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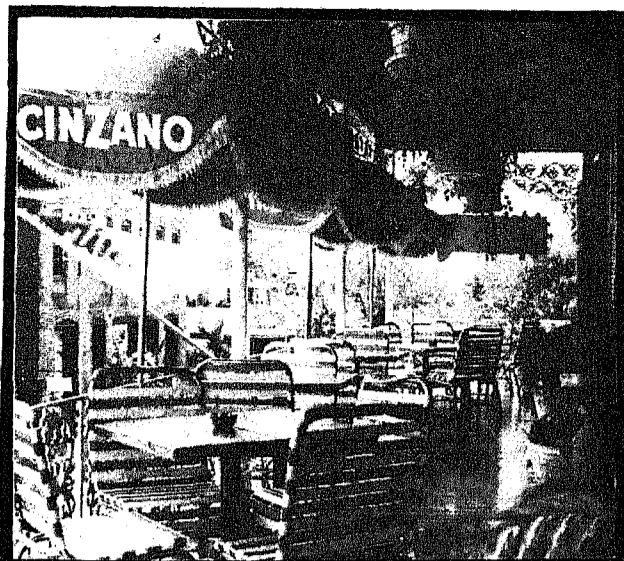
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Key West, Florida

June, 1976

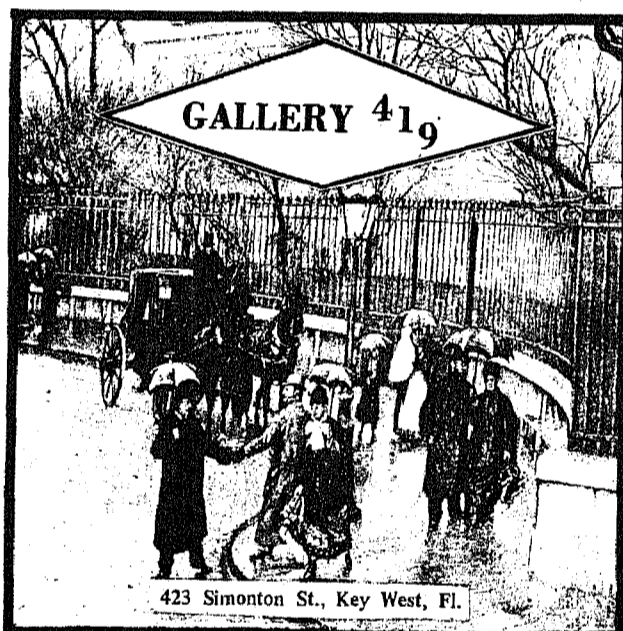




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## From the Editor

Well, let's start with a few statistics.

Our circulation last month was 11,000 copies.

Our subscription list now contains 55 names.

Our advertising has held up very nicely.

O.K., that's enough about statistics. I would like to add, however, our thanks to our subscribers. The money that we get from them is playing a big part in helping us to keep afloat.

I had forgotten to list our artist for the Olivia Street page last issue. Her name is Cas Lowther and I thank you again for the nice work, Cas.

Malcolm Ross should be heard from again soon. We had his splendid 'Cesar and Zaida' article the first issue and some truly lovely little sketches for the Benedict Thielens article this issue. I had hoped to get another article from him for this issue but he has been in the process of moving his shop to the Harbor House Arcade this month and has been too busy to write.

I think that we will be able to get Art Weiner to do a column for us on the ecology of the Keys. This should be good.

Hey, special thanks to Gil Ryder and Richard Cummings for some splendid late hour aid. Thanks are due also to Doug Johnston and "Dink" Bruce and Donna Marsh (Richard, too).

It was a real pleasure to do the article on "Crip" Lastres. Not only did I meet some really nice people while I was doing the story but also I had a nice experience getting to know what a fine man "Crip" Lastres was.

The other day we had very strong winds in Key West. Many people felt that something was burning nearby because the smell of burning was very evident in the air. Earlier that day, great billows of smoke had been seen coming from Fleming Key. The Navy had been burning a lot of something at their dump there. Gil Ryder points out in his article on the cattle quarantine station that is planned

for Fleming Key that nearly three tons of "unpleasant material" (manure, mainly) will be incinerated at the facility daily. If the incineration doesn't work to kill all the odor (and Gil says in his article that this is subject to doubt), what a horrible time the residents of Key West are going to have on those days when the wind is out of the North. Read the article and decide whether this project benefits anyone in Key West other than those who get the contract to construct it.

Hey again! This is really a very important election coming up for the residents of Monroe County. Three seats on the County Commission will be up for election. Monroe County, like Key West, is an endangered species. We desperately need commissioners who are dedicated to the preservation of this wonderful area. Commissioner Jerry Shipley could do with some support in his battle to keep Monroe County from being ravaged by land speculators, hi-rise developers, no plan/quick profit builders, and others who seem to view our home as a source for a quick profit and nothing more.

Regretfully, I didn't run Emma Cates' horoscope column last month. In it she predicted that in the month of May word would come that the military would stay in Key West. The headline of the Citizen of May 20 reads *Military Likely To Remain Here For A While Yet*.

Her other prediction was that animals would play an important part in our island life in May. Anyone who reads the papers will notice that dogs have been in the news a lot in May.

That's all for now.  
Thank you.

*W. Huckel*

Cover drawing by Joe Regan

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EDITORIAL..... BILL HUCKEL  
ART DIRECTION..... TOM POPE

COPY EDITOR..... WENDY RUSSO

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## "Crip" Lastres

by Bill Huckel

Had Will Rogers known "Crip" Lastres he might have remarked, "I never met a man who didn't like 'Crip' Lastres."

This enormously well loved man died about 1 year back at the early age of 46. The whole town poured out in tribute to him in what was one of Key West's largest funerals ever.

"Crip's" real first name was Aurelio, the same name as his father. He was born September 25, 1922 in Key West, the first son of Aurelio and Mary Lastres.

When we think about the Kennedy clan we think politics. When we think about the Lastres clan\* we think baseball.

The Lastres Srs. had six boys and three girls. Of the boys, Gabe was with the Newark farm club of the New York Yankees, Danny played in the farm system of the Dodgers, and George with the farm system of the Giants.

When one figures the odds against one boy out of the millions who play ball being good to make a farm team in the majors one can see they don't make odds high enough for three brothers to rise so high in this sport.

And George who was speaking for his brothers said they all agreed the best ball player in the family was "Crip". He said, "There is no doubt in my mind that 'Crip' would've gone all the way in the Majors except for..."

Except for what? Except for the fact that "Crip" had one leg 6 inches shorter than the other. To try and realize what a disadvantage this is, experiment by walking with one shoe on and one off. This is clumsy. Imagine a 6 inch difference and see what an enormous handicap this is. Getting around

\* See p. 17



(Shown in this photo are the members of the 1939 Sons of the American Legion ball team. (Standing) A. Lastres, Mgr., G. Garcia, E. Vargas, L. Anitas, G. Lastres, J. Menendez, D. Roberts, G. Alonso, R. Thompson. (Seated) R. Arnold, C. Lastres, O. Cordova, C. Albury, O. Esquinado, G. Albury, Red Hogan. (Kneeling) "Fito" Lastres.

with such a handicap is awkward but playing ball would seem impossible.

But "Crip" played ball, and in this baseball-crazy town of Key West which traditionally has great players, he was considered according to friend, Ralph Arnold, as one of the two best 1st basemen in the league.

Everyone remembers the fantastic ballet splits that "Crip" would execute when snaring a wild peg from another player. "He would do a perfect split - one leg out in front of the other - snare the ball with his glove way out-reached keeping his other leg on 1st base and then would push himself up after the play."

"Crip" was a good batter and would run the bases with a loping run. Ralph remembers "Crip" stealing bases as well.

"Crip's" leg got messed up as a result of a freakish boyhood accident. He fell while playing on a pair of scissors that jabbed him in behind the kneecap. It didn't appear serious at the time but "septicemia" (blood poisoning) set in and he was desperately sick for months.

The Lastres's decided to go to Havana for further medical attention partly at the urging of a Dr. von Cosel, a friend of Aurelio Lastres, Sr., who would himself play quite a role in the history of Key West. And it was there in Havana that the doctors had to remove young Aurelio's kneecap.

"Crip" was a powerful young man and even with his bad leg he could climb a coconut tree like a monkey. Among his other accomplishments at this time were dancing (he would wear a brace), riding a bike by pedaling with one foot, and of all things, boxing.



Ralph remembers him as a good boxer who won a few fights in the preliminaries before the main bouts. He and Jon Menendez, another good friend, remembered one time when "Crip's" dad was managing a team the brothers and they were playing on. Lastres, Sr. was a strict manager and when one of the boys showed up out of uniform he ordered him out of the game. The rest of the team except for the Lastres brothers walked off the field in protest and for two weeks there were such hard feelings between the groups that they didn't see one another (the whole team practically lived at the Lastres home across from the P.O. in those days).

Finally to clear the air a boxing match was set up between the groups. "Crip" was the Lastres and Jon was the friend. After the bout everything was groovy and all were friends again. "Crip" played ball for the P.G.B. store which sponsored a team. Jon recalled that it cost the store all of \$3.96 to clothe the team. This was the cost of flannel and the parents helped make the suits.

The owner of P.G.B. gave the boys each a free soda after each game they won. However after the team won almost all their games for three years in a row the owner complained, "Hey, when are you guys going to lose a game anyway?" It was during the depression and all those sodas make a difference.

"Crip" played ball with the Sons of the American Legion and the legendary Red Raiders which is considered one of the best teams ever fielded from Key West.

It was at this time, DeWitt Roberts remembers, during the district championship against Palm Beach the famed sports-writer Jack Bell wrote in the *Miami Herald* that "Crip" Lastres deserved a special award for playing such great ball under such a great handicap.

In 1941, Pearl Harbor day, the Red Raiders were playing ball out by Trumbo Field. Within a week or so the whole team volunteered for the draft. "Crip", however, was rejected.

continued on page 16

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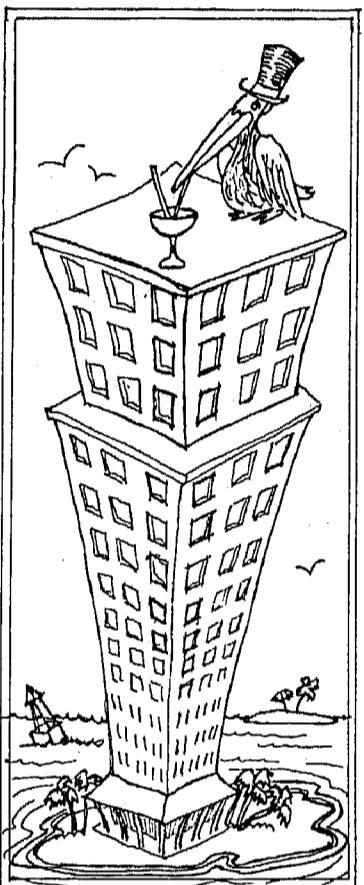


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# some remarks

Except for a belated article by a retiree who was present, the Bicentennial Forum on Volunteerism and Citizenship which was convened at City Hall on May 10th, was not covered by either of our daily newspapers. This is a pity. For it was a very unique, newsworthy event, well attended. Some of our more serious problems were surveyed, and there was positive, constructive discussion as to how they might be worked at by an informed citizenry acting independently or through concerted group action.

And we do have problems. Hugh Morgan, head of the Monroe County Bar Association, cited findings of the ongoing environmental impact study of what would happen should the Naval Air Station be phased out. This appears to be a less likely, though still distinct, possibility. It was suggested that in the development of the old Navy Base there be greater citizen involvement with the development corporation, to insure that the common good of all the people of this area be kept in mind.

Ernest Szelata, a social worker, described health facilities and services available currently and in the near future. He also pointed out unique local problems in providing adequate outpatient care for all medical recipients, particularly indigent mothers-to-be. A suggestion was made from the floor that the possibility of an outpatient clinic providing needed medical services at the old Navy base be looked into.

Roger Swift, a city administrator, outlined possible ways of handling the problems of sewage and waste disposal. Mrs. Ivan Mast recommended looking into what was being done in Ames, Iowa, where a small city's waste was used as fuel to produce electricity.

Lee Roberts capably explained problems related to our water supply and utilities. A key fact which emerged was that the desal plant, built to last 10 years, is now 12 years old, badly needs repairs, and could easily break down. It supplies all the water for Key West. Participants questioned the wisdom of issuing new water permits until after this crisis situation is resolved.

Dave Heart, a counselor with Vocational Rehabilitation Service, surveyed problems related to alcoholism and drug abuse. Rev. David Adams, representing the Key West Ministerial Association, expressed the deep concern of his organization over the lack of specific concerted law enforcement programs in either the sheriff's department or in the city police department in the drug field, and the lack of any specific program to aid the victims of drug abuse here in Key West.

Anthony Calzadilla, Youth Services, described how young offenders are handled by his agency, and cited the need for uniform legislation throughout the nation to alleviate problems in this area. Support for the new oceanographic program to rehabilitate youthful offenders was voiced. Further discussion led to strong backing for continuing an alternate school, as some program to keep problem youths under age 15 off the streets is badly needed.

After the Forum, many who took part stated they felt it met a real need. It provided an informed survey of related local problems, and made it clear that they are not insurmountable. It pointed the way to increased involvement by concerned citizens of Key West as individuals, and as members of organizations, in working toward solutions which best serve the common good. Walpole's policy of salutary neglect may have helped set up optimum conditions for an American revolution in 1776. But it was concerted action, not apathy, which resolved the problems of the original 13 colonies. Perhaps in this Bicentennial year the citizens of Key West will take steps to work together to bring about what needs to be done. If this happens, the Bicentennial Forum convened by Izzy Weintraub will have been newsworthy indeed.

E.S.

A lot of people want to know what is happening with Rest Beach. Early this May an Administrative Appeal was sent to the city.

An Administrative Appeal is an appeal from the decision of the building inspector that he issued the building permit for the project improperly, illegally and not in the public welfare.

It is an appeal to the Board of Adjustment. The Board of Adjustment is, by law, the City Commissioners of the city of Key West.

It is required that within a reasonable time the Board of Adjustment hold a public hearing to hear arguments concerning the appeal.

By law all work on the project is supposed to be stopped when the appeal is filed unless there is imminent peril to life or property. To date there has been no work stoppage and no date has been set for the appeal hearing.

The last two editorials in Solares Hill have dealt with the townhouse development at Rest Beach. Not unsurprisingly, many people have felt just as strongly about this building as we have. This is the point of editorials - to expose what we feel are wrongs, to get public support behind us on these issues, and to seek remedies to them. This is what we are doing with Rest Beach. An Administrative Appeal has been sent to the City of Key West asking for an investigation into this matter. And, until the city responds to this Appeal, we probably will not be editorializing on it.

I would like to point out that this kind of editorial (Rest Beach) carries with it a lot of public interest. It is an easy subject to write about and one that arouses people. What I am going to write about today does not carry the same interest with it.

