



Hello Members!

As chair of the society's Education Committee, I am enormously excited to tell you about the kickoff of the society's youth initiative! You'll find the first parts of outreach in this issue of The Keepers Log—a "Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids" color insert and a story for adults and kids to read together. Please enjoy them, share them with kids and educators in your life and neighborhood, and pass them around freely. And, absolutely, send me feedback and ideas!

For several years now, the society's Board of Directors has been looking at ways to involve kids in our mission. In fact, I joined the Board a few years ago expressly to work on this goal. I believe including kids in the Society's work is essential for the future. We must nurture, encourage, and (please excuse the word!) capture the next generation of lighthouse preservationists. In the process, I feel certain we can help kids learn civil and cultural responsibility while giving them a generous helping of history and a lifelong, satisfying, and fun personal hobby.

My committee has many exciting activities and events planned, including a Junior Passport Program, Intergenerational Tours, art and photography contests just for kids, writing challenges, and special items in our Keepers Locker that appeal to kids. We also are developing a special kids' membership to be launched early next year. Your suggestions are wholeheartedly requested and warmly appreciated, so please email me with your ideas.

I have been reaching out with my message of lighthouse learning for many years. I visit classrooms to talk about my passion for lighthouses and how they launched my career as an author, I Skype and Zoom with classrooms and youth groups, and I answer a considerable amount of mail and email from educators and kids...kids who say "I love lighthouses and want to learn more about them." Now, with the Society's strong support, I am reaching out far and wide to kids and educators through our membership and public affairs. My gratitude for this support goes beyond words.

As you can imagine, this is a labor of love for me. I'm looking forward to a brisk and fulfilling response!

Best wishes,

**Elinor DeWire**

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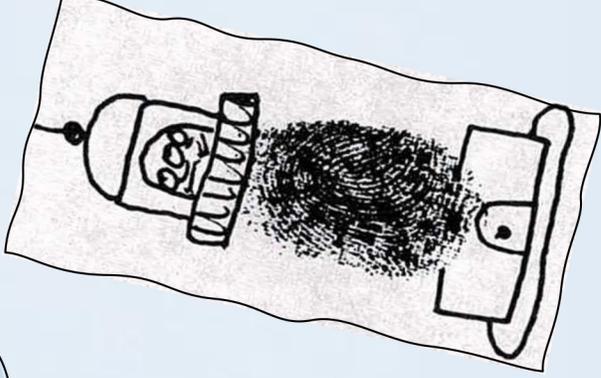
# Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids



## Make a sun catcher!

Cut out the center of a paper plate. Trace the center circle of the plate onto a piece of waxed paper and cut it out. Cut another waxed paper circle a little larger. Glue a lighthouse picture to the smaller circle, face down. Glue down decorations like sequins for rain, bits of crepe paper for clouds, or anything else you wish, so long as it's flat. Lightly glue the waxed paper circles together with the lighthouse inside, then glue the larger circle to the back of the paper plate rim. Let it dry. Then add a hanger made of yarn. It will look great hanging in a window!

Got an inkpad? Make some fingerprints and turn them into lighthouses!



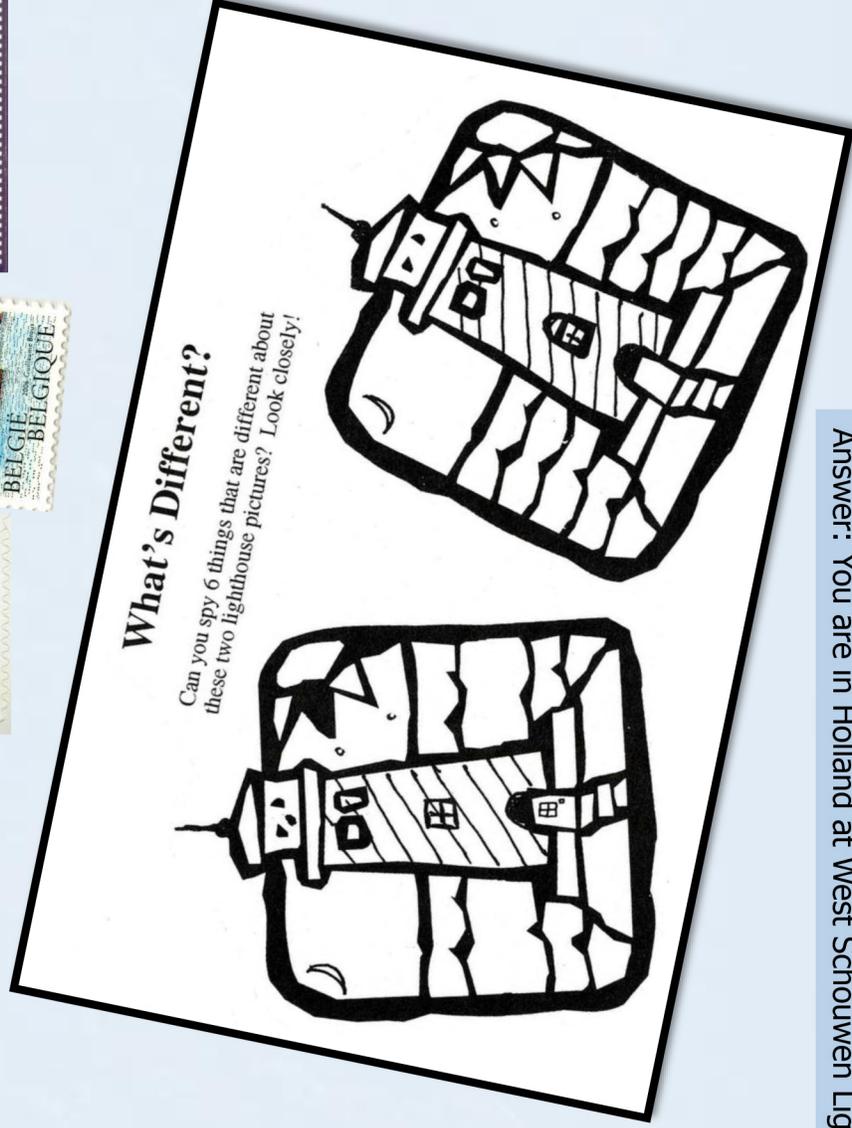
What kind of building weighs very little?  
 Answer: A lighthouse!

