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Vol. IV, No. VIII

Key West, Florida

September 1979

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## From the Editor

Hello --

THE DEPARTMENT OF Environmental Regulation has closed its case against Carl Rongo. He was ordered to restore the Rest Beach area to the condition it was in before he pushed rubble seaward of the mean high water mark. Rongo pulled back his rubble from the water to the satisfaction of the DER, but did nothing to clean up and replant the upland area as he was ordered to. DER Enforcement Officer Langley Adair said that their legal department had advised them that they had no jurisdiction over upland area. If the vegetative life destroyed was marine dependent, like Mangroves or turtle grass, then the DER could have forced Rongo to comply, but this was not the case.

HEY, I THINK that Joe Balbontin deserves a lot of praise for the watchdogging he has done for us at the Aqueduct Authority. Remember it was Joe who insisted that there had been tubing taken illegally from the Authority, and while everyone was saying that Joe was making a lot of noise over nothing, he stuck to his guns and was proved right. Just the other day it was reported that it was Joe who spotted a major fault in the work that was being done at the desal plant and got the contractors to fix it. Good work, Joe.

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of the Aqueduct Authority, I would like to say that I think that they brought a lot of trouble on themselves when they didn't start to ration our water sooner. The excuse given was that rationing would be unpopular with the voters, but had this rationing been put in effect sooner, we would not have had those damaging news stories in the Miami papers that U.S. 1 might be blockaded to keep tourists out.

I HOPE THAT candidates for City Commission address themselves to tax relief for our less well-to-do residents.

An approach might be to tax houses side-by-side on the basis of what has happened to those houses. A house that has been sold and re-sold and extensively remodeled should not affect the appraisal of a house that has been lived in for years relatively unimproved as a family home and is not on the market. This way those who are in the position to put lot of money into a house will be taxed on its new market worth while a neighbor's more modest house would be taxed on an earlier market value. Recently two acquaintances of mine made the same suggestion I'm putting forth -- let's hear about some tax relief approaches from the candidates. Mayor "Sonny" McCoy has been working with the idea of an increased homestead exemption for some people. Maybe this is a good approach. Let's get the ideas flowing.

ISN'T THE HIGH COST of parking at Mallory Square a bit ridiculous? How about issuing parking cards at a modest cost to local people who would enjoy fishing there during the slack off-season periods?

I SPOKE WITH Monroe County Public Works Director Ed Stickney about the pending exercise area for the prisoners next to the Sheriff's Department. He said that they are waiting for bid proposals and suggests that any interested builders contact him. Apparently it is not that big a job, and many of the larger contractors are not interested in it. I hope that a smaller contractor will give Ed a call and we can get that exercise area under way.

See you next month.

WJ

Cover photo is by Harry Mitchell. It was taken in Key West about 30 years ago.

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

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With a little help from our friends...

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## BILL WESTRAY

BY MACK DRYDEN

Civil Liberties Union (ACLU).

MAYOR CHARLES (Sonny) McCoy calls him the Don Quixote of the Florida Keys because "he has a great sincerity of purpose, a tremendous drive to save the dam."

live on his adequate retirement pay, he has never been elected to office, and he does a lot of volunteer work for various community projects.

He also makes politicians nervous, has helped shape the Key West skyline, and has been praised by every citizens' group in Monroe County.

BILL WESTRAY IS A DOER. He doesn't complain about things he doesn't like. He does something about them. And he doesn't often straddle fences. To him, if something is wrong it is wrong regardless of who is doing it, and he doesn't mind saying so. In fact he sees it as his duty. Denying people their constitutional rights is wrong -- no matter who is doing the denying and who is being denied -- and he won't sit still for it. Unnecessary destruction of the environment for personal gain is wrong, and he won't let that go unchallenged, either.

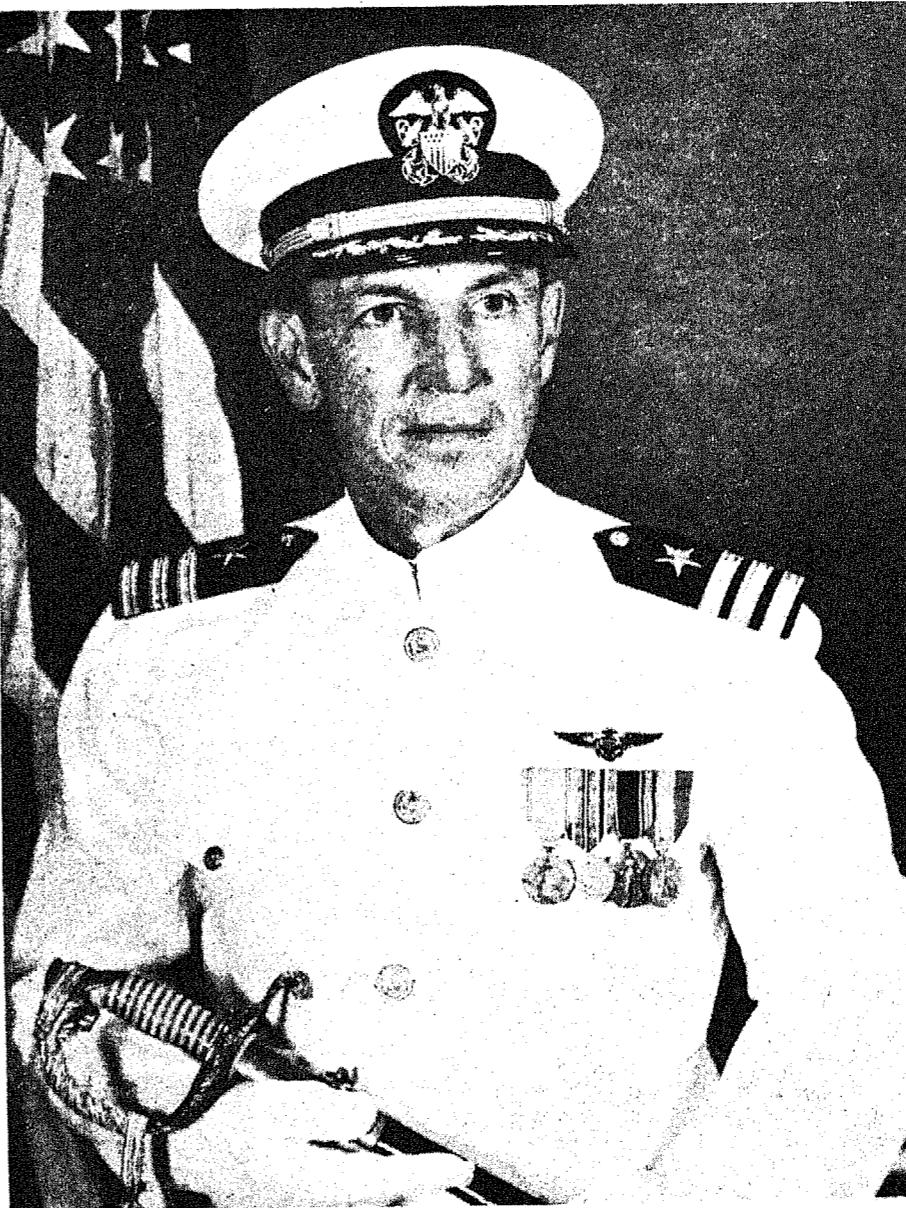
He is one of the founders and the current chairman of the Florida Keys Citizens Coalition, a politically influential group interested in saving the Keys from the bulldozers and overcrowding, among other things. Bill was one of the primary individual forces behind the successful citizens' drive to keep high-rises out of Key West. His work with the ACLU has resulted in changes within the local justice system that were long overdue. His careful scrutiny of the workings of city and county government has made officials sharply aware that at least one very influential constituent knows what's going on at City Hall and in the courthouse.

WHAT MOTIVATES BILL WESTRAY? "I have a very high sense of justice," he said. "I react to injustice."

On children: "I like to see young people, especially the underprivileged, have a good chance in life. Many of them never get a chance. I try to instill a sense of values in the ones I come in contact with."

That's the main reason he donates so many hours to keep the Community Pool at the Wesley House in operation. "I don't know what I'd do without him," said Wesley House executive director Anne Barnes. "He's always there when he's needed, and it's all volunteer work."

HIS GREATEST SUCCESS as a political and environmental activist in Key West was his leading role in the fight to keep Key West from looking like Manhattan. "They wanted to put up a bunch of 15-story condominiums on North Roosevelt Boulevard next to Howard Johnsons," he said. "I helped form the Greater Key West Citizens Association, and we conducted a referendum petition drive to force the city commission to deny the



Bill Westray while Executive Officer of the Naval Air Station

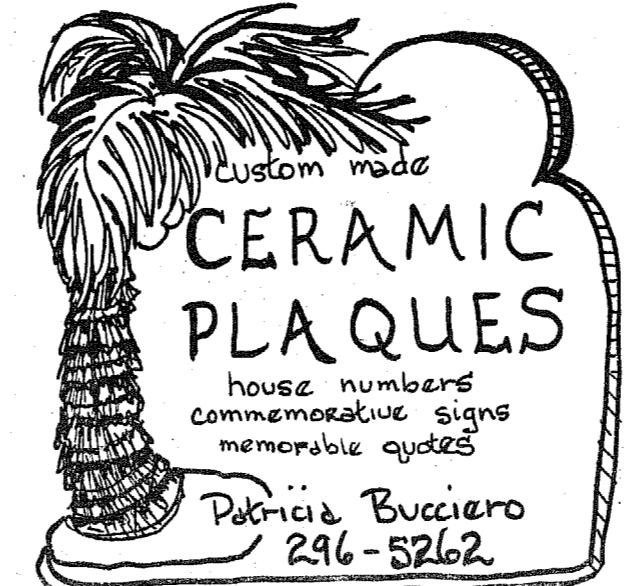
depth charge. He also guarded Betty's baby sister Lulu.

He finished a distinguished 30-year Navy career in 1969 after serving his last two years as Executive Officer of the Boca Chica Naval Air Station in Key West. Shortly after that, he was kicked out of the Key West chapter of the Military Order of World Wars because he was active in another group -- the American

sel, and sometimes he jousts with windmills."

One of his fellow conservationists says he's a "Seeker after Truth, and honest to a fault;" but certain developers call him things that are unprintable.

His name is Bill Westray. He's a 61-year-old retired Navy officer who has been living full time in Key West since his retirement in 1969. He and his wife



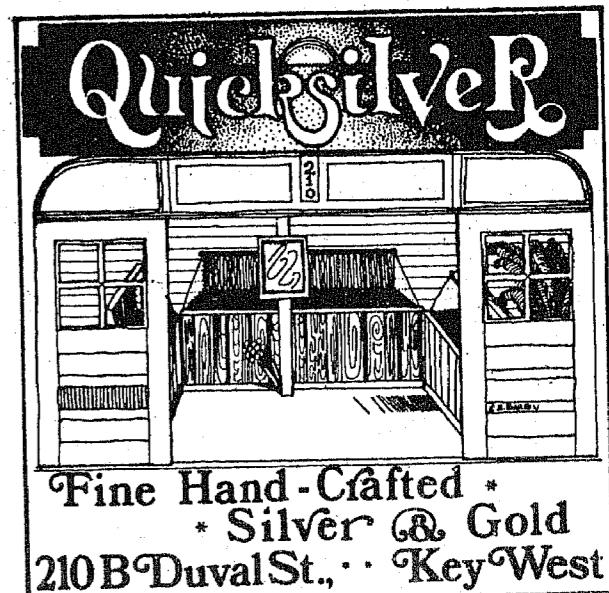
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building permit. The zoning code said you couldn't have more than 10 stories and 18 units per acre, but variances were being granted for the asking. The Key West Condominiums were going to be 15 stories and have 60 units per acre."

A hue and cry went up, with Westray in the conductor's chair. Bumper stickers sprouted all over the Keys, and policy-makers found themselves under a great deal of pressure from their constituents. As a result, the Key West skyline remains just above tree level.

BILL HAS ALSO BEEN very active in the area of civil liberties, and his philosophy in that area is unusual coming from a retired Navy officer. "My civil liberties energy seemed to be directed at the older teen and young adult, and I think it's because I felt my generation was taking advantage of that group. I've tried to counterbalance that somewhat. In the 1940's there was an attempt to take over the world, and we had to stop it. Young people have been fooled by my generation, who fought to preserve our country without any doubt about its being right. Vietnam was wrong -- I know that now. We had no business being there. It was a fight between ideologies, and we supported a corrupt regime. So my generation has let down the next generation, and I'm trying to compensate for that."

Helping down-and-outers led to a realization about the "hard luck" street people that still makes him a little angry. "When I first became active in the ACLU, I read a lot about personal rights and provided people with guidance. There was a period when I lent an ear to the street people. I found that many were only interested in themselves. They would scream bloody murder for help, but they wouldn't get out of bed to help one of their fellows. After awhile I no longer helped individuals, but I would take on a case if it helped a group. I'm not an advocate of panhandling free-loaders and frankly wish they'd go away."

ONE OF BILL'S major projects right now is to do what he can to scuttle the current plans for an overseas pipeline that would provide about five times the amount of fresh water to the Keys that the old one does. "If we allowed development in the Keys to run rampant, I'm convinced that the Keys' unique ecology would disappear. South of Marathon it's still fairly open and natural. North of Marathon is already gone. I'm absolutely convinced the (proposed) pipe is bigger than we need and that it will cost more than it should, which will encourage rapid development to pay for it."

Gil Ryder, a fellow conservationist who has fought alongside Bill on many issues, said this about him: "Any time there's a need for help in the community, Bill is there. He's an idealist. Many things are wrong in society, and he's motivated by that. He's a radical in that he wants to undo the bad and make it good. He wants to see the environment protected, and he wants clean, knowledgeable, intelligent government. He doesn't enjoy the fight for its own sake. He gets upset and disturbed by it, but he does what he has to do to accomplish his goal. Besides that, he's a very, very nice guy, and I'm proud to know him."

"I FIND THINGS happening in local government that cause me to question the honesty and ability of some of the people involved," said Bill. "This causes me to be a watcher of my local community and its government. I don't know how effective we've been, but people know we're watching and they know we'll call their hand."

Odd, then, that Bill listed the city's top politician, Mayor McCoy, among his friends and the people he respects. "Mine and Bill's paths have been criss-crossing for 10 or 12 years now," said the mayor. "Most of the time we've been on opposing sides, but I have a warm feeling for him because I've never thought his motives were wrong and I've never questioned his

sincerity. He's an effective opponent. He's sharpened my approach to many things because I know Bill Westray does his homework before he enters a debate. He ensures that there is a citizens' awareness of what's going on."

BILL SAID HE acquired his strong sense of justice in the Navy, where he officiated at many courts martial and dealt with petty offenders almost daily. Bill was 19 when he joined the Naval Reserve in 1937 in his hometown of St. Louis, Missouri. He became an aviation mechanic and a parachute rigger, then was a rear gunner in one of the original Curtiss Helldiver biplanes. He got his Navy wings in 1943 and started instructing not long after that. During the war he taught a lot of our allies how to fly. Scots, Irish, English, Aussies, and New Zealanders all learned from Bill.

