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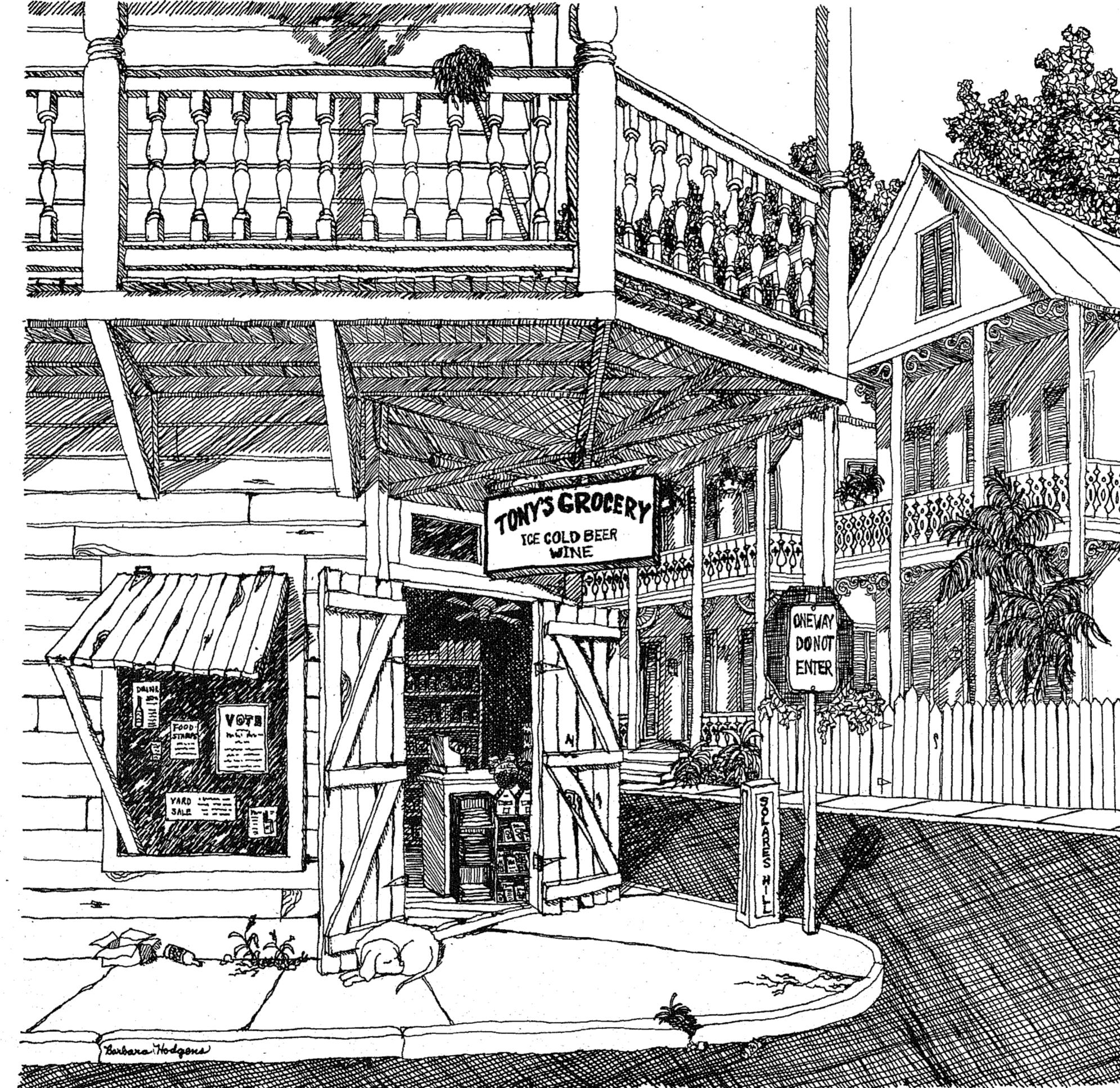
solares hill

FREE

Vol. IV, No. IV

Key West, Florida

April 1979



From the Editor



OVER 300 ORIGINAL ISLAND RECIPES

This little 320 page gem was created by a group of dedicated individuals who wished to give permanence to the island's heritage by preserving the flavor of the past. It is internationally known. We are proud of our cook book and believe it to be the only one like it in the world.

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HELLO --

IT'S GOOD TO hear that the Department of Transportation is going to fix up those oddly marked parts of the new pavement on Roosevelt Boulevard. There have been numerous complaints about the confusion to drivers when they try to interpret these markings.

APPARENTLY THERE HAS been nothing resolved yet between the Old Island Restoration Commission and Billie's Restaurant on Front Street. Members of the O.I.R.C. hope that this problem of getting Billie's to conform more with our local esthetic guidelines can be accomplished without court action. I will follow up on this next issue.

WE WENT OUT on a limb in our February issue and reported a rumor, supported by several knowledgeable but unofficial sources, that the Naval Air Station at Key West would not only not be closed down by the Navy, but would instead be upgraded by the addition of about 100 planes and up to 2000 personnel and dependents.

AT FIRST we were greatly impressed with the policy concepts expressed in the 73-page plan, which promised adherence to state and federal environmental guidelines and the more specific constraints contained in the Florida Coastal Zone Management Plan of the Coastal Coordinating Council (CCC) of 1974.

However, when we were shown the large color-coded Land Use Plan Map a little later, we were appalled to see that the 300 or so acres of salt ponds and salt marshes west and northeast of Key West International Airport were slated for complete filling and development as medium density residential or commercial districts.

THIS DIRECTLY CONFLICTS WITH STATE, FEDERAL AND CCC GUIDELINES.

WE REJECT the plan and the map out of hand. Taken together, they are abortions of conflicting concepts. This behavior of city officialdom is why retention of critical concern, which provides overview agencies for citizens to appeal to, is so vital for the foreseeable future.

HAVE A happy Easter and we will see you next month.

WT

Cover artist this time is Barbara Hodgens. Her work may be seen at Guild Hall on Duval Street.

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Solares Hill is a community newspaper published every month on the slopes of Solares Hill, Key West's highest point, by Solares Hill Company, 821 Duval Street, Key West, Florida 33040. Annual subscription rate (11 issues) is \$10.00.

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With a little help from our friends . . .

Solares Hill Co., Inc.

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Jeanne Taylor

by Malcolm Ross photo by Richard Marsh

ALTHOUGH STATE REPRESENTATIVE Joe Allen was originally instrumental in securing it for public use, probably no other person in Key West is more responsible for the existence of the East Martello Tower today as a museum stronghold of the Key West Art and Historical Association than Jeanne Taylor.

FOR ONE FULL YEAR she commuted to the tower until bathroom and kitchen facilities were installed in the moulder- ing structure, and she was able to move furniture and other possessions and set up housekeeping within the Martello's walls.

VARIOUS CHANGES SUCH as doorways were cut into the old fort, skillfully and tastefully so as not to disturb the lines of the aging structure. Hundred year old bricks were carefully rearranged so as not to offend the eyes of the antiquarian or the purist. The "improvements" that were made were done with such care that today it is difficult for the average person to discern what is original archi- tectural detail and what is modification.

NONE OF THE plantings which now grace the inner courtyard of the fort existed when Jeanne began her task. Only Australian pines soughed and whispered their tales of bygone days above the weeds and the ancient brick walls. (Even these are no longer there, having been removed only within the past year.) Another duty, that of landscaper, had to be added to those of architectural his- torian, excavator and caretaker with which Jeanne was burdened. To her it was a labor of love, and a less capable person with less patience and artistic vision would soon have stumbled and fallen in the traces.

THE LUSH AND varied tropical vegetation for which our island is so well known responds favorably to the caresses of our gentle climate, and, as any home- owner knows, is often in need of pruning and culling in order to prevent the formation of a tangled jungle. Street clippings and prunings, another bounty of island living, soon rooted and flour- ished amid the brick and artifacts en- couraged by Jeanne's skilled hand and green thumb. Although Jeanne admits to never having learned the names of most of these exotic plant species, she chose with care, and the weedy wasteland which once existed was transformed by the hand of the artist into a lush tropical garden which is today one of the joys of a visit to the museum.

THE KEY WEST International Airport as it exists today had not been built, and a crude airstrip and some unpretentious outbuildings that housed the modest head- quarters of the airlines that serviced the Florida Keys -- including the Key West to Havana flight -- were the only vestiges of civilization almost literally within miles of the fort.

Once Joe Allen's efforts to obtain the fort were complete, Jeanne was put in charge of the job of cleanup and ex- cavation. Countless volunteers came to her assistance as she commuted from her William Street house to cut weeds and shovel out truckloads of sand and dirt. Although no artifacts came to light during the cleanup, Jeanne insists that at times she must have been sweeping up "Civil War dirt."

Most of the historical exhibits that make the East Martello one of the finest local historical museums in the country today owe their existence to Jeanne Tay- lor's talent as an antiquarian and scavenger. The obituary notices in local newspapers became required reading for Jeanne, as she learned that the death of an elderly citizen often meant that surviving relatives would be cleaning house and willing to donate artifacts or fur- niture that had belonged to the deceased. These donations of antiques and other memorabilia, coupled with her skill with needle and thread and papier mache,

created many exhibits in the museum which continue to bring to life many an episode of local history.

COMPOUNDING HER RESPONSIBILITIES as curator was the art aspect of the Society, and in addition to her other duties Jeanne was required to oversee the art exhibits which were also held in the museum. This task may have had its complications, but other than the scheduling and hanging of shows -- usually by local artists -- the exhibits were of short duration and generally required a minimum of maintenance. For six years Jeanne lived in her modest apartment within the walls of the Martello, until events precipitated her replacement. The museum stands today as a monument to her love for Key West, her reverence for things past, and her abilities as an artist.

TODAY JEANNE LIVES with her brindle boxer guardian in the house at 408 William Street that she originally fell in love with and rented for \$35 a month in the late 1930's. When she first came to Key West in 1938, the three-story solid cypress house was vacant and hadn't been painted in 50 years. The house was 15 years old in 1847, when its original owner and builder, one "Tuggy" Roberts (who guided ships past the rocky shoals into Key West Harbor), mounted it on a barge and floated it over to Key West from Green Turtle Cay in the Bahamas.

A number of years ago, Jeanne was able to buy, outfit with family heirlooms, and faithfully restore her "dream house" to its original 19th century ambiance. The seven-room house is also the location of the "Doll Shop" where Jeanne and her



partner Ruth Newton repair, clothe, and sell all manner of dolls. A visit to the "Doll Shop" with its diminutive occupants

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Key West: Fantasy Island U.S.A.

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Dinner at Las Palmas del Mundo with Nancy and Bill. This is what the best food on the island, food should be all about. To me, perhaps, tempura; tacos; zucchini cooked with soy and sesame; and a simple, fresh bread pudding like a celestial cake. There is a grand brunch as well. Homefries with onions, homemade wheat bread, buckwheat pancakes, jelly omelets, yogurt with fruit. The best thing about being a writer is you can pretend eating is research and order everything.

VOGUE, February, 1979

FROM EASTERN AIRLINES REVIEW

The road that began in Bangor, Maine, U.S. 1, ends on Duval Street in Key West, Florida. A place of nostalgia is Capt. Tony's Saloon. Ernest Hemingway's former hang out. Memorabilia and furnishings that belonged to the famed author may be viewed in his Spanish-colonial home at 907 Whitehead Street. A choice restaurant is Las Palmas del Mundo, a simple shack without air conditioning that offers the best baked yellowtail anywhere. The nicest place to stay remains the Pier House. Old Conch houses along the beach will steal your heart and, as you watch the sun melt into the Gulf of Mexico, you'll realize that this is a city that blends cosmopolitan living with tranquility.

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 New York Times
 Gourmet Guide to the Florida Keys
 After Dark

is somewhat like being transported into a 19th century drawing room. Local author Kathryn Proby was recently impressed by the wonders that Jeanne had worked on an old doll, which she had brought in to her Doll Shop for repair. What had been a hopeless assortment of head and limbs that most people would assign to the trash can Jeanne transformed by her wizardry into a startlingly beautiful creature that would have captured the heart of young and old alike.

JEANNE, WHO WAS recently made an honorary Conch after living 38 years in Key West, grew up in a small town called Holly Springs in northeastern Mississippi. Her parents, who were both doctors, had also been born and raised there, but created a local uproar by attending a "Yankee" medical college in Ann Arbor, Michigan! Jeanne didn't go quite as far north for her training, taking her studies at the St. Louis School of Art.

It was also in Holly Springs that Jeanne (whose maiden name was Elliott) met and married her first husband, Clarence Foster, a clarinettist who organized and directed his own band, among other accomplishments. Jeanne did not care much for the name "Clarence" and decided to call him "Steve" instead. He also had the annoying habit of serenading her with varied renditions of "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair."

DURING A VISIT to Jacksonville, Clarence-Steve wandered into a silent movie house and found a job playing in its orchestra, so the couple decided to settle in Jacksonville for a while. In the ensuing years two sons were born, Max and Charles, who were named after Jeanne's mother and father.

This may seem a bit odd, but Jeanne had always known her mother as "Max," and nobody had ever called her anything but "Max," much less her given name of "Mary." "Max" was an old nickname which

had originated in grade school and had attached itself solidly to the girl. In her earliest childhood she had been called "Minnie," but in school one year there was some competition for an exclusive right to that name, and she soon found herself one of two "Minnies!" An astute classmate noticed the two girls' difference in height and remarked, to the amusement of the class and teacher: "Minimum and Maximum; Minnie-mum and Maxi-mum!" Everybody had a good laugh and the name stuck.

JEANNE AND HER husband lived for a number of years in Jacksonville until Clarence-Steve's sudden death. Another man named Taylor, who installed sound equipment in theatres for the new "talking pictures," soon came on the scene and became husband number two. Mr. Taylor's work took him to various places in the South, including Key West, where he installed sound in the city's only motion picture theatre.

Upon his return to Jacksonville he regaled Jeanne with tales of the island where "there had never been frost." The words stuck in her mind, and after his death in 1938 she accepted a job with the W.P.A. and came to Key West for the first time. She had always had an intense hatred for cold weather, and the opportunity to experience a place where there had never been a frost proved too much to resist.

FROSTFREE KEY WEST is indeed fortunate to have played host to this four-foot ten-inch, seventy-pound miracle worker, who refers to herself as a "work-a-holic" and "no thumb twiddler." The East Martello Museum and her home on William Street are just two examples of this lady's talent for recognizing diamonds in the rough.

MATA HARI AND THE KEY LIME TRAUMA

by Helen Chapman

I HAD THIS really weird dream the other night, which proves that I've lived here too long and I read too many espionage stories.

I was standing in the railroad station in Cologne waiting for the Orient Express. I was dressed completely in black, including a veil over my head, and was carrying a shopping bag filled with plumber's candles and pink Egyptian cigarettes with gold filters. I had a very important appointment in a dark Caco-Cola!

THE TRAIN was late. A clock chimed ten times. I knew it was 8:15 and that the train was fifteen minutes late. Just then the loudspeaker announced:

"Express Sunshine, Track Four, to Vienna, Belgrade, Tavner, and Istanbul."

The train pulled in, and as I boarded I heard several people whisper, "Who is the mysterious lady in black?" Ah, if they only knew, I thought. I settled myself in a compartment facing a mysterious man in black.

"Conch," he said.

"Fritters," I replied.

He nodded.

"You have the candles?" he asked.

"But of course," I replied. "How can we meet in a dark cellar without candles?"

THE TRAIN ROLLED along for a while, then slowed as we approached the border. The conductor came through, calling, "Have your passports ready, bubba!"

