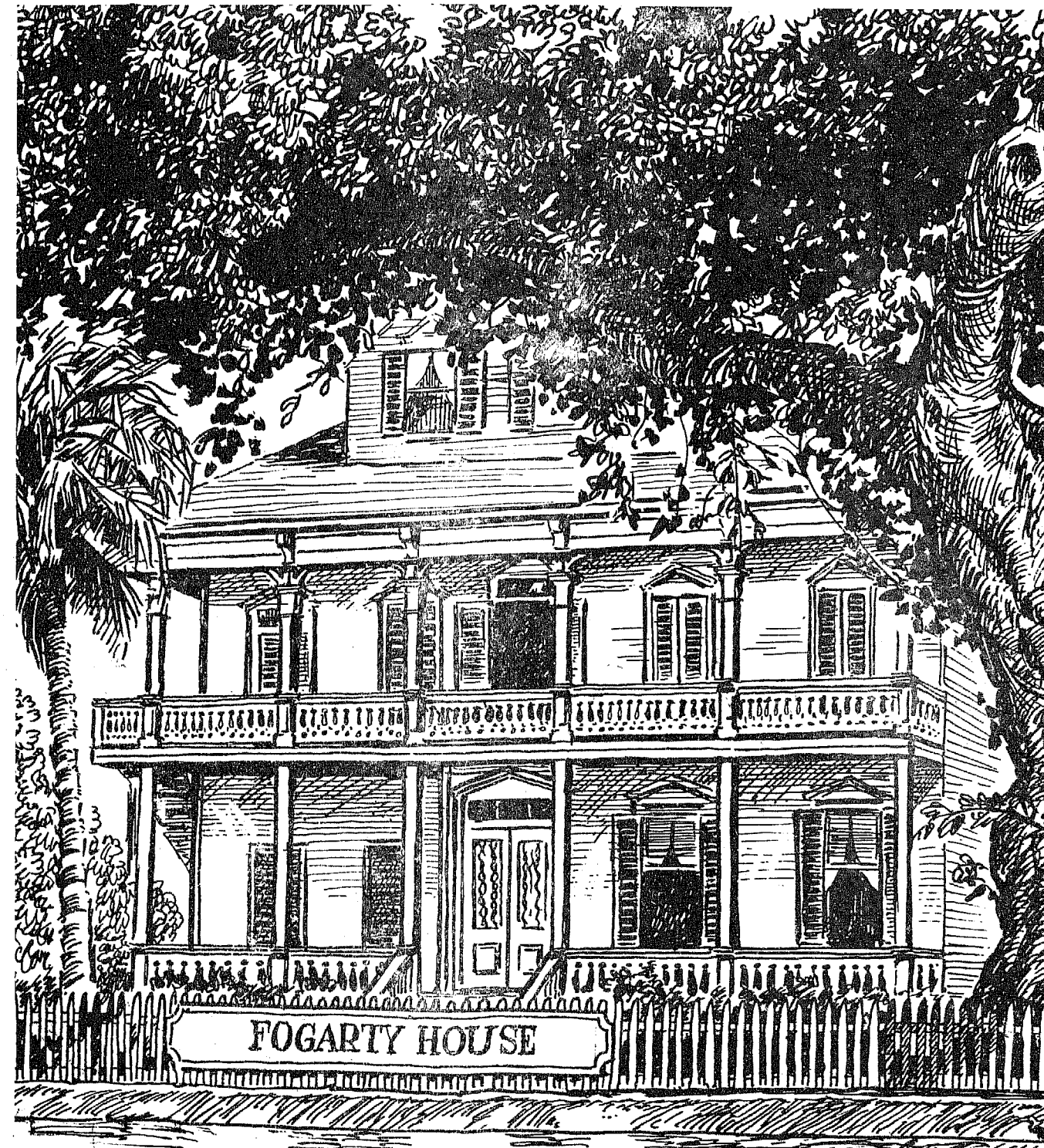
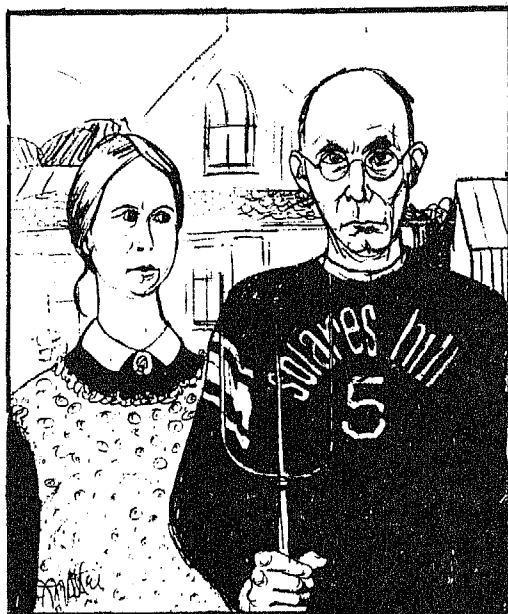


# The Fogarty House Odyssey



**Inside: Jamie Herlihy, Bobby Brown,  
Billy Freeman, The Rockland Key Commune  
and more.**

## Founding Mothers & Fathers



With apologies to Grant Wood.

WE HAD AN IDEA, YOU SAID: "DO IT"

BERN & BETTY BROTHERS ..... LITTLE TORCH KEY, FLA  
 BILL & ELIZABETH DU FRESNE ..... MIAMI, FLA.  
 CAPT. EDWIN CRUSOE IV ..... MIDDLE TORCH KEY, FLA  
 JAMES LEO HERLIHY ..... KEY WEST, FLA.  
 DEFOREST MELLON JR ..... CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.  
 POPPE ..... MONROE CO., FLA.  
 A BIG FISH KEEPER ..... IN THE EAST  
 JOHN J. QUINN, ESQ. .... KEY WEST, FLA

### "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, HOLY FAITH"

It's not too late to get in on Founding Mother - or Fatherhood. For fifty dollars you get a lifetime subscription to Solares Hill. Send check or money order payable to Solares Hill Publishing Company, 812 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040.



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 EDITORIAL..... "DANCING BILL" HUCKEL  
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With a little help from our friends...  
 R. Adm. & Mrs. W. F. Schleich, Bob "tailor made rubber cement" Burdine, Swift's Empire, Chris, Joan Cass, Shelly, Elizabeth and Bill, Nancy, Tom, Pauline, Paul, Lincoln Daniels, Ray "HP-2" Knopp, Senorita Zorita, Charlie, Jim Coan, Evan Rhodes, The Days, Ray Daniels, Mrs. Huckel, Sr. & the Doppler.

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## TOBER

What does tober mean? Defining it is kind of hard but we can describe it. In Key West we have many examples of tober.

Tober is the good feeling you get when you see Miss Watkins at the General Delivery window of the Post Office and get a letter; it is the good feeling you still get when you see Miss Watkins and don't get a letter.

It's the bouncy pleasure given you from a mango ice cream cone at El Cacique on Duval Street.

It's the beautiful bank of white and purple periwinkles at the corner of Peacock Lane and Eaton Street.

It's Dorothy Raymer walking her dog down the street.

It's having to make a choice between the 4th of July and the New El OK restaurants.

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

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# Rockland Key

## COMMUNE DIARY

**Dec. 17:** Ronnie, Tom and I decided to move up the Keys. There are just too many hassles here in Key West with the vagrancy laws and the high prices of rent and utilities. Ronnie said he heard of a place on Rockland Key.

**Dec. 20:** We rented the house on Rockland today. It's only \$40 a month and our only utility is water. The ice box and stove runs on bottled gas and there's no need of electricity. We can make our own candles and our own music. The place is in pretty bad shape. The whole yard is completely covered with shoulder high weeds and wrecked cars. The back room's floor is about to collapse but the house is full of great possibilities. There's a run down chicken coop in the back; we could fix it up and raise our own chickens and fresh eggs. There are only four rooms in house: a living room with two fold down couches, a bedroom with a double bed, a bathroom and the kitchen. Goonie loves it out here. There's so much land and water for him to get into. It's hard on a dog to live in town. There are six of us already: Ronnie, Tom, Ben, Steve, Ed and myself - a really nice family.

