

# ADVENTURE FOR TWO

by

TODD S. PARKHURST



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## ADVENTURE FOR TWO

I bring you a tale of adventure, of courage, of tragedy, of perseverance, and finally of vast tangible success. It is a tale of treasure—treasure lost, lives lost, treasure won.

This adventure tale spans more than three centuries, and I cannot know the whole story myself. But during my research, I located two gentlemen—one a gentleman in the old meaning of that word, and the other a gentleman, perhaps, in a more modern sense. One is a Spanish nobleman; the other a recent compatriot of ours.

These two gentlemen helped me enormously. Indeed, the influence of these two in my account is so great that they have literally taken over the story. I was incredulous when I met them, and I resisted their demands that they directly speak to you. But they won. Here is their drama. It is not fiction, but it is drama. I ask that, as in any drama, you willingly suspend your disbelief and hear them out. Don Francisco?

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen.

*Buenas Noches, Senoras y Senores.*

I am, or was, Don Francisco de Chaves

*Yo soy, o era en la vida, Don Francisco de Chavez*

Espinosa de los Monteros.

*Espinosa de los Monteros.*

I was born in Cadiz, Spain

*Naci en Cadiz, Espana*

A thousand pardons, ladies and gentlemen. I forget myself. I should know that you are speakers of English, not Spanish. I start again.

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Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. I am, or I was in life, Don Francisco de Chavez Espinosa de los Monteros. I was born in Cadiz, Spain, in 1579, and as a boy and young man I grew up in Spain, in Italy, and in France, because my padre—my father—was what you would now call a diplomat. Until I was an old man I was never called upon to speak your English, and so I pray you to forgive me my accent.

I have been asked to tell you tonight about the history of The Spanish Empire in the New World, to describe the trade between Spain and her colonies and possessions, and to particularly describe to you our treasure fleet which sailed from Havana on September 4, 1622, bound for Spain. About this I know, for I served my king as an envoy in Havana from 1617 to 1631. I died in Spain in 1640. Since then, through various circumstances I will not attempt to explain, I have been asked to speak on various occasions to various persons about various histories about which I know.

As you—of all the people I address—should know, Christopher Columbus, empowered and aided by the Throne of Spain, discovered the new world in 1492. Quickly Spain's nobility undertook the enormous task of exploiting this discovery for her people, and for the glory of God. Trade was established with the New World, and as early as 1503, a regulatory agency was established to oversee every aspect of that trade with the Indians. Clerks, or escribanos, maintained official records of all cargo loaded and unloaded from each ship. This record or manifest served as the basis for collecting the imperial taxes, levied to help the government offset the cost of defending the merchant vessels which brought the East Indian wealth to Spain.

To minimize losses to armed raiders, Spain required all merchant ships to sail in convoys, which were protected by escort ships known as galleons. The galleons were a special type of warship, up to 100 feet long and square sailed. The profile was unmistakable to those of us who watched their arrivals and departures. The sterncastles soared up to 35 feet above the ship's water line. The galleons were heavily armed, mounting huge bronze cannons. Although slower than the brigantines and sloops favored by British, Dutch, French and other pirates, the galleons possessed immense fire power.

In addition to the other galleons sailing among the merchant ships in convey were two strong galleons—a *Capitana*, which led the group, and

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an *Almiranta*, which brought up the rear. The convoys sailed from Cadiz in Spain in the early spring of every year, and upon arriving in the Caribbean they disbursed into groups to deliver goods brought from Spain and to pick up gold, silver, and other precious commodities from the various ports in the colonies. Portobello and Cartagena annually came alive with the activity of loading silver, gold and jewels from Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela and Colombia. At Vera Cruz, on the east coast of Mexico, gold and silver from the royal mint at Mexico City was put aboard. The products of Spain's trade in the Orient—fine china, vases, porcelain, silk, and other products, brought originally through the Philippines to Acapulco and transported overland to Vera Cruz, were loaded aboard the *Tierra Firme* fleet.

In good years, all the fleets regathered in Havana in time to sail for Spain in July, thereby avoiding the hurricane season of late summer. But in 1622, his majesty's fleet did not leave Havana harbor in July—or even August. In this year, the fleet first left Spain on March 23, 1622, and arrived in what you now call Panama on May 24. Weather, repairs, and late delivery of treasure to the ports combined to delay the last portion of the fleet from arriving in Havana's harbor until August 22, 1622.

