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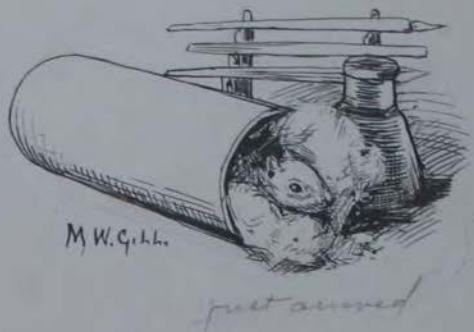
The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

TOODLES



DECEMBER,
1914.













✓
Doubt to Toodles, was he safe in his dust-
bag nest? ~~He was there snug and warm~~

There ~~was~~ ^{were} warm stirrings in the bag
when I stood on the stool and felt in it
when we got home and ~~the~~ bright eyes
peered over the edge and then sleepily
blinked as I snuggled down again in
the bottom of the bag. The next morning
he slept late, for him, not coming down
till breakfast. He jumped on the table,
ate a ^{rose} bud out and drank out of the
rose bowl. He swelled the stewed goose-
berries and helped himself taking
one out with his little hands and
sitting up to eat it. He ate a second
and a third and then wiped his mouth
on the tablecloth. Before we could
stop him ^{stop him} Later he took a string bean
~~from and ate part of it~~ String beans,
asparagus and the succulent bases
of grass he ^{had} also added to his bill of fare.

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That evening as I was weeding I run
up on to my shoulder, then grimped into
a peach tree about 3 feet tall. He slid
down the little trunk and sat at the
bottom with arms and legs around it
looking like a miniature bear. The
next morning I left early and did
not return that night nor the next.

Saturday morning, Decoration Day,

came home about half past 6
or 7. ~~It~~ It looked like rain, the sh-
dark and ^{low rumblings of} thunder in the distance. For the

→ He ate & drank and then played
joyously about me as I weeded in
the garden. Then he climbed the
roses to the ledge at the top of the
first story and went round and
round the house, in & out of
the rain troughs. He tried ~~again~~

~~again~~ to climb the tiled roof but
 there was no hold for his little claws.
 Again & again he attempted it
 scratching desperately on the
 smooth tile. The heights were a
 constant challenge to him and he
 always sought to conquer them.
 After a while, thinking he might
 be afraid to attempt the descent
 we put up the ladder and my
 sister ^{went to his relief} ~~reached up for him~~. He
 jumped to her hand but before
 she regained the ground he
 sprang up the ladder to the
 ledge again. The ladder proved
 to be ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~interesting~~ ^{interesting} ~~new~~ ^{thing to climb} ~~plaything~~
 and ~~and~~ kept him busy for some
 time. About 9 he ate a second

breakfast and then acted cross and
sleepy. I took him up to the back
room and he jumped for the
bath robe that ~~go~~ led to his nest,
and went to bed. ^{Before} ~~When~~ he came
down again, ^{about one o'clock} I had put a new
panel of screening in place of the
broken one. on the porch after
eating I ran up the screen to where
the hole had been and was evidently
puzzled because it ~~had disappeared~~ ^{was, not} there.
He returned to the floor and the
table to get his bearings and
came back again and again - he
knew the right panel, too. It was
certainly very curious.

He made little runs elsewhere
but always came back to where
the hole had been.

he knew he left that hole
right there when he went to
bed and now it was gone.
He showed such uneasiness I opened
the door for him, though it ^{still} looked
like rain and I hoped he would
stay home. He went down the
walk with little runs and many
stops but when he reached the
~~front steps~~ ^{alley} steps ~~and saw~~ he made off.
I followed slowly, and since he
ran back to me but jumped from
my shoulder and ^{again} made for the
gate. When he was on the
open road a brisk shower came
and Zoodles came flying and
took shelter under my skirts, and
was brought home willingly.

enough. When the rain passed
in about an hour the rain
was over and I again sought
the lost hole in the screen. I let
him out and he played about
for some time, scratching up
seedling violets I had just
set out, gnawing a bone, and
burying peanuts, before he left
for the grove. He returned the
next afternoon about 5 o'clock,
ravenously hungry and growling
in his little throat if we tried to
pet him. Hunger satisfied he
went up to bed.

His next absence lasted for
nearly a week. ~~where~~ ^{There} one day

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The sky ^{grew} black, the winds ^{blew} ~~rose~~
and awful awful noises and
terrible flashes of white light
came ~~from~~ ^{out of} the sky and a
frightened little toadles was
found clinging to the screens.
The little prodigal was joyfully
taken in and fed but he was
uneasy on the porch so he was
taken up to the bath room when
he promptly sought his bed and
buried his head under his dusty
bed clothes while the storm ~~boiled~~
raged. The next morning
he returned to the wild and
never came back again. He
must have followed the other
squirrels from the grave to the

farther woods. Jan once after this
 he appeared at the back door of the
 house that had been a
~~seed nursery~~ ~~no~~ ~~was~~ day
 nursery ~~seed~~ ^{for} him in his infancy, ^{which}
 house stands at the edge of the
 woods. His old friend ~~opened~~ the
~~door for~~ ^{let} him ⁱⁿ and ^{then} returned to her
 work of shelling peas. Toodles
 jumped on her lap, helped himself
 to peas and sat on her knees
 eating them. He was seen
 later in the strawberry patch
 with some 7 or 8 other squirrels -
 the little ingrate leading raids
 on the garden of those who had
 befriended him. The squirrels had
 never invaded the garden before
 so we judged it was Toodles who

mistaken. From the first I had delighted ^{child's} in jumping through and onto a ^{rough bottom} little chair
 on the hearth. By turning ^{over} this ^{chair} and another
 but larger one like it and placing them
 together it made a series of jumps and
 climbs that I enjoyed. His climbing in-
 stinct was growing ever stronger. Again
 and again he tried to go up the stairs
 only to fall back. Climbing up the chair
 back he could jump to the desk, which
 stands against the stairway. Whether
he knew or not that this was the
 place he had been trying to get
 I do not know. He tried from here
 to go higher but failed. But he could
 descend, that was something new
 and he made the circuit several
 times, up ~~and~~ the chair (or my
 skirt) on to the desk, on to the stairs
 and down again. He showed curiosity,
 moved about on the desk, ^{and} wanted to
 gnaw the books. He tried to bury a

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nut in the fringe of the rug. This instinct
had shown itself before in his scratching
at the rug, especially the fringe, and then
patting it. This time the instinct appeared
full grown, he ~~scratched~~^{gathered} the fringe about
the nut as much as possible, ~~and~~ then
patted it and went off happy. This
day was all joy for him except for
being posed for pictures. However happy
he was in the open as soon as I placed
the camera he sought a dark corner.

This foot was healed completely now
and he became more playful every
day, and squirrel habits appeared rapidly.
He washed his face with his paws like
a cat. ^(over) His tail was getting bushy. It
was often held up in play but usually
out ~~behind~~ straight. One trick he began
at this time I never learned the sig-
nificance of. Standing up straight with
his paws on some support, ^{as the arm of a chair} he chattered
his teeth and snapped his tail. I expect

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it was some manner of squirrel talk
to his own species that as yet he knew nothing
nothing. ~~The~~ ^{His} burying instinct was daily
evidenced by ~~the~~ ^{his} mounds and bits of cracker under
the edge of the rug, or by finding them in
my slippers, in the chairs, or in corners.
We developed the trick of ~~the~~ ^{lowering}
~~his~~ his relatives in the Mall, ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~lowered~~
~~the~~ tail to one side and approaching an
object cautiously, ~~stopping~~ ^{pausing} with his
hand on his heart and advancing
again. ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~sk~~ stretched like a cat. That
~~time~~ he began to pick up his
crumbs and ~~would~~ eat unshelled
peanuts but only when he
was hungry. He liked to eat
shelled nuts and bury unshelled
ones.

being together all day.
Sundays were happy days for
us both. By the 26th

One evening when I was putting
the house to lights and I ~~knocked~~ ^{knocked} ~~thumped~~

The play of a kitten is that of a beast of prey, a hunter. Its play was that of the hunted. He would play at being cautious, warily approaching an object, the hearth broom or my foot perhaps, with body low & tail held to one side, with many halts and starts.

back

Washington, D. C.,

TAXONOMIC AND RANGE INVESTIGATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

down the broom which was
~~to climb the~~ leaning against the fireplace. It
 fell with a bang, & I "froze", not a
 muscle moved for at least a
 minute. Then very quietly he
 went to the rocking chair and
 cuddled down between the pillows,
 subdued ~~and thankful~~ ^{after} his narrow
 escape from the terrible Thing that
 moved so swiftly and made such
 an awful noise when he touched it.
 Shortly after this he pumped out the
 window at my neighbors ^{into a} ~~and saw~~
~~up a~~ tree close by and ran down
 the trunk. But he made no attempt
 to run away.

