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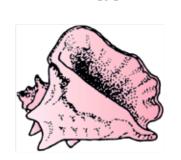
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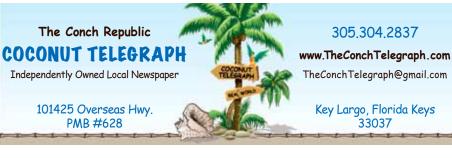
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EDITORIAL - 20 YEARS!

Thank you to all our loyal advertisers and readers... we are celebrating 20 years of working to bring you the Coconut Telegraph. In the last 20 years we've brought stories, entertainment and laughter to the upper Keys. We have had the pleasure to meet and promote artists, authors, photographers, entertainers and entrepreneurs.

The excellent contributors to our columns have all helped shape the Coconut Telegraph into what it is today: a unique collection of stories, photos, jokes, commentary and advertisements for our finest local establishments. We've covered everything from alligators to wetlands and have had a blast doing it. Through our website www.theconchtelegraph.com people all over the world are reading about how much fun the Keys are.

We thank you, our loyal readers and advertisers for your love and support. Here's to another 20 years!

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The Dirt on Cannabis - A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

I should feel blessed and grateful that I have access to Medical Marijuana. It was a long fight just to be able to smoke "flower." I use quotes because that is a relatively new term on me used for bud. In 2017, then governor Rick Scott ignored the voters wishes and limited medical marijuana to vapes and concentrates only-NO BUD! More litigation was required before the state finally accepted the will of the people. And when I say it was a long fight, I joined the fight in the 80s, compassionate use was practically unheard of.

This is the reason I have never trusted the government. During the height of the war on drugs, I was made out to be a dangerous criminal, an enemy of the state; threatened with incarceration as well as extermination just because I found the marijuana plant helpful with my focus.

As a young man, my thoughts were scattered, and it was difficult to keep my mind on the task at hand. I was basically a good kid, and therefore wasn't deemed hyperactive or what they now call ADD among the other myriad names for the same affliction. I wasn't given amphetamines like the "dude" said. other kids that were more disruptive in class.

We were always told that marijuana was bad, real bad and that it would make your penis smaller. The DEA was headed by a guy that was titled the drug czar and they spread falsehoods and excuses why

potheads needed to be rounded up to keep the public safe. America needs enemies to keep the budget flowing.

The wife of a friend of mine once told me that I deserved to be killed for is how effective the brainwashing from the government was. She actually believed that I was going to grew was some of the best go insane and murder her whole family because that's what the DEA said marijuana smokers would do. Those lies were also propagated in the churches and the DARE program, which was deemed a billiondollar-plus failure.

weed back in that time but you could get plenty of cocaine because that's what the government was selling. "Kill The Messenger" was a movie based on the true investigation by Gary Webb. Marijuana smokers were so much easier to bust and less dangerous.

Due to the scarcity of weed, my friends and I were forced to grow our own from whatever seeds we collected from where ever it came from. Mexico most likely, though we occasionally came across Jamaican and Colombian grass, according to what

Most of the strains were prone to be hermaphrodites (both sexes) and self pollinated, making the buds or flowers produce a lot of seeds. Sinsemilla (seedless marijuana) was harder to grow but could be done. I knew how to tell the difference between male

and female plants shortly after the seeds germinated and produced their first leaves.

Removing the males allows the females to spend their energy developing sticky, resin-dense flowers smoking marijuana, and that instead of producing seeds. One male or hermaphrodite ruins an entire pot patch.

The small batches we marijuana I've had the pleasure to consume. It had a smoother, longer lasting high than today's hit-hardand-fade-fast pot. It was long, skinny-leafed sativas, except for the rare, fat, short leafed indica that somehow found its way to It was really hard to get the neighborhood via a different neighborhood's importer, aka dude.

What made our pot superior to today's hydroponic, high THC, pre-sexed, 3 month start to finish grows? Dirt. Growing in a nutrient bath just doesn't provide all of the micro nutrients and minerals, the interaction between the microbes that make them absorbable by the plants roots.

There have been studies that confirm that plants





communicate chemically with one another through the "wood wide web," mycelium, that plants use to share nutrients and water, among other conversations. A lonely plant doesn't produce as happy a buzz. Hydroponically grown plants roots never touch, never communicate, they aren't a part of the larger connection that makes up life on planet Earth. All life is connected to the Earth, Mother to us all.

Most of our plants were either stolen, found by police (who would pull the plant then leave their business card stuck in the chicken wire we used to keep the deer, rabbits and other critters from eating our plants, just in case we wanted to ask him how he liked it but we never called to ask) but we always managed to come up with a few pounds between us.

We didn't grow for profit, we grew out of want for something we couldn't find reliably otherwise. I was always proud of my weed and couldn't wait to share it with my friends. Watching somebody derive pleasure from your efforts is its own special reward. Like playing music for people.

Lucky for me playing and singing has always been legal though I have gotten away with murdering a few songs over the years.