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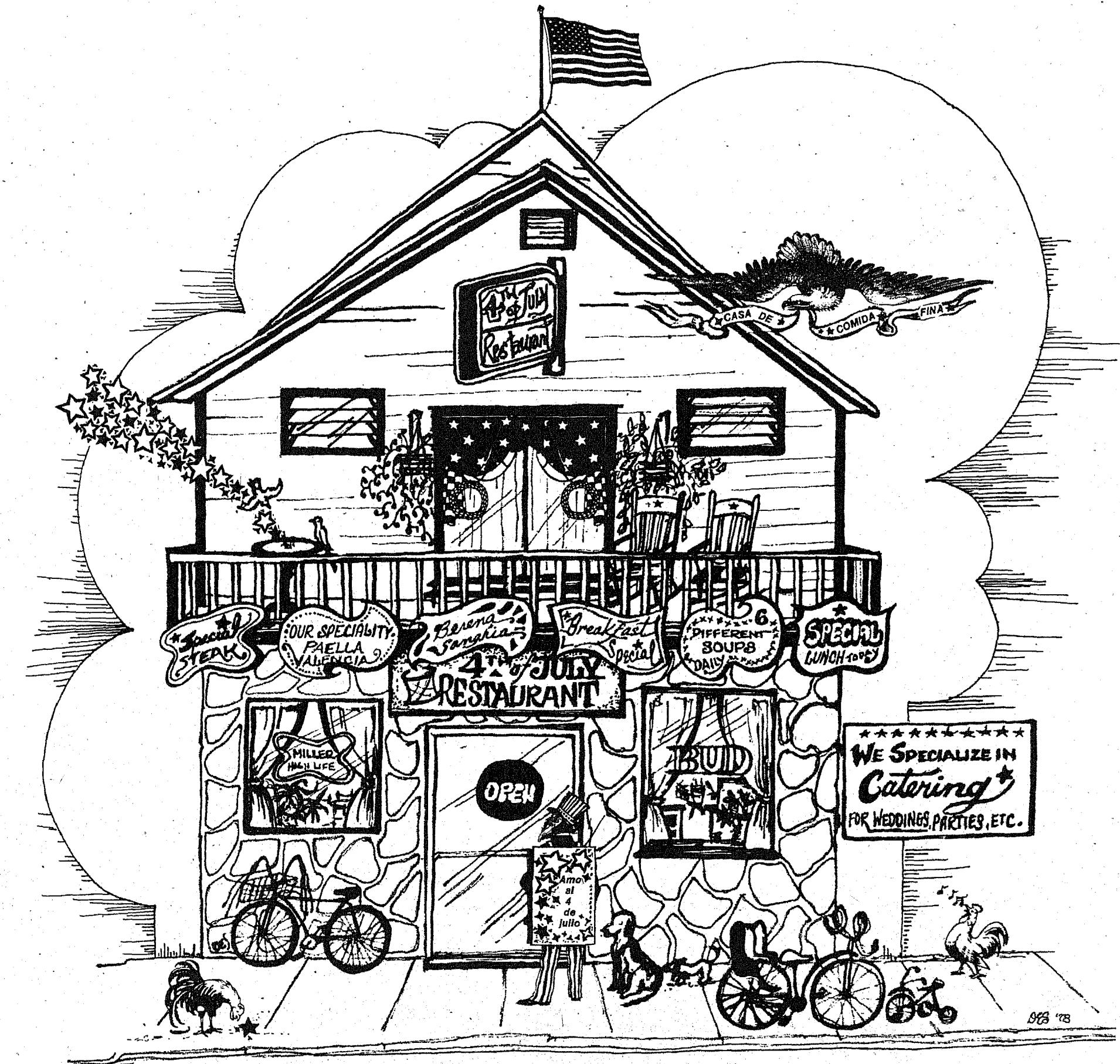
solares hill

FREE

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Key West, Florida

February, 1978

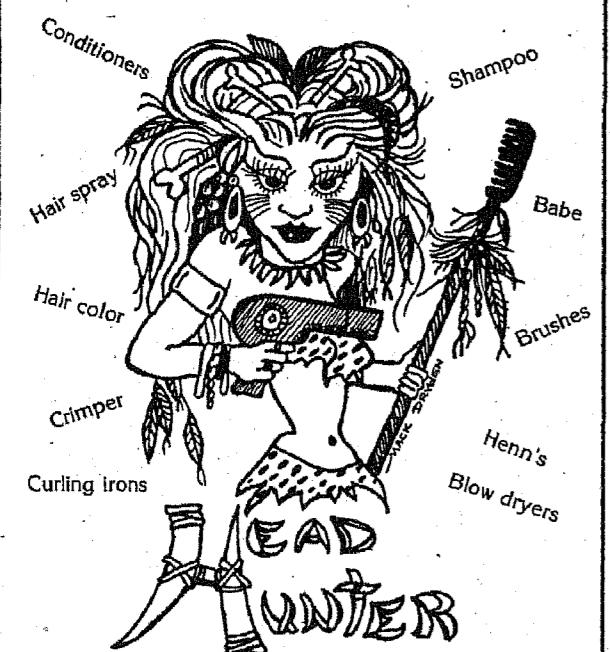


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From the Editor

Hello.
The City has found itself in the middle of litigation with Island Renovations, Inc. This is the group that has the South Beach concession, which has not been open for almost 3 years. Joe Allen, City Attorney, is going ahead with eviction proceedings, but it has become tangled up in County Court. Island Renovations, Inc., is going to fight to stay there, so the public is going to have to wait for the outcome of this battle. We hope that the City wins and we, the public, get the use of this facility again.

A good friend of mine, Ned Romano, has returned to Key West and is conducting a Smoke Away Seminar here to help tobacco addicts fight the evil weed. He has had great success with this clinic in Woodstock, New York, and if it is successful here, we should have a report on it for our next issue.

John Mercer helped to organize a "paint-in" at the Fishermen's Cafe on Caroline Street. This is one of the most painted buildings in Key West, and it needs to be fixed up. There was a turnout of around 20 artists who participated in the "paint-in," and hopes are high that attention will be given this landmark.

Astrology buffs are lucky! Florida Keys Community College is offering a beginning and an intermediate Astrology course beginning February 1. Those interested should contact Roy D. Grant, 296-9081, Ext. 269, for further information.

Congratulations to William Freeman, III, on his election to the vice-presidency of Porter-Allen Insurance Agency.

Shouldn't more of the Navy Base property be leased to non-profit organizations? I remember an appeal to relocate the clinic there, and it was turned down because it would not generate a profit. Also, in this is-

sue, the Stanleys have made an appeal for a new and larger dwelling to house their foster children. The profit realized by permitting such agencies and people to relocate on the Navy Base is not a dollars and cents profit as much as it is a human profit. We all will benefit from putting aside some of the property for uses such as these.

There appears to be no basis to the rumor that a forty unit townhouse project is about to begin on Reet Beach. Checking around produced no verification of this story. Thankfully, we have some City Commissioners who will fight against any building on the beach.

I think that Mack Dryden will be writing for us on a regular basis. He is a professional journalist and has won awards for his reporting. He has the expertise to handle some of our more involved investigative reporting and is a most welcome addition to our pages.

Walt Hyla is doing the lay-out for us again and the results couldn't be better.

Malcolm Rose is working on an interesting piece for us, which we will run in two parts beginning next month.

See you in March.

Cover artist this time is Reen Stanley. Prints of this month's cover are available for \$3 by calling 4-1568.

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With a little help from our friends...

Solares Hill Co., Inc. © Solares Hill 1978

EFFIE ROBERTS PEREZ

EFFIE ROBERTS PEREZ views Key West in passing from what has to be one of the sunniest porches around, responding cheerfully to all who wave at her. It is the same house she came to at the age of one year. She's watched the ebb and flow of life about her, applauded some of the changes she's seen, and been saddened by others. As a young girl she sat on this same porch, filling up on all the life around her and developing a truly sunny outlook.

BORN 86 years ago, Effie says, "Praises be to God" for her good health. It seems all of her heavy illnesses (pneumonia, yellow fever, typhoid) were weathered at an earlier age. When she

did also have a pair of trifocals but stepped on them and broke them. She claims to have her "second sight," for she reads without any glasses now. "I sometimes get nervous depression -- but that's living."

EFFIE HAS NEVER smoked, nor has she been much of a drinker, but she has had cirrhosis of the liver as did her mother. She and her dad had yellow fever together.

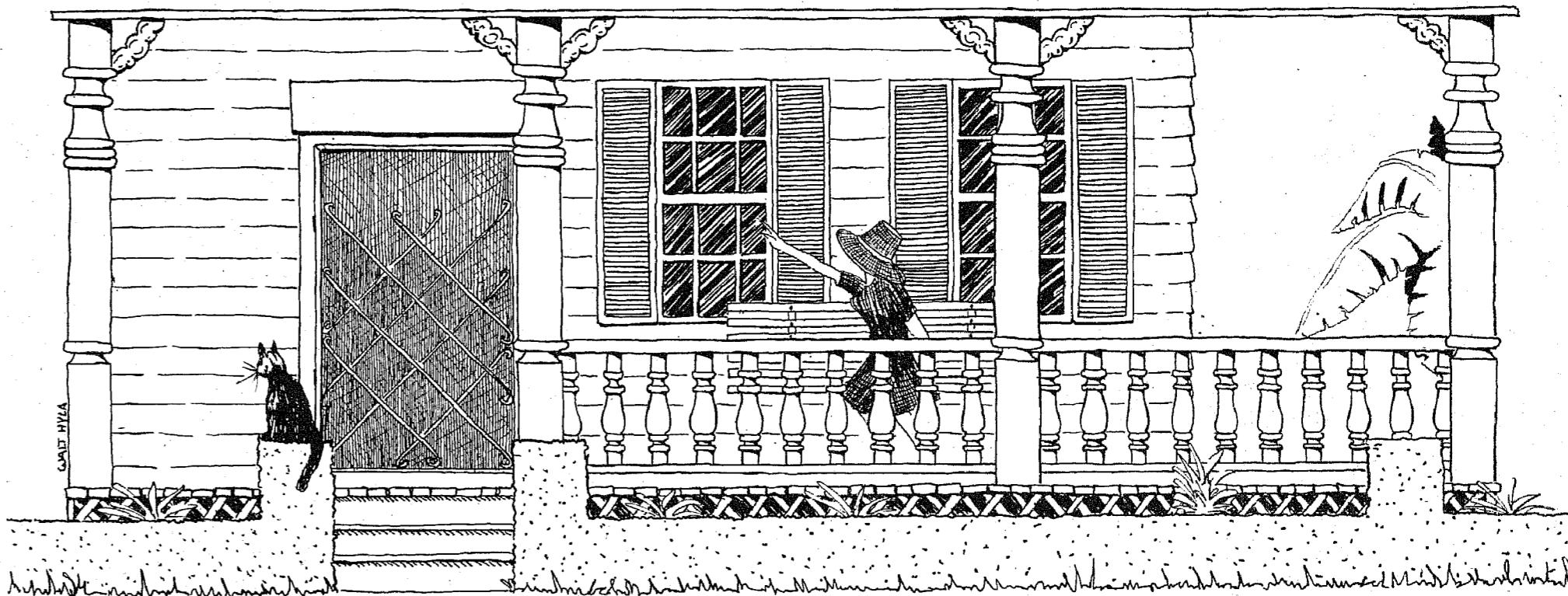
AT FIRST RELUCTANT to talk, Effie realized she does have a lot to say. And, as two of my children entertained themselves on the street before us, I

"Key West has changed. I like those who have come in and those who have gone out."

HER MOTHER was born at Green Turtle Cay and came here at the age of 7 weeks. Effie's father worked for the newspaper at the business and advertising ends. As an only child, she was given everything she desired that they could give to her.

EFFIE'S ONLY SON, Jack Ray, died at the age of 12 in a fire at the movie theatre.

She was a piano teacher for 51 years and retains a love for music.



was sick as a baby, her mother would pin her to a pillow and put her out to get the sun. She had suffered from what she calls "Marasmus - a wasting away disease." The sun worked for her then and works for her now.

FRECKLED AND RUDDY FACED -- she did have auburn hair -- her blue grey eyes peep out from under bifocals and a straw bonnet that resembles an overturned flower pot.

She was born with cataracts in her eyes and thus wears the bifocals. She

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climbed up on her porch, took a seat on the handsome wood plank bench (built when she was 9), and made myself into an ear.

She's seen what used to be a tomato patch across the street develop into the many houses that are there now. She remembers Fleming Street when it was but a pathway to the Army headquarters. "My grandmother would give the men drinks of water as they stumbled home. Not much military now..." And she remembers her back yard up to Trumbo Point before it got filled in. "You don't need all that water!"

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She was mostly into classical, but likes some popular music also. Her favorite pieces of music are "The Rosary" and "To Each His Own."

Effie taught at home after graduating from Mary Immaculate. "I hated piano recitals at the convent," she says. "Our graduation recital was at the new Monroe Theatre. It poured rain and leaked on our heads."

"I used to practice 7-8 hours a day at the convent. The path from my house to there was well traveled." Since Effie stopped teaching, she has

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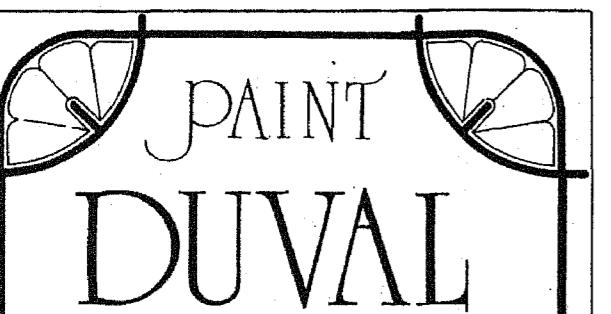
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sold her piano and flatly states that now she enjoys NOT having it.

EFFIE ALWAYS ATTENDED parochial schools. Her family were Episcopalian. She used to sing in the choir and play the organ once in a while at St. Paul's. Now she's unable to get to services, but church people sometimes come to see her. (Her mother was a Seventh Day Adventist.) Effie says she prays daily to find ways of being helpful to others.

"I have one friend at the corner still," she says, "but many have passed on. I saw many new acquaintances pass by with pleasant hellos. They like to chat with her in the early morning sun. "I don't know many people," Effie says. "I try to do the best I can."

EFFIE DOES PRETTY WELL, too. She pretty much takes care of herself, doing her own cooking. She has help with the cleaning.

Effie has time to bask in the sun, unhurriedly. "It's good to reminisce sometimes, but sometimes it's not."

I asked her if there was any bright spot in her life she cared to mention. She said that all was bright to her except the year 1934 when she lost her son.

"Sometimes I wish those days could be lived over again, but then I don't."

"I wouldn't want to raise a little one now in these days," she says. "They're not bad, there's just a difference in the ways they act. I would just let them have their own way, if it's good." (She chides the children gently here.)

"Of course they did things in my day at school they don't do today. Once, a bunch of kids took one boy to a big pit by Fleming and Bahama Streets and threw him in there for a prank. Those kids caught it from the school afterwards."

"I REMEMBER the first plane that came to Key West. The Conches were all in the streets. It was so exciting! I believe it was McCurdy who was the first to fly here.

"I don't think the changes I've seen are for the worse. Not as much as in some other places," Effie comments.

"Young people are very courteous to me.

"I tune in the TV and turn it off again."

CONSIDERING HER good health, independence, and spirit, I also asked Effie about her diet (being a live foods freak myself). "I eat anything," she says. "But blue cheese is terrible. For 21 years I ate in restaurants with

my husband. I didn't have a stove at our place on Fleming, and besides, I would never take anything in a restaurant that I could make at home."

"I love Cuban food and have been to Havana 9 times. It's a wonderful place, and I even got to know the mayor. My husband knew Fidel. I was there during a protest, and let me tell you, they mean business! I went through every province except Pinar del Rio. I just didn't care for mountains. Mountain roads frighten me."

AS TO HER cooking, Effie sometimes goes over to the Eden House, but does most of it at home now. "I'll roast a chicken on top of the stove, and whatever it does, it does."

"I do what I have to do, and the cleaning woman does the rest. And that's my life. Honey, you can't take it with you."

"I never overworked. When you get my age you want to rest."

EFFIE WAS MARRIED 45 years to Manuel C. Perez. He was Spanish, though she claims to be the one with the "Spanish temper and rambling." He was always an easy-going sort and a wonderful companion.

Her husband managed the Strand and Monroe theaters. One morning Manuel woke up and passed out. The doctor was called, and when he arrived 10 minutes later, it was too late.

SO THERE SITS EFFIE, enjoying her porch. "I don't read much anymore. I let everything take its course. No use for us to try to stop it, though there are some things I'd like to stop."

"I'm Capricorn. I mean they are stubborn."

"I'd love to get out of town for awhile," she says. (It's been 12 or 13 years since she took off.) "I'm very adaptable. I could live anywhere, if I had to."

"I haven't traveled west of the Mississippi. We used to take summer trips as far north as the Canadian border. I especially liked Tallulah Falls in Georgia. You can hear those falls rumbling for miles around."

"Right now, I'd settle for a trip to Boca Chica. Sometime, maybe. Well, I'm born here and proud of it," says our Effie.

"You know, you never lose your father's name (referring to the Roberts). It's very dear to me."

materials. "We used a new process in which the reinforcing steel has an epoxy coating," said Pinder, "and we had to wait for it to come from the firm that does it. I think there's only one place in the state where we could get it done -- Tampa, I believe -- and they had orders backed up."

He said the epoxy coating is supposed to help prevent the concrete from cracking, because the steel won't rust and expand.

GOLDEN GATE EAST, or the Cow Key Channel Bridge between Stock Island and Key West, might be open for traffic by the time you read this -- good news for the thousands who regularly get snarled in the two-lane bottleneck there.

Contractor Charles Toppino's crews closed the north-bound bridge last May and have been working on its brand new replacement ever since, causing mile-long jams when the flood of commuters meets the tide of tourists on the little concrete isthmus.

PINDER ALSO SAID there must have been "a canyon" where Cow Key Channel is now because the construction crews had to probe about 90 feet into the sand before they found rock. That caused some unexpected problems getting the pilings right, which set the project back a little more.

ACCORDING TO T.E. Whitmarsh of the Department of Transportation, the bridge was 87.6 percent complete by January 15, or 15.7 percent ahead of schedule.

"Mr. Toppino said awhile back he'd have it finished by Christmas," said Whitmarsh, "but he ran into some problems and that set him back some. He said the other day he'd have it open by February 14, but he's not going to make that, either, looks like. But he's still running ahead of schedule, and unless something bad happens he'll be through by March 1."

DOWN AT THE bridge on January 19, Toppino's supervisor Jim Harrison was more optimistic. "The bridge is finished," he said. "It's ready except for clean-up and little stuff. We've got maybe 10 days' work here. Unless the weather gets real bad or something, we'll be out of here by the first of February."

SO IF you've been throwing hate darts and hexes through your car windows during rush hour, take solace in the fact that it's almost done. And that it could have taken 90 more long, sweaty days.

by Mack Dryden

Tai Chi Chuan at South Beach

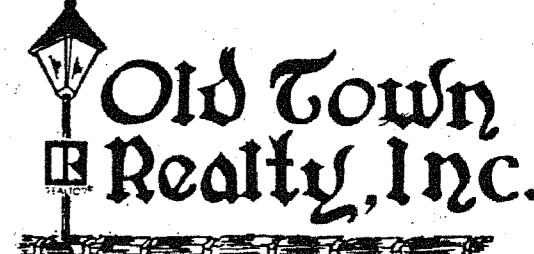
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MORNINGS are very special for those of us who practice Tai Chi Chuan at South Beach (at the end of Duval Street) every day at 8:30 a.m. Tai Chi Chuan is the ancient Chinese exercise and art for physical and mental harmony, using soft, slow, circular, graceful, light movement performed in a natural effortless manner. Emphasis on deep breathing, relaxation, awareness of precise movement, balance and co-ordination leave us with a sense of joy and well-being.