The next Sunday was fine and
 I took J. into the garden with me
 but he did not yet like ^{to be} outdoors.
~~very well.~~ He scratched a little in
 the earth, ^{and nibbled at grass} but most of the time he

hung to me or hid under my
 skirts. Back in the house he was
 happy and full of play. He ~~found~~ ^{got out}
 and ~~at~~ ^{at the} a
 peanut he had "buried" in the fringe
 of ~~the~~ ^{before we went out.} a rug. This day he ~~was not~~
 succeeded in ^{his} oft repeated attempt
 to go up ^{the} stairs and had a happy time
 of it running up and down or sitting
 on an upper step, ^{unpleasantly} looking down ^{on the room} from
 between the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lower~~ rails. Finally he
 jumped from the end of an upper
 step, about 7 feet high. He landed safely
 but was subdued in his behavior
 for a few minutes and did not
 do it again. ^{By this time} ~~his~~ ^{at} passion for gnaw-
~~ing~~ ^{ing} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~come~~ ^{come} to possess him. He
 gnawed everything and kept me
 busy saving my belongings from
 his sharp teeth. He was particularly
 happy on the desk, there were so

many things to investigate, such
 toothsome pencils ~~to him~~ and above
 all the dictionary. He returned to that
 again and again when I put him
 elsewhere. If I ^{try to scare} ~~scare~~ him off
 by a tap of my pencil or a warning
 motion he takes it for part of
 the fun game, ^(over) ~~plays with my~~
~~fingers~~ then back to the dictionary.
 Then he discovered a drawing board
 of soft wood. That filled a long-
 felt want for both of us. I was
 glad to have something I was
 willing to have gnawed. ^(over) Finally
 he quitted down on the dictionary, and
 lay there, the lids drooping over the
 bright eyes, but like human babies,
^{he tried} ~~trying~~ hard not to keep them open. Then
 he crawled back into the desk
 drawer and went to sleep. I left

1/ pounces on my pencil and hangs
on as I write.

2/ He got into the open drawer of the
desk and began gnawing papers. I
took them out and put in some
seed catalogues for him. This kept
him busy for a while.

Washington, D. C.,

TAXONOMIC AND RANGE INVESTIGATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
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him there while I had supper. When
I came back to the desk he had dis-
appeared. After considerable search
and calling I found him in the
duster bag high on a clothes hook
in the bath room. ^(over) I brought him
down and put him in his usual
place between pillows in the big chair.
But he would ~~not~~ ^{Perhaps he liked bedclothes} settle down. I
gave him a clean duster but that
did not satisfy him. After fussing
about a while he went back up to
the duster bag, and that was his
nest henceforth. He was always
cleanly and never soiled his
nest after the first week or so. ^{The} ^(over)

The next day was a busy one
too. When I came down stairs in
the morning I found he had
been up before me and had
scrapped out about half a pint of earth.

As he must have reached the bag by climbing a bathrobe
which hung on an adjoining hook.

by the climbing instinct had led him to the
highest place in the house - "Excelsior!"
and only then was he satisfied.

Washington, D. C.,

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BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

I found a flower pot on the stair-
landing. ~~Peter~~ When I stopped at
my neighbor's for him on my
way home from work I found
he had been up the tree all after-
noon. He was as high up as the
second story windows. As I
called and coaxed him he ran
out on branches and made starts
to descend the trunk but was evidently
afraid - he had claws on three feet
only. ^{From an upper window} my neighbor reached out a
board to him, he jumped upon it
and so was brought down. He did
not seem subdued as was his
wont after unpleasant adventures.
I left him ^{eating nuts} on the screened back
porch while my neighbor's small
boy and I went to the nearby

woods for wild flowers to set out in the garden. When we returned we took T into the garden with us. He dug in the earth and frolicked ~~but~~ ^{playfully} vigorously. I had taken out 2 pails of water for the transplanting. When I was using one T jumped into the other. ~~He had~~. I hurried him into the house and wiped him dry, he ^{screaming} ~~protesting~~ and barking. He dried easily and the little rat tail fluffed out again. Then I gave him a nut & put him in the big chair. When I came in from the garden he had gone to bed in the duster bag. That day of adventure was apparently a little too much for him. The next morning he was not up before me.

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as usual. When I went into the
bathroom he stuck his head out
of the bag but did not come out.
I brought up his warm milk
and he took breakfast in bed.
Then while I finished dressing he
came out & lazily stretched him-
self across 2 clothes hooks, fore
paws over one, hind legs over
another and presently went back
to bed, congratulating himself, I
thought, that unlike his foster
parent he did not have to get up
and go to work whether he felt
like it or not. I put everything
out of the way that might injure
him if he meddled with it,
turning the bath mat over the tub
(over)

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so that he could climb out if he
 jumped into ^{the tub} ~~it~~, 'pent ^{out} into, crackers
 and milk for his lunch, shut the
 door and left him. I left the door-
 key at my neighbor's so that Paul,
 the boy, might visit Toodles at
 noon. He did so and was searching
 for him and calling when his little
 friend landed on his back. When
 I returned from work I was still
 in bed. He came down stairs on
 my shoulder, ate, drank and
 played rather lazily and went up
 to bed again. Next morning he
 was up before I was. That day he
 climbed the tree again but came
 down ~~of himself~~ without help.

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TAXONOMIC AND RANGE INVESTIGATIONS.

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3) By this time he no longer disliked
out doors and the weather was growing
warm so I left him on ^{the} screened
back porch instead of taking him to
my neighbors. Painting and paper-
hanging were going on there and
I ^{feared} ~~Lozles~~ had made himself a little
too much at home anyway. From
the looks of the porch at night he
must have had a good time ^{all} by
himself. Of the ^{supply} ~~pile~~ of nuts left for
him ^{on the window sill} ~~not one~~ ^{remained} ~~was in sight~~ ^{there} they
were in every corner, in the tool
box, in the hammock ^{under the mat} of some
beans left over from planting. I
had split everyone - I ^{do} ~~could~~ not
think he ^{at} ~~had~~ eaten any. One
cold and rainy day I shut him in
the kitchen. I thought I had put
every thing out of reach but he
~~had~~ managed to give me an evening's
work clearing up after him. 10th

22
By the first of May he could
shell his own English walnuts and
hazel nuts. He promptly buried in
the earth the first nut I ever gave
him out in the garden. On the 6th
as I worked in the garden
he sat up straight in the characteristic
"squirrel look-out" attitude. He was
wild with joy over this ~~for~~ achievement.
I applauded him heartily and he came
running to me and we had a great
frolic. Again and again he struck
the paces, and then frolicked and
rolled and leaped in sheer delight.
He dug in the earth just where I was
digging and played with my fingers.
I often wondered what he thought
my hands were. Did he think they
were two little ~~playmates~~ ^{playmates as well as} ~~animals~~ ^{as well}
providers of milk and nuts, ^{as well}
or did he
~~as playmates~~ know they were attached

Washington, D. C.,

TAXONOMIC AND RANGE INVESTIGATIONS.

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BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

to that Big Creature it was such fun to climb up. He shortly found his voice and did much baby rumbling in his throat, and often he ~~stands~~ ^{shook} up, snapped his tail and chattered his teeth. His toilet had become more elaborate. Almost from the first he had washed his face ^{with} ~~his~~ his paws. Now he washed his arms and elbows and ^{the back of} his neck and behind his ears and the rim with which he did it would put most boys to shame. He dressed his tail in inch sections. All his movements were lightning quick. One morning as I ~~was~~ ^{vigorously} wiping my face, Toodles eyed me from his nest, he as vigorously washed his. Was it suggestion or merely a coincidence?

On the morning of the 10th I showed T a spider. He eyed it, smelled it ~~and~~ ^{and} to my amazement picked it up and ate it, and then sniffed around for more! Some days later

I placed another spider before him. He did not wait to smell it but promptly ate it. On the 15th I ~~put~~^{brought by a} toad for him to see. I stood at it, smelled it - then the toad hopped. That was interesting and I examined it more closely. Another hop, I went around in front and stared at the toad and the toad stared at me with its bulging eyes. But it did not move often enough and I lost interest.

In ~~an~~^{an upper} part of the screening on the porch where I now spent his days wind and weather had made a big hole. One evening when I returned he was not on the porch and I had some anxious moments until at my calling he came running from under the shrubs in the garden. The trees and shrubs in the yard were but 2 years old and offered but little to an aspiring climber. He enjoyed running about the yard, though, and I found he ate the seeds from ripe violet pods.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

TAXONOMIC AND RANGE INVESTIGATIONS.

Washington, D.C.

^{morning of}
 On the 19th of May my sister came to
 spend the summer and she and I at once
 adopted each other. As we sat at
 breakfast I jumped on the table, ~~she~~
 moved about and helped himself to
 a strawberry. He spat out bits of it ~~the~~
 (the seeds I think), so to save the tablecloth
 I lifted him onto a plate. He sat on
 it contentedly eating his strawberry until
 but a small piece was left. He wanted
 to bury that somewhere on the table but
 that puzzling Big Creature again interfered.

The ~~next~~ ^{morning} day left with his new friend,
 was a record day for fun from his
 point of ~~view~~ view, for destructiveness from
 ours. I had hardened my heart to keeping
 him out ~~out~~ ^{the} of the room unless I could
 give him undivided attention but my sister
 was more indulgent and I had a glorious
 day. He gnawed the cork out of an ink
 bottle ^{on} the desk, upset the bottle spilling
 some ^{cherished} negatives of himself; gnawed

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the edge of the desk; upset a bowl of grass
spilling the water on some books, and
upset another vase of flowers on the dining
table. He would have had more fun
but the new Big Creature was queer, too, and
put him out on the porch. This was
the last day he accepted milk, ~~for~~ his
tail was bushy and held aloft jauntily,
he could climb a tree and get through
a nut shell - Toodles was no longer
a baby.

For three days he had a
happy life in the garden. From ^{the} window
ledges he ate the tops of unopened rose buds,
~~gnawed boards that had been turned under~~
~~with compact~~ garden soil (feasted on
violet and ~~so~~ bellflower seed pods and
buried every nut he could lay paws on.
He scratched up a bone from the garden
where it had been turned under in
compost, carried it onto the front stoop
and gnawed it and after a while took
it back to the garden and buried it. My

27/
sister, preparing radishes for supper, offered
I one. He peeled it, rolling it swiftly in
his little hands as he did a nut, and
ate it with great gusto. Then he rolled
in the leaves as a kitten rolls in catnip
tossed them and played with them.

