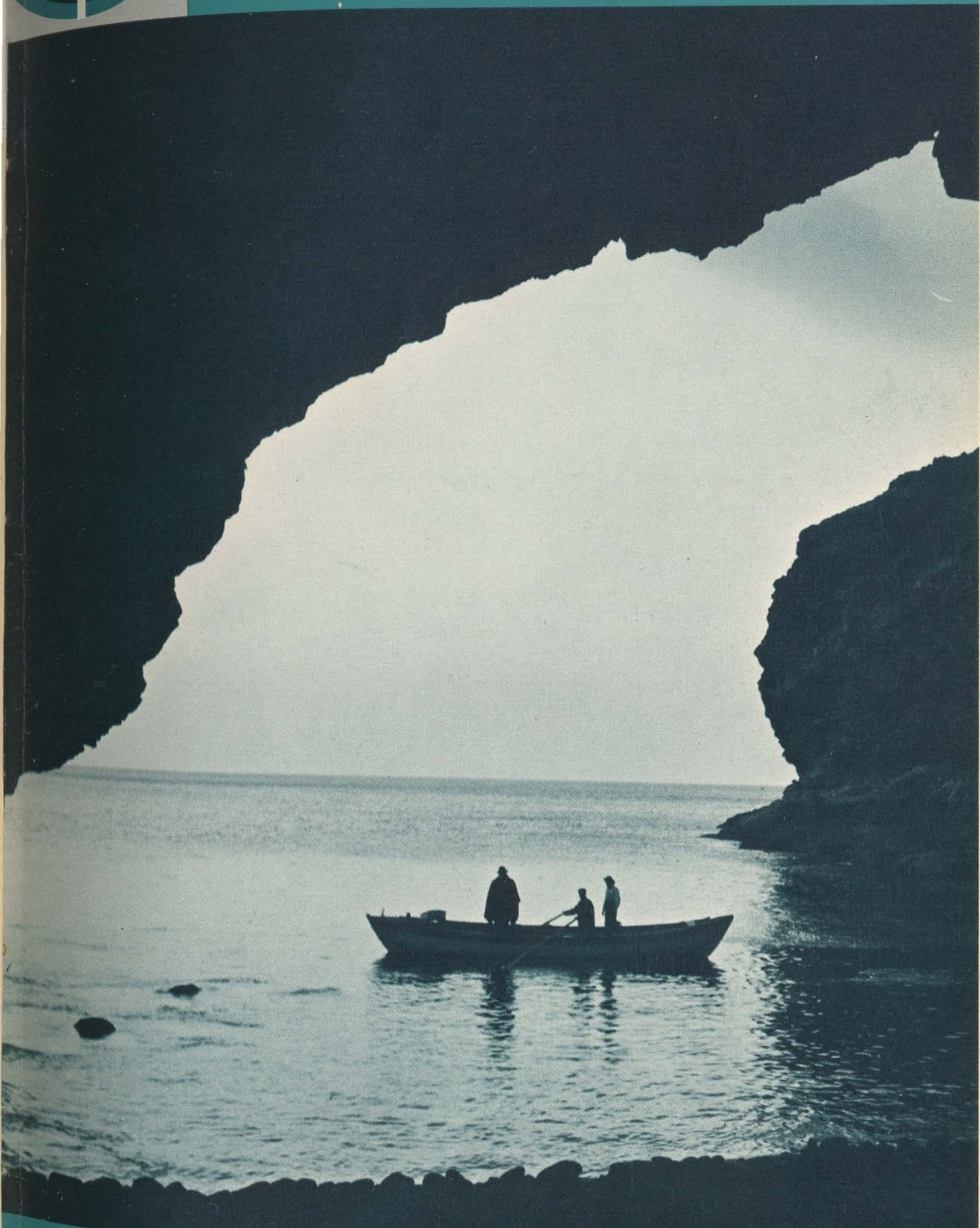




# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



October 1966





IN MEMORY OF  
**ALEXANDER SELKIRK**  
 MARINER,  
 A NATIVE OF LARGO, IN THE COUNTY OF  
 FIFE, SCOTLAND.  
 WHO LIVED ON THIS ISLAND IN COM-  
 PLETE SOLITUDE, FOR FOUR YEARS  
 AND FOUR MONTHS.  
 HE WAS LANDED FROM THE CINQUI-  
 PORTS GALLEY, 96 TONS, 16 GUNS, A.D.  
 1704, AND WAS TAKEN OFF IN THE  
 DUKE, PRIVATEER, 12<sup>th</sup> FEB, 1709.  
 HE DIED LIEUTENANT OF H.M.S. WE-  
 MOUTH, A.D. 1728, AGED 47 YEARS.  
 THIS TABLET IS ERECTED  
 NEAR SELKIRK'S LOOKOUT, BY  
 COMMODORE POWELL AND THE  
 OFFICERS OF H.M.S. TOPAZE, A.D. 186

Plaque commemorating his stay is to be found at "Selkirk's Lookout."