I myself watched the final loading of the fleet in the harbor of Havana on September 4, 1622. The delays had been enough to vex a saint, but this was the final day of waiting, of delay, of excitement. The ships would sail with the afternoon tide, and that was God's blessing. Stalks of bananas, hampers of oranges, sacks of limes and coconuts littered the galleons' decks. More was carried aboard on the backs of ragged Indian and black stevedores. Everywhere was water and food to sustain the hundreds of passengers and crew for the two month voyage to Spain.

By 2:00 PM, the hot tropical sun beat down mercilessly upon the white buildings and their red tile roofs and wharves. Though it was the siesta hour, my Havana was in no mood to sleep. The departure of the treasure galleons was a day of celebration. Colorful flags flew from the battlements of El Morro Castle. Their vivid reds, yellows, whites and blacks were repeated in the long pennants and flags waving from the masts and sterns of the fleet below. Dozens of boats moved back and forth between the quays and the great ships loading the last passengers. Crowds of elegantly attired people and passengers crossed to the vessels in splendor. The colors of the ladies' pink parasols, broad-brimmed

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plumed hats and expensive silk dresses made a brave show in the bright sunlight. Not to be outdone, the bewigged gentlemen in their velvet and brocade waistcoats, ruffled shirts and silk pantaloons postured and conferred like a gathering of peacocks. Less flamboyantly clad soldiers, servants, and other people of lower social standings were transported to the ships in cutters. Baggage for each passenger was to be restricted to two or three trunks or leather covered chests, but—as I believe occasionally occurs in your airliners—passengers of importance often exceeded these restrictions by a simple payment to the ship's master.

Finally, the last passenger was aboard; the last official formality performed; the last prayers said. The ships were ready, the sailors standing by. Havana's cathedral bells signalled the last ritual, and as I gazed across the harbor to sea, I saw the flagship hoist the signal to make sail.

A cannon aboard the flagship of the flota boomed, relaying the signal to the more distant ships in the harbor. Officers bellowed orders, bare feet pounded the decks, and crews raced up the rat lines and out into the yards. Head sails blossomed and rose, rippling and flapping, and clouds of canvas soon billowed aloft, while sweating men heaved the creaking capstain bars to weigh anchors. Slowly, ponderously, the great ships moved forward under sail, gradually gaining speed. On shore, the crowds cheered, shouted farewells, prayed.

One by one, the ships lumbered into line between the galleons. The awakening, the tremulous, bestirring movement, the formation of the individual ships into the single moving, living convoy was a sight I remember always.

High above the harbor, a rumbling tattoo of drums arose from the ramparts of El Morro Castle, and a black-robed archbishop blessed the fleet, while I and other officials, bedecked in gold braid, prayed fervently that this flotilla of vessels with its huge treasure so desperately needed by the King would safely reach Spain.

Twelve times the fortress cannons roared their salutes, and twelve times they were answered by the departing fleet.

But the course set by this fleet, and by all fleets before and after it, was not directly to Spain. The reasons were simple. Our navigation instruments were of modest accuracy, and the tradewinds and ocean currents for a west-to-east journey were to be found at northern latitudes. Accordingly, our Spanish pilots in charge of the fleet's navigation felt

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safer sailing north to what is now Florida, along the Florida Keys, north along the east coast of Florida and only then turning east across the trackless wastes of the Spanish Main to Europe.

On September 5, the day after departure, the dawn brought gray skies, gusting winds, and a feeling of unease to the more experienced sailors. Soon the winds rose to gale force out of the northeast. Gusts raked the ocean's surface, piling up huge seas in front of the ships. Aboard the *Atocha*, the chief pilot lit lanterns as clouds and rain blackened the sky. Even those merchants ships huddled closest to the *Atocha* were hidden by rain as the storm swept in. Crewmen scrambled into the rigging to take in sail. The ship reeled, and the yardarms dipped into the ocean as the ship rolled violently. Just before darkness on that terrible day, a veil of spray parted, and seasick passengers watched in horror as the tiny *Nuestra Senora de la Consolacion*, wallowing in the mammoth seas, capsized and vanished.