**Dec. 21:** Mr. Johnson came down again today. He's self-proclaimed Mayor of Rockland Key. He brought us five loaves of bread. So far all the neighbors have been beautiful.

**Dec. 22:** My parents are coming down for Christmas vacation. They are going to stay in town and I'll be staying down there with them. We have two more people at the house. They seem like really nice guys. They're from New York - Matty and Larry.

**Dec. 23:** My parents came today and I had dinner waiting for them. Ronnie, Matty and Larry came for dinner also. Mom and Dad really like Ronnie.

**Dec. 25:** I spent half the day with my parents and the evening with my other family. Both families mean as much to me as the other. Larry's van was totaled today which is really bad. The guy who hit him didn't even have insurance. At Rockland we sat around the fire and got stoned on some grass that some dude gave us for a Christmas present and we sang.

the sun to sleep.

**Dec. 26:** It's raining - rain can be really depressing at times; Mom and I played cards most of the day. Matty and Larry came to visit.

**Dec. 27:** Mom and Dad are going back to North Carolina tomorrow. Having been away from my parents and the home life scene for so long I had forgotten why I had left. They are such good people. They dig my friends and my new way of life which is cool but their bickering will always drive me away. New people are coming all the time to Rockland, some great and some not so great. On the whole they are really far out people. The yard has been completely cleaned up. Everyone was out pulling up weeds and picking up garbage. Some of the guys put wheels on the wrecked cars and pushed them out of the yard. Cement blocks and 2X4's were put under the back room for more support. Dirt was brought in for a garden. It's all coming along fine. No work list is needed, the work is just done. We have about six people every night doing the dishes, singing and having a good time. There are about 25 people now.

**Dec. 28:** Mom and Dad left this morning - hope they have a safe trip home. I planted my radishes today and my peas. Someone planted lettuce and cucumbers yesterday. All we need now is our own crop of grass and we'll have everything we need - fresh vegetables, fish from the charter boats and lots of grass - what more can one ask for?

**Dec. 31:** A start of a new year and it looks like it is going to be a good one. We had lots of visitors from town to welcome the new year in. We had a big dinner and some wine, grass and song. This time last year I was in college with no thought of moving down here to Key West. I am really glad I did; it is one of the most beautiful cities that I have ever lived in and I have been all around the country and the world. Happy New Year.

**Jan. 2:** Woke up early for the sunrise; what a sight.

**Jan. 4:** We've got our own private lagoon. We've been trying to catch our own fish but there are just some small snapper and little grunts. Seems like the only things I can catch are

## AN EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Rockland Key copy seems a bit one-sided. Do we feel that the hippie campers are blameless? Of course not. In the next issue we'll pursue this perennial winter problem further.

seagulls, seaweed and my pants leg but it sure is fun trying. The lagoon The lagoon is also good for swimming, and beautiful for sunbathing. We have between 10-20 people a day arriving. A-frames and tents are being put up all around the house and through the key. There are now about 80 people. We hooked up an outside shower and a chemical toilet for all the people.

Some of the guys are working on the cucumber boats for \$2.00 an hour. We get avacadoes, cucumbers and tomatoes from the boat which is really good. The other day the head man decided to have one shift instead of two. A strike was called by the Rockland boys. The man said for them to go home then but when the Rockland boys started to leave everyone followed, straights and freaks alike. He hired two shifts.

**Jan. 6:** I am sure glad Matty and Larry came; they are two of the most far-out people I have met in Key West yet.

**Jan. 7:** The police came today and arrested four of my brothers: Larry, Chris, Jack, and Buddy. Two were skinny dipping (indecent exposure) and Larry was arrested for interfering with the duty of an officer and Buddy for open profanity. The bonds are ranging from \$500.00-1500.00 We hope to get them out on Monday. Poor Larry; first his car and now this nonsense.

**Jan. 8:** My radishes came up - it won't be long now - I love radishes.

**Jan. 10:** We couldn't get them out today. We'll have to wait 'til Thursday. We had 123 people for dinner tonight. We served steak, rice, salad, and fish. A friend of the family brought the steak, and the fish came from the charter boats.

**Jan. 11:** Kilo's been stolen. Who would steal someone's cat - he was like my own child; I can just hope that the people will treat him good. Little things like this have been happening lately. Clothes, blankets and my records have started to disappear. I guess it is the people who are like here a day and gone, they don't really care. Things just don't seem to get done the way they used to; the same people keep doing it

continued on p.13



# Rockland Key

## "THEY COME DOWN HERE EVERY WINTER"

In the early spring of 1956, Monroe County citizens called a traditional "town meeting" in front of the County Judge. County residents were upset, and they were demanding action: "Too many campers; they're all over my property."

"They just ignore the no trespassing signs or tear them down!"

"The county has to do something!"

The Judge decreed that the Sheriff's Department and the Florida Highway Patrol were responsible for keeping "illegal campers" out of Monroe County.

Once again the Keys are facing the winter influx of Thoreaus and Whitmans, the campers who find their pleasure on the beach, notat poolside. These are the wilderness lovers who come down U.S. 1 looking for that place in the sun where they can set-up camp. Unlike much of the rest of America, the Keys are fortunate to still have plenty of land for the camper who is looking for his own tropical island for a week. Today Henry David Thoreau is a trespasser.

Tuesday, February 9, 1971: The County Board of Commissioners called the Sheriff, the Zoning Department and the Sanitation Department on the carpet. In a news release in the Miami Herald,



Commissioner John Parker commented that the campers were often "undesirables with drugs, and they are hurting the tourist image of the Keys." Sheriff Brown, speaking before the commissioners, reported that his department had made "60 some arrests (of the illegal campers) in the last couple of weeks."

Dr. Antell, head of the County Health Department, sees the problem as one which occurs every year. "It's a problem of just too many people for the facilities available. It happens every year. It happened in 1956 and in every year since. It will happen again next year. There's just not enough room for these campers."

The commissioners recommended to Sheriff Brown that he increase his arrests of campers "to show people that they can't camp down here except in designated areas" even though Harry Harris, County Mayor, had commented earlier, "I don't know how you can arrest all these people, Bobby. We don't have enough jail to hold them all."

Commissioner Billy Freeman suggested that a sign be erected at the County line, "Camping except in authorized areas is prohibited. All violators will be prosecuted." Sanitation Director Dick Wells suggested that such a sign could be erected over the highway, "like those signs on the toll roads," so that people would be sure to see it.

A "keep out" sign over U.S. 1 welcoming people to the Keys? Why can't we approach the problem of "illegal campers," not by making arrests, but by legalizing camping? Dr. Antell recommends more campgrounds to meet the influx. Can't we construct more camping areas throughout the Keys that would accommodate our winter, and increasingly, year-around guests?

Because of the recent interest in the Rockland Key Commune, Solares Hill wished to present to its readers the viewpoints of the authorities involved. Sheriff Brown has an "Open door policy" toward the press and was happy to talk with this paper about the Rockland Key incident.

Jamie Hildebrand and her "brothers and sisters" of the Rockland Key Commune are not the "illegal campers" who are here for a day or two before heading north again in their VW campers or with their knapsacks on their backs. As Jamie says in her "Diary," she rented a house with her friends in order to make a home. How has the County responded to this group of young people?

Sheriff Brown commented "We had been receiving complaints from property owners on Rockland Key. It's our job to follow up on these complaints." On January 21, the Sheriff's department moved in on the Rockland Key Commune, rounded up most of the commune residents and took them to the County jail. Sheriff Brown inter-

viewed many of the group, and finding most of them "without any visible means of support" offered to transport to the County line anyone who wanted to leave. Twenty-nine of the group volunteered to be bussed up the Keys.

"I have not filed any of the charges," Sheriff Brown continued referring to the trespass, health, and zoning violations, "But what could happen (this is not a threat now) is that the Health Department could file a complaint and ask for an injunction in Circuit Court against the landlord."

Solares Hill asked Dick Wells, County Sanitation Director, about the situation. "They were warned during my visit on January 20, that the facilities for waste disposal were inadequate," he said. When asked what kind of sewage system the commune had that was inadequate, Wells said, "I don't know, the landlord could have a barrel in the ground out there, for all I know, it's a no man's land, an eyesore. Every area has its eyesore hidden somewhere. That's ours." Both Wells and Dr. Antell felt that the problem was much bigger than the commune.

