

## Logs Remain & Irene Too

A cabin built of logs will stand;  
That must be what Bert Patton planned.

He built a cabin, there it stood,  
The first house in the neighborhood.

In years to come, escaping fogs,  
Guests would stay inside the logs.

Among these guests was young Irene;  
Irene came early on the scene.

At first the cabin had its place  
Surrounded by much open space;  
But then more people found Arch Cape  
The crowded city to escape.

In later years came houses new,  
But not like this one it is true;

Of new houses, there were many  
Of new log cabins there weren't any.

Some built houses very grand  
That did not stand as long as sand;  
Singing Sands was built as well,  
Not just house but big hotel.

The lasting standard should be hotel;  
Hotel turned house, then down it fell.  
Where once stood cabin, alone in wood  
Is now log cabin and neighborhood.

Of old houses, now are few;  
They get torn down, then built anew.

The view keeps changing all around;  
Houses nearby go up, then down,  
Then up again and sizes climb;  
Houses get bigger every time.

But log cabin has stood the test  
Through all the years it's still the best.  
Through all the changes, good things stay,  
And one good thing's Irene's birthday.

May you stay years in cabin's spell  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Irene, and we wish you well !