The man in black narrowed his eyes.

"Is the conductor one of us?" he whispered.

"No," I whispered back. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he knows the password for our contact in Vienna."

Then he wrinkled his nose in distaste.

"What is that awful smell coming from your bag?"

"My bag?" I said in surprise. "All

I have is candles."

I looked in the bag and it was full of rotten squid.

SUDDENLY THE TRAIN screeched to a halt. We were stuck in a snow-covered mountain pass. The train had changed and now was much smaller and open on both sides. A fat lady in a big hat complained behind me, "I want to see where Eugene O'Neill used to drink his Coca-Cola!"

Then I saw that my black attire was gone and I was barefoot and wearing ragged jeans. I knew the game was up now that my disguise was gone. The man in black had disappeared and instead across from me was a bearded man in a T-shirt and cut-offs holding out a painting of a shrimp boat on the Bosphorus.

"Trade you for a six-pack," he said.

"I haven't got a six-pack," I told him, trying to be inconspicuous because I knew the enemy was near.

"Yes, you have, in that bag," he said.

I LOOKED, but there was nothing but a broken flip-flop and an empty Thunderbird bottle.

Suddenly a dark-complexioned man, nattily dressed entirely in brilliant red and with bolita tickets sticking out of his pockets, jumped out of the snow and tried to sell me some grass -- or was it the other way around?

"I know you!" I yelled. "Conductor, conductor, this man is..."

BUT THE CONDUCTOR had turned into a giant pig's foot and shoved me off the train, shouting, "You're scoused!"

I found myself sprawled on the sidewalk in front of Sloppy Joe's, screaming, "You're all a pack of limes!" while a fat lady in a big hat was asking, "Is this where Scott Fitzgerald used to drink?"

KEY WEST GLASS WORKS

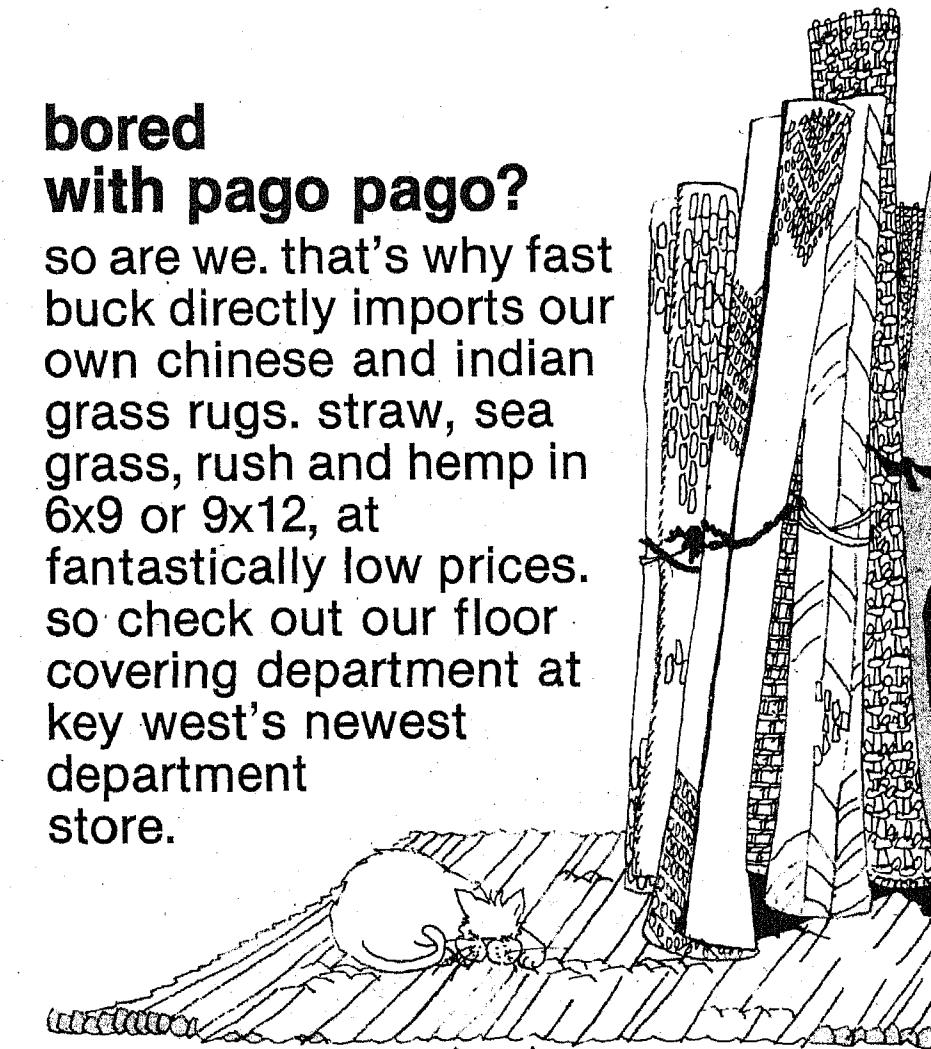
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BY FRANCES-ELIZABETH SIGNORELLI

OFELIA, PEDICURIST

MOST ANY EVENING, there leans Ofelia on a small Spanish gate, her eyes sadly following the cars which pass on White Street, as though one of them might have a message for her.

This is where I present myself for a pedicure, pedicures being one of Cuba's underestimated gifts to the U.S.A. Through the days of fat cat dictators, all Cuban ladies, rank and file or aristocratic, were devoted to the pernickety care of the nails, and the Cuban women who groomed nails made up a handy sub-culture. Ofelia finds among this number.

OFELIA HOLDS FORTH along that short, engaging strip of White Street bounded by aromatic Fourth of July restaurant and the Benjamin Moore paint store, which the old line gentry swear by.

Along here, these shops carry on, only tangentially devoted to brisk commerce. No sparks fly, and there is not the flutter of Old Town nor the hustle of the pushing new shopping centers. This little knot of enterprises possesses its own charm.

Ofelia, the pedicurist, has little or no English. Because -- well, because she is stubborn, and because she is Ofelia.

Her husband, Rajah, found her in Cuba and imported her lovingly to Key West years ago.

RAJAH, A TINY MAN who labored somewhere in the labyrinths of the aqueduct system, would be imperiously summoned by telephone when a knotty translation problem arose. He would arrive on the run and throw himself into the project with a lot of good will and a machine

gun delivery. The volley of Spanish pieces crescendoing between them would hold the customer fascinated as though observing a frisbee contest. The solution of whether to use a pearlized natural tint or if the lady wants the cuticles clipped shorter could fill an empurpled ten minutes with passionate confab.

Then Rajah, breathless and spent, would be dismissed. So, you see that Rajah was not only Ofelia's master and sweetheart along the path of life, but he was her serious possession.

NOW, OFELIA, no longer young, not tiny and stylish, and faced with a world teeming with Anglos, has gone and lost Rajah, who died, and with him those tokens of love they had which so surpass the fires of youth.

Small wonder that lonesomely leans Ofelia upon the Spanish gate on long evenings. When the atmosphere is precisely right for it, maybe she can catch the faint glow which is supposed to be the night skyline of Havana, where lie her girlhood and her family ties.

HOWEVER, OFELIA IS not defeated. From her pocket in the wall, she operates defensively from early to late. A customer's foot is impaled in her clutch, the toes carefully poulticed so that they don't touch. There is the strenuous leg massage, the religious sole scraping. The pedicure at Ofelia's is a deadly serious business comprising the best part of a well spent hour.

A venturesome Anglo lady rushes in. "Could you please snip my hair in back? I work just here at Truman School and this is my lunch break. It won't take you a minute."

THIS LADY HAS got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Ofelia comes out like a bull fighter. Ofelia is filled with pure, absolute, inverse snobbishness. This way of arrival is against Ofelia's order of things. The air rings with complaint, Ofelia's. Finally, after a terrible encounter, Ofelia gives in with a

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REST BEACH ACQUISITION POSSIBLE

IN A SURPRISE development last week, Mayor Charles (Sonny) McCoy disclosed that the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation (BOOR) of the U.S. Interior Department had notified him that chances for funding the purchase of Rest Beach across from the Indigenous Park were quite favorable. BOOR considered that access to the beach was a natural part of the park project.

The land involved comprises about 600 front feet on the ocean along Atlantic Boulevard, between White Street Pier and the townhouses built by Carl Rongo, Inc., two years ago.

Title to the property is presently vested in Norman Artman and his wife. Artman had previously sold about 850 feet of this land to the Rongo Corporation under a conditional sales contract for a total price of \$250,000. Ultimately, Rongo acquired title to four parcels of the strip, paying Artman \$90,000 for the 125 feet of frontage involved. However, when Rongo, Inc., was stopped from further building by court order, the balance of the beach strip reverted to Artman. Recently, Norman Artman is reported to have executed a new sales agreement to David Wolkowski, former Pier House owner, for an undisclosed amount.

In light of the new development for possible City purchase, Wolkowski has been sounded out on possible withdrawal from his deal with Artman. Artman is reported favorable to a deal with the City for "a fair price." Wolkowski promised to consider the matter.

The Mayor is to be commended for his efforts in bringing this about.

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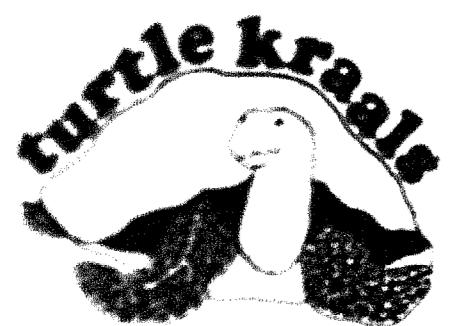
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lems facing them.

The statutory justification for designating the Florida Keys as ACSC is that they contain certain environmental, historical, natural or archaeological resources of regional or statewide importance. The primary purpose of this designation is to insure adoption of adequate land development regulations for the area concerned. However, the interest and promises of the Governor and other cabinet members expressed at the final hearing in April 1975 set the stage for a more literal and much broader range of benefit and assistance. These range from all manner of technical and professional advice, studies and surveys to an active role in securing material and financial help from multitudinous sources.

THE RESOLUTION was patently intended as an emotional slap at the judgment of the Joint Select Committee of the Florida Legislature on ACSC, which has recently spent long hours studying the effects of ACSC over the four years the designation has been effective for the Florida Keys. After holding public hearings in Monroe County and Tallahassee, listening to arguments for and against from Keys citizens and others, after weighing all available evidence, the Joint Select Committee recommended to the legislature the continuation of Critical Concern for all the Florida Keys including Key West.

Key West Resolution 79-37 is an emotional resolution which uses the language of the "spoilers" to blame Critical Concern for all the problems of Key West, while completely ignoring all the tremendous benefits that have accrued to the citizens of the Florida Keys, including Key West, as a result of the focus of attention brought about through the designation.

THE WRITER, with other proponents, was present in Tallahassee on April 15, 1975, when the state cabinet conducted its final public hearing on Critical Concern, and, after lengthy testimony pro and con, voted overwhelmingly to designate the Florida Keys as ACSC. Following that vote, Governor Reubin Askew praised the soundness of the decision and made a solemn promise to the hundreds attending the hearing, that he would use every possible official and personal influence to assist the Florida Keys in solving the many prob-

lems facing them.

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VERY DIFFICULT to tabulate are the many studies, surveys, advisories and other professional assistance which various state, federal and regional groups have given to the Keys in the intervening four years. The costs of these are in hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the value is immeasurable. More specific are the unbelievably large grants.

When the U.S. Economic Development Administration (EDA) granted \$2.8 million to the Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority in the Fall of 1975, it was Governor Askew's personal phone calls to the EDA office in Atlanta that exerted a compelling influence.

In March 1976, Governor Askew sent Florida Transportation Secretary Tom Webb and staff assistant Mike Dye to Washington D.C., with orders to lobby for federal grants to replace the crumbling bridges of the Keys. Their orders were to stay in Washington until they brought home the bacon. They did! Federal grants for the purpose total about \$120 million, another Critical Concern benefit. Askew's efforts because of Critical Concern to fund the cost of new aqueduct pipeline sections on the new bridges resulted in another \$26 million in grants.

Similarly, Governor Askew had an influential role in securing the \$53 million low-interest loan from the Farmer's Home Administration to replace the rest of the pipeline. The City of Key West has been

highly successful in securing many small grants and matching funds from various federal and state agencies for numerous worthwhile public works projects. The favorable consideration that the city has received, we are convinced, has been a direct result of the "most favored" position the city has enjoyed under Critical Concern.

WHEN LOCAL GOVERNMENT PERMITS SPOILING OF NATURAL RESOURCES FOR THE ECONOMIC BENEFIT OF A FAVERED FEW,

WHEN SENIOR LOCAL OFFICIALS HAVE A MISGUIDED CONCEPT OF "HIGHEST AND BEST USE,"

WHEN A PHILOSOPHY OF "BIGGER IS BETTER" AND "MORE BUILDING MEANS LESS TAXES" PREVAILS,

WHEN A PERSON OF QUESTIONABLE INTEGRITY IS PLACED IN A POSITION OF TRUST AND AUTHORITY AND THEN IGNORES ZONING REGULATIONS AND PROCEDURES,

WHEN CITIZEN COMPLAINTS TO CORRECT ABUSES ARE SCOFFED AT, WHEN STATE-WIDE GUIDELINES ARE IGNORED OR GIVEN LIP SERVICE,

THEN IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR LOCAL CITIZENS TO PETITION HIGHER GOVERNMENT TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE CAPRICIOUSNESS OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

WE SHARE with most thinking citizens the concept that local government and officials are potentially far more responsive to local problems than regional or state government could be. However, when local government permits spoiling of

natural resources for the economic benefit of a favored few, when senior local officials have a misguided concept of "highest and best use," when a philosophy of "bigger is better" and "more building means less taxes," prevails, when a person of questionable integrity is placed in a position of trust and authority and then ignores zoning regulations and procedures, when citizen complaints to correct abuses are scoffed at, when state-wide guidelines are ignored or given lip service, then it becomes necessary for local citizens to petition higher government to protect them from the capriciousness of local government.

IT IS IMPORTANT for the City Commissioners to remember that the designation of Area of Critical State Concern was not just imposed on the city by a remote executive group in Tallahassee. Critical State Concern was adopted because a large group of local citizens petitioned for it, and many at their own expense traveled to Tallahassee on April 15, 1975, where they stood on a platform before the seven top executives of the State of Florida and made presentations and answered questions and prevailed upon the Cabinet to declare Critical Concern to protect local citizens from the influences the "spoilers" were having on local government. Not one City Commissioner was present in Tallahassee when that decision was made on April 19, 1975.

Again on February 1, 1979, local citizens stood in the Marathon Courthouse before the Joint Select Committee of the Florida Legislature on Critical Concern, and gave arguments for retaining the Critical Concern designation until local government has more conclusively demonstrated its will to conduct sound land use and environmental protection planning. Not one City Commissioner was present on February 1, 1979. A city administrative assistant read a city resolution to the select body asking to remove Key West from ACSC.

IN 1975 the Florida Legislature passed the Local Government Comprehensive Planning Act of 1975, which became part

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of Chapter 163 Florida Statutes. This act required local governments -- counties, municipalities and combined political entities -- to develop and adopt comprehensive plans for the orderly development and protection of local areas. Citizens involved with Critical Concern felt this new act would do away with the need for Critical Concern.