"It's a disgrace," Dr. Antell commented, "One of the number-one priority items on the County's list for this year is the clean-up of those eyesores on Rockland Key and Stock Island. The County has asked the Aqueduct Commission to take over responsibility for the lower Keys sewage disposal. But, I doubt if they'll do it before we get it cleaned up. We've got a lot of work out there."

So the Rockland Key Commune continues. Jamie and her "brothers and sisters" don't know whether they violate a zoning code or not. They know their "barrel in the ground" is inadequate for sanitation, but what is adequate? Can a commune be legal in Monroe County? We think the County should set definite standards for all areas - no man's lands or not - and then abide by them.



## WHAT YA GOT COOKIN'?

Phoebe Coan

Let us give praise to the potato. When baked to perfection one can eat the outer skin and derive great nourishment, along with its fluffy innards (which only become terribly fattening when immersed in butter and/or sour cream—yum!). Hail to the potato! It is easy to grow and can be prepared with other foods in a variety of creative ways.

As for me, recipes are merely a framework for improvising one's own things. A recipe is a guide that can blend with the things one may happen to have on hand at the moment of creation—That awful and beautiful moment when "waiting for fullness" and the hungry looks are focused, and you're on, fluttering about and trying to cook up a groovy thing.

My friend Socorro del Valle once made such a potato dish as I am lauding, for my husband. Being like minded, it was a thing I had been imagining myself. I dub this all-in-one vegetarian fantasy: Potato Keish, and hope you will all try to add your own touch to it.

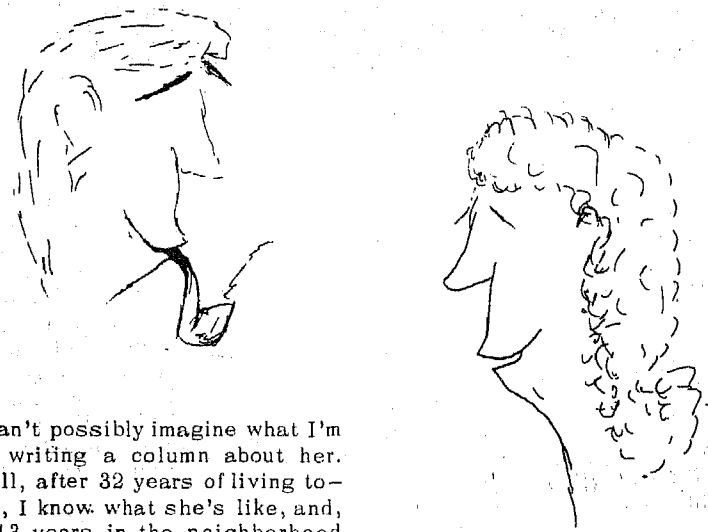
Anyway, bake a couple of nice sized potatoes if you want to feed three well, and add another potato for each additional serving. Scoop out shells and let potatoes cool in bowl with butter, salt, pepper, and 1/2 finely diced onion. Salt and pepper according to your own taste. Then, if you have peas, fine. If you have squash, wonderful. For me, mushrooms, carrots, and pole beans finely cut and brought to a simmer are favored ingredients. The beans should have a nice green color. Do not overcook them. Add your selection of fresh vegetables to the potato mixture and smooth it with a small amount of milk and sour cream. (Note, feel your way along here. No one particularly cares for lumpy potatoes; or for those that are too loose. I prefer to judge rather than measure myself, using the eye as a guide.)

And so, in a reasonably short period of time you've ended up with quite a satisfying and healthful mixture. For me, a finishing touch would be to place my Potato Keish in casserole with some strips of muenster cheese, and bake for 10 or 15 minutes until cheese is puffed up good and proud. If I were planning on the Potato Keish as a side dish, I would refill the potato shells, add cheese and bake. (Good with salad or seafood dishes.)

Vegetables shouldn't be too finely diced, for you want to see the colorful slices in the potato blend. They should be respected as great natural gifts from the land. If you can avoid the added middleman bother of having cellophane and paper boxes to throw away from packaged and frozen vegetables, do so. Fresh fruits and vegetables are always best.

As for choice of potato, one needn't necessarily use an Idaho, though they do nicely as will any baking potato. And again, praise the potato, whatever kind you use, however you prepare it. Remember, it was nourished by the earth that now nourishes you.

## LOUIS AND LOUISE



I can't possibly imagine what I'm doing writing a column about her. After all, after 32 years of living together, I know what she's like, and, after 13 years in the neighborhood, everyone else knows what she's like, too. Picture yourself living across the street from us, and one morning a God-awful screech rings out from across the street. That was the morning the boiler had busted and, while going into the basement to wash clothes, basket in hand, unable to see one step after another, she walked into Okeechobee Swamp. But don't jump to conclusions; that's not what she screamed about. Her insistence that I come to the top of the steps and see what had happened was not greatly appreciated at 7am.

Why does a woman have to start her wash at 7am? And besides, my wife has a knack for wanting to see me at the most inconvenient times. In the hopes of being delicate, I was preoccupied. Well, she wouldn't tolerate that. So I had to put down my latest edition of "Mad Magazine" and disengage myself (sorry about that), and came to the head of the stairs. Believe me, it was well worth interrupting myself. That is until she told me she had just spent \$25.00 on a new hairdo the day before. Well, standing there in the lapping waters with my polkadot undershorts going by, I knew my day had begun in the traditionally untraditional manner. "So, what do I do now, Louis. Come on, you're the big mechanic, tell me! Oh, my hair is ruined. I think I'm going to cry."

There are two things I hate in this world: runny eggs and crying women. "Don't cry, don't cry! I'm thinking." I use this ploy to forestall all imminent crying spells. Now it's like an Apollo countdown and launch. Humm's and Ah's have to come at 10 second intervals for 45 seconds. Then an "I think I've got it!" gives another 30 seconds where I think about the idea I didn't have but that I better have within 30 seconds. And then blast-off, the idea: "Why don't you unscrew the drain plug right near your feet."

"Blub, where, blub, blub is it?" "Louise, you'll have to stop drinking while you talk if you want me to understand you." "Blub, blub, where's the plug?, blub." "By your right foot. No, a little more, down, over, up, over, that's it, unscrew it, that's it, right." Have you ever been standing over the drain in your basement, while it was full of water, and pulled the plug? I couldn't blame Louise for screaming, but you have to admit, it's hard to take at 7am.

Where's the justice?

Now really, doesn't he sound impossible? You'd think 7am was something sacred. I've got to do my wash sometime, don't I? Okeechobee Swamp! It was an inch of water. Whataya do with a guy like that! Six am is the time I wake up to the tune of ZZZZZZZ's in harmony. That's no way to start the day, either.

The wash had piled up for two weeks and will take me all day anyhow. So, get one load in and done before the Master wants breakfast. Unfortunately, I'm not born with front-view mirrors and hadn't taken a driver-training course in "How to negotiate a curving, winding, twining staircase while loaded down with 357 pounds of polka-dot undershorts." For those who haven't tried it, don't. You might step into an inch of water. Which is the last thing I expected at 7am. Polka-dots covered the basement and I was flat out doing my favorite swimming routine, the Louise Float. The hairdo didn't matter. Well, that's not true. After sitting under the dryer for 1 1/2 hours, burning my neck and sizzling my eyebrows, I didn't care to have it washed away inside of a minute. And getting that big Oaf out of his constipated den and down to help me is like expecting Tarzan to be able to get Cheetah out of the house during his love scene with Jane. Have you ever heard Louis's laugh? It's somewhere between my Mother-in-law's and a black crow's that perches on our back fence and feels obligated to let us know he's there. "Can't you help me?" "This is too funny to believe. Wait until the guys at the office get this one."

"If you don't help me this instant I'm going to cry." That always works with him. He really hates two things: crying and bad toilet paper, and I'm sure he would rather have a room full of women crying in his ear than one roll of bad toilet paper. So I don't cry while he ponders his navel and mine gets wet. "Unscrew the plug by your foot." I easily do that and the water starts draining. All of a sudden, as the floor begins to surface, there are two dead mice bodies floating towards me. Now what would you have done?

