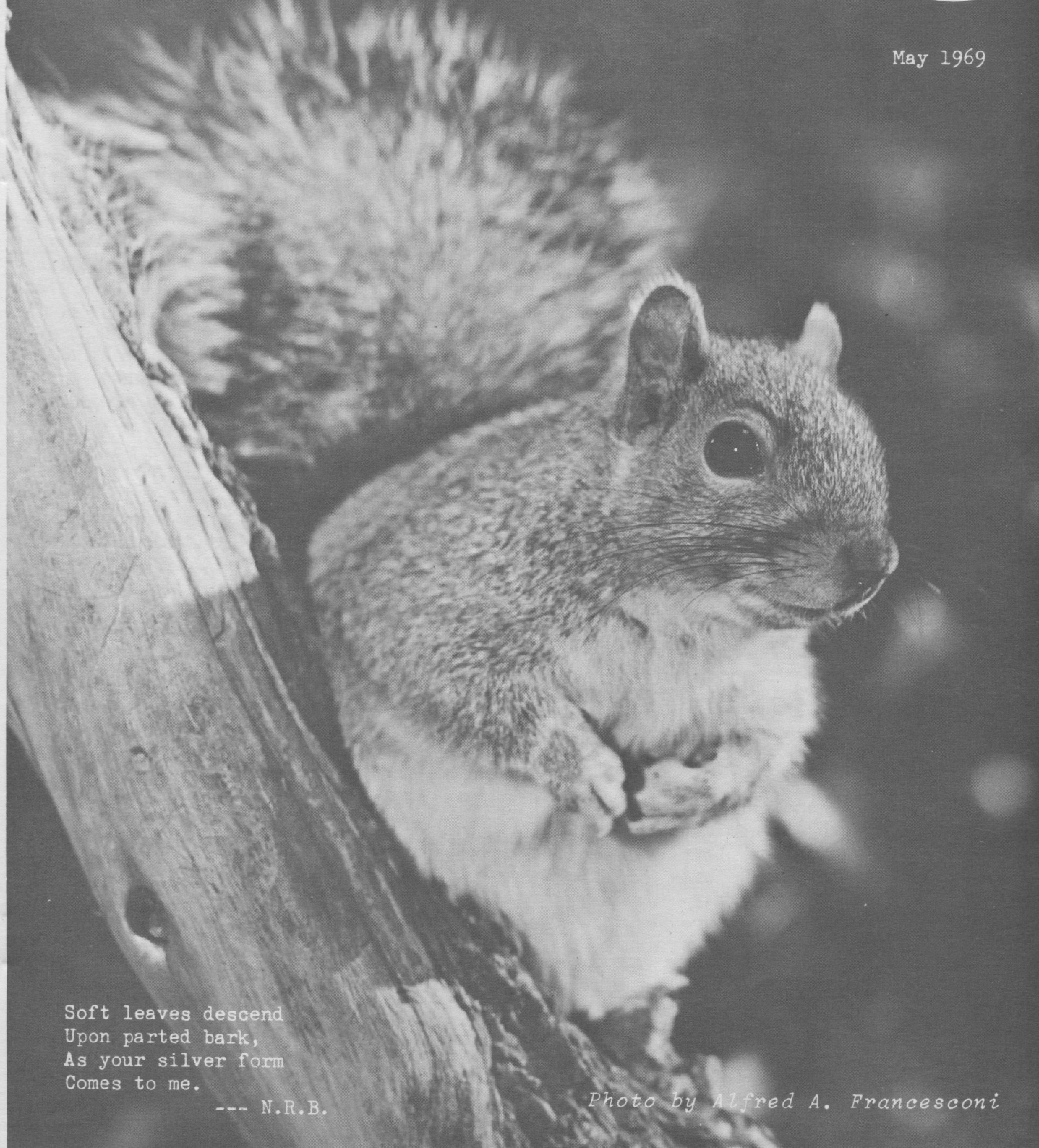


GOOD NEWS

May 1969



Soft leaves descend
Upon parted bark,
As your silver form
Comes to me.

--- N.R.B.

Photo by Alfred A. Francesconi

special squirrel issue

May 1969

Good News

Vol. 5. No. 9.



Published monthly, September through June.