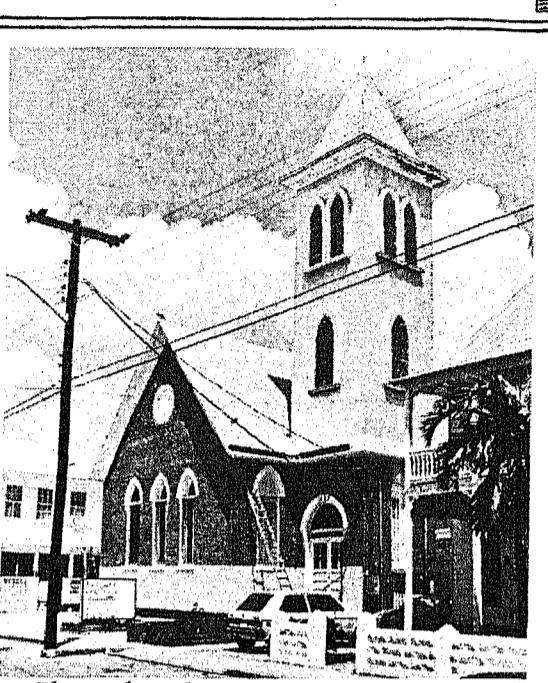
Monroe County has moved steadily ahead to develop a comprehensive plan over a three-year period, and finally, after many public hearings, workshops, revisions and compromises, adopted the first and basic element of the Master Land Use Plan in January 1979.

The City of Key West had ignored this Act (F.S. 163.3161, etc.) for four years until March 1979. The Select Joint Committee, in recommending that Key West be continued under Critical Concern, noted that Key West has ignored the 1975 Planning Act. Mayor Sonny McCoy responded in a last minute effort by verbally assigning a dedicated but unequipped city staff assistant the task of writing an "update" to the old 1968 Milo Smith Plan. This hastily appointed ad hoc "city planner," assigned to rewrite the two-volume Milo Smith Plan in about five days, was not even told and was not aware (through no fault of his own) that the Planning Act provisions of F.S. 163 existed.

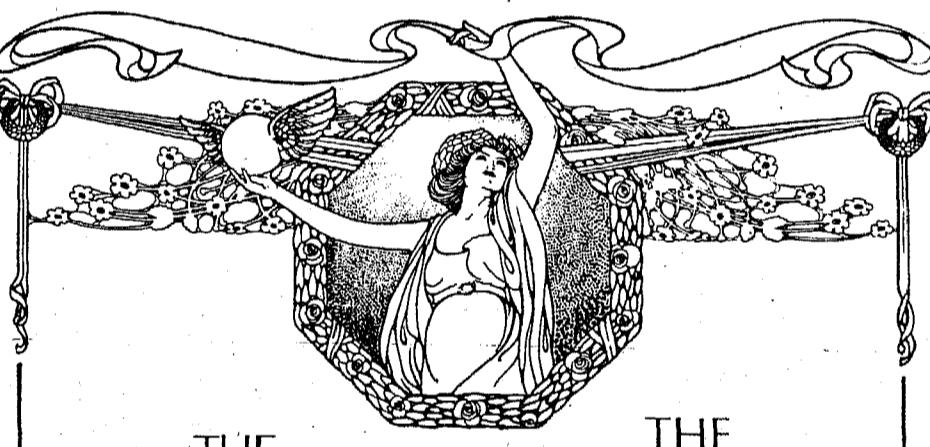
Originally, a city hall spokesman told local news media that the revised plan would be adopted in two readings on March 19 and April 2. However, on March 16, 1979, a public notice appeared in the local press announcing that the City would conduct a Public Hearing on April 2, 1979, in Commission Chambers to receive citizen input on an "updated" Comprehensive Land Use Plan for the City. As of March 26, 1979, portions of the "updated" plan were being made available for public review on a piecemeal basis.

IT IS FARICAL then for the City to adopt Resolution 79-37 (asking reimbursement for alleged ACCSC losses), which insults the intelligence of our Florida

Legislature. The City had better set itself the task of properly developing, administering and protecting its own resources and growth in a serious fashion. The City had better heed the frustrations and lack of confidence of its citizens expressed by the over 3000 petitioners who signed Larry Gomez' petition to abolish the City of Key West. This frustration will not be relieved until the City Commission relieves it through improved and more responsive management.



There has been much spirited activity at the Congregational Church on William Street since a new minister arrived. Painters have been working freshening up the church buildings for several weeks now. Church member Clyde Stickney, former Postmaster of Key West, has been especially busy helping with the painting and the planting of shrubs. It's nice to see the church looking so good again.



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Good Neighbors

by Ray Daniels

DARNED MEAN OF our neighbors to put up that tall solid fence, not to mention their chopping down that big shade tree. The shade was okay, but those beautiful soursops -- where are we going to find more for soursop ice cream?

When I asked the new folks why they cut the tree and yanked out the aloe and bahama lilies, they said, "We do not need the mess, and after all it is our property."

TO A CONCH, these acts are usually a declaration of war. Sudden appearances of inspectors for minor infractions, small irritating acts of juvenile vandalism, seldom finding a parking space, and social ostracism are a few of the things that usually happen.

In old Key West (pre-1960) a non-native who moved here was generally referred to as the new man on the block, or the man who bought so and so's house. My father first came to Key West in 1929, later married a local Conch, and was thereafter referred to as La Dorna Saunders' husband. It was well into the 1950's before Dad became Mr. Daniels.

Here are a few informal hints to becoming a good neighbor:

1) Remember open space in Key West is at a premium, so perhaps a hedge or group of shrubs would be better for both you and your neighbors.

2) See what impact cutting the trees will have on the neighbors. Check and see if they are scarce or just nuisance trees. Ask the neighbors if they want any plants you may not want.

3) Introduce yourselves immediately to the neighbors after purchase of your

new home. Ask them about their interests and offer them any excess fruits your trees may bear. After all, wouldn't homemade soursop or sapodilla ice cream taste great on hot days? Usually the neighbors have fruit trees too, and you will find yourself with Key limes, sour oranges, tamarinds, guavas, dates, bananas, Spanish limes or other island fruits.

4) Rapport with the neighbors includes a housewarming and always offers of tennis, golf, fishing, or perhaps an invitation to play dominoes.

5) Conchs look after each other, especially during emergencies and bad times. A neighborhood bands together to keep out transients, thieves, and troublemakers. Security comes with friendship. Sure you lose privacy, but being an isolationist means your neighbors won't pay attention to a stranger in your yard, they won't involve themselves no matter how much you are struggling, and most of all, they won't share their secret recipes or fishing spots.

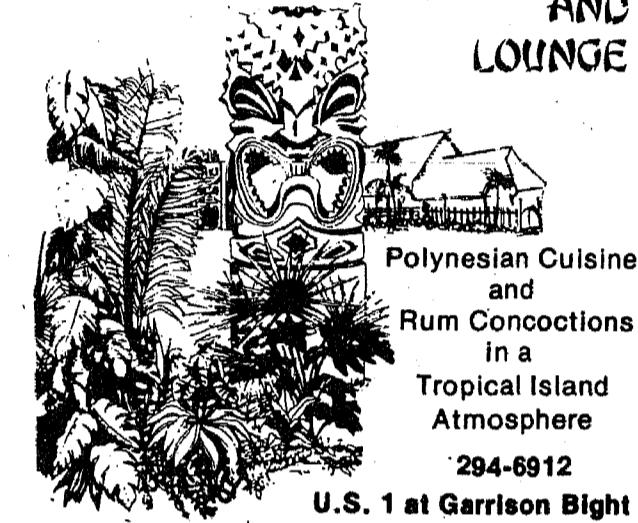
IF YOU THINK a tall wall, air conditioners, privacy screens and such will guarantee privacy, then you are sadly mistaken. An old saying here in Key West was that if someone sneezes on Duval Street, another will say, "God bless you" on White Street.

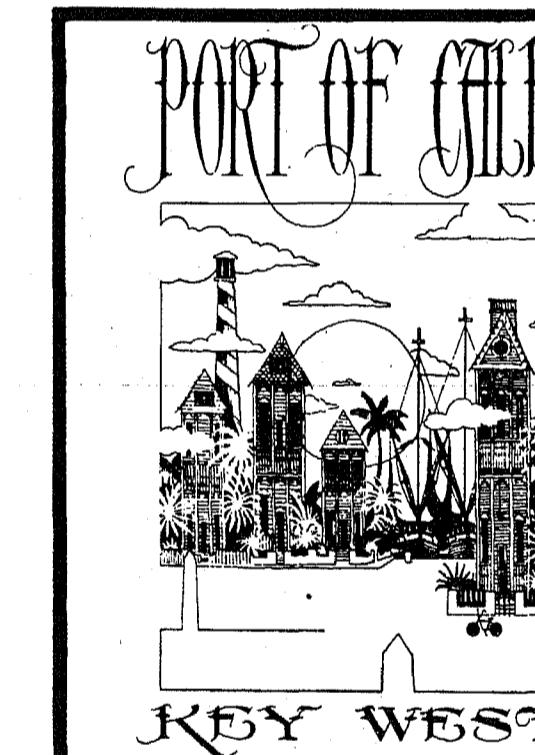
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Heineken (Light or Dark)	1.50
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Soft Drinks	.75
Milk	.50
Espresso	1.00
Cafe con Leche	1.50

SALADS

Nicoise	4.25
Avocado Stuffed with Shrimp	4.50
Bird of Paradise (with Fresh Fruit, Cottage Cheese or Yogurt)	3.75
Seafood Salad	4.95
Stuffed Tomato (with Tuna Salad)	3.50
(with Shrimp Salad)	4.95
Avocado, Tomato and Onion	2.75
À la Carte Salad	1.25

SANDWICHES

Tuna Salad	2.50
Reuben (Open face)	3.50
Shrimp Salad	4.00
Finger Steak (Sirlion on Garlic Bread)	4.95
Grilled Cheese, Tomato & Canadian Bacon (Open face)	2.75
Hamburger	2.75
Cheeseburger	3.00

PLATTERS

Eggs Benedict	4.25
Fish of the Day	4.25
Platter of the Day	3.95
Conch Steak	5.95
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Conch Chowder	2.00
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Mushroom & Mozzarella	3.25
Cream Cheese & Scallions	3.25
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DESSERTS

Pontchartrain Pie	2.75
Dessert of the Day	1.75
Key Lime Pie	1.25
Ice Cream (Chocolate Sauce 50¢ extra)	1.25





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HAVANA JAM — BAY OF GIGS

1962, carried a report of the overnight construction of an FAA control tower at the International Airport, built apparently to handle the great influx of Marine and Navy jet squadrons in the area. Another squadron of 13 submarines and a division of destroyers pulled out of Key West headed for the shipping lanes into Havana, one of Cuba's two ports capable of large vessel traffic.

Just to be on the safe side, the Army took a one-year lease on the Casa Marina Hotel causing the management to relocate its winter reservations to another local hotel. The Miami Herald reported a rear admiral as saying, "The military population here grew from about 3,000 to about 12,000 in a matter of days. U.S. 1 was one long military convoy."

ALL OF THIS activity was due to President John Kennedy's decision to meet Cuban arms buildup with action. That action was summed up in the historic document entitled "The Interdiction of the Delivery of Offensive Weapons to Cuba" or more simply, a weapon embargo. The first Soviet ship was allowed to pass, as it was an oil tanker carrying no weapons. The rest of the fleet with which it had been traveling turned back on orders from the Kremlin, thus avoiding the dreaded confrontation. About a month later the embargo was lifted, and until September 1, 1977, Cuba and the U.S. took the cold war stance. It took sixteen years and eight months before the American Embassy was once again opened and diplomatic ties were renewed.

WHEN THE DAY CAME for us to leave Key West for the jazz festival in Havana, we were blessed with the easterly wind we had all been hoping for. After a water balloon fight off Mallory Square, a fleet of six boats proceeded across the Straits of Florida on a beam reach through seas of six to eight feet and water warmer than the air. We had decided to stay together as a fleet to make our processing through Cuban customs easier upon arrival.

We had a crew of four aboard the Trivet, one of the smaller boats in the fleet. This was a landmark crossing for

THE DAY WE LEFT YESTERDAY on October 23,

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PIRATES ALLEY in historic OLD KEY WEST

foxy lady
APPAREL BIKINIS
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The Trivet clearing customs

ing the flares, were taken, to be returned upon our departure.

After the last boat arrived, a meeting was called outside on the patio where a tall black Cuban man came around with a tray of the soon-to-be very popular drink, the mojito. As he served them to each of us he offered a short explanation: "Rum an' ice (not the spice) lemon, sugar and a little peppermint grassah." So long, Margaritaville, hello, Mojitaville. We were then introduced to all the Barlovento management and were told by our hosts that we had at our disposal just about anything we wanted.

To make it easier, credit cards were issued, and I never left the boat without it. Forty to 50% off the price would be made available on all drinks and food purchased in the bar or restaurant.

We could charge the rental of one of their fine Soviet bikes and buy any grocery items as well, and even if we never made it into Havana to change money, we could pay in U.S. currency when we left. We had our own tour guide, Luis Gabriel, and an air conditioned tourist bus complete with driver, bar and barmaid.

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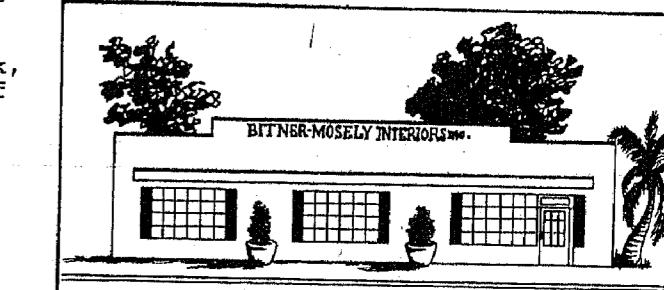
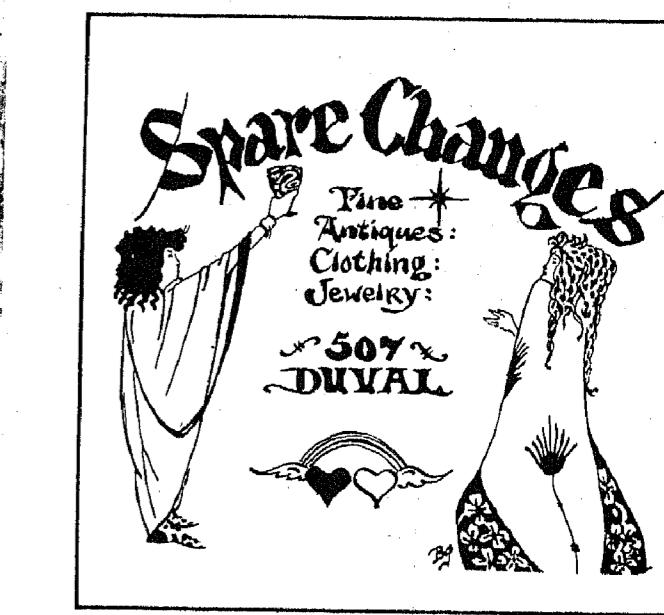
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the first thing most of us noticed was the cars left from the late 40's, 50's, and 60's. Some were on blocks, some were handpainted with orange primer, and others looked as if they had just driven off the showroom floor. A great number of these cars were studded with stars giving them an official air, especially with their orange "particular" license plates. The town itself is very bright with several of the buildings decorated with colorful graphics.

There, too, is the colonial part of town reminiscent of Spain or France. Mixed in with all this are the political posters armed with Viet Nam slogans, an occasional tank, and soldiers on motor bikes with sidecars. The larger streets were divided by palms of many types kept up beautifully.

