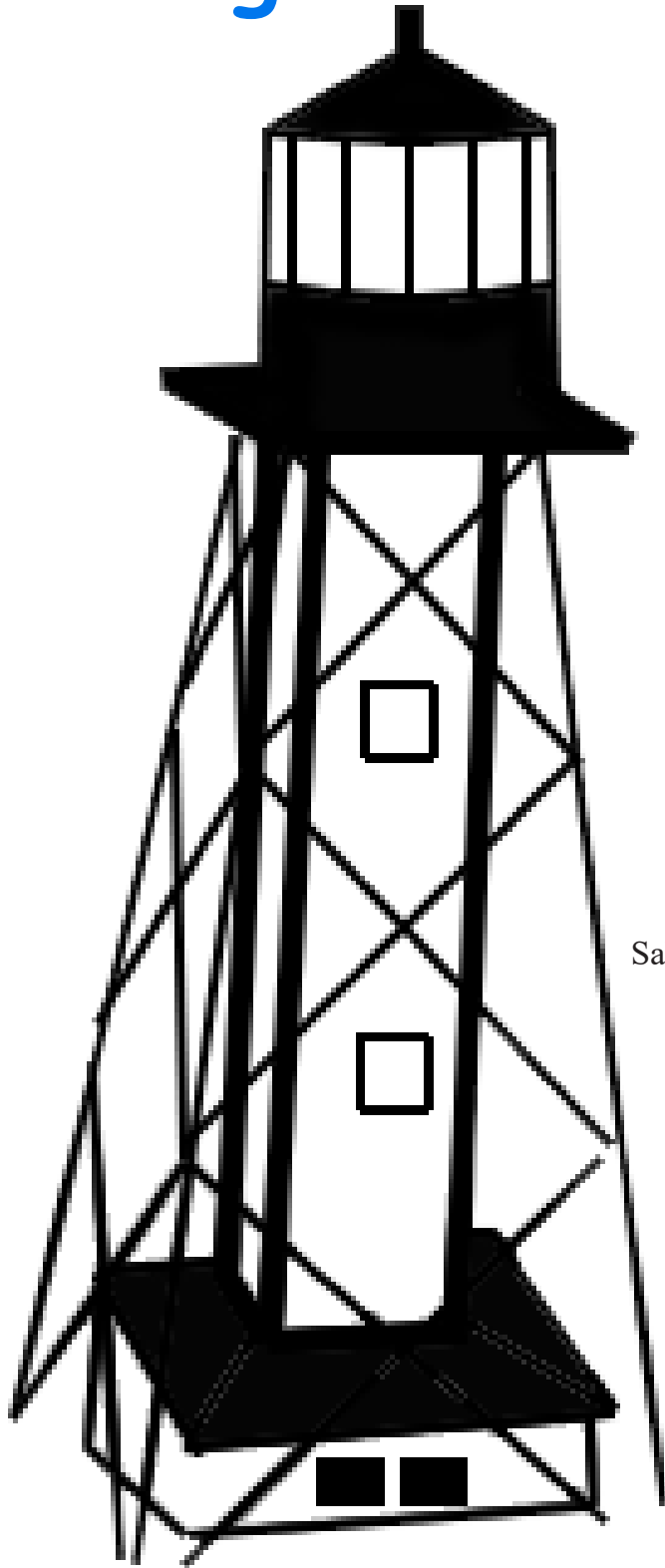


The U.S. Lighthouse Society is proud to present:

# Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids



Featuring:  
*Stinky Gets  
a Surprise*

*Issue #11*

Feeling creative?  
Email your colored in version of the  
Sable Island East Lighthouse, featured on the cover,  
or  
Stinky the cat on the back page. . .  
along with your mailing address to  
[info@uslhs.org](mailto:info@uslhs.org), and we'll send you an  
"I love lighthouses" bumper sticker!