## the LOOKOUT

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*Honorary President*

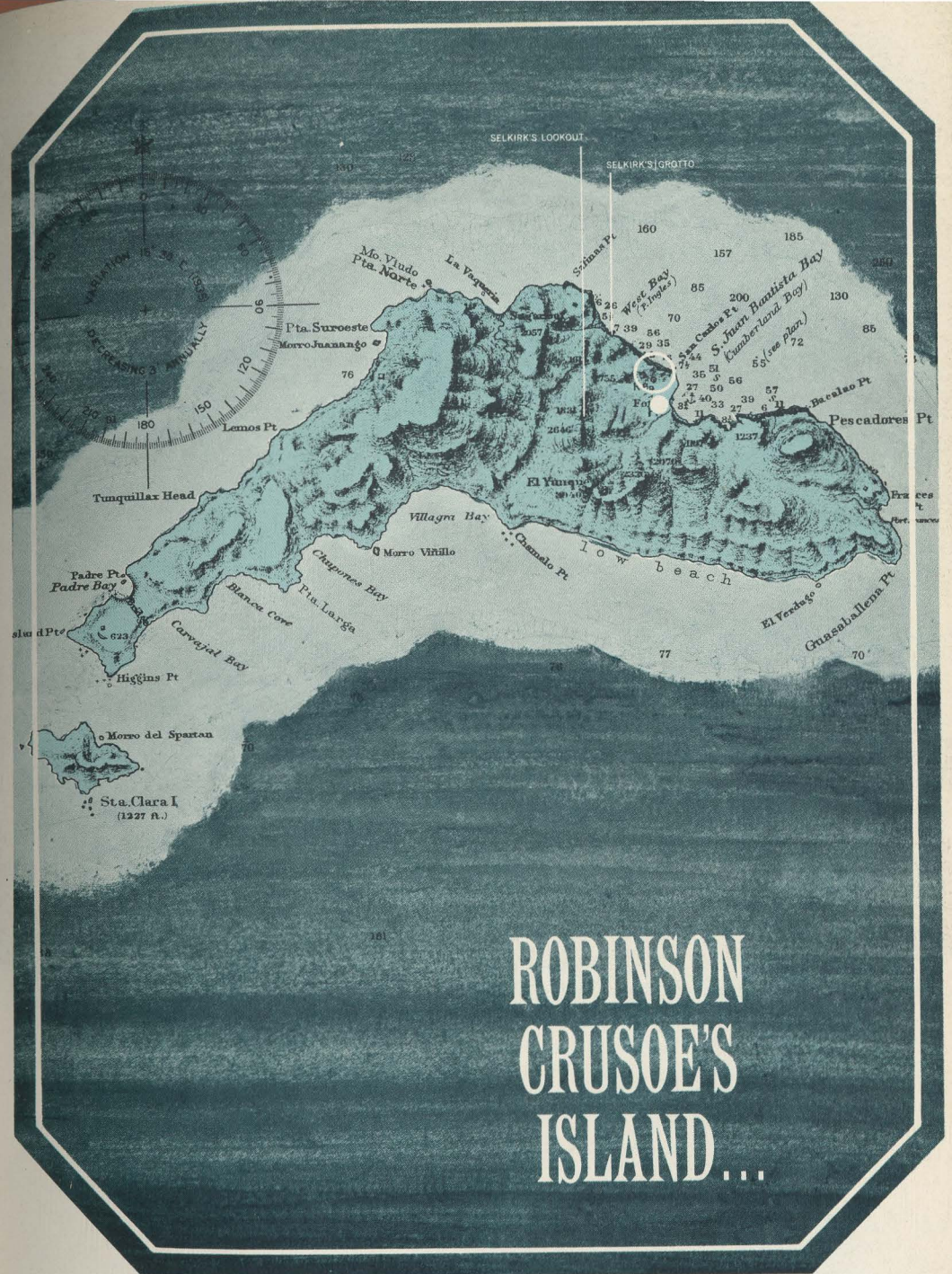
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COVER: Looking out of the cave which was the home of  
 Alexander Selkirk for the four years and four months he  
 spent on "Robinson Crusoe's Island".



# ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND...

was not near the  
 Orinoco's mouth, but in the  
 Juan Fernandez group where  
 Alexander Selkirk spent  
 his lonely four-year vigil.



"Truth is stranger than fiction." This was proved by Britain's Royal Navy and without taking away from the basic facts as set forth in the celebrated Daniel Defoe tale that continues to be one of the world's best-selling books.

Suppose we retrace events in the immortal story. Robinson Crusoe ran away to sea, was ship-wrecked and marooned on a "desolate" island. This Defoe placed "near the mouth of the great Orinoco" off the northeast coast of South America. During his "eight and twenty years there" he relieved the tedium of endless days with numberless ingenious contrivances. Solitude was finally broken when he rescued a young native from marauding cannibals who apparently stopped at the island to make "long pig" of their captive. Since the rescue was made on a Friday, Crusoe called the boy "Man Friday," a name that in modern English has come to mean a capable assistant. They were "at last strangely delivered by pirates."

Daniel Defoe (1650-1731) based the story on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk (1676-1723), a sailor from the English privateer *Cinque Porte*. He was marooned on Más-a-Tierra, in the Juan Fernandez group that lies off the coast of Chile. But no one knows the reason for the literary license Defoe took when he placed Robinson Crusoe on an island near Venezuela's coast.

Through the centuries the legend of Más-a-Tierra as "Robinson Crusoe" island has become firmly enough seasoned by facts to be generally accepted as the prototype site of Defoe's story. Even if Defoe had never written the book, Alexander Selkirk, the original "Robinson Crusoe," would still be assured of his considerable niche in English literature. Later in the 18th century his solitary adventures on the "desert" island inspired another man of literary merit, William Cowper (1731-1800), to write:

*I am monarch of all I survey.  
My right there is none to dispute.*

Well might the poet, contemplating Selkirk's four years on Más-a-Tierra ask:

*O solitude! Where are thy charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?*

The earliest descriptions of Selkirk's adventures are given in Woodes Rogers' "Cruising Voyage Round the World" (1712); also in "Providence Displayed, or a Surprising Account of one Alexander Selkirk . . . written by his own Hand," published about the same time; and by Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729) in the *Englishman* for December 3, 1719.

