



Keepers by the stove in the galley of the Tillamook Rock, Oregon, Lighthouse. Their duty was every bit as isolated and miserable as that at Canada's Gannet Rock. The District Inspector would not approve of this housekeeping.

## *A Lightkeeper's Dream*

By Forest Wilcox

*While keeping watch down here last night  
The weather being fine  
I thought I'd have a little nap  
To pass away the time.*

*I put my feet up on the stove  
And soon began to snore  
I dreamed I'd left the vale of tears  
And reached that golden shore.*

*St. Peter met me at the gate  
And said "Come in my lad.  
Your record while you were on earth  
It sure looks mighty bad.*

*But as you have served time on Gannet Rock  
One thing I surely know,  
You could get no greater punishment  
If I sent you down below.*

*See over there on yonder point  
There stands a golden light  
You will never have to tend it  
For up here there is no night.*

*No rain, no vapor, fog or snow  
In this fair land you'll never see  
And you can play with mermaids on the beach  
Through all eternity."*

*My! What a wondrous time I had  
Upon that golden beach  
But the little mermaids in the sea  
Stayed just beyond my reach.*

*Just then my feet fell off the stove  
It was a dreadful shock  
To wake and find that I was still  
Right here on Gannet Rock.*

*When my time does come to go  
And leave this world behind  
When I reach that golden gate  
I hope that Pete doesn't change his mind.*

*But give me the golden light  
Beside a peaceful sea  
And I hope those mermaids in the surf  
Will be waiting there for me.*