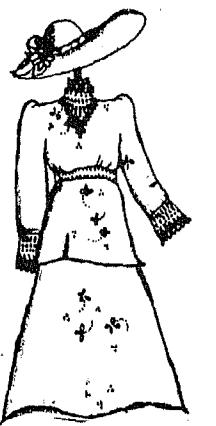
Jacques Cousteau Headquarters - Would have about the same effect, on a smaller scale, perhaps, as the four year college.

Fish processing plant - Might be a boon to local fish and shrimp industry, but unless very tight controls and regulations were written and strictly enforced, many local residents would find such an industry extremely objectionable.

85-acre Theme Park - A beautiful dream--but, as much as the tourist industry is needed and respected, a project of this scope would be overwhelming. U.S. 1, even if four-laned all the way, would not be able to handle the traffic. For example, on a busy day at Disney World traffic

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terprise at a realistic and understandable level? Aside from taxes, every cent these businesses earn would go into the local economy - a definite asset.

Better beaches - Part of the waterfront could be made into a swimming beach and public park. Key West does not have a good public swimming beach. Just try wading out to swimming depth from either Smathers or the County beach. After you've torn your feet up on the broken coral and rough marl, you'll understand why so many tourists stay so short a time. People from harsher climates don't want to just look at the beautiful tropical water - they want to wallow in it, day after day. Tourists will definitely stay longer and spend more if Key West ever develops an adequate swimming beach - any place!

The above and many other possibilities have been suggested in the last four years or so. Some are feasible, some are not, but in any case the lack of fresh water, at the moment and in the foreseeable future, definitely shortens the list of useful ideas.

Of the suggestions outlined here, there are probably only four that could be implemented with the present water supply: the yacht marina, cottage industries, ship repair facility (possibly), and public beach.

All the optimism and positive thinking and talking in the world will not produce an ounce of water or rebuild the sewer system, but a small service tax, commonly known as a tourist tax, might just do the job.

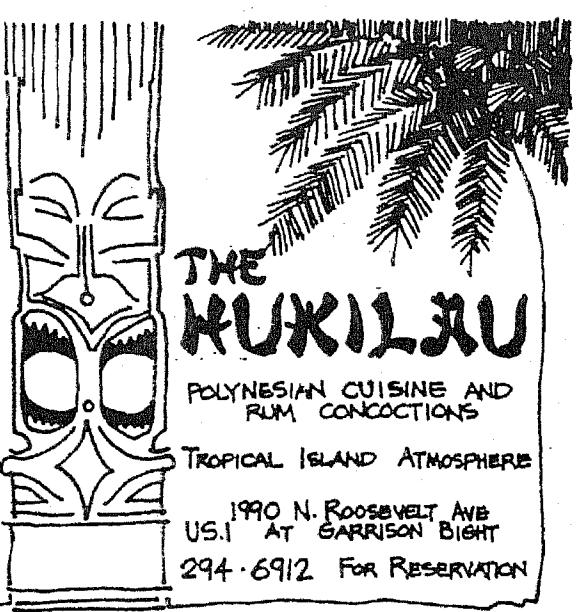
Everyone involved must eventually learn that the submarine base facilities cannot be considered as a separate entity in a different world, but must be considered as a part of the whole - not only of the whole of Key West but of the entire Florida Keys connected by the highway and the aqueduct.

The pioneer days are long gone and they will not return. Adequate supplies of water and power must be available, constantly and positively, before anything much can be done on the base - or anywhere else.

Residents of Key West must be ever wary of the inadvertent creation of an industrial slum - a cancer that would spread rapidly and utterly destroy what is now a beautiful tropical island paradise.

on I-4 gets backed up and stalled as much as 25 miles, even though I-4 is not the only road available. Keep in mind that there is only one road in and out of Key West. Just picture a solid stream of traffic at holiday time, pouring down from the mainland into the narrow, already busy streets of Key West to become hopelessly jammed. Key West would probably become world famous for having the first totally insoluble traffic jam.