After the war he went back to college for awhile on the Holloway Plan and studied physics and math. "I ended up with about six years of college and didn't get a degree," he said. "That was a mistake. I should have concentrated on getting that degree."

WHEN HE FINISHED studying in 1948, he was sent to Trinidad for awhile, then to Norfolk. During that time he had his narrow escapes in the Bermuda, or Devil's Triangle.

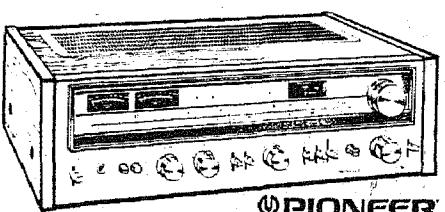
"On March 2, 1950, we were over the Puerto Rico Trench, one of the deepest known parts of the ocean. I was part of a simulated Russian force which had taken Puerto Rico. We were about 300 miles north of San Juan, and my job was to try to detect the attacking American force. I had just detected the 'enemy' fleet when one engine of my PBM Mariner Flying Boat quit cold. Didn't sputter or anything. Just quit. We turned around and headed back, and about 15 minutes later the other engine started going out and we started going down. It was pitch black, so we could only watch our altitude drop on the gauge.

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Student pilot in 1943

jumped into a rubber raft without even getting wet. Then I noticed we were missing a man, and I went back in to look for him. I got to the cockpit and saw that he had gotten out another way, so I had to swim to the raft. I was the only one who got wet. We sent out an S.O.S. on



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our Gibson Girl, the old handcrank radio, and a destroyer picked us up about dawn."

"We splashed down and everybody TEN DAYS AFTER THAT, on March 12, he flew out of San Juan again only to develop fuel leaks. He turned around and landed safely in San Juan.

Ten days after that, on March 22, he took off in nasty weather from Guantanamo Bay heading for Virginia. "We lost an engine, and I flew the last 150 miles at about 200 feet." It was storming when he brought the flying boat into Pamlico Sound at Cape Hatteras, and he rode out hurricane-force winds in the plane all night.

IN 1954, BILL was sent to Key West for two years, and he and his wife bought a house on Sunset Drive. While in Key West he supervised the testing of Betty, the world's first atomic depth charge, and later Lulu, a much lighter but more powerful weapon.

After his stay in Key West he went to the Naval War College in Rhode Island, then to a two-year stint in Washington, D.C., in the Bureau of Naval Weapons, where he managed a \$40-million-a-year facilities program. After that he was sent to London to do military planning for the Middle East, and he traveled in Pakistan, Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Ethiopia, and other African and Mid-East countries.

BACK IN THE STATES, he was stationed in New Jersey from 1962 to 1967, and that's where he first became interested in preserving the environment ("The Navy was trying to save a forest," he said). Finally, in 1967, he came back to Key West, served as the Executive Officer on the Boca Chica base, and retired in 1969.

He wasn't a civilian very long before a friend asked him to help out a young girl who had been jailed on a trumped-up charge of marijuana possession and placed under \$50,000 bond. "We got the bond reduced to \$1,000, and she was ultimately found not guilty," he said,



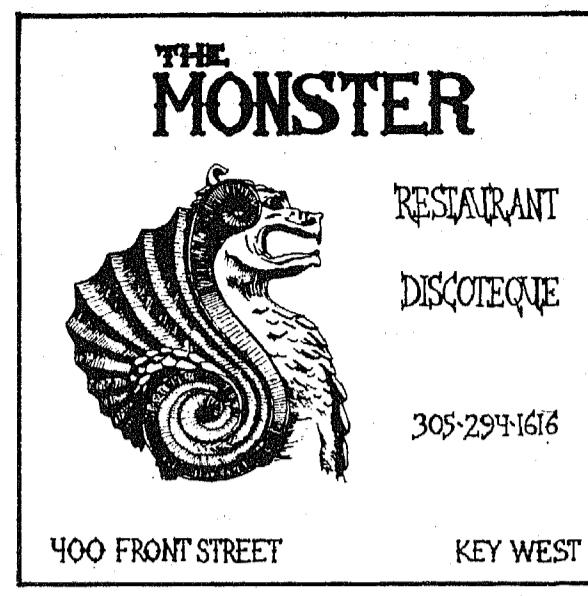
but the abuse of her rights disturbed him enough to encourage him to scrutinize the system.

ONE OF HIS FIRST battles as a member of the ACLU began after the City of Key West passed a loitering law that was, to put it mildly, overly broad.

"It was a lousy law," he said. "Basically it said anybody who stood on the sidewalk was loitering and could be arrested. We fought it in the city commission, but they passed it anyway. The first person arrested under the law was a doctor from New York, a man about 35 who worked as a surgeon for the New York City police department. Dr. Carp happened to wear his hair in a pigtail, which we think was the main reason he was brought in. He also happened to have a pocketknife in his pocket when he was arrested, so they stuck him for carrying a concealed weapon, too. We fought for him, and the judge let him off, but the law stayed. It took us two years and eight months to get that law struck down, but we finally did it."

AMONG HIS OTHER SUCCESSES in the area of justice in Key West was the successful fight to speed the legal process. "A guy would sit in jail for days without being charged. We stopped that. We pressured them to start filing informations in timely fashion, having rapid bond hearings, and making sure everybody brought in had counsel. We got a few people out who weren't properly processed. We went in and made surveys of court records to see if due process was being followed. We met some stiff opposition, but we got things done."

It was his work with the ACLU that caused him to be black-listed by several veterans' groups to which he and his wife belonged. It was an unhappy time. "I wasn't prepared for the social pressures I got as a result of my civil liberties work," he said. "The Military Order of World Wars, some American Legion members, the Retired Officers Association, the Navy League -- they all ostracized my wife and me. Some of them were very



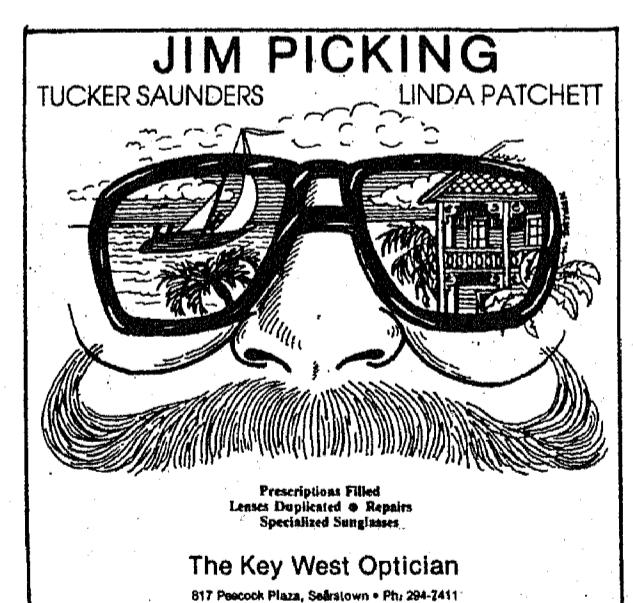
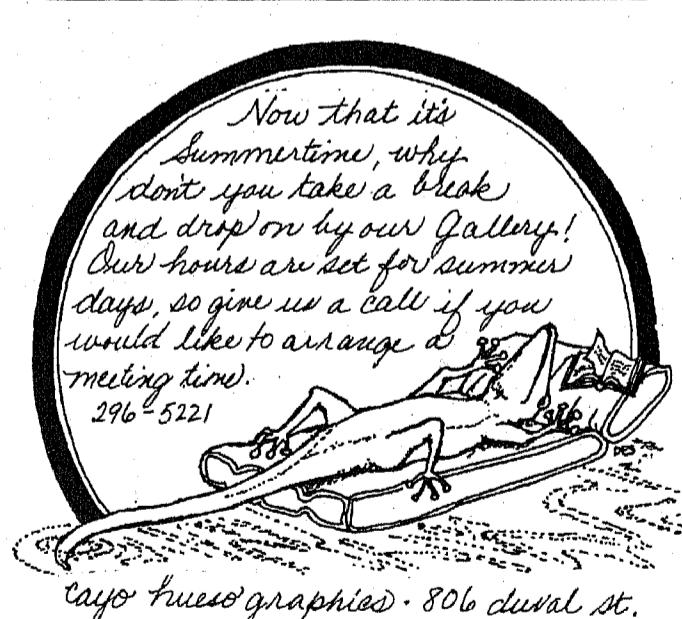
spoken. They called the ACLU communist and left-wing, and called me a lot worse. It caused both me and my wife a lot of pain. I took it fairly well because I'm not as susceptible to pressure, but it pained me to see her hurt."

The social pressure didn't stop him, though, and he continued to work for civil liberties. He was in the forefront when the ACLU saw the need to get rid of some bad eggs in the police department.

"We helped get rid of a couple of bad cops," he said. "We had a lot of problems with a few individuals who abused their authority. I did 32 interviews and made a report for the State Attorney about misconduct by city cops. A grand jury looked at it and criticized the cops but didn't indict anybody. But we managed to get rid of some people who never should have worn a uniform."

"ONE OF BILL'S best traits is his integrity," said Art Weiner, a marine biologist, conservationist, and past chairman of the Citizens Coalition. "He's honest to a fault. He's a good sounding board, because you can expect an honest, well-thought-out response from him. And if something requires research, he'll dig in to it until he gets to the root of the problem. He's very thorough. He knows what he's doing and how to do it."

"In terms of the environmental movement, Bill has been a prime mover," said Weiner. "This has required a whole new education for him in biology, and he's done it on his own. He researches a problem so thoroughly that he spots flaws in the opposition's arguments before they even make them, so he forces them to do their homework. He'd make a great attorney. Bill is a great Seeker of Truth, if you'll pardon the cliche. He wants to see truth and justice in all things. He has a very, very high set of standards, and he thinks politicians should have them, too. This community has benefitted a hell of a lot by having Bill Westray."



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## notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

WHEN I FIRST told colleagues in Miami that I was planning to move to Key West, it was the spring of 1948. They all seemed aghast that I was going to leave the "safety of the mainland" and the bright lights of show business and civilization for an isolated island, a "jumping off place" at the end of Florida.

Dire predictions were made of what would happen to me in a place that was so tough that "even the worms that attacked the hulls of boats ate right through the copper layers which were supposed to protect the bottoms of ships."

THE NATIVES were described as descendants of pirates and "wreckers" who lured ships onto the reefs with placement of false lights. And, according to my informers, the natives were restless. If Conchs didn't like you, you were ambushed and bopped on the head, and perhaps they might set fire to your abode. Maybe you would simply be driven to the line between Monroe County where Key West is located, and the Dade County line, then abandoned. Or taken up the Keys in a boat and dropped overboard in mosquito-ridden mangrove swamps where alligators could be heard grunting after dark.

Eyebrows were elevated when I expressed my desire to move to Key West despite all the foreboding. "You want to live in that outpost hamlet? They had Ernest Hemingway there for years, but he finally took off for Cuba. And baby, HE was RUGGED!"

"President Truman likes it there," I countered. The Answer: "But he has a Secret Service bodyguard and he stays on the Naval Station at the Little White House, surrounded by protective Naval security. A lone woman can't even come home from the movies without being accosted by sex-mad sailors, or arrested for street-walking by police who don't speak English."

"You'll end up being a 'wreck ashore,'" I was forewarned.

HOWEVER, I WAS WILLING to take my chances. After all, I had been staying in Key West off and on for some time. I painted word pictures of serene evenings when soft violet and lilac hours descended on the lush tropical setting, and enchanting chimes of a church sounded at sunset, an old custom from the past.

"You evidently don't know WHY the bells ring around sun-down. Lemme tell you. It's an old tradition, okay -- a hang-over from the years when the bells clanged out the hour for hanging pirates," one newsman told me.

But I had long ago succumbed to the lure of Key West and was impervious to all the advice to "beware." I was determined to abandon the turmoil and strain of a world I had known as movie and nightclub editor on the Miami Daily News for more than four years.

AS A MATTER OF true record, once upon a diary, I had written an entry as far back as 1941, on sensing the sorcery of Casa Cayo Hueso.

I wrote about my first visit to Key West, made on January 1, 1941. I still have that New Year's entry to prove that I was entranced in just one brief afternoon tour of the island.

The spellbinding began on that initial drive and became a decisive turning point in my life eight years later.

THE JOURNEY FROM Miami to Key West over the newly opened Overseas Highway, 38 years ago, was one of the lures in itself. I remember making the drive with friends in a venerable Ford coupe with a rumbleseat. I was ensconced in "the rumble" and reveled in the sweep of the salt-scented wind, the high, blue vault of a cloudless sky, and a vivid sense of freedom, away from the tumultuous city of Miami. There was little traffic, and the borders of the highway were, at that time, much less cluttered with signs back then.

The bridges along the route beckoned from Key to Key, permitting glimpses of side expanses of water, silken stretches in jewel-tones of pale sapphire, tourmaline, lapis lazuli, and turquoise, with now and then a layer of deep amethyst where seaweed tinted the surface.

We reached Key West in mid-afternoon and drove around what is now known as Old Town and the narrow lanes and broader avenues, admiring the unique architecture, the widow's walks, the gingerbread on old buildings. I loved the big mahogany shade trees, the patios and gardens seen briefly through iron fences and gates in walls, the peaked silvery roofs, gabled windows, spacious, stately homes, and a subtle quality of Old World atmosphere.

AS WE LEFT the city, I was especially impressed with a tall, weatherbeaten frame house, the front facade framed in arching trees, the front facade mysterious-looking, with a second story verandah, also unpainted, retaining the patina of time.

I learned in subsequent investigation that this was the old Kemp home, corner of Caroline and Simonton Streets. Each time I pass it I recall looking up at the house from the confines of the car and resolving to return someday to explore the premises.

CAME WORLD WAR II in the following December of that fateful 1941, so many years passed before I could fulfill the self-made promise to come back. In the interim, between then and 1949, when I moved here permanently, I managed to visit the isle of enchantment on numerous occasions. Each visit established a closer rapport with the community I had come to know and love:

I was still writing a column for the Miami Daily News amusement pages of which I was editor, when I got an invitation to see a special performance of the great dancer, Ted Shawn. He and his partner, Ruth St. Denis, had been favorites of mine ever since I had seen them dance in Pittsburgh when I was in my early teens.

This time, Shawn was appearing solo as guest star in a dance recital to be presented by Paul Baron, resident of Key West, who had often been on Miami Beach nightclub tours.

One of his repeat show business deals was at the Kitty Davis Airliner, a Beach bistro popular all through World War II, and in the immediate years of the late 1940's, so we were well acquainted. I accepted the invitation with delight and thereby swings the tale of my really firm resolve to become a part of the Key West picture.

I WAS MET at the airport by Baron and his partner, Norval Reed, who operated the Southernmost Flowers and Gift Shop. Reed was Baron's manager for nightclub engagements. They hired an open convertible, presented me with a lei of real gardenias, and even had a photographer on deck to take photos.