That night, the wind shifted to the south. The hurricane now hurled the fleet north to the Florida reefline. Before daylight—by God's good grace—twenty vessels passed safely to the west of a group of rocky islands known as the Dry Tortugas. But at least four ships, including the mighty *Atocha* and the *Santa Margarita*—the fleet's largest and richest ships—were swept headlong into the Florida Keys. Near a low-lying islet, fifteen-foot rollers carried the *Margarita* across a reef, driving her into treacherous shallow water beyond. As she crossed the reef, her commander, Captain Bernardino de Lugo looked to the east. There he saw the *Atocha*.

With crew and passengers huddled, praying, below deck, the *Atocha* approached the line of reefs dividing safe, deep water from certain death. The frenzied crew dropped anchors into the reef face, hoping to hold the growning, creaking galleon off the jagged coral. A wave lifted the ship, and, in the next instant, flung it down directly onto the reef. The main mast snapped as the huge seas washed *Atocha* off the reef and beyond, trailing her broken mast. Water poured through a gaping hole in her bow, quickly filling the hull with water. The great ship plunged beneath the surface, finding bottom 55 feet below; only the stump of the mizzenmast broke the waves. Of the 265 persons aboard, 260 drowned. Three crewmen and two black slaves clung to the mast until they were rescued the next morning by a launch from another fleet ship, the *Santa Cruz*.

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The lost ships of the 1622 treasure fleet lay scattered over fifty miles stretching from the Dry Tortugas eastward to where the *Atocha* ended her life. About 550 people perished. Cargo worth more than two million pesos—twenty times a King's ransom—lay on the sea bottom.

On September 12, 1622, the Marquis of Caderita and I held a meeting attended by stricken survivors of the storm. Twenty of the 28 ships had returned to Havana. It was decided that the treasure fleet would stay in Havana while an attempt was made to salvage the *Atocha* and the *Margarita* which had carried the bulk of the fleet's treasure. Gaspar de Vargas, a veteran seaman, was dispatched with five ships, salvage tackle, and divers. On September 17, Bartolome Lopez arrived in Havana after spotting the wreck of the *Atocha* near the last key of the Matecumbe. The Marquis sent Lopez to guide Vargas to the wrecks.

Lopez met Vargas and they found the *Atocha* quickly, her mizzenmast still protruding above the water. The Almiranta was down 55 feet—very deep for the salvage divers who could work only as long as the air in their lungs held out. The divers reported that the hatches and gunports were securely fastened. Unable to force their way into the hold, the divers could do no more than salvage two small iron swivel cannons off the deck. Vargas turned west, looking for the spot where the *Margarita* had gone aground and broken up. Failing to find the wrecksite, Vargas sailed further west to look for his ship, the *Rosario*. At Loggerhead Key, he found the hull of the *Rosario* and a small group of survivors who had waded ashore. They had spent three weeks marooned on the windswept islet, with little food or water.

On October 5 a second hurricane swept through the Florida Straits. Vargas and the survivors of the *Rosario*, facing their second storm in as many months, moved to the highest ground on the Key. The ocean surged up after them, but eventually receded. Vargas returned to Havana for more tools to salvage the *Atocha*.

Equipped with more divers, including pearl divers from the island of Margarita, Vargas' crew camped on a small mangrove atoll near the place where they had seen the wreck of the *Atocha*. But the Almiranta could not be found—her mizzenmast had disappeared.

The loss of the 1622 fleet was a disaster for the Royal Treasury. The Crown was forced to borrow vast new sums from its already nervous bankers to continue the Thirty Years War. Armed ships from Spain's re-



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bellious Dutch provinces pressed their attacks on Spanish maritime trade. Despite these attacks, the merchants in charge of administering the averia tax for the protection of the treasure convoys sold several Guard galleons, raising cash to help cover the loss of the 1622 fleet.

Throughout the rest of the 17th century, Spain's fortunes spiralled downward as the English, French, and Dutch attacked her both in Europe and overseas. In 1688, the government tallied the sunken vessels still missing: the *Atocha* was at the top of the list. Hurricanes and pirates continued to take their toll on other treasure ships. In 1715 and 1733 entire fleets were lost off the Florida coast. We salvaged what we could from these wrecks, although we were continually harried by the English pressing down from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Nassau in the Bahamas.