Cottage Industry - Could be a very good item. A classic example exists in the present Shell Market at Whitehead Street and the ocean. Local people with intelligence, skill and imagination prepare and market a completely indigenous product that can be proudly offered as a souvenir item not bearing a Taiwan, Hong Kong, or Brooklyn manufacturer's label. Why not set up an area restricted to the sale of native products, in a strictly tropical island atmosphere. Have a place for the Conch Tour Train to turn around and park while the passengers browse and purchase various local items, eat gatodillo ice cream, drink coconut milk, devour home-made Key Lime pie, try on palm frond hats, have photos taken with a tropical background. Why not, in this manner, encourage the establishment of small businesses - one-man stands and/or family affairs - encourage free en-



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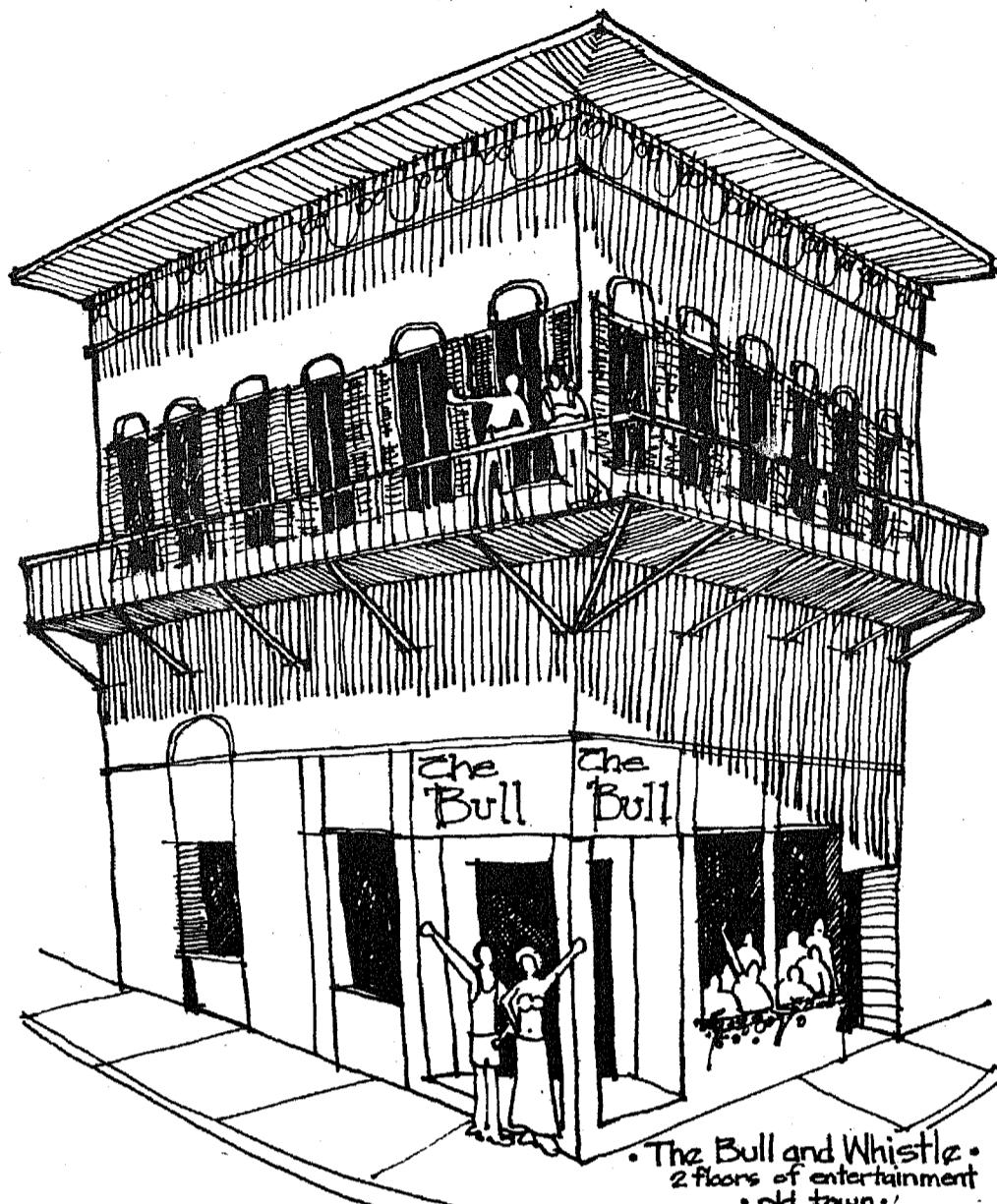
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A leisurely tour of the home and gardens of the late Nobel Prize Winner, Ernest Hemingway. The home was built in Spanish Colonial Style of native rock hewn from the grounds with furnishings, rugs, tile, chandeliers brought by the Hemingways from Spain, Africa and Cuba. Luxuriant, exotic plants grow over the walls and trees. The house is the one that Hemingway wrote For Whom the Bell Tolls, Green Hills of Africa, A Farewell to Arms, The Fifth Column, The Snows of Kilimanjaro, and The Macomber Affair. Mr. Hemingway was the first important writer to discover and make Key West his home. He owned the home from 1931 to 1961.

