

# solares hill

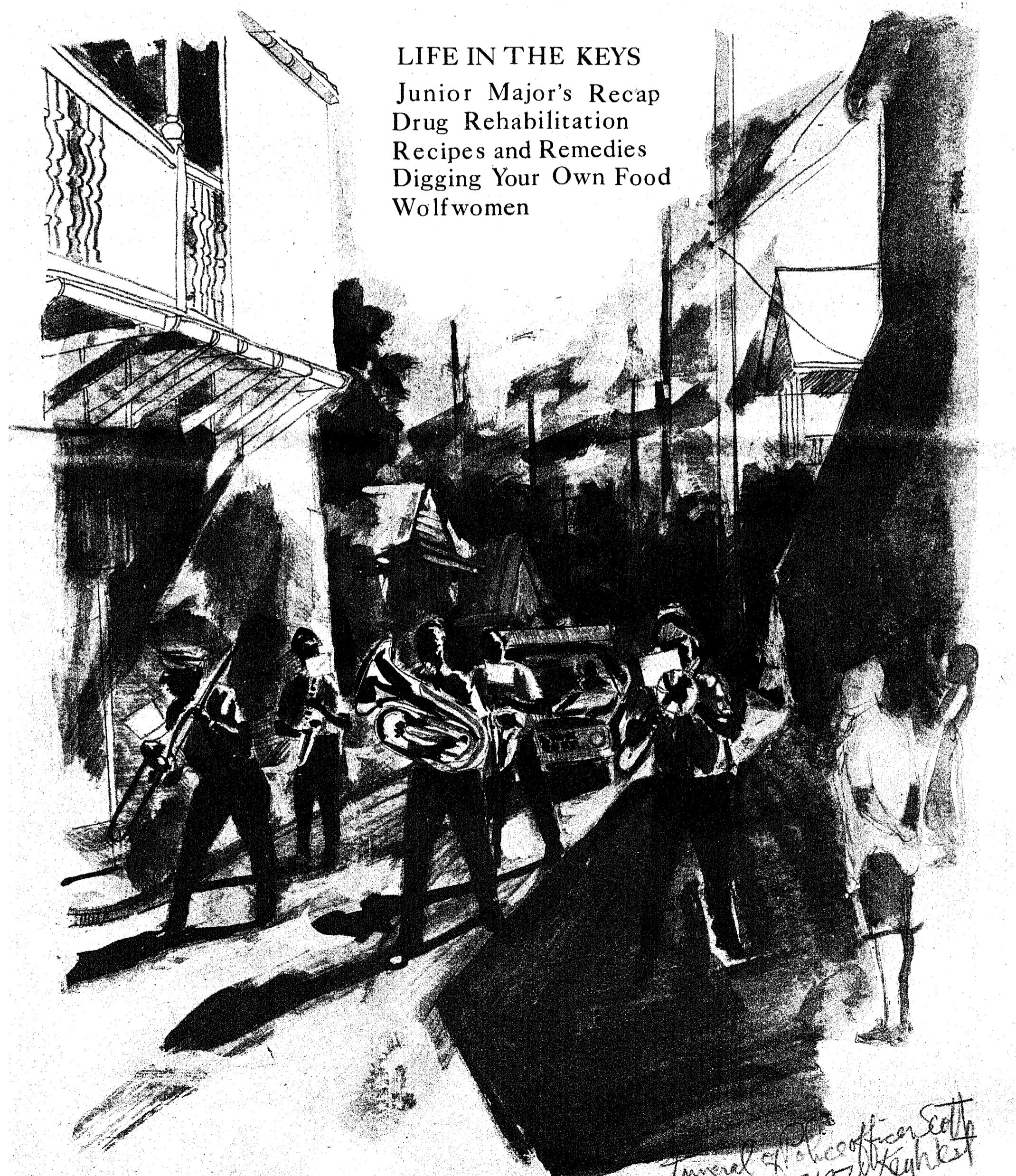
"The highest point in Key West"

VOL. 1, NO. 8

Key West, Florida

September, 1971

LIFE IN THE KEYS  
Junior Major's Recap  
Drug Rehabilitation  
Recipes and Remedies  
Digging Your Own Food  
Wolfwomen



Funeral of police officer Scotty  
Aug 22/97 Key West

## Cover

## Editorial

Key West plays home for the last time one of its own. Sketch on the cover is of the August 22 funeral of Officer Scott.

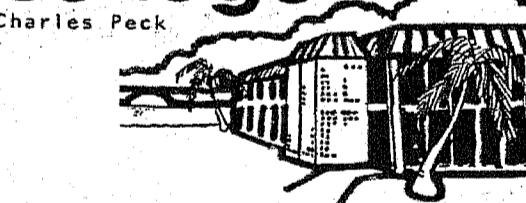
## Cdr. Biddle



This affectionate reminiscence was sent to Miss Watkins at the post office. The sender is an Episcopal minister in the Virgin Islands.

Did you notice in a recent *Time* the account of the death of Winthrop Biddle, one of the Philadelphia mainliners who traded his family's wealth for a drifter's life? We had him around here for some time recently - sleeping back of the church and pushing around a grocery cart with all his possessions in it. He was twice at worship - 74 and in shorts, bearded, clean, and steady-eyed. He ate at our table, played the piano, picked our flowers and then gave the bouquet to Jan as a gift. I got his Social Security check for him from the mainland and once got him out of the Fort (the jail). About the day he was killed by a car as he pushed another grocery cart on a country road in Jersey, I had a call from an airline, asking about him. He had given a cheque and said he was associated with me. His Chase Manhattan account was closed out the airplane discovered. If my name helped for one of his last free airlifts, I'm not sorry. He was daft, full of wonderful demolishing tales of the Biddles loaded with incredible stories of his World War I and II experiences in the Navy from which he emerged a commander. And he wanted a copy of the first sermon he heard me preach. There are more incredible people per square feet here than any other place I've been - he was one of the more incredible. After the things he did here and lived through, I was sure he was immortal. His angel must have cat napped in sheer exhaustion that day in Jersey, and we mourn his inattention.

## From Our Community College



School is starting up again with many wondering why or what for. The school environment has in the past been severed from the community and from day to day living. Students have not before been able to work with the machinery of government. They have been forced into compli-



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EDITORIAL ..... MICHAEL PREWITT ART DIRECTION ..... JERRY MILLER  
EDITORIAL ..... "DANCING BILL" HUCKEL PHOTOGRAPHY ..... LEE BALLARD

With a little help from our friends ...

Pat, Cas, Ray, Ruthie, Warren, Georgia, Becky, Bill, The Dating Game VC, Jane, Janet, Darlene, Mario, Sue, Ann, August Plinth, Slide-rule Sammy, Steve, Aunt Helen, SPC, Jr., No. 12, Peter and Susan, Heather, Donna, Kathy, Jerry and Ellen, Brenda and Dink

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ance with it or into the streets to have their voices heard.

Students now in the last few years of high school and in college can vote - yes, now we can. Now we have a chance to make our philosophies and emotions felt - maybe even to effect on local governments as well as the national government.

But, it isn't going to happen if we sit at home on our starry-eyed asses pronouncing brilliant armchair platitudes. We have to get out and REGISTER to vote.

And, this is only the first step. Then, we have to find out about the people in office and about those running for office. We have to see if these office-holders have really been working for the people - ALL the people.

Seriously consider what kind of government you want - if any. Talk it up with your friends, write letters to the papers and meet with people. This way you can find and put into office the men who will work for all the people and not those who try to get fat sucking the people's blood.

Change! - we can change things if we try. If you can't find out the information you need, then you have already found out one problem that needs fixing. Register. Vote. Fix it.



*It shall be unlawful for persons over sixteen years of age to be on the public streets of the city attired in less than shorts and a top, consisting of a halter, shirt, undershirt, cape or other like covering, but this prohibition shall not apply within two blocks of the beaches.*

Certain locations have certain climates. Key West's is tropical - that means it is hot here. Relative comfort in work and play makes extreme heat bearable and not having to wear a shirt can make for relative comfort. To deny the male residents the right to doff their shirts in this weather on the off-chance that some tourist may be offended is ridiculous.

Could there be another reason for such a nonsensical law? Is it somehow immoral for men to be shirtless? Scarcely. Could 'Conchs' have passed the law because it was felt that 'Conchs' would be upset by such dress? What is the reason?

Perhaps it is a holdover from earlier, more upright days when, indeed, shirtlessness might have gotten some people upright. Unfortunately, upright people often create the pressure to pass upright laws. Maybe this is where this law came from.