Our skipper chose to stay at the Habana Riviera which he later termed the Kremlin Hilton. He found the air conditioning a bit too cold and said it must be a direct correlation to the number of Russian people staying there. Although there was no hostility, there was some tension among the American, Russian, and Cuban cultures. Russian could be heard spoken anywhere in the streets, and several Russians later joined us at the Barlovento for a leisurely Sunday afternoon.

We quickly learned the food was generally bad, but for the next few days we weren't there to dine out but instead to enjoy the upcoming music festival, "Havana Jam."

HAVANA JAM WAS the culmination of two years' worth of work on the part of CBS records. It had been twenty years since Cuban and American musicians had gathered to play in Cuba, and it had all the earmarks of a spectacular musical event: Billed as a free concert by such U.S. media as Rolling Stone, Havana Jam was mainly by invitation. Some tickets were available carrying a \$10-a-night price tag. Of the 5000 seats available in the newly constructed Karl Marx Theater, 300 to 350 were filled by Yanks. CBS itself held close to 200 seats for performers and staff. The Key West contingent was

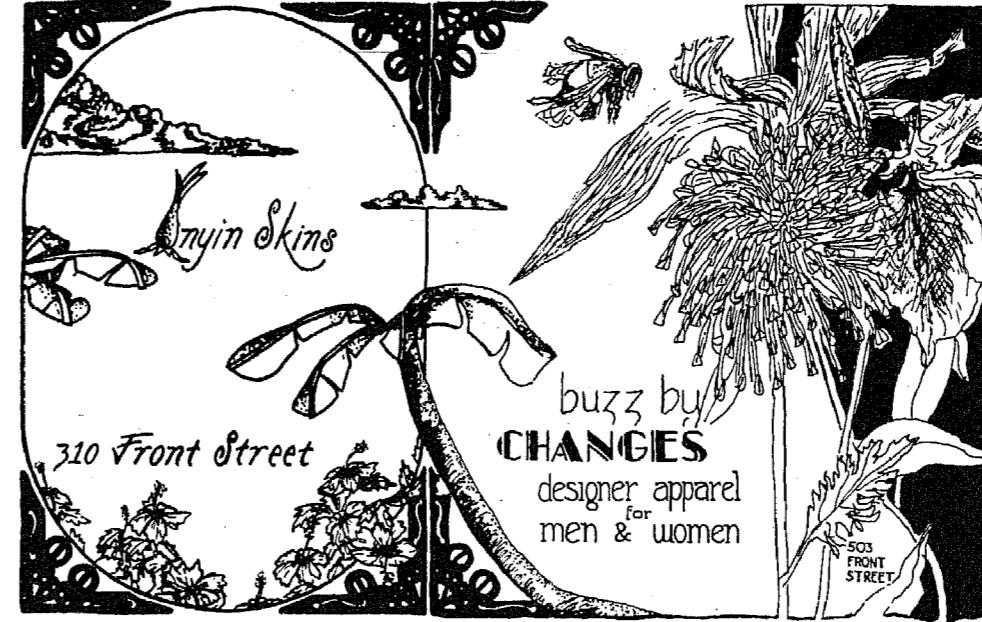
a group of 40.

Weather Report, complete with all their electronic gadgets, opened the three-day festival with the sounds of birds, lots of smoke, and an array of optical effects. Although they were only able to play for one hour, they packed in a wide variety of new and old material. Jaco Pastorius did a bass solo that brought the crowd to its feet. A medley begun with "Pee Wee," written by Tony Williams, was followed by "Delores," a swing hit. He concluded sounding very much like Jimi Hendrix, even going so far as to throw his bass on the stage, where he played it for a few minutes and then for the finale, jumped on it. The entire band returned to finish their set with "Birdland." Although the rest of the evening included two fine Cuban bands and the Fania All Stars, none could match the excitement brought on earlier by Weather Report.



Musicians Tony Williams, John McLaughlin, and Jaco Pastorius playing at the festival.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S LINEUP started with the CBS Jazz All Stars with such talented men as Tony Williams, Ronnie Foster, Bob Hutchinson, Willi Bobo, Dexter Gordon, the Heath Brothers, Hubert Laws, Stan Getz, Arthur Blythe, Maynard Ferguson, John Lee, and John McLaughlin. They all played together, with each taking the lead a few times during the songs. The large band then broke down into several smaller combos, one of which included Tony Williams on drums, John McLaughlin



on lead, and Jaco Pastorius on bass. Once again the crowd was brought to its feet. It was a difficult act to follow, but the Cubans did it in style with their twenty-piece "Percussion Cubano," brightly garbed with stripes and ruffles.

Steven Stills was on stage next, and for anyone who has followed his music in the past, he proved to be a disappointment.

His Spanish was barely understandable, although it was a noble gesture. The high point of his set was the performance of a song he wrote especially for the festival entitled "Cuba al Fin." The crowd definitely forgave any of his poor Spanish after hearing it. Bonnie Brennin, formerly from Delany and Bonnie, sang with Stills, improving his act considerably. Hopefully, when Steven goes on tour with the act that followed, "Ira-kere," his act will be more together.

MOST OF OUR fleet stayed in Havana for a week or more. Our skipper Gary stayed two, getting involved with the Havana natives, selling jeans which fetch a pretty penny, eating better Cuban food, and just generally taking in the sights. The town ran out of the small items most of us tourists wanted -- especially T-shirts. When one style runs out, another is manufactured, but the Cubans don't yet have an idea of the magnitude of the spending power of the U.S. tourist. I'm sure they'll learn quickly.

SUNDAY, THE FINAL night of the festival, opened with Ellen Burke appealing to the older people in the crowd. Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge followed with a short set filled with boring material. Kris, however, did give a moving speech in Spanish, dedicating a song to Che Guevara, Fidel Castro, and Jesus Christ and spoke of breaking down the walls between the two nations. They were followed by the most melodic and political Cuban band of the festival, Sara Gonzales, Pablo Milanes and Grupo Mangare. Together they put on a moving set. At one point Sara was in tears.

The crowd was appreciative, but what they wanted was Billy Joel. When he came on stage, the crowd, which had been well behaved throughout the previous night, flocked down towards the stage. Joel immediately broke a string on the piano by his forceful playing and, taking it out, threw it to the audience. He gave the most concise and action-packed performance of the festival, starting out by apologizing for his nonexistent Spanish. But instead of speaking he played and sang. The crowd was on its feet for the last fifteen minutes of his set and actually brought him back for the only

Luis Gabriel Hernandez
c/o Cubatur
Calle 23, #156, Vedado
La Habana, Cuba



The Kangaroo's Pouch

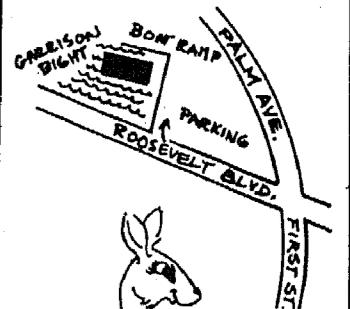
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PHOTO QUIZ

photos by Richard Marsh

The first person to correctly identify all ten of these photos will win \$25. Identification must be specific; that is, name or address of building or intersection nearest to the object pictured, or an otherwise definite description of the object and where it is located.

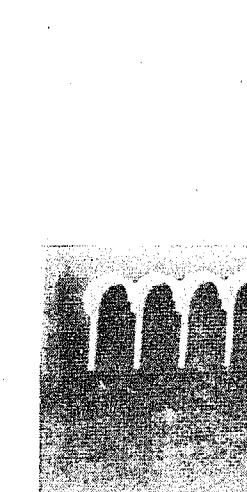
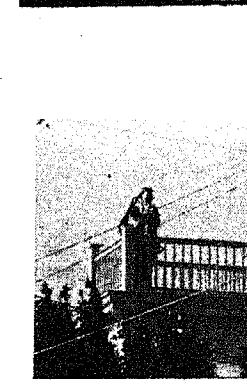
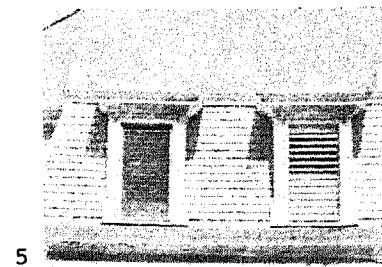
All of these objects are in the Old Town area and can be seen (and were photographed) on or from public property.

All entries must be mailed to:

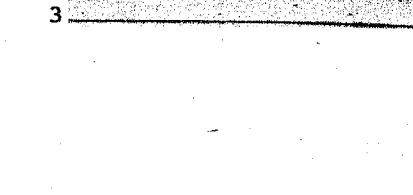
PHOTO QUIZ
Solares Hill
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The winner will be the entry with the earliest postmark having all ten photos correctly identified. In case of a tie, a drawing will be held to determine the winner.

Solares Hill staff members and their families are not eligible.



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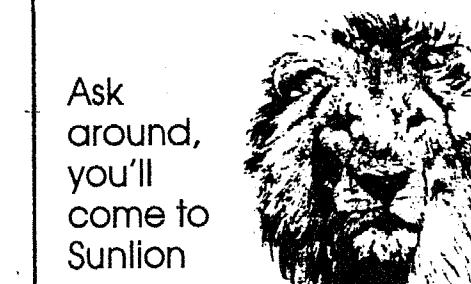
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BULL'S EYE

HARRIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL was the focal point of my young life as a girl growing up on the small island of Key West. My older sister Kathryn was the first among us to weather the challenges of leaving the security of our myopic existence on Dey Street when she entered the first grade. This was exciting for my little sister Martha and myself also, since we vicariously enjoyed the thrill she got

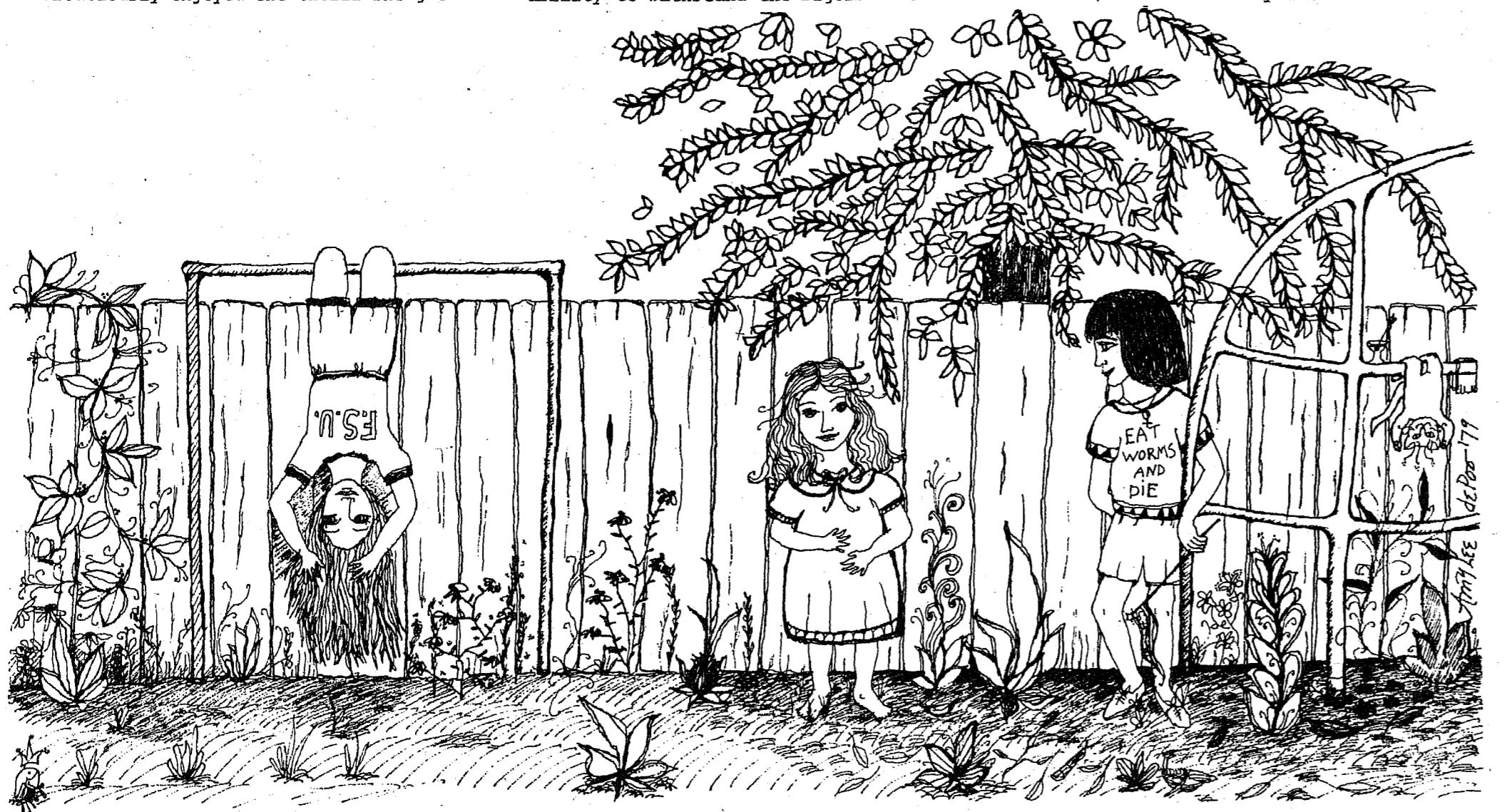
a while, however.

Most everyday, except in the rainy season, and especially in early summer, groups of neighborhood children gathered on the playground to swing on the monkey bars, play marbles in the dirt, climb the pole to the basketball hoop, play hide and go seek or ride their bikes in terminal circles until dizziness overcame one's ability to withstand the rigors of ex-

prone to be light-headed at times, coming from a very good family, you see.)

My sister Kathryn had stayed home that day to sort rocks, a hobby I always questioned the fiscal potential of, but she later turned out to have quite a head for round figures. This left Martha, the only member of my immediate family around to engage in esoteric conversation with me, since it really was too humid to

by Amy Lee De Poo



from her first taste of formal education. By the time we all matriculated there, the mundane entertainments of our very young lives ceased to hold the spell of enchantment they once had. That is to say, cockroach races with lumbering palmetto bugs or catching flies in crusty dog food cans to throw in spitting-spider webs just did not have the *savoir-faire* to keep an educated mind occupied. We gave up our bohemian rituals to answer the call of higher society at Harris School -- people who lived more than eight blocks away represented the upper echelons to us.

THE PLAYGROUND of Harris Elementary was always the most fascinating place to me. For one thing, the school itself resembles a castle by virtue of the building blocks used in building it. On top, in front, the uppermost wall was left with alternate blocks left out so that if one let his or her imagination run rampant for a moment (in my family, there was hardly a moment that someone's imagination WASN'T rampant, and that's putting it kindly), the building blocks took on the air of an enchanted castle with the most colorful of subjects running freely on its moors. Only the moors were asphalt and the subjects were children from all ethnic groups trying to deal with the absurdities of life on a tropical island. Television did leak bleak reality into our cloistered lives every once in

tended and repetitious punishment.

WE GIRLS HAD bicycles, but we used them specifically for transportation to the playground, and not for anything so dull as riding around and around in a circle until you couldn't see straight. Even then I was an unusual child not given to time-wasting on senseless activity. My somber sister Martha was like me in that respect also. She was an observer of humanity at its adolescent best and preferred to watch the more strenuous games rather than participate in something that might mar her delicate complexion.

Anyway, there we all were on the playground of Harris School one day doing all the things previously described, or, as the individual case might be, merely observing the panorama of childhood. It was a hot day, getting pretty close to summer, and I was by the monkey bars where a large shade tree mercifully grew, bravely trying to keep from becoming offensively drenched with sweat. Keeping up appearances later became a major part of my life.