**Collect!** Did you know many stamps feature lighthouses? A few are shown below. Collect some real stamps showing lighthouses, or download images of them from the Internet and make a "Lighthouse Stamp Scrapbook." Send us a photo of your stamp scrapbook and we will include it and your name in a future Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids!



**Where are you!**

- You are in Europe.
- Tulips grow here.
- There are old windmills.
- The North Sea is to the west.
- People speak Dutch.



Answer: You are in Holland at West Schouwen Lighthouse.

# Smokey Goes Flying

## A Story for Kids and Adults to Read Together

By Elinor DeWire

Graphic Design By Richard Gales



**Author's Note:** This tale is based on a true incident at St. Augustine Lighthouse in the 1930s. Cardell Daniels, nicknamed Cracker, and Wilma Daniels were the lightkeeper's children. Smokey was the family's pet cat.

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St. Augustine Lighthouse is a tall sentinel standing guard over the oldest city in America. Spanish explorers built a lookout tower on this spot in the 1500s.

The lighthouse was constructed in the 1820s after Florida became a territory of the United States. The 160-foot tower is one of the most beautiful in the world because of its magnificent daymark – black and white spiral bands and a red lantern cap. Some people say St. Augustine Lighthouse looks like a pretty girl in a black and white striped gown and red hat, ready to go to a dance!

Wilma Daniels grew up at the lighthouse in the 1930s. Her father was the lightkeeper. Times were a little hard for the Daniels family, because of the Great Depression. Many people didn't have jobs or food, and some lost their homes. But the Daniels family managed to live comfortably because Keeper Daniels had a good government job. And they were a happy family with a wonderful place to live – a lighthouse!

Wilma's joy was her pet cat, Smokey. He was a true lighthouse cat, tough and sturdy and with a great appetite for mice and bugs and anoles. There were plenty of those creatures around the lighthouse! Smokey caught mice in the woodpile and in the fields surrounding the lighthouse. Anoles – little green lizards – lived in the trees. To find bugs, Smokey climbed to the top of the tall tower. Its huge bright beacon attracted lots of insects each night. They were so tasty!



Wilma's older brother, nicknamed Cracker, had a great interest in aviation. He made model airplanes and experimented with various designs for paper airplanes. He dreamed of someday becoming a fighter pilot! On Saturday afternoons, Wilma and Cracker sometimes went into town with their mother, and while she shopped they watched a movie at the theatre. If it was an action movie with airplanes, Cracker came home anxious to build new models and test them.

One Saturday, Wilma and Cracker saw a movie about sky troopers – men who jumped from airplanes and drifted safely to the ground on canvas parachutes. It was exciting! When Cracker got home, he went right to work fashioning a little parachute from a cotton pillowcase. When it was completed, he realized it was too small for him to wear. Just then, Smokey the cat ambled by on his way to the woodpile to look for mice. Smokey was the perfect size for the parachute!



Cracker enticed Smokey up to the top of the lighthouse with a bit of bacon, then fastened the little parachute to his back. Smokey purred, not knowing what was in store, and ate the bit of bacon.

“You’re a famous sky trooper, old Smoke!” Cracker assured the cat. “You’re gonna jump off this lighthouse and save the American Army from attack!”



