

## *Irene the Teller of Tales*

Irene has great stories to tell,  
And she tells them exceedingly well;  
Listen to Irene  
Describing each scene  
And you soon fall under her spell.  
Irene went to Arch Cape long ago  
When getting there really was slow:  
Round Hug Point she rode,  
'Twas no other road;  
One had to drive carefully just so.  
Indeed who Arch Cape then would reach  
Had to drive there on the beach;  
But when they got there,  
Whether rainy or fair,  
Bert and cabin had a welcome for each.  
In the cabin was the owner Bert Patton  
Who usually sometimes had his hat on;  
To Irene with good cheer,  
He said, "Since you're here  
You can sit on the same chair you sat on."  
From Hug Point he drove off the brink;  
So Bert lost his car in the drink;  
As he watched it go down  
He said with a frown,  
"I'm afraid that it's going to sink."  
He built a fine cabin of logs  
That had grown as trees in the fogs;  
So out of the rain  
He could entertain  
Irene and some friends and some dogs.  
From cities and even Tillamook  
Came people to visit this nook  
After playing in sand  
Each took pen in hand  
To write in the cabin's guestbook.  
Irene came to cabin so oft  
That hardened old Bert became soft;  
Said "Why don't you stay  
And I'll go away,  
Or maybe I'll sleep in the loft.

She lived in Arizona a while  
And lived in considerable style;  
"Neath her feet on the floor  
(And you'll see this no more)  
Were Navajo rugs in a pile.  
She stayed in Arizona not long,  
The lure of the coast was too strong;  
Came back to Arch Cape  
Desert heat to escape,  
And stayed in the cabin quite long.  
'Twas a Navajo basket next door  
Which the doctor used nails for to store;  
She made such a scene,  
Did excited Irene,  
That the doctor could keep it no more.  
Irene lived in cabin quite long  
And had all her treasures along  
From Navajo rugs  
And old pictures and mugs  
To clocks that cuckoo and ding dong.  
Then as walrus once said in the yon  
"The time has now come to move on:  
I have had enough  
I'm leaving my stuff  
From Arch Cape and cabin I'm gone."  
She went from Arch Cape to Seaside  
Where the beach is exceedingly wide;  
And east of Seaside,  
Way above the high tide,  
By Suzanne Elise she does bide.  
And the stories keep going on here  
There's always exciting new cheer;  
At Susanne Elise's  
The fun never ceases  
The place just gets funner each year.  
The fun and the games are not through  
But now we have something to do:  
To tale-telling queen  
That is you, Irene,  
We wish **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** to you!