

"JEST KEPT FISHIN' "

Hi Somers was the durndest cuss
Fer ketchin' fish--he sure was great!
He never used to make no fuss
About the kind of pole er bait.
Er weather, neither; he'd just say,
"I got to ketch a mess today."
An' towards the creek you'd see him slide,
A-whistlin' soft and walkin' wide.
I says one day to Hi, says I,
"How do you always ketch 'em, Hi?"
He give his bait another swish in
An' chucklin'*, says, "I jest keep fishin' ".

Hi took to reading law at night
An', pretty soon, the first we knowed,
He had a lawsuit, won his fight,
An' was a lawyer! I'll be blowed!
He knowed more law than Squire McKnab!
An' tho he had no "gift for gab"
To brag about, somehow he made
A sober sort of talk that played
The mischief with the other side.
One day when someone asked if Hi'd
Explain how he got in condishin,
He laughed an' said, "I jest kept fishin'."

Well, Hi is Gov'nor Somers now,
A big man 'Round the State, you bet!
To me the same old Hi somehow,
The same old champeen fisher yet.
It wa'n't so much the bait er pole,
It wa'n't so much the fishin' hole,
That won for Hi his big success;
'Twas jest his fishin' on, I guess.
A cheerful, stiddy, hopeful kind
Of keepin' at it--don't you mind--
And that is why I can't help wishin'
That more of us would just keep fishin'.

-----Ray Clarke Rose, "The Vagabond."