I was made to feel like a hotshot celebrity, and I adored the attention from the other side. In my career I was always viewing and interviewing celebrities but had never continued on page 22

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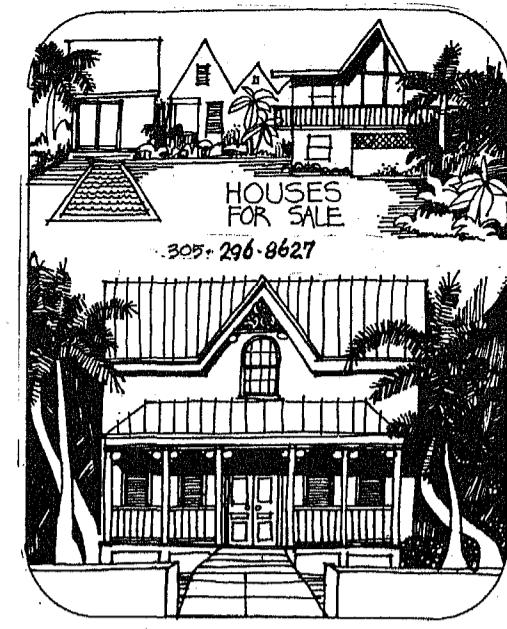
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### MENTAL HEALTH IN CONFLICT, PART II

BY KATHLEEN HARGREAVES

IF SCHOOLS OF thought regarding the quality of service dispensed at the Mental Health Clinic of the Lower Keys were divided before, they are entrenched now, as a result of the article published in the June issue of Solares Hill.

While support of Clinic Director Dr. Nancy Spisso Slicner poured into the editorial office, critics called for further investigation of her background and conduct at the non-profit mental health center.

Throughout the investigation, one of the major problems encountered was that the only people willing to address the controversy were those directly involved in the local mental health disciplines: clinicians, psychologists, social workers, psychiatrists, clinic employees, board members and hospital officials -- all members of the same professional peer groups.

MANY OF THEM expressed dissatisfaction with the way mental health services are being administered in the community. Much of the controversy revolves around Dr. Slicner, who has been the clinic director since 1978. This dissatisfaction and controversy have led to such alienation between the public and private sectors of the mental health community that Solares Hill felt it should be brought to the public's attention.

UNFORTUNATELY, THOSE PERSONS able to offer candid opinions on the type of treatment available at the clinic are extremely hesitant to identify themselves. The patient's desire for anonymity prevents him or her from either commanding or criticizing clinic operations and personnel.

The most significant response to the article came from persons mentioned or

alluded to in the story. Dr. Spisso Slicner (who uses both her maiden and married surnames) was no exception.

"The question of my qualifications really irritated me. If I wasn't qualified to hold my position, the District Board would have told my board at the time I was hired. The requirements for my position call for a master's degree with at least three years experience in one of the primary mental health disciplines," she commented.

DR. SLICNER HOLDS a Ph.D in Counseling/Guidance from the University of Florida. Her professional experience began in 1969 as a resident child counselor at the Governor Bacon Health Center (a part of the State Mental Hospital) in Delaware City, Delaware. From 1972 to 1973, she was employed as a diagnostician/teacher for the St. Croix department of education, U.S. Virgin Islands. She was director of a group treatment home for emotionally disturbed adolescents in Gainesville from 1974 to 1975. She then moved to Pensacola where she was director of outpatient emergency services for the child development program -- Community Health Center. From there, she moved to Key West and her position as Director of the Mental Health Clinic.

According to the professional criteria required of a clinic director, Dr. Slicner is qualified.

Incomplete information contained in local newspaper articles about Dr. Slicner led to unsuccessful attempts by a number of people to verify Dr. Slicner's credentials.

A verbal resume of her background was offered to Solares Hill and was later substantiated when Kirk Zuelch, head of



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the clinic's Board of Directors, produced a copy of her pre-employment resume.

Despite these qualifications, some claim Dr. Slicner's background is inadequate for the position she holds. Dr. Jerry Weinstock, a former co-director of the clinic and now psychiatrist in private practice, maintains that her academic accomplishments and her employment experience as a house counselor for various groups of disturbed children do not provide her with enough experience to deal with the gamut of emotional and mental health problems encountered at the clinic.

Dr. Slicner replies, "If that's Dr. Weinstock's objection, he should discuss

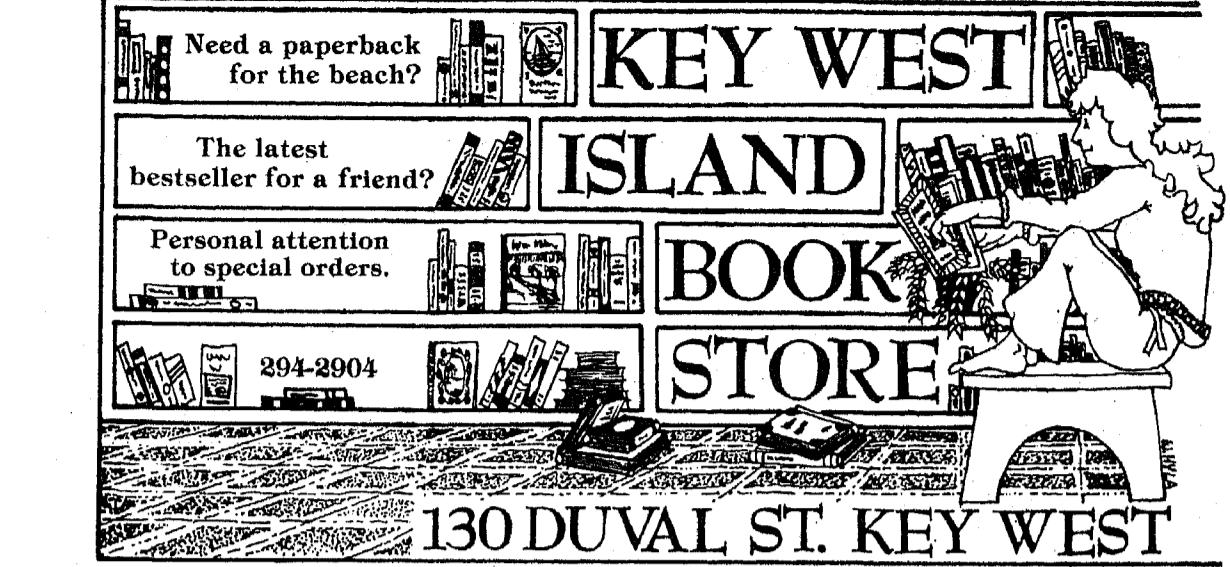
WE CALL UPON THE MENTAL HEALTH BOARD TO RECONCILE THE ALIENATION BETWEEN THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SECTORS OF THE MENTAL HEALTH COMMUNITY.

it with the people who decide employment policy criteria. I not only meet -- I exceed -- the state's requirements for my position."

Because her position is one that is primarily administrative, Dr. Slicner contends that appropriate counseling services are available through not only herself, but other members of the staff as well. Additionally, Dr. Slicner advises that a full time psychiatrist for the clinic joined the staff on August 20.

UNTIL NOW, a major criticism of the clinic was its failure to offer on-site psychiatric attention. A 1977 report compiled by the Monroe County Sub Area Council of Health Systems Agency of South Florida recommended, among other things, that the "psychiatric staffing components in the (Guidance Clinic) of the Lower Keys would be more effective if it converted from a model of one full time psychiatrist to a model of two part-time psychiatrists."

The reasoning for this recommendation centers on the inability of one psychiatrist to be on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year. Dr. Weinstock also raised this point in his



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criticisms.

According to Kirk Zuelch, it is extremely difficult to locate even one psychiatrist willing to move to Key West and accept the limited income offered by a position at the clinic. When questioned about Dr. Weinstock's contention that his services were offered free to the clinic and refused, Zuelch said he was not aware of the situation. He said that, to the best of his knowledge, Dr. Weinstock had never offered free services, and that, moreover, when the psychiatrist did work on a part-time, salaried basis, his services were unsatisfactory.

WE ASKED DR. WEINSTOCK to describe the situation as he sees it. He said:



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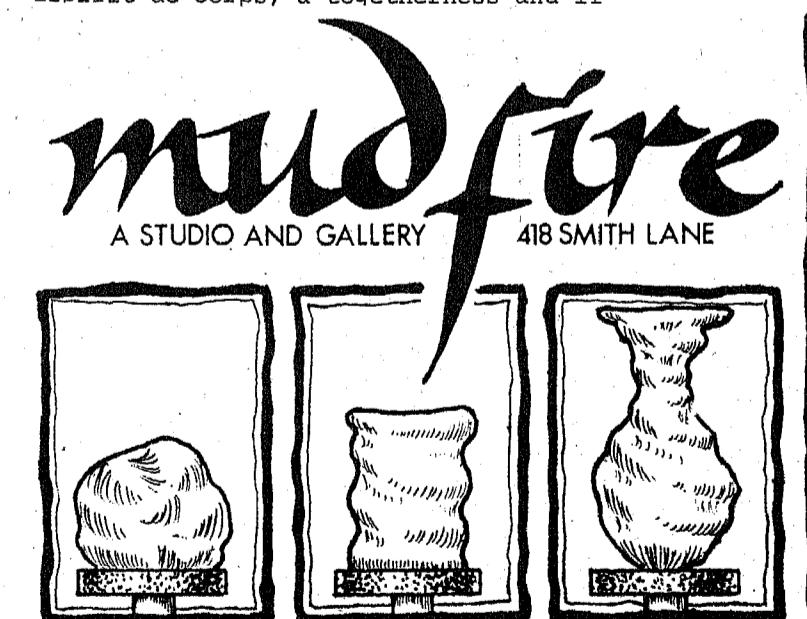
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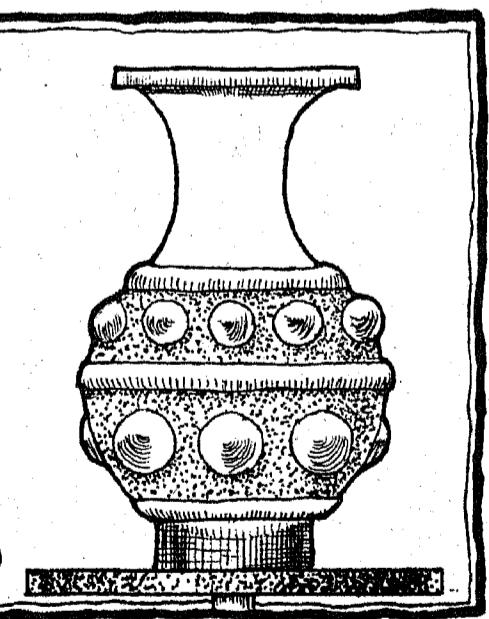


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you will a 'love' that existed among all the professionals. The emotional support and professionalism that existed was sustaining, and the 'work' was gratifying. Until such time as the pressures and the requests of my family prevailed, I continued in the clinic.

"The present Clinic Director is both a master at public relations manipulation and the politics that one needs to sustain their position. Any comment I have made whether absolutely valid and true works against me and affects me negatively. I see the staff as being demoralized and unhappy, and until they can say that and risk their positions, my comments will be essentially unsubstantiated, and can be made to look ludicrous. We need an honest working clinic director, a humanist not only here but in Marathon as well. We need a commingling and togetherness of both the public and private sectors; not the bickering and dreadful alienation that exists. I would embrace any honesty and wholesomeness that would emanate from the present Clinic Director. I have told her this and even offered my services at one point without financial compensation.

"My feedback has always been negativity and a feeling that my mere presence has been a threat. We need cooperation, trust, and a togetherness between the professionals that seems unattainable at this time.

"Pragmatically, time will tell what will happen. However, what I do see is the private sector, both inpatient and outpatient, gradually taking on the real work of mental health. Between Marathon and Key West we have allotted \$60,000 plus for two clinic directors who do little more than politicking and public relations. What country needs that?"

VENDER SHARA KNOWLES, former instructor of psychology at Florida Keys Community College, responded to the question of Dr. Slicner's professional qualifications by saying, "In the article, a psychiatrist correctly states 'there is a world of difference between a psychiatrist, a clinical psychologist...etc.' These differences are not quality ratings in descending order. As a matter of fact,

more and more psychiatric units across the country are being directed by psychologists who supervise psychiatrists.

"Most psychologists have been exposed to numerous traditional and contemporary therapies while the medical background of psychiatrists tends to emphasize mental 'disease' and psychoanalytic analysis of behavior. The services of a doctor of medicine are required on the staff of a mental health clinic. However, many of the clients seeking help have 'problems of living.' Counselling psychologists are trained especially to deal with clients who must restructure inadequate ways of coping with stresses of life.

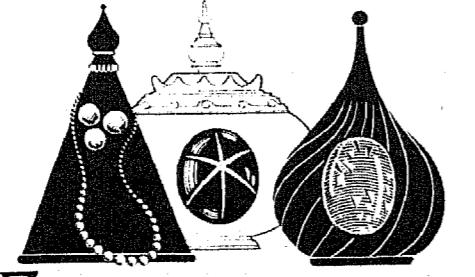
"Psychology is attempting to remove the 'mystique' of the doctor. I believe that Nancy Spisso (Slicner) has set up an environment in which the client comes before the ego needs of the therapist. Under her direction, the clinic has developed a genuine community mental health attitude," she concluded.

DR. JAMES CALLAHAN, a counsellor at the clinic and its administrator immediately prior to Dr. Slicner, feels that at the root of the controversy are "ad hominem" diatribes that distort the reality of the situation. Dr. Slicner's critics are laying blame on her shoulders for conflicts that exist in the professional community, according to Dr. Callahan. He said that Dr. Slicner's positive accomplishments, such as healing wounds in the community and rifts with social service agencies created by poor public relations from past directors, far exceed any criticisms levelled against her.

OTHERS ASSOCIATED WITH Dr. Slicner echo these sentiments.

Rollie Dudik, Administrator of Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, said, "She, unlike others in town, is available day or night to clients. She's responsive to the needs of the community. She meets all the requirements to practice in her field. She's enjoyed a good reputation in other places she's worked. She's done a great deal of work with me and was,

continued on page 20



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BY HELEN CHAPMAN

RECENTLY I FILLED out the most sensible application for employment I've ever run across in my years of confronting application forms. It was short and concise and asked only necessary questions. In fact, it was the first I've ever encountered that left no room for expansion, yes-no questions being difficult for me.

So I was reminded of all the hundreds (or so it seems) of applications I've filed down through the years. The reasons behind some of the questions have always eluded me. For example, why does a potential employer care whether I live with my parents or alone, rent or own a home? I'm always tempted to write something like, I rent the restroom at the Shell station and at night they let me put a mattress on the hydraulic lift, but as soon as I have a decent job, they'll let me move my mattress into the office.

I'M ALSO PUZZLED about the importance of one's interests in clubs and organizations. I don't belong to clubs and organizations, but I used to worry that the interviewer would consider me asocial and hence not be able to get along with co-workers. He's probably right, but that's no reason not to hire me. Just stick me in a corner with my work and I'll do a fine job. If I belonged to the Little Theatre, the Art League, the Saver-Snail-Parter Federation, and the D.A.R., he wouldn't see much of me around the office.

So after all this paperwork, one reaches the interview itself. Most of the time, the interviewer gives the application a cursory glance and asks all the questions you've just worked so hard to get onto paper. This always leaves me with the uneasy feeling that personnel people can't read.