Stan Becker

The path to be followed in learning something about aloes is marked by strange growth forms, beautiful flowers, and exciting tales of marvelous healing properties. However, one of the most fascinating aloe stories relates to one of our own Keys and a very odd common name for our best known species of Aloe.

"Why is Bamboo Key called Bamboo Key?" I inquired of a long time resident of Key Vaca. I was very much aware that there were no bamboos on the island, probably never were, and I said so. "Sure there's bamboos on it," he replied. "They're all over the place, and that's why we call it 'Bamboo Key,'" but you probably call 'em aloes."

Bamboo? Aloes? How did the aloes ever pick up a popular or common name belonging to a completely unrelated rainforest plant? I've never been able to find out just how the well-known healing aloe, *Aloe barbadensis*, came to be called "bamboo." However, in the typically amazing manner of aloes, this valuable species not only acquired a most peculiar common name, but adjusted so well to life in our Keys that it gave this peculiar name to one of them.

The aloes are one of the most outstanding groups of xerophytes (ze'ro files) or plants that are uniquely adapted to dry climatic conditions. Of more than two hundred species in the genus Aloe, only a few are represented in the United States. All of these, including our famous medicinal *Aloe barbadensis*, are exotic imports from the arid regions of South and North Africa, and some of the Atlantic islands.

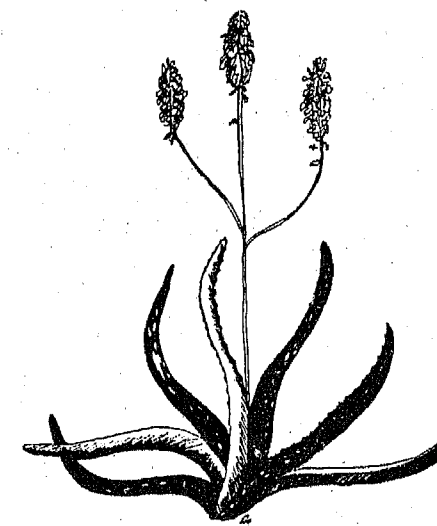
The appearance of aloe plants, and their function in the arid land ecosystems of the Old World, is almost identical to that of our native American agaves, such as the well-known Century Plant. Although both forms store water in fleshy leaves, the aloes differ slightly from agaves in the way they conserve moisture, and protect themselves from being eaten by thirsty desert animals. Aloes lack the thick skins and sharp apical or tip spines that protect the moderately fleshy leaves of agaves. However, the fairly thin-skinned and extremely fleshy leaves of aloes are adequately protected by more or less sharp marginal spines, and perhaps more effectively by a very bitter flavor.

Despite these structural differences, the agaves, which belong to the Amaryllis family, and aloes, which belong to the family of Lillies, are an example of parallel development for the same ecological function in different parts of our planet. Such similar forms, which fill the same ecological niche in different ecosystems, are called "ecological analogues."

The aloes range in size from stemless little leaf clusters less than one inch in height to massive tree-like structures that reach fifty feet. From this wide range of form,

those species that man has selected for cultivation have been chosen particularly for their bizarre shapes and color patterns, and exquisite flowers which are normally borne on tall stalks. However, a few species of Aloe have been cultivated specifically for their medicinal properties.

More than two thousand years ago, the classical Greeks and Romans cultivated *Aloe pernyi* on the shores of the Mediterranean and Aegean seas for a variety of medicinal uses, and today we are doing the same with *Aloe barbadensis*. The commercial crop of aloes is presently used almost entirely in the manufacture of skin creams and lotions, and burn ointments. However, despite persistent reports of marvelous curative powers, the medicinal value of *Aloe barbadensis* is still a subject



of controversy and uncertainty among orthodox medical practitioners. Do much so, in fact, that very little research has been devoted to the medicinal uses of aloes and none in attempts to isolate and identify the active chemical substances in the plant's tissues.

Nevertheless, the people of the Keys have established aloes as one of their most important and effective folk medicines, readily recognized by many physicians who have experienced their curative effects.

A young Key West mother, Phoebe Coan of Pinder Lane, finds that aloe quickly relieves a baby's diaper rash and other skin eruptions as well. The gelatin-like inner material of the leaf (in which the plant stores its moisture) is gently rubbed over the affected area with every diaper change. Application with every diaper change is continued as a preventative measure after the rash has been brought under control. When similarly applied several times a day to other rashes and skin eruptions, the gelatinous substance reportedly provides extremely quick relief. A single application of the pale green aloe gelatin to the inflamed area around a mosquito bite is considered to offer the most effective relief to people with unusually sensitive skins.

I have also been told that aloe gelatin, and particularly the thick or viscous yellow fluid that drips from the gelatin of large old leaves promotes very rapid healing of "black and blue" marks. This viscous yellow fluid may be gathered separately by permitting a large leaf, freshly severed at the base, to drain base down into a glass. Although all aloe gelatin is reportedly effective in treating sunburn and other radiation burns, it is the thick yellow substance that seems to have the greater curative effect.

A surprising number of people in our community make an aloe tea which they drink either as a specific ally needed, or on a regular daily basis as a general all-around stomach soother, skin toner, eye brightener, and super sweet-swingin', non-stop, ever-lovin' medium of joy and well-being.

Perhaps it is this very joyful, subjective and entirely human enthusiasm for aloe as a universal folk medicine cure-all that makes the whole subject terribly suspect in the view of orthodox medicine. Even so, an interview with one of Key West's retired physicians clearly indicated that despite the lack of systematic study on the subject, practical experience with the effectiveness of aloe treatments has proven impressive to a most conservative professional with extensive background in both military and civilian practice.

The physician told of a friend whose fair skin was extremely susceptible to sunburn. Even with a great deal of care some sun exposure was inevitable and in consequence, the gentleman developed skin cancer on several occasions, affecting areas such as the lip, back of the neck and hand. Aloe treatment was actually started with the hope that it would serve as a mild palliative until arrangements could be made for surgical removal of the affected area. Instead, the lip cancer healed completely after a few weeks of regularly applying aloe gelatin, making surgery unnecessary. The carcinomas that subsequently developed on neck and hand were respectively treated surgically and by freezing, essentially without effect, as cancerous development recurred in both areas. However, both areas on neck and hand responded beautifully to a few weeks of regular treatment with aloe gelatin dressings. In another instance a basal cell carcinoma on the forehead also disappeared completely after three weeks of treatment with aloe gelatin dressings, but did recur after subsequent overexposure of the same area to the sun.