Whatever the reasons, let's repeal this law. It is embarrassing to read of men being arrested for being shirtless in Key West. Will someone please put a request for the repeal of this ordinance before the city commission - I suspect that this law is embarrassing to them, also.

**THIS IS OUR SUBSCRIPTION FORM**

26 Issues of SOLARES HILL is a lot of TIME. We'll be on hand this summer chronicling the art and science of staying cool and landing those big ones. Why keep you posted this fall on the changing of the guard at SOLARES HILL. Our future interviews will corner black militants, known playrites, outspoken lawyers and prelate, dead candidates. We'll be up to the highest point in Key West, SOLARES HILL.

MAIL TO: SOLARES HILL, 812 FLEMING ST., KEY WEST, FLA. 33040

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# A Drug Rehabilitation Center for Key West

## A Solares Hill Interview

William Huckel

Solares Hill went to the Guidance Clinic to find out about the new Drug Rehabilitation Program that will originate from there. With the ever increasing use of hard drugs, such a program is very welcome here. We asked questions of Dr. Louis O'Connor, of the Guidance Clinic staff, a young man named Ken who has had ten years of drug abuse behind him and now is a very positive proponent of the program to be offered here in which he will take part, and a young Conch, referred to in this interview as "A" who has been "clean" of drugs for a month and is looking for a way out of the drug life.

There are no easy answers to the problems that drug abuse create. One powerful effect of this interview is the realization of the incredibly strong pull the hard-drug culture makes on those who seek to escape it. Once trapped by hard-drugs, a man who seeks to free himself is faced with a long, hard struggle. Perhaps it is a struggle without an end - obviously, it takes a strong will, guts and determination to succeed. Solares Hill was impressed with the men with whom it spoke.

Ken: I think, you know, that when a guy enters the clinic says that they're an addict, you have to kind of rely on your own intuition and what the fellow wants. Even if he just wanted Methadone it would be better than the way he has been.

The philosophy of Spectrum has been that after someone is detoxified, then they're trying to get in touch with reality, the same reality that they're so frantically trying to avoid with drugs, you know. Because they are in touch with that reality, some form of treatment can begin.

Dr.: It sounds like it has to begin at that point too, because they're in a very miserable state.

Dr.: Well, if you came into my office and it was a day other than Tuesday or Wednesday, I would begin by explaining to you that we have a staff that knows more about the problem than I do. But that by being associated with them I could give you some information. If you came in and you had been off junk for a few days and you were going through withdrawal and were in misery, we would like to think of helping you through that acute state of physical and emotional misery with some kind of detoxification program, so you could begin to get your head straight enough to say "Well let's see, what am I doing and what do I want to do?"

Huckel: Would there be a chance that there would be methadone or something like it available at this point?

Dr.: Well, we haven't made a formal commitment. The clinic hasn't made a formal commitment to the use of Methadone. We've done it in two or three cases on a detox basis and it seems to be working, but that means that you would have to commit yourself to coming down off your addiction. You would still probably have to go through some degree of withdrawal and then pick up the pieces and get into some type of program. If you've been doing just a little bit of junk you might not need to go into a residential program and you might not need a methadone maintenance.

Huckel: For those who desire Methadone...

Dr.: We really haven't firmed up our ideas about what to do with Methadone at this point, and.....

Dr.: O.K. Then we'd be concerned about you feeling lousy and if we weren't able to give you methadone at that point, we'd arrange for you to get it in Miami. You'd have to go up there, get methadone to alleviate your misery and give us time to think about what to do.

Huckel: So, step 1, you do something to ease this off.

Dr.: Right, and then you'd meet with Ken or some of the other Spectrum staff, and they'd talk about where you have been and where you'd like to go, and they would explain to you what programs are avail-

able, what would best help you to kick your habit, and you'd either buy it or not buy it.

Huckel: Well, if I came here on a Thursday and you sent me to Miami, you'd see to it that I'd get Methadone in Miami Friday.

Dr.: Immediately.

Huckel: O.K. But would that be enough for just one day or could they give me enough to carry me over till Tuesday when I'd meet with you again?

Ken: That would depend. That would depend on the operation of the specific clinic.

Huckel: But here in this case it would be a particular dude talking to a particular man who would say "O.K., we're going to trust this one." So I'm being trusted and thus far I've done alright and I'm seeing you Tuesday morning. What happens next?

Ken: I would ask you some basic questions as to what you wanted to do. Then we would talk about what the program has to offer and leave the choice up to you. If you seemed interested in one facet of the program or another, I would tell you to come back the next day or possibly be involved in the group that I'm seeing that night.

And after, say, a period of a week, and this varies - sometimes I've seen people on Tuesday and taken them into a house on Wednesday because I felt that this was what they needed.

Huckel: When you say take them to a house you mean to Spectrum up in Miami? Would they go up with you?

Ken: Not with me. They would have to go up there themselves as part of their motivation.

A.: Well, what about the way I feel. Now that I've been clean, I still feel in a way I do need to go to Spectrum, but then I see all of these people in Key West who are my friends and they need the same kind of help and I want to help them. I know I'm not qualified but still I've got the motivation to want to help them and help myself at the same time.

Ken: I think that in your position, A., your primary concern should be yourself.

Huckel: But, then, like when he is together, when he is strong, he would be able to help. First, your strengthening process because to try to help from a position of weakness, no matter how much you care, you could get sucked back into it.

A.: Well, I go out on the street now and I talk to the people. I try to ram to them and they're stoned and they try to turn me on, and there is a constant battle inside of me. You know, sometimes I have to hurt some of them, I have to put them down in order to break my own temptation to keep from being drawn back into it and I have to get them away from me.

Huckel: Now, back to this interview - would there be a history taken there of the person?

Ken: Right. Then I might be in discussion with Lou or Father Raua and decide what facet of the program is best for you. Ultimately, it is up to the individual to decide.

Now if there is not enough motivation I could keep on seeing him for several weeks and kind of develop him. If there is (enough motivation) and it seems like a critical kind of situation, maybe we'll take him right into the Spectrum House.

Huckel: Do you think there will be a Spectrum House down here?

Ken: That's a possibility, but I would say that it is some time off.

Dr.: Right now we're living with the good graces of the Spectrum Program being willing to accept Monroe County residents into their program. Their doors are wide open.

Huckel: Now, with the program, when you said different facets of the program, you mean primarily...

continued on page 9

# Dr. Chase's Recipes and Remedies for Everyone

Compiled and drawn by Dink Bruce

Step right up! Step right up! Let me furnish to you today, and today only - absolutely free of charge, some of the miracle cures of the past. A few interesting household hints circa 1865 from sources as reliable as those you see and hear on those funny little tubes about your house.

Some of these recipes, for that is what they must be said to be, should not be taken lightly, if at all, but must be understood to be genuine cures to the ailments attached and attested to by those sober and righteous souls of that era before: The Pure Food and Drug Administration, American Medical Association, SPCA BSA, GSA, FDR, CIA, FBI, YOU and ME.

We return with you now to those thrilling days of yesteryear ... HI - HO Toad Ointment!!

To those with caked udders my only advice would be to read the city ordinance on maintenance of domestic animals in or about the city herewithin.

## Toad Ointment

Toad Ointment: for sprains, strains, lame back, rheumatism, caked breasts, caked udders, etc., etc.

Good sized live toads, 4 in number; put into boiling water and cook very soft; then take them out and boil the water down to 1/2 pt., and add fresh churned, unsalted butter, 1 lb., and simmer together; at the last add tincture of arnica, 2 ozs.

This was obtained from an old physician, who thought more of it than of any other prescription in his possession. Some persons might think it hard on toads, but you could not kill them quicker in any other way.



