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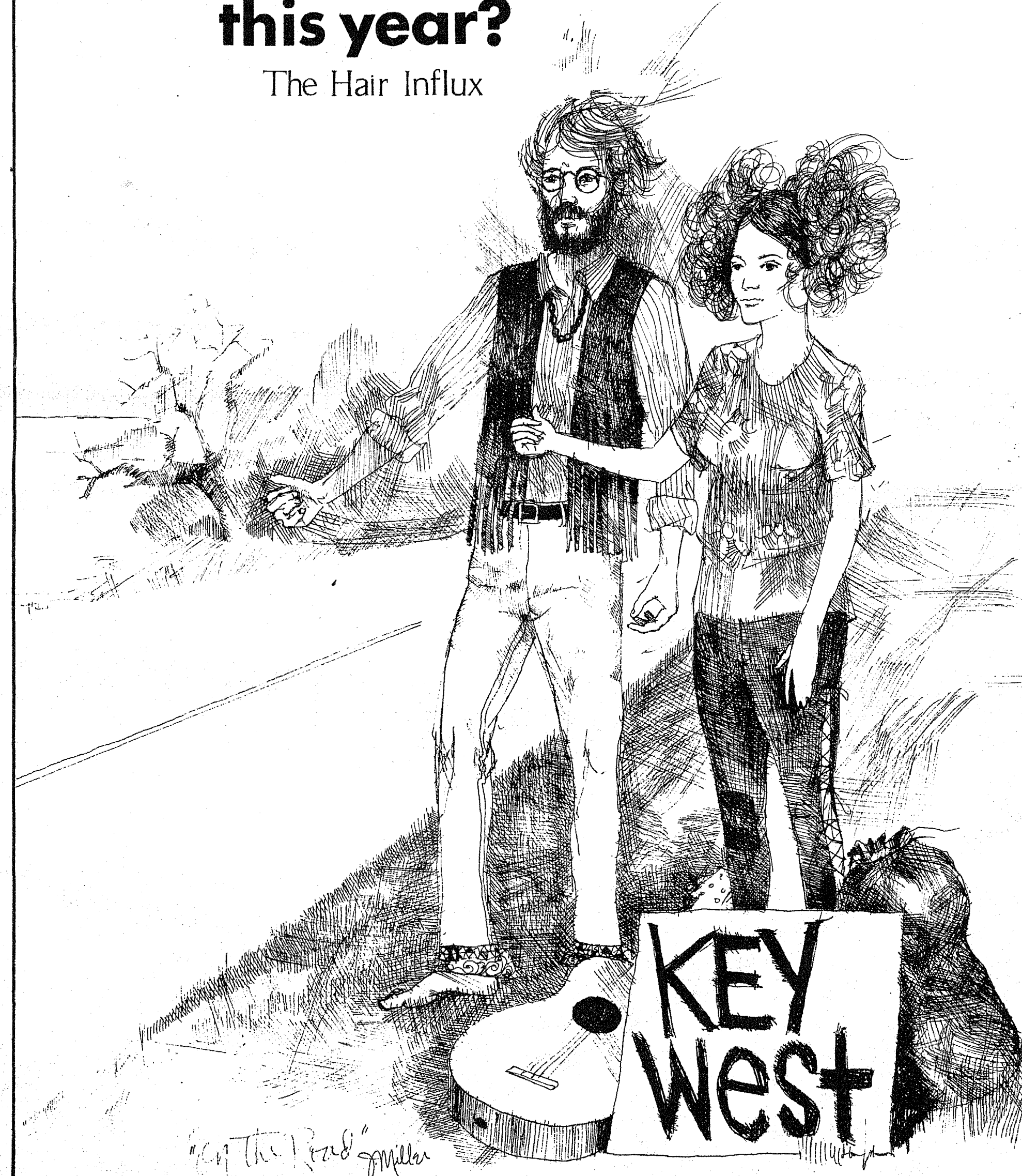
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Key West, Florida

January, 1972

## What are you going to do about it this year?

The Hair Influx



# Editorial

A friend of mine was recently wondering why so many of the youth of today don't respond to the simple pleasures of being young - the sports, the enthusiasms, etc. - but, instead, choose to rebel, smoke pot, protest, and drop-out. This is an important question and I would like to try and answer it.

In a very important book, The Greening of America, the author, Charles Reich, writes that a new consciousness has arisen in this country to counter what has gone wrong and that this consciousness started with the young. Reich explains that:

"This apparatus of power (America) has become a mindless juggernaut, destroying the environment, obliterating human values, and assuming dominance over the lives and minds of its subjects. To the injustices and exploitations of the nineteenth century, the Corporate State (America) has added depersonalization, meaninglessness, and repression, until it has threatened to destroy all meaning and all life. Faced with this threat to their very existence, the inhabitants of America have begun, as a matter of biological necessity, to develop a new consciousness appropriate to today's realities and therefore capable of mastering the apparatus of power and bringing it under human control...."

This transcendent reason has made its first appearance among the YOUTH of America..... It is now in the process of rapidly spreading to wider and wider segments of youth, and by degrees to older people, as they experience the recovery of self that marks the conversion to a different consciousness."

Reich is saying that this country is heading toward destruction; a destruction which can, however, be avoided if it can be seen for what it is. Many young people are sounding the alarm against this destruction and are purposefully describing it.

What is this destruction?

Let's look at the environment. Most people know that there is only a certain amount of air that we on earth have use of. It is common knowledge that automobiles produce a very large amount of atmospheric pollution. And yet in the Miami News Herald of January 12, 1972 an article headlined Automakers Doubt Meeting Deadline On Cutting Exhaust Air Pollution reads:

As the federal deadline for sharp cuts in automobile exhaust emissions draws nearer, top research executives of the major automakers say they remain far away from being able to meet the standards.

"The 1975-76 standards would be a technical and engineering disaster, Sid Terry, Chrysler Corporation Vice President for Safety and Environment, told a panel discussion at the Society of Automobile Engineers Congress.

"We're going past the point of diminishing returns," he said, explaining that he feels the cost of cleaning up the last vestige of automobile pollution far outweighs the benefits.

Any student of history will remember the incredible changes that Detroit went through in order to meet the demands of war-time production during World War II. To beg off on this war against pollution because it is too expensive or too difficult is unacceptable to the members of the "new consciousness."

The president of Ford Motor Company recently was quoted as saying that any major changes in the auto industry might be impossible at this time because it would cause a major economic dislocation.

This is nothing more than economic blackmail. To an adult, reared on the textbook fisaal truths of the recent past, this appears to be reasonable. But, to young people who sense that their grandchildren may be wearing gas masks because of people like the president of Ford Motor Company, this propaganda is the maddening rantings of an ecologically ignorant man, a dangerous man.

Locally, City Electric and the city buses discharge filth continually in the atmosphere

The solutions to both problems are at hand: treat the situation as an emergency and set-up a group of thinking people to work our way out of these problems.

We read daily about how developers are rushing into the Everglades to build as much as possible before the state or the federal government impose harsh rules ending the misuse of this land.

We read daily that the Keys are in trouble because of indiscriminate dredge and fill operations - indeed, in the Key West Citizen, January 12, 1972, it says:

"A population limit for the Florida Keys has been forecast by a state conservation official who says it may be the only way to save the coral reef at John Pennkamp Underwater State Park from destruction by pollution.

He (the state official) said the death of the reefs was an advance warning to the world of the trouble it was getting into if it didn't clean up its oceans."

Yet, here in Key West, the city is trying to get out of building a sewage treatment plant on the pretext that our pollution goes out far enough in the ocean that it doesn't affect anyone.

But it does. Just as we only have a certain amount of air on this planet, we also have a limited amount of water in the oceans.

I would like to look at another form of pollution - the destruction of people values.

I was witness the other day to an example of the massive inertia, the lack of response on the part of government to necessary "people values."

Athalie Range, State Commissioner of Community Affairs, was in town to read her report on what could be done to help Key West get a bigger share of state aid.

First, almost no one showed up.

Of the fifteen people who did, Dr. Antell, head of the Monroe County Board of Health, made a moving, eloquent, and convincing appeal for funds to help the underprivileged young people in Key West.

I spoke about the need for the community pool area to be fixed up.

Suddenly I was struck by the emptiness of the evening.

Dr. Antell and I were talking about real needs that should have been taken care of a long time ago. And my impression was that it would be a long time before they would be taken care of.

We were told that these requests would be examined and acted upon according to their merits. Their merits? These are crying needs, human needs, and they are all but being ignored.

All over the country people values

are being ignored or treated apathetically.

Counterposed to this apathy is the breathless announcement from the White House that a five billion dollar space station was being planned. Such a program, at this time, is absolutely, absolutely, unacceptable.