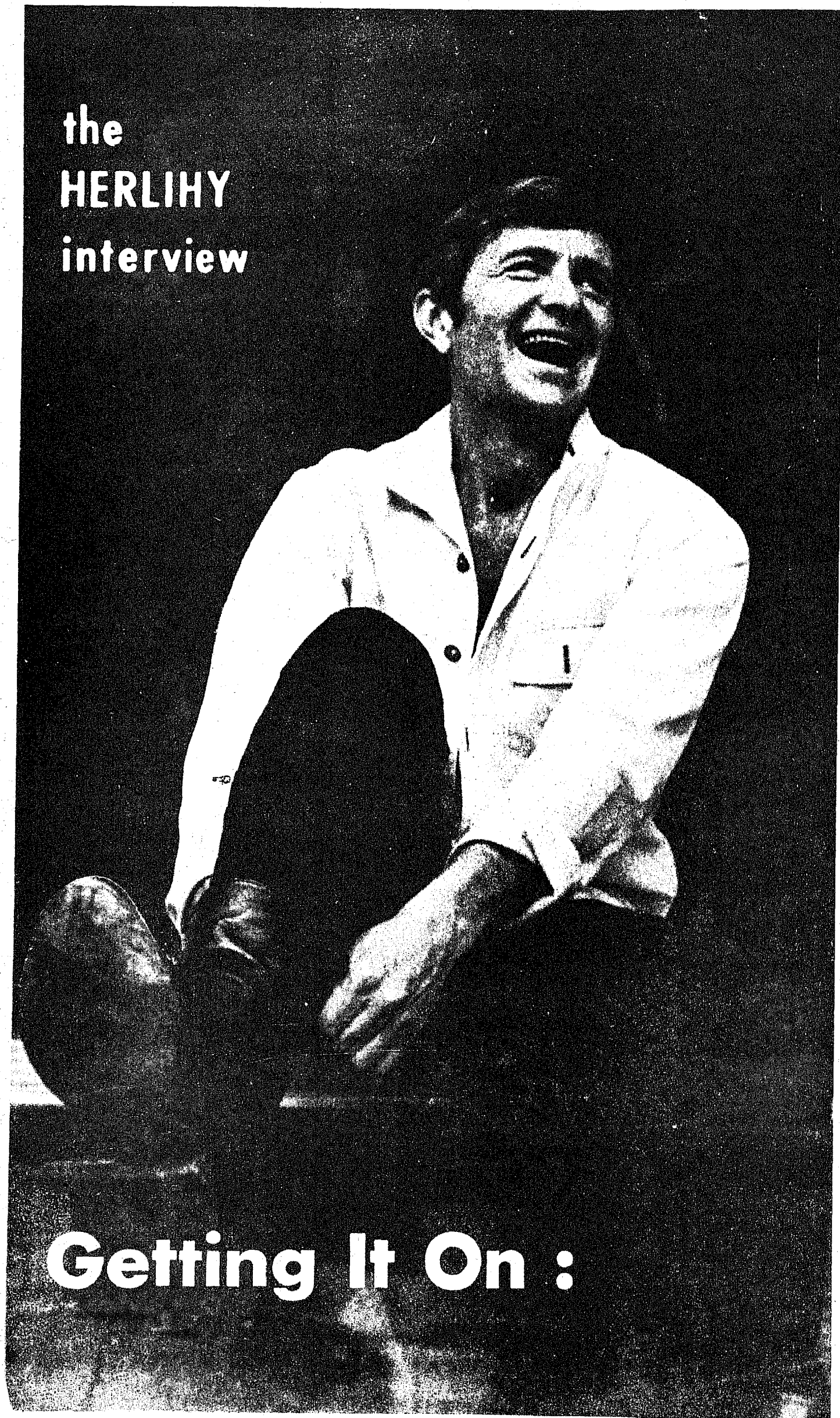
The doctor treated another skin cancer of the hand that persisted in recurring after each of perhaps a dozen surgical removals. This very serious condition began to heal after ten days of treatment with aloe gelatin dressings. Although prolonged treatment was necessary the cancerous growth receded and eventually complete healing resulted. As

continued on p. 15

# The Amazing Aloes



## the HERLIHY interview



# Getting It On :

### PART I: The Walk & Sweep

James Leo Herlihy, author of *Midnight Cowboy*, lives almost at the summit of Solares Hill. From Elizabeth St. I cut into Baker's Lane and pound on the compound gate. Bea (I find out her name quickly, because she's always offering me something: fruit, coffee, tea, ice-cream - thank you, ma'am) opens the gate and I ask to see "Jamie," figuring my familiarity will be enough to get me through the front lines.

It is. Through the maze, follow the brick path to the studio.

"Hello, Jamie, I'm from *Solares Hill*, a new community newspaper."

"O.K."

"Well... I'd like to do... I want to interview you for the first issue."

"Uh-huh. I'm kind of busy right now and..."

I THINK: a brush-off. Damn. Here we are starting a paper and I can't even get an interview.

But Jamie continues: "...can you come back in half an hour?"

Half an hour! Beautiful. We're off.

"Sure, Jamie. See you then."

Thirty minutes later Solares Hill ace reporter is bouncing down to Herlihy's, looking like a badly-packed dromedary, papers fluttering and microphone cords trailing in the Baker's Lane dust.

"Everybody in this town knows about me already," says Jamie as we sit down on the brick floor of the studio. He has lit some frankincense and the billowing smoke moves in around us and slows us down. We get beyond the tape recorder and the interview and just start to talk, getting to know each other. Jamie wants to know about *Solares Hill*.

HERLIHY: First, let me interview you. You're starting a paper, right? What for? Why another newspaper in Key West?

SOLARES HILL: We want to create a paper that will bring the community much more together. We want to create a paper that will give Key West some kind of identity. Some kind of feeling for its traditions, and for where it can grow. What it can do to grow in the right direction - an ecologically sound direction - a direction where people are called upon to use their own skills and their own heritage rather than, for example, serving tourists or doing something that the Navy calls on them to do. This is an island; this is a very unique part of the United States. Many of the traditions that are here are not found, or at least have gone by the boards, in many parts of our country; feelings of individualism, feelings of understanding and respect for nature. We feel this is the kind of community where the United States can regain some of

its lost heritage. It could happen here in our microcosm and be documented as an example of what small communities all over the United States could do.

HERLIHY: That's good. The first time I ever heard that theory put forth as a possibility for Key West was by Merlin Curry. Have you ever talked with Merlin? I hope you're going to interview him, because I think he is a gold mine of good, constructive, creative ideas. The town has been largely deaf to him for various reasons. He's usually written about in the papers in connection with one of his many crimes. For example, waiting for a bus was the last one I was involved with. He had just left my house. Five minutes later he was calling from the jail. He was waiting for a bus in front of the Nite Beat at 4 p.m. And, another one of his crimes: he was picking up a package over at the Greyhound Station. But, in any



case, the papers have focused upon his crimes to the extent that they have failed to realize that this is a gold mine of creative, valuable information which this community needs; not only if it's to become an example, but if it's going to progress with any kind of peace. It's going to need to hear his constructive ideas. And he has lots of them. So I hope you will interview him, since the other papers haven't seen fit to do that.

But let's go on to another vital question about the paper, okay? I think you want to give some thought as to whom your readers are. Do you want to reach people who agree with you? Or do you want to reach the lady who lives out on Duck Avenue, has four kids and a husband who works on the Navy Base, and she's moonlighting as a hairdresser because he doesn't make enough; and maybe one of her kids is a young man of sixteen who has just started to smoke grass. And, like, is she going to be one of your readers? I mean, do you want to reach her? Or do you want this to be read only by high school kids? Like, who do you want to read it? Everybody? Let the chips fall where they may? Now, I think this is really worth thinking about, because I've seen newspapers that do a fabulous job on people that already agree with their own point of view.

SOLARES HILL: Our idea is to make this a community newspaper.

HERLIHY: A community paper? Well, then are you going to be interviewing that lady?

SOLARES HILL: Hopefully. We want to interview her; we want to interview Gamble, the jeweler; we want to interview county commissioners; city commissioners; shrimpers; winos; and Navy men, because this is a total community. That's one of the reasons this place is healthy, because people face each other.

HERLIHY: Will you interview the young people, too?

SOLARES HILL: Right.

HERLIHY: Good. I'd hoped you weren't going to only interview people like me - you know, a writer, and a writer with a reputation. I think there are lots of people in this community with something to say.

Well, let's follow that further. Will the lady on Duck Avenue read it? Will she be able to understand it? This lady who has a sixteen year old kid who is now smoking grass, is she going to understand this kind of paper? That's what I want to know - what's going to be in it that she's going to find pertinent to her life, whether it's

continued on p. 14



# editorial credo

What this town needs is a good, 25 - cent, biweekly newspaper!

Wt

"Something's happening here but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones," is a line from a song by the folk singer Bob Dylan. It describes the way many people feel now. There is a strange sense of marking time while a nameless disaster approaches. Times are so uncertain; somehow everything is different and nothing seems to work right. War, race riots, hippies, pollution, radicals, hard hats, crime, inflation, drugs: We seem to have more problems than abilities to solve them. Some say we should strengthen our institutions to fight these problems; others say we should alter or remove these institutions because the institutions have created the problems. More laws? More freedom? Which way to turn? Who do you trust? Is there a way out?

With all of today's crush of bad news and dreary forecast do we seriously feel that we have the answers that can change all this now? No, but we feel that we can start in the right and is God. We share an outlook that man's fineness dwarfs his meanness; that man's drive is not basically of the jungle but of the soul, and therefore that not only can peace on earth be possible, but that we can make it inevitable. And from this shared outlook we have evolved an attitude - an attitude expressed by William Faulkner when he said "Man shall not only endure, he shall prevail."