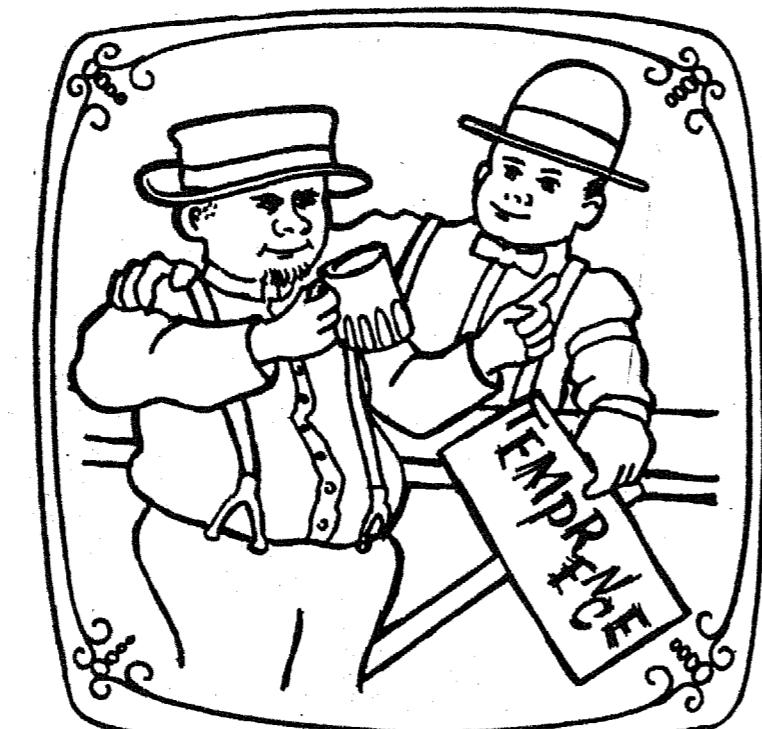
## A Perfect Cure For Drunkenness

Composition Powder Thompsons - "Bayberry bark 2 lbs., hemlock bark 1 lb., ginger root 1 lb., cayenne pepper 2 oz., cloves 2 oz., all finely pulverized and well mixed. Dose - one half of a teaspoon of it, and a spoon of sugar; put them into a teacup and pour it half full of boiling water; let it stand a few minutes and fill the cup with milk, and drink freely. If no milk is to be obtained, fill up the cup with hot water.

Let those who are accustomed to the excessive use of ardent spirits, and who wish to stop the practice, I say, let such people have a cup of this tea made as above directed and drink a part of it immediately on rising in the morning, and the balance just before meal time, keeping entirely away from the places of temptation, they will find a warm, healthy glow spreading from the stomach over the whole system, with a desire for food, instead of "rotgut." But remember, oh, remember! your only safety is in keeping entirely away from places where intoxicating spirits are kept or sold!

A burned child will not play with fire. I would to God that a burned man was equally wise. For not one in a thousand can resist the solicitation of enemies (called friends) to take a glass, just one, and that one glass acts like fresh coals upon extinguished brands, and the fire goes ahead again with a hundred fold more energy than if thrown upon wood which had never been charred; hence, the propriety of the sentence "plucked as a brand from the everlasting burnings," for if rekindled there is but little prospect of another extinguishment of the raging fire. Dr. Thompson, notwithstanding all that has been said against him, has done more good than any other medical man that ever lived; for he set the people to studying for themselves.

If any doubt our word in this matter, we suggest you ask any bar-keeper what bayberry bark and hemlock bark have to do with the trade of saloon keeping.

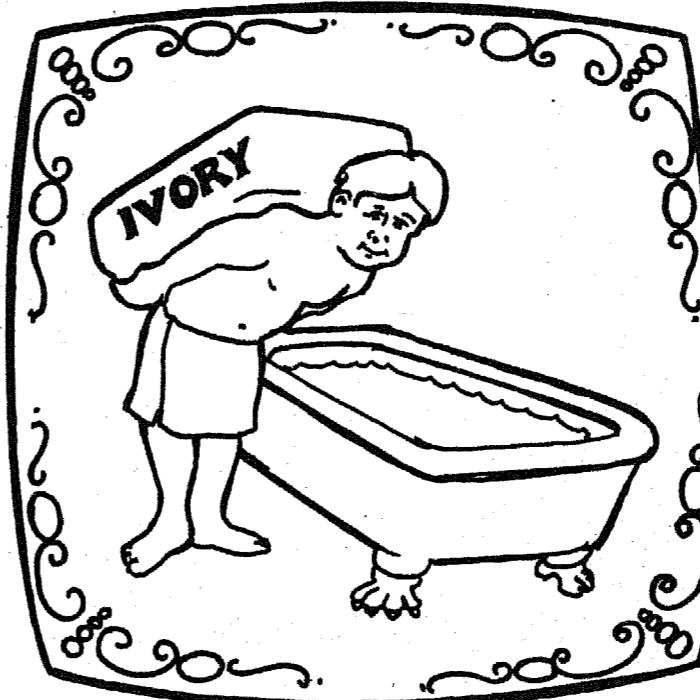
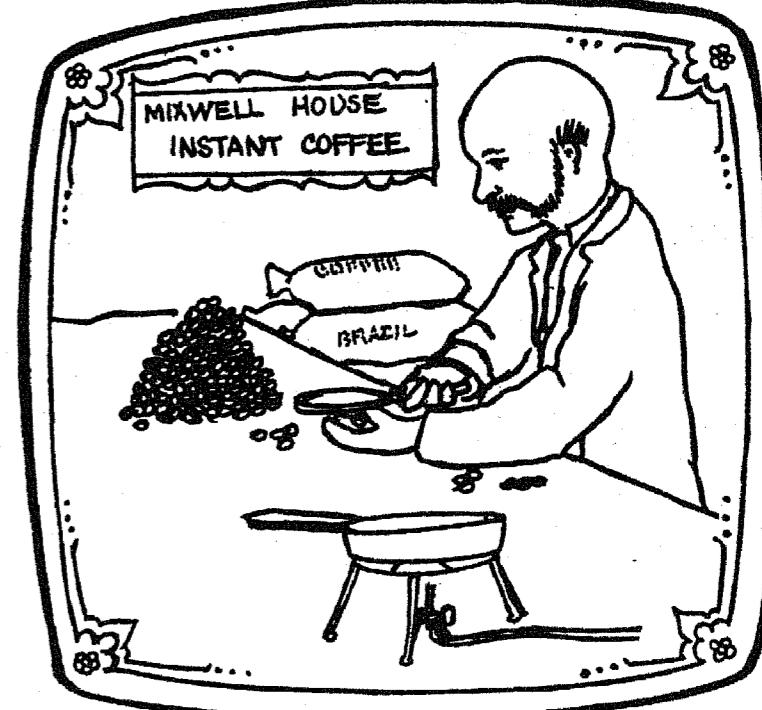


## Coffee

Coffee: More healthy and better flavored, for one fourth the expense of common. Coffee, by weight or measure, one fourth and rye, three fourths. Look them over separately to remove bad grains; then wash to remove dust, draining off the water for a moment as you take it with the hands from the washing water; then, putting it directly into the browning skillet, carefully stirring all the time to brown it evenly. Brown each one separately; then mix evenly and grind only as used; settling with a beaten egg, seasoning with a little cream and sugar as usual.

And I do sincerely say the flavor is better, and it is one hundred per cent more healthy than all coffee.

You may try barley, peas, parsnips, dandelion roots, etc., but none of their flavors are equal to rye. Yet, all of them are more or less coffee.



## One Hundred Pounds Of Good Soap

Take potash 6 lbs., 75 cents; lard 4 lbs., 50 cent rosin 1/4 lb., 5 cents.

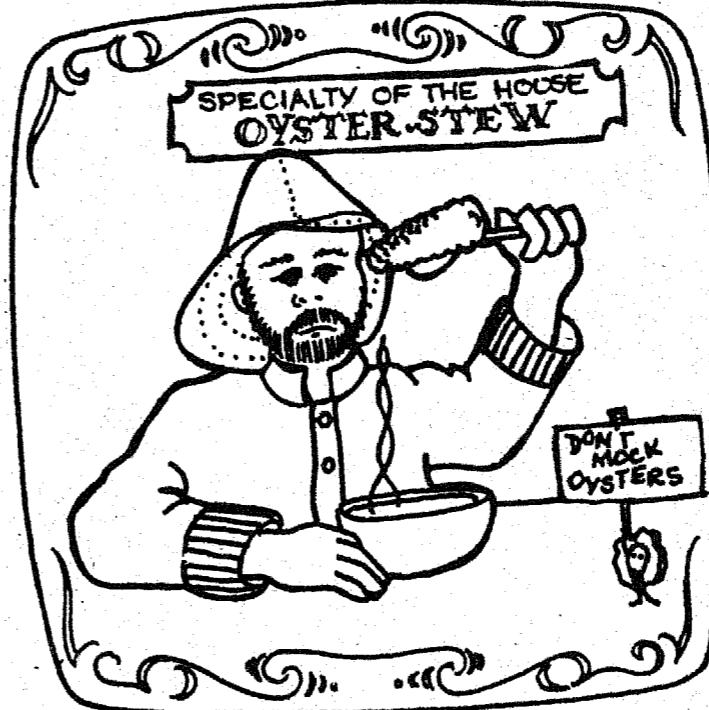
Beat up the rosin, mix all together and set aside for five days; then put the whole mixture into a ten gallon cask of warm water, stir twice a day for ten days; at the expiration of which time you will have one hundred pounds of excellent soap.



