

BOXHOLDER



SANIBEL CAPTIVA ISLANDER



DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF SANIBEL AND CAPTIVA ISLANDS

Finest Shelling Beach In The Western Hemisphere

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 41

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

DECEMBER 10, 1964

READING PROGRAM

AT THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

The Sanibel Community Church and their sunday school will sponsor a Saturday morning story hour for all the children of the Islands, whether they are members of the church or not. The program will begin this Saturday, Dec. 12, at 10 a.m. at the church.

The hour will be under the direction of Mrs. H.A. Romaine, who is a story telling specialist, having majored and written her thesis on children's literature at Columbia University. She has done much public story telling and choral reading.

This Saturday's schedule will include the "Legend of the Christmas Rose," "A Tree for Peter," and A Christmas choral.

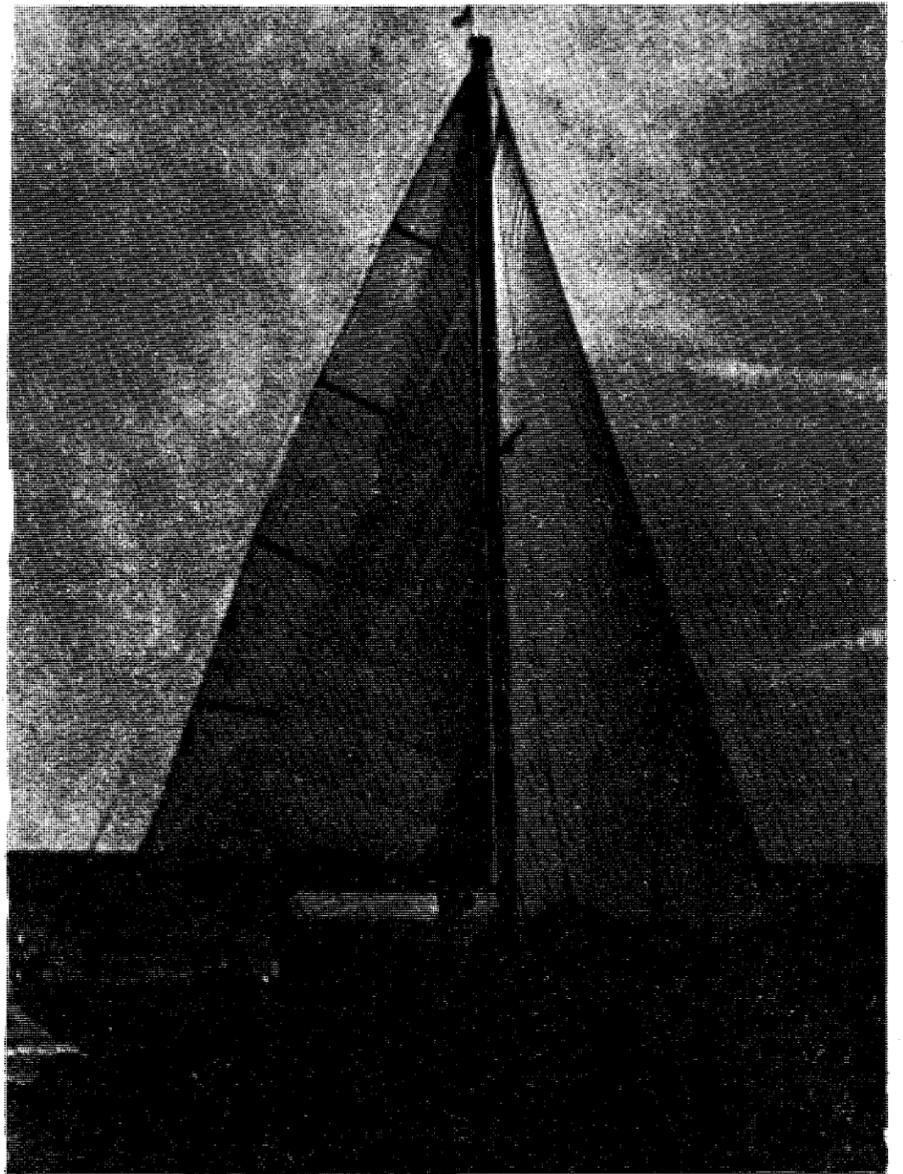


photo by Larry huston

A SAILBOAT, A BREEZE AND THE GULF OF MEXICO.
WHO NEEDS ANYTHING ELSE?



Ideas for the Last Minute Shopper



BASKETS OF FRUIT
Shipped to family and friends back home.

❄️ WINES & CHAMPAGNES
for the men

❄️ TOYS, TOYS, TOYS
for the kiddies

❄️ "SANIBEL" SWEAT SHIRTS
for the teenagers

❄️ HEAD SCARFS & PURSES
for the ladies

❄️ CHEW BONES & PRETTY LEADS
for the doggie

❄️ KITTEN KAPERS
for the kitty

AND CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS FOR ALL!
P.S. Need an extra Christmas Card or two?

We Have Many Listings Which
Do Not Display This Sign

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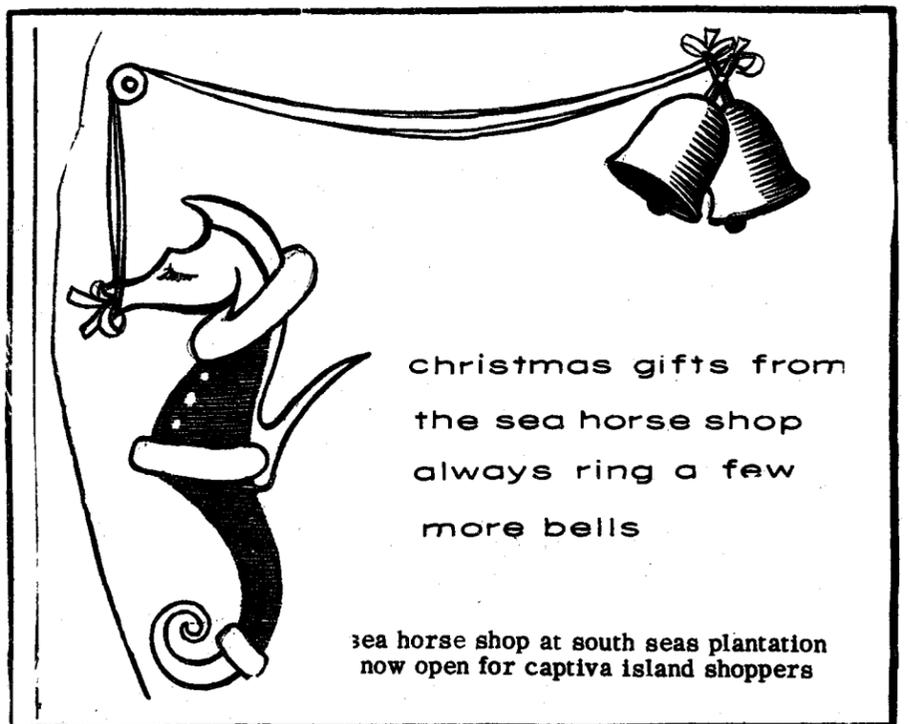