Then in 1719, shortly after a second edition of Rogers' "Voyage" appeared, Defoe published his "Robinson Crusoe." While its main outline was clearly indebted to Selkirk's story, most of the incidents were imaginary. Thus Defoe's decidedly tropical description of Crusoe's island and the whole narrative of the cannibals' visits, etc., seemed to set the story's locale on one of the islands off the northeastern coast of South America rather than on Más-a-Tierra.

During the ensuing two and a half centuries, the story of the Juan Fernandez Islands has been by no means uneventful. With the breakup of the Spanish Empire, the group passed to Chile. For some years after, it housed a penal settlement. But the island's chief merit was, surprisingly, medical. The entire group, as a matter of fact, possessed luxuriant vegetation, and in the great days of sailing ships, sailors suffering from scurvy were often landed on Más-a-Tierra to recuperate.

At the start of the First World War, the Juan Fernandez Islands suddenly attained a world fame that threatened to vie with their "Robinson Crusoe" reputation. After the battle of the Falkland Islands, the German light cruiser *Dresden* was pursued around "The Horn" and northwards to be finally dispatched by British warships off Más-a-Tierra. When the water is clear, her hull can still be seen lying in the deep waters of the bay. And on shore is a cemetery where her honored dead are buried.

Today the visitor who approaches the Juan Fernandez Islands will find plenty to interest him besides the memories of Selkirk-Crusoe. Más-a-Tierra is the only one of the group to be inhabited. It has a population of 700, almost double that of 15 years ago. The



Scene from Selkirk's Lookout. It was when seated up here — the highest point on the island — that Selkirk saw the privateer DUKE and was taken off after 1580 days on the island.

reason for this may be that the Chilean Government has established radio and meteorological stations there, and the bay is a base for sea-planes of the Chilean Air Force.

For most of the population, however, their livelihood comes from a flourishing fishing industry. An installation for drying fish has been erected to process cod and crayfish, and "Robinson Crusoe" lobsters, large in size, are considered a great delicacy.

Nonetheless, it is presumably the story of Alexander Selkirk that ever will attract most of the visitors' attention. Goats still run wild as they did when "Robinson Crusoe" landed there. Steep, narrow paths along which the only possible transport is a local breed of sturdy pony, wind up to the summit of the highest point. Here at "Selkirk's Lookout" a plaque erected in 1868 by the officers of the British warships, H.M.S. *Topaze*, records details of that unfortunate mariner's 52 months of solitude. With his ghost, the visitor can share the experience of being a monarch of all he surveys.

Juan Fernandez, 34°S, 78°W (approximately) comprises three scattered islands — Más Afuera, Más-a-Tierra and Santa Clara or Goat Island. The entire group, with a land area of some 70 square miles, starts about 400 miles west and slightly south of Valparaiso, Chile's largest port. Here Alexander Selkirk lived from October, 1704 to February, 1709.

He was a Scottish sailor, the seventh son of John Selcraig (name later changed to Selkirk), a shoemaker and tanner of Largo, Fifeshire. In his youth he was unruly. Summoned before the kirk-session in 1695 for "indecent behaviour in church," young Selkirk "did not compear, being gone away to the seas." In May, 1703, he joined Captain Dampier on a privateering expedition to the South Seas as pilot of the galley *Cinque Porte*.

In September, 1704, the *Cinque Porte* put in at Juan Fernandez Islands. Here Selkirk had a dispute with his superior, Captain Thomas Stradling, and at his own request was put ashore with a few ordinary necessities.

(Continued on page 14)



# THE CONSTELLATION

by  
Philip R. Smith Jr.



Oliver Wendell Holmes is not here today to plead the cause of the *United States Frigate Constellation* as he did that of the *U.S.F. Constitution* so eloquently in his famous poem "Old Ironsides" when he wrote:

"Ay, pull her tattered ensign  
down  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many a heart has danced  
to see  
That banner in the sky;"

The historic *Constellation*, the oldest ship in the United States Navy, is three years older than the Navy Department. It is now restored and in Baltimore, Maryland. She remained on the Navy's active list until 1955, with the longest active career of any Navy ship, and during World War II was the flagship of the Atlantic Fleet.

In the following years the old ship deteriorated rapidly until she was not much more than a hulk. Its restoration was largely financed by the sale of thousands of copper medals, minted from copper spikes used in the original construction of the vessel.

The *Constellation* was built as a 36-gun frigate in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1797. The 1,265-ton frigate was 164 feet from stem to stern and had a beam of 40 feet, 6 inches, carrying a complement of 340 officers and men.

In 1799, during the undeclared war between France and the United States, while cruising the Caribbean waters, she was victorious over the French frigate, *Insurgent*, and in the follow-

ing year emerged the victor in sea battle with the 52-gun French frigate, *Vengeance*.

Three years later, the *Constellation* sailed to the Mediterranean where the United States was at war with the Barbary pirates. The ship, together with the *Boston*, blockaded the port of Tripoli.

