

# The Skagit News-Herald

NOVEMBER 26, 1906

## WHAT WE HAVE.

Come this way Mr. Traveler, and never  
be afraid,

The floods have all subsided; we no  
longer have to wade,

Trout are in the river we catch them at  
our ease,

The weather's moderated, no danger of  
a freeze,

The winds are blowing milder, we feel a  
sort of charm,

And the waters which were raging have  
ceased from doing harm,

The country all about us is looking good  
and fresh,

Because we've had a freshet to clear  
away the brush,

The cocks are crowing gaily, the lambs  
will soon be here,

There'll be joyous sounds a-ringing  
about us far and near,

The country's all in clover, there's not a  
single sigh,

Since the freshet has got over and land  
again is dry.

Come this way Mr. Millionaire, if you  
would but invest,

We have the finest region in all the  
Golden West.

There's not another valley as fertile to  
be found,

As the bonnie Skagit Valley right here  
on Puget Sound.

The scenes are most enchanting; the  
soil is rich and deep,

We raise the very finest of cattle, hogs  
and sheep.

We raise the biggest horses, raise the  
largest spuds,

And when the river washes out she has  
the biggest suds.

We raise the largest berries, the largest  
prunes and plums,

We raise the biggest Sockeyes, biggest  
dogs and chums.

We raise the biggest apples and raise  
the finest pears,

And high upon the mountain side we  
raise the biggest bear.

There is sunshine in the valley,  
sunshine on the hill,

You find a deal of sunshine just travel  
where you will.

We have the finest forest of cedar, fir  
and spruce,

We kill the biggest Mallard ducks and  
much the finest goose.

We can prove up sportsman's paradise,  
do not say we can't,

We have pheasants, quail, butter balls,  
canvas backs and brant.

Many a deer is roaming here wasting for  
a chase,

In fact we've nearly everything around  
this lovely place.

Come out here Mr. Eastern man and  
settle down with us,

Land's so poor back yonder you can  
scarcely raise a fuss.

But here's the land of plenty, the land of  
perfect ease,

And the milk and honey's flowing from  
the cows and honey bees.

--Charley Gant