

Cleaning Kits



Packs



Camping Gear



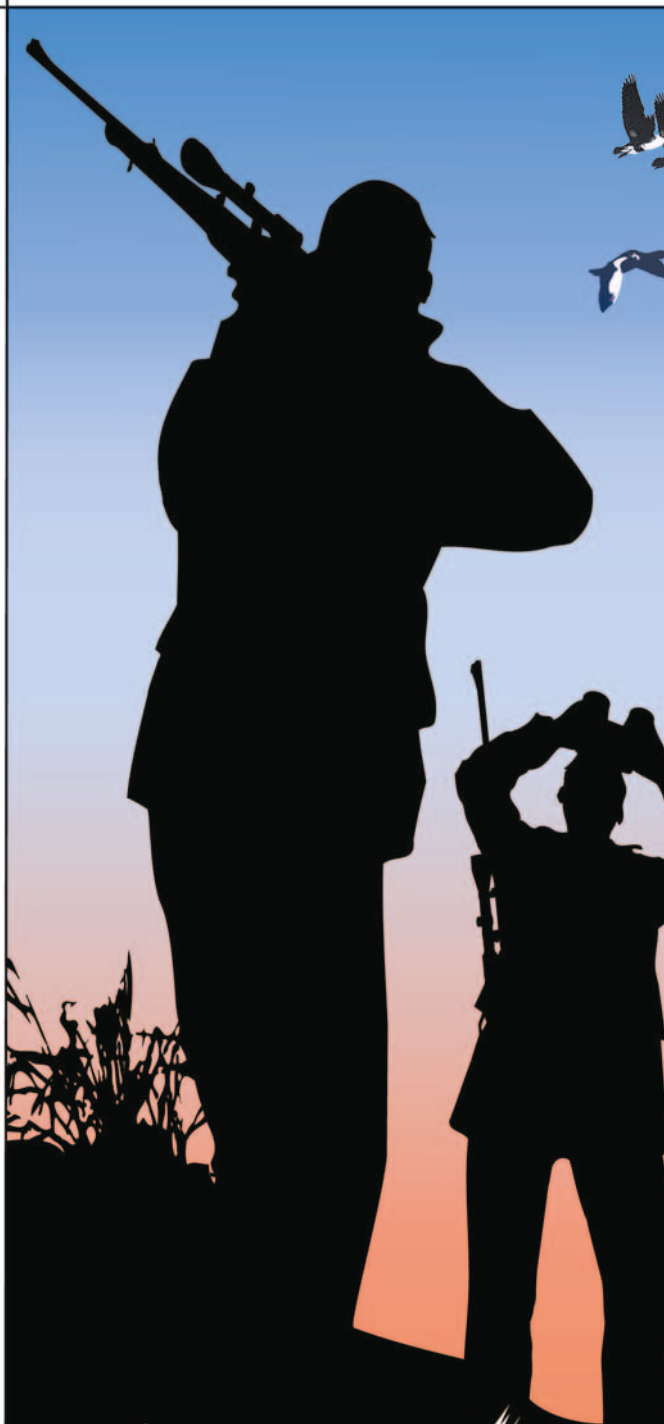
Knives



RV Supplies



...and much more



Gear Up

for hunting & fishing

Behind every project is a

True Value.

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Among Elk

A poem
by AK Moss

Up before dawn, a feeling has drawn
You into the mountain and trees.
Till the silence within, upon the whispering wind
A chime of bugles tease the breeze.
That majestic call, that is heard each fall
Since before our forefathers birth
And for those who take time, through rim rocks and pine
Listen and value their worth.
Each note high and low as each bugle ballad goes,
No two ever the same
They are all unique and if a chance to critique
Upon our hearts they claim.
We are put into state and can hardly wait
For the dawn of the upcoming morn
To glimpse hoof print in stride or a patch of hide
Or a tip of antler horn.
Just out of reach, lessons he'll teach to those who play the game,
The tension and pull of a phantom bull, a soul never to tame.
While waiting and yearning, eyes straining, ears burning,
Ringing till you can't hear a thing,
To early to late, can't hardly wait,
Patience like a bee sting.
Like a ghost in the night they filter through site
They tease and bugle and brag,
As tell tale sign, weave and wind
Through timber, rocks and crags
Where a sapling tree, used to be
Now a twig broke scarred and torn
Velvet left there and shed of hair
To tell the rut has been born.
Strong elk scent, down wind is sent
From their bedded layer
They are up once again and start to transcend
Letting us know they were there.
A little to late can change a state
Hopes almost fell,
But all rise again when a bugle begins
For among elk, we dwell.