If we believe this way then why do we feel that man has gone wrong? We feel that man is out of step with his environment, with nature, with

the universe, with God. We feel that man is meant to flow with life, not to fight it, and that the more he knows of his place in the structure of life, the happier he becomes. When man becomes so happy that he is joyous then love flows from and into him, and love is the flow, the energy, the rhythm of the universe and is God. But our world tends to treat man as unimportant, as a number, a symbol, an abstraction. There is such a tendency to load man down with ideas of his unworthiness and inferiority that he forgets how fine he is. We seek to remind him. A man knows and feels his fineness, can see it in others who, in turn, can see it in others and so the appreciation of man's goodness spreads. "Let the sun shine in" goes the song - we must also let the sun shine out.

Many things are wrong in this town; we do not wish to dwell on the wrongness of them, or of the people who may have brought them about. We want to write about the ways to make things right and the people who are making things right. When we disagree with a man's position we would hope to present a better one. Our purpose is more to celebrate man's achievements than to denounce his errors. We want our paper to help to "let the sun shine out."

In what other ways can our newspaper be a positive force in this community? It can be a force toward human involvement - this makes a community groovy. Plans have been drawn up to revitalize the Thomas Street pool and recreation area and make this wonderful project available to the whole community. O.K. Money is needed to finish the project. A new terrace and concession stand have to be

built, interior partitioning needs to be done, and a park for the very young has to be fixed up on a lot adjacent to the building. You can't get it done without money - wait, yes, by God, you can.

In Pennsylvania Dutch country when a man needs a barn built, the whole neighborhood gets together and builds him one. The women cook a splendid meal, the men pool their talents, materials are obtained and up goes the barn. Why can't we do the same thing here? Music, cotton candy, rice and beans, some local talent, some trained supervision, some help from the City and County, some donated materials, a few afternoons work, and, by heavens, the people of Key West will have made the Thomas Street recreational facility a reality. People working with people to benefit people - that is what it is all about.

Our newspaper can be a force of persuasion. For example we might offer an alternative to the proposed expenditure for a new seven mile bridge. What will it cost? Twenty million? Forty million? A lot of money it seems, but well spent because it will cut down on accidents and make an easier drive. Could such monies be better spent? Supposing this same money were to go to alleviate the misery of the migrant farm camps that we have read so much about recently. Supposing then that in place of the new seven mile bridge, a new safe speed limit of thirty miles an hour were enforced on the bridge. Result? No accidents, a leisurely crossing, and a truly extraordinary period of humanitarian achievement will have been begun. However such action is unheard of today because roads come before people.

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our lives and add joy to our days. For this reason, and another larger, and, to my way of thinking, far more important purpose, I'd like to discuss botany and horticulture, marine biological and ecological subjects directly related to the natural history of Key West and the Lower Keys.

However, I think it will first be necessary to explain some of the ways in which I look at things. The principal purpose of anything I write is advancing a system of thinking termed "whole system" or ecological thinking. Ecology, in practical terms, is the study of systems and how they function, or more precisely, how a system's energy is stored and transferred. This implies a system within which different parts function more or less effectively. Only by the application of "whole system" or ecological thinking can we understand or make any sense out of things happening around us, because this reasoning process asserts and is developed around the concept that nothing exists in isolation, but only in relation to other parts of a whole system. Nothing works or functions

independently, but only because other related things are also functioning in support.

The hand craftsman knows the quality of his work is affected by his mood which is affected in turn by such diverse things as the food he eats, how well rested he is, whether he is cold or warm, the general state of his health, or whether his woman is bitching at or loving him. He also knows that these factors affect, through him, the lives of the people who buy and have to live with his products. It is harder for the industrial worker to retain this sense of relatedness, seeing thousands or tens of thousands of practically identical products emerge from the end of his assembly line, quite unaffected by the events of his life. Nevertheless, that assembly line stops functioning when a main power relay bank fails one hundred miles away because a maintenance man became lethargic from eating too large a lunch and dozed off for thirty minutes when he should have been monitoring the re-

continued on p. 11

## EDITORIAL: BILL

We want to hear of such action though, and if we don't hear of it, then we want to speak of it so that it can be heard. The human needs of people must come first.

Our newspaper can be a force to bring people together. Judging from the zestful reports of the good times had in Key West in the past, it was the happiest town in the country. What has happened? There are no more dances that spill out into the streets, no more Duval Street block parties, no more evening concerts at Mallory. Why? Why aren't there booths set up along Duval Street once a month with kids selling little items they have made, baked, and created and a Cuban band making people dance together, enjoy together, come together? Have people forgotten that being happy is better than being sad? Happiness feels better, works better, is better. I wonder if anyone has ever done a study on how crime and violence disappear when people are having a good time together? Turning negative energies into positive energies is a product of happiness. Happy times are beneficial times for all concerned.

All the bad forces that drive men apart - the fears that give rise to the prejudices, discriminations, and hatreds that, in turn, give rise to the divisions and unhappinesses of today's world - all these forces will scatter and disappear as man finds and uses his goodness to help others to find theirs. But the good that men do will always be absorbed, distracted, or stopped by the ungood unless that good is constantly and systematically presented and supported. We want to help to do that. A newspaper can be the vehicle for the good ideas necessary to bring about this good change.

WE WANT TO BE THAT NEWSPAPER



David L. Etheredge

A Fish behind glass is nice too see but A fish in the sea is real beauty to me

The Treehouse

I am very comfortable except for the fact that the tree bends in the wind and my house is tilted at an angle

## EDITORIAL: STAN

lays. The whole system, of which that factory and that assembly line are part, occupied a much larger space than a quick surface examination would indicate.

It is for this reason that quick, surface examinations of some parts of a system most often leave us without much more understanding than we had before.

To go a bit further, when we talk about boats, ships and other nautical things we automatically grant that this subject is sufficiently specialized to require a special language, such as bow and stern instead of front and back, deck instead of floor, or bulkhead in place of wall. This language is the result of thought patterns that help us to think more clearly about ships. Also, our thought patterns regarding ships are developed around the idea of a whole ship. When we speak of the bow the existence of the stern and its relationship to the bow is implied, and any discussion of the bow is done with awareness of all other relevant parts of a ship. When we see the bow of a ship appear around a headland we expect it to be followed by the rest of the hull ending at the stern. It sure would be damned odd if that bow came on all by itself. We automatically see a ship as a whole system, and, because we do, it seems obvious that not only does the failure of any one part of that system affect the operation of the whole, but unless a ship remains reasonably together, or to put it another way, maintains a certain minimum integrity, it will sink or go out of control or otherwise foul up and be lost.

This is true of any whole system. It is a reality that must be imposed on any discussion of natural history, where whole system function is the basis for the survival of life on our planet. It is my view that in order to have a useful discussion about a tree, the tree cannot be considered as having a separate existence. The reality of the tree as part of a whole system includes leaf mould, earth worms, soil bacteria, water table, average annual rainfall, parasites and pathogens or disease organisms, sunlight, chemical nutrients, oxygen and carbon dioxide and, if present, the forest around. It is not necessary to burden any specific discussion with all the functional aspects of the ecosystem in which

our subject participates, but a meaningful discussion demands attention to certain relevant aspects and an awareness of the whole system.

So, this is where I'm at. I consider it my primary responsibility to inform you and stimulate you to a dialogue that increases awareness of the natural world around us and the genuine human need to live with and enjoy it because we are a part of it.

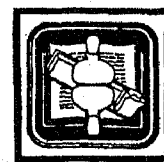
I am in disagreement with the traditional policy of popular science journalism which demands that the readers attention not be taxed with much in the way of details or facts. All too often this policy results in reducing discussions to meaningless generalities that leave the reader uninformed, or to out-of-context statements that leave the reader misinformed. I consider such practices to be a waste of your time and mine.

It will be necessary to introduce some new and unfamiliar words. It will be necessary to fill out a discussion with enough information to have it mean something. It will, perhaps, demand more of your attention than you wish to give. Please bear with me, and be assured that within the context of a whole system approach, I'll try to give you something well worth your time and effort, and that will contribute to your enjoyment of the natural world around us.

