

## *Irene: Queen of the Cabin*

Little Irene went to the shore;  
This was very long before  
Arch Cape was known so far and  
wide,  
Indeed it was a place to hide.  
What most people did not know:  
It was the neatest place to go.  
Arch Cape was known to very few  
But Irene was one who knew  
A secret cabin made of logs,  
Hidden by the Arch Cape fogs.  
She talked with Uncle Bert inside  
Not far from the ocean wide.  
This log cabin stood alone  
With neither neighbors nor a  
phone;  
All around there were just trees  
Always cooled by ocean breeze.  
It was much nicer than the city  
Not to mention, far more pretty.  
Alas, Arch Cape was her home not  
Irene lived in the city hot.  
But she came so oft she could  
To this cabin made of wood.

This was not her cabin yet;  
But Uncle Bert did not forget.  
He always knew that Miss Irene  
Liked his cabin in the green  
So when Miss Irene got older,  
Uncle Bert did what he'd told her.  
He said to Irene one day:  
"It's now your cabin, come and  
stay."  
Irene has traveled far and wide;  
But now she lives these logs inside  
With souvenirs from where she's  
been;  
I don't know how it all fits in.  
Now neighbors have built houses  
too;  
Compared to cabin, theirs are new.  
Lady of House is not Irene;  
But of Cabin she is Queen.  
Cabin Queens have birthdays too,  
As Irene is known to do;  
So once again we reach that day  
To say:  
"Irene, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"