

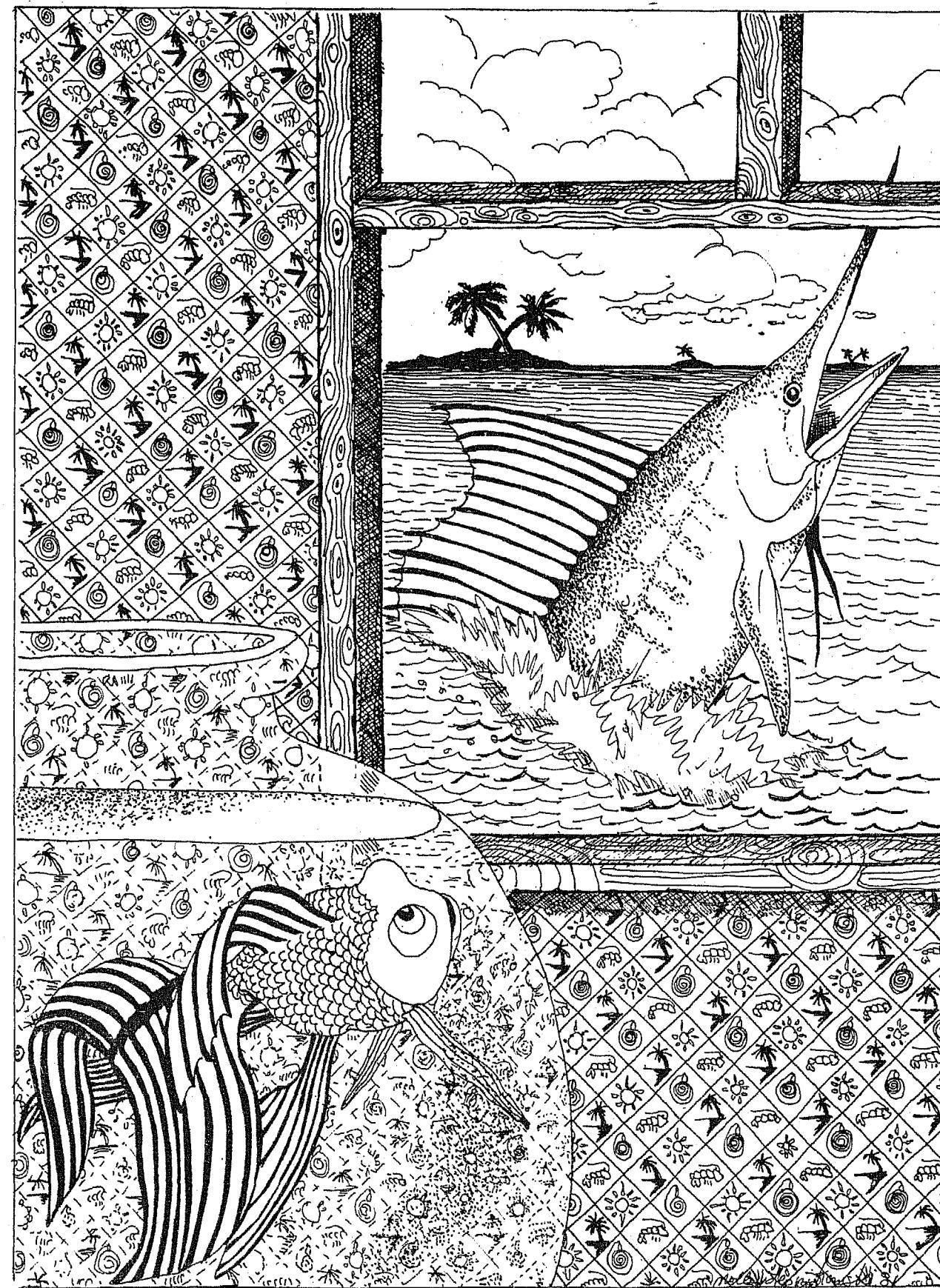
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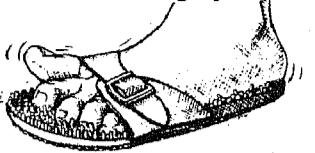
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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello -

I must admit that I was pleased when I read that the Navy had put a hold on the Truman Annex sale for six months. Perhaps this is negative thinking but I think Key West is not ready to handle a project of this magnitude and I, for one, would welcome the Navy presence here again. The advent of jobs - meaningful jobs - for our townpeople through a restrengthened base would be great. We at Solares Hill have been most apprehensive about the direction that the Redevelopment Agency has been taking anyway. It will be most interesting to see what the military have in store for the base!

Should there not be a Grand Jury investigation about the recently broken down turbine at the City Electric Stock Island plant? When a piece of machinery that cost that much goes bad after a short time in service something is very wrong and we, the taxpayers, have a right to know if it was faulty maintenance or a poorly prepared piece of machinery - and if it is the machine that is at fault, why do we not have a warranty on it?

Speaking of utilities, I was very pleased to see a citizens' group emerge to question the staggering burden placed on local people by the water and electric companies. I hope that this group will stick together and make its voice heard.

The County Home for the Elderly needs a piano in working order desperately. Anyone who has one to donate or to sell at a reasonable price should please contact Gwen Rodriguez at 294-4966.

The headstone for Bo-Red has been completed and should be in place shortly.

I can understand restricting traffic in the graveyard but I don't believe that bikes or pedestrians should be stopped from traversing this area. I don't agree that bike riders are major polluters - I ride through there constantly and I have not seen examples of them littering - and it is a marvelous place to stroll. I can agree with the local people who feel that the Trolley

should not go through there even though it is a tourist attraction. Perhaps the Trolley could circle the graveyard and people who wanted to could return on foot at a later time. I would like to say that I have never felt that the Trolley guide was being offensive, nor have I seen the passengers being disrespectful, but local people have spoken to me against a tour in the graveyard on the grounds that they feel that it is sacrilegious. Because it is a sensitive and touchy area, I think that the Trolley would do well to withdraw.

As you may recall, the Pier House recently made an offer to switch parcels of land with the city. They would like the city owned parcel behind the Handprint building and they had offered to build a park on the strip of land that they own across from it on the other side of the Simonton Street extension. Now word has it that that deal is dead and the city is considering exchanging the Handprint parcel for that disputed piece of land in front of the Indigenous Park which the Pier House would buy to then exchange. The main arguments against the park idea were the difficulty in patrolling it, the fear that it would become a gathering spot for undesirables, and the added expense of keeping another park maintained. City Commissioners should go at sunset to see the crowd of people who congregate there - almost to a one, they are respectable citizens who have chosen this spot as an alternative to the Mallory area for sunset watching. Patrolling should present no problem - this parcel is by the extension of Simonton Street and police cars pass there regularly anyway. And couldn't it be part of the deal that the Pier House could help maintain this park? If there is going to be a deal I feel that getting a park at the foot of Simonton Street is preferable to getting that strip in front of the Indigenous Park.

Well, maybe that fence at South Beach won't be coming down shortly after all. Even though I was told by a Building Department official last month that the fence would definitely come down, City Manager

continued on page 29

Our cover artist this month is Molly Lesikonski.

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ROOSEVELT SANDS, SR.

BY EILEEN MOORE QUINN

THE DEFINITION OF a true Conch, they say, is one born in the Florida Keys, preferably of Bahamian descent. These people are characterized by a lovely, distinctive way of speaking, smooth, unwrinkled skin, and the most delightful personalities.

Roosevelt Sands, Sr., a gentleman who turned eighty on March 6th of this year, is thus perfectly described.

of which is her ready ability to laugh and turn a phrase into a party. Employed at Woolco Restaurant where she combines good company with the daily fare, Eloise reminisces easily about her parents' attitudes when she was growing up.

"Yeah, I'd have to say they were strict. But it was good, you know. I



Roosevelt Sands on the job shown
in a photo taken some years ago.

can remember, 'Mama, can we go to the dance?' 'Ask your daddy,' she'd say. 'Daddy, can we go to the dance?' 'Ask your mama!' Back and forth, back and forth, oh, Lord! And then, home by nine o'clock! You know, that was early!"

MRS. SANDS, DISAGREES. "It was ten."

"No, mama, nine o'clock. And all the kids'd be laughing at us, going home with our mama and daddy! Oh, Lord!

"It was easier on Rose though. She was the youngest. I do think they were easier on Rose than me, me being the oldest."

Laughter.

ROOSEVELT SANDS, JR., a counselor at Key West High School, enters to add to the comments regarding his parents.

"Let me say this. They live what other people talk about. We learned by example. What they said was right, they did. That's all."

More laughter.

NOT ALL THE children are present physically, but their presence is all about the Sands residence on Virginia Street. Photos of children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren fill the hallway to overflowing, symbols of pride and love.

THERE'S DOROTHY MORGAN, who works at Wesley House community center, and Rose Lopez, a computer-proctor at Glynn Archer School. Lenora Green, who married a Navy serviceman and now lives in California, calls two or three times a week and has never missed a holiday at home in Key West. One brother, George Sands, passed away of a heart condition not too long ago, and is sorely missed by his family, although they try to take his passing philosophically.

FOURTEEN GRANDCHILDREN, ten great-grandchildren. All taking their places in the rank and file of Key West and beyond.

This is the family of patriarch Roosevelt Sands, Sr.

He talks of others more than himself. "Oh, yes, 'Bop' Brown was one of the best first basemen ever. Went all the way to the majors..." "Fats Navarro's father was a very good friend of mine, a barber by trade. He cut my hair..." "My, how Fats loved that horn..."

AT LONG LAST something of this man himself is revealed.

In 1967, a story appeared in the Miami Herald about a man who had earned so much sick leave he was entitled to a six-month vacation. He'd never missed a day's work. His job was to operate the combination diesel/electrical disposal plant in Key West.

That man was Roosevelt Sands, Sr.

IN AN UNASSUMING manner, he presents the photograph taken of him at that time. Looking very much the same man today, with the bright smile and boyish grin, Sands Sr. speaks humbly of his skills.

"Curry 'B.C.' Moreno taught me how to operate the machine shortly after I took the job. See my hand on the throttle there? Well, you had to know how to work the diesel in case the electrical broke down. Electricity may stop, but the disposables keep coming. People don't stop, you know!"

OF GREATER IMPORTANCE to Roosevelt Sands, Sr. is his involvement with baseball as a catcher for the Key West Coconuts, a semi-pro team of the 1930s.

"I also played as catcher for the Douglass Stars," he reveals. "We played against the Bacharach Giants in 1920, a team from Havana, Cuba. Did we win? I don't think so!"

More laughter.

A PLAQUE WITH a trowel is brought forth next. And it is at this revela-

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tory point that the nature of Mr. Sands comes forth.

"I am the past master of Union Lodge Number 47," he asserts proudly. "Free and Accepted Masons. This trowel You know what a trowel is for? It cements bricks together into one common and united whole. Well, this trowel here is a symbol for cementing together the brotherhood of man, making us all brothers, serving that one noble and worthy endeavor, the uniting of all brethren into one united whole."

THE FINELY-TUNED Bahamian accent, the strong personality traits unveiled in the rich complexion, all point to the heritage of Key West's finest. Sounding like a preacher, and locally noted for his oratorical skills, Roosevelt Sands, Sr. continues.

"I officiate as the lay reader for the Newman United Methodist Church on Truman Avenue," he reveals. "Maybe that's why I sound like a preacher."

HIS SENSE OF dedication has enabled him to serve on the Douglass School P.T.A. as President for a number of years, in efforts to "make children and parents happy." With Joe Pinder, Bob Dion and others, Roosevelt Sands, Sr. served on the hospital board as far back as 1965, trying to raise funds, etc. An avid reader, scouring the *Miami Herald* cover to cover, Sands keeps abreast of the many changes that have affected his world.

THOUGHTS ON SEGREGATION call to mind the separate facilities of the Florida East Coast Railway: "They painted the water fountains black for Negroes, white for whites, just in case we couldn't read."

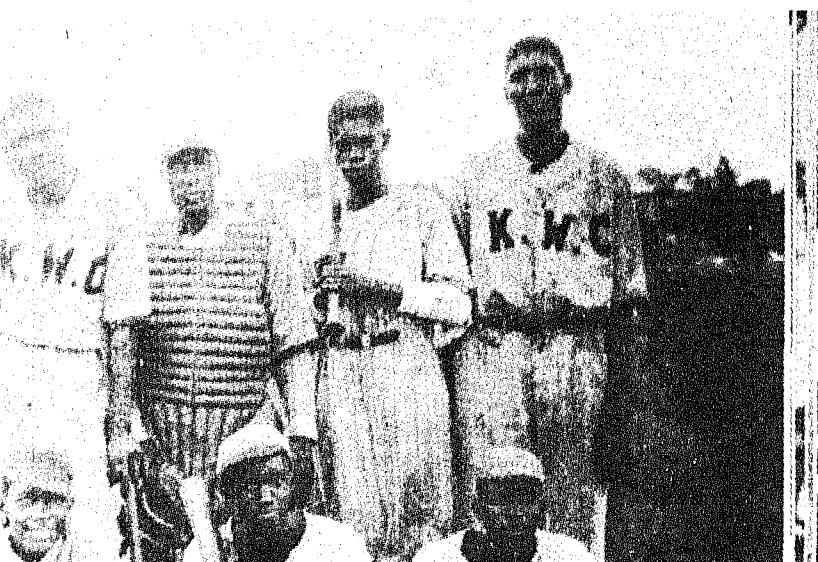
Times have changed in race relations in the country as well as in Florida, but the incidents of unrest that occurred locally ten years ago remain in the minds of Sands and his

family. Perhaps it was the father's spirit of brotherly love that led his son, Roosevelt Sands, Jr., to become an active instrument in the solving of difficulties that arose in the early 70s, reflecting the nation as a whole, according to Sands the younger.

"We were so fortunate that no one was killed, that what could have been

adds with modesty. "I think I know a little about Key West foliage now."

"Have you ever seen an Ixora plant? There's a basket hanging on 1021 Washington Street. I rooted that, and practically all the Ixora there. Used cistern water back then. Much better than city water. The chemicals in city water burn the plants too much."



Key West Coconuts in the 1930's. Back row from left to right: Cecil Bain, Charlie Stora, Roosevelt Sands, Eugene Smith, George Dean. Front row: "Pia" Suarez, "Scoop" Williams, "Rip" Williams.

an explosive situation was negotiated peacefully. I feel relations are much more relaxed now. The racial atmosphere in Key West today does not exhibit that former tension and strife. I feel much groundwork was made through that troublesome time, and we are all enjoying the current situation so much."

THE CONVERSATION TAKES its own direction. Mr. Sands, Sr., recalls his gardening days. "Oh, I'm learning," he

THE MAN OF EIGHTY, with the bearing of a gentleman twenty years younger, smiles readily. "What's my secret?" He turns to his wife Wilhelmina. "I'll let her answer that one."

Laughter.

Mrs. Roosevelt Sands, Sr. smiles, looking over at her husband: "We were busy with so many children, and the relationship was always very good."

