

The U.S. Lighthouse Society is proud to present:

Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids

Featuring:
*Old Jack the
Lighthouse Mule
& the
Farallon Islands
Lighthouse*



Issue #6

Feeling creative?

Email your colored in version of the Farallon Islands Lighthouse, featured on the cover, along with your mailing address to info@uslhs.org, and we'll send you an "I love lighthouses" bumper sticker!

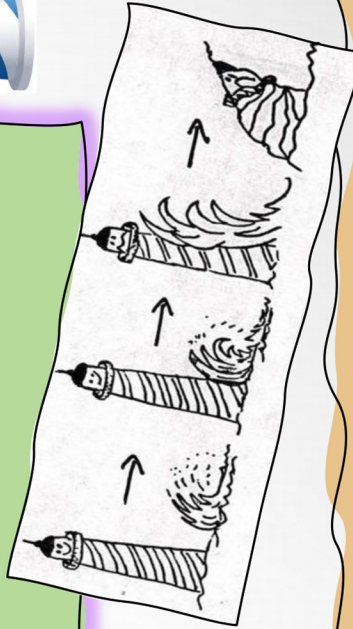


Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids



MAKE A DECORATION

It's Christmas in the summertime! Do you have a leftover clear ball from the Christmas holiday? Put a little sand inside it and a shell or two. Paint your favorite lighthouse in a beach scene on one side of the ball. Paint some seagrass on the opposite side. What a lovely tropical decoration you'll have for summer! Hang it in a special spot so everyone can enjoy it.



I built a sandcastle lighthouse when I visited the beach. I thought it stood very safe where the ocean could not reach. But a great big wave rolled in when the tide got high. And now my pretty lighthouse has gone bye-bye.

Why couldn't the kids see the lighthouse?

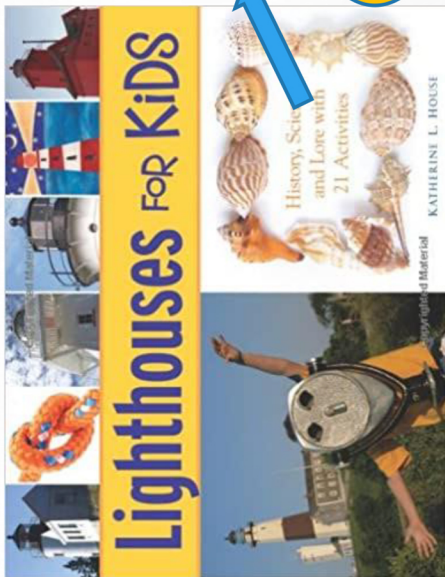
Uh...the weather was foggy and they mist it!
Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha!

Got a lighthouse on a rubber stamp? Then you can make lots of fun things. Stamp it on a light-colored t-shirt, on the outside of a white gift box, or on plain white or beige paper for gift wrap. Be careful. It won't wash off!



A cool coin!
You can get one for \$1.98 on [Etsy.com](https://www.etsy.com) at [Elemental](https://www.elemental.com).





Looking for fun lighthouse crafts and projects? This is your guide— "Lighthouses for Kids" by Katherine L. House. Her book has amazing stuff to do, and you'll learn about lighthouses too. Find this book on Amazon.com or ask your parents to order it from your local bookstore.

This Means You!

Check it out!
<https://www.facebook.com/thelighthousekids/>

Wanted! Pictures of kids at lighthouses! Send them to Elinor@uslhs.org, along with your first name. They might appear on a future activity sheet like this one.

They will definitely go on our website under "Kids' Photos."

You could write a short story about this cartoon!



- Where are you!**
- You are in the South Pacific.
 - Look for kiwi fruit.
 - There are earthquakes.
 - The Maori people live here.
 - Look for penguins.
 - Australia is to the west.
 - South America is to the east.



Answer: You are in New Zealand at Cape Reinga Lighthouse.

