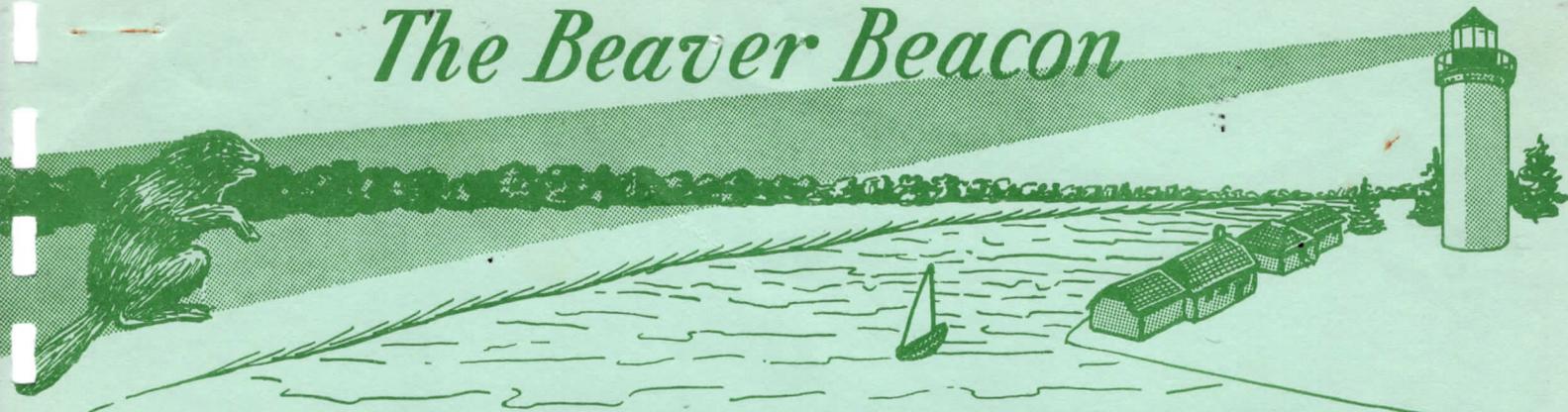


# The Beaver Beacon



Only Island Publication since King Strang's "Northern Islander" in 1856 — Established January 1955

DECEMBER 1971

AT CHRISTMAS

DEAR LORD WE PRAY THIS CHRISTMAS  
FOR ALL HEARTS EVERYWHERE,  
FOR SOME ARE SAD AND SOME ARE GLAD  
AND SOME ARE FILLED WITH CARE.  
TO EVERY HEART GIVE COURAGE;  
TAKE ALL OUR FEARS AWAY,  
BE VERY NEAR TO EVERYONE  
THIS BLESSED CHRISTMAS DAY.

This is our Holiday Issue -- All news of Beaver Island will appear in the January Issue.

ODE TO THE MARY MARGARET

Listen close, and I'll tell you a tale,  
Of a ship and a stormy sea  
Of a routine trip, on a tiny ship,  
Of a run that had to be.

From Charlevoix Bay, on a windy day,  
To St. James on the Beaver Isle,  
She'd sweep along and sing her song  
Of men of the sea, rank and file.

She'd pitch and toss, and rock and roll  
Till you'd fear she'd fall apart,  
But she'd forge thru, with all her crew,  
By the strength of her pounding heart.

She's not well known, but stands alone,  
In the hearts of men who know,  
That she beats her way, thru wind and spray,  
Thru fog or an early snow.

She'd carry freight and passengers, too,  
And generally a "Rushin" along  
With Cap'd Roy, and a cargo of Joy  
Bound for the Shamrock and song.

She carried McDonoughs and Gallaghers, too  
Martins and then LaFrenieres,  
Men of the cloth and laymen as well,  
As the young and those on in years.

You can be sure, when she rounds the Point,  
The Islanders are put on alert,  
She'll be met at the pier, with a smile and cheer  
And a man in a red plaid shirt.

As I end this tale, I'll heave a sigh  
Of remorse, and then I'll smile,  
For I'll live for the day, I'll make my way,  
Back to the Beaver Isle.

Robert K. Gibson BM2  
U.S.C.G. - 1945

## 48 YEARS AGO TRAGEDY STRUCK SQUAW ISLAND LIGHT CREW

### LONE SURVIVOR TELLS STORY

This article was taken from the Charlevoix Courier, Charlevoix, Michigan on Wednesday, December 15, 1948. (As of this December, the tragedy took place 71 years ago)

With the closing of Great Lakes navigation in December and the return of lighthouse crews to the mainland aboard such ships as the Coast Guard cutters Woodbine and Sundew, old timers reminisce about the olden days and the narrow escapes many of the early light-keepers experienced. One of the stories most often related is of the Squaw Island light tragedy when three persons died in the icy waters of Lake Michigan and two others barely escaped with their lives.

