

The Skagit News-Herald

NOVEMBER 19, 1906

TRUE FLOOD REPORT

We have done a little wading and
done a little swimming,

And we hit for good tall timber when
the river got to raging,

But we didn't lose our horses, our
cattle, nor our women,

Though the water was rather wet
and quite above its staging.

The papers at Seattle yelled of
floods in each direction,

Though they claimed that it was
dusty on that part of Puget Sound,

And they laid a stress exceeding on
this very fertile section,

Where the greatest fields and
sweetest fruits are found.

It's true we had some water and we
lost some of our bridges,

But we never lost a chicken, pig, or
cow,

Though the dykes they broke a little,
we are very near the ridges,

And we didn't have to use a boat or
scow.

They make a lot of rattle in the city of
Seattle,

And warn the folks of danger in our
valley;

But the country here is safe and
you'll not have half the battle,

That you'd have there with a food
pad in the alley.

The water has subsided and the
grass is green and growing,

The farmer here is prosperous and
has no dread alarm;

He watches at the Skagit as so
peacefully it is flowing,

And is building higher dykes around
his farm.

Next spring the farms will smile
again, the balmy winds be blowing,

The orchards will be blooming,
there'll be fragrance on the air.

The farmer will be busy with his
plowing and his sowing,

And there'll be a deal of pleasure
everywhere.

So let the daily paper bloke with
headline, shout and "holler,"

Seattle couldn't sprout a pea on top
of Queen Anne hill.

While every oat that's planted here
is worth a half a dollar,

And every log a "tenner" at the mill.

We have got the greatest valley that
Creator e'er created,

With oat farms, dairy farms, cattle
farms and sheep,

And although by city neighbors we
are somewhat underrated,

In resources we can put them all to
sleep.

So here's to good ole Mt. Vernon
and the fertile Skagit valley,

We don't care for the river if she
does go on a spree,

Let her fill her banks and gurgle, and
boil, and foam, and sally,

It's the land of milk and honey she is
kissing, don't you see?

Come here without a tremor, ye folks
who homes are seeking,

Don't listen to the bellow of the
blokes beyond Queen Anne,

For you'll learn with satisfaction it's
the truth that we are speaking,

We have the fair enchanted home of
man.

--Charley Gant