

WHO FIRST SAW WHITE LAKE
By Fred Van Orden 1969

I wonder who was first to see White Lake
Who first saw its white caps and billows break
Who saw its spring water pure; clean and clear
And the virgin timber and Rhododendron that grew here
Who first saw the high and heavy timbered hills
And the many birds with their calls and trills
Who was first here to have the good luck
To fish its waters and hunt Doe and Buck

Who first saw the lake at break of day
With the miraculous creation of God on display
Who first saw it under a star spangled sky
With a silvery moon shining brightly on high
Who first saw it like a sheet of shining lass
And as bright and sparkling as an Indian Lass
This wondrous scenic beauty would surely suffice
To have white Lake rightly called another paradise

Who first saw the Lake in its primitive state
With its numerous animals both small and great
Who first saw its splendor in a setting of green
With many beautiful colors brightening its sheen
Who saw it when there was no cleared ground
And buildings of any kind were not around
Who ever it was must have thought it odd
To be first blessed with this gift from God

Was the first an Indian Chief and his mate
Who made its discovery by chance or fate
Did they set up a tepee against cold and heat
Where there were plenty of fish and game to eat
Did they make their clothes from tanned buckskin
And their bed from large hand tanned bear skin
They must have thanked the great spirit early and late
For directing their footsteps to this beautiful lake

Did they do their hunting with arrow and bow
And with knife and tomahawk meet beat and foe
Did they do their fishing with lance and spear
And with bow and arrow stalk bear and deer
Were they happy here with their young, romping papoose
While trapping and hunting animals, duck and goose
They were quite happy here you can be sure

And took pleasure in making life more secure

The Indian had no cars to maim or kill
And the first man found it quiet and still
There were no airplanes to carry folks to death
Or trains and boats to rob them of breath
There were no machines to turn against their Maker
That has sent many to meet their Creator
If I had a change of living once again
I would choose White Lake as it was then.