By July 24 no one who hasn't registered to vote will be allowed to do so in the primaries. And, unfortunately, the very people who should be concerned about getting registered before this date are the very people who really are not interested.

What turned them off? A good part of today's apathy can be traced to the disappointment of the young with the promise of the sixties. Hope and optimism were in the air. Everyone felt a part of a great change that was coming. America was going to realize her ideal as the moral leader of the world, peace was around the corner, we had young, concerned leaders who would lead the way and, in short, everything was going to be alright. Many, many young people became very active politically for the first time in their lives - everyone felt that he was a part of something big and fine.

Then crueler realities swung into focus. Our leaders were assassinated, cynical men took the lead in governing, the war was escalated, the young were roughed up and, in some cases, killed and the bright promise of the sixties became the cynical despair of the seventies. Then came Watergate and it seemed to prove to many of the young that all government was self-serving and blind to the interests of the people and that worse, it was so deeply entrenched that nothing could remove it.

This is where we stand today. Too many feel that nothing can be done. Look at Monroe County they say. The whole county has been declared an area of critical concern. You don't earn that title by being an example of good enlightened government, do you, they ask. The answer to that is, no, you don't. But it doesn't have to remain that way, does it? And the answer is NO!

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# editorial

## REQUIREMENTS TO REGISTER TO VOTE

You must be 18 years of age or you must attain 18 by the next election (September 7, 1976).

You must be a citizen of the United States.

You must reside in Florida for 30 days prior to the election. In essence, if you live in Monroe County or Key West now, you may register to vote in the September 7th Primary up until the registration books close at 5 p.m. on July 24th. You must have a registration address to establish your voting precinct. You may change this address any time you move and you have up to one year to report an address change, during which time you may continue to vote from your last address.

You must be mentally competent. You must not have been convicted of a felony unless you have had your civil rights restored.

Contrary to some belief, registration does not have any bearing whatsoever on whether you are subject to taxes of any kind. The only possible effect voter registration might have is to subject you to jury duty. The voter rolls are used to select names for jury duty on a random basis.

## THE PRIMARY

In Florida, as in many Southern states, most local elective offices are subject to the "one-party" system -- a carryover from the post-Civil War Reconstruction era. There are rarely any Republican or independent candidates for local offices. The effect of this is that most local candidates are effectively elected in the Democratic Primary which occurs on September 7th. So if you wish to have a part in electing local officials such as, county commissioners, sheriff, state attorney, school board, tax collector, etc., you need to register as a Democrat.

The voting registration office (Supervisor of Elections) is located in a separate building directly behind the Monroe County Courthouse Annex at 500 Whitehead St. in Key West. Branch offices are located at the Sheriff's sub-stations in Marathon and Plantation Key. They are open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday. It takes only five minutes to register and there is no red tape. GET REGISTERED NOW.

A couple of weekends ago, two young Key Westers put on clown outfits, took a tank of helium gas and many balloons and set off for Searstown. Their purpose was to sell balloons to the kids and to have a good time.

Permission had been granted them to appear at Searstown by the property manager. Almost all the owners of the stores there had agreed it would be nice, also.

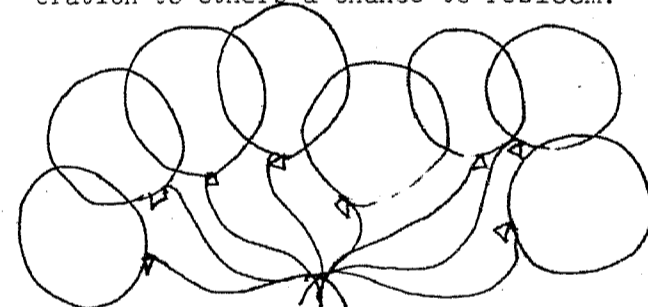
The clowns, Tim Wegman and Bill Berg, started preparing about 10:00 in the morning. It was hot being in those outfits but they didn't care. As Tim said, "The little kids get so excited when they see us and they squeal and keep looking back and have such a good time - the whole thing is just good."

It wasn't that profitable, however. For around ten hours preparation and work they netted between \$20 and \$25 apiece. They would have worked even later but they got arrested.

Arrested? What for? They were arrested around sundown that evening by a city policeman for selling without an occupational license. Not only that. They were taken to police headquarters in one car while another car was called to bring in their balloons. They were booked, mugged, fingerprinted and jailed. A friend came down with money and they were released after paying a fine of \$37.00 apiece.

This is so wrong. Not only is it wrong to treat a very minor infraction with such ponderous seriousness, and not only is it wrong to use police manpower on a nit-picking situation, but the whole philosophy of a city is made to appear wrong as well. Are we such heavies that clowns selling balloons to kids become animals because they don't have licenses? Is that Key West's philosophy? Let's hope not.

Why not set up a system of warning violations and giving them a chance to correct what is wrong. It would give the police officer a chance to relax, it would give the offender the chance to be lawful and it would help allow the traditional Key West philosophy of consideration to others a chance to rebloom.



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## Art Weiner Phd.



Dr. Art Weiner is a well-known name up and down the Keys. Some say infamous. Mention Dr. Weiner's name at a cocktail party and you'll get a knee-jerk reaction. Arguments will break out. Friendships strain and the room will divide into opposing camps.

Listen:  
"He ruined the economy of the Keys with that fight against hurricanes."

"He saved us from over-development! Without him we'd be living in another Miami Beach in five years."

"He caused trouble at the college - he's a rebel!"

"He's a saint. Lost his job to stand up for what's right!"

"Yeah, but those state controls put a lot of my friends out of work. It's his fault!"

"But he knows what he's talking about. There's only so much land and water and the reef is dying and he did something about it!"

So Dr. Weiner's name and what it stands for bounces back and forth. Whether saint or sinner resides strictly in the eye of the beholder. To some he is an idealist, ecologist trouble-maker while to others he is the Man of the Mangroves - the Don Quixote of the Keys who dreamed an impossible dream that has come true.

One thing is certain, Dr. Art Weiner is the man responsible for long-term planned growth in the Florida Keys, like it or not. And since the Keys have been designated an Area of State Critical Concern Dr. Weiner and his planned growth concept have come under criticism.

Dredge and filling has been stopped and there has been a slow-down of new housing starts due to restrictions on the number of water hook-up permits issued.

But this situation is only temporary according to Dr. Weiner, as the economy of the Keys adjusts to the new concept of planned growth and construction which is in harmony with the environment and density limits of the area.

It will also seem strangely out of character to many of Dr. Weiner's detractors that he is now working in the building trade himself, helping to plan, design and actually build homes in the Keys. Homes with dry toilets and cisterns that assure man's peaceful co-existence with Nature.

"I came to the Keys in 1965 as a graduate student from the University of Miami and discovered a truly unique environment. When I received my Doctorate in Biology I moved my family to the Keys and decided this would become my permanent home."

"And because I wanted to preserve the quality of life I found here I became involved in the community, both as a biologist and politically as a concerned citizen. That was when the trouble began."

"Dredge and filling was rampant and development nearly unchecked. Mangrove swamp and hardwood hammocks were being swept away and this was wreaking havoc with the ecosystem. I had moved away from New York City to Miami for a better environment and then away from Miami to the Keys as a last refuge."

One morning I woke up and a bulldozer was ripping a road through the mangroves next to my home. That was the last straw and I began to fight."

Professionally I was teaching at the local college and politically I began to organize support for controlled growth in the Keys through the creation of the Florida Keys Citizens' Coalition.

I worked with officials in Tallahassee and testified as a professional biologist in many of the hearings on environmental concerns of the Keys.

I recently wrote the Coral Protection Bill that was voted into law by the Legislature and at the same time I am working with a local contractor building single family dwellings that conform to the guidelines of the Critical Concern constraints.

I believe we can have an economic cake and eat it too in the Keys if we do it right. It is vitally important to preserve the uniqueness of this area by building properly because 80% of the private sector cash flow comes into the Keys from tourism. The tourists come to this area precisely because it is not like Miami Beach or New York City or Hometown, USA.

We must develop a way of life here based on the compatibility of Nature and human habitation within the environment. If we do not, then we will lose our high quality of life - our clean air and water, our wildlife and wilderness areas - in short our peace of mind.

In the short term the Keys will suffer adjustment stress from Critical Concern designation. But in the long run we are preserving the Keys for generations to come so that our children and their children will inherit perhaps one of the last high quality living environments in North America."

To sit across a table from Dr. Weiner is an education in ecology, in humanity and idealism. He is our resident professional ecologist, sought out as a consultant by state agencies and neighbors alike for advice on the Keys' environment.

Dr. Art Weiner is a name that is known up and down the Keys, famous and infamous; a name and a person you'd probably like to know better.

## The Man of the Mangroves

by Richard Cummings

(The following quoted remarks have been taken from an essay on local land use by Dr. Arthur Weiner.)

There is an invisible but demanding bond that exists throughout the Florida Keys and one which, in recent years, has become more and more apparent to all its citizens as population grew.

This bond stretches between the natural ecological systems of the Keys and the absolute need to protect them, and the commercial developers who are boosting the economy by giving it employment through construction, additional homes, more resort facilities, etc.

How do you get a stable, growing, healthy economy and at the same time strongly preserve all the vital requirements of nature that, in themselves, give this region its very reason for its extreme popularity?

The problem is nearly impossible to answer simply.

Scientist and teacher, Dr. Art Weiner, one of this county's major forces in the conservation of its one-of-a-kind ecological systems, emphasizes "that still accumulating scientific evidence has made it abundantly clear that all life on earth is part of a vast community much larger than any human civilization."

The "web of life," he calls the "ecosystem, a network whose carrying capacity for any individual life form is dependant upon the health or quality of all its parts."

The microscopic plankton, the tiniest bits of nutrient at the edges of mangrove swamps that line all the islands in this county, feed the smallest of the fishes, provide the places for breeding, for protection of the young, food for shrimp and crawfish -- and they, in turn, when grown will migrate out to the ocean and become the catch for all our hundreds of fishing boats and shrimpers.

The shrimpers and fisherman live here. They earn wages and support the human life economy system on the land, which might be termed another "life support system," - an "econ-system."

Reconciling the two, the "ecosystem and the econ-system," so that the citizens can live here comfortably and yet support a growth in people and businesses, and also protecting the natural resources from rampaging, careless development of

the land without regard for either nature in the availability of essential services like water supply, trash disposal, sewage disposal, educational facilities, etc., is the foremost problem in the county.

Weiner has remarked that the previous years of virtually uncontrolled development without proper and stringent laws for land use, population density, zoning and conservation have led inevitably to last year's mandate from Tallahassee which declared Monroe County an "area of critical concern to the State of Florida."

"Perhaps nowhere else in Florida are so many people so dependant on the natural beauty and ecological stability of their land, which provides not only a high quality of life but also generates the circulating capital which fuels the local economy..."

"In order to create a stable healthy economy, new development must be coupled with both an increase in income from outside the county which would stay and recirculate and not be taken out and enough financing for the essential support services."

"It is impossible, over the long run, to expand and stabilize the economy solely through land development beyond the carrying capacity."

The tourist industry, carefully regulated in its continuing development of new structures, increased facilities, appears to be the economic answer to the Florida Keys, which would also save the strictly guarded natural ecosystem here.

In the Key West and Lower Keys districts of the county where great loss in a constant military income is soon to be felt in many sectors -- real estate, retail stores, employment, loss in school revenues, taxes -- tourist development through more attractions, seems to be uppermost in the minds of the counties leaders.

The solving of the two ends of the paradox between strong voices for conservation and those for development and building, would seem to be headed for settlement when all those human beings agree on reasonably regulated growth for the tourist industry while still holding onto strong protection of the natural resources.

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by Gil Ryder

## PROFITABLE PESTHOUSE?

A public meeting was held in the Key West High School on September 18, 1975 concerning the projected "Fleming Key Animal Import Center, Key West, Florida" - often referred to as the "Cattle Quarantine Station".

Most of those residents showing an interest in the matter at the time have since received a rather large document entitled, "Final Environmental Statement for Fleming Key Animal Import Center, Key West, Florida" from the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

There were, and are, opposing opinions as to whether or not the Center should be located in this area. Arguments by both sides seem to be fairly represented in this Final Environmental Statement.

A comment was made by an individual resident of Key West that his home was approximately 500 yards from Fleming Key. Investigation shows that the Center itself will be 3,180 yards from Key West. (See page 93 of FES). In any case, it is obvious that the Center, if constructed, will be very close to the densely populated area of Key West.

It would be impossible to quote the entire Environmental Statement in this space. Therefore, the quoted will be confined to subject matter most readily understood by the average resident of the Key West area - in the opinion of the writer.

The points made that might be attractive to local residents seem to be: "Locally, the effect to the City of Key West would be to provide job opportunities for approximately 34 unskilled persons on a permanent basis"; and - "Many supplies for the facility would be purchased locally". (See page 22 FES).

Comment: At the September 18, 1975 meeting it was brought up that the 34 unskilled local resident jobs would be largely clean-up and manure handling. Do you know 34 persons in Key West seeking a career in cow dung?

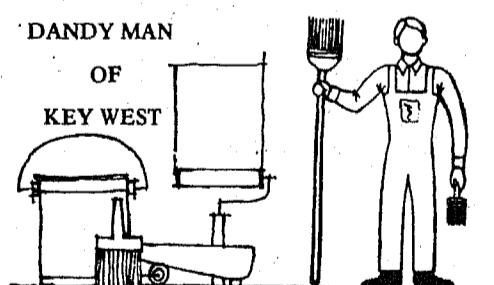
The foreign cattle will be checked for: Foot and Mouth disease, Tuberculosis, Brucellosis, Leptospirosis, Bovine Leukosis, Vibrio fetus, and Trichomonas before arriving in Key West. (See page 3 of Statement).



"All personnel working in the animal holding building will be required to shower in and shower out of the building". (See page 27 of FES).

According to the table given, (fig. 7, page 30), there will be 4,500 lbs. of dried manure and 1,440 lbs. of dried bedding to be burned each day.

Comment: Anyone who ever worked in a stable or cow barn knows that the soiled bedding of the animals is just about as much of a mess as is manure itself. Also, the two items together total 5,940 lbs. (nearly 3 tons) of completely useless material. This is to be burned daily less than 4,000 yards from heavily populated and tourist attraction section of Key West.



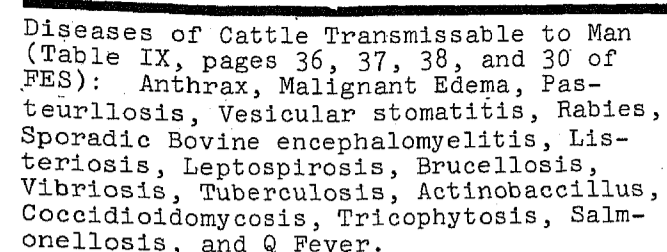
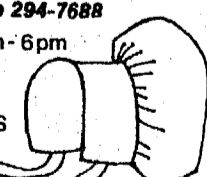
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Comment: It should be pointed out that some of these diseases are not likely to spread among the human population of Key West - for instance, *Vibriosis* is transmitted either by coitus or artificial insemination, and *Trichomoniasis* just by coitus.