Our Saturday the 23rd when I returned
reached home expecting to be greeted as
usual by J I learned from my sorrowing
sister that he had disappeared shortly
after I left in the morning, that she
had searched and called in vain. Our
yard is surrounded by open grassy
fields, no houses near and no woods
within ~~forty~~^{thirty five} rods except a small
grove about some ¹⁵ rods distant
beyond a grassy vacant lot and a
road. Our little neighbor Paul had
helped in the search and shared our
anxiety - he had even seen a cat going
along the road ^{that} looked as if she might

have eaten a squirrel. We were to have company that evening and I set about getting supper trying to think of Toodles as safe in a tree somewhere and reminding myself I never wished to make a tame squirrel out of him.

But could a cat have — I only had three good feet and a cat could climb a tree — ~~we were a heavy hearted~~ Our first

guest arrived and the Toodles she had heard about — gone. ~~We all tried to~~

Each tried to ~~convince~~ ^{show} ~~the~~ others that so bright a creature

as Toodles could take care of himself but our cheerfulness was all on the outside until from the kitchen I heard a glad cry in the garden, "Oh, here's Toodles." ~~It was after 6 o'clock.~~

The little prodigal ^{greeted rapturously and} was given nuts and water. He ate ravenously and was cross and growled if we tried to ~~touch~~ ^{pet} him while he was eating. The other guest, ^{an old friend whose sleeves I ~~had~~ ^{was} in} his baby hood had ^{exploded} arriving at this time, offering his fingers in

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greeting was bitten by the little ingrate. Having eaten he did not care to play nor to be cuddled but sought his bed in the dust bag. The next morning ~~he~~ ^{early} ~~was~~ ^{was} up early. I ^{was} awakened ~~at~~ by his patterings down the stairs. Usually he came into my bedroom and waked me by clattering around the sewing machine or running over my cat or sitting on my pillow. I took him down to the porch and gave him nuts. With a nut in his mouth he at once climbed out the hole in the screen. He seemed excited and eager to be off. Surely a new world had opened to him the day before. There are squirrels in the woods about here and they sometimes come to the grove across the road. Had Zoodles seen his own kind? He showed no signs of having been in a fight. I had been told that squirrels ~~fight~~ ^{attack} any strange squirrel that appeared. I wanted to see where he

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went but he disappeared suddenly and
did not return until half past six that
evening. He ~~did not~~^{did not} want to be cuddled ~~and~~
and he had an absurdly preoccupied air for all the
world like a boy in his first long pants
who thinks himself a man and is im-
patient of his mother's ~~anxiety~~ fussing
over him. After eating hurriedly he
went busily to burying nuts - the cares
of life ~~are~~^{were} heavy upon him. After much
coaxing he played a little then off to
bed.

The next morning hoping to see
where he went each day I kept him
in until after breakfast. He went up
stairs and sat in the screened windows
looking out. After breakfast my sister
took him ~~out into the garden and~~^{plant}
with her when she went out to kill ^{lice}
on the roses. Instead of running
away I ate rose buds, but later in
the morning ^{he} jumped from her

shoulder and was off like a flash
 for the grove across the road. ~~the~~
 returning as usual at night. The next
 morning happening to stop before the
 looking glass while I was on my
 shoulder he confirmed my surmise that
 he had met other squirrels, for he showed
 excitement and tried to reach his reflection.
 Long before I had purposely ~~shown~~ ^{told} him
~~his reflection~~ before a mirror but he
 showed no concern whatever. This
 day ~~he~~ played ^{about} ~~about~~ the yard until 4
 o'clock, and added rhubarb to his already
 varied diet. That evening we were
 going to hear Colonel Roosevelt lecture
 and I had not returned when it was
 time for us to leave. I left the door
 key with faithful little Paul who agreed to
 sit on our porch till dark to let I in
 to go to bed. During the lecture my
 mind wandered from the River of

Toodles like human
spring in instinctive
love of climbing - as
children's instinct come
to them from the dwelling
ancestors.

May 23 (Sat) T. declares his
independence. Left the yard
about 8 am. Saw anxiety
as to his fate - About 6:15
T. returned hungry &
thirsty and craved of cuddles
while eating. Didn't care
much to play or be
petted. Went to bed. Next
morning up early, not
waiting to come in bed-
room. Placed on porch

with me at ^{paper, imp. inst. to get a} outside. Kefted him back
& begged him not to leave
home quite as soon. Ate
one on porch post - dis-
appeared while I was
dressing.

Wonder if he has met other
squirrels - no signs of having
fought many battles.

Fun gnawing on his scarred
foot

Returned about 6:30 Sunday
evening. Has preoccupied
air, for all the world like
a boy ^{boy} that thinks himself
a man & is impatient of
his mother's anxiety & ~~and~~
affection. Foodles seems
painfully human just

now doesn't want to
be cuddled, ~~not to~~
~~play~~ After eating
his fill goes busily
to burying nuts - the
cares of life are heavy
upon him. after
much coaxing
plays as formerly
for a little while
then off to bed.

^{May 25}
Monday, hoping to
see where he went
daily, ~~but~~ kept him
in house till after
breakfast. He went
up stairs & sat in
screened windows,
hall & bedroom,
alternately, looking
out. Did not appear
to be distressed or
unhappy. After

breakfast Syd went
out to kill lice on
roses. I went along
& insisted on eating
the buds. After being
lifted away several
times S. sheet him
in hallway. Later,
going to vegetable
patch took I. along
on her shoulder. He
jumped & was off
like a flash to the
south (Stellhorn?)
trees

^{May 26}
Tuesday kept him
in till after breakfast.
Played about all
day till 4 o'clock.
S. gave him rhubarb
leaves. Ate stem end
with great enjoyment
played with & rolled
in leaves, springing

up & playing with
kitten. Disappeared
between 4 & 4:30. Dog
went & hear J.R.
Doodles not home,
asked Paul to stay
on porch to let him
in house. During
lecture mind wandered
frequently to Doodles
wondering if he were
safe in bed - where
is my wandering
boy tonight? - Found
him snug in his
bag on our return.
Slept till 7 next
morning. Came down
stairs on my back.
Ate nut. followed
me upstairs when
I went. Played over
my cot - wanted to

play in sewing
machine & then
in herb. case but
(women are so funny)
no doubt he thought
wouldn't let him.

At breakfast jumped
on table, ate rice
out of the ~~rose~~ bowl, drank
water from it, smelled
of stewed gooseberries
& helped himself, tak-
ing one out with
his hands & sitting
up to eat it. Ate
two or three & wiped
his mouth on the
table cloth — so like
a human child.

Disappeared about
8. Seems to vanish
suddenly.

— Loving his baby look.

May 19 ^{3rd} ~~7th~~ Syd came
- fell in love with J
abouze. Next day
left with her was
his record day for
from his point of
or adventures, from
ours destructiveness.

~~Shaw~~ Gnawed cork
out of ink bottle
upset bottle, spoiling
his negative. Gnawed
desk, upset rose
bowl on stair and
~~soaked~~ wetting
books Gray Man.
S. Am. + dictionary.
upset vase on din-
ing table.

20, 21, 22. — good time,
eating rose buds, bones
(carried bone up on
ledge under lantern)
violet pods, weeds,
~~some of the~~ *Carex* *hirsuta*

water. Found chestnut
in one slipper. Heirined
tree developing daily.
Approaches an object cau-
tiously. tail held to one
side as they do in shell.
Eats out in inherited manner.
Laid gathering brushy, often
held up in play. As usual
not in watch face with
paw. Begins to pick up
crumbs from his mate. Eats
peanuts not shelled, but
very often hungry & no
shellie nuts in reach. Like
cracker.

Very playful, jumps &
frisks & swallows with
a snap. Wander what
he thinks I am? One

big animal or are very
hands 2 animals to him.
knocked brown down.
scared, "froze" then very
quietly went to the sack,
Chair & cuddled down
between the pillows, for all
the world like a child
who has done some
mischievous. Startles at
any new sounds but
very quickly learns not
to be afraid. Sunday (19th)
damp wood, one fire snuffed
loudly. Tardly dropped
~~and~~ he was sitting &
fled under desk. Cautiously
returned. Another crash,
fled but came back

sooner, third & fourth
crash ran but came
back quickly, after that
paid no attention.
Masked over nose with
wet feet; took pictures 19th

Sunday May 3. Warm day.
"Buried" peanut in fringe
on rug - after 2 or 3 hours
out doors while I was
weeping he got this pe-
nut & ate it. Doesn't
seem to like out doors very
well. Cries to me, hides
under my clothes nearly
all the time. ~~So -~~ ~~at last~~
a very little in dirt, nibbled
at chickweed & at lure
or grass. Back in house

very playful, can go up
stairs, ^{to first floor} grease rotten chairs,
pencil tries to gnaw
dictionary & returns again
& again to it when I
put him elsewhere.
Loves to get on desk - as
sitting there to him is
getting on in desk drawer
began gnawing papers - I
took them out & put in
some catalogs to put
to him. Climbed from one
compartment of paper to
another (3 in all). So sleepy
now & asleep as dictionary
but like a baby, would shut
close eyes. Crawled in desk
drawer - quiet asleep.

He ^{soon} began to notice sounds and to show caution. This Sunday he was busy eating a nut when a piece of damp wood on the open fire snapped loudly. I dropped his nut and fled under the deck. In a minute or two he cautiously returned and picked up his ~~the~~ nut when bang! the wood went again. He fled but came back sooner. At the third and fourth crack he ran away but returned quickly and after that paid no attention to the crackling fire.