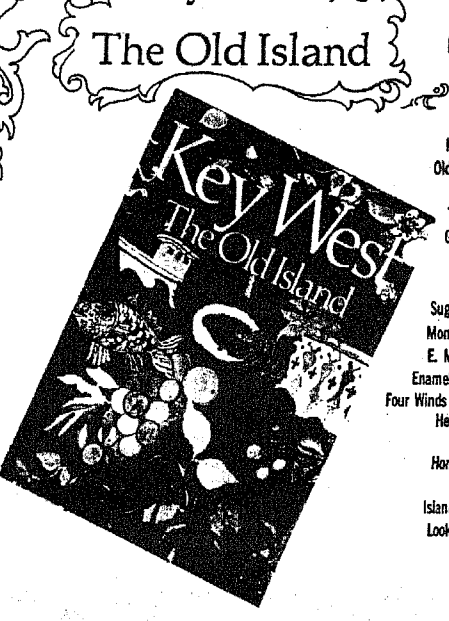
A sense of urgency has changed the growing pattern of many of the young. Many American young people feel that peril is stalking this country and that American leaders are either blind to it, or worse, are in league with it. It's not time for business as usual; the times are out of joint.

Why do the young see this peril, especially?

I feel that they, like the little boy in the fairy tale who shouted that the emperor had no clothes on, are not so conditioned to today's society that they cannot see where it is going wrong. And when they see the wrong, they question it. Their question is also a firm call for action: It doesn't have to be this way. We can change it.

### Key West

#### The Old Island



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EDITORIAL ..... MICHAEL PREWITT ART DIRECTOR ..... JERRY MILLER  
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"DUTY TROUBLESHOOTER" ..... BENJAMIN CURRY "DINK" BRUCE

With a little help from our friends...

Conrad, Donna, Jerry and Tom, Janet, Nora, Wright, Stan

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# New Year, Old Problem 1970, Fogarty House... 1971, Rockland Key... 1972 ???

## Warning Key West Visitors

THE CITY OF KEY WEST IS A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND AND WOULD MAKE AN IDEAL PLACE TO LIVE AND WORK. HOWEVER, EVEN LOCAL RESIDENTS OFTEN HAVE A HARD TIME FINDING EMPLOYMENT HERE. ALSO, KEY WEST HAS A SHORTAGE OF HOUSING FOR VISITORS WHO DON'T WISH TO STAY IN MOTELS.

THE CITY ENFORCES PERIODICALLY A POLICY OF ARRESTING VISITORS TO KEY WEST WHO ARE NOT GAINFULLY EMPLOYED OR WHO CAN GIVE NO PERMANENT ADDRESS. THE CHARGE IS VAGRANCY.

OF COURSE KEY WEST WELCOMES ALL VISITORS. BUT CONSIDER THIS WARNING: IF YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO SHOW A PERMANENT ADDRESS (MOTEL OR OTHERWISE) OR DON'T HAVE A JOB HERE, YOU ARE LIABLE FOR ARREST AS A VAGRANT. AND THE WAY THE LAW IS ENFORCED NOW, YOU ARE PARTICULARLY LIABLE IF YOU LOOK LIKE A HIPPIE.

friends moved to the desolate Rockland Key eleven miles north of Key West. Establishing a commune open to any traveler who needed food or lodging, Rodrigo hoped to avoid the hassles of Key West.

But again complaints from neighbors resulted in a raid from the sheriff's department and the arrest of many long-haired youth.

The pattern established in the last three years is easy to understand: Young people travel to Key West. When they can't find work or a cheap place to stay, they improvise. The makeshift communities of young people are often in violation of many local laws. Widespread complaints from citizens result in police action.

It's time to stop this annual confrontation.

### III. What's To Be Done?

Mayor McCoy in an interview with Solares Hill, on January 12, 1972, stated that the city has no definite plans to deal with the winter influx of young people. "I'm not that enthused about the vagrancy law," said the Mayor, "but it's on the books and we can't ignore it."

Asked whether the city would try to warn the winter visitors of the lack of jobs and adequate housing, McCoy replied that "we can't announce anything. It's up to your paper (Solares Hill) and other people to inform these young people of the problem."

The problem, after three years of heated controversy and blind emotions from both sides, is easy to define. And the city and county authorities do have a responsibility to stop this annual generational battle.

The first part of the problem is the vagrancy issue. The vagrancy law is a catch-all. It has been used to discriminate against our longhaired visitors, just because of their appearance. Mayor McCoy admits that there are laws covering all offences for which the real law breaker can be arrested.

We agree with the American Civil Liberties Union, that the vagrancy law is unconstitutional.

The city must stop using this antiquated law which allows the harassment of many legitimate visitors to Key West.

The second part of the problem deals with the city and county health and zoning ordinances. We will inevitably be faced with a Fogarty House or Rockland Key situation during the spring of 1972. When available low-cost housing fills up, young people will turn a house in Key West into

a "crash pad" or move up the Keys to form a commune. Rather than arresting these visitors, the city and county must make clear their health and zoning standards. How many people can lawfully inhabit a single family dwelling? How many toilets must a residence contain to legally house ten people? Can you pitch a tent in Key West? on Stock Island? on West Summerland Key? These will be the key issues this spring. The young temporary residents in the Keys have a right to know if they are violating a health or zoning ordinance.

But beyond the legal action necessary to control fairly this annual influx, there are several steps the city and county should take to deal with this new kind of tourist.

1. As with the county's billboard warning visitors with camper vehicles of the trespass law and lack of facilities, the city should set up a billboard informing young people of the lack of jobs and adequate housing in Key West. Also, the city could distribute leaflets at service stations and other stops along U.S. #1. The underground press has a wire service which reaches almost every northern urban center. The city should send a similar message to the wire service, hopefully preventing the influx before it starts.

2. With a long-range perspective, the city should look at its young winter visitors as an asset. Young people's energy and enthusiasm for ecology should be channeled here. The city and county should welcome these young people as a labor force which could clean up Harrison Bight, clear vacant lots, plant trees, paint weathered buildings. The city should contact the Neighborhood Youth Corps to see about possible federal funding of such an innovative program. Why couldn't Key West be the first city in America to support young people in their desire to see their country and improve the ecology.

These suggestions are not the total answer to solving Key West's annual generational feud. The city should sponsor a committee of citizens, businessmen and representative young people to begin to find other answers to this problem which we face every year.

Michael Prewitt

## Tober

What is Tober? It's what makes us say, "That's Key West and I'm glad I'm here."

Tober is seeing Wenke up and about again.

Tober is hearing Harry Albury, the whistling newsman, pass by.

Tober was Beverly's spread at the Midget Bar during Christmas (Macaroni salad in the side-pocket, as Varnum said).

Tober is the super-sleuthing of the Sheriff's Department in solving the Dennis Pharmacy caper.

Tober is the Flea Market on Sunday's (try Thea Tapley's jams and jellies).

Tober is the fine performance of the Key West Police New Years Eve - Special thanks to the foot patrol working from Caroline to the Gulf.

Tober is getting hit in the chest with the Key West Advertiser as you walk out your front door.



# BOAT LIVING

Belle Haskell

The young man sitting next to me at Shorty's was discussing the merits of boat living. Having lived on boats for 7 years straight my ears always pick up on anything pertaining to boats. His rap went something like this.

"Live off the sea as far as food is concerned, supplemented by rice, fruit, etc. No rent to pay. Just anchor off some lovely little island (preferably in the South Seas), no noise, good health and so on and so forth."

The only trouble was he didn't have the boat but was able to come up with \$2,000. and had a lead on a boat that was 40 feet long (small to his thinking but livable). The boat in question needed "a little working on and painting and such," but he and his 4 or 5 friends who were going into it together were very handy with a paint brush and that didn't worry him at all. I finished my coffee and left but I kept thinking about him and that's when I got the idea to tell my story

My only claim as an authoritative source is my 7 years of living on a boat. I'm not a marine specialist, a carpenter, or even a very good sailor, but I have made the boat scene which entitles me to tell my little boat story.

My first introduction to boats was in Daytona through my husband John, whom I consider a real boat-nut. When we got together 10 years ago I heard his rap: life in the Bahamas, no rent, no work except diving for food (that's work?), balmy breezes, tropical nights, a strumming guitar on deck, in short Nirvana.

We bought our first boat. She was a roomy 27-footer, plywood hull, very beamy and comfortable for \$1,000. We started fixing her up. Seems you don't just paint. First, you scrap, then you fill, then you sand, then you fill, then you sand, then you fill some more, then you sand and sand.

Now this is OK if you have an electric sander and lots of sandpaper. Or bread to buy one. Also lots of time helps. We didn't have time or money. We had to work for we had a schoolaged child and no money to buy materials. So on Sundays John worked on the boat. We hauled and scraped the bottom. The worms had been at work and we had some rotten wood to replace. John took off 2 weeks from the motorcycle shop and worked on the boat. He did all the work (I helped) and still our bill came to about \$175. Well, we have to worry about the bottom more. Now to pretty up the I started on the decks, 'ng ready for sanding and

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coastal and heading for Miami. We didn't dare take her outside (ocean) because we were afraid she couldn't take any rough seas at all and might break up. We anchored outside of Ft. Pierce to save the \$5.00 a night dockage at a marine.