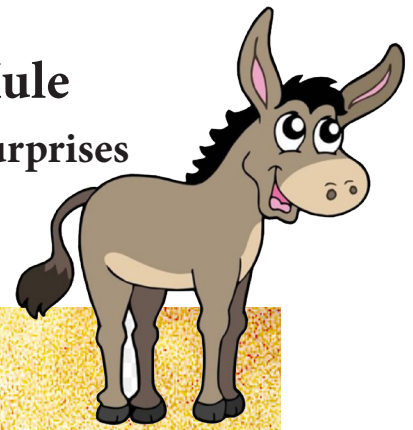


Armin and Mila at Fire Island Lighthouse

Old Jack the Lighthouse Mule

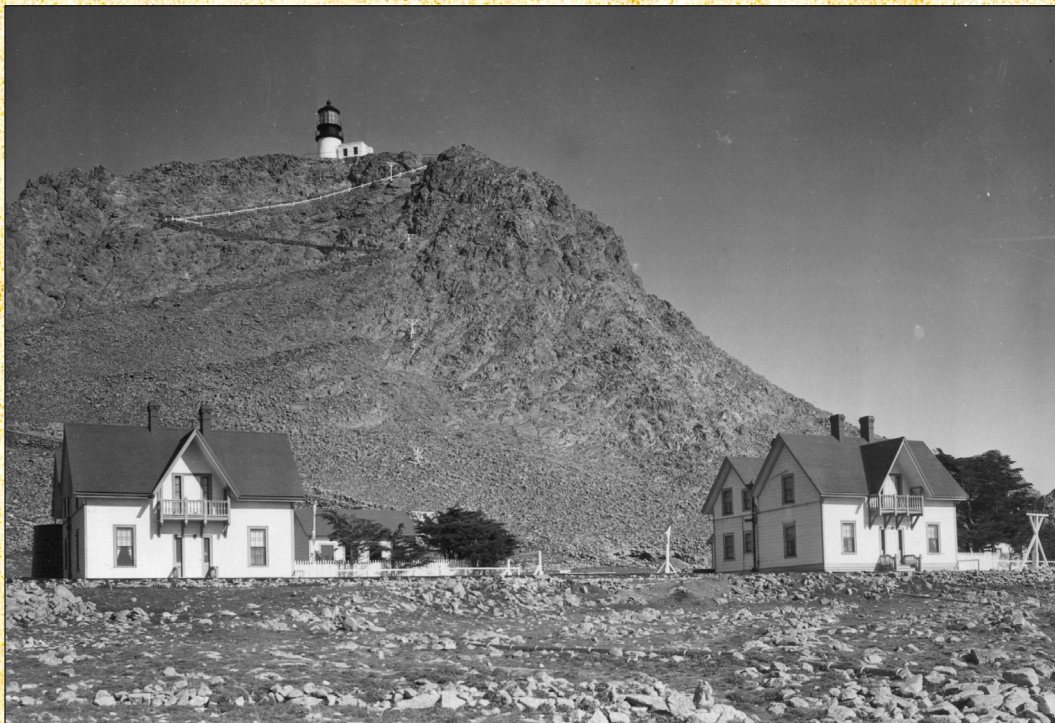
A true read-along story with some surprises

By Elinor DeWire
Graphic Design By Richard Gales



Southeast Farallon Lighthouse sits on an island far at sea, 23-miles from San Francisco, California. The reason a lighthouse is needed on this lonely group of rocks is to guide ships past islands called the Farallons, especially when fog settles over them. Farallons means “the brothers” in Spanish. It’s a good name, since these rugged islands look similar to each other and resemble a family of swimmers popping up their heads at sea.

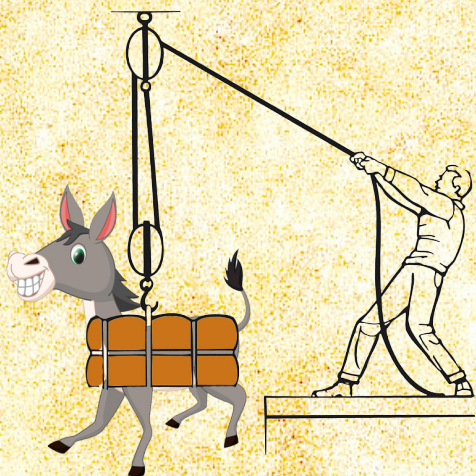
When the lighthouse was under construction in 1855, workers had a hard time hauling building materials up the cliffs to where the lighthouse would shine from the highest point, a peak called Sugarloaf Hill 348-feet above the ocean. The cliffs were very steep and rocky, wind and waves constantly scoured them, fogs descended like heavy smoke, and seabirds angrily defended their nests from the intruding workers.



