

JOURNAL

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Vernon Bailey.

March 23 - Saturday.

Left Washington at 12 M. Pa. R.R. for Marquette, Mich., via Pittsburg, Detroit, Mackinac + St. Ignace, to investigate destruction of game by wolves in northern Mich., Wis. & Minn.

Weather unseasonably warm (90° yesterday + as warm or warmer today) on starting and grass + trees rapidly bearing green. Maples, spice bush, alders, crocuses, Camellias, + arbutus in blossom. No change in vegetation or its advance noted at Baltimore or Harrisburg or for a long distance beyond. West of Huntington the hemlocks come down on cold slopes but

Sycamores still appear on opposite hot slopes.
Most of the trees are bare & brown & not
recognizable from the Flyer.

Dark at Altoona.

Reached Pittsburg at 9:45 and during
the 15 minute stop had a hasty visit with
Mr. Norman Mc Clintock, a member of the
Huron Lake Club & greatly interested in
protection of deer & ^{other} game from wolves.

March 24 - Sunday - Train delayed at
Toledo so we reached Detroit at 8 A.M.,
an hour late. Found no train goes
north on Sunday until 8 P.M. so had
to lay over at Detroit all day.

Went out to zoo, on Belle Isle, in
the river & saw a few good animals.
A pair of very dark yellowish gray wolves
and two nearly white, very large wolves
were so good that I hunted up the head
keeper, Mr. Grimes, and got the history
of them.
The two dark grays are not very
large but in good condition & heavy fur.

They were born in the zoo in 1903 from a pair brought in by a man from near Alpena, Mich. (probably captured there). Another pair from the same parents was sent to Toledo + another pair to Rochester.

The pair here had 3 pups last year but ate them. Mr. Grimes thinks they had ~~one~~ ^{Do not show signs of any} pup ^{this year before.} They are brothers + sisters as this parents probably were also.

They are dark, yellowish gray, ^{over back + head + tail} bright ochraceous on upper part of muzzle + dog flanks + outer surface of legs, whitish belly, + inside of leg + throat + chin + including upper lips. Eyes dark yellow, about as top of nose. The larger male is slightly more bluish over back but they are very similar in color + strikingly different from the plains wolves. They are the first live Canis nubilus I ever saw.

In the next pen are two 18 year old wolves from Holy Smoke, South Dakota. Received here in 1898 when 2 years old. They are very large + in full long winter coats, very light gray without a trace

of yellowish anywhere. Their heads, legs
 + lower parts are pure white, but a light
 gray saddle covers the backs from the
 tip of nose to rump & the tails are
 slightly gray. The back of the larger
 one is slightly darker, but otherwise they
 are the same. They are much whiter than
 any in the Nat. Zoo. Their eyes are
 also white, the same as in my Wyo. pups
 + the Montana wolves at Washington.

Belle Isle is flat & muddy & damp
 but the animal pens have been filled
 in with cinder + then 5 or 6 inches of
 coarse, white, beach sand. As a result
 the pens are dry & clean + the animals
 look as if they had just had a bath.
 This does not apply to the buffalo yards
 which are mudholes. All of the animals
 have plenty of room & are in good
 condition. Even the polar bears are
 good + there is one fine grizzly.
 There are red foxes, coyotes, a fine otter,
 Bladetail + white tail deer & some prairie dogs.

The island is half a mile wide & a few miles long, flat & covered with heavy native timber. See note book for list of trees.

Lots of gray, black & fox squirrels live on the island & seemingly on good terms. I counted 7 fox squirrels, 7 black & 6 gray squirrels. The fox squirrels were all light gray above & light yellow below.

See note book for list of birds on the island. Great numbers of old oriole nests hang from the tips of drooping elm branches. From one place I could see a dozen nests.

A cold wind blows over the island from a wide river full of anchor ice. The wind is in the west & the city is less chilly. ~~When~~ Has north the same native trees, however. See list in note book.