Next morning we couldn't get the engine started. John is a good mechanic but needed parts. No radio. We hailed a

passing motorboat and they called the Coast-guard who towed us into Ft. Pierce. They were courteous and helpful and really nice to us. They were a "gas" and I'll never forget them.

Back to work on the engine. Call a friend for \$500. Run around for a new distributor and a few miscellaneous parts. At last on our way again. As we were heading into Cannonsport (Palm Beach) we ran aground and opened up our bottom. John dived with a board and nailed the hold up (beauty of a wooden boat). We got to the dock at Cannonsport but the shaft and prop were badly damaged so back to a boat yard and out of the water. Some things have to be done out of the water no matter what.

One night out of the water and on to Miami. We had a few other mishaps but mostly because of faulty equipment, so I won't go into them. We reached the mouth of the Miami river 6 weeks to the day later. 250 miles from Daytona to Miami. OK, here we are. Up the Miami River at a really nice marina. Palm trees, lots of other boat people to rap with and relate to and all for only \$90. a month.

Anchoring out is the answer you say. Sure, except if you work everyday, rowing ashore and looking for transportation to work gets to be a real hassle. Also the people on shore get uptight about you tying your dingy up all day. Then back to get the kid for school, and every time you have to make a run to the store, no fresh water except in the tank and what you can get on shore. Amazing how uptight people get about giving you water. No electricity, but kerosene is nice, except if you want to read or sew. OK, go for the \$90. Only temporary anyway. We both went to work. Me in an office and John at a motorcycle shop.

We stayed at the Marina for a month and found cheaper dockage a little farther up river for \$36. a month. It was really just a working boat yard with a rickety dock to tie up to, but we were saving and we liked the funky atmosphere anyway. The rainy season started and the cabin top went. A quick job with fiberglass helped and wasn't too expensive. John was working 6 days and on Sundays did what was really vital on the boat. The roof got squared away and then the deck went. No use redecking on a boat we were getting rid of anyway, so some epoxy slowed the leaks down enough so that the bed wasn't soaking wet all the time. We kept on working and kept on patching and trying to find a sailboat to buy.

We found a neat 24-footer, a trifle small, but really nice. No major repair just everyday maintenance would keep her in shape. Only \$2,400. I wanted it immediately, as the Anna Maria was deteriorating faster than one-day-a-week's work could keep up with. We told the guy OK we would take her depending on how she looked out of the water. No, he said, no survey. Buy her in the water. Well, I still wanted her, but my knowledgeable husband decided no go, at least not unless he could dive on her. He did equipped with a pocketknife. Well, he poked around. Not only did the blade go into the horn timber like butter but also the handle. We later heard that the guy who did buy her was taking her up river and the transom fell off. Back to looking for a boat.

We found the ideal boat in Ft. Lauderdale. A 30-foot Winslow design ketch. She was built in Maine by Koeller and was a racing, cruising boat narrow of beam and tender, was built of cedar and oak, and cost \$6,000, \$3,000. in cash. No bank will finance any wood hull boat over 10

years old. The Rogue was then 19. The guy would finance her, \$3,000. down and \$50. a week for the balance. We had \$600. and a really good friend with \$2,400. He lent us the money and we bought the Rogue. Happiest and proudest day of our lives. We pulled into our old slip really beaming with pride. We sold the Anna Maria for \$250. and moved onto our sailboat.

We had the boat. Now to sail her. We had the \$50. a week and dockage and living expenses, and so there was no way to stop work, but we did have Sundays to sail. Down river through about 15 bridges only took 2 hours, then out to Biscayne for our Sunday sail. One drawback, everything that would float was out there with us, including water skiers. That old rule about a sailboat under sail having the right of way doesn't seem to apply to them and to many of the small powerboats. Bridge tenders get slower and slower about opening bridges every few minutes. Not much fun on Sundays. Well, pay her off in a hurry and get the hell out of Miami.

We discovered rot in the bowsprit, no big deal, but it had to be replaced, so John made a new one. Also the misson boom was cracked badly and that had to be replaced. Thank God for our friend Smitty, who is a boat carpenter and was always there with an extra piece of wood, a helping hand, or just a well needed word of advice. He and his wife Greek were on a 34-foot cutter that they were making ready for some cruising. He was rebuilding the copit at the time.

We met three other couples and at least 8 single guys all living on boats of one type or other during this period. All were working at jobs, some full time and others when necessary only, and all working on their boats. We would get together a lot and talk about where we were going when the boats were finally ready. Greek and Smitty had pretty well decided on Scotland, as he is a Scotsman and had a hankering to maybe get some land there and raise terriers. We had pretty well decided on the Bahamas, Androsi especially.

Work all week, then on Sunday it goes like this. Get out the tools, scout up the materials, maybe get 4 hours work done. Always running into the unexpected. Also you get pretty tired on a 6 days a week straight gig, and it's pretty frustrating to have a sailboat that you don't sail.

We paid off the boat in April and hauled. 30 days on the weights because we had some major wood to replace. Gave up our jobs and a week anchored off Biscayne Bay. Great, now for the islands. One problem, no bread at all. So we headed for Key West. We figured temporary jobs for the summer and then head for the islands and finally do our thing. We set out for Key West in really awful weather. Rain and no visibility at all. Pulled into Marathon because it was so choppy and we just couldn't see at all. We drew 5 feet and that's a lot of boat under the water line in the Intercoastal. We really lucked out. The dockmaster let us stay overnight and pay tomorrow. John went out the next day and got a job scraping bottoms at a local boat yard.

We stayed in Marathon 3 months, got ourselves together and made Key West in 7 hours on what was one of the truly great sails we had ever had. On the Outside, with a 30-knot wind and all the water we needed and more. The dockage in Key West was about \$45. a month with water. John contacted some friends of his that were fishing the Bahama Banks and some other people that were on Ragged Isle teaching school, and we made ready to go cruising.

## "...and then the transom fell off"

About this time we started to meet kids looking for boats. We ran into a fellow that wanted to go with us as crew just to get out of the country, so we had a crew. Four people, one little dog and one very unhappy cat.

We figured about 12 hours across the Gulf Stream and into Cay Sal Bank at about 6 am. The weather report was light to choppy with 2 to 4 foot swells and occasional thunderclouds. The winds just in the right direction. The 2 to 4 foot seas turned into 10 to 12 foot seas coupled with the worst rain storm ever.

I got sick. Kathy took our little dog bang into the forepeak bunk and went to sleep. Ivan our cat got behing the shelving in the hull and refused to come out. Our new member Mike was great. He had never been on a boat in his life but managed to stay reasonably calm and take his trick at the helm when necessary. One wave knocked him 45 degrees off his compass course. John spent most of the time tending the rigging and sails up forward and trying to keep me from freaking out.

We had to lower the sails because of the winds. We motored for 6 hours with everything below closed, no way to sit or stand for that matter, hot and really scared. Finally about 20 miles out in the Gulf Stream we lost our dingy. The rudder post opened up about the same time that the bilge pump stopped functioning. We turned around and headed back. 40 miles or more to go ahead and about 30 to go back. We were taking on a lot of water and bailing by now. We made it to just below Marathon, anchored and went to sleep. Next day we just lazed around and tried to see how much damage had been done. John repaired the rudder as best he could. We went for a swim, just lay around for another day, then headed for the dock at Key West.

Two months later we sold the Rogue and bought a house; no easy decision because in spite of this sad story I have just told, we all did truly love the old girl, and really dug boat life. Remember this is seven years greatly condensed.

Now to the point, I have since seen some of the old boat people we knew when we first were getting into boats, and all (no exceptions) have since given up their boats. We have all come to the same conclusions, and I'm passing them on for what they're worth. Potential boaters will have to decide their worth.

I guess the most important thing is to know your future boat-home. It's home, not just a weekender, but every single day. It will cost maybe \$1.00 to \$1.50 a foot to haul out depending on where you have it done. This cost is deducted from the selling price by the seller if you buy, if not you pay. If she is iron fastened expect rust, lots of it. Iron fastenings have to be dug out, treated or replaced. The treatment is a long involved process. Your boat is only as strong as her fastenings; they hold her together. Have enough money to replace really vital things. Sails, rigging, etc. If your boat is not well found (equipped) expect expenses like line (rope), anchors, stoves, life jackets, kerosene lamps, life buoys, and more. This can be a neverending list depending on how secure you want to be and how far you expect to sail.

Know something about being a seaman, especially if you plan a long journey. You are responsible for the safety of your boat and of course the lives of all your crew. If you don't have enough money for a boat of your own and plan a partnership, remember there can be but one captain on a 6-foot dingy or a 100-foot schooner. The decisions are in your hands. Also remember you're human. Three of us (a close family at that) lived in about 18 feet of space for seven years, and nerves were very often at the breaking point, if for no other reason but that we couldn't possibly have a moment of solitude if all three were on board at the same time. On a trip you are always on board at the same time. It's a pity to discover (after maybe a week at sea) that you can't cohabit with your crew another day. You may be another week out of port or a month.