A great picture of a Key West Conch dynasty.

THE Q-S CONNECTION

BY HELEN R. CHAPMAN

PEOPLE FROM THE northeastern United States take an awful lot of kidding about dropping letters from the alphabet, notably the letter R. We also are remiss about G at the ends of words and such charming contractions as "gonna," "wadja," (as in "what did you...") et al, really wipe out a bunch of letters in one fell swoop. But the omission of R is what we're teased about the most. I counter these jibes with, "But, you see, considering how many other places we use it, we more than make up for these gaps."

NOW I WANT to clear up some misconceptions about the northeastern R. John Kennedy did NOT say, "Cubar," except when it was followed by a word beginning with a vowel, e.g., "Cubar is an island." We do not go around saying "Cubar." That's dumb. If we say mothah and fatha, then it follows that we're going to say Cuba. But in order to make the language flow more smoothly, we throw in that extraneous R as a bridge between vowels. Although I have tried to cure my R problems, they persist (and perhaps I should consult my physician). I still catch myself saying, "Now my idear is this."

WELL, I'VE TRAVELED a lot since those days and now I can say "bird," "mother," and "heart," just as if I had been born in St. Louis. However, I'm still a pro at R insertions, such as, "Cubar is a nasty place and my idear is to wipe it out." So now I have a plethora of Rs. If anyone is interested in buying a few, I'll be at the flea market this Sunday.

THIS DROPPING AN extant R, only to throw it in where it doesn't belong, probably originated with the English, who are notorious for leaving out final Rs. "Mothah, is dinnah ready yet?" And since this dialectical deletion is just as pronounced in the south, and also with the Conchs, my conjecture is probably correct. But this leads me to wonder why the mid-westerner not only pronounces every R, but seems to relish the usage. What happened, during the

migration to the west, between New York and Kansas, and between Georgia and Missouri? Did they find an R mine in the Appalachians? Or an R flood along the Mississippi?

NATURALLY, WHEN ALL of Iowa moved to California, they took their families, their livestock, and their Rs. On my first stay in the Golden State, my accent a la Hoboken was too thick to cut with a hacksaw, and to Californians who had never been east, it was appalling. When I spoke, I would be gaped at with utter astonishment. After a while, I began to lose it and the first time I called my mother back home, I was shocked. I thought, good lord! Did I used to talk like that? I immediately set about losing that accent. For hours I would mumble to myself, "Bir-r-r-d" over and over, and just when I thought I had it down pat, I'd get excited and say, "Oh, look at that beautiful bad!" (That's the closest phonetic spelling I can come up with.)

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Big Boys

BY STEVE KLINE

EVENTS SURROUNDING the 1962 "Cuban Missile Crisis" created lasting impressions on me. I am sure only of the feelings of ease, excitement, anxiety, anger, and disillusionment, and that they followed in order as the action happened.

It could easily have started at the Saltpond Fort. This was a place to get away from it all, a refuge from authoritative adults and adversary peers. Despite its name it seemed more like a small house to me. Box-shaped, mostly white outside, gloomy mildewed dark inside. Made of driftwood and thrown-away pieces of siding. It stood in about three feet of water some distance from the east fence of Key West High School. Uneven legs sunk into the fine white mud held it above the waves. Tides no longer flow in that particular spot. Now there are sidewalks, roads, and homes.



SETTING OUT FOR the fort we first scrambled along a loose marl bank while hanging onto the high school's chain-link fence. A left turn out over a spit where our boats rested. A few boat-lengths of paddling and we arrived and tied up at the doorway. "We" were usually a gang made up of friends, brothers, and cousins. The little boys, Jeff, Johnnie, and I, could stay out at the fort all day listening to the daring tales of smoking cigarettes in the dark and sleeping on the roof. Only the big boys like John, Gibby, Bubby and Freddie were allowed to stay overnight. We all laughed regularly at the stories we told each other. Like how John took a dare to dive head-first off the roof into the saltpond. He came up spitting mud.

had possessed the soldiers to do it. I had thought of them as no-nonsense disciplined heroes. A short time later the saltponds were publicly declared "off-limits" to "unauthorized civilian personnel."

THE FORT WAS never rebuilt and the rest of the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis is, as they say, history. So I never got to stay overnight at the fort. Bicycle riding then became a greater refuge and I happily continue that activity today.

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feeling that she was unsafe. I was surprised by her lack of confidence in the future? the U.S. Army's "Hawk" missiles? the Navy? America? ... Gulp.

IN ITS ISOLATED strategic position the Saltpond Fort was between the high school embankment and what is now the Civil Defense bunker. Army (or was it Marine?) machine guns were set up around the bunker area. One night, fired from the eight feet or more elevation of the bunker, machine gun bullets hit the water after smashing through our unoccupied fort. I was surprised and saddened when I heard about the destruction; I wondered what



had possessed the soldiers to do it. I had thought of them as no-nonsense disciplined heroes. A short time later the saltponds were publicly declared "off-limits" to "unauthorized civilian personnel."

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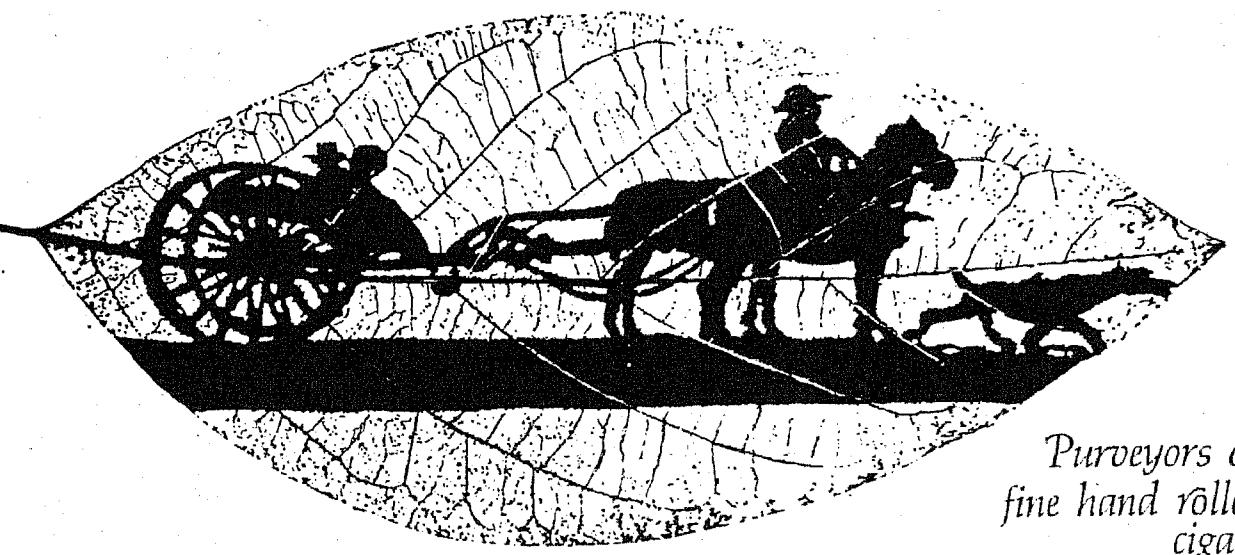
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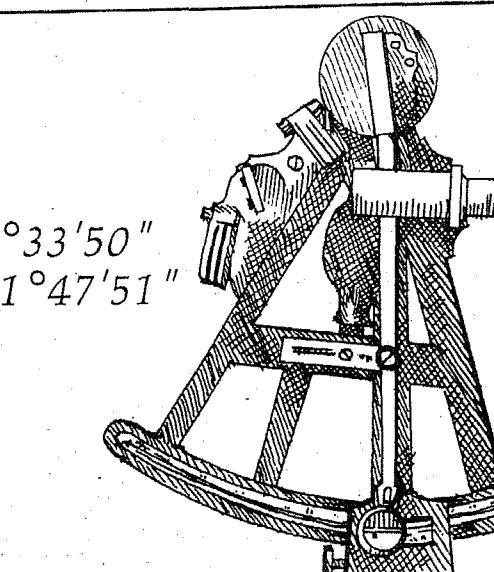
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NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

"CONCH CHOWDER" WAS the title of the column which I wrote for the Key West Citizen for approximately 25 years. It was so named because a little bit of almost every subject matter that you can imagine went into the makeup of column material. I picked up the idea from an old ditty, "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

As "Conch Chowder" became more popular with readers, I expanded it, and as it grew longer, and more varied, I introduced subheads to divide topics into sections. One of these was "Only In Key West." It derived from a catch-phrase, a sort of "Catch 22" tag which applied to all the odd, hilarious, strange, startling and sometimes ribald happenings which I encountered in island life. Some of them were personal experience and contact; some were brought to my attention by contributing readers and companion "Chowder Marchers," a number of fans who liked to participate in recording happenings through the column. The incidents invited amazement and laughter and much shaking of heads, plus murmurs of "Only in Key West, could this occur." And so the subtitle which is now the title of the final chapter in my book, Key West Collection, a non-fiction, true account reflecting the island code in all its changeable facets.

BACK IN 1949, during an early period of my venture into "Islandrama Drama," the most repeated source of chuckles was a mattress factory on Front Street where the Florida First National Bank parking lot is now situated. This oldie but goodie anecdote is oft repeated. The mattress manufacturing concern also had a sign in its window, "Marriages Performed," since the proprietor was a noisy public.

AROUND THE CORNER, and up Duval Street about a block and a half, a restaurant/bar flourished. It was the original Delmonico's, a popular gathering place for local VIPs, not a gay bar then, but with special entertainment. The Saturday Night Special was loaded--with an act starring a trapeze artist named Alma. She was a tiny woman who perched on a swing which wasn't very high above heads of customers. But she was advertised as "the only trapeze stripper in show business." She did a few acrobatic turns and aerial somersaults aloft, like "skin the cat" maneuvers, and swayed back and forth over the bar crowd, then began discarding her costume, all save for a couple of strategically-placed tassels and a glittering G-string.

ALMA REMAINED AS a stellar attraction until she grew jealous over attention her boss, and lover, paid to a woman patron; whereupon she erupted into a positive dynamic fury, and leaping from her trapeze, destroyed the bar area, smashing glasses and bottles, ripping out bar service equipment and attacking bar habitués. Police came on a riot call and she was forcibly ejected from the premises, and hauled off to the hoosegow.

The trapeze hung suspended from the ceiling long after Alma had swung out of the picture.

FOR YEARS, THE BACKROOM of the establishment was the rendezvous of city and county politicos and officials. The walls of the special dining room were painted with a jungle motif mural depicting a troop of cavorting monkeys. The simians had ape torsos, but the faces were caricature portraits of all the prominent men about town, with emphasis on members of the legal profession, especially judges.

ANOTHER FAVORITE AFTER-DARK assembly point was Duffy's Tavern, also on Duval Street, a few doors north of the entrance to Charles Street near Don's Green Room, a pool parlor frequented by neighborhood players and hordes of Navy personnel. So much for all that furor over protection of the sacred portals of Old Town historical sites and prevention of Duval from becoming a so-called slum! Protestors against street vendors should have seen the same section back then!

DUFFY'S TAVERN WAS combination bar, restaurant and night club. The tremendous bar took up most of the space and there were trophy heads of all kinds of animals, including moose (certainly not native to Florida) studding the walls at intervals.

The nightly show was a mixture of singers, dancers, and comedians who might be called "standup" except that they could hardly remain upright, victims of the occupational hazard of drinking.

The band, directed by Jerry Pinder, was very good, with Gould Curry at the piano and some excellent local talent on drums, sax and trumpet.

SO DUFFY'S WAS included as a stop on a Honky Tonk Tour operated by Cmdr. Harry Fitch, retired Naval officer, and a retired Naval chief, "Dutch" Schultz. They had a Volkswagen bus which visited night spots for the Honky Tonk Tour, and which took visitors to museums, historical points and a general looksee around the island under the label "Cultural Tours" by day. The lettering on the bus covered both aspects of the tours.

ONE UNFORGETTABLE EVENING the tour bus, loaded with a throng of carefree sightseers who had been picked up at various motels about the island, stopped at Duffy's Tavern to permit the passengers to see the show inside. After the performance had ended, the tourists filed outside ready to board the bus and go to the next place on the night excursion.

Suddenly there was a sound of police sirens and two police vans and patrol cars came plowing down Duval. The lead van driver spotted the crowd of people waiting to re-enter the tour bus, and mistook Duffy's for the place of disturbance to which they had been summoned, a more rowdy bar just a block away. The police squads drew up with a flourish, and the cops surrounded the crowd of innocent, bewildered sightseers in front of Duffy's doorway.

IT TOOK SOME fancy explaining before the police roared off to the right location on their mission in answer to a riot call.

One irate woman in the group of stunned tour riders stared at the lettered proclamation on the side of the bus touting "Cultural Tours." She shrieked, "My Gawd! So this is CULTURE?"

* * * * *

THE LATE NINA GULEY was society editor for The Key West Citizen when I first joined the news staff as swing-shift reporter. I covered police and city hall beats at the old Greene Street edifice, conveniently just across the street from the newspaper, and also Navy, county courthouse, USO, and Chamber of Commerce. All on foot! I started out at 8 a.m. and was back at my desk by 11 a.m. to meet the deadline of 1 p.m.

I ALSO HAD to write my own heads for copy, but Nina left this task to Bill Lee, reporter and haphazard city editor.

