

## “CHIPPY”

*By (Mrs.) Ona F. Lick, Davidson*

“Chippy” was a little friend, whose acquaintance I made one summer at Victoria Beach, a resort on Lake Winnipeg, Manitoba. He was a chipmunk, as you may have guessed, and lived in the thick native woods of spruce and birch and hazel underbrush, that surrounded the lake. Summer cottages were nestled in the woods, and it was at the back of our cottage, that “Chippy” made his home.

To tame a chipmunk had been a life-long ambition of mine, and for that purpose I had bought a very large bag of peanuts.

As quickly as possible, after arriving at the cottage, I unpacked, so that I could all the sooner be outdoors and about my task. I listened, yes, a chipmunk! I called: “Chip, Chip, Chip.” He listened. He answered. I called again. I threw a peanut in his direction. A pause. I threw more. He saw them, and presently ventured down from his tree. This procedure continued for the rest of the day.

Next morning both “Chippy” and I were up early. I kept tossing peanuts closer and closer to myself, and “Chippy” ventured nearer and nearer, eventually coming to my feet. It was fortunate my apron had a big pocket, which I crammed full of peanuts. It was fortunate there was a store, but a mile distant, which carried a goodly supply of the precious commodity.

Within a few days, “Chippy” and I became close friends. He would come to my lap, when I sat on the ground, get into my pocket, take a nut, sit on my knee while he shelled it. The kernels he would stuff into his cheeks,

and when both cheeks were bulging, away he would scamper to his “cache,” and return to repeat the same performance, so long as I was content to sit there and keep the supply coming. Sometimes I would pretend to close the pocket, but his sharp little claws would quickly scratch it open. I began holding peanuts in my hand above him, to make him stretch or jump for them. Once he mistook my finger for a nut. Ouch! His little teeth were very sharp.

Even when I remained standing, “Chippy” would get into my pocket by the following method. I would stretch one foot forward, with toes touching the ground, and up he would run—up my foot and my leg to the apron and into its bulging pocket. That same method I used to entice him into the cottage. I sat on a chair near the open door, pointed my food forward and called, “Chip, Chip, Chip.” Up to my knee he would come.

My too brief acquaintance with “Chippy” came to a close, and I was loathe to say, “good-bye,” to my dear little friend.

There was sequel. We were spending a week-end at the lake, the following spring, though in a different cottage. A walk in the chill of the early Sabbath morning led us near the former cottage. “Let’s go by it, I wonder if “Chippy” is still living? Do you suppose he would remember me?” I queried. I called: “Chip, Chip, Chip.” A little striped fellow came scurrying from the woods. I knelt down. He came to my hand. I had no peanut.