If you're buying a used boat (most

poor people have to of course), be prepared to buy materials to fix her up, and if you can't afford not to work at all, be prepared to be very frustrated because your boat is not getting the necessary attention it vitally needs. Prepare to anchor out, because dockage is very expensive, and it's very difficult to find. The Miami River is one example. Permanently docked houseboats line the river, and space is not only expensive but damn near impossible to find. Many marinas are adopting the policy of not allowing live-aboards at all.

Chartering is a source of income, but plan on high insurance. You have to have it to charter with a license. Also remember you are catering to the public.

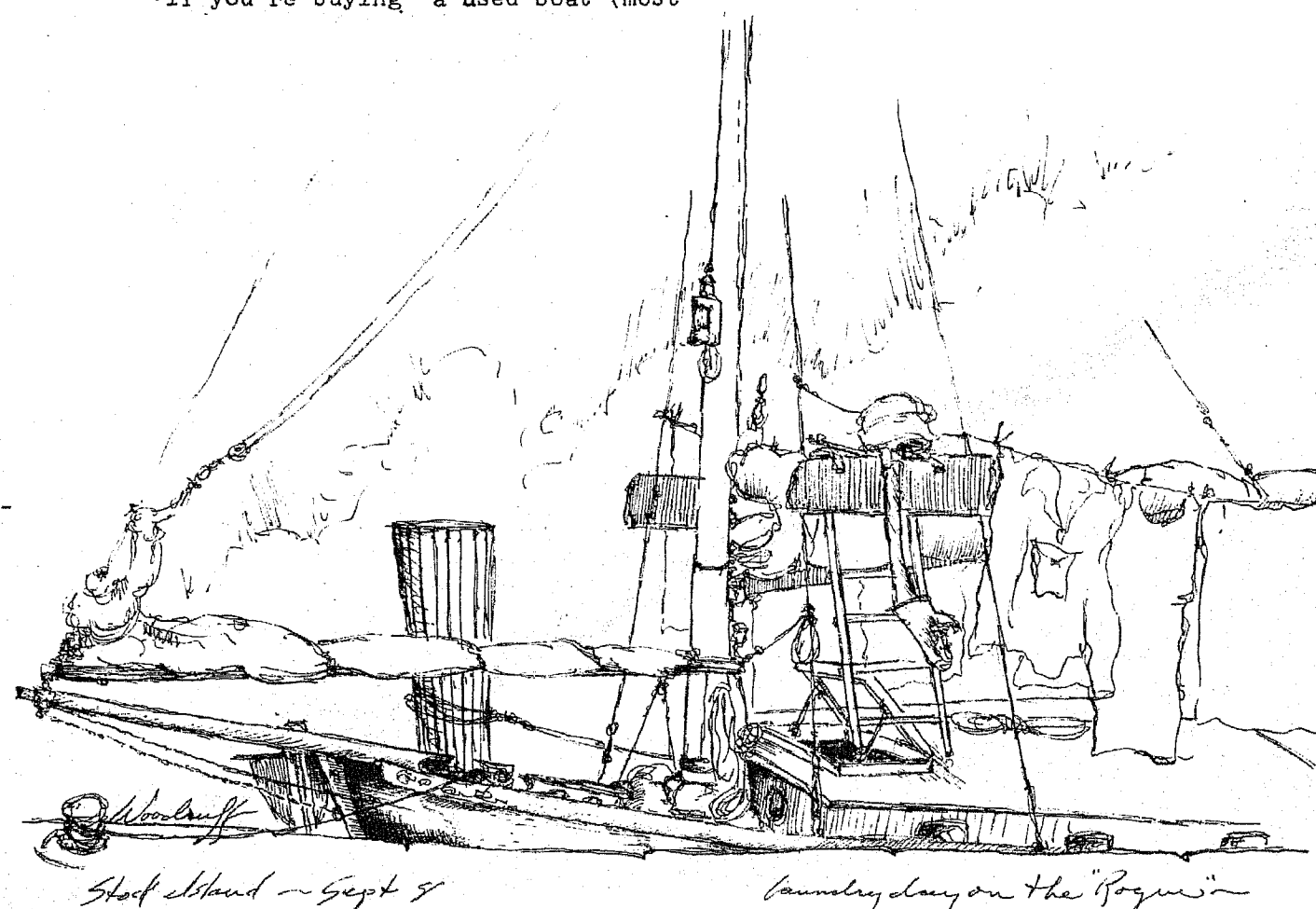
Boat living can be a "gas," and this is not our sour grapes. If it's really what you want and if you are together enough to get into it, then fine. It is probably the most relaxed, rewarding way of life there is. But, if you are just a little lazy and if you tend to goof-off, plan on really doing it the hard way.

This is the end of my little rant. As I said, I'm not a boat expert, and more knowledgeable seamen can probably say that we were just goofs, and they'd be right. This is only meant as the sharing of an experience. We do have a boat now. We acquired it about 6 months ago. A really beautiful little cuban hull, 20 feet long and really sound. John is fixing it up at his leisure (it's not going to sink in the backyard) and intends to do a little fishing and diving on her.

Who knows we may even get around to building a little cutty cabin on her, renting out the house someday and go cruising somewhere. Maybe even the Bahamas.

The "Rogue," one of the Haskell's homes during their seven years of boat living.

pen and ink by Tom Woodruff



# WHEEL DEALING or who's pedal pushing?

*Benjamin C Bruce*

Bicycles have long been a pastime and means of economical transportation for the people of Key West. Sizable numbers can be seen pedaling to and from their jobs at the Navy Yard and Electric Company. Any given Sunday they can be seen on the boulevard and beach areas. Many of these cyclists are in violation of one or more laws and are subject to the inconvenience of being stopped and being sighted for those offences.

In the eyes of law enforcement agencies ignorance of the laws is not a valid reason for the breaking of them.

The laws that are written here are taken directly from the Florida Model Traffic Ordinance which was enacted by the 1957 Florida Legislature and became law in March 1967. The sections listed below are the standard used by the City of Key West:

In recent weeks the local Police Department has cracked down severely on offenders particularly for not displaying a light or reflector at night. Any of the offences listed below are subject to a twenty-five dollar fine and a two dollar court cost plus the expense of posting a bond if sufficient proof of local resident cannot be displayed.

These laws are copied exactly as they are written, read them, remember them.

**186.0163 Parking -**  
no person shall stand or park a bicycle upon a street other than upon the roadway against the curb, or upon the sidewalk, in a rack to support the bicycle or against a building, or at the curb, in such a manner as to afford the least obstruction to pedestrian traffic

**186.0164 Riding on sidewalks -**  
1. no person shall ride a bicycle upon a sidewalk within a business district  
2. when signs are erected on any sidewalk or street which prohibit the riding of bicycles thereon by any person, no person shall disobey such signs  
3. whenever any person is riding a bicycle upon a sidewalk, such person shall yield the right of way to any pedestrian and shall give audible signal before overtaking and passing

**186.0165 Lamps on bicycles -**  
1. every bicycle shall be equipped with a lamp on the front exhibiting a white light visible for a distance or at least 500 feet the front, and with a lamp on the rear exhibiting a red light visible from a distance of 500 feet to the rear; except that a red reflector meeting the requirements of this section may be used in lieu of the red light. All such lamps and reflectors shall be in place and in operation whenever such bicycle is operated after sundown

Beside knowing the laws and responsibilities, you as a bicycle owner must be made aware of the increasing problem of bicycle theft, and what can be done to eliminate it.

While interviewing several concerned persons connected with bicycle sales and safety several questions were answered.

**Has the number of bicycle thefts increased?**

Yes - one local bike shop reported five to ten calls a day concerning stolen bikes.

**Has stricter enforcement aided?**  
No - because there is no uniform licensing or identification.

**Has stricter enforcement aided safety on bikes?**

No - there is no clear indication yet that citations to offenders has worked because offenders can still be seen without proper equipment and many bikes are being operated improperly.

**Why are warnings no longer given?**  
Because of the increasing number of bicycles and the disregard of the warnings previously given.

**Why have relatively few arrests for bike thefts been made?**

This is a difficult question the police find hard to answer, but they explain that, first, most people do not wish to prefer charges and are content to only get their bike back; secondly, the difficulty in identifying bike owners because of the lack of a system to determine ownership; and thirdly, a lack of manpower to investigate and apprehend.

**What is the penalty for bicycle theft?**

The penalties are the same as for any felonies or misdemeanors. Conviction of theft of a bicycle valued to one hundred dollars is punishable under misdemeanor laws and is considered petty larceny. The fine for petty larceny is not to exceed three hundred dollars or imprisonment for not more than six months in a county jail. Bicycles valued at one hundred dollars or more are felonies and are considered grand larceny. Conviction is punishable by imprisonment of five years in a state institution or twelve months in a county jail or of a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars.