OUR DEAREST GIRLFRIEND at the time (and this title was frequently passed around), Farnie, was hanging upside down on the monkey bars, letting all the blood rush to her head, where I imagined it would do the most good. (She was

move.

AS WE STOOD making the usual small talk of small people, a local boy who lived very near the school began to make passes in front of us on his stingray. A stingray is a type of bicycle with butterfly handlebars and a banana seat that practically every boy at school HAD to have to be "with it." He began to call out absurd and meaningless taunts. Some of them were the usual nasty things boys delight in shocking girls with, but we were not at ALL interested in his perception of budding libidos. In fact, we found him to be highly irritating and quite disgusting and proceeded to ignore him entirely, a skill passed on to us by our father, John. (He had great use for such skills, since at the time he was serving on the city commission.)

After a short time, Raymond, the pesky bike-rider, took off for more responsive prey and left Martha and me to indulge in our cozy tête-à-tête. The shadows grew slightly longer, and Martha was getting a queer look on her face that I had long before learned to interpret as hunger. Fortunately enough, the ice cream truck, driven by a friendly Cuban man, Hector, was making its way slowly down Southard Street with the bell ringing loudly.

MARTHA, IN A Pavlovian grimace, im-

mediately stretched to the limit the boundaries of her vacillating friendship with Farnie and got an on-the-spot loan for some orange sherbet in a cone, one of only two flavors served up by the highly imaginative Hector. Well, sometimes on very special occasions, coconut took the place of orange sherbet, but I always thought it to be overpoweringly sweet.

Farnie had by this time discontinued her acrobatics and was now engrossed in her fingernails, which never grew. We were discussing the various attributes of false fingernails while patiently waiting for Martha to walk back with the ice-cream cone. Farnie only had enough money for one and had generously given the money to Martha with the understanding that we could all have a lick.

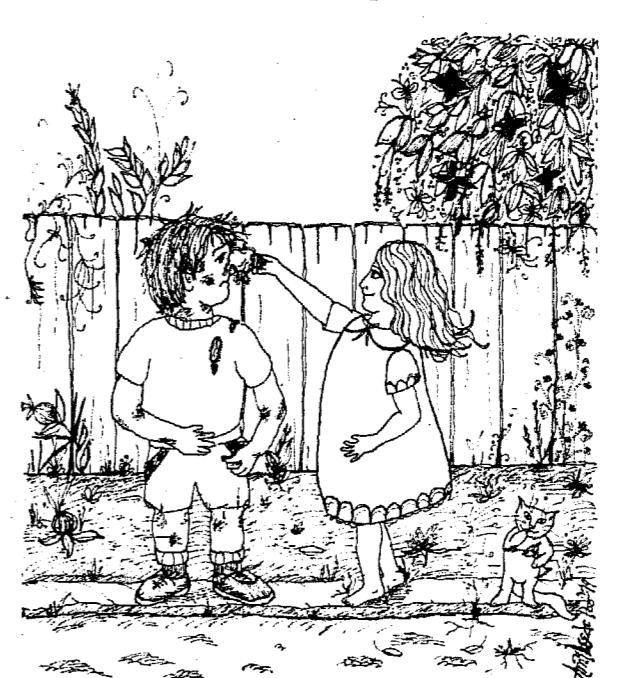
As Martha approached, I noticed a familiar figure enter the gate at the front of the playground on a stingray bicycle. It was Raymond. I studied him and decided that he was as complete a stranger to soap and water as any one human being could possibly be and stood back against the pole of the basketball hoop. Farnie graciously made a few verbal summations of exactly what he smelled like, much to my amusement because my mother never let me use language like that. (I did learn to swear later and found it absolutely thrilling, as most children do.)

MARTHA TOOK HER place with us and was about to give us the much anticipated tingle of icy orange sherbet for our parched throats, when Raymond began to resume the annoying practice of whizzing by and yelling something entirely un-funny to get our attention. But now he had another object to focus on and give him grist for grinding out yet another

Raymond sure knew the way to a girl's heart.

MARTHA LOOKED EDGY. She always got a little squirrely when the prospect of sharing food presented itself. Mind you, this was a girl who could spend a good ten minutes rubbing the undersides of Hershey Bars to cleverly ascertain which one had the most nuts.

"C'mon, Sweet Thing (Oh god, isn't that SICKENING?), I'll give you a big kiss if you let me lick your ice cream



cone."

This was more than enough to turn my stomach and very possibly cause me to

stricken speechless and stood there with her mouth gaping at this ungodly torture. Martha was about to undergo. For a moment, time stood still. The intensely humid air hung like a huge cloud of anaesthetizing vapor upon us all. I was in suspended animation and Martha appeared to be also as she took long, slow, drawn out steps toward Raymond. Her face had a very peculiar look about it. Raymond looked as if heaven had opened up before his very feet. He was thrilled beyond mortal delight. His wildest dream was about to become a blissful conquering of bare reality.

He eagerly came toward her, fairly drooling. Just at this precise second, time snapped back into its rightful gear, and Martha's hand, holding the ice-cream cone, shot out from her shoulder with the accuracy of a famished rattle-snake. That practically brand-new, hardly-licked-at-all, beautiful orange sherbet ice-cream cone was planted firmly in Raymond's left eye!

This was too much! Martha had saved herself from eternal damnation in one fell swoop. She was a hero in our eyes -- she had made the SUPREME sacrifice to publicly demonstrate that she was a force to be reckoned with after all.

NATURALLY WE WERE all shrieking with devilish delight, bending over holding our sides in uncontrollable heaves of laughter and hardly able to breathe. Raymond ran over and stuck his head in the outside water fountain, further humiliation because that's where everybody spit, and it was always green and slimy.

He did not take this cruelly deceptive attack lightly, and he vowed to wreak havoc and bloodshed on us for sure if his mother couldn't get the orange dye



lose my appetite for days, but Martha took it all in with the steely reserve of a four-star general. Much to my complete mortification and aghast horror, Martha looked him DEAD in his face and answered him in angelic tones that would put the seraphim on high to SHAME. Yes, she would be more than glad to let him have a lick so she could collect the offered reward.

"That ice sherbet sure looks good." No reply from Martha, but I did see her eyes narrow slightly.

"Hows-about a little lick, HONEY BABY."

I WAS IN total shock. Farnie was

from the less-than-kosher sherbet out of his new shirt. We considered that was a decidedly unexpected dividend and ran off to relate the news of our victory for free society to the folks at home.

From that point on, Raymond became our arch nemesis and was always and forevermore an absorbing source of entertainment. Time never healed the gap created by a permanent stain on a brand new shirt.

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I also doubt whether many local Key West people took (your) advice to contact the County Commissioners regarding improvement of jail conditions. The public is pretty jaded these days — laid back in Margaritaville. I'm not really all that interested in whether the press picks up on the story. I just want to make sure something gets done about it."

"Your paper's stand on the issue places you in an extreme minority, believe me," Berg continued. "If I had all the cooperation from other organizations that I've had from the Public Defender's Office in Key West and Solares Hill, I would have been very pleased."

THE SUIT, affecting an estimated 10,000 county prisoners across the state, focusses on a number of constitutional violations existing in Florida county jails. Among others, it mentions restriction of inmates to their cells on a 24-hour-a-day basis, the lack of any exercise or recreational facilities, unsanitary jail conditions, and inadequate or improper medical attention. The Monroe County Jail continues to provide glaring examples of each of these conditions.

The suit should come as no surprise to county officials. Conditions at the jail have been called to their attention by a variety of sources for at least the past five years.

WILLIAM (BILLY) FREEMAN, Monroe County Sheriff, has been particularly concerned with the problem since taking office two years ago. Addressing this subject during a previous interview with *Solares Hill*, Freeman predicted that the County Commissioners would eventually be forced — by court order — to take corrective action regarding the jail if they continued to ignore existing conditions. The recently filed suit suggests that their day of reckoning is quickly approaching.

It didn't take a mind reader to foresee the present chain of events — just someone with a working knowledge of the law and a reasonable faith in rights guaranteed by the constitution.

Notes and Antic-Dotes continued from page 9

VON COSEL became instantly enamored of his patient. He claimed she was his "dream girl" come alive, the girl of whom he had visions since his boyhood. He declared that he had loved her in the past and that she had once appeared to him while he was admiring statues in another country long ago.

"I saw her, the image of the love I had painted when I was a lad. I talked to her and serenaded her on the organ when we were reunited again in Austria. When I met her once more at the hospital in Key West, I knew she was the spirit of my dreams, and that at last I had found her," he declared.

THE DYING GIRL, however, spurned Von Cosel as a suitor when he asked her to marry him. He refused to accept her decision. He promised that even if she died he would continue treating her by the methods by which he hoped to restore her.

Impressed with this "scientific" approach, Elena and her people accepted Von Cosel's efforts.

All this was revealed years later when Von Cosel was examined by psychiatrists. An analysis by Dr. John T. Horn, a consulting criminal psychoanalyst, who was one of the specialists examining Von Cosel in 1940 when his possession of the corpse was disclosed, asserted that Von Cosel had an active mind, but suffered delusions of grandeur caused by his unsettled early existence. Horn explained that Von Cosel was so frustrated in his efforts to make a name for himself that he had become mentally disturbed.

FURTHER DETAILS of the intriguing and complex expose of Von Cosel's behavior in Key West will be revealed in the next of the series to appear in *Solares Hill*.

poetry

The Citizen
Key West, Florida

Gentlemen:

I submit the enclosed verses, that may be of sufficient interest to you and your readers for publication.

I will be eighty-six years old in February, still active and able enough to mow my yard and make a garden each year. Some of my fondest memories are of my ten months training in Key West, and ten months service in France, at age twenty-four and five.

I was born and reared in Tennessee and had never seen the ocean until my training down there. So it was an entirely new world and experience for me, and I enjoyed it so much and the friends I made. I kept in touch with several buddies for a number of years, but most of them have passed on and I have lost contact with others. I still have a number of kodak pictures I made while there. I hope that before taps sounds for me, my wife, a son and I, make a trip down there once more.

I cannot recall the name of the newspaper there in 1917 and 1918, but it had this slogan, "We cover the keys like the ocean breeze."

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

O.S. Ward

More than sixty years have come and gone, Since I first beheld a Key West dawn. Time has passed and things have changed, But memory lasts, I live again Those days we spent and scenes so plain, In World War One and Company Two; All volunteers to serve till thru. Days filled with work and times of fun, Training for war that had just begun.

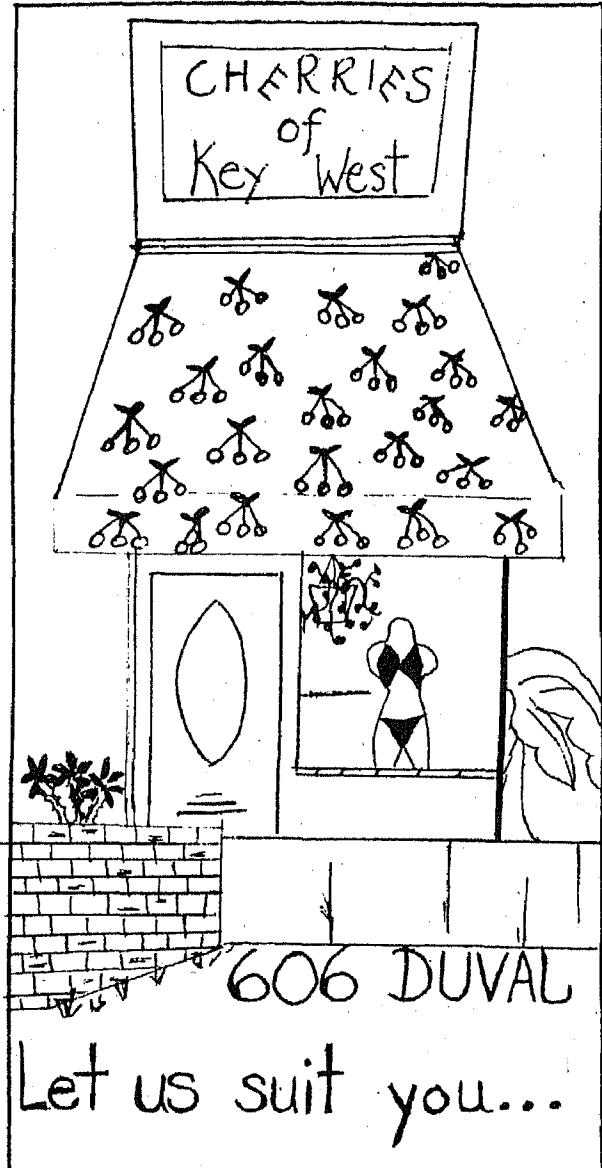
When morning came with Reveille, Then first call for assembly, Roll call next and setting-up drill, Mess call sounded to eat your fill, Breakfast, then assembly for all, Stick call, work call, and then drill call; And so it went from morn till noon, Then came time for rest, a welcome boon.

I remember well the banyan trees, And Martello Towers that faced the seas, Sunrise, sunset with beauty each day, And sandy beaches for swim and play, Then there was KP and guard duty, Cistern cleaning and unloading coal, All with fatigues and faces sooty, Always ready when they called the roll.

So now and then, when work is done, I sit alone and live those days, And hear again the evening gun; Bugle sounds Retreat and flag comes down, And the Company stands without a sound, As sunset gleams with golden rays, Company dismissed, so ends the day, And the chow line forms the army way.

Then came the dark, with stars so bright, And I hear again the ocean breeze In coconut palms and rubber trees, When we stood guard in tropic night, And stragglers came in from Jungletown, Where they had danced and frolicked around. The bugle sounds tattoo then Taps, And sleep came on with dreams perhaps.

Owen Stanley Ward



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St. Paddy On The Run

by John Hellen photos by Scott Matu

It would have brought a smile to the eyes of the fourth century saint destined to become the patron of that historically melancholic island known as Ireland. Patrick, his day so long an unofficial holy holiday, perhaps would have viewed this year's Bar None Suds Run as a morality play equivalent to lemmings racing headlong into an inevitable sudsy ocean. Despite the immoral overtones of overindulgence and sacrilegious disrespect easily attached to an alcoholic drinking contest, two full time Irishmen succeeded in orchestrating an event which originally was a casual afternoon banter about how to celebrate this year's St. Paddy's Day.

Curly McGinn and Rick Dostal, the owner and the associate of the Sandcastle Sitting Room on Margaret Street, are no strangers to immediate schemes that cleverly perk the wayward attentions of full time bar flies. Their idea, cloaked as a lark at first but later magnified into mass participant guerrilla theatre, was to combine the customary lethargic quaffing of beer on the 17th of March with the recent phenomenon of jogging. Not explicitly a novel idea, for in other cities groups of contestants have raced from bar to bar in such varied conveyances as tricycles or red wagons, the idea postulated by Dostal and McGinn soon captured the fantasy and enthusiasm of a number of local bar goers and assorted worriers concerned about the sedentary aspect of their favorite pastime.

A call was put out to all downtown watering spots asking cooperation in lining up beers and participants for what initially was viewed as not so much a race or endurance contest as a social outing where perspiring participants would pass a few minutes of the Green day afternoon in a variety of pubs

rather than sitting cloistered in their usual abodes. Twelve licensed distributors agreed to donate the beer in exchange for the promotional boost afforded by an originally estimated group of fifty puffing joggers making call at their places of business.