## Mock Oysters

Mock Oysters: six nice, plump ears of sweet corn, uncooked; grate from cob; beat 1 egg, stirring into it flour and milk, of each 1 teaspoon; season with a little salt and pepper. Put about a teaspoon of butter into suitable pan for frying, having mixed in corn also; drop the mixture into the hot butter, one spoon of it in a piece, turning so as to brown, serve hot for breakfast.

Whether they imitate oysters or not, no one need regret giving them a trial.



## Washing Fluid

Washing Fluid: saving half the wash board labor: Sal-soda 1 lb., stone lime 1/2 lb.; water 5 qts.; boil a short time, stirring occasionally; then let it settle and pour off the clear fluid into a stone jug and cork for use; soak your white clothes over-night, in simple water; wring out, and soap wrist bands, collars, and dirty or stained places; have your boiler half-filled with water, and when at scalding heat, put in one common tea cup of the fluid, stir and put in your clothes, and boil for half an hour; then rub lightly through one suds only, rinsing well in the bluing water, as usual, and all is complete.

If you wish to wash on Monday, put warm suds to the clothes whilst breakfast is being got ready; then wring out and soap as above, will do just as well as soaking them over-night, and my wife thinks better.

I hope every lady into whose hands this recipe may fall will give it a trial, as my family have used it over seven years, not missing only two washings. It does not rot clothes, but makes them wash full or more than one-half easier than the old way. Seven years ought to be considered a sufficient test.

I have found many women using turpentine, alcohol, ammonia, camphor gum, etc., in their washing fluids; but none of them ought ever to be used for such purposes (one woman lost the use of her arm, for six months, by using a fluid containing turpentine); the turpentine and alcohol especially tend to open the pores of the skin, and thus make the person more liable to take cold in hanging out the clothes, as also to weaken the arm.

And here let me say, if it is possible to avoid it, never allow the woman who washes the clothes, and thus becomes warm and sweaty, to hang them out; and especially ought this be regarded in the winter or windy weather. Many consumptions are undoubtedly brought on by these frequently repeated colds, in this way. It works upon the principle that two thin shoes make one cold, two colds an attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one consumption - the end, a coffin.



# Backwards and Downwards

## Notes on Life in the Keys

BILL BINGHAM, Illustration by Jerry Miller

A friend of mine first time down in the Keys asked me to take him somewhere that would really be old Key West. Don't take me to the usual tourist traps, he said, take me where I can get a feeling of what it was like to live here fifty years ago. With pleasure, I said, and took him to St. Mary's Star of the Sea for the Spanish Mass at seven o'clock that Sunday evening. It is not only for the lovely language, but also because a girl at this evening Spanish Mass has the loveliest voice imaginable. She sings every Sunday evening, and she fills the whole church with her voice. It reminds me of the Spanish women in their black dresses who used to walk in Corpus Christi processions in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and in the August heat they would sing the most moving dirge-lament-litany I have ever heard. She doesn't sing with a hymnal, she seems to know the words by heart, but her full-throated voice seems to make all the words melt into one sound which is like a very old, almost primitive, Spanish chant or lament. It is sad and sweet as the old days, and when she sings (she is seated with the others, not up in the choir) her first high notes suddenly sharpen my senses to a diamond point. Her throat is like that of an ancient one in a trance, rich and pure and high and infinitely flexible. It pierces the silence. When she throws her head back the oracular music from her throat plays over her features like lightning playing over a bed of mica. She seems to express with ease emotions which we can only simulate in dreams. All is primordial and sad and full of the calling on God which has gone on since time began, I suppose. But the voices of Spanish women, and particularly when they surrender themselves totally to this kind of trance singing, annihilates me, and I seem to be borne on wings down through gorges. I am no longer a man with relations to other men, with work waiting and people to chat with after Mass. I am floating on her voice over fields of yellow wheat, gazing down at Conch fishermen cleaning their nets or sleeping on deck - they look up, drop their nets, and watch me float by. She unlocks me and I spread out with joy. I recall Henry Miller saying that once (this in *Plexus*) in a depressed mood he went to hear a singer at an Opera Hall in Paris. Suddenly, as her voice broke through the room, he said that his heart, "suspended in a crevice of ice", suddenly glowed, until his whole being felt like flames of ruby and sapphire.



There are two kinds of women, say Robert Musil, the hysterical and the boring. I am interested in following the path of hysterical women.

I went to visit some gypsies on Big Pine Key last week. There were a couple of very strange gypsy women there who were carrying on in a way that was a joy to behold. When gypsy girls are really excited and tuned in to some event that is hap-

pening, it is such pleasure to be in their company that pleasure is hardly the word. This day the men were moving into a new house down on Big Coppitt, and while the tedious work bored the gypsy girls, they were able to take their \$40 car and travel up the Keys. They asked me if I would join them and I said, politely, yes, thank you, and tipped my hat.

The gypsy girl who was driving said that this was the first time she had driven this \$40 car, and she did not seem to know if the brakes worked, but she drove the car 60 miles an hour, which made me nervous, since it was sunset. The hair of the girl in the back seat curled round and round her head in the breeze, and she began to laugh. "Closer and closer to death" she laughed and rocked her baby on her hip. Are these girls crazy? I asked myself, but the sunset was so appropriate, orange and pink and ominous red, that I thought that maybe I was crazy for being scared.

When we got where we were going - where the girls were going - to feed the animals, we found ourselves in Big Pine Key. Big Pine Key has a fairytale Hansel and Gretel quality anyway, what with its drooping pine trees and tiny trailers, and the green canal that runs very brightly past the trailer we stopped at. The girl who was driving leaped out of the car, and called her brood to her. There were boxers, a great dane colored purple and yellow and so enormous he dwarfed the trailers, a tiny boxer pup (the big boxer is beautiful and called Zorba the Greek, he's solid and orange colored and with the most handsome human face you can imagine) and underneath the house tiny blackberry colored kittens as small as mice, and a dog with distemper, whose body positively shone with fever. The girl who was feeding the dogs drew each one to her and hugged them as if they were children. But the dog with distemper looked so pathetic she didn't know what to do - would he die? - she danced around this dog. This girl moves like Popeye the Sailor, with huge shoulders, and her long hair flies around her face like a shawl that's gone haywire.

"That dog won't die, if you don't let it die" screeched the other girl, rocking her child on her hip. "What that dog needs is some Motherly Love." They both shrieked with laughter. It did seem to me that the words, and the laughter, were some sort of a code, that they were speaking on three or four different levels at once. "You can make them well, if you only know how" said the one rocking savagely the child on her hip. Then they would laugh. The dark haired gypsy girl suddenly pulled the dog with distemper to her and began to hug him, drawing him up to her bosom and putting her head down on his head, and laughing and cooing to him, as if by the pure force of the wild savage mother in her she was going to draw all the poison out of him and make him stand up glowing and full of life, like a dying child worked over by a witch with sticks,

amulets, bonfire, and bones.

Then she'd drop the dog, as if to say, "I can make my sons well if I wish, but perhaps I don't wish." The other girl, as thin as a vulture, bent over the poor, dying dog, gazing on it as if some force could come out of her eyes or her body to raise that dog or destroy it. "Take it inside" she said, and the other scooped it up and carrying it like a pig borne by the nurse in *Alice in Wonderland* holding it tight to her bosom. Like a child, she carried it into the trailer and put it down on a cushion on the floor in the corner.

Now this trailer was not your usual trailer. There was no furniture, and the room was dark, with madras covered mattresses covering the floor. The girls leaped in ahead of me, but I hesitated. On the brightly covered floor was a candelabra made of chains with an iron candlestick which reminded me of old Teutonic candlesticks in castles. On the wall behind was an immense tapestry of the Lion. The two girls I knew, were Leos, and so when I hesitated to step in, it was as if I were wavering at the mouth of a cave, a lion's cave, or a witch's cave. "You can come in," one of the Leos said. "Don't be afraid. It won't bite you."

I lay down on the mat near the dog with distemper, and I felt as if I had stepped into a cave. The girls ran from one end of the house to the other, laughing and speaking in code, and I thought to myself, they are going to light a bonfire and dance around it. They are going to make their children, all these dogs and cats, their children. And I too felt like one of them, a child perhaps, in the hands of the evil mothers who could in a twinkling become as warm and maternal as those mothers who followed the Ostrogoths and Visigoths down the Rhine to where the hordes of horses sacked Italy. They followed on foot with their babies strapped to their backs, made fire at night, fixed primitive tonics and recipes to heal the ailing camp dogs, and wiped their greasy hands, red with blood from the meat they had held in the fire, or cut into pieces for their men. These gypsy women had expanded the meaning of woman beyond its conventional limits: they could be strong, savage, powerful, and without dabbling consciously in witchcraft; they had all the instinctive sense of white and black magic, good and dark maternity, of their ancestors, the Teutonic wolf women of the fourth century Europe.

