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VOL. VI NO. 7

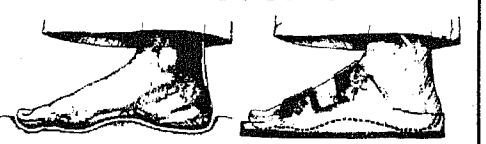
KEY WEST, FL.

AUGUST 1981





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A LEGEND IN THE TIME

FROM THE EDITOR

Hello

Amy De Poo has not been writing for Solares Hill recently as many people have brought to my attention. I know, I know; hopefully, after a good vacation she again will be with us. I miss her, also.

Congratulations to new County Attorney Lucien Proby for leading the battle to get the Airport Lounge reopened. For so long this necessary facility has been tied up in stupid litigation. County Attorney Proby untied the litigation by doing his homework and by proving the rightness of the County's position. A very good start in a difficult job.

I guess a lot of people know that Bill Westray will be a candidate for the City Commission this year. Please let me say that this is some of the best news for Key West that I could imagine. A truly, truly fine man.

Hey, how about returning that park bench that sat under the beautiful tree at the old Stone Church on Simonton Street? This is one of the great places in Key West to sit and for too long there has been no bench there.

Despite the City Commission's vote to have the fence at South Beach taken down, it still stands. As I understand it, even though the city may be liable to pay for fence expenses because it permitted the fence to go up in the first place, a Building Department official said that the fence will come down shortly.

What happened to the City's law suit against the businesses that seemed to be encroaching on the bridle path on South Roosevelt Boulevard?

One of the loveliest periwinkle gardens I've ever seen surrounds the pool at the Pier House. A couple of months ago these flowers were at their most magnificent and provided a sumptuous treat for the periwinkle fan.

Who do you trust these days? In the Miami Herald on July 29 an article on the Keys page read in part:

The Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority is backing down on a commitment to a federal agency to build its new North Key Largo spur pipeline on the opposite side of the highway from the proposed Crocodile Lake National Wildlife Refuge. To comply with the commitment, which the authority stated in newspaper advertisements, would cost too much, take too long and might lead to even higher water rates, said Authority Director Jack Maloy.

The reasoning attributed to F.K.A.A. Director Maloy for breaking this commitment is unsatisfactory. Hiding behind a threat of higher rates - a great red flag to the already heavily burdened consumer - Maloy appears to be offhandedly tossing away an important agreement with the Wildlife Federation. I would think that it would be very possible that a law suit could be filed against the F.K.A.A. for breaking its commitment and this law suit surely would cause a delay which then could well result in the higher water rates Maloy warns about. We will be watching this closely.

See you next month.

WJ

Our cover artist this time is F.R. Fowler. His work may be seen at Moira's Gallery, 11 Key Lime Square.

Two BROTHERS

BY PHOEBE COAN

THIS IS A story about two brothers. They illuminate that wonderful Key West tradition of "Bubba." In a time when some may feel themselves lonely, alienated at the core - a time when the harmony of a brotherhood of

health and excellent spirits. He springs from a courtly breed of public servants who truly care about their fellow man.

ON A PALM-CLACKING, breezy spring



PHOTO BY JOANN SAVIO

John and Eva Rivas (left); Doris and Everett

man is often neutralized by the war-mongering and self-interested world we are told to live in - these two peaceful Key West Conchs were heartening to encounter. They gave affirmation to the rich old ways we must not forget, lest we lose too much.

"WE TRY NOT to disagree with contempt," says Everett R., of his relationship with his brother, John D. Rivas.

"We let people find things out for themselves, rather than hurt their feelings unnecessarily," chimes John.

AT THE AGE of 77, Everett Rivas is a very mellow and contemplative Spanish gentleman. His eyes are dark and luminous and all-knowing. He is in good

day with every tree nodding and alive, we talked at the homey and comfortable house on Staples Avenue, where he and his wife Doris have lived for 40 years. Wonderful ivy vines traced their way upon the livingroom walls, and white mums in the cut glass vase on the diningroom table bestowed a cheerfulness.

Everett resembles a general at first look, but does not have the pushy manner. He is a sensitive man. "I believe in a mother's love," he says, "I believe in that." He was referring to the slumped form of my five-year-old, nestled at my shoulder, "taking five" on the comfy sofa while we chatted.

"YEARS AGO THIS was a lime grove," Doris told me, reminiscing.

"There were three boys in our

family," Everett was saying. "Maurice, the oldest, now lives in Miami. He's a retired seaman and chief engineer." John is the youngest and there's eight years between him and Everett, the middle son. "John's like my son," says Everett. "Nobody better hurt my brother!" He speaks with all the intensity he must have felt in past years, for he had always been very protective towards his brother.

"John is lots of fun to be with," adds Doris.

"OUR DAD WAS born in New Orleans, and moved as a child to Key West," said John. "I've prowled around New Orleans myself, but never did sleep there. Always got the boat or train out."

The great-grandparents originated from Barcelona where Rivas is a well-known name. As keeper of the family heirlooms, Everett holds the shoe brush of John Sands (his brother's namesake), still useful, from Civil War days.

A RETIRED CIVIL Service worker, Everett also was with the Sheriff's Department.

In 1927 he was Monroe County's first motorcycle traffic patrolman. One time while on duty at No Name Key, a fellow hurt his back and shoulder badly while on the ferry. The ambulance was delayed and the poor man was groaning unbearably, so the kindly Everett hoisted him on his shoulder and sped off towards the Galey Hospital in Key West for help. There he stayed with him and assisted the doctor. The following year, a Christmas card arrived with money, which Everett promptly returned. He didn't want payment for helping somebody. "It's a pleasure to help somebody. The thought was payment enough. Why be paid just for being human? This is what any of us should do in an emergency," he feels.

EVERETT WAS ALSO a court bailiff of 10 years, a police captain for two years. He helped bust a big counterfeit ring at that time. He was 18 when he first started police work. "I had an inclination for it," he says.

He served the first four years as a policeman in Tampa, but then returned to Key West when his dad got sick. "If I were a millionaire I'd have my own hand-picked police department.

"I was one, if a violator was there, to speak in terms of the golden rule."

IN THE LATE 20s there was a well-liked fellow in town called Billy Ward. This was a pseudonym for James Frances Moynihan, a rather notorious jewel thief. He had come to Key West to spend winters like a tourist. He was friendly and said he felt safe here. Everyone accepted him, he played his role so well - acted like such a gentleman. "I liked him a lot," says Everett. Of course he never revealed his occupation. "My people's got money," he told folks. One time he left on a morning



train to Miami Beach and there was a jewel theft in the afternoon. He returned on the afternoon train and did his usual ... drive his Essex up and down Duval, calling his hellos. Later he returned to New York where another big heist occurred. He was linked to the crime, and picked up after somebody squealed on him.

"HE HAD A lot of nerve! Sent Xmas cards from the penitentiary in New York, but never returned to Key West," chuckles Everett.

EVERETT ALSO SPENT a number of enjoyable years working as an electrician on the Navy base.

His first and only child, Everett Jr., carries on the same easy-going disposition and desire to help others, with or without thanks. "He loves his Uncle John too," says Everett intensely. There are also two fine grandchildren in the family; his grandson is currently a policeman in Houston. His son is a civil service worker at Boca Chica.

"NO ONE MAN can do all he wants," philosophizes Everett.

His hobby when growing up was always baseball or horses. "I rode the meanest until he was wet."

"Our baseball group was really together. If we didn't behave we got sent home. If we didn't have bats we pulled off pickets from a fence to use. If we didn't have balls, we used black ribbed stockings."

"KEY WEST USED to be salt ponds out this way, across Flagler. For many years the tide went up depositing salt on the rocks. Key West supplied a third of the salt for the nation. It was shipped by the Mallory lines. This was when it was a-hustle and a-bustle, and I was too young to remember it," he says.

"FIRST IT WAS an Army town and then a Navy town because of the politics at that time, which didn't really have that much influence on people's thinking."

"But, the government HAS been a lifeline to the people, I have seen. It has tried to serve the people. It has become more efficient. The system of checks and balances will curtail any radicalness of government."

"I see good intentions, in general," Everett reports.

"I ENJOY MY marriage more than anything else about my life," he states. There is a free flow between husband and wife, I notice. A good companionship. The impression of many days of peace and tranquility hang in suspension there. When it is peaceful, there is plenty of time.

EVERETT REMEMBERS 1912 and Flagler hailing all the kids of his generation.

He says all those youngsters then could now remember when President Taft came for the opening of the Panama Canal. Taft was staying at the Fogarty House (now Dedeck's restaurant across from the Bull on Duval). At that time, he recalls, it was the "cat's meow" to have a skull cap. Taft touched all the kids, and they loved it. "Key West was good in the old days. There was no cut-throat competition among friends. We only wanted to help each other out."

"HAPPY CHILDREN GROW up to become happy adults," says Everett of childhood.

Doris remembers clearly, with unchanged childlike delight, the joy of shimmying up the old gas lamp post at the head of Pinder Lane. Her cohorts, Thelma and Buster Knowles and Corabell Billberry, accompanied her in many zesty games of Klee-Klee and Hide 'n' Seek. She remembers the emotional security at that time.

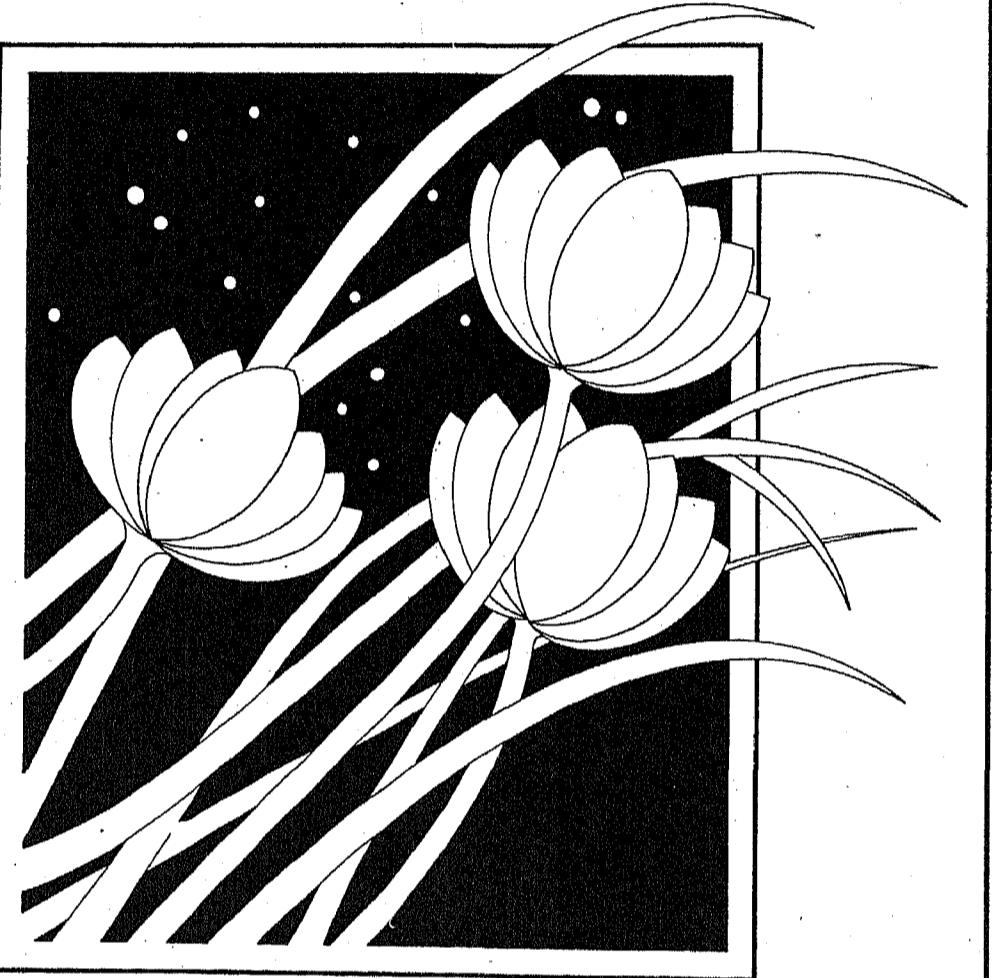
"PEOPLE WERE LIKE ants downtown at Kress," Doris says. Halloween on Duval she related as really something. Parents dressed up with their children and it would be so packed you could hardly walk the street.

LIFE AT THAT time was grouped around a 9:00 curfew. It kept the kids off the street, and became a way of living. The fire bell would blow and stores closed. The police enforced it unless you were with your parents. "If the bell rang, we held on tight to our parent's hand," Doris remembers. "You didn't need to lock your car. If it rained someone would close the windows for you if you forgot. If you dropped your wallet it would be returned. You didn't have to be afraid."

IN KEY WEST at that time, all you could see was the white uniforms of Navy guys. You could recognize your neighbor's car coming home, by its sound. It was a quieter time. A calmer time. A slower time, she concurs ... a wonderful time.

THE BROTHERS AGREE that in a close family, the love is evenly divided. And again, they have told me how they most cherish a loyal friend. So, it would seem that babbas beget more babbas.

JOHN D. RIVAS, a charming man, lives in a lovely Florida-type home with his devoted wife Eva. Both are native to Key West also, and have a boy John (36) and a girl, Carol Henning (38) of Sarasota, and five grandchildren as well.



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KEY WEST, FLORIDA

AUGUST 1981

FANTASY FEST '81

WEEK OF OCT. 26 - NOV. 1

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Fantasy Fest '79 and '80 established the event as one of the biggest and most exciting in the Key West calendar.

This year, the town - especially stores, restaurants, hotels and guesthouses - is asking for a full week of festivities.

It is as if everyone in town wants to be part of Key West's Fantasy Fest '81.

