

Along Azalea Row

By Faye Sunderland

For those who receive their paper early, let us remind you again that Thursday, June 12, is a no-host luncheon at the Chetco Inn at one o'clock. This is the last meeting of the club year. A very nice program has been arranged and of course, a lovely luncheon.

We'd also like to mention that Mrs. Clara Kerns is taking care of all of the flower containers at the high school, left by people. Anyone who did not pick up their container after the flower show, may find it at Mrs. Kerns' home.

Wild flowers and birds just seem to go together and when one lives in the country, they become quite bird-conscious. Being very uninformed on birds, I can't tell you a thing about even the most com-

mon ones we see every day except that I enjoy watching them! John James Audobon's books on birds in the library will take care of that. I did, however, find it very interesting to learn that a full century before Audobon published his "Birds of America," an Englishman, Mark Catesby, brought out two volumes that are probably the finest history of American flora and fauna. It is definitely the first on American birds.

Catsby came to Virginia from England in 1712 to collect plants, and then became interested in our birds, too. When he returned to England he found that he could not afford to hire someone to illustrate his work and also felt he would lose much of its accuracy, so he learned to etch and made his own plates.

He did not pretend to be a great artist, but his love for his subject, wild flowers and birds, plus his whimsical sense of humor, makes his etching collectors items.

Some of the extinct birds which Catesby recorded are the Pigeon of Passage and the Cock of the American Woods. This last is apparently the lost heath hen, which was once found in the east and was similar to the western prairie chicken. Presumably, the heath hen was rare in Audobon's day,

Pacamo Camp Is 'Camper's Dream'

Pacamo (pronounced Pats-ah-mo) camp, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Tracy, of Crescent City, lies quite high up in the foothills of the Smith River canyon, some six miles east of the Hiouchi bridge, and is off highway 199, about two miles, but the road which leads to it does not prepare the visitor for the surprise he will see.

Nature, in the raw, and untouched, or unspoiled, beckons the youth from 6 to 16 for a delightful two weeks of camping out in the open, under trained and experienced campers, Mr. and Mrs. Tracy.

Staffed with experienced cancellers, such as Glenn Orton, an Eagle Scout, this camp offers the youth many pioneering and camping facilities which cannot be experienced anywhere else in this section of the country.

With guidance for every four to six children, the camp is conducted in a manner which will be pleasing to parents who may anticipate this pleasure for their children.

Food for the children is raised largely on the place, and comes from the hands of experienced camp cooks who provide balanced meals to the hungry youth made hungrier by living out of doors.

Almost without exception the Tracys interview the parents before the child is accepted at the camp. They wish to learn something of the home background of the child so as to better train the youth in the ways of the outdoors and at the same time be familiar

as he failed to picture it. The Ivory-billed Woodpecker and the Parrot of Carolina are other birds now practically extinct which are pictured by Catesby, along with much wild flower life which has long been forgotten.

Mrs. Jim Koeller recently gave me the following little poem and the rather amusing little story that goes with it. Mrs. Koeller's aunt, Mrs. Southard, enjoys making flower arrangements and being a clever lady, is not averse to using weeds in her arrangements. Her husband finds this most amusing and when finding the place of honor in the living room given over to an arrangement of weeds, is prone to indulge in a little teasing and scoffing. In defense of the lowly but often beautiful weed, Mrs. Southard has written the following:

*If I were a weed,
I'd make a garden of my own
Beside a gentle stream,
Roots deep in nature's loam,
I'd nourish plenteous seeds
On stem so strong,
No wind nor rain
Could beat them down.
I'd welcome birds and bees
To my sweet garden spot;
No wild wood wing would ever
soar unfilled
From my free garden plot.*

—IRENE SELFRIE SOUTHARD.
The is a member of the Ephrata Garden Club, Ephrata, Wash.

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