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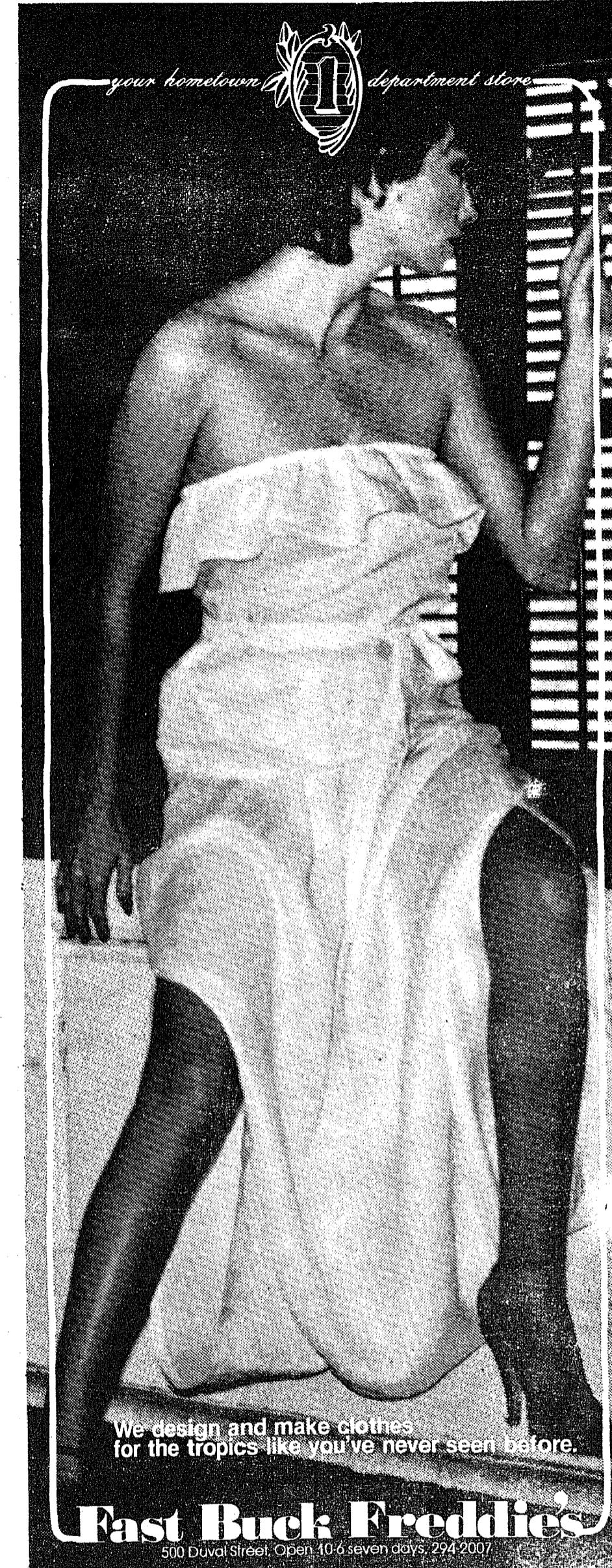
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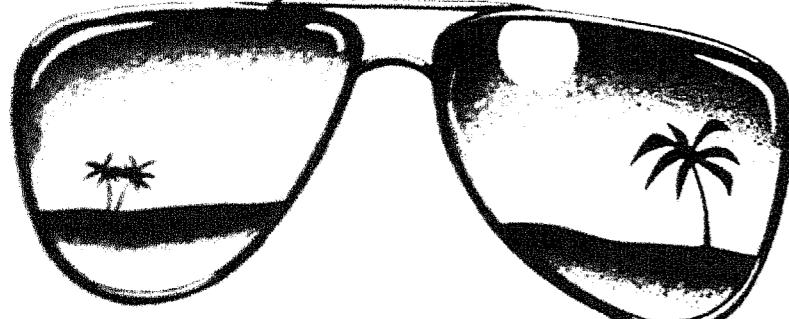
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Lee was the source of the memorable headline on the society page: "BRIDE-ELECT FETED BY PRE-NATAL PARTY." This three-decker was explained by Bill later. He had meant to write "PRE-NUPTIAL," not "PRE-NATAL." But he had been over to Sloppy Joe's, once known as "The Citizen Annex," and was slightly shipshod in his thinking.

BUT BILL WASN'T always at fault for some of the astonishing headlines. I caught a banner on a story which read, "Shrimper Breaks Leg in Wench." I corrected it to read, "Winch," but to no avail. Someone in the "decomposing room" (as it was dubbed) re-wrote the word "Winch" and changed it back to the original "Wench." Turned out that the self-appointed proof-reader was addicted to Conch pronunciation and its phonetic spelling.

That is also the reason why a garden club story told of how to care for "rach roses" instead of "rock roses."

PERHAPS THE MOST hilarious of all misprints turned up in a buried paragraph in a story written by Susan B. Anthony, then known as Susan MacAvoy, who wrote copiously about the scandal of Baer's Meat Market. They sold horse meat under the guise of the product being pure beef!

In the third paragraph or so after the story lead, there was a phrase that put readers in hysterics and the publisher in shock.

THE STORY REFERRED to a city ordinance and stated in bold terms: "Peddling of whores meat on the streets of Key West is forbidden."

All but a few editions of that issue were recalled, but a few treasured verboten copies were released. These became gems in collections of printing "howlers."

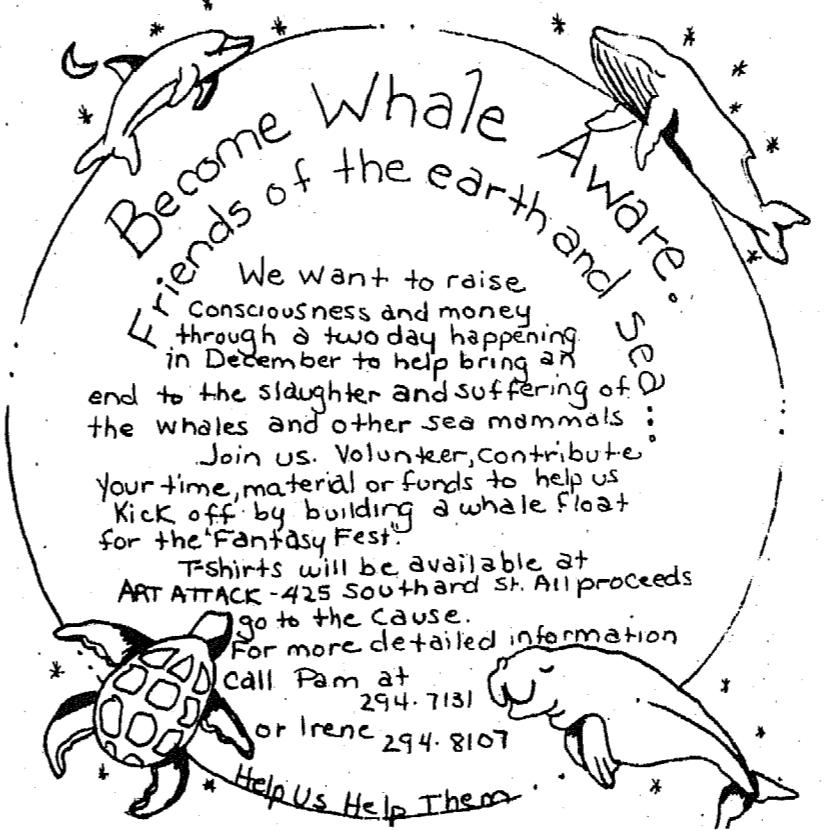
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THERE WAS AN optimistic note struck on tourism several years ago when large cruise ships, chiefly of Norwegian lines, stopped in Key West at least once a week on Bahamas-Caribbean cruises. Once in a while a few still put into port for a few hours, and voyagers come ashore to shop and explore the town.

During one such venture into the streets of wild and shaggy Key West, a group of ship's passengers went to City Hall to try to rescue a couple of their friends who had been charged with some minor misdemeanor. They milled around in the lobby of the police office department on Angela Street, awaiting the release of their chums. The incident had something to do with a slight argument with a native of Key West, but the matter was peacefully settled and no further animosity was expressed.

BUT MEANTIME, IN another unrelated incident, a disgruntled townsman decided to vent his anger at having had a couple of his "bubbas" arrested and jailed. He drove by city hall seething with resentment--and fired a revolver in the direction of the city hall lobby. Three or four bullets came whizzing in and became imbedded in the walls. Nobody was hit, but the unexpected turn of events terrorized the huddle of visitors. They were escorted back to the cruise ship with apologies, but the general impression was that Key West projected the image of a southernmost-western frontier outpost, and that vengeful shootouts weren't always staged in a corral!

(to be continued)



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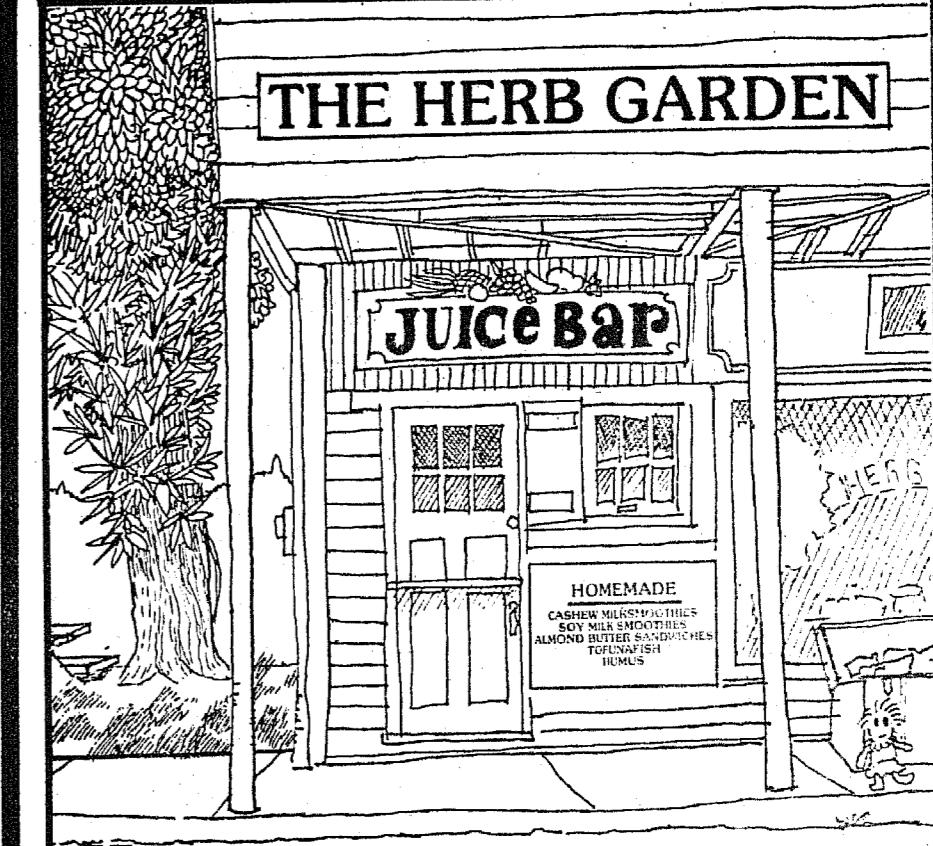
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TANKED

BY ANN JONES WALKER

THE BEST OF ALL solutions to the energy problem is undoubtedly the switch to alcohol for consumption by automobiles.

With automobiles needing so much alcohol, there is bound to be a decrease in the supply for human consumption. Since alcoholism is the nation's No. 3 health problem, falling only below rat cancer and cigarette heart, society will greatly benefit from the switch.

WE CAN CLOSE the hospitals for alcoholics; have less crowded jails, reduce the burden of the courts, and perhaps raise the average life expectancy to the levels of the yogurt eaters of Asia.

Filling stations will need a few additional pumps, as different cars will take different drinks as is the case with people. There should be champagne for Lincolns and Cadillacs. Buicks, Chryslers and Dodges will probably order Scotch. Bourbon and blends will suffice for Chevrolets, Plymouths and Fords.

SPORTS CARS will need something a little zippier. Martinis could possibly

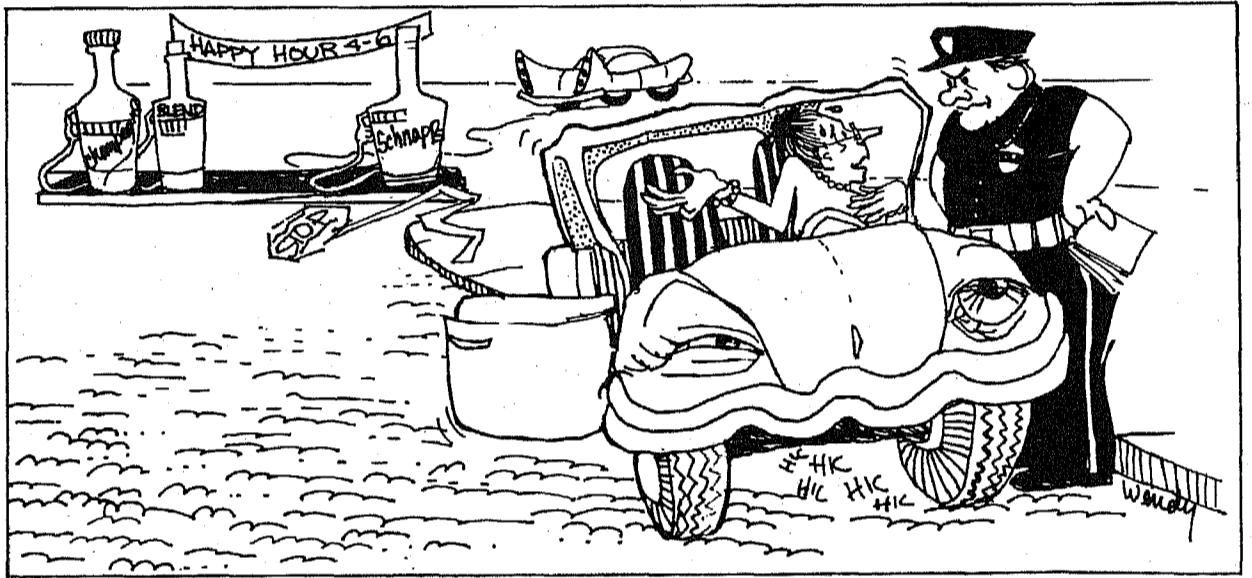
choose its own flavor. If creme de menthe brings on sputtering, the owner of the car will know to try another flavor. If he finds that his car reacts favorably to creme de cacao, that is the answer.

Bartenders will have to be employed by service stations because of their familiarity with the various brands. It may take a while for them to get used to not stirring or adding ice. A tip, of course, will be in order. The value of the U.S. money will be so enhanced by our new balance of trade that perhaps a dime will do it.

THE AMBITIOUS STATION owner may introduce the Cocktail Hour For Your Car. Between four and six he could give each car two for the price of one, thereby tripling his volume and doubling his profits. All this money will be based on a good United States product, and our financial troubles will be abated.

If after much mileage a car should develop the shakes or if the headlights become red-rimmed and shot, an Alka Seltzer could possibly clear up the problem.

A FEW DIFFICULTIES, however, may arise from the alcohol solution. A man who really likes to drink will have a daily decision to make, whether to drink his fuel and walk to work or lap up the banana cordial from his motor



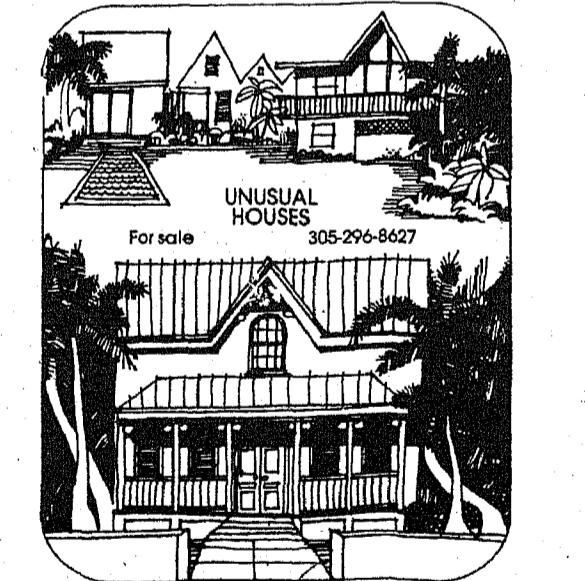
serve this entire class, although Volkswagens may prefer schnapps and Toyotas might like saki.

It is suggested that liqueurs be used instead of Arabian oil. These liquids are of a syrupy consistency, not unlike regular oil. Furthermore, they come in many beautiful colors, which will be more aesthetically satisfying than the dull brown of petroleum.