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THEATER

by John Young



Tennessee Williams

A moment of the glory and celebration of theatre was experienced in Key West, Thursday evening, April 22, with the debut of the Green Street Theatre offering Tennessee Williams, "Suddenly Last Summer".

Astonished first-nighters not only witnessed first-rate drama, but shared it with the celebrated playwright, Mr. Williams, there to enjoy his own one-act piece after having altered the ending slightly - specifically for this production.

It was unquestionably a unique evening. The program included an invitation to the audience to join the producers, the cast and crew after theatre. So, more than a hundred persons, and Mr. Williams, too, spent the remainder of the evening at a gala affair at Peter Pelli's home discussing the play, the performance and theatre in general. Anxious theatre-goers met Mr. Williams in a steady stream. He was charming, patient and said he found the evening "marvelous".

After the party, everyone agreed that the evening had been extraordinary.

Unquestionably, Mr. Williams' presence on opening night compounded the excitement of the debut production at Greene Street. In the small theatre, comfortable all right, the playwright was merely four feet from stage front center. (It was as if the entire audience were seated next to him.) He couldn't resist chuckling at his own black humor so carefully inserted into the haunting play, the relief needed for such a black fantasy as "SLS" is. (Mrs. Venable's comment about the expensive appetite of the Venus Fly Trap, for example.)

"SLS" opened on Off-Broadway during the 1957-58 season. It was coupled with another one-act piece, "Something Unspoken". The pair was entitled "Garden District". Reviews were mixed but everyone agreed "SLS" was the more important of the two.

It can almost be considered the third act of a work, not actually a whole play. "Suddenly" reveals the subtle difference between coldly sane brutality (of the mother) and passionately insane brutality (of the birds and the murderers).

Janice White, as the decaying witch of a mother, was pitted against Roxana Stuart, the babbling niece who wouldn't shut up about the horrifying events that happened "suddenly last summer". Ms. White was ghoulish, correct, and splendid in her role. And Ms. Stuart tied the whole story together very neatly. Those long passages relating the death of her cousin, a pampered dandy, built toward a crescendo with professional effort. It was smoothly constructed, thanks to Ms. Stuart's husband, Bill Prosser, the director.

The interlocutor, Dr. Cukrowicz, was played with effective restraint by Jay Drury. He is also one of the playhouse producers. His "Dr. Sugar" was difficult acting. It required precise timing, no small amount of concentration.

Betty Smith's Mrs. Holly and Gordon Mackey's George were splendid. The characters they portrayed were totally one-sided (you don't have much time to build in a one-acter) but the duet coasted through the roles. Mackey got as much as he could from his George Holly.

Rita Buckner, Diane Kambos as Sister Felicity and Miss Foxhill were also competent by paying a great deal of attention to their supporting parts. In fact, the entire cast should be commended for the attention they gave their roles.

Opening night pressure could be the reason the lighting and music-effects seemed to be intrusions occasionally. The play ran an hour and a half. The theatre was comfortably cool at the opening. But then the air conditioner was cut and by the time Holly revealed the story of her degenerate poet of a cousin we could all feel the "hot white" heat of that afternoon, last summer.

But the audience was enthralled; the standing ovation attests to that. Mr. Williams was impressed enough to have decided to allow the group to premier two one-act plays that have never been produced. Sometime next winter, he says. The possibility of a world premier of Williams' work, here on the island, is another of the initial steps on an adventurous path the new theatre group wants to travel.

A week before the "SLS" opening, the Greene Street Theatre presented Frank Speiser's one-man show, "Lenny Bruce". It was a tour de force by Mr. Speiser that ran an emotional gamut of the life of the sensitive comedian, dead from the ordeal of saving his art. The theatre is perfect for this form of art: simple of cast, scene and delivery. More in tune with the island's slowly nurturing theatre awareness.