**Is there an organization involved in bike thefts?**

No one wants to recognize any one organization, but because of the lack of return to the local area of many of the missing bikes the general consensus of most people in the bike business is that there are groups who either drive to Key West to steal or there are groups based on the island who supply other areas.

**Who are the thieves?**  
Generally, young people who are recruited to steal unchained or unguarded bikes. Some are taken simply for a ride and are found abandoned. There are also the larger group of boys and men who cut chains and pick locks, etc..

**What are some of the methods used?**  
Bikes have been reported having been lifted, chain and all, over parking and stop signs. Chains of all sizes have been cut, locks have been picked or hammered off, chains and frames have been

removed from chained wheels. Bicycles have been stolen within minutes of being parked; some with chains locked. Never trust your luck. It is the ten-speed bikes that seem to be the choice of the professional thief.

**What methods are best to safeguard my bike?**

The best method is to register your bike, copy serial numbers if any, mark and record accessories, fenders, lights, etc.. If your bike is stripped you can identify it or parts. Bikes that are cannibalized are difficult if not impossible to claim unless these steps are taken. Secondly, obtain a good chain or cable lock for both front and rear wheels. Always chain to stable places like chain link fences, trees, and telephone poles; always keeping pedestrian traffic free to move on sidewalks, etc.. Never chain to other bikes, signs, and wooden fences.

It has been estimated that a third of the bike thefts could be eliminated if there was an ordinance requiring all bikes to be locked or chained. This would also be backed up by a license regulation, all unlicensed bikes to be impounded and require the owner to show proof of ownership. The proposal, put forth by local bike shop owner Ray Daniels, would provide for an official of bike safety and licensing who would supervise the registration of bikes by the members of the Key West Fire Department. They would check all bikes for safety and proper operating accessories and would license all for a minimal fee of two dollars to be used in providing sticker licenses and a bike pound in which impounded bikes can be safely stored and identified. Also included would be an identification card

to prove ownership of the bike. If the card were lost or stolen the bike and registration receipt would be necessary to obtain a second card.

Two dollars is little enough to pay to insure the convenience of having your bicycle impounded or recovered if stolen. Mr. Daniels also announced that by February 1972 the American Bicycle Dealers Association would be providing a full coverage insurance policy for theft for nine dollars. This service will include a computer registration system similar to the one used by the police for automobiles.

We believe that these proposals would provide logical steps toward providing protection to bike owners who are loosing, through theft and neglect, an average of twenty bikes a week during the winter season. This number of particularly expensive 10-speed and regular bikes constitutes a serious crime situation in this community and although the police are aware of the situation only public cooperation and participation can aid in eliminating this problem.

A particular note: anyone who rides a bicycle is subject to the same laws other vehicle operators are subject to, including being stopped and questioned. If you are stopped by the police we recommend you:

1. Have identification for yourself and the bicycle; proper identification would be a Florida drivers license, school I.D. card or other proof of residence. For the bicycle a bill of sale or bike registration certificate might be necessary. The bike can be impounded until proof of ownership is established.

2. Have proper equipment on the bike.

3. Be courteous, explain your business in a calm manner, don't argue.

4. Do as instructed.

If you believe you have been unjustly treated, contact your local A.C.L.U. representative for advice and counsel.

SOLARES HILL recommends first and foremost:

1. Set up a system of warnings for biking law breakers. Certainly busting riders without warnings seems harsh; for first offenses warning citations should suffice.

2. Twenty-seven dollars seems excessive for biking offenses; lower fines for guilty parties would be fairer.

**186.0156 Traffic laws apply to persons riding bicycles -**

every person riding a bicycle upon the streets shall be subject to all of the duties applicable to the driver of a vehicle by the ordinance of the municipality, except as to special sections relating exclusively to bicycles and except as to provisions of the ordinance which by their nature have no application

**186.0158 Riding on bicycles -**

1. no person propelling a bicycle shall ride other than astride a permanent and regular seat attached thereto

2. persons riding bicycles upon a roadway shall not ride more than two abreast except on paths or roadways, or parts of roadways, set aside for the exclusive use of bicycles

**186.0159 -**

1. every person operating a bicycle upon a street shall ride as near to the right-hand side of the roadway as practicable, exercising due care when passing a standing vehicle or proceeding in the same direction

2. no bicycle shall be used to carry more than the number for which it is designed or equipped

**186.0160 Speed -**

no person shall operate a bicycle at a speed greater than is reasonable and prudent under the conditions then existing

**186.0162 Carrying articles -**

no person operating a bicycle shall carry any package, bundle, or article which prevents the rider from keeping at least one hand firmly upon the handlebars and in full control of such bicycle

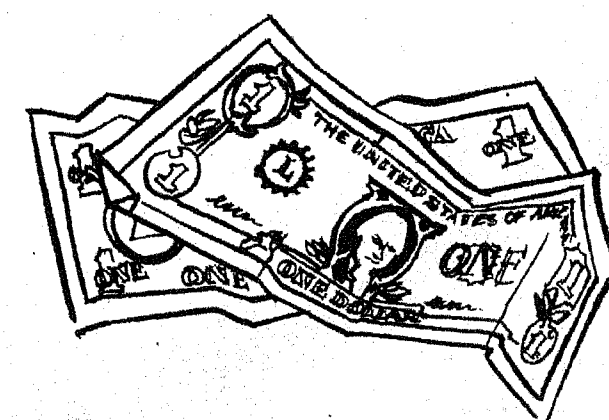
2. no person shall operate a bicycle unless it is equipped with a bell or device capable of giving signal audible for a distance of at least 100 feet, but no bicycle shall be equipped with, nor shall any person use upon a bicycle, any siren or whistle

3. every bicycle shall be equipped with a brake which will enable the operator to make a braked wheelskid on dry, level, clean pavement

**186.0166 Penalties -**

every person not a juvenile, as defined by the laws of this state, found guilty of a violation of any provisions found in 186.0155 - 186.0165 shall be punished by a fine of not more than twenty-five dollars or by impounding of such persons bicycle for a period not to exceed 90 days

Upon the recommendation of a judge of a juvenile court or a competent court having jurisdiction over the person of minor, the Chief of Police may impound such minors bicycle for such period as said court may determine.





# Remembering Clean Salt Air and Clear Waters

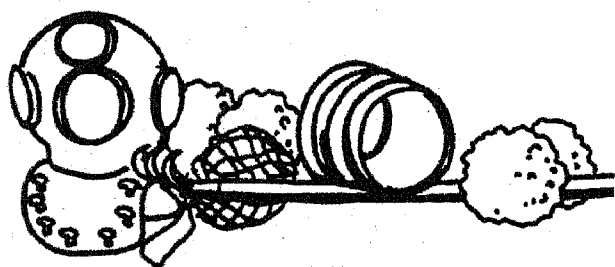
Story by Ray Daniels

Benjamin Curry Bruce

Remembering the Conch games also brought back memories of a Key West youth's inheritance -- the ocean.

My earliest memories are filled with the feel of a fresh salted breeze, old Conch fishermen, sponge fishermen, and a life fairly free of decisions, pollution, and confusion.

I realize the times could not have been so ideal, but they seem to be more realistic than the progress we are slaves to today.



Sponge Fishermen

Remember when spongers laid their strings of sponges alongside the old quickfreeze fish packing plant (currently the site of the electric plant on Grinnell and Caroline Streets) right in my front yard.

These memories bring tears of reminiscence to my eyes. Have you ever smelled the amonia filled air and decaying odor sponges leave while curing? Don't wait, it is something you have to do, and when remembering, you too will shed a tear.

The spongers left Key West early in the morning sailing and skulling their boats towards the sponge grounds. A sponge boat was usually 25 to 30 feet long and carried a crew of three to five. On the boats that stayed out five or six weeks one of the crew members was cook. The boats used wood burning stoves in enclosed cockpits protected by wet sand to avoid fires. These craft carried salt pork, beef and fixed Johnny cake (a form of pan bread) along with fish and seafood for their diets.

The boats were rigged with poles overhead on which rested the spongers' 40-foot grapple pole. When sponges were spotted, the pole was lowered into the water and the sponge hooked and twisted free from the ocean's floor. The sponges on the ocean's floor appear as dark black balls or sploches.

After hooking the sponges work was immediately started on their curing. The sponges were put in a pen overboard, then taken and beaten to remove the dark skin, let set in the pen a day, then beaten in the water to help work out the Gurry (slimy substance from inside the sponge). In the final stages they were dried out and strung.

The sponges sold by the string, the size and condition determined the price. Sheepswool sponges were best and cost most with yellows next and the grass sponges last.