EACH CAR SHOULD be allowed to

and creak to work. On the other hand, this could create a new industry—the manufacture of long straws for those who would rather drink than ride.

A DELIGHTFUL SPIN-OFF of this plan is that individuals arrested for drunk driving will have a beautiful defense: "I was not drunk, Your Honor. My car was."



SOCER

BY ELAINE MERRILL

SOCER! YOUNG BODIES flowing up and down the field in a kinetic wave. The flash of the black and white ball reeling and careening; and the squeaky-moist smell of freshly mown grass lightly pervading the sun-drenched afternoon.

I live in California now, Berkeley, California, to be exact. A city just across the Bay Bridge from the city which once inspired Mark Twain to remark that "the coldest winter I ever spent was one summer in San Francisco." Berkeley is, then, cold. Crisp and clear and stunning at times, but (especially in Key West terms) cold. Yet a soccer day in Berkeley can evoke in me visions of conch shells and royal poincianas, of wooden houses and narrow streets. In short, it can transport me instantly to Key West in my mind. This trick of the psyche occurs all because I had the privilege for a time of playing with the International Soccer Club of Key West.

WHEN I LIVED there, I had a feeling that the Soccer Club embodied some unique Key West essence by its very existence. I even tried in a desultory way to write about it for *Solares Hill* at one point. But events intervened, time moved on, I shook the sand from my shoes and headed West.

Hindsight brings to mind a few interesting facets of the Key West Soccer Club for me. As I recall it, for instance, the main requirement for membership remained constant from the club's inception almost three years ago: show up sometimes and play. The formal schedule ran something like, well hey you guys, see ya Wednesday afternoon and Sunday afternoon and come a bit earlier as the winter approaches because it starts to get dark sooner.

THE FOUNDING MEMBERS of the club were, like the population of Key West itself, varied. There were men and women (though more men). A number of foreign-born people came out for those early afternoons at Bayview Park and showed the Conchs and the strangers some good tricks. At the time I was playing—late 1979, early 1980—the scene had shifted from Bayview Park to Wickers Field and the corps of players fluctuated between 15 and 25.

On a typical Sunday, I would arrive at about 4:15, decked for the action in my cutoffs and old jogging shoes. Often a baseball practice would be going on at the diamond, and/or an impromptu football game comprised of grunting adolescents would be lurching its way up and down one end of the field.

BUT SOMEWHERE, INEVITABLY, would be three or four figures kicking around the beloved black and white ball. As soon as eight or ten people arrived so we could start promptly, Key West time, sides would be chosen and play would begin.

In its unique and inexact way, the Key West International Soccer Club instilled in me the rules and skills of the game. Soccer, I soon figured out, is a game of running. So for about an hour and a half, I ran. The object of the game is to score goals by kicking the ball down the field and through the goal posts, which were usually just t-shirts lying on the ground. There was, I found, no preplanned strategy, no full-body tackling or spectacular base-stealing. You simply ran, kept your eye on the ball and cooperated almost telepathically with your teammates.

I WOULD LIKE to refer to the players by full name, with cogent, reveal-

ing references to their athletic backgrounds, but such knowledge never emerged in the course of the months. People's identities were known by the game they played. English John was a good player to run near, because he usually spewed an up-to-the-minute commentary on the action. Larry from Philadelphia was a formidable goalie to come up against. Al and Tommy were hard to oppose; as brothers whose play together went back to their Ivy League days and before, their mutual rapport and skill made me feel like a terrier trying to out-maneuver a pair of ballet dancers. Hans, the German, could run like a Nordic wind, his blond hair flying. Beth looked soft and decorative but could steal the ball and dribble clear down to a goal shot before I'd even noticed her. Joyce was a lot like me, inexperienced, awed, but willing to try like hell. Then there was Alex, the Scot, and Tate, and of course Doug and Susan, Paul the mad Australian, plus many others who came and went.

SCORING IN THE Soccer Club had little bearing on who won. After play had gone on for a while, someone would notice the sky was beginning its nightly show. "It's getting dark," would come a cry. "Next goal wins it!" So after a while someone would score and the game would be over till the next time. Often we would all reconvene at the Tides Inn for an hour or two, just to rehash those not-so-critical plays.

I do not mean to give the impression the Key West International Soccer Club as I knew it was some headlong bunch of amateurs. The lack of definition which for me gave it a lot of its charm did not extend to its skills. During my association with these people, they played the Navy team twice and beat them in a most professional manner both times. But they kept what I view as their unique Key West-style charm. Everyone who showed up played. The play itself stayed much more important than the score. The social aspect was reverently preserved, to the point of a keg of beer being provided at the last game.

WHEN I GO to an impromptu soccer game in Berkeley, then, you can see why it makes me homesick for Key West. Because Key West soccer embodied for me a lot of what I valued in Key West and what I miss and cherish about it from my new address. The people were from all different backgrounds. They were all energetic, yet "laid back" enough that they were never evangelistic in their enthusiasm. They were accepting of novices such as myself. They were skilled at what they did. They were flexible. Their organization, their games, their very attitude towards life contained what for me remains the human essence, the living soul of Key West.

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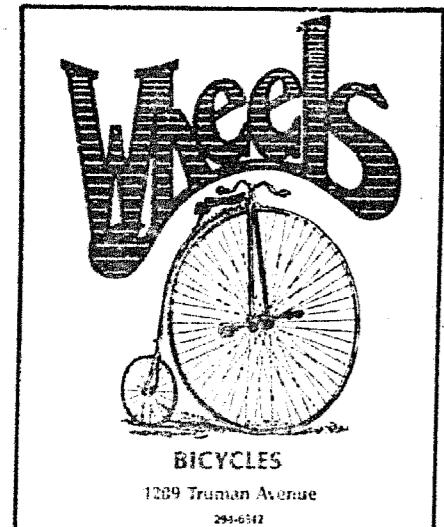
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THE ICONOCLAST

BY JIM KOGAN

WE'VE BEEN HEARING, now, for an incredible time about conversion of former Navy property to something useful. We've heard of jurisdictional hassles, and a horde of consultants proposing "big projects," and proposals that the land be used to further some group or other's economic interests. Interestingly enough, those "special interests" are not "big, bad" taxpaying, wage-paying businesses. But, one wonders what purpose is served by all this. The record in most places is that government-sponsored "projects" do not do what they are expected to do. Another white elephant we do not need.

AND WE DO not need another "project" to provide tax-subsidized homes for those who do not pull their weight. Key West's economy is not strong enough for much of that. Nor do we need a library of planners' reports--is someone making a career of this project?

SO, LET'S BE real heretical and try something that worked--here and elsewhere, too. Start with an assumption--unsupported so far but let's assume anyway that the idea is to make the former Navy property into a valued addition to our town--something that will be cherished, will hire people who live here, will pay taxes. And soon. It's been how many years, so far?

SUGGESTION: SUBDIVIDE THE SITE into lots small enough for individual use. Never mind the existing subdivision regulation--it was enacted and it can be amended or repealed to permit small lots for houses for people to live in. The present subdivision regulation is

grossly inappropriate, at least to this situation.

PUT SUBDIVISION STREETS where existing roads and utilities are. Demolish buildings inappropriate to individual, productive use. Make assorted lot sizes--some narrow, like 16 feet, for town houses; some a bit bigger for small multiple dwellings; some suitable for rows of small shops. No, not big stores; no, not high-rises; no, not "big deals"; no, not mansions. Then auction off the land. Restrictions, of course, but not many. One--cash sales only. Another--subsequent re-assembly for at least ten years because we want individual people and not "projects." Another--taxes should be more on land than on buildings for we want things like houses and shops and such. And no parking lots.

YES, SET ASIDE perhaps a couple of acres, not more, for a small urban park, probably on the bordering street, near the rest of the town. But lay the project out so it will be city, not suburb or rural. A lot of semi-private "open" space is counterproductive in economics, public safety and urban amenities, too. Read Jane Jacobs' book, *Death and Life of Great American Cities*. It's about things that work and what better place to get ideas? Certainly not from things that don't work.

THEN EXEMPT THE area from most or all the "planning" and architectural controls. No, not from fire-safety laws. If that seriously annoys the architectural review bureaucracy put them on no-show, full-pay status and see things improve.

BUT WE'LL HAVE an unplanned addition to our city! You bet. Take a look. Every place--including in Key West--where people have been sufficiently

enchanted with a place or piece of a city--New York, San Francisco, Boston, Key West--every time, there has been one common element.

EVERY PLACE THAT has inspired people to want to preserve it has been a place built by individual people building, each one of them, what he wanted to build or could sell to people who would buy voluntarily and without any government compelling people to take what they got. Every time people who built or bought what was built decided, themselves, without the "benefit" of "planners" who "knew best" what was good for the public. And many such places--parts of New York and Key West for example--have retained their attractiveness and people have been happy to pay handsomely for pieces of them. Why not copy success?

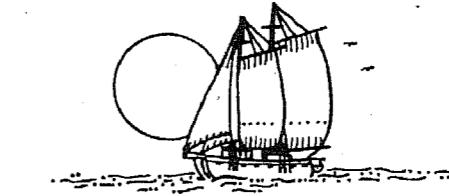
THE PEOPLE HAVE voted with their feet and their checkbooks repeatedly.

Now, why not just listen to the people? Not what they say; what they do. Is it not intended that in our land government--local government, too--is supposed to serve the people?

Or is unemployment among planning consultants that severe?

One more question: what to do with the money from that auction? Steal it or waste it, it matters not. The real objective is the addition to our city.

(The views expressed in this column are not necessarily those of Solares Hill.)



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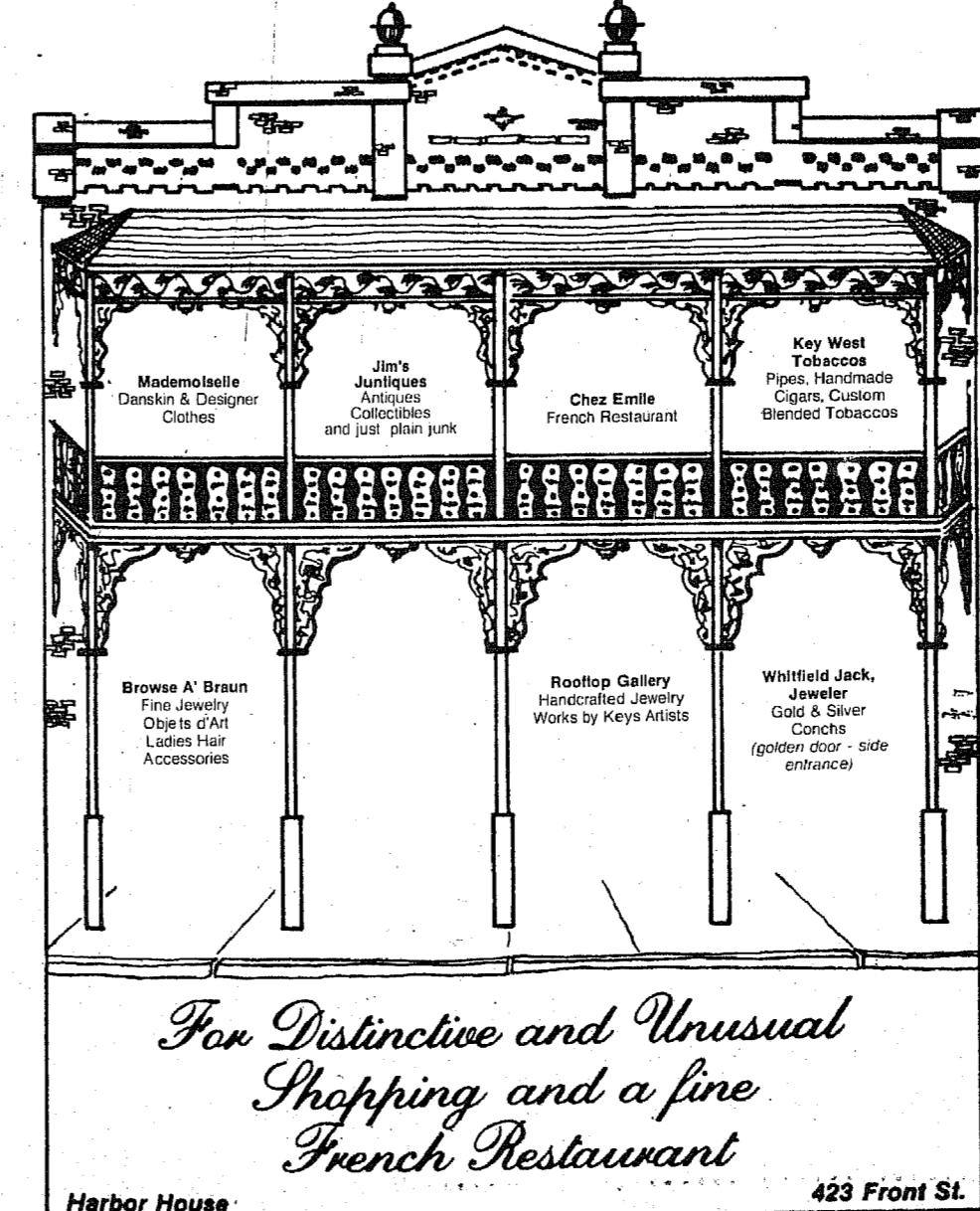
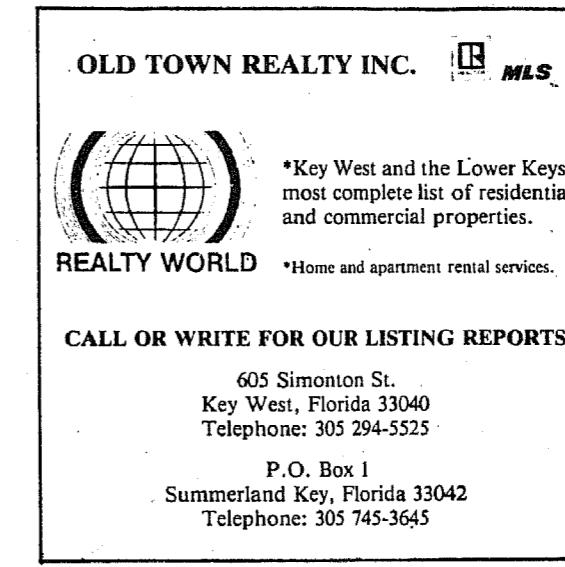
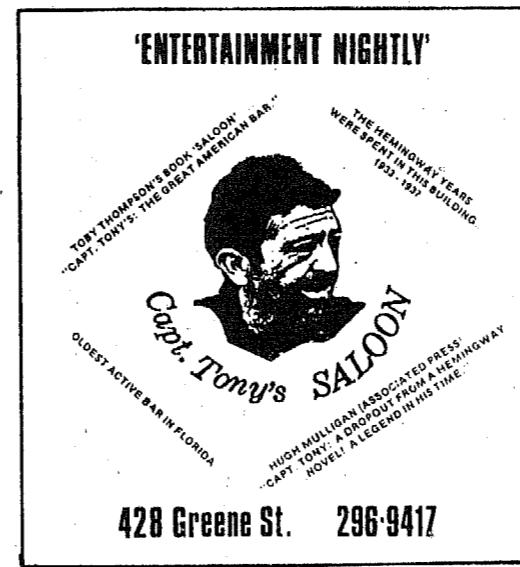