However, 3 of the diseases or conditions are airborne and 4 of the diseases or conditions are transmitted by flies, mosquitoes or ticks.

The probability is that conditions will be carefully monitored, and assuredly every effort will be made to keep the fly, mosquito, and tick population under control.

The residents of Key West should give very serious thought to the pros and cons of having an Animal Import Center at their front door. Are the 34 unskilled jobs and the profits to the building contractors more important to the area than maintaining and improving our aesthetic values? What are the possible reactions to the Center when it is completed and in use? Will the odor of burning manure drive tourists and affluent retirees away and, if so, how much of the economy will be lost? Will the 34 unskilled jobs make up for these possible losses?

The argument will be presented that our winds are almost always from the S.S.E., S.E., or E. and therefore, we will seldom smell the manure burning. That is a good argument, borne out by the stench

from the Grinnell Street electric plant. Mostly we don't smell it, but on those occasions when we do, it's very obnoxious. The same wind direction that brings us the Grinnell electric odor will also bring us whatever odor is emanating from the Cattle Quarantine Station. This is the simplest practical example to give, showing how often the phenomenon will occur.

Another item all residents of the area of Key West should consider is: cow depopulation (figure 7, page 30 and page 25): "Should an emergency arise, e.g., outbreak of foot and mouth or rinderpest, these incinerators will be used to depopulate the facility."  
All 500 cattle would be destroyed and burned within 7 days. That's 500,000 lbs. of meat and bone. Dehydrating 500 head of cattle and burning them in 7 days seems a formidable operation to undertake, especially when you consider that all contaminated feed, bedding, etc., would have to be burned, making a total of 933,000 lbs. or, if dried, 325,450 lbs. How do you dry out 500 dead cattle? But even if such dehydration is possible, there is still the task of burning 162 1/2 tons a day of carcass and other material.

According to the "Statement", pages 26 and 27, "The incinerators will be constructed and tested so as not to emit odors". One would wonder whose nose is to be used in the testing, and what happens when, having been constructed and tested not to emit odors, it stinks to the high heavens in actual operation. Will the government pull it down and ship the cattle to another neighborhood? Or will they just give technical explanations and promise that the condition will eventually be corrected? And, while waiting for the corrections, do we simply depopulate Key West by moving out?

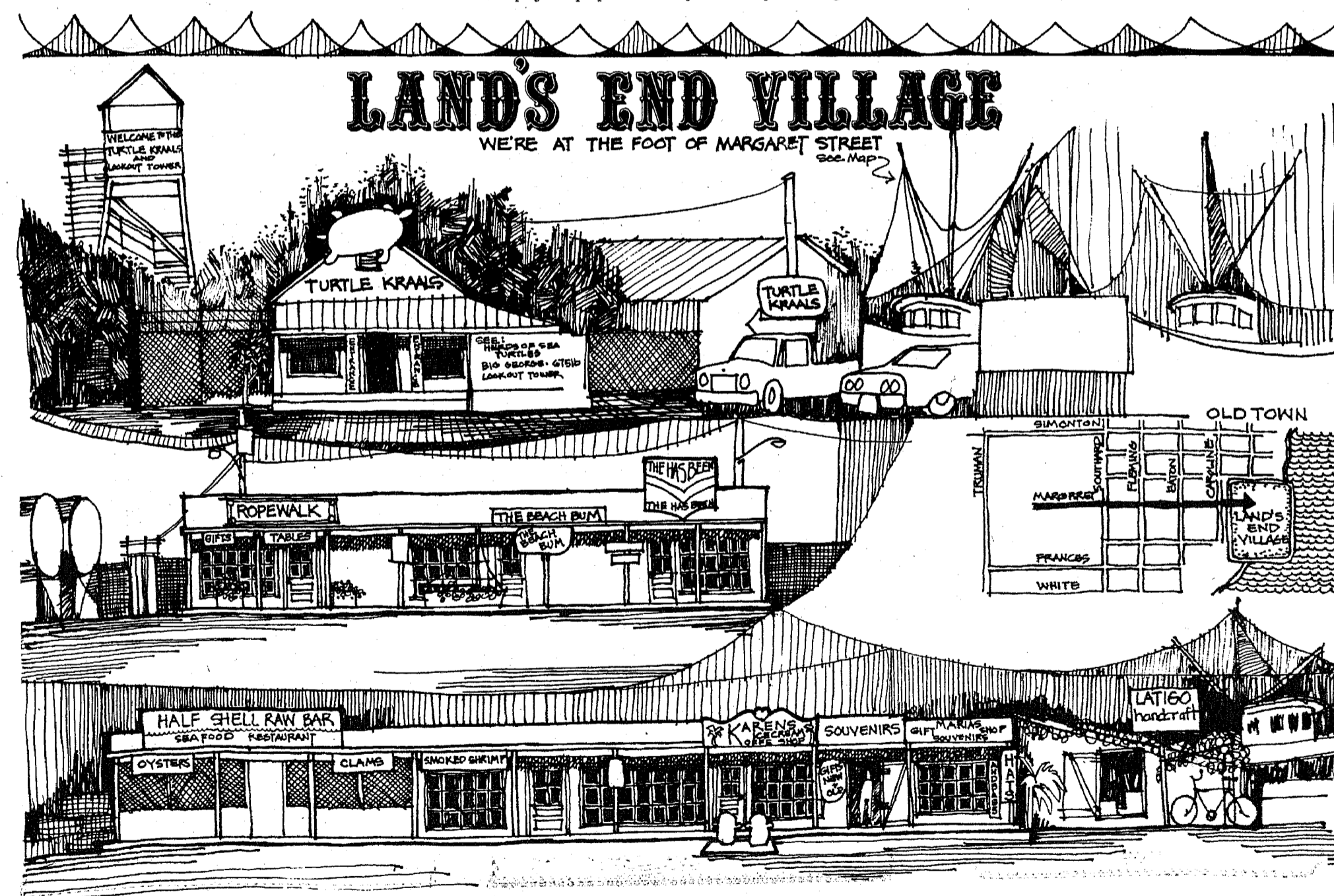
The City Commission adopted a resolution endorsing the Animal Control Center on September 15, 1975. You might well wonder why. Where is the advantage to the community? Will you benefit? If not, who will? Would the cities of Boca Raton, Florida or Westport, Conn. stand for this?

In this article no attempt has been made to go into ecological arguments, statements, etc., contained in the "Final Environmental statements" of 102 pages plus the many appendices, attachments, photos, letters, etc. Actually, the important question is, do the majority of the residents of Key West want the Quarantine Station or would they rather not have it. Each resident citizen should give this matter careful thought. Study the "Final Environmental Statement for Fleming Key Animal Import Center, Key West, Florida." It should be available at the library on Fleming Street. Each resident should evaluate the facts available, then write to the City Commission, County Commission and State and Federal representatives, giving opinions pro or con and making recommendations. This is far too important an issue to just sit idly by and let the Navy and Department of Agriculture make our decisions.

The last sentence on page 4 of the Statement: "A 25 year use agreement has been made between the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Naval Facilities Engineering Command."

Comment: There are still a few Americans who believe that the Armed Forces, including the Navy, exist for the purpose of fighting our wars rather than making deals about cows.

Last question: Who really stands to profit by this?

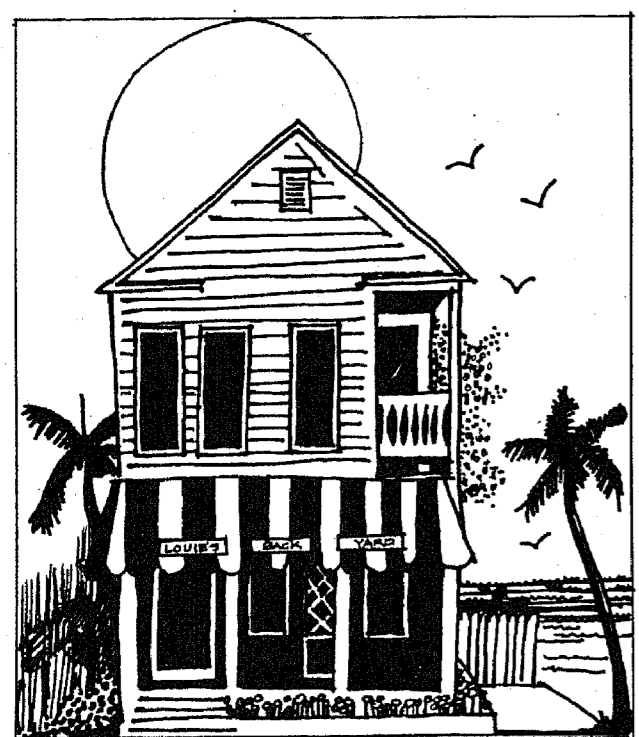


"I've often wondered why it is  
we can't forget our past,  
or why we have to live by words  
and the shadows that they cast."

Perry Hill  
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excerpt from *Shadows...*  
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## Poetry Reading

R.M.

Robert Frost said, "A poem begins in delight and ends in wisdom." Unfortunately, many poems also end in dresser drawers.

A poet often shows his work to one or two close friends, and, upon being assured by them that the children of his imagination must be given to the world so that posterity will not be denied, he rushes them off to the NEW YORKER or THE PARIS REVIEW or THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH STOCK ISLAND REVIEW.

The more persistent poet eventually accumulates enough rejection slips to paper a wall, or at least fill the holes in his shoes. The poetry gets published sooner or later. There are at least 1000 (one thousand) markets for English language poetry.

The catch is that as few as 100 (one hundred) readers may see the poems in some of these small circulation magazines, and many of those are only reading the magazine because their poems are in it also. The poet casts an anxious eye at his mailbox, waiting for a letter from a reader in East Fork, SD, saying that his life has been completely changed as a result of the revelations contained in the poet's poem.

A few poets write only for themselves, for self-expression or emotional release, to get the problem or observation on paper where it can be seen more clearly. "For me the initial delight is in the surprise of remembering something I didn't know I knew," Frost said.

But most poets will admit that they write to communicate, to affect others in some way. They want a reaction to the fruits of their brains. They want to amuse, inspire, shock, awaken. And, ideally, they would like to know what kind of effect their poems have on others.

One of the purposes of friends and relatives is so that every person who writes poetry can have at least a handful of devoted fans who will praise his every literary effusion. But there comes a time in every poet's life when he decides to throw himself on the judgment of strangers. Directly. Face to face, not through the mail.

He turns up at the Wild Wind Gallery at 614 Duval at 8:30 in the evening on the first Sunday of the month. Three people are there: the host George Fielder, owner of the Gallery; Richard Marsh, editor-publisher of POCKET POETRY; and Donna Marsh, time-keeper for the poetry reading.

Since this is Key West, starting time for anything means the time the audience starts to trickle in. By quarter to nine a sprinkling of poets and listeners are browsing through the Gallery or sitting on the broad staircase. Forty or fifty may wander in during an evening to stay for a few minutes or longer.



Marsh, a former country school teacher, rings an antique school bell to signal the start of the poetry reading. The rules are laid down. The number of poets who are present to read is divided into 90 minutes to determine the amount of time to be allotted to each reader. Each poet has between five and ten minutes. Some read only one or two poems, and the extra time is passed on to a late arrival.

The poet who has never read in public before has a kind, understanding audience. But they are honest. They will laugh, cheer, or applaud when moved to do so. They will say, "Hmmm," when they are mystified or provoked to thoughtful reflection. They will do nothing if there is nothing to be done.

"The poet like an acrobat," said Lawrence Ferlinghetti in one of his poems, "climbs on rime to a high wire of his own making and balancing on eyebeams above a sea of faces..."

Reading the poems that you have dredged from the depths of your soul, reading them in front of a group of strangers, or worse, casual acquaintances, can be a frightening experience. Even the veterans like Jody Adams, who has not missed a reading at the Wild Wind since they began last August, and Ed Crusee and Jean Bruner, who participated in the Red Door Gallery readings two years ago, will betray a trembling hand or voice now and then. Beginners are nearly paralyzed with fear or jellied with nervousness. But something brings them back again and again the first Sunday of every month. A need to share insights and feelings, a curiosity to find out what makes others think of their poems, interest in what others write, a secret desire to perform, a sincere devotion to poetry, a search for the working of the Muse at large?

Something in the Key West air attracted Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, John Dos Passos, Hemingway, Tennessee Williams, Stephen Spender.

Something works poetically at the Wild Wind, and it will happen again about 8:30 the evening of June 6, July 4, August 1, September 5, etc.

## ORATORIO

An oratorio is a long dramatic musical composition which is usually on a religious theme. It is sung to musical accompaniment and is often performed in churches. A man named Bill Lorraine has written one and it was presented in Key West at the A.M.E. Zion Church Easter Sunday.

Bill had started on the work in Jacksonville but became deadended. He remembered Key West with its "warm weather and warm people" and came here last May to get a fresh start.

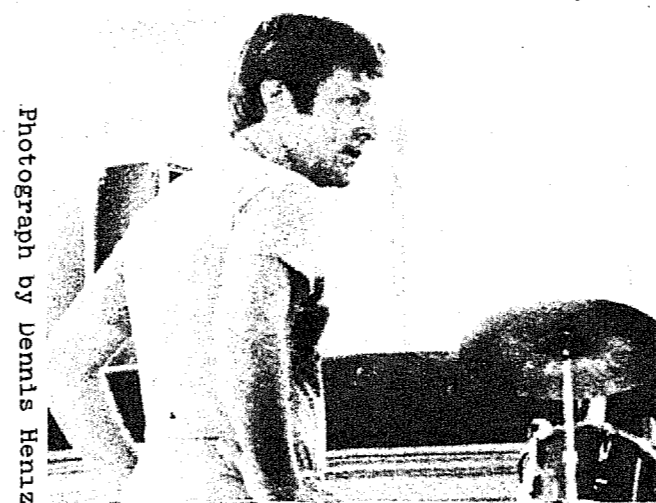
Bill continued working on the oratorio and completed it a week before its performance here. The whole experience has been a happy one for him and for the community.

Bill went to Ann Barnes, who used to run the Oratorio Society in Key West, about a month before this Easter. She helped line up some of the soloists and other performers. The soloists were Cynthia Shortman, Soprano, Anne Barnes, Alto, Cliff Sawyer, Tenor, and "Coffee" Butler, Bass.

Some of these people were already known to Bill. "When I found out it was 'Coffee' Butler who was going to sing I really wanted to make his solo good. I have so much respect for him. I finished it (the solo 'I Will Lead') barely in time for the first rehearsal."

Cliff Sawyer was known to Bill, also. He had sung Bill's song "Franzpani Blues". "You should hear him sing 'Misty,' - he sounds like Johnny Mathis."