— Michael Buller, Festival Director

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:
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- Fantasy Fest '81 Children's Day: Monday October 26
- Special Events, Shows, Costumes, Parades, Prizes for Children

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FANTASY FOOD FEST

- A festival of Key West food: Sunday November 1

COSTUMES GALORE

- Fantasy Fest '81 promises more inspired and imaginative costumes than ever before

FLOATS ON PARADE

- Each year the Parade of Floats grows more fantastic!

OTHER EXCITING EVENTS

- To be announced



The Sphinx (above) and a cast of dozens won the Float Grand Prize in Fantasy Fest '80.

LEGAL NOTICE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Be advised that the Key West

Tourist Development Association,

sponsors and creators of the

"Fantasy Festival," have caused

to be registered with the Secre-

tary of State, State of Florida, the

phrases "Fantasy Festival" and

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acquiring the exclusive legal right

to use said phrases and any other

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WANTED

The organizers of Fantasy Fest '81 welcome offers of volunteer work in any capacity to assist in the preparation and running of FF '81.

Please call 296-7682.

STOP PRESS

Exciting prizes
to be announced

Signed (Rick Easton)
President of Key West Tourist
Development Association

"I feel beautiful and in good health," he says. Both he and Eva miss the big band sound and the wonderful joyous dances they once attended, more than any of the other things they have seen pass on.

JOHN IS AN extremely sweet person. I noticed the way he held my papers down when the fan ruffled them up. And the way he pushed the cookie bowl closer to me. He and Eva listened closely when I spoke of my family, for they care a great deal about children.

Outside their porch is hung with wonderful staghorn ferns; you could see them peeking out from the glass doors of the livingroom. This is a comfortable and tastefully-decorated retreat. Eva loves gardening and crocheting, and these special touches are evident. The kindness of the people--their consideration--can be experienced.

JOHN WAS 30 years a civil servant. He started at the Key West Naval Station. Later he went to the seaplane base; then to Boca Chica; after that he was a school guard at Douglass. Then he began work at the Florida First National Bank where he is still happily employed at 71. He enjoys meeting people there more than anything. I saw his sweetness in action when I went to the bank one day. It would be hard not to respond to such generosity of spirit.

John is much remembered from year to year by many of the bank's snowbird depositors. He says he loves his work at the bank, and making folks feel comfortable.

JOHN ALSO MANAGED a little league team and has been active in the Shriners. When I asked him about kids, he said: "Oh, heavens yes! We live for our kids. Kids were always in our yard."

When I asked him what he most enjoyed about his life, he indicated Eva and said: "That piece of gold right there." She's a devoted member of the I Care Ladies club (wives of the

Shriners). And she's indeed a caring person.

THE GEIGERS, great-grandparents to the boys, were the first to own what is now known as the Audubon House. Doris says Everett is a real look-alike for his great granddad.

The brothers say that the Geiger house is very well built. They talk about the back porch being 20 feet wide. They say cooking was done in the little house out back, for the smell of food was unwanted in the big house.

ADA BERTHA (of the Sands family) was their mother. She is described by her sons as being strict but good. She was fair, they agree, but stricter than their father. John remembers what a good sport she was when she allowed herself to be stuffed into the back of his Model T (his pride and joy) along with nine others to head for a Sodality Youth convention in St. Pete. There were two ferries to deal with, and it was an all-day trip. "We just kept our fingers crossed," John reports.

RAMOS RIVAS, the boys' father, was a fireman. He always drove the three-horse-hitch fire truck (first in the state), and was lucky as a fireman. He was also often used as a translator of Spanish when necessary. "He had just the right conviction in his voice," says John. "I always wanted to be like him he was."

"He was our hero," says Everett. "Better than Superman."

"WE HAD A good mother and a good daddy," John says. "For dad, we were the center of his universe."

Everett recalled the one time he got a big punishment: "Boys have their own opinions. They imagine themselves to be right, until an adult sets them right. Once I determined to take out my dad's three-horse hitch ... a fiasco! Between sweat and mud," he remembers, "my daddy was white with

rage." In the feed room his dad's old friend and sidekick tried to cool him down.

"After school I had to stay home and couldn't play with my friends for a week--which was very steep punishment for me."

BOTH BROTHERS SAY they never paddled their kids, and would only punish them when a serious offense occurred. They prefer using words. "Don't punish in anger," they advise. "Better to talk and explain. Honey attracts more flies than vinegar," Everett reiterated. He has also applied this philosophy to being a police officer.

"MY DADDY HAD oodles of friends," John goes on to say. "All the Rivases got friends. If we don't have them, we make them!"

Says John: "Friends are the one thing in the world. You have to BE a friend. Everybody loved my daddy. They knew he really cared. We tried to live up to his model and pass it on to the kids."

JOHN'S HANDS SHOOT out like little birds, here and there, gesturing as if to emphasize and punctuate as he talks.

He recalls being punished for playing hooky from his piano lessons. The teacher had made inquiries. "I learned a lesson," after not being able to play with the other kids for a while." Everett says that he sees mischievousness as normal in children.

"An unprotected child is like a small animal left out in the open. He is so vulnerable and sensitive, adults forget. Small ones get taken advantage of," says Everett.

IN HIS WORK he has also seen that many parents will overprotect when their child is in certain situations. "My child wouldn't do that," they'll insist defensively. He says this is in sincere and biased truth, and bad for parents who can't know every minute

what their kids are up to.

"Kids have to let it out some way. Problems of violence stem from problems at home, usually," he reflects.

"BUT YOU HAVE to be understanding," Everett insists. He related that once the kids in his neighborhood broke a small poinciana tree he had rooted. He mended it and without malice talked with them. "Kids need lots of talking to." The tree grew again. "You don't need to bawl them out; if you just tell them, they can learn. Nobody likes being lectured to and moralizing."

Bad dispositions, the brothers

agree, make many couples unable to produce a nurturing environment for their children. Lots of them don't want the kids 'til they get them, to begin with. Today many kids grow up with the grandparents being less involved with the family than once grandparents were. Grandparents today just want to lead their own lives. They don't take the time as with many things. Everything's a 'bother,'" the brothers agree.

"We have tried to help the kids and the elderly folks too. Good comes back to you," Everett has seen.

The brothers concur that in the old days people were closer because inside and out of the family group, there was more compassion for other people's feelings. People tried to think before speaking and mauling, perhaps ... and they really took the time with each other. "Parents are the ones who can help love to thrive," the brothers agree. "Parents can make or break a child."

"WE HAD COMPANIONSHIP ... a perfect family," says Everett. "Kids can't respect emotional wrecks. The right tone of voice and the love are what children respond to.

"Do not teach using fear as a tactic," they emphasize. "There is less respect today due to the lack of companionship. Kids need a rapport."

EVERETT SAYS THAT as a result of the working mother after WWII, kids got neglected, and the quality of parenting got watered down. Consequently, we have unhappy adults creating an unhappy world that could be beautiful if the beauty didn't get missed.

"We have to help one another pass the time of day," says John, his eyes gleaming. He was sorely missed by the bank's customers when he was recently out sick. "Friends are the one thing in the world. You have to do favors for your friends, be a good listener, be sincere. All the Rivases have got friends!"

"GOD'S LAW IS supreme, and if you try to follow it at least a little, you'd end up a better human being," says Everett. "I believe in doing unto others. If people would just think, 'How would I like that?', they might stop and think before stealing, or slapping or yelling or being inconsiderate ... but I don't stand for a slap in the face," he adds.

ANOTHER GOOD POINT Everett made was, "There are no strangers. I want to be friendly with everyone. I used to tell the young cops: 'Treat him right and do it orderly; you may need his help sometime.'"

There was a man who helped Everett when his dad was ill and in the past Everett had helped the man's child get to help in an emergency. It is this real exchange of good energy he praises --"It comes back good," he says.

"THROUGH GOD'S PRESENCE in man's

mind, we can do our best.

"You can't live in this world without a friend. Your shadow can't relate to another.

"I've lived my life good," says Everett. "I had hard times, but it's all been for good. I'd like to live it day by day if I had my life to do over again."

SAYS JOHN: "Don't toot your own horn; nobody likes that." I asked in parting if they had any suggestions for other brothers coming up. "Love one another," they wholeheartedly agreed.

Neon signs sleep in early afternoon while tourists hide from heat they thought they sought And neon signs stir around sunset the pina colada crowd snaps bad pictures from bar doorways (sunsets wouldn't happen without rum) But Key West really is a neon night town three a.m. Greene Street Duval Street they compete for blinking blue and orange bar people now are pairing and preparing to go home -- to sleep entwined like neon letters until dusk next day.

-- Carol Shaughnessy



Unique.....

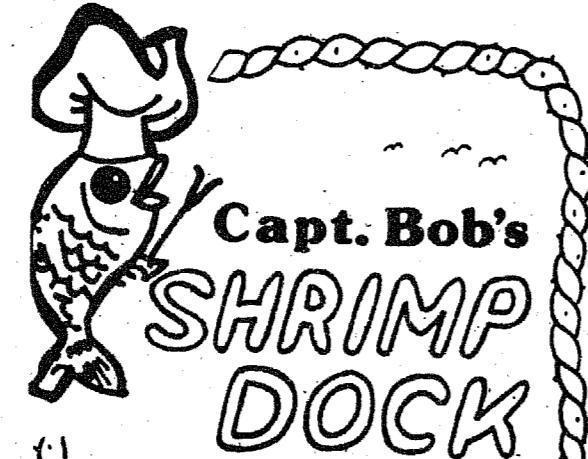
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NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

MOST COMMUNITIES HAVE a recluse or two living in self-imposed isolation and bearing the brand of "hermit." Key West is no exception, but true to the island's reputation of being independent, the most noted hermit on the Old Rock did not adhere to the usual hermit image or pattern.

The traditional picture of a hermit is a crabbed individual, bent with age and mental burden, plus the weight of a long, white beard, living in a cave or cabin in the hills far from the hub of civilization.

KEY WEST'S HERMIT lived in a three-story mansion which is now designated as Audubon House, a classic structure which faces on Whitehead Street in grounds that also border on Greene Street. The house is nestled in informal garden areas, with a patio region where parties and receptions are sometimes held. The plantings of tropical foliage and trees include an ancient tree in the front of the building, a Geiger tree, once painted by John James Audubon with white-crested pigeons in its branches.

AUDUBON VISITED KEY WEST around 1832 and was a guest in the residence of Capt. John Geiger, master pilot and salvager (polite term for wrecker), who built the house around 1822 with its three gables facing what was then the waterfront.

CAPT. GEIGER SOLD his dwelling to Capt. Joshua Smith, another salvage master and a bar pilot, between 1840 and 1850 and moved from Key West with his wife and 12 children. Capt. Smith and his family settled in the large house and lived in comparative luxury. The stately building was furnished with good furniture of the period, some salvaged from ships that were wrecked just offshore.

The surrounding grounds were well kept. Winding brick paths entwined in the back and side yards with decorative shrubbery, flowering trees and vines, edging manicured flower beds.

CAPT. JOSHUA SMITH married a lovely Key West girl named Crusoe; they had two sons, "Josh" and William Bradford. The latter became known as plain Willie Smith, subsequently the island's well-known hermit.

After the death of Capt. Joshua Smith, the family still maintained residence on Whitehead. Dora Crusoe, sister of Mrs. Joshua Smith, a spinster for all her life, also lived at the old mansion.

WILLIE'S BROTHER "JOSH" married; after "Josh"'s death, Willie resided in the old home with his mother and aunt, supporting them while they kept house for him. He followed in his father's wake, so to speak, and was also a bar pilot.

Those who knew him in his youth say he was a slender man of medium height with sandy hair and light eyes, not ruggedly handsome, but attractive. He was never a swaggerer, but he did have a circle of friends his own age, and like most young men, he fell in love.

THE GIRL'S NAME was Dulce. She was one of two daughters of the local Cuban consul. Dulce and Willie became known as "sweethearts," although there was no official announcement of engagement. When Willie at last proposed formally, Dulce rejected him. Her family planned to return to Cuba when her father's consulship term was completed, and she decided to

return to her homeland with her kin.

This desolated Willie Smith and was, say old friends, the beginning of his retreat from ordinary daily life.

At one time, he drove an Essex sedan, but eventually he removed the wheels and put the sedan body up on concrete blocks in the side yard of his home. It remained there until Smith's death years later, a sad reminder of more halcyon years.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH SR. died, and her sister, Miss Dora, also expired. William Bradford Smith was alone. His only direct relative was a niece, Virginia, daughter of his deceased brother "Josh." She lived near Jacksonville and there was no close attachment to anyone for Willie.

He began a gradual but marked withdrawal from the world about him, maintaining only brief contact with old friends and with his church affiliation with St. Mary, Star of the Sea Catholic church.

LONESOME WILLIE RETREATED from the ground floor of his house, to the second, and finally to the top of the building. He became antisocial and looked dissipated, say old acquaintances.

There was no indoor plumbing in the dwelling. When the city commission sought to enforce establishment of toilet facilities indoors, the story is that Smith stood guard with a shotgun and prevented entry to his property. There was a sturdy outhouse built in the back portion of the property and it was in use. A pump inside the house brought in well water for other purposes.

CHAMBERPOTS AND SLOP JARS were used on the top floor, and contents were removed to the outdoor "johnny" via a bucket lowered on a rope pulley arrangement down the side of the old house off Whitehead.

As the years passed, Smith used the same rope gadget to lower and raise a basket which was filled with food requirements--and probably with his liquor needs. For Willie took to the bottle in his loneliness and his situation of unrequited love.

IN FACT, I once invaded the jungle-like growth at the back of the house and discovered little bypaths paved with bottles upended in the soil. I recognized wine and whiskey containers and an assortment of beer bottles turned bottom-side up to form the meandering walkways and small sideplots. This indicated long periods of drinking. More hundreds of empty bottles were found in the interior of the house after Willie died.