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Some Remarks continued on page 12

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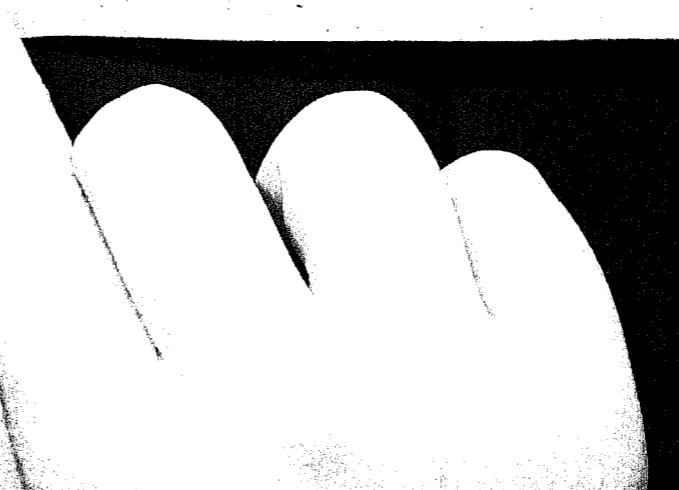
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notes and antic-dotes

by Dorothy Raymer

MOVIE-MAKING for both regular screen and television versions is nothing new to Key West; the island has been used as background for several big productions and dozens of minor ones, off and on for years.

Currently, beginning February 15, Key West will be the locale for a pilot and television series planned by Paramount Pictures Corporation. The American Sportsmen's Inn and the Pier House will provide accommodations for the production crew and the cast for about a six week sojourn. A boost in the economy of Key West is anticipated as a result, and anticipation runs high. One wonders, from past experiences when other films were produced in the area, if there will be hijinks, too.

IN THE SPRING of 1953, a moving picture first known as "Twelve Mile Reef," and later as "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef" (due doubtless to aroused interest in undersea movies) was filmed here. Most of the action took place on land. A few scenes were shot in Tarpon Springs and some in Florida Keys waters, but Key West had the major role.

JEFF KNIGHT, who headed the Florida State Employment office in Key West then, as now, smilingly reported that more than 100 people streamed into his office without any advance publicity. Extras got \$10 a day, and if a speaking part was assigned the salary went up to \$70 a day. Knight said it was the first time a movie company had asked the employment office for aid in rounding up authentic waterfront characters, fishermen and shrimpers.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX selected 75 Key West dwellers for roles, among them Jack Burke, who was then editor of the Navy publication *The Outpost*. Jack had to give up his typewriter and his razor for the duration of his acting assignment as a burly waterfront brawler. The plot was about the one-time feuding between Conchs and Greek sponge fishermen.

The chief Greek spongers were played by J. Carroll Naish, Robert Wagner and Gilbert Roland. There was one special setting which took place in Duffy's Tavern, where Delmonico's is now on Duval Street. The tavern atmosphere was certainly authentic, and the row that was staged, when the Greeks and the Conchs mixed it up, looked as if it were.

AT THAT TIME, there was a much favored jukebox song, "One Meat Ball," and it was taken up as a chant by the extras when not before the camera. The original ditty went, "One meat ball, one meat ball. You don't get any bread with one meat ball." The people in the tavern sequence changed this to "Not one meat ball and no spaghetti at all," since plates heaped high with spaghetti were placed on the tables, but nobody could actually eat any of the food because the exact setting had to be maintained due to re-takes.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION favored Robert Wagner, Peter Graves, and Terry Moore, but Key West women of all ages clamored for autographs of Gilbert Roland, last of the Great Latin Lovers school. He was still handsome and dashing and moved with romantic swagger.

DURING AN INTERLUDE played in front of the Florida First National Bank, streets at the corner of Duval and Front had to be continuously wetted down by a hose attached to

the corner hydrant. The work was supervised by the fire department. There had been a water shortage during this period and someone shouted, "There goes my shower bath for tonight!"

However, everyone, spectators, police, firemen and the film makers, including the cast, grooved in carnival mood. When the scene at the bank was finished, after about an hour and half, Gilbert Roland whipped a red bandana from his hip pocket, flourished it like a miniature bullfighter's cape, and Wagner charged at him with his index fingers pointed alongside his dark curly head imitating a horned bull.

Roland was always gallant and courteous to the crowds, especially ladies. I saw him lose his aplomb only once during all those weeks on location. He gave a special Spanish dinner at Ramonin's, a restaurant which was situated on Duval where the Scallywag pub is at present. The movie crew, cast, press and special guests from townspeople ranks were invited. The restaurant was not open to the public, but it was not inconvenient to regular diners, for the evening chosen was on the regular closing day.

UNFORTUNATELY, a brash young man managed to crash the gathering by posing as a waiter and entered the dining room. He marched up to Roland and demanded an autograph right in the middle of the main course. Roland, who was tall and stalwart, rose majestically and boomed, "Do I break into your house at dinner time and bother you? Now go at once or I'll throw you out personally. If you care to wait a couple of hours outside, I'll give you an autograph when we have finished eating." The guests applauded and the invader retreated.

ONE SLACK AFTERNOON when Roland was not needed for a shooting session, he invited me to go swimming in the lagoon protected by wire just off the pier that extended into the sea at the Casa Marina. He wasn't too pleased with the enclosed swimming area, but later admitted it was a necessary safety measure. After getting out of the barricaded swimming section we strolled to the edge of the pier and found Dr. Ralph Herz straining to bring in some denizen of the deep which was bending the fishing pole.

Actor Roland took over for a few minutes until Dr. Herz restored circulation to his cramped hands. The fish leaped up. It was a barracuda about four feet long! The line snapped finally and it sped off. Roland cracked, "I thought barracuda hung around bars." Barracuda was the nickname for B-girls in the 1950s.

BACK AT THE HOTEL, we ran into Harry Carey, Jr., and Richard Boone of the cast, and were invited to join them in the Bird Cage Lounge to "have a belt." So I learned that a belt was not something to hold up trousers but a California expression for having a drink.

Bob Youmans, a local lawyer who had been working as a stand-in for Roland and had to have his blond hair dyed black, appeared to announce that the next day he would be back to being fair-haired again, since he was switching to a stand-in for blond Peter Graves. When he left he waved airily and cracked, "See you in the beauty parlor!" You could have blown me over with a hair-dryer. Anyway, the *Citizen* ran a picture of Youmans getting his hair coloring, and the caption read "Local Boy Fakes Good."

DICK BOONE, now a director, enjoyed a reunion with his erstwhile fellow gunner bomb diver in the Navy, Eddie Irwin, who had become Aviation Ordnance Chief with the AEW School in Key West. When Boone was out of earshot, Irwin confided, "Dick is too modest. Bet you don't know and he won't tell you, but he has a terrific World War II record."

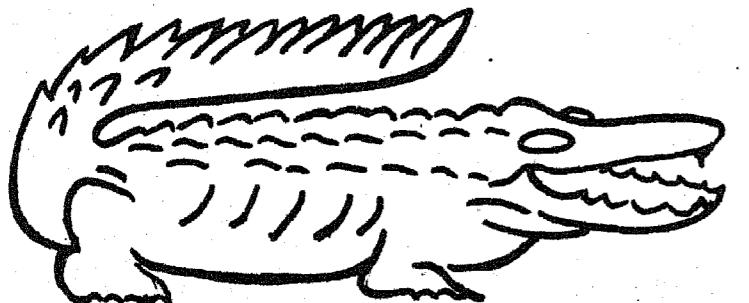
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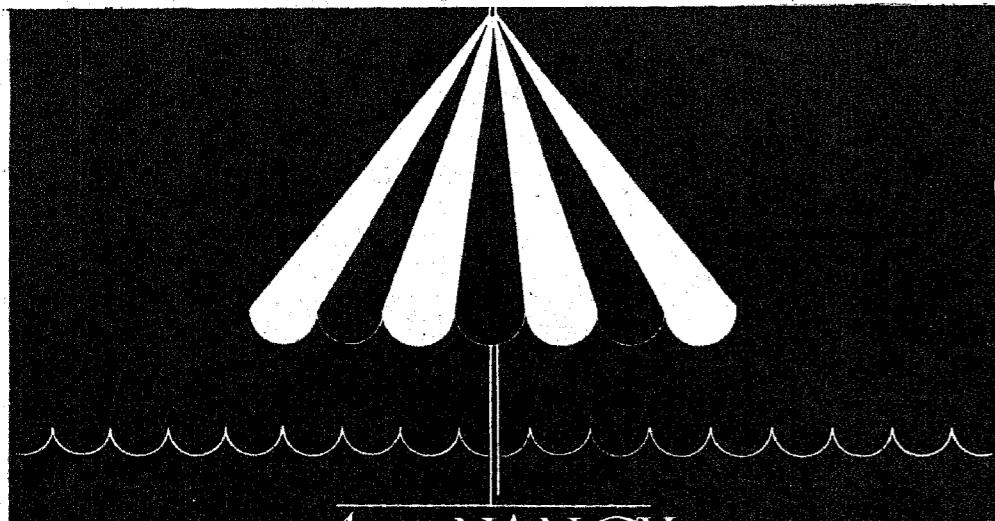


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CERTAINLY Boone had diversified traits. He talked to a drama class at the Key West High School and made a personal appearance at San Carlos Theater with Terry Moore. He helped supervise the crowds at the A & B Lobster House docks during a night filming in which a sponge boat was set afire, and there was some danger involved. He was a no-nonsense career man, but possessed a bizarre sense of humor which showed up once at a local restaurant, Logun's Lobster House, where he had been dining frequently.

Every evening a local girl, who evidently wished to attract his attention, paraded by his table, thrusting out her chest to display ample frontage. Boone eyed her in appreciation, along with colleagues, but made no comment.

But one night, after about ten days of this boom-boom exhibition, Boone turned to his boon companions and remarked, "I am going to teach Miss Teaser a lesson." When the girl approached, promenading pouter-pigeon style, Boone jumped up and ripped open her blouse-topped dress. Surprised, if not shocked, the girl squealed. After all, her falsies were revealed.

Boone said, "I just wanted to see if THEY were real..." Then he handed her a fifty-dollar bill, and, as far as I know, the incident was closed along with the torn garment.

THE COMPANY from 20th Century Fox, which arrived in March, was still around in late spring except for Gilbert Roland, who departed May 19. He left a shirt behind in the aura of good will. Everyone knows the expression, "He's the kind of guy who will give you the shirt off his back." There was more than a mere verbal declaration in this case. At a swank party, a charming woman admired Roland's shirt. He stripped it off, bowed, and presented the garment to the admirer saying, "The shirt is

yours, my lady."

When asked about his courtly gesture, Gilbert Roland, who is of Mexican extraction, explained, "It's an old Spanish custom."

IN THE LONG LIST of numerous movie productions made here on both small and large scale, the "Twelve Mile Reef" film set a record for community participation, along with "The Rose Tattoo." Both are well recollected by Key Westers who hope for more potential cinema industry.

THE ROSE

My son pulled a lovely deep

Salmon rose

From a neighbor's garden

For me

Knowing it to be someone's prize

I scolded him for picking

So promiscuously

What we all respect

Now I sit before the rose

And luxuriate in it

My wanton little angel

Playing beneath the kitchen table

Teri Axford

STOCK ISLAND SPEEDWAY

by Netannis Kline

Illustrated by Steve Kline

STOCK ISLAND...1961...Sunday night. The big bright stadium lights are glaring down, and the roar of motors can be heard all the way to U.S. 1....Yes, the races are on tonight!

THERE WAS NOTHING architecturally admirable about the track; in fact, in



"THE BEST BARBECUE IN KEY WEST OR STOCK ISLAND"

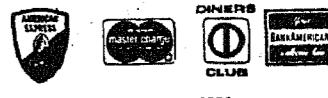
THE FIRST RACES were held on a dirt track out on the old Boca Chica Road, but then things began looking up, and a proper paved and fenced track was constructed on Stock Island. Most of its remains lie under the Stock Island Apartments now, but the third and fourth turns and some of the posts and cables are still visible on the west side of these buildings. It was great family fun; every race night drew a big crowd, and even when winter winds whistled through the stands, the fans were there with cushions and blankets and layers of

daylight it looked downright seedy and disreputable: it was purely functional. The announcer's booth was in the middle over the gate, wooden bleachers on each side, and to the far right...the pits. The track itself, oval shaped, paved, was about three quarters of a mile long with four banked turns. The center area was unique -- a large shallow lake -- and loud was the cheer that went up when some unfortunate driver spun out and headed towards the water backwards, or

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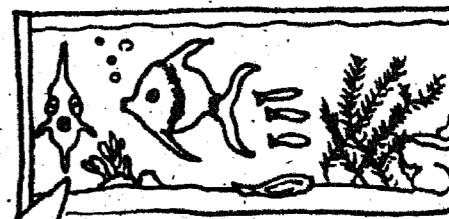
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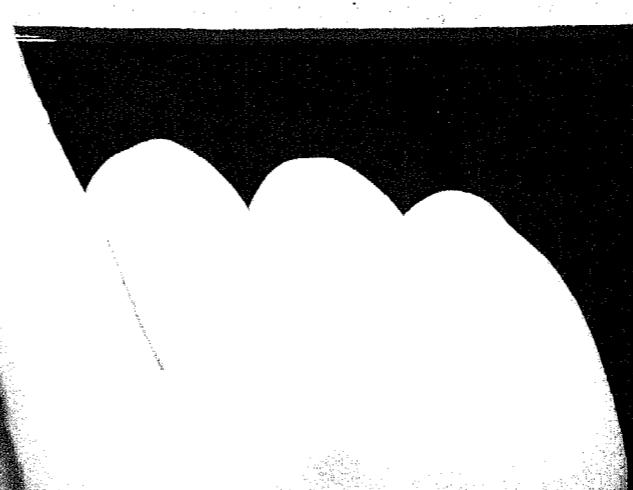
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head first, or occasionally upside down, causing a tremendous splash and a lot of laughs.

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TOWARDS THE END of the evening would come the announcement of the number of the winning doorprize ticket...a case of beer, an oil change, a cylinder of propane gas, or a steak dinner at Pizzi's Drive-In Restaurant on the Bight (now replaced by an Amoco station). Once there was a big special door prize, an XK 120 Jaguar, and one of the track owners decided to show it off by driving it around the track. Unfortunately he spun out on a turn and slid right into the lake, to the hilarity of the crowd.

THE RACES were always exciting. Would they make the first turn? No, not if there were many entries; and after a great screeching and sliding and bashing of metal, it was back to the starting flag again. The flagmen, usually "Frenchy" L'Heureux or Willy Bethel, had a busy time on race night, starting and stopping races, giving the yellow caution flag or the black flag for violations, and waving in the winners with the checkered flag. One of the starters used to take his life in his hands by getting down on the track and holding the machines down in a "Chicago" start. Somehow he never did get run over.

In the intervals between races, time was taken up at the concession stand under the announcer's booth; it provided coffee, beer, hot dogs and the best barbecue in all of Key West or Stock Island. The sound system wasn't the best but entertained with records, mostly Brenda Lee. The record of the National Anthem was especially bad with a lot of strange high pitched squeals, but was welcomed by all as it began the evening's events. It was accompanied by a ceremonial "lap of honor" round the track, driven by the winner of the previous week's feature race, holding a large American flag over the car.

TO BEGIN WITH there were three classes of racing. The Sportsman, the Late Models and the Jalopies. As time went on the rules for the Jalopies were eased and the class fused with the Late Models. Then drag races were added. There were special races too, such as the Powder Puff races, which always had several entries, among them the wives of the regular drivers. The women were not



O-OH SAY CAN YOU SEEEEE!
usually as aggressive as the men, but I remember one who would race with the men, and once after a race, drove after the flagman, who had to jump onto the hood of her car to escape injury! Something about a "bad start" she claimed.

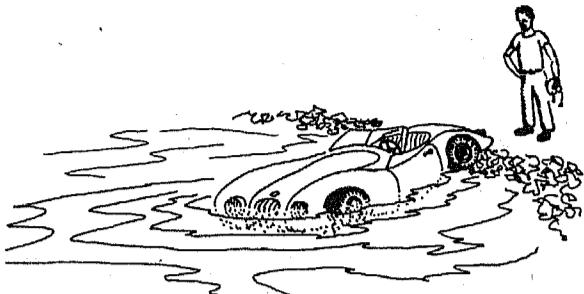
MOST OF THE DRIVERS were regulars every week. These are some that I remember: Navy man Frank Burger, who drove his No. 23 to many wins; Charlie Boughner in #32, who named his tavern after the track; Paul "Slick" Toppino in the Deuce (a '32 Ford); Bob Turner, Sr., who had a

'32 Ford Sedan. Then there was Capt. Frank Smith, a spin-out champ; C.R. Ogden in a Hudson; Lou Knapp in the "eight-ball," a dilapidated Ford. John Gendron drove a Studilac (Studebaker with a Cadillac engine). And there were Billy Collins, Tony Murgia, J.C. Vernon in #22, and

exciting race. The fans were almost as colorful as the races. Whole families came together, groups of young boys, teenagers, and couples, officers and sailors from the Navy Base, all cheering for relatives or friends. One night the bleachers on the left side folded up and collapsed, but nobody left except for one woman whose leg was slightly injured. She made a grand exit in the ambulance, and racing continued as soon as it got back.

OF COURSE, there were some injuries to the drivers, mostly from hitting the fence, and the attendance of an ambulance was mandatory for every race. The announcer always referred to it as "the beautiful A&R ambulance." The services of the wreckers were donated free of charge also, I think. These belonged to Jesus Caraballo and Russo. They were always needed to pull apart entangled cars or to haul them out of the lake, and to go to the rescue when racers drove through the fence and disappeared into the darkness beyond. This frequently happened until a new safety fence was installed. Strong posts with a heavy cable strung between them were put up on the inside of the original fence to bounce the cars back on to the track. Ironically, the new fence had a part in the only fatality in the entire history of the track. During a race a driver sliding in the third turn hit the safety fence, and somehow his door opened, and, falling sideways, his helmet struck hard against one of the posts. He was immediately rushed to the hospital, but nothing could be done. Racing was cancelled for the night, and everyone went home in a mood of shock and sorrow.

SOMETIMES we had guest announcers from big tracks up North, who were down the Keys on vacation, they always caused a laugh by mispronouncing the local names and nicknames, but nobody cared. Everyone was good-humored, and even tiny babies never seemed to cry; they even slept through the roaring and yelling of an



'THE GRAND PRIZE'

many others. My apologies to all those I've forgotten.

The drag racers that I can remember were: Jackie Drudge, Lionel Jaycocks, "Porkchop" in a Corvair, "Ping-Ping" Jamarda in a Chevy Impala, Oscar Molina in the "Hatchet," and Billy Collins, who once, failing to stop, drove his brand new Plymouth right through the fence across the street outside and vanished into the darkness of the next block!

In the Old Fogey's Race anyone who wasn't a regular driver could enter. These were usually rather sedate affairs due to the inexperience of the drivers with the cars and the track; but it was audience participation and went over fine with the fans.

