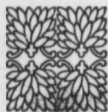


SPAM 2333

LOG
S.S. NADA II.



JULY, 1915



50

THE LOG.

* * *

Port to Port Calls	Hours	Miles
Vancouver to Secret Cove	7	44
Secret Cove to Buccaneer Bay	$3\frac{3}{4}$	5
Buccaneer Bay to Pender Harbor	$13\frac{3}{4}$	12
Pender Harbor to North Bay	$13\frac{3}{4}$	14
North Bay to Van Anda	$5\frac{1}{2}$	41
Van Anda to Powell River	$1\frac{1}{2}$	11
Powell River to Savory Island	$23\frac{3}{4}$	21
Savory Island to Ragged Islands	$1\frac{1}{2}$	11
Ragged Islands to Manson Bay	$2\frac{1}{4}$	18
Manson Bay to Heriot Bay	2	15
Heriot Bay to Walsh Cove	$4\frac{1}{2}$	34
Walsh Cove to Toba Inlet	$4\frac{1}{2}$	34
Toba Inlet to Marleybone Bay	$6\frac{1}{2}$	49
Marleybone Bay to Powell River	$43\frac{3}{4}$	35
Powell River to Van Anda	$1\frac{1}{2}$	11
Van A., Powell R. to Vanguard Bay	5	37
Vanguard Bay to Pender Harbor	$23\frac{3}{4}$	21
Pender Harbor to Mary Island	$2\frac{1}{2}$	19
Mary Island to Vancouver	$5\frac{1}{2}$	41

* * *

Total running time between Ports $57\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Total distance travelled on the trip 473 miles.

PASSENGERS AND CREW.

* * *

PASSENGERS:

Mrs. S. C. Mortimore
Miss Evelyn “
Miss Margaret “
Miss Ileen “
Mrs. J. G. “
Mrs. N. Williston
Miss Ileen Snee
Miss Mable Dunoon
Miss Vernia McKenzie

* * *

CREW:

Mr. S. C. Mortimore, Capt.
Mr. L. Jewitt
Mr. J. Parkes
Mr. W. Hughes

* * *

The rest of the crew were packed in rows under the bunks in the forward cabin.

Well, here we start on one grand cruise,
To last for two whole weeks;
We're goin' to hunt and fish and swim,
In mountains, lakes and creeks.

We're goin' to loaf and bum around
And have a lazy time,
I'll try to tell you what we did
In this here little rhyme.

Well, first of all we got aboard
With baggage, trunk and grip,
And all the other truck we had
To last us on the trip.

We sailed away at ten o'clock
And had to buck the tide
As through the Narrows we did steam,
It was no easy glie.

The Narrows were quite calm that morn,
'Twas different in the Bay,
A heavy ground swell rolled us round
And kept it up all day.

I think there was a meal or two
Slipped gently overboard,
The rest of course they turned their heads
And never said a word.

But then the sun came out real bright
And drove all cares away,
The crew bucked up and looked their best
And looked it all the day.

We headed up the Gulf and reached
Our first call Secret Cove,
And then we chased the Cook and said
Get busy at the stove.

As none had ate so very much
While we were rolled around,
But say! you should have seen them when
This sheltered spot we found.

Poor Lou he was a busy Cook
And danced upon the floor
When everyone in turn would yell,
Say Cook I want some more.

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.

Well in the morn we sailed again
Some fourteen miles away,
Just round the point from Skookumchuck,
They call the place North Bay.

Now some went in and sat on shore,
The rest went to the lake,
To catch some trout they heard about
But said it was a fake.

As not a single fish they caught,
They went out for a ride,
To have some fun upon a raft
Which rocked from side to side.

As there no fishing could be found,
There were none in the lakes;
We started back for our good ship
And killed a dozen snakes.

When we got back aboard the ship,
They all went for a swim,
I got a fright when I looked up,
I thought she was a "him".

As stripes appeared before my eyes,
I gazed in wonderous awe,
A maiden fair, no convict this,
She did not break the law.

I'd like to say some more, but no
I don't think 'twould be fair
To write an essay all about
The sights we saw up there.

That night I had an awful dream
Of Mermaids pink and white
With stripes which run all up and down,
I had a mare that night.

Next morning we all thought it best,
And there was some comment,
To sail at once from such a place
Where visions came and went.

So Cook and Vision started out
To troll from the canoe,
Then we went out and picked them up,
They caught no fish those two.

We passed the end of Nelson Isle
And Cook he had a fit,
His demijohn went overboard
And more he could not get.

