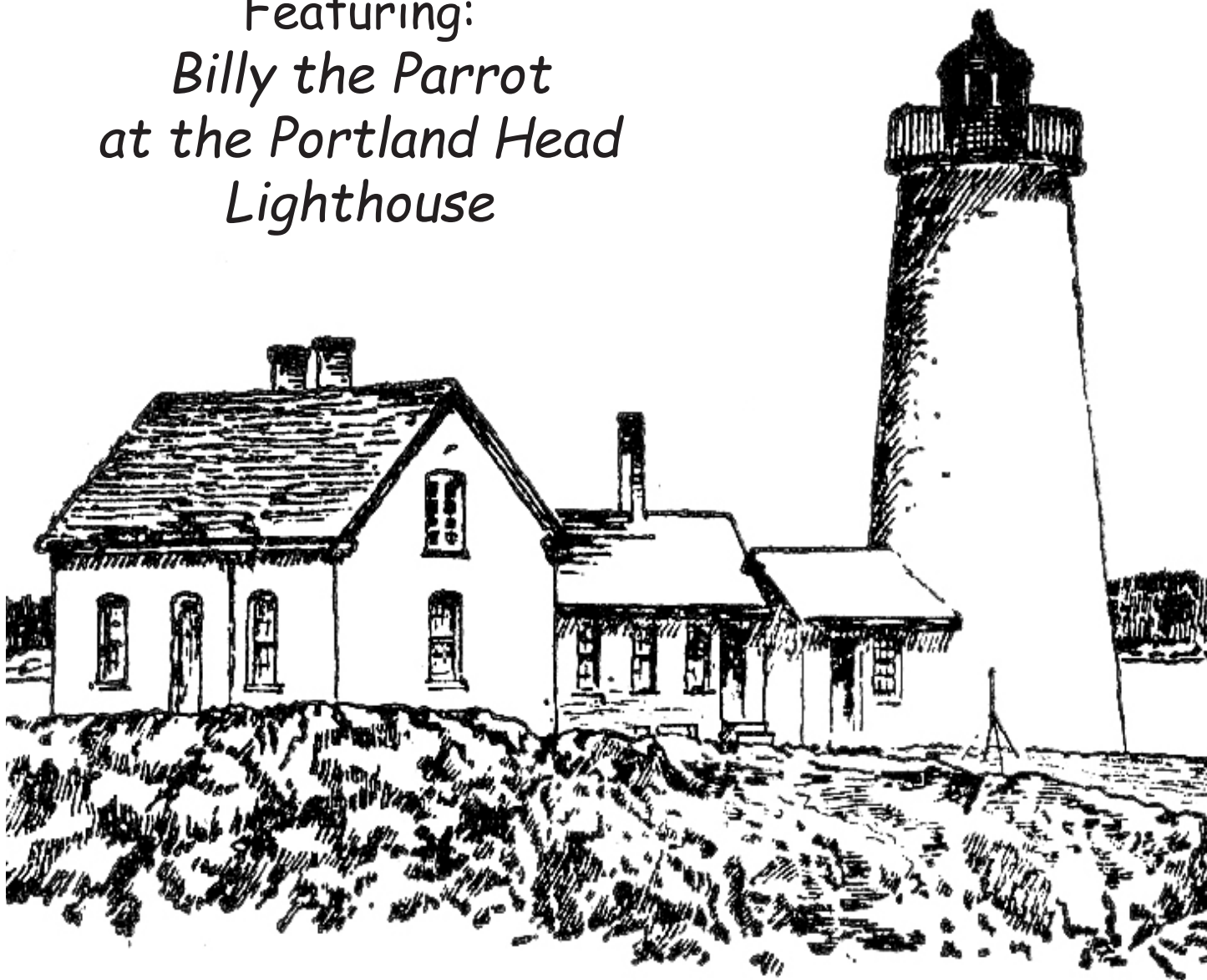


The U.S. Lighthouse Society is proud to present:  
**Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids**

Featuring:  
*Billy the Parrot  
at the Portland Head  
Lighthouse*



## *Issue #8*

Feeling creative?