OCCASIONALLY "Special Events" were staged -- stunt driving or daredevil acts which were sometimes unintentionally comic. A car was going to be driven "through the flaming circle of fire," and

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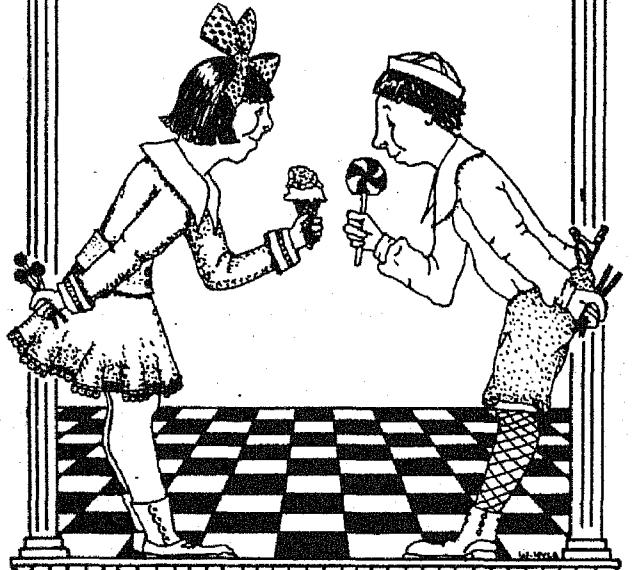
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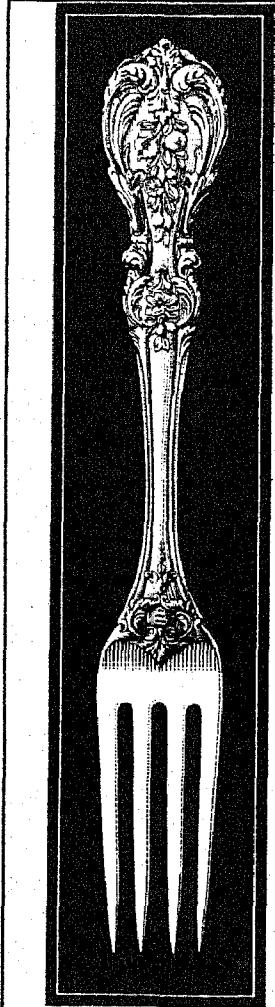
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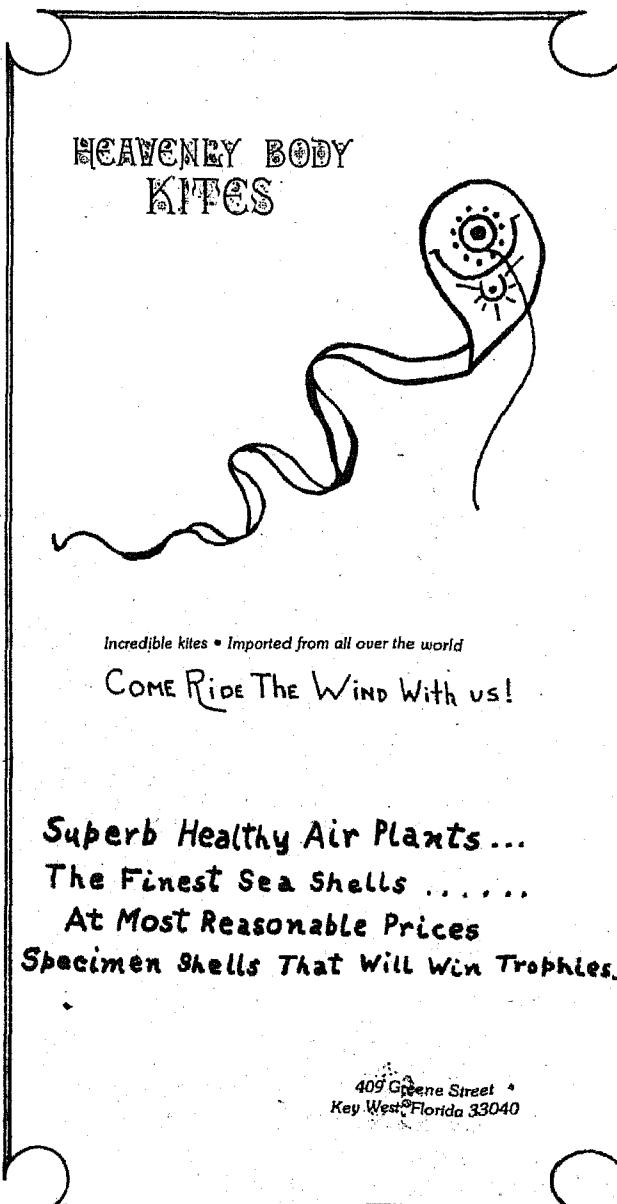
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another was to be "rolled over, right in front of the stands." Well, the car was driven through a circle with a courageous volunteer (was it C.R. Ogden?) lying on the hood, but the flames had all gone out, and it was nothing but a circle of smoke! The rolling in front of the stands didn't come off either. In spite of more and higher ramps and repeated efforts, the car just refused to roll. But we enjoyed everything, even the failures, even occasional fights in the pits, following pushing or bumping or other track misdemeanors during a race.

Some Remarks continued from page 5
I Ching. One day, while observing a fight between a snake and a crane, he realized the principle of yielding, the triumph of soft over hard, just as water wears away stone. He developed a system of exercises from the natural elements and movements and the animals.

TAI CHI CHUAN is "meditation in movement," and allows the mind to become



photo by Karen Selsky

still, clear, calm, and one-pointed. Through slow and precise movement, we begin to feel and move with our center, aware of the space and silence within us. Tai Chi puts emphasis on non-aggressive and non-violent behavior, and is based on the Yin-Yang principle, the balance and harmony of the positive and negative forces first expounded in the I Ching (the Book of Changes).

WHEN PRACTICED regularly, Tai Chi is a complete exercise for health, rejuvenation and longevity. It strengthens the central nervous system, increases respiratory capacity, and greatly benefits the visceral, arterial, circulatory and digestive systems, as well as relaxing and loosening the muscles, joints and ligaments. Because there is no

strain, stress, tension or exhaustion, Tai Chi Chuan is for both young and old, and will prevent and cure many different diseases and illnesses.

TAI CHI may be a classical dance, a meditation, a unique exercise, a philosophy, a self-defense - even a way of life. And so, moving in the cyclical motion, we've all returned to play - dancing with the gentle vibrations of Key West.

Norman Kelner has practiced and studied Tai Chi Chuan for four years under several teachers and has taught in Key West for three winters, as well as in Boulder, Colorado, and Vancouver, British Columbia. He has also studied two years of Chinese Kung Fu and several years of yoga and meditation.

HRS "Volunteer Friend Program"

Expands to Serve The Retarded

THE FLORIDA DEPARTMENT of Health and Rehabilitative Services Volunteer Program has now expanded its "Volunteer Friend Program" to serve the mentally retarded.

ACCORDING TO Les Washbush, HRS Volunteer Services Coordinator, the "Volunteer Friend Program" is one of many volunteer services offered to Health and Rehabilitative Services clients in Monroe County. Washbush stated that the Volunteer Friend Program is similar to Big Brothers and Sisters of America. Although in the

past the program has been aimed at providing volunteers to work with youngsters who are in need of a one-to-one relationship with an adult, now the program will include supervision of mentally retarded individuals.

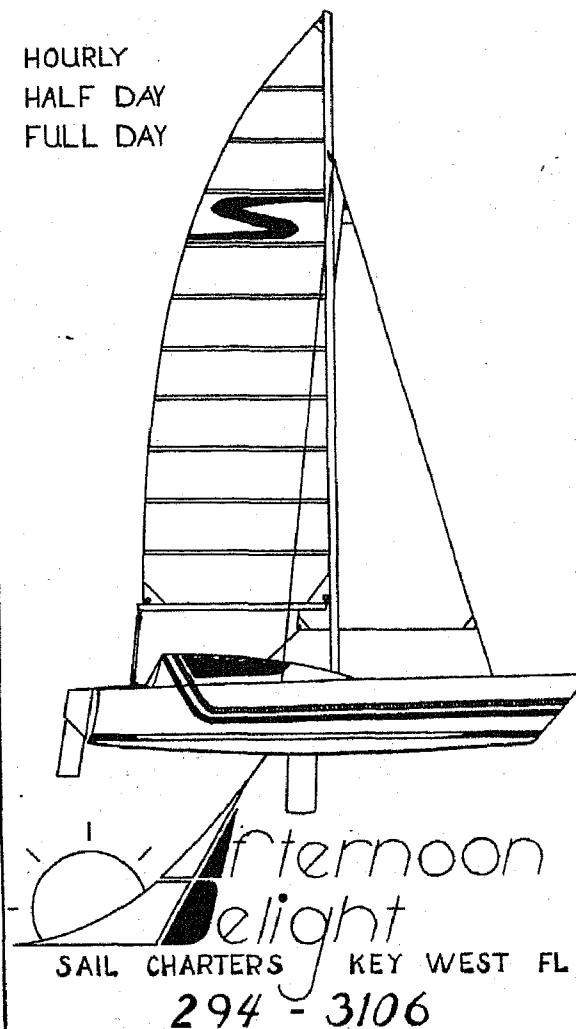
As a Volunteer Friend helping a mentally retarded person, the volunteer is in a position to wear many different hats. He or she can be a friend, counselor, tutor, recreation aide, and an employment counselor. The most important thing about a Volunteer Friend is that he or she can help satisfy many different needs of a mentally retarded person. The volunteer must be concerned about the person's welfare and willing to spend time helping in any way that he or she can.

WASHBISH STATED that Volunteer Friends provide recognition, reinforcement, encouragement and support for positive changes in a mentally retarded person's academic, social and physical skills. The volunteer serves as a catalyst who encourages the parents, the school, the employer and other important people to provide positive reinforcement and recognition for positive changes.

ANYONE who would like to share himself with a mentally retarded person is asked to contact Les Washbush at 294-6466 or come to 1315 Whitehead Street.

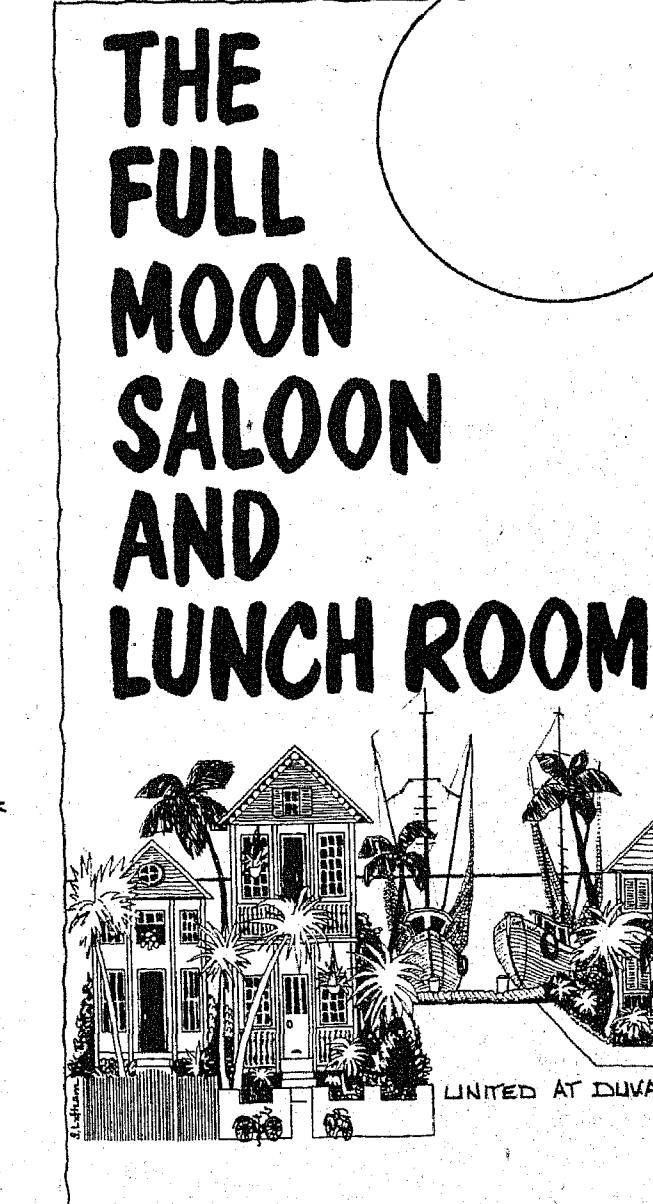
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THE KEYS BEYOND U.S. 1

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HALF DAY
FULL DAY



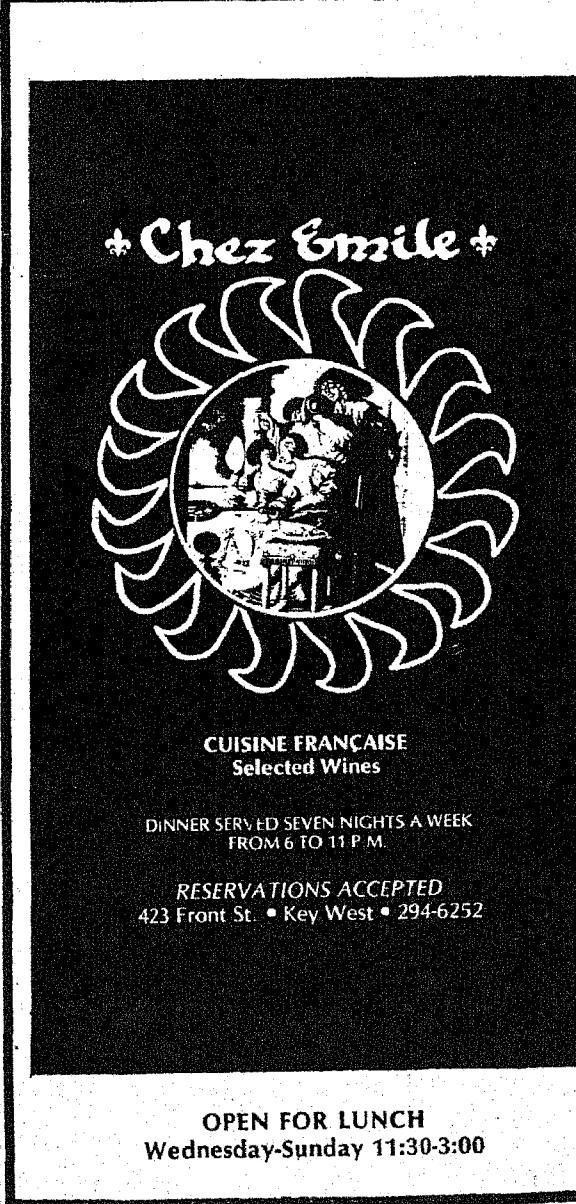
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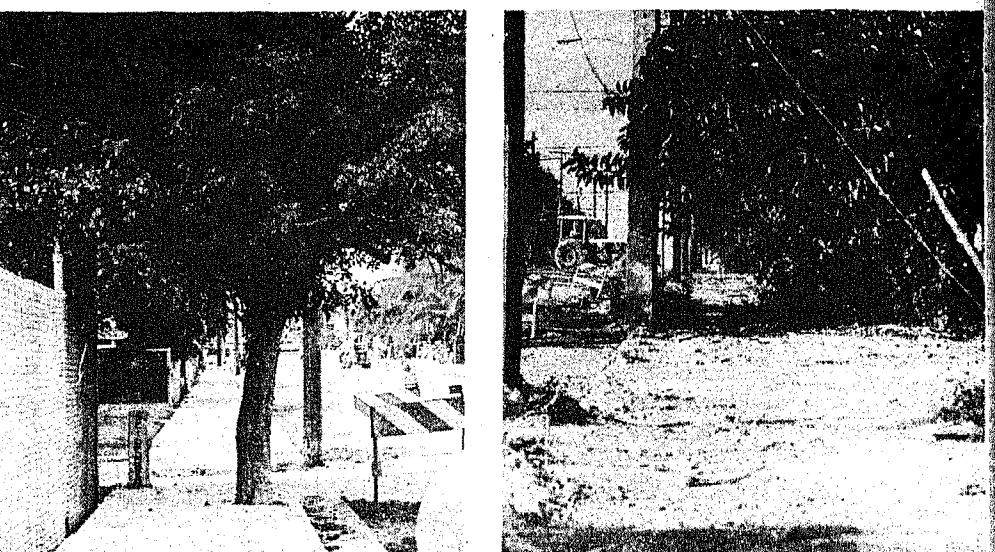
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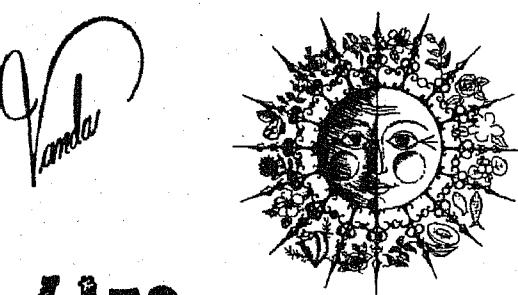
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The sidewalk program is moving along, as these photos show. The photo on the left is of recently completed sidewalks on 5th Street, and the photo on the right is of 12th Street, which is next to be sidewalked. Note the tree that has been saved in the photo on the left. The workmen have been instructed to be very careful to preserve as many of the trees as possible, and, in the event that a tree has to go, they will try to transplant it and place it on the homeowner's property (if the size makes it feasible, that is). A few trees like Florida Holly and the Australian Pine will not be saved, but if you have a tree you would like to have saved, ask the workmen to pave around it. If there is any dispute, the Tree Commission should be called to work out the difficulty. President Peggy Mille has not been well recently, but members Marie Pinder and Merilee McCoy can be contacted.

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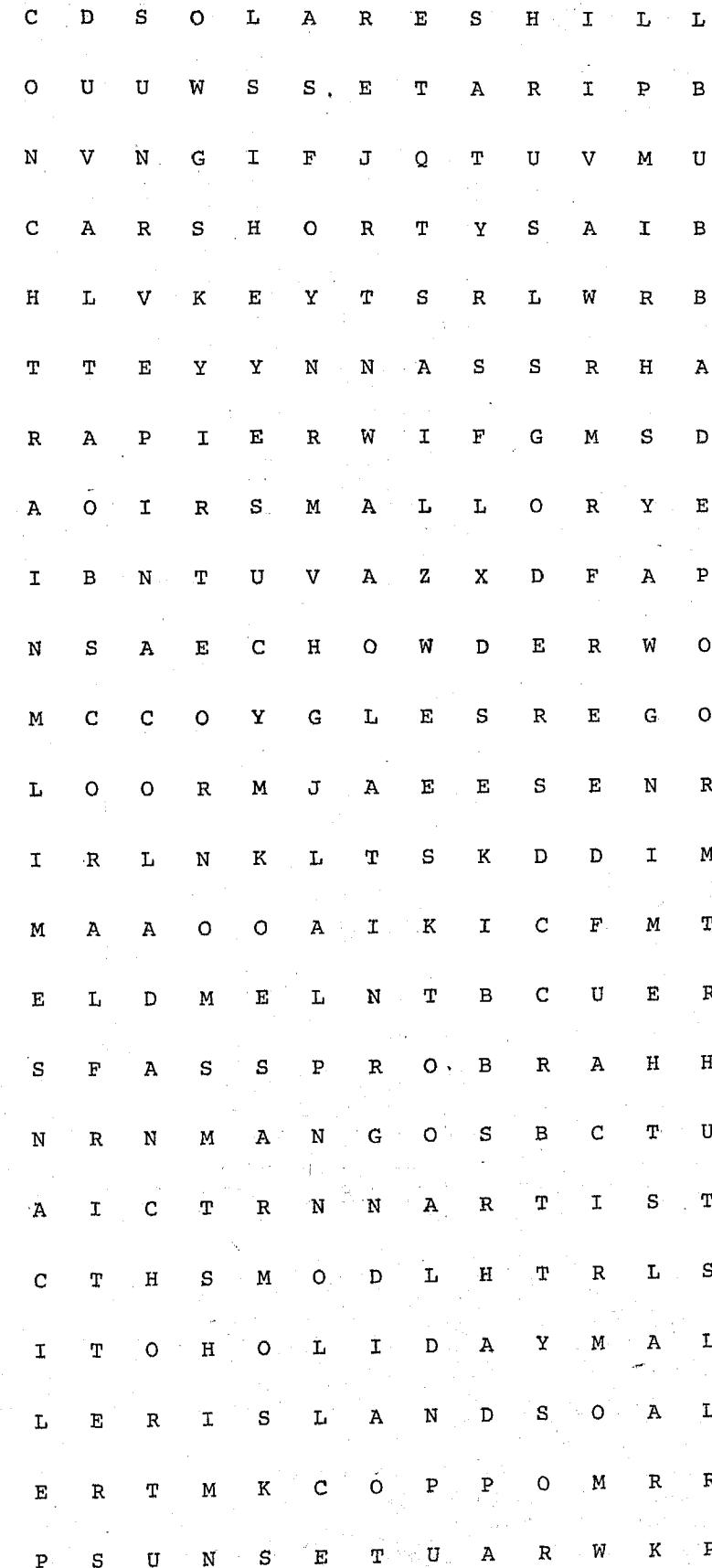
LOOP-A-WORD

by Belle Haskell

This loop-a-word puzzle contains places, people and things familiar to Key Westers. Circle each word in the diagram and cross it off the list. Words often overlap, and letters may be used more than once. They read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally. All the letters in the diagram will not be used. Have fun!