With their usual aplomb and showmanship, Dostal and McGinn early in March set in motion the wheels of the event with the timing necessary to create a bandwagon response. Somewhat to the chagrin of the obligated bar owners and Rick and Curly themselves, the proposed suds jog took on a geometrical response. Deadline for entry was established as midnight on Friday the sixteenth. By Thursday one hundred hopefuls had willingly paid their \$10 entry fee. By mid-Friday one hundred sixty had signed up. Late Friday night the number had grown in excess of two hundred. Dostal and McGinn, on mopeds, became a shuttle service among the twelve bars, distributing the official T-shirts and collecting the official entry fees and receipts. Participants were asked to report to the starting point, the Full Moon Saloon, one hour in advance of the high noon starting gun.

This writer, relieved of the obligation to enter the race due to a fortunate scheduling of workdays, reported to his bartending chores at the Full Moon Saloon three hours early on Saturday. Early favorites in the twelve bar, mile and two-thirds run included not only this writer (who gratefully escaped participation) but several other year-round imbibers of the yellow suds, who, due as much to the threat of approaching middle age as to an Irish temperament, guiltily jog the roadways of Key West in search of the sublimity generally thought to be unreachable without pain.

To no great surprise of this writer, the first entrant to report at the Saloon for the twelve o'clock start was Broadway Bob, who at 9:45 a.m. bought and consumed the first of the Saloon's three hundred cold beers. Shortly after Bob began a second beer, four more early entrants, visiting college boys judging by their enthusiasm, came in and quickly soaked up three beers each with a gusto akin to a Lite beer commercial.

At this point the Saloon manager, Vic Latham, perceiving these early arrivals as a sign of what was to be the status quo of the whole day, dispatched the company vehicle to Lopez Distributors and bought twelve cases of Budweiser.



At the starting gate

Latham wisely decided to move the starting point of the race into the adjacent parking lot.

Meanwhile the Saloon filled with pre-race contestants thirstily preparing themselves for the race start by downing the entire cold stock of the Saloon's beer. Three hundred Irishmen, dressed almost identically in Steve Heuval designed official "Suds Run" T-shirts with jogging shorts and shoes, filled the

Curly and Rick arrived promptly at eleven looking a bit aghast at the three hundred participants all eager to begin the run. With his usual informal pomp McGinn set up a registration table in the parking lot next to the beer laden pick-up truck and began dividing the throng into heats of twenty runners. Every runner was assigned a badge number and instructed to call out his number to the bartender at each stop. All the bartenders had been instructed previously to see to it that all participants finished their entire beer rather than pouring them into potted plants.

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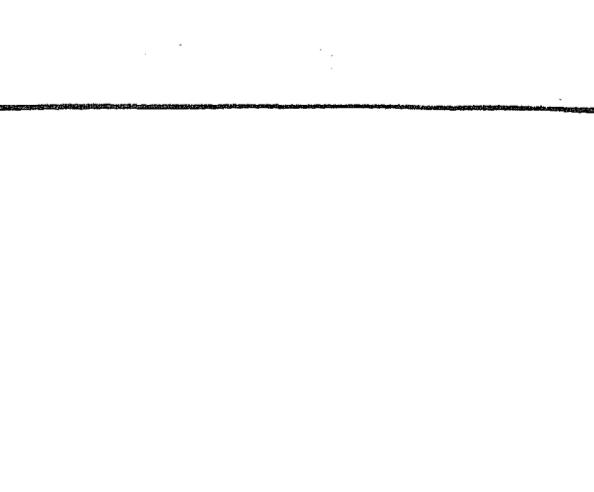
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is the conversational contagion known as wagering. Even though by starting time of the Suds Run most runners had opted to make a social affair of the afternoon rather than a hard-nosed contest, a sufficient number of accomplished joggers as well as a hearty array of "abdominious" beer drinkers promised a real nose to nose run. No one, however, seemed to think that the winner would be either a runner or a drinker. Good runners seldom drink much and heavy drinkers, it need not be pointed out, never run.

Early money wisely rested on local artist and favorite son Martin Laessig, who jogs much more regularly than he drinks, although from years of supplementing his artistic income with the garnish of bartending revenue Laessig is no stranger to an occasional gallon or two of beer. Despite rumors of "ringers" being imported from Miami and the ominous sounding town of Marathon, most wagers were placed on Laessig. Any bets against him were how quickly he could cover the course. Initial estimates of time were around an hour to consume the twelve beers and cover the course. Laessig and the other serious contenders were allowed to depart in the first wave of runners. Overall time was to be the deciding factor as to who was the winner, so a contestant starting in the last could still win the contest.

Some ninety minutes were necessary to dispatch the two hundred and ninety runners, and, much to the good fortune of the Saloon, the later starters stayed contentedly in the air conditioned bar sipping preparatory beers. Disbelief and a high degree of disenchantment registered on the faces of the those yet to begin when, 27 minutes after the first wave had left, a phone call was received from the Sandcastle informing the bartender that Martin had not only finished the course but was eating his Irish stew --the only accolade most of the entrants were to receive. "Twelve beers and almost two miles in twenty seven minutes! Impossible!", many yet-to-start runners muttered with a ring of logical disbelief.

Meanwhile, progress reports from around the race course portrayed the strung out throng as a kind of whipped army in disorganized retreat. Staggering, falling, disorientation, fisticuffs and

reverse peristalsis affected a good number of the throng. Several pugilistic hubbubs and irrational arguments, along with taunting spectators smudged an otherwise happy outing. A fair number of participants deviated from the assigned course at the Chart Room to refresh them-



Underway

selves with a rowdy dip in the hotel pool. Two generous souls hired a horse drawn carriage to follow the race route and collect the lame and easily intoxicated and ferry them to safety.

The scene at the Sandcastle parking lot grew into a midday New Year's Eve as the majority of the three hundred racers and an additional host of equally tipsy spectators gathered for Irish stew and the presentation of awards. Laessig gratefully accepted his trophy and hundred dollar cash prize, blithely unaware that he had just sacrificed his amateur status as a runner, but aware that he would not have to pay for any beers for weeks to come. Everyone wants to buy a champ a drink. Dostal and McGinn floated through the crowd accepting congratulations for a well organized affair and breathing sighs of relief that it was over. Suggestions for improvements and expansion of a 1980 suds run were discussed, but the organizers seemed momentarily fatigued. Saint Patrick, if he were present, probably would have joined right in the festivities; for on his day everyone is Irish, and seldom have so many of the sons of the shamrock counties smiled together at once.



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VITAL SIGNS

by Mack Dryden

TWO HOURS BEFORE midnight on March 9, I lay on my living room floor staring at the ceiling in a cold sweat. At midnight eight other people and I would storm the stage at Greene Street Theatre to show my brain-child, the *Vital Signs* comedy show, to the world.

I had no idea how the audience would react. I had nothing to compare it to, this being my first attempt at writing and directing a comedy show. For the two weeks of rehearsals, I exuded confidence so the cast would keep the faith. Now, two hours before the show, the Faith Exuder was breaking apart under an attack of Question From Inner Space. What if nobody came? What if EVERYBODY came? (they did) What if they thought a grown man in a cockroach costume was embarrassing and not funny? What if they sat there, silent, wondering what they were supposed to be laughing at?

JEFF HAGEL, my roommate, burst through the door at 10:30, a beer in each hand and about three under his belt. He was wearing his chrome infantry helmet with the palm trees and the pelican painted on it. In a couple of hours, he would become The Great Dumbini and escape from a coat, shirt and tie while hanging upside down from the rafters over the stage. "Ready to catch some roaches?" he asked.

We needed roaches for the cockroach bit. I got a flashlight and a paper bag and we went to our roach trap, an old board lying flat in the backyard. "Hi HO!" he yelled, raising the board and aiming the beam. He did a running Curt Gowdy commentary while I scrambled for six palmetto bugs and threw them in the bag: "Look at those lightning hands, would you? I'm telling you this young man is going to be a contend on Elizabeth Street!"

He asked me why I wasn't laughing and why I was being grumpy, and I told him, oh, nothing, I was just scared to death and was thinking of cutting my throat or

catching the first Greyhound out of town. Jeff had taken counseling courses in the army, so he threw me on the ground and beat me up. I felt much better.

WE GOT TO THE theatre at 11 o'clock and started getting our gear together. We had 10,000 props, everything from hearing aids to hula skirts. I was worried we wouldn't be able to find some of them when the time came. I was worried we wouldn't get the sets on and off the stage fast enough to keep the audience from getting bored. I was worried the gays wouldn't understand we were on their side. I was worried about life.

At 11:05 I looked into the audience and got an unnerving jolt. There were only three people in the audience, which didn't worry me because it was early and I knew we were sold out. What worried me was that they were three old ladies, dressed to the nines, and the youngest one was about 70. I didn't know how to take it. Had a nursing home bought block seats? Had the publicity been misleading? Were they expecting Bob Hope?

11:30. I was silently freaking. The cast was happy, having prepared mentally and chemically. They noticed there was no blood in my face (I mean, this was MY baby! If it flopped it was MY flop! My HEART was on the line out there!) They told me not to worry, it'd be fine.

MIDNIGHT. I BLOW into the backstage phone to get a rise out of our lighting and sound man, John (Forklift, Wild Man, J.C., Crazy Teckie) Cochrane. "Hold up a minute, Bubba," he said. "We got a log jam at the door." I peeked through the curtain. The streets of Key West were empty! Everybody was in the theatre! The police were keeping order on Thomas Street!

I said, "God, I know you haven't heard from me for awhile, but you know how it is when you get busy..."

12:10. J.C. blew into the phone.

"Okay, Bubba. It's time."

JAMIE ALCROFT grabbed the backstage mike and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Midnight Greene," and the audience applauded. I felt better already.

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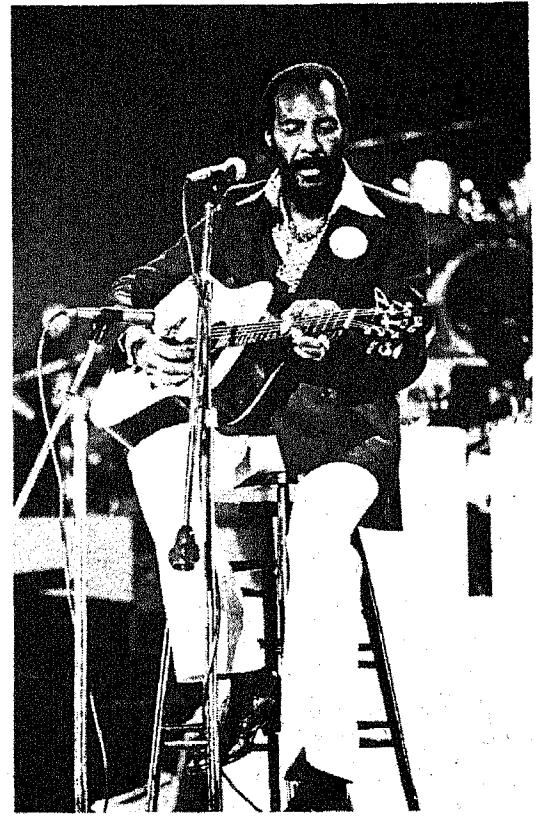


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We stormed the stage with our instruments twanging and jangling. "Are you ready in the back?" I yelled, and they yelled back, "Yeah!" Then Jamie yelled to the left, Perri Halevy yelled to the right, then I yelled, "Are you ready to go, group?" and the cast yelled, "YEAH!" and we walked off-stage, silent.

THEY LAUGHED. They applauded. We were off to a good start. They were ready for us. I went backstage and Cydall Cochran helped me on with the cockroach costume while Norman Van Aken (the Key West rookie) and Kirk Condyles (the slob landlord) did the first scene. From the dressing room I could hear howls of laughter. I was feeling better, the cast was feeling great. So far, nothing had gone wrong and everything was getting a laugh.

The scene with Sam Weyman as the guy who lived under the bed was hilarious. So was the one with the two gays (Jeff and Warren Sweeney) who lived in the closet. Then I walked on wearing the roach costume that DeBe West made. The place went berserk. Howls, guffaws, applause. I was saved. I was a happy man.

THE FIRST THING went wrong at that point. Norman was supposed to have a newspaper beside the chair so he could roll it up and act like he was going to pound me with it. No newspaper. He grabbed a flannel shirt. I turned around to see him holding the shirt, which made no sense at all to me or anybody else. I grabbed it and threw it on the bed. He squirted me with Raid. I grabbed it and squirted him, and the rest went fine.

THEN CAME the Reverend Absolutely Right. Everything went as planned until Mr. Grubbs (Sam) gave his committed report. "We had one casualty this week when Roy Kinkie slammed a car door on Henry Hobb's thumb, Reverend." At that point he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket to read the rest of his report, and the Reverend (Jamie) leaned over and dead-panned, "Is that the thumb there, Virgil?" and we all cracked up, or tried not to. As I said in this column last month, you never know what's coming next from Jamie, even onstage in front of 200 people.

At the end of the skit the gay guy (me) bolted through the side door of the theatre, pursued by the rioting congregation. We ran around to the backstage door, which was unaccountably locked tight. Jeff, having had army training, panicked and started gouging a hole in the wall. Warren and Norman dragged him away and we found that the other side entrance, which is usually locked, was unaccountably open. God had done His part, and I thanked Him.

THE NEXT BIT was the interview with Ralph Cobalt (Sam), the deaf author. Everything went smoothly for about ten seconds. I introduced Ralph, he came and sat down, and the off-the-wall acts were then to take place behind him (Warren Sweeney and his Hawaiian Nose, Norman Van Aken and his Magic Mounds, George Burns and the Honky Conheads, etc.). After the Conheads, Jeff, who was in the rafters over the stage, was to drop a chair right behind Sam, who would of course be oblivious to it since he was deaf. The communication to Jeff about the timing was somehow garbled. Sam had been sitting there for about ten seconds, expecting nothing, when Jeff threw the chair to the state right behind Sam, who jumped about two feet off his chair. It sounded like a shotgun. Nobody in the audience noticed Sam's leap because they all jumped two feet out of their chairs, too, staying head to head with him. Sam sat trembling for a moment, asking me with his eyes if there were bodies scattered behind him or what.

The rest of the skit went fine. Then (if I may wax sentimental for a moment) came the greatest moment of the evening for me. The girl brought out the Great Dumbini sign, the frenetic sounds of The Flight of the Bumblebee filled the theatre, and Jeff dropped into sight from over the stage, dangling upside down in a coat and tie, which he proceeded to escape from. The reason I single it out was because the crowd reaction was the most thrilling of the night. When the Great Dumbini's head and

shoulders appeared, I could actually feel a wave of hilarity move over that audience all the way to the rear of the theatre, then bounce back like an amplified echo. It was positively orgasmic, and I know now how people get hooked on doing comedy.

DURING THE INTERMISSION we didn't do one single thing we were supposed to, as far as I know. We were floating on the high of the first act, so we went outside and laughed and drank beer from Warren's truck. Suddenly, Act II was upon us and we had to break our necks to get everything ready.

We opened the act with Pile-o-Matic, the worksaving device that doesn't do anything. Jeff, Warren and Norman, garbed in silver shower caps, gym shorts and lettered tank tops, simply piled on whatever item the housewife wanted piled on. It was possibly our most bizarre bit, and the audience sat there confused through most of it.

MARGO MCCOLLOM'S drugged housewife commercials went well, and, as far as I know, as planned. We conspired to confuse her by walking in during one of her commercials and undressing her, but decided at the last minute that we didn't need the hassle from the state attorney's office.