Sponging was a rigorous life and made strong men do some strange things. Many dollars were made by sponging and the islanders protected their industry. The greatest threat to sponging came from the Greeks who brought hard hat diving with weighted shoes to the Keys. The helmeted divers had to use weighted, lead shoes to maintain their balance. The Greeks went into deep water and picked the spore producing parent sponge and crushed many of the smaller ones in the beds. This wiping out of the sponge beds so enraged the Conch spongers that once when a few Greek sponge boats landed here the locals set the boats adrift and burned them.

The spongers when out to sea weeks at a time often got sexually starved. Finally when they had enough and decided to see their wives, they would say "I have to get a clean shirt."

Many stories about the spongers are often sad but funny. Here are two that I have heard.

After returning from a successful trip and feeling a great thirst, one sponger bought a bar on the corner of Duval and Fleming Streets. He put a lock on the front door and invited his friends in the back way. They drank all the barrels and bottles of beer, whiskey and rum and after weeks later the liquor gone, he went home, killed his wife and shot himself on the porch. No reason was ever given for his actions.

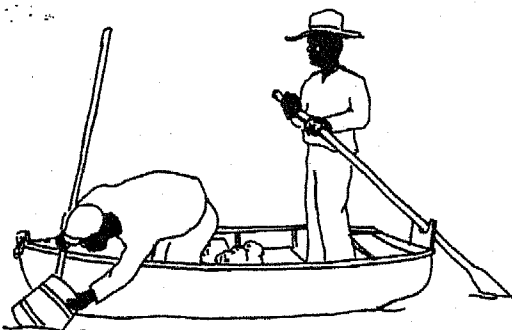
Spongers often tired of battling the ocean for the sponges, so they often raided old man Perky's sponge farm. Perky had an idea sponges could be formed like oysters and such, so he secured government rights to Sugarloaf Sound and started the strangest farm on the Keys.

He tied sponges to 8" circular concrete discs with a 1" hole in the center. The discs were carefully placed in Sugarloaf Sound and the sponges started growing. Small boats with muffled oars would approach at night, get a load of sponges and try to sneak away before the shotgun guard spotted them.

As you can see, he didn't have a chance, as soon as the sponges were set, the pirates would raid them and soon there would be a new harvest of sponges brought in to sell.

Perky wasn't a quitter though because he also figured a way to rid the Keys of mosquitos. He built a large tower just in back of the present Sugarloaf Lodge. The tower was to house the bats he imported from the Carolinas. Bats prey on insects, so he figured to get rid of the pests. Evidently, the bats disliked the Keys, because they all flew home and never returned.

Mr. Perky, just like the spongers, will always be remembered with fondness.



MY YARD WAS A HAVEN FOR LAND CRABS

In our side yard near a cistern lived several land crabs. A land crab is long and slender with big piners and lives in a hole in the moist coral ground. I would bet that you can not find even one land crab on the island today.

My dog liked to chase land crabs until she was pinched on the nose. Funny, but after that when dog met up with land crab, it was even odds as to which one ran away the fastest.

Land crabs are kind of neat to watch and they work like ants. I used to pour dirt in their holes during the day only to find their hole there the next morning as clean as always. It became a point of pride for me to outfox this one large one whom I named "old crabby." (After all I was five going on six years old.)

One day I filled his hole with rocks, the next day it was clean and my rocks were gone. I filled his hole with salt (smart huh?) that too disappeared. I filled his hole with water (another good idea, right?). The yard flooded, I got spanked and I think the crab enjoyed the bath. I gave up and settled for a you-leave-me-along-and-I'll-give-up policy.

I wonder if "old crabby" still lives under the electric plant?

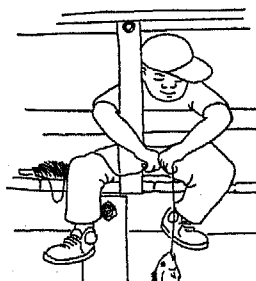
Wooden bridge fishing was exciting for a youngster. It always meant a picnic lunch. You could have thirds on everything and you didn't have to wash up or ask to be excused.

Mom always made me wear my striped T-shirt, old shorts, and floppy straw hat. We would ride up the Keys on a three-wheel motor scooter (My mother drove her own scooter with me on the back. In fact we made a complete tour of Florida on one.) and jounce across the wooden planks. I always wondered if we could get across before the bridge collapsed, but we always made it.

I had my own hand line and a neat new hook and sinker. My line was always over first and I would always catch a grunt. I catch grunts. I guess they know my habits and wait for me to go fishing.

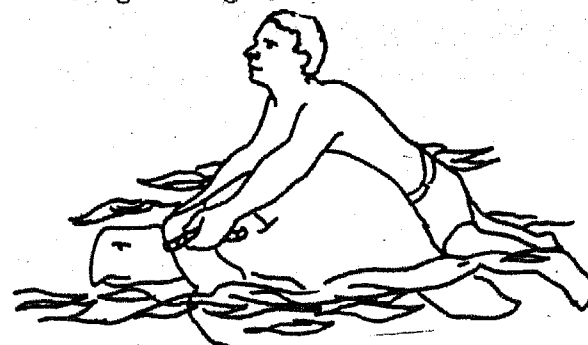
When a kid gets tired of fishing, he could catch minnows in a jar near the shore. If you were young enough, you could go swimming in your underwear, and if not then just jump in pants and all.

Another sport is to remove the hook and leader, leave on the sinker and try to hit needle gars by dropping the weighted line on them. I don't think I ever hit any but it was fun anyway.



If it got too hot, you could climb under the bridge and sleep in the shade, but you had to be brave, because every hour or so a car would rumble overhead. You could feel the bridge and your heart tremble.

The thrill of driving over a wooden bridge can still be found in the Keys. Fishing here is still good and for the adventurous you can still find peace and quiet. The bridge is on Sugarloaf Key. Just go north on US 1 until you see Sugarloaf Key, proceed on until you see Captain Eddie's Fish Basket, turn right and you are on the way to a new adventure. Don't be disappointed by its lack of size. This bridge has great character.



THERE REALLY WAS A TURTLE KRAALS

Remember when the turtle kraals really was, and the unloading of turtles lasted nearly all day.

How about those fearless boys who jumped in with the turtles and rode on their backs. How about walking across those 2x4s suspended just above the water filled with giant turtles.

Remember the turtles being butchered and that neat trick the butcher held in reserve for that smartaleck who always stood in his way when he was trying to dispatch the turtle.

You don't remember the trick? Well, it went like this. The guy butchering the turtle tries to kill the turtle as clean as possible, being very careful not to spill the blood, a matter of pride and all that. The smartaleck with his suit, hat, and camera keeps asking him to turn this way and that so he can get a neat picture of a turtle being killed. (Ever wonder at people watching turtles slaughtered and taking pictures, yet suggest they go to a packinghouse and watch a cow get hit in the head with a mallet or a pig's throat slit and they get very ill?)

Anyway the butcher would line up for the camera, pull the turtle's head back and slit its throat. The blood can shoot twenty feet and comes out like water from a garden hose. Gets rid of all the smartalecks right away.

The big story behind the turtle industry is the men who sailed the Maitland Adams to Nicaragua and Honduras. These men came from Grand Caymen Islands, the best seamen and sailors in the world. The Caymenese (Caymen Islanders) would sail the Adams down to Central America and purchase turtles the natives had caught. Below decks, in the hold, shelves were built to hold the turtles, the turtles were tied onto the shelves and wet with saltwater daily. Upon return to Key West the boat would be unloaded, cleaned and readied for a return trip. The captain of the boat bought bicycle parts and accessories for some of the Islanders. We think he ran his own repair service down there.

Funny thing about the Maitland Adams -- a motor sailer with a freshly painted engine, brass all shining -- the engine didn't run.

The turtles landed were green turtles. The best tasting. Many a novice cook has found the Loggerhead turtle tasting like gunpowder. Just scald the Loggerhead and it tastes better, but still not as good as the Green turtle.

Turtles can still be spotted in the waters off Key West, mostly Loggerheads. In the times past these turtles were plentiful and a nuisance too. Fishermen and spongers skulling a boat would often find a male turtle, jaws firmly clamped to the skulling oar trying to make love to it. Evidently, turtles don't have good eyesight or just aren't very choosy about their companions.

## PEDRO'S MAGNIFICENT BOAT

My friend Pedro grew up on Cuban coffee and Cuban bread for breakfast. One day our teacher found out what he ate for breakfast and lectured us on proper diet. She said Pedro would stunt his growth; she was right. He is the smallest in his family -- only six feet tall.

Pedro had a boat and it was a real beauty. When we planned to go fishing, we'd get Pedro up, get some rags, a bucket, some clothesline, a chisel, a concrete block, some cotton, a hammer, nails, a hatchet, a sharp knife, a few spare boards, our fishing tackle and head to the docks near the turtle kraals. Around seven A.M. we'd start readying the boat.

Pedro would first nail the seats back in, then resecure the sides and bow. We would caulk the outside of the boat and the keel with cotton and rags, then make oars with 1x4 boards with pieces of plywood nailed to one end. We made three of these oars, two for paddling and the third for steering. Once the 11 foot long boat was in the water we'd see who bailed and



steered and who rowed.