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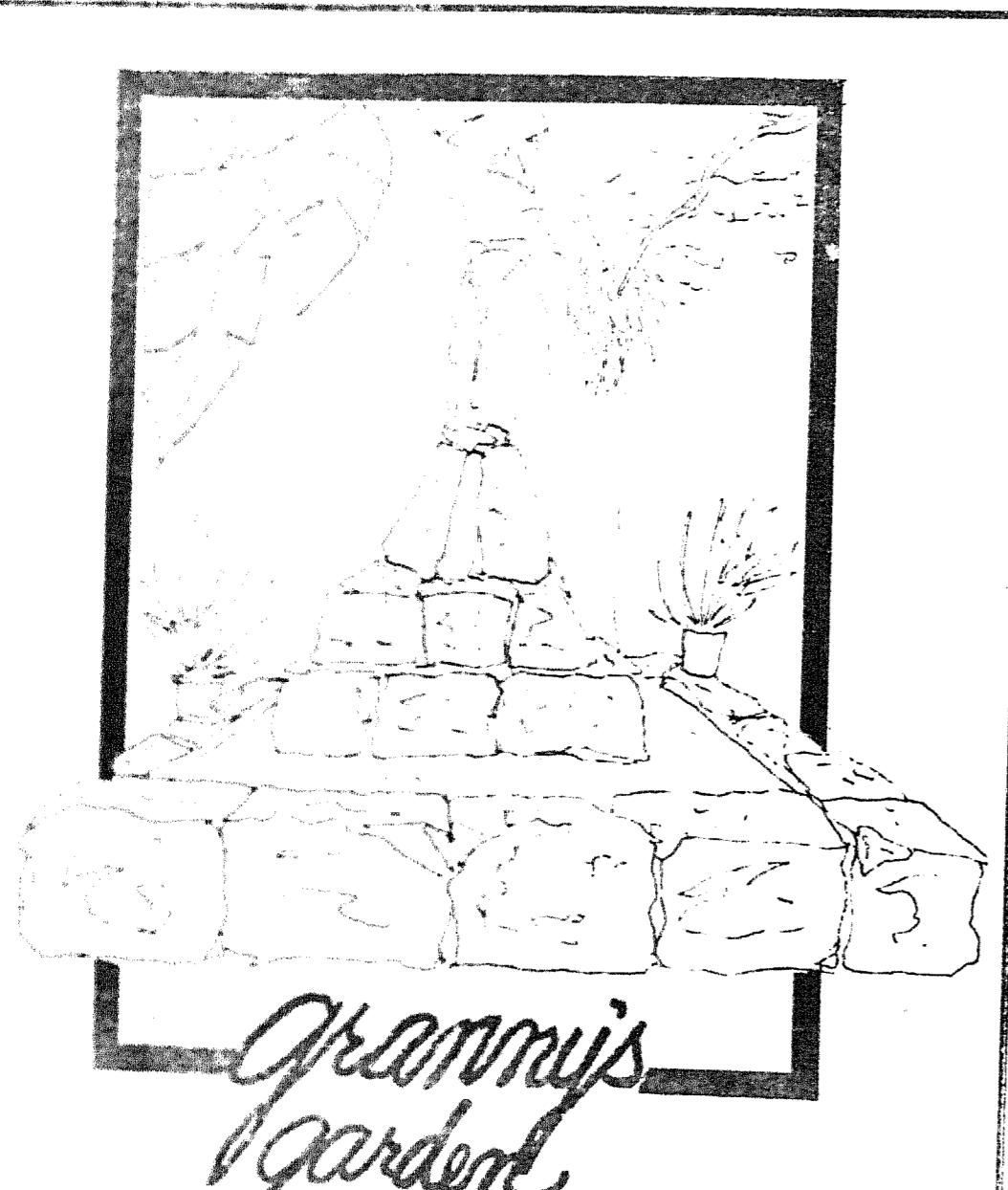
Key West's Blue Laws

By ROBERT L. STONE

THE SUNDAY 6-TO-9 PARTIES in Key West were a tradition that had been around for a long time. It was a tradition that was followed by many people in Key West, and it was a tradition that was followed by many people in Key West.

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thirst, that's true, but the rascals found a way around it and so began the rather convivial tradition known here as the Sunday 6-to-9 house parties. Some of the saloon keepers, meanwhile, were mighty in favor of the closing hours, it being their time away from the shop and when the closed at 6:00 a.m. Sunday they didn't bother to open until Monday morning for the eye-opening lunch.

ONE OF MORGAN BIRD'S would have it, there was a certain element in Key West's "Society" that reveled in their weekend follies. They started cranking it up Friday afternoon and by Sunday morning this group of sunning sybarites was sprawled on the beach, soaking up sun and surf, sipping gossip and generally undergoing a physical (if not spiritual) recovery.

BY NOON WHEN the bars were allowed to open, ice cold beer was the top seller followed closely by Bloody Marys and other assorted liquid recipes. The blessed sun and cooling effect of the ocean water had cleared out many of the rock-filled heads and soothed queasy stomachs.

Came the Sunday sunset and the sinners would be plotting where to go for the 6-to-9 party--there always had to be a "last party" before the reality of Monday morning came crashing down.

PERHAPS ONE OF THE best-known hosts for the 6-to-9 party in those years was the late Morgan Bird, the owner of the Oldest Bar on Greene St. Morgan had taken over the saloon from the estate left to David Wolowsky by his father; the bar then was the Duval Club, a pretty seedy place but possessing some unusual charm. He called it the Oldest Bar because supposedly the oldest liquor license in Key West was issued at that address. With Morgan there, it had panache.

HE WAS A portly type, short grizzled hair, expressive eyes, a gravelly voice, a cigarette always in one hand, a scotch and water in the other. In college he was known as The Baron and was a whiz at bridge but not in class. He hailed from around Scranton, Pa., and when he landed here he had the beautiful Mary Ellen under one arm and with her the other beauties who'd be his bartenders at the Oldest.

WHEN SUNDAY ROLLED AROUND Morgan would have a few of his husky male types in the bar heave some cases of booze and beer on a truck and take it to his home at the corner of Greene and Elizabeth, the old Dewey sisters home. Then he would get on the phone.

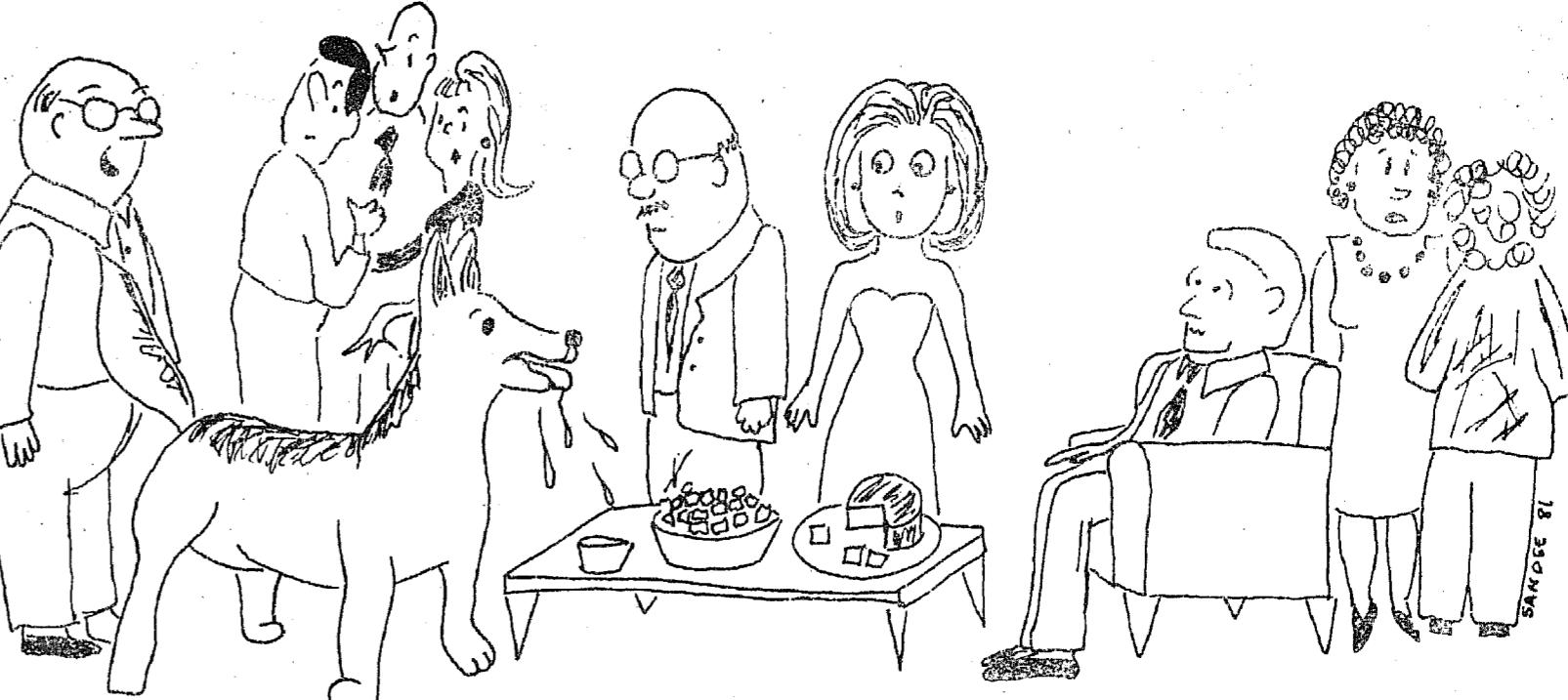
"Hello, m'dear," he would growl into the phone, his voice barely sounding through the scotch whisky and cigarettes, "I'm having a few friends over from 6 to 9, a little of this and that, come on over."

A "FEW FRIENDS" for one of Morgan's parties meant a house packed to the walls with the Sunday sybarites and all of them having an uproarious time. There weren't any complaints from the neighbors--the nearest ones being the shrimp boats in the harbor and considering their carrying on, a 6-to-9er at Morgan's was mild by comparison. Tables were piled high with food and refreshments and crowded around were the likes of Rex, Don Leckie, Harry and Frani, Miz, Billy, Tiki Joe, Killer Mike, Tracy, John and Hank, Captain Brad and Chaucer, Dan Stirrup, Peter and Jimmy, Marie DeMarsan and so many others.

DEMARSAN, at the last New Year's Eve party in the Oldest Bar, had created a sensation by riding in bareback on an all-white horse as Lady Godiva. But the appetites of those rowdies were so jaded, that spectacular entrance was only another madness in town.

ANOTHER ONE OF the well-known hosts for a 6-to-9er was Uncle Earle Johnson, the free-spirited owner of the Oldest House. The hallmark of a party at Earle's was "bring your own," unless you wanted to chance what Uncle Earle would dredge up from "down cellar," his quaint New England reference to the tacky old liquor closet in the bedroom. Inside that closet were bottles so old some seemed to date from the Revolutionary War; labels were worn thin and unreadable, brown with age; some looked suspiciously like medicine bottles from Spottswood's drug store; the tops were encrusted with the sticky remains of old liquor and dust. You never knew what you were getting when you poured.

DEPENDING ON THE weather, Earle's 6-to-9 parties were held on the front



porch overlooking Duval; the chairs and lounges were eaten by termites and faded from the weather. Ice for drinks came from the cramped insides of a GE "Frigidaire," a relic from 1923 that had a motor on top. If the night was chilly, Rex would set a fire in the open hearth in the lean-to's "slave's quarters" behind the Oldest House. The main room was about 10 x 10 and with 30 people packed in, the fire going, temperature climbed to 106 on the coldest nights.

ANOTHER OF THE well-known throwers of the 6-to-9 bashes was a tall, blond young lady from Cleveland, Karen Hazlett. Karen lived in the garage apartment at the Hemingway place while Smitty (that's Robert "Chinch Bug" Smith) and Pablo held down the second floor apartment in the pool house and P.J. Ross and his wife, Margot, rented the main house. A very convivial bunch. Karen was a favorite with the Naval officer types of those years, among them Louie Kolbus (Yul Brynner), Pat Mahaney, Benny the Bear, and others.

AT THE TIME, Karen was moonlighting at Raul's as a cocktail waitress and on one of the drary Sundays she decided a bucketful of gimlets would fill the empty hours along with a dip in the pool. Billy Provost, one of the finest jazz pianists ever to come down US 1, was there for music and booze. He'd driven to the party on his bicycle and on his way home was nabbed for driving his bike while drunk. Gold-braided officers were tripping into the pool in their whites and Pam, the first of the pulsating no-clothes-on models in Key West, made the Hemingway pool fairly froth with wriggling bodies.

THERE WAS ONE 6-to-9er that Rosebud Rayner threw when she and her faithful hound, Torpedo, lived on Dey Street. After everyone piled into the crowded living room and her pal at the time, Maj. Graves, a bluff and hearty type who claimed he did time at Amherst, served the drinks and canapés, Torpedo bounded into the middle of the party and jumped on all the guests.

Graves, in the meantime, set down the tray of canapés on the coffee table while trying to calm that lovable, overweight German Shepherd.

TORPEDO, DROOLING AT the mouth and sniffing at all the guests, made a pass at the coffee table and took a swipe at the canapés.

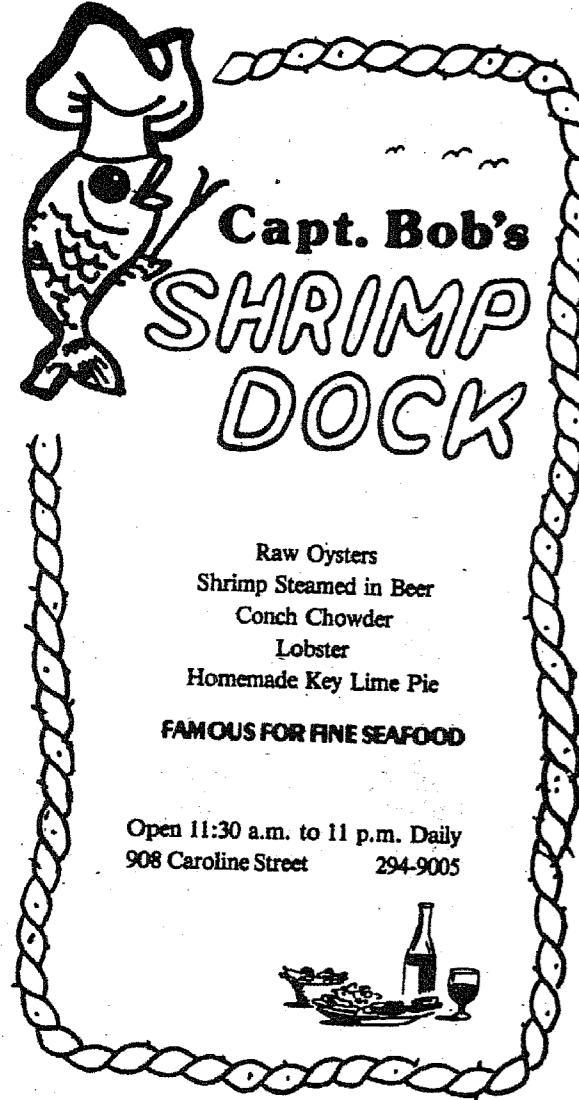
"All in the spirit of good fun," chortled Rayner, and with that we all went home.