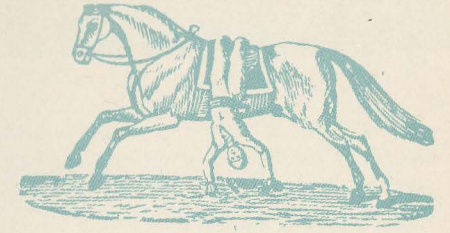
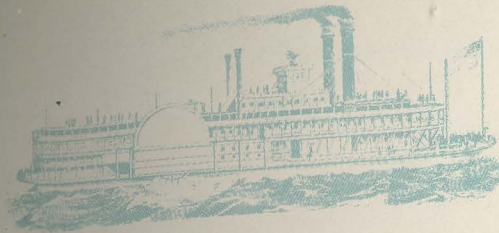
Although the gallant old ship was sidelined during the war of 1812, her crew and marines played an important role in the defense of Norfolk against a British force under Rear Admiral George Cochburn. The most important battery in the defenses of Norfolk was manned by a hundred sailors from the *Constellation* and fifty marines. Twice the British sent expeditions of men numbering up to two thousand to capture her, but each time they were repulsed.

The ship next served the Mediterranean in 1815, taking part in the capture of the 46-gun Algerian frigate, *Mashuda*. She was converted to a 22-gun sloop in 1855 and set sail on a three-year 29,227-mile voyage around the world. During the Civil War, the famous old frigate was assigned to blockade duty in the Mediterranean.

From 1873 to 1893 she was used as a training ship at Annapolis, Norfolk, and Philadelphia. In 1894 she was made a stationary ship at Newport, Rhode Island.

One of the last survivors of an era when iron men sailed wooden ships, the *Constellation's* history has spanned the history of our nation.

# ROYAL TAR CIRCUS DISASTER



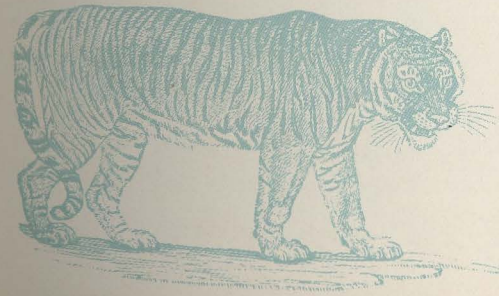
by Mabel Demers Hinckley

Maine has many half-forgotten legends of the sea, but the brief voyage of the steamship, the *Royal Tar*, with its tragic ending, stands out vividly.

Traveling circuses were beginning to be popular after the turn of the 19th century, and, by 1850, shows like Barnum and Bailey appeared on the circus scene. Entertainment of this kind was conveyed by land or sea, whichever suited the convenience and the pocket-book of the owner.

In this case, the "Burgess Show of Jungle Beasts and Reptiles" was bound from St. John to Portland, Maine on the *Royal Tar*, a chartered steamship; it was new and modern, a sidewheeler or paddle ship as it was sometimes called. It seemed to be the answer for transporting the Burgess Show easily and comfortably.

There were caged birds of every color and kind, venomous snakes, a Bengal tiger, two lionesses, a gnu, a



pair of camels, an elephant and horses. The show included a brass band and a locomotive museum.

The *Royal Tar* had a complement of twenty-one men, augmented by seventy-two passengers.

The 25th of October, 1836, dawned clear and cold. The sea rose and fell, with a light swell rolling in across the Atlantic. It seemed an ideal day for the ship's departure.

Expectancy was revealed in the faces of both passengers and crew, for they were to voyage down the scenic Gulf of Maine, skirting headlands and past innumerable islands that rose out of the sea like sentinels. For some it was the first trip and for some — it was to be the last.

The wind freshened, the ship added more steam and hurried on to Eastport as a gale descended upon it. The *Tar* anchored there, awaiting a lull.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday passed with no abatement of wind or sea. By Tuesday afternoon it seemed the ship could venture forth with safety. Eastport was left behind, and the *Royal Tar* sped along the coast.

Then, to the consternation of Captain Thomas Reed, the wind returned with gale force to beat upon the ship with renewed violence and bring terror to the hearts of man and beast. Knowing it would be unwise to continue, Captain Reed turned his ship toward Vinalhaven, then known as Fox Island.

(Continued on page 15)



# We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...

The Rev. Vincent C. Castle is a chaplain with the Missions to Seamen and assigned to the London headquarters. He spent some months in New York during the early spring and summer observing SCI's methods of operation. Now, back home, he writes of his experience in *The Flying Angel*, a publication of Missions to Seamen. A portion of his observations is printed here as follows:

The doors of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York open in a special way. Each door is divided into halves, and as one pushes one half inwards the other half swings outwards. (It is said that this arrangement was specially devised so as to allow a seaman carrying a seabag on his shoulder to pass easily and unimpeded through the doorway).

Whatever may be its practical advantage, it certainly has symbolic significance.

As these doors open in a two-fold direction, so the whole work and purpose of the SCI of New York are two-fold in their direction. Towards God and towards man. For first and foremost this is a Seamen's Church Institute. The director, the Rev. J. M. Mulligan, sees to it that this fact is predominant. Each department is under the supervision of a chaplain, of whom there are eight in all.

Two of these are detached from the main center on special duties. Chaplain Richard Bauer is the Chaplain at the Marine Hospital on Staten Island; while Chaplain Basil Hollas (who was once with the *Flying Angel*) is in charge of the splendid new club which SCI has built at Port Newark. Christ is at the heart of all their Ministry.