Capt. Owen J. McCauley, now 79, who retired in 1936 after 38 years in the lighthouse service, tells the story of the tragedy which took place on Dec. 14 and 15, 1900 and of which he is now the only living survivor.

The Squaw Island light, on the northernmost island in the Beaver group was closed the morning of Dec. 14. At 12:30 the keeper, William H. Shields, his wife, her niece, Mrs. Lucy Davis, of Richmond, Ind., first assistant keeper, McCauley and second assistant keeper, Lucien Morden of Montague, along with Shields' shepherd dog, Fids, launched the 22 foot sailboat which was to take them nine miles to the south to Beaver Island on the first lap of their journey home for the winter months.

The day was cold and dense vapor hung over the water making visibility poor. A moderate wind was blowing from the northeast which gave the craft a beam wind and from the speed the party estimated they would be at St. James harbor in two hours.

In less than ten minutes, however, the boat was becalmed for a short time before another breeze blew up from the east forcing them to haul the sails in close to hold their course. Just as quickly the wind died down and boat was again rocking in the swells.

In gazing about, McCauley recalls, he noticed a puff of wind coming from the north with great force and cautioned Shields who was at the helm and Morden who was where he could handle the fore sheet to be on the look-out. Instantly the squall hit the canvas and as the boat had no headway it was laid over by the force of the wind. By the time Morden slacked off the sails it was too late. The boat was overbalanced and slowly laid over until the sails were flat on the water.

The women screamed and were helpless. When McCauley saw the boat tipping he jumped on the side of it to avoid going in the water but when the others went in the icy water he went to their aid. They pulled Mrs. Shields up on the upturned boat and tied her to the center board. Morden tied Mrs. Davis with the fore sheet and when McCauley saw that that would not hold he went down in the water and cut apart one of the sail halyards. After that the articles were thrown and shoved from the capsized boat to give it bouyancy.

Shortly after the accident they sighted a fish tug coming around the northeast point of Beaver Island but they were too far away to be seen by the fishermen although the squall had cleared the air. They had hopes however, that they would drift into the path of the tugs as the latter returned from the fishing grounds in the evening.

About this time the dog, Fids, became exhausted and sank, the first victim.

As darkness hovered over them they saw the lights of the returning tug but they were too far away to make themselves heard by the men aboard the boats chugging along to their home ports.

Mrs. Davis, realizing all was hopeless, wept bitterly and then seemed to sleep. She died about 6:30 p.m.

Mrs. Shields kept asking for her niece and was told she was sleeping. She later became delirious and died about 8 p.m. McCauley, in relating the story said, "It is beyond my ability to describe the horrible agonies suffered by the women before they died."

Morden then remarked that he would be the next victim. "I tried to encourage him," McCauley related, "and told him that we were drifting toward High Island where the Indians would help us. But his hands were even then numb and puffed by the cold. He was sitting erect, holding the jib sheet when suddenly he shuddered, losing his grip on the rope and slid into the water. I caught his arm and tried to help him but he pulled away. I heard splashing for a few seconds and then he sank.

As dawn appeared and objects became visible McCauley and Shields found their boat still far from land.

The Beaver Island fish tugs again appeared but as they passed the northwest point of the island and the closest point were three miles from the overturned boat.

As they continued to drift the two survivors knew they would miss Trout Island also so their only hope was to drift into the steamer channel. Cold and hunger were already preying on them and a southeast wind which had started at sunrise had brought occasional snow squalls making conditions even worse.

The body of Mrs. Shields lay in the water under the gaze of her distracted husband. Shields moved about on the boat and retied himself and McCauley did the same, allowing a little slack so he could move about in an effort to keep from freezing.

About the middle of the morning McCauley saw smoke to the east and after another snow squall a steamship was in sight. Shield could not even look up but McCauley managed to stand up and wave.

He was sighted and steamer swung towards them, lowered a small boat and they were carefully taken aboard.

The ship was the Manhattan of the Gilchrist Steamship Co. bound for Manitowoc with a cargo of coal. After the ice covered bodies of the two women were removed the ship continued to Manitowoc.

The next morning at Manitowoc the two men were taken to the Holy Family Hospital. Shields's hands and feet were badly frozen, but McCauley was in better condition. He was dismissed from the hospital and arrived home at Beaver Island dec. 26. Shields remained at the hospital for six months and one of his legs had to be taken off at the knee.