I had not been there five minutes before the chestnut-haired wolf woman threw the door open. The dog and I stared in astonishment. She looked hostile and aggressive. Her swift glance searched every corner, it darted under the table as if I might have been hiding there. She then stepped back into the shadowy corridor, behind food and evil. Wolf Women. My mind reels back at

the thought that, under all the cosmetic layers of Western civilization which have made woman so unfamiliar to herself, so passive and quiescent, there is this fuller and deeper life of the blood. And perhaps those old tribal patterns remain woven among their subconscious feelings to appear, to flash out now and then when strong men are not about to keep these movements in check. Before me they felt confident, I think, that I would not be shocked or antagonistic to the coming of the Wolf in them. So out it rushed in a torrent, nursing animals and their children in the half savage way which the statue of the Wolf nursing Romulus and Remus in the Palatine in Rome recalls. How pitiful, I thought, are most women in comparison, afraid to show the slightest aggressiveness, but longing for some way to express their will. So they get swallowed up in the machine trying to do work which even men hate, and which cannot satisfy this primitive, ambivalent, desire in her to be symbolic, powerful, the Wolf Woman.

When all the animals were fed, and the children nursed, and I given a little dinner of prunes, almonds, and figs, the lot of us stepped out of the cave and back into normal human light. The moon was just coming up.



About a month ago - perhaps you recall? - Key West had a power failure for about half an hour. Those blackouts all over Key West gave me my first sense of what this island must have been like a hundred years ago. How lovely, how dreaming, how still and infinitely silent, except for the lapping of waves, this island must have been. I could hear dogs barking, now and then cock crow - probably a cock ready for a Sunday cockfight they still have in the Keys.

I was reminded of my life in Haiti. In Haiti the government ordered two hours of black-out every night for the whole country there because they didn't have enough power to keep electricity going all over the country during the two hours between seven and nine when most people used electric lights. So without phonograph, radio, electric light of any kind, we were left to look out at the Caribbean, the hills thick with mango and banana trees, and the drums beating calling the faithful to voodoo (on Monday nights). On the primitive roads you could find oxen slowly pulling a cart. Back in the hills the men and women wore African loin cloths. An immense hush, an immense suspense, as if all of being in Haiti were waiting, crouched, watching, or sniffing the air, like an animal standing up on its hind paws and sniffing, with its eyes glittering, the whole island drifting in mystery, in the darkness of being.

I'd like to see Key West in black out more often. In a black out you go backwards and downwards into the creature within a luminous creature which is, after all, far too big for us.

# Ace & Ed



From: Ace the Diplomat  
To: Editor Sol Hill

Dear Sol,

I have the solution to this internal game of politics with which we besiege our minds this time of year. Having talked to economists, politicians, historians, social science people and everyone else, my conclusions are that the local political contests are too confusing, the issues too demanding and I feel that we need a new approach to the choosing of people for office.

Let all who are interested in running for whatever office available gather in the park and have Key West's First Annual Games for Office.

The lower offices i.e. Judges, school board, dog catcher, utility boards, mosquito control, etc. will be chosen by the time tested methods of:  
1. musical chairs, tapes by Santana;  
2. potato - one potato, two potato, three potato, four potato, etc. (the losers have to clean up the mess).

The next most important jobs would be City Commissioner. They would be chosen by forming teams and playing Buck-the-Pony or "Buck Buck." One guy grabs a tree and bends down. Then the other three put themselves in the same position all holding together. The other team sends its best men to run and mount the pony. The first team to lose is made commissioners.\*

Then comes the Mayor's job. We pick him by playing "Baby in the Hat" and, again, the first to miss when throwing the ball is made Mayor.

The rest of the candidates can play mumblety-peg, spin tops, shoot marbles (for keeps, of course) and flip coins or pitch pennies.

The Presidential candidates could play "Pin the Tail on the Elephant or Donkey" and the one who is farthest away or who forgets what he's doing will be Vice President.

These methods will take the advantage away from rich politicians, create enjoyment and we wouldn't be too much worse off than we are now.

I think these ideas ought to be published as our stand on the line of communications.

Ace

From: Editor, Solares Hill  
To: Ace the Nut

Ace,

Someone must be standing on the line that communicates to your mind. Are you real? I agree that things are confusing what with people electing one candidate and the electoral college another, but, expecting grown men to act like children (excluding the new T.V. show Monday nights) - what will you come up with next?

The candidates will continue their age old methods and I'll enjoy them. Why just yesterday I heard one candidate remark that the election will be cheap for him - he'll just paint over his old 1967 signs for office with the new job he's seeking and he won't even have to hang them again as they are still up.

Ace, you better watch yourself or we'll elect you something and then I can fire you for conflict of interest.

Ed.

\* I think that it would be a good idea to explain these games that Ace is writing about.

Simonton at Truman

## Overseas Fruit Market

934 Truman Avenue.

COMPLETE VARIETY OF FRESH FRUIT  
AND VEGETABLES

## A Natural Way

Janice

I've been reading an awful lot about food lately, and I find much of my reading contradictory, especially when I get into the area of health foods. But it's understandable. The sudden interest in health food has created an enormous business with several different factions pushing their own theories and products.

The difficulty lies in sorting out all the information and deciding what's necessary and most practical for your life. It's not necessary to eat foods that slowly fill your body with chemicals and poisons, but it's also unnecessary to spend \$20 a week in a health food store for a small bag of food. The object is to achieve a healthy balance in and through the food you eat. But this can take time.

About five years ago, I became interested in natural foods. It began after we visited our friends, Stu and Caroline, in New Hampshire. Stu had quit teaching and had somehow finagled a job as warden of

"Buck Buck" is played by two teams. The first team assumes the position outlined by Ace. The second team then sends its men leap-frogging up on the backs of the first team. The object is to get the bent over team to buckle under the weight of the astride team. The team that is able to buckle the opponent using the fewest men wins.

"Baby in the Hat" has the loser of a game - say "one potato, two potato" - going up to a fence or a wall. He would then take his cap off his head and throw it as far as he could away from the fence. Where the cap landed would determine the line from which the other individuals would stand. Then the loser would turn to the fence, bend down, and stick his fanny out. The persons behind the line would then pelt the loser with tennis balls in turn until someone missed. Then that person would become the loser and would go up the fence. Anyone with a big rear would remember this game particularly clearly - right, Ace?

Ed.



an Audubon Sanctuary. There was an empty cabin down the road and we arranged to move into it. The cabin was small with 2 wood stoves and an inside outhouse. We were 7 miles from the nearest village. It was incredibly quiet.

Suddenly all the stimuli of New York were gone, and the things that filled my days revolved around the kitchen stove. Friends from the city were always coming to visit us. They would tell us the latest city politics and complain how the city was getting. All the while, Caroline and I would be feeding them cookies and hauling fresh bread from the stoves. I couldn't get interested in marches on Washington. My problems were simple; to keep the fires going, the wood split, and enough food on the table for all those hungry politicians. We knew our friends idealized our way of life and this made us work harder at our roles. Later, a friend told me he always halfway expected to find deer droppings in his stew. I think the fiddle-head ferns I served blew his mind.

As I learned more and more about foods, I started buying less and less from supermarkets. So many things had chemicals and preservatives in them. On they were fortified, which means that all the nutrients are lost in the processing, and a few are later replaced. So we started buying grains and other staples from health food stores. Some things tasted better immediately, but we had to develop a taste for others. The first time Stu tasted the new peanut butter, he complained of his mouth being stuck shut. Even after we had gotten completely into natural foods, we'd get these cravings. Caroline had hoarded a couple of bags of chocolate chips, and late at night when we were all suffering from the munchies, one of us would sneak out to the kitchen and whip up a batch of cookies. But after a while, even that stopped. Spring we planted our garden. It was a lot of work, but it gave us organic vegetables and made us self-sufficient that summer.

Towards the end of the summer Stu lost his job and he and Caroline went north to Maine. Hal and I stayed on for several more months. We had talked about buying land but we knew we'd have to go back to New York to save money.

Finally the garden was completely harvested, the leaves were yellow, and we knew it was time. We packed the bus and drove to New York.

