

Hard Luck

By S. O. S.

Did you ever start out
'Bout four o'clock on
A bright, beautiful
June morning
And believe that you
Were going to have
Great luck that day
And when you were out
About thirty miles you
Had a blowout, and it
Took you half an hour
To fix it, and you
Started again, and
When about ten miles
Further, you hit
A high center, and it
Took you an hour in
Which you did a lot of work
And other things that help
A lot especially if there
Are no ladies present,
And after you got on your
Way again you had another
Blowout and you had to do
It all over again, but
You fixed that all up
And got to the place
Where you were going
To fish, and you found
You had left your fly
Book at home in the coat
That you decided you wouldn't
Wear, and you waited for a
Friend to come along who
Loaned you a few he did
Expect to use, and you
Got started, and you saw
A pretty hole across the
River and you thought
That you would like to try
That one, and so you walked
Up the stream to where a
Log had fallen across and
You got about half way
Over and your foot slipped
And you fell in up to your
Neck, and the wind was
Blowing a little and when
You got out you were about
Froze, but you kept on
Just the same and you cast
Your fly into that hole and
Got a strike and played with
The unknown quantity for
Twenty minutes all excited and
Full of expectancy when
Your foot slipped and you
Jerked a little too hard
And your leader snapped,
And you cursed and thought
What a big one that must
Have been and how you were
Going to have to tell the
Boys about the 22-incher
You lost and you knew they'd laugh
At you, but you didn't care,
And then you rigged your pole
Again and re-crossed the river
And thought you'd stay there,
And you fished and fished and
It just seemed as if the fish
Had a grudge against you that day

Fishermen's Guide to Haunts

FROM BEND TO

CRANE PRAIRIE, 40 Miles—Reached by auto over Bend La Pine road to Harper, then westerly two miles to Spring river. Here Deschutes National Forest sign boards will direct the route to the lower end of Prairie.

CULTUS LAKE, 44 Miles—Reached by auto. Take same route as to Crane Prairie, when Deschutes river is not too high, otherwise take route on which Forest Service telephone line is located; go to Fall River Ranger Station, thence three-fourths mile west, and sign board will direct.

ODELL LAKE, 71 Miles—Reached by auto; take Bend-Klamath Falls road to Crescent; go west from Crescent 19 miles. Take main traveled road, and sign boards will direct.

CRESCENT LAKE—Seventy-two miles reached by auto to west end of lake; connect with Military road at Big Marsh Creek, follow main road. Boats may be obtained at west end of lake.

DAVIS LAKE, 50 Miles—Reached by auto. Take Bend-Klamath Falls road to La Pine, then take river road to the Masten Mill, then westerly. Sign boards will direct.

PAULINA LAKE, 27 Miles—Reached by auto later in the season. Take Bend-Klamath Falls road to Paulina Prairie, turn to left after reaching Paulina Creek, easterly along main traveled road; follow road along south side of Paulina Lake to reach East Lake. Difficult hill between Paulina and East Lakes, open only later in year to heavy cars. Travel possible with lighter automobiles.

METOLIUS RIVER, 40 Miles—Reached by automobile, road good. Go to Sisters, take road via Swamp ranch. Signs boards will prevent confusion with other roads here.

BLUE AND SUTTLES LAKES, 42 Miles—Accessible to Suttles Lake by auto; necessary to pack in from Suttles Lake to Blue Lake. Sign boards will direct.

But you just kept on,
And soon came to a brushy place
Where the water runs so deep
And smooth and you just
Felt in your bones that
If there wasn't a big one
There, well, there just wasn't
Any anywhere, so you tossed
In your fly and got a strike and
You came up with the strength
Of ten, because your heart
Was throbbing and your fly
Got caught away up in the next
To the top branch of a small
Aggravatingly thickly
Populated pine and you knew
That you had only two flies
Left and had to be sparing
About the way you destroyed
Them, so you climbed up and
Got all tired out in rescuing
That Blue Upright, and when
You got down you found
That your rod had fallen in the
Water and floated down about
One hundred yards with all the
Line run out and you had to
Get in that water about ten
Degrees above freezing to
Get it and then had to reel
Up 33½ yards of line
And when you had done this
You had spoiled all the
Fishing in that hole
Because you had to splash
Around, but you tried to
Collect yourself and your
Belongings, and thought
That this tough luck
Couldn't last long
So you beat it up the
Stream and came to an
Open stretch which made
You feel good, so you
Cast in and, again, and
Again, and your hook
Caught mid-stream under
A rock or something

Else and you thought
About that one fly you
Had left and you knew
You must not break this
One and you tied your rod
To a tree and waded out and
Got wet again and before you
Got to the rock which held
The hook the hook got
Loose and you waded back and
The line became tangled, and
About this time it became
Cloudy and began to rain
And you got soaking wet to
The skin and didn't have a
Fish and there was no shelter
And your lunch was all wet
And the matches you thought
You put in a water-proof box
Wouldn't strike, and you
Were stiff and cold and tired
And felt mean and didn't care
Just then whether you ever
Saw a fish and you felt like
Cussing everything that
Looked like fishing, and the
Fellows you went out with
Were two miles ahead of you
And had a good catch, so you
Started back and a nail worked
Up in your shoe and kept
Aggravating you the more you
Walked, and you sat down
And tried to pull it out, but
Couldn't, and finally you
Reached your automobile and it
Was just 1 o'clock and you
Found you hadn't put up the top
Of your machine and everything
In it was drenched and you just
Crawled under the car like
A shepherd dog does and
Said most unpleasant things about
Everybody and everything and
Swore to yourself that you were
Off fishing for keeps—well
If you've experienced these
You've had some hard luck.

OLD JOHN BARLEY- CORN ABSENT FROM HIP POCKET NOW

Familiar Stimulant and Pacifier No
Longer to Be Found Among the
Ranks of Lovers of Fishing.

"The little old red flask is going to be greatly missed," say many of the anglers this season. That big "stimulant" that has occupied a sequestered place in the hip pocket and kept Walton going when luck was tough will have to be substituted, for John Barleycorn is going to be a scarce article in this locality this year. There will be no more pacification with a swig from the little pint bottle of the irate farmers over whose grounds the fisherman travels. The fisherman will have to resort to a pill, a cigar or maybe moderate, but not delectable beverages.

When it gets cold, and when the traveler is tired he will not be able so readily to draw from a rear pocket that precious liquid that healed so many wounds of the disappointed embryo.

"But, 'tis all for the good," they acclaim. "We'll get something that will do the work, that the law won't prohibit."

A Fine Strike

THE BEST ANGLERS know that next to good tackle, comes efficient clothing. It is the "bait" that brings to you all the comforts of a day on the water, when you get that "fishing feeling."

MAKE A CAST for one of those sportsman's coats before they're all caught by nimrods who know good things. The coats are made up in Canvas and Khaki, are water repellent, and have a number of useful pockets, etc., that button.

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A. L. French

The Store that Sets the Pace

Lunch---Mr. Fisherman

WHEN YOU WANT IT

We are always ready to prepare and pack lunches for any number of persons, on short notice. When you contemplate a fishing trip, just call up by Phone, Black 411, and give us an order for whatever you want in the lunch line and it will always be ready for you when you want it.

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