



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.*