Because of Cliff Sawyer, Bill got to meet the members of his band, guitarist Duane McCrary and drummer Eddie Castillo. The fit musically was perfect. Bill says, "Duane played on over half of all the songs in the oratorio. He had to learn them all in little over a month. I don't know how he did it but he did and he helped with musical ideas as well." And Eddie Castillo? "He's a natural talent with the drums. A lot of drummers just



Photograph by Dennis Henze

keep time but Eddie feels the other players musically and stays out front. He's just 16 years old. I was asking him to do a real long drum solo with a lot of funky things in it, and the extraordinary thing is that ordinarily you've got to do it many times over to get it right, but Eddie learned it right off."

When Bill went out to the High School to get brass players from Band Director Bob Hyatt, he heard a girl playing a very difficult clarinet solo beautifully. Later that day he was talking to his neighbors, Rev. Jasper Williams and his wife, Miriam. She mentioned that her granddaughter, Joni James, saw him at school today while she was playing the clarinet. "Wow," Bill said, "Do I have a part for her if she is willing." She was. (Miriam William's son, incidentally, was the famed jazz musician "Fats" Navarro.)

While all of the musicians were coming together Bill still lacked a church to have the oratorio in. Again his neighbor Rev. Williams helped out. He spoke to Rev. Brown of the A.M.E. Zion Church on Whitehead and got permission less than two weeks before Easter.

A couple of dry runs were held - one at Rev. Thurlow Weed's home and another at St. James Baptist Church but both of these rehearsals were done without much instrumentation or singers.

Bill himself had never heard the brass section of his oratorio played before other than on the piano. The first night of rehearsal at Bill's house with the brass section was the night of the blackout. "I had only one candle lit at my house. I went out for others. When I returned the brass players were sitting around the candle in my living room playing my music which I was hearing then for the first time. I listened while standing outside in the dark. It was a fantastic experience."

The oratorio went off beautifully. Some two to three hundred people heard the hour-long program Easter Sunday.

Bill's reaction was thoroughly enthusiastic.

"I hate to say great again but there were no clunkers. All the singing was beautiful, the actor, Ed Blanford, the narrator, Bob Anselaus (Disco Bob from WKW) played a large part, the musicians did beautifully - everything, just everything went beautifully."

Bill is currently working on a new musical composition in the sonata form called "Lift Your Spirit" for Father's Day. It will be done at the A.M.E. Zion Church, also.

When asked if he planned to stay in Key West Bill replied, "That's the easiest question you've asked. I'm not going to leave here for anything."

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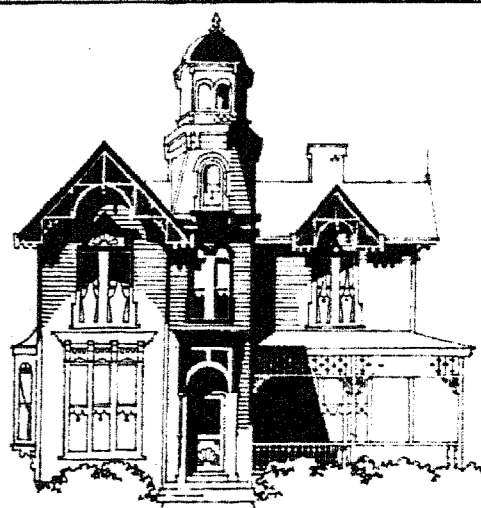
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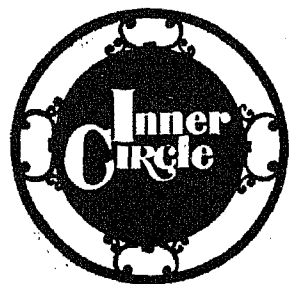
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## It Was A Gas While It Lasted

by  
Richard Marsh

The Balloon man came to our house one day. This was after he and his balloons had been released from jail for selling and being sold without an occupational license. He and his airy companions were multicolored. He knocked on the door and said, "Balloon Man."

"We don't want any," I said. "I don't care for balloons. They always break or leak, and then the kids cry and try to swallow the remains. Besides, they're silly and impractical."

"They're free," said the Balloon Man. "I'm the Balloon Man." That threw a whole new light on the situation, and I accepted one: The people next door weren't home, but they sort of accepted one, too. The Balloon Man tied a balloon to their door knob.

"What a crazy town," my 'bride, Donna, said. She has only been here a year, and she doesn't remember the Kite Man who used to fly giant kites at White Street Pier. She's seen the Iguana Man, though, so she shouldn't have been so shocked.

Our balloon didn't have a name, but it had a lot of character. It floated and bumped around the front room near the ceiling, while Donna and I knitted and read.

When we went into the kitchen for lunch, the balloon followed us. It barely avoided committing hara-kiri on a hot burner. Donna shoed it back into the front room, where it moped in a high corner until we returned.

It welcomed us back by shyly but flirtatiously kissing Donna on the nose with its long yarn string and won her over completely. She began talking to it in a falsetto voice, the way she talks to the wild kittens on the lane and the pet lizards, newts, and chameleons in the house. Not the way she talks to the ants in the kitchen, the pork chops when they spatter, and the popcorn when it ambushes her after she takes the lid off

the popper. Different words, different tone of voice.

The balloon spent the rest of the afternoon exploring the front room, peeking into the kitchen and scooting back, getting its head and/or tail stuck behind, between, and around things, and sneaking up behind Donna with a playful, silent "Boo." Donna was more loquacious than usual, having found an ideal conversation partner that didn't argue or cheat by making up fake Latin proverbs to support his point.

It was flying about half-mast when it joined us for dinner, so we cut the heavy yarn off it to reduce the weight. It treaded air successfully all evening, but by the next morning it had crawled into a corner in the kitchen (the most motherly room in a house), where it huddled, breathing shallowly.

I tied it to a porch post so the kittens could watch it and to see if the fresh air might revive it. The neighborhood boys batted at it like a punching bag every time they passed the house as they chased comies, Indians, bank robbers, and miscellaneous enemy soldiers. The balloon revelled in the attention, although it jumped suspiciously every time a razor-clawed kitten looked its way, but it was obvious that it was on its last figurative legs. It was losing weight fast. You could have almost seen its bones.

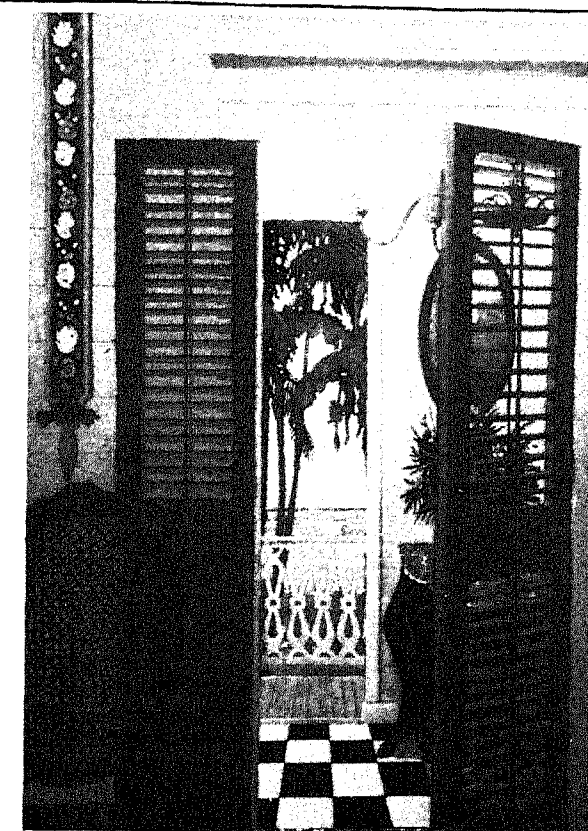
Sometime during the night it died. I took the corpse down for Donna, who couldn't reach the string, and she did something with it. I didn't ask. It seemed a private thing between them, and I don't know what words she found to speak over the last rites.

It must have been a speech appropriate for a creature who gave its all for the amusement and companionship of a lady and a few boys, and for the philosophical musings of a poet.

## The San Carlos

by George Fielder

These photos are but a few of the many subjects being painted by local artists for the forthcoming bicentennial production saluting 200 years of Key West history. With an outstanding cast of 25 local actors, dancers and singers and the talents of 15 local artists (creating no less than 46 paintings especially for this spectacle), this colorful musical comedy will have its premiere at the Waterfront Playhouse on June 24, and will run through July 3. The proceeds from these performances will be used to help restore the historic San Carlos building on Duval Street.



The entire production will make a return engagement in late January at the San Carlos itself, which hopefully will be beautifully restored by that time.



Written, directed and choreographed by Jim Russell, the play begins in the Key West of 1876 and moves along with music, dancing and dramatic comedy right up to the present. The play promises to be a rich panorama of the wonderful types of people from all walks of life who have helped to make this small community one of the most fascinating cities of our nation (can one even begin to imagine a Key West without the presence of the Cubans, the U.S. Navy, the Conchs, the Blacks?). The major industries of the past hundred years - sponge fishing, salt making, cigar manufacturing, wrecking - as well as some other equally colorful but perhaps not equally legal activities of early Key Westers - will be dramatized in words and song.

Mr. Russell's unique concept of having large paintings designed especially for his show will result in a special art exhibit at the Gingerbread Square Gallery the week of July 4, at which time all the paintings will be offered for sale.

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# The Florida Keys

(This fine article was written in the early 1960's for Holiday magazine by a man who really loved the Florida Keys and Key West. We will run the second part of this article in our July issue. Many thanks to Holiday magazine for permission to reprint it and to Helen Thielen for telling us about it. Ed.)

## THE FLORIDA KEYS

They sweep south over a hundred miles through a watery never-never land to a city that looks dead - but is very much alive

Whenever I return to Florida there is a moment, toward the end of the long journey, when I ask myself why I am doing this. The miles of slash pine and scrub palmetto, the roadside stands with their displays of plaster flamingos and chenille bedspreads, the old people playing shuffleboard, the new developments squatting in the dusty flatlands, all fill me with doubt. My spirits rise when I come to the lakes and their rolling orange groves, but I am not really at ease until I cross Jewfish Creek.

It is Jewfish Creek that separates the Florida Keys from the mainland and once you are over it you are in another world. The twenty-mile stretch of road that runs from the town of Homestead to Jewfish Creek is a kind of preparation for it. It is an ending, a tapering off from the familiar. To the east the low-growing mangroves straddle the swampy ground with their spider-legged roots. Except for the cars on the road and here and there some people fishing with long bamboo poles in the canals there is little human life. White herons wade in the muddy shallows and the buzzards soar in watching circles in the sky. It is lonely country, primitive and simple. Many people find it desolate and are uneasy about driving on.

Twenty-odd years ago there was reason for this feeling. The road down the Keys was narrow, winding and deeply pitted. The rains and the beating sun had cracked it and its edges were crumbled from the roots of crowding trees. The bridges between the Keys were of splintered wood, shaky and so narrow that when two cars met on them they stopped before inching forward to pass. The road went only as far as Lower Matecumbe. After that a small ferry plied the forty-mile gap to No Name Key from which the road again went on to Key West. When the ferry ran aground, which it did often, you simply waited for it to be refloated by the incoming tide. A trip from Key Largo to Key West took the better part of two days.

Today, all this is changed. The Overseas Highway, though only two lanes wide, is so straight and good that if you want to you can drive the full length of the Keys in two hours. Many people do. Judging by the smashed automobile bodies collected near the outskirts of Key West it is sometimes a one-way journey. But it can be done. Civilization has come to the Keys and any uneasiness that a traveler might feel on setting off into this unknown is quickly dispelled by familiar billboards and the friendly winking of neon signs. He will never be many miles away from a night's lodging, a plentiful supply of pizzas or places that sell Howard Johnson's ice cream. To explore the Keys requires no great spirit of adventure. But they are still unique.

For more than a hundred miles they stretch southwestward in a sweeping curve between the shallow waters of Florida Bay and the Gulf of Mexico to the west and the five-hundred-fathom depths of the Straits of Florida to the east. Once the Upper Keys from Key Largo to Bahia Honda were a living coral reef and if you pick up a stone it is often imprinted with the fossil outlines of coral or seaweed or sea fan. This reef has been long dead but today, following the eastern shore, forming Hawk Channel, is a younger reef, alive and still building, and its presence shows that the Keys, though they lie just outside the tropics, are tropical. It is only now and then, and for short periods, that the water temperature falls below seventy degrees, the lowest in which corals can survive. Except for a few times during the winter, when the black rain-lashing northerners blow in from the Gulf, the air too is tropical with a clean moist softness that you do not feel a few miles north on the mainland. It is sea air, thickly salt-laden. The wind, as on a ship, blows freely from all directions.

From Key Largo to Key West thirty-nine bridges link the Keys. One of them crosses seven miles of open water. Another, because the old railroad drawspan it uses was too narrow for a two-lane highway, simply soars over its top. The rise, the leveling off and then the swooping dip as you cross it, are about as close to flight as you can come in a car. Driving down the Keys can be a heady and exhilarating experience. Staid family men in four-door sedans act like drivers of Alfa-Romeos or Maseratis. This is fun but it tends to blur the landscape. It also creates tension and tension is a feeling that should be left behind on the mainland.

My simple prescription for avoiding it is to begin a trip down the Keys by moving backward. Entering Key Largo, U.S. Route 1 turns to the right and you can go thundering down it all the way to Key West. Where it turns, however, there is another, smaller road, going in the opposite direction, and if you take it you will be moving backward not only in space but in time. Given the rate at which the Keys are being developed this may not be true much longer. But it is now. This is how the Keys once were.

Except for the unpretentious and long-established Anglers Club and, at its northern tip, the elaborate Ocean Reef Club, this part of Key Largo is little changed from the way it was when I first saw it more than twenty years ago. The growth along the edge of the road is towering and dense with mahogany and lignum vitae, buttonwood and palmettos and the coppery-silver flaking trunks of the gumbo-limbo. There is a tangle of vines and creepers and even in the flooding light of noon the ground among the trees is shadowed. There



is always a sense of remaining dusk and of the dusk that will soon be gathering. The touch of the air is warm and gentle, but this is not gentle country.

If you walk down a path in one of these hardwood hammocks you should move carefully. The black-and-gold heliconian butterflies flutter among the leaves but below them on the ground there are rattlesnakes and scorpions. The ivory-white pink-lipped snails fasten themselves to the tree trunks but if you reach to pick one you should be certain that the tree is not poisonwood, which can burn the skin more painfully than poison ivy. It is a place of great silence but the silence is deceptive. You soon become aware of soft rustlings and chirpings, the slide and skip of things moving through the underbrush. Now and then, suddenly, there is the cry of some unseen and unfamiliar bird. At night the coast is dark against the immense and star-filled sky, even darker when the moonlight floods the sea along its shores.