The garden plots became a jungle of dense, tangled undergrowth, inhabited by birds and tribes of half-wild raccoons. "No trespassing" signs were smothered in climbing vines. Only the curious ventured past the delapidated gates and picket fence. The house was shuttered on the two lower floors and it had a shabby, haunted appearance.

WILLIE SMITH'S ESTRANGEMENT from fellow human beings continued, and he retreated into an almost microscopic circle of people who continued to contact him with some touch of the outside world.

Lucille Sanchez, mother of Dr. Jose Sanchez, was one of the faithful. She continued to deliver food to Smith who stayed hidden away at the top of the Audubon House. He never came down to earth, so to speak, except perhaps in secret. He drew the food basket up to his third-story room where he lived in solitary squalor with a cat.

HOW HE GOT his liquor remains a moot question, but he evidently continued alcoholism in his seclusion. It was said he used to feed the cat most of his delivered food. This was

Con't on p. 20

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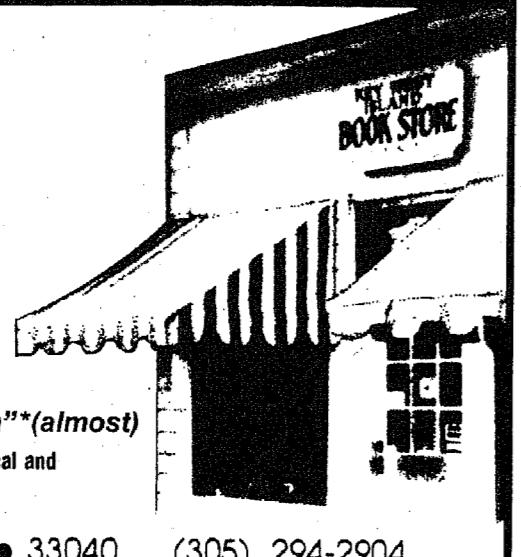
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torney for Monroe County. "All of the victims had indicated to me that they will be present for the trial. He /McArthur/ wanted the cases prosecuted. I'll be surprised if we don't hear from him."

Ptomey said one of the victims, David Goldyn of Jackson Heights, N.Y., plans to return to Key West for the trial. Goldyn suffered a head wound that required X-rays at Florida Keys Memorial Hospital.

But the man who sustained the worst injuries in the senseless assaults, John McArthur, a former employee of Fast Buck Freddie's, has moved away from Key West, to Tucson, Arizona. McArthur suffered a broken nose, minor concussion resulting in double vision in one eye, and two black eyes in the early evening attacks.

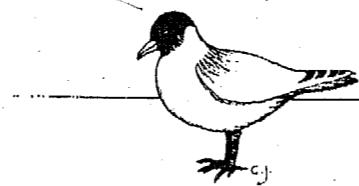
"HIS TESTIMONY WILL be critical," says Reagan Ptomey, assistant state at-

July was news to prosecutor Ptomey. "If his whereabouts is unknown, then we won't be able to notify him of the trial date. The case may depend on whether we can get him back or not."

Ptomey calls the violence "almost a springtime tradition here in Key West. And none of the victims knew any of these kids. It was just one stranger against another for no reason at all."

McARTHUR, WHO LIVED in Key West for three years, said the vicious, unprovoked assault left him "quite paranoid." He vowed never again to travel the streets of Key West alone at night.

But apparently McArthur decided to move to a less idyllic, if safer location. For him, the dream of rose-colored Paradise has taken on a night-marish tint.



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Book Review

BY MALCOLM ROSS

MARIO SANCHEZ-PAINTER OF KEY WEST MEMORIES



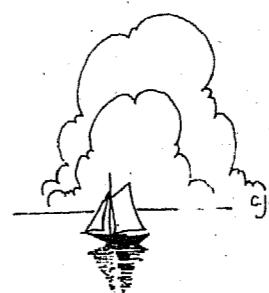
THE CHARM OF this book is the same charm that one finds when contemplating the intricate painted wood carvings of primitive artist Mario Sanchez. Both the book and his work are rich mosaics of a bygone Key West, a world which has been replaced by the twentieth century and no longer exists except in the memory of a few individuals.

It is a world of such marvelous characters as Monkey Man, Killy the Horse, Chicken Alley, cigar factories, milk "on the hoof" (time was when cows were brought by and milked at the doorstep), Cuban sandwiches and ice cream made with the flavors of native tropical fruits. Much or most of this world is now gone, however, and likely never to return. The romantic and nostalgic soul may lament this passing, but the old axiom about the inevitability of change applies to Key West as well.

"SE QUE MI modesta arte no es bueno, pere gusta" (I know that my modest art is not good, but it pleases) is the unassuming motto of this unassuming man who has a unique and precious gift so rare in this century. Mario Sanchez is an unspoiled, genuine primitive artist

whose work bears the earmarks of a true primitive: artistic naivete, a disregard for (or unawareness of) conventional artistic styles, and a lack of formal artistic training. This is the stuff that primitives are made of and the qualities which cause them to evolve and develop such distinctive styles. To remain uncontaminated by twentieth century influences is a unique quality in itself. The most famous American primitive of them all, the late Anna Mary Robertson Moses, or "Grandma Moses," fulfilled these requirements even to the extent of using granular sugar for sparkle in her oil paintings of rural snow scenes.

IN HER BOOK, Kathryn Proby has created a pleasant balance of word and picture so that the reader is not left wanting or does not feel overcome by a preponderance of one over the other. The art lover, history buff or just anyone who has ever savored the ambience of Key West, this tropical jewel set in the shining sea, is certain to enjoy the smooth-flowing, informative text and the beautiful color plates of this book.



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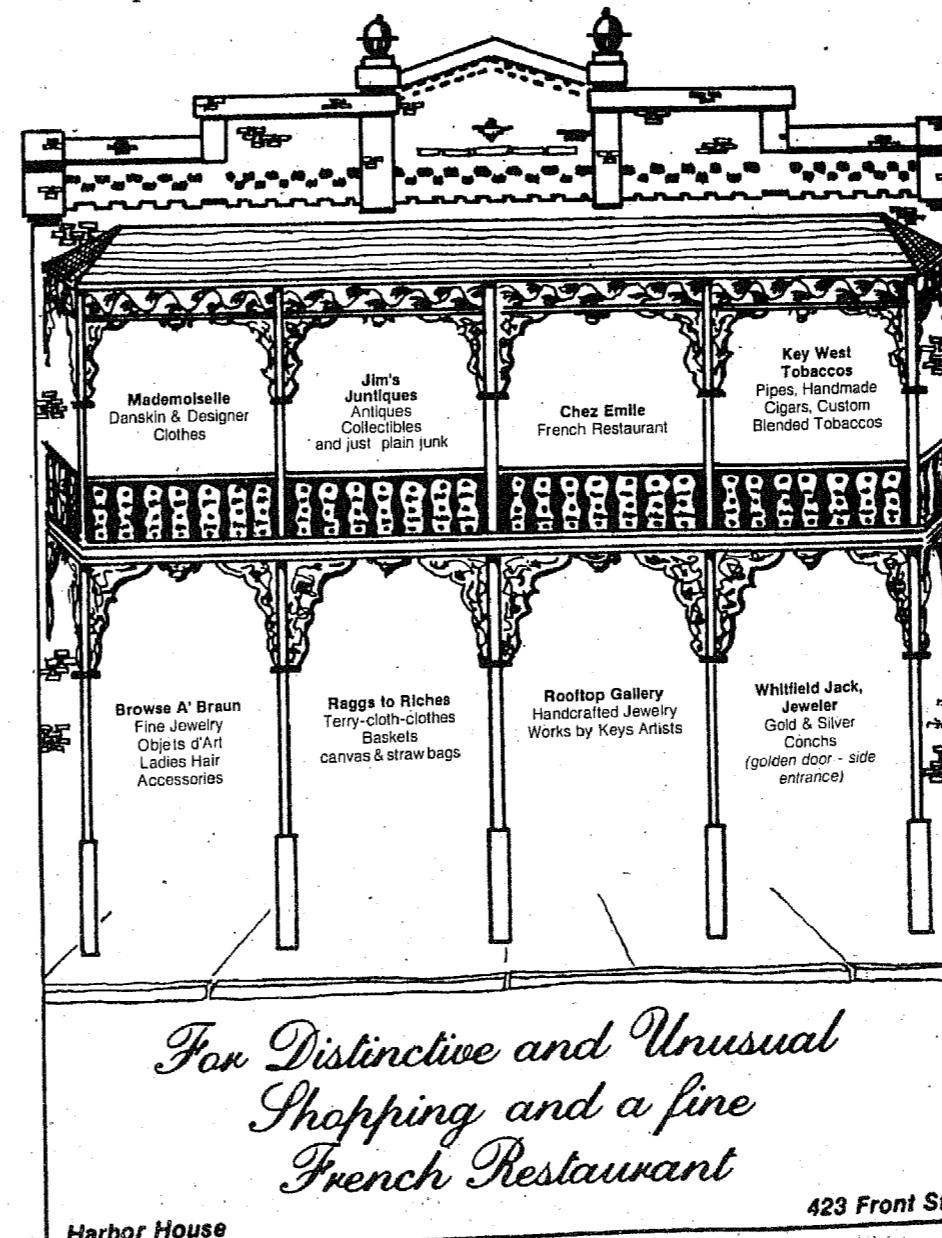
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Who's on First?

BY HELEN R. CHAPMAN

THIS MUST BE the year of the Prize-Purloiner. First we have the strange man at the Academy Awards presentation walking off with someone else's Oscar. That was pretty smooth. But he can't hold a handle to the lady who falsely copped the Pulitzer Prize for journalism. Let's face it—we have half the number of newspapers in this country that we had twenty-five years ago, and ploys like this one could kill the rest, resulting in a *Washington Post-mortem*.

CAN YOU IMAGINE what would happen to the innumerable contests taking

place every year in this country if people just upped and claimed the prize? The Miss America contest would become a tragedy. Just as the winner is announced, a strange girl might rush up from the audience crying, "I'M the real Miss Michigan," snatch the crown away from the hands of the previous winner and disappear into the wings. Or, supposing the winner turned out to be a man?

PRIZE STEALING could happen here, too. After the Conch Shell Blowing Contest winner had been announced and the prize awarded, someone might point out that the winner had really been blowing an abalone with a plastic top. Or perhaps the winner for decorations during the Blessing of the Fleet could turn out to be the *Diligence* with outriggers.

AND ALL THOSE eating contests that take place around the country: pie-eating, shrimp-eating, corn-eating, whatever. It would truly prove that this is the age of automation if these eating winners were actually hollow robots. Of course, if they weren't programmed right and the food went down the wrong way, they'd fall over, giving the game away. Fun to think about, though.

I shudder to think what could happen in a pretty baby contest, mothers being the way they are. Not only might the envious mother of a losing baby grab the prize, she might well grab the winner to boot!

I WOULD LOVE, some day, to meet a sweet little old lady who would invite me to tea. Then she would take me into her prize room, or *Salon de Prix*, as

she'd probably call it. There on display would be all her purloined prizes: two Miss America crowns from 1926 and 1933; the Oscar George C. Scott didn't want; the Pulitzer William Saroyan didn't want; a gold cup for catching the largest marlin, although she'd never been further to sea than Lake Okeechobee; numerous garden club awards (she'd always lived in a condo); and finally the Nobel science award for a year in which it wasn't awarded.

I'VE NEVER WON any prizes at all. Hey, look out! Don't knock over my Tony!

The Swim

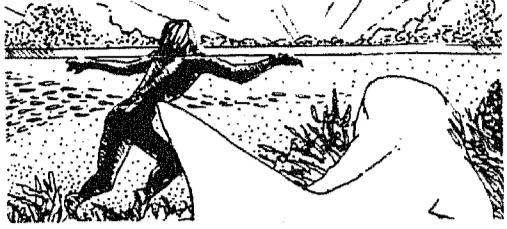
BY GERALD SEMLER

THERE WAS A stillness in the air as the first glimmering rays of sunlight broke through the early morning clouds lying far out on the horizon. The sea, for as far as the eye could venture, resembled a huge plate of glass and already there was a blue tinge working its way across the sky. Overhead a lone seagull circled aimlessly in flight as he began his daily search. Even the tips of the palm trees, sensitive to every breath of wind, stood motionless.

Then the blazing sun flared out, the sky now turned a brilliant blue, a slight breeze whispered through the palms, and at that very instant the gull dove with a splash upon his prey.

The earth had entered through the threshold of a new day.

AT SEA, on the outer fringes of the reef, the outline of a freighter could be seen slowly making its way, like some mysterious sea creature, along a sea route to perhaps some strange, exciting port lying somewhere



in a distant corner of the world. There! Quick! A silver tarpon broke the mirror-like surface with a thundering splash. A beautiful sight. Is that what caused him to leap, that

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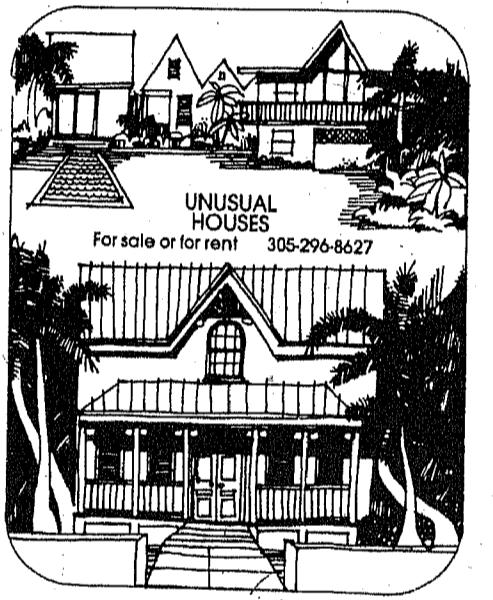
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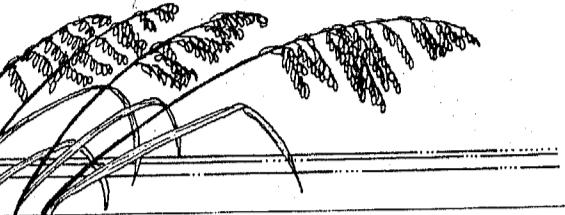
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sinister black fin that sped through the waters like some mammade mechanism bent on destruction, or was it just his way of showing off his shining armor like some great warrior of many battles?