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And of course those horrible problems in arithmetic that always gave me cold stomach lumps in school and still do, namely: If A has five eggs, and B has six shirts, how long will it take C to get to Chicago? I never do these at all, hoping I'll fail the test and not be hired. Nuts! All they really care about is can I spell, and there I am again, stuck in a job for which I'm over-qualified.

Some day I'm going to meet a very rich, very old man. He's going to ask me the meaning of "A penny saved is a penny earned," and I'll never have to fill out an application again!



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# A T SHIRT IS THE SHIRT

NO ITEM OF apparel has become so common as part of modern dress as the T shirt. Evolving from the ultra-white inner garment previously thought of as underwear, the T shirt has, without altering its comfortable cotton contours, blossomed from the merely functional into an art-nouveau cum one-sentence-philosophic billboard. Much along the lines of the "your message here" matchbooks, the present day T shirt has synthesized the elements of body language and blank white torso into a highly individualized style of spacial improvement. Where before an average wardrobe of undershirts might be six or seven, T shirt wearers today acquire new shirts all the time, with each one being different in color, message or art work.

Colored T shirts featuring a convenient pocket were the first variants on the standard undershirt. Then came words. Words were introduced to shirts at first by such various groups as softball teams (Delos's Pizza), rock groups who turned block lettering into ballooned psychedelia (an outgrowth of Fillmore posters: the beginning of artwork), and bowling alleys (Hi-Time Lanes).

Artwork turned the colored, worded T shirt into chest and back canvasses which in no time modeled every photographically renderable common noun, as well as silk-screened prints of original drawings, and heat transferred decals of customized van landscapes, or wild caricatures of zombies on motorcycles.

INDIVIDUALIZED MESSAGE SHIRTS can be purchased at many T shirt shops, the cost of which is dependent on how many letters are in the message. One memorable and expensive shirt, purchased in the Watergate era by a man who, ironically, had no use at all for T shirts with "writing on them" and who frequented a Key West bar where many politically conscious local Democrats had boasted of crossing party lines to support Richard Nixon in 1972, read in bold block letters "Democrats for Nixon." His shirt was greeted with silence by those to whom it applied.

Another message shirt, with not nearly so many letters but with an equally stunning effect, was sported by a young lady of the sort who elicits prolonged glances not only upon her approach but also after she has walked past. Her shirt featured

CUSTOMIZED T SHIRTS also serve as a bond among casual groups of people who for one reason or another institute spontaneous holidays. One such occasion was an open feast of buffalo steak offered by a local gourmand to all his friends at a restaurant which was billed on the T shirts as the "first annual Key West buffalo roast."

One other occasion grew out of a casual observation last summer by one beloved character that he thought he would make an excellent pope. When a few days later he stopped into his favorite watering spot for his usual 5 p.m. cocktail he was surprised to learn he had been elected "Chart Room Pontiff." His new T shirt, which he was obliged to don as part of his investiture, bore the canonical appellation "Pope John Paul Bob Hall."



As recently as this year a limited edition of three hundred shirts heralding the "St. Patrick's Day Bar None Suds Run" had people offering substantially more money than the shirts cost just to include them in their collections.



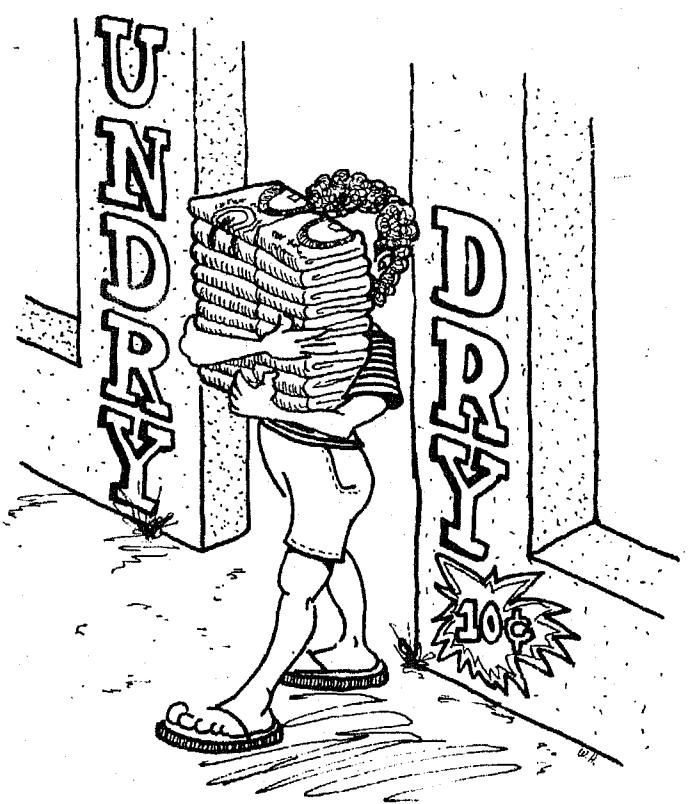
in small scroll print above the left breast that most unspeakable English four-letter word. The slight jolt of agreement most men felt at seeing this shirt so agreeably approach was forcefully deflated by another very common word on the back of her shirt in larger scroll -- "You."

T shirts sponsored by businesses are among the most forceful of advertising tools. For years the unofficial leader in local T shirt advertising was the Polynesian maiden bearing a tray of fresh oysters. Designed by B.J. Martin six years ago, the message of delicious seafood accompanying the maiden is nearly as familiar a local sight as conch trains. A youthful silhouette of Captain Tony occupies the front of hundreds of white shirts, while on the back is written a chimerical, if dubious, maxim concerning

BY JOHN HELLEN

observation of sunset was an informal ritual, rather than the cult it is today. In selling over 7000 of the shirts, Lyda no doubt was the single greatest booster of the day's end event.

T SHIRT COLLECTORS are likely to own



who is to sleep where in the beds of liberated women. Ernest Hemingway looks confidently out of a roaring twenties scrollwork on every main street in America, judging by the number of shirts dispensed daily by his old haunt. Every restaurant, from the Pier House to La Bodega, has its own T shirt. Every bar, whether it sponsors a team or not, has a shirt. Many gas stations and garages, formerly the strongholds of blue collar linen services, now opt for the less costly T shirts. Even the government, via the CETA program, outfits some of its employees in the undeniably comfortable cotton pullovers.

THE RAMPANT POPULARITY of T shirts is evidenced by the many downtown shops which sell and print them. Some shops specialize in heat transfer decals, but others offer original airbrushed artwork as well as customized lettering. Customized lettering allows an individual to put any message he wants on a shirt. For instance, much laughter was caused last summer during the electric company overloads by two women who had black T shirts lettered in white with the observation "City Electric turns me off." One idealist, who thought his new year's resolution to quit smoking was firm, had a cigarette airbrushed onto a shirt with the international symbol for "no" brushed over it. His commitment lacking resolve, this costly garment now lies neatly folded at the very bottom of his bureau.

Airbrushed shirts are the most costly of T shirts because a good quality shirt must be used to insure that the design remains in proportion after laundering. Also, the skill of the artist must be rewarded in airbrushing because, in actuality, it is a painting. Silkscreening is perhaps the most laborious and cumbersome method of printing shirts, but also the most long lasting and effective. Where heat transfers eventually flake off due to laundromat drying and airbrushes fade after repeated washings, silkscreened shirts retain their original color and proportion for the life of the shirt.

BRUCE LONG, who is a local shirt designer and artist, designs logos for a number of the island's establishments including Sloppy Joe's, Hukilau and the Full Moon. The blank shirts he buys are high quality cotton, well known brand names. His artwork is original and is submitted to a customer before he begins the tedious job of constructing the screens. Silkscreened shirts are less likely to be one of a kind in that the whole idea of screening is to mass-produce. Once the go-ahead is given, Long constructs his screens, then prints each shirt with care. His latest endeavor is for a local woodshop and features a facade of surrealistic gingerbread.

Two of the most popular shirts ever to be offered in Key West were the inspirations of long time Duval Street merchant Theron Lyda. After the closing of the Anchor Inn in 1972, Lyda realized the great nostalgia associated with the famous bar and borrowed a photo from its owner, Bud McArthur, which was of a random group of the bar's regulars clustered in front of the establishment. Lyda had the photo transferred on to plain white shirts that bore the slogan "Remember the Anchor." He sold out of several printings in the months following the bar's closing. Another all-time big seller originated by Lyda was of the scene at Mallory Square. This shirt had its heyday several years ago when the

a good many out of town shirts as a result of their travels or having received them as gifts. Known shirt collectors are easy to buy gifts for. Just bring them a shirt from Duffy's Tavern in Boise, Idaho, or the Knots Away Yacht Club in Portsmouth, and they will be wearing it the same day. Any beer shirt from a brewery, team shirt from a college or any shirt from a foreign port will gladly be added to an already bulging bureau drawer. Some collectors boast the ability to wear a different shirt every day for a year. In truth, though, newer favorite shirts are worn most often, and older, former favorites sink to the bottom of the drawer. Some shirts are seasonal, like those for political candidates where every two years supportive voters wear the candidate's message and even visage; or those proclaiming the Red Sox, worn usually in August and early September, to be number one. Other shirts have a year-round season -- "Today's the day," or "How about a nice cold girl."

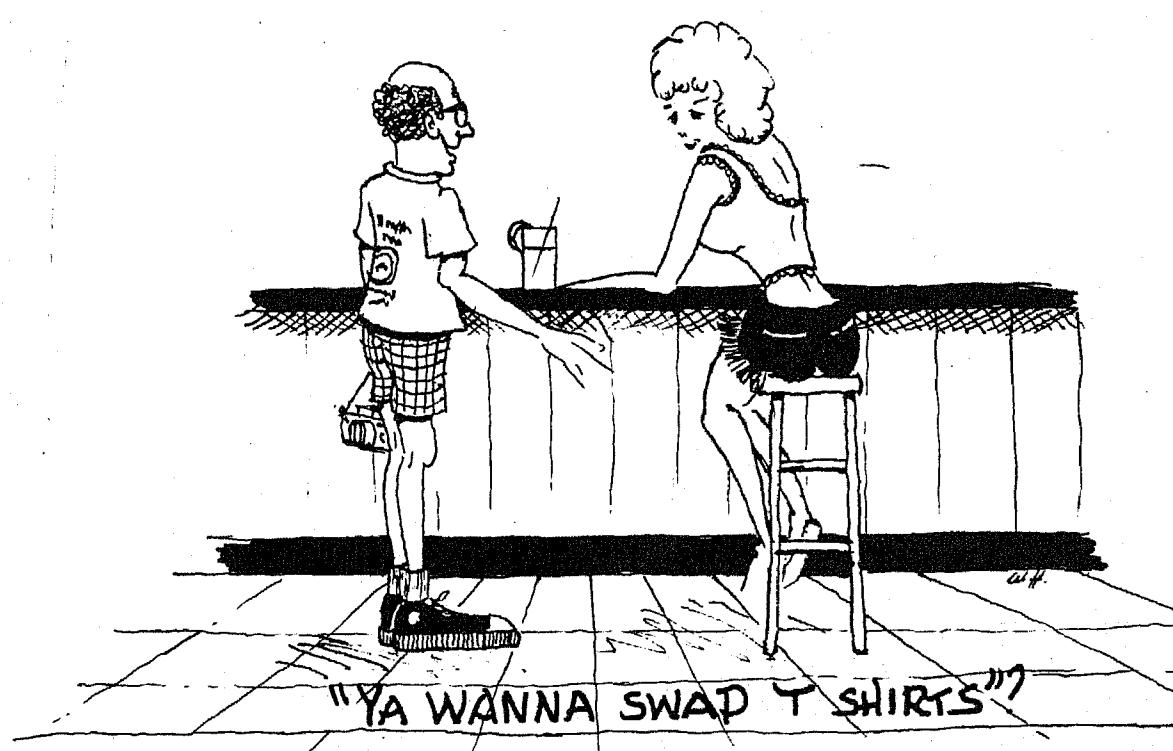
CURRENT FAVORITE SHIRTS tend to be worn at least once a week, which means fifty washings in a year. Only the best shirts can survive that many and more launderings without losing their length, shape or message. The ones that do, become all time favorites and are set aside in a separate pile. These are not worn when painting the house or fixing the car, although it seems favorite shirts always receive an unexpected blotch from sources as diverse as putting bleach in the washer wrong, or getting in a fight, or catching the damned thing on a nail, or having a cat freak out while holding it.

Collectors get new materials sometimes by trading. It is not uncommon to have repeats of shirts, so during the winter local collectors will wear one of their repeats down town, pick out one they like worn by a visitor and offer to swap. This offer is often accepted and the shirts change torsos. The small minority of women who have accepted the offer and swapped on the spot has made the question "ya wanna swap T shirts?" an acceptable and sometimes successful opening line. Indeed, it may have been this small but resolute minority who forged the way for

the most looked-forward-to event of the summer -- the spontaneous "wet T shirt contest." Contestants are judged in buoyancy, size and freedom from inhibition, and every one is a winner.

ALONG WITH T SHIRTS as everyday garb go cutoffs, flip-flops and ball caps. Levis, those identical, rugged, comfortable, sensual jeans favored now for fifteen years by the young and the casual at heart, have new life in Key West, where, after the wearer acknowledges that the knees are finally beyond repair, they are amputated into cutoffs. Shorts, but especially cutoffs, underwent a period of ornamentation some years ago, mostly as a response to saving deteriorating jeans by embroidered mending, but today

as insulation in colder climates and its use as a kind of perspiration blotter under finer shirts in warmer climates, the T shirt has become truly liberated. No longer is its use as an outer garment limited to blast furnace workers. It is now in the forefront of studied casualness, and it is a potent ally of business. It is able with a few words to state the general beliefs of its wearer. It can adorn the backs and fronts of plain as well as beautiful people. It can unify a group or characterize a lone wolf. T shirts can be good conversation starters, or they may cause chagrined silence. In their basic sameness of weave, they are a reminder of how similar all of us are in our composition, but in their diversity of message and decoration they reassure the individuality of every one who wears them. T shirts are 'me' shirts.



cutoffs and shorts provide little in the way of decoration, save for the shape of whoever they contain.

Flip-flops, the logical footwear for those who have tried sandals and bled, are favored by many Key Westers. The advent of the Rainbow sandal -- a sandal made of hard rubber and nylon straps -- has monopolized the feet of locals who are not into shoes and who are tired of soot black cut feet. As implied by the name, these sandals feature rainbow colors along the sides of the soles and on the straps.

Ball caps recently have been sported by ball players, firemen, astronauts, farmers, bar owners, fishermen, parts salesmen and women. The ball cap may have nothing to do with baseball except that its visor keeps the sun out of the eyes of many people as well as it does left fielders. Ball caps have patches on the front that advertise diesel companies, fertilizers, fishing tackle and, of course, beer. It is this brief description of local garb that emphasizes the individuality of the T shirt. Cutoffs, flip-flops and a visored cap are sensible responses to the few demands made by the local climate. So are T shirts; they are cool and functional, but add a flavorful personality to the everyday Key West "uniform."

GIVEN THE ORIGINALLY subordinate role of the T shirt in wardrobes, its use more



## PROBLEMS AT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

by Garry Boulard

**FUTURE SHOCK:** A late, lazy early evening in Key West. The brilliant glow of the setting sun in the October sky has suddenly, ominously been challenged for spectacular attention by an explosive and totally out of control oil fire from a thousand-gallon gasoline tank in the northwest corner of the island.