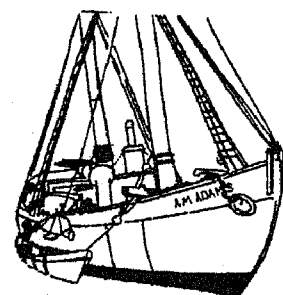
The boat only held three and we always went together. The concrete block and clothesline was our anchor. Our favorite fishing spots were off the Naval Annex and the channel between Mallory Square and the island.

We would row out about halfway and then heave anchor. The tide usually drifted us -- boat, anchor and all -- along.

When we had drifted far enough, we would hail a passing boat, get a tow and start over again. Failing that we would paddle over to the Navy piers and get a tow.

Once when out in the channel, a large destroyer went by us fast enough to cause a wake. Our boat sprang about sixty leaks, but we managed to tow back in safely.

Pedro's boat was a fine local product. He and his cousin built it. Using only tested local lumber to build it (two pieces of construction plywood for the bottom, 1x4s for siding, and a piece of 1x2 for the keel). Pedro was the envy of every kid on the block. Yes, I remember Pedro's magnificent boat.



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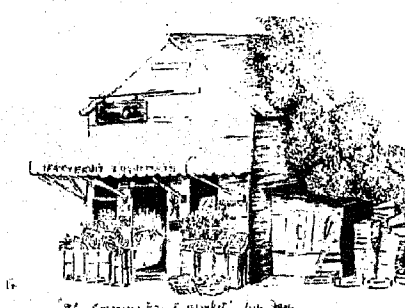
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## Pen and Photo



The help of a wide-angle lens enables one to create this reflective view of St. Paul's Episcopal Church



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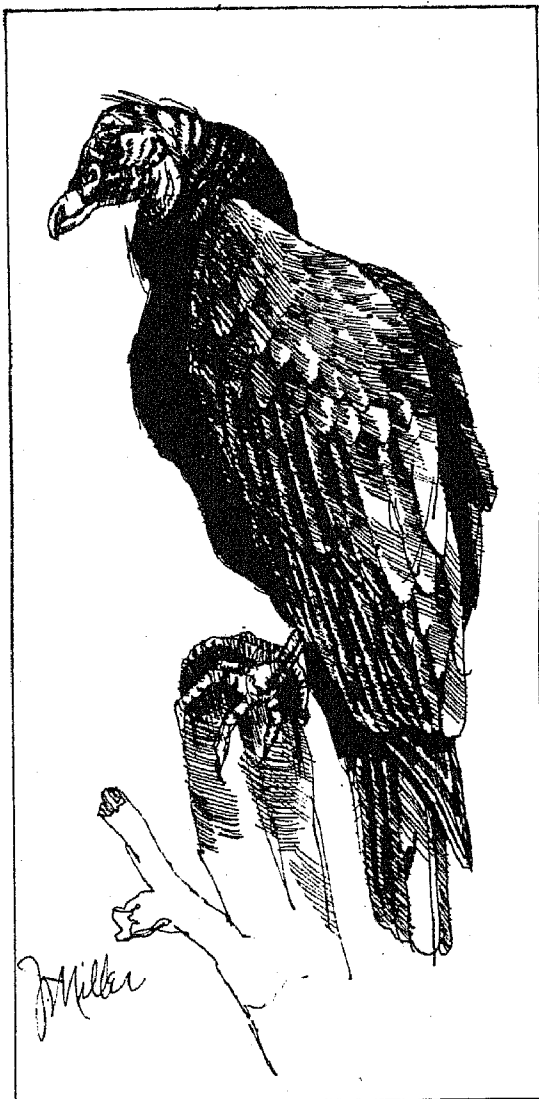
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# The Turkey Vulture



Despite the fact that most people refer to cathartes aura as "buzzard," it is a true vulture, one of three which occur in the United States. The others are the Black Vulture and the almost extinct California Condor.

Most everyone is familiar with the circling of vultures on motionless wings and the way they assemble into funnel-shaped formations. Their gliding has an uncertain quality, a hesitant awkwardness, as though they were about to stall. But, like the frigatebird, the vultures are absolute masters of the air currents. Hours may elapse between the flaps of their wings, which span six feet.

The bird is about 2 1/2 feet long, with a naked head of corrugated red skin. The rest of the creature is a deep brown. (The smaller Black Vulture, which also occurs in Florida and has been reported in the Keys, is similar. It is black all over, including the head, but has a white spot near the wingtip. Its flight is heavier and flappier than the Turkey Vulture's.)

The diet of the vultures, of course, is carrion. Dead and rotting meat. There is a controversy which rages over which sense the birds are guided by in finding their food -- sight or smell.

One recent series of experiments suggested that sight is the more important. An exceptionally over-ripe goat was secreted under heavy cover in such a way as to make it invisible from above. A much smaller and fresher dead article was openly exposed nearby. When vultures arrived, they invariably bypassed the hidden carcass and its aroma in favor of the one they could see.

Another researcher came to the opposite conclusion. He concealed his bait under leaves in a thick grove of palm trees. The first vulture to arrive went unerringly to it, clearly guided by smell.

The truth is probably that vultures descend upon carrion when they see it OR smell it, whichever happens first.

In any case, the vulture's detection system works, making it a highly important bird ecologically. It is, however, an unusually unpleasant creature at close quarters. It is as repulsive as it is useful.

For openers, consider what happens in an area where vultures are wont to roost. Their droppings kill off the vegetation below them.

And then there is the structure of the vulture's feet. They are clumsy and the claws are dull. The beak is solid and hooked, but has little power.

What this combination means in a carrion-eater is that the Turkey Vulture is forced to wait until decomposition advances to the point that the flesh deteriorates and softens before it can pull off chunks. By this time there is apt to be an unfortunate odor downward.

The next unappetizing feature is what happens when the vulture gets home. As do many birds, the parents regurgitate to feed the babies. Adding the action of digestive fluids to the original condition of the meal when it was eaten produces a not very pretty mass for the young to eat. The stench of the nesting area is worse even than that of the feeding area. *De gustibus*, etc.

But that's not all. The vultures seem to be on a hairtrigger while digestion is underway, and if they are disturbed the entire family, babies and all, is likely to disgorge the whole reeking mess at the feet of the intruder.

Few people care to make a detailed investigation of such a nesting area, which is on the ground. (Perhaps luckily, they do not build nests to walk under. One also wonders just what unattractive material they would use.)

This common bird can be seen most anywhere in the Keys. There is no special place to watch for them, although in Key West proper a funnel of vultures may often be observed circling over what used to be called Middle Spring -- the large open area near the bus station and other neighboring buildings.

Thurflow Weed  
Key West Naturalists' Society

CONGRATULATIONS to fine chef Lou Signorelli and Frances Signorelli (F.E.B.) on the opening of their restaurant, Lou's Backyard. Superb steaks in a beautiful setting.

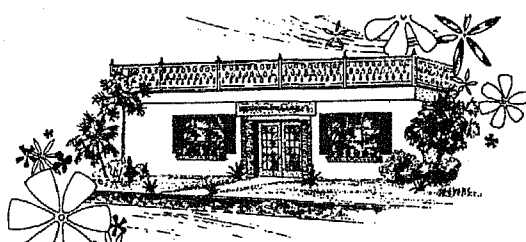
CONGRATULATIONS to El Faro, the new Spanish language newspaper.

Tober is Bill Ford, Toby Bruce, and Jerry Miller trekking across Cudjoe Key looking for Stopper bushes, returning home and being told by Betty Bruce that they have the wrong tree.

## SWIFT'S Camera and Stereo



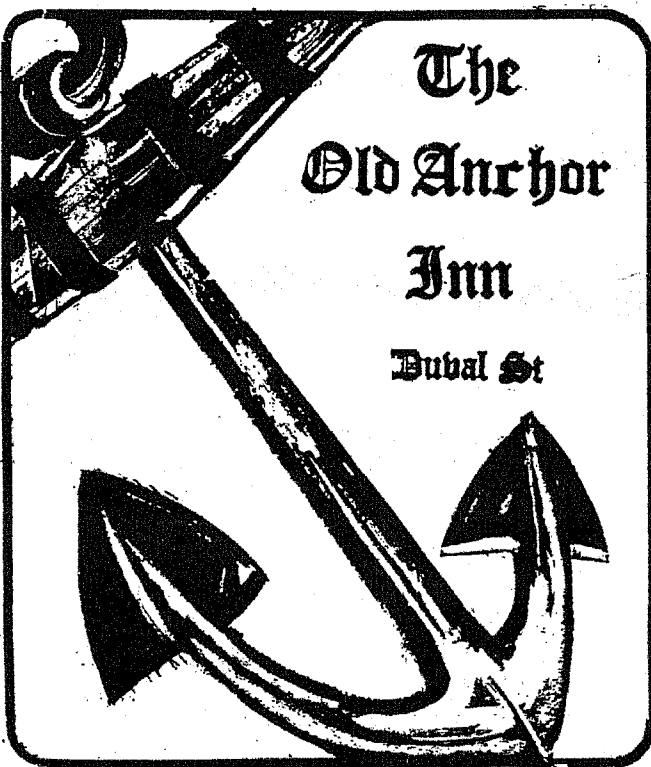
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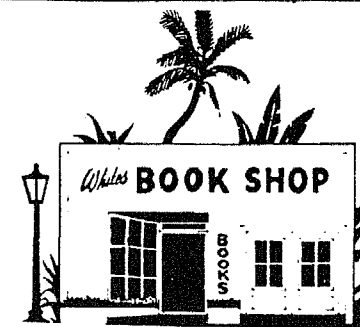
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Simonton at Truman

CONGRATULATIONS and thanks to Judge Bill Chappell for his total selfless efforts in getting the Juvenile Home open.

