

## LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Lighthouse keepers have it easy  
All year round their homes are  
breezy.

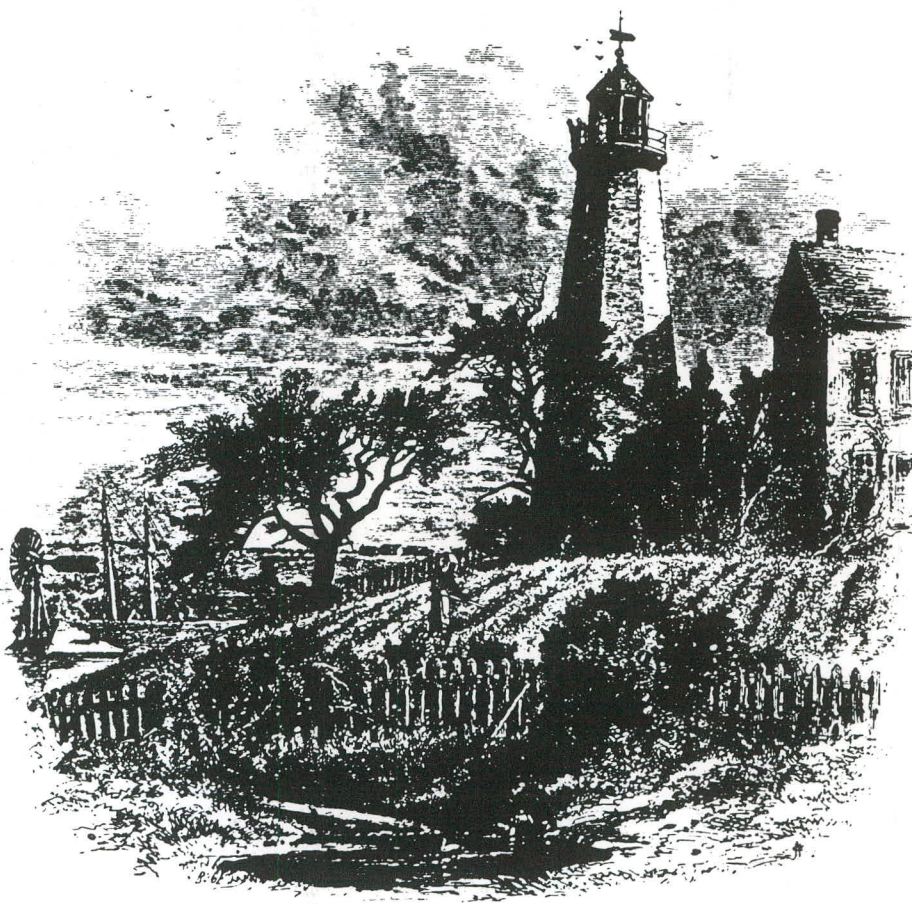
Noises don't disturb their labors  
For they haven't any neighbors.

They don't need baskets for old  
papers  
Orange peels or gaskets,  
Just one careless motion  
And their trash drops in the ocean.

They don't need nine holes or  
twenty  
They get exercise a plenty,  
Each trip up the spiral stairway  
Equals three around the fairway.

Window shades are never needed  
They can dress or strip unheeded.  
Wakeful brat don't have conceptions  
Neighbors don't give long  
descriptions.

When I am old and won't need  
pity  
I shall leave the sullied city  
Climb a lighthouse, bar the door  
And trim my wicks forevermore.



This was a popular poem among Lighthouse Keepers. It was given from memory to the Shore Village Museum by Captain Stetson Turner who moved to Great Duck Island Light (off Mt. Desert Island) at age 6 months transferred to Bear Island Light at age 3 until 1938. Captain Turner is presently Master of a super tanker which is departing on a round the world cruise.