New York was the test for me. Since we planned to be there as short a time as possible, I tried to adapt the city to me instead of adapting myself to the city. I wanted to make use of all the good things the city had to offer and to avoid the problem of over-stimulation. Food was amazingly easy to buy. There were health food stores that sold grain, beans, flour and nuts out of gunny sacks, miso out of tubs, and cheese by the hunk. Best of all, the prices were reasonable. I bought fruits and vegetables at neighborhood stands and fresh jersey eggs at a store open only on Fridays. I even found a place in the Essex Street market that sold sweet tub butter and milk with cream on top. Shopping took longer, but it became a social event.

I continued to do all the baking but I used lot of short-cuts. If you let dough rise slowly overnight, it not only saves time, but you have fresh bread for breakfast. Also, one rising is enough, especially if you bake regularly because the air in your kitchen becomes filled with tiny yeast organisms.

As our savings grew, we started thinking of going south instead of north. Florida started looking good. There were two growing seasons and no long, hard winters. We took a trip to check it out, and decided to do it. We hoped to find a few acres on the fringes of the Great Cypress Swamp.

Another year passed before we were ready. When we finally got to Florida, we found changes. Roads had been cleared through the swamp and parcels of land were being developed and sold. Further north, near Sarasota, we found several old farm houses but they couldn't be bought since the land had been sold for the mineral rights. The houses remained empty, slowly rotting. Everywhere we looked the land was being parcelled up into lots or was being sold in enormous chunks for pasture. We seemed to be faced with changing our plans or moving elsewhere. We decided to think about it while taking a short vacation in the Keys.

When we got to Key West, we did a turn about. It was lovely here, one of the most pleasant places we had found in Florida, and we decided to stay.

(This has all been background, trying to show the relationship and the close connection between foods and life style and how they can both change and grow together in harmony. Next, I can be more specific and deal with foods and the problem with food in Key West, such as, how to get fresh, whole foods - how to shop in supermarkets - how to bake bread with no hassle - what the chemicals in foods are and what they do - how to use miso and roots and how to dry your own, etc.).

solares hill

## A Look at the 1971 Junior Majors Season's Highlights

The 1971 Key West Junior Major League championship was decided by means of a play-off between R.F. Electronics and the Fraternal Order of Police.

R.F. Electronics, under manager Ben Skelton, won the championship by winning the first game behind pitcher Richie Pazo. The third game was won behind the pitching of thirteen year old Louis Pazo.

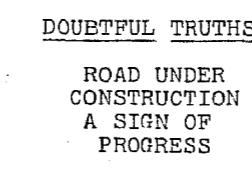
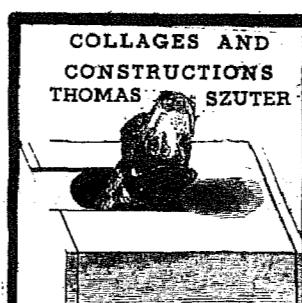
F.O.P. salvaged the second game behind the overpowering pitching of Terry Nelson.

Oddly enough, the R.F. team was considered the underdog going into the play-off games as F.O.P. supposedly had a powerhouse. F.O.P. must have left their guns at home in the third game because the younger of the Pazo combination, Louis, shot the police team down one after another.

### Final Standings

PLACE	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1. R.F. Electronics	23	4	-
2. F.O.P.	23	4	-
3. Mike's Citgo	20	7	3
4. Boca Chica C.P.O.	16	11	7
5. Key West State Bank	13	14	10
6. Lions Club	11	15	11 1/2
7. Fleet Sonar School	11	16	12
8. Coca-Cola	10	17	13
9. Cable Vision	5	22	18
10. Southernmost Signs	2	24	20 1/2

Tony Forns  
(Tony, 16, was a scorekeeper for the Junior Majors this year)



### INTERVIEW

Ken: In community, or in residence.

Huckel: Right, but now, if I were really pretty strung out, would it not seem best for me to be in residence?

Ken: No, if you were strung out, we would not take you in residence.

Huckel: You would not?

Ken: No, because of the withdrawal you would go through. In a therapeutic community there are no drugs dispensed at all. None.

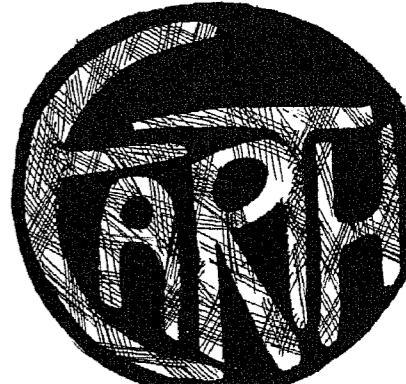
Huckel: Well then, what process of detoxification might be offered for someone like myself other than this one trip up for Methadone? Would it be like a ten day crash period?

Ken: It could take longer, it could take less. I mean most habits can be kicked in six or seven days at the most.

A.: It took me ten days to really get up.

Huckel: Again, that would be like just starting the Methadone and cutting it rapidly back in that short period?

Dr.: No question about it - sure.



Natural Food Lunchstand  
open daily 12-4, 9-12



## Lou's Bar AT DUVAL & CAROLINE The Gateway To Old Town

CHECK THE WINDOW BLACKBOARD  
FOR DAILY HAPPENINGS



Ken: Right.

Huckel: And once those ten days were over, I would be able to come and rap to you when my head is freaking out all over.

Ken: Once the ten days are over, that's the point where some immediate kind of treatment has to be begun. What we're going to offer is groups for parents, wives or husbands of residents or in community people because what happens is that these people change and the parents and wives have to know what to expect.

Huckel: Again, I want to get back to the structure of this program. Now, let me say that I'm in this rapid detoxification program. I started this on a Friday and I would see you on Tuesday and Wednesday. Then, would I not be in contact with this clinic for the next week while I'm doing my own detoxification or would I come here to the clinic to receive gradually lessening amounts of Methadone?

Dr.: If the clinic accepted you for detoxification, it would go on for ten days or thereabouts. You would come in, and the only time we have allowed people to have Methadone for a two or three day period was over the weekend. We're going to have additional staff who are going to get educated in this area.

Huckel: Oh, then there would be people I could go to who would be sympathetic to what was happening.

Dr.: No question about it - sure.

continued on the next page

Steve Barrios - Bat Boy  
Al Pazo and Don Holloway - Coaches  
Ben Skelton - Manager

## INTERVIEW

Huckel: Well then, after the ten days I am back and I'm talking to you again and I decide that I want to try it in-community rather than in residence. So, therefore, I'm going to be here in Key West, right? What then?

Ken: I would see the person every Tuesday and Wednesday I was here. For much of the week they are going to be pretty much alone unless it is a critical situation and then they could come in and talk to Lou who will be here.

The in-community is hard. You only see a person maybe, if it's two groups a week, it'd be four hours, and maybe twice individually, which is another two. This is a period of six hours out of a whole week and the rest of it they're going to have to kind of do for themselves.

Huckel: But with this increase in staff here, they will be able to talk with some one, say, Wednesday afternoon, no?

Dr.: Right, that's what they're going to be for.

A.: Well, what about me? I still, you know, I still have got the idea in my head to go to Spectrum but I want to allow myself some more time to test myself to be sure that I'm completely detoxified, because I don't want to go in there and then within a week break down and bust out and start all over again.

Ken: Well, no one knows that for sure. At this point, it would be rather difficult with your court thing to take you into the house. In the meantime, there is no reason why you can't become involved in the in-community part of the program.

Huckel: Would the group sessions increase as this program got going? Would it be two three, or four times a week?

Ken: It would probably be two. It is not even good to have more than three.

Huckel: Oh, it is not? O.K., and that's like what - a group meeting?

Ken: An encounter group. What we're trying to do is to get a few people and build a core group, and as time goes on, they can almost get to the point where they can handle their own group, if necessary. And then we can start enlarging the group because at first, when you have six or seven, people sitting around in an encounter group and none of them have ever been in one before, it can get to be kind of a frightening experience.

A.: That's what happened to me at the V.A. They had the group and the addicts and the staff coming down on me so heavy I didn't know which way I was going. I thought I was flipping out.

Ken: A person who goes into residence for the first couple weeks may say nothing in groups and they have them there three times a week.

When they become a little bit comfortable and understand what it's all about - because sometimes it can be confronted in a pretty raw type of way - it gets better. In some places the only rule in an encounter group is that there is no violence. You can say anything you want or anything you feel. And it's the kind of place where people can kind of air out their emotions and kind of put things out in the middle of the floor and take a look at them. And once we have three or four people who have learned how the basics of a group work, then we can start increasing it in

size. Because if not, it's kind of a situation where I'm sitting there doing all the talking and there's seven people there who are afraid to say anything.

A.: That's the way I was in the group sessions.

Huckel: But after a while, you got into it?

A.: Yes. We would have the larger groups and they would split into smaller groups and I found that I expressed myself more in smaller group.