THE TIDE, gently rising, began its rhythmic movements along the water's edge. A lone figure walks, as if in a trance, leisurely down the beach. The sun is warm now, the sea air fresh, the sand still cool beneath his bare feet.

Look, that tiny crab scampers across his path for the protection of a sand hole. The gull, about to swoop down on a school of flashing sardines, halts its dive in midair, banks to the left and climbs. Was he playfully displaying his skill of aerial acrobatics or was that dark shadow that slide beneath him the cause of his sudden maneuver?

THE DAY IS beautiful, life is everywhere, yet everything seems calm and still. The clear, green ocean is such a refreshing sight, to dive beneath it just once would feel like being reborn.

As the man sinks himself into the cool, silky waters, the timid seagull gives up its search and flying high over the tall leaning palms, disappears.

UNDERWATER; A SMALL, frightened ray sails along the sandy bottom like some object from outer space. What was it that startled it? Was it man or beast? The beast that dangerously weaves itself nearer.

Far out to sea, the freighter has increased its speed. Even now the heat of the day has caused the formation of a small, gusty squall that looms tall and black in the surrounding bright, blue sky.

THE SWIMMER, pushing his dripping hair back and wiping the stinging salt water from his eyes, sits in the water

and casts a satisfied look back at the picturesque, tropical scene of the isolated beach. And then, with an overwhelming feeling of freedom and exhilaration, he whirls, and with a thrusting reaching dive, throws himself out further into the deeper, cool, green water.

That dive, the splash, a quick turn, searching eyes, as death seeks out its prey like a space age missile, ever closer, faster. The hungry shark pursues, every device nature has given it is now used for the sole purpose... survival, food, find it. Is that it standing there motionless? The monster speeds in, but instinctively, almost cowardly, not knowing its prey, it pulls away and circled wide. It must have time, time to investigate.

THE FAST-MOVING SQUALL is now drifting overhead. There is a flash of lightning, the deep rumble of thunder. The trees sway and the brisk wind rattles through the palm leaves. The once clear, slick waters now seem dark, dirty and treacherous as they roll and pitch. The sun is suddenly gone and the cool air sends a chill through the man's body. But the sea feels warm. He wishes only to stay and enjoy it a moment longer as he glides over to examine a narrow, coral ridge that rises slightly above the surface.

THE TIME there is no mistake. The shark moves in quickly, its vacant eyes now full with the stare of death, but the water has become shallow, the advance slows, again the creature hesitates. Suddenly, his prey is gone.

STANDING LIKE A monument on the coral mound, the man glances back towards the beach and then at the threatening dark clouds overhead. At that instant he feels the cold, hard drops of rain beat down against his warm body. Enough. He will swim for the beach. The grayish downpour covers all,

the shores can hardly be seen. With a surge of excitement he crashes into the water. The delicate senses of the huge creature now respond to the movements of life as it hunts through the clouded water, twisting toward their direction. The fish closes in. Closer. Gaping jaws prepare for the kill. Then at that infinitesimal instant before the moment of attack there is a blast of light and a ripping ear-shattering explosion from above as the sea boils and both man and beast shudder. In a second it is over. The startled predator reels rapidly about. The stunned man scrambles shoreward. Then, as if to sense defeat, the shark veers away from the beach and slowly winds a course through the reef and into the open sea.

SHAKEN, but relishing a feeling of childish adventure and accomplishment, the man looks seaward and relives for a moment his short swim.

As quickly as it started, the rain has stopped. The dark clouds fleet by. The sun, brighter than before, once more radiates its heat across the beach. The man, sea and rain water dripping from his body, his eyes still looking out to sea, beholds the endless blue-green panorama of sky and ocean. So vast, so huge. He feels insignificant as he scans the horizon.

THE FREIGHTER IS gone now. The water is returning to its mirror-like finish. The trees lie still against the sky. As a bead of sweat rolls swiftly down his back, the man, sensing the stillness, becomes aware of his surroundings as if awakened from a dream, turns and walks slowly up the beach.

THE SUN, almost overhead, is very hot now. It will continue on its path until it is gone only to show itself again to signal the start of a new day. The sardines can be seen flashing about just below the surface. Overhead a lone seagull circles aimlessly in flight.

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Where The Sun Sets in Old Key West

The Hemingway Days Prize-Winning Story

Conversation in a Bar

A STORY

BY HELEN R. CHAPMAN

This is the short story that won First Prize in the Hemingway Days short-story contest last month. It was written by Helen Chapman, a regular contributor to these pages. Congratulations, Helen!

SATURDAY MORNING, HOT, sticky. Ben sits at the bar staring at his rum and coke. It's a slow morning. The barmaid has plenty of time to talk to her boyfriend. A couple of summer tourists drink beer at the other side of the bar from Ben. Ben has things on his mind, the man he is to meet here at noon who might want to buy him out at a good price. And his wife. She's always on Ben's mind. Ben pays no attention to the neatly dressed man who sits down next to him and orders a beer.

"HOT, ISN'T IT?" the man says to Ben. Ben turns his head slowly and appraises the man before answering. He sees a man in his fifties, pleasant roundish face, dressed in a blue sports shirt and gray slacks.

"Yeah," Ben replies and gestures to the barmaid for another drink. She moves slowly to make it, waving a fly away from her nose. The Bahama fans overhead whir like unenthused bees.

"You live here?" the man asks.

"Yeah," says Ben.

"I'M JUST VISITING, myself," the man says. The barmaid brings Ben's drink and starts to take money from the bills in front of Ben.

"No, no," the man says. "Don't take his money. I'll get that one." Ben doesn't respond. He doesn't want the man to buy him a drink. But he drinks it anyway.

"Whadya do here? I mean, for a livin'," the man asks.

"I run a bar," Ben says. "Oh, yeah? I used to run a bar up north." Ben shows no interest. "In Lebanon, Pee Ay." Ben just nods and sips his drink. "What kinda bar you got?" the man asks.

Ben shrugs. "Just a bar, not much. It's nothin' tourists would like."

The man signals the barmaid. Ben doesn't offer to buy the man's drink.

"I GUESS YOU think I'm too friendly," the man says. "I've never been down here before and I'm just kinda curious about the people who live here."

Ben turns to him. "Look, it's just I gotta lot of things on my mind. Usually, I'm friendly, too. Gotta be, in the bar business."

The man gives Ben a sympathetic smile. "Well, I guess we all got problems these days. I gotta few myself." Ben tries to be interested. "What you do for a livin'?"

THE MAN GIVES a small embarrassed laugh. "Well, I'm sorta between jobs right now. Havin' a few domestic problems. You know."

"Yeah, I know," Ben replies, nodding understandingly. "Wife problem, huh?"

"Somethin' like that. Say, my name's Jim Benson. What's yours?"

"Ben," they shake hands.

"Ben what?" Jim asks.

"Just Ben. We don't bother much about last names down here. Can't ever remember 'em anyway."

Jim waves at the barmaid. "What's your name, honey?"

"Marilyn. Want another round?"

"Why not," says Jim jovially. "Too hot to do much else today."

MARILYN MOVES LAZILY away to make the drinks. The two tourists have left and Marilyn's boyfriend is playing the pinball machine. The streets are empty. The heat rises up from the pavement with a seemingly impenetrable quality. The only sound is the occasional ding of the pinball machine. Ben feels that they four in the bar are the only living people on earth at that moment.

OVER THE NEXT beer, Jim begins to wax philosophical. "You know, Ben, the

"HOW, SERIOUSLY, BEN, like I was sayin', don't you agree that men just don't have any challenges any more?"

Ben nods, this time firmly. "Sure, I agree all right. But maybe I'm gettin' a little old to give a damn."

"Aha!" Jim explodes, holding up his right arm, index finger extended, the pose of an orator about to make a point. "That's where you're wrong. You're never too old. Now I'll bet there's some deep down longing you've had all your life. Somethin' you wanted to do and never did and still could."

BEN STARES AT his glass, thinking. Jim waits expectantly.

"Well, yeah," Ben finally says. "There's somethin'." He doesn't continue.

"What?" Ben laughs. "Oh, it's too damn silly." He still stares at his glass, but sheepishness has replaced thoughtfulness.

"Now, Ben, it can't be silly if it's a lifelong ambition. Come on, tell me." Jim lays an encouraging hand on Ben's shoulder.

Ben glances around. Marilyn is reading a newspaper on the opposite side of the bar. The boyfriend is still dinging his way to thousands of points on the pinball machine. The fans whir.

"WELL," BEN SAYS, lowering his voice, "I've always wanted to steal a car."

"You what?" Jim rears back on his stool, his mouth hanging open.

"Steal a car," Ben repeats.

"But that's not an ambition," Jim accuses.

"I didn't say it was," Ben says. "It's just somethin' I always wanted to do."

Jim begins to laugh, a slow laugh at first which increases in volume until his face turns red. Marilyn turns towards them with curiosity. "That calls for another round," Jim booms. He keeps laughing until Marilyn brings the drinks. Ben is chagrined. He doesn't notice Jim nod towards Ben's money when Marilyn goes to collect.

"WELL, HOW WOULD you go about it?" Jim asks when he finally controls his laughter. "I mean, there's only one road off this island."

"You really want to know?" Ben asks him, uncomfortably.

"I really want to know."

"Well, I'd pick a nighttime. That'd be easier. I guess it could be done durin' the day, but nights'd be better. I'd wait outside some place like a bar and watch for somebody to park in a good spot, like a sorta dark spot, outta the way. I'd specially look for a couple, you know, a hot date where the guy is tryin' to impress the girl and you know they're gonna stay in that bar for a while, maybe a couple hours. Then I'd steal the car."

JIM FINISHES HIS beer. "I've had enough beer. Make it a bourbon and soda this time, honey."

"Marilyn," says Marilyn. Ben reaches in his pocket and pulls out a fifty dollar bill.

"Well, you're doin' okay," Jim says, eying the bill appreciatively.

"I got my steadies," Ben says. "They keep me goin' through the summer."

Marilyn returns with the drinks and looks questioningly at Ben. Ben nods towards the fifty.

"And then what?"

"Whadya mean, and then what?"

"I mean, what would you do then?"

Ben guffawed. "Well, dummy, I'd keep on goin', that's what."

"But by now the cops'd know. Grand Theft Auto is serious."

"Course it's serious," Ben says righteously. "You think I'm gonna mess around with penny-ante stuff? I'd get up to Dade County and get me some Dade plates and keep on goin' like that till

I got to Alabama where I don't need the title, and I'd trade it in another car and keep goin' till I didn't want to keep goin' any more."

BEN POLISHES OFF his drink and sets the glass down with a resounding thud. "Nother round here, Marilyn."

Jim sits quietly, pondering.

"Well, now," he says, "Ben, that's some idea all right. But what about your wife and kids?"

Ben starts laughing so hard that he almost chokes. "You dummy, I'm not gonna steal a car. I just said that I wanted to." He keeps on laughing until he does choke. Jim slaps him on the back.

THE BAR STARTS to fill up now. Young couples, whooping it up, buy pitcher beer. The jukebox and pinball are getting a lot of action.

Jim says, "By the way, you gotta car now?"

"Sure," Ben replies. "Gotta have a car."

"What kind?"

"Seventy-nine T-Bird. Dark green nice lookin' car. Just outside. Wanna see it?"

Jim shakes his head. "No, I don't wanna see it. I was wonderin' if maybe you could give me a lift. See, I'm trying to track down this guy I know lives here. Owes me some bucks. I'm pretty broke right now and I sure would like to find 'im."

BEN NODS. "YEAH, well, I wish I could, but the reason I'm sittin' here is because I gotta meet a guy at noon on business. He's interested in buyin' my place and if the price is right, it's important to me. Plus my wife is havin' her hair done and she wants to go shoppin' later and I'll get holy hell if she can't find me."

Jim looks forlorn. "Guess you'll be tied up for a few hours the, huh?"

"Yeah, guess I will, worse luck." They both finish their drinks silently. Then Ben says, "Well, look, Jim, could you use twenty? Till you catch up to that guy?"

Jim gives him a grateful smile. "I sure appreciate it, old buddy. I'll get it back to ya, I sure will."

Ben waves the thought away with his hand. "Don't worry about it. Good luck."

JIM GETS UP, pocketing the twenty, and calls out goodbye to Marilyn, but she is too busy to hear him. Ben glances at the clock. It's just noon and his appointment walks through the door. They move to a table where they can talk business better. At one forty-five they shake hands on the deal and Ben returns to the bar alone to wait for his wife. He is out of cigarettes and remembers the carton in the car. He calls out to Marilyn, "I'll be right back, Marilyn. Goin' to the car for cigarettes." But Ben is not sure if she heard him or not, as busy as the bar is now.

BEN COMES BACK a few minutes later, slumps in his seat and dejectedly holds his head in his hands. Marilyn notices him.

"What's the matter with you?" Then suddenly realizing that Ben is alone, she says, "Say, what happened to that guy you were sittin' with?"

Ben looks up at her and gives her a silly grin. "Well, dummy, I reckon he's in Lower Matecumbe by now."

IN AN EARLIER editorial we reported our reluctant acceptance of the fait accompli of the golf course deal, but added our insistence that the terms of the sales and lease agreements must be closely monitored to make sure that developers Wood and Arnhem conform to all contract terms, and furthermore follow building, zoning, safety and land use codes in construction of the golf course and its improvements, and the residential development. NO BLANK CHECKS, PLEASE!

