



By Wilson Horne

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My Supernatural Jupiter Experience

I spent the 1928 Hurricane in Utero in West Palm Beach, FL. My Dad Kenneth Sr. was a carpenter who made good money helping put WPB back together. In 1931 he received a \$500 Army bonus for having served with the US Expeditionary Force in WW 1 as a 2nd Lt. in France.

Dad bought 20 acres about where Egrets Landing is now or about 2 miles SW of Jupiter for \$10 an acre. He built a frame house 16 x 16, drove a shallow well for a pitcher pump and built an Outhouse. Dad had been a farmer in SC and thought he could farm in Jupiter. For many reasons it did not work out. My Mother, my sister Ramona and my brother Jack, wrote articles for the Loxahatchee Lament explaining reasons. I made numerous comments years later in James Snyder's, 5000 Years on the Loxahatchee.

Due to the Farm failure and the depression Dad joined the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1933 and was stationed in Ocala. Mom was stuck in the woods with five small children down a two mile dirt road, no electric, telephone, neighbors, transportation or money. Then the 33 hurricane hit. Our 20 acres were under 2-4 feet of water. My Uncle Edwin Raulerson came and rescued us by rowboat. We stayed with my Grandparents a few days until my mother walked to Jupiter and rented a small cottage from Alice Pennock at the corner of Center St. & Town Hall Avenue for \$5 a month. After a year, Dad was discharged from the CCC's and we moved back to the farm.

In 1936, Mr. Floyd quit as School Janitor and my Dad took the job. Now instead of walking, we got a ride in a 1926 Overland. The janitor not only cleaned the entire school by himself, he maintained the grounds, rang the class bells, fired the furnace and assisted Mrs., Shock in the Cafeteria. My Uncle Horace Raulerson replaced my Dad as Janitor and he was followed by Chandler, Jenkins and Mrs. Yohey our 1st woman Janitor. My job after school was helping my Dad.

At this time, around 1939, Loxahatchee Drive south was shell and ended at 3rd St. 1st-8th streets were all shell. Streets 5-8 had been abandoned. They were impassable and there were no houses on them. 1st street had 4 houses, 2nd and 3rd one each.

Dirt Ruts ran from 3rd St. to the shell McCay (McKay) Radio Station road, now Tony (Toney) Penna Dr. On the right side of the ruts was the three grave Cemetery, now the site of #1815 Jupiter Light Lodge and on the left, 710 where two large Mango trees still stand. These trees were fully grown in 1939 and we kids used to eat the Turpentine fruits in the summers. These trees are over 100 years old and the Town of Jupiter should declare them Heritage Trees.

Speaking of trees, if you have been fortunate enough to visit the Jupiter Executive Building at 1851 Indian town Rd. and look north as you ride the glass elevator, you have seen what is equal to National Geographic photos of the Amazon jungle. Trees over 100 feet tall, the waters of Sims Creek and wild life such as alligators, turtles and birds of all types. Jupiter should buy this pint sized Cork Screw Swamp and put in Nature Trails and picnic facilities.

One afternoon I noticed a large flock of buzzards on a Hugh (huge) Spiral Pine up on Rattlesnake Ridge just south of the football field (field). These Spiral trees were a few of the only ones left when the loggers cut their way thru Jupiter some 75 years ago.

During WW II they harvested the remaining stumps and shipped them North in open box cars to be



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processed into turpentine and cellulose for gun powder. I crept cautiously thru the palmettos until I saw a large dog, bloated and on his back. As I turned to leave the dog began thrashing around. Even at the tender age of ten I knew the dog was dead and the dead don't move. As I was about to run from this apparent Supernatural happening, a buzzard crawled out of the rear of the carcass and upon seeing me, was about as scared as I was.