

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS

De rain she's come down, not hurri-
cane style,

Jus' patter a bit, den stop for a
while,

But don't let it fool you, recruit
from de states,

For everything comes to the fellow
who waits.

Jus' las' April I'm go out for hunt
de wil' fox,

I'm carry dat rifle, and have on dry
sox.

I'm six mile from camp on a bright
sunny day,

Lak de snow in de spring, she's soon
pass away.

De rain come in torrents, and den
come in sheets,

I'm wish for cance, and also for
eats,

For de fox dey are drown, and flour
she's wet,

And de trak, she is look

Lak a river, you bet.

So I'm straddle a duck board from a
far away camp,

I believe what I hear, this isle is
damp.

Tree days and tree nights, I paddle
for shore,

And finally at las', I can't pull
anymore.

I'm stop and I'm tink, why that camp
was right here,

And den in a flash, de whole ting be-
come clear.

I'm look two, tree time, but she's no
mistake,

But high and dry camp, she is now one
big lake.

Now you see what I mean when I say
stick around,

Tie yourself to de bunk and de bunk
to de ground,

For dis rain is no mild little dew,
In a month or so, you will find dis
is true.

You will say that my story is nothing
but lies,

Jus' remember, I tol' you, and don't
be surprise

If de tent she is dry when you first
hit de bed,

And nex' morning she's floating lak
seaweed instead.

--Anonymous--