

There was a little waterfall
Came down one side the Bay,
The water it was deep enough
Along side it to lay.

We filled our water tanks again
And then backed off the shore,
We dropped our hook down for the night,
That day to cruise no more.

We trolled to try and get some fish
To feed our gentle dears,
If they could live on Jelly fish,
They could live here for years,

We took a trip into the lake
And had a look around,
Went out upon a lot of logs
And water lillies found.

While rowing back towards the boat
We spied a lovely deer,
It stood quite still and looked at us,
It seemed so very near.

We always seem to see them when
We have no gun along,
I think I'll pack one all the time
For then I can't go wrong.

But anyhow it went away
Before we got the gun,
The bunch all hung around to watch
Of course they had no fun.

Next morning Skip he heard some more,
But could not see a one,
And so we left without fresh meat
Upon our homeward run.

We left some time round ten o'clock,
And to Powell River went,
And for an hour we stayed there
On grocery buying bent.

We then pulled out and run again
Back into Stuart Bay,
It took an hour and a half
And for the night did stay.