Sam was a big hit as the MC of "Vital Signs," the game show in which the panelists tried to figure out which of the three dead guys was the real late Vito (Horse Lips) Vendetti. He found a huge green suit in the costume room just before the show and decided to tuck the coat into his pants. It was wonderful. Perri Halevy played Dolly Parton, I played Marlin Perkins, and Cydall Cochran played Cher. Dolly forgot her first question and had to ask me, then Cher forgot her line and had to ask us, then I completely spaced the whole thing and had to beg them for help. We thought we could wing it. Sam was no help. He babbled something like, "Beeble? Habby scimbad on the cradle, Dolly?" so we struggled through the thing to the end.

THE QUIK-START Ambulance Company bit went over hugely because it was so slapstick and bizarre, I guess. Jamie keeled over from a heart attack while his wife (Perri) babbled on about how he was eating too much junk for his system. Jeff and Norman came on in their Quik-Start Ambulance jump suits and proceeded to give Jamie a push start. He chugged for a second, then fell over the edge of the stage (unplanned).

Then Norman went "out to the truck" to get Pepe (me) and I burst in, all frenetic motion, and ran around the theatre with Norman and Jeff chasing me. Then Jeff got the jumper cables hooked to me and put them on Jamie, and he got started up. It was very weird, but the audience howled in appreciation.

THE FINAL BIT of the night was a biggy, too. I sang a bawdy Elizabethan ballad, "Lusty Young Smith," and Cydall did her own sign-language for the deaf. The image of a tight-lipped school-marm type doing semi-dirty sign-language hit the crowd's funny-bone just right.

Suddenly, it was over. We did it. The whooping and hollering backstage was emotional, and we all went out to celebrate an effort we all believed in. We played to three more packed houses.

Now, we're getting the next one ready. It'll be called *Son of Vital Signs*, and it'll run April 6, 7 and 8. This time, I'm going to save brain cells and worry when it's over.

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Neighborhood Incident

by Bill Huckle

ON THE AFTERNOON of March 13, I was working at my desk when I heard a shot, followed by the anguished howls of a dog. I went out to investigate and saw a few people at a house down the street. I went there and saw a police officer standing in front of a dog that was holding up a bloody paw and howling in pain. Several people were shouting at the officer while he summoned his supervisor. His supervisor arrived, calmed down the angry group somewhat, took the dog to the vet, and returned to the scene of the shooting. Shortly thereafter, the policemen departed.

THE OFFICER WHO fired the shot filed his report. He reported that "at 3:43 p.m. on 3/13/79 I was dispatched to 516 William Street in reference to a complaint about a dog." (The complainant had reported that a dog had attacked children on a bike a short time before.)

He asked at one of the doors at the property if anyone in the building owned a large dog, and he was told that the apartment to the rear had a large dog.

"At the time I was carrying my Kel-Lite (a flashlight which can be used as a weapon) in my left hand." He goes on to say that he didn't want to walk up to the door at the rear of the apartment because it was open, so he stood outside (there is a small patio area in front of the doors behind a reed fence, and the officer was in the yard on the street side of the reed fence) and yelled out "hello." At that point, he says that a dog from inside the apartment began to bark and then came out barking and growling in an attacking manner. "I tried to keep the dog away from me with my Kel-Lite but he kept coming, growling and biting at the Kel-Lite." He started backing away toward the street and the dog kept coming. "I then drew my sidearm and fired a warning shot into the ground hitting the dog in the right foot." (At the time the shot was fired, the police-

man was still on private property.) The officer states that he was not trying to hit the dog, but "due to the fact that the dog would not back off and I could no longer fight him off, I had no choice but to fire my weapon."

THE OFFICER'S SUPERVISOR in his report on the incident wrote that he was summoned by this officer to the incident. He wrote, "Upon my arrival he showed me where he had gone to answer a complaint about a vicious dog. He then walked me through his actions prior to my arrival. I feel that (the officer) was justified in taking the action he chose as necessary to avoid being bitten by a vicious dog and I do not feel any disciplinary action is necessary or warranted."

The officer investigating the incident for the Police Department likewise cleared this fellow officer of any wrongdoing.

THE DOG'S OWNER at the house said that the dog had run out barking and that she was right behind her. She said that there was absolutely no need to fire the warning shot; that the dog was only barking and that she would have been able to stop the dog right away. She felt that the officer was totally wrong in what he did.

These two are apparently the only two eye-witnesses to what happened.

ACCORDING TO POLICE guidelines, when a policeman has reason to fear that his safety is jeopardized by an animal, he has the right to fire the pistol either as a warning shot or at the animal.

However, there is always a danger when a gun is fired. A ricochet is always a risk, and the neighborhood in which the bullet was fired is filled with kids. A gun should not be permitted to be used without great provocation. //

Was there that provocation? Was the officer's safety that jeopardized? I was not there, but there are some doubts in my mind.

FOR ONE THING, the animal in question is just not that large. Although the dog was called vicious, she is not known

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some remarks

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DO YOU REMEMBER your 4th birthday celebration?? The anticipation, the excitement, the party, the friends, the food, and of course the presents.

Well, the Greene Street Theatre will miraculously celebrate its 4th birthday in April -- its first one in the new, fantastic theatre facility on the old Naval Base -- and it promises to be one of the most grandiose Key West Happenings ever.

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS I have schemed, plotted, leaned, and dreamed to come up with an appropriate event that would remind people of the Greene Street Theatre's significant accomplishments in the past and to toast its future about which I'm so confident.

It's with great pleasure that I report that my efforts and perseverance have paid off. To celebrate this Greene Street Theatre festive 4th birthday, I've arranged and will present on Wednesday, April 25, two Special Benefit Concerts featuring LIVE and IN CONCERT one of my all time favorites.

RICHIE HAVENS!!

RICHIE HAVENS WILL be in Key West for the first time as a special favor to me in honor of the Greene Street Theatre's 4th birthday and its need for funds at this time to continue to flourish.

Concerts will be held at 8 and 10 p.m. on April 25 with reserved tickets priced at \$10, a donation for the benefit of the theatre. Richie Havens has agreed to donate his appearances for the Greene Street Theatre. Long live Richie Havens!!!

Then on Thursday, April 26th, at 7 p.m., there will be a Special Champagne Buffet Benefit at the theatre with a chance to meet Richie Havens and plenty of other surprises. Food preparations are under the direction of the incomparable culinary expert Gail Brockway. Any-

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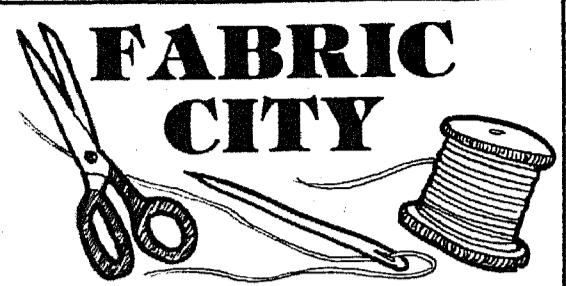
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Arturo Espinola, coordinator for the Chamber, sees the Hispanic Roots Week as an off-season lure for tourists from Miami and Latin America, as well as a much deserved form of recognition of the Spanish influence on the history and culture of Key West. Long concerned about the welfare of local youth, Espinola is pushing the boxing program as a way to organize youthful energies into healthy, disciplined activity.

A MEMBERSHIP DRIVE is in progress now to secure new support for OIRF. Active membership is available for only \$7.50 per year per person; \$25 for sustaining membership; \$100 as a Patron member; and \$500 for Life Membership. Those wishing to join may do so by sending a check made out to Old Island Restoration Foundation, to P.O. Box 689, Key West, FL 33040.

The annual meeting of the Foundation will be held April 11 at 8:00 p.m. at the Hospitality House at Mallory Square. All members are urged to attend.

DR. ARTHUR SHAW, a member of the Physical Fitness Committee of the Latin Chamber and the chairman of the World Economic Organization, explains the practical value of the youth program to the citizens of Key West. There will be a "net economic savings to the community, the schools, and the parents" through the deterrence of young people from trouble-making and crime -- a savings in court and jail costs, for example. Also, there is a positive savings in that young people will be encouraged to focus on good nutrition and health habits as a part of the athletic program.

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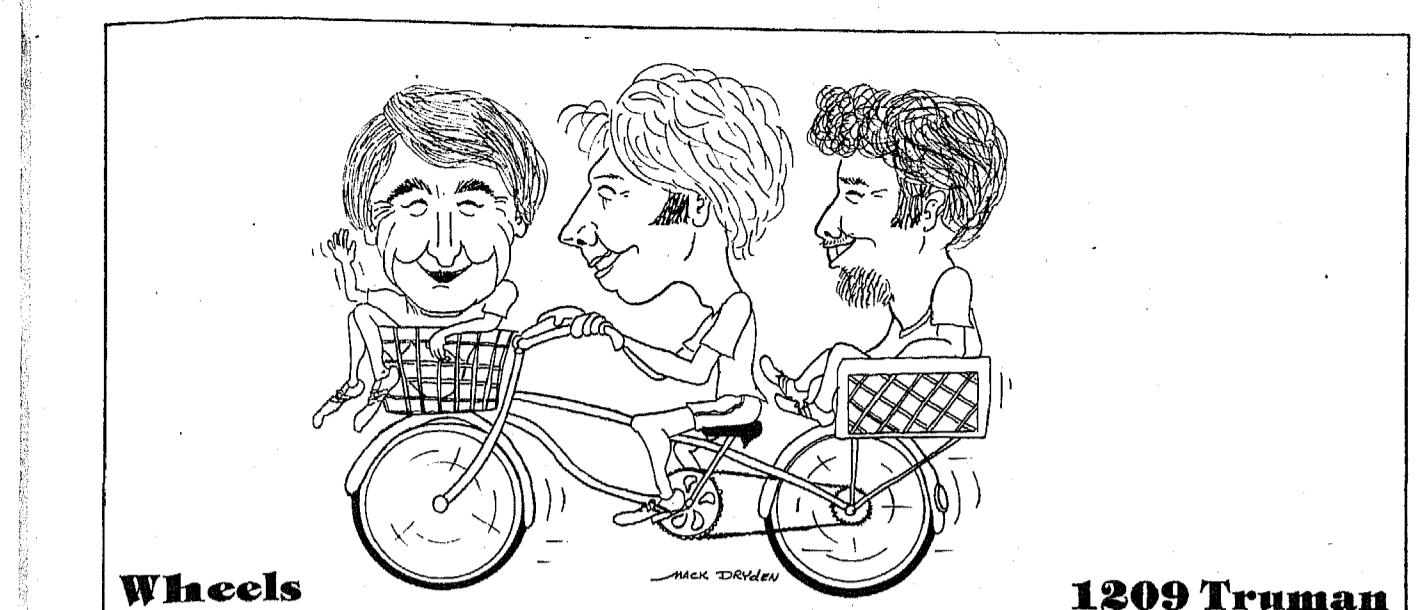
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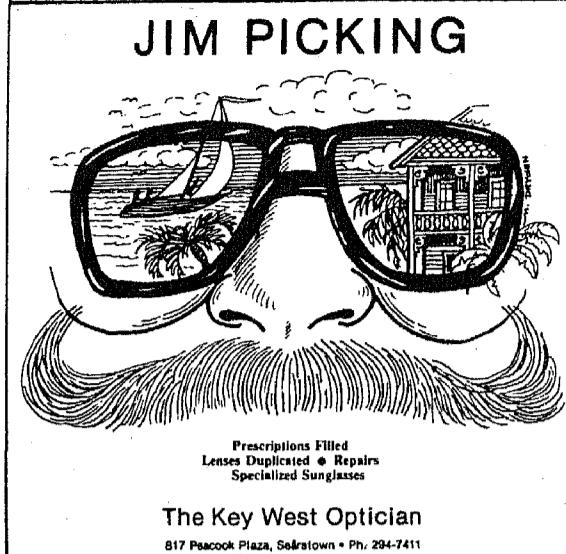
1209 Truman

Some Remarks continued from page 34



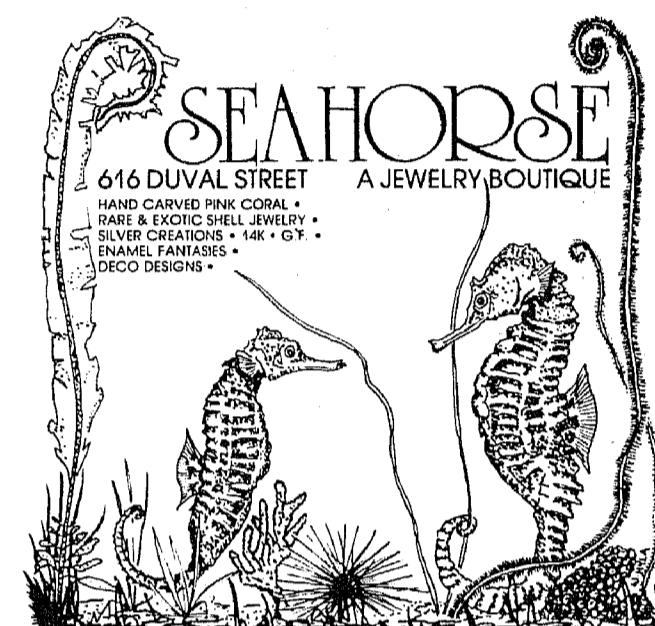
photo by Richard Marsh

The Latin Chamber's Hispanic Roots Week Committee: (left to right -- standing) Joe Regan, Orlando Ortiz, James Mira, Derrick Atwell, Dr. Arthur Shaw; (seated) Chamber President Baltazar Arroyo, Emma Cates, Yvonne Leon, Gloria (Mrs. Arthur) Shaw.



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THE FOURTH SYSTEM ..

The JBL loudspeaker is a loudspeaker everyone has had an urge to own at one time or another. The fine wood craftsmanship, the great color combinations and, most of all, the fantastic sound. JBL model 19 is another success story at the JBL factory. With its vertical array speaker arrangement, it combines the ability to handle a lot of power with being very efficient. Used in many recording studios around the country, the L19 first took a role as a studio monitor and since has become one of the company's most popular bookshelf speakers.

The JBL L19 is a high-quality speaker system. It features a 10-inch woofer, a 1-inch tweeter, and a 1-inch midrange driver. The L19 is designed to be used in a variety of environments, from home theaters to professional recording studios. It is a great choice for anyone looking for a high-quality speaker system.

KENWOOD
KR3090

Kenwood receivers can only magnify the quality in a JBL. I have put one in this Fourth System not only because of the great match but because of the sound reproduction qualities. The Kenwood KR3090 reproduces the clean pure sound the L19 can appreciate, and you too in turn will notice the difference between noise and music. Noise is what crummy speakers make, music is what JBL makes.