The full crew of the Key West Fire Department, coming from all three stations, has answered the general alarm. Unfortunately, this full crew comprises approximately 22 men. In the past 10 days nearly two-thirds of the normal manpower from the department have either quit or walked off their jobs in anger and frustration at not being able to reach, at the least, a minimum wage and benefit agreement during the nearly 2 month-long union negotiations. Several members of the city commission have admitted to the press the precariousness of the situation, while simultaneously refusing to give in to the firemen's demands.

**LOW ON MANPOWER,** the remaining firemen battle the blaze and a nauseous, sinking feeling in their guts that this is going to be the fire that licks them. All three pumpers from the fire department are at the scene, but the largest of these -- a 1,000 gallon pumper -- has just broken down.

Two senior members of the department, bravely, in the daring nature that sets firemen off from the rest of us, have moved into within 20 feet of the blaze. They feel like their skin is melting. Both of the men sense the futility of their task. They also sense their own imminent deaths.

**WHAT HAPPENS NEXT** is the stuff of a Rod Serling story. The men, unbelievably, feel the hoses die on them.



As the once-mighty gush of water slowly decreases to a trickle, the flames spread to several other nearby gas and oil tanks. Just the fumes are enough for the worst: the twin tanks explode, throwing flames, equipment and men over 300 feet. The large, startled crowd of uneasy onlookers in the street flee in terror, like a mass of crazed lemmings, without direction or reason.

Power lines fall and splinter like broken toothpicks, rendering the city powerless. Without any resistance, the burgeoning flames spread from half a city block, to a full city block, to....

Wedged between a blazing building and yet another oil tanker, a young firefighter cries. He knows for sure that at least four of his fellow workers have already been lost. He cries for all of us.

**PROBABLY THE VAST MAJORITY** of Key West residents and community leaders would look at the above as pure fiction, a nightmarish story made up by someone bent on the sensational. Yet a conversation with almost any fireman or insider at the Key West Fire Department will immediately dispel such doubts.

The time is growing closer and closer when it is becoming more and more feasible to push the panic button as far as the activities and the general condition of the Key West firefighter is concerned.

**MICHAEL ALMEDA**, union president of local 1424 of the International Association of Firefighters, has called the reception that the firemen get for their demands this month from city officials "crucial." The soft-spoken Almeda explains, "I've never seen the morale of the men so low. As we told Mayor McCoy last month, 'We've had enough.'"

Almeda goes on to list the most serious problems facing the firemen. "The money is so low for these qualified men, under \$4 an hour for the average man, along with equipment problems that are bordering on the ridiculous, and the general indifference with which our problems have been met by the commission, that it has all added up to a big loss of spirit here. If something isn't done, and quickly, to solve these problems, more than half of the men will leave. That you can be sure of."

AS UNION NEGOTIATORS go into bargaining sessions with the City of Key West this month, they face a City Manager, Ronald Stack, who has been, at the worst, accused of being totally hostile to their needs, or at the best, completely insensitive to the economic and physical threats faced by the average firefighter every day.

This past June, after an emotional, tense commission meeting attended in full force by the firemen, and later described by the Key West Citizen as "heated," the members of the city commission voted, albeit belatedly, to approve a 5% annual pay increase retroactive to October of 1978. Commissioners also, in another meeting, approved the purchase of two new pumpers, foam for fighting chemical blazes, and special suits for the firemen in particularly dangerous situations.

AT THE TIME OF the pay hike vote, fire Lt. Eddie Castro, secretary-treasurer of the union, emphasized his concern that the citizens of Key West "understand that this pay raise we're getting is the raise we were supposed to be getting last October." Union

president Almeda also later took issue with the new equipment offered by the commission by pointing out, "This is just the very minimum of what we need. You have to understand, this department has been getting by on faulty and unreliable tools for some time now. We've reached as low as we can."

**WHEN THE FIREMEN** almost took over the June commission meeting (just the physical presence of over 50 adult men in their uniforms was intimidating enough), it was mentioned several times that all of the commissioners, with the

exception of Alton Weekley, have been conspicuously absent in keeping in touch with the K.W.F.D. and trying to solve some of the problems in an earlier stage. Mayor McCoy sat, seemingly frozen in his chair, as one speaker after another angrily accused him of "negligence, incompetence and buck passing."

Yet, even blaming the commissioners for everything that has led to the chaotic state of affairs at the K.W.F.D. seems to be missing the point, according to local businessman Ed Swift. Swift, along with 7 other area leaders, just recently completed a study for the Citizen's Advisory Committee (appointed by the city commission) in which they offer 22 recommendations for helping to answer the multitude of economic problems facing the firefighters and the City of Key West.

**SWIFT TOLD** Solares Hill, "Whenever we hear about administrative and economic difficulties such as the ones facing the firemen right now, our first reaction is 'Let's throw the bastards out.' Boy, how I wish that were the only answer. But while it may change the direction and emphasis that the commission has been going in recent years, it would basically solve nothing. Although our findings have come up with 22 solid recommendations, there is still no one solution." Swift

added, "Where do you go when the city is already over one million in debt and problems are piling up?" Asked if anyone was really at fault, Swift replied, "Again, our problems are a combination of many elements. However, one of the biggest annoyances has been the lack of interest, the downright indifference, by the residents of Key West."

This too, has been an irritation to the firefighters. An insider at the K.W.F.D. complained that "the people just don't seem to care what happens to us one way or the other. Until recently, we've had very little public support. Hell, people drive by and see our building looking nice and our trucks looking shiny and they think 'Everything is kosher.' But just because we take care of what we have doesn't mean that that's all we need. Anyone here can tell you that."

OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE many differing views as to who the real culprit is in the K.W.F.D.'s chaotic state of affairs. Some blame the firemen themselves for not being organized well enough at an earlier date to publicly air their gripes. Others point their fingers toward the members of the city commission for their seeming indifference towards the problems that can arise in any given fire department. While still others name the Key West citizenry for its general apathy.

But which group is at fault is purely academic at this point. As Commissioner Weekley has pointed out several times, "Finding fault is not like finding an answer."

And finding an answer at this point appears to be neither easy, readily available, nor painless.

NONE OF THE commissioners, when asked, will completely rule out the possibility that the extra money to meet the firemen's demands will be raised through the passing of a city referendum raising the millage.

And even that outlet appears to set

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off considerable resentment. Almeda asks, "Why should we let McCoy pass the buck onto the voters? We want to see him make a decision for once. But he wants us to look like the bad guys."

Whatever the initial response to the possibility of a referendum is, the probability of its occurrence appears to be likely according to many city officials and observers. "I don't even like to think about it," Weekley reflects, "But the money is going to have to come from somewhere. People just don't realize that inflation affects the operation of a city just as much as it does you and me personally."

JUST AS SWIFT talks about the city being over a million dollars in debt, so does Weekley mention the fact that Key West, a city of over 26,000 (and maybe twice that during the winter) has a budget of slightly over 4 million dollars for all of its services. "Any other city this size in most of Florida would have a budget at least twice that," says Weekley.

But whatever the eventual answer for the problems that plague the men of the K.W.F.D., and hence, all of us and our desired safety, an answer there must be. That is what the city manager, the mayor and the city commissioners are there for. And that end result, long overdue and greatly needed, can only come through the reasoned efforts and negotiations of all concerned parties.

AS THE LATE Adlai Stevenson said quoting economist Walter Bagehot, "It was government by discussion that broke the bonds of ages and set free the originality of mankind."

It is imperative that that discussion and the eventual solution(s) to the firefighter's puzzle be acted upon with all due haste. For each day that goes by without a solution brings the firemen and all of us that much closer to dealing with a hazardous, volatile situation that we have almost no capacity to cope with.

MENTAL HEALTH continued from page 14

to a large degree, responsible for seeing that two beds in the hospital were designated as holding units for Baker Act patients. In my dealings with Dr. Slicner, I would give her an unqualified recommendation."

WHEN KIRK ZUELCH was asked for his response to the June article, he replied that the comments about "winning and dining" were totally false.

"They're not true. They never happened. I've never been to lunch or dinner with Nancy and she certainly has never picked up the tab. Perhaps the reference was to the regular business lunches we have between the board and the clinic's director. But even then, we don't eat lunch. There's not enough time. I personally resent the implication of that statement," Zuelch said.

He also explained that because the board oversees administration of the mental health clinic from a "layperson's" vantage, he and they -- with the exclusion of Dr. Carraway and newly appointed board member Roilie Dudik -- are somewhat unfamiliar with the mental health field.

ACCORDING TO ZUELCH, it is necessary and not at all uncommon for administration policy to be set by the director of the agency he or she oversees; in this case, Dr. Slicner.

"That's a pretty typical situation for a board of directors. I'm sure we've questioned Nancy on occasion. I can't recall any examples right now but I'm sure we have. We trust Nancy and her decisions," he said.

Theoretically, input to clinic management and policy making comes from the community. But Kirk Zuelch says it's very rare to see any member of that community attend the meetings. In the event that citizens are unaware of meeting schedules, Solares Hill asked when they were held and whether the public was welcome at them.

ZUELCH ASSURED US that the public was welcome, that their opinions were encouraged, and that regular meetings were held at the mental health clinic (located in the Truman Annex) at noon on every third Tuesday of the month.

"If anyone is critical or curious about what we and the clinic are doing, the appropriate place to voice that concern is at the meeting," said Zuelch in reference to the June article.

"I think the entire clinic has tremendously improved since Nancy's been director. Naturally, we'd like to see it improve even more. We'd like to institute programs and counseling for the elderly as well as other special interest groups. But that's a financial problem rather than an administrative one. Any problems experienced at the clinic are not for lack of people trying," he concluded.

WE ASKED A. LOUIS O'CONNOR, PhD., the director of the first Guidance Clinic of the Florida Keys (the precursor of the present Mental Health Clinic) to comment on the current situation from his point of view. He said:

"For the past five years I have maintained a private practice of primarily outpatient diagnosis and psychotherapy of psychological disorders. During this time how well or in what manner the clinic or center has served the public has seldom affected my practice. Moreover, I've met with Ms. Spisso (Slicner) on only a few occasions. Since I lack first hand knowledge, my opinions are limited.

"However, I do have concerns and interest and some know-how about running community clinics. It was an exciting and challenging period when I had the opportunity to initiate and direct the first Guidance Clinic of the Florida Keys, one of the first twenty in Florida, and that same Clinic now serving the Lower Keys under a new name. Seven years' service as the first director and several years' active efforts as an officer and president of what used to be called our Florida Council of Mental Health Directors taught me a lot.

"One thing I learned is that a sensitivity and willingness to relate constructively to the many different needs and viewpoints of those involved in an issue or a project is very important. Because of this general problem, Center Board members still serving will remember I took them and a former director to task in an open meeting. Still, we have no working relationship between the public and private sector of outpatient mental health services. A major, complex and valuable program '10 bedroom inpatient service' is tentatively underway. Was the original clinical psychologist of the Florida Keys asked to participate or informed? Well, there were the evasive comments of the FKMH administrator in a Key West Citizen article. For everyone's sake, patients and professional, let's let more sunshine in!"

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, the final decision regarding competent administration of the mental health clinic lies within the collective minds of the Key West community. It is they who not only have the ability -- but also the right -- to decide whether the facility and its employees are responsive to their needs.

THE MENTAL HEALTH BOARD is ultimately responsible to the public for the quality of mental health care in Monroe County. We call upon the board to use its influence and authority to bring about a reconciliation between the public and private sectors in the mental health field. The alienation that exists between these two sectors does no one any good, especially the estimated 15% of Monroe County residents who require mental health services.

IT'S YOUR CITY. IT'S YOUR TAX MONEY. And it could be your mental health at stake. You decide the importance of the issues raised in this series.

## Some remarks

RETENTION OF OLD FKAA PIPELINE UNDER STUDY

AT THE REGULAR meeting of the Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority Board of Directors on August 23, design engineer John Greenleaf of Greenleaf-Telesca gave an extensive progress report on the design work underway and completed to date. Besides retaining the Marathon pumping station to save \$100,000 per year in operating costs as reported last month, Greenleaf disclosed that they are actively considering retaining in use a large portion of the old 18-inch line for parallel operation with the new line.

"Careful examination of the failure history of the old line indicates that most of the past failures occurred on the bridges and in very limited overland sections," Greenleaf related. "If we can retain major sections of the old line to parallel the new lines, we can cut our pumping pressures way down and save a lot of operating costs."

He added that if all the old 18-inch line south of Seven Mile Bridge could be saved and used along with the new 24-inch line, 9 million gallons a day (MGD) of water could be pumped from Marathon southward, and pumping costs could be cut by 50 percent. Laboratory analysis of coupon or wafer samples cut from the old line is planned almost immediately.

GREENLEAF INDICATED THAT the engineering work is on schedule, and they expect to have all bids in and awarded by April 1980. Pipe bids will go out in October, which will save money and give an early estimate of the total project cost. Eight separate bid packages are planned to speed up the construction work. Greenleaf expects all work to be completed in 18 months after bid award.

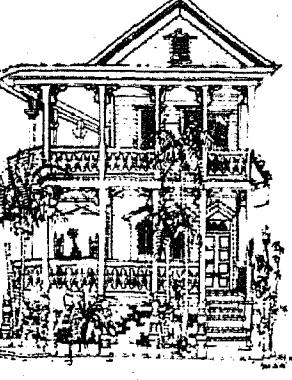
or by about October 1981.

At their meeting the directors also heard from their resident engineer concerning the bids received to supply supplemental water to FKAA while the pipeline is being built. The apparently best proposal was from a firm that would install a Reverse Osmosis (RO) plant in 182 days that could supply 3 MGD for 5 years with first year water cost of about \$5.50 per thousand gallons. Water produced this way would add about \$1 million year to FKAA production costs. The board discussed ways of securing additional revenue. One way to obtain the extra \$1 million per year would be to increase water rates by about 45 cents per thousand gallons.

ANALYSIS OF THE latest FKAA monthly financial and operating summary disclosed that water production for the first six months of this fiscal year is up on the average of 700,000 gallons per day over last year. This is primarily because the Desal Plant production was greatly improved after the first two tube banks were replaced. However, water sales (or consumption) is up an average of about 985,000 gallons per day for the same period. System losses from all reasons continue to plague the system and average close to 1½ million gallons per day. In March this year, losses totalled over 70 million gallons, or over 2 MGD.