Went to Detroit Academy of Art
out on Jefferson Ave. - a very creditable
exhibit. The same old busted lot of
casts + many good marbles.

A large collection of Ethnological stuff
including Indian baskets wroughly named.
The paintings are in part fair to good.

Two excellent cattle pictures by Howis,
that you would take for Rose Bonheur's.

A good copy of the Death of Mozart + several
other large + comparably good pictures.

Took a trolley out Woodward Ave.
to edge of country so got cross
sections of the city. It is apparently
of the size + thrift of Minneapolis
with possibly more manufacturing +
large wholesale houses. Lots of
shipping picketed along the wharves.

Came back to depo + 3 P.M. to
write + read. Cold enough for overcoat
all day. Fresh + crisp. ^{No flowers.}
{Not much green.

March 25, Monday. Daylight at
 Rondo. Clear & crisp with heavy frost
 and patches of snow on cold slopes
 Mainly Canadian zone from Rondo to
 Mackinaw. Only 2 or 3 red oak bushes
 seen. Lots of aspen & birch & alder.
 Tamaracs & spruce & dibocedrus in swamps.
 Some scattered hemlock & white pine & lots of
 old pine stumps. A few elms & black ash.
 A few red backed, long leaved pines, probably
Pinus resinosa.

No sign of spring green yet.
 Many grass fields & some plowed
 ground. Not much farming. Mainly timber.
 One meadow track & lots of crows.

Breakfast at Mackinaw & then
 our train ran onto the ferry boat &
 we plowed across the still frozen
 straight to St. Ignace.
 A channel is kept broken up in the ice
 but about halfway is full of floating
 cakes a foot thick. The rest of way
 it is kept clear by wind. The cakes
 freeze together & have to be smashed
 up every trip.

At St. Ignace the ground is half bare + snow a foot deep in places. The snow increases to Trout Lake, where it becomes practically continuous and about a foot deep.

Pure Canadian zone all the way north of the Strait. See lists of trees in note book.

Country mainly flat + swampy occasionally high sharp ridges with some rocks. Dense swamps of cedar (Libocedrus) Picea, Tamarack, birches, alders + willows. Extensive growth of young aspens over old burns. Thuja species of pine common in places where left by fire + ax. P. strobus, a long leaved, not barked pine (P. resinosa?) and a little scrub like virginiana. No gray pine seen. Some sugar maple, elms + ash.

Much open country, marsh, burnt swamp, + stumpy, bushy plain. Little lumber + mill towns all along. Not much farming. Some fields + grass lands. No fruit trees.

West of Creighton the country becomes rough, with steep ridges & heavy timber. The ridges are largely covered with Maple (*A. saccharinum*) & hemlock & pine. Birch & ash are also common on the ridges. The snow is also deeper except on the south slopes which are generally bare. The timber has not been so badly burned & some old pines are standing.

At Anticosti, when we strike the lake there is just a sea of white ice as far as one can see. The shores are high & rough & heavily wooded.

Near Marquette where we again strike the lake it is all open & blue with tiny icebergs floating here & there. Near Marquette the snow nearly disappears. Reached Marquette at 3 P.M. Went to Hotel Clifton.

March 24 - Left Marquette at 9:25 for
 Big Bay on a mixed train, freight &
 passenger & reached B. B. at 11. (30 miles)
 All the way through timber & much
 of it heavy pine & hemlock that
 has not been cut or burned to
 hurt it. The snow is deep &
 continuous in the woods. Birch
 + Big Bay are lumber towns +
 do a big business. Passed several
 large lakes & some small rivers.
 At Big Bay left my baggage
 except what I could carry on my
 back & walked 10 miles to the
 club-house, all the way through
 big, beautiful woods. Followed a half
 broken road but the crust held
 most of the time in road so we
 had no trouble in making good time.
 Reached the club in 3½ hours.