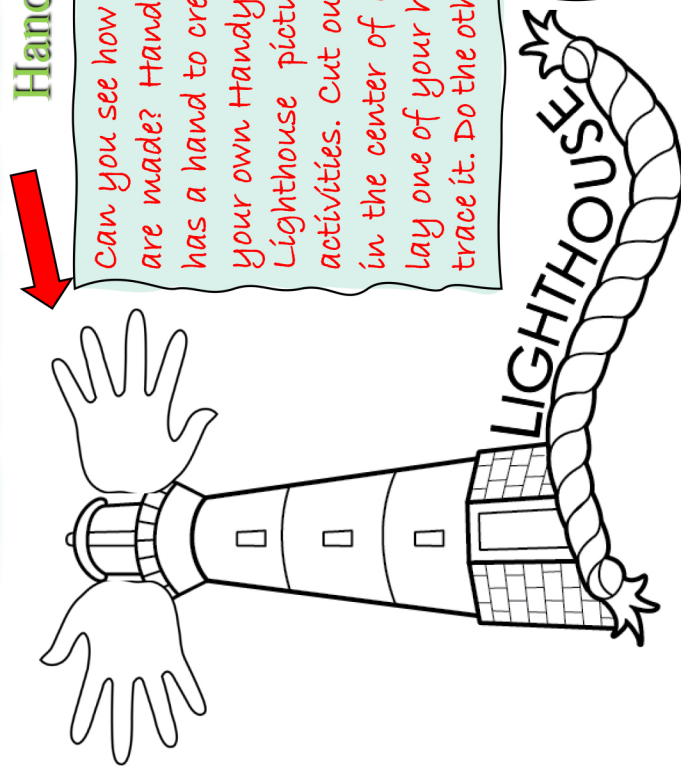
Email your colored in version of the Portland Head Lighthouse, featured on the cover, or Billy the parrot - on the back page. . . along with your mailing address to [info@uslhs.org](mailto:info@uslhs.org), and we'll send you an "I love lighthouses" bumper sticker!

Learn more about the U.S. Lighthouse Society and lighthouse preservation!  
Visit our website at [USLHS.org](http://USLHS.org)



# Lighthouse Fun 4 Kids

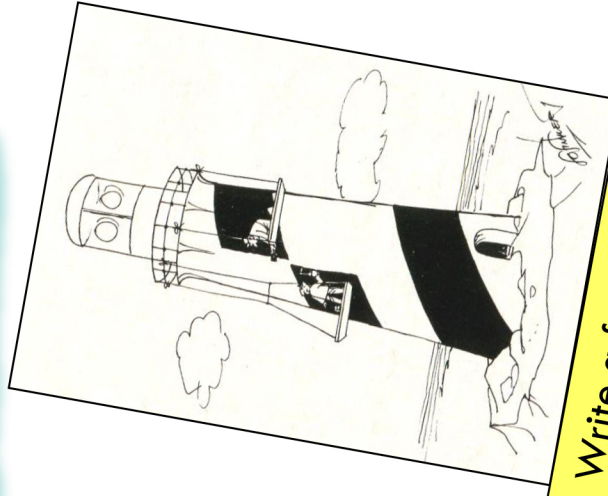
lightkeeper0803@gmail.com



## Handy Lighthouse!

Can you see how the beams of this lighthouse are made? Hands! Each side of the lantern has a hand to create its beam. You can make your own Handy Lighthouse. Use the Handy Lighthouse picture included in the kids' activities. Cut out the lighthouse and glue it in the center of a piece of posterboard. Next, lay one of your hands beside the lantern and trace it. Do the other side of the lantern too.

Color the hands yellow, and color the lighthouse any way you wish. Send us a scan of your picture, and we'll send you a special sticker!



Write a funny caption for this cartoon.

What language do lighthouse keepers speak?

My favorite lighthouse is \_\_\_\_\_

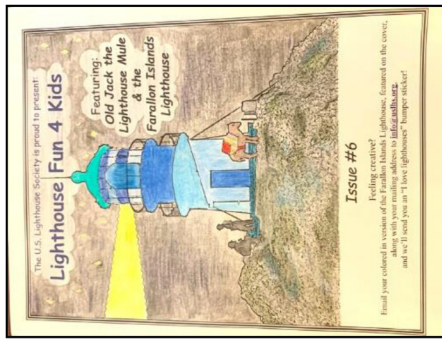
Shine Language!! Hai Hai Hai

# Kids Art

We love that kids send us their artwork! Take a look at some of the pictures we've received. We post them on our website. You'll find them here-- <https://uslhs.org/fun/kids-corner/kids-artwork>. Send us your lighthouse drawings and colorings, and we'll send you a little surprise! You can email artwork to [Rich@uslhs.org](mailto:Rich@uslhs.org)



Left-Nathan  
Middle-Madison  
Right-Andrew



Climb a lighthouse.  
It will take you  
closer to  
the stars.