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Jas. S. Pickens

Claire Walter

Realtors



christmas gifts from
the sea horse shop
always ring a few
more bells

sea horse shop at south seas plantation
now open for captiva island shoppers

Established 1961
B. DUFF BROWN
Owner and Publisher

Duff & Virginia Brown, Editors
Helen Thompson, Advt. Assoc.
Ethel Snyder, Sanibel Reporter
Marguerite Flores... Captiva Reporter

FOR SANIBEL NEWS:
Write Miss Ethel Snyder, Gulf Drive, Sanibel Island, or call GR 2-2021 before noon.

FOR CAPTIVA NEWS:
Write Mrs. Marguerite Flores, Mid-Island Cottages, Captiva Island, or call GR 2-4351.

ISLANDER OFFICE:
140 Delmar Road, Fort Myers Beach, or call MO 3-3914.

RATES

Display ad rates on request
Unclassifieds:
per word3¢
Minimum cash75¢
Minimum charge . . \$1.00

SUBSCRIPTIONS

LocalFree
Off-Island \$3.00

SANIBEL ISLANDER CAPTIVA



CHURCH CALENDAR

ST. MICHAEL'S AND ALL ANGELS EPISCOPAL CHURCH
The Rev. T.A. MADDEN, Vicar

SUNDAY
Holy Communion. . . . 7:30 a.m.
1st, 3rd, 5th Sundays 9:30A.M.
Morning Worship
2nd, 4th Sundays 9:30A.M..

WEDNESDAY
Holy Communion. . . . 9:00 a.m.

SANIBEL CATHOLIC MISSION
Father MIGUEL M. GONI

SUNDAY
Holy Mass.11:30 a.m.
HOLY DAYS
Holy Mass. 9:00 a.m.
CONFESSION
Sundays before Mass

SANIBEL COMMUNITY CHURCH
The Rev. TAD ALLEN, Pastor

Morning Worship. . . 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School. . . . 10:00 a.m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
The Rev. W.A. McCAN

SUNDAY
Sunday School. . . . 10:00 a.m.
Worship Services . . 11:00 a.m.
7:45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
Prayer Meeting 7:45 p.m.

CAPTIVA CHAPEL by the SEA
Dr. GUTHRIE SPEERS

SUNDAY SERVICE. . . . 11 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

SUNDAYS 11 a.m.
in Ethel Snyder's cottage on Gulf Drive, Sanibel.



LOW DOWN PAYMENT

SEE OUR SELECTION OF NEW 10 WIDES from \$3969

Beautiful 20 Wides -- 'Park Avenue'

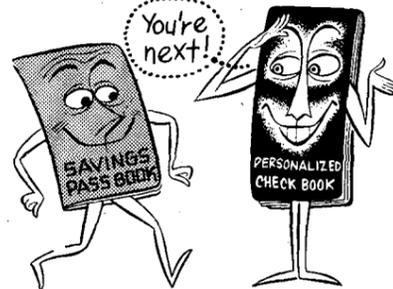
12 Wides available
NEW . Miramar . Mark . Piedmont
Gulfstream . Titan . Sunlite and Conestoga

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At First National you get a passbook that records all the deposits, withdrawals and interest data--we do the bookkeeping for you. If you don't have an account at First National Bank, arrange for it today.

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INSURANCE

ANDREW R. MELLODY
SANIBEL - CAPTIVA REAL ESTATE OFFICE

Office Phone: GR 2-4011
Home Phone: GR 2-3891

AUTO - HOME - BUSINESS - BONDS

IDEA FOR Christmas

Let us send some ISLAND JELLIES or FLORIDA FRUITS to your friends!



HOURS 8 to 5 DAILY
CLOSED SUNDAY

ISLAND BAKE SHOP
GR 2-3121

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Please let the ISLANDER Subscription Department know when you are returning to the Islands so that we can stop your subscription from going north and sitting in a dead letter office. Third class mail is not returned if it is undeliverable, and frankly, we hate to send papers hither and yon when they're not going to get to be read. Thank you.

ARTISTS INVITED TO SUBMIT PAINTINGS

Members of the Sanibel-Captiva Art League have been invited to submit paintings for the first All-Florida Annual Fiesta Art Show.

This show will be sponsored by the Lehigh Acres Fine Arts League, and will be held at the Lehigh Acres Auditorium from Sunday, January 17, through Friday, January 22, 1965.

Oils, watercolors and other media will be accepted and will be judged for acceptance by a jury of three prominent artists. A fee of \$1 per painting shall be mailed with an entry blank, and should arrive on or before December 24, 1964. Each artist will be limited to two entries.

Cash prizes will be awarded for three winning entries, in addition to several purchase prizes.

Entry blanks and further details as to rules may be obtained from LEON R. LEVY, chairman, Sanibel Captiva Art League.

