THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES; THE STORY OF A THOUSAND-YEAR PINE AND OTHER TALES OF WILD LIFE

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The Riverside Literature Series; The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine and Other Tales of Wild Life by Enos A. Mills

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ENOS A. MILLS

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SCOTCH NEAR TIMBER-LINE

THE STORY OF A THOUSAND-YEAR PINE

AND OTHER TALES OF WILD LIFE

ENOS A. MILLS



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Jon this book are stories about bears, horses, a pine that lived a thousand years, Dr. Woodpecker, my dog "Scotch," snow-shoeing through the mountains, some coyotes, and the beaver. The bear story was told to me; but I was a part of the others. I wonder if you will sometime write a story of your experiences in the mountains. Out with Nature, the bears, birds, flowers, and the trees have many secrets that no one knows. Would you like to help discover these secrets?

No one has ever found where the chimney swift spends its winter. Each autumn, flocks of these birds travel slowly down the Atlantic coast to the Gulf of Mexico where they are seen by thousands. Suddenly they disappear. Five months later they reappear at the place where last seen and start northward for their summer home. There used to be a story that these birds dived down into the mud and there hibernated for the

winter. Of course they do not do this. But where do they go? This is one of the thousands of interesting things not now known but which you may help to discover.

In a beaver colony houses are built, dams made, ditches dug, and trees cut down. The work is done so quietly and systematically that it would seem as if one beaver in each colony plans and superintends the work. I think there is such a leader. Although for years I have had great fun watching, I have never seen him—it may be her—giving orders. It may be that you will see this leader before I do.

It is perfectly safe for you to explore the outdoors where the wild animals live. Bears, lions, and wolves will not attack you. All alone I have rambled through and camped in the wild places in every state in the Union. I did not carry a gun and none of the wild game ever bothered me. There are fourteen national parks. Here people are not allowed to carry guns. In these places bears and mountain sheep will be glad to see you and will come close to you. Big game will neither fight nor run away unless you at-

tempt to kill them. Each park is a real wonderland full of thousands of interesting wild things. The wild flowers are allowed to grow; the trees are not cut down; and each park is a game preserve. I hope that you will some time visit these wonderlands.

I am sure you know the home of the pond lily. The giant cactus and a few other strange associates make their home in the desert. Although animals move about, most of them, like the pond lily, live all their life in the locality of their birth. Animals are not wandering gypsies.

A chipmunk makes her home at one end of my cabin. She claims as her territory an area several yards in diameter and rarely does she venture off her own ground. There are other chipmunks around, each having its own territory. The bluebirds, wrens, and robins often alight in her pasture. But if the chipmunk that claims a little pasture at the other end of the cabin comes into her pasture, she scolds. Surrounding the cabin is a much larger territory that is claimed by a pair of rabbits. Within this there are perhaps 100 or more chipmunk pastures.

A flock of sheep on Battle Mountain about three miles away has a still larger field. These sheep wander over the two or three nearby mountains, and occasionally come down near my cabin, but they stay in the same large unfenced pasture. On adjoining mountains are other flocks of sheep. Each stays in its own feeding ground.

Bears prowl over a still larger territory than sheep, but unless there is a forest fire or something else to drive them away, they will live and die without seeing any other part of the world. Each animal has what we may call a home, an address, or a regular place where each may be found if we search. Animals do not wander over the face of the earth, but each lives in an area which it considers its home and which seems to have a definite boundary line. I have not been able to tell how this line is determined and I fear that sometimes, as with people, these wild folks have a dispute concerning boundary lines and territory. This is another thing I would like to know more about.

This book tells of some of the interesting