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and to put Tard it between pillows.
He snuggled up to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~bo~~ it comfortably and
in an hour or so came out again as
playful as ever. In spite of his thick
fur he was ^{very} sensitive to the cold and
on chilly nights he had the hot water
bottle for company. Evidently heat was
pleasant to him for he always got as
close to the bottle as possible. Lest he
cook himself I put warm not hot
water in the bottle. ^{He had graduated from the nursing school and was working between pillows in the big chair}
Though I had all the milk, ^{and nut meats} he

would take. I thought he needed some
food he was not getting for he often
nibbled at my fingers and ~~at~~ ear lobes. I
offered him cracker, butter, macaroon
each of which he ate ^{a little} of. Later cracker
came to be part of his regular diet. I
offered him lettuce, carrot and apple
but he would ~~have~~ not accept
any of them. Water he drank by lapping
holding his head out ^{flat} to avoid wetting
his long nose. My neighbor gave him

8
his milk from a spoon, it was ^{any}
better than the dropper, and he ^{made} offered
no objection. When I offered him milk
in a spoon, however, he ^{would not take it} ^{but} ran up and
down my arm and frisked about
impatiently and looked at me. I
~~imagined~~ ^{fantasied} reproachfully and ~~fantasied~~ ^{imagined} his
saying "Don't you love your Toodles
any more?" He liked to suck his milk
from the dropper and until he weaned
himself late in May he always got
it so from me. When he wet his little
chin ~~either with water or~~ he wiped it
on anything handy, ~~even running up~~ ^{often my}
~~his~~ shirt or sleeve. In eating
shelled peanuts he cleaned off the skin
then ate down the inner face of each
half, ^{only,} leaving it a boat-shaped shell.
In a few days more he began to grow
things, slept less and played more. One
morning taking him to my neighbor
he jumped from my shoulder, just

For the adventure, apparently, for he did not try to ~~run~~ get away but row up my arm readily when I stooped for him.

Sunday, April 26, ~~was~~ ^{over} a red letter day in Tex development. In the morning he got through his first nut shell, a boiled chestnut. He was ~~plainly~~ delighted with himself, climbing the chairs and jumping to the deck or table and running up the face of the brick fireplace and sharpening his teeth by gnawing the mortar. Living in close daily intimacy with the little creature ~~animal~~ one comes to understand him and his motives and emotions. I did not humanize him any more than I squirrelized myself but on such close acquaintance we both realized that we were akin, even though the kinship were a long way back - we were fellow mammals at least. Toddlers joy of life and delight in achievement were too plainly shown to be

He began to notice sounds and show
caution.

Sundays, ~~our~~ ~~only~~ days together
all day,
were happy days for both of us.
The 26th of April

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TAXONOMIC AND RANGE INVESTIGATIONS.

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Toodles: a Foundling Squirrel

On One day in early April a Smithsonian messenger ~~by~~ crossing the Mall rescued a baby squirrel from some boys who were teasing him. The baby's right hind foot was injured, the toes gone and the fur torn from the top of the ^{little} foot. He found much sympathy in the Smithsonian. A girl cataloguer took him home and she and her sister gave him milk from a teaspoon and cuddled him & named him and made a nest for him of a breakfast food box with cotton batting for bedding. ~~and named him~~ ^{cuddled him}. The second night in his new home ~~but was colder~~ ^{he} chilled Toodles by climbing ~~he~~ lessened his popularity by climbing up the bedclothes and ~~cuddling~~ ^{making} himself snug at the feet of the third girl who shared the apartment. I had coveted this Toodles and after this adventure they ~~gave him to me to raise~~ ^{brought him to the} ~~he~~ ^{gave} him to me to raise. He was a little fellow ~~that~~ you

could hold in the palm of your hand.
His tail was long and not bushy and
he never held it up. ^{But his eyes were bright and his teeth sharp.} ~~He~~ Zoodles
passed the ~~first~~ day of his transfer of
guardianship in the rooms of the grass
herbarium in the Smithsonian, sleeping
most of the time in his cotton batting
bed. The Chief shared his noonday
bottle of milk with the little foundling and
I fed it to him by means of a fountain
pen ~~filler~~ filler. He took to this without
any coaxing and it became the accepted
method of feeding. He would flatten him-
self out in my left hand, the tail
and hind legs extended, the legs
kicking with satisfaction or im-
patience, ^{and} his little hands grasping
the dropper of milk. He nibbled at
shelled pecans, holding the nut in
his hands but ^{down on all fours,} resting on his elbows.
~~It was April 11 when I took him home.~~

~~He had sharp little teeth and he readily~~
~~gnawed the meat meat but he spilled~~
~~so much of it~~ ^{He} dropped so many
crumbs he did not seem to get
much of ^{the meat} into his little 'tummy.
but it was good practice ~~however~~, and
I kept him ^{he was given all he would nibble.} supplied with meat scraps.
When we reached home that night
he pattered around the room, ^{a few minutes} his claws
clicking on the bare floor. Then he
had warm milk and after that he
crept into his nest, ^{a large mailing tube, stopped at} and pulled the cotton
in after himself until the mouth of the
^{tube} box was closed. He was not a fresh
air faddist, he always kept his nose
as far away from fresh air as he
could get it. ^{over} The next morning
after his warm milk, I offered him bread
softened in milk but he would none
of it, though he sucked a little at the
milk. I put him in a big
unsweetened food but learned to eat
crackers and later ~~a~~ ^{developed} a surprisingly

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I put his nest in a basket and, ^{together} took it
with milk and dropper, placed it beside
my bed, ^{so} that I could feed him if he
waked in the night.

ref. covered invalid chair while I ate
breakfast and he ran up the back of
it though his ~~fourth~~ foot was ^{not} ~~still raw~~
~~and~~ ~~not~~ yet healed and he had but
three legs to climb with.

As I live alone I took Toodles in
his nest in a basket, ^{together with his milk dropper and} to my next ^{neighbor} ~~neighbor~~
neighbor, some 20 or 30 rods distant
to care for during the day. He made himself
very welcome to her and to the rest of the
family, and so we brought him up be-
tween us, I taking him there each morning
except Sunday, and stopping for him
on my way home in the evening.

Toodles' intelligence and developing in-
stincts ^{were} became so interesting that I began
keeping ^{kept} a record or "baby book" of his
doings.

His most pronounced instinct
at first was to climb especially up anything
that resembled a dark passage. As I carried
him to and fro ~~he~~ would run up under
my sweater, or under my skirts, and

~~While I ate breakfast~~ ~~Toodles~~

in arms to be sure—but on back or shoulder or head even, or under ones skirts. To make it more comfortable for both of us, since he insisted upon hanging on to me somewhere, I tied a string about my waist over the apron which hung from my shoulders. This gave him a nest over my stomach and ^{he} struggled contentedly into it. Once when he was curled up there I coughed. Toodles roused and came to the top of the apron and looked about to see what caused the disturbance, and then his nest shook with laughter.

with laughter.
On his second Sunday with me I took Toot of doors to photograph him. It was cold and windy and after ten or fifteen minutes the little fellow seemed to be chilled. I brought him in and was distressed to see him shaking and to hear his little teeth chatter. I hastened to fill the hot water bottle

Difficulty of carrying Lawrence with
with a baby - not in arms but
on back or shoulders or
head even or under ones
shirts. When he sought to be
asleep - sometimes wakes if I
turn light on & wants to play.
"Mays-birds" "crack" in fringe of
eyes. - Run about looking at

to see what he can jump on.
Quick as a flash & all his
movements. No longer willing
to cuddle down & be quiet. Greatly
excited over fringe of wing, pulls,
pounces plays, then scrapes it
together and pats it, as if tugging.
Has taken to pressing his tail.
Sands & eats hidden cracker

May 4 - Toddles has a ^{very} busy day.
When I came down stairs this
morning I found he had
dug about half pint of soil
out of the pot of *Curculigo* on
stair landing.

Returning from work found I
had been up the tree by this all

afternoon. He was up as high as
2nd story window. Ran out
on branches and twigs but
apparently afraid to come
down. Mrs. M reached out
a board to him from
window & he jumped
up on that & so was brought

down. Did not seem disturbed by a denture. At some
mats. When Paul & I returned from
woods with plants to eat out
to J. out with us. He dug in
ground & in basket of plants
& nibbled leaves. I took out
2 pails of water for newly set
plants. While nursing one

J. jumped into the other, swam
across bravely before I'd time
to rescue him. Took him out
& hurried into the house -
wiped him dry - he protesting
& barking. He dried easily,
the little wet tail brushed out
again. Then I gave him a nut
& put him in his chair. As here I
returned from garden J. had got into the

4 lazily stretched himself across
two leather hooks, fore paws over
one, hind legs over another &
then went back to bed, con-
gratulating himself no doubt
that unlike his foster parent &
friend he did not have to get
up & go to work whether he felt
like it or not. I put everything
out of way that might injure him

May 5. Yesterday was little to record.
J. was not up before one as
usual. Did not disturb him.
When I went to bathroom to
dress after 7 I struck head out
of bag - did not come out. I
brought up his warm milk
& he took breakfast in bed
from dropper. Then while I
finished dressing he came out

May 10-15

Chased a spider, looked at it
smelled it, picked it up in his
hands and ate it and smelled
around for more!
May 15 am. brought in toad for
him to see. Stared at it, smelled
it, toad hopped, then I took notice
examined it with more interest
another hop - went around in
front & stared at it & it stared

at Tordillo with its biggest, most puffy
eyes. Ready to receive it as if ^{it} tried
to repeat his reception of the spider.

