The Society's New Dungeness Chapter maintains the New Dungeness Light Station, pictured here in a photo by Dan Kessler.

New Dungeness Limericks

There once was a light on a spit
Positioned so ships wouldn't hit
That big arc of land
Which was really just sand
And had a beauty that just wouldn't quit.

But now it is a different story
Oh, it still guides sub, tug, ship and dory.
But the tourists all find
It is kind of a shrine
Standing sentinel in all of its glory.

The Dungeness Light guards the Strait
While keepers are guiding the gate.
The walkers are greeted
And then they are treated to 74 steps —
that’s their fate!

As keepers of New Dungeness Light
We tried to do everything right
We polished the brass
And mowed all the grass
From morning 'til into the night.

By Stephanie Satter