It was a dirty trick to scare
Our dear old Cook so bad,
So we turned back and picked it up,
It made him feel quite glad.

So we cruised on past Hardy Isle,
The weather it was great,
Until we turned her head into
The Malaspina Strait.

The wind was blowing quite a gale
As we sat down to lunch,
The good ship started into roll
And piled things in a bunch.

So each one grabbed a dish or plate
And sat down on the floor,
Because the seas were getting big,
Each time the ship rolled more.

We went across the Straits where we
Got shelter near the shore
Of old Texada's big high bluffs,
Where we would roll no more.

We kept agoing right along
Until we got to where,
Van Anda lay up in a bay
And so we run in there.

We tied up to an old coal dock
Around in Stuart Bay,
Then to the store for groceries went
About a mile away.

We bought our grub but could not get
No fresh meat there at all,
So Cook he got a fine big hen,
We heard its dying call.

We started back with all our stuff,
And Cook he started in
To pluck the bird while it was warm,
Right there he did begin.

There was a trail of feathers white
From store back to the boat,
And by the time he got it there,
It lost its downy coat.

That night we had a little rain,
So all stayed down below,
And played cards till we thought it time
That we to bed should go.

Well just about the time we got
Into our cozy beds,
The Skip proceeded into bust
The Cook and Johnnie's heads.

There was some fun as you can guess,
And accidents that will
Occur at times you least expect,
Our baggage had a spill.

They broke the neck clean off of one,
As it poured down the floor,
We grabbed to save what there was left,
Alas, there was no more.

So then they started in again
And Wes had gone to bed,
They broke his bunk from under him,
We'll not tell what he said.

They called a truce until next day
And all turned into sleep,
When from the ladies' cabin came
A voice that made us weep.

Oh boys come quick we're scared to death,
There's rats here running round,
We told them if they'd pin them on
They could not run around.

Well in the early morning some
For milk went into town.
They got two quarts and started back
But spilled one on the ground.

Now on the way to town we passed
A pig-pen, and our Lou
Stood still and thought for quite awhile,
It gave the Cook a clue.

He could not get us no fresh meat,
But got an idea big,
He hurried to the butcher shop
And ordered up a pig.

'Twas twenty-four pounds by the scales,
It looked a good big size,
But at each meal we have a girl
Who fills up to the eyes.

The rest they don't come far behind,
Sometimes you'd think they'd bust,
I guess they all wear 'lastic bands
And to the stretch they trust.

Now Lou and Johnnie went to town
To get a grocery stock,
And Sid and Wes filled up the tanks
From water on the dock.

The women folks they went to town
To see what they could find,
A moving picture show perhaps,
Or something of the kind.

The boys came back all loaded down
With fifty pounds of ice,
Twelve loaves of bread, a chicken and
Tomatoes for to slice.

They also added to the crew
That 'neath the bunks did lay,
A dozen bottles of—well no
I don't think I will say.

When everyone had come aboard,
We pulled out to the bay,
Then steamed across the Straits and to
Powell River made our way.

Now to the store for milk went Cook,
There's none, the lady groans,
So Cook then found an ice cream joint
And brought us back some cones.

We pulled right out and headed north
To Savory Island shore.
For some had heard about the beach
They never saw before.

Well bathing suits were soon got out
And all made for the beach,
To have a good old jolly swim
On this fine sandy reach.

Poor Mable she forgot her suit
And left it home to dry,
But Mrs. Williston lent hers,
'Twas wet, but not a sigh.

Now Willie went ashore to dry
Her hair out in the sun,
She went to push the dingy out
But slipped in, then the fun.

The water was just "two feet" deep,
At least that's what slipped in;
Her clothes she tried to keep them dry
With elevated pin.

A little girl, quite slight she seems,
But she's no little mite,
Her stockings were of that their hue
That shows up well at night.

Well when we all had laughed enough,
Cook rang the dinner bell,
He did not need to call us though,
Because we all could smell.

The very Island has the name
Which through the galley door
Came from the piggie roasted whole,
We ate our fill and more.

Now Mable never ate so much,
Her appetite is small,
And where she put so much that meal,
I cannot guess at all.

And Ileen too, the poor girl must
Have suffered awful pain,
Her waist band bust, but still she passed
Her plate yet once again.

And Mrs. Sid, she really did
Full justice to that roast,
And Grandma and our Willie too,
A double share could boast.

Well soon as we could move at all
Skip started up the ship,
But Cook and Ileen thought they would
Go for a little trip.