The Keys and the waters that surround them have never been friendly to man. Ponce de Leon, who first saw them, named them *Los Martires*, the martyrs, "because," wrote the historian De Herrera, "...they appeared like men who were suffering; and the name has remained fitting, because of the many that have been lost there since." Along the coral reefs the ocean bottom is strewn with the wrecks of ships, of West Indian and privateers, of Spaniard galleons that sailed north from Havana with the gold of Mexico and the silver of Peru in their holds. Looe Key, Fowey Rocks, Carysfort Reef are all named for sunken British frigates or ships-of-the-line.

The reefs lie just below the surface and in smooth weather are unmarked by breakers. On their seaward side the water shoals abruptly. You can take soundings from the color of the water as it changes from deep blue to pale green or from the bright reflected light above white sand which they call "bank blink." But the winds can be sudden and violent and when they blow the water becomes milky with marl. There are few safe anchorages and the currents between the Keys run swift and strong.

When you leave Key Largo you will see the fast-flowing water in Tavernier Creek, where the pirate Jean Tavernier used to lie in wait for passing ships. Farther on, beyond the abandoned pineapple groves of Plantation Key, you will see it in Snake Creek. Up to a few years ago, on the ocean side of the road, you could still see some splintered lengths of old wood embedded in the coral rock. Once a railroad ran through here from the mainland to Key West. It took Henry Flagler eight years to build it and it cost \$50,000, 000 and many human lives. Except for its bridges, on which the Overseas

by Benedict Thielen

Highway now runs, these broken cross-ties are all that is left of it.

No hurricane has matched the fury of the one which struck on Labor Day of 1935. Sweeping up from the warm seas to the south onto this low shore, it blew at two hundred miles an hour. It slammed the passenger ship *Dixie* against French Reef, spun the tanker *Pueblo* for eight hours around its whirling center and tossed the *Leise Maersk* like a child's toy onto the beach. It wrenched the great glass-and-steel lens of Alligator Reef Light from its tower and shot it eight miles through the roaring air. By the shores of Snake Creek and on Lower Matecumbe were three encampments housing some of the jobless veterans of the Bonus March on Washington. They had been sent to work on a new road - and to put an end to an embarrassing situation. When the storm was over more than four hundred of them had been swept out to sea.

At Islamorada, on Upper Matecumbe, a monument has been erected to their memory. Nearby, on some of the tree-shaded, flower-filled back lanes where the old residents live, are strange-looking houses made of reinforced concrete; in each of these houses some eighty thousand pounds of steel are embedded. The walls are a foot thick, partitions extend from roof to bedrock, window glass is double strength and the only wood used is in the massive cypress doors. They are ugly, clay-colored, sitting high above the ground. Built by the Red Cross and the FERA, they are as nearly hurricane proof as any structure can be. However, they are off the main highway, few people ever see them, and even fewer pause to give them a second thought. Their influence on the contemporary architecture of the Keys has been negligible.

For twenty-five years after the Labor Day hurricane of 1935 no storm of any consequence struck the Keys and the naive hope grew that none ever would. On September 10, 1960, Hurricane Donna disposed of this wishful thinking by either wrecking or severely damaging just about everything that stood between Tavernier and Marathon. But, among the men of vision who have undertaken to shape the islands' destinies, the view-window ranch house perched on an eminence eighteen inches above sea level continues to be the preferred type of construction. Whenever I see one of these cozy little nests I remember what a French friend of mine said after his first ride on the old Third Avenue Elevated in New York: "*C'est dangereux mais c'est gai.*" Which, I suppose, is the right attitude.

It is certainly the way many people on the Keys seem to feel, not only about the place where they live but about life itself. The Keys are



illustrated by Malcolm Ross

a kind of funnel and a great many odd characters flow through it from the mainland. Some of them get stuck along the way. At various times I have encountered an Alaskan bush-pilot who now operates a grocery store, a Harvard professor who runs a charter boat, an ex-clergyman who drives a truck and a waiter-weight boxer who spends his days collecting shells. On one of the remote little mangrove islands that lie out in Florida Bay I have spent pleasant afternoons with a hermit, an urbane, cultured man, who lives there with a mongrel dog and a tame heron for company. He is also the only hermit I have known who keeps a guest book.

I have found people living in trailers, in tents, in a ramshackle waterfront colony on Conch Key, among the pine trees and the parched cactus grounds of Big Pine, by a creek on Sugarloaf, on a swamp-bordered back road on Cudjoe Key - within sight and sound of the jet fighters of the Naval Air Station on Boca Chico, across the channel from Key West. I doubt, though, whether many of them still live in the village of Marathon.

When I first saw Marathon its population was 100. Today, in spite of the havoc caused by Donna, it is 6000 the year round and more than double that during the winter. Most of this growth has taken place in the past seven years. Everywhere the bulldozers are lurching and crashing, the dredges are sucking up new land from bay or ocean bottom. The mangroves along Sister Creek, where the fishermen tied up their boats when they got word of an approaching hurricane, have been chopped down. "The skyline which was silhouetted once by gnarled trees is now silhouetted by imposing structures," the Chamber of Commerce says proudly. There are other developments on the Keys but Marathon is the most vivid example of boom-town progress and wildly unneeded confusion. From the tarpaper shack and the trailer park to the luxury resort motel, there is something for every taste, and for every lack of it.

You can join the Sombrero Yacht and Golf Club, which features "shark and barracuda as a natural hazard." At Key Colony Beach you can hold a convention and choose from any of several brand-new hostels. If none of these suits you, you can stay in a "botel" where there is parking space for your car and your boat. If you'd like to settle down in a "botel" you can buy one for \$20,000. Since they are constructed as double units you can live in one half, rent the other, and spend the rest of your days fishing untroubled by financial worries. If you haven't any financial worries to begin with you would probably feel more at home on Duck Key, a few miles away.

Its brochure quite frankly states that it is "a way of life for people of means." A handsome hotel called Indies House bears this out, and if you don't want to make the trip from Miami by car you can land your airplane on a nearby airport.

In the fifty miles between Marathon and Key West there are still places where you can turn down a rutted side road and at its end come out on a shore as deserted and silent as it was on that May morning in 1913 when the Spaniards first sailed past it. There are still sheltered coves where the white herons stand motionless in the shallows and the cormorants dry their spread wings on a sun-bleached rock. But they are fast disappearing, routed by the earth-mover and the dredge.

There are not many sand beaches on the Keys and it is sad to go back to a hidden one just once more and find it fenced off, with a sign that reads: "No Trespassing - Tropical Isles Inc."

Yet in the end it is not really these little specks of limestone and coral that matter. It is the sea that has always drawn people here and the sea to which they can always return.

Though you are looking at the Atlantic and the Gulf, the waters are Caribbean. No waters north of the Keys



have colors like these. On still days their greens and blues are glassy clear. When the wind blows they turn cloudy as jade, opaque and dully polished as the skins of limes. The Gulf Stream' blue is so deep that the people of the Keys call it The Purple Water. In an ebbing tide the banks turn mauve and as a storm approaches the sky seems washed in blue-black ink. In summer the thunderheads pile up on the horizon, cream-white by day, gold and crimson in the tremendous risings and settings of the sun.

There is not much that man can do to change this. There is not much, either, that he can do about the reefs. Skin divers know this and during the year four thousand of them come to Marathon alone. For a long time, in a mild way, I have been one of them. I am not an Aqualang man or a hunter with a spear gun. I have a friendly feeling toward fish and I can get my rapture-of-the-depths by drifting on the surface with mask and snorkel.

Above the reef the water is green-gold and you can see the enameled cowries crawling or the big rosy-lipped conchs heaving themselves forward with jerks of their hooked foot. Where the tides flow strongly north and south, they have cut deep canyons, whose walls of living stone glow with the salmon-pink flower shapes of the anemones, the brick red and sulphur yellow of sponges and corals. The purple sea fans sway in rhythm with the sea; and there are the reef fish - demoiselles and sergeant majors and rainbow parrot fish and fish striped with colors that shine like luminous paint. Barracudas, too, live among the reefs and though I have often swum among them I have never quite got used to their fixed cold stares. I don't find the expression on the face of a moray especially engaging either. But the small jets of adrenalin they produce in the system have an exhilarating effect and probably account for the speed with which time passes when you hang suspended over these magic depths.

Partly it is the memory of all these things, as I once again cross Jewfish Creek, that makes me happy to return to the Keys. Partly it is the thought of Key West, that strange, charming, exasperating, in some ways altogether improbable place at the end of the road.

To be continued next month.



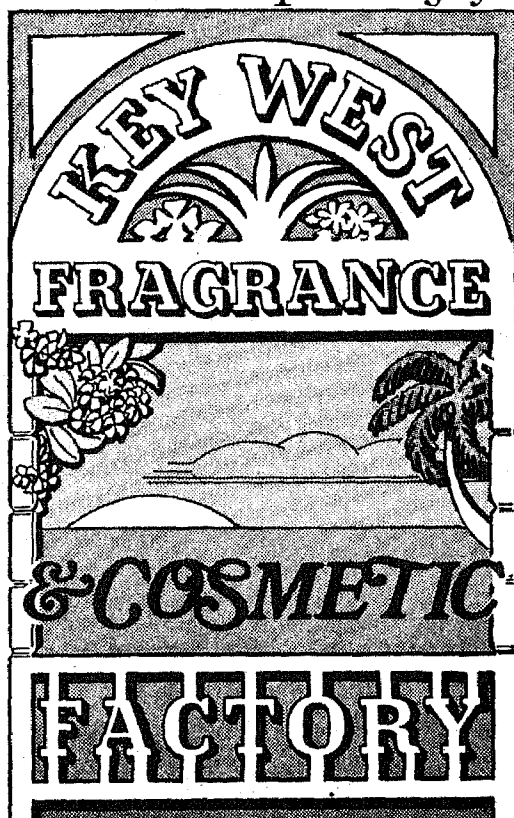
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continued from page 3

This didn't stop him, though. Twice he managed to take the place of another volunteer and got on the bus to Camp Blanding, GA. And twice he got sent back. He began to get more into music and became a fine drummer. He played with many of the musicians well-known in Key West including Harry Chipchase, "Coffee" Butler, Ellie Russell, Sylvia Shelly, etc.

His fellow musicians thought a lot of "Crip". One day, when he was very ill with the cancer that was to kill him, a truck pulled up outside of his mother's home and a group of musicians including Don Albin, Sylvia Shelly, Ellie Russell and Len Chetkin and Jim Gamble put on a concert for him.

Another time still another group of musician friends including Harry Chipchase and Jim Gamble drove up to play outside the house.

Salutes like this are given to people who have done something special to win the hearts of their friends. "Crip" was always helping people. Some of the people were famous such as "Boog" Powell who has publically stated that "Crip" helped get him to where he is today. George Mira is another who benefited from "Crip". George had a bad arm and he would come by to see "Crip" and get a rubdown until he got healed.

Glynn Archer recalled that during the 1953 season "Crip" had a special rubdown mixture known as "Crips Concoction" which he used to minister to those with aches and pains. "He would look after those boys like a mother hen. All of them, not just his brothers."

Always free with a helping hand "Crip" also brought a fantastic knowledge of baseball with him to share with others.

His sister Christine said that she, also a baseball fanatic, and "Crip" would discuss baseball for hours. He knew about hitting, fielding, pitching, averages, teams, etc. He would argue with Christine about who was the most important player on the team. He felt the 1st baseman and she the catcher. In his memory each year Christine presents an award to the most outstanding - you guessed it - catcher in the league.

George Lastres when talking about his brothers involvement with baseball used this example. He said, "I'd be up at bat and I'd be thinking about a girl I just spotted in the stands but "Crip" would be up there remembering what the pitcher had thrown last and concentrating on what he might throw next."

This dedication to the game and sharing of information helped many a young ball player in Key West.

Doing things for people just came naturally to "Crip". "Coffee" Butler, a fellow musician and also a fellow ball player, graduated high school back in 1948 around when Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier and joined the Dodgers. "Crip" whose brother Danny was playing in the Florida-Georgia League wrote a letter to Danny's manager in "Coffee's" behalf. Nothing came of it but "Coffee"

has never forgotten what "Crip" did for him.

And it wasn't just ball players who were helped by this man. Lola Hernandez, for example, says he was the sweetest, kindest and most thoughtful man she'd ever met.

Everyone recalls "Crip's" sense of humor. His mother wondered where he got all of his jokes from. He would start telling jokes and keep going until everyone was rolling on the floor.

Vince Catala said "Crip" would sleep with his bad leg straight up in the air and Ralph mentioned that sometimes in the movies "Crip" would raise his leg straight above his head (remember he had no kneecap and his leg was exceptionally flexible) before a startled audience.

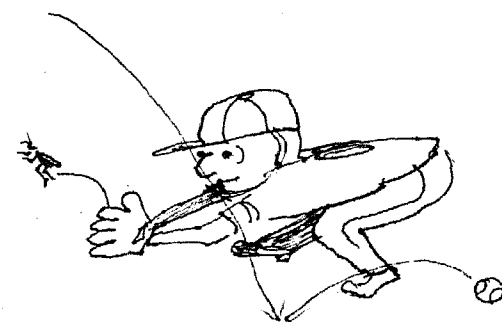
And sometimes "Crip" would concoct a great caper. George remembers that one day "Crip" and his brother-in-law, Al, were watching local T.V. to catch the weather forecast. Back in those days the cameras would endlessly sweep back and forth in front of the gates of WKWF and the time and temperature on Stock Island would be repeatedly given. "Crip" figured out a way to enliven that dull scene.

As viewers were watching for the time or weather "Crip" suddenly appeared on the screen. He was running and carrying a large watermelon. He stopped "on camera", pulled out a handkerchief to wipe his brow, casually looked over his shoulder and suddenly took off in a run. Next his brother-in-law appeared running before the T.V. camera. He had borrowed "Crip's" brother's police hat and nightstick and looked like a Mack Sennett cop chasing a watermelon thief. Thanks to "Crip" and his brother-in-law, the T.V. weather was a joy to watch that afternoon.

There was another side to "Crip". He had the strange ability to see in his dreams future events. He knew when his brother Gabe's boat was torpedoed in the war. Another time he asked his family to delay a picnic because his brother Gabe was coming. No one had heard from Gabe in a long time and the family decided to hold the picnic. But it got rained out and when it was held on the day that "Crip" had said the family was startled and delighted to see Gabe walk up and join them there. He prophesized correctly that his mother was going to receive two checks on particular day and when she did, she was grateful but asked him to stop prophesizing because it made her nervous.

"Crip" made one last prophesy. To several friends he said he was going to die the same way his father died - of throat cancer. Both men had been born on the same date and on almost the same hour. "Crip's" last prophesy came true. He died of throat cancer just like his father had and on almost the same hour.

Talking about "Crip" still makes people feel good and say nice things. "Coffee" Butler when talking about "Crip" said, "If there's a heaven, "Crip" will be there. If not, I want to go where he is!"