Priscilla Murphy

REALTOR

SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA GR 2-4501

SANIBEL TIDES

DECEMBER	HIGH		LOW	
	AM	PM	AM	PM
11 Fri.	4:09	6:39	11:31	-
12 Sat.	5:52	7:28	12:29p	12:34
13 Sun.	7:33	8:12	1:50	1:39
14 Mon.	9:00	8:52	2:51	2:40
15 Tues.	10:09	9:32	3:43	3:34
16 Wed.	11:09	10:11	4:29	4:23
17 Thurs.	12:01p	10:51	5:15	5:07
18 Fri.	12:49p	11:32	6:00	5:48

New Moon 4th



Full Moon 19th

Just In!

"THE FISH IN MY LIFE"

by murray hoyt



MacIntosh Book Shop
GR 2-3041

SANIBEL SIGN SERVICE

a complete licensed sign shop serving the islands' sign needs

GR 2-4001

Sea Gull Studios

GULF DRIVE
SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA

art gallery gifts

VIRGINIA L. KLOTZ

shellcraft & art supplies

Who's Who on Sanibel

Quite a few people think Sanibel's large collection of stray cats an abomination. Some people feed them, and many of our cats are sleek and plump. There is one very important angle to this cat business that seems to be often overlooked --- rats! When your reporter first came to Sanibel more than 20 years ago, there were rats! LARGE rats! Carniverous rats! They were all over the place. They could and did make trying to sleep at night miserable. They scampered over the roof, gnawed the center and inside of the walls, and if you happened to forget to roll up your car windows, they romped around inside, joyously nibbling.

A well-fed cat makes a much better rat than a lanky half-fed cat! And cats are clean, and know their way around the Island. Let's keep 'em well fed - more cats, less rats!

STARKE ALTMAYER, an annual guest at Island Inn for many years, left Columbus, Ohio, to settle comfortably in the sun for the winter. He's staying in the former McMillan home west of the Inn. Well, Starke has already caught three rodents in a trap, one at a time. Starkie says he prefers rats to cats and maybe he does, but if a cat had caught them, instead of a trap, he could have eaten the cheese himself! Eh?

Mr. & Mrs. ROBERT KEPLER spent a few days at Casa Ybel last week. Mr. Kepler is the golf coach at Ohio State University, and was coach to JACK NICKLAUS, the golf pro who is national top money winner.

Dr. & Mrs. H.F. DOWNING of Lebanon, Ohio, are spending several weeks at Casa Ybel.

Mr. FLOYD SNOOK, owner of Snook Apartments on Gulf Drive, has just returned after a marvelous three weeks of fishing and hunting in the old Ocala National Forest. Mr. LEW FUNK was with him for two weeks. There is a permanent camp in the forest, and this has been an annual outing for Floyd for more than 25 years. He said fishing was very good this trip. He also downed a small spike buck! Welcome back to Sanibel.

Captain ZIMMERMAN, who bought the original Verona Moray place on the beach at Gulf Drive has put in his own drive to him home. Prior to this, the Beach House drive served both properties. The Captain has given his grounds such an uplift and beautification that all can enjoy admiring them. And many thanks to the efficient Island helpers who now have the equipment --- plows, rollers, and other heavy motorized units --- needed to improve shore property on Sanibel.

DICK HALL and WILLIAM (JENKS) JENKIN and TIPPIE, the silver poodle, drove over from Fort Lauderdale last week for a few days' visit with Jenks' daughter, MILBREY JENKINS RUSHWORTH of Island Inn. They occupied the cottage at Beach House and enjoyed renewing many old acquaintances on the Island. Hurry back!

Mrs. J.H. WOOD and a friend are enjoying the Woods' new home on the beach at Sanibel. The VINCENT V. VEENSHOT-TENS, who formerly owned the Wood home, have moved into their enlarged guest cottage across the road, which is large enough for them now!

Mrs. EDWARD DAVIS of Clearwater, Florida, with her three children and their nurse, has been visiting her sister, ADELAIDE HOLMES of Gulf Drive. Mrs. Davis has been helping Mrs. Holmes to unpack and display the magnificent delights which will line the shelves of The Red Pelican, which is a building right next door to the B-Hive on Sanibel. The shop will be open by Christmas if all goes well.

ISABELLE McWHORTER has returned to her Sanibel home in Palm Lakes for the rest of the season. Her sister, MARGARET CHAPLIN of Chicago, and her brother, ROBERT CHAPLIN and his popular wife, MARIANNE, of Lexington, Kentucky, came with her.

Mrs. McWhorter sold her home in Lexington as she prefers Sanibel for her permanent home. We heartily agree with her decision --- and welcome home, Isabelle!

Mr. & Mrs. WILLIAM McGOWEN of Middletown, Ohio, were recent guests at Funks Gulf Breeze Cottages on Sanibel. Mrs. McGowen was a school girl friend of Mrs. DELLMAR REYNOLDS, and when Ethel moved away to Sanibel, Mrs. McGowen promised to pay her a visit one day.

Ethel, frankly, never thought she would, so was quite surprised when the McGowens arrived on a Sunday afternoon. Maude McGowen is quite a painter, so she especially enjoyed the Islands and made some very attractive paintings of various

The Red Pelican



SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA

Antiques - Fashions - Prints - Salmagundi
Inglenookery - Toys - Gourmet Foods

"DIFFERENT" IS OUR
PRINCIPLE DISTINCTION

OPENING SOON
WATCH OUT!

scenic spots, particularly on the Gulf Breeze property. Both of them enjoyed the weather, too.

The following Sunday, the LEVI ADAMS, also of Middletown, came to visit the Reynolds and Funk families. They are almost life-long friends. On Monday, Dellmar's brother, PAUL, Paul's wife, DAISY, and their poodle, GINA, arrived for a few days' visit. The LEE MATHEWS, also staying at Gulf Breeze, are more long time friends of the Reynolds and Funks, and made the whole visit at both places a very enjoyable time. 'Twas a shame they had to leave the sunny Island and go back to the cold cold north country. The Mathews are from Indianaapolis --- and it is as cold at Middletown.

Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES WARD of Portland, Maine, are guests for the second time at the Strongs' Whitecaps Motel on Sanibel. Mr. & Mrs. CARL WITHROW of Charlotte, North Carolina, left Sunday after a brief but happy visit, during which they found a number of interesting live shells on the Bay Shore. The Withrows are frequent visitors to the Islands.