Hope Sawyer Buyukmihci, Editor
Unexpected Wildlife Refuge
Newfield, N.J. 08344

Subscription: \$3.00 per year, payable to
Unexpected Wildlife Refuge, Inc., a non-
profit educational organization.

Editorial

A SQUIRREL'S-EYE VIEW

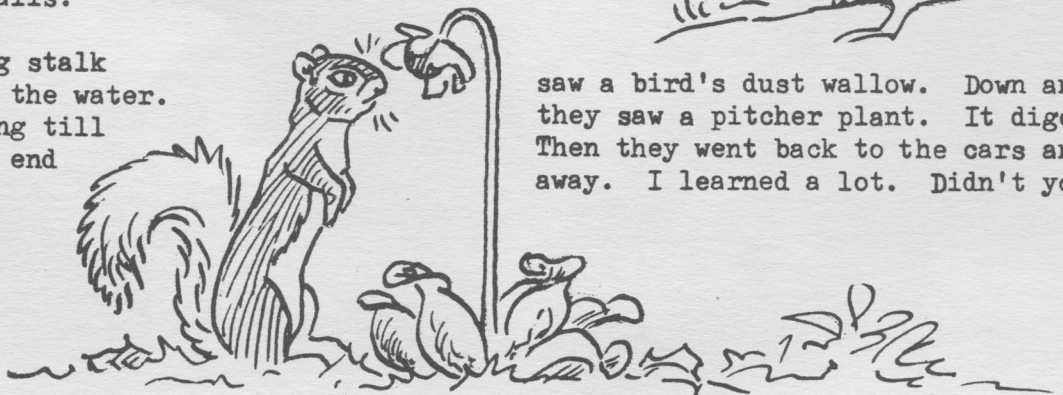
By Samuel J. Squirrel, Esq. (As visualized by Jimmy Baxter, Grade 5.)

Hi there! I am a squirrel. The other day I was sitting up in a tree, eating an acorn, when a car came up to the house. Then another car and another. A lot of children piled out. They went down a path. I hopped to another tree. They crossed a crude



bridge. I hopped to another tree. Just then I heard a splash! I couldn't see so well, so I hopped to another tree. I heard another splash and another. Three girls had slipped and fallen in. They started back down the path. They saw a caterpillar. Then by the water's edge they saw, and I saw, a chrysalis.

on
It was/a long stalk
hanging over the water.
I hopped along till
I got to the end
of the path.



They saw a cuckoo's nest, and my nice, cozy, soft, beautiful nest, high up in a hickory tree. They saw animal tracks. Some silly little children got on their hands and knees to look at them.

A lady was talking to the children, telling them a lot of interesting things about the forest. Then they came to the beaver dam. They crossed it. Then they came to Beaver Falls. The children were picking up sticks. I climbed down the limb I was on a little farther, to get a closer look. I saw little teeth marks about the size of mine. I knew right away they were beaver teeth marks.

Then they went to the swamp. I had to hold my nose because that **SMELLED!** Then they went down another path and I followed. They



saw a bird's dust wallow. Down another path, they saw a pitcher plant. It digests insects. Then they went back to the cars and drove away. I learned a lot. Didn't you?



Words fail to express the downright pleasure I have received from GOOD NEWS. I want a copy of your book, Unexpected Treasure. I have loved nature even from childhood, but never went deep enough to enjoy it one hundred percent. My wife enjoys the same things of nature. That makes for real happiness. Wish I had a place, primitive and unspoiled, so I could enjoy a marshland and old tree stumps like you have at Unexpected.

--- Ed Bareis, New York

Do you know, I have a little skunk under my back porch. A few that know I have him say, Aren't you afraid? Why no, I feed him. I also have a possum that was born in my garage. The man across the street has a big place in back with lots of trees and bushes. He just mows grass around the trees. The whole family is nice to animals; they put out water for them to drink. We keep it a secret what's back there, so no harm will come to them.

--- Frances Jackson, New Jersey

It is often hard to make others realize that in this very commercial world, people dedicate themselves to work that is not paid for in cash of the realm. What they do not realize is that our compensation, in spite of ridicule, in spite of opposition, and in spite of heartbreaks, is the greatest compensation possible---the inner satisfaction of helping those who cannot speak for themselves. Discouragement happens often, but still net gains have resulted, and in the end this is what counts to all of us in this work.