Tober is discussing Plinth in philosophy class at the Junior College.



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## Poem

LAST WILL

If the hand of death should strike me  
on a far and distant shore  
return me to my island  
to rest for evermore.

Should death splinter me to pieces  
so all that's found is just one bone  
bury it beneath the sands  
of this island I call home.

I ask of those I leave behind  
this last and final will  
let me rest beneath the grass  
of ole Solares Hill.

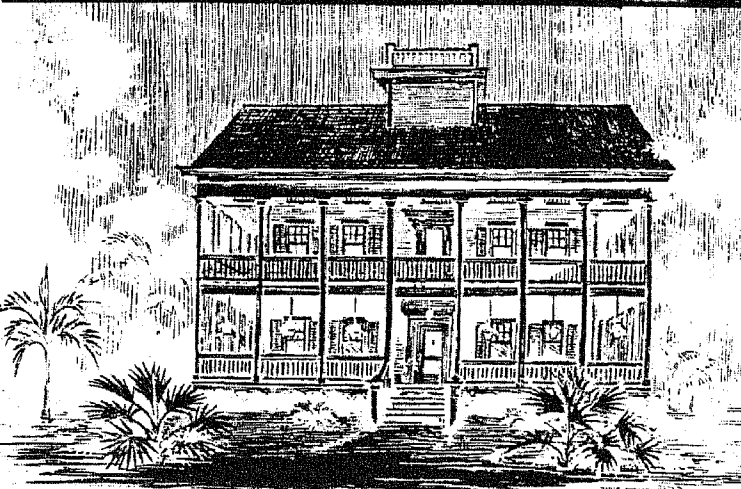
REINALDO DE LA PAZ

## The Lowe House Nursery

HANGING BASKETS OF BEGONIAS AND FERNS

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RETAIL



Another immense Spanish Laurel grows at the corner of Simonton and Eaton before the Old Stone Church. Mrs. Myrtle Houston, who has been a member of the congregation for 70 years, remembers playing under the tree as a little girl. She says that she is sure the tree was already mature during the fire of 1886 which destroyed many buildings in the area. She also told me that there once stood a row of these huge trees along the whole south side of Southard Street between Simonton and Duval. They had all been planted in the mid-1800's by banker John White.

This spectacular banyan or ficus tree dominates the compound between Canfield Lane and Margaret Street. Mr. Stevens who's lived below this tree for many years said that it must be constantly trimmed back since it drops runners which become new trunks. In this way, the ficus continues to spread and he recalls seeing one in Singapore that covered several acres. The fruit, purplish and edible, is a great favorite of migrating finches and other birds passing through.

This picturesque wild fig tree grows in the center of the First National Bank parking lot at Duval and Front Streets. Mr. Robert Lewis, who has worked forty years for the city, ten years of the county and the past twenty-one years for the bank, recalls the large rooming house of Mrs. Cripe which once stood there. The house burnt down fifty-seven years ago and the tree grew out of the brick debris which remained. It has been a lovely and familiar sight to Key Westers ever since.

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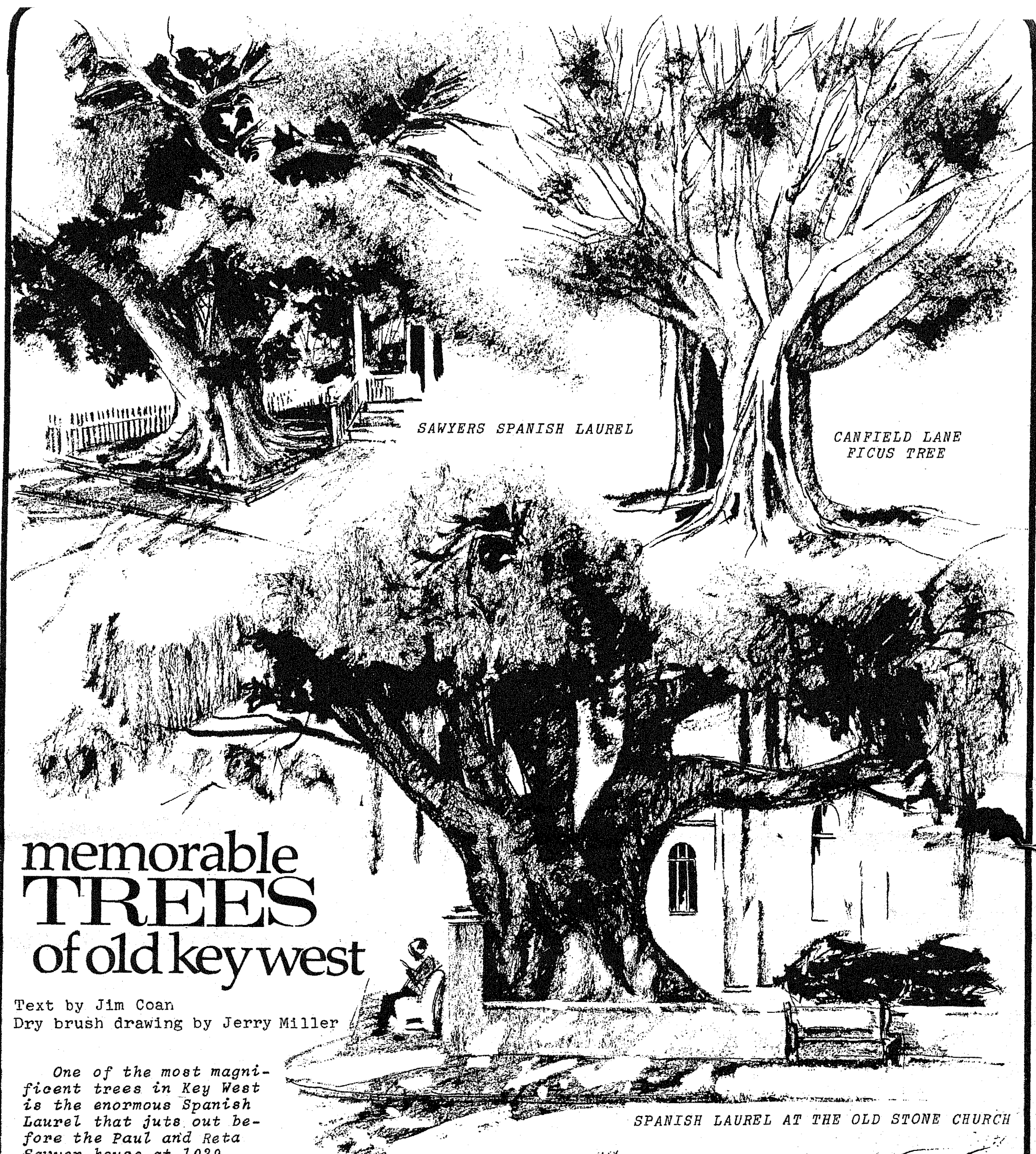
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NEW ORLEANS PLAYBOY  
CLUB  
WEDNESDAY THROUGH  
SUNDAY WEEKLY



KEY WEST, FLA.





SAWYERS SPANISH LAUREL

CANFIELD LANE  
FICUS TREE

## memorable TREES of old key west

Text by Jim Coan  
Dry brush drawing by Jerry Miller

One of the most magnificent trees in Key West is the enormous Spanish Laurel that juts out before the Paul and Reta Sawyer house at 1029 Fleming Street. Surface roots, the size of a man's torso, stretch for two blocks around and are firmly anchored in the three cisterns of the house.

In the last century, another Spanish Laurel of just such proportions grew directly across the street but was brought down by a hurricane. At that time Karl Thompson, five years old, planted a limb from the fallen tree and from this grew the tree we now see. He was one of five children of a retired Norwegian ship captain who had a grocery store on Eaton Street. At that time the 1000 block of Fleming Street was far beyond the town limits.

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SPANISH LAUREL AT THE OLD STONE CHURCH



WILD FIG OFF DUVAL STREET