And Williams, as our foremost contemporary stage author, leans more readily to write for performance within the confines of the smaller, more intimate houses. His "Two-Character Play", produced more recently under the title "Out Cry", would be another excellent vehicle.

(Great news for the people who missed the Speiser show this time. It will be returning the first weekend in May.)

Solares Hill spoke to June Hunzinger, President of the Waterfront Players to get her reaction to the new theater group in town. She said that their Board of Directors was specifically asked this question and they responded unanimously that they thought it was marvelous to have a second theater in town. As June Hunzinger says, "A good theater is good for everyone and it begets more good theater and it stimulates an appetite for good plays."

That seems to be a very nice welcome to the newcomers from the established group.



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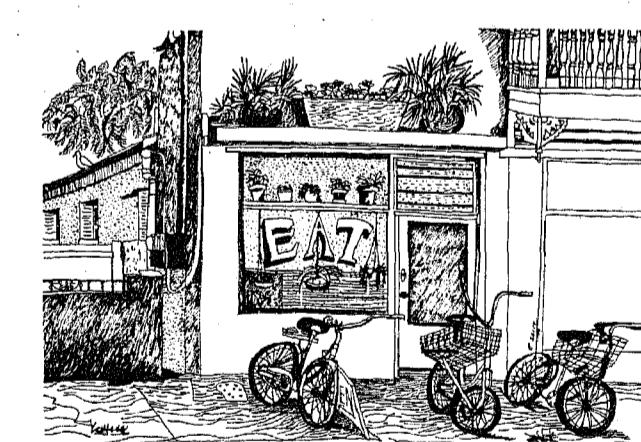
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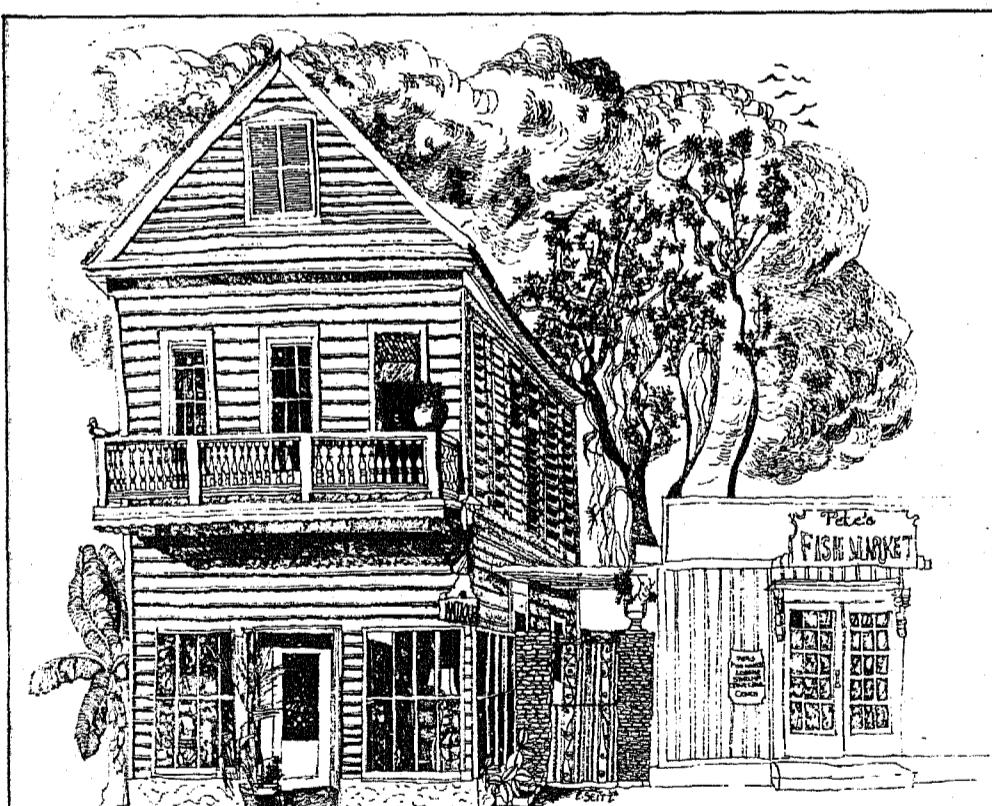


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17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American	Tennessee Williams' THE ROSE TATTOO American
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