--- Carl Marty, Wisconsin

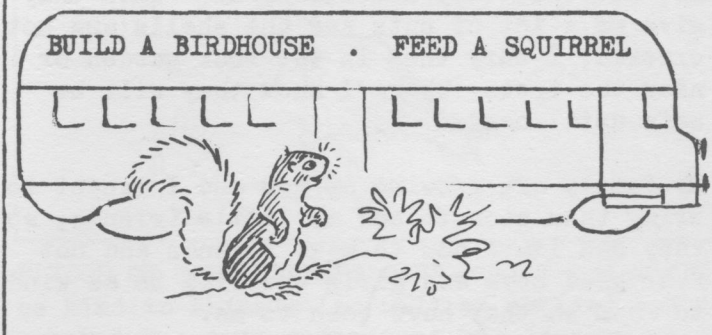
I am a member of Lady Dowding's Beauty Without Cruelty and am trying to interest all of my friends and acquaintances in her fur cloth and cosmetics. Also I encourage bluebird boxes all around here, so your pamphlets on this subject will be of special interest.

--- Marguerite Zouck, Maryland

Speaking of kindness, the Appaloosa Kindness Club is going very well. We received official recognition from Humane Society of the United States, complete with member cards, badges, etc. The children are delighted and the framed certificate hangs proudly on our wall. Bless their hearts, the children can't afford to buy the note packets as such, but asked if we would split them up and sell the cards at six for 25¢. I said sure. So each member is going to save a penny here and there from lunch money until he or she has 25¢ for purchase of cards. It was their idea to do this.

--- Joyce Sommers, Louisiana

A correspondent from New York reports seeing a huge sign stretching the length of a city bus, reading as follows:



We are trying our utmost to spread the word "humane". Articles have been written to newspapers, parliament, bulletins have been made, and urgent pleas to all humanitarians. It gives us courage to receive letters asking to help our animal friends.

--- Debbie Haapala, North Vancouver, BC
CANADA

UNEXPECTED TREASURE, the story of a New Jersey wildlife refuge founded to help bring the bluebirds back. Did the bluebirds come? . . . Read and see! Autographed copies of the book available direct from GOOD NEWS, at \$4.95 each, postpaid.

TWO MORE PRIZE - WINNING
KINDNESS CLUB ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

STORY OF CHIPPY

By Linda May Gilchrist, Fredericton, N.B.

My home is in the old Victoria Woods between Albert and Edinburgh Streets. It is a lovely woods where kind children have played and built camps for many years past. There is a brook which runs merrily through.

The children in the house below the woods put out nuts for us to eat. Sometimes when I have been too busy collecting my own food and nuts for my winter store, I forget to go see my little friends---but when I do go I sit up on the railing of the back veranda; at one place especially I can look right into the kitchen.

When the children don't notice me, and I know they are in because I hear their voices, I make a jump from the window sill---and someone is sure to hear or see me and say, "Oh! There's Chippy! We must give him some nuts." Then they come out and I take peanuts from their hands.

I know they are kind, for they don't chase me, and that they understand me. When they give me a lot of nuts and the shells are not cracked, I bury them in the rock garden or near the trees, where I know they will be safe until needed.

My family are growing up now and I expect to bring them soon to see my little friends, so they can learn how to make friends and not fear good boys and girls who will be as kind to them as they have been to me.

The rabbits in the woods are very tame too, but not as friendly as I am. Perhaps they don't know how kind most human beings are. I am glad I know. It is wonderful to be a happy grey squirrel in the old Victoria Woods in Fredericton.



I AM SQUEEKY

By Robert Carr,
Forest Hill School,
Fredericton, N.B.



I'm a mouse and my name is Squeeky. I live in a house on Canterbury Drive. The people who share this house with me leave a board in the basement which extends through an open window. I can go in and out whenever I want, but on cold nights they must take it away. Sometimes in the daytime I go out but I stay under the veranda where I am safe from mouse-eating animals. There are no cats because of their great big dog which runs around the yard.

They always have a fresh supply of food for me. My favorites are cheese, cereal grains, and budgie seeds. When I was still rather young they gave me diluted and warmed milk. Then they began giving me water.