Learn more about the U.S. Lighthouse Society and lighthouse preservation!  
Visit our website at [USLHS.org](http://USLHS.org)

# Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids

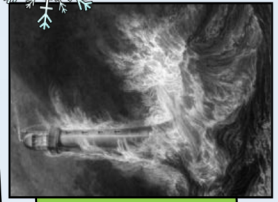


## DAYMARK DESIGN

The color and design on a lighthouse tell sailors where the lighthouse is located. West Quoddy Lighthouse in Maine has red and white stripes. The Cape Hatteras Lighthouse in North Carolina has a black stripe that wraps around the lighthouse like a barber pole. Cape Lookout Lighthouse, also in North Carolina, is painted in a black and white checkerboard pattern. Montauk Lighthouse in Long Island, New York has a big brown band around its base.

**How many differences can you find between these two lighthouses?**

**Score yourself:**  
 1-5: Sandcrab  
 6-10: Seahorse  
 11-15: Flying Fish  
 15+: Tiger Shark



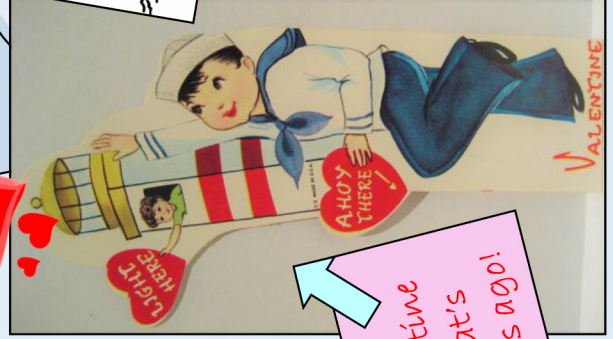
How do you get to the top of a lighthouse during a storm? (Answer—climate)



## A Valentine Poem

I will be your ship at sea,  
 I will be your ship at sea,  
 If my lighthouse you will be!  
 If my lighthouse you will be!  
 I will sail the world around,  
 I will sail the world around,  
 I will sail the world around,  
 I will sail the world around,  
 Until your bright light I have found,  
 Until your bright light I have found,  
 Your steady beams will guide my way.  
 Your steady beams will guide my way.  
 As I travel the roughest waves,  
 As I travel the roughest waves,  
 I will be your ship at sea,  
 I will be your ship at sea,  
 If my lighthouse you will be!  
 If my lighthouse you will be!

Happy Valentine's Day



Henry Osmers at his favorite lighthouse in 1957. Do you know which one this is? **Montauk!**

Check out this lighthouse Valentine from 1940. That's eighty-two years ago!