Greenleaf-Telesca appear to be highly competent and seem to be making excellent progress on the planning, testing and other engineering work. With no major obstacles (other than the continuing and increasing water shortage) in the offing, the possibility of completing the new pipeline in close to the schedule time frame appears good. The prospect

continued on page 30



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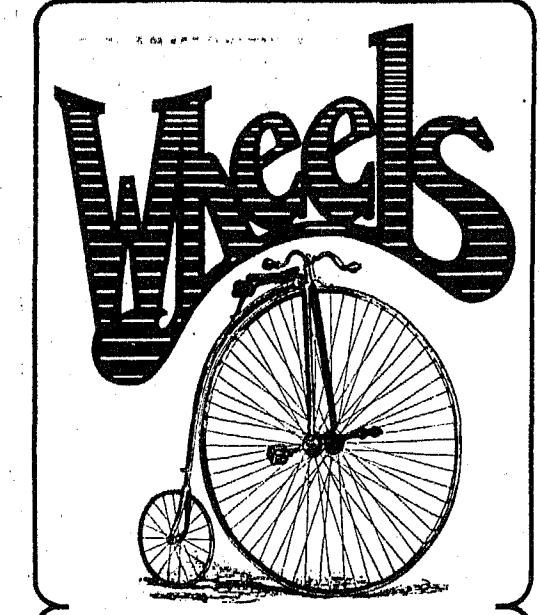
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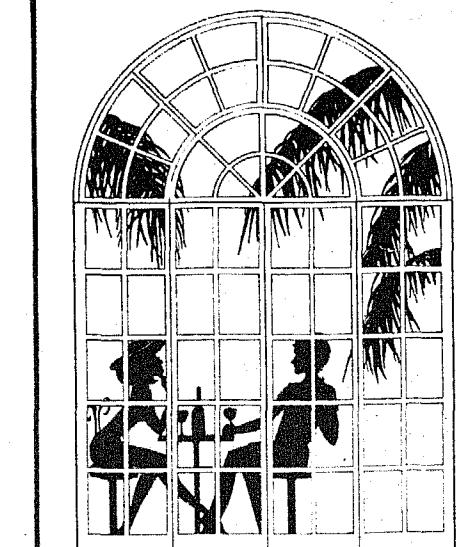


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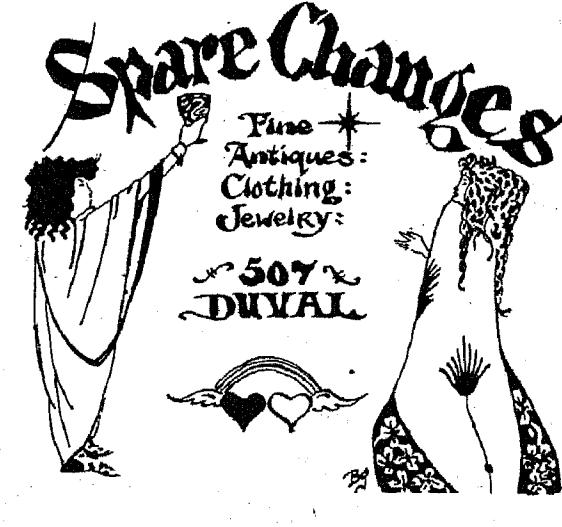
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## NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES continued from page 9

had the experience of being treated as one myself. It's false glamor, but it was pleasant!

We drove through the late afternoon sunlight to the La Concha Hotel, which was near the shop-living quarters for Baron and Reed. I suppose my hosts had pre-arranged the next experience, but it was a complete surprise for me.

I was wearing an orange "frou-frou" feathered hat, a chapeau which was chic at the time (I understand such headgear is on the way back in trend). We drew up at La Concha's Duval Street entrance with a flourish, and I stepped out on the sidewalk while a bellhop assembled my luggage, the procedure supervised by my gallant hosts.

SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND one of the pillars of La Concha's colonnade, a startling figure popped up. I learned after the episode that the man was known as Coocoo Bobo, a character about town often hired for welcoming parties. He stared at my orange feathered hat and I stared at his plumed, fore-and-aft admiral's hat, vintage of the late 1890's.

Besides the odd headgear, Coocoo Bobo wore an army tunic with outsize epaulettes of shining braid and fringe. Across his chest was a triple row of decorations created from tincan tops and Gold Medal Flour medals.

Around his waist was a purple fringed sash, which was lettered in gold, "In fond memory of" ----. The rest of the words disappeared in a jaunty bow tied over one hip, but undoubtedly it was adapted from a funeral wreath banner.

His baggy trousers seemed to be relics from cavalry riding days on the Mexican Border, around the year 1915. They were khaki but bleached almost white and were tucked into leather puttees of the World War I period. They encased his sturdy but very bowed legs. And his feet, large and splayed, were completely bare.

UNDER ONE ARM, Coocoo Bobo carried a sort of baton-flute, made of chrome casings. He put this to his lips and tooted out a series of blatant notes which had no tune, but were delivered with aplomb. Then he set aside the home-made instrument, bowed deeply from the waist, swept off the plumed hat and intoned, "The Ambassador of Key West welcomes you!"

I bowed in return and choked out, "Thank you!" Almost helpless with constrained laughter, I forced myself to start toward the hotel entrance. But Coocoo Bobo held up a halting hand like a traffic cop. He bowed again and said, "You must see choo-choo dance." And then, whistling and shuffling, he gave an exact imitation of a locomotive sounding a whistle while coming into a station under full steam, huffing and puffing, making his unshod feet sound the cadence of an engine approaching a station, then coming to the "chuh-chuh" stop.

My hosts rewarded him with some money and Coocoo Bobo made another hat-doffing salute before he wandered off. "That does it!" I exclaimed. "This town is for me!"

AFTER DINNER that evening there was more excitement and more funny experiences which added to the enticement Key West held for me.

The dance recital was held at the local Senior High School, which later became a junior high school.

The murals at either side of the auditorium stage attracted attention and my admiration. They were painted by Bill Hoffmann during WPA days.

The dancing by Baron was vivid and Latin, with rhumba, a cape dance and other brilliant footwork numbers.

Then Ted Shawn presented some of his classic routines, much appreciated by those who recognized artistry even though he was by then an aging star.

THE DANCE WHICH won the most applause, and certainly my plaudits for his adjustable approach (which turned a near disaster into a personal triumph), centered on an adaptation from a sacred dance of the isle of Crete. Shawn surged out on stage in a tunic-like costume and crested helmet. He began a strange maneuver, lifting his legs high and stomping in a slow patterned dance. In each clenched hand he held a small battle mace. He would pause in pompous strut and shake first one mace and then the other. It was in a way ludicrous, but nobody laughed. Instead there was a surprising reaction. The first three or four rows in the auditorium were packed with youngsters. At first they were transfixed by Ted Shawn's ritual parading and stomping, and were silent. But when he stepped to the footlights and shook one mace and then the other, in obvious defiance rite, the children aped the gestures, fists raised on high.

Instead of being angered, Shawn broke into a wide grin. He and the children exchanged roars of challenge, and more warlike gestures. The kids were fascinated, and not only clapped loudly but laughed in delight, not derision. Shawn was cheered at the conclusion of his performance, and the entire audience gave him a standing ovation.

IN AN INTERVIEW after the recital, Shawn remarked, "It's great to be appreciated and understood by the younger generation. This island has true joie de vivre and lots of character."

It still has!

A robust laugh finale to the evening's entertainment was unwittingly provided by me.

I had an aisle seat on the right hand side of the crowded auditorium, about a dozen rows from the front. It was cordoned off with tape and a sign.

At intermission I rose with the rest of the audience and walked slowly up the aisle toward the exit.

I first became aware that something was amiss by snickers and giggling behind me, then subdued laughter ahead of me as people passed me. But it was not until I had made my way into the lobby that I discovered the source of the polite but persistent amusement.

A very dignified usher reached behind me, made a quick grab at my dress at the lower part of my back and held up the taped sign that had marked my place. It had somehow become attached to my rump!

He murmured with a wink, "Perhaps you would like this for a souvenir?" and handed over the sign.

Advice is given to always read the bottom line. My bottom line read "RESERVED FOR THE PRESS."

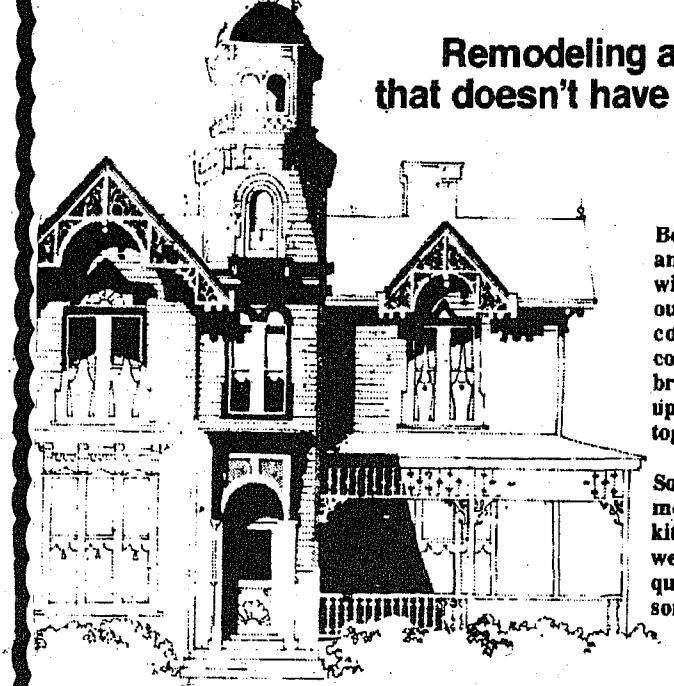


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## UNRAVELLED TRAVEL, PART I

THE THOUGHT OF making a journey can put the raw edge of anticipated adventure into every waking moment of a young child. I had no time to consider the possible dangers of a real boat trip on the real ocean when I first found out about a journey my father was going to take my two sisters and me on. All I could think about was how exciting and electrifying it would be to wave good-bye to my dear mother on shore and head out towards the horizon with my head held high and the wind whistling in my ears and salt spray framing the event. These were the visions of a very young salt.

My father, John, was quite the knowledgeable seaman. He had grown up around the ocean and knew the waters around Key West as if they were part of his yard. He was later a merchant seaman, and he knew how to read charts and navigate on the ocean. John was also a very good swimmer, having been taught by his mother when just a baby. But the most astounding thing about John was his sense of adventure and commitment to peril. Why else would he plan a boat trip from Key West to Miami going the OTHER way: i.e., traversing Florida by way of the Caloosahatchee River, over Lake Okeechobee and out through the St. Lucie Canal and system of locks?

THE COMMITMENT TO PERIL was not so much the course and distance, but his selection of crew members: Kathryn, Amy and Martha de Poo. Only a very brave and fearless man could hope to survive the open ocean with the assistance of three girls who were only in the third, fourth and fifth grade, respectively.

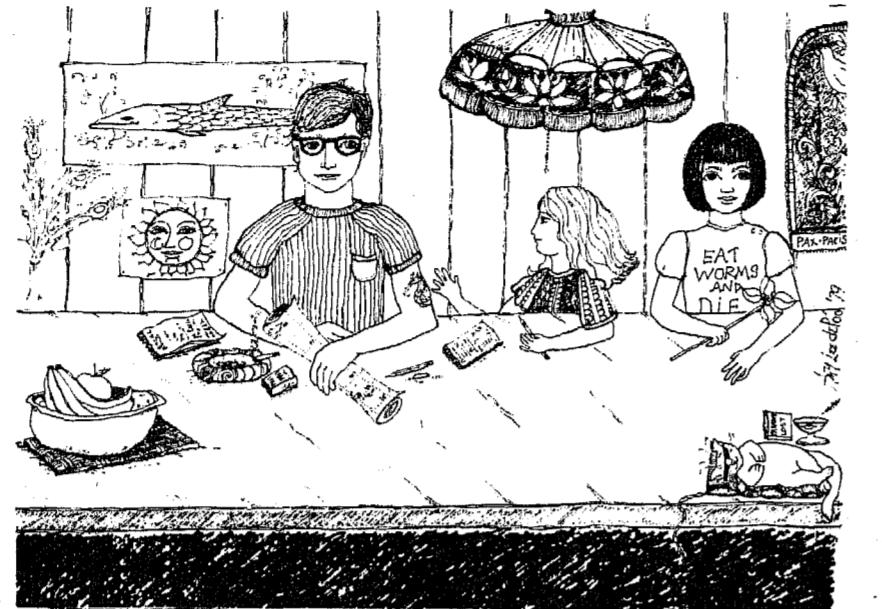
I won't say we didn't know anything about boats, because ever since we could remember they had been part of our daily

lives, my father having an all-consuming interest in snorkeling, spearfishing, and apprehending sea-turtles. Consequently, we learned at an early age to appreciate the ocean and all it had to offer in the way of free entertainment. For the price of a mask and snorkel, one could hope to

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AMY LEE DE POO

would look at me as if I were the lately-hatched member of a new species of morons. But I knew I wasn't stupid. My mother assured me of that, and I was happy.

WE PREPARED EXTENSIVELY for this trip for weeks in advance. After dinner



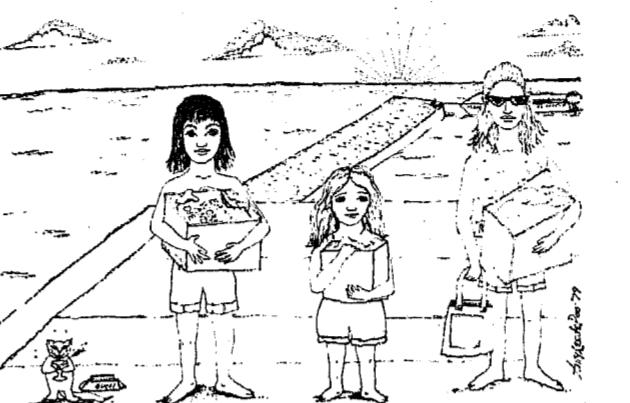
spend endless hours in pursuit of sea-pigeons, sea cucumbers, sargasso shrimp, hermit crabs, basket stars, sand dollars, and horseshoe crabs (which we always overturned, and searched the "pockets" for coins, having fallen for the old tale that the creatures found lost money on the beach and kept it.)

John also made us memorize the parts of a sailboat (which had nothing to do with his motorized boat) and taught us to plot hurricanes on a map using longitudes and latitudes. My hurricanes frequently ended up in Arizona, and John

every night John would pull out his charts, and with all three girls crowding him and breathing on him and knocking his ashtray around, he plotted the course and made estimates on how much gas and oil would be required and where we would be stopping to refuel and buy cookies. That was my main concern, if indeed Oreos would be available at the various stops along the way, because out on the boat hunger is greatly exaggerated and felt twice as much. I could just imagine the total feeling of helplessness being way out on the ocean and having only wet baloney in

the ice chest to assuage one's cravings. My father assured us that we were not leaving civilization entirely and that such fears were silly. Evidently he never had to fight with Kathryn and Martha as they snatched an empty bag of cookies back and forth to devour the crumbs in a totally undignified fashion. I merely wanted to spare myself any undue hardships.

Finally the day arrived when we would leave the Simonton Street docks and go north for our first stop. Each girl had the trendy container for her gear known as a large cardboard box. I didn't



realize then how luggage could bespeak a person's station in life, and these boxes turned out to be a constant source of embarrassment to us at most every stop we made. I thanked God that at least mine was big enough to hide behind if held high enough when we walked into a hotel. Of course, John thought this was ridiculous and that we were all damn lucky to just be GOING, and he had more than his share of aggravation on this point the entire time.

MY MOTHER HAD thoughtfully packed a big box of food for us to take, and I would venture to guess that the bags of cookies were gone completely in the first three hours. As we pulled away from shore and watched my mother waving and smiling at us, I was seized with panic of not wanting to leave her. Martha was crying, not the brave thing for a stout-

hearted third-grader, and I looked over and Kathryn had removed her glasses to wipe tears from her eyes, and I began crying because they were crying. John was watching the water and feeling very chipper, and when he looked at his three sea-worthy and highly-trained recruits, he was shocked to see every one in the midst of a crying jag.