The Institute and Hostel at 25 South Street is not only the largest Seamen's Institute in the Anglican Communion; it is also the largest — as one might suspect — in the world.

However, the staff of the Institute has realized that the greatest need is increasing the club facilities for foreign seamen who continue to return each night to their ships for accommodation. To this end a very fine 'International Seamen's Club' has been opened on the second floor.

Twice a week a full-scale dance is held, which is a splendid social gathering with a goodly number of hostesses, who come along to act as dancing partners. On two other nights in the week a full length feature film is shown in the auditorium, which seats seven hundred people.

Probably the most unusual feature about the SCI, at any rate to a *Flying Angel* observer, is its educational programme. This is under the direction of Chaplain Joseph D. Huntley. There is a full-scale Merchant Marine School located on the top floor of the Institute. With skilled individualized instruction, men are prepared for the qualifying coast guard exams and endorsement as a fireman, electrician, a refrigeration engineer, an oiler, a pumpman—in fact everything from a wiper to a chief engineer. Instruction in navigation prepares men for endorsement all the way from an AB to a master.

Then there is the educational minisyllabus designed to encourage seamen, especially the resident ones, to get up from their chairs and take active interest in various subjects. (The original directive was, I understand, couched in more basic English). He is a brave director who plans a Sunday morning series of six 'breakfast discussion' groups to be led by a consultant psychiatrist on the subject of 'understanding ourselves.' Nevertheless the group always numbered about a dozen.

During the week there are special programmes each evening, ranging from 'current affairs' and 'comparative religions' through classical music, opera, art, 'science fact and science fiction.' The whole of this programme is

quite definitely 'Third Programme' in its appeal to an interested minority. For those more inclined to physical activity there is on the thirteenth floor a fully equipped gymnasium complete with a viking sauna.

Just before I left New York the scaffolding went up around the old building on the new site which SCI has acquired overlooking Battery Park. When the site has been cleared there is to arise on it the magnificent new SCI of New York, which will continue to provide multifarious facilities which are at present provided at South Street.

I have little doubt that the doors of this new building will, like those of St. Peter's prison and of the modern supermarket, 'open of their own accord,' and thus allow the seaman and his luggage free passage. The method by which the doors open may be new; but the welcome on the other side will be old. For it will always be, as I personally discovered, typically American.

\* \* \*

A letter to the Lookout from Mrs. Robert W. Grange, Washington, D.C., who identifies herself as "one of the sock knitters," tell us she was amazed at the coincidental experience of reading an account of ("The Mystery of the Compass") the 15th century south-pointing cart of the Chinese in the September Lookout and, simultaneously, about the same device while re-reading the "Black Rose."

Another knitter, Violet King of Newark, N. J., writes that she doesn't feel *The Lookout* should strive for a half-and-half ratio of purely women's interest articles; that there are enough publications catering solely to women. She was commenting apropos our experiment in the September issue in which we carried a piece called "High Fashion from the High Sea," which told how current female fashions derive from old seafarer garb. The sequence of the paragraphs of this article, by the way, became badly transposed during the printing process (undetected by the editor), and distressing to the author.





Demonstrating once again that the world is a relatively small planet, *The Lookout* received the following letter from one of its subscribers:

It was with considerable interest that I received a copy of the July-August issue of *The Lookout* and found therein the article — first instalment — George Berens' "Fever Run."

It happens that I was the "lady passenger" to whom Mr. Berens refers, and had a somewhat active part in the mutiny, since it was my gun the captain (Carl Hermanson) used to quell it. He and I were sitting in his office after lunch. The Congo River pilot was not there but had gone below. Almost everyone was taking their after-lunch naps, except the third mate, who was in a small boat between the *West Irmo* and the shore at Ango Ango. (I think it is not Angra Angra, as Mr. Berens remembers it).

The Kroo boys came up the ladder to the bridge deck to protest the "logging" of one of the boys by the mate for some shirking or infraction. They had no business there, but were full of palm wine, so up they came. The captain went out to chase them down, and they would not go. So he came back to his office to get his gun.

I knew how rusty it was, so I went out the back way into my cabin and got mine and got back to the door in time to see him shoot one shot in the air to frighten them and then struggle to unjam his gun. One of the boys had bitten his hand. I took his gun and handed him mine. The boys then went down the ladder.

Hermanson put my gun in his pocket and went down to get some iodine in the steward's cabin. As he crossed the well deck, a bunch of the boys rushed him. He shouted, "Leggo, or I'll shoot!" and when they didn't "leggo", he fired two shots in the air to scare them. They didn't scare, and as two of the men stooped to get his feet and heave him overboard, he shot in earnest, getting one in the head and the other in the stomach.

I looked down the bridge deck and saw one negro flat on the deck with

blood running out of his head, the other stumbling aft, holding onto his stomach, and the captain standing there with the automatic in one hand, still smoking. It looked just like a movie.

The crew (the white crew) began coming up from their quarters, and the Kroo boys dispersed. Had the mutiny not been stopped, they were drunk



enough to have picked off every one of the crew as he emerged from a passageway. The third mate was not hit by any of the bottles and sticks thrown at him. The chief engineer, William Smith, whom . . . I later married, slept through the whole business. I think Mr. Parker, his first assistant (to whom we always referred as "Mrs. Parker's only son"), did the same.

