

The first log cabin was built by
Bert
In the start of the building spurt.
But then the spurt just took a
rest,
Perhaps because they'd built the
best;
The cabin stood there fine and
proud,
It was with logs so well endowed;
Although Arch Cape had lots of
room
There was not yet a building boom;
This first cabin was followed by
none
Arch Cape cabins totaled one;
Houses were few and far between
It was a quiet peaceful scene;
In Arch Cape just trees of green,
Sometimes the visiting young
Irene;
But then Irene came here to stay;
It was indeed a whole new day.
A house was built and then
another;
Someone built a house for mother;
Newer cabins, not of logs
Were sometimes hardly fit for
dogs;
But Irene's cabin stood there
proud,
It was with logs so well endowed.

Those newer cabins all turned old,
And if they're old they will be sold,
And those who buy a cabin old
Will not long want this house to
hold;
Some keep old house but move
next door,
On next-door lot they build some
more.
But Irene's cabin stands there
proud
It is with logs so well endowed.
Some sell their house and leave
Arch Cape
While new ones come here to
escape;
Escapees still have need of shelter
And so they build all helter-
skelter.
Vacant lots are mostly gone;
Just who now is moving on?
But Irene's cabin still stands proud
It is with logs so well endowed;

So in this cabin of yesteryear
Filled with memories and good
cheer
Irene deserves to celebrate
HAPPY BIRTHDAY on this date!

---- *Jim Markham, August 2004*