They started out in the canoe
To catch a fish they said;
We went across to Ragged Isles,
The light was just ahead.

But thought we better come about
And pick them up before
It got to dark for them to see
Just where we lay in shore.

We went into a little cove
Beside a good size boom,
A tug had just pulled out from there
And left us lots of room.

We all then climbed upon the deck
And sang, like other nights,
When someone started up a yarn,
It went "Oot goes the lights".

Now if I'm not "corriect" in this,
It's cause they would not tell,
The girls they kept it from the boys
So they can go to blazes.

Next morning there was no bright sun,
The sky was dull and gray,
When we pulled out from Ragged Isles
To go to Manson Bay.

The wind it blew from east-sou-east,
Kicked up a dirty sea,
It caught us fair upon the beam
Till we got in the lea.

And sheltered by Hernando Isle
Went out through Baker Pass,
Then struck the seas and tiderip to,
'Twas far worse than the last.

We stuck our nose well into it
Till we could clear the buoy,
Then came about and ran it down,
Shelter at last, what joy.

Although the seas had been quite big
Our lady folks did fine,
For not a one had lost a meal,
Their not the loosing kind.

The tide was low, we laid outside
Until we could get in,
And then ran to a great big hole,
The best that I've been in.

That night while we were sitting down
To eat our evening meal,
The boys said they would sing a song,
To girls it would appeal.

If some tight girls would loosen up
And spin their little yarn,
They never told the half of it,
It wasn't worth a darn.

'Twa bout sae cooples in a kirk,
In Scotland, by the wa,
And preacher Scottie he got fresh,
But here there is a flaw.

So Cook he started in to tell
The men folk all about
The preacher, but the girls jumped up
And hollered "this way out".

That night the Cook and Johnnie slept
Outside upon the deck,
I think they talked the whole night long
And never slept a speck.

Next day the sun broke nice and clear
And some went for a swim,
Some went ashore in bathing suits
And looked quite nice and prim.

But some they went in yachting clothes
And here the fun began,
As Cook said pig-a-back for yours
And ride just like a man.

Now Grandma she was first to go
By "airship" to the beach,
She rode upon the ship with ease,
The shore did safely reach.

Now Willie she was next to come,
We laughed until we burst,
She would not ride the proper way
And made it ten times worse.

Then Lou he started into dance,
And Willie hung on tight,
And things were hap'ning good and fast,
It was indeed some sight.

The children to they had a ride
By airship route to shore,
They're not so shy as grown ups,
They hollered out for more.

Well late that afternoon there came
Some friends who lived ashore,
They brought along a dory big,
'Twould hold say twenty-four.

We got the whole gang into it,
Took gramophone and all,
Then over to Fred Hawkins' ranch
We made an evening call.

We sang and played and danced around
And had some jolly times,
We went around their orchard and
Around their berry vines.

They told us all to help ourselves,
And you can bet we did;
We chased around, had lots of fun,
Just like a little kid.

We came back in the dory big,
The bunch were quite amazed,
A girl sat in the wet then said,
"It feels like childhood days."

Next morn the boys they rowed ashore,
The dory used last night,
And picked a box of berries fine,
They sure did taste alright.

Well after breakfast everyone
Into the lake did go,
It was a long way to the shore,
The tide was very low.

The beach it ran out very flat,
You could not row within
A hundred feet before you touched
And then commenced the din.

'Twas not the same as yesterday,
The boys had little fun,
Because our Willie walked ashore,
In fact she almost run.

The Skip he had the hardest job
He packed his wife ashore,
She sat about the same as those
Who caused the fun before.

I think we'll have to start a class
On how to pig-a-back,
And learn the ladies how to sit,
When they ashore are packed.

Well anyhow we started in
And walked back to a lake,
And now begins a tale of woe,
It happened by mistake.

The bunch they thought they'd have a swim,
Two girls I have in mind,
Undressed behind a stump, but they
Forgot the trail behind.

Now John and Lou just came along,
They were out getting wood,
And why they ran away so fast,
I'd tell you if I could.

We strolled back to the boat again,
To get an early meal,
As we were goin' ashore that night
More apples for to steal.

We run the yacht out to the spit,
Because the tide was high,
For if we waited till the morn
The Bay would be quite dry.

We all then went ashore again
And had a heap of fun,
Sid took some pictures of the ranch
And of the bunch took some.

Again we made the rounds of all
The fruit trees and the vines,
We went around the apple trees
And tried all different kinds.

At last we had to say good night
And shake hands all around,
While calling at their home so nice
Much pleasure we had found.