Do you collect patches? We love lighthouse-themed patches!  
Check out this one from the U.S. Coast Guard cutter FREDERICK HATCH. Mr. Hatch was a rescuer and a lighthouse keeper in the 1850s. Look at the details on the patch. Find the lighthouse and also the crossed boat oars.



A D P Q B R N  
J L T C H O K F S T U B Z C  
E F M O T U Y A W N A G H T C R E R W T L A H I  
F O T U Y A W N A G H T C R E R W T L A H I  
R C T W L U T S N C O N I G S  
K F Z L B E N T A S  
E A N Q E E F  
D S H M

**Word Search**  
Find these words. Circle them.

LENS	BEACON	LIGHTHOUSE
LANTERN	CATWALK	SHIPWRECK
STORM	SHINE	STAIRWAY
KEEPER	FORHORN	SENTINEL
TOWER	LAMP	NAVIGATE

What other words can you find?

Be artsy with the word search lighthouse.  
Outline it and add color.

# Billy the Lighthouse Parrot Saves the Day

A read-aloud story for kids to read with adults.

By Elinor DeWire

Graphic Design By Richard Gales



Joseph Strout became keeper of Portland Head lighthouse in 1904, following in the footsteps of his father who had been keeper of the lighthouse for thirty-five years. Keeper Strout had with him at the lighthouse his father's pet parrot, Billy, who was then fifty years old. (Parrots live a long time!)

Joseph's father, Captain Strout, had purchased Billy at a market in North Africa in the days when he was a sea captain. Billy had sailed many voyages with Captain Strout and weathered many storms. Now, Billy enjoyed a quiet life ashore in Southern Maine. Portland Head was one of the prettiest spots in all of New England, and its lighthouse was the most important beacon Down East, as Maine was called.





Billy was no ordinary bird. He was a gray African parrot, as handsome a bird as likely you'll ever see. He was very intelligent too. He liked to sit on Keeper Strout's shoulder and bob his head up and down in agreement with everything the keeper said. Sometimes Keeper Strout would utter a loud sneeze, and Billy would flap his wings and pretend a storm was coming!

When he wasn't perched on the keeper's shoulder, Billy sat on a long piece of driftwood Mrs. Strout had fetched out of the sea. She put it in the kitchen so she could keep an eye on Billy while she cooked. Sometimes she even sang songs to him. Billy rocked back and forth on his driftwood perch as if waltzing.

By far, the best thing about Billy was that he could talk. He said lots of things, like "hello" and "Billy wants a cracker" and "Billy need a nap." He said, "All ashore that's goin' ashore," because he had spent so much time on a ship. He also said some very special things, since he was a lighthouse parrot. If the fog rolled in, Billy screeched "Foggy! Foggy! Turn on the foghorn!" If the air pressure dropped, Billy shouted "Storm a'coming! Storm a'coming!" And, of course, when dusk fell Billy yelled, "Turn on the light!"





One of Billy's favorite activities was watching the assistant keeper's son, named Don, at play. Little Don was fun to watch, for he always seemed to be getting into some sort of mischief. Mrs. Strout warned Little Don not to go too near the sea, and Mrs. Cameron forbid Little Don to climb on the rocks below the lighthouse. The assistant keeper told Little Don

to stay away from the foghorn, lest his eardrums be split by the loud blast. Keeper Strout just patted Little Don on the head and said, "Be careful, boy!"

Day after day, it seemed little Don always was getting into some sort of trouble. So, Billy kept careful watch over the boy.

On the first day of school in September, when little Don was six, his mother dressed him in his best white shirt and green pants and matching jacket. He was going to first grade!

"Now, go and play until it's time to head for school," Little Don's mother said. "And don't get your nice clothes messy!"

Little Don wasn't sure how he could play and still stay clean. But then



something caught his eye. A pretty toy boat lay upon the rocks near the lighthouse, probably left by a summer visitor. Sailing a toy boat wouldn't be messy. Little Don went to the edge of the concrete pier that surrounded the lighthouse, and he climbed down the rocks. The little boat was within reach, and Little Don soon grabbed it, with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

But a boat belonged in water. Little Don looked at the sea. It seemed deep and scary, but he wanted so much to sail the toy boat. Foolishly, he threw the little wooden boat far out into the water. Its small white sails filled with wind and it began to bounce and jiggle as the waves tossed it about. Little Don gasped, realizing his new-found toy would be dashed to pieces against the rocks. He had to save it!