# Winter!!

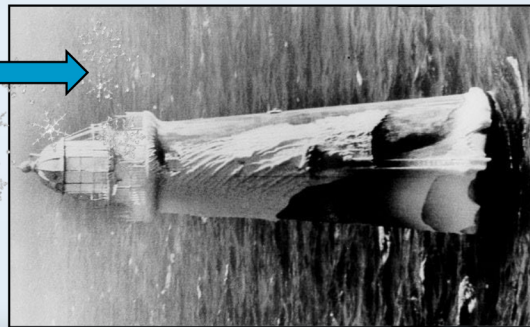


## Where are you!

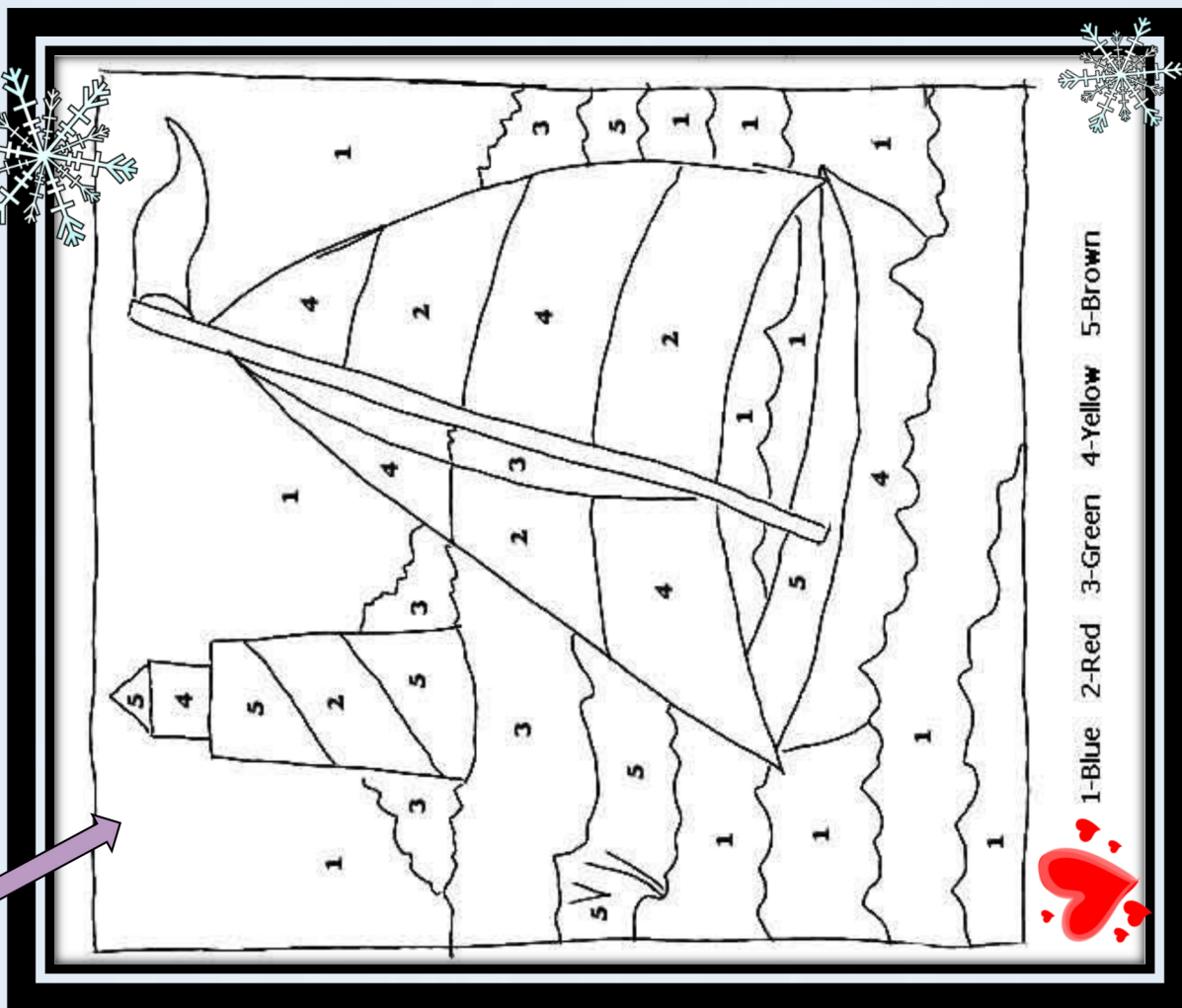
- You are in Europe.
- You are standing guard over the dangerous North Sea.
- The nation you're visiting is known for its dikes, tulips, and wooden shoes.
- The town you're in is called Den Helder.



Lang Jaap Lighthouse



Grab the Crayons, Markers, or Colored Pencils!



# Stinky Gets a Surprise

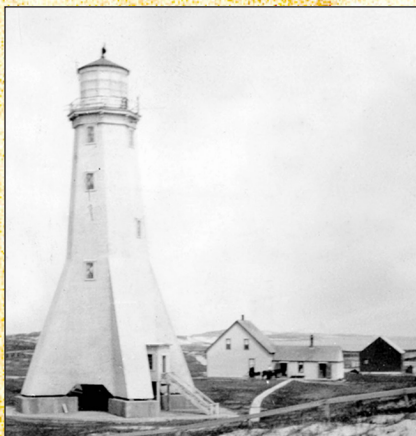
A read-aloud story for kids to read with adults.

By Elinor DeWire

Graphic Design By Richard Gales



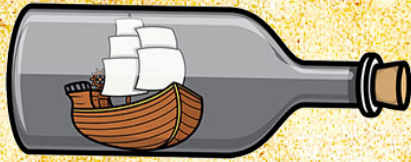
At lonely Sable Island Lighthouse in the 1930s, miles off the Nova Scotia shore, two lighthouse keepers—Mike and Joe—lived a quiet life on the west end of the island. Their lighthouse



*Sable Island West End Lighthouse*

was a steel skeleton tower that guided ships past dangerous Sable Island as they headed out to fish the cold waters of the North Atlantic. Their house sat beside the tower, warm and cozy, and they enjoyed each other's company. Occasionally, a visitor stopped by. It was usually one of the weathermen from the weather station near the other end of the island.