EVEN SANTA
LOVES TO BROWSE
at
FRIDAY'S
HOUSE of TREASURES
*NEW IDEAS for
CHRISTMAS GIVING
that you'll love, too.*



DON'T FORGET OUR "ISLAND MIST"
COLOGNE for that EXTRA SPECIAL GIFT

... We mail anywhere ...

Casa Ybel

SANIBEL ISLAND,
FLORIDA
GR 2-4701

- DINING ROOM
OPENING DEC. 19
- COCKTAIL LOUNGE
OPENING DEC. 16

BILL AND MAE HARDY, MIXOLOGISTS

Ronnie Fenton, General Manager

clark's GALLERIES

Sanibel Island, Florida
the shop that has everything (well, almost!)

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& FASHIONS BY:
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For **Alix International**
Dress, Lounge & Sports Wear
Apollo

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The Gifts You Won't Want
to Give Away!

**Exquisite
CRYSTAL,
BONE CHINA**

From
England, France, Germany

Men's Neckwear
& Handkerchiefs

BEAUTIFUL LINENS!

HANDKERCHIEFS
HAND EMBROIDERED LINENS

BIRD TOURS

George Weymouth, now a resident of Sanibel, is initiating a new concept in wildlife appreciation beginning Sunday. Weymouth will conduct Island tours for the ornithological inclined persons who desire to see the Island's outstanding abundance and variety of native and transient birds.

Mr. Weymouth is an active member of the Sanibel-Captiva Audubon Society, and is strongly recommended by that group. He holds both Federal Banding and Possession Permits, and is known very well in the South Florida area for his fantastic identification knowledge of Eastern North American Birds.

Having had a deep interest in biology, particularly Ornithology, the science directly concerned with birds, since earliest memories, George has continuously increased his knowledge in this field.

Coming to Florida in 1958 with his wife and two small children, George became head lecturer at Lee County's famous Everglades Wonder Gardens in Bonita Springs, where he remained for five years, during which time he obtained invaluable information on the wildlife native to Southern Florida.

His contributions to science have been many, for through his activeness, biologists have learned much from his observations and conclusions.

Upon George's first visit to the Islands, he was astounded by the area's avian populations, and realized the opportunities that awaited him, and all those who love the Islands wild beauty.

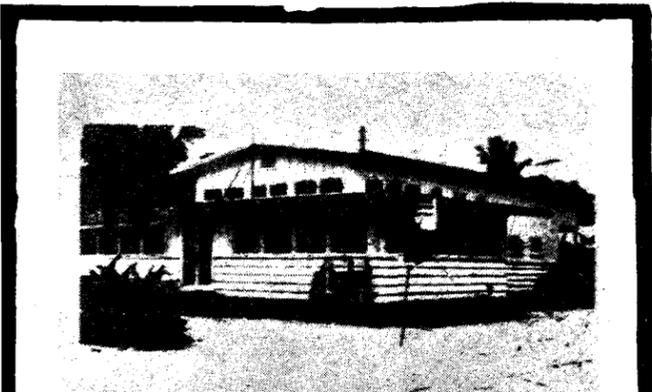
Reservations for these tours can be made through MacIntosh Book Shop, Greenleaf 2-3041.

THOUGHTS ON THE WEATHER

'Tis odd how one becomes accustomed to marvelous things and starts to take them for granted --- and sometimes even complain! We can remember, as children, coming to this part of the country and going swimming in mid-winter. The "Natives" laughed at our foolishness--who ever would go in swimming, they said, in such cold weather? (Cold weather being below 90 degrees.)

Now, of course, we're on the other side of the fence. Now we're the ones who think that anything below 75 degrees is a freezing spell, and wonder at those people who are blithly wearing swim suits while we shiver in sweaters.

Then we read the northern papers---25 degrees below there, and 17 inches of new snow somewhere else, and traffic accidents, and heart attacks from shoveling snow---and that's when we're awfully glad that we live in sunny Florida.



The Island Store
CAPTIVA

- GROCERIES
- FROZEN FOODS
- ODDMENTS

Reynold's Craft Shop

Main Road, near Casa Ybel Road

FLORIDA MINIATURES & RARE SHELLS

SHELL BOXES - FRAMES - TABLES

Shellcraft Supplies and Findings

Ceramics . Leather and Misc. Items

The Handmade Gift is the Thoughtful Gift!

SHELL SHOW IN FORT MYERS

The Fort Myers Shell Club invites all shell collectors to attend a shell auction on Monday, December 14, at the Teen Club, 2646 Cleveland Avenue, Fort Myers. Many fine specimens of Florida and world wide shells will be available. Shells will be on display at 7:30.

A NOTE FROM YOUR NEW SANIBEL REPORTER

The owners of the Islander have taken on the world's worst reporter - well, maybe that is too much territory, but easily the Island's worst. Frankly, after a life-long experience of minding my own business, not prying or poking into my neighbors' business, and also not repeating when some juicy morsel was dropped into my lap, (which has been a matter of principle with me) how am I going to get along? Please tell me yourself what you care to share with your neighbors.

The big consolation over here is that everyone, well, almost everyone, is interested with a friendly and often loving interest in everyone else on the Islands (it is like living in another world) and our interests and welfare are so intertwined that we are really one big family --- and I love to know what's cooking. So give me a ring or come see me!

Reporter on Sanibel!

Unclassifieds

FOR SALE:
Completely furnished 2 bedroom home, beautiful deep lot, having 150 feet on Sanibel Gulf Beach. \$33,500. Terms, Sanibel Captiva Real Estate, GR 2-4011.
* * * * *

CHRISTMAS CARDS:
Complete line of Lauren Ford's Christmas cards and new notes. GLORY OF THE SEA.
* * * * *

FOR RENT:
Partially furnished, beautiful, three bedroom, two bath Bay-front home on Sanibel Island. Nice white shell beach. By season or by year. \$150 per month, SANIBEL CAPTIVA REAL ESTATE, GR 2-4011
* * * * *

ALLERS FOR MOBILE HOMES, BONITA SPRINGS. Good selection in 1965 Pacemaker, Homette Capella and the fabulous President with nine foot ceilings.

We also have new 12 wides and used 10 wides all set up in a beautiful rental park. Naples area.