WORD LIST

1. Anchor
2. Artist
3. Bikes
4. Boat
5. Bubba
6. Cats
7. Chowder
8. Conch Train
9. Coral
10. Depo
11. Dogs
12. Duval
13. Fritters
14. Harbor
15. Hemingway
16. Holiday
17. Huckel
18. Island
19. Kraals
20. Latin
21. Lime
22. Mallory
23. Mangos
24. McCoy
25. Monroe
26. Navy
27. Palm
28. Pelicans
29. Pier
30. Pina-colada
31. Pirates
32. Sail
33. Sand
34. Sea
35. Shortys
36. Shrimp
37. Sky
38. Solares Hill
39. Sun
40. Sunset
41. Tide



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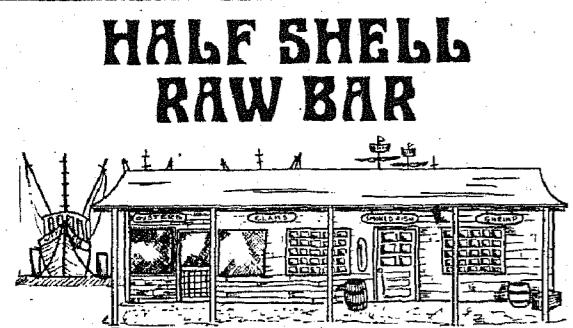
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Phil Price, banjo
Ron Hatfield, guitar
Eddie West, bass guitar

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Key West, Florida



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editorial

by Bill Huckel

Southeast Florida Coast Executive Director of Chamber of Commerce, City of 25,000 population. MBA preferred. \$20,000-\$22,000 with 2 year contract. Reply Box T-925, Wall Street Journal

was held to determine if Larry Rogers would have his annual contract renewed to serve another year. There was such a turn-out that the meeting had to be held in Mallory Square Convention Hall.

Because the feelings of the membership ran so high, the first part of the meeting was turned over to comments from the floor. Ed Knight, a well-known local realtor, spoke glowingly about Larry Rogers. One of the main problems facing Rogers, Knight said, was the difficulty of operating on a year-to-year contract, and he felt that with a three-year contract Rogers would be able to run things more comfortably. But even with the uncertainty of a year-to-year job, Knight felt that Rogers had done a fine job.

DR. PHIL DOBERT, a director of the Chamber, got up to speak against keeping Rogers in his job. He felt the Chamber would have 600 members with proper leadership (there are 311 members now). He pointed out that there were 80 some replies to the advertisement in the Wall Street Journal and that some very qualified people were interested in coming to Key West for the job.

AT THIS POINT, Knight asked what salary was advertised, and the reply was \$22,000. Knight wondered how many replies they would have received if they had offered the salary that Rogers gets, which is \$13,000.

Tim Miller, first vice-president of the Chamber, then spoke in favor of Rogers. He pointed out that in his trips to tourist conventions in the state of Florida everyone knew and re-

spected Larry Rogers, and the overwhelming consensus was that he was doing a fine job.

WHEN THE VOTES WERE COUNTED, however, the motion to retain Rogers was defeated: 11 votes against and 7 for. Members had the right to appeal, and a petition for a referendum was put forward. The referendum asked one question only: "Are you in favor of retaining Larry Rogers as executive vice-president of the Chamber?" This was mailed out to all the members. The result of the referendum was received toward the end of January, and Larry Rogers was retained as the executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce when the votes of the general membership were counted.

WHAT REMAINS NOW? Great divisiveness between two groups who make up the membership of the Chamber, for one thing. I went to speak to spokespersons on both sides to find out what was happening in this affair.

I spoke with Tim Miller, who has been particularly vocal in his denunciation of the group who placed the advertisement to replace Larry Rogers. He is the first vice-president of the Chamber. He traces the group's (in addition to Dobert and Pinder, such well-known Key Westers as Margo Golan, Gayle Swofford, Dave Horan and Jack Smith can be counted in on this side) dissatisfaction with the Chamber back to the period of the Resort Tax, which also divided the Chamber. Miller said that this group helped to get the Resort Tax bottled up in the County Commission (where it is presently tabled), while, in truth, if it had been put to a referendum for the voters to decide on, it would have been passed into law.

MILLER SAYS that this is a powerful clique that is used to getting its own way, and with their own man in

charge of the Chamber, the Chamber would be more receptive to their wishes (Rogers for example, was in favor of the Resort Tax).

Several other people pointed out that many members of the dissident group are also members of the Key West and Lower Keys Development Corporation, and they speculated that the dissidents wanted a different man leading the Chamber so that he would go along with their ideas on changes for the Navy Base, which might include condominiums.

I SPOKE TO a member of the group seeking to replace Larry Rogers, and he suggested that I speak with Dr. Dobert, who has been acting as a spokesman for them. I called Dr. Dobert, and he suggested that I refer to the letter which was sent out to all members asking them to vote NO on the referendum to reappoint Rogers.

The letter states (in part):

"We (those who signed the letter) are of the opinion that the division within the Chamber will be remedied only by the appointment of a dynamic director, who can involve all our members in Chamber activities. We want to restore the Chamber to the general membership through an executive vice-president who will maintain contact with you and all members in order to gain your valuable input. For too long you have paid your annual dues and then been ignored for the remainder of the year.

We believe that the direction and scope of the Key West Chamber of Commerce should be expanded from a solely tourist-oriented body to one which functions to protect and

Editorial continued on page 26

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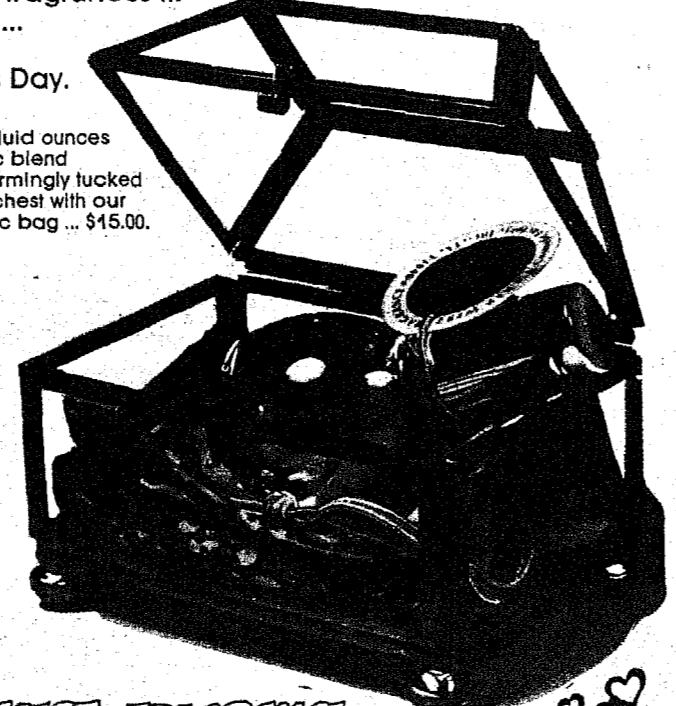


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with perfume
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and brass

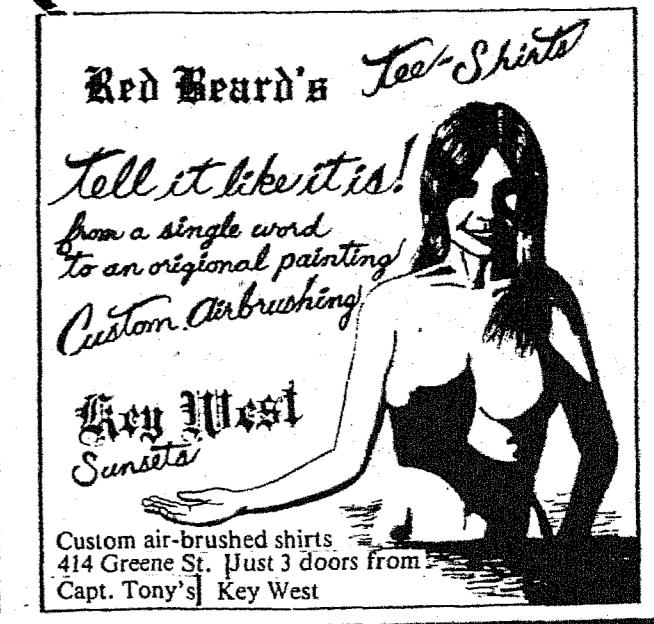
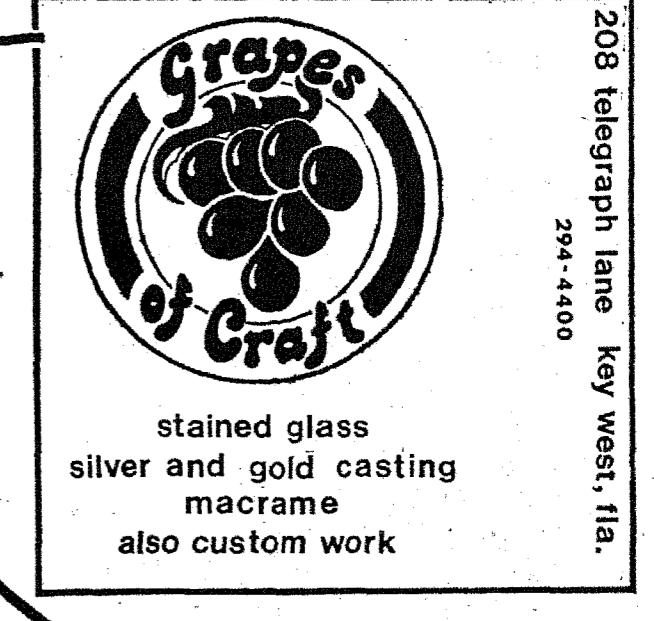
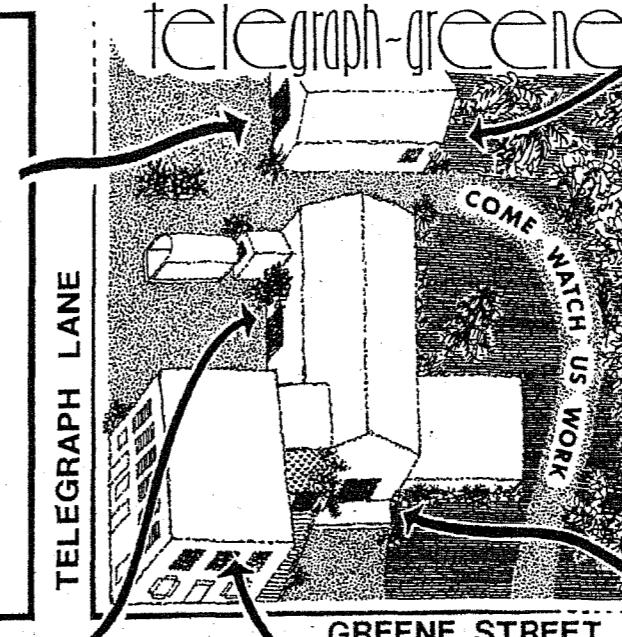
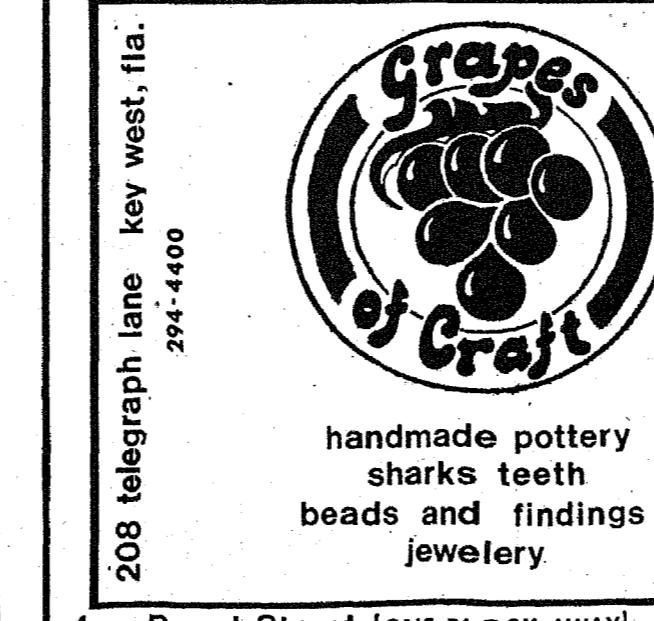
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Horace's Caretaker

This story is based on a true Key West experience, and is concluded from last month.

by Robert Davies

UPON THE DEATH of the eccentric Karl Richter, the narrator has become caretaker of the family mansion and a gruesome, lifelike doll named Horace, Richter's alter ego. The doll had been given to Richter's father, a doctor, by an inmate at the Fort Jefferson prison, just before the doctor abandoned the prison to an outbreak of yellow fever and was lost at sea.

ON THE SAME DAY that the old woman gave me a tour of the house, I moved my things into Karl Richter's bedroom. There was a couch in the bedroom. It would be better to sleep there, I thought, than in that bed. The rain had arrived not long after the thunder, and it was coming down in sheets, lashing against the windows and drumming on the tin roof. I pushed open the French doors to the balcony and went out to take a look at the storm. The darkness of the heavy rain caused a nearby street-light to come on prematurely. Through the downpour, the light appeared with a halo around it. Two cars moved down the flooded street cautiously, pushing little bow waves, while their wipers worked back and forth madly. I decided to begin my duties as a caretaker by inspecting the entire house for water leaks.

I WENT THROUGH each room upstairs with a flashlight, checking the ceilings for dripping water. At last, the forbidden back bedroom door to Horace's room confronted me. The bedroom was dark. Amorphous shapes of hooded furniture loomed menacingly. On the other side of an open shutter, I saw rainwater cascading like a waterfall over the eaves of the roof. No leaks here. The rain pounded loudly on the roof as I moved into Horace's room. I could see the doll's silhouette and the round outline of its head; the face was blacked out by shadow. I turned on the light and expected to see Horace's leering face. The light revealed a sad expression. The doll sat slumped to one side in an attitude of fatigue. How could a wooden object have any expression, much less change it? Perhaps Horace was a kind of inkblot test? One could project into the doll's features what one was feeling at the moment. I was fatigued. Hence, the doll looked tired. Strangely, the doll could indeed be a mirror for the face of my own psychological being.

"And just who do you think you are?" I said to Horace.

Instantly, a door slammed shut somewhere down the hallway. I flinched but had no doubt it was the wind from the rainstorm.

"Aha!" I said aloud. "So that's your specialty----psychokinesis!"

No sooner did I pronounce the word psychokinesis when an alarming realization came over me. Horace was slumped over now. I knew for a fact that Horace had been in an upright posture on my first encounter with him. It must have been the wind, I reasoned, which rocked the chair and caused the doll to shift position.

"Okay," I said calmly, "let's see if there's anything to this."

Keeping one eye on Horace, I found a glass bead necklace on top of a chest of drawers. After wrapping the necklace around the doll's right hand, I turned out the light, left the room, and locked the outer bedroom door.

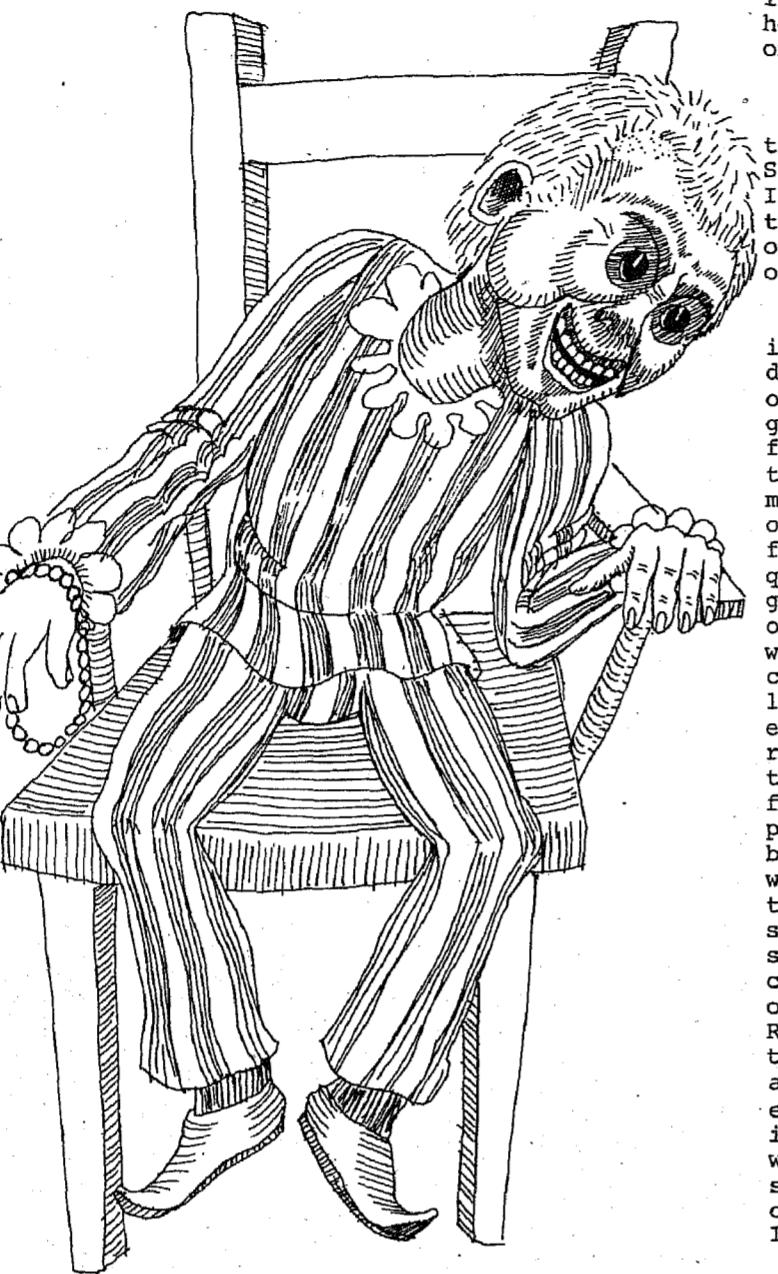
THE RAIN STOPPED around midnight. The wind died, too, and the night took on an eerie peacefulness, despite the

continual, stroboscopic flashes of heat lightning. Three times during the long night, white light seared the bedroom and awoke me with a start. Many noises in the house demanded studious attention, strict analysis, and, at times, tracking

pers, a chicken's severed head, and one palsied chicken claw. She arranged these items in an odd configuration and then drew a circle around them with white chalk. Still muttering, she made three or four passes, sowing what appeared to be rice. Unable to contain myself any longer, I rushed downstairs to confront her. By the time I reached the window on the front door, she was gone.

I MARK THE FIFTH NIGHT as the night that things began to get very strange. Surprisingly, for the first time since I moved in I fell asleep easily. From the coffin-like confines of that tortuous couch, I tumbled and somersaulted outward into the realm of dreams.

