

And even when 'twas time to go
Into our cozy bunks,
I saw a girl go grab a cake
And bite it off in chunks.

Well when we went at last to bed,
Our first night out from home,
A sound came from the ladies' room
Like bees around a comb.

We men thought first it might have been
A "Ford" with rusty cranks,
When all did start, it sounded like
A sawmill sawing planks.

But anyway the snoring stopped,
I guess we went to sleep,
For we remembered nothing more,
'Twas quiet on the deep.

Next morning it was bright and clear
So some went for a ride,
But Lou took Johnnie out to fish
And laughed until he cried.

He told John how, that when a fish
Came up and took a bite,
To give his pole a good hard jerk
And strike with all his might.

The fish it came along and bit,
John gave a mighty drive,
But Cook he ducked his head in time,
That's why he is alive.

We left at noon and went into
A Bay called Buccaneer,
Where many campers make their home
In summer time each year.

From there we cruised on up the coast
To Pender Harbor dock,
And after dinner went ashore
And danced till twelve o'clock.

It rained a little through the night,
But it we did not hear;
Those same old bees were buzzing out
Their music in our ear.