Tried to bury a runt down
the back of my neck at
breakfast.

May 30
Sunday evening couldn't find
J. left asleep in dark drawer.
Search and calling discovered
him in drawer bag in both
rooms. Brought him down &
put him under pillow in big
chair. Didn't suit him. ~~seemed~~
by like nap so gave him a
lemon deuter. But he wouldn't

settle down, after going
up & down stairs ² ~~times~~
several times, has gone
into desk drawer, again
Later went up to dust
bag again

May 6 - J. has learned to sit up
straight. & is very proud of
the accomplishment. While I
was working in garden in
evening I forced straight
up little ^{arms} on his breast. "Good
afflicted little ^{arms} on his breast. "Good
the your shoulders, getting to be a
big barrel aren't your ^{little} shoulders
buddles! Then he came running
& we had a great frolic. Again

he posed as evidently self
conscious as a little child
that calls, "Look auntie, look
at me" and then performs
the ^{trick} stunt of jumping off a
step. I was certainly pleased
with himself & very frolicsome
in consequence, digging just
where I dug, playing with

my fingers as I set out
violets & nibbling the leaves.
He has found his voice, too, does
a lot of baby rumbling in his
throat. Chatter teeth.

Toadles washes himself as
does a cat. It is funny to see
him wash his arms and
elbows. His tail he does in
such retracts.

May 11-15. J. washes him
self like a cat, does the
tail in quick sections. The
vin with which he
washes behind his ears
would put most boys
to shame

When I ret. at night still in bed.
He came down, ate, drank
played rather lazily & went
up to bed again. Next morn.
heard him before I arose. At
his went up tree again &
came down in p.m. Acc
birds nests under rug. Have
company - insects on coming
to table.

if he meddled with it, sent
nuts, crackers & milk out
from his lunch, shut door &
left him. ^{1st of July} Paul came to
visit him at noon. Paul had
fed him, while searching
& calling surprised by Jess
standing on his back. Thought
Tom must have been overruling!

Took photos before this.
Simply won't be cute
before camera. Nibbled
pencil & thumb but not
for camera.

Put his loves old red silk
neck tie. Gets inside ~~Pants~~
blouse & runs round &
around his body

May 3 - Left Toodles in
drawer asleep, came back
to find him ^{under} struggling
with long pencil, gnawing
point but finding it dif-
ficult to handle. Trim
head of that pen. Division
drawing board of soft wood
gnaws that for awhile

When taking his features he
jumped from window
sill to my back and
sprang for door, but no
where to land fell, landing
safely on his feet but
seemingly somewhat
startled. Clung to me with
beating heart for several
minutes.

Drawing board fills a long
felt want (for sure as well
as Tordles - glad to have
something I'm willing
to have gnawed). When I
saw him from the dist.
by a tap of my pencil
or a warbling motion

he takes it for part of the
game + runs right back
+ does it over again. Perches
on my pencil and as I
write + hangs on. Follows
pencil along paper.

Baby talk instinct

Director bag as near to
a high hole as C.C.
afforded

wanted to get out so opened
door for him, though it
looked like rain & wished
he would stay home. I fol-
lowed him as he left. He
proceeded with many stops.
Once turned & came back to me
but jumped from my shoulder
& made for grave again. Then
a brisk shower came & he
turned and ran for me &
got under my skirt. Brought
him home. Rain over, in
an hour or so wanted to go
again. Let him out, played
in yard, resatched newly sets
out violet seedlings, frowed
a bone, spent about half an

hour then left for the grove.
Set nuts & water in porch
box in case he came Sunday
when ^{we} were not home. Sunday
~~about~~ 4 or 5 pm. T. came home
- went out to meet him. Ate
ravenously, drank, wouldn't
play. Took him up to bath-
room. jumped from my
shoulder to dress on hook
& climbed to his nest.

~~to look~~ ^{to look} in close daily inter-
course with the little animal
we strive to understand
him. It is not that I
and his mysteries and emotions

humanize him any
more than I domesticate
myself, but we realize an
such close acquaintance
that we are akin even
if ~~it be~~ ^{the friendship} a long way
back - we are fellow
mammals anyway.

Mrs. Agnes Chase, 5403 Reno Road
Washington DC

By Agnes Chase
Illustrations by Mary Wright Gill.

Toodles: A Foundling Squirrel.

One day in early April a Smithsonian messenger crossing the Mall rescued a baby squirrel from some boys who were teasing him. The baby's right hind foot was injured, the toes gone and the fur torn from the top of the little foot. He found much sympathy in the Smithsonian. A girl cataloguer took him home and she and her sister gave him milk from a teaspoon and cuddled him and named ^{him} and made a nest for him of a breakfast food box with cotton batting for bedding. The second night in his new home, it was chilly and Toodles lessened his popularity by climbing up the bedclothes and making himself snug at the feet of a third girl who shared the apartment and slept on a cot. I had coveted their Toodles and ~~and~~ after this adventure they gave him to me to raise. He was a little fellow that you could hold in the palm of your hand. His tail was long and not bushy and he never held it up. But his eyes were bright and his teeth sharp. Toodles passed the day of his transfer of guardianship in the rooms of the grass herbarium ~~in the Smithsonian~~, sleeping most of the time in his cotton-batting bed. The Chief shared his noonday bottle of milk with the little foundling and I fed it to him by means of a fountain-pen filler. He took to this without any cooing and it became the accepted method of feeding. *On one of the lantern slides you will see him taking milk* He would flatten himself out in my left hand, the tail and hind legs extended, the legs kicking with satisfaction or impatience and his little hands grasping the dropper of milk. *He likes today's taste* He nibbled at shelled pecans, holding the nut in his hands but down on all fours, resting on his elbows. He dropped so many crumbs, he did not seem to get much of the meat into his little tummy, but

it was good practice and he was given all he would nibble. When we reached home that night, he pattered around the room a few minutes his claws clicking on the bare floor. Then he had warm milk and after that he crept into his nest, a large mailing tube stopped at one end, and pulled the cotton in after himself until the mouth of the tube was closed. He was not a fresh air faddist, he always kept his nose as far away from fresh air as he could get it. I put his nest in a basket and, together with milk and dropper, placed it beside my bed so that I could feed him if he waked in the night. The next morning after his warm milk, I offered him bread softened in milk but he would ^{not touch} none of it, though he sucked a little at the milk. I put him in a big rep-covered invalid chair while I ate breakfast and he ran up the back of it though his foot was not yet healed and he had but three legs to climb with.

As I live alone, I took Toodles in his nest in a basket together with his milk-dropper and his nuts to my next neighbor, some 20 or 30 rods distant, to care for during the day. He made himself very welcome to her and to the rest of the family, and so we brought him up between us, I taking him there each morning, except Sunday, and stopping for him on my way home in the evening.

Toodles' intelligence and developing instincts were so interesting that I kept a record or "baby book" of his doings. His most pronounced instinct at first was to climb, especially up anything that resembled a dark passage. He would run up under my sweater or under my skirts; and when a little botanical club met here a few days after Toodles' adoption, he ran up the men's trousers and

3 under their coats and finally, exploring a sleeve, snuggled down happily, his bright eyes peering out ^{at the cuff} beneath the owner's wrist ~~at the cuff~~ as from a hollow log. His method of taking milk and the gusto with which he drank it won hearty applause and there was more zoology than botany discussed that evening. This was the first day (April 16) that Toodles attempted to sit up squirrel-fashion to nibble his nuts. He humped over considerably and occasionally lost his balance and toppled forward. Having mastered the art of sitting without the use of his arms he at once began the characteristic squirrel trick of turning one little paw in on his breast --his hand on his heart it looked like--while hesitating as to his next move.

4 I soon began to realize the difficulty of doing housework with a baby--not in arms to be sure--but on back or shoulder or head even, or under one's skirts. To make it more comfortable for both of us, since he insisted upon hanging on to me somewhere, I tied a string about my waist over the apron which hung from my shoulders. This gave him a nest over my stomach and he snuggled contentedly into it. Once when he was curled up there I coughed. Toodles roused and came to the top of the apron and looked about to see what caused the disturbance, ^{to his nest} ~~and then his next shock~~ ~~with laughter.~~

On his second Sunday with me I took Toodles out of doors to photograph him. It was cold and windy and after ten or fifteen minutes the little fellow seemed to be chilled. I brought him in and was distressed to see him shaking and to hear his little teeth chatter. I hastened to fill the hot water bottle and to

put Toodles and it between pillows. He snuggled up to it comfortably and in an hour or so came out again as playful as ever. In spite of his thick fur he was very sensitive to the cold and on chilly nights he had the hot water bottle for company. Evidently heat was pleasant to him for he always got as close to the bottle as possible. Lest he cook himself, I put warm, not hot water in the bottle. He had graduated from the mailing tube and basket to a bed between pillows in the big chair. He soon began to notice sounds and to show caution. This Sunday he was busy eating a nut when a piece of damp wood in the open fire snapped loudly. Toodles dropped his nut and fled under the desk. In a minute or two he cautiously returned and picked up his nut when bang! went the wood again. He fled but came back sooner. At the third and fourth crack he ran away but returned quickly and after that paid no attention to the crackling fire.