Switchback trail zigzagging to the Farallon lighthouse at the top of Sugarloaf Hill

Stone for the tower was quarried on the island. Lumber, bricks, and parts for the lighthouse came on a ship called the *Oriole*. Since there was no safe place for a dock, men and building materials were taken ashore from the *Oriole* on a raft-like boat called a lighter and landed using a hoist. To get up Sugarloaf Hill, workers built a switchback trail that zigzagged to the top. At first the men tried hauling everything up the trail themselves, but it was dangerous, backbreaking work. They sent word to San Francisco for help.

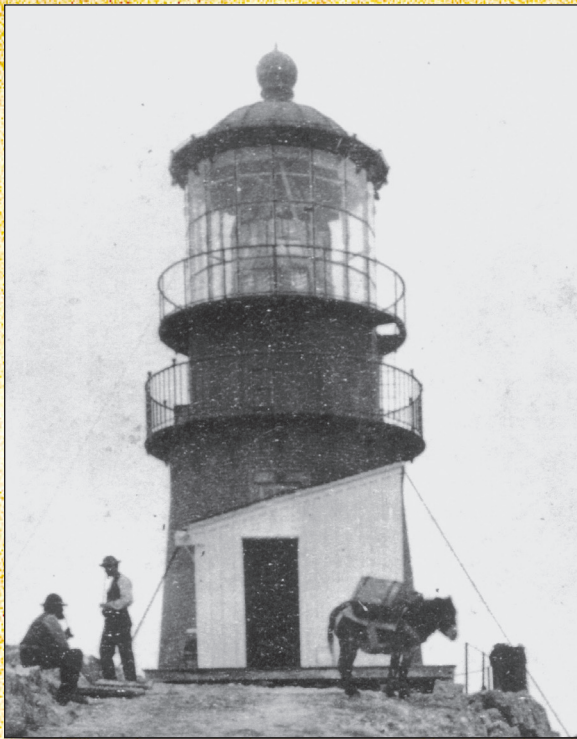
Soon, a ship arrived with the answer to their problem. As it dropped anchor offshore, the workers heard the loud braying and hee-hawing of a mule. His name was Jack, and he would help with building the light station!



Getting Jack off the ship was the first task. Someone suggested letting him swim ashore, but the captain worried Jack might try to swim back to San Francisco instead. Thus, Jack was placed in a canvas harness, lifted off the ship's deck with a hoist, and swung over the ocean onto a lighter. Jack was frightened by this!

Workers held Jack and comforted him while the raft was pulled slowly shoreward with ropes. Then Jack was lifted off the lighter by another hoist and gently placed on the island. All the while, he brayed and hee-hawed with worry. He was awfully glad when his hooves touched solid ground.

Jack quickly learned to haul a heavy pack load from the ship's landing site to the top of Sugarloaf Hill, the lofty spot where the lighthouse was being built. Sometimes, he was hitched to a windlass to lift heavy equipment or move stones. He was happy to be helping



*Jack at the top of Sugar Loaf Hill
waiting to unload his pack*

the workers. They treated him like a friend, and in the evening he was well-rewarded for his work. There was grass on the island and plenty of hay in the lean-to by the landing, and there was space to run and stretch his stiff legs after a long day of hard work.

Day by day, the lighthouse grew taller, and the brick keeper's houses took shape at the base of the island. When the huge first-order lens for the lighthouse arrived by ship, the workers discovered the tower was too small to hold it. Someone had

made a big mistake in the paper plans for the lighthouse! Workers, with the help of Jack, tore down the tower and rebuilt a larger version 41-feet high. After that, the lens fit perfectly.