In 1817 a new power, the United States, bought Florida, transforming it from a strategic military outpost between Spain and her New World colonies into a thinly-populated agricultural backwater. The legacy of Imperial Spain was forgotten, and the records locating the treasure wrecks were moved to our Archives in Seville.

As to the rest of the story, I know no more firsthand. These accounts I leave to the next disciple and speaker, Senor Lamar J. Hatfield. His nickname is "Likker," and I believe I know why. Thank you for your attention.

Thank you, Don Francisco, for that effusive introduction. I can hardly wait, now, to hear what I am going to say. Well, ol' Francisco Monteros has been doing this a lot longer than I have, and charity begins at home, so I will not respond in kind to indirect peroration.

I am Lamar Hatfield, and I grew up in South Georgia, and North Florida, and around there. I been fishing and bartending and one thing and another in the Florida Keys, primarily Key West, all my life. I'm an old timer Conch, and yes I believe the Keys should secede from Florida, on account of that Florida does nothing very useful for the Keys. If you're my friend, you can call me by my nickname, Likker, and you're all my friends. I died not long ago on account of abusing my nickname—Likker really is quicker—but like Senor Monteros, I shall decline to elocute on the manner in which I arrived here, or whence I go. We are all travelers through this world of care, and there is a better home awaiting.

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Anyways, ol' Frank here and the guy that got us here want me to tell you what happened next. The answer is nuthin'. For over 300 years, nuthin' happened. The sun went up, the sun went down, the tide rolled in, the tide rolled out, storms and seasons arose and abated. Kings came and went, governments rose and fell, parliaments sat and dissolved, and the highway across the Florida Keys was built. In the 1940's, a Frenchman invented self-contained underwater breathing apparatus equipment. After the second World War, the population explosion began in Florida, and a man named Kip Wagner and some others used that equipment and found the wrecks of a Spanish treasure fleet which came to considerable grief in 1715 off Jupiter inlet on the East Coast of Florida. They found lots and lots of silver.

But the main protagonist in my part of the story is a guy named Mel Fisher. Ol' Mel is a Good Ol' Boy, even if he was born on the improper side of the Mason-Dixon Line. He started out as a chicken farmer in Indiana. He and his wife moved to San Diego where they opened one of the first scuba diving equipment stores, and Mel and his wife Deo spent nearly every weekend diving in that cold dead water off of Southern California. What vacation time he could find he spent looking at wrecks and diving in the Caribbean. Finally, I guess wreck fever got to be too much for him, and he and Deo sold the store, piled the kids and the furniture in the Ford, and drove down to south Florida. They come down so Mel could help Kip Wagner look for that 1715 fleet I mentioned.

Ol' Mel gets down to Boca Raton, and immediately drives right over to the ocean, never stops for a motel or a place to live or nothing. He parks the car and walks over to a lifeguard on the city beach, and asks the lifeguard if he knows of any Spanish galleon wrecks in the area. "Sure," says the guard, pointing out to sea, "there's one just off the end of that picr." The big laugh was, the guy was right! That wreck turned out to be one of the greatest finds Kip Wagner and his friend Mel ever made.

Well, anyway, Mel decides to look for the 1622 fleet, so he comes down here to the Keys. He brings Deo, and a diesel mechanic, Mo-Mo Molinare (his real name is Demosthenes; you'll not be surprised to know he's Greek), and two or three others—mapmakers, and mechanics, and welders and all—and an electronics whiz named Fay Feild.

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By the end of the 1960's, salvaging wrecks along the east coast of Florida had pretty much played out. So all these treasure seekers started to look for more wreck sites in books in the public libraries. One book—it's been robbed out of nearly every public library in coastal Florida—said that the *Atocha* was "near the last Key of Matecumbe." You'll remember from ol' Frank's earlier remarks that survivors told him that the wreck was near Matecumbe Key. Well, the maps of Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally will show you that two Matecumbe Keys are in the middle Keys, halfway between Key West and Key Largo.

Ol' Mel gets his guys together, packs up, and moves to the middle Keys. He gets up some money from here, and develops some more money from over there, and spends all his time poking around Islamorada and Tavernier Key and that area up there. Fay Feild develops a really slick magnetometer, one that will find the gold in your teeth from a mile away on a dark night in a rainstorm. But they don't find nothing. Oh, they find a modern wreck here and an antique anchor there, but they can't no more find the *Atocha* or the *Margarita* than they can find Jonah or the whale. They just are not to be found. They look one year, and they look the next year, and they look longer. They look for ten long, soggy, discouraging, wet, sunbaked years.