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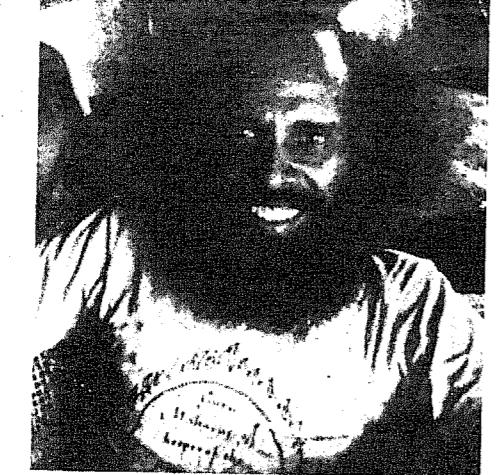


INDIAN RON

BY JUDGE POLLARD

THEY TOOK INDIAN RON out to sea one final time last month. He was buried off the reef from the deck of the sailing ship *Western Union*. Nice choice; Ron had worked for years for the Western Union company in New York City. But that was before he came here, and Key West was always favorite among the many, many places he'd seen.

The Indian's day and ways here ran from the Fogarty House debacle of '69, through the hip magnificence of 712 Eaton a decade ago, and running to the notorious Rockland Key commune; Ronnie was there. He spent years in a garden bungalow on a secluded lane here in town. While living there, Ron worked



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the thoughts, ideals and lifestyles of a lot of young people. Ronnie helped many of us through some "heavy trips," literally and figuratively. But Ronnie was more than a father figure. He was a teacher, too, and a brother, and a friend to everyone. In the time we were privileged to share with him, Ron gave us all a lot.

HE WAS A pot smoker, all right; but rather than teach us how to GET high, Ron showed us how to BE high. He instilled in many of us a devout respect for all the things God has chosen to place here with us. He showed us how to find SOMETHING likeable in just about everyone--and to respond to it. And he taught us how to look within ourselves with a harsh yet forgiving honesty.

But more, Ron taught us to love without thought of requital; he taught us to give without concern for recompense. Ronnie was full of a great zest for life and love, and it splashed all over those of us lucky enough to have known him.

OUR LITTLE ISLAND is much diminished by his parting, but oh so much more enriched because of his hour here. Now Ronnie's surrounded by the sea he loved.

We are, too.
Vaya con Díos, mi amigo.

INDIAN RON, A Memory

The man shone-
his mind centered a goldenness,
his eyes, windows on the Fire;
smile, a warm hearth

The man knew-
the gift of giving;
the fruits of Love;
incisive sense

The man is gone-
into the sea at sunset,
he shines on hidden lands

-- Art Kara

at the Sundance Restaurant and created some of the most memorable feasts many of us had ever eaten. A best friend's house was Ron's last home here.

TO MANY OF the starry-eyed hippies of the early seventies here, Ron was something of a father figure. The times, they were a-changin' then and so were

AMUSEMENTS

BY TOM CHMIE

THE EXPECTED HORDES of visitors, friends and snowbirds are usually preceded by the inevitable September dolls... hot tropical days... languorous nights... the last wine of summer.

TRY FILLING the days with hours of gallery going.

GINGERBREAD SQUARE, newly installed around the corner on Olivia Street in a smart, cool space, is full of beautiful, blown-up, floral watercolors by Harry Green; Donna Hays acrylics; and a stunning mahogany screen lacquered black with brass hinges and a giant jungle-red Anthurium with vivid green leaves expertly applied by Sal Salinero.

On weekends, beneath ceiling fans and skylights, amidst towering indoor palms, Richard Heyman is your host at the Pier House Atrium. Local artists are featured, including Gil Fury and Robert Franke. Hours are 11 to 6, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

MOTRA, OF FRAMES by Moira, is offering special reduced prices on all work by Jim Lehmkul. Also available are the enamel pieces of Bee Sackett, one of Key West's foremost abstractionists, and the impressive, giant-sized, clay chess set by Gloria Shaw. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 11 to 5.

FURTHER ALONG DUVAL Street is Farrrington Gallery with newly-acquired work space. In addition to the museum-caliber originals by Mario Sanchez, currently on display are the watercolors of M. Davis and Skipper. A special attraction is a dramatic exhibit by Tennessee Williams, including "La cinco de la tardes," an arresting work combining acrylics, collage and oils.

THE HAITIAN ART Co., on the corner of Frances and Southard streets, has a

vast selection of Haitian work and metal cut-out sculpture. Especially interesting is a new primitive exhibit by artist Philex Porchette.

IN GUILD HALL, upstairs among pieces by veterans Ann Irvine, Barbara Hodgens, etc., is the fascinating work of Sharon Cobb. Baskets made of natural reed, raffia and grapevine, interwoven with Irish wool and French mohair, are attractive and original. Various sizes and shapes are available.

MARION STEVENS' ARTISTS UNLIMITED offers the finest quality Haitian primitives (the first to introduce Haitian art to Key West in 1959) in addition to a more universal selection. Ms. Stevens travels to N.Y.C. frequently, visiting the prestigious Sotheby's gallery, among others, and is an untiring seeker of top-quality art and new artists. The results are clearly visible in her clean, atmospheric lower Duval Street gallery.

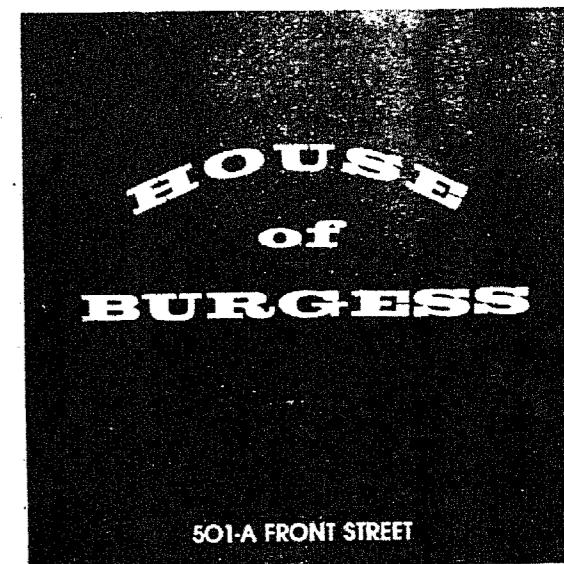
STOP IN AND get acquainted with the creative work being done in our community.

THE UNITED WAY of Monroe County campaign chairman for 1980-81, Richard Pierce, president of the First Florida National Bank of the Florida Keys, announced today that the total of cash contributions and pledges for the remainder of the calendar year and gratuities exceed the \$100,000 goal set by United Way in November 1980.

As the fiscal year closed on July 1, Phase II of the campaign also ended.

PIERCE SAID HE thanks the business community of Monroe County and all of its fine citizens whose contributions helped achieve the \$100,000 goal. He also asks that everyone not forget the social services provided by the agencies under the umbrella of United Way of Monroe County and that United Way would still be seeking their continued support next season.

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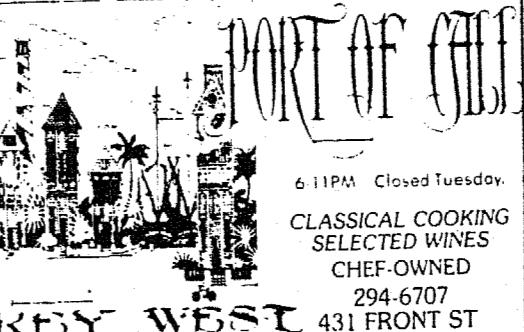
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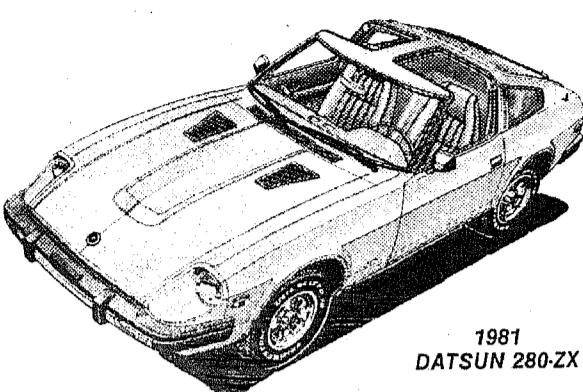
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Editorial Briefs

BY BILL WESTRAY

THE AQUEDUCT AUTHORITY

A MAJOR ENVIRONMENTAL rhubarb has erupted with the Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority over protection to the Crocodile Lake National Wildlife Refuge in Key Largo from the new pipeline spur to Ocean Reef. When FKA began to construct the 11-mile, 12-inch diameter spur line along County Road 905 in late July, it was noted by Upper Keys environmentalists that the right-of-way was being cleared on the west side of the road where the 9000-acre crocodile refuge is located.

PROTECTION OF THE crocodile refuge was one of the key environmental issues in approval of the Ocean Reef spur, and on July 3, 1980, Aqueduct Authority Executive Director Jack Maloy signed an agreement with Farmers Home Administration stipulating that no new water connections would be permitted in the refuge area and that the new pipeline would be built on the east side of the roadway away from the refuge. This commitment was made to satisfy the requirements of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the National Wildlife Federation, and other public and private environmental interests to protect the most important nesting habitat of the American crocodile.

THE KEY LARGO REFUGE is one of only two areas in the United States where the American crocodile lives and roams--the other being the Everglades National Park. However, the Key Largo refuge is the more important, because of the high survivability of the young crocodile. The survival rate in this refuge is nearly fifty percent of the eggs hatched. Sightings of 11 to 14 yearling crocodiles per nest have been recorded in the Key Largo refuge, while the youngest recent sighting in the Everglades has been one three-year-old.

WHEN QUESTIONED IN early August about the wrong-side construction, Director Maloy argued that they had planned to build the pipeline on the west side of the road from the very beginning and that the letter of intent that they had signed in July 1980, and the legal notices they published in *The Key West Citizen* and *Keynoter* in April 1981, were mistakes in that respect.

IN DESPERATION, JERRY ELLIS, a naturalist from Key Largo and active member of several environmental groups, filed suit against FKA to stop the present construction, and adhere to the existing signed agreement.

On August 20, Circuit Judge Ignatius Lester heard initial pleadings in the case, and then dismissed the suit on the question of standing of the plaintiff. Ellis has 30 days in which to file an amended complaint or appeal.

THE FKA BOARD of Directors met the next day in Key West and heard a complaint from the Florida Keys Citizens Coalition, but declined to halt the disputed construction after hearing Maloy say that he had verbal concurrence of the Farmers Home Administration to proceed. The board did reaffirm its intent to not permit any additional water service in the refuge area and to take special pains not to disturb the nests in the Crocodile Lake area of the refuge.

WE CANNOT HELP but be distressed at the breach of the agreement on which the environmental groups rely, and on the lack of concern for such action. In spite of the assurances

of the FKA board, we see indications that this "mistake" may be part of a larger scheme to do away with the refuge and permit large new construction of thousands of housing units in its place. The proposed new jetport in the old Nike Hercules Missile Site is one of these indications. We believe that the entire concept of a pipeline spur to Ocean Reef, the rate agreements, the construction financing, and the diversion of Aqueduct water for this purpose, may well bear additional close examination.

THE GOLF COURSE

ON MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1981, attorney Michael Halpern secured approval by the Key West City Commission on first reading of an ordinance granting a special exception for townhouses for the developable 46 acres of the municipal golf course property. The vote was 3 to 2. The ordinance will come up for the second and final reading on September 7. In granting approval, the City Commission required, and the developers agreed, that all of the city's specifications and site plan standards for townhouses would be met.

WE ARE PLEASED that the developers have not been given a "blank check" for building their townhouses and flats any way they might choose, as we feared might happen. We believe that the ordinance, as amended, gives the building department the clear and explicit authority it needs to ensure that the townhouses are built strictly according to all codes.

MEANWHILE, THE DEVELOPERS have finally completed their application for environmental permits from the Florida Department of Environmental Regulation and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. At least 60 days delay may be expected before these permits are approved, if everything is in order. It begins to look like it will be impossible for the developers to complete construction of the first nine holes of the new golf course for the forthcoming winter season as they promised. The city, of course, has no bonding guarantee that the golf course will be completed on time, or even at all, since it has not required any bond until all permits are secured.