There was an inquest, taking the place of the buffalo hunt which had been planned, and we had a guard of five Congolese soldiers aboard. The man who had been shot in the head died instantly, and the other man — taken to a hospital at Matadi — died that night.

Hermanson was exonerated of any guilt, as having shot in self-defense. The publicity, however, did him harm, and he was unable to get another ship as master.

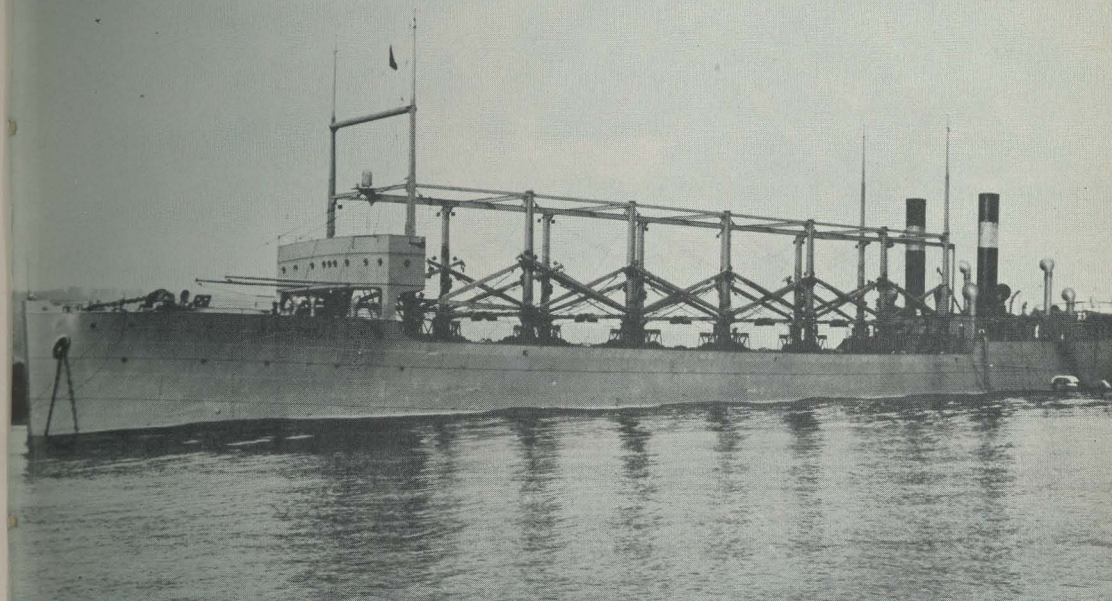
Everybody in Matadi, including Lord Leverhulme (who was there looking after his palm oil interests), came aboard after the inquest. Matadi was a little town in those days, and any break in the monotony was worth investigating. Times have surely changed. It was a long time ago.

Yours very truly,

JEAN S. SMITH,  
CLEARWATER, FLA.

# THE CYCLOPS MYSTERY

by James M. Powles



The CYCLOPS as she appeared before her mysterious disappearance.

On March 4, 1918, the large Navy collier *Cyclops* left Barbados, British West Indies, bound for the United States. The 19,000-ton supply ship carried a cargo of manganese ore and 57 passengers including the American Consul General at Rio de Janeiro, Alfred L. Gottschalk.

Lieutenant-Commander G. W. Worley, the collier's master, had orders instructing him to sail the regular steamship lanes to Baltimore, Maryland, where he was to discharge his passengers and cargo.

Navy authorities at Baltimore expected the *Cyclops* to dock on or about March 13th. As the 13th came and went with no sign of the collier or any signal from her, concern for the safety of the ship grew.

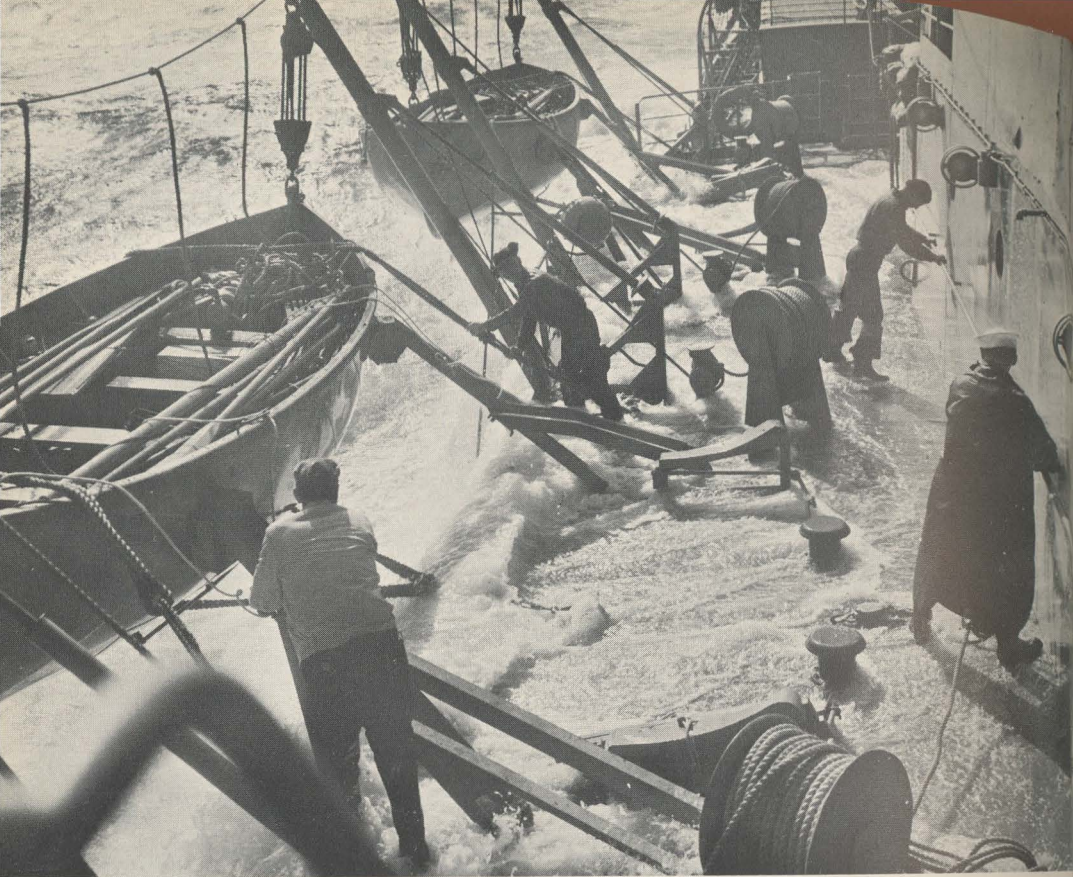
It was known that one of the supply ship's two engines had broken down and that she was proceeding under the