Huckel: Basically then this program that we are going to have here is for those who really want to give drugs up. It is not going to have an allure for those who are not serious about giving up drugs. You are really kind of an emergency program, right?

Dr.: Bill, I would emphasize this - that the clinic operates that way anyway. Any community out-patient clinic such as ours operates that way. If all the people who could use some kind of counseling or mental health service came to this clinic, we would be inundated.

Ken: Right, that's what they're going to be for.

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A person who has used drugs for a long time can go through a clean period and something can happen, and BOOM, it's gone.

I think that that's been tested to me in the time that I have been back out in the community and kind of living my own life. It was something that I was even afraid of, at first.

And I guess that to accept the fact that you can't be happy all the time and that there is a lot of kind of trudging along and a lot of misery, touched a light, too.

But if you are willing to experience all your emotions - if I feel sorrow, I will allow myself to feel that; if I am happy, I will be happy - you are so much more in contact with your own feelings and are so much more aware of yourself and of other people, that you become less afraid to confront a situation.

Huckel: Isn't it part of the theory of Spectrum to toughen those emotions gradually so that you will be able to cope when you are finally cut loose?

Ken: Right.

Huckel: And, I guess, implicit in what you say is that you feel that life is a mixed bag, it has its groovy parts and it has its ungroovy parts, too. That's part of your adaptation for when you are finally phased out of Spectrum.

How long is a person generally in Spectrum? Eighteen months to two years? Or does it vary?

Ken: It does vary. It varies in each individual; it varies greatly.

What Spectrum does is to provide the environment, which is a very positive one. It provides certain tools. The addict has to do it basically himself. And some people progress on a much faster level than others.

I know some programs have much different levels - three months, six months, nine months, twelve months.

Our's isn't that way. If a person seems to be growing at a faster rate than someone else, then they can leave in a minimum of fourteen to fifteen months or it could be as long as two years.

Dr.: The feeling that I'm getting out of our conversation today is that a great deal of what has to be offered into the treatment program is the individual's motivation, as Ken says, or the guts; the determination to get the hell out of their problems.

A.: They've got to want to quit it; to get out of it.

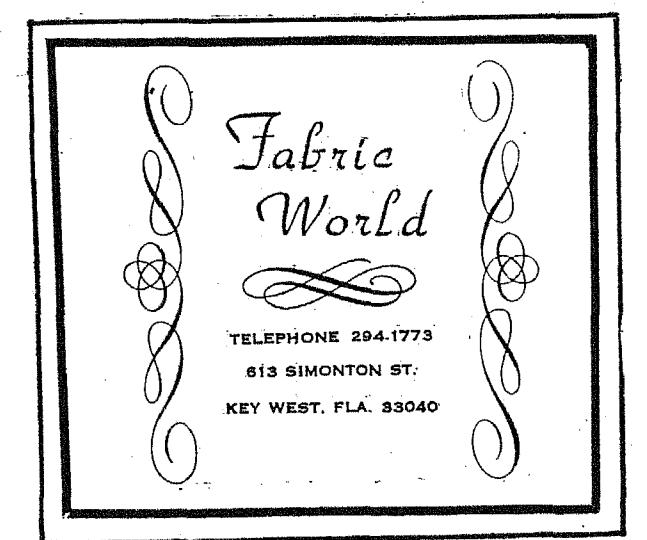
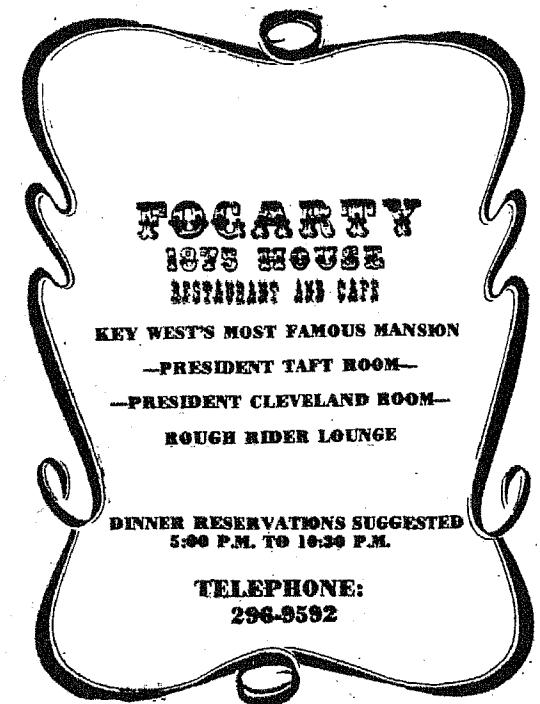
Ken: Even at best the treatment of drug abuse has not been very successful. If you want to generalize, I'd say that of the people who come into our program, approximately fifty-two percent stay.

And, of this fifty-two percent who stay through the four or five therapeutic communities, such as Daytona, about sixty-five percent of them never use drugs again.

When you think about eight or ten years ago, when the cure rate in this country was tiny, we've made some pretty great strides.

And, of the graduates of Spectrum, which has only been in existence two and a half years, nobody has gone back to drugs. But to say that's how it's going to be is not realistic. I am sure that some people will return to drugs.

continued on page 12



## Tinkerbell

Sea Mammal Motivational Institute is a young research organization, dedicated to the study of diving mammals; however, its methods and aims have taken a radical turn from the attitudes that most Americans associate with research. SEAMAMM feels that when man works with an animal he is responsible for its complete physical and mental well-being. To them, this does not mean clean cages and a few play rocks placed in an enclosed pool. It means day to day stimulation - play and training - by people working with free animals. Animals in their care are not caged or restricted. They have open access to the sea and may leave at any time.

SEAMAMM's work is done in the Florida Keys where clear, warm water makes prolonged work and observation by their staff possible. Divers working with free swimming seals and sea lions have become a familiar sight to local residents and vacationers.

The following account of the voyage of a sea lion was written by Stephen G. Hawes for Sea Mammal Institute Magazine and is here excerpted for our readers.

In the April-June issue of the SEAMM Newsletter, D.D. McAbee, one of our staff members, told the story of Tinkerbell. A six year old California sea lion, Tinkerbell had come a long way at SEAMM. Though she had gone through some hard times in the hands of man she had learned to trust human beings and work with all of us here in Key Colony Beach.

However, everything was not simple with "Tink", and she gave us moments of grave concern by leaving our base for a long tour of the Florida Keys. It was Tinker's return to SEAMM after that jaunt that climaxed the article by Miss McAbee. At that time, we believed that Tinker was over her wandering urge, but she was to show us otherwise in a most spectacular manner.

Sea lions are not native to Florida, but would-be experts can be found everywhere. In short, there was no shortage of answers to the questions of Mr. Houghton, Mrs. Pierrepont and Mrs. Frost. Some advisors suggested covering the animal with a wet towel, others thought euthanasia was

the answer. Mr. Houghton ruled out mercy killing. True, some sea mammals did beach themselves when they were approaching death, but this animal was a sea lion, perfectly at home on land. Furthermore, she was simply too friendly. It could not be a wild, sick animal.

Mr. Houghton's investigation led him to contact the New York Aquarium. Doug Kemper, the acting curator, knew about SEAMM, and he suggested that Mr. Houghton call us for assistance. The next phone call pulled everything together.

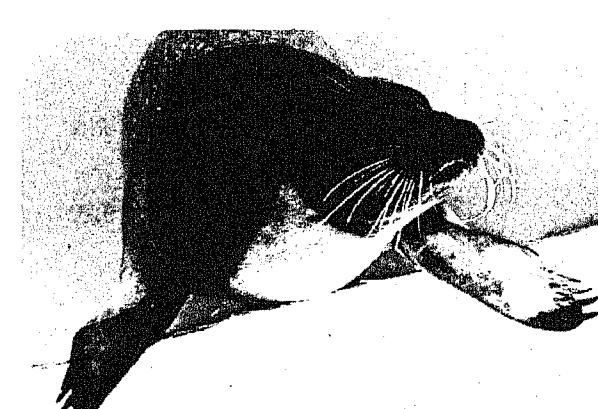
Mr. Houghton explained the amazing story to Nina Horstman, a director of SEAMM. He told her of the sea lion at Mrs. Pierrepont's pool, describing an animal four to five feet long. Nina could not believe it. Boca Grande was over 160 miles from Dry Tortugas where Tinker had disappeared. This wasn't the same animal. She described some of Tinker's distinguishing characteristics. Mr. Houghton went to the pool to check, and returned to the phone excitedly. It was Tinker, all right.