When they weren't tending the lighthouse,



Mike and Joe wrote letters to pen pals, made ships in bottles, whittled little figures from fish bones for a chess set, and made pretty picture frames with rope, shells, and fancy knots. Mike was also a very good storyteller, and his favorite story to tell visitors was “Stinky’s Surprise.”

Stinky was the station cat, a friendly gray tabby with big green eyes and an extra toe on each of his front paws. He was given the name Stinky because he had been found floating on a piece of timber from a shipwreck after a storm. He was wet and covered in seaweed, which made him smell bad. Stinky seemed the perfect name for the little castaway cat rescued from the sea. Mike and Joe thought Stinky’s extra toes probably helped him cling to the wooden timber until he floated ashore to safety.

Stinky spent most of his days napping. Sometimes he caught mice in the pantry in winter or feasted on tasty bugs in the lighthouse lantern in summer. Moths were his favorites, though they left a powdery film on his face and whiskers after he ate them. He also liked to chase the rope the keepers used to tie knots for their picture frames. And, every so often, Stinky asked to go outside where he could play and breathe fresh island air. Sometimes he would disappear for several days, as he explored the island. But he always came back, tired and hungry and happy to be home.



One place Stinky loved to explore was the weather station on the opposite end of the island. It was a long walk to get there, through tall sea grass and over big sand dunes, but he always enjoyed visiting the two weathermen. One of the men had his wife on the station too, and she fed Stinky something yummy from her kitchen when he came to visit. Her name was MaryAnn, and Stinky loved her clam chowder!

Another reason Stinky went to the weather station was to visit Rosie. She was the weather station cat, and a very special girl indeed. Rosie was an

Angora. Her fur was long and silky, her eyes as blue as the sea, and her whiskers were thick and twitchy. And, unlike Stinky, Rosie had only five toes on her front paws—dainty little cat feet. Stinky thought Rosie was the most beautiful girl in the cat world. The two enjoyed roaming the dunes



together and playing hide and seek in the sea grass. Stinky told Rosie funny stories about his adventures at the lighthouse, and Rosie listened with wide eyes.

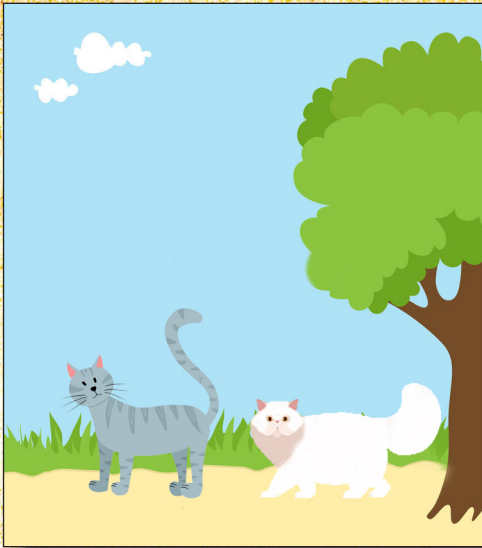
And so it went on for months. Stinky would visit Rosie at the weather station for a few days, then return to Sable Island Lighthouse, tired and hungry and happy to be home. Each time he returned, Mike and Joe would exchange puzzled glances and say, “Wonder where that old cat has been?”

Autumn came, then winter, and trips to the weather station became harder for Stinky. Sable Island was very cold in winter, and sometimes ice covered the sand and sea grass, making the path to the weather station slippery. Stinky visited less often. He missed seeing Rosie, so one day, when the sun came out and melted most of the ice, Stinky cried to be let out and headed for the weather station.

When he arrived, he was very surprised to see Rosie. She was fat! Very fat! And she didn’t seem too anxious to play.