Though ^{he} ~~liked~~ all the milk and nut meats he would take, I thought he needed some food he was not getting for he often nibbled at my fingers and ear lobes. I offered him cracker, butter, macaroon, each of which he ate a little of. Later cracker came to be part of his regular diet. I offered him lettuce, carrot and apple but he would not accept any of them. Water he drank by lapping, holding his head out flat to avoid wetting his long nose. My neighbor gave him his milk from a spoon, it was less bother than the dropper, and he made no objection. When I offered him milk in a spoon, however, he would not take it but ran up and down my arm and frisked about impatiently and looked at me, I fancied reproachfully and ⁹ imagined his saying, "Don't you love your Toodles

any more?" He liked to suck his milk from the dropper and until he weaned himself late in May he always got it so from me. When he wet his little chin he wiped it on anything handy, often my skirt or sleeve. In eating shelled peanuts he cleaned off the skin then ate down the inner face of each half only, leaving it a boat-shaped shell. ⁹ In a few days more he began to gnaw things, slept less and played more. One morning taking him to my neighbor's he jumped from my shoulder, just for the adventure, apparently for he did not try to get away but ran up my arm readily when I stooped for him. Sundays, together all day, were happy days for both of us. *slide 4* The 26th of April was a red letter day in Toodle's development. In the morning he got through his first nut shell, a boiled chestnut. He was delighted with himself, climbing the chairs and jumping to the desk or table and running up the face of the brick fireplace and sharpening his teeth by gnawing the mortar. Living in close daily intimacy with the little creature ^I ~~one~~ ^{came} to understand him and his motives and emotions. I did not humanize him any more than I squirrelized myself but on such close acquaintance we both realized that we were akin, even though the kinship ^{was} ~~were~~ a long way back--we were fellow mammals at least. Toodles' joy of life and delight in achievement ^e were too plainly shown to be mistaken. ¹⁰ From the first Toodles had delighted in jumping through ^{onto} ~~out~~ a child's little rush-bottom chair on the hearth. *The chair shown in first 2 pictures* By turning over this chair and another but larger one like it and placing them together it made a series of jumps and climbs that Toodles enjoyed. His climbing instinct was growing ever stronger.

Again and ~~again~~^{of} he tried to go up the stairs only to fall back. Climbing up the chair back he could jump to the desk, which stands against the stairway. Whether or not he knew that this was the place he had been trying to get I do not know. He tried from here to go higher but failed. But he could descend, that was something new and he made the circuit several times, up the chair (or my skirt) on to the desk, on to the stairs and down again. He showed curiosity, nosed about on the desk and wanted to gnaw the books. He tried to bury a nut in the fringe of the rug. This instinct had shown itself before in his scratching at the rug, especially the fringe, and then patting it. This time the instinct appeared full grown, he gathered the fringe about the nut as much as possible, then patted it and went off happy. This day was all joy for him except for being posed for pictures. However happy he was in the open as soon as I placed the camera he sought a dark corner.

His foot was healed completely now and he became more playful every day, and squirrel habits appeared rapidly. He washed his face with his paws like a cat. His tail was getting bushy. It was often held up in play but usually out straight. One trick he began at this time I never learned the significance of. Standing up straight with his paws on some support, as the arm of a chair, he chattered his teeth and snapped his tail. I ^{suspect} ~~expect~~ it was some manner of squirrel talk to his own species that as yet he knew not. His burying instinct was daily evidenced by nuts and bits of cracker under the edge of the rugs, or by finding them in my

and by his jumping to feet the thing he was afraid of

slippers, in the chairs, or in corners. He developed the trick of his relatives in the Mall, lowering the tail to one side and approaching an object cautiously, pausing with his hand on his heart and advancing again. The play of a kitten is that of a beast of prey, a hunter. Toodles' play was that of the hunted. He would play at being cautious, warily approaching an object, the hearth broom or my foot perhaps, with body low and tail held to one side, with many halts and starts.

One evening when I was putting the house to rights, Toodles knocked down the broom which was leaning against the fireplace. It fell with a bang, and Toodles "froze", not a muscle moved for at least a minute. Then very quietly he went to the rocking chair and cuddled down between the pillows, subdued after his narrow escape from the terrible Thing that moved so swiftly and made such an awful noise when he touched it.

Shortly after this Toodles jumped ^{out} ~~put~~ the window at my neighbor's into a tree close by and ran down the trunk. But he made no attempt to run away.

The next Sunday was fine and I took Toodles into the garden with me but he did not yet like to be out doors. He scratched a little in the earth and nibbled at chickweed but most of the time he clung to me or hid under my skirts. Back in the house he was happy and full of play. He got out and ate a peanut he had "buried" in the fringe of a rug before we went out. This day he succeeded in his oft-repeated attempt to go up the stairs and had a happy time of it running up and down or sitting on an upper step complacently looking down from between the rails. Finally

he jumped from the end of an upper step, about 7 feet high. He landed safely but was subdued in his behavior for a few minutes and did not do it again. By this time a passion for gnawing had come to possess him. He gnawed everything and kept me busy saving my belongings from his sharp teeth. He was particularly happy on the desk, there were so many things to investigate, such toothsome pencils, and above all the dictionary. He returned to that again and again when I put him elsewhere. If I try to scare him off by a tap of my pencil or a warning motion he takes it for part of the game, pounces on my pencil and hangs on as I write, then back to the dictionary. Then he discovered a drawing board of soft wood. That filled a long felt want for both of us. I was glad to have something I was willing to have gnawed. He got into the open drawer of the desk and began gnawing papers. I took them out and put in some seed catalogues for him. This kept him busy for a while. Finally he quieted down on the dictionary, and lay there, the lids dropping over the bright eyes, but, like human babies, he tried hard to keep them open. Then he crawled back into the desk drawer and went to sleep. I left him there while I had supper. When I came back to the desk ^{after supper} he had disappeared. After considerable search and calling I found him in the duster-bag high on a clothes-hook in the bath room. He must have reached the bag by climbing a bathrobe which hung on an adjoining hook. I brought him down and put him in his usual place between pillows in the big chair. But he would not settle down. Perhaps he liked bed clothes. I gave him a clean duster but that did not satisfy him. After fussing about a while he went back up to the duster-bag, and that was his nest henceforth.

He was always cleanly and after the first week or so never soiled his nest. The climbing instinct had led him to the highest place in the ~~house~~ ^{house} -- "Excelsior!" -- and only then was he satisfied. *This was his nest henceforth.*

8 The next day was a busy one too. When I came down stairs in the morning I found he had been up before me and had scooped out about half a pint of earth from a flower pot on the stair-landing. When I stopped at my neighbor's for him on my way home from work I found he had been up the tree all afternoon. He was as high up as the second story windows. As I called and coaxed him he ran out on branches and made starts to descend the trunk but was evidently afraid -- he had claws on three feet only. From an upper window, my neighbor reached out a board to him, he jumped upon it and so was brought down. He did not seem subdued as was his wont after unpleasant adventures. I left him eating nuts on the screened back porch while ^{then} my neighbor's small boy and I went ^{some} to the near by woods for wild flowers ^{to dig} to set out ^{in the} garden. *taking* When we returned we took Toodles into the garden with us. He dug in the earth and frolicked joyously. I had taken out two pails of water for the transplanting. While I was using one, Toodles ^{By the time I reached him he was digging (as I)} jumped into the other. I hurried him into the house and wiped him dry, ^{at} he scolding and barking. ^{at} He dried easily and the little rat-tail fluffed out again. Then I gave him a nut and put him in the big chair. When I came in from the garden he had gone to bed in the duster-bag. That day of adventure was apparently a little too much for him. The next morning he was not up before me as usual. When I went into the bathroom he stuck his head out of the bag but did not come out. I brought up his warm milk and he took breakfast

in bed. Then while I finished dressing he came out and lazily stretched himself across two clothes hooks, fore paws over one, hind legs over another and presently went back to bed, congratulating himself, I thought, that unlike his foster parent he did not have to get up and go to work whether he felt like it or not. I put everything out of the way that might injure him if he meddled with it, hung the bath mat over the tub, so that he could climb out if he jumped into the tub, put out nuts, crackers and milk for his lunch, shut the door and left him. ~~I left the door-key at my neighbor's so that Paul, the boy, might visit Toodles at noon. He did so and was searching for him and calling when his little friend landed on his back.~~ When I returned from work, Toodles was still in bed. He came down stairs on my shoulder, ate, drank, and played rather lazily and went up to bed again. Next morning he was up before I was. That day he climbed the tree again but came down without help.

8 By this time he no longer disliked out doors and the weather was growing warm so I left him on the screened back porch instead of taking him to my neighbor's. Painting and paper-hanging were going on there and I feared Toodles had made himself a little too much at home anyway. From the looks of the porchth at night, he must have had a good time all by himself. Of the supply of nuts left for him on the window sill not one remained there, but they were in every corner, in the tool box, in the hammock, under the mat. Of some beans left over from planting, Toodles had split everyone-- I do not think he ate any. One cold and rainy day, I shut him in

the kitchen. I thought I had put every thing out of reach but he managed to give me an evening's work clearing up after him. By the first of May, Toodles could shell his own English walnuts and hazel nuts. He promptly buried in the earth the first nut I ever gave him out in the garden. On the evening of the 6th, ^{9 May} as I worked in the garden he for the first time sat up straight in the characteristic squirrel "lookout" attitude. He was wild with joy over this achievement. I applauded him heartily and he came running to me and we had a great frolic. Again and again he struck the pose, and then frolicked and rolled and leaped in sheer delight. He dug in the earth just where I was digging and played with my fingers. ^{and ran over me.} I often wondered what he thought my hands were. Did he think they were two little playmates as well as providers of milk and nuts, or did he know they were attached to that Big Creature it was such fun to climb up?