Editorial Comment

BY BILL WESTRAY

KEY WEST MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE

WHEN THE CITY commission by 3 to 2 split decision gave final approval to the golf course sales and landlease agreements, they also had scheduled a public hearing on a mysterious Special Exception for townhouses for the golf course. The ordinance was read right after the lease and sales agreements were approved and the mayor immediately called for the question without allowing the required public hearing. A motion to approve was passed on first reading by the same 3 to 2 vote. The commission meeting was then adjourned.

WE IMMEDIATELY QUESTIONED the procedure with the city attorney, arguing that the Special Exception application had not been properly prepared and submitted, nor had public argument on the question been allowed. The city attorney responded that he thought a mistake had been made, and that he would look into it. We were surprised, then, to find the question on the city commission agenda for second and final reading on July 6, 1981.

SECTION VIII of Zoning Ordinance 69-29, under which applications for Special Exceptions may be submitted, contains 18 standards for townhouse construction, and 8 additional specifications for site plans for townhouses, which must be carefully prepared and submitted with the application.

ATTORNEY MICHAEL HALPERN, appearing for golf course developers Toby Arnhem and Norman Wood at the July 6th meeting, argued that the golf course sales agreement requires that the city grant them any Special Exception they want, to build anything they want, without any restrictions. The agreement actually states, "Any setback, buffer zone, planting or other limitation shall not, in Purchaser's opinion, interfere with Purchaser's proposed use of the Property."

CITY ATTORNEY JOE ALLEN did not support Halpern's opinion. In our presentation we were able to point out to the city commission that the requested Special Exception covered townhouses for the entire 198-acre golf course tract, not just the 43 acres that Arnhem and Wood had purchased for \$1 million for their townhouse and apartment development. Upon that disclosure, the ordinance died for lack of a motion.

IT IS OUR opinion that this was an attempt by the developers to secure a "blank check" for the construction of 500 or more residential units without any zoning or building restrictions or controls whatsoever.

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IT WAS COMMON knowledge in Key West real estate circles during July that the Key West Villas townhouse project in the Poinciana area of Flagler Avenue was being offered for sale in

its entirety by developers Toby Arnhem and Norman Wood. According to public records available as of July 20th, none of the five completed townhouse units on Flagler Avenue had been sold. The units experienced construction difficulties when some of the walls blew down during a storm, creating a jumbled pile of scaffolding, broken blocks and concrete. Although the site was cleaned up and the units rebuilt, the city public service director has advised us that he has not issued a certificate of occupancy and has ordered the construction utility meters removed from the project.

WE APPLAUD THE professional staff of the public service department for insisting that building codes be adhered to.

HABANA PLAZA

WHILE THE PLAINTIFFS in the deed restriction violation lawsuit against Habana Plaza waited for a court hearing by an out-of-town judge, Plaza owner Justo Maqueira continued to work to complete the Riviera Drive addition to the shopping plaza located at Flagler Avenue and Kennedy Drive

HOWEVER, ACCORDING to Public Service Director Purington Howanitz, he visited the construction site on Thursday and Friday, July 16 and 17, to observe the second floor "pour" of columns and beams. On Friday Howanitz reportedly noted bad honeycombing of the concrete and warned the workers that further construction or removal of forms might cause the walls to cave in. He advised that he would return Monday to further inspect the project.

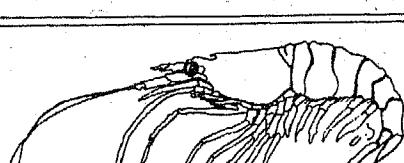
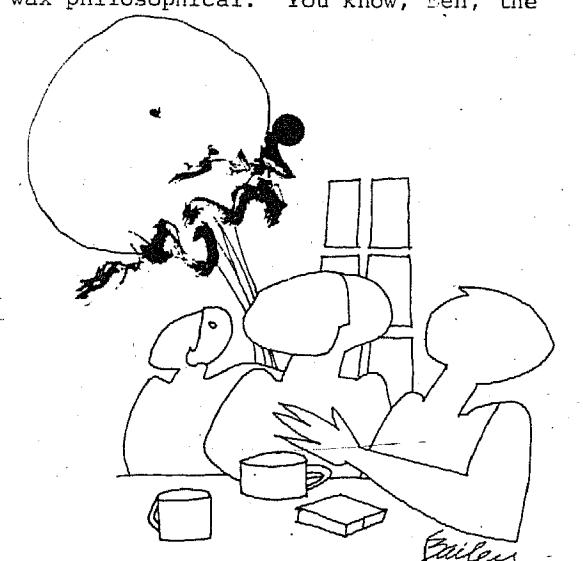
THE BUILDERS APPARENTLY ignored the city inspector's warning, and proceeded to remove the forms and place prefabricated wooden roof trusses on the defective concrete. Sometime Sunday afternoon, the defective concrete beam buckled and the roof trusses came tumbling down with a loud crash according to neighbors.

FORTUNATELY NO ONE was injured but we can't help but be critical of a builder who apparently ignored the warning of the city official responsible for overseeing all building and zoning in the city, and we applaud the experienced judgement of Director Howanitz. It has been our observation that those builders who follow the rules, the building code and the advice of the public service officials, receive maximum cooperation and assistance from the city staff--while those builders and their agents who try to bypass the rules, ignore the building code and bluff their way along, earn themselves a large measure of grief.

FLORIDA KEYS AQUEDUCT AUTHORITY

SUBSTANTIAL INCREASES IN development fees and tap-in fees for new meters were under consideration by the directors of the South Florida Water Management District sitting as the board of the Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority (FKAA) at public hearing at Cheeca Lodge in Islamorada on Friday, July 17th. A previous hearing was held in Marathon in June and a final hearing is scheduled for Key West for August 21st.

ESSENTIALLY, the basic development fee is to increase from \$600 per new dwelling unit to \$1500 per new dwelling unit, making it 50 percent higher than





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the \$1000 per unit fee that existed before the old FKAA board reduced it in an ill-advised move about two years ago. The basic tap-in fee is to be raised from \$175 to \$365 for a 5/8" meter; it had been reduced from \$300 to the present \$175 about two years ago.

THE OTHER BASIC CHANGE is a proposal to charge the owners of temporarily-vacant dwelling units and other similar temporarily-disconnected customers a minimum "readiness-to-serve" monthly fee consisting of the basic water rate (\$4.32 per thousand (M) gallons of water) and service charge (SC - \$2.01/M) for a minimum of 2000 gallons per month which would amount to \$10.65 per month at current rates.

If, as expected according to FKAA Executive Director Jack Maloy, the SC is dropped in April 1982 when the reverse osmosis plant is paid off, the minimum monthly rate would drop to \$8.64.

THE PHILOSOPHY BEHIND the minimum charge is that it requires amortization of capital investment, along with maintenance and other overhead costs, just for FKAA to maintain the capability to serve its customers. Allowing "Winter Birds" to duck these costs when they are away in the summer, places an unfair burden on the remaining permanent residents.

WITH NEW PIPELINE costs running \$60 million or more, along with costs to improve, replace and extend the distribution system, divided among 25,000 current customers, development and tap-in fees of \$2500 to \$3000 could easily be justified for each new residential or equivalent customer. Since the FKAA is a public-owned utility, it is not unusual for new customers to be required to buy a share in their company, particularly since that company has had to pay for major new improvements to meet future demands.

ACCORDINGLY, SOLARES HILL supports the proposed increases in development, tap-in and minimum monthly fees as being equitable to all customers, and having the net effect of minimizing the average monthly water bill to regular customers.

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THE LITTLE MIRACLE OF KENNEDY DRIVE

BY TOMMY ROBERTS

THE CITY OF Key West has enjoyed a colorful history in many areas, and sports is no exception. Conchs have a passion for sports, and a fierce loyalty to their teams. When I was a child, my father passed much of Key West's sports folklore and legend on to me. My favorite story involved a potential major league first baseman of yesteryear. This particular athlete caught the eye of the Brooklyn Dodgers when they were passing through our island city on the way to Cuba. It was spring training, a time for spotting new talent. The Dodgers' first baseman offered some tips on the game to this individual, since their organization was struck by his outstanding ability. After listening briefly, the native Conch responded "I played baseball before your ma was born."

A CALCULATOR COULD not compute the number of times this story has been passed from generation to generation. It is the stuff legends are made of on this island. Many young Conchs are weaned on such tales. A love for sports is often the result. One young man who grew up here with a passion for athletics was Scott Atwell.

Slightly built, but extremely determined, Scott participated in baseball on the local youth circuit. Participation only heightened his love of sports, although he set no records, and did not receive "a lot of ink," the athlete's term for press clippings. When he reached Key West High, Scott began to turn away from active participation, but stayed on the fringes of the sports scene.

IN HIS EARLY TEENS Scott worked with Donnie Williams on his WKWF sports show. As Williams' sidekick on the show, Scott picked up the nickname "Flash," since he was constantly "scooping" the local sports scene. Scott developed a strong interest in journalism and broadcasting after his baptism on Williams' program. In addition, he served as a student manager for Key West High sports teams. The manager is the young man who takes care of equipment and first aid supplies. All of the coaches Scott worked for felt he did an excellent job.

AS LATE AS his junior year, the "Flash" was the student manager for Junior Varsity football. Toward the end of his junior year, and after years of inactivity, Scott made a major decision: one last flirtation as an active participant. During spring practice in May of 1978, Scott tried out as a quarterback. Still slightly built and only 5'7", Scott was trying out for the most

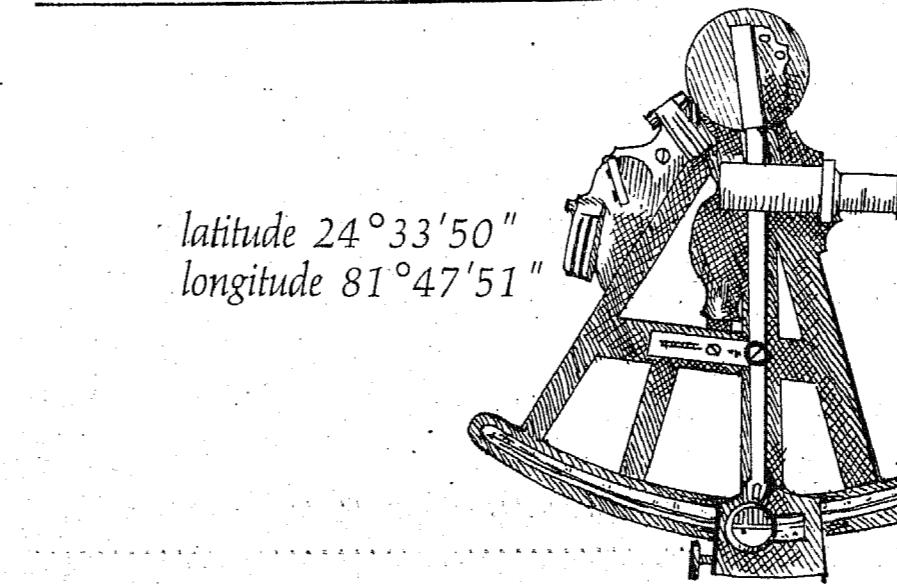
important position in football. Throughout spring practice Scott was at the bottom of the depth chart. But he was game, and made the most of every practice opportunity. Spring practice is only 20 days, and although

SCOTT HANDLED THE offense with the poise of a veteran. Time after time he sent Speedy Neal crashing into the Pace defense. Without a mistake he directed the Conchs down the gridiron into field goal range. With seconds left Bob Channel kicked a field goal, and the Conchs won 17-14.

In the two weeks ahead the Conchs and Flash would face formidable foes, undefeated opponents Pompano Ely and Wauchula High. With Scott at the controls the Conchs pulled off consecutive 14-13 and 7-6 upsets. In fact, in the 7-6 Wauchula victory, Scott and Speedy Neal teamed up for one of the most memorable plays in Conch grid history. With two minutes left, Scott lofted a perfect screen pass to Neal, who ran around and over Wauchula defenders to the three-year line. From that point the Conchs scored, kicked the extra point and won 7-6. Over a two-year period it would be Wauchula's only loss.

SCOTT WENT ON to direct the Conchs through four more regular season victories, including an astounding 20-0 season ending upset of powerful Boca Raton. He then led the Conchs to their second straight Region 8 Championship, 13-6 over Pompano. The following week the Conchs played Delray Beach; a victory would have put them in the final four for the state title. At the half, Key West led 6-0, but three touchdowns had been called back; the score should have been 27-0. In the second half, the coaching staff decided to pass more, and replaced Scott with the backup quarterback. Late in the game Delray Beach scored, kicked the extra point and won 7-6. The fact that Scott was replaced had left his record perfect, eight games as quarterback, eight Conch victories. The young man who had extolled the feats of others in print and on radio, as well as polished footballs for three years, accomplished the impossible. In Key West High's 30-year grid history, Scott's story is probably the most remarkable of all. It was an accomplishment he fashioned on the field, not on the typewriter keyboard.