THE OCEAN undulated over the reef in glossy swells. It was a bright, blue day. I balanced on the swaying gunnel of the boat, peering down into a stone garden of coral sculpture and purple sea fans. Adjusting my mask, I leaped from the boat; explosions or bubbles enveloped me in weightless freedom. I stretched out and kicked for the bottom. Tropical fish in neon and iridescent colors, quick as butterflies, darted away. I glided along through coral canyons and over domes of brain coral. I was elated, weightless and free, until that strange calling began. It came from many voices like Gregorian chants and composed an eerie overlay to the watery scene surrounding me. In the dream, I surfaced to see if there were sirens calling me from where waves broke on the exposed part of the reef. The calling continued, but I could not locate its source: there was nothing but breakers creaming over the rocks and the blue enamel sky and sea beyond. I dove again and chased a school of grazing parrot fish. The calling grew louder, as if the source of it was annoyed at my indifference. Rolling over, I swam for the sun, for the surface above. The voices reached an unbearable crescendo. Holding my ears, I dove, sounding deeper and deeper in an attempt to escape. All at once, water, coral, fish, sea and sky dissolved. I entered a black void, held captive by what had become shrieking. I was frantic.



down. Each investigation brought obvious findings: a sash cord tapping the wall; the backyard cistern pump clicking on and off automatically; or rainwater draining from the roof, patterning the large, drooping lip of a banana tree leaf. Other noises could only be attributed to the contraction or expansion of wood in the floors or staircase. The old house, on that cool night, creaked and groaned like a ship riding at anchor.

AT SUNSET on the fourth evening, while upstairs, I heard the squeal of the rusty front gate. Taking a position on the balcony, I looked down to find a hunchbacked, elderly woman wearing a purple and black Cuban shawl. She was muttering to herself in Spanish and taking things out of her enormous handbag and placing them on the steps. I could barely take my eyes off her, but something caught my attention towards the iron fence. A Nassau parasol (it was striped in multicolor like the dome awning of a merry-go-round) was stuck upright among the ornamental ironwork of the fence, cocked jauntily towards the sidewalk. Were I to holler at this trespasser, I would not have learned what was going to happen next. So I watched quietly as the shawled figure put down on the steps three guinea pep-

I AWOKE ON MY BACK, tossing and turning, my heart pounding. But the nightmare had not stopped. I awoke into something worse than a nightmare and wished that I were dreaming again: the shrieking went on and on. For a second, I did not want to acknowledge my predicament, as when one who is inside a funhouse does not want to see what is behind the next door. The shrieking came from inside the very walls of the bedroom! I did my best to suppress the panic. It was hard to breathe; muscles in my neck went rigid. How I wanted to flee but could not move an inch! Just as I was going to crack from the sustained terror, the voices, that terrible shrieking, ceased. My knees gave out, and I collapsed on the couch shaking and adrenalized.

AFTER TURNING ON EVERY LIGHT in the room, I calmed down and recalled the old woman urging me to sleep in Richter's bedroom. Had I been set up? I decided to search the house for evidence of some prank.

Creeping down the upstairs hallway, I grabbed each doorknob with my left hand while holding ready, in the right hand, an old, Spanish-American War saber. Angry now, I drew in deeply and then shoved the door open yelling a battle cry. I checked each room this way until

I reached Horace's locked room.

THE KEY TURNED EASILY, and the tongue of the lock clicked once. I was beginning to cool off and remembered my experiment of wrapping that necklace around Horace's hand. Pushing the door ajar slowly, I reached in quickly and flipped the light on in an attempt to surprise whoever might be in there. Then I stood back and gave the door a good kick. It swung open to a clear view inside: an empty room. Then, with reluctance, I tiptoed across the sagging floor towards the doorway to Horace's room. But I had been drawn into a trap, and the sword was absolutely useless. At a point halfway between the outer door and Horace's door, two events happened simultaneously: the door behind me slammed shut with a force that drove my heart into my throat, and, secondly, heavy breathing emanated from Horace's room. Confused for a moment, I held my breath to see if it was my own excited breathing. It was not.

THROUGH FROZEN LIPS and a dry mouth, I finally spoke out. "Who's there? Come out!" I demanded.

GRASPING THE SWORD tighter, I crept a few more steps ahead. A floorboard creaked, and the breathing or, I should say, gasping stopped. When I looked down to measure the distance in footsteps from where I stood to Horace's door, I saw them! Pieces of the necklace. Small, broken bits and pieces of glass: red, green, blue and black fragments; fragments shattered and scattered over the floor in front of me. I was compelled to go in there.

LIKE A SLEEPWALKER in the soundless dead of night, I entered Horace's room. Eyes aglow, like hot coals, that demonic idol's jaws worked up and down, making a most hideous CLACK, CLACK, CLACK! I looked on from somewhere beyond the threshold of terror. Surroundings took on a new and heretofore unseen but wonderful significance. The moon shined into the room, casting zebra stripes on the wall. I reached for a ray of moonlight to break it in half (it seemed as solid and brittle as china). A great and looming shade tree outside was not bending in the breeze but nodding; nodding at me in acknowledgement for having finally learned the Secret.

THE ROOM ITSELF began to distort. Walls, ceiling and floor telescoped away from me, converting the room into a long tunnel. Chairs, table, chest of drawers, lamps, everything, became miniaturized and toy-like. I screamed full of dread and terror at losing my mind. My screams did not fill and resonate through the room, but sounded muted, tiny and toy-like.

After my mind went askew, a trapdoor to the attic dropped down, swinging by two hinges. The rope followed, cascading downward slowly like a meandering snake. Acting on what must have been telepathic command, I pulled one-handedly on the rope while staring straight ahead at the blank wall. It brought down a folding ladder which unfolded and alighted onto the floor like a landing of Mars Surveyor I. Solemnly I mounted each step with a heaviness of foot that the condemned demonstrate upon climbing to the gallows. The square opening in the ceiling was window to the black void beyond.

FROM WHAT I had already witnessed, my logical (or pathological) assumptions held that the attic interior was merely another illusion created by Horace to provide a certain kind of false reassurance; like the reassurance of familiar reality that the flower provides at the bottom of a Venus Fly Trap. At any moment, by the trip of a switch, I'd find myself making the long, breath-bated and helpless slide into the yawning mouth of a blazing blast furnace. In short, I was convinced that I had died and was already on my way to Hell.

DUST, HEAT, DARKNESS and the nauseating smell of mothballs confronted my senses. When I switched on the attic light, an illusion consummate was revealed. It appeared to be an ordinary attic. Yellow mold and fine, vintage dust covered all. There were antiques, lamps with rose-colored shades, trunks, crusty books, hat boxes, a cabinet suffused with medicine bottles, a cedar chest, and a rack of circa 1900 men's and women's apparel; ladies' high button dresses were spotted with minute stalagmites of fleshy fungus. In front of a bureau's clouded mirror, I saw the ghostly reflection of my gray complexion and vacant eyes. Head reeling, my visceral organs lifted sickeningly as I beheld one object after another rise and levitate, like helium balloons; furniture, boxes, trunks, lamps and chests danced in the air as if to the merry workings of marionette's strings. The bureau mirror spun like a propeller. Reduced to idiocy, I crawled across the floor to a cedar chest and pulled at its latches, seeking a safe hiding place. But before I could clamber into this uterine asylum, I noticed something fastened to the inside bottom of the chest; a piece of discolored paper containing a child's scrawled and exaggerated lettering.

November 18, 1895
Key West

A long time from now when I die
horace the doll will be put in this box
and put in the grave with me.

Signed by horace's master,
Karl Robert Richter
p.s. be where of horace the doll.

dark void for at least a day or two. The neighbors next door convinced a police officer that they had heard a human wailing from the Richter house attic. From what I gathered later, the city firemen and city police had lowered my unconscious body down from the attic in a body sling. Instead of taking me to an ambulance and the hospital, I was shuffled into one of the upstairs bedrooms. (It seemed as if I would never escape that house of horrors!) Upon regaining consciousness, I discovered that I was lashed to the bed. An intravenous needle had been inserted into my left arm. Strangely enough, I accepted these circumstances without much question. There were two police officers talking outside the open door, as their walkie talkies carried on another coded conversation. While trying to figure out why the police were there, I heard the sputter of aerosol spray. Then the nurse appeared in the room, holding a can ceremoniously above her head and directing the fine mist towards me and around the bed.

"What are they doing here?" I asked, nodding towards the police.

"A quarantine has been placed on the house," she said.

"But I have no disease. What's really going on here?"

"I told you, Mr. Davis," said the nurse. "We're still unsure, but your blood samples were tested and they indicate ----"

"Don't I have a right to know?" I demanded.

"The doctor will tell you," she replied. "Please be patient."

The nurse put the can down, got a clipboard, and asked me a series of questions. The questions gave me a clue as to what the doctors thought. For example, one question went like this: list all tropical foreign countries visited in the past six months.

IT WASN'T UNTIL I was moved to the hospital that I finally saw the doctor. The doctor came into the room one morning and said that he was still uncertain about the diagnosis.

"You exhibited jaundice symptoms and symptoms of one of the fevers. To be more specific, as crazy as this sounds, I would narrow it down to yellow fever. However, there is no explanation as to how you might have contracted yellow fever. You did say that you haven't been out of the country?"

"Yes," I answered.

"We haven't seen a case of yellow fever in this country since the early 1900's. We never did develop a drug for it. We can only vaccinate, but that's merely a preventative."

"Did I come close to dying?" I asked.

"In the past, eighty-five percent of the cases were fatal," he said. "But don't worry, you're through the worst of it and home free now."

"So I'm very lucky?" I said.

"You certainly are. Not only lucky, but also famous. I'm going to submit the record of your case to the medical journals. You'll be famous, a celebrity among doctors. Of course, I will need your permission in order to use your medical records."

"Thank God it's all over! Permission granted," I shouted.

THE END

III

I MUST HAVE been suspended in that

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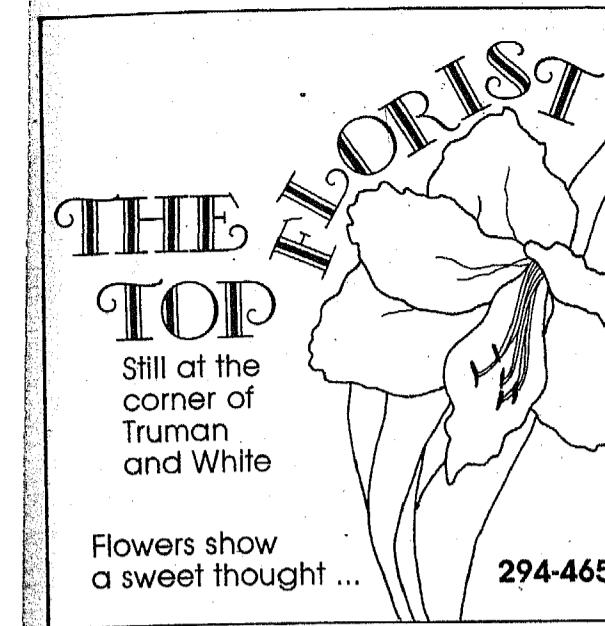
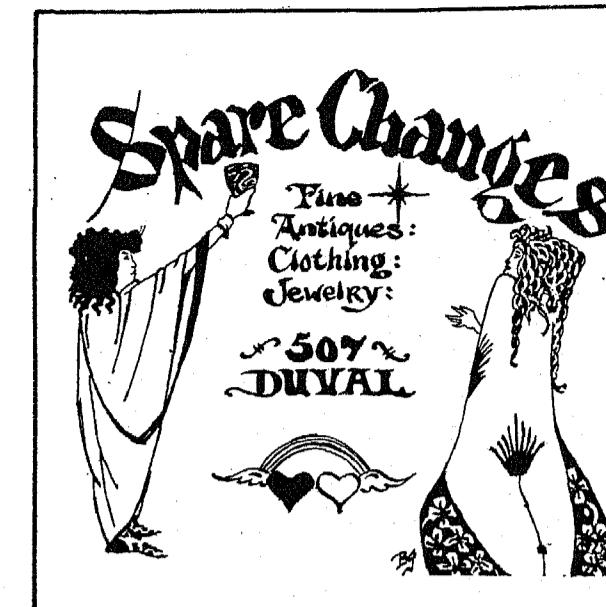
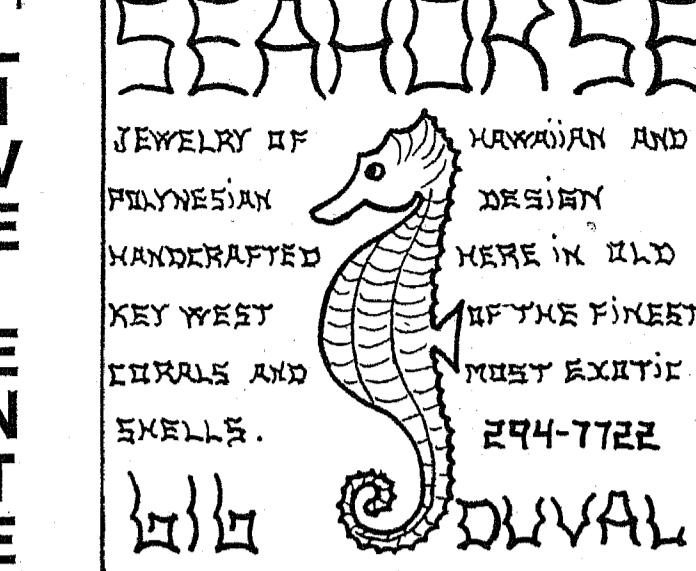
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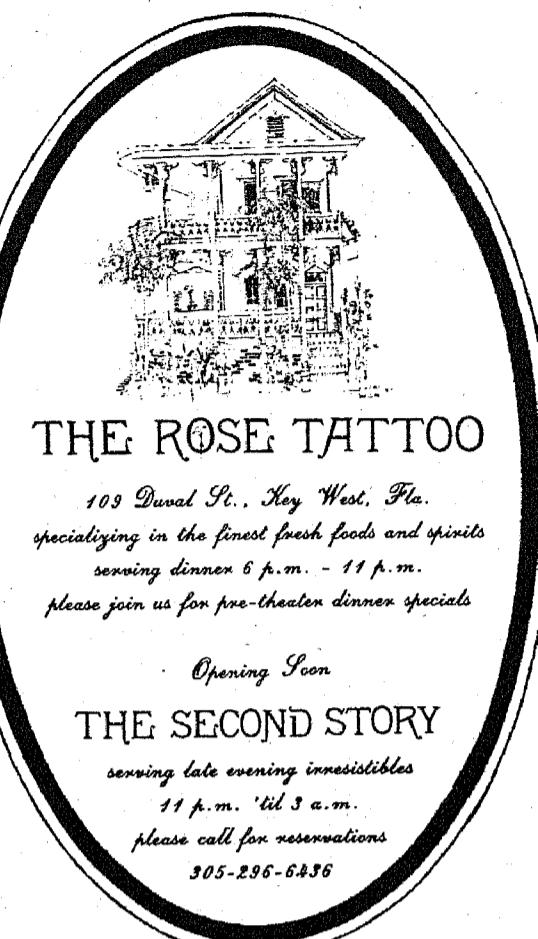
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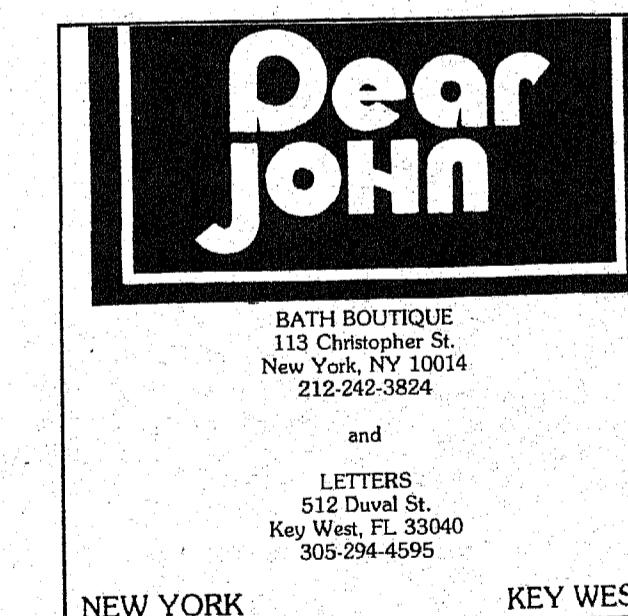
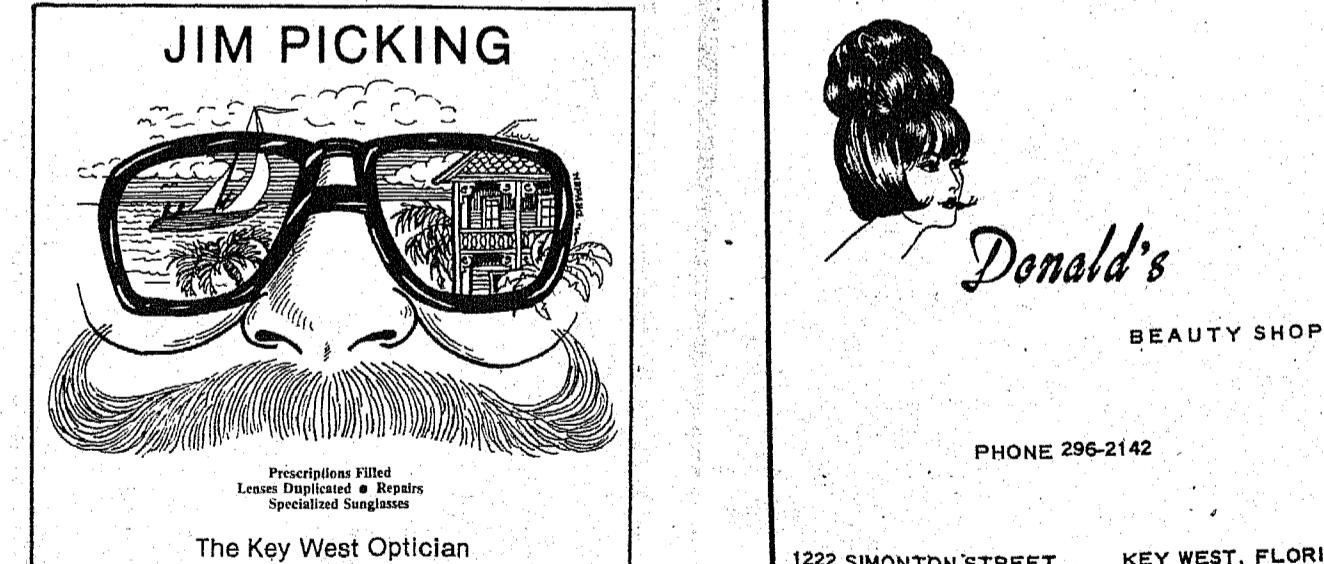
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The home at Emma Street

THE CHILDREN living at the shelter on Emma Street range in age from five to fifteen, which can create problems in itself. Diana Curtis, a supervisor for the D.H.R.S. office, feels that it is best to house the younger children in a separate living arrangement from the teenagers. "Years of poor parental experience leaves them (the teenagers) resentful toward a family atmosphere." She went on to say that what is needed for this age group is a group home or halfway house living situation. The State of Florida provides no funding for group homes, and the centers in other areas are supported by religious and concerned citizen groups.

MS. CURTIS divides the residents of an emergency care center into two groups.



