

French's Stand

Alyssa Wright
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It's a sunny day, and the grandkids play
At the shore of Couchiching
With sparkling eyes, the old man sighs
At his fond remembering
"My father sat in that red chair while I played out on the sand
Now I watch our fourth generation spending days at French's Stand

"It stayed the same, though the world has changed
Even the shoreline has moved
Still making shakes today in the old-fashioned way
Some things you can't improve
That day our eyes met over old Leacock's table, my young heart started making plans
When Jim caught me looking, he said 'something new is cooking: *l'amour* at French's Stand'"

'It's where you get your eats at Couchiching Beach' with the best fries in the land
A near-century of memories: summer days at French's Stand
Summer days at French's Stand

[She smiles] "Mom would order tea, and some fries for me
Sometimes we'd share a 'butter brickle'
Those were days of sun and innocent fun
When hot dogs were just a nickel
I was hired here when I turned fifteen and could never understand
Why you spent half your days and summer wages hanging out at French's Stand

"Meg and I would come down from the far end of town
To greet tourists on the 10 am train
We'd seek out the young gents with a flirtatious bent
And make them promise to see us again
Later on, that train took you home from the war; we stood here when you asked for my hand
Now we toast every anniversary with a soda at French's Stand"

'It's where you get your eats at Couchiching Beach' with the best fries in the land
A near-century of memories: summer days at French's Stand
Summer days at French's Stand

Sun is getting low, it's time to go
Grandkids are bundled in the van
With memories they will one day share
Of summer days at French's Stand

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