"What the hell is going on here? Are you girls CRYING? What are you crying for? This is supposed to be fun, not torture. If this is so much torture, I'll just turn the boat around and we'll go right back."

Well, nobody wanted to go back. Still, it was very sad to have to leave your mother behind, and Martha told him so.

"What? Is that what you're crying about? I can't believe it. Snap out of it. Certainly you don't want to be back in Key West instead of going on this trip. Just think of all those poor people in Key West who would rather be on this boat than stuck in the heat. And don't cry for your mother, either. She's glad to be away from you."

John sure knew how to take the sting out of departure.

"Come on now...let's stop all this boo-hoo and have a good time...just keep thinking of all the poor people stuck in Key West...dum dee dum dee dee..."

JOHN BEGAN TO hum a little tune and struck a stance of nonchalance that indicated to us he was very glad indeed to be out on the ocean and far away from the humdrum adornments of earthly existence like warm beds, soft cushions, toasted Cuban bread, sticks of real butter and cans of Hershey's syrup (Martha's favorite things.)

I decided it would be better to take his advice and adjust to the situation, because it was clear that we were not going to turn around in any case, crying or not. It was definitely out of our hands. Key West began to slip farther and farther away, but the thought of my mother remained with me as I looked back to our tiny island, which was by now a very vague white speck.

THE DRONE OF the Homelite engine was hypnotic, and the incessant vibration of the boat made resting your hand on your chin impossible. Sitting close to the bow and hugging your knees was about the most comfortable one could get in that boat. The boat itself was flat-bottomed and about twenty feet long and was named the Mona Lisa II. My mother had painted the Mona Lisa on the hatch cover, which made it seem homier to me.

As I sat and thought of home, I began to think of food and remembered the box my mother had packed. We asked John if we could eat something, asking first being the cardinal rule, because it required moving around, and moving around meant movement in a relatively small space. John did not tolerate foolishness of any sort EVER, and we were careful not to cross him in this situation especially because of the inherent danger of even a very small mistake. He said it would be all right to eat something so Kathryn crawled over to the food box and crawled back with an extra-large size bag of Oreos. I was beside myself with the generosity of my beloved mother.

Kathryn had a system of eating Oreos that called for breaking one open and using the blank cookie to scrape the white frosting from the other side into a big pile. She would do this repeatedly with about a dozen cookies until she had a wad of frosting about the size of a baseball. Meanwhile, she would save all the blank chocolate cookies in a pile and wait for me to beg for them. Then she would ask me why, why, WHY did I want them, and I would have to think of a hundred different reasons why those cookies would be more beneficial to me than her. But I knew she really liked the frosting better than the plain cookies anyway, and if I tired of fabricating a multitude of reasons to give me the cookies, I would just wait and then tell my father she was wasting food. Rather than pitch them over the side, she would be forced to give them to me because they cost good money. In less than two hours the whole bag was gone.

SOON IT GOT TO BE afternoon, and we were going to have to stop before the sun went down. The sky was turning a washed-

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## A Night In The Life

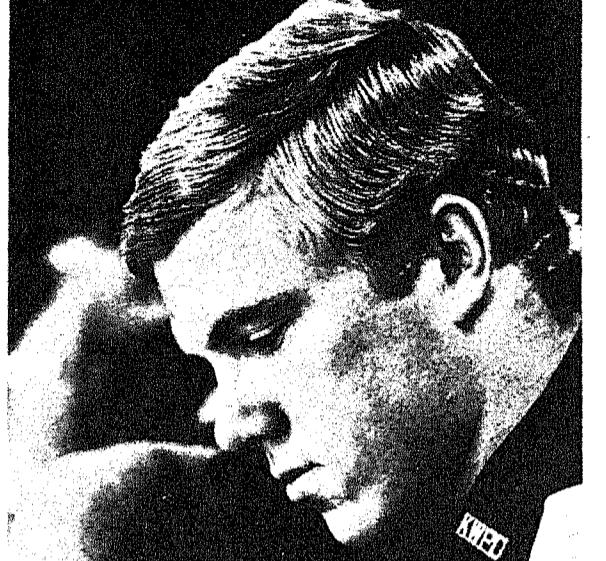
POLICEMEN COME IN all shapes, sizes, and shades of character, personality, and attitude. Known among police agencies as the South Florida Police Training School, the Key West Police Department has more of a variety of policemen than most departments because of its inadvertent "revolving door" policy -- the 25-50% annual turnover caused by its unattractive pay scale and working conditions.

The theory and practice of local policemen ranges from the patrolman who once accidentally drove through a red light and pulled over to write himself a ticket to an officer who was arrested for burglary. Education runs from high school diplomas to college degrees. Report-writing abilities vary: some have trouble spelling local street names, some could be in the running for a Pulitzer Prize.

There is no typical Key West policeman, but Patrolman Gary Armstrong falls somewhere between the extremes, without being average.

GARY MISSED BEING a native Key Wester by one year. He had lived here for 17 years when he joined the Key West Police Department at the age of 18 upon graduating from high school three years ago. Clean-cut, blond, and boyishly handsome, Gary looks like every girl's mother's ideal all-American young man. Nicknamed "John-Boy" by the sergeants on his watch (work shift), Al Mihalenko, Gary has also been dubbed "Kid Adrenalin" for his aggressive energy. When he first joined the force, he was too aggressive, according to some close observers. "He'll make a good cop once he loses that cowboy attitude," said one.

A policeman is sworn to enforce the laws, but he is given liberal discretionary powers to decide when and how he does so. Any policeman could make a dozen arrests and write a dozen tickets



Gary Armstrong fills out reports at the end of his watch.

on a medium-slow watch, but when three to six patrolmen and officers are on duty in a city of 30,000, in comparison with the ideal of two patrolmen to every 1000 residents, it is considered the best policy to keep the men on the road and free to answer emergency calls. During the one full watch and two half watches when I rode with Gary, he probably could have filled the city jail by himself if he had arrested all those

observed committing arrestable infractions.

THOSE WHO SPEED slightly are followed for a few blocks. Cars with loud mufflers and damaged taillights are given close scrutiny, but if nothing else seems to be out of order they are not stopped. The eye is quicker than the hand when it comes to drinking in public. Gary usually spots the beer can before the drinker spots him. The drinker hides the can behind his leg and greets Gary's stern glare with an angelic expression. Sometimes Gary merely makes a pouring gesture, sometimes he says, "Dump it out," sometimes he says, "I'm not blind, brother," and the beer is splashed into the gutter. The realization that it would take at least a half hour to arrest and book the drinker is tempered by the universal hope among policemen that around the next corner is someone just about to be mugged, who will be saved by the timely arrival of the law.

We were driving down Eaton from Porter Place, after answering a false fire alarm, when Gary looked in the rearview mirror and said, "What's going on here?" He pulled over to the curb and cut the lights. A compact car with out-of-state tags sped past. - Gary turned on the lights, white and blue, and started after the car. The car did not slow down.

"Oh, oh," said Gary. "I think I recognize the car. I bet they're cops."

The passenger turned on the interior light and displayed a portable revolving blue light.

"Customs," said Gary.

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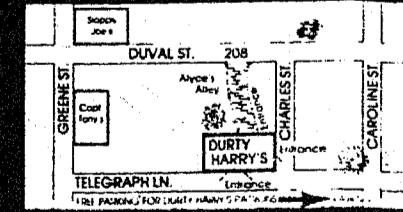
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A little later we passed by the Sheriff's Office! An unusual number of cars were gathered there, including the speeder we had followed.

"Something's going on," said Gary, and we pulled into the driveway. A deputy explained that someone had threatened a Customs agent with a gun, then indicated that he wanted to speak with Gary alone.

AFTER WE WERE in the police van again, Gary told me what the deputy said. A few weeks ago there had been a report in the Key West Citizen that a sheriff deputy had answered a complaint about gunshots out in the boondocks. The deputy reported that he found off-duty city policemen target practicing. Gary said that he was one of them and he had just been told that Captain Larry Meggs (third in command at the Sheriff Department) had sent word down through the ranks that Gary was to be told that he would be arrested next time he was caught target practicing.

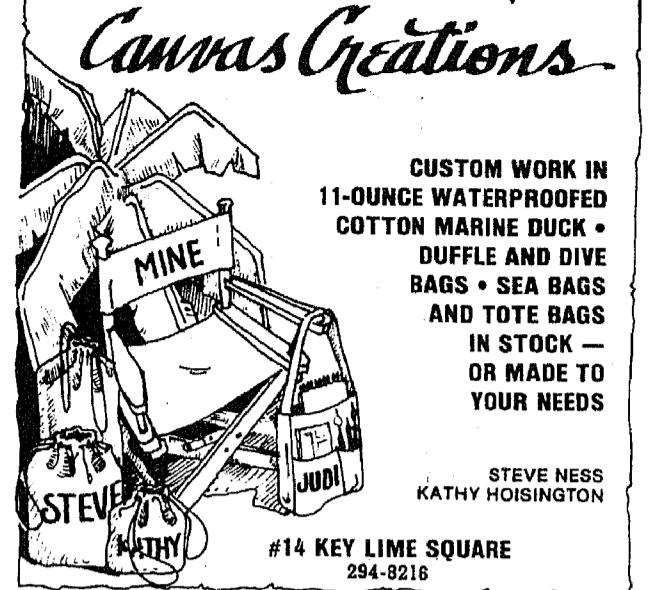
Gary was incensed. It is common practice, he said, for the police to shoot in out-of-the-way areas of the Keys, since they have no pistol range, and the Navy range is seldom available for their use. He felt the Sheriff Department should be more understanding.

I asked Sheriff Billy Freeman about his reaction to the incident. He said that the police are expected to obey the law forbidding the firing of guns in the Keys, which is a wildlife refuge, and that any of his deputies caught firing weapons would be suspended, since they are expected to know better.

WE MET WITH City Commissioner Alton Weekley at Mallory Dock to exchange gossip about the street scene and the coming contract talks between the City and the Police. Weekley often rides with the police and roams the city in his own car to keep tabs on nighttime activities. After we parted company with the 29-year-old Weekley, Gary said, "I like the Commissioner. He's young at heart."



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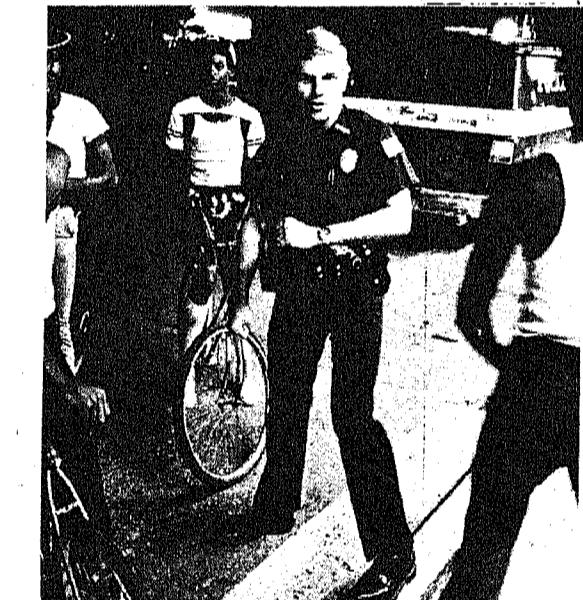
STEVE NESS  
KATHY HOISINGTON

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We found a tattooed lady at the center of a crowd in the parking lot at Fleming and Duval. She had apparently aggravated an old knee injury and was having trouble walking. The ambulance attendant, who frequently parks his vehicle at the corner, said there was nothing he could do, so someone helped the lady into a truck cab. Later we saw her walking around downtown.

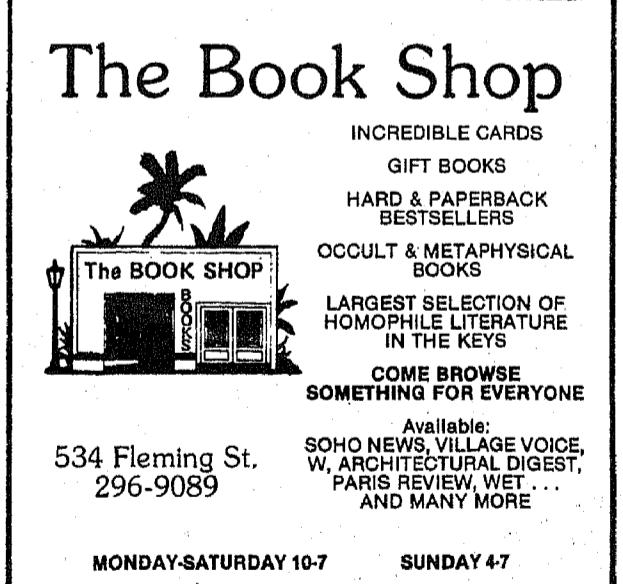
A FEW NIGHTS after that, Gary was called to back up a rookie on a complaint at the West Key Bar regarding customers gambling for drinks. The tattooed lady was dancing topless on the stage. I mentioned it to Gary after we left. He had been so intent on sorting out the gambling complaint that he hadn't noticed her.

GARY STOPPED A 16-year-old pregnant girl whom he had picked up before. He asked her how things were going. She



Gary lectures bicycle riders.

is one of those who seem to fall into the cracks between the social service agencies. Gary is also unable to do



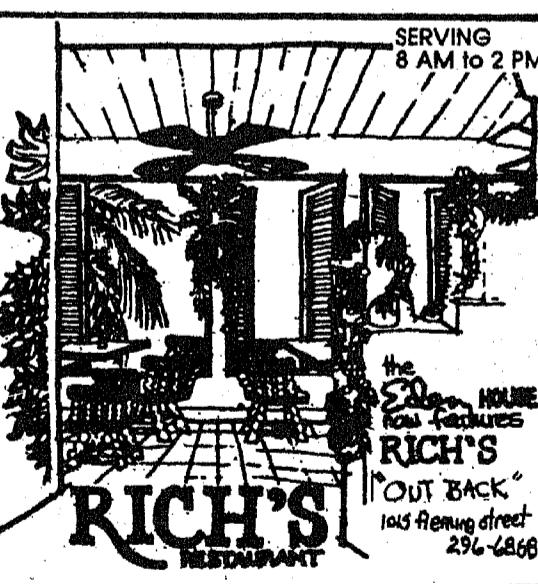
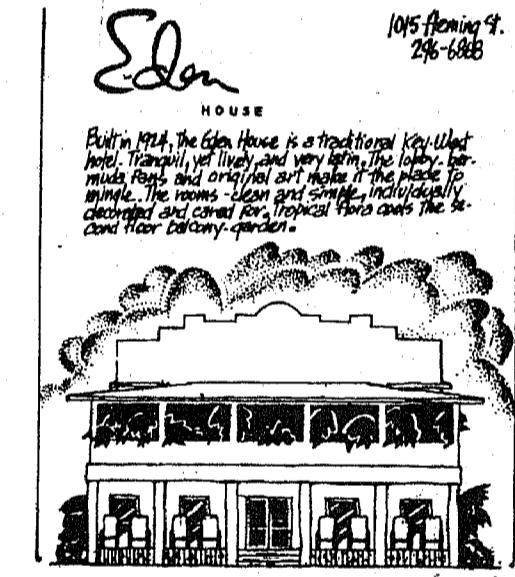
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anything but shake his head and worry and ask her how things are going.