Finally, the light station was finished. The lightkeeper lit the beacon for the first time on January 1, 1856. Jack was proud that he had carried the first cans of oil up Sugarloaf Hill to fuel the lamps inside the lighthouse. The first night it was lighted, there was a great celebration on the island. Jack was included in the fun. He was dressed in a straw hat, his tail was braided and tied off with a ribbon, and an American flag was draped over his back. Jack looked up at the great beam and brayed softly. Somehow, he knew the lighthouse was important.

It was decided that Jack should remain on the island as its first

equine keeper. His job was to help the lightkeeper and his assistant when things needed to be hauled to their quarters or up to the lighthouse. A little barn was built for Jack near the lightkeepers' houses, and he spent most of his days roaming the rocky island and nibbling the sparse, salty grass covering its hills. When the tender whistle sounded in the distance, the keepers fetched him from his rocky pasture and harnessed him for work.

A few years later, the principal lighthouse keeper brought his



wife and daughter to the island. The little girl, who called herself "The Girl of the Farallons," soon came to love Jack. Her father allowed her to ride him up and down the switchback trail. Her mother gave her old carrots, potatoes, and apples to feed him as treats. She dressed

Jack in costumes and invited him to tea parties where his cup was filled with sugar. He ate cookies too, for he loved anything sweet.

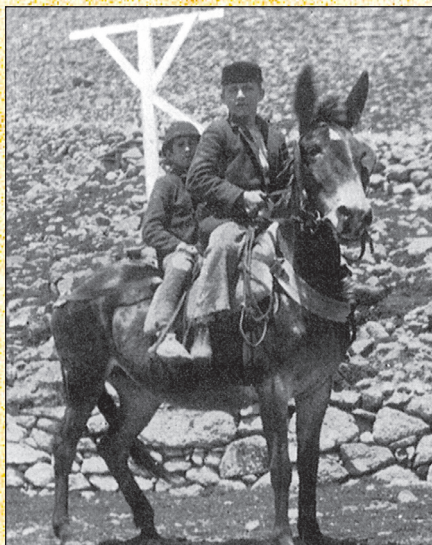
Not long after that, the assistant keeper also brought his family to the island. Now, there were more children to love Jack. He had a double role at the lighthouse as both a pack mule and a beloved pet. When the tender came with supplies and coal, it was the children who ran to fetch Jack so he could be harnessed for work. They always rewarded him with tasty treats.

Jack lived on Southeast Farallon Island for many years and saw many families come and go at the lighthouse. Children grew up and left, and others were born. Keepers came and went, and night after

night the lighthouse flashed a warning to ships. In all those years, Jack continued to haul supplies and fuel for the lighthouse families and to be a good pet for the children. His fame grew beyond the island. Lighthouse Service personnel in San Francisco talked of his devotion and told of his comical antics. Once, he was even mentioned in a newspaper article about the light station.

In 1873, when Jack was about twenty years old, it was decided he should retire. By this time, everyone was calling him Old Jack, because he was the oldest mule still at work in the Lighthouse Service. He had served at Farallon Lighthouse eighteen years – longer than any human keeper. A fine spray of white whiskers now grew from his chin, and his back was a little bent from years of hard work. He walked slower too, for somehow he knew work would get done no matter how fast or slow he went.

One day the lighthouse tender came to Southeast Farallon, and Old Jack was fetched, as usual. But this time something new happened. Old Jack was led down to the landing and placed in the canvas harness. He brayed and hee-hawed as he was lifted off the dock, swung over the water, and softly lowered onto the ship's wooden deck.



Patty on Farallon Island in 1897

There, a younger pack animal stood, a sweet-faced mule named Patty. She had a straight back and no white hair on her face. Jack and Patty eyed each other for a moment and sniffed noses, not quite sure what to make of their situation. The harness was switched to Patty, and she was lifted off the ship and onto the island, then saddled with a pack.

The lighthouse family waved good-bye to Old Jack as the tender



Farallon keepers & Madrono crew with Patty

p u l l e d
a w a y f r o m
t h e d o c k .
S o m e o f
t h e m w e r e
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B u t t h e i r
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O l d J a c k
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puzzlement and sniffed the air. He was confused. What were the tears about, and why was another mule taking his place? Where was he going?