The woods are heavy and almost untouched, mainly hemlock, Norway pine, some white pine & scrub (*C. rigida*?), lots of ~~the~~ white & yellow birch, sugar maple, aspens, black ash, a few basswood, lots of Tamarac, cedar, spruce & fir, alders & willows, some mountain ash. *Cornus canadensis*, Wintergreen, *A. rubra* & *acrostophyllum* are common.

Got one skull of wolf shot not long ago. Saw dozens of bear tracks, several porcupine tracks & one basswood bush lately eaten bare of bark, saw several skunk tracks & lots of white rabbit tracks. Saw a carcass of red fox. Am told there are beaver in half a dozen lakes near here & in all the streams. There are some bear, mink, otter, marten & muskrat.

The club is beautifully situated near the end of Pine Lake with pine trees running between the houses. Big pines & hemlocks & an open forest surround the camp of many cabins & a big club house.

There are lots of fish in the rivers & I had delicious walleyed pike for dinner & lake trout for breakfast to say nothing of venison for supper.

March 27 - Started at 7 A.M. on

way hunt, with snowshoes, both pairs
of snow = 15 lbs. including snow, and
grab for 3 days - a loaf of bread, piece of
bacon, box of jam, tea, coffee, sugar
- salt - also box of grape-nuts.

Tom started with me to get another boy
to go, but on Bush Lake we met Earl
Sharp, a bright young fellow who offered
to go if Henry Henry would not.

Went west to Henry's barabara -
south shore of Hare Lake. Found his
saw buckets all full (shovel empty) and
so he could not go & Earl went on
with me to the trip. Not that I
needed a man, but the club
people were anxious to send a man
for what he would learn - I was
glad to have him carry the grab.
We took no blankets but plenty of
wool - salt.

From How Lake we straddle south
 over high ridge (probably snow) and
 then down a long gulet & creek to
 the southwest corner of Mountain Lake.
 Camped at the corner of the lake
 after about 15 miles over lakes &
 soft snow. Snow being heavy & soft
 & wet. Snow 2 to 4 feet deep in woods
 & no crust. Did not freeze last night
 & warm & clear all day. Creeks
 open & running. Lakes icy & open
 at edges in places.

All day in heavy woods of
 hemlock, firs (3 sp), spruce, cedar
 white & yellow birch, hard-soft-
 striped maple,
 a few hickory, ironwood, red
 oak, lots of black ash & aspen
 & in swamps tamarack & Alder.
 The country has been all
 lumbered out long ago for white
 pine & some norway pine, but
 most of the two miles is untouched.

Some of the cedar swamps have been cut out but others are still full of good poles.

Made our camp before sundown at S.W. corner of Mountain Lake in a sheltered nook behind a ridge of rocks. A dense growth of cedar, hemlock, abies & other trees gave additional protection. We piled up logs & brush at our backs ^{as we had no blankets save a thin rubber sheet.} & built up a lot of log wall close by and built a fire against an old dead pine that leaned the other way.

The pine was pitchy & sent a fierce heat into our nest & finally drove us out until it burned down about 10 o'clock. Then we had a good fire the rest of night & slept our heads the time, after an hour without having to poke the fire.

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The one who got cold first would wake up
& rebuild the fire & we would roll over
with the cold side toward the warmth &
go to sleep again. The night was not very
cold, probably 20 above 0, just cold
enough to make a good crust on
the snow that held us in the morning.

Mammals are scarce - saw tracks of 2 coon,
a few skunk, I think, a few red squirrels, 1 woodchuck,
a few porcupine & varying hares, a red fox & a
few old wolf tracks in the ice on lakes.

Birds are also scarce. saw a few
crows, & my man said he saw a robin this morning.
& 2 pileated woodpeckers.
Saw one ruff grouse & a few woodpeckers,
Heard a sawwhet out in evening & a barred owl.

Came about 17 miles today, partly on
lakes & the rest on swamps & soft snow.