A young woman was running down the sidewalk, and Gary slowed down to see if she was just in a hurry or if someone was chasing her. Just in a hurry.

A group of young boys on bicycles were all over the street, none of them with lights. Gary pulled them over and lectured them.

A car ran through a red light. Gary pulled the car over and told the driver that he was just warning him and that if he had killed or injured someone by running a red light he would feel worse than he would if he had gotten a ticket.

A MAN WAS REPORTED to be walking down Truman apparently drunk. When we arrived in the general vicinity, Gary spotted a man bleeding from a head wound at a public telephone. He had been mugged from behind and hadn't seen his assailants clearly. They didn't find any money in his wallet, but had taken his cigarettes. The ambulance was called to treat the wound, which was bleeding profusely but was not serious. Gary told the victim to get into the van, and we drove around the area looking for the muggers. We didn't see anyone who fit the vague description the victim gave.

The three nights I rode with Gary were unusually slow nights, so we had opportunities to discuss some details of practical police law. Policemen who may be competent in day to day street work often fall apart when it comes to presenting a case in court. Gary said that he feels a firm knowledge of the law is essential to good police work.

"I fell in love with my police handbook when I first got it," Gary said. "I used to take it to bed with me and read it at night. When the new one came out, it was like getting a birthday present. Law is really interesting when you dig into it."

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I was reading through arrest reports at random to find out how well they were written. One veteran officer wrote that "this person

has no regard for law and order," which may have been true enough, but meaningless on an arrest report.

Gary Armstrong found another way to say the same thing in legal language regarding a subject he arrested. He cited an obscure statute relating to "habitual misdemeanants" in a well written and researched report.

It seems that Gary's aggressive energy has been channeled in a new direction, and the former "cowboy" is turning into a lawyer.

SOME REMARKS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21 of staying within the available money remains an open question.

GOVERNOR GRAHAM has appointed a screening committee for applicants from the Lower Keys who may be interested in serving on the Board of Governors of the Florida Keys Memorial Hospital. This nine member board will have one vacancy on September 12.

All interested applicants should contact:

Screening Committee for the Lower Florida Keys Hospital Board  
Box 2134  
Key West, FL 33040

All who apply should include a full resume and any other documents which will identify their qualifications to serve in this capacity.

Postmark deadline for all applications is September 10, 1979.

ANOTHER SCREENING COMMITTEE has been set up by the governor for the Historic Key West Preservation Board. This seven man board has 2 vacancies at present and will have another vacancy on October 17 and another on November 12.

If you are interested in applying for one of these vacancies, you may contact the Chairman in writing at the following address:

Screening Committee for the Historic Key West Preservation Board  
Box 2134  
Key West, FL 33040

All who apply should include a full resume and any other documents which will identify their qualifications to serve in this capacity.

For more information about either of these Boards, contact Bill Smith at 296-8808.

## Ernest Hemingway Home and Museum

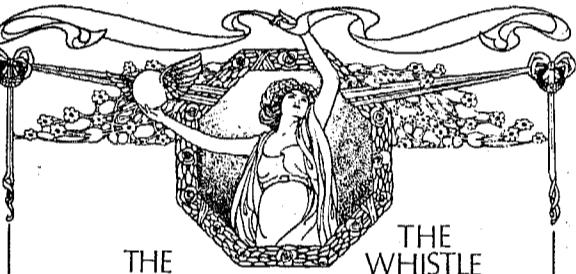
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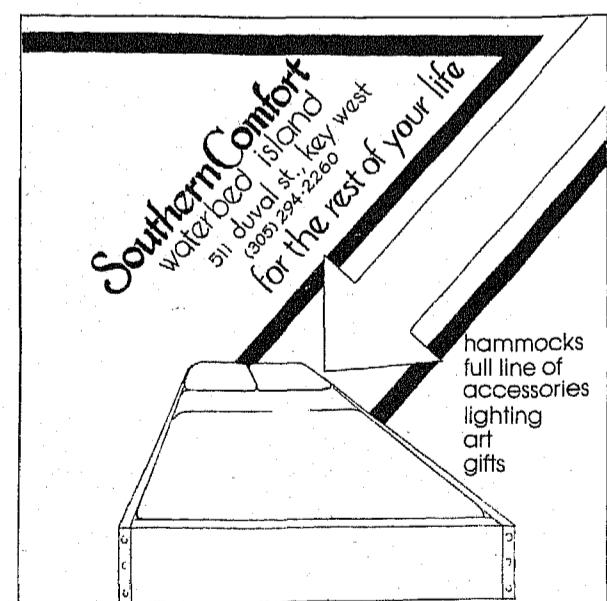
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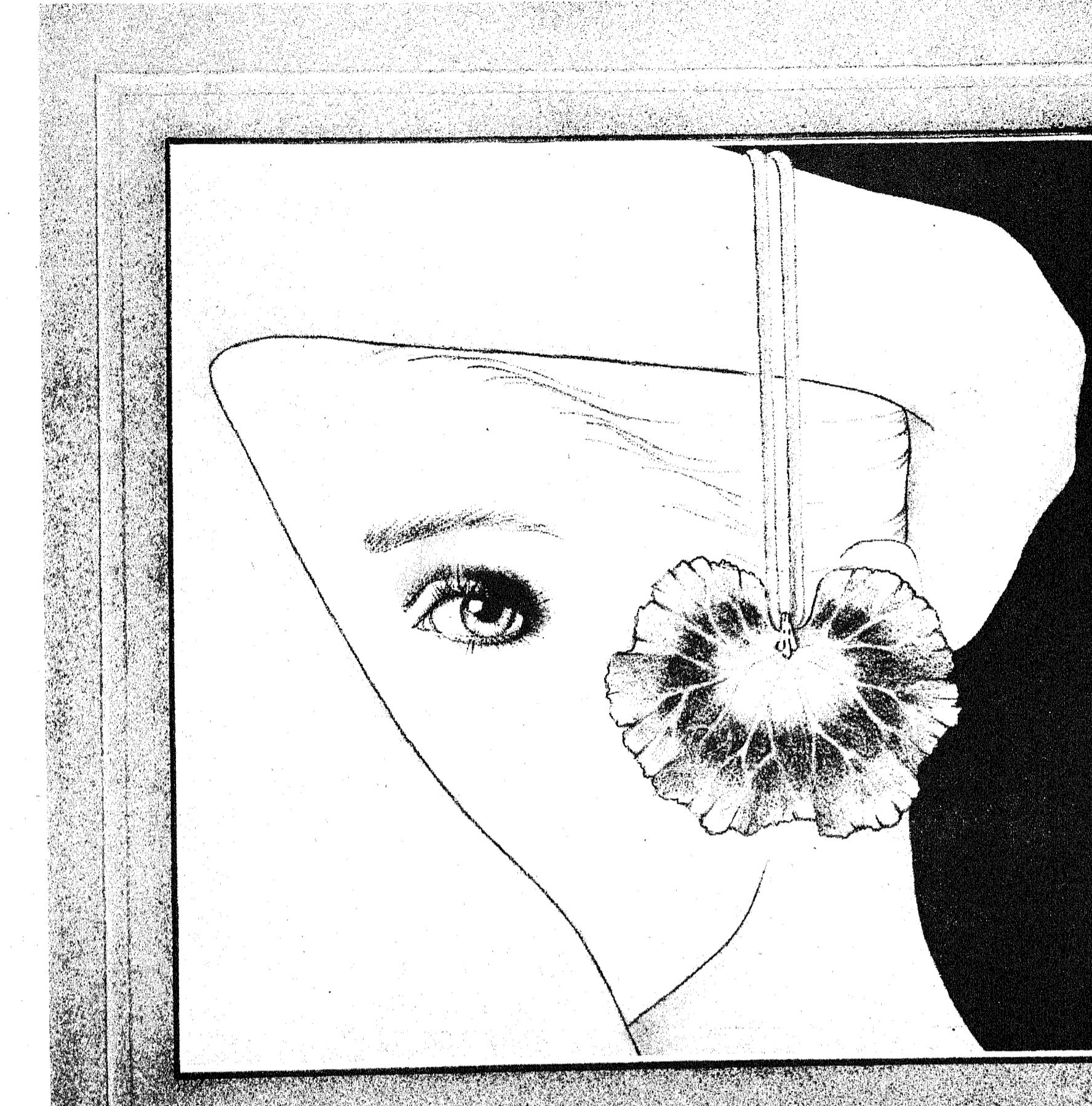
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## KEY WEST CLUNKERS

BY MARGO MCCOLLUM PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

"U.S. #1: THE HIGHWAY THAT GOES TO SEA." "Key West: The End of the Road." That fabulous four-lane funnels flocks of visitors into our two-lane paradise of potholes. It's just a jaunt for most folks, but for hundreds of "what've we got to lose(rs)" it's the last ride. When winter gets too blustery to bear, they load the old clunker with flea market treasures and pray she'll make one more trip.

When, and if, "Betsy" or "Beulah" (all clunkers have names, you know) coughs into town, they park her where she peters out. And there she stays. The old gal serves as a storage bin for bulky belongings that won't fit in Conch closets. A receptacle for someday Goodwill donations. A sleeping-haven for hapless hippies. A breakable windshield for roving thugs. Whatever her destiny, Betsy isn't about to wheeze back up the highway. She's conched out at the end of the road.

YOU KNOW THE BETSYS. Their trunks are tied with twine. Doors don't open. Windows don't roll. Horns don't honk. Many still have four wheels, flats notwithstanding. Those that do run sound like crawfish boats chugging across the island.

One of my favorites is a friend's "Vintage Mercedes." He described it as a sporty 1959, with sunroof and original interior. When I finally got a glimpse of it, I was awestruck. The top was snipped off around the door frames, leaving a gaping hole that could be considered a sunroof. It could also be considered a mistake in the event of rain.

"No problem," my friend said. "Just drape this plastic poncho over the top, tuck it in, and shut the door." It didn't really matter, anyway, he explained. "On the open road, the windshield creates an air foil, and the rain blows over. It's the stoplights that soak you." The Merc was a conehead on wheels that night. An oar stood rigid under the hooded green raincoat. Jumper cables dangled overhead. Moonlight played on gossamer white tufts spilling from the red leather. "Yep, she's a honey," he declared. "I wouldn't sell her for \$1500." I was inclined to agree with him.

AND HOW ABOUT those renovated school buses? Love 22's red, white and blue flagship. The olive drab with shingles and a smokestack. The big brown number with a back porch full of babies. They're the counterculture's Winnebagos. The mellow fellow's "Wreck Vees."

Speaking of RV's, I know everyone loves to see the caravans lumber down our tiny streets. Middle America has packed up the family, the port-a-potty, and a full stock of groceries and beer in the camper. They sleep there. They

eat there. They watch TV there, with generators rumbling through the night. They prefer quiet side streets to campgrounds, moving daily to avoid sabotage by sleepless citizens. The greedier ones demand waterfront perches, and set up shop at the Gulf end of Simonton. There they can wash pots, pans, and clothing in the sea, ogle locals trying to ignore them, and stash trash and bottles behind rocks and ledges. It's truly a pleasure to share our island with these economy-boosters who ask so little in return.



Uriel Starbuck and his mermaid bicycle at Mallory Sunset

Of course, we citizens make our own contributions to the parade. Bicycles outnumber autos, running the gamut from Conch cruisers to 12-speeds. None, however, is more conspicuous than the "De-

corated Bike." A mermaid with wig, hat, and blouse juts like a figurehead from the bow. Gaily colored paper flutters from spokes and handlebars. Bringing up the rear is some sort of shark fin or fishtail. The 10-foot contraption streams down to sunset nightly, to the accompaniment of screeching rental car brakes and snapping instamatics.

THERE MAY BE A gas shortage up in America, but you'd never know it by Duval Street on Saturday night. Lincolns, Caddies, and Rivieras cruise continuously, their faceless drivers slouched behind tinted windows.

No one can accuse our mayor of furthering the gas crunch. I was once treated to a ride in his electric three-wheeler. As we hummed down Roosevelt, the juice started to fail, and by the time we hit Elizabeth and Eaton, we had a blackout. We coasted to my yard, lifted the little car onto the sidewalk, and searched for 50 feet of extension cords. It was a lost cause. We hauled it back to the street, and Mayor McCoy rolled off in the direction of City Electric.

BEING REMOTE FROM the route of free-ways and exit ramps, islanders have devised some unique forms of transportation. Try to find a Conch Train in Cleveland. Or a carriage drawn by dancing dobbies in rubber diapers. (By the way, their diapers aren't stoolproof. My bike spun out on a donut last week.) Though they're not really vehicles, we can't overlook the grocery carts piled high with beer cans. From dawn to dusk they clatter around Old Town, often propelled by mumbbling men in beanies. At least we're no longer plagued by tourists careening down Solares Hill in brakeless fringed surreys. This year's gimmick was roller skating sandwich boards. I hardly dare speculate on next season. Pogo sticks? Rickshaws? Gondolas for the rainy season?

THE MOST ORIGINAL entry has yet to hit the streets. What strikes terror in the heart at first sight? What can send grown men scurrying for cover? What prompts frantic calls of emergency? The Mosquito Plane! Remember your first time? I do. Alarmed by an ominous roar, I rushed out to see an old DC3 barreling in low, smoke spewing from every orifice. "Good Lord, he's going down!" I cried. An old Conch nearby shrugged off my shrieks with a chuckle. "Shoot, he's just spraying for mosquitoes." Great, I thought. It's not a fiery finish. Just a plane dusting us with pesticides. The old-timer was still laughing, but I couldn't hear him. A squadron of Navy jets drowned him out.

September -- that time of change  
fresh wind from the north  
golden days filled with magic  
and mystery of the equinox.

September -- the time of summer  
running toward winter  
trailing her tattered emerald cloak  
into the darkening sea.

September -- the time of finding you  
and thrashing through four seasons  
of exploration and tumult  
and ecstasy and change to

September -- the time of  
binding you to me by spider  
webs of promises, vows, friendships  
and families

And again September, our first year  
of two as one, holding as many  
seasons as life, beckoning toward  
September to September to forever...

Cas Still



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I keep having this nightmare: Gigantic, grimy stone walls looming ominously up thru a foggy darkness; shadowy figures pacing endlessly across their tops, rifles slung over their shoulders; the icy sticks of an occasional search light stabbing thru the stifling blackness. I am in a tiny, dimly lit cell, crouched over a work table. It turns out I'm in the New Hampshire State Prison making license plates that read "Live Free or Die"! I scream... "Ayyyy!" A guard busts into the cell and says he has a black belt in Tofu and I better shut up or...

I wake up in a cold sweat feeling an uncontrollable desire for tofunofish, one of the outrageous selections from the creative menu at the Orchid Tree. Feverishly I pedal to that friendly oasis of healthful eating only to find upon arrival that... it's 2:30 in the morning! Ayyyy...

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