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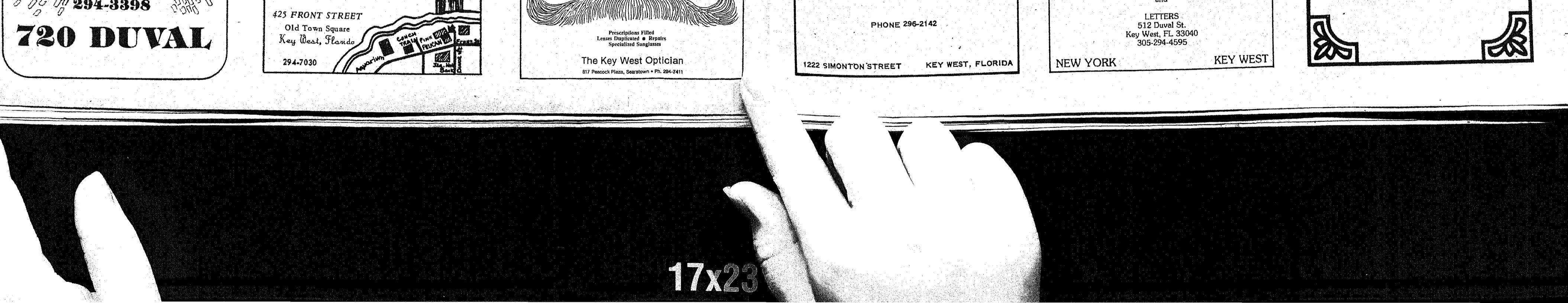
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— N. Y. Times Sunday, January 22, 1978

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NO SHOWERS is right

The only outside faucet was torn out of the wall a few months ago, paper towel dispensers and mirrors in the men's room have been destroyed, and one of the women's toilets was apparently kicked out of kilter and leaks badly.

THE CITY can't afford to guard the place every hour, of course, but the facts point to negligence on somebody's part. For one thing, the showers were repaired with exposed copper tubing secured to the wall with pipe straps.

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SMATHERS BEACH

by Mack Dryden
photos by Richard Marsh

VANDALS AND THIEVES have cost the City of Key West a good hunk of money at the restroom facility on Smathers Beach, and apparently the City has decided it's not worth the trouble and money to maintain a shower there.

While it's true that the vandals make it tough for the City to maintain a decent facility, it's also true that the City has left itself wide open for such abuse.

AS IT IS, there are three functioning urinals, two toilets and two basins in the men's room, and four toilets and two basins in the women's. The two outside showers on each side have been ripped out several times and haven't been in service for several months now.

that anyone could break with a tire tool. Vicente Perez, Jr., custodian of the facility for six years, pointed at the flimsy pipe straps that had been bent off when the last pipe was ripped out. "Look at this," he said. "You can't do it like this or they tear it right off. It's a waste of money."

MONROE COUNTY'S Assistant Grounds Supervisor William Gartenmayer, who is overseeing construction of a very similar building on County Beach, agrees with Perez. He said he's seen the Smathers showers and that it would be relatively easy to notch the wall with a cement saw and hide the pipes in the concrete. He said the \$25,000 facility being built at Clarence S. Higgs Memorial Beach (County Beach) will have tough, barely exposed fixtures, wire-covered lights recessed in the ceiling, no exposed water outlets, and a good drainage system for easy cleaning. There will also be facilities for handicapped of both sexes.

"There won't be anything on the walls for them to grab and tear up," said Gartenmayer. "We haven't decided on the kinds of paper dispensers that will work best yet, but we'll have them; and we'll try to put mirrors in there. It'll be about the kind of restroom they have in the jails, but this will be a nice facility."

EXPOSED PIPE isn't the only invitation for abuse at Smathers. Security is token only. Folding iron gates at the entrances to each side go only three-fourths of the way to the ceiling and are easy to scale. Rocks protruding from the walls make convenient toe-holds, too, and an opening in the roof offers easy access for agile climbers.

FINALLY, the City isn't taking full advantage of the security it does have. Perez, who puts in 40 hours a week at Smathers and is the acting security guard as well as custodian, said he has been asking for six years for some kind of identification to give him authority to enforce the rules.

ON THE DAY Solares Hill interviewed Perez, he was wearing a t-shirt and slacks. When he politely asked two bicyclists not to tramp on the plants to lock their bikes to a seagrape tree, they scoffed and asked who he thought he was. Later, Perez stopped a man who was about to wash greasy dishes in the lavatory and got a similar reaction.

Recreation Department Director Clayton Sterling, when asked if some kind of I.D. for Perez might help, said, "It won't be any trouble to get him a badge."

STERLING SAID there had been complaints about "a bunch of hippies coming

out of the showers naked." He added, "They use it for washing clothes, they take the toilet paper and plug up the toilet, they rip the faucets off and the water runs. Anything you try to do they just tear up. It's been a big expense."

RALPH ARNOLD, City Commissioner over recreation, was asked about the possibility of maintaining showers at Smathers. "We can completely forget it," he said. "They keep ripping them out of the ground." Arnold recently told Perez to shut the water off at the main every day at four p.m. when he closes the restroom to discourage break-ins.

On January 23 Perez said Commissioner Bruce Esquinaldo had told him before the November election that he would have

four or five times daily. He has to be on the lookout all the time or people pull up the plants he's planted around the building. He's done a good job with the landscaping, because despite the abuse the place is attractive. He just regrets not being able to water his plants as often since the outside faucet was ripped out.

He said Key West citizens have donated the plants that surround the building, and he obviously takes pride in keeping the grounds as neat as possible.

"NO MATTER what you try to do for the public, though, there's always those people who come in here and mess it up for everybody," said Perez. He said he would like the City to have the power to charge for the use of the showers so



Part of the garden that Vicente tends

something done at Smathers. Perez said nothing has been done yet.

On January 23 Esquinaldo said he hoped to have the showers repaired "within a week to 10 days." He said he's asked for estimates for repairs. He also said he has been studying the possibility of getting the Florida Cabinet to approve the operation of a commercial establishment on the beach as a private business could maintain restrooms and showers. "If the City could build a place and lease it, that would be a source of revenue," he said.

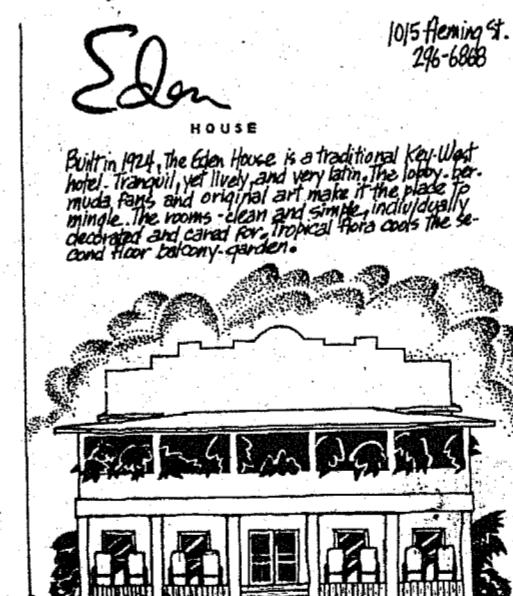
ARNOLD SAID the showers are "not very high" on the City Commission's priority list, while Esquinaldo believes they can be fixed by February.

MEANWHILE, it's all Perez can do to keep the place sanitary and in working order. He takes the fuses out of the fuse box during the day because people take them, and he cleans both restrooms

they could make enough money to keep the facility in good working order.

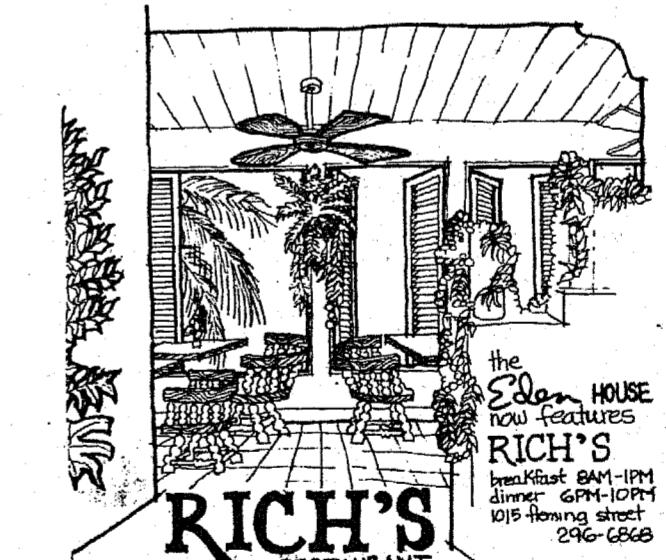
"At Christmastime there must have been five thousand people on the beach and there wasn't a shower," he said. "And me by myself, I can't watch everything all the time and keep everything clean every second. It would be very good if there was some way the City could hire a woman to watch the ladies' room and keep it clean and I could watch the rest."

HE WALKED around the building showing off his plants. "You plant a coconut and they pick it open to eat it," he said. He bent over and held back the branches of a shrub, then pointed at a green shoot coming from a barely visible coconut. "This one they won't find," he grinned.



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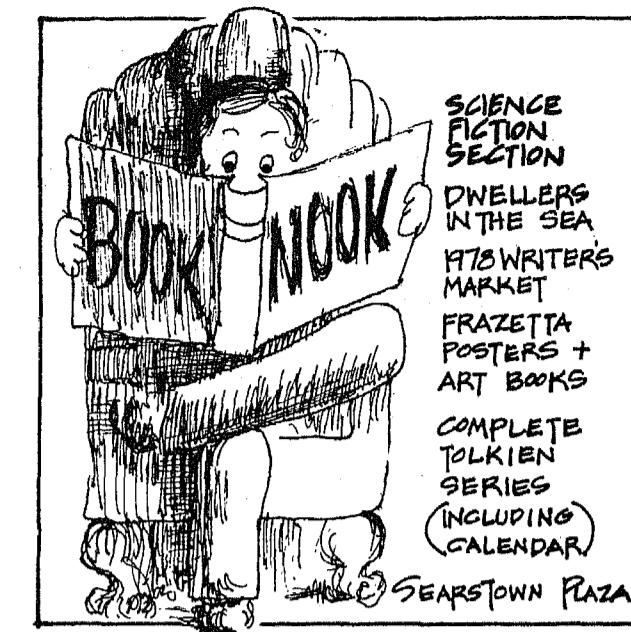
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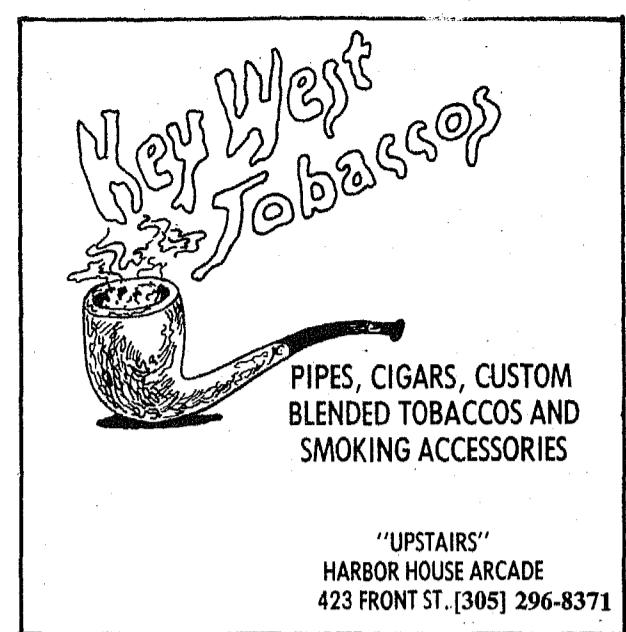


Editorial continued from page 17

promote your local business. For example, the Chamber should be active in such areas as trying to reduce commercial electrical rates, liability and workman's compensation insurance; or to procure affordable housing for your employees; or to serve as a watchdog in the area of property taxation. Regular general membership meetings to gain your input MUST be held. During the past 12 months, not one general membership meeting was offered to you! This must be changed!

At our own expense and on our own time, we have attempted to ascertain if qualified men or women are available for the position of executive vice-president. Extensive experience in Chamber work, or in businesses closely affiliated with Chamber work was emphasized as a minimum qualification. Over eighty (80) responses were obtained from our search. We believe that after ten years of a no-growth, dormant Chamber of Commerce in Key West, it is time to interview other possibilities besides the present executive vice-president, and then have the new Chamber President, Mr. Billy Apperlyouth, appoint a Committee to find the best qualified person available to lead the Key West Chamber of Commerce in this critical time of business growth in our area.

At no time did we intend to make a final selection or hire an executive vice-president. All applications to date as well as all future applications will be screened by all Directors. Our interest is only in the welfare of the Chamber and in the economic welfare of the community, as opposed to the welfare of one individual.



AFTER LISTENING to one side and reading the letter sent out by the other and after having been present at the special meeting called in December and at the general meeting on January 11, I have arrived at certain opinions which I will list below.

1. It was completely wrong to place an ad asking for a director for the Chamber without authorization from ALL the board.

2. Those who placed the ad were willing to voluntarily increase their dues to make up the difference in the pay that Rogers gets and the pay that they were willing to pay. It is completely wrong for a small group of people to pay a large portion of the salary of a director who is supposed to represent all the members equally. Obviously, this would lead to a favoritism toward the group paying this surcharge.

3. The accusation that the Chamber has suffered from a dwindling membership doesn't hold up. In 1977, for example, there were 63 new members, compared to a loss of 18 members. Of the 18, 6 closed their businesses, and 12 were dropped for non-payment of dues. Also, the budget has grown from \$26,000 ten years ago to \$44,000 today.

4. The charge that not one general membership meeting was held in 1977 is not valid. All meetings are open to members of the Chamber, and there are about 12 a year.

5. Last summer Rogers, on instructions, sent out a survey to all members to find out how they felt about Workman's Compensation Insurance rates. These survey results were given to Representative Joe Allen so that he would have the feelings of local merchants when he voted on this issue. This makes nonsense of the charge in the letter that the Chamber did nothing about this.

6. At the meeting to rehire or fire Rogers, many of the dissident directors voted to conduct the balloting



in secret. This would have been the case if it hadn't been for the fast thinking of new City Commissioner Alton Weekley, who pointed out that secret balloting would be a violation of the "sunshine law." In their letter, the dissident group said, "For too long you (the general membership) have paid your annual dues and then been ignored for the remainder of the year." Nothing ignores the general membership more than to conduct a secret ballot on a matter that so vitally interests them.

THE KEY WEST CITIZEN said in an editorial on Sunday, January 22, 1978: "So far no plan has been revealed and no solution for the Chamber's real problems has been suggested other than to blame Rogers for just about everything and to humiliate him before the public. And that has gone too far.

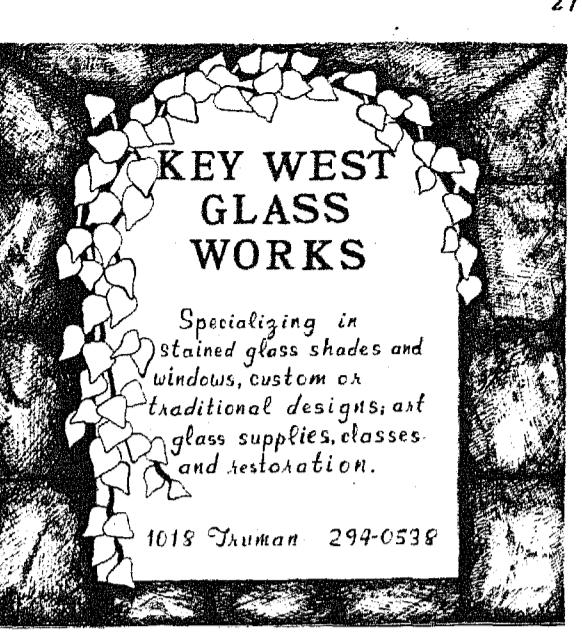
Let those who criticize the Chamber's director suggest precisely what THEY are going to do to help transform that body, not what they are willing to pay someone else to do. If, after lengthy debate and self-examination, the rest of the members buy such a total plan and replacing Rogers is one element deemed necessary, then he should go.

But replacing him outside of such a context, seems little more than an expression of misdirected anger, frustration and a dash of vicious bite.

LARRY ROGERS was elected by referendum to retain his post as executive vice-president of the Key West Chamber of Commerce. It was a close vote - 123 votes for retention and 106 against. Quite obviously, there is deep division in the Chamber, and the half-truths and untruths used and unauthorized action taken against Rogers only serve to increase this division. Most of those



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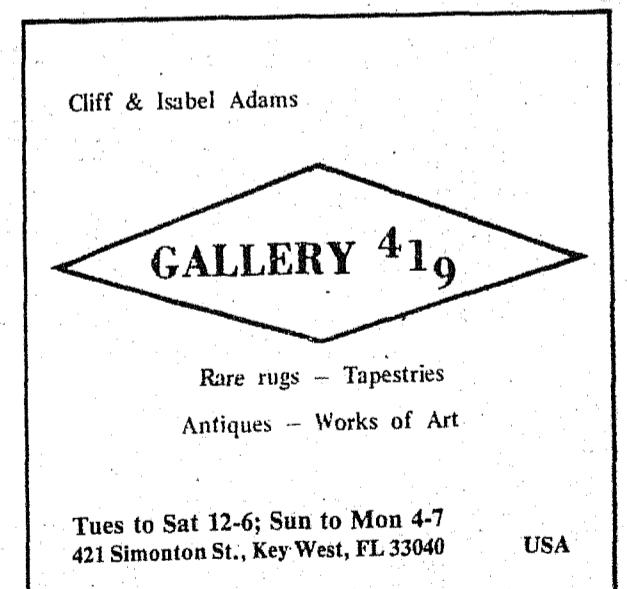


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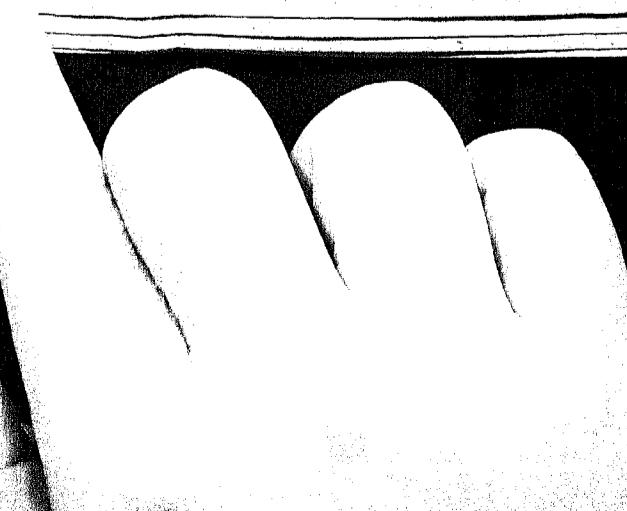
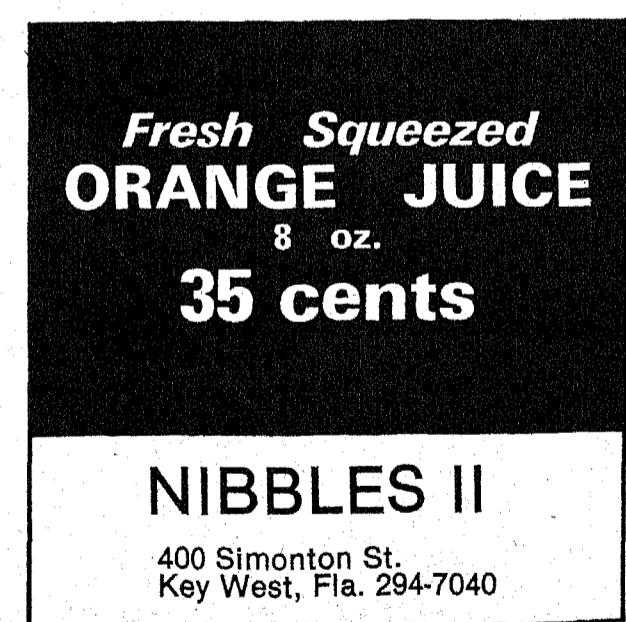
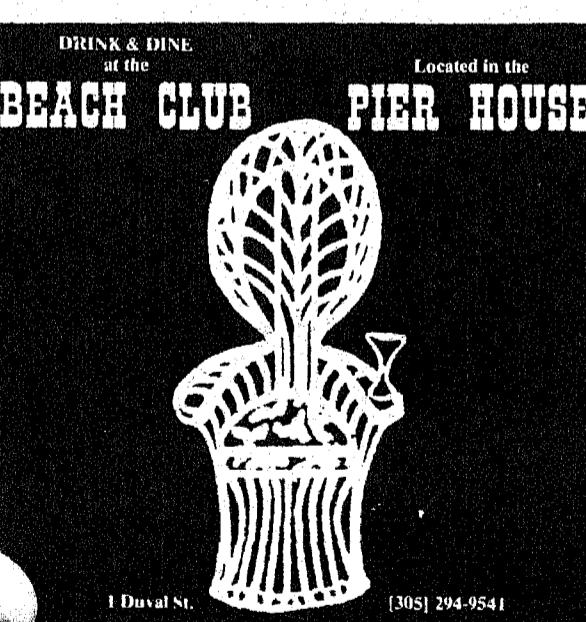
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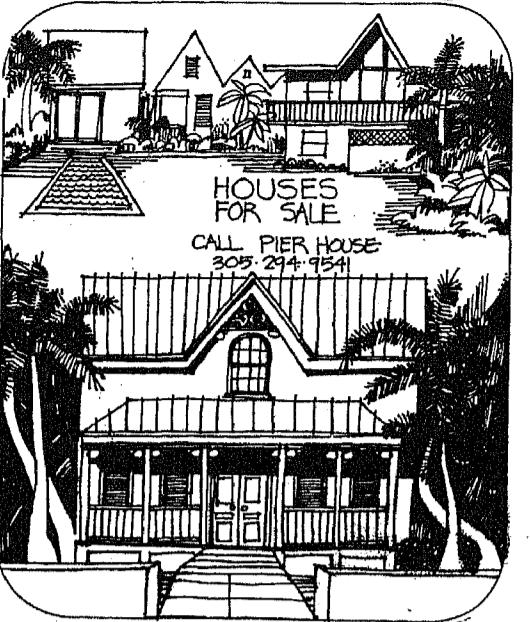