He sailed on the tender for hours, feeling a bit sick from the rolling of the waves. The tender passed through a broad opening into a bay and came to a large city with busy docks and lots of noise. The ship was tied to a berth, and men began unloading it. This time a wooden ramp was placed against the tender. Old Jack was led off, carefully stepping down the ramp from ship to shore where an old man was waiting on the dock with a cart.

The man had a kind face, riddled with many wrinkles by a broad smile. He had white whiskers and a bent back too, just like Old Jack. He patted Old Jack's head and gave him an apple. Then he harnessed him to the cart and put a straw hat on the old mule's head. For decoration, he wove some poppies into Jack's mane and long tail. Some children scampered near and giggled at Old Jack. The mule leaned down and sniffed their hands. He loved children – the sweet smell of their hair, the soft spongy feel of their fingers on his nose, the lilting sound of their laugh.

“Now, you can come home with me and rest,” said the old man. “You’ve worked hard for many years and have earned your retirement!”

The man climbed into the cart and shook the reins. Old Jack pulled the cart up a hill away from the children and the busy city docks, past houses and businesses, through quiet streets, and far into the country. Everything seemed so wide open and big, not at all like Southeast Farallon Island. But Old Jack decided he liked this new place. It seemed oddly familiar. Maybe he had been here before, long ago when he was young.

Soon, Old Jack and the man turned down a dusty lane that ended at a little seaside farm. In the pasture was a plump pony, a few sheep with black faces and white wool, some chickens, and a cow lazily chewing her cud and switching flies with her tail. A big friendly tabby cat sat on a fence post. The man petted the cat, then unhooked Old Jack from the cart and led him into the pasture.



“Welcome to your new home, old fella! Eat some grass and enjoy yourself,” the old man said. He gave Old Jack another pat on the head and removed the straw hat. “No more work for you.”

Jack stood confused for moment, not knowing what was expected of him. There was no long switchback trail, no harness to wear, no pack load to carry – just the field, the grass, the wildflowers, and the other animals staring at him. He brayed softly, a small cry of bewilderment. The pony whinnied, tossed its head, and came to greet Old Jack. Their noses touched, and Old Jack felt a friendly nuzzle. The other animals followed, and after each one had smelled Old Jack and looked him over well, he was pronounced a valued member of the farm.



Soon, he was munching sweet grass and trotting happily about the pasture. Occasionally, he would lie down and roll, just because it felt good. Or he would lean against a fence post to scratch himself and fall asleep, with the big tabby cat purring in his ear. For fun, he would scare the chickens with his loud brays. Best of all, he took long walks through the pasture with the pony, who had worked for many years in a circus and was now also retired.

Old Jack lived out the rest of his years quietly. The old man's grandchildren came to visit every so often. They would put on Old Jack's straw hat and climb on his back for rides. They wove wildflowers into his mane and tail and paraded him about. And they never forgot to bring his favorite treat – a big juicy apple.

Years passed, and Old Jack grew slower and more bent of back. His face was nearly all white now, and his eyes became milky. He could not see so well anymore or hear either. But his nose still worked. He could find his friend, the pony, by scent, and when the children came to visit he could smell the tart apples they brought and the sweetness of their hands.

Sometimes, when the day was nearing its end and the wind came in gently off the sea, Old Jack would lift his head and inhale the salty tang of the ocean. It seemed familiar, that smell. For a moment, he would cock his head sideways and bray softly, vaguely remembering—
An island far out in the waves, with a trail zigzagging to its top and a white tower sitting on a high peak, a lighthouse casting its friendly golden beam over the tumbling gray waves.



What is a Mule?



A mule is not a horse or a donkey. Instead, it is a mixture of the two animals. Mules are born when a female donkey, called a hinny, is bred to a male horse, called a stallion. The mule foal is born with skinny legs and a slightly swayed back. It has a long face, and a big, fuzzy muzzle. Its eyes are set far apart, which means it can see its back feet without turning its head. It is sure-footed and gentle and able to carry or pull heavy loads. But a mule's most obvious characteristic is its long, velvety ears. Mules can be ridden, trained to carry a backpack, or taught to pull wagons or buggies.



Mules are intelligent equines!
A male mule is called a john.
A female mule is called a molly.



Did you learn any new words in this story? List them below!

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

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8.