LOW OVERHEAD PRICES!
We will not be undersold! Shop our lot before you buy and save 100s of \$\$\$\$\$\$!
ALLERS MOBILE HOME SALES one mile north of Bonita Springs.
* * * * *

PERIWINKLE WAY TRAILER PARK: Complete hookups, family sections, naturally landscaped, all types of trailers welcome. GR 2-3091. Sanibel Island, Florida
* * * * *

FOR SALE:
17 foot Thunderbird Navajo and 40 H.P. Evinrude electric. Bottom newly painted. Fully equipped. Has gas tanks to carry 24 gallons. Price \$850. Call MO 3-2441. 5525 Avenida Pescadora, Beach.

A PEARL OF A PLACE TO STAY

Flores
'Mid-Island'
Cottages

Captiva Island
Florida

GR 2-4351

Marguerite &
Gregory Flores

The Pelican Hotel
Restaurant

Seaside Dining - Friendly Atmosphere

Breakfast 8:00 - 10:00 - Lunch 12:00 - 2:00
Dinner 5:00 - 9:00

SUNDAYS
12 to 2 - 5 to 9

3040 Estero - MO 3-4741 - Fort Myers Beach

Stanley's AIRCONDITIONING
GR 2-2351

HARBOR
HOUSE

Fine
Food
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SPECIALIZING IN SEA FOOD

Open 7 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. CLOSED MONDAYS

Attend our Grand Opening (Every day!)

Isabel's Tavern

Bud On Tap

Drink it Here -- Or take it Home
11 a.m. - till?

SANIBEL SERVICE
STATION

AAA

GR2-4961

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BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES
WRECKER . TOWING . ROAD
SERVICE . EXPERT SERVICE

P.O. Box 51 Captiva, Florida GR 2-3011

CAPTIVA TV SANIBEL

Radio and Record Player Repairs
H. A. VROOMAN
1 1/2 MILE NORTH OF THE BRIDGE

Elsie Malone

SPECIMEN SHELLS

E. corner of Priscilla Murphy, (Realtor)
Bldg. Periwinkle Way GR 2-2001

Mr. and Mrs. D. FITZHUGH motored to Coconut Grove, Fla. to spend Thanksgiving with their daughter JAN, then motored on to Palm Beach to see their son. While there they attended an orchid exhibit which so stimulated Mr. Fitzhugh's green thumb that the dream they have had for an orchid house is about to be realized.

Who's Who on Captiva

Mr. FRED MORETON of Powhatan, Virginia, a special friend of Mrs. ELIZABETH T. ADLER for 15 years, came over to Captiva long enough to tell Elizabeth about a most interesting assignment given her by the Geographic Magazine. It involves research on spiders and their way of life. Mrs. Moreton seems to have an affinity for spiders and they for her. When she wanders into the woods she seems to sense where they are and they in turn are not afraid or disturbed by her presence. The Geographic has given Mrs. Moreton a year in which to photograph the life of "a spider." We hope to be in on the results at the end of the year.

On Thursday Dec. 17 at 8:00 p.m. at the Captiva Community Center there will be a meeting for both Captiva and Sanibel about the Public Water Distribution System. Mr. William Bishop will be the guest speaker. ALL ARE INVITED.

Mrs. ALLEN A. RAYMOND of Buffalo, New York has again returned to the serenity of her island home after merrily flitting about the world during the summer months. Mrs. Raymond's destination was Beirut, Lebanon, her purpose, to visit granddaughter ALICE and her two great grand children whose husband and father is in the First National City Bank there. Imagine Marietta's surprise when through much scrutiny on the part of Mr. and Mrs. HAROLD BIXBY, who were in Beirut at the time, unknown to Mrs. Raymond, called her

at her granddaughter's home. Three interesting days followed wherein each was entertained by the other. The climax was on the last night when Mrs. Raymond was entertaining her family to dinner at a certain hotel where the Bixby's unbeknown to her were also dining. It was not until champagne was brought to Marietta's table that she was aware that they were joining in a toast to Mrs. Bixby on her birthday. After a three week visit Mrs. Raymond with her granddaughter Alice flew to Greece from whence each bade the other adieu and each returned to their homes.

What a happy surprise it was to all on Captiva when on November 30th Timmy and Buelah Wiles opened the doors of their own little restaurant at "Timmy's Nook" on the Bay. They will serve a full dinner every night from 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. This includes the most d-e-l-i-c-i-o-u-s soup ever. During the lunch period hot and cold sandwiches plus Buelah's very special Clam Chowder will be at your beck and call. From 6:30 a.m. Timmy will be there to serve you that first cup of coffee. At 9:00 Buelah will be on hand with bacon, ham, eggs and fruit juice and more good coffee. Try them and you will be de-lighted!

Mr. and Mrs. ELMER NYBERG of Huntington, Mass. have come to Captiva to spend the winter. The NYBERGS' daughter is the wife of Mrs. BUTTERFIELD'S son, Mr. and Mrs. C.E. EMMERTT of Wyomissing, Penn. Mr. and Mrs. NYBERG are making their home in one of the Adams Cottages on Palm Avenue.

Dr. MOLLY PUTMAN, who has her practice in Boston, with two of her friends Mrs. HELAN HAYES also of Boston (who is in charge of Shady Hill School's Physical Culture department) and Mrs. HELEN ROSS a noted Psychoanalyst of New York City, are all enjoying these wonderful sunny days on Captiva Island.

Mr. & Mrs. ESTON SHEARES from Bell Center, Ohio have returned once again to this beautiful island paradise for the winter months.

It will interest the friends of the late Mary Townsend Mason that the Woodmere Art Gallery of Chestnut Hill, Phila. is having an Opening Reception

of A Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by Mrs. Mason. The exhibition will continue through December 13th.

Colonel and Mrs. PAUL KENDALL of Warrington, Va. have returned to their home on Captiva for the winter.

Mr. & Mrs. HAROLD FARIS of Perkasie, Penn. are spending two weeks in their Island home. They will return again later to remain for the winter months.

Mr. & Mrs. JAMES GRAY from Statford, Conn. have also returned to their winter retreat.