KEY WEST LOST the next two games, and went into the Miami Pace contest with a 1-2 record. Pace was the first district game of the season, and a "must win" for the Conchs. In the weeks prior to the Pace contest, Scott had quietly worked his way up to the second team. Key West was heavily favored over Pace, but late in the fourth quarter the score was tied 14-14. Suddenly, the number one quarterback was injured. With high hopes in preseason, things suddenly had turned bleak for the Conchs. The previous season the Conchs had finished 10-2 in Coach Gene Roberts' first year. It had been the Conchs' best season in



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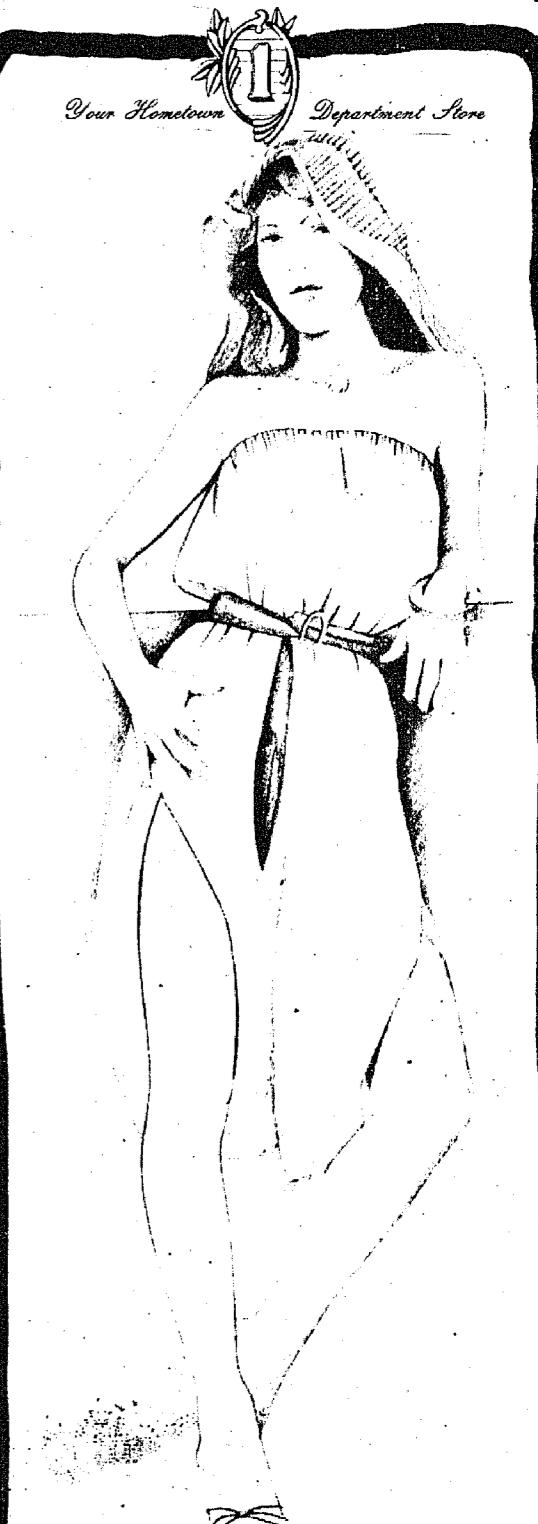
more than a decade. More of the same was expected for 1978, and it now fell on the fragile shoulders of a young man who had not even played football until his senior year.

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UNIQUELY, THE STORY has a fascinating sequel. Upon graduation Scott received a scholarship for his journalism ability. For the past two years he has worked in the sports publicity department, while furthering his education at the University of Miami. This past fall when the University of Miami B squad needed a backup quarterback, guess who suited up and received a taste of major college football? When Scott Atwell passes Conch sports stories on to his children, he will not need to rely on the tales of the distant past—an autobiography will provide all of the necessary inspiration.



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NOTES con't from p. 9

discovered in examination at the hospital. Part of his condition at the death was due to malnutrition as well as other ills compounded by a heart condition. Yet he refused medical or social workers' care and communicated only by notes in the lowered basket for months.

FINALLY, IN THE autumn of 1956, a Catholic clergyman persuaded Smith to allow entrance to his "fortress," and a key was sent down in a basket. Just a few days before this, Smith arranged to have a box of "valuables" and a new will delivered to the sheriff's office. The possessions remained at the sheriff's office; the new will was not accepted because it had not been officially notarized, whereas the first will was legally valid; the sole legal inheritor was therefore Smith's niece, Virginia, daughter of his brother "Josh" and the only living direct line descendant.

WILLIAM BRADFORD SMITH was finally taken to the hospital at the persuasion of his priest. He died there (some records in The Key West Citizen state he died in a Miami hospital), in October, 1956. His age was not recorded in the news reports, but he was approximately in his early 60's.

OF COURSE, AS in the case of all "recluses," there was great expectation of finding hidden treasure and money in the ruined mansion. But a thorough search brought to light no hoard of jewelry or money. All that was left was a tremendous collection of boxes filled with ancient receipts, yellowed bills, custom's duty lists, piles of empty bottles, and yards of coiled ship's lines.

The upstairs rooms where Willie holed up still held a portable stove, a dresser, empty cans and stacks of canned food, paper bags, a table and two chairs--and strangest of all--pennants of Harvard on the walls and his rumped bed.

THE PARLOR, OR front room, was in comparative order, with family portraits hung on the walls. An old piano, two bentwood chairs, stacks of old magazines were there. Dominating the setting was an oil portrait of gimlet-eyed Capt. John Geiger surveying the scene.

The downstairs and main hallway was a clutter of debris, including a table loaded with old newspapers, other publications, a broken bicycle, and assorted discards mostly just trash.

SURPRISINGLY, WHEN RESTORERS began work on the Audubon House for the 1960 opening, they found the floors and other

woodwork in good condition. The beautiful antique furniture, however, was riddled with termites and beyond repair.

After complicated litigation, the Audubon House was sold by the legitimate heiress to the Mitchell Wolfson Family Foundation, which added period furnishings and completely restored the residence as a public museum and a foremost Key West attraction of historical beauty.

A DRAMATIC CHAPTER was a postscript in the annals of history when a gang of art thieves managed to steal the famous Elephant Folios from the second floor of the museum. The Elephant Folios are several volumes of over-sized original prints of the priceless Audubon paintings. They were recovered within a few months of the theft, which happened on May 28, 1977.

The mastermind of the Big Steal Deal was sentenced to 15 years for the crime. His conspirators were also found and fined and/or sentenced.

AN AURA OF ROMANCE, intrigue and mystery is still part of the house where Audubon painted bird studies, and Willie Smith lived in embittered solitude.

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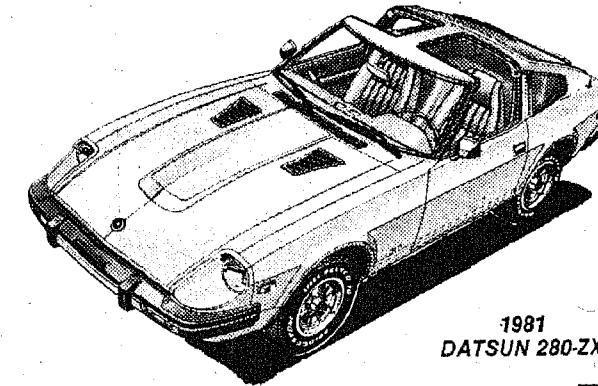
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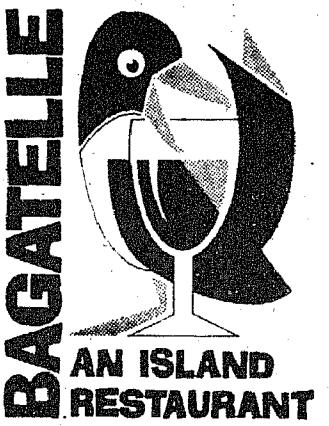
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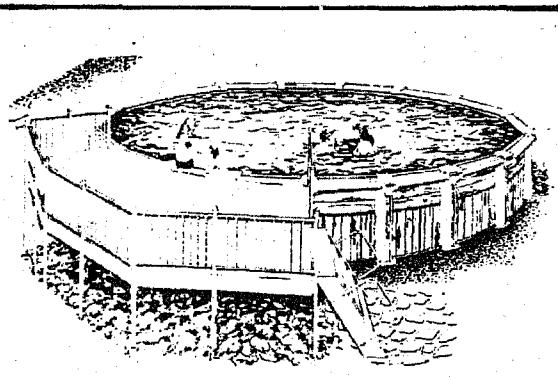
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LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

BY GIL RYDER

THE LEAGUE OF Women Voters, formed shortly after women's suffrage became a fact, about 60 years ago, is obviously not a new organization, but for some reason it took an unconscionably long time to reach Key West. However, the League is finally arriving in the area.

Perhaps it is advantageous to Key West and Monroe County to have waited so long. The local League being formed should be able to progress quickly because of the ready availability of 60 years of knowledge and experience stored in the national, state and older local Leagues.

THE LEAGUE ESTABLISHED locally will have much to offer this community. It is a political organization but not partisan, backing neither parties nor candidates, but addressing issues, studying the issues and informing its members and the public concerning the importance of the issues. The position taken on any issue by the local League will be determined, not by the officers, but by the members in good standing.

MEMBERSHIP IS OPEN to any United States citizen, 18 years old or over, Black, White, Hispanic, or whatever, male or female, giving all an opportunity to participate actively in government affairs through the League's lobbyists in Tallahassee and Washington D.C.

The League of Women Voters has been nationally known and respected for a great many years, and should be expected to serve Key West and Monroe County with the same honor and distinction for which it is known in so many other areas.

THE LOCAL LEAGUE, with all officers elected by the members in good standing, will be structured as follows:

PRESIDENT, from any place in Monroe County; VICE PRESIDENT, Upper Keys; VICE PRESIDENT, Middle Keys; VICE PRESIDENT, Lower Keys including Key West; CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, Monroe County; RECORDING SECRETARY, Monroe County; TREASURER, Monroe County; DIRECTOR, Upper Keys; DIRECTOR, Middle Keys; DIRECTOR, Lower Keys including Key West.



PHOTO BY JOANN SAVIO

AT THE TIME of writing, the organizational group is headed by Ms. Kit Jones, who has established seven volunteer working committees:

BY-LAWS, chaired by Nicky Nicol; BUDGET, chaired by Friday Limbert; MEMBERSHIP, chaired by Carolyn Cash; NOMINATING, chaired by Kay Finley; PROGRAM, chaired by Kit Jones; PUBLIC RELATIONS, chaired by Muffi Kieffer; ARRANGEMENT, chaired by Annie Anderson.

THERE IS ALWAYS the possibility that a temporary chairman of a group will be elected the first president of the group once formal organization is completed; so it would be well for the public and prospective members to become acquainted with some of Kit Jones' background.

She is 34 years old, no children, never married, born in East Texas, brought up in the Ft. Worth-Dallas area, attended El Centro College in Dallas where she was Peer Counselor, graduated from Southern Methodist University in Dallas, majored in psychology (family conflict area, having to do with conflict theory, human growth and development, etc.). Kit came to Florida and ultimately Key West because of business associations after the college years. She helped her employer set up a new business in Vero Beach, came to Key West for rest and relaxation and felt at home.

KIT BECAME COUNSELOR for the Women's Opportunity Center (FKCC) and is still active in that area. She became interested in local political issues, appeared before City and County Commissions and government representatives in Tallahassee on various issues, gained understanding of political power and machinations, and came to the conclusion that the people of Key West and the Keys must be brought back to basic democratic procedures and that there was a definite need for an active voter information group to bring about an informed citizenry.

THIS THINKING LED her to the League of Women Voters which, in turn, led to Dr. Elizabeth Metcalf being assigned by the League to provide background and organizational help.

At a preliminary organizational meeting on July 10th, attended by about 60 persons of both sexes and various backgrounds, the projected local League took its first step toward becoming a viable organization and a power for good in Key West and all the Keys.

Another general membership meeting is scheduled, for August 20th.

THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE will present a slate of nominees for all elective offices and nominations from the floor will be permitted. After officers are elected, work will go forward to implement the more immediate goals of a Membership Drive, and a Voter Registration Drive from Sept. 1st to Oct. 3rd. Members will also decide issues to be acted on and the action to be taken.

THE LEAGUE PROVIDES year-round aid to voters who look to the League for non-partisan information about registration, voting, candidates, and ballot issues, but it never supports or opposes any party or candidate.

THE LEAGUE'S State Program for Florida calls for:

--Support of a simple integrated statement of basic law assuring equitable representation, pinpointed responsibility, and provisions for home rule by local governments.

--Support of a free public school system, financed primarily by state funds, which achieves equal opportunity for a high-quality education for all. Support of statewide standards for pupil progression and graduation.

--Action in support of measures to protect, extend and encourage the use of the franchise.

--Study of the status of farmworkers through an analysis of existing legislation, effectiveness of enforcement, and an evaluation of the need for additional legislation.

--Support of present positions in administration of justice with attention focused on sentencing and bail reform and funding of alternatives to incarceration. Support of juvenile justice positions with attention to prevention and diversion programs; funding of a wide range of alternatives for delinquent juveniles; separate programs for runaway, truant and ungovernable juveniles.