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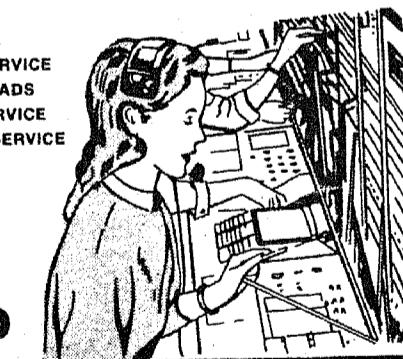
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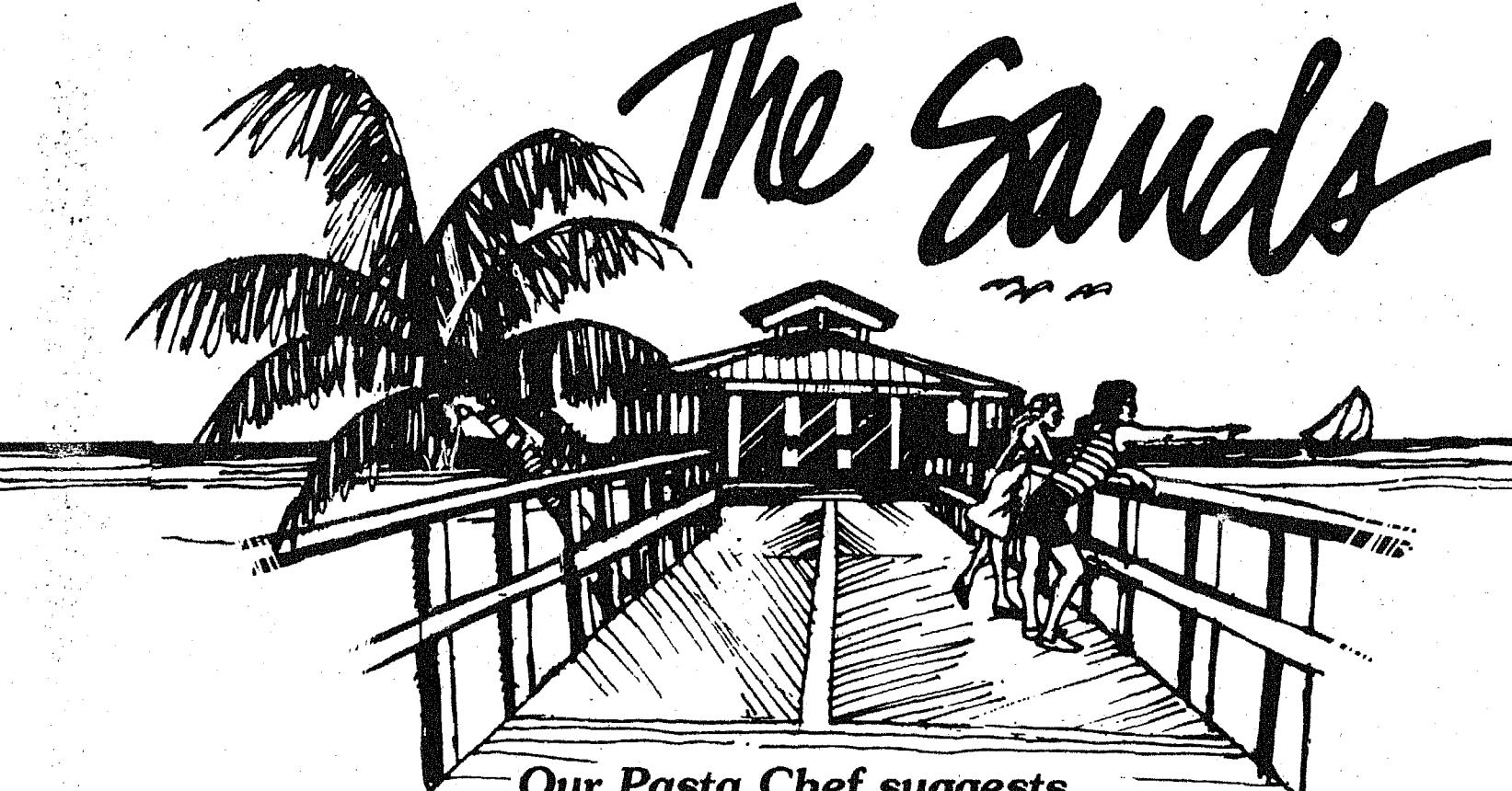




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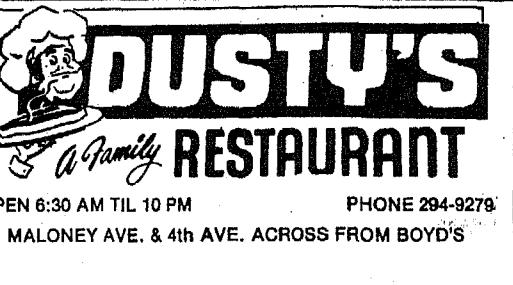
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ME AND PAPA

BY NICHOLAS LARDAS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY WAS a pretty tough guy. He could fight almost as well as he could write. I heard he took out my old drinking pal Charles Bukowski, or Henry Chinaski, as he likes to call himself in print, with one mighty blow. And Bukowski is a fearsome-looking character. Of course, Charlie would never admit to being knocked cold. He certainly described it differently when he wrote about it. But I cannot blame him. Writers are like that. They often confuse fact and fiction, even in their own minds.

HEMINGWAY COULD FIGHT. I will grant him that. But let me get to the point of this story. The sad truth is that he



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could not fish worth a damn. I know, I know! You have heard all those stories and even seen pictures of Hemingway with bona fide lunkers. Forget it! Everyone knows about fishermen's tales. The big one always gets away. Shades of The Old Man and the Sea, right? I was telling those same stories after going fishing for the first time. My mother had to try hard not to laugh as I sat on her knee, stretching my arms as far apart as they would go. I was already striking that familiar pose.

WELL, WHAT ABOUT those pictures of Hemingway's trophies? Any photographer or charter boat captain worth his salt knows that a fish held away from the subject will be magnified. I have a picture somewhere of myself as a callow youth holding a large sardine at full arm's length. Talk about trick photography! That little sardine could pass as a respectable tarpon. I even thought of entering it in the light tackle rec-



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ord division as a joke. But I could not wipe the smirk off my face for the picture.

YOU'RE STILL NOT convinced Hemingway's fishing feats were a literary invention? All right then. I hate to do this. I never wanted to destroy a man whose reputation has assumed mythic proportions for so many people. But you are making it hard for me. I do have the evidence. My only hope is that this does not cause a scandal. I would hate to see his house closed down and him run out of town.

BUT I DID spot Hemingway the other day fishing, or at least trying to fish, off the Cow Key Bridge. Please don't interrupt me. He was holding his reel upside-down, had a rod thick enough to beat rugs with and enough weight on his line to sink a Cuban hull. He had a bunch of small grunts floating in a yellow plastic bucket. At first, I thought he was just another Yankee. But then I recognized him. After that, I couldn't help walking by and asking derisively what he planned on doing with a bucket of dead grunts.

"WHY THESE ARE yellowtail snap-peper," he replied. "Notice the fine yellow lines, the deeply-forked, powerful tail...." As I walked away I thought, Christ, he's working on another novel.

THERE. I HOPE you're satisfied now. I didn't want to do that, but you forced my hand. After all, my credibility is at stake here.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, it couldn't have been Hemingway? Listen, he had a silvery patrician beard, an aristocratic receding hairline, a skipper's cap and a distinguished beer-gut. He had been drinking. There were empties all over the cat-walk. He even had on a Sloppy Joe's T-shirt.

NO, OF COURSE I never met him before. I haven't been invited to hob-nob with the literati. But I did read a couple of his stories in high school. Even then I could tell he never caught a flag yellowtail. I looked at all the pictures in the books though and could recognize him.

WHAT! NOW YOU'RE trying to tell me that was just some joker practicing for a Hemingway look-alike contest down in Key West? God, you devotees are hard to convince. Who do you take me for? That was the genuine article. What do you mean, Hemingway committed suicide twenty years ago? I know they say he shot himself. But I never believed that.

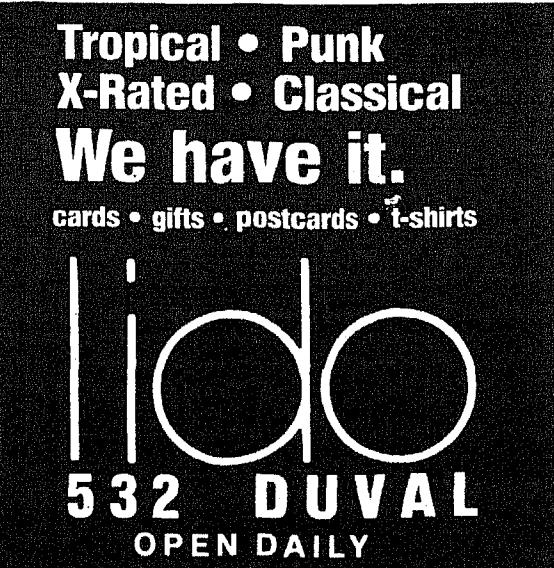


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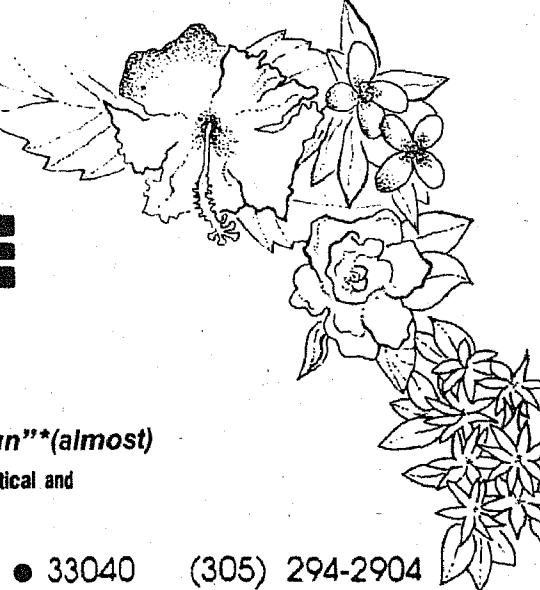
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by Harriet Ferguson

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News Update

BY CHRISTOPHER LANE

Five juveniles charged in a flurry of assaults on seven Key West residents and visitors have negotiated guilty pleas, according to Reagan Ptomey, assistant state attorney for Monroe County.

"It appears all of them are going to plead guilty to battery charges," Ptomey said of charges stemming from the brutal attacks in early May. "We're dropping the lesser charge of assault, and the juveniles are entering guilty pleas on the more serious charge of battery."

Ptomey said the juveniles, who can't be identified under Florida law, now face sentencing before Juvenile Court Judge Helio Gomez.

Ptomey said the guilty pleas were negotiated at the request of defense lawyers, precluding the need for a trial. He said one of the victims, John McArthur, who moved away from Key West to Tucson, Ariz., was agreeable to the deal.

McArthur, a former employee of Fast Buck Freddie's on Duval Street, suffered a broken nose, a minor concussion resulting in double vision in one eye, and two black eyes in the unprovoked, early evening attacks on unsuspecting Key Westers.

Meanwhile, Ed Zargado of the Key West Business Guild said the collection of Key West merchants paid to have McArthur flown back to Key West for the anticipated trial on August 24, which was later postponed because Judge Gomez was then on vacation. The \$600 plane fare came from the guild's Crime Prevention Fund, Zargado said.

McArthur, who decided to return to classes at the University of Arizona following his brutal attack, said he was still hopeful justice will be served.

"Some of the people I've talked to in Key West have been worried that they're going to go to trial and nothing's going to happen," McArthur said.

He said he still has medical problems from the beating given him as he rode his bike up Southard Street to visit a friend.

"I can't breathe through my nose very well," McArthur explained. "My nose will have to be completely re-structured inside. As soon as I have an extra \$2,500 I'll take care of it."

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 and we can share a baked potato
 and sing together
 as we criss-cross fingers
 and fashion newspaper wings with wool string
 for may apple wings
 to fly away on days
 when it gets tough,
 and a walk in the wind
 and a sling high from a treetop
 seem a better thing.

by Phoebe Coan

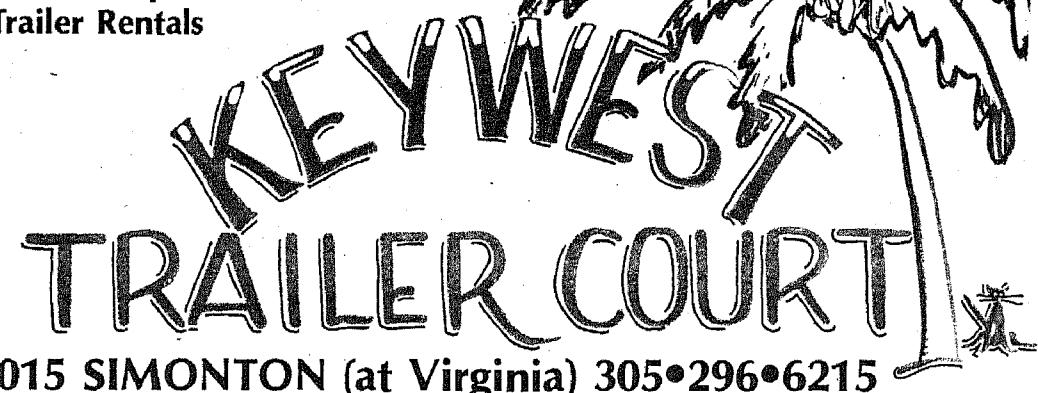
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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE

BY EMMA CATES

Sun in Virgo, after 22 in Libra.
Venus in Libra, after 12 in Scorpio.
Mercury in Libra, after 26 in Scorpio.
Saturn in Libra.
Jupiter in Libra.

Mars in Leo.
Uranus in Scorpio.
Neptune in Sagittarius, retrograde. Turning direct Sept. 3.
Pluto in Libra.
North Node in 29 degrees of Cancer.

THERE ARE NO planets in retrograde motion this month. New starts, and new developments, are forthcoming in the City of Key West.

THE FULL MOON on September 13 in Pisces aspects the 4th and 10th house sectors of the Key West chart. The progressed moon in Virgo indicates that local matters are now under favorable conditions. Problems that appeared insurmountable will be resolved. The ruler of the Horoscope—Mercury—is also transiting this area of the chart, reinforcing these favorable indications. Collaboration is now in order.

SATURN, THE RULER of the chart of Key West, is transiting the 5th house of Speculation, in conjunction with the Great Benefic, Jupiter. Investments and creative endeavors in the area of real estate development are very well aspected during this transit. The New Moon on September 28 conjuncts Saturn and Jupiter in the constellation Libra. New ideas, new ways of settling old disagreements are now possible. Both sides of a question will be discussed.

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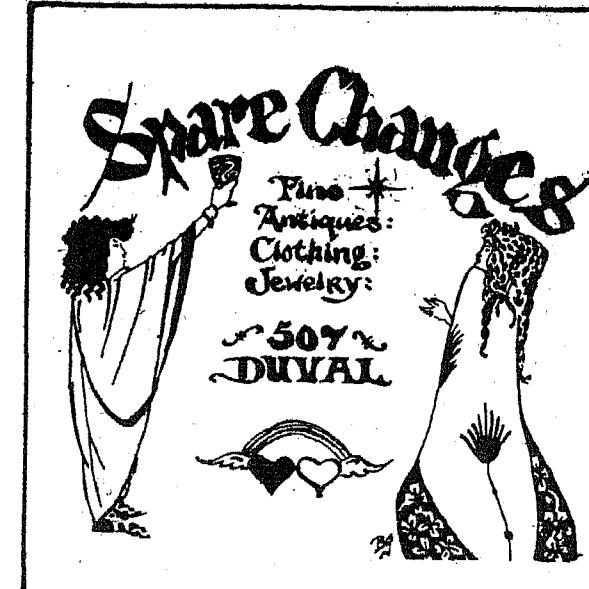
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Good News

Almost gone are the days when men dressed up to the nines for Sunday. A happy exception is Julius Fine who on Sundays saunters elegantly around Key West dressed in a white Palm Beach suit, straw boater and white shoes. Julius, who has worked for Sheriff "Billie" Freeman for years and is his close personal friend, is a third generation Conch and a friendly and outgoing man. His grandfather, "Poncho" Fine, is remembered with something close to awe by hundreds of Key Westers who attended school here. "Poncho", who worked many years for the school system, had the unbelievable gift of removing warts by touch, and many a then-young Key Wester recalls him with gratitude.