MARY CUNNINGHAM's well-traveled shell collection is back from its sojourn in Rockefeller Plaza, New York. It's on display in Mary's little red shop on Captiva, and you're all welcome to stop by and see!



THIS IS WHAT YOUR ISLANDER STAFF LOOKS LIKE COME DEADLINE TIME - - -

WE NEED MORE NEWS!

So we'd like to ask your cooperation. Will motel owners and presidents and or secretaries of organizations tell us when they have a specially interesting guest or project in the offing? The ISLANDER is for ALL Islanders, and we'd like to have news of all Islanders, visitors and residents alike.

On Captiva, call Mrs. Marguerite Flores at GR 2-4351, and on Sanibel, Miss Ethel Snyder, GR 2-2021 before noon. Thank you - - - we appreciate your cooperation.

Glory Of The Sea

SPECIMEN SHELLS AND SHELLERS SUPPLIES

SHELL TABLES AND SPECIMEN BOXES

HAND CARVED DRIFTWOOD

UNUSUAL STATIONERY

PARKERS "REAL-LIFE" JEWELRY

SHELL TRIM PURSES

SHELL PICTURES

Miss Edith H. Mugridge

"The Shop that is large enough to serve you and small enough to know you."

'Tween Waters Inn Dining Room

Captiva Island, Florida

OPENING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12



Luncheon — 1:00 to 2:00

Breakfast — 7:30 to 9:30

Serving Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner Daily

Reservations requested but not required. GR 2-3911



HAVE YOU HEARD?

McCaul's ON CAPTIVA

have opened for the Season

THEY HAVE SUCH LOVELY GIFTS . . .
Drop by and browse . . . at least stop and say Hello

YOU'LL FIND THE BEST SELECTION OF DRIFTWOOD IN THE WHOLE AREA . . .

BEAUTIFUL SHELLS, TOO!

McCaul's

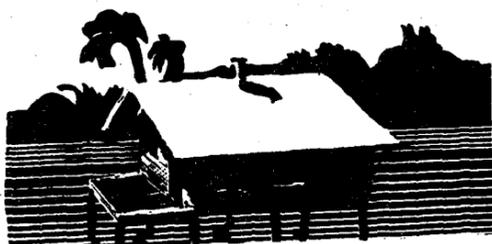
ON MAIN ROAD - 1/2 MILE BEYOND POST OFFICE

"AUTOGRAPH HOUND" SELECTS HIS WINNERS

It is not often that a plain old "Houn' Dog" has a chance to give away some valuable prizes but this is exactly what happened at the Friday's House of Treasures the past few weeks.

To commemorate the beginning of their fifth year, the Fridays selected four gifts to be awarded to customers during the month of October. To be eligible customers needed only to sign their autograph on the "Hound Dog." Little did they know, when signing their names, that a few chosen spots on the dogs anatomy had been treated with a solution, visible only under their long-wave fluorescent mineral light. The old hound dog was smiling all the time. He knew what he knew.

The prize winners, as announced by the Fridays, are as follows: Donna Wendland, 2375 N.E. 30th Ct. Pompano Beach, Florida, winner of a large size, beautifully decorated, box bag by Enid Collins. Dr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Verner, 2116 Sherwood Ave. Charlotte, N.C. also receive one of the Enid Collins box bags. (The Fridays have decided they will not designate the winner here, and the Hound feels the same way. He says, "they signed together, they can carry the bag together, for all of me." Mary J. Borger, 403 S. Aretures in Clearwater, Fla. and Roland Tree of Albee Court, Larchmont, N.Y. will each receive a gift bottle of the Fridays famous Island mist Cologne. A fifth prize, of Island Mist Cologne, but not in the original plan, is being awarded by the Fridays to Ruth Lillie (Mrs. Earl) of Captive. This is a special recognition for "bravery" or something. Mrs. Lillie will be glad to tell you where she autographed the hound.



SANIBEL PRAISED IN CHICAGO

The following clipping, taken from the November 15 issue of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, was sent to the ISLANDER by CLARENCE R. CONKLIN of the law offices of Heineke, Conklin and Schrader in Chicago.

The clipping is a chapter from PAUL BROOKS's book, "Roadless Area." When he sent us the clipping, Mr. Conklin said he thought we'd agree that this is one of the better descriptions of many of those attractions which have endeared Sanibel to all of us and which we surely hope may be preserved for the future.

After reading it, we did agree (except for the brief mention of mosquitoes, which we wouldn't at all mind seeing pass away,) and we thought you'd like to read it, too.

Just BROWSING



Surf, Shells, and Birds

In "Roadless Area," Paul Brooks (editor-in-chief of Houghton Mifflin, Boston book publisher) recounts a variety of outdoor experiences, most of them in relatively unfrequented parts of the United States. Today's column is taken from the chapter about Sanibel, and appears here by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publisher of the book.

BY PAUL BROOKS

THE SURF has many voices, but to hear them you must literally keep your ear to the ground. My wife and I learned this the hard way when our worn air mattresses



breathed their last as we lay in our tent on Sanibel Island off the west coast of Florida. Sanibel is not a park, but it has a national wildlife refuge at its center and many miles of unspoiled shell beach on its outer margins.

It was early spring, and we were camped in a grove of feathery Australian pines at the edge of the beach, a few yards above high-tide line. Having fallen asleep to the regular but infinitely varied cadence of breaking waves, I awoke to a new sound: a rising wind, I thought, southing in the pines overhead; a storm brewing, and time to check the tent ropes. Yet no sooner had I raised my head than the mysterious sighing ceased. It was not in the air at all but in the ground — sea against shell. A New Englander, I had failed to recognize surf with a southern accent. . . .

The cry of shore birds awoke us at last, and none too soon. Sunrise had reached its climax; the sky in the triangle was a mottled mass of delicate pinks and grays. . . . So began our first day on the island.

WE DECIDED to spend it introducing ourselves to the oldest residents in their respective haunts: the mollusks on the beach and mud flats, the palms and cacti and tropical flora of the mainland, the rich bird life of the marsh and mangroves. . . .

