

Jehnsen Lake

By Fred C. Allan, Ewart, Michigan

In Mecosta County in seventy-two*,
A worn ox team came plodding through,
Hauling their owners family and goods,
Over a trail through the dense pine woods.
The strain was intense on team and man
But they cast THEIR lot with Michigan.

At the forks they questioned, "right or left"?
They were like a vessel with chart bereft;
Which way to turn or where to go,
Was alike to them, they did not know;
They agreed at last which trail to take,
And it led them out to Jehnsen Lake.

A house of logs they built by the Lake,
With a puncheon floor and a roof of shakes.
The door on wooden hinges hung,
Each step upstairs was a ladder rung;
The comforts since that have come to view,
Are a beacon light that are calling you.

While with the years great changes came,
This pretty lake remains the same;
And here in the shady depth down deep;
The big bass live and they never sleep.
If this you doubt then don't repine
When one shakes loose from your casting line.

The whir of the partridge wings you'll hear,
And the pheasant call in the morning clear;
Then later on when the cold winds blow,
Just take your gun, for you'll want to go
When the flight is on and the ducks come in
A keener sport there has never been.

Ah! With the hounds if you love the chase,
Nature never made a better place;
And these are not all of the sport in mind;
There are thrills of almost every kind.
If a real retreat you would like to make
Here's the chance of a life-time at Jehnsen Lake.

** The author sacrificed accuracy of the date for ease of rhyme.*

Submitted by Marda Jehnsen