

- (b) "Soon they were heading up the low mangrove covered coast past Shark River and, finally, they sighted a sandy beach which Scotty said was Lost Man's Key. When the boys asked why they called by that name, Scotty answered: 'I don't know but I can tell why it ought to be called Found Man's Key'.

"He said that a few months before as the 'Jennie' was sailing past Lost Man's Key a man was seen standing on shore waving a signal flag, and when they went in to investigate they found 4 other men, some of whom were almost dead from hunger, thirst and exposure. The men were taken to Chocoluskee and housed in a small shack until strong enough to leave for the North....."(From reference CCXXXV(f)).

- (c) "This wilderness of islands in the year 1870 contained in its entire length of 82 miles only two known settlements, one at Marco and the other 40 miles to the South so far back among the islands as to be almost inaccessible and called Chocoluskee.

"In these pioneer days, a settlement meant a palmetto leafed shack in a small clearing, miles away from any other similar shack or clearing upon another island. Key West, 80 miles from Chocoluskee, was the nearest town. It also contained the nearest church, school, store, bar room, horse, cow, or other accessory to the entertainment or comfort of civilized man, and it was also the nearest market for vegetables, sugar cane and bananas raised by these settlers, and shipped there by small coasting schooners. (From reference CCXXXV(f)).

- (d) "Passing a flat rock covered by gray pelicans and cormorants, they saw due North a pass wide enough to enter, through which the incoming tide was rapidly flowing. Sailing swiftly along with the tide, before the gale, they followed the crooked winding pass for half an hour until coming out into a long sound, they espied on its opposite shore two miles distant, near a small key, an opening apparently the mouth of a creek.

"It was evening now and rapidly growing dark. As they entered the creek, they saw on its eastern shore a palmetto thatched hut with bananas and sugar cane growing nearby in a small clearing. Being anxious to anchor and make everything aboard the schooner secure before night, they decided to keep on up the creek before stopping. The wind now had become a hurricane.....

"During the hurricane, the high salt tidal waters had submerged the clearing to a depth of 3 feet, killing all tender vegetation, and receding, it had left a deposit of several inches of silt. Banana trees, sugar cane were flattened; the palmetto thatched shack wrecked, and scattered by wind and flood; a more desolate, pitiable scene of what had been a home could hardly be imagined. On a low shell mound nearby the top of which had remained above the flood, huddled like hunted frightened animals were a man and his three girls. As the skipper and George approached, the man arose and turned toward them aggressively, but changed his mien to glad surprise, as falteringly he grasped the outstretched hand of the smiling skipper and stammered: 'Stranger, I -- er -- I shore em glad t' see ya all.' After an embarrassing silence, during which the timid shrinking girls turned away as if inclined to flee to the nearby woods, the man

continued: 'My name is Weeks -- John Weeks, whut might yo name be?'.....

'Mr. Weeks, what is the name of this place and how long have you lived here?'

'Weeks, stimulated by the liquor, answered readily: 'This is Choccoluskee -- a Seminole Injun name. I kem yer in '62, what year is this, '69 aint it?'

'Yes. You've been here then 7 years?'

'Seven years is right', answered Weeks, sighing wearily, as if 70 years would have been more accurate.

'I aint got airy dock, er anyway ter tell what day er year it is, en I ferget'.

'Mr. Weeks, does anybody live near here -- any neighbor?'

'No, I don't know o' anybody else livin' near yere, er within 50 miles o' yere.'

'Where did you come from when you came here?'

Weeks hesitating, longingly eyed the aguadiante. After accepting another drink, his mind and tongue seemed more active as he fluently continued.

'I kem yere from Alachua County in '62, durin the War.'" (From reference CCXXXV(f)).