The late March sun was already hot when we had done up the breakfast dishes, buried the fire, and set out down the beach. . . . A ridge of shells and shell fragments marked high-tide line, in cross section a tiny moraine, gently sloping to the landward side, dropping off sharply seaward. Shells everywhere, and on the edge of the ebbing tide an occasional live mollusk, half buried in the sand. . . . The more we dug and sorted and waded watchfully in the shallows, the more we became fascinated by the forms and colors and textures in the world of mollusks. They ranged from huge, barnacle-encrusted horse conchs, several pounds in weight, to tiny bright cochinas, the size of a child's fingernail. Scallops in irresistible combinations of red and gray and ochre, rough to the touch, each seeming a shade more lovely than the last one you picked up; glassy-smooth "olives"; sturdy fighting conchs and delicate moon shells; thick cockles, brown or rose or yellow within; translucent "paper figs" and pure white angel wings and pencil-like horn shells and augers.

The names were almost as attractive as the creatures themselves: cat's paw, sailor's ear, old maid's curl, jewel box,



alphabet cone. The best hunting, we found, was at dead low tide on a shelf about knee-deep in the water. Between waves there was a tantalizing moment when the ledge was almost exposed. In this split second we tried to sort out the rich display and pounce on some new treasure, before the next wave blotted out the picture. . . .

The beach was beguiling. So was the interior of the island; indeed it was even more exotic to northern eyes. Less than a hundred yards back from the shore we found a sort of miniature desert of porous shell sand, with prickly pear and other cacti bursting out in improbable red and waxy yellow flowers. Tropical zebra butterflies, bright yellow bands on jet black, fluttered feebly in the shelter of the mangroves. Coon tracks led from the scrub out to the beach; not only shell collectors were interested in the cargo from the last high tide. Farther inland we came to broad savannahs dotted with coconut palms. . . . Finally we came to the freshwater marsh and the federal wildlife refuge that was our last destination of the day. . . .

JUST BEFORE sunset we stood in the lookout of the refuge, 12 feet above the marsh and maybe 12 inches above the ravenous mosquitoes. Coot were muttering in the maze of the waterways below us, a pair of boat-tailed grackles were noisily nest building in an adjacent hummock; a red-bellied woodpecker had taken refuge briefly a yard from our heads. . . . Silently, flying so low that we had missed his approach, a great black-winged bird swept by, creasing the water with his down-pointed beak: the black skimmer. Then, as if this were not enough for one day, the great show began.

In a sky still blue to the eastward but washed with crimson in the west, there appeared on the northern horizon an irregular group of tiny dots. They grew, took shape; the dots became white, the slow wingbeats discernible. These were not egrets: In the binoculars we could distinguish outstretched necks, down-curved bills. White ibis! In another moment the dense, dark clump of mangrove trees which rose above the marsh had blossomed like a huge flowering shrub as the ibises dropped down among the swaying branches, flapping once or twice to get their balance before settling in for the night. Flock followed flock as the birds came in to roost from their distant feeding grounds.

Now they were being joined by herons—Louisiana, little blue, American, and snowy egrets—arriving in small groups or singly rather than in large flocks. . . . Still they kept coming, till it seemed that the trees could hold no more. Finally as the color faded from the sky the great roost came to rest. With a sense of fulfillment we set out for our own roost in the pines by the shore.

[© 1964 and earlier by Paul Brooks]

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MONEY TALK

Hi Ho. Starting January, 1965, THE ISLANDER will start charging for subscriptions. This means a lot of things— one, that we're growing up, and two, that we'll be able to apply for a second class mailing permit, which will speed delivery of off-island subscriptions, and allow us the official designation of being a "Newspaper."

Yearly rates will be \$3.00 on Island, \$3.50 off Island. We have been sending THE ISLANDER to everyone on the Islands at no charge for three years now — and we sincerely hope that you like it enough to subscribe so that we can continue to send it to everyone. If you wish to get in ahead of the rush, send your check to the Sanibel Captiva Islander, 140 Delmar Road, Fort Myers Beach, Florida, 33931. Hope to hear from you soon. Merry Christmas.

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**HURRICANE 1944
AFTERMATH**

ethel snyder
What a surprise to wake up and find myself fully dressed and lying on a pile of cushions wrapped in white flannel table pads on the floor at Island Inn! There was Dolly Varden, the cocker, curled up beside me sound asleep. I looked at my wrist watch. It was eight o'clock. Then the horror of the night before flooded my memory and I felt it must have been a bad dream. But one look out the window proved it had been only too true. What a mess!

Then suddenly I wondered how my precious little cottage had come through. Was it still there? I took off at once. As I went down the steps and looked over into the Barracks I got a glimpse of Charlotta shovelling mud off the floor of the living room. The big front door had blown off and I felt like a heel to not help her but, being no good at shovelling mud, I would have been a liability in no time, so hurried on. Dolly Varden kept close at my heels. Words could not describe the desolation in every direction. Great Australian pines had fallen over like jackstraws, their shallow root masses in the air. Palm trees were strewn every place, across the roads and along the beach. The water had receded some but it was days before the roads were easily passable as there just wasn't any place for the water to drain. Debris--cocoanuts, pieces of boards, all kinds of debris---What a mess! No one was in sight and I hurried on.

An inlet had cut through in between Bill Powell's and Mrs. Hamans', too deep and the water too swift to cross until I had walked up as far as the cottages. No damage had been done to any of the homes but what a litter in yards and on the beach. I peeked in the garage window at Hamans as I went by and there my car was safe and dry. The water had been up only as far as the hub caps. Finally I got a glimpse of my cottage. There it was serene and intact. Not a thing had happened to it, not even a shingle had blown off the roof. But an entire coconut palm had been washed underneath with such force that it was jammed in tightly. (Later it took a wrecking truck to pull it out.) My yard was full of gullies and debris. Almost fearfully I walked inside. Not a drop of water had come in, not a pane of glass had been broken, not a thing was disturbed. A wave of gratitude surged through me-- I was hungry, I suddenly realized. Of course, I had forgotten about my breakfast. In no time I had a pot of hot coffee heated on the small kerosene stove. The electricity was off for days to come.