He dropped to his knees, then sprawled on the rocks on his belly and stretched his arm as far as it would go in the direction of the little pitching boat. *Stretch! Stretch!* He felt the buttons on his new green jacket scraping the rocks. *Stretch! Stretch!*

*SPLASH!*



Before he knew what had happened, Little Don slid off the rocks and tumbled into the cold sea. His head went under, then he came up with a gurgle and swallowed a big gulp of salty water.

“Help! Glub! Glub!” he gurgled before his head went under again.



Little Don didn't know how to swim!

In Mrs. Strout's kitchen, Billy had been watching Little Don through the window. He knew the boy had gone too near the edge of the sea, and the moment he saw Little Don fall in the water, Billy began to squawk and hop up and down on his driftwood perch:

“Man overboard! Man overboard!” he squawked loudly.

Mrs. Strout turned from her baking and waved a warning finger at Billy:

“Now, you hush Billy. You're not on Captain Strout's ship anymore. No one goes overboard on land.”

Billy ruffled his feathers and bobbed his head defiantly.

“Man overboard!” he yelled again. But Mrs. Strout turned away and ignored him.





Billy jumped down from his perch and waddled out the kitchen door. Keeper Strout and Assistant Keeper Cameron were in the oil-house counting cans of oil. Billy hopped over to the oil-house and jumped up and down in the doorway, flapping his wings.

“Man overboard! Man overboard!” he squawked.

Keeper Strout paused from his work, looked at Billy, and chuckled. Assistant Keeper Cameron wiped the perspiration off his forehead and pointed a finger at Billy:

“You are a crazy old bird-brain, Mr. Bill,” he laughed. “There’s no man overboard at this lighthouse.”

Desperate, Billy now looked for Little Don’s mother, Mrs. Cameron. Surely, she would listen to his cries. Every mother loves her child, doesn’t she? He found her hanging wash on the line before she took Don to school.

“Man overboard! Man overboard!” Billy shouted at Mrs. Cameron, hopping up and down on his scaly legs.

“Oh, shoo! You silly old bird!” Mrs. Cameron said. “Get away from my clean wash! Shoo!”

Billy rolled his eyes and shook his green head. He knew he had to do something and do it quick. Little Don was drowning!



Though he seldom flew anymore, Billy stretched his weak old wings and flapped them wildly until his body lifted into the air. Mrs. Cameron watched in amazement as Billy went airborne and flew to the edge of the rocks off the lighthouse. There, he dove and disappeared.



“Yikes!” she screamed. “That crazy old parrot of Keeper Strout’s will drown! Help! Help!”

Running as fast as she could, she came to the edge of the rocks and looked down at the sea. A mass of green greeted her – green wings, green feathers, green seaweed, green cloth. Old Billy was flopping about in the water tugging on a green piece of cloth. In horror, Mrs. Cameron realized it was little Don’s jacket. Quickly, she reached down and grabbed the jacket. Little Don surfaced and was pulled from the frigid sea. Sputtering, he clutched his mother’s neck and began to cry.

“Oh, Little Don! Are you okay?” she asked hugging the boy much too tightly. He nodded, and she wiped away his tears. They both looked down at the water where old Billy was still splashing and flapping.



“Man overboard!” he yelled.  
Mrs. Cameron leaned down and pulled the wet old parrot from the water.

“Billy! You aren’t crazy after all! Why...why...you were trying to tell me about Little Don, weren’t you?” she said.  
“You saved him from drowning! Oh, you wonderful old bird!”

Billy coughed a little and shook the water off his feathers.

“All ashore that’s going ashore!” he rasped.

Then he waddled over the rocks toward the lighthouse, anxious to get back on his cozy kitchen perch.

“Billy need a nap! Billy need a nap!”

By this time, Keeper Strout and his wife and Assistant Keeper Cameron had arrived. Everyone laughed when they saw Billy all wet and grumbling about needing a nap. They were glad to see Little Don was safe. Keeper Strout fetched a long hook and pulled the little toy boat from the water. Mrs. Cameron hugged Little Don over and over, and then scolded him for getting his new school clothes messy.

“Why, he looks just like old Billy now!” Keeper Strout said.  
“He’s a wet, miserable old bird! And, he has a great story to tell his friends and his teacher on the first day of school.”

And, indeed he did, for Little Don had been rescued by a lighthouse keeper’s parrot. He wondered if his friends would believe it!



Questions—

If you had an African gray parrot, what would you name it?

What would you teach it to say?