Now I suppose I ought to let ol' Frank tell this part of the story, but he's embarrassed, so I shall continue to labor at the oar. (This is getting to the literary part of the paper, now, so you'll pay strict attention: you're gonna like this.) The Archives of the Indies is in Seville, in Spain. It's an old Spanish library. It has thousands of bundles of documents, and millions of pages of testimony about Spain's activity in the New World.

The spoken Spanish of 1622 is a lot like the spoken Spanish of today, but the old Spanish writing style is a flowing script called Procesal. Its rounded letters join together almost like Arabic. That's no surprise, 'cause you'll remember that the Moors hadn't left Spain all that long before 1600. And there's very little punctuation in early Spanish writing. And all the writing is on paper that is faded, and full of worm holes. And the documents are tied into bundles called legajos, and are in 14 different sections within the Archive. And an individual legajo may contain thousands of hand-written procesal documents which may not even relate to one another.

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Mel and Deo went to Seville, and looked at the Archives, and knew they needed serious help. The little Spanish researcher/librarian lady there, a Mrs. Flores, is very helpful, and will even translate things, but the plain fact is she don't know no more about finding treasure by reading documents than a pig knows about Sunday.

Now Mel hits up with a Gene Lyon, a friend of his from the Methodist church back home. Gene is a historian, and he has learned to read procesal Spanish while working on his history doctorate, and he knows the Archives in Seville. Gene goes in there to the Archives, pokes around, and in ten days, he finds ol' Don Frank Monteros' original wreck papers. After a few days of ruining his eyesight, Gene reads from these wreck papers that the shipwreck is near the Cayos del Marquisa—Spanish for the Keys of the Marquis. But this only means that they are near the islands where the survivors and rescuers camped. That news-flash don't help nobody.

But it's always better to be lucky than to be good, and next Gene stumbles over an old map, which map shows a group of islands located out to the east of the Tortugas and west of Key West—and the islands are labelled "Marquesas." Now the lightbulb goes on: apparently the term Matecumbe Keys had been the term for all the keys or islands all along the southern tip of Florida. Over the years, they had been renamed, one by one, until only two islands, Upper Matecumbe Key and Lower Matecumbe Key, still have their original group name. So now Gene figures out that the wreck should be located near the present day Marquesa Keys, about twenty miles west of Key West, out in the Dry Tortugas.

That's all Mel needs. When Mel gets this news from Gene, Mel ups and moves down to Key West, and brings the family, and hires a boat called *Holly's Folly* to drag ol' Fay Feild's magnetometer all over the bottom out there. Four years later, they're still dragging. All Mel and Deo get to show for the work is four years of sunburn. Nothing else.

Now the little Spanish researcher in Seville casually points out that a translation error has been made. All during the late 60's and early 70's, *Holly's Folly* has been poking around east of the Marquesas, but the new translation suggests the wreck is west of the Marquesas. It's hard to find a shipwreck when you're sixty miles in error, and so off Mel goes again, this time west of the Marquesas.

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On June 12, 1971, the magnetometer graph takes a big double jump. A marker goes out, divers go in, and like Mel says, "Today's the day!" It's an anchor from a Spanish galleon!

A few days later, Don Kincaid, a professional underwater photographer, took his camera gear and dived on the anchor. Don descended down through a cloud of sand in the water, and swam into a crater where the Anchor was exposed. Suddenly Don saw the brilliant links of golden chain. Golden chain, 8 ½ feet of it!

Don Kincaid, Mel's newest friend, had found the first piece of gold. In October, they found two gold bars. But when all the stuff was examined, none of it had any inscriptions which fit the old manifests from the ship's logs. They're Spanish gold, all right, and off a Spanish ship, all right, but Mel couldn't be sure they were from the *Atocha* or the *Margarita*.

Well, I will not trouble you with all the salvage work Mel did in the Marquesas, and the research work Gene did in Seville during 1972 and 1973, trying to prove the wreck they'd found was from the 1622 treasure fleet.

