

For What It's Worth .

By CLIFFORD P. ROWE

I don't believe that there is any pleasure that compares with that of knowing that finally you have been accepted. Nothing compares to the warm feeling that surges over you when those you love at last concede that you can take care of your share of responsibilities.



Last week my good wife went on a visit to her parents and gave me the grand compliment of leaving one of the youngsters in my care. Of course the one she left was the boy and he is the older of the two and should be able to take care of himself what with his Boy Scout training and all; but just the same I was flattered.

In the past a vacation for the good lady meant taking the two offspring along for their own protection; and anyone who calls such an arrangement a vacation is either a child psychologist or has steady employment in a boiler factory.

At any rate, the ladies of the family left us all alone with the exception of a long list of do's and don'ts intended to guide us through the days with a minimum amount of damage to the home or to our physical well-being.

The kitchen seemed to cause her most concern. She has always maintained rather stubbornly that to come home, as she has in the past, to find all the dishes, pots, and pans piled up in the sink waiting for cleaning does something to the backlog of endurance she may have built up on a vacation.

This time it was different. The boy even convinced me that the beds should be made every day and not just on the morning the bosses were due to arrive. In fact everything went along fine. And when the ladies arrived home, they found everything in exactly the same spick and span shape they left it; the stay-at-homes were fat and well-fed; and the kitchen was the answer to any fastidious housewife's dream. *I am proud of my newly-won reputation, and have no intention of divulging the fact that we ate every meal out. Why spoil a good thing? Would you?*

Obituary

Paul A., son of Frank and Laura Vincent, passed away May 21, 1952, at Willits Hospital, Calif.

He was born at Smith River, Jan. 3, 1903, and lived there until his parents moved to Brookings in 1915 where his father was time-keeper for Owens Co. He finished high school at Brookings and in 1921 the family moved back to Smith River. Paul went to work for the J. P. Wentz Store, now the Hight Store.

In 1926 his father passed away and in 1927 Fred married Arlowine Ring and they moved to Humboldt County where Fred worked for a store. During the

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depression he moved to Garberville where he started a men's furnishing and sporting goods store which they operated 15 years.

In 1945 they sold the store and moved to Covelo in Round Valley where they purchased a home of five acres and worked in the Covelo Bank until his death.

Funeral services were held at Covelo, May 23. Besides his elderly mother, and widow, he leaves a host of friends and relatives.

City Budget Shown In This 'Issue'

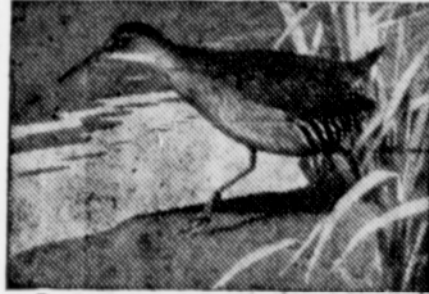
Elsewhere in this issue appears the 1952-1953 budget for the City of Brookings, compiled by the city council, and published for the residents of the city to study and if any objects may be raised, to appear at a hearing set for July 8, at the council room (Pete Lesmeister's office).

This budget was compiled after long and careful study made by the council. With no precedent to follow, this task was not at all easy for the councilmen.

Virginia Rail

When a fisherman hears grunting sounds coming from a fresh-water marsh, he high think, at first, that some baby pigs had wandered into the reeds and cattails. But if he knows his way around the outdoors, he realizes that the noises are made by Virginia rails.

The shy birds, though graceful in actions, just aren't singers. Besides grunting, they make kicking sounds. And sometimes they



© 1951 National Wildlife Federation
Virginia Rail

call, "wak-wak-wak" or "kid-ick-kidick."

It is fairly easy to hear their harsh noises, says the National Wildlife federation, but not so easy to see the birds themselves. They live among the tangled plants along the streams and the marshes, and usually stay under cover. When disturbed, they try to hide where the growth is the thickest instead of taking to the air.

Among the weeds and rushes, they also build their homes. In a nest made of grasses, the female lays from five to 12 eggs which are white or creamy with a few brown and purple spots. The parents take turns in sitting on the eggs until they are hatched.

The baby Rails are greenish-black at first. After a few months the tinge of green disappears, and they are just plain black. Later they begin to resemble the parents.

Both the male and female adults are reddish brown birds. The feathers on their backs are streaked with black. Behind their legs and under the short, perky tails, they are marked with black and white

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bars. Their cheeks are gray, and their throats are white. For pecking in the marshes, they have long, slightly curved bills. When fully grown, the birds are about nine or ten inches long.

With slender, delicate legs, they walk daintily about in the marshes, looking for food. They are especially fond of insects, and they also eat wild rice, wild oats, and other grass seeds.

In the summer, when they are

raising their families, Virginia Rails live in southern Canada, and the northern half of the United States. To escape cold weather, they spend the winter in the southern part of our country, and some of them go to Cuba, Bermuda and Guatemala.

Interesting information on any other wildlife species may be obtained by writing to the National Wildlife Federation, Washington, 10, D. C.

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