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AFTER 14 MONTHS' MAROON, MALDEN BOY IS SAVED BY BRITISH ADMIRAL

On Jellicoe's Ship He Learned That the War Was Over Months Before and That America Had Gone Dry—No More Pacific Islands for Him; He Has Had All of That Sort of Thing He Wants.

October 1919

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- 1 Sept ends with rainfall on 16 days with a total of 116 points
Solving tags, many of which were bad. Painting sail boat.
- 2 Out over plantations. Lizards are quite numerous at present
caught a small one today and a very large one got away, we
have no good spears.
- 3 Out over plantations, Taran put another tube in the hum. Today
that boy is useless.
- 4 Landing black boat. Taran not well.
- 5 Sunday, windy - cloudy
- 6 Nothing to note. 6 turtles seen today.
- 7 Clearing roads of man. Taran speared a porcupine fish today,
the first I have ever seen at this island.
- 8 Out over plantations in A. D.
- 9 " " " " " " Working on auto which is go-
ing poorly owing to the non receipt of spare parts ordered in 1918
- 10 I must say that if I had a free hand on this island
every tree would show the results, as trees under experiment
at cultivation are doing famously. Then I could have the
work done as I wish, now I am under orders to make no
upra until the ship returns this is sure a "great" company.
- 11 Out over plantations
- 12 Sunday.
- 13 Two years ago today I returned here as manager, I wish I
owned now the island or its owner or his housekeeper Tugault.
- 14 Nothing to note. Headache.
- 15 " " " " Bad Headache
- 16 Looking over trees in London district. Bad Headache
- 17 Thirst, flatness, all in, bad headache unable to get around
where is Rungier or a ship.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

By **JAMES H. POWERS.**

Previous instalments have told how Joseph English of Malden became manager of the cocoanut plantations on Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen mutinied, how he put down the mutiny single handed, how the proprietor came and took away all the workmen but two, promising to return in 45 days, how English and the two natives — one of whom went insane — were left there for 14 months, reduced to fish and cocoanuts for food and with clothing all gone but a few rags, Then, when he had given up hope of ever reaching civilization again, a warship appeared.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

The ship's boat pulled in at the wharf and the officers stepped ashore, together with the lady, and they all advanced toward where I was standing. The man who had addressed me from the boat stood slightly in advance, "I am Admiral Jellicoe of the Royal British Navy," said he. "I wish to see Mr English, the manager of the island. 'Where may I find him?' "I am Mr English," said I. He looked at me, thunderstruck. I suppose I certainly did not resemble, what he had expected, with my unkempt beard, my sunburnt body and my abbreviated trousers, which were flapping in tatters about my limbs.

He glanced from myself to Tiaran and Lucien, quickly, as if he thought I were attempting to joke with him. Then he spoke again.

A Manager and All the Rest

'Where are the men, the workmen?' "We are all the men that are left," I responded. "But I have been informed — I have thought that there were plantations here and a colony of workmen . . . ?"

"These two men und myself are all the people. There are no workmen left. There have been no workmen here for more than a year," I made answer.

"Where is the postmaster?' he demanded.

I am postmaster, manager and all the rest of it," said I.

"How long have you been here, Mr English, and when did a ship last visit you, and how long will it be before the next one comes, and what food have you here?"

He poured the questions at me without giving me a chance to answer, and T stood silent till he had finished. When I began to answer, the staff officers and the Jady pressed close about in a circle.

"I have been here with these two men for the past 14 months," I said. "When the ship left in August, 1918, we were promised relief in 45 days. It did not come. It has never come. We have given up all hope of it ever coming. We have no food except the fish in the lagoon and the turtles on the beach and the cocoanuts. Our stores ran out months ago. We have no clothes. . . ."

And, briefly, I related the story of cur maroon.

Fears of a German Raid

The lady at Jellicoe's elbow looked on us with sympathetic eyes. Jellicoe himself paced up and down the sand, as the tale unfolded, clenching his hands in anger. Finally he halted before me and exploded

"Mr English. this is an outrage. . . . this is. . . . He could not say what he thought of it. He turned to the lady, begged my pardon and said:

"Permit me to present Mrs Jellicoe, my wife, Mr English, and the members of my staff." And, one after another he introduced them, and they held out their hands and expressed warm sympathy for the three of us.

"Why did you warn us out of the lagoon?" queried one of the officers.

I told them about the danger of the straits, for all their seeming harmlessness, and of the submerged reefs and sharp coral, And then I remarked that I had at first feared that they might be Germans, playing the trick that Von Horst played at Fanning Island in 1914, making entry under a false flag only to blow us to pieces.

News of the War

At this the entire group began to smile, and, seeing that I was bewildered, Lady Jellicoe leaned forward.

"O, but then you do not know yet, Mr. English. Who do you think won the war?"
"Won the war?" I repeated after her, blankly. "But I did not know that it had been won."

Whereupon they all laughed heartily, and she informed me of the German debacle, all of which was wonderful news to me, who had not heard from Europe or any other part of the world in so long.

"In view of the circumstances, Mr English," said the Admiral, after a few minutes consideration of the situation. I cannot allow you to remain longer here. I must take you and your men o with me. We will carry you to some other place, to Honolulu, probably, where we are to make a stop."