Some of the reasons why I stay with these people are because they realize that every little creature is not just a THING. Also they realize it is cruel to hunt or trap animals. I know this because they never hunt little animals or throw rocks at birds or cage their budgie.

They never hurt their dog, Peter, and my, is he clever! They tie a rope to a tree, and he lies down on it and makes people think he is chained. He never wanders out of the yard, either. Another reason is they don't believe in mouse traps. The father of the house said I could stay. I wouldn't change any house for this one!

When we meet friend Squirrel, what do we do?
We say, "Hello, friend Squirrel, how are you?"
Do we touch him, or hurt him? No! No! No!
We say, "Goodbye, friend Squirrel" --- and
let him go.

--- C.B.M.

At least three more Kindness Clubs will be organized in our two counties in memory of Joyce Larkin, newspaper columnist and one of the executive directors of Vilas-Oneida Wilderness Society. Leslie Carroll will help setting these up as soon as she returns from the road. In effect, the Vilas-Oneida Wilderness Society will sponsor at least four Kindness Clubs in our two counties in memory of Joyce, so I am sure she will never be forgotten. She was truly a great person, with unbelievable courage.

KINDNESS CLUB NOTES



Today a reporter from our daily paper The Herald called for material for an article about our Kindness Clubs. This paper has a very wide circulation. Two more papers have promised articles on the Clubs. One of our members is an eleven-year-old leader. His mother told me he remained late at school to help a near-blind boy, so he is practicing ". . . as well as people," that valuable clause in the Kindness Club pledge.

--- Leah Cashmor, New Zealand

--- Carl Marty, Three Lakes, Wisconsin

We were fortunate to have Leslie Carroll do a show for us while she was on tour in Ontario and Quebec. Thirty minutes of her show is devoted to beautiful colored slides and comments showing how orphan animals are cared for. It was wonderful for the children to see pictures of Miss Carroll with four little wolf pups cuddled in her arms while a baby porcupine was snoozing on her shoulder.

Twenty minutes are then taken up with her act with the four little dogs trained through love and kindness. Then she answered questions for ten minutes. She is a wonderful Kindness Club ambassador.

My Centennial Project has expanded. To date I have sent out 78 Kindness Club kits to people who inquired about classroom clubs. We have 31 classroom clubs locally, where whole grades are involved, and 36 Lone Raccoons (children who want to belong but aren't near a club).

--- Evelyn Atchison, Toronto

Dr. Albert Schweitzer's birthday was January 14 (1875). It is said that the doctor carried a little bag of rice in his pocket. As he walked, he would scatter a few grains here and there for the birds and other animals who came flocking to meet him everywhere he went.

He was laid to rest with his bag of rice still in his pocket. A stone vessel has been placed on his grave and every day his helpers fill it with water and scatter rice beneath the simple cross. Thus the creatures the great doctor loved still gather around him---birds and goats and even shy antelopes and tiny chicks.



PLEDGE OF THE KINDNESS CLUB: "I promise to be kind to animals (as well as people) and to speak and act in defense of all living creatures."

WHAT IS THE KINDNESS CLUB?

The Kindness Club is a group of people, children and adults, who want to help animals including people, and are searching for ways to be kind. They learn how to be kind, then practice what they have learned. For more information about the Kindness Club, in Canada write to Mrs. Hugh John Flemming, 252 Waterloo Row, Fredericton, N.B; in the U.S., write to National Humane Education Center, Box 149, Waterford, Virginia 22190.



QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERED . . .

When are squirrels born?

In two litters, usually, in early March and in mid-summer. But new-born squirrels have been found in April, May and August.

Do squirrels bite people? Any animal with teeth may bite in self-defense. Never try to pet or pick up a wild squirrel. He may think you are going to hurt him, and is very apt to bite.

Should squirrels be kept as pets? One naturalist stresses "the iniquity of keeping squirrels confined". GOOD NEWS agrees. Squirrels should never be kept as pets. If injured or orphaned, they may be cared for, then released as soon as they can take care of themselves.

How should one feed an infant squirrel?

With a doll's nursing bottle or medicine dropper, feed lukewarm diluted evaporated milk (1/3 water or a little more). A bit of Karo may be added. Feed every four hours during daytime, with no food at night. While sufficient food is important, beware of feeding too fast or too much. Diarrhea from overfeeding may be fatal. If diarrhea develops, counteract with Kaopectate.

