

*Ivar's says
you are welcome
to take this as a souvenir.*

THE OLD SETTLER



I've travelled all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold,
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled
And I have been frequently sold.



So rolling my grub in a blanket
I left all my tools on the ground,
And started one morning to shank it
For a country they called Puget Sound.



Arriving flat broke in mid-winter
I found it enveloped in fog,
And covered all over with timber
Thick as hair on the back of a dog.



I took up a claim in the forest
And set myself down to hard toil,
For two years I chopped and I labored
But I never got down to the soil.



I tried to get out of the country,
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an old settler,
Then nothing could drive me away.



And now that I'm used to the climate,
I think that if man ever found
A place to be peaceful and quiet,
That spot is on Puget Sound.



No longer a slave of ambition,
I laugh at the world and its shams.
As I think of my happy condition
Surrounded by ACRES OF CLAMS!

Ivars
"ACRES OF CLAMS"
In the Heart of
SEATTLE'S WATERFRONT
Specializing in
OCEAN FRESH
SELECT SEA FOODS
ALASKAN WAY
Foot of MADISON STREET
RIGHT ON PIER 54
HOME PORT AND DOCK
OF THE WASHINGTON FISH
AND OYSTER COMPANY

The song of the Old Settler is one of Pacific Northwest's richest pieces of nearly forgotten pioneer lore. The old saying was; "When the tide is out, the table is set", for a man could live in those days by beach combing and digging clams.

The words and illustrations are here revived, for they bring the lusty, natural humor of the old settlers, and it

is that spirit which is reflected in the amazing progress of this region.

I have used some of the verses as a radio theme for several years and hope you enjoy them as much as I have. *Ivar Haglund*