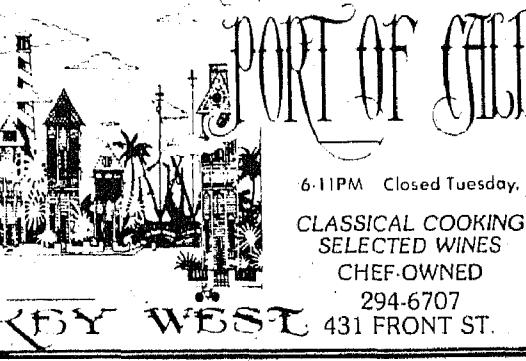
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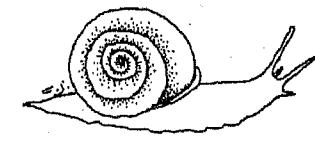
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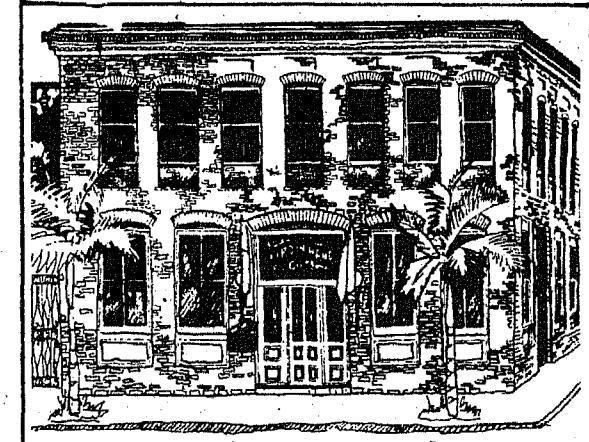
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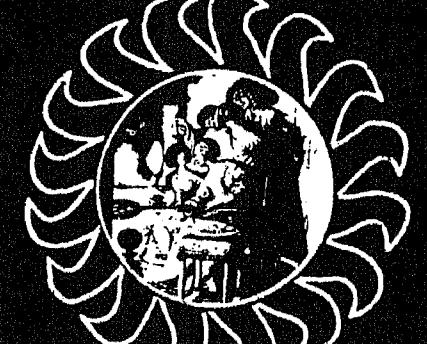
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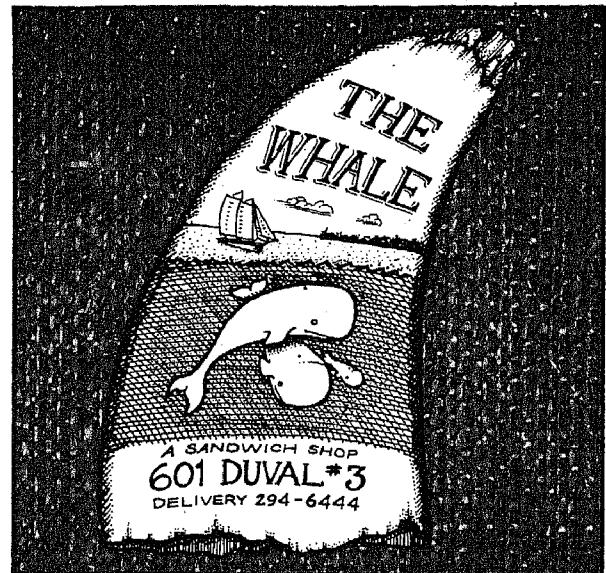
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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE
BY EMMA CATES

SUN IN LEO, after 22 in Virgo.
Venus in Virgo, after 18 in Libra.
Mercury in Leo, after 16 in Virgo.
Saturn and Jupiter in Libra.
Mars in Cancer.

Uranus in Scorpio retrograde,
turning direct on the 4th.
Neptune in Sagittarius, retrograde.
Pluto in Libra.
North Node in 1 degree of Leo.

The Full Moon on August 15 in
Aquarius conjuncts the Moon and Venus
placement in the 9th house of the chart
of Key West. This places strong accent
on travel. Air travel and the airport
situation will be in the forefront this
month, and ongoing problems in this
area may be resolved during this
month's forecast.

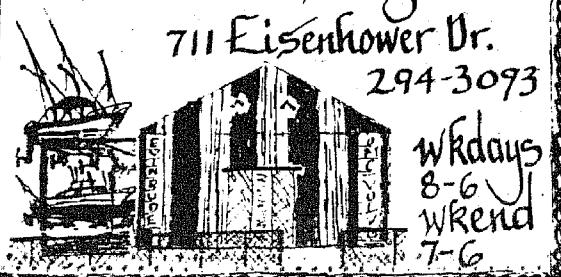
Uranus takes direct motion on the
4th of August in 26 degrees of Scorpio.
It will move out of this sign in late
November after a seven (7) year transit
in that sign. This move will bring a
definite change in the city. The character
and attitude of government will
take an upturn which will be most bene-
ficial for our city.

THE NEW MOON on August 29 in Virgo
will conjoin our co-ruler, Mercury.
This also proves to be a good aspect
for Key West. The building trades will
be recipients of these good vibrations.

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August 1981

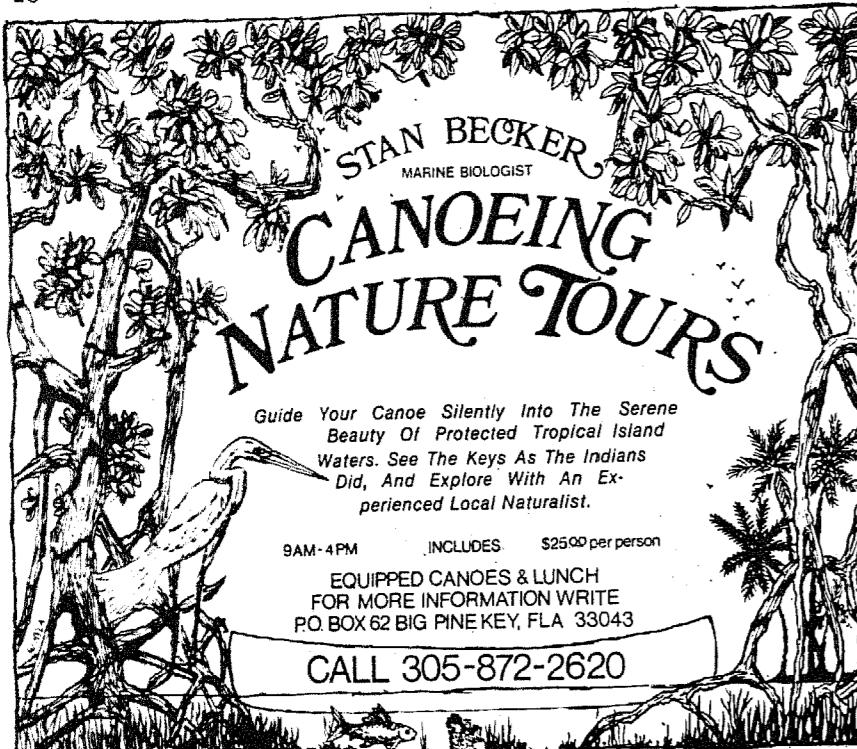
HAROLD and MAUDE
2-8
MOBY DICK
GREGORY PECK / JOHN HUSTON
9-15
WILL THE STUNT MAN
16-22
POPEYE
ROBIN WILLIAMS IS POPEYE
23-29

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BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
PLANET OF THE APES
Mister Magoo Goes To Sea
THE BEATLES

9-15 16-22 23-29

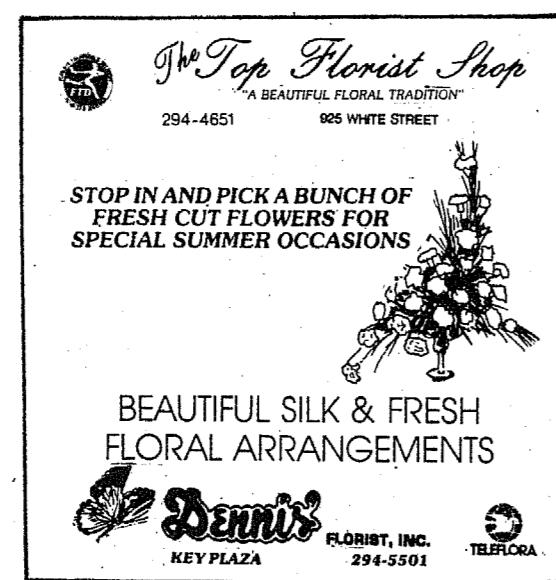


butterflies and shrimp boats
bare feet and hot sidewalks
backyard gardens of spring
and soft eyes
precious moments of morning
listening to the voices
of the ocean
evening walks with gentle Sarah
and in-between
listening to the voices of love
all around
a smile grows best
from the inside
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THE ICONOCLAST

BY JIM KOGAN

HOME GROWN TOWN PLANNING

TWO RECENT ILL-CONCEIVED traffic control schemes call for--demand--comment. One would make Duval and Simonton one-way. Drag strips we do not need; bike lanes and speed bumps would be better, for nothing on our island is far enough away to demand haste. The other was to make two blocks of Duval a part-time pedestrian mall. Bush league.

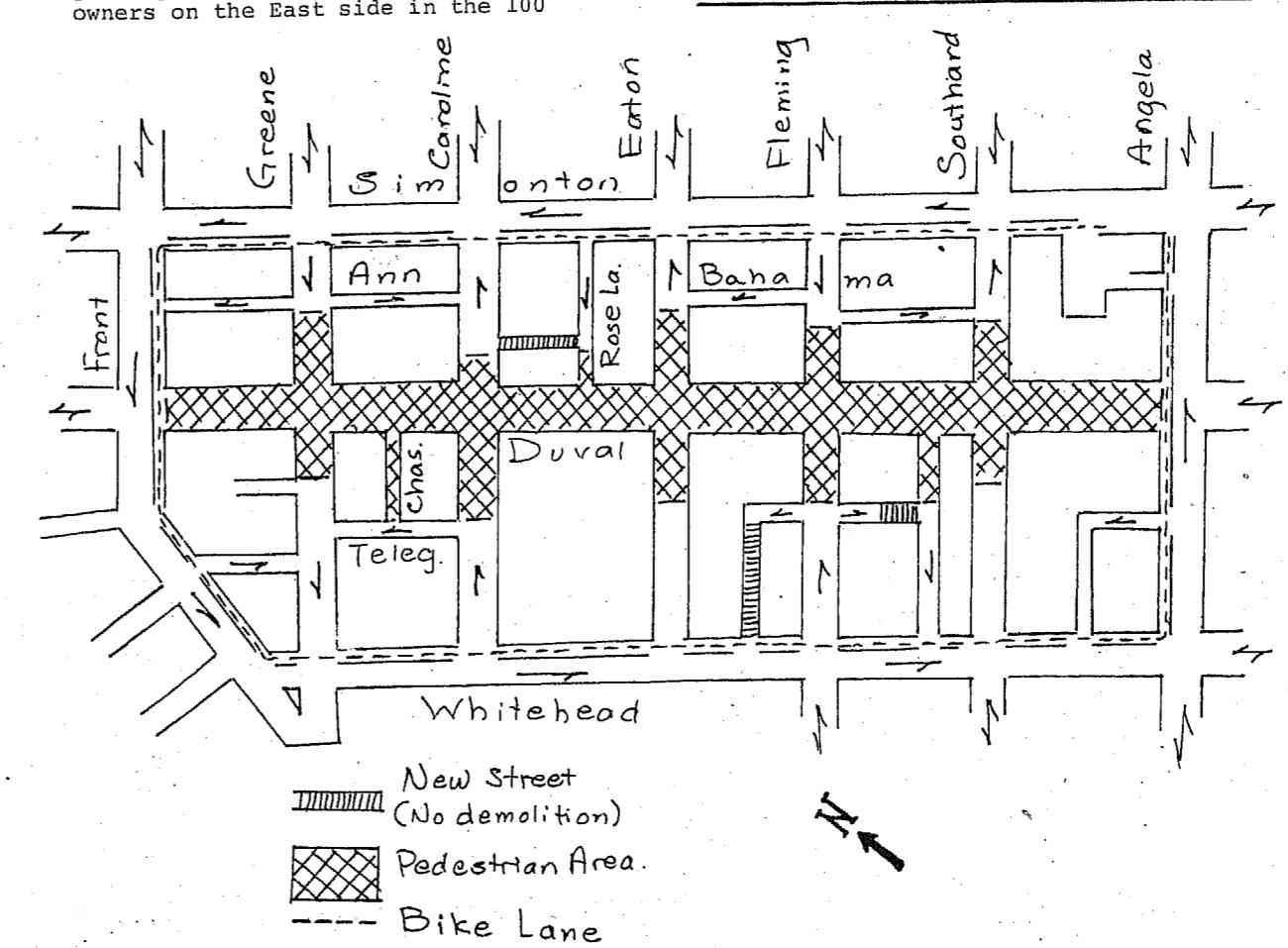
SO I'VE A better plan to replace both, in enough detail for the first round of "can't be done" without trying to fit an engineering report into this space.

Create a real pedestrian island from Front to Angela. Make Simonton, Front, Whitehead and Angela into a one-way loop. Add a bike lane on the left side of the loop streets, separated by a curb interrupted for crossings, etc. like the ones in Europe or recently built in New York.

DUVAL AND PARTS of adjacent streets--see the map--should be pedestrian country--people territory--with no traffic allowed. Take out curbs; add trees and such, with a narrow (ten-foot) lane through the street furniture for deliveries before 11:00 A.M. and emergency vehicles any time. The tour train may be allowed; the bus lines should probably use the loop.

THIS "PEOPLE ISLAND" is big enough for shops and big enough to avoid creating an artificial shortage of space and astronomic rents; small enough to police and avoid sprawl and let visitors feel safe--and not too big to fill up in reasonable time. And encourage owners to band together to develop interior block spaces--Key Lime Square is one example.

ZONE FOR PEOPLE-RELATED land uses --shops, restaurants, sidewalk cafés, banks, theaters, offices, apartments (no, the land is not costly enough to justify high-rises). For instance if owners on the East side in the 100



block want to band together and develop a block-through facility with shared vehicle access on Ann Street and shared frontage on the Duval mall--encourage them.

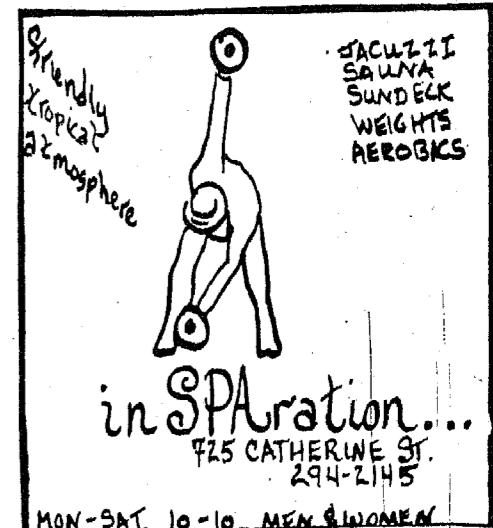
ALLOW NO CROSS-TRAFFIC. Note on the map that all but two streets are made into loop streets but connecting up the other two (Eaton and Southard, West side) would call for demolition, and the idea is to build up our town, not knock it down. On the two dead ends, add bike racks in the middle, or trees, or both.

If a merchant just has to have an afternoon delivery, let the trucker use a dolly from a side street--customer convenience comes first. And the wide one-way streets in the loop can accommodate rows of bike racks. And planters.

