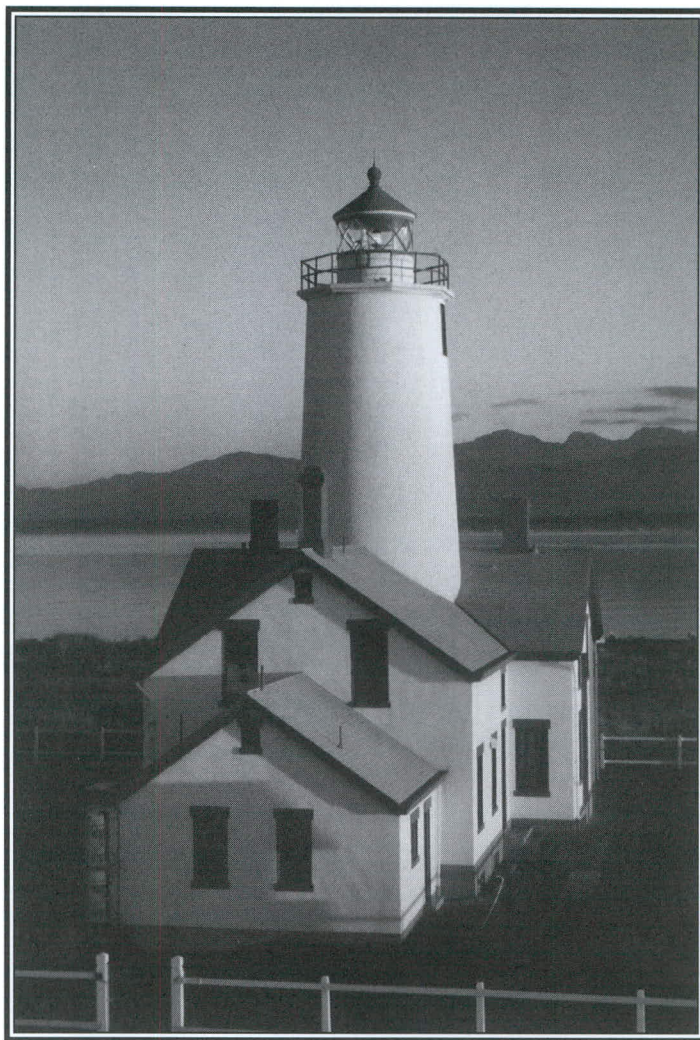




The Society's New Dungeness Chapter maintains the New Dungeness Light Station, pictured here in a photo by Dan Kessler.

## 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*