

In the spring when old Jack frost lets  
 new life starts up. All trees but the evergreen  
 family have been sleeping. All of the insects  
 have been sleeping. Old mother nature wakes from  
 her sleep. The first thing you notice is  
 the little rills and brooks begin to gurgle  
 and murmur. Everything seem to make a new  
 start. The air smells fresh. The sun is bright  
 The mighty river takes on a new roar. The  
 Indian of old moved his wigwam to summer  
 camping ground near the rivers or lakes.

The hokum cat comes out or skunk, and starts  
 his travels. He is the first of the seven sleepers  
 to come out. He generally makes his appearance  
 in February on warm nights. He is short legged  
 you will see his track through the snow, it  
 will look like a miniature snow plow has  
 been around through the woods. He never

Travels in straight lines. He has to go  
 around about. Look in every hole around  
 in circles under every wind fall in  
 every ledge. You may follow his tracks  
 for a mile or two and he will find the  
 hole he was looking for less than a  
 hundred yards where he first came out  
 to make mighty explorations. The next  
 little fellow you will notice is the chuck.  
 He makes his appearance in the month  
 of March. If you go in to the field and  
 woods, then you will see new dirt dug out  
 around the old holes, and a lot of mouse  
 holes every where. When the woodchuck  
 first comes out he is a light eater to get  
 the tissues of his stomach accustomed  
 to the heavy work that will come later.  
 He is very ambitious. The old Indian said  
 he is always dissatisfied. There is an old

story that the woodchuck at one time  
 was a mighty animal that <sup>he</sup> ruled the earth.  
 But he did wrong and the Great Spirit  
 drove him out of the wigwams. They live in  
 mounds then so every hill or mound the  
 woodchuck sees now he digs in hoping  
 he will find the teepee of the Great  
 Spirit. When going through the  
 woods one will see little tufts of  
 hair or feathers in most cases that  
 it is a life and death drama of  
 the woods that goes on every day.  
 The fox, skunk, wild cat, coon, mink  
 weasel, snake and owls all feed on other  
 life weaker than they. The law of  
 nature is the weak go under and  
 strong survive and so is Indian law  
 Lone Wolf.