10 He shortly found his voice and did much baby rambling in his throat. And oftener he stood up, snapped his tail and chattered his teeth. His toilet had become more elaborate. Almost from the first he had washed his face with his paws. Now he washed his arms and elbows and the back of his neck and behind his ears, and the vim with which he did it would put most boys to shame. He dressed his tail in inch sections. All his movements were lightning quick. One morning as I vigorously wiped my face, Toodles eyeing me from his nest, he as vigorously washed his. Was it suggestion or merely a coincidence?

9
On the morning of the 10th, I showed Toodles a spider. He eyed it, smelled it, and to my amazement picked it up and ate it, and then sniffed around for more! Some days later, I placed another spider before him. He did not wait to smell it but promptly ate it. On the 15th I brought in a toad for him to see. Toodles stared at it, smelled it--then the toad hopped. That was interesting and Toodles examined it more closely. Another hop, Toodles went around in front and stared at the toad and the toad stared at Toodles, with its bulging eyes. But it did not move often enough and Toodles lost interest.

In an upper panel of the screening on the porch where Toodles now spent his days wind and weather had made a big hole. One evening when I returned he was not on the porch and I had some anxious moments until at my calling he came running from under the shrubs in the garden. The trees and shrubs in the yard were but two years old and offered but little to an aspiring climber. He enjoyed running about the yard, though, and I ^{saw him eat} ~~found he ate~~ the seeds from ripe violet pods.

On the morning of the 19th of May, my sister came to spend the summer and she and Toodles at once adopted each other. As we sat at breakfast Toodles jumped on the table, nosed about and helped himself to a strawberry. He spat out bits of it (the seeds I think), so, to save the table cloth, I lifted him on to a plate. He sat on it contentedly eating his strawberry until but a small piece was left. He wanted to bury that somewhere on the table but that puzzling Big Creature again interfered.

162 The morrow, left with his new friend, was a record day for fun, from his point of view, for destructiveness from ours. I had hardened my heart to keeping him out of the rooms unless I could give him undivided attention but my sister was more indulgent and Toodles had a glorious day. He gnawed the cork out of an ink bottle on the desk, upset the bottle, spoiling some cherished negatives of himself; gnawed the edge of the desk; upset a bowl of roses, spilling the water on some books, and upset another vase of flowers on the dining table. He would have had more fun but the new Big Creature was queer, too, and put him out on the porch.

This was the last day he accepted milk, his tail was bushy and held aloft jauntily, he could climb a tree and get through a nut shell--^{The fur had now grown on the sagged foot.} Toodles was no longer a baby. ^ For three days he had a happy life in the garden. From the window ledges he ate the tops off unopened rose buds, feasted on violet and bell-flower seed pods and buried every nut he could lay paws on. He scratched up a bone from the garden where it had been turned under in compost, carried it onto the front stoop and gnawed it and after a while took it back to the garden and buried it. My sister, preparing radishes for supper, offered Toodles one. He peeled it, rolling it swiftly in his little hands as he did a nut, and ate it with great gusto. Then he rolled in the leaves as a kitten rolls in catnip, tossed them and played with them.

On Saturday the 23rd when I reached home expecting to be greeted as usual by Toodles, I learned from my sorrowing sister that he had disappeared shortly after I left in the morning and that she had searched and called in vain. Our yard is surrounded by

open grassy fields, ^{houses} no homes near and no woods within twenty-five rods except a small grove some fifteen rods distant beyond a grassy vacant lot and a road. Our little neighbor Paul had helped in the search and shared our anxiety--he had even seen a cat going along the road that looked as if she might have eaten a squirrel. ~~We~~ were to have company that evening and I set about getting supper trying to think of Toodles as safe in a tree somewhere and reminding myself I never wished to make a tame squirrel out of him. But ~~could a cat have~~ [?] Toodles only had three good feet--and a cat could climb a tree. Our first guest arrived and the Toodles she had heard about--gone. Each tried to assure the others that so bright a creature as Toodles could take care of himself but our cheerfulness was all on the outside until ^{then} from the kitchen I heard a glad cry in the garden, "Oh, ~~here's~~ ^{here's} Toodles." The little prodigal was greeted rapturously and given nuts and water. He ate ravenously and was cross and growled if we tried to pet him while he was eating. The other guest, an old friend whose sleeves Toodles in his babyhood had explored, arriving at this time and offering his fingers in greeting was bitten by the little ingrate. Having eaten he did not care to play nor to be cuddled but sought his bed in the duster-bag. The next morning I was wakened early by his pattering down the stairs. Usually he came into my bedroom and waked me by clattering around the sewing machine or running over my cot or sitting on my pillow. I took him down to the porch and gave him nuts. With a nut in his mouth he at once climbed out the hole in the screen. He seemed excited and eager to be off. Surely a new world had opened to him the day before.

There are squirrels in the woods about ~~here~~ and they sometimes come to the grove across the road. Had Toodles seen his own kind? He showed no signs of having been in a fight. I had been told that squirrels attack any strange squirrel that appeared. I wanted to see where he went but he disappeared suddenly and did not return until half past six that evening. He did not want to be cuddled and he had an absurdly preoccupied air for all the world like a boy in his first long pants who thinks himself a man and is impatient of his mother's fussing over him. After eating hurriedly he went busily to burying nuts--the cares of life were heavy upon him--
After much coaxing he played a little, then off to bed.

The next morning hoping to see where he went each day, I kept him in until after breakfast. He went up stairs and sat in the screened windows looking out. After breakfast my sister took him with her, ~~when she went out to kill plant lice on the roses.~~ Instead of running away Toodles ate rose buds, but later in the morning he jumped from her shoulder and was off like a flash for the grove across the road, returning as usual at night. The next morning happening to stop before the looking-glass while Toodles was on my shoulder he confirmed my surmise that he had met other squirrels, for he showed excitement and tried to reach his reflection. Long before I had purposely held him before a mirror but he ^{had} ~~showed~~ ~~showed~~ no concern whatever. This day he played about the yard until four o'clock, and added rhubarb to his already varied diet. That evening we were going to hear Colonel Roosevelt lecture and Toodles had not returned when it was time for us to leave. I left the door key with faithful little Paul who agreed to sit on our porch

till dark to let Toodles in to go to bed. During the lecture, my mind wandered from the River of Doubt to Toodles, was he safe in his duster-bag nest? There were warm stirrings in the bag when I stood on the stool and felt in it when we got home and bright eyes peered over the edge and then sleepily blinked as Toodles snuggled down again in the bottom of the bag. The next morning he slept late, for him, not coming down till breakfast. He jumped on the table, ate a rose bud and drank out of the rose bowl. He smelled the stewed goose-berries and helped himself, taking one out with his little hands and sitting up to eat it. He ate a second and a third and then, before we could stop him, wiped his mouth on the tablecloth. String beans, asparagus and the succulent bases of grass he had also added to his bill of fare.

That evening as I was weeding Toodles ran up onto my shoulder, then jumped into a peach tree about three feet tall. He slid down the little trunk and sat at the bottom with arms and legs ^{left} around it looking like a miniature bear. The next morning, Toodles, ^{left} early and did not return that night nor the next. Saturday morning, Decoration Day, it looked like rain, the sky dark and low rumblings of thunder in the distance. Toodles came home about half past six or seven. He ate and drank and then played joyously ~~about me as I weeded in the garden.~~ Then he climbed the roses to the ledge at the top of the first story and went round and round the house, in and out of the rain troughs. He tried to climb the tiled roof but there was no hold for his little claws. Again and again, he attempted it, scratching desperately on the smooth tile.

12
The heights were a constant challenge to him and he always sought to conquer them. After a while, thinking he might be afraid to attempt the descent we put up the ladder and my sister went to his relief. He jumped to her hand but before she regained the ground he sprang up the ladder to the ledge again. The ladder proved to be a new and interesting thing to climb and kept him busy for some time. About nine, he ate a second breakfast and then acted cross and sleepy. I took him up to the bath room and he jumped for the bath robe that led to his nest, and went to bed. Before he came down again about one o'clock, I had put a new panel of screening on the porch in place of the broken one. After eating, Toodles ran up the screen to where the hole had been and was ^{greatly} evidently puzzled because it was not there. He returned to the floor and the table to get his bearings and came back again and again--he knew the right panel, too. ~~He made little runs elsewhere but always came back to where the hole had been.~~ It was certainly very curious, he knew he left that hole right there when he went to bed and now it was gone. He showed such uneasiness I opened the door for him, though it still looked like rain and I hoped he would stay home. He went down the walk with little runs and many stops but when he reached the alley steps he made off. I followed slowly, and once he ran back to me but jumped from my shoulder and made for the grove again. When he was on the open road a brisk shower came and Toodles came flying ^{back} and took shelter under my skirts, and was brought home willingly enough. In an hour the rain was over and Toodles again sought the lost hole in the screen. I let him out and he ~~played about~~ ^{after playing about} for some time.

scratching up seedling violets, I had just set out, gnawing a bone, and burying peanuts, before he left for the grove. He returned the next afternoon about five o'clock, ravenously hungry and growling in his little throat if we tried to pet him. Hunger satisfied, he went up to bed. *This time he stayed away.*

Toodles' next absence lasted for nearly a week. Then one day, the sky grew black, the winds blew, and awful, awful noises and terrible flashes of white light came out of the sky and a frightened little Toodles was found clinging to the screens. The little prodigal was joyfully taken in and fed but he was uneasy on the porch so he was taken up to the bath room when he promptly sought his bed and buried his head under his duster bed clothes while the storm raged. The next morning, he returned to the wild and never came back again.