As the infant grows, crushed nuts, pabulum or bread and milk may be added to his diet. Then sunflower seeds and shelled nuts. Some have had success by going directly from milk to the seeds and nuts.

When should a hand-raised orphan squirrel be released? As soon as he can handle a nut by himself he will adjust readily to the wild. A squirrel's home is the treetops. He should never remain caged.

Are squirrels able to see at birth? No. Like kittens, they are born blind and helpless. Unlike kittens, whose eyes open at 8 to 10 days of age, squirrels do not see until they are about five weeks old.



Who is only half a man? "A man is only half a man who cannot be enraptured at the sight of a brown squirrel on a garden wall." --- Eric Hoskins

When does a young squirrel first leave the nest? Usually he ventures out when about two months old, fully furred and with bushy tail, looking just like his parents except for his smaller size. He will be taught and protected by his mother for several weeks to come.

How big is a squirrel? Adult grey squirrel is about 18 inches long, weighing approximately one pound. His tail accounts for one-half his 18-inch length. The red squirrel is about two-thirds the size of the grey; the flying squirrel, smaller yet.



For what purpose does a squirrel use his tail? The fluffy tail serves as umbrella, blanket, shield, balance, parachute, camouflage.

Do squirrels hibernate in winter? No. They may sleep for a few days during extreme cold spells, but must look for food all winter. They depend on stored nuts, seeds and mushrooms, and also forage for buds, grains, fruits and roots and seeds, including the seeds from cones of evergreens.

How many nuts does a squirrel bury in one fall season? A single squirrel may bury more than a thousand nuts in a season.

Can a squirrel find the nuts he has buried? Usually yes. He can smell them out even when they are buried deep in the ground and covered with several inches of snow. Those he leaves are buried at just the proper depth to sprout and grow into trees.

How long does a squirrel live? Life expectancy is 16 to 18 years, but a squirrel seldom survives that long in the face of predators, accidents, disease and other natural hazards.

Do squirrels swim? They prefer not to, but will swim when necessary, as to escape a predator, migrate across rivers, or reach desired food.



... ABOUT SQUIRRELS

How can I help Squirrels?

Plant nut trees; provide plenty of food so squirrels as well as birds may eat. Leave hollow trees standing or furnish squirrel homes as follows:

1. Nail together four one-inch boards about 8"x18", and nail on roof and bottom.
2. Near top in front or side, bore entrance hole 3 inches in diameter.
3. Fasten box high in tree, or on tall post, in place where squirrels will not be disturbed.
4. Furnish house with few handfuls of cedar shavings, to discourage lice and fleas. (Where cedars are present, squirrels strip off bark and shred it for their nests.)
5. Refuse to hunt squirrels, and ask others not to do so.
6. Enjoy watching squirrels and share your hobby with others. Careful observations will reveal new facets of squirrel personality and help put down old superstitions and prejudiced views.

In this age when we hear so much about exotic animals, the indigenous ones are often overlooked. How much do we know about squirrels?

--- Barbara Froom,
Canadian zoologist



What is the "silver storm" and how does it affect squirrels? The silver storm is frozen rain which covers everything with a sheath of ice, from which squirrels may slip in their travels, may become easy prey to predators, or may be shut off from their food supply.

What town is famous for its albino squirrels? Olney, Illinois. For about 65 years, hundreds of snowwhite squirrels with pink eyes have lived in the city of Olney. They have the right of way on any street in town.

Is the red squirrel the enemy of the grey? Definitely not. The red squirrel may chase the grey one away from food, but the two species live together in the same area, and each protects his home from the other.

ON SQUIRREL WATCHING

Time Well Spent

Samuel F. Davidson, a pressman in the N.W. Ayer & Son advertising firm, Philadelphia, was two minutes late to work one day. He had been an employe for 41 years and had not been late for 29 years. His boss wrote a letter of praise for this unusual record. Then it came out that on the morning of Sam's tardiness he had become so intrigued at the antics of a squirrel in Washington Square that he completely lost track of time.

A Lesson Learned

Floyd Bralliar, naturalist, once watched a baby squirrel not yet as big as a half-grown rat start to explore outside his nest hole. The mother, dining on tender buds in a nearby elm, saw him down on the lawn, where a dog or other predator might get him. She rushed down the elm, across the lawn, and grabbed the youngster, to carry him dangling from her mouth, up the nearest tree. Then, leaping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, she came to the nest hole and set him near it.

