KEPT LONG VIGIL AT LIGHTHOUSE
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Keeper Minus Sleep Three Days Off Deer Island

Storm Prevents Partner From Coming Back

Sounds Bell Continually to Warn All Ships

A thrilling epic of the lighthouse service—within sight of the Custom-house tower—was revealed last night when the Globe learned that J. B. Small, assistant keeper of Deer Island Light, had maintained a lone vigil for three days without sleep and on shortened rations because the storm prevented the other keeper, who went ashore before the storm, from returning to "spell him" on the watch.

Despite the fact that Small has been marooned alone for 72 hours on the lighthouse, which is built on a submerged reef off Deer Island and is entirely surrounded by water, a Globe man called Small on the telephone as readily as though he were in a suburb.

His voice sounded weary from the

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tense strain of tending the lights and the fog signal almost constantly for three days "that the light should never fail." Small explained that his partner, Merrill King, had tried in vain for three days to row from the mainland, two miles away, in a light dory, but each time the high seas drove him back.

To Try Trip Again

King will attempt the trip in his light dory again this morning, and with the sea only moderately rough late last night it was expected that King would arrive safely at the lighthouse today with a supply of fresh provisions.

The two keepers, King and Small, ordinarily take alternate shifts every day, but due to King's inability to negotiate the two-mile trip across rough channels Small has taken the whole responsibility of keeping the light burning throughout the night that vessels hovering in the lower harbor might not drift on the dangerous sand bars of Deer Island and that incoming vessels might feel their blind way safely into shelter.

"King went ashore three or four days ago to get some provisions Small told the Globe over the telephone last night. "Just a short time ago we got some provisions, such as butter and eggs in Boston, but when we arrived back at the lighthouse, we found they were frozen from standing too long on the dock.

"Hence, I have been living on such emergency rations as canned goods and flour which we always stock before Winter sets in for such trouble as has come our way this week. There's no danger of my starving or anything like that, for I've got quite a supply of rations on hand. Anyway King will arrive tomorrow in all probability."

Only "Cat Naps"

Small said that he had not been ashore for six weeks. Ever since the storm started raging early Wednesday, the best he has done in the way of sleep has been a few "cat naps" every once in a while.

Throughout the long day and night, he has spent endless, monotonous hours peering with his sailor's eye at the waves lashing themselves against the lighthouse and at the slanting snow clouds whirling past his eyes. When visibility shuts down, he turns on the fog bell.

"We're supposed to get shore leave once a month or so," he explained, "but I haven't been off this place for six weeks."

His voice didn't whine, but it did seem terribly lonely.

It was explained last night that this strange predicament that confronted the two keepers was caused by the fact that only a small row boat could approach the lighthouse because of the shifting sandbars that surround it, which would strand a large boat and smash it to pieces against the lighthouse.

On the other hand, a rowboat would have been instantly swamped by the mountainous rollers that surged around the lighthouse.

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