'I traded the mule and wagon for a sailboat in Cedar Keys and started down the coast. I kept going till I kem to this place, and I've been a livin yere ever since.' Weeks paused to point to his children who were standing among the flattened banana trees. 'Lizzie es I told y', es my stepdatter, my wife bein a widder woman. Apilony th' nex gal was born afore I lef' Alachua County. Sa' Jane the younger was born yere. Her mother died agivin' birth t' her; ther bein no doctor er nobody 'ith her et th' time I cept me t' tend t' her.'

Weeks stopped speaking and a pensive cast veiled his care worn face as he turned his eyes -- oh so sadly, so lovingly -- to a distant corner of the clearing where, under a lime tree, a sunken mound adorned by seashells was barely visible.

After a hallowed silence, Mr. Allen asked: 'You don't have many visitors, do you Mr. Weeks?'

'No, not many. Nicholas Santini, er his brother, Dolphus stop with their schooner once in a while on thar way from Charlotte Harbor t' Key West. They take my bananas an' sugar cane er whatever I hev ready t' ship t' Key West, an' bring me back flour an' bacon. Th' Santinis hev allers treated me squar an' hones'. Thar's one man though thet's treated me mean, an' thet I'd shore like t' meet. He kem yere a year er so ago an' took all th' stuff I hed, bananas, sugar cane an' punkins, saying he'd be right back from Key West with a lot o' grub fer me, an' I aint laid eyes on th' damn scoundrel sence; an' I've hed t' live on things yere thet a nigger wouldn't eat up th' kentry. His name is Joselyn -- Captain Joselyn, an' he runs a big green painted sloop. Mr. Allen did y' ever hear tell of a man in Key West by that name?'

'Yes, I've seen Joselyn in Key West. He has a bad name,

and is under bond now to appear there before the United States court charged with smuggling. They say he has killed several men, was once a pirate, is very rich, and has a hiding place like a pirate's lair among the Ten Thousand Islands where he hides the loot he steals from wrecked vessels along the Florida reef. Joselyn is so mean that no sailor who has sailed with him once, if he comes back alive, will ever ship with him again.'" (From reference CCXXXV(f)).

- (f) "During George's absence, his father and Weeks went on an exploring trip in the latter's skiff up the creek. Along the banks of each bend of the creek for a mile or more, they found a dense jungle growth on rich soil called 'hammock land'. Mr. Allen was so favorably impressed by this land, upon which many kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables could be raised, that he decided to establish a home on the banks of the creek about a half mile above Weeks' clearing." (From reference CCXXXV(f)).
- (g) "At another time, they anchored long enough at Pelican Key to gather several messes of clams and then passing close to the beach of Pavilion Key, they headed down the coast. That evening while passing a distant long sandy beach inshore, marked at intervals by scarlet objects on the waterline, George looked in wonder and then asked: 'Scotty, what are those red things on the beach off there?'

'Flamingoes, George. They are on Lost Man's Key. So many flamingoes are being killed by hunters from Key West that there won't be any around here soon -- nor pink curlews either.'" (From reference CCXXXV(f)).

- (h) "Among the many unique personalities of Key West, representing the varied phases of foreign characteristics of this era, was one Captain Joselyn, who several years before, as a member of a shipwrecked crew, had been stranded in Key West. As owner and skipper of the sloop 'Flirt', Joselyn had an unsavory reputation among the elite of the City, but his faults might have been, if not overlooked, at least palliated by the less critical but more dominant maritime population of Key West had he not persisted, in the face of all tradition to the contrary, in rigging his vessel as a sloop, when all other vessels in these waters, except small fishing boats, were schooner rigged which, as every old sailor knows, is handled easier in the heavy winds prevalent along the Florida keys. Many crimes, ranging from petty thievery, to piracy and murder, were attributed to Joselyn; and many gruesome yarns were spun at night aboard weather-behind vessels anchored under the lee of protecting keys of

Pelican Key and gathered several hundred clams.

"Coolness, having arisen between Spud and Mr. Allen, Spud left Mr. Allen's employ and worked for Weeks at the mouth of the creek for a month, and then left Chocoluskee for Punta Rassa." (From reference CCXXXV(f)).