\*Except for brother "Pito" who once was ejected from a baseball game because he let a grounder get by him while he was on his hands and knees looking for grasshoppers. "Pito" was a fine basketball player, however, and was high scorer when Key West High School played the University of Havana years ago.

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## La Cultura Cubana

El placer que tiene uno en vivir en Cayo Hueso, es ya crear, debido a una variedad de perspectivas especiales - es decir, una vista propia. La cual fué nacida de lo pasado, ésta nos es el momento actual, es de aquí, se manifiesta, ésta nos enriquece de día a día, está siendo la perspectiva de la cultura cubana. Aquella convicción - la que sea, cualquiera que sea, que conocemos, aquel ritmo de la vida nos saluda por todas partes y nos llena de su espíritu de su modo de ser. Una aproximación a la vida nació de la tierra de Cayo Hueso, hace tiempo, cuando fue más arcaica, se revela aun debajo del concreto, detrás de la pared, y al pie del árbol muerto. Sobresale ésta con un sol caliente y brillante porque se ha conocido por tanto tiempo, la cual nunca será perdida.

Que la cultura cubana nos enriquece las almas, que nos influye el modo de pensar, que refleja la gente - tal siendo una perspectiva, esta perspectiva cubana que nos comunica, que inspira al espíritu, que nos rodea con armoniosas palabras, que nos habla en el idioma, la lengua española, que comunican nos nos hacen comprender, por modo de hablar, al comunicarnos en español, el espíritu de hablar en español, el modo de pensar en español - un modo de ser, una manera de pensar, por medio de aprender el español, por medio de conocer la lengua española - ya es otro camino.

(Fran Beach, who wrote this poetic tribute to the Cuban people's influence on Key West, speaks Portuguese and French as well as English and Spanish. She feels so strongly that we should be bilingual (especially in Key West) that she is teaching Spanish conversation courses here now.)

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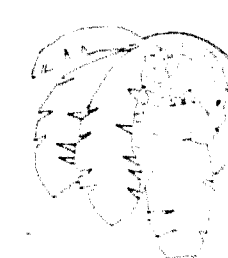
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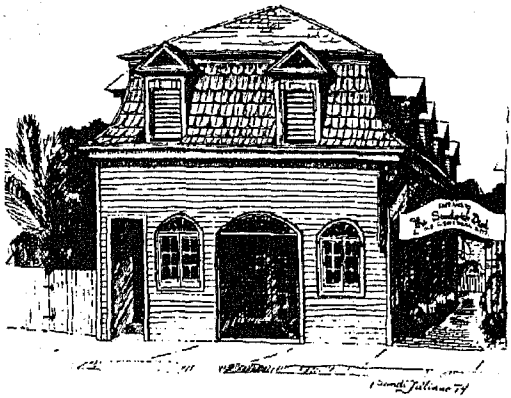


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## Thurlow goes

## to tell the truth

by Thurlow Weeds

The Editor asked, "What happened to you when you went to New York to be on that television program? What was it like behind the scenes? It will make a good article for Solares Hill."

The first thing that happens is that the phone rings with a strange voice identifying herself as a staff member of the "To Tell The Truth" program. "I heard you playing your conch shell over WOR radio here in New York yesterday."

Check. News had leaked out about the person in Key West who plays music on the shell -- things like folk songs and spirituals, and more serious music by Beethoven, Verdi, Khachaturian, etc. Radio stations had called from various parts of the country for telephone interviews and samples of the playing, for their broadcasting.

She went on: "We heard you playing Beethoven's 'Ode To Joy' and we want you to bring the shell to New York and appear on our program. We offer transportation, housing, and a per diem allowance for expenses. Plus, of course, whatever you win on the program; we guarantee you win \$50 and some Turtle Wax. There will be two people posing as you, and a panel of four celebrities will question you and then try to determine which of you is the real shell player. Garry Moore is M.C., and the others are Peggy Cass, Kitty Carlisle, Allan Ludden, and Bill Cullen." (Right: heard of Moore and Carlisle before.)

Can things be arranged in Key West to be absent from the island for a few days? They can. The choice is to go by train, and AMTRAK says the ticket is paid for and is waiting at the station. Just pick it up and get on the train.

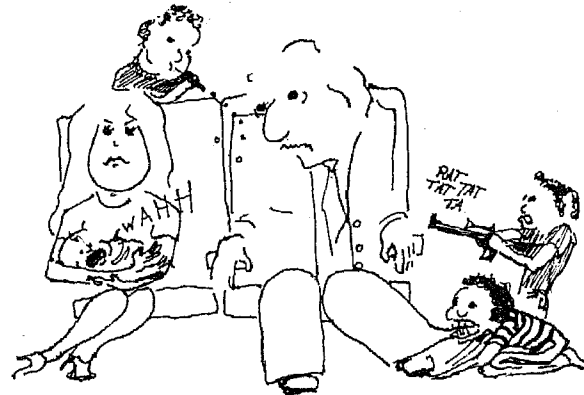
Come the dawn, and it is Washington's Birthday at the train station -- which is firmly and ominously CLOSED. The prepaid ticket is inside there. Train time is very near. Other people are arriving in a stream and discovering the CLOSED situation. Porter says that the ticket agents must think they have the day off. Crowd growing larger and more vocal. Those holding tickets will be allowed on the train, all others must deal with a ticket agent. Much discussion, gesticulating, and disgust in the crowd.

Eventually a young ticket agentess, heavy with flu and kleenex, arrives and in a show of daring virtuosity manages to deal with the assembled travellers as the rails begin to tremble and crossing gates lower.

Safely on the train, in a chair car, all seems at last to be well. It will be a long sit -- 24 hours -- but the

chair car is almost vacant and is nicely quiet. Two small children at the far end talk in murmurs. All the same it will be nice to come back in a couple of days in a private compartment with a bed, instead of sitting up both ways. All private compartments were booked in advance for the journey north.

An hour north of West Palm Beach the truth comes out. At each stop numerous families have boarded, pushing and shoving and yelling. The splendidly quiet and peaceful chair car has become a Kindergarten Car. A swift tour of the whole train, twenty miles later, including diners and bar cars, reveals that it is in fact a veritable Kindergarten Train.



For those who have not had the experience, a Kindergarten Car involves such things as:

-- "Honey, don't hit that nice man with that book."

-- "MOMMY-MOMMY, Jimmy won't let me have my ..."

-- "LOOK OUT!"

-- "Now look at that! You've gone and spilled it all over the 'lady.'"

-- "I'm telling you for the last time ..." (A litany done antiphonally every seventeen miles by the same choirs).

-- "I flushed it like you said, but I didn't know my car fell in, and I WANT MY CARRRRRR."

-- Diapers that get filled suddenly, which is sensed almost immediately by every adult in the car except the one at epicenter, who usually notices three state lines later.

-- Something sticky on the arm rest that wasn't there when you went to the diner.

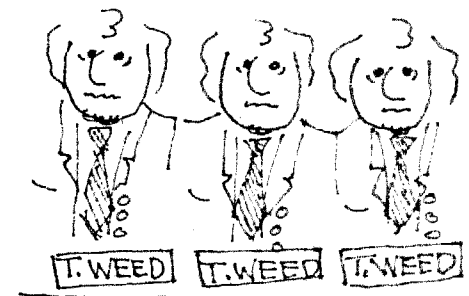
-- You can imagine the rest. Being slugged by stuffed animals, tripped by gleeful little bright-eyes six seats from the end of the car, et very cetera.

The only haven is the men's room three cars forward. It contains refugees: a Miami Beach man of 70 with a cigar, two students returning to New York, a Los Angeles type with sunglasses, and a floating population of miscellaneous. Long before Jacksonville everyone gets together and organizes it as a club, even discussing the possibility of an admission charge for those under 16. Settle for falling silent and gazing steadily whenever the door opens to reveal a selection from the zoo outside. By mid-Georgia this men's room has become the most-occupied and least-used on the entire train, the armchairs filled by the regulars, who take turns making the dangerous expedition through the wildlife back to the diner to fetch food and drink. A night and a dawn later, as if the contagion has reached the locomotive cab (causing it to speed up), the train arrives ten minutes early in Penn Station.

Then comes an afternoon visit to the offices of the producer of "To Tell The Truth". The waiting room there is populated by three incredibly exotic-looking young females dressed in strange South Seas costumes and speaking French among themselves, an ordinary-looking middle-aged man in street clothes, and a military officer in uniform with medals. The three turn out to be one Royal Tahitian Dancer with two imposters, and the other two prove to be those who will pretend to be you tomorrow at the taping of the show.

Off to a conference room with producer, staffers, and three "T. Weeds". Blowing of conch shell to see what we are all getting into. (Something on the wall rattles.) Snapshots of the three "Weeds" taken. Contracts signed (giving them the right to use anything said or done on the program in any way they choose: they can add to, subtract from, rearrange, etc., these rights perpetual and world-wide.)

Staffer working on pad of pink forms. "What is your mailing address?" -- Tell her. "Here," she says. -- "What's this?" -- "Oh, that's the receipt for the vacuum cleaner you won on the show tomorrow." Another pink slip. "That's the rug shampooer you won tomorrow." A third one. "The Turtle Wax." Oh. "You'll get it all in the mail."



And then an intense session briefing the two phonies. They have to give at least a few right answers under the questioning tomorrow, in case someone on the panel is knowledgeable about Key West or playing conch shells. It takes a long time, trying to anticipate together the areas where questions will be asked, preparing answers for specific key questions you agree are likely, and a lot of talking around the edges while two people try to take on new identities and areas of competence. "What's the name of a hotel in Key West? How do you make a conch shell play music? Do you have holes out in it? What's the best way of eating conch?"

There comes another dawn, and now it is time to join the fakes at the NEO studios at Rockefeller Center for the taping of the show. Everyone assembles in an alcove with a gigantic monitor screen which is permanently on, showing everything happening out on the sound stage. People walking around. Mikes being tested. Cables dragged across the floor.

Thirty people are in the alcove. "To Tell The Truth" tapes once a week, since it is a five-day-a-week program, and since each program has two sets of real-and-fake, five times three times two gives ten central characters and twenty phonies. Each little group of three is huddled together in drawn-up chairs earnestly asking each other questions, with the real one doing his or her (that Tahitian!) best to provide every slice of information possibly useful.

"Tell me again how you pronounce 'Konsh'." Where did you go to school? What did you study there? What is the most important thing about playing music

## Sundays in

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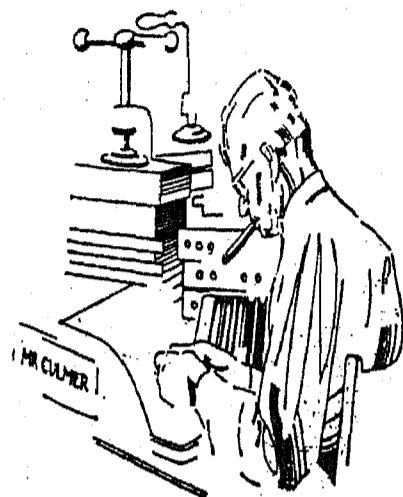


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on a conch shell?" And on and on like that.

Eventually everything is ready for a rehearsal. A set of three people is taken out to the stage (the rest, fallen silent now, watch intently on the monitor) and shown where to stand (the blue spot on the floor, in case you wonder why people look down as they end their walk forward at the opening) and told when to speak.

Since the panel of celebrities who will do the questioning must not know in advance which of the three is the real one, four members of the producer's staff occupy the dais and ask questions so everyone can get the feel of it.

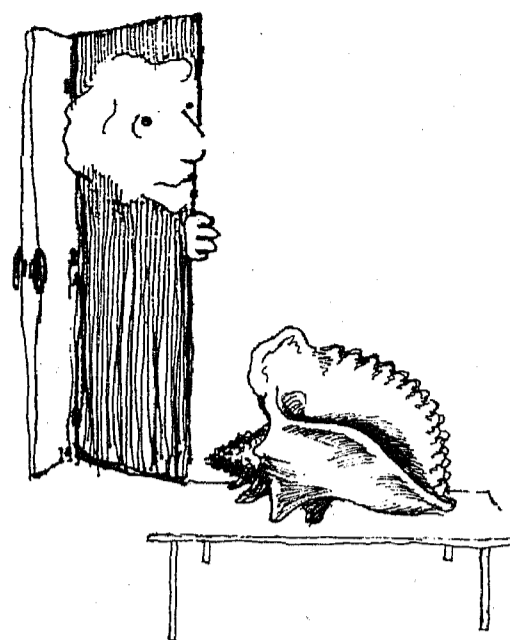
This is a let-down for the central character. It has been a lot of fun devising answers to possible questions for the other two to give. Fantasy flows freely, and after a few hours of drilling the imposters the entertainment value has become high. Now, however, the real one loses all the fun, for his answers must be flat, factual, truthful. No more fantasy and fun. But the other two are having a ball, inventing all sorts of things as they go. Garry Moore conducts the rehearsal (he knows in advance who is who), and his ad libs are appropriate and humorous, increasing the enjoyment.

The rehearsal is done without commercials ("at this point we break for two minutes for the ads, but we won't waste time on that this time through") and without audience. Later, at the live taping, there will be a large studio audience, with rows of standees at the back.

End the rehearsal by blowing the "Sabre Dance" on the shell. Moore interested in that. Honks a few notes. So the decision is made: end the show by playing conch shell duet, with Moore on Second Shell.

Back to the monitor alcove where the others are. More briefing on possible questions, now that you've got the feel of the thing. On stage now is the little boy who maced a robber, then the lady who wrote the book on feeding a family of four on \$16 a week, then the black lady diplomat, the truck-driver girl, the Tahitian dancer, and the rest. More ideas for faking answers to questions come by watching what all these get asked by the staffers pretending to be the panel. And the buzzer which ends each round of questioning sounds in the alcove, jolting everyone because it is so loud.

The reason to work so hard at getting the fakes well-trained is that if all four of the celebrities on the panel vote wrong, the central character and his two colleagues split \$500. If even one panelist votes correctly, the \$500 is blown. The kid who maced the robber is going to buy his sister a fur coat (he's about 8 years old and 36 inches long) with his third of the \$500. Those answers must convince, even if they aren't all that correct.



Back to work. "What's the basic Key West industry? How many people live there? Tell me again how you say 'konsh' How old does a conch live to be? How deep is the water where conchs live? Do you find the shells on the beach? How do you cut the end off to blow through?"

Meanwhile the celebrities have arrived and taken their places. Group by group the sets of three are taken out to face the firing squad. The silence is impenetrable in the alcove as all hunch forward to watch and listen. This time the commercials are in there. Root for all the votes to be wrong.

That group got three right votes, commiserate with them as they come off -- they in turn wish you well. Next group gets only one right vote, congratulate them.

But they have taken away your set of conch shells. Placed two of them on the sweep table for the camera to hit later, and put the third one, the one used for playing real music, the good one, in some special place where it will be available. But that was almost two hours ago.