“Rosie has been eating a lot lately,” MaryAnn said, as she put down a bowl of clam chowder for Stinky and Rosie to share. “And she sleeps more too.” Then MaryAnn winked at Stinky and patted him on the head. He wasn’t sure what that meant, but he agreed Rosie was getting fat. He looked again at Rosie’s belly. It was huge and hung down almost to the floor! But even fat and ponderous Rosie was a beautiful cat, and Stinky loved her silly!

“Hey, Rosie! What you need is a little exercise,” said Stinky. “Come on, and we’ll take a long walk.”



Rosie yawned and suggested a nap might be more fun, but eventually she agreed. The two cats asked to be let out and began walking. They enjoyed the sunshine. It made the sand warm under their feet and was a pleasant break from the winter chill. After they had walked for some time, Stinky suddenly stopped and faced Rosie.

“I have a great idea, Rosie! Why don’t you come to my lighthouse for a few days? I’d like you to meet Mike and Joe. They love cats. And Joe makes

delicious cod cakes!! Of course, the long walk would do you good.”

Rosie thought for a moment. Cod cakes sounded really delicious right now! She nodded her head, and the two set off in the direction of the lighthouse. They walked and walked, and all the while Stinky babbled on and on about his lighthouse and how important it was for ships at sea and what great lightkeepers it had in Mike and Joe. Rosie listened quietly as she trod along in soft sand.

After several hours of walking, Rosie suddenly stopped and lay down on the sand. She was breathing a little hard and her eyes were closed. Stinky ran to her side and licked her face lovingly.

“What’s wrong, Rose? It’s not much farther to the lighthouse—really.”

“Oh, Stinky. I feel funny. I’m out of breath. My belly tingles, and I don’t think I can go any farther. I just want to lay here for a while.”

Stinky was puzzled—he didn’t know what to do. Soon, night would come and the dunes would get very cold. He sat down next to Rosie and waited. She slept for a short time, then awoke with a loud “MEOW!”

“What is it Rosie? Are you okay?”

Rosie got up with difficulty and began searching through the grass. She found a small hollow in a dune and crawled inside.

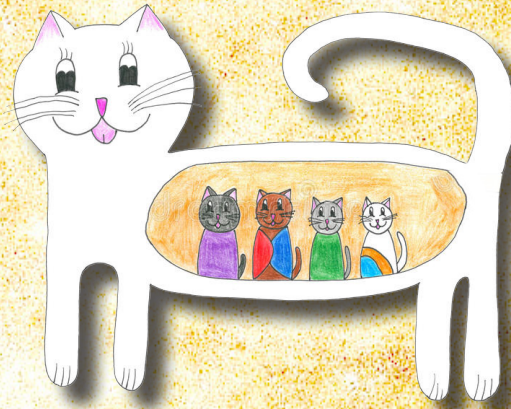
“I’m okay, Stinky. I haven’t told you why I’m so fat—I wanted to surprise you—but now I suppose you need to know the truth. I’m going to have kittens, your kittens—RIGHT NOW!!!”

Stinky leaped in the air, and the fur stood up on his back. He couldn’t believe his cat ears. He was going to be a father!!

“K-k-k-k-kittens? Well...how many...and what should I do?”

“Just keep guard outside this hollow. I’ll let you know when the kittens are all here safe and sound.”

Like a typical father-in-waiting, Stinky paced up and down, back and forth in front of the hollow. Every now and then he heard a soft sigh from inside, and then a long low meow. Then another. And another. And finally another. Four meows in all. After a time, Rosie called softly to him.



“Come see your children—all four of them.”

Carefully, shyly, Stinky poked his head inside the hollow. Four tiny balls of fur lay curled against their mother’s warm body. Each one had a tiny pink nose and little ears folded flat on their heads. Two were tabby-striped, like Stinky, and two were beautiful cream beauties like their mother.

“They’re so beautiful, Rosie! Thank you!” Stinky said, a little emotional. “Are they boys or girls?”

Rosie purred loudly as she washed her new babies. “Two boys and two girls.”

Just then, something fluttered by Stinky’s head. A snowflake. Then another. Another. Soon, snow was falling like clumps of cotton and covering the



sand. A storm had begun, and it was getting dark. Stinky knew this was trouble. Rosie and her kittens would die in the cold if he didn't get them to safety.