IN OTHER CITIES (Amsterdam, San Francisco, New York, for example), two things have been found necessary for success of such projects. One is strict enforcement of the vehicular prohibition in the pedestrian reserve. The other is encouraging the "street people"--the troubadours and the craftsmen and such who add color and life and attract people who spend money. No, Mr. Merchant, don't get "small town"--it will not pay.

COSTS SHOULD BE borne by local assessment, as should policing, etc. The City should refrain from trying to load on taxes too heavily--this scheme can pay its own way and bring jobs which is the name of the game. And add our town to the short list of towns with a character of its own that can attract people to spend money in the stores.

AND YES, I'VE checked out all existing operations affected--none will be subject to hardships because all can accommodate the new traffic patterns with only minor, if any, adaptations. Except for the knee-jerk "can't be done" and "if it was any good it would have been done" types, the case is all plus or I'd not write about it. Yes, we'd have to teach bus drivers new routes and erect some signs but those are not big deals.



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EVENTS

SPECIAL EVENTS

Key West Singles: Happy Hour 5 p.m. General Assembly 6:30-7:00 p.m., Ramada Inn. 296-6977.

GALLERIES

East Martello: S. Roosevelt Blvd., 296-3913. 9:30-5 daily except Christmas. A 'fort-museum' with some of the most interesting artifacts of Keys' history and lore. Thru the summer: Members' summer show. Workshops in Life Painting and Drawing with Malcolm Ross. Mondays at 7:30 p.m. and Fridays at 2 p.m. For exact times and information call 294-8301.

Artists Unlimited: 221 Duval St., 296-5625. Hours are 12 to 5 p.m. or by appointment. A delightful gallery in a Conch-style setting with an international reputation.

Farrington Galleries: 711 Duval St., 294-6911. An artist-supply gallery featuring new work by Mario Sanchez, including his woodcarving, "Bucket of Fish" and the new biography on him by Kathryn Proby.

Gingerbread Square Gallery: new address, 901-rear Duval St., 296-8900. 11-6 daily. This art gallery blends the modern and primitive styles in the works of Stell Adams, Henry Lawrence Faulkner and many more.

Guild Hall Gallery: 614 Duval St., 296-9359. 9:30-5:30 daily. Carrying the work of thirteen local artists.

Haitian Art Co.: 600 Frances St., 296-8932. Key West's newest gallery is like a trip to Haiti itself, replete with colorful island jungles, masks and traditions. Owner Ruth Kravitz encourages all interested to stop by and see her selection of a "little bit of Haiti."

Key West Art Center: 301 Front St., 294-1241. 10-5 daily. Sundays 11-4. This is a membership gallery, featuring individual wall shows every two weeks. Public lectures given from time to time on subjects pertinent to art and artists.

Lighthouse and Military Museum: 938 Whitehead, 294-0012. The highest view of Key West can be had here, along with a survey of aircraft and wartime materials convenient to island defense.

Women's Center: 602 Duval St., 294-8491. Registration beginning August 1 for introduction to photography course in Key West and Marathon. Special program in photography for Senior Citizens at the Armory in September. **Symbology**, an astrology class will begin in September, also. Registration fee for photography is \$30; Senior Citizens free. **Symbology** registration fee \$30.

Key West Woman's Club: regular meeting 1st Tuesday of each month, 2:30 p.m., 319 Duval St.

FILMS

Monroe County Library: 700 Fleming St., 294-8488. CHILDREN'S FILMS every Saturday at 10 a.m. (free): Aug. 1 *Stuart Little*, Aug. 8 *Really Rosie*, Aug. 15 *The Ugly Duckling*, Aug. 22 *Zoo and Boy and the Boa*, Aug. 29 *Grasshopper & The Ants* and *Peter and the Wolf* and *Evan's Corner*. ADULT FILMS through August 29, 3:00 p.m. (free): Aug. 1 *Ertrude Stein: When This You See Remember Me*, Aug. 7 and 8 *The Peter Tchaikovsky Story* and *George Bernard Shaw: Charm and the Man*, Aug. 14 and 15 *The Time Machine*, Aug. 21 and 22 *Future Shock* and *Kurt Vonnegut Jr.: A Self Portrait*, Aug. 28 and 29 *The Bloxham Tapes*.

THE BOOKMOBILE will stop once a week at the following locations for the story hour for children: Wednesday, Big Pine Key Chamber of Commerce, 10-11; Saturday, Summerland Key Ball Park, 10-11; Tuesday, Big Coppitt Key at Gulf Rest, 10:30-11:30.

SELF-HELP

Alcoholics Anonymous: 294-9026. **Domestic Abuse Shelter Volunteer:** 294-5586.

Emotional Health Anonymous: Thursdays at 7:30 p.m., First Congregational Church, 527 William St.

Conscious Pregnancy Classes: 296-6259. **Key West Singles:** 296-6977, 296-3423, 294-6973.

Mail-A-Book Program: costs you only 29 cents, for mailing. Library, 294-8488. **Overeaters Anonymous:** meetings Mondays at 7:30 p.m., at the Fleming Street Methodist Church, 729 Fleming St.

Classes on Natural Family Planning: Avoid or achieve pregnancy naturally. Instructor R.N. certified by the Ovulation Method Teachers Association, Inc. More information call 294-6697 in Key West or 666-1402 in South Miami.

Marathon Lions Club: dinner meetings 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Indies Inn, Duck Key, 7:30 p.m.

National Association for Retired Federal Employees: meetings last Sunday of the month at the Senior Citizens Plaza, 1400 Kennedy Drive, 3:45 p.m.

Quaker Unprogrammed Meeting for Worship: 802 Eaton St., Sundays at 10:30 a.m., third floor, 294-1523 or 294-8612.

Moira: the art gallery in Key Lime Sq., 294-1254. 10-5 Tuesday thru Saturday, Jim Lehmkul, artist-in-residence. Paintings and drawings by F. Ronald Fowler are currently on display.

Perkins Chandlery: 218 Whitehead, 294-7635. Showing the following artists: Roland Baker, A.S.M.A.; Commander J.A. Cryer; Capt. Bill Frank, ship modeler.

Rooftop Gallery: 423 Front St., 294-5892. 10-5 daily. Small but mighty, this special artists' showcase includes handcrafted jewelry plus exciting works by local artists.

Oldest House Museum: 322 Duval St., 294-9502. Antique lovers will enjoy this excursion into the furniture, housewares and decorations of old island interiors "way back when." Be sure to visit the kitchen out back.

REGULAR EVENTS

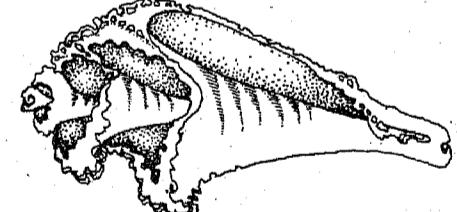
Aqueduct Authority: meeting Aug. 21, County Courthouse, Courtroom A, Key West, 10:00 a.m.

Monroe County Commission: Aug. 11 meeting at Marathon sub-Courthouse, 10:00 a.m.; Aug. 25 meeting at County courthouse, Courtroom A, Key West, 10 a.m.

Key West City Commission: meetings 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p.m., City Hall, corner Simonton and Angela streets.

City Electric Utility Board: meetings 2nd and 4th Wednesdays at 5 p.m., Board Room, 930 Caroline St.

Marathon Shrine Club: luncheons every Friday, at high noon. All Shriners welcome.



AMUSEMENTS

BY TOM SCHMITT

NOW THAT KEY WEST is in the middle of its "dog days," we look back on August of last year when a deserted town was supposedly overrun with Cuban boat people, but definitely not tourists. A summer of grim realities and few amusements. Thankfully, that's a fading memory. Now to whet your interest in the upcoming activities of this summer's "dog days," we can ask that familiar question—

"Que pasa, bubba?"

The answer for locals and tourists alike is a plethora of live entertainment, reggae music, unique parties, 3 movie series, one-act plays, new shops and windsurfing—besides the dancing, dining, fishing, sailing, biking and lounging that have become the hallmarks of Key West summers.

GOOD NEWS FOR the entertainment-starved: rehearsals are underway at Waterfront Playhouse at Mallory Square where a group of one-act plays will be presented by the Key West Players on Aug. 13 thru 15 and 20 thru 22.

There are three plays and all three will be performed each evening. The plays run the gamut from experimental theatre thru classic comedy. Jane Shaw directs *Chamber Music* by Arthur Kopit; Susan Newman directs Tennessee Williams' *This Property Is Condemned*; and Jeanne Muncie directs *Curtains* by Gloria Gonzalez. Among those starring in the productions are Christy Weizman, Constance Moxley, Michael de Moldau and John Herb.

There will be no reserved seats but the box office will be open one week prior to opening. Curtain is 8 P.M. and tickets are \$3.00.

FOR THE ADVENTUROUS, Papillon is sponsoring a Full Moon Shipwreck Party at the Atlantic Shores Motel pool for the benefit of the Key West Business Guild on Saturday evening, August 15, 7-11 P.M. The party is being given in conjunction with the Key West Treasure Hunt Weekend. Food and drinks will be served with price of admission which is \$6.00. For more information call Dale Wells at 294-4747. Whatta night with a full moon!

FOR THOSE WHO want to trip the light fantastic, a trip to Dancin' Fool is *de rigueur*. With an ambiance of high-style dance world, a touch of funk, mannequins from the 30's, dance bar and mirror plus local designers' creations and fashions, as well as an introduction to the art of stage makeup, Brona, its owner, has added a unique plus to the Key West shopping scene. Any local designers interested in displaying their wares at Dancin' Fool are welcome to stop by the Charles St. shop or call Brona at 296-7326. It's a world of high fashion, dance wear and natural fabrics.

FOR THOSE WHO are tired of evenings in front of TV, there are several film series going on or starting soon. The Picture Show is offering the geriatric love story of the 60's, *Harold & Maude*, with that octogenarian Juliet, Ruth Gordon. John Huston's pre-*Jaws* fish tale, *Moby Dick*, won't win any awards for special effects but does offer the delight of Gregory Peck's Ahab chewing the larnacles off the scenery and a cameo appearance by a slim Orson Wells without the mandatory white wine. *The Stunt Man*, soon to become a cult film, culled Peter O'Toole an Oscar nomination as Best Actor—A Must-See Film. Closing out the month is Robert Altman's *Popeye* starring the underrated and super-talented Shelly Duvall as Olive Oyl. For the kiddies,

The Picture Show offers Monday thru Friday 2:00 matinees of some great viewing whether they're 4 or 14. *Lassie*, *Pinocchio* and *The Hobbit* can't be beat on a hot afternoon.

FOR MORE INTIMATE viewing I recommend an evening at Panache on Smith Lane right off Duval St. It has a series of fine famous films scheduled for showing every Wednesday evening at 9:00. Such classics as *Leather Boys*, *The Awful Truth* (Cary Grant), and *Red Dust* (Harlow and Gable) are shown with a light snack or drink to enjoy with and during the viewing. *Trés intime, très chic*.

DAVID WOLKOWSKY'S SANDS Beach Club and Restaurant is presenting silent classics with Valentino, Garbo and other favorites every Monday and Tuesday at 9:30 P.M. Food and drink are readily available to enjoy with a favorite flick. If you get bored with that, there's always the Atlantic to view from Key West's finest beach.

FOR THOSE WHO want to figuratively walk on water, we have the fabulous thrill of windsurfing. Key West may not be blessed with breakers but one of our best beaches can be found at the

foot of Vernon St. next to the old Louie's Back Yard, now known as the Windsurfing Deck. For a nominal fee of \$10 you can race over the coral seas surrounding our paradise island. Windsurfing/Key West offers classes and instruction in the handling of windsurf equipment and the thrills come thick and fast when you've taken a lesson from their certified instructors. Don't get in the swim of things—windsurf over them. Call Don Wells at 296-8897 or stop by any time at 700 Waddele.

FOR ALL YOU sophisticated sybarites, I can recommend the services of Tom Born, Key West's finest masseur. Tom can be found daily in the exercise studio of the Casa Marina located on the lower concourse. For a treat as well as a treatment, relax under the educated fingers of Mr. Born. You'll feel like a new man ... or woman.

I CAN'T POSSIBLY tell you all that will be happening this August in Key West since the bright-eyed and creative talents about town are still dreaming up new delights to help us through these "dog days."

But you'll hear about them when

we haven't forgotten the luxury of all-cotton . . .

IZOD • LACOSTE

NORMAN • MERONA • GANT

ALLEN SOLLY

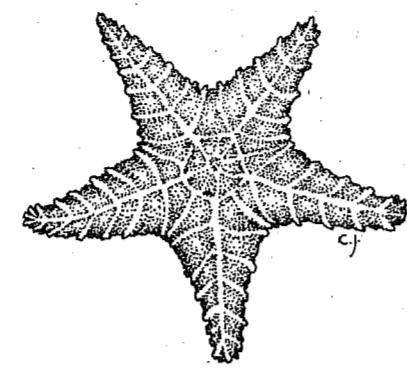
SIENNA

CANTERBURY

and neither should you.

assortment, inc.
507 Front Street
294-4066

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you dine out at Key West's finest restaurants or stop for a libation at one of the numerous bars or cocktail lounges. Look around, there's a world of exciting things to do here in Cayo Hueso.



Moira

Offering
very attractive reductions
on fine works of art
during the month of August
to make space
for new acquisitions

11 Key Lime Square
294-1254

Antonia's

Northern Italian Cuisine
615 Duval Street, Key West
294-6565

CLOSED FOR RENOVATION AND VACATION AUG. 4
THRU MID-OCTOBER

Harmony & Lotus

Natural Fibre Clothing For Women & Men
At Simple Prices

NEW LOCATION
132 Duval St.
OPENING SOON
WITH A SPECIAL SALE

12-6 Mon-Sat 294-7495

SHADES of Key West

a sunglass emporium
120 duval

New Summer Hours
Open Daily 11-6
Closed Tuesdays