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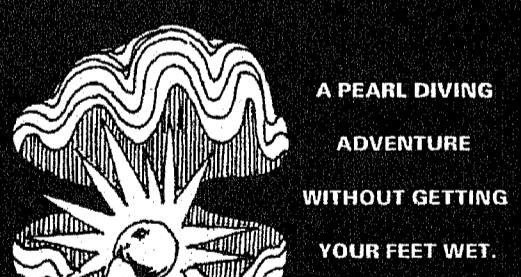
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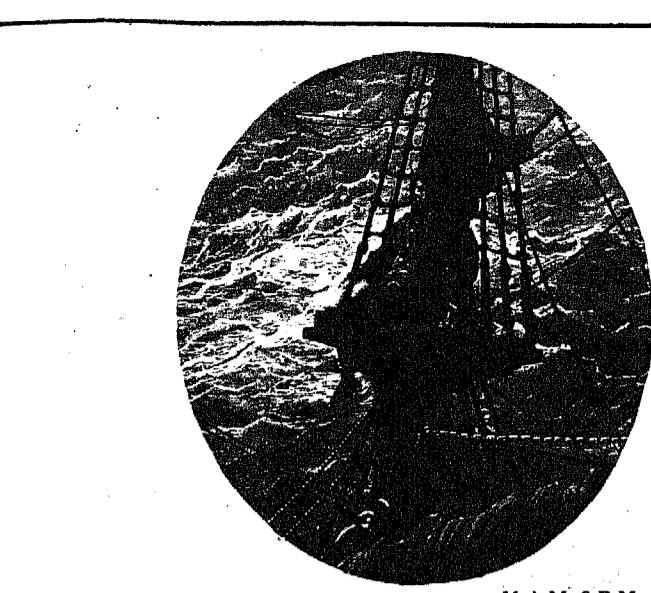
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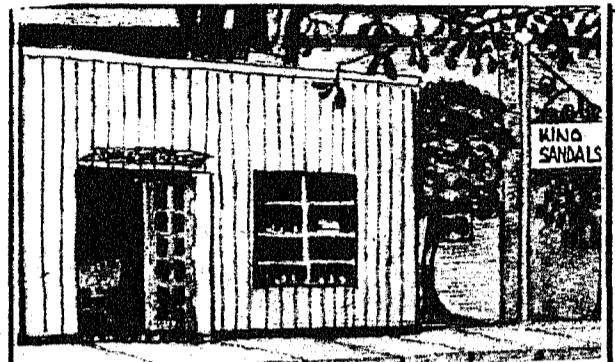
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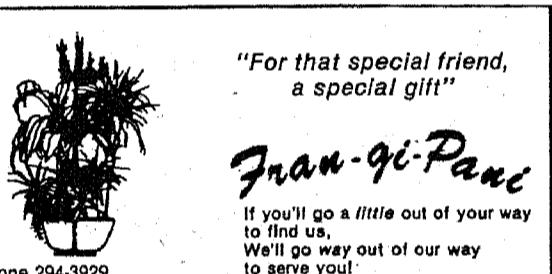
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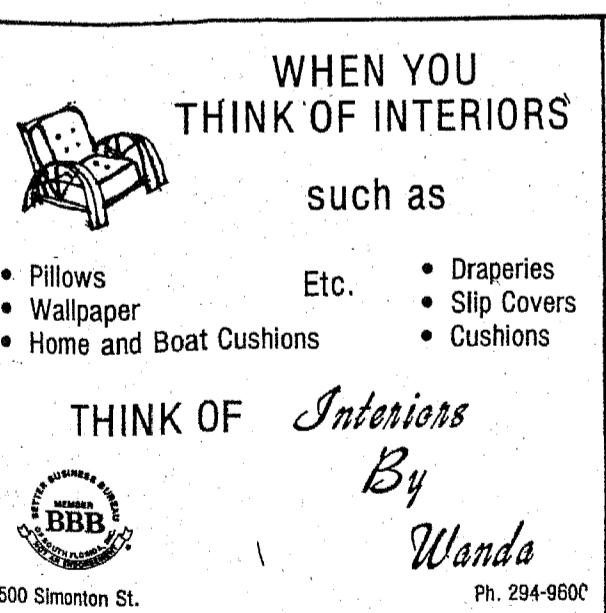


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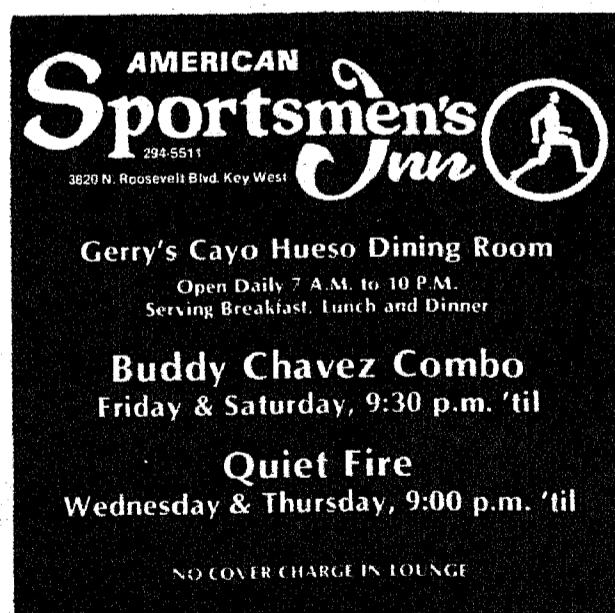
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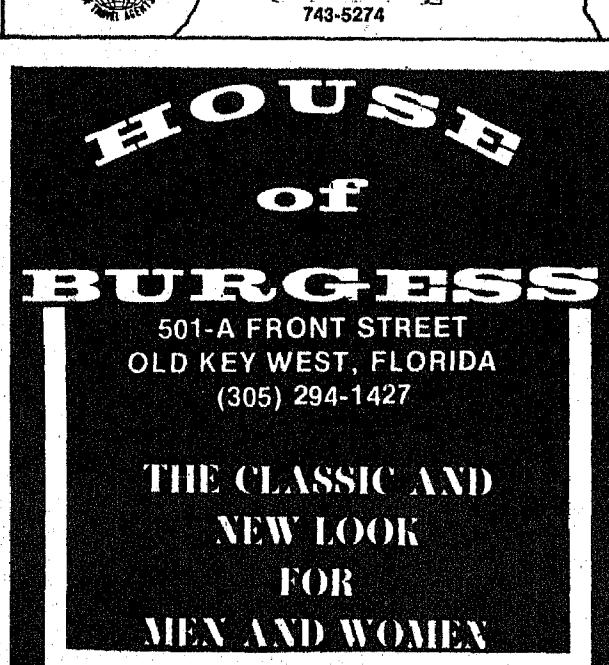
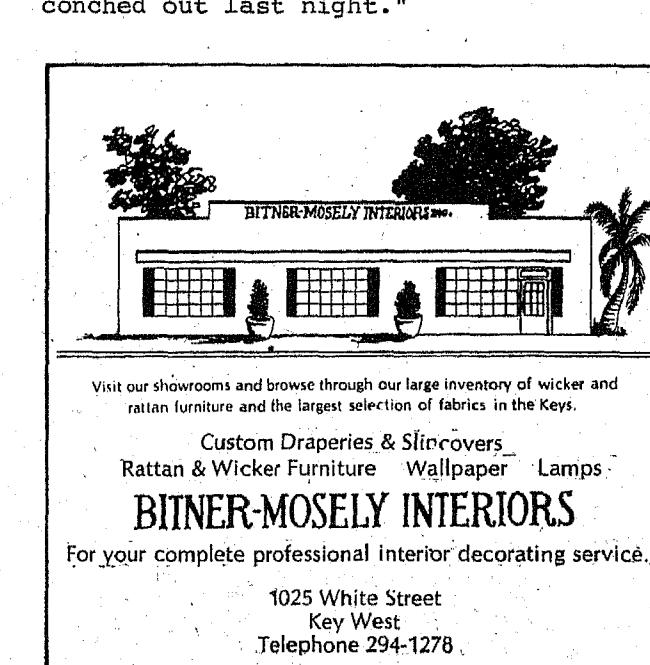
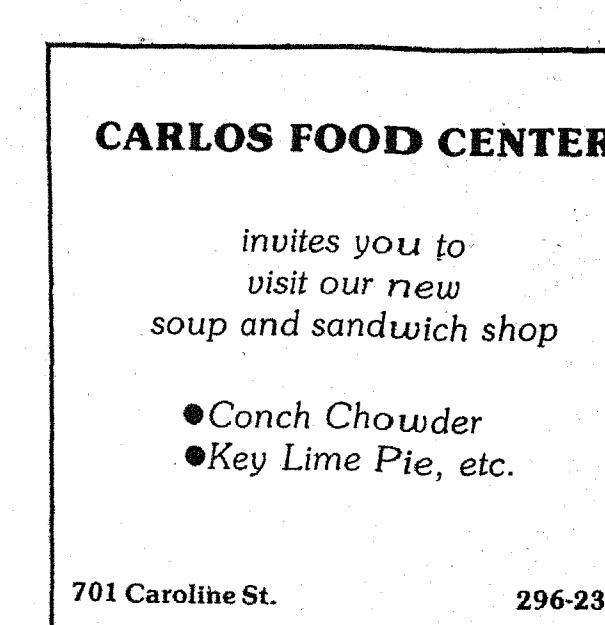
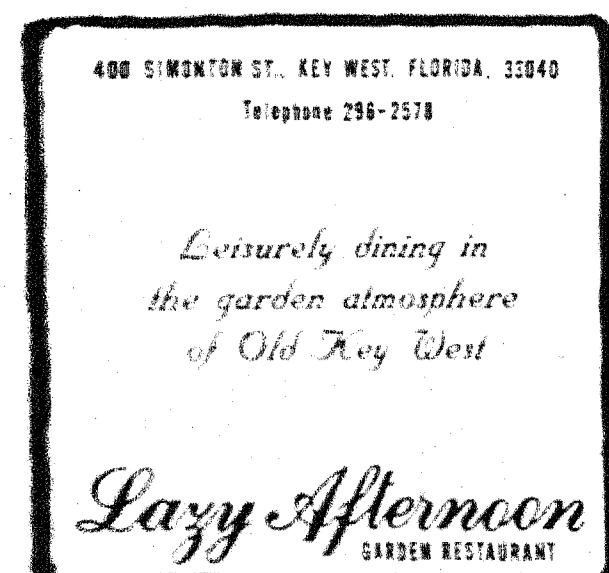
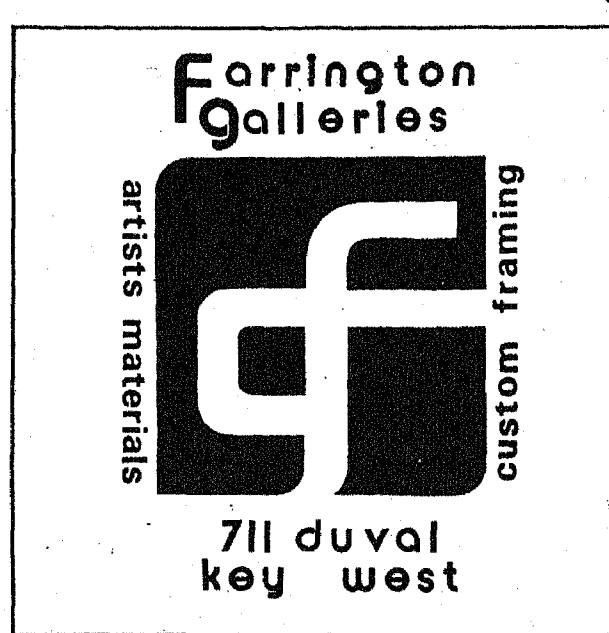
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to classical music all day, and advertisers do not like to pay to broadcast their commercials to empty air. So WIIS has gone in the direction of WFYN (but not so far) and only plays classical music after 7 pm.

Still, there are the big band and jazz and "old fogey" programs, which are refreshing, and the inimitable "Bonny's Fish Tales" with interviews with charter boat skippers, and the incomparable Frances Signorelli with the aural version of her newsletter "Sound of the Conch." "Starlight Concert," from 9 to 11 pm, is a smooth, slick presentation of a conservative selection of classical favorites, offered by a syndicated network and featuring the only completely professional-sounding announcer on the air locally. "Crescendo" is originated locally from 7 to 9 pm with classical standards. Opera can be heard on Sunday evenings. Listeners I have spoken with agree that WIIS falls short of their ideal, but is appreciated for whatever it can do to fill the cultural gap.

IF A JUDGEMENT is to be rendered, perhaps a word about the judge is in order.

I rarely listen to the radio, except while engaged in a non-mental activity like eating, collating my poetry magazine, or repairing electrical cords that the rabbit has chewed through. Then I listen to WGSS in Miami (daytime), which plays Top 40 and Golden Oldies, or WIIS evenings until signoff. Later I switch among Spanish-speaking stations and WKIZ and WKWF. I never listen to WIIS during the day or WFYN ever. I like music, and for that reason cannot listen to it and do anything that conflicts with listening. I find "background" music to be a travesty of an art form, like buying paintings to match the living room decor. Also, I do not like to be bombarded by music all my waking hours. "Much music marrs men's minds," to borrow and adapt the

words of the Greek physician Galen. Music is too often used as a barrier against the outside world and one's inner self -- insulation against reality or escapism.

MAYBE I don't listen to the radio much because I put in seven years as a radio announcer, playing everything from Northern Rhodesian native rituals to Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, with a few bagpipe piobaireachs and tunes by Curly Dan and Wilma Ann and the Danville Mountain Boys and the Motor City String Banned sandwiched in between. I was also a Top 40 dj with a show called "Teen Beat."

SO WHAT do I think of radio programming in Key West? The presentation is uninteresting, the announcers are dull, and the music is not worth listening to in order to hear the few good songs that are currently popular. The best programs heard locally originate elsewhere: WGBS in Miami and the syndicated "Starlight Concert" on WIIS.

ABOUT THE much-touted enrichment of contemporary programming by including album selections, which WKWF does totally and WKIZ does partially: although many albums contain some fine compositions that are often overlooked, it seems that some record companies are passing off a lot of junk tunes on albums that have only one or two really good songs as come-ons.

In summary: Key West radio has been asleep for many years. It is now in the process of awakening, opening its eyes and stretching. After coffee -- maybe in another year -- it will become more livable.

HAMLET'S famous muse "To be or not to be" scarcely compares to another question common to Key Westers these days, which is "Am I or am I not?" The object of this query, of course, is Conchdom, and the influx of new residents each year makes things a little confusing.

When asked of their Conch-status, people seem to fall into three basic categories.

The first is comprised of those who, as the sun sets on their first full day on the island, consider themselves full-fledged Conchs.

Another faction will more modestly accredit themselves with being "almost a Conch," even though some have lived here quite a number of years.

The final group won't even bother to comment and are probably the only thoroughbreds in the field. (Incidentally, the Horse conch is, of course, the largest conch.)

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY of the English Language tells us that conch (pronounced "konk") first appeared around 1520 as the Latin *concha* and then filtered down to us via the German *konche*. It is defined as: "a shellfish; originally a bivalve; later, a large gastropod" ... which doesn't tell us much, but everybody knows what one is anyway. There are, however, a few things you might not have known about the word (and conch kudos to you if you did).

IN 1764, conch was used to mean a musical instrument after the fashion of the trumpeting Triton (the Greek mythological merman who lorded over the sea, jazzing it up on his conch shell).

In the next century, some doctors adopted the word as a description of the external ear, so in this sense, a "conch"

on the head is actually a very sound situation. That being the case then, two lumps are better than one since the human body arrives, factory equipped, with ears on both sides.

Around 1849, architects deemed the "domed roof of a semi-circular apse, as in a church" a conch, which would cause considerable confusion for Key West home buyers since practically every abode is a Conch house. Imagine the confounded real estate investor, new in town, who reads the dictionary and then sets out searching the streets for a three-bedroom, two-bath cathedral with private yard near the water.

Finally, we arrive at what, to some, might seem a trifle surprising. In the original edition, the Oxford connotes conch as "a nickname for the lower class of inhabitants of the Bahamas, the Florida Keys, etc., from their use of conchs as food." If this were still true, there would probably be substantially fewer candidates for Conch status. But this definition, as everybody knows, is a little outdated, since the class of distinction on this opulent little island is almost non-existent.

That leaves us with the dictionary's disliking of "conchs as food," which can be disputed by anyone who has sampled the crispy critters as they are locally prepared.

ONE FINAL NOTE: From the use of conchs as a dining delight, we also get "conched," the past tense of the verb "to conch," meaning "to eat conchs." So the next time you enjoy conch fritters at your favorite restaurant, instead of saying "I dined out last night," you can correctly say (you guessed it), "I conched out last night."