Carefully, Cracker lifted Smokey up and over the railing of the lighthouse gallery. Cats are not normally afraid of heights, but when Smokey looked down and saw the ground 160-feet below, he knew trouble was coming. He began to wiggle and cry.

“Meow! Meeee-ooooow! MEOW!”

Cracker tried to hold on, but Smokey was too squirmy. Suddenly, the cat wriggled out of Cracker's hands and began to fall. Down! Down! Down! DOWN!

Smokey seemed to fall forever, but suddenly the little parachute opened and, with a quick jerk, Smokey slowed. Now he was floating – down, softly down, down toward the ground. He felt funny and light, but also scared. He was airborne. He was gliding. Cats aren't supposed to fly, Smokey thought! He looked around and saw the treetops pass by, then the roof of the house, then the porch. He spread his feet wide, ready to meet the ground below.



With a soft thud, Smokey landed on the grass. His feet were wobbly and he was a little dizzy. He shook his head and looked up. Cracker was standing on the lighthouse gallery looking down, his mouth wide open in disbelief.



“You did it Smokey! You parachuted off the lighthouse! Now you can save the American Army from attack!”

Smokey wasn't interested in saving any armies, American or otherwise. He just wanted to get out of the pillowcase parachute and go catch mice. Soon, he heard the clatter of Cracker's feet coming down the lighthouse stairs. Keeper Daniels had just gone in the tower and cautioned Cracker not to run on the stairs, lest he fell.

“I have to hurry, Papa! Smokey is going to save the American Army from attack!”

Keeper Daniels chuckled: “Old Smokey can save us from the army of mice in the woodpile!”

Cracker exited the bottom of the tower and ran toward Smokey, who was catching his breath in the grass before trying again to wriggle out of the parachute. He could see the excitement in Cracker's eyes.

“Oh no!” thought Smokey, as Cracker came towards him. “I'm not doing that again!”

Mustering all his strength, Smokey wiggled and wormed until he was out of the parachute. He gave Cracker an annoyed look, then took off running as fast as his kitty feet would take him.

That evening when little Wilma came outside to feed Smokey, he was nowhere to be found. She called and called, and she tapped a spoon on his dish; but the cat did not come for his supper. Sadly, she went back into the kitchen where her mother and Cracker were finishing the dishes.

“Smokey won’t come for his dinner,” Wilma said, almost in tears.



“Now, now,” Mama said, hugging Wilma. “He’s just gone off on one of his jaunts to hunt mice and lizards, or to visit that pretty cat down the road. He’ll be back soon.”

Cracker wore a guilty expression. He dried a teacup, then turned to Wilma: “Don’t worry about old Smokey. He’s just gone to save the American Army from attack. He’ll be a decorated war hero when he returns!”

Mama shook her head and chuckled, thinking her son, Cracker, had an enormous imagination!

“Come on!” Cracker told Wilma. “We’ll make Smokey some war medals to wear around his neck when he comes home!”

Three weeks passed with no sign of Smokey. Wilma was worried sick. Cracker was beginning to worry too, but he assured Wilma the brave cat would return.

And he did!

Smokey came padding quietly into the yard one hot afternoon, thin and tired and hungry. He ate a HUGE bowl of food, then settled in a comfortable spot on the sunny porch to wash himself. Wilma hugged him over and over: “I’m so glad you’re home, Smokey. Did you save the American Army from attack?”

“Of course he did!” Cracker said. “And he deserves the Meritorious Cat Medal of Honor!” Cracker placed a ribbon around Smokey’s neck on which an old battered coin hung. Smokey sniffed it and went back to washing himself.

“Look how proud he is!” said Cracker. And Wilma had to agree Smokey looked pleased.

Just then, Mama stepped out onto the porch with a basket to collect the laundry hung for drying. She strode to the clothesline and unpinned a dry pillowcase.

*Wilma and Smokey on St Augustine steps*



Giving it a hearty shake to remove some of the wrinkles, she began to fold it to put in the basket. Smokey stopped his washing and looked at the pillowcase. A horrified expression came over his cat face.

“Oh no! Not that again!” Smokey thought. He jumped up, wriggled out of his meritorious medal, and took off running.

Mama and Wilma were puzzled. “I wonder why a pillowcase scares old Smoke?” Wilma asked.

Mama said she didn’t know, but she turned to Cracker: “Do you know why a pillowcase scares him?” she asked.

Cracker grinned and lowered his head. Guilt was written all over his face. “Oh...I’m not sure...exactly,”

Cracker said. “Smokey is a really brave soldier cat – a hero, you know. It could be that the pillowcase reminds him of some terrible war experience. Old soldiers have those flashbacks sometimes.”

Mama smiled and went back to taking wash off the line. Wilma scratched her head and gave Cracker a funny look. As for Smokey, thereafter he stayed as far away from pillowcases as he possibly could!