

Irene, the Hug Point Pioneer

Arch Cape was once so far away
That few could drive here in a day;
There was no road that you could
drive

So in Arch Cape you would arrive;
Instead you had to drive the beach
At end of which you'd Arch Cape
reach.

That was fine if tide was low,
If tide was high, you could not go.
Hug Point stood there every day,
If tide was high, 'twas in the way.

Cars were left on northern side
Waiting for the next low tide.
While drivers climbed around like
goats,

And sometimes fell and tore their
coats.

Cabin stood here waiting yet
Where faint of heart could never get.
Then blasting through the Hug Point
they

Made a car road one fine day
So one could drive in rocky style
To Arch Cape in shorter while.
It was enough if drive you must;
On this road small cars fit just.
Miss Irene drove round this bend
As to Arch Cape her way did wend.
She was a travel pioneer;
Drove Hug Point Road and did not
fear.

Then farther on the beach they drove
'Till into view the Cabin hove.
Cabin stood there then as now;
They got there then, we now know
how.

Arch Capers were a hardy bunch
But could not come in time for lunch.

They said at end, when trip was done,
Getting there was half the fun.

Irene did that for years and then,
She also remembers when
The road was built clear to Arch Cape;
Then end of road was at the Cape.
Then the Tunnel was dug and dug;
More work there than Point of Hug.
Cabin stood there waiting still,
Just before the Arch Cape hill.

"Wait here now and drink your beer;
End of Tunnel must be near."

Then finally to other side
Through the Tunnel you could ride.
New road brought Arch Cape new
fame:

Even from the South they came.
Through all those years the Cabin
stood;

At first 'twas all the neighborhood.
When neighbors built, 'twas still as
good,

The finest house in neighborhood.
With Hug Point Road and Tunnel now,

You no longer wonder how
To drive to Cabin in Arch Cape;
But it's still a great escape.

Irene who knows how long it took
To drive here to this cozy nook,
Decided to in Cabin stay;

Why should she ever go away?
Hug Point Road has come and gone,
But Irene stays here on and on.
One drives no more around the bend
But fun in Cabin does not end.
At end of road from yesterday,
Now celebrate Irene's Birthday!