"If you don't mind," I answered, 'I would like to go to Fanning Island, where there is a cable. There I will be able to wire San Francisco for money and clothes and instructions, und so settle up my business."

"Very well."

He directed one of the officers to take charge of the assignment of quarters to Tiaran and Lucien, and to secure clothes for all three of us; and to have his own extra cabin prepared for myself.

No Trouble to Pack Up

"When will you be ready to go aboard?" he queried, "I am ready now," said I, "for everything that I possess is on me with the exception of my diary and records, which are in the house yonder."

Then I sent Tiaran for the auto and the Admiral and his wife and two of the staff officers and myself made a tour of the plantations. Upon our return, which was close to 6:30 in the evening, I went aboard the battleship.

Now the change of my fortunes became abrupt and wonderful. I was clothed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the British Navy, and, instead of the squalor of London House I was installed in a cabin fit for a king. I shall never be able to thank Admiral Jellicoe, nor his kind-hearted wife, for their care and attention to my condition, nor their efforts in some measure to make me forget the horror of the maroon, during the next 48 hours.

When Lady Jellicoe saw the diary she requested permission to read it, and after I had handed it over, she retired to her cabin with it.

News of Another Sort

As I stood on the deck, later, with Jellicoe, he looked at me with a smile, "I think that a whisky and soda — now —" he remarked.

I grinned. In my new uniform I felt very much dressed up. I had had a bath, and the ship's barber had cleared away the drift of my beard, and once more I felt like a civilized man.

"You have guessed beautifully." Said I.

He suddenly laughed aloud and turned to me again.

"You had better make the most of it while you can, Mr English."

I suppose I looked blank.

"You know, when you get back to the United States, you won't have any opportunity for whisky and soda. The United States has gone dry."

After dinner Lady Jellicoe came to me with the diary in her hand, "I see that you have suffered from daily headaches, Mr English."

I told them all how the sickness had very nearly finished me, and how the headaches were almost daily torture for the past three months, and with that a ship's boy was sent to fetch the surgeon and he gave me an examination immediately.

On the following day we reached Fanning Island early in the morning. I went ashore there, after bidding good bye to my good friends and thanking them as I could for their kindness. The Admiral pressed on me an autographed portrait of himself and both he and his wife urged me to write them when I should get home.

My troubles were not entirely at an end. Although I cabled to Crane in San Francisco for money to stand my expenses, there was no money forthcoming. At the local cable office they would not extend my credit and I had to wait several days before I learned from Crane that he had cabled Rougier and that Rougier would cable me instructions direct.

America at Last

All this time I was clad in the uniform of the British Navy, and had Tiaran and Lucien on my hands. I had no funds and no clothes of my own, and if it were not for the kindness of a traveler, an American who loaned me \$20, I probably would have been reduced to want again. I appealed to the superintendent of the cable office in vain.

But there is no use in going into all that unpleasant finale here. How I stayed there for days and days, how I finally managed to work my way as far as Honolulu in the hope of meeting with funds at the company office there, how I failed. how I was directed by Rougier to go to 'Frisco, which was absolutely impossible as I had no funds and the boat did not leave till December, how I turned Tiaran and Lucien over to the commission, need not to be told here.

I did manage to get to 'Frisco, about the last of December, and I there I turned to the office of the Central Pacific Coco Company, with all the possible haste of a very angry man.

No One Slighted

When I got into the office, where I had been three years before as an accountant, where I had dreamed dreams of seeing the South Seas and all the rest of it, I learned to my amazement that Rougier was not there. He had gone off on a cruise, or a trip to France, or something, and would not be back for several months.

I walked in on Crane, the 'Frisco manager, and sat down. And then with deliberation and with detail and what even temper I could muster, I went into the history of my experiences, my relations with the company, and my opinion of all concerned, from the owner down through Capt Jones, who had run the "Ysabel May" on the reef at Christmas Island, and the agent at Fanning and the agent at Honolulu, both of whom had refused to give me any money. **I do not believe that I slighted any one.**

Crane was as angry as I at the terrible experience I had passed through, and when I had finished he was walking the floor ejaculating frequent and expressive "My Gods."

His instructions would not permit of a settlement until 'Santa Claus' Rougier returned, however. I was to leave my books here and when the trader came back he would go over the accounts and settle.

The Last Straw

This was the last straw. More accurately, it was the next to the last straw. I knew before I had been in 'Frisco an hour that the value of the French franc had depreciated, and as I had hired under terms which made payment in francs a possibility, I resolved to keep the books myself until Rougier came home, and then to go over them with him myself and check my salary.

The last straw was a letter from Rougier. It gave the final ironclad twist to the whole situation.

"Santa Claus' wanted to know why I had left Christmas Island, and said that he hoped that I would go out there again for him, as I knew so much about the plantations."

I had been so angry already that this novel point of view and naive supposition of my own simplicity was too much for me, I sat back and laughed till the tears came. Go back to Christmas Island! Not while I have my reason.

So I drew money on account and climbed aboard a transcontinental flyer and started for Boston and for my Home in Malden, which I had not seen in many years. And here I am.

THE END