Folwoing his dismissal from the hospital, Shields was appointed keeper at the newly constructed lighthouse depot at Charlevoix where he served until his retirement in April, 1924. He died in September, 1925.

Capt. McCauley, a native of Beaver Island who had joined the light-house service in 1898, was promoted to principal keeper of the Squaw Island light after the tragedy and remained in command until the light was closed in 1928. He was then transferred to the St. Joseph, Mich. light, where he was stationed until he retired in 1936.

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MISS FOGGERTY'S CAKE

As I sat by my window last evening,  
The letterman brought unto me  
A little gilt-edged invitation  
Saying, "Gilhooley, come over to tea."  
Sure I knew 'twas the Foggertys sent it,  
So I went for old friendship's sake,  
And the first thing they gave me to tackle  
Was a slice of Miss Foggerty's cake.

Miss Martin wanted to taste it,  
But really there weren't no use,  
For they worked at it over an hour  
And couldn't get none of it loose.

Till Foggerty went for a hatchet  
And Killey came in with a saw;  
The cake was enough, by the powers,  
To paralyze any man's jaw.

In it were cloves, nutmegs and berries,  
Raisins, citron and cinnamon, too;  
There were sugar, pepper and cherries,  
And the crust of it nailed on with glue.

Miss Foggerty, proud as a preacher,  
Kept winking and blinking away,  
Till she fell over Flanigan's brogans  
And spilt a whole brewing of Tay.

"O, Gilhooley," she cried, "you're not eating,  
Just take another piece for my sake,"  
"No thanks, Miss Foggerty," says I,  
"But I'd like the recipe for that cake."

McNulley was took with the colic,  
McFadden complained of his head,  
McDoodle fell down on the sofa  
And swore that he wished he was dead.

Miss Martin fell down in hysterics,  
And there she did wriggle and shake,  
While every man swore he was poisoned  
By eating Miss Foggerty's cake.

Unknown

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MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY HEALTHFUL NEW YEAR

We are making a donation to the  
Medical Center Building Fund instead  
of sending cards this year.

LaFRENIERE'S STORE

Dick & Jean

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BEA TOWNSEND

WISHES ALL HER BEAVER ISLAND FRIENDS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

This year she is making a donation to a favorite Charity  
instead of sending cards.

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MEMBERSHIP DUES

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 10 YEARS THE BEAVER ISLAND CIVIC ASSOCIATION HAS  
FOUND IT NECESSARY TO INCREASE THE SUBSCRIPTION RATE OF THE BEAVER  
BEACON. THIS IS DUE TO THE INCREASE IN THE COST OF MATERIALS AND  
POSTAGE. MEMBERSHIPS ARE NOW \$4.00 PER YEAR AND THE TIME HAS ARRIVED  
AGAIN TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION. IF YOU HAVE NOT DONE SO PLEASE,  
FILL IN THE FORM BELOW AND RETURN WITH \$4.00 TO:

BEAVER BEACON - MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN  
ST. JAMES, MI 49782

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Thanks to all of you  
 whose friendliness and  
 courtesies have made the  
 past year so pleasant and  
 prosperous.

Best wishes for a  
 Happy Holiday Season

Capri Motel

U.S. 31 South

Charlevoix Michigan 49720

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nowakowski

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND  
BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

ALLEN REAL ESTATE

BEACHCOMBER, INC.

BEAVER HAVEN MARINA

KILLARNEY INN

BEAVER LODGE

BEAVER ISLAND MUSEUM

CARLISLE REAL ESTATE

BUFF-KET DEVELOPMENT

GALLAGHER'S COTTAGES

B. I. TELEPHONE COMPANY

THE BEE HIVE

EIRN MOTEL

GILLESPIE SALES & SERVICE & REAL ESTATE

HARBOR VIEW TOURIST COURT

GREEN ACRES LAUNDRAMAT & MOBILE HOMES

MCDONOUGH'S STORE & CABINS

ISLE HAVEN TOURIST COURT

LEFRENIERE'S STORE

RUSTIC VILLA

STAN FLOYD'S RENT-A-CAR

BILL WELKE GENERAL SERVICES

HOLY CROSS CHURCH

BEAVER ISLAND CHRISTIAN CHURCH

WOJAN CONSTRUCTION

WOJAN BOATS & MOTORS

SHANNON SHORES RESORT

CIRCLE M LODGE

THE SHAMROCK

CLOUD NINE LOG CABINS

KING STRANG HOTEL

THE BEAVER ISLAND BOAT COMPANY

THE BEAVER ISLAND CIVIC ASSOCIATION