Hard Luck

By S. O. S.

Bout four o'clock ou 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 you 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 cussed 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

Had a grudge against you that day A rock or something

It just seemed as if the fish

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 uato. Take Rend-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 Smamp 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.

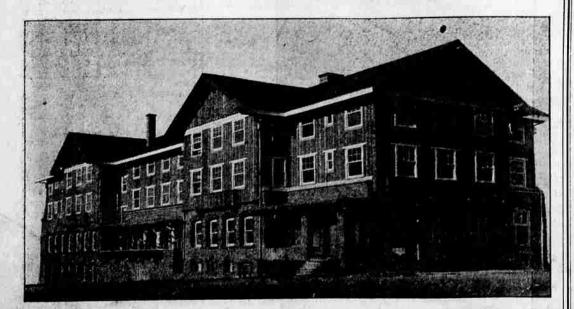
But you just kept on, And soon came to a brushy place Where the water runs so deep And smooth and you just Felt in your bones that If there wasn't a big one There, well, there just wasn't Any anywhere, so you tossed In your fly and got a strike and You came up with the strength Of ten, because your heart 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 33 % 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

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 htis 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 kent 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

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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

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