The Inn had not come out so well, the Barracks had lost all outside doors, the large brick fireplace in the living room had caved in, a five foot span of floor had collapsed, with water underneath. All the front porches facing the Gulf were gone. All of Mr. Bailey's telephone poles were down and the wires broken. The government radio station and tower had blown off its base and was a hundred feet away. A large six foot porpoise had washed up in front of the cottage west of the Inn. The two young soldiers Tony Paris and Bill Whitman had found it still alive, and noticing Mr. Bailey's telephone wires handy, they cut off with pliers a long stretch of it to tie round the giant to drag it back to the Gulf. The porpoise could and did survive the worst hurricane ever known in our parts but not the rescue efforts. They were too much! So the boys had to get shovels and bury it deep. I wondered if Mr. Bailey ever knew about the dismembered wire. He didn't at that time, fortunately. Those two didn't overlook anything and in desperation Charlotta finally invited them to be her guests at the Franklin Inn over

in Fort Myers---The mail boat was running so they departed and stayed a few days but came right back as they didn't want to miss anything!

Guests started to come. The ferry landing had all washed away but the mail boat could land at Bailey's Dock. They managed to freight over and the passengers walked a plank. Salt water had gotten into the gasoline tank at the store and there would be no more delivered for some time--At that time we were all on war rationing besides. Much of the main road was under water but passable, if you knew your road. My car had a full tank of gasoline and finally I got out of Haman's garage which had had to be filled in underneath where it had all washed out. Everyone helped everyone. Everyone on both Islands was accounted for. No one was hurt, and everyone was pitching in with all their might to clear up the mess and put the Islands in order and get going.

Charolotta at the Inn was a wonder. (Once she stopped shovelling mud!) She had gas or oil stoves, I do not remember which, but whatever it was, she could have Maria the cook as usual. Maria was quite undisturbed. The Chaplins from Chicago arrived. They were loved guests who had come for many years, and were properly horrified at what the storm had done. I turned my car over to Mr. Chaplin as gas was so scarce the Inn had to conserve for the station wagon. Shelling

was marvelous but no one felt like getting out on the Beach much. The carpenters who came over from Fort Myers to repair the damage done at Island Inn said it was nothing short of a miracle that we had, any of us, come through. They reported that every pipe, every wire had broken loose, most of the foundation had given way and that the entire three story building had been floating on the high waters and they could not understand why it had not washed out to sea or completely collapsed like an egg shell with all of us in it!

But the worse was yet to come! Mosquitoes. Vicious! Ubiquitous! Blood thirsty. Pans were literally full of them. Simply devastating. You could walk in one direction and not particularly mind them, and then turn and come back and it was almost impossible to withstand their onslaught. You were smothered with mosquitoes all stinging at once with all their might. To even get outside with a dog I had to contrive an outfit. Long slacks tied at the ankles, jacket, buttoned at the neck with long sleeves, gloves, and a large paper bag over my head with slits cut at eyes and one at nose for air. It really worked. Dolly Varden had her thick coat of fur and I sprayed her, so she got along. My neighbor, Grace Borries, was so impressed with my rigging that she made one similar for herself. However the slits at the eyes were too small and she walked off her porch and decided she had rather be devoured by mosquitoes than break her neck!

Reports kept coming in from the rest of the Island and Captiva. Everyone was safe and sound. Even all the pets had come through safely. Word came from Fort Myers Beach that at the last possible minute the government authorities had ordered everyone evacuated immediately. Almost everyone obeyed willingly but a few refused to budge and were carried off bodily anyway so that not a single person was left on Fort Myers Beach and what a blessing that proved to be,

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as more than fifty cottages were washed away, completely gone with not a trace left! On Sanibel, three were washed away, all near Casa Ybel Hotel. We all later walked down to see where they had been, and to think to what might have happened to us. The Beach road was blocked by great Australian pines which had blown over. Inlets had

Inlets were cut through where none had been before. Everything in every direction, was devastated. We had run out of things to say and just looked. We all felt dazed, had lumps in our throats, but soon everyone with all their might set to, and the clearing up was under way. We had so much for which to be grateful---no one hurt.

However the land turtles didn't come out so well, as their holes filled up with salt water and there have been no land turtles on the Island since.

The Inn was bravely carrying on. A new hostess had arrived, whose baggage we had saved the night of the blow. She must have felt like going right back to the mainland but bravely stuck it out and her vivacity and good cheer raised our morale. The two soldier boys were back and there was never a dull moment. Their

surplus energy was utilized in hard work clearing the yard and beach. They were too tired to get many new ideas.

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(cont'd. on back page)

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HURRICANE from p. 7

wires down not only on the Islands but in much of Lee County. Before too long the electric current was on again. We heard from various places that shelling was marvelous. Live fan peccens of rare colours were being found on Fort Myers Beach, Marcos Island and Naples. None at Sanibel but quantities of other rare shells were strewn about but no one yet had really gone shelling. The beach drive to the light house was gone, inlets had washed deeply in. The beach drive to THE ROCKS had washed away, out in front of my cottage it was filling in and another ten or fifteen feet must have been added on. But please, no more need be added in that manner! Enough is enough!

P.T.A. PROGRAM

Ray Pottorf, Assistant Superintendent and Elementary School Administrator for Fla. Schools discussed "Accreditation Standards for Florida Schools" at last Thursday's P.T.A. meeting at the Sanibel Elementary School.

During the business meeting, plans were discussed to raise money, Mary Aleck was voted the money to buy yarn, and the subsequent afgan will be raffled off. Charles LeBuff has volunteered to give an Audubon lecture during the winter season with all proceeds going to the P.T.A. and a bake sale will also be held.

After the meeting, refreshments were served by Goldie Nave and her committee.

AUDUBON SOCIETY

The Sanibel-Captiva Audubon Society will meet Dec. 10, 8:30 p.m. at the Sanibel Community House.

The film "Water Bill, USA", narrated by Walter Cronkite will be shown.

Everyone is invited to attend.

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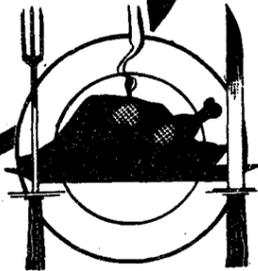
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