Instead of entering, the young one dodged to the other side of the tree. His mother pursued him, grabbed him again, and dragged him and forcefully pushed his head inside the hole, then tried to push the rest of him in, but he braced himself against the sides of the hole and refused to go in. At last the mother crowded past him into the hole and finally succeeded in pulling him in with her. Shrill squeals told the



listening naturalist that the mother squirrel was dealing out punishment to the culprit, and suggested that he was learning a lesson in survival.

SPEAKING UP FOR SQUIRRELS



By Nels Nelson

in the Philadelphia
Daily News

The squirrel lovers have been heard from, and I stand properly chastened. Not long ago, I related in these columns the story of my bride's war with squirrels. I told how ravenous squirrels ventured out of Rittenhouse Square to forage in our modest begonia patch. Also how some of their country cousins now are stealing food from our favorite family of white-breasted nuthatches.

The most telling volley from the squirrel partisans came in the form of a thick envelope which contained a be-kind-to-squirrels kit. The kit was accompanied by a letter on stationery adorned with a drawing of a snoozing squirrel---undoubtedly sleeping off a big dinner. The writer, a Mrs. Ida Garner, identified herself as a Kindness Club representative.

"I am very sorry to read," began Mrs. Garner, "that you have no sympathy for squirrels." WRONG. It is my bride who has no sympathy for squirrels. She happens to prefer the company of birds and begonias. My bride is all for squirrels, but she balks at feeding them with costly house plants.

of-the-bus prejudice here," she enjoins. She further advises that squirrels are "clever, busy, graceful, entertaining, and charming," and she also concedes that from time to time they are hungry. We would be the last to deny their talent for hunger pangs. She concludes by admonishing that "if more of us would learn to understand, appreciate and enjoy the squirrels," Dr. Albert Schweitzer would rest easier in Heaven.

The squirrel kit, for which I am duly thankful, includes several poems about rodents of the family Sciuridae, instructions on the care and feeding of same, and plans for building a squirrel house.

I can hardly wait for the weekend. The men from McCloskey & Co. are coming out to our place to erect the first garden apartment development built exclusively for squirrels. It will be called The Nut House, and my bride and I will toss out the first begonia.

FACING THE FIRING SQUAD

Rufus M. Reed, Kentucky naturalist and newspaper columnist, and teacher of youth in summer camps, tells the story of his friend Gormer Evans, grey squirrel hunter. One fall day Evans had shot three squirrels as they gathered nuts in the treetops, and then he saw the fourth one huddled on a branch watching him.

He raised his gun for the easy shot, when the little squirrel put both tiny hands over his eyes, like a condemned man facing a firing squad (said Evans). The hunter lowered his gun, and has never shot another squirrel. Instead, he began an intensive campaign to help wildlife survive in his native Kentucky.



"We can do something about it."

The fellow who doesn't speak out against evil has approved it."

--- W. G. Duncan

CHARLIE
THE
GREY SQUIRREL

By HSB



Early in February I saw Charlie the Grey Squirrel standing in the yard with a big bunch of leaves in her mouth. The morning was chill and dark---the kind of day that makes folks shiver and say, "I hate winter." But Charlie looked happy.

Squirrels may mate as early as January and young are often born in March. Charlie, well protected from the weather by her soft grey and white coat, white fur earmuffs and gloved hands, was preparing her springtime nest, in a squirrel house atop our cabin roof, where she had raised five youngsters last summer.

Pausing to rearrange her mouthload of leaves, she shinnied up the post on which her house is mounted and entered the three-inch door. I smiled, reviving a memory of last summer, when five young squirrels first explored the world from that very entrance. They had sniffed eagerly at the spring air, then reached out inquisitive fingers to feel the air with their hands. Though they had not yet opened their eyes until a few weeks before, now they were alert and fully furred, ready for outside adventure.

The ancient Greeks called the squirrel "Shadow Tail," because he sits in the shadow of his own tail. Charlie sits by the hour fluffing, combing and cleaning her tail, concerned that no speck of dirt, burr or pine pitch mar its beauty or effectiveness. Her tail is an umbrella in rain, a blanket for the cold; a parachute on which her life may depend should she fall from a great height.