Is it still there? Is it safe? Have the folk been fooling with it? If something happens to that shell, you've got a major problem. The other two don't matter as much, because Albert Kee can always make duplicates, but that one special shell would be very hard to duplicate. If something happens to it, say it drops and breaks, even Albert Kee will have trouble. It's got to be watched.

They have reached a commercial break on the stage, according to the monitor. Good time to zip out and check the shell. Peer around the corner of a flat to locate the thing. Sudden

voice: "Hey! you aren't made up yet and the panel is walking around having coffee. You want that Key West tan to give you away? Back to the alcove! HURRY!"

OK, OK. Hope for the best. And then off to Make-up. Off comes the tan under cosmetics. The computer consultant (the ordinary-looking man in street clothes) and the Air Force Captain (military man with the medals) get the reverse treatment -- fake tans are put on them. Now all three look the same color in the face. After the show two tans will get scrubbed off in the basin, while another will get scrubbed back on.)

And now it is time. Music up. Walk forward to the blue spot. Audience claps. To the desks and sit down. Questions asked, questions answered. Most of them had been anticipated, but not the one about do conch shells lose their color away from the sea. Votes cast. Kitty Carlisle sees through it all and by voting correctly disrupts the plans of the three "Weeds" to spend their splits of the \$500. The other three go wrong: two for the captain and one for the consultant.

Go offstage to collect the conch shell (nicely intact, nothing happened to it) while the phones tell of themselves. Then blow the "Sabre Dance", let the excitement wane, then blow the duet with Moore, commercial time, and finally mingle with the panel during the credits.

Then back to the alcove for overcoat and briefcase, words of encouragement to the next set of three going out, and it is over. Now go home and wait for the prizes to arrive.

At Penn Station the train is ready and open. (It is no longer Washington's Birthday.) The private compartment is tiny but very comfortable after the Kindergarten Train of two days before. There is even a little hatch marked "Shoe Locker" -- very thoughtful. In go the shoes. Down comes the bed, and stretch out, tired. It has been a wearying time. How nice to lie in bed and watch the world go by!

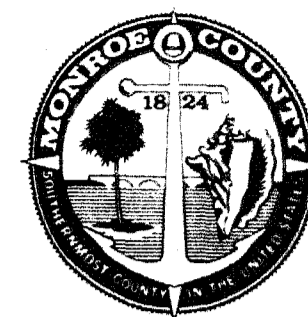
Several hours later, somewhere in North Carolina, having missed everything in between the New Jersey marshes and here, the nap is suddenly over. Wake up groggy. Hungry.

Don shoes for journey to food car. Open shoe locker. THEY HAVE BEEN SHINED! (Obviously there must be a little man about two inches high inside there who does nothing but polish shoes.)

Wobble off to the food car and there, sitting in grim misery clutching his cigar, is the SAME elderly Miami Beach man! He too must have finished his mission and is returning.

"How is your car this time?" Silence. "Would you believe?" Horror almost shows. "Just like before, no change. What I want to know, where do all these children come from? This time they have even taken over the men's room on EVERY CAR." More silence. Then, slowly, "And this is my last cigar."

continued from 4



Look at Jerry Shipley. He got elected Commissioner. Could anyone imagine a more unlikely candidate in Monroe County than the president of the local Audubon Society? It is almost impossible to imagine such a man being elected -- BUT HE WAS! And Jerry Shipley has been fighting to get good things done for Monroe County. It is sometimes a lonely job. He needs company. There are three seats for County Commissioner coming up for election this Fall.

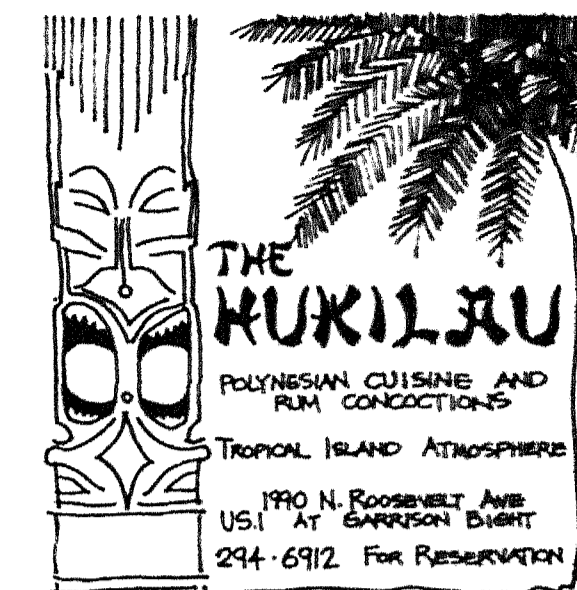
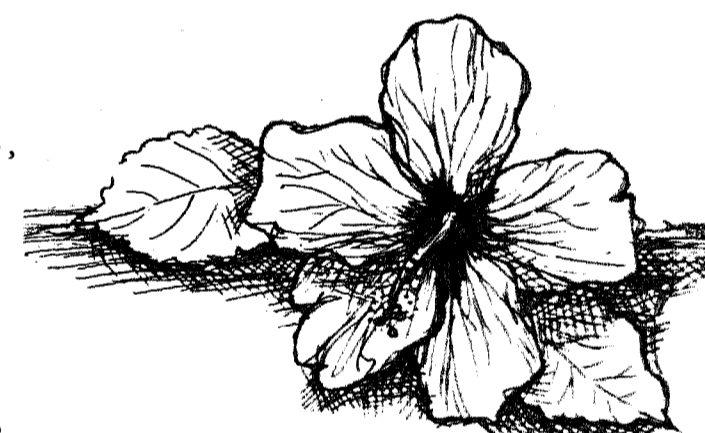
At this point someone could say that sure there are seats coming up and the same people are going to fill them and Monroe County will continue to be an area of critical concern.

But how do we know that this is so? Suppose that a candidate or candidates came along and, wow, you would really feel that here was someone who you believed in and someone who you wanted to get behind and vote for and you hadn't registered. Then, of course, you couldn't vote for that person.

There are important seats coming up for election on the School Board and the Aqueduct Commission also.

Read the little box on the editorial page. It shows how easy and painless it is to register.

Remember Jerry Shipley got elected. Get registered. This is a very critical period in the history of Monroe County. We need your help in keeping this paradise intact. After all, unless you were fortunate enough to be born here, you are here now because it is so beautiful.



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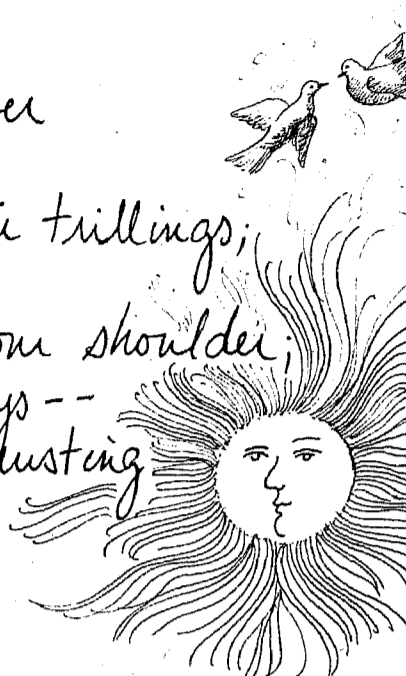
## Two Poems

## Upon Remaining True to One's Youth

Pinking away the rubble  
from the small wonders,  
A cobalt blue chest  
gleams its message of rockabies and sweetpeas  
among the blackberry nests.



Down by the gloss of the river  
we danced through drops  
the birds had left off in their trillings;  
Amid the morning rays,  
a cool afternoon stole over your shoulder,  
How gone are those other days --  
how high we were in our trusting  
and little to peep friends.



Titillating your  
desires upon the nettled weeds,  
we sigh  
for another time;  
and yet, this one goes on  
quite nicely,  
though bereft of any amusements.



Sacred whisps  
of meaning,  
filtered now through a barrage  
of self-importance;  
Must we become so much  
in order to be?  
Why not the meadow alone?



Little meanings  
trip by the meadow,  
wherein are buried very important visions;  
Who was I supposed to be?  
And you, how differently you comb your hair  
Grey, tucked under,  
and your smile a little wider now.



And the three-leafed clovers  
as pretty as one could hope for  
Why not a small touch  
when the big ones mean so little now?  
Why, for the coming of a larger thing  
when through the mists I see



by Phoebe Coan

Script by T. K. R. R.  
Illustrations by Lucia and Martha Bello

## Silver Apple Looks

hazy mornings of laughter  
and sillies, twiddling under the kitchen table,  
when the others couldn't see.  
Do all the cupcakes crumble,  
when left to nourish themselves in the pantry?

We cannot continue telling each other  
stories,

The hour for that fiction  
has ended.

Why cannot the new dream be as bold  
and as beautiful?  
Why must we grow old and follow  
what thousands of ants cue?  
Why not uphold your bayberry root  
and walk sprightly still,  
making your way, without fear  
of someone's tasty voice!



But set our eyes  
to charting out  
the structure of  
our characters,

That when again  
we pass each other by,

The city is a long way off from here,  
I know;  
But my heart is just around the corner  
thumping strange cadences,  
when the words elude me --  
I feel the music in the air  
whatever  
comes or goes;  
And I walk with the sounds of  
butterflies, pulsating through my ears.



It will not be beauty  
with a basement glaze

But your eyes to mine  
emptying  
Silver apples  
as if from one basket  
to another



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"Dracula" returned to the living stage as a ravishing spoof, Saturday night, May 15, at the Greene Street Theatre, and sank its sugar-coated fangs into the funnybones of a crowd of willing first-night victims.

The 1927 dramatization of Bram Stoker's novel was neatly fashioned to fit the Key West playhouse and transformed into a highly stylized gothic tale of hilarious proportions. This three-act period piece is the theatre group's second under-taking (oops!) thus far. There is every indication that, with the final performance of "Dracula", the house will close for the summer.

According to the producers, "We have been lucky enough to have been given a previously unproduced script of Mr. Tennessee Williams 'Vieu Carre' . . . and it will be produced early in the (next winter) season." Apparently, the summer will be spent preparing a 1976-1977 schedule. It may even include James Kirkwood's "P.S. Your Cat is Dead". Mr. Kirkwood is an island homeowner, already up to his gingerbread with residuals from his highly successful book for "The Chorus Line".

This final presentation of "Dracula" by the island group utilizes the small theatre dramatically. The center aisle becomes just another set: a dark passage leading to the sleeping vampire; the front row patrons are startled by the "whoosh" of Count Dracula's magnificent black cape as he glides across the stage hissing at heroes; the lunatic, Renfield, makes a mad dash for it - into the arms of shocked viewers - only to stop a breath before touching anyone.

The show becomes instantly effective. There is little chance to mull over the set when stage lights brighter at the opening - thanks to the director, William Prosser, and the acting command of Harry Richard, playing Dr. Seward, father of the (vampire's) bride. He speaks with great authority and shoulders the play in its moments of reality that are so necessary to sustain it. Mr. Richard is no laughing matter (despite his convincing "Good God!")

Nor is Marc Ramsey as Professor Van Helsing. Both he and Mr. Richard make every effort to hold the play from the jaws of flagrant camp. (But how does Mr. Ramsey not relish that exasperating line: "I suspect no one . . . and everyone!!")

Roderick Brown as Jonathon Harker is a bit distracting with the knickers and baby blue stockings. But Karene Kova and Gordon Mackey (the maid Miss Wells and Butterworth, respectively) give us a laughing fit of insight into the "Upstairs, Downstairs" chicanery of a Victorian household.

Frank Speiser's psychotic Renfield is a masterful portrait of slapstick and farce. And Rita Buckner plays Lucy Seward with skillful experience: switching from one personality to another quite easily.

And Peter Pell is a menacing Count Dracula, after an initial short recognition difficulty most of the audience experienced. (Mr. Pell is an owner of Key West Fabrics and a very familiar face in town.) But after that few minutes, he draws us into his power quickly - this "horrible undead thing." Mr. Pell was spooky, spooky, and spiffy. The buffoonery he participates in takes us back to the zany antics of the Marx Brothers.

In summation, it was a completely engrossing play with a fun-splashed ending and a full house of giggling patrons as the lights went up. A couple of minor ruminations, though: the set decorator could have been a little more inventive and/or imaginative; and the seat backs could be blacked out in order to be less distracting. It would also cut down on reflected light.

## HOROSCOPE

by Emma Cates

### Health and the Sun Signs

Astrology has much information to offer in the area of health.

A chart is divided into twelve (12) sections, each ruling a particular area of the life for whom the horoscope is cast. These sections are named "Houses". The sixth (6) house rules health, ruled by the sign Virgo.

Biochemists have discovered that certain mineral salts are necessary for the healthy activity of the human body. Astrologers go further and correlate these salts with the signs of the zodiac.

The cell salts of the zodiac are to be found in plant and vegetable life since they absorb these salts from the soil. There are times, however, when nature makes a greater demand on some one cell salt i.e., an active person needs different cell salts than a sedentary person.

We stress the sun sign as an important factor in health preservation because the sun represents our core, our center.

### The Cell Salt of Aries

The sun is passing through the sign Aries from about March 21 to April 20 each year. Those born around sunrise when the sign Aries is on the eastern horizon will tend to express the distinctly Aries nature.

An Aries type has great activity of brain and body. They always wish to be leaders. They are ambitious, self-willed and impulsive. They are intensely enthusiastic when their interest is aroused in a person or a cause. Potassium Phosphate is the cell salt of Aries. When anyone's sun, ascendant or moon sign is in Aries there is great brain activity which calls for a steady replenishment of Potassium Phosphate. Unless the demand is met, there is a break in the molecular chain of this brain and nerve builder and nervous disorder of all kinds results. Potassium Phosphate unites with albumen and transmutes it into gray brain matter. It gives pliancy to the muscular tissue and is necessary for healthier liver action. A deficiency is manifested by irritability, and an inability to relax.

Potassium Phosphate builds brain cells, strengthens nerve tissue, restores mental vigor provided that there is sufficient rest mentally and physically to help in the formation of new cells as the old ones decay. The Aries type, more than any other, needs to understand the meaning of relaxation and practice it daily.

The foods containing most Potassium Phosphate are lettuce, cauliflower, olives, cucumbers, spinach, radishes, onions, pumpkins, lima beans, lentils, walnuts, and apples.

### The Cell Salt of Taurus

The sun is passing through the sign Taurus from April 19 to May 20. Those born around sunrise when the sign Taurus is on the eastern horizon will tend to express the Taurus nature. The sign Taurus rules the Lower Brain and neck and represents the patience and plodding perseverance which are the chief characteristics of this sign.

Sulphate of Soda is the cell salt of Taurus. Its mission is to control and regulate the supply of water in the body. It is present in the body in the liver, pancreas and the liquids of the intercellular tissues.