power of the other one. This would slow her, but would not cause too great a delay. No bad weather had been reported along the route the collier was to have taken; in fact, the weather had been generally good. Although the war was blazing in Europe and the Kaiser's U-boats and sea raiders were sinking allied ships, the waters of the West Indies were supposedly free from enemy ships.

After being unable to find a reasonable cause for the collier's delay, the authorities at Baltimore reported to the Navy Department in Washington that the *Cyclops* was overtime and that no message had been received from her since she was over a day out of Barbados.

Fearing the worst for the collier, the Navy immediately instituted a search for her. Ships were dispatched to the West Indies to search every square





Did heavy seas take the CYCLOPS to the bottom?

mile of the area for the missing vessel, but since the searching ships had failed to find any wreckage of the collier, the chances of the *Cyclops* being sunk by a torpedo or mine without leaving any debris were very slim.

The Navy was completely puzzled. The collier had an experienced master and crew. Being only eight years old, she carried a radio and the latest safety and life-saving equipment. The weather had been good and everything, except the compound engine, was in good working condition. This was reaffirmed by a British liner which had been in radio contact with the collier.

Reluctantly, on April 15th, the Navy announced that the *Cyclops* was missing with 309 persons aboard and that it had no idea as to what had happened to the collier. But the search was to be continued and all hope had not been given up. Although the newspapers

were full of war news, the disappearance of the *Cyclops* made front page headlines across America. For the Navy to "lose" such a large, well-equipped ship as the *Cyclops* was disturbing news.

The *Cyclops* was not the first nor last ship of the Navy to vanish without a trace. Fifteen ships had preceded her and the ocean-going tug *Comestoga* followed her into oblivion three years later.

Of these seventeen lost ships, the *Cyclops* was by far the largest. She was 542 feet long, 65 feet in the beam, and displaced 19,000 tons. She had been built in 1910 at a cost of over \$9,000,000 to the government. Along with the collier, 15 officers, 231 enlisted men, and 57 passengers disappeared.

The Navy announced on June 14th that it believed the captain and all navy personnel aboard the collier were dead.

With this announcement, many theories as to what had befallen the *Cyclops* were voiced by both Navy officials and the public.

One of the first theories put forth and thought to be the cause by many was that the collier had been torpedoed by a German submarine; it would have been easy for a lone U-boat to sneak into West Indies waters, torpedo the large supply ship and quickly leave the area before she was detected.

But it is unlikely the collier was torpedoed. Before she sank, she would have had time to at least send out one S.O.S., and some debris would mark the torpedoed ship's fate. However, no S.O.S. was reported received by any ships in the area nor was any wreckage found by the searching ships.

Furthermore, when the war ended, the U.S. government asked the German High Command to check its files for any record of the *Cyclops* having been sunk by a German ship. No such record was found.

Another plausible theory is that the 10,800 tons of manganese ore the collier was carrying shifted, forcing her on her beams' end and over. Men who had served on the *Cyclops* before her last cruise, and on her sister ship, *Neptune*, claimed the colliers were given to roll in heavy seas with a full cargo; the ships rolled far enough to allow the seas to wash their decks.

If this was the fate of the collier, she would have been sinking bottoms-up long before a S.O.S. could have been sent out, or even before debris could



Was the Navy collier a victim of a German U-boat? Picture here shows British Naval salvage boat clearing ship wreckage from mouth of Thames following German sub attack.

float away. However, no heavy seas nor bad weather had been reported by the ships in the general area of the *Cyclops*' route.

There had been other ideas voiced through the years. One man suggested that the collier fell victim to a gigantic sea serpent, while another claimed that several of the passengers and possibly

some of the crew were German agents who overpowered the crew and sailed the ship to Germany.

One interesting fact about the disappearance is that the collier vanished in an area where many ships and planes have been lost—an area which forms a triangle from the tip of Florida to Bermuda and Puerto Rico. The last ship to vanish mysteriously in this area



was the tanker *Marine Sulphur Queen* which was lost in February of 1963.

What has caused scores of ships and planes to vanish in this expanse of sea no one knows, but investigators from the U.S. government are using everything at their disposal to solve the mystery of this deadly triangle. When the mystery is solved it is possible that

the mystery of the *Cyclops* will also be answered.

