

Jimmy Flynn went out duck hunting to S. R. Jones' slough last week and while he was squatting down in about two feet of water some nice fat ducks came along and Jimmy got a little bit rattled and let go both barrels of his gun at once and landed about twenty feet backwards in the water. Then he hid for an hour and a half under Mr. Jones' lounge to escape the game warden—who wasn't within twenty miles of the place. Ask Jimmy about it.