Lack of this cell salt is first felt by heaviness at the base of the brain and an aching neck. Chills and fever and accompanying sweating are also experienced. To rid the body of excess water is one of the actions of Sulphate of Soda.

continued on next page

## Old Island Anecdote

by Bud Jacobson

One of the better known local talents in the 1930's and 40's was a serious looking, much loved Cuban gentleman who went by the monicker of Cuco. As usual, only a few close friends knew his real name - nicknames were as valid as passports.

Cuco was employed as the house man for the then-commanding officer of the Key West Naval Station, a four-striper in charge of what was mostly a stopover point. Cuco, on the job, was sober, serious and courtly in his demeanor and affected a great love for all the colorful trappings of military rank.

Epaulets, bands of colored medals, a veritable rainbow of battle ribbons spread impressively across the chest of his naval greatcoat. Scrambled eggs on the peak of one of his caps, and braided gold aiguillettes draped and looped over his shoulder.

"He had everything including the ribbon for most attendances at Sunday school," recalls one old Conch.

But Cuco's surpassing favorite was his naval-styled Napoleon hat, with ruffs and plumes, worn fore-and-aft - not the daffy sideways style we see in cartoons about the funny factory. Not for Cuco. He was VERY military when he had that commodore-admiral's hat on.

Thus it was one sunny day in summer when Key West's Naval Station was visited by a touring Italian warship, cruising the Caribbean.

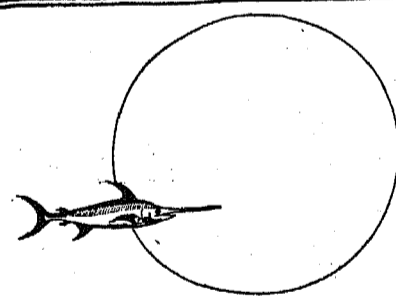
As is the custom with naval types, they like to exchange little courtesies and the skipper of the Key West Station was formally invited aboard the Italian cruiser for a spot of refreshment with the captain.

Cuco, on hand when the big ship tied up with all her brilliant flaks and penants snapping in the trade-winds, immediately donned his most flamboyant uniform, all the medals, the greatcoat flowing to his ankles and, of course, fore and aft on his head, the highest symbol of rank - his Napoleon hat.

He strode down the dock toward the ship.

The gangway watch came alive, positioned to receive him, pipes sounded and Cuco was saluted stiffly and escorted with much pomp to the captain's stateroom.

There they sat sipping coffee and nibbling little cakes when the real commander of the naval station walked in.



Those foods which keep the pores of the skin open and the body mobile are most in harmony with the sign Taurus.

These foods are beet, spinach, horse radish, Swiss chard, cauliflower, cabbage, radish, cucumber, onions and pumpkin. Herbs to produce perspiration, and rid the body of superfluous water are yarrow, burdock and ground ivy.



A little embarrassing episode like that didn't dim Cuco's lights - he was also famous for his railroad train act that he would perform for the regulars at Sloppy Joe's.

Up onto the bar he would climb, fully decked out in his military ensemble, and announce:

"This is the first train from Miami to Key West! All aboard!"

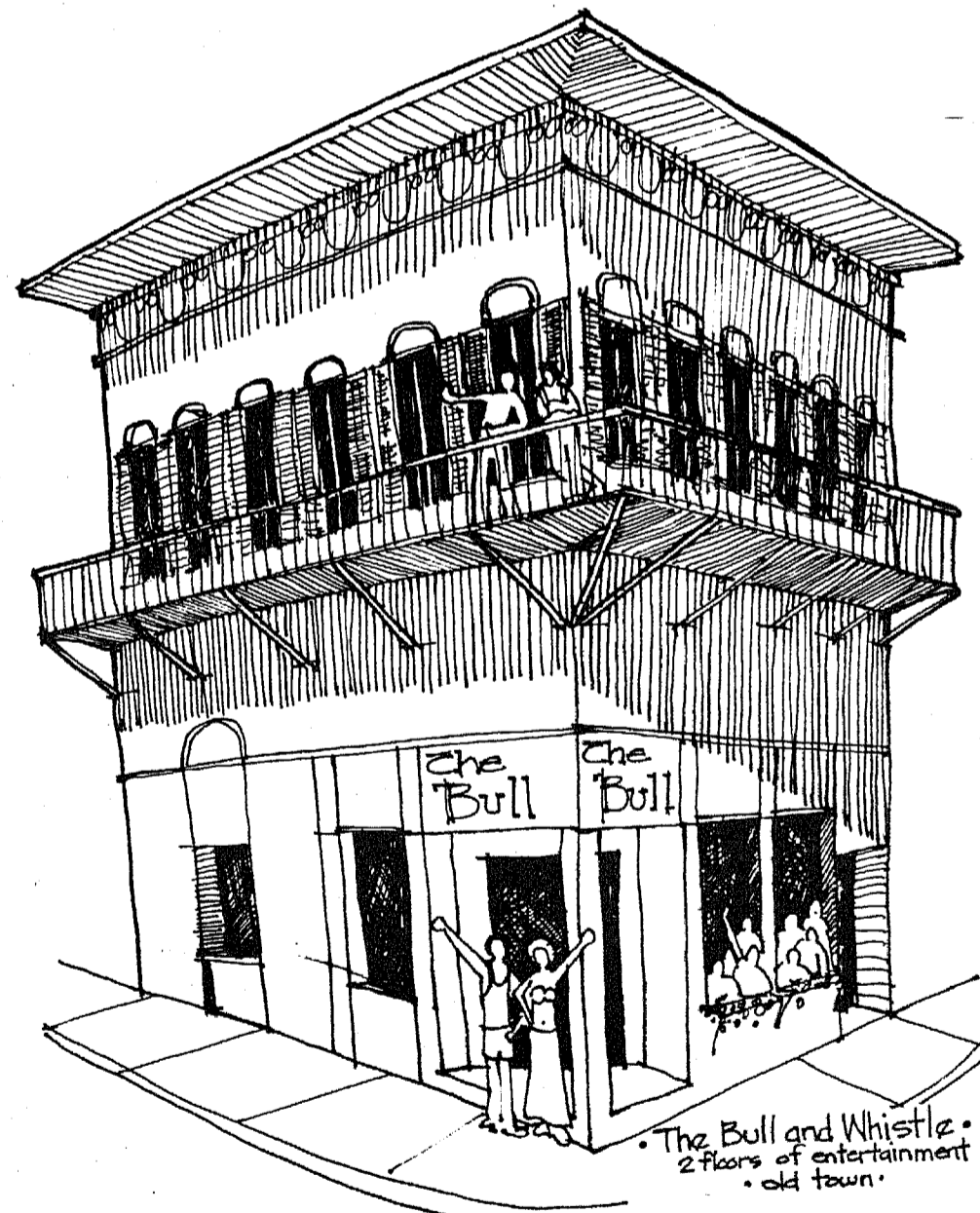
Reason that Cuco was in Sloppy Joe's, it should be noted, was that he played guitar for the combo on the stand in those days. The guitar, though, had no strings.

Then, chuffing and puffing, moving his arms slowly in rhythm like the huge pistons of the old steam engine that made history in Henry Flagler's time, Cuco would begin his journey from Miami to Key West.

Ding, ding, ding - he'd sound the bell, and wait for the call of the whistle as she trundled down the railway tracks. Feet shuffling, arms moving, Cuco would slowly move along the bartop - ding, ding, whistle going, and then he'd sing out:

"Homestead!" or whatever station he'd pulled into with his train - Cuco had all the stops memorized - Tavernier, Key Largo, Indian Key, Marathon, from Miami to Key West.

Every now and then, one of the barflies would yell, "Hey, Cuco, you forgot Perrine," or some station, and sure enough Cuco would back the train all the way to Perrine - it was a performance you don't get anymore, bubba.



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Another fine cover by Jerry Miller

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PREVIEWED ON THE COVER OF LAST MONTH'S Solareshill (MAY ISSUE)

### AVAILABLE JUNE 15

**\$10 AT YOUR FAVORITE KEY WEST BOUTIQUE AND OTHER LOCAL SHOPS, ETC.**

OUT-OF-TOWNERS MAY ORDER DIRECTLY. SEND \$10 (CHECK OR MONEY ORDER) PLUS 50¢ FOR MAILING (FLORIDA RESIDENTS ADD 4% TAX) TO "ULTIMATE SHIRT", 532 FLEMING ST., KEY WEST, FLA. 33040. S, M, L, X-L.

## THE PICTURE SHOW

A MOTION PICTURE ALTERNATIVE FOR KEY WEST

### JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
		HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)	HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)	HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)	HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)	HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)	HELLSTROM CHRONICAL (American)	LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)	LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)	LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)	LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)	LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)	LAST TANGO IN PARIS (English-French)	ZACHARIAH (American)	ZACHARIAH (American)	ZACHARIAH (American)	ZACHARIAH (American)	ZACHARIAH (American)
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
ZACHARIAH (American)	ZACHARIAH (American)	SWEPT AWAY (Italian)	SWEPT AWAY (Italian)	SWEPT AWAY (Italian)	SWEPT AWAY (Italian)	SWEPT AWAY (Italian)
27	28	29	30			
SWEPT AWAY (Italian)	SWEPT AWAY (Italian)		THE LITTLE PRINCE (British)			

SHOW TIME 9:00 P.M.      PHONE 294-3826  
CLOSED TUESDAYS      620 DUVAL      ADMISSION \$2.50

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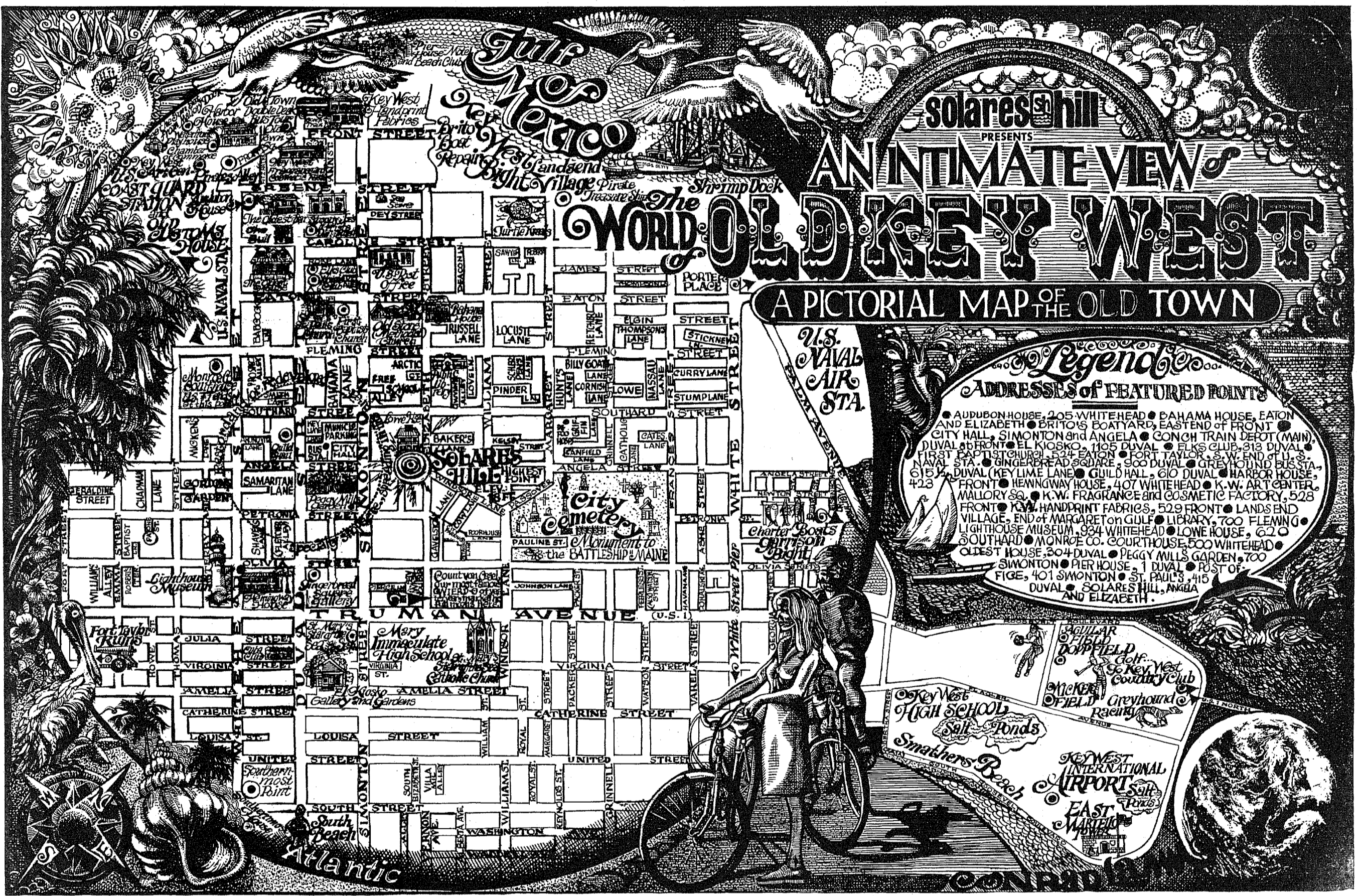


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 Key West ..... 294-2532

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 Key West ..... 294-7661  
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# solares hill PRESENTS AN INTIMATE VIEW OF THE WORLD OLD KEY WEST

A PICTORIAL MAP OF THE OLD TOWN

## Legend ADDRESSES OF FEATURED POINTS

- AUDUBON HOUSE, 205 WHITEHEAD • BAHAMA HOUSE, EATON AND ELIZABETH • BRITTO'S BOATYARD, EAST END OF FRONT • CITY HALL, SIMONTON AND ANGELA • CONCH TRAIN DEPOT (MAIN) DUVAL AND FRONT • EL KIOSKO, 1105 DUVAL • ELKS CLUB, 313 DUVAL • FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, 524 EATON • FORT TAYLOR, S.W. END OF U.S. NAVAL STA. • GINGERBREAD SQUARE, 900 DUVAL • GREYHOUND BUS STA., 615 DUVAL (KEY LIME LANE) • GUILD HALL, 610 DUVAL • HARBOR HOUSE, 423 FRONT • HEININGWAY HOUSE, 407 WHITEHEAD • K.W. ART CENTER, MALLORY SQ. • K.W. FRAGRANCE AND COSMETIC FACTORY, 528 FRONT • K.W. HANDPRINT FABRICS, 529 FRONT • LANDS END VILLAGE, END OF MARGARET GULF • LIBRARY, 700 FLEMING • LIGHTHOUSE MUSEUM, 934 WHITEHEAD • LOWE HOUSE, 620 SOUTHARD • MONROE CO. COURTHOUSE, 500 WHITEHEAD • OLDEST HOUSE, 304 DUVAL • PEGGY MILLS GARDEN, 700 SIMONTON • PIER HOUSE, 1 DUVAL • POST OFFICE, 401 SIMONTON • ST. PAUL'S, 115 DUVAL • SOLARES HILL, ANGELA AND ELIZABETH

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Salt Ponds  
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Key West International Airport  
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