Finally, on July 4, 1973, Kim Fisher, Mel's second son, struck paydirt. That morning, Bouncy John Lewis, the first diver down, found a tiny rosary encrusted with red coral, gold beads, and connected by gold chain. While Bouncy John was pulling up the rosary, Kane Fisher, Mel's youngest son, found a 60 pound ingot of pure silver. The Fisher sons radioed the news back to Mel, and by the time the boat pulled into Key West's pier around noon, the place was a madhouse. This silver was different, though: it had registration numbers stamped into the bars. And if Mel had found the wreck he thought he'd found, the silver bar registration numbers oughta match the ones in the ship's cargo manifests in the archives. A few days later, Gene in Seville confirmed that the registration numbers 569; 794; and 4584 were on the old *Atocha* manifest list. Wer-en't no question no more: Mel and Gene knew, just as sure as God made little green apples, that the gold they found had been on the *Atocha*. On July 13, 1975, Mel's son Dirk and Don Kincaid found nine bronze cannon. Their markings corresponded with the ship records located by Gene in Seville, and further confirmed that they were working the wreck of the *Atocha*.

One week later, however, tragedy struck. Mel Fisher's son Dirk and his daughter-in-law Angel and crew member Rick Gage were drowned

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when one of the salvage boats capsized in a storm. But we sow in tears and we reap in joy, as the song says, and so the work continued. During the next few years, a steady stream of artifacts continued to surface, but still there was no sign of the motherlode, as Mel called it.

On July 20, 1985—ten years to the day after the death of his son Dirk, after 17 years of work, and after more than 500,000 ocean miles—divers Andy Matroci and Greg Wareham came upon what they thought was a coral reef. Well, it was a reef, all right. But the reef was made of silver bars and golden coins. Under the precious reef were timbers—the remains of the hull of the *Atocha*. Mel Fisher's cry of "Today's the day!" had at last come true.

It's true. It's there. I seen it. Since 1985, they been pulling stuff out of that ocean site like fish out of a barrel. There's more gold chain. And gold plates. And gold dishes. And rosaries. And swords. And astro-labes and navigation instruments. And silver candlesticks, and spoons, and dishes, and incense burners, and golden cups and saucers. There's a silver box, in which reposes the golden ring of an archbishop, bearing a 71-carat emerald from the royal mines of Peru.

And there are coins. Thousands and thousands of coins. Bags of coins. Chests of coins. Gold doubloons. Escudos. Reals. And Pieces of Eight, minted in Bogota, Colombia and in Mexico City by the enslaved sons of the Inca Empire. Pieces of Eight, bearing the crusader's cross of King Phillip IV on one side and the crest of the House of Hapsburg on the other. Pieces of Eight—the stuff of a hundred books and the sum of a million dreams.

There is a museum down there in Key West, on Front Street, just off of Duval, that has a room about as big as your living room, and that room is 3 feet deep in silver. All Spanish silver. All off those wrecks. There is something like \$200 million of treasure in that warehouse museum on Front Street in Key West, Florida.

Of the legal trouble brought upon Mel by the State of Florida for his find, I shall say nothing—except that not less than eight separate opinions have been rendered, one by the United States Supreme Court, affirming Mel's company's right to the treasure.

Consequently, just a year ago, on June 14 and 15, 1988, the famous auction house of Christie's auctioned off some of the treasure—enough to make Mel, and his wife, and his kids, and many others who had labored for so long, very wealthy.

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Thus endeth the story. Further this deponent sayeth not. But some who listen to our tale of adventure are put in mind of a mildly famous Jimmy Buffet song:

Mother, Mother Ocean  
You've watched the men who rode you  
Switch from sail to steam  
And in your belly you hold the treasures  
That few have ever seen—  
Most of 'em dreams  
Most of 'em dreams.

Yes, I am a pirate  
Two hundred years too late  
The cannons don't thunder, there's nothing to plunder  
I'm an over-forty victim of fate  
Arriving too late  
Arriving too late.

Mother, Mother Ocean  
After all these years I've found  
The occupational hazard bein'  
The occupation is just not around  
It's just not around  
It's just not around.

Thank you for your kind attention. I have pictures of the *Atocha's* treasure, and my wife has a Piece of Eight from a Spanish treasure galleon. I shall be happy to show them to you. Good night.

This paper was written for The Chicago Literary Club and read before the Club at The Arts Club of Chicago as the Ladies' Night Address on Monday evening, the Fifteenth of May, Nineteen Hundred Eighty-Nine.

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