

My friend, the angler, says my life is one prolonged vacation. I make my money by taking vacations. I have my own time to do the things I love. Mrs. Finley and the two children, - a girl fifteen and a boy fourteen, - are my active partners in the business of "taking days off," Of course, the children are in school a large part of the year, but they are always planning and looking forward to the day when we can pile cameras and camping equipment into the auto and start off through the country. There is rarely a set plan of just where to go today or the point to be reached tomorrow. We seldom know just where we are to sleep till toward dark. The children very much prefer a haystack in a field to a country hotel.

Even while the children are in school, we often have bird and animal friends that give them amusements which in many ways serve as a vacation. At one time, we had three cougar kittens. The mother had been killed at the headwaters of the Umpqua River in southern Oregon. The kittens were not larger than an ordinary house cat. We fed them on milk with a bottle and nipple. They were as tame and gentle as any baby kittens I ever saw, and how they romped and played. About this time, I happened to be in eastern Oregon and fell heir to twin babies. When the nursery box arrived at home, the children were all excited. Out of the box came two roly-poly bear cubs and the start of a real circus. Mixing children is not always a success, but we never had a more amiable nursery than when bear cubs, the cougar kittens and our own two frolicked and romped on the grass in the warm sunshine.

The increase in our family, of course, meant a little more responsibility, but we had the liveliest motion picture show in continuous performance every day. The children never thought of going away from home for entertainment. When it was all recorded with the motion picture camera, it didn't have a real plot like a love story, but it was full of wholesome fun and was a comedy for old as well as young.

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