He must have followed the other squirrels from the grove to the farther woods, for once after this he appeared at the back door of the house that had been a day nursery for him in his infancy, which house stands at the edge of the woods. His old friend let him in and then returned to her work of shelling peas. Toodles jumped on her lap, helped himself to peas and sat on her knee eating them. He was seen later in their strawberry patch with some seven or eight other squirrels--the little ingrate leading raids on the garden of those who had befriended him. The squirrels had never invaded the garden before so we judged it was Toodles who made known to them the delight of a strawberry patch. At various times he has returned to the tree he first climbed. Paul has tried to re-establish the old friendship, when Toodles used to crawl

inside Paul's blouse and then race around his body while Paul squirmed in joyous misery, but Toodles ~~will~~ keeps his distance. Once when Paul called "Toodles, Toodles", the squirrel hesitated but when the boy put out his hand "ur-r-r-k" growled Toodles and fled.

A gnawed desk and window sill, a peanut down the register, and the duster bag that now looks like an empty cradle--these outward and visible ^{and reminders} signs remain of the charming babyhood ~~passed~~ ^{but} here--~~and~~ I never wanted to make a tame squirrel out of him.

Agnes Chase

W.H. LANE
WASHINGTON D.C.



*Zoodles
first copy*

MRS. AGNES CHASE

DIV. OF AGROSTOLOGY

U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

WASHINGTON D.C.

Apr 9
Apr 11.
Milk from mountain pen
fuller. Eat ^{feed} goats lying down
in all pens. Tail not
brushing, never held up.
Sleep more of the time
laid to small under one
goat. Rest in box pulled
cotton in after. Mammals
Apr. 12 carried milk from
head & milk but no
milk at head. Climb bag
Apr 16. Re. Reiteration
C.C. Tumbledown & pitted
by all. Pair of Kestrels
Eat & down two sheep
two head appearing at
cuff at table. Run in to
at up & down Jackson

eat nuts but frequently lost
his balance & toppled
forward. Began to put
his hand over his heart
squeezed Jackson
tied string about waist to
make nest for him. Came
up to all cause of disturbance
when I coughed.

much from spine but from
dropper
Sunday Apr 17. - 10 drop per foot.

At 11 am morning
took his picture - shell
winked. Toes got chills
- shivered, but chattered. Put
him in big chair with hot
water bottle - pillow on
lap. Struggled up to bottle
comfortably all night.

in evening.
Apr 18th jumped from my
shoulder when taking him
to Mrs. ~~later~~

Eats macaroon, bit of
bun with sugar, butter
cracker. Seems to want
something, rubbles away
finger. Tried green
stuff, lettuce etc, apple
core etc, water. Eats, ^{chatters} ~~chatters~~
and cleans off skin.
eats only down the face
of each half leaving
hollowed "boat".

Begins to grow things.

April 22. First time of a
first nest shell. Baited
chickens. Celebrated by
climbing all the chicken
dish, up face of bird
fireplace, sharpening
teeth on mortar. Tries
to hide arnts. Very
playful.

20.22

Now playful every-
body. Jumped from Miss
window & ran up tree.
Paul had said "if I'll
have learn him to climb
a tree - but he knew more
about it than I did.
Chatter teeth & scratch tail
standing up straight with
paws all some support
stretch. Like a cat. Lap.

ledges & window sills.
Tried to climb till roof
but couldn't. Stayed so
long thought he was
afraid to ^{try to} come down.
Offered him broom to
climb on, he refused.
Put up ladder, Syd
reached up and he
jumped to her hand
but before she reached
ground, he jumped
to ladder & ran up
again. Ladder proved
new & interesting
place to climb!

Thursday May 28 - J. failed
to come home, saw
nothing of him till
~~Monday~~ Saturday (Dec
orator Day) he came
over about 6:30 or 7
(rain threatening, dark & thundering)
perfectly assured of his
welcome. Ate, drank
and played joyously
as I weeded. Climbed
races to ledge at top of
first story - went round
and round the house
in & out of rain
thoughts, I am

About 8:30 or 9 ate
again hungrily (cross if
touched or even pointed
at) drank and his eyes
looking heavy took
him up to his dueter
bag. He at once went
to bed. Slept till after
10'clock. When he
saw dawn to porch
I had put in new
screen - after eating
I ran up to where the
opening had been. I
knew what to make
Evidently

I slid down little peach
tree & sat at base with
arms and legs around
the little trunk like a
miniature bear.

Wednesday

The common story has it that the spider eats the
old wife. The certainly fattens it up in her mouth
and sometimes throws it away as food, but at other
times she and chews it a long time with apparent
pleasure.

J. H. EMERSON, Spider

I. eats violet pods,
soft bases of grass,
~~heads of grass~~, asparagus
rose buds, radishes -
in ecstasy over radishes
Took string bean from
paper bag & ate it.
Spoiled his negative
bared the lens

WVA

9
made known to them that the
delights of a strawberry patch. At
various times he has returned to
the tree he first climbed. Paul
has tried to reestablish the old friend-
ship, when I used to crawl inside
Paul's blouse and then race around
his body while Paul squirmed in
~~happy~~ joyous misery, but I will
~~not~~ keep his distance. Once when
Paul called "Soodles, Soodles," the
squirrel hesitated but when the boy
~~reached~~ put out his hand
"ur-r-rk" growled Soodles and
fled.

He gnawed desk and window
sill, a peanut down the register
and the duster bag that now looks

like an empty cradle - there outward and visible signs remain of the charming babyhood passed here - and I never wanted to make a tame squirrel out of him.

Agnes Chase

Department of Botany
College of Arts and Sciences
UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES

QUEZON CITY

Nov. 21, 1963

Mrs. A.J.E. Davies
4853 Rock Spring Road
Arlington 7, Virginia, USA.

Dear Mrs. Davies,

It is with deep apology that my reply to your letter was delayed. I was out on an extended field trip when it came and I returned to the campus only recently. I was shocked to learn from your letter of the illness that put an end to the life of Grandma Agnes.

After knowing her personally and working with her for sometime, I may say that I have the highest esteem in her ability and industry. As an Agrostologist, her energy was boundless. While she was always busy in her cloister at the Smithsonian Institution, she was never beyond reach, specially among the young agrostologists who seek her assistance and advice.

Her interest was not only in grasses but also in human nature. I remember one of those lush hours I had with her when she mentioned of her students in China, Philippines, Chile, Venezuela, etc. and her great joy in the realization that she had been disseminating the knowledge of agrostology to the different parts of the world. To me she was more than an adviser to my grass problems. During all those days when I worked with her, I sincerely felt the intimate influence of Great Grandma, and when I returned to the Philippines I proudly and lovingly addressed her as such in all my letters to her. Grandma Agnes has always been an inspiration to my agrostological undertakings.

The memory of Dr. Agnes Chase, the eminent agrostologist and humanitarian, will always remain alive with so many people who realize her great contribution to grass science and to all those who felt the influence of her kindness.

I am only one of those many students of grasses who deeply mourn the passing of Grandma Agnes to the Great Beyond, and join her relatives in their hour of bereavement.

I wish to thank you for extending to me the news about Grandma. Wishing that everything is fine with you and your family. So nice to hear of Mother Kathleen and her son. It seems not so long ago when I saw her last as a teen ager.

With my best regards, I am

Very sincerely,

Jose Vera Santos
JOSE VERA SANTOS

Hunt 203
Oct 2

107 Park Place, Peoria Heights, Ill.

October 8, 1963

Dear Cousin Gerie:-

Thank you for your letter and the check.

It is very generous of you to give me more than was required. Your letter (air mail) reached me some days ago but the package of stamps and photographs has not showed up yet. I may or may not ever receive the package. I have lost mail several times because of there being an East Park Place, a West Park Place, a North Park Place, a Park Avenue, a Park Street in PEORIA and I live at Park Place PEORIA HEIGHTS and you addressed me 107 Park Avenue. Peoria.

I am glad to know that Agnes had such good care to the very last. She often mentioned with what kindness Mrs Van Eseltine looked after her as if she was her own mother, and how you and your husband performed so many kindnesses to her.

I would indeed be glad to receive the set of my Nature Notes which I mailed regularly to Agnes.

We are at last building a Museum in Peoria and I am collecting plants for a herbarium for it. You probably know the 40,000 specimens I had by collecting and exchange got together I sent to the University of Illinois several years ago.

I do not walk as fast as I once did and with all the building going on around the city it has made collecting much more difficult and some species have become extinct, and at 87 I feel I must hurry. Father lived to be 94 and mother 93 so I may get most of the species before I stop, but I am slowing down.

Affectionately yours,

Virginus

Guaicaipuro
Calle Guaicaipuro
N^o 48 - El Rosal,
Caracas -
Octubre 18 - 1963

Dear Mrs. Lavis:

May be you don't believe
me, but, it is today when I
have finished to read your
letter. The day that it arrived,
I did'n even want to open it
because I knew what was in.
I just could read only the
three first lines. I wish I
could write you in Spanish
to be able to express my feelings.
I can't forgive myself did'n
go to see her before she passed
away. You know how much I
loved and admired her, I really
was very happy when I lived
with her and her advice.

and remembrance have been
the best guide in my life.

My husband every day is
worst with his arthritis and
the life conditions in Caracas
with the political event are
really terrible.

My daughter is studying
now for fourth year of Law
and the boy is in his first
year of medicine. I hope some
day they will meet you.

I am glad to know that
Kathleen has a baby, always
remember her.

Thank you Mrs. Davis for
writing me, I appreciate it
very much. Hope I will
see you some day.

With my best wishes and
love to you and your family
Sincerely yours
Toraida