Charlie's unusual confidence in human beings is the result of her upbringing. She was found as an orphan and raised by hand. After release (when just old enough to open a nut by herself) she often came back to take walnuts from our fingers. Charlie is always gentle at such times. Some squirrels, with misguided eagerness, have been known to scratch or bite when accepting food from human hands.

To survive, Charlie has had to outwit a host of predators. In addition to hawks and an occasional day-flying owl, she has dealt with raccoons, stray cats, weasels and snakes. When a black snake climbed the post toward her brood, she and a friend (her mate?) ganged up on him, biting him so severely that he dropped to the ground. One day, frightened by a dog, she jumped into the water, and with her plumed tail held aloft, swam across a cove in a beeline toward a hollow stub. It was a day of close calls for Charlie. Gaining the base of the old stub, she raced up it. Just as she reached the top with its sheltering hole, the 30-foot stub crashed toward the ground. As the tree started to fall, Charlie went flying through the air with a prodigious leap, to a safe landing in a high oak, where she scrambled up to the very top.

As Ernest Thompson Seton, noted naturalist, once wrote: "But all of these (various enemies and other hazards) the Squirrels could meet, and beat, till man came with his ingenious implements of slaughter, and his ruthless joy in destroying every living thing, without pleasure in its beauty, or a conscience twinge for the desolation of his children's heritage."

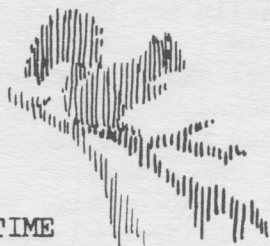
Watching Charlie, I have learned a few squirrel maxims: "That ground-dwelling oaf with two legs is a traveling tree, growing mixed nuts. Great source, but unpredictable. Only sure sign is the call, 'Here, Charlie,' which signifies some kind of nut."

"If a hawk approaches, stop where you are, flatten against a tree trunk or along a branch. Don't move a hair. But if he sees you, run for cover, jerking your tail violently in his face. Whenever possible, get a tree trunk or branch between him and you."

"The red squirrel is a dwarf bully. When he muscled in on food, bow out and let the baby have his milk. But if he dares to come near your home, chase him---he'll run."

I have been impressed with Charlie's devotion to family, courage in outwitting natural enemies, and unreserved joy in life. Now here she is again, preparing for a new brood of youngsters to grace the spring.

SQUIRREL TALES



A WORD IN TIME

Michaela Denis, wife of the famous naturalist and African wildlife photographer, Armand Denis, met a friend in New York. Since the friend professed to love animals Mrs. Denis looked questioningly at the jacket of dyed squirrel skins she was wearing. Noticing the look, the friend laughed and said, "My friends think it's ermine. But it's only squirrel." She just did not associate the bit of fur she was wearing with the lives of dozens of squirrels who had been killed to get it.

Mrs. Denis suggested a stroll in the park, and the two ladies began to feed the squirrels. They talked together about the progress of animal welfare work, in which both of them were engaged. "Isn't he cute?" the friend asked when a squirrel sat up to eat just in front of them. "Better take off your jacket," Mrs. Denis said. "It contains dozens of dead squirrels. Don't you think they look cuter running around than lying lifeless?"

"Michaela, dear, I see what you mean," said the friend. "I will never wear furs again." The next time Mrs. Denis saw her, she was dressed in a beautiful nylon "beaver", free from the taint of cruelty.

'OF ENDLESS GRATITUDE'

As tightrope walkers our Spring Street squirrels know no peer, and we delight in their daily performances on the utility wires stretched high above the roadway. The fact that these are double-decker lines only adds to the fun as the squirrels scamper furiously along, one hind foot on the upper line, the other on the lower, performing singly or often in pairs, racing, hanging by their toes in a completely upside-down position, even playing leap-frog, a circus act unequaled for timing and precision.

vantage spot for resting and munching a pilfered apple. True, the pilfering is to be deplored, for never is an apple eaten in its entirety, only sampled daintily with much turning over and over in prehensile paws, then discarded, sometimes on the head of an unsuspecting person below, in favor of another and yet another. But against these, with perhaps a few other small sins, one balances the moments of sheer delight and finds oneself, with Milton, aware of "the debt immense of endless gratitude".