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# ODYSSEY *continued from p. 3*

called the Storm was allowed to play in the house before they returned to Miami. The police and neighbors were notified and all went well. However, in an article written by Dorothy Raymer in the *Key West Citizen*, she cited a noise complaint made to her by Ruth Lang's mother, who was also concerned about barking dogs and young men on the street without their shirts on. We apologized and made amends.

"The dance at Mallory Hall on the next week-end was nearly cancelled by City Hall because it was thought it would be a 'rock festival.'" We demonstrated that it was not and City Manager Ron Stack came to the dance in a brotherly spirit.

"During a key party the night before the dance, twenty-nine of Key West's 'finest' besieged Fogarty with warrants to search four rooms for drugs. Someone had allegedly 'slipped' drugs on the premises. It was the days of Key-stone Cops again. After a few songs and considerable damage to the property in the ransacking, they left. I do not think they found what they were looking for but several persons were unfortunately arrested since they happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Most of the citizens who were there were shocked. The lack of orderly searches, the fact of cases based solely on circumstantial evidence, and the absence of goodwill on the part of the public officials, shook the faith of many in the legal system.

"After the raid a bad element of people moved through the household to steal the tools, a thousand dollars worth of sound equipment and

personal belongings of the residents. A group of hoodlums came by one night, throwing bricks. They tried to start a fire under the gas tank and shot an innocent young man with a pellet gun.

"As a charity project for the community, Fogarty residents painted the Presbyterian Church on Simonston Street. On June 29th, The Navy Key began renting and most of the then current residents moved out for financial reasons. A short, but active and colorful era in the history of Fogarty House came to an end."

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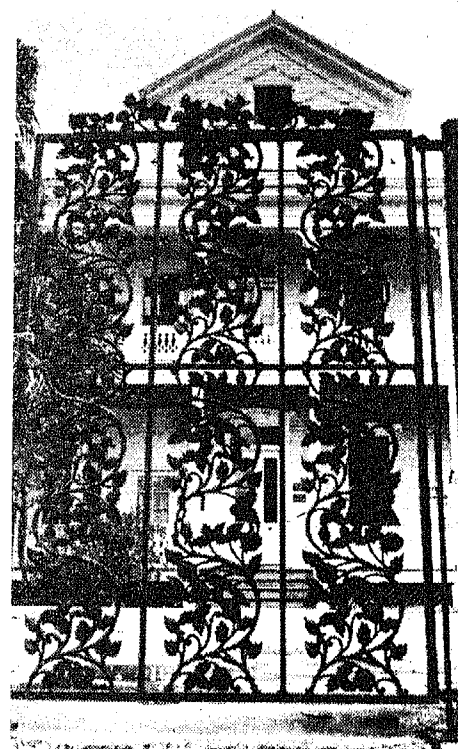
John Dedek bought the Fogarty House from Hilario Ramos for \$55,000. His restaurant on Simonston St. is considered one of Key West's finest and he plans to continue with a similar cuisine at his new location in Fogarty House.

Except for the general contracting work and some plumbing and electrical repairs, Dedek will do most of the restoration himself. Much of his Bon Vivant Restaurant's facade was fabricated courtesy of the old Post Office.

To Dedek, the Fogarty House and other fine examples of old island architecture, are some of Key West's major resources. He feels the city should do everything it can to help Key West residents in restoration work in the old town area.

"In Cape May, New Jersey, the city closed its main street, a picturesque, historic thoroughfare like Duval St., to automobiles. Maybe Key West should consider such a plan," Dedek suggested.

Perhaps Fogarty House will come full circle and witness horse drawn carriages pulling up to its cafe and dining rooms. In any case, the new Fogarty House will continue its Odyssey right along with this incredible island on which it stands.



## THE KAKAMEME

220 Duval St.

key west  
Originals

THELEMA

# DIARY *continued from p. 4*

everyday.

Jan. 12: Tony fixed up the chicken coop but decided that it was good enough to live in so he moved in. Some of the guys have built a sauna bath out of mud; all we need now are rocks.

Jan. 13: We had the arraignment today. About 40 of us went so the boys knew we were still with them. Their case was taken by John Quinn. There will be a special hearing tomorrow to have the bonds lowered. I'm the only one going so as not to freak out the judge.

Jan. 14: WE GOT THEM OUT. Jody and I got them out - anyway, three of them. We'll get Jack out tomorrow. It was really a hassle. First of all, at the hearing, this dude named "brother" John, showed up in American pants and shirt, and really grungy looking and goes right in and freaks the poor judge out. Somehow he is called as a character witness and he's asked if he knows the four guys. He says not by name but he knows them when he sees them. He was asked several questions about the boys, most of which answers he didn't know - this was their character witness. The judge lowered the bonds somewhat. We got the money together and now three are home. Matty left for New York this morning.

Jan. 15: Jack got out today and now all are safe and accounted for. One-hundred and thirty-six people now.

Jan. 19: Something's wrong - the air is full of electricity. The dogs are fighting and the family is arguing - something is definitely wrong. It seems like it is slowly falling apart. Not enough people are willing to work; most just want a place to sleep and food in their stomachs. Most of the originals have moved to other parts of the island - maybe me too.

Jan. 20: It started out a beautiful day, sun shining and I'm in love with Larry. Then the health man came out in the late afternoon and told us to drop all tents on the property across the street from the main house for lack of bathrooms. When we asked him what we needed in that line, he said he didn't know. Then the lady who owns the property came

out and put up "keep off" asked if we could rent it, and she said she was upset right now and she'd come talk tomorrow. I then asked her if we could keep the tents there tonight and she said I guess so just not to touch the signs. We went in to talk to Bill Huckel about what he had to say about it and he made some calls. We were given 48 hours postponement on the sewer thing. We decided for everyone to drop their tents at sunrise and meet on the main house property. Whata hassle, all we want is a chance to make our home work, and be happy.

Jan. 21: They took him - they locked Larry up again. I'm afraid if I would of had a gun I would have used it. They took everyone...Why?

Jan. 22: Well this is what happened. Someone woke me up yesterday saying the police were here to pick up the trespassers. It seems the lady who owns the property went to the police the same night she talked to me and made a formal complaint. The narc squad was there too, for trespassers? They went right to Larry's van, another couple's van, and this guys tent and found less than an ounce in Larry's van and Harry's tent. In the couple's van they found some incense and said it was opium. They took those four and the trespassers in. I went right away to call John Quinn, the

ACLU, and Bill Huckel. Then about six of us went in to see what we could do. While at the jail we heard that six more cop cars were on their way out to the commune to arrest the others. We went back out to the house. When we arrived the house was surrounded by police with the family inside the fence. The whole scene looked like a WWII concentration camp. We were told by the police to not go on the property or we would be arrested also. All we could do was watch car load after car load of our brothers and sisters pulled away. They left one person, Jack, to keep an eye on things. We came back and the house was a mess. My bedroom looked like a hurricane had hit it. My letters were thrown all over and luggage opened and scattered. Some of the people were given the choice of staying in jail or being bussed over the county line. They were left in the middle of nowhere and many were picked up by the Dade county police for hitchhiking. All during the bust they kept saying "We like you here, it keeps you out of Key West, we don't want to hassle you," but they kept taking more people away. I had to call Larry's father and tell him that his son was in jail with a \$3,000.00 bond. He's flying down tomorrow from New York to help. It's all so confusing.

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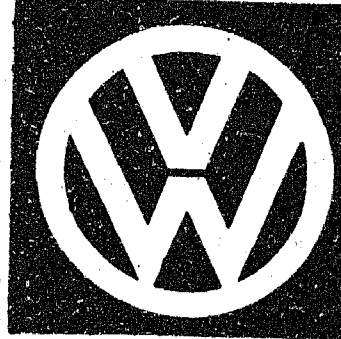
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HERLIHY continued from p. 14

the corruption in New York, and they say, "Yes, but Chicago has it"; and you talk about the corruption in America and they say, "Oh, but Red China has it." And that's supposed to make it all right. And if you talk about the corruption in Key West, they say, "Well, it's worse in Miami." Well, first of all, I doubt it. But second of all, that does not forgive the corruption on this island. Take somebody who is as honest, as straight-forward, and as ideal-serving, as Merlin Curry. Yet he's considered Public Enemy Number One in this town. It's very interesting to think about why. Shit-ass, pukey, pathetic little laws have been invoked against that man for two years that I know of, and apparently it went on long before that. He has been kept broke with lawyers, and his main crime is that he would like to do something about the plight of the poor people in this town, and not just the black ones, either. And he's Public Enemy Number One.