We went aboard and sat around
Before we went to bed,
We sat in twos, one sat alone
And sighed for "Darling Ned".

The Cook got up at three a.m.
To meet the boat from town,
He came back very quite for
We never heard a sound.

So early in the morning we
Got up at break of day,
And got the hook aboard so we
Could drift out to the bay.

We did not stay in there because
That bar at times goes dry,
And when there was no tender there,
You need not ask me why.

We had our breakfast 'fore we left,
Then waived a last farewell,
As we steam through the Bay and out
Into the ocean swell.

We went across to Heriot Bay,
Arrived there just at noon,
We found a place that would in time
Our reputation ruin.

This bar was different to the last,
A tender was behind,
I won't tell all who went in there
And took their place in line.

Of course you know they kept soft drinks,
And milk and water too,
So each one had a cooling drink,
The soft ones they were few.

We bought both meat and groceries there
And also got some bread,
The Cook sure has his troubles to
Keep this here bunch well fed.

We then went in and had a dance,
They have a nice big hall,
Then went aboard and had our lunch
When Cook gave us a call.

We left the place at half-past two
And to Walsh Cove we run,
We got there just as dusk came on,
Some thirty miles we done.

Now for our dinner Cook did have
A nice big chicken stew,
I'm 'fraid we would fare pretty bad
If it was not for Lou.

That night we had a heavy rain,
So we played cards and read,
Again the girls told half a yarn
Before we went to bed.

Next morn the sun was shining bright
When we pulled out that day,
And up to Toba Inlet's head
We went and made a stay.

This trip through Toba Inlet is
The grandest to be seen,
There's nothing like it on the coast,
At least not where we've been.

The mountains reach above the clouds,
Their peaks all capped with snow,
They form the source of many streams
Which to salt water go.

The glaciers on top showed white,
Below the ice was blue,
And when the sun shone on the ice,
It was of rainbow hue.

And cascades they came tumbling down
From somewhere near the sky,
They ended in great waterfalls
That danced before the eye.

It was the grandest sight some said
That they had ever seen,
And some have travelled quite a bit
And many places been.

We got up to the head at last,
Dropped anchor near the shore,
And we were sheltered from the wind,
But we could hear it roar.

The sunset was magnificent
And as it sank down low,
There came right close to where we lay
A beautiful rainbow.

Now down below the Cook worked hard,
He cooked a juicy roast,
And it was awful hard to tell
The one who ate the most.

Now John and Wes have gained in weight,
In this they both surpass,
And yet they don't eat like the girls,
They are not in their class.

That night some stories we did tell,
And each one took their turn,
Then Johnnie told Lou how it was
He come to get sun burn.

His face and hands they were so bad,
At night it made him dream,
So to the ladies Johnnie went
And borrowed their cold cream.

The early morning sky was grand,
A glorious cloud effect,
They floated round the mountain tops,
It looked fine from the deck.

We left the head at ten o'clock
And had another view
Of mountains and of waterfalls
And of the glaciers too.

By supper time I think we run
About some fifty miles,
Into a Bay called Marleybone
On the Redonda Isles.

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.

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.

We dropped the hook and stayed all night,
Had visitors from shore,
Who came aboard that evening and
Did spend an hour or more.

Now in the morning some went in
And rowed across the lake,
They got some nice fresh garden truck
And Cook did salads make.

'Twas after lunch when we pulled out
And getting rather late,
When we got round the Isle into
The Agamemnon Strait.

Again we spent another night
In Pender Harbor Bay,
And had the usual song and dance
To finish up the day.

Next morning we did start for home
And run through Welcome Pass,
But stopped at Mary Island Light
To please a certain lass

Ten minutes was the promise that
The women folks did give,
They would come back within that time
As sure as they did live.

Ten minutes passed, then passed again
And kept on passing by,
At last the boys got tired and
Some fishing they did try.

It must have been John's lucky day,
He caught a salmon big,
The Cook he had a laughing spell
While Johnnie danced a jig.

They brought the fish aboard the yacht,
Then went to see the clock,
The women folks had not come back,
They were not near the dock.

Ten minutes had gone past ten times,
And nearly ten times more,
When our belated passengers
Came straggling to the shore.

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.

The yacht it is so big and fine
And cozy as a home,
Has everything aboard you need
While out upon the foam.

We all appreciate so much
The pleasure of the trip,
And all the comforts that we had,
For which we thank the Skip.

And now I've told you nearly all,
Some more of course I might,
But for the present I will close
And bid you all good night.