Many times a day, a watcher may see a squirrel sitting "like a small grey coffee pot" on the piece of sawed-off trunk halfway up the old apple tree, a smoothly level

--- Mary C. Adams, reprinted by permission from The Christian Science Monitor, copyright 1968, The Christian Science Publishing Society. All rights reserved.

BELL TELEPHONE AND FURRY FRIENDS (From a February 1967 ad)

We had 3,800 squirrel bites last year. 3,800 of our furry friends took out their frustrations on our telephone cables. They don't eat the wire inside. They just seem to like to sharpen their teeth on the lead sheathing around the cable. You'd probably never know if a squirrel had bitten a cable carrying your conversation. We'd know. Our equipment is sensitive enough to pinpoint a bite, and we can usually repair it before any trouble develops. If the squirrel bites get



bad in one particular area (sometimes we think they're organized), we do them a favor. We put up a special wire above the cable. The squirrels bite the wire---leave the cable alone---and everybody's happy.

HEROINE

An engineer and surveyor tells this true story:

While fighting a fire, I noticed the flames had spread to a dry tulip poplar snag about 60 feet high. Suddenly I heard a squeaking noise and saw a mother flying squirrel's head pop out of a hole near the top.

She surveyed the burning woods and saw the flames leaping up the dead snag. Darting back inside the hole, she came out with a baby flying squirrel firmly clenched in her teeth. She sailed with it to a nearby tree and left it clinging to the trunk, out of reach of the fire.

Flames were now licking high up the snag. She sailed back, ran fast up through the flames and dived into the hole. Out she came with another baby. She flew away with it and placed it on the tree beside the first.

Going back to the burning tree, she ran through the flames, which scorched her hair; she dived into the nest and came out with a third baby. She volplaned with it through the flames and smoke and placed it safely with the others. She had saved them just in time. The dead snag was soon engulfed in flames and shortly burned to the ground.



As animals' plasma and their chromosomes are ours, so is their joy in playing, in succeeding, and in their children our joy. So is their hunger, their fear, their anger, their pain also ours. --- Otto Koehler

"Yes, God has made it . . . only that it might play and enjoy all that is beautiful in the forest, everything that men do not understand or do not want to see--- the iridescent reflection of the morning on each dewdrop, mushrooms of unexpected colors that come up under the wet shadow of the ferns. . . and also that it might enjoy each one of the seasons and in each season every incident of the marching day --- a brief spell of mist, a sudden burst of sun, a gentle breath of wind, and the strong deep perfume that comes out of flowers when rain is about to fall . . . "



"But at night, Mummy, at night, what does it do, the little squirrel?"

"It climbs to the very top of the pine tree where it nestles and keeps still, enjoying every second of moonlight, following the phosphorescent track of every shooting star. . . . Oh, Helga, don't you see it is because of this little squirrel that so many lovely things are not lost, have not been given out in vain by God. . . ."

--- Maria Luisa Bombal, in "House of Mist"

What is God? "God is a tender care that nothing of value be lost."



What is a squirrel?

A squirrel is a Life . . .
An adventure in being.

--- Alan Devoe

Yet what is the character of our gratitude to these squirrels, these planters of forests? We regard them as vermin, and annually shoot and destroy them in great numbers, because---if we have any excuse---they sometimes devour a little of our Indian corn, while, perhaps, they are planting the nobler oak-corn (acorn) in its place. . . .


Would it not be far more civilized and humane, not to say godlike, to recognize once in the year by some significant symbolical ceremony the part which the squirrel plays, the great service it performs in the economy of the universe?

--- Henry David Thoreau

He who plants a tree---

He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

--- Lucy Larcom



Ancient walnut trees have been recently sold and cut along Mockingbird Valley Road, to supply the insatiable demand for cheap veneered walnut furniture. No apparent effort has been made to replace these walnuts, which were our warm personal friends for 60 years. Every walnut, oak and hickory tree you see in the mixed woodlands of Kentucky and Indiana was once planted by a grey squirrel. We now have near our home three little walnut trees transplanted from our flower beds, where grey squirrels planted them first. The oldest tree is 15 years and is now a beautiful young tree. --- W. G. Duncan.

