

With innocent and smiling face
And unassuming air,
They asked in very gentle tones,
Have we been long up there?
The clock the hours had ticked off
It counted one, two, three,
Of course they said the clock was wrong,
That could not really be.
They never could have stayed for three
Long hours on the shore,
It must have been just half a one,
It could not have been more.
So Skip he started up the ship,
The ladies started in
To make their explanations and
The boys good will to win.
But nothing doing in that line,
They got an ice cold stare,
That froze the marrow in their bones,
And talk, they did not dare.
As time went by the sun did try
To melt the atmosphere,
It did its work because we heard
Some one say "yes, my dear".
We reached Point Atkinson at dark,
An hour took us in
To where we tied up to our dock,
Two week's away we've been.
And Oh those weeks of fun and joy,
While out upon this cruise,
We gained in weight, in health and none
Their appetites did loose.
The ladies said they were in luck,
They had no work to do,
And had a rest from cooking meals,
Which was all done by Lou.
Not one of us have ever had
A summer cruise so grand,
It never could be equalled said
Each lady and each man.