"Rosie, I have to get help! It's snowing, and night is coming on. I'll run to the lighthouse and get Mike and Joe. Stay inside the hollow—I'll be back as quick as I can!"

Stinky climbed to the top of the sand dune and looked out through the blinding snow. Faintly, to the east, he could see the beam of Sable Island Lighthouse shining through the thick snow. It would guide him home. He raced over the sand as fast as his extra-toed paws would go. It seemed a long time until he reached the lighthouse, but at last he was scratching at the door of the keeper's quarters asking to be let in.

The door cracked a little, and Stinky squeezed through, panting and wet with snow. Mike was standing beside the door with his hands on his hips.

"So, you decided to come home where it's warm, have you? Good idea, old Stink-a-Roo! It's going to be a dilly of storm. The barometer is reading very low."

Stinky jumped up in a windowsill facing west and meowed loudly, looking out in the direction of Rosie and the kittens.

"I know, you want to be fed. You're tired and hungry, as usual," said Joe, who had just finished making a picture frame from rope. He tossed the leftover rope to Stinky, but the tabby cat ignored it and pawed at the window.

Mike opened a can of sardines and put some in Stinky's dish, but the cat ignored the food and scratched at the window. He jumped down and went to the door, frantically pawing to be let out again.

"MEOW! MEOW!"

Mike and Joe exchanged glances. "What's wrong with him?" Joe asked. "He doesn't want the rope or the food. It's not like Stinky not to eat or play, and he doesn't want to nap either."



Joe went to the door and opened it a crack. Immediately, Stinky sprang through the door and out into the storm. He stopped a few steps from the lighthouse and turned to face the keepers.

“MEOW! MEOW!”

“He’s crazy,” said Mike. “What does he want?”

“I don’t know,” Joe replied, “*But I think we should follow him.*”

The men got their coats, gloves, boots, and flashlights and headed out after Stinky. It was slow going in the slippery snow on the sand. They trudged after Stinky, led by his urgent “meows” and his small paw prints in the snow. They walked for about fifteen minutes, then Stinky abruptly stopped. He began digging in the snow against a steep dune.

“That cat is bonkers!” Mike said.

“No, I think he’s trying to find something,” Joe said.

The men knelt down and helped Stinky clear away snow. A moment later, a small hollow opened into the dune. Stinky poked his head inside, then popped out again and cried, “MEOW!”

Joe and Mike shone their flashlights into the hollow.

“Whoa! It’s a beautiful mother cat and four kittens! Holy mackerel!” they both said in unison.



Carefully, they lifted the kittens from the hollow and stowed them in pockets, then each man picked up one of the adult cats and slid it inside

his coat for warmth. Slowly, they made their way back to the lighthouse, listening to the sound of grateful purring as they went.

Back at the lighthouse, the kittens were placed in a blanket inside a laundry basket. Stinky and Rosie shared a meal of canned sardines and milk. Then Rosie climbed in the laundry basket and cuddled her kittens closely, nursing them and washing their tiny bodies. Stinky took his place next to the basket and sat watching Rosie care for the kittens. He was the proud father!

“Well, if that isn’t a scene!” Mike chuckled.

“Yeah,” Joe agreed. “Now we know where Stinky has been going on his jaunts outdoors. He not only has a wife; he’s a father too!”

“And I think I know where Mrs. Stinky lives,” said Mike. He picked up the phone and called the weather station. MaryAnn answered, since the weathermen were in the radio room monitoring the storm. The two chatted for a few minutes, then hung up.

“Yep! MaryAnn has been very worried about her cat, Rosie. I told her we rescued Rosie and her four kittens from the storm and that all are safe here in the lighthouse.” He turned now to Stinky and tickled his ears. “And we have this old boy to thank for their safety!”

Stinky purred and uttered sweet “Me-ow.” Yes, he was strong, clever, and brave. Yes, his wife was beautiful. And, yes, his four children were the cutest, most darling kittens in the whole wide world. But he knew what had really saved the kittens and Rosie.

It was the bright beam of Sable Island Lighthouse!





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