Within an hour, Nina and Steve Hawes, the staff manager, were aboard a chartered plane and on their way to Boca Grande. Tinker's long journey had been so unpredictable.

To Tharon, the proprietor of the San Carlos Theatre, for presenting full scale rock and folk concerts for two Sundays in a row to the people of Key West at a cost of only one dollar per concert to attend. That's very groovy. Thanks, Tharon.

dictable that neither knew what to expect from the animal next. When they arrived, everything seemed perfectly normal. Tinkerbell was eating her favorite food, Spanish mackerel and had received her vitamin supplement. She gave strong indications of recognizing the SEAMM personnel.

Next morning Tinkerbell, Nina and Steve were driven back to Key Colony Beach in a VW bus supplied through the courtesy of Mr. Houghton. Upon their arrival, Tink flopped down on her familiar air mattress where she spent most of her time in rest for the next few days. She had, after all, covered 167 nautical miles in a period of nine days during her adventure. Since then, Tinkerbell has been free in the canal behind the SEAMM office and has made many trips to the reefs offshore. We hope soon to return to the Dry Tortugas and observe her behavior there."



## Tober

Tober is Samantha's "Fire Dance" at Lou's bar. Tober is seeing Scotty all dressed up moving down Petronia Street. Tober is sitting under the Australian Pines on a windy day in the graveyard. Tober is the opening of a new shop called The Conspiracy on Duval Street.

## THANKS

## The Lowe House Nursery

HANGING BASKETS OF BEGONIAS, FERNS, COLEUS  
620 Southard St.

WHOLESALE RETAIL



## El Mocambo

Open 24 hrs.

US 1 Big Coppit Key  
HAPPY HOUR  
MON., WED. & FRI. 4:30 to 7  
large draft 20¢

Now under Management of Bell Hei Bob

## Poems

Phoebe Coan

Song of the Artist

See the vision  
of the artist,  
See the beauty  
of his name.  
Hear the echo  
of his laughter,  
feel the joy;  
feel the pain.

He's making pictures  
on the steeple;  
He rides the horse  
and finds a dance,  
He bracelets leaflets  
through his fingers  
and makes a breeze  
become a trance.

Smell the roselets  
in his garden,  
He's painting prisms  
in the air,  
He's singing songs  
to redder cherries,  
He rosies cheeks  
far from despair.

He's walking far  
between the vallies,  
He's hiking mountains  
through the plains,  
He cries aloud  
the call to freedom,  
He's walking proud  
and has your name.

Birth

It could have been  
the morning of the pimpernell,  
It could have been  
the afternoon of the swan,  
For all I knew you  
took my hand and  
you held it well,  
and both of us were  
born.

## The Purple Martin

Thurlow Weed

If a glance at the streets tells you  
that the tourist season hasn't started yet,  
look up in the sky and you will see that it  
has. The fall migration southward is  
underway, and recently large numbers of  
Purple Martins have been passing.

There is scarcely anywhere in the  
Lower Keys that the Martins are not  
skimming as they head for Venezuela and  
Brazil. They are easier to see out where  
the developers have not done their work  
than they are right in town, simply be-  
cause they are rather small birds (eight  
inches long) and there are fewer obstruc-  
tions to the vision up the road than in  
the city.

The male of the species is the  
purple one, the metallic sheen being on  
his upper surfaces. Females and juveniles  
are brown with a light belly and a  
dark cap, which makes them resemble in  
some ways miniature Laughing Gulls. The  
general shape of the bird is a flying  
cross with the crossbar swept sharply  
back.

August may seem early for the  
migration to begin, but Martins have  
been observed heading south over the Keys  
as early as the third week of June, when  
many other migratory birds have not much  
more than finished their northward  
journey. It seems strange, but you will  
have to take it up with the Martins.

They are unusually susceptible to  
cold weather, in two ways. They easily  
freeze to death, and a late spring or  
early fall freeze does them in by  
thousands. Their diet is exclusively  
insects, and an unseasonable freeze, by  
reducing the insect population, will  
cause those escaping freezing to starve  
to death.

The Purple Martin is a popular bird,  
and the insect diet is one reason why.  
Residents of the Keys may be noting that  
there are fewer bugs lately, but not many  
will be aware of why. When the Martins  
come to a large body of water, rather  
than fly across it they go around it.  
Thus, when it reaches the Keys, the  
Martin migration comes vacuuming down  
the chain of islands instead of being  
spread out over the Gulf.

Their mellowed and varied song adds  
to their popularity, as does their  
extreme readiness to nest in colonies in  
man-made bird boxes and their vigorous  
defense of the nests, which drive crows  
and hawks away from the neighborhood.

Watch for the Martins in these days,  
a highly favored bird. And you may have  
the bonus of observing many other species  
moving south as September advances upon us.

## INTERVIEW

Ken: Spectrum is the only recognized  
treatment center in the U.S. other  
than Lexington, the Federal Hospital  
there - recognized by N.A.R.A.: that is.

Dr.: Do you know what N.A.R.A. is?

Huckel: No.

Ken: N.A.R.A. is the Narcotics Rehabili-  
tation Act that was instituted in 1966.  
It was designed to give a person an alter-  
native to prison. There are three titles  
to it. There's Title One which is when  
you are in a Federal Court and they with-  
hold judgment on a drug type offense.

And until you completed the N.A.R.A.  
program which is a minimum of seven months  
in a Spectrum House and two and a half  
years in the community, the charges  
would still be pending. Now if you com-  
pleted that, the charge would be drop-  
ped and you would have no record.

Title Two is a little more severe.  
We don't have any Title Two's in Spec-  
trum. These are people convicted of a  
pretty serious type of crime.

The third one and the one that is  
the largest source of people is the  
Civil Commitment, which is where a per-  
son signs a paper, is brought before a  
Federal judge and the judge places him  
on the N.A.R.A. program. And he must  
spend seven months in the house and  
two and one half years in the community.

We are offering the N.A.R.A. program  
to the community of Key West.

I have a group in the county jail  
that meets at 8:30 Tuesdays. You can't  
really deal with problems in that kind  
of setting, it's too morbid. But, hope-  
fully, it will motivate them so that  
when they get released, they will on  
their own try to do something more.

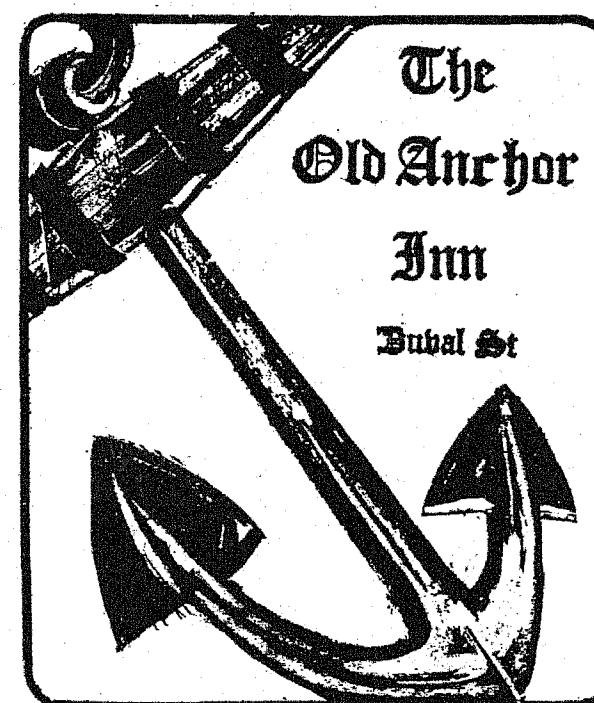
Huckel: And this is planned for here in  
Key West?

Ken: This is all for Key West.

### Synopsis: DRUG ABUSE TREATMENT PROGRAM

The Guidance Clinic of the Flor-  
ida Keys is establishing a program under  
a federal grant to provide more direct  
service to those who have problems of  
drug abuse, including heroin addiction,  
dependence on other psychotropic drugs  
and alcohol. Services will include psy-  
chiatric-medical care, counseling, precare  
and after care for those in in-residence  
programs, information, and community education.  
Care will be offered those arrested  
and jailed and anyone seeking help, but  
the program will benefit most those indi-  
viduals or their families who really want  
help. Fees will be limited and charged ac-  
cording to ability to pay. The program of-  
fice is not yet renovated or furnished.  
Donations toward its completion or for the  
program will be much appreciated. Any-  
one interested in the program may con-  
tact Mr. Ray Beyer, Program Director, or  
Dr. Louis O'Connor.

LOCATION: 3221 Flagler Avenue  
TELEPHONE: 294-5237  
OFFICE HOURS: 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.



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