I think that Key West should take a very, very long look at the fact that it doesn't know anything about Merlin Curry except the fact that he's broken some piss-ant little laws, or has been accused of breaking some piss-ant little laws. I know personally of a number of occasions when he has stopped violent events from occurring in Key West. His leadership capacities are formidable. His sense of humanity runs deep. I trust him entirely and implicitly. He doesn't believe that there have to be losers. There are so many cases when he has been harassed and provoked, but I don't know of anybody ever coming to him to consult him, to get his help, and ask his views.

SOLARES HILL: Well, it's a small town; and granted, there are injustices. But how can a small town like this improve?

HERLIHY: Well, let's think about that for a minute. You have to assume that it wants to. Does the town want to improve? What are the signs that it wants to improve? It wants to be improved by certain elements here, perhaps. What should those elements do? I don't know that the town is interested in improving. I don't think it knows that it's interested in being a town. It seems to me that it's very interested in being a political entity that serves business. And self. It seems to me it's a place that wants to serve its administrators.

continued on p. 16

ALOE continued from p. 7

a result of these experiences, one of our community's physicians looks upon aloes as an effective anti-carcinogen. He is firmly convinced that *Aloe barbadensis* definitely has some chemical property that can cure the less serious malignant forms of skin cancer, particularly in their early stages of development.

Almost all well founded reports of aloes cures relate to the skin, known technically as epithelial tissue or epithelium (ep'i thee'li-um). The many reportedly effective treatments of various stomach disorders are consistent with this observation as the entire digestive tract, including the stomach, is lined with a specialized epithelial tissue called mucous spithelium. Lots of people here routinely use aloes tea, as described by Mama Caselles of the Casa Blanca, or fresh aloes stirred into milk for upset stomach or general stomach discomfort. However, I do know of one very dramatic cure of a serious stomach disorder that has been medically examined and substantiated. About nine years ago a terribly sick man was sent by his physician to spend six relaxing weeks at the Big Pine Key Fishing Lodge. He was to follow a very specialized diet in order to regain enough strength to endure extensive abdominal surgery for a badly ulcerated stomach. Upon learning of his condition, the motel owner, Elizabeth Undell, suggested that he drink a glass of milk containing one to two one inch leaf sections of fresh aloes gelatin four times a day. With his doctor's permission he did this every day for six weeks, during which time he gained some weight, improved in general health and felt well enough to return home for the required surgery. About a week after the man's departure a letter was received at the motel in which he said that his most recent physical examination revealed a completely healed stomach without the slightest sign of lesions. There was absolutely no need for the planned surgery and the astounded physician could only conclude that this unprecedented result was entirely due to the curative effect of aloes.

No serious ailment should be treated without the attention of a physician. However, as the medicinal uses of aloes are not familiar to all doctors, the following preparations may be considered for use under proper medical supervision.

#### INTERNAL USE FOR STOMACH DISORDERS:

Mama Caselles' Aloe Tea: Peel the skin from about four inches of aloes leaf. Cut gelatin into several pieces and place in a saucepan of cold water. Bring water to a boil, remove pan from heat, allow to steep for five minutes and add honey to overcome bitter flavor (Mama Caselles assures me that a really good medicine can't taste good). Drink a cup of tea several times a day until relief is obtained.

Aloes in milk: Thoroughly crush and stir into a glass of milk one or two inch-long leaf sections of fresh aloes gelatin. Drink two to four glasses daily to soothe and promote healing of several disorders such as ulcers.

#### EXTERNAL USE FOR SEVERE SKIN DISORDERS:

Dressing for localized area of inflammation or carcinoma: Place a slice of aloes gelatin, one inch square and 1/4 inch to 3/8 inch in thickness over the affected area. Fasten in place with an adhesive strip that has had a hole cut in its center. Cover with a gauze pad that also has a hole cut in its center through which the aloes can be kept moist with an occasional drop of water. Change dressing every two to three days.

#### EXTERNAL USE FOR LESS SERIOUS SKIN DISORDERS (sunburn and rashes that seldom require medical attention):

Rub aloes gelatin over affected area several times a day or until relief is obtained.

I think it worth mentioning that aloes gelatin when used in place of customary facial skin cream reportedly functions as well as the best commercial preparations.

*Aloe barbadensis* is easily grown in any well drained soil. Young plants growing as shoots from the base of a larger plant may be simply divided off and planted in a sunny or lightly shaded spot in a pot or directly in the garden. In this way anyone in our community can keep a few plants for both decorative and/or medicinal purposes.



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## UP ON SOLARES HILL

The things that make it more than it is:

It's the highest point on the island. Key Wester Roger Knoeber used to complain he had to shift his car into second gear to drive up it and Tobe Bruce claims that Betty broke her leg skiing down it.

There is a huge, naturally carved-out cavern that has been used for hiding people and things under it.

During the yellow fever epidemic in the late 1800's people on it were spared.

In days gone by, from widows walks, the best views of distressed vessels could be seen from it.

*And in days to come, this newspaper will come to you from the slopes of it.*

HERLIHY continued from p. 15]

Did you know that last Fourth of July (I think it was the Fourth of July), people were stopped in the streets of Miami by the Miami Herald and were asked if they would please sign a document. The document read to them was the Declaration of Independence, yet a fantastic percentage, something like ninety percent, walked away in scorn. They wouldn't have anything to do with such Red activities.



SOLARES HILL: No!

HERLIHY: That's a fact. That's a fact.

SOLARES HILL: But let's assume that there are some people in Key West who have a consciousness that wants to change? How do you go about changing it?

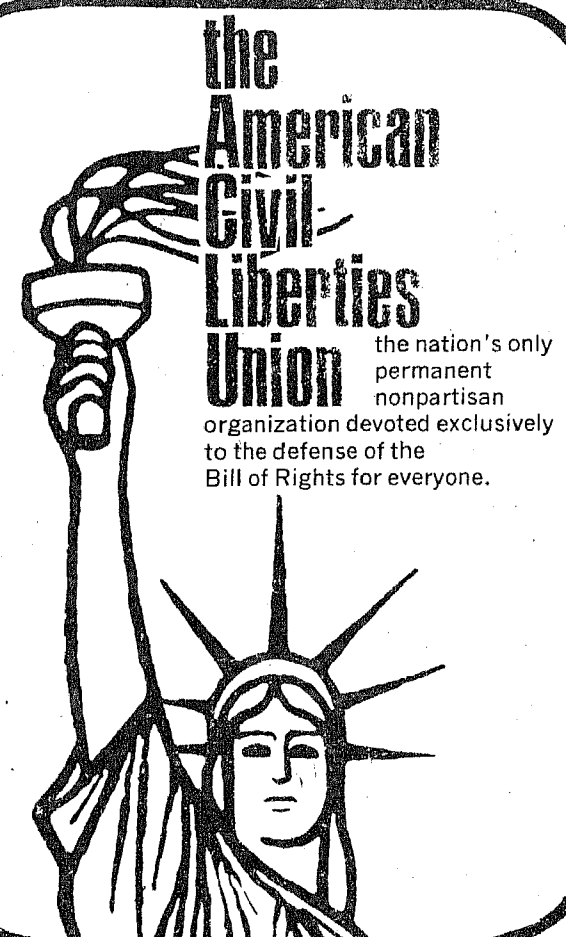
*to be continued*

"In Germany they first came for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me—and by that time no one was left to speak up."

Pastor Martin Niemoller

Several months ago a visitor to Key West was arrested for Vagrancy during an early evening stroll.

A few days ago a Duval Street businessman was arrested through a similar abuse of police authority.



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