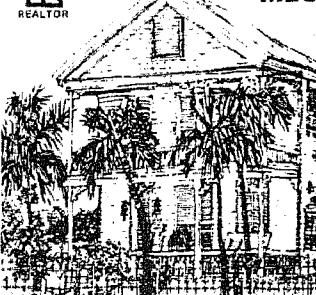
TOSHIBA
SR230

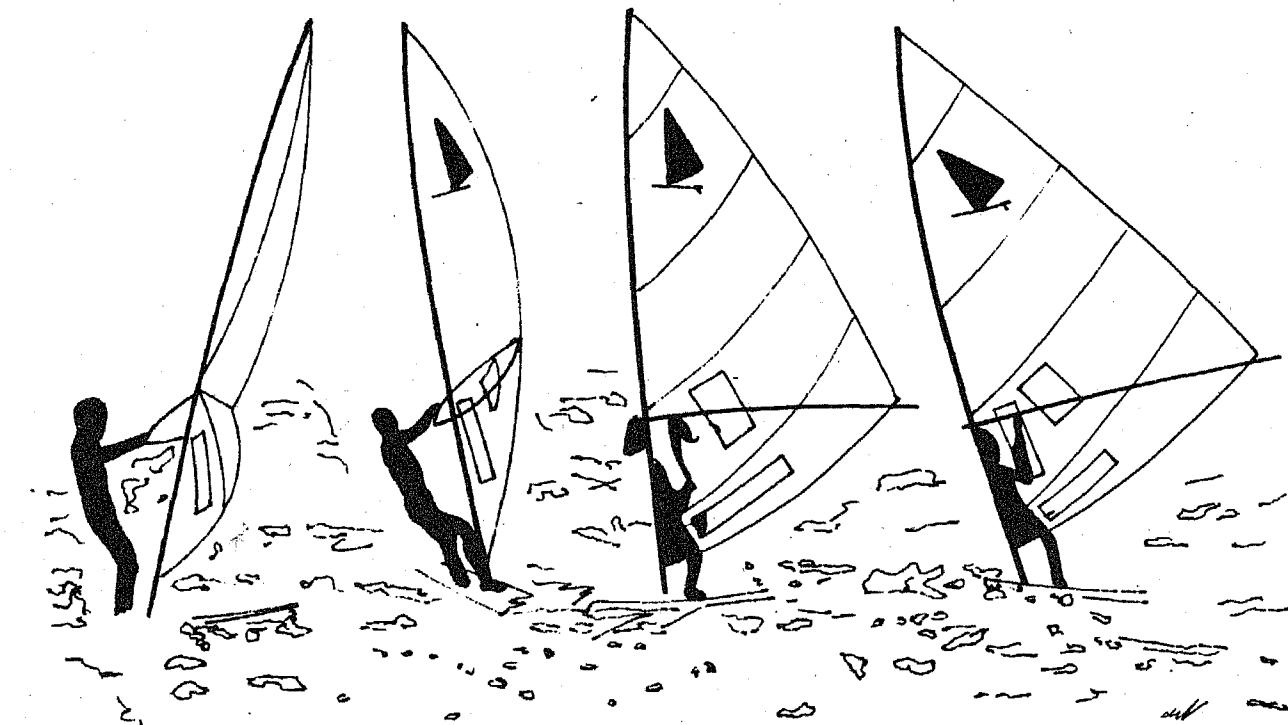
The Kenwood KR3090 receiver reflects what modern technology in a controlled environment can produce. This receiver meets all standards of high performance for less than a reasonable price.

Toshiba turntable, Kenwood receiver, JBL loudspeakers ... sounds like a great system! Only because it does sound like a great system ... The Fourth System.

Most audio buffs will agree that Kenwood has come a long way, but even an amateur can see that. Starting as a ham radio company, they have grown

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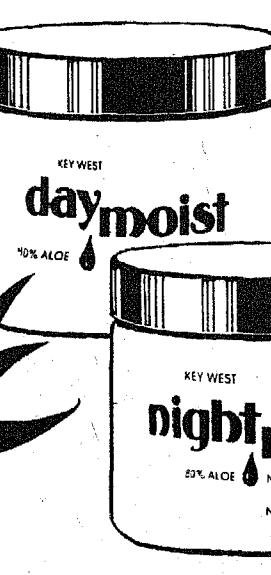
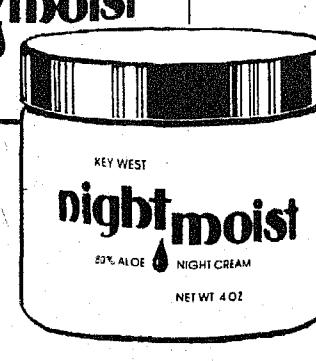

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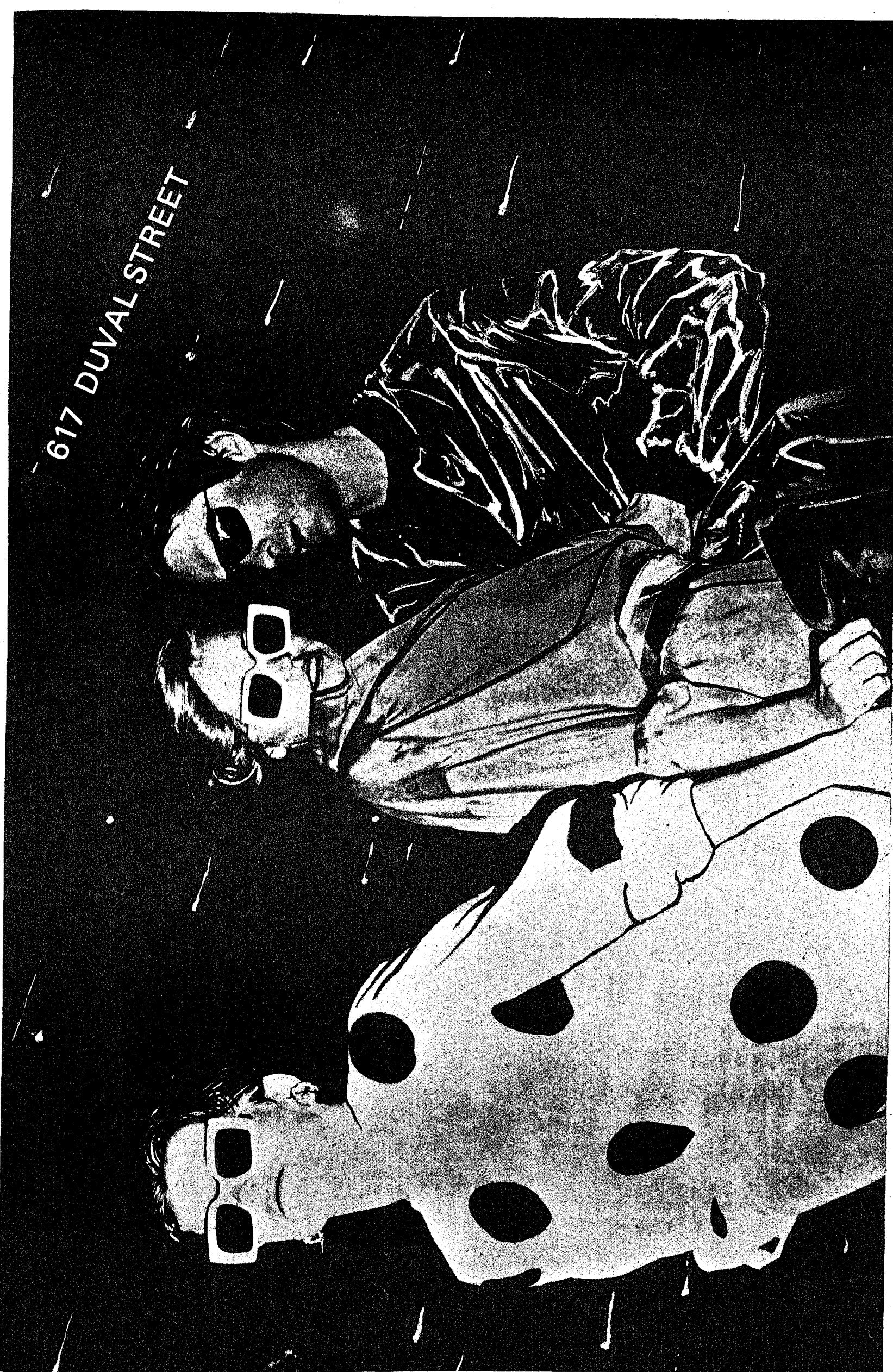
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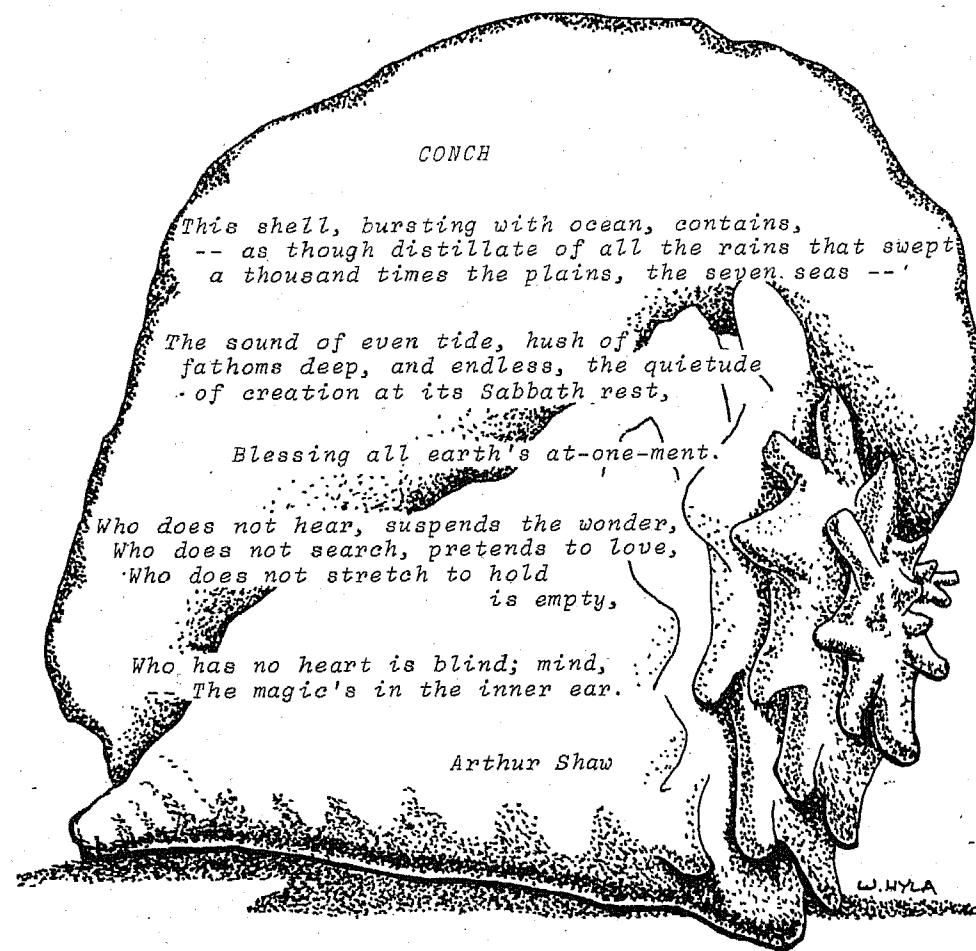
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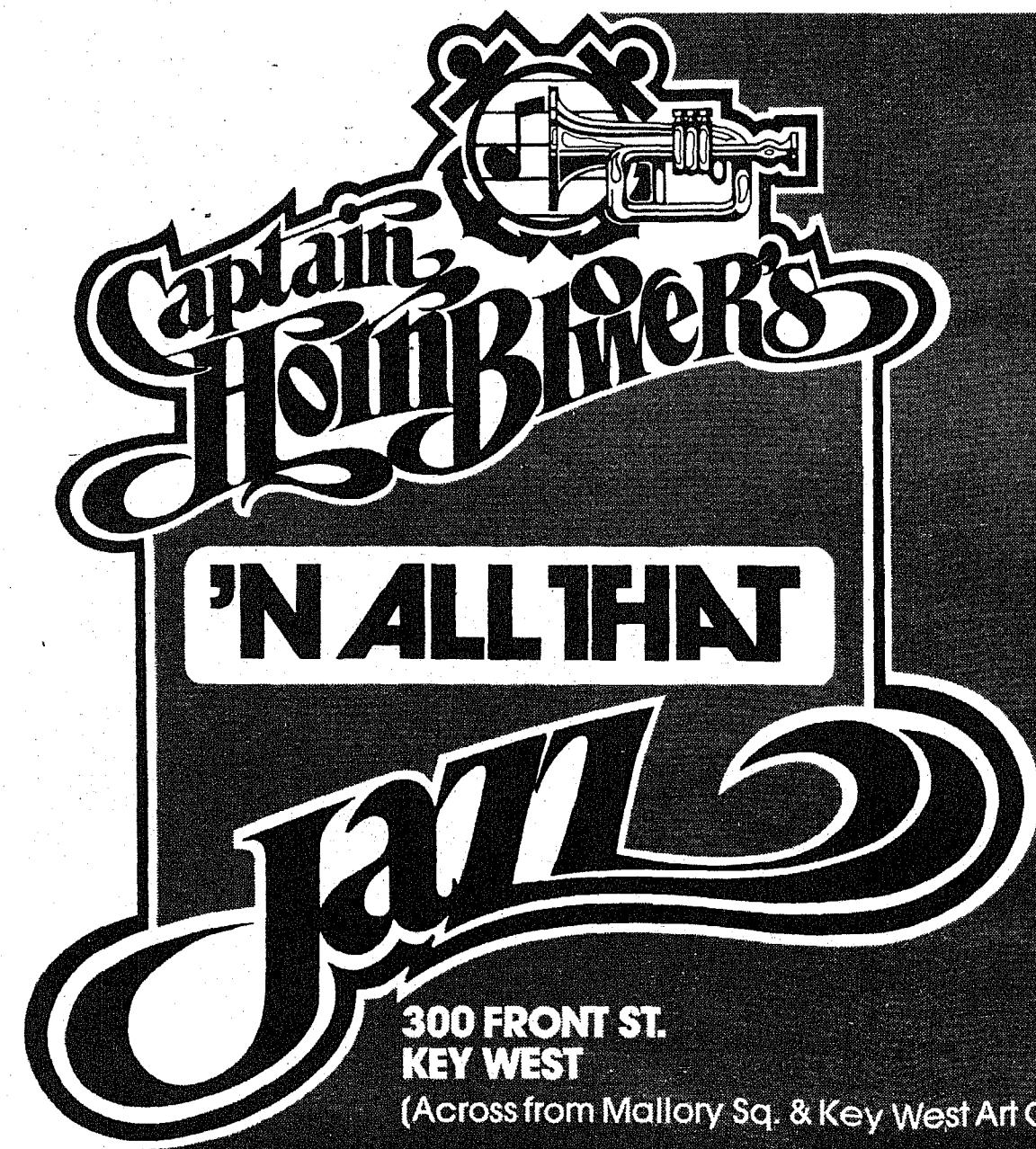
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Cast away your cares and heave anchor at Captain Hornblower's cool jazz port. April's a nightly Key West Jazz Fest with the continuing talents of jazz personality-composer, Dave Burns at the eighty-eights. Vocalist, Karen Stevens, keeps her cool and hangs in this month too, her voice as soothing as ever and Teddy Mangrave, drummer, beats your heart mellow with sounds that carried him from Fort Lauderdale-Miami area to Hornblower's Key West port. Outstanding? You bet your barnacles! But, you ain't heard it all. Gracing you jazz gourmets, Hornblower's log offers the team of Wayne Wright and Marty Grosz, appearing from April 10th thru 15th. Wayne and Marty's accoustical jazz guitars and comedy, in the sophisticated and cosmopolitan style of the 'BIG APPLE', makes your Key West Jazz Fest anchorage the leeward side of cool. For you afternooners (3-7 PM.) — UP FRONT entertainment by song stylist, folk guitarist, Keith. Sun and sounds at Hornblower's outdoor sidewalk cafe, a treat for the soul and the palette as you dine on native Key West cooking at the home of the Pina Colada. Your key-notable, Danny "Captain Hornblower" Knowles swings with the Jazz Fest, adding to the entertainment with his trumpet and flugelhorn. So set sail with a smile 'n wail awhile at Hornblower's port-of-a-jazz-storm, seven days a week.