Whether the *Cyclops* was torpedoed, capsized, or fell victim to some unknown force, no one can say for certain. In the files of the Navy Department, the file of the *Cyclops* is not closed, but waits with those of the other sixteen ships.

(Continued from page 5) ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

Before the ship left, he begged to be reinstated, but was refused. Four years and four months later, on January 31, 1709, he was found, and on February 12 was taken off by Captain Woodes Rogers, commander of the privateer *Duke*. Rogers' captain was Dampier, who immediately made Selkirk his mate. Selkirk returned to the Thames on October 14, 1711. He was back at Largo in 1712, but in 1717 was back at sea once more. He died December 12, 1721, while serving as master's mate of H.M.S. *Weymouth*.

Following Más-a-Tierra's hill road, travelers come to a gap in the trap rock that provides a magnificent view of the island and the sea. This is known as "Selkirk's Look-out" and is where the officers of H.M.S. *Topaze* placed the

memorial tablet. It bears the following inscription:

"In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo in the county of Fife, Scotland, who was on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Porte* (sic) galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, 1704 A.D., and was taken off in the *Duke* privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died Lieutenant of the *Weymouth* 1723 A.D. aged forty-seven years.

"This tablet is erected near Selkirk's Look-out by Commodore Powell and officers of the H.M.S. *Topaze*, 1868 A.D."

*The Lookout thanks "The Compass" for its courtesies in connection with this story.*



Selkirk climbed this path daily on way to island's highest point to scan ocean for ships.

But soon after the ship cast anchor, fire was discovered under the deck directly over the boiler room and could not be extinguished.

The pumps could not be manned. There were but two boats. One was filled and rowed away; a hastily constructed raft was made of the other, and while it was being loaded with terrified persons, the elephant hurled itself overboard onto the raft, and all persons on it were drowned.

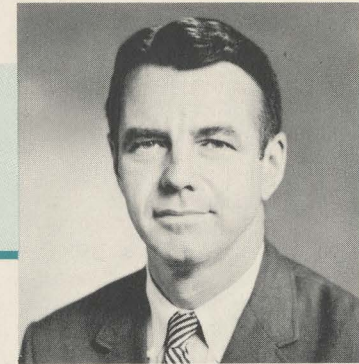
The elephant eventually reached the shore, died, and was buried on the Island. Most of the other animals were either destroyed by the fire or drowned. Approximately forty persons re-

mained on the burning ship until a United States Revenue Cutter arrived and took them off. The small boat succeeded in reaching Isle au Haut, which was closer than Vinalhaven.

Captain Reed, cited for bravery in the face of danger, received a purse of gold and eventually became Harbor Master of St. John.

This story, more than a century old, has been re-told by harbor folk for countless years and handed down from generation to generation. Buried deep off Vinalhaven, lie the remains of the old side-wheeler, the *Royal Tar*, bound from St. John to Portland, Maine, with an old-time circus.

MEET  
THE BOARD



GORDON FEAREY

Following completion of military service (U.S.A. Signal Corps) in 1945, Mr. Fearey began over eighteen years with the Episcopal Church (corporate secretary, Pension Fund and Affiliates) as an administrator in connection with pensions, insurance and Church publishing.

In 1948 he was elected to the Institute Board of Managers and in 1949 was assistant secretary. In 1959 he became secretary, a post he presently holds.

He has also served on Institute executive and planning committees and is Chairman of the pension and religious committees. It was during his involvement with the pension committee that the Institute employee retirement plan was established and subsequently strengthened.

He is now serving on the staff of the newly formed Transportation Administration of the City of New York and is thereby involved in interesting plans for a coordinating transportation in the metropolitan area.

He has been a trustee and a committeeman for the New Canaan Country School, New Canaan, Conn. since 1961 and is active in other town, school and civic affairs.

A graduate of Groton and Yale, he is married and the father of four children — two boys and two girls; resides in New Canaan.



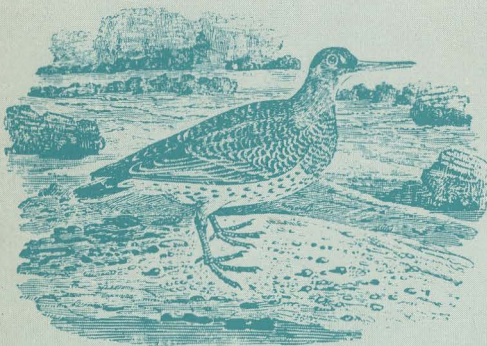
Return Requested

### THE AUTUMN RAIN

Fall lightning flashes down the sky  
like slashing silver skates on pewter ice.  
The Autumn lingers on in brief, wet days  
and the wind sings to itself like a crooning  
child.

The tall firs stand in quiet beauty  
and in the garden flowers bow their heads  
in silent prayer,  
for God walks there.

Nonee Nolan



### TEMPORAL

That sea hare pours its purple ink,  
Flooding the parchment of the sea.  
This octopus with a blot of black  
Writes camouflage, like misery.

All chitons hug their rocks, nor scrawl  
A single line with their bony plates,  
While the snipe and I make tiny tracks  
And autograph our tiny fates.

But even mighty authors spurt  
And spill their ink, say naught, or track  
Fleet messages on the sand of days —  
As their pages fall from the almanac.

Othelia Lilly