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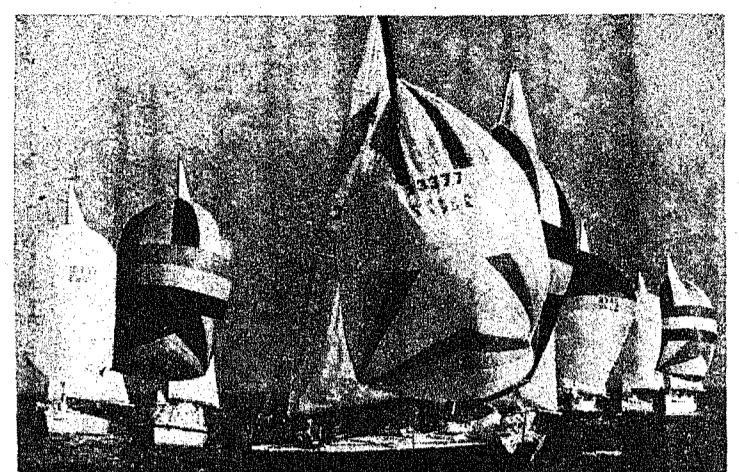
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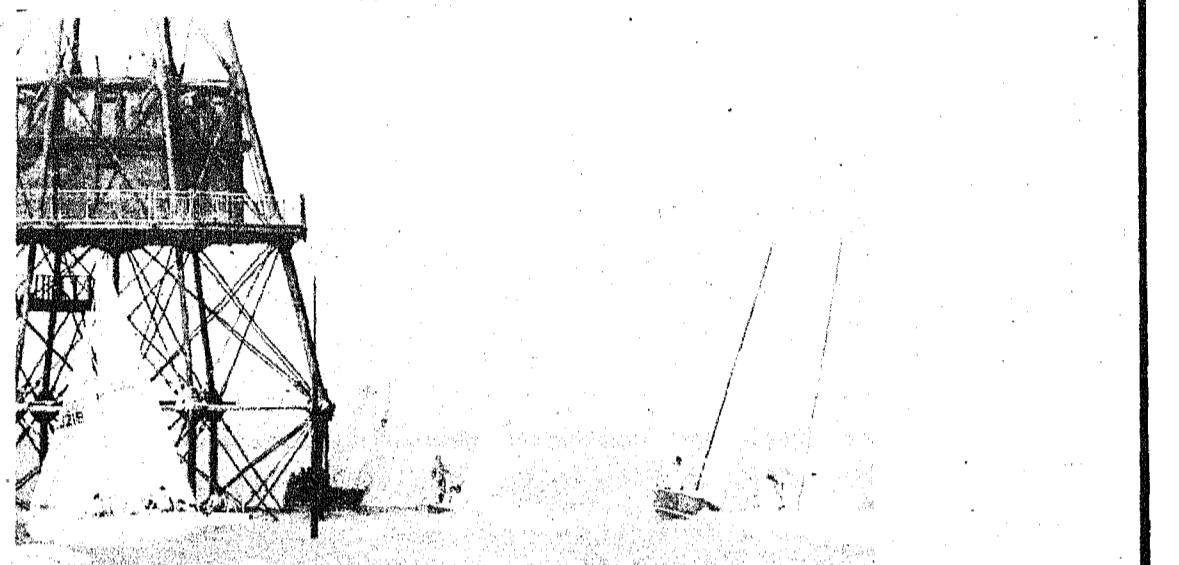
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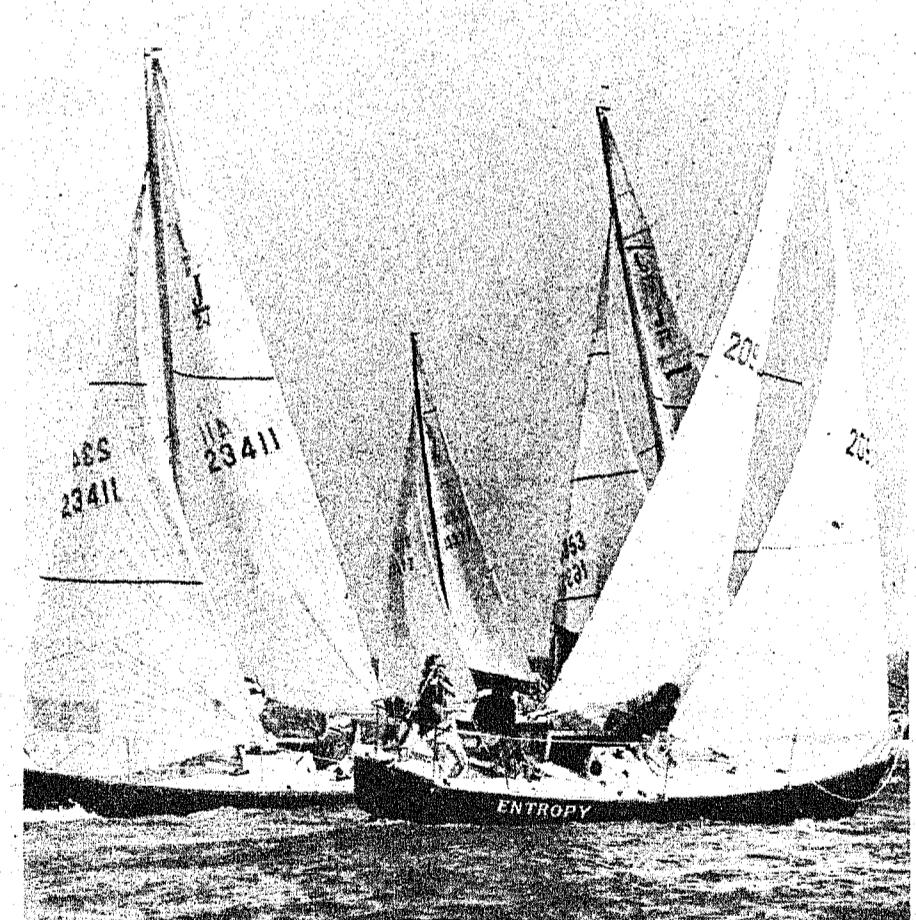
Razzle Dazzle (23377) begins to drop her spinnaker as she approaches a course marker.

A BALLET OF SAIL

The first annual Midwinter Regatta for a new sailboat, the J24, was held in Key West January 16-18. The 24-foot single design craft built for both racing and family cruising was called by one observer "the hottest boat in the world right now." The regatta consisted of four 18-mile races and an all-day 40-mile race around American Shoals Light and the whistle buoy for the main ship channel.

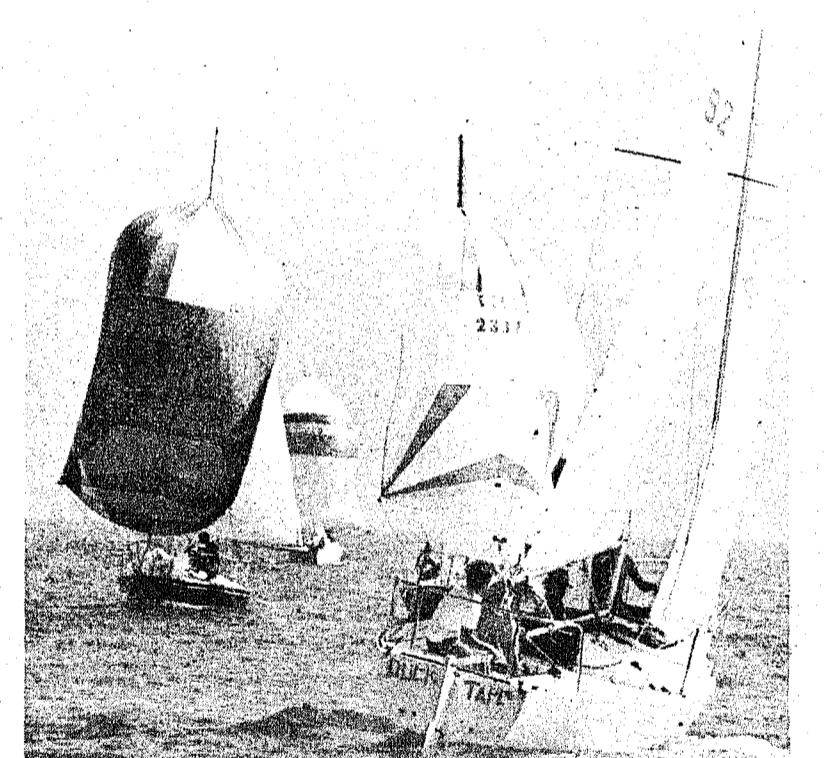


Red Eye Express (23219), overall regatta winner, skims close to American Shoals Light in the 40-mile race.



An impromptu scene of grace and symmetry is created as several boats leave a marker on separate tacks.

by Richard Marsh



Duck Tape (92), second in overall regatta standings, has just rounded a marker.



17

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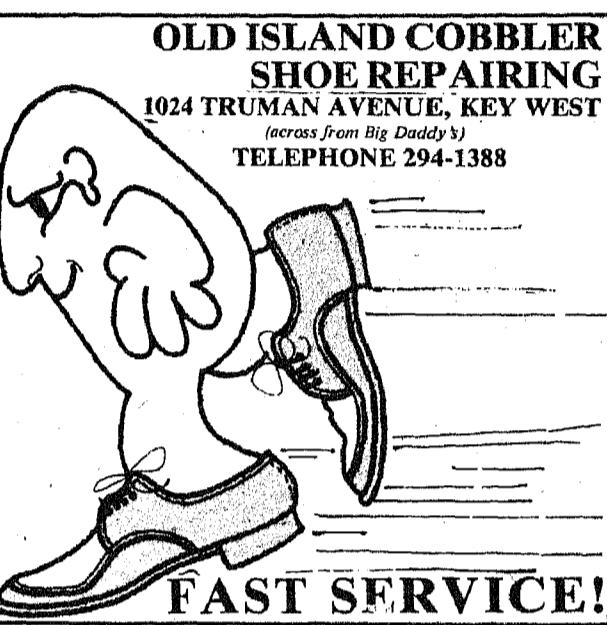


KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE
BY EMMA CATES

Sun in Aquarius, after 18th in Pisces
Venus in Aquarius, after 13th in Pisces
Mercury in Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces
Saturn in Leo, retrograde
Jupiter in Gemini retrograde, turning direct on the 20th
Mars in Cancer, retrograde
Uranus in Scorpio, turning retrograde on the 19th
Neptune in Sagittarius
Pluto in Libra retrograde
North Node in Libra

prominent thing in the picture at this time.
Uranus in retrograde motion until July will give us the opportunity to succeed in areas previously tried. It can be said to be a second chance in improving situations. One situation that comes to mind is the Chamber of Commerce rumble. The opportunity is here for the most positive results to issue from another approach.

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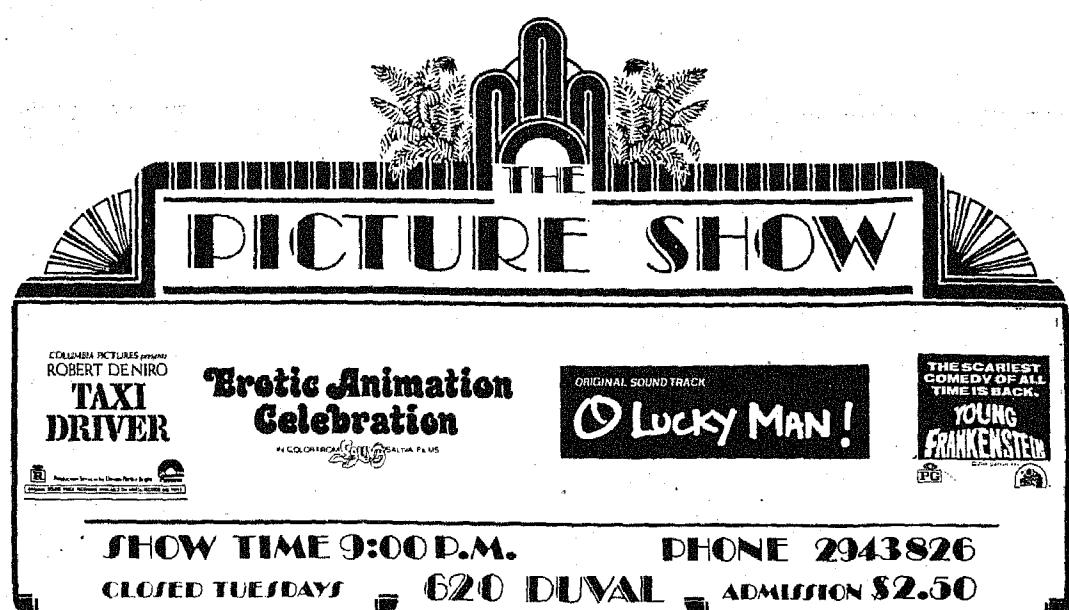
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SHORT PEOPLE JOIN GREENE STREET THEATRE ENSEMBLE

WITH THE CASTING of local children as the "five no-neck monsters" in Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Greene Street Theatre enters the realm of Francois Truffaut's *Small Change*. More than a dozen of Key West's own "no-neck monsters" have been cast (taking turns nightly to avoid too many late nights apiece). Their concerns range from not being able to carry the part because they can't read lines, to not being naturally bad enough to be a "no-neck monster."

Others consider themselves method actors -- living their roles as brats. They take their roles seriously, too. And most of them are worldly-wise. They know what's going on in those

birthday party. It's the dimension they add to the scenes that heightens that frustration, draws attention to that greed and guilt.

DEDE WEST has been choreographing the entire group of short people. She is stage mother to the children and is as proud as any mother of this bunch. Her direction of these children has captured the essence of a birthday circus for Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

As additions to the Greene Street Theatre ensemble, they carry a whole lot of energy. "It's a great experience for a little kid," says Jay Drury, Director for *Cat*. "The actors certainly got a better feel for the real atmosphere of the play once the children were added at rehearsals."

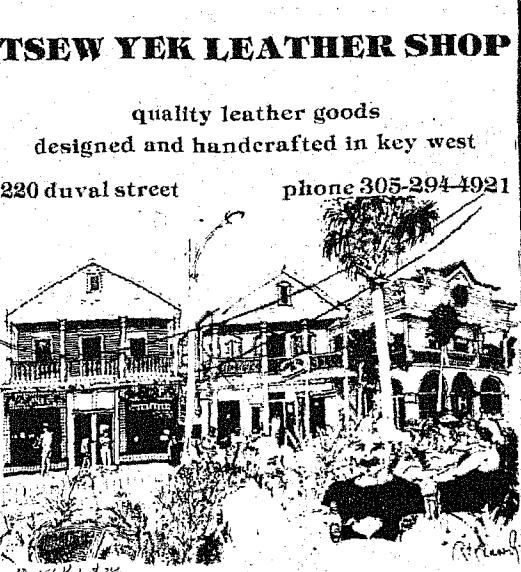


photo by Karen Selsky

scenes in the bed-sitting-room of the Pollitt plantation house in the Mississippi Delta. They understand, as much as children ever need to, what guilt, frustration, greed, alcoholism, and dying of cancer mean. But these are also just kids, and it's Big Daddy's

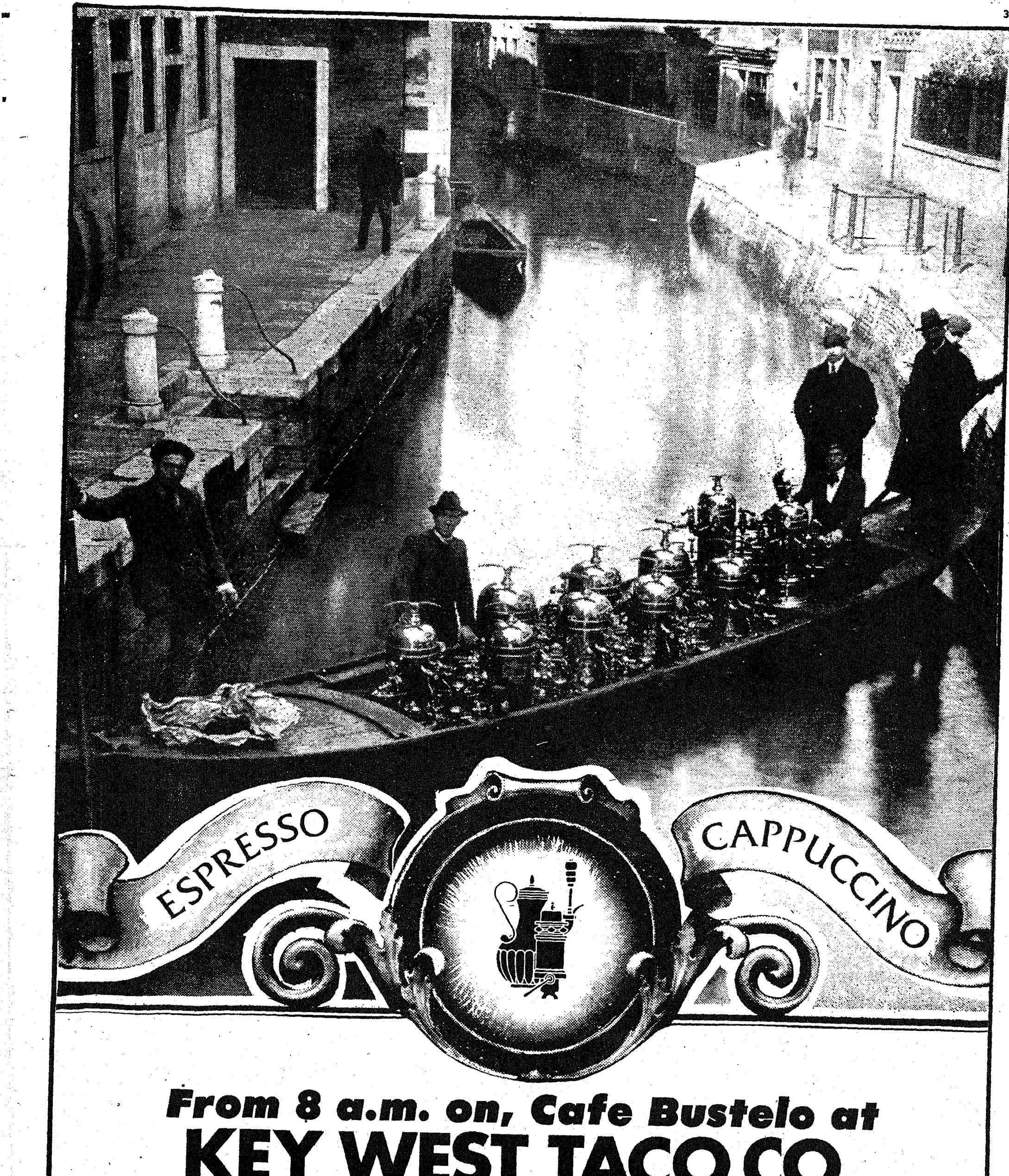
"THERE'S BEEN a lot of community spirit and energy, starting with *High Spirits*, then with our auction in January," Drury continues. "We're really starting to rely on community talent more and more. With *Cat*, a real Greene

Short People continued on page 36



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Short People continued from page 34
Street Theatre ensemble is materializing -- cooperative people working in a co-operative environment. This is very exciting and fulfilling to me, as this was my goal when I came to Key West three years ago. We always welcome volunteer help, on-stage and off-stage."

ALL BUT THREE principals have been cast locally for *Cat*. Recent additions include Edith Amsterdam as Big Mama, Skip Horne as Lacey, Linda Walker as Sookay, Kirk Brown as Doc Baugh, Lea Batzold as Mae. And of course, those "five no-neck monsters," Dixie, Trixie, Buster, Sonny and Polly, will be played by: Raymond Bowman, Diane Carasick, Michael and Missy Coan, Cybele Bjorkland, Tai-Moon West, Asia Milliken, Lea Magliaro, Heather Sher, Liz and Nicole Scoma, Laura Keller, William Huckle, Doug Larry and Jennifer Haramick.

by Shelly Keller

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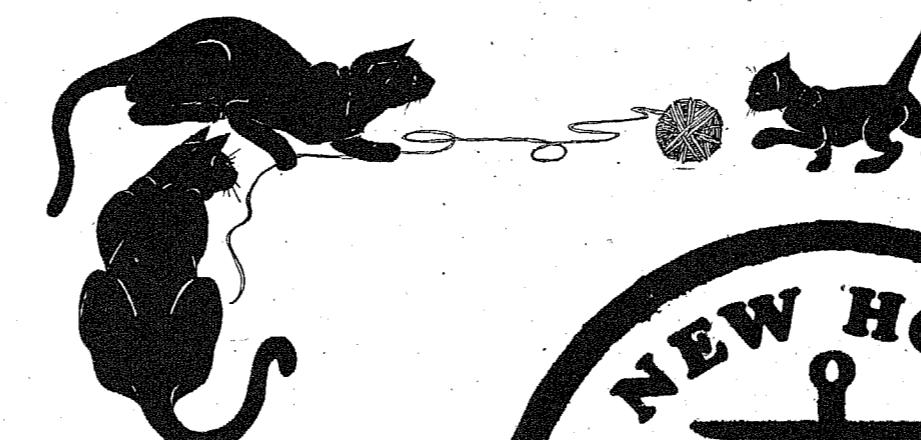
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