

When Miss Irene here first was seen,  
The place was very small;  
A beach, some logs, some coons and dogs,  
But hardly folks at all.

The beach was sand and on the land  
There mostly just were trees;  
While on the sea all you could see  
Was water, rock, and breeze.

From ocean sand to mountain land  
Were lots and lots of trees;  
The coastal scene was mostly green:  
A forest, if you please.

Nature's great, but what if Fate  
Should bring you here in storm?  
A standing tree is just a wee  
Bit colder than it's warm;

And on the sand or greenish land  
The rain could get you wet;  
To stay a while, a man of style  
Would build a house, I bet.

Before Irene here first was seen  
There came old Uncle Bert;  
A man of style, he stayed a while  
And always was alert.

"A pretty tree," he said, said he,  
"Will start a house for me;  
For trees make logs, you stack the logs,  
And soon a house you'll see."

He built cab-in, and there within  
He had a place to stay;  
And so came friends on all weekends  
To visit and to play.

And in a nook he kept a book  
Where guests could write gree-tings  
And all thru time, in prose and rhyme  
They've written funny things.

Miss Irene stood in the green  
And tried to find a house;  
"Follow me, a house you'll see"  
Said friendly little mouse.

"A house of logs, keeps out the fogs -  
I like it!" said Irene;  
"I'll come back and hang my pack  
When time has passed between."

"Please keep the book in its own nook;  
I want the whole tale there:  
Of who stayed here and who drank beer  
And why and when and where."

So came Irene in years between,  
And then she came to stay;  
So now each year, the logs can hear:  
"Irene, HAP-PU BIRTH-DAY !!"

Jim Markham, August 1984