

The Skip and John and Wes went out  
And trolled for quite a while,  
They got no fish so changed their spoons  
And tried a different style.

But still they had no luck at all,  
They never got a bite,  
They rowed around in quiet ease  
With nothing to excite.

The boys they said they had been asked  
That night to make a date,  
To go to town and with the bunch  
To start and celebrate.

Another concert held on deck,  
That yarn again half told,  
The girls they will not tell the rest,  
Their feet are still quite cold.

Next morning we got up at six  
Just after it got light,  
For Wes and Mable had to get  
Back to their homes that night.

So Skip he run across the Straits  
Into Powell River dock,  
Where they could catch the steamer home,  
Which left at ten o'clock.

Skip docked the yacht beside the slip  
While they both got ashore,  
And as the yacht pulled out again,  
All waived goodbye once more.

The rest they all intended to  
A few more days to stay,  
So turned about and headed out  
Around to Vanguard Bay.

The weather was as perfect as  
A summer day can be,  
The sun was bright and there was not  
A ripple on the sea.

We passed three yachts out cruising too,  
Like us, on pleasure bent,  
We turned our head into Blind Bay,  
Then to Vanguard Bay went.