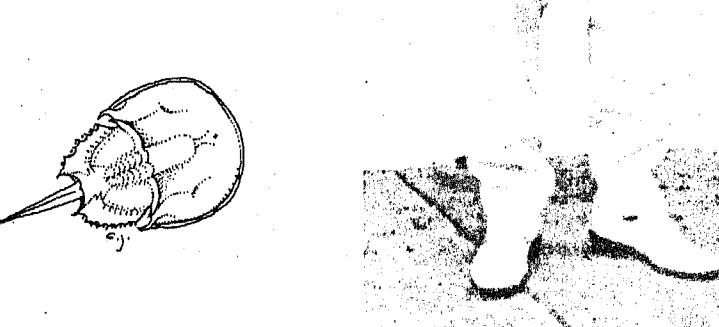


photo by Joann Savio



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In its never ending search for the fascinating History of Key West, the OLD TOWN TROLLEY announces the inauguration of its

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Do You Know a Good Key West story?
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4. Shell Warehouse CONCH HORN
5. Sponge Market BATH SPONGE
6. 1 Dozen Conch Fritters at Surfside 6

SIMPLE RULES

1. Deadline for each month is the 15th.
2. Send story to Old Town Trolley, P.O. Box 1237, Key West, FL 33040.
3. Print or type.
4. Judge's ruling is final.
5. Entry becomes property of the Old Town Trolley with the right to reproduce and use in any manner.
6. Must be able to be spoken in 2 minutes or less.
7. Stories may be funny, factual, recent or historical, but MUST BE TRUE.
8. You may enter more than once and re-enter the same story in a different month.



Open 9 - 5 • Closed Sunday



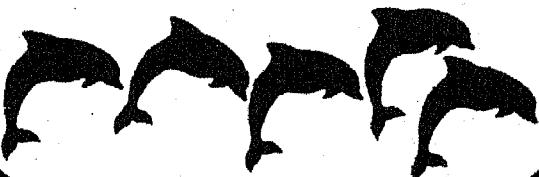
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AS DAY MELLOWED into night, I took a long walk. My mind was filled with confusion and needed to relax. I had no specific destination, just the urge to get out. At first I walked in a daze, but a tug on my blouse soon woke me from my blankness. It was a child holding up a seashell to his ear, motioning for me to do the same. I put the pearly object near my ear and heard gentle waves whispering seductive songs. They were calling me to them as I followed.

As my foot touched the cool sand, a seagull rose above me. His melancholy songs pierced my sad heart. I felt more alone, more lost. I sat down and buried my head in my hands. A soft breeze fluttered the palm fronds above my head. I looked up. The smell of salt, which filled the air, inebriated me. It emptied my mind of its burdens and awoke my senses.

I ran to the shore and buried my feet in the oozing sand. I felt as if my toes were being swallowed. I ran further down the beach and found a piece of driftwood. I put it to my nose and smelled the sea; I rubbed it gently against my face and felt the earth.

Night was settling in, engulfing me in darkness. I began walking home, enjoying my new sense of awareness: a lattice, where bougainvillas entwined their tiny tendrils; white gingerbread rails surrounding a widow's walk; a night-blooming cactus full of star-like flowers.

NIGHT BLOSSOMS SWEET scents of jasmines, frangipanis and pearly cereus fragrances I had never noticed. But that night I was intoxicated with my new-found sense. So much that was missed before was now taken in. My mind was no longer filled with turmoil or loneliness. I was at peace with myself and the songs of the island. We were now a part of me.

BY JULIE MOORE

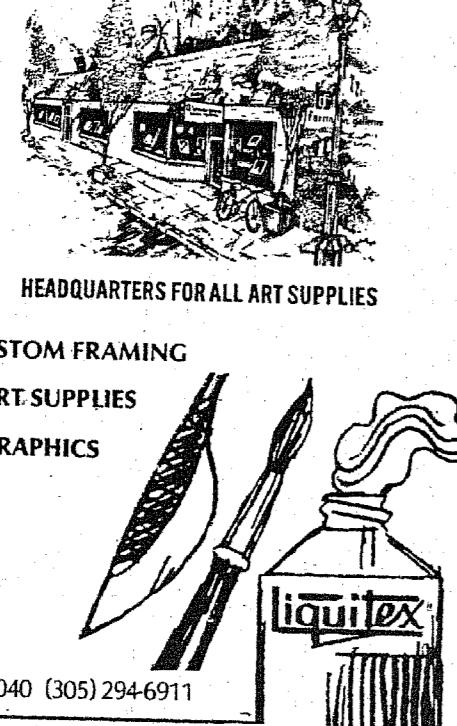


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ONE OF THE popular services Florida Keys Community College provides to the community is its Speakers Bureau. Organized in 1978-79, the bureau has had an active two-year beginning. During the past year, speakers from the college, requested by organizations throughout the county, spoke at over 40 meetings or functions.

THE SERVICES OF the speakers are voluntary, offered at no charge. Participating in the bureau are faculty and administrative staff members of Florida Keys Community College. They are prepared to speak on a variety of topics.

YOUR ORGANIZATION IS invited and encouraged to take advantage of this talent and wealth of experience. To arrange for a speaker, please call 296-9081, ext. 281, or write Florida Keys Community College, Speaker's Bureau, Key West, FL 33040. Please give at least two weeks' advance notice.

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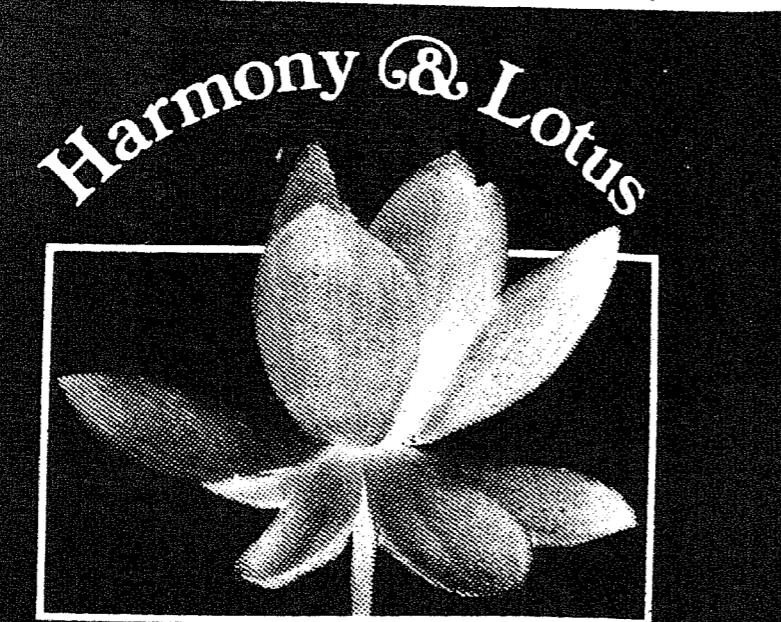
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TALL RED HORSE by Jody Adams

Outside a farmers' market
A horse drawn buggy sits
It is black
The wheels are high, thin spoked
Spider web like
A girl takes the seat
Her face is clear and white
She wears a pink dress
That comes to her ankles
And pink bonnet and ribbons
She looks strong
She moves quickly
She puts away bundles
And licks a cone of strawberry ice cream
Like she means it
She takes the reins and calls to the horse
"Back up!"
Also like she means it
His lips curl back, his teeth show white
He's lean and long and red
He takes the bit right in his teeth and
raises back his head
Her mother's sitting quietly by
Smiles quietly like she knows
The reason for her confidence
The daughter quickly shows
His ears are sharp, his eyes are clear
And spark a bit like stars
She drives him across the parking lot
He's dancin' past the cars
When she starts him down the road
He doesn't plod along

This pink clad girl won't drive this
horse
She'll sing him like a song
His mane and tail are flying clear
Like flame from a falling sun
The watcher's heart is in his throat
To see this gelding run
One could look for beauty
And one'd have far to roam
To beat the sight of this tall red
horse
And a buggy, heading home.

FROM THE EDITOR continued from page 2

Robert Bensko said that the City Commission, after hearing complaints from the Ramos family living in the Southernmost House across the street, who wanted the fence to stay, had decided that the Ramoses and the lessee should get together with the City Manager to work out a more desirable fence than the present one. To date no meetings have been held, although on at least three occasions meetings have been called. It does seem funny that there has been such a change in attitude about this fence!

See you next month.
WT



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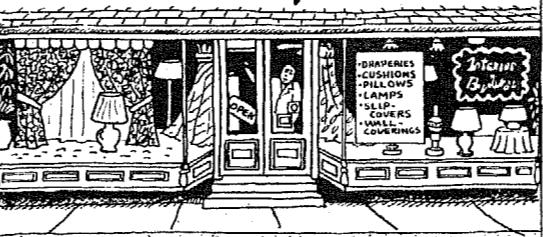
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EVENTS

SPECIAL EVENTS

Creative palm readings and interpretations by Stella, Mon.-Fri., 11:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. and Thurs.-Mon., 9:00 p.m. to midnight at Claire Restaurant (in garden), 900 Duval St.

GALLERIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Women's Center, 602 Duval St., 294-8481. Classes offered in September are: Introduction to photography for Senior Citizens; Symbolology (Astrology); Manual Communications; Native plants of the Fla. Keys; Assertiveness Training; Beginning Conversational Spanish from professionals; Elements of Day Sailing; Managing Personal Finances; Help your kids learn - tutoring techniques for parents; Ecology of the Fla. Keys. For information call 294-8481.

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

FILMS

Monroe County Public Library: 700 Fleming St., 294-8488. 10 a.m. Sat. morning CHILDREN'S FILM schedule, Sept. and Oct., Sept. 5, Magic World of Whisephasoon, Jack & the Beanstalk, and Twelve Months; Sept. 12, Legend of John Henry, Storymaker, and Pied Piper; Sept. 19, Another Kind of Music and Paul Bunyan; Sept. 26, Philly Philodendron, Mole & the Chewing Gum, and Giving Tree. ADULT FILMS, Sept. 4 & 5, Margot Fonteyn - This film is a study of the first lady of world ballet. Highlight includes Swan Lake performed with Rudolph Nureyev.

Adult starts again 1st November.

SELF-HELP

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

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

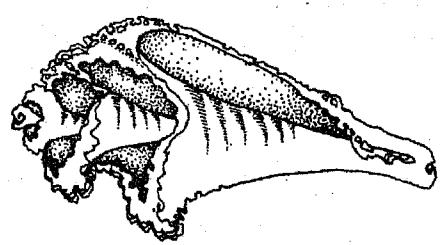
Conscious Pregnancy Classes: 296-6259.

Key West Singles: 296-6977, 296-3423, 294-6973.

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

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

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



FANTASY FEST '81

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● COSTUMES ACCESSORIES

This year more stores than ever are stocked early for Fantasy Fest (see opposite).

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The Prizes (see overleaf) are worth the effort, anticipation and excitement!

● MAKEUP, MASKS, ETC.

Look in the mirror and imagine! Make yourself a new person for Fantasy Fest Week—with all the colors of the makeup rainbow.

● FLOATS: REGISTER EARLY

A record number of Floats is expected for the Grand Parade of Floats and Costumes down Duval Street on Saturday, Oct. 31, commencing 8 p.m.

Write or call the FF 81 Office (296-7682) and ask to be mailed your Float Entry Form. Entry Fee per Float is \$50.

If you are planning to make a float, register now; due to demand we may have to limit the number of entries.

Note: Space in a building downtown is available for the construction of Floats. Please ask for details.

● FANTASY FEST T-SHIRTS

The official Fantasy Fest T-Shirt will shortly be in the stores. Make sure you buy one to wear and one to send a friend as a souvenir from Key West. Fantasy Fest T-Shirts are collectors' items.

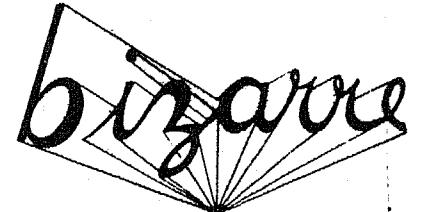
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The official Fantasy Fest '81 Poster will also be out and on sale.

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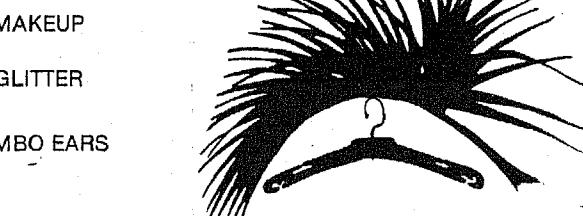


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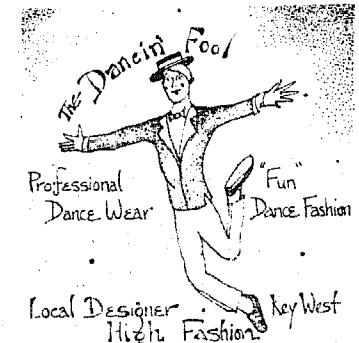


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KEY WEST, FLORIDA

SEPTEMBER

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CHILDREN'S FANTASY FEST OPENS FANTASY FEST WEEK
The whole community participates in seven days of festivities
Reservations already heavy in hotels, motels and guesthouses

PRIZES FANTASTIC!

- **CHILDREN'S COSTUME GRAND PRIZE:** SPANISH TREASURE GOLD COIN (*donated by Treasure Salvors*)
- **CHILDREN'S FANTASY FEST FUN-RAISER:** to buy playground equipment for Bayview Park. **Grand Prize:** 3-DAY TRIP FOR A CHILD and TWO PARENTS TO DISNEY WORLD and SEAWORLD (*donated by Air Florida, Burger King and Seaworld*)
- **HISPANIC GALA NIGHT** in aid of restoration of San Carlos Opera House, Key West. **Grand Prize:** 2 RETURN TICKETS TO COSTA RICA (*donated by Air Florida*)
- **BAHAMAS VILLAGE NIGHT** Grand Prize: 2 RETURN TICKETS TO BAHAMAS (*donated by Air Florida*)
- **PIRATES COSTUME BALL** Grand Prize: SPANISH TREASURE GOLD COIN (*donated by Treasure Salvors*)
- **GRAND PARADE OF FLOATS AND COSTUMES**
Float Grand Prize: ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS (*donated by Key West Hotel & Motel Association*)
Costume Grand Prize: 2 RETURN TICKETS TO "ANYWHERE AIR FLORIDA FLIES" (*donated by Air Florida*)

MANY MORE PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED

- SUN. OCT. 25 **CHILDREN'S FANTASY FEST DAY**
Costume Parade — Burger King Magic Show — Children's Restaurant — Visits to Pirate Ship "Western Union" — Stalls
- TUE. OCT. 27 **HISPANIC GALA NIGHT**
Sunset Sail aboard Pirate Ship "Western Union": 5 p.m. (thru Nov. 1)
- WED. OCT. 28 **BAHAMAS VILLAGE NIGHT**
NORTH CAROLINA DANCE THEATRE
at Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center
- THUR. OCT. 29 **MASKED BALL**
(Key West Business Guild) in Convention Hall, Mallory Square
- NORTH CAROLINA DANCE THEATRE**
at Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center
- FRI. OCT. 30 **PIRATES COSTUME BALL**
at Sands Beach Club, 10 p.m.
- FANTASY COSTUME DAY**
at the College (FKCC)
- SAT. OCT. 31 **GRAND PARADE OF FLOATS & COSTUMES**
8 p.m.
- SUN. NOV. 1 **KEY WEST FOOD FESTIVAL**

For further information:
Call 305-296-7682 or write
Fantasy Fest '81, 308-E Margaret St., Key West, FL 33040