March 28 - Woke up at daylight and had
 breakfast of coffee + bacon + bread + prunes
 + before sunrise had left our rights camp
 + were off on the crust. Crossed the south
 end of Mountain Lake + struck south on the
 Bullocky Trails until we struck ^{old} a road along
 the creek where pine logs had been hauled
 out many years ago. Followed to the
 west end of this road through heavy
 timber, then over a low divide to another
 creek + south through several miles of
 cedar swamp. Then south-east into
 an immense cedar swamp where
 we struck another old timber road.
 Followed this S.E. for several miles
 along the edge of the swamp + before
 sundown camped for the night in
 the corner of an old ^{suffice} lumber camp.
 dug out snow so we could build a bed +
 fire in our corner + where the two
 log walls would keep off the wind. While
 the boy was fixing camp + gathering wood
 for the night I struck S.W. across the

Swamp onto hardwood, hemlock & pine ridges, into some of the best timber I have yet seen, including some fine old white pines. The Cedar swamp through which we have come for 4 or 5 miles is dense & still full of good cedar poles & posts & some large enough for good saw logs. The timber would be worth several hundred dollars a acre over much of this swamp but it is probably all owned. On the north side of the swamp the pine has all been cut for lumber many years ago.

The snow soon softened so we had heavy walking for most of the day but made about 17 miles. Were wet & tired at night & glad to eat our supper of bread & tea & a bacon & a spruce grass to lie down before the fire on a bed of fir & hemlock boughs.

The timber today was a mixture of hemlock, pines, spruce & fir & hardwoods on the uplands & Alder & alder in the swamps.

Wolf tracks a week old were numerous on
 the ice at the south end of Mountain Lake,
 but no fresh tracks were seen. A few fox & many
 wild cat tracks were seen and two others
 had chased each other for several miles
 along the creek. A few old deer tracks were
 seen in one of the swamps but no fresh tracks.
 Beavers were numerous in several places
 where they had dams & houses along the
 creek. They are said to be common in
 most of the lakes too. Photographed one
 dam & pond & pond maps & alders
 cut for food - building material. There
 are very few willows or aspens where
 the beavers are. Porcupine tracks were
 seen & numerous gnawed birches &
 maples, & one porcupine was shot in
 a tall hemlock pine which numerous
 small branches had been cut. It contained
 one large nut that would have been
 born in about a week. It was the size of
 a red squirrel, well haired & eyes open.
 Shot a varying hare & scoured another into the
 creek where he got thoroughly soaked before
 he could get up the steep snow bank on the side.

Saw a few ruffed grouse + one
 Canada grouse. It sat near the trail
 under a bush + looked so stout
 that I stopped to watch it to see if it
 was a ruffed, then tried to make it fly
 but it would not until the boy had
 thrown a snowball at it. Then it jumped
 up into a bush + knew it was a grouse
 + inspected it. Found its crop stuffed
 full of leaves of *Picea* + nothing else.
 It was delicious when fried with bacon
 + sticks, the dark, juicy one closely resembling
 that of the partridge grouse, but tenderer +
 more delicate. Found another place where
 a wild cat had eaten one on the snow.
 My boy had never seen one before, tho he has
 been here several years. Saw a few
Sagittaria viridula + *pubescens* + several ruffed
 chickadees + heard a *Perisoreus*.

March 29 - Slept part of the time but had
 to build fire about every half hour all night
 + turn over frequently. Had no trouble
 in waking up early + getting breakfast
 + starting as soon as fairly light.
 Crust not very hard but held up the
 snowshoes most of way. Continued
 S. E. along an old lumber road
 through cedar swamp and soon
 struck fresh tracks of 3 wolves.
 They had walked on crust + made
 tracks only as they broke through
 now & then, As they had come
 up the road we followed the tracks
 back down it for several miles till
 we reached the West Fork of Salmon
 Trout. Here the wolves had hunted
 beaver along the creek + dams &
 ponds but without any success as
 far as we could see. At this place
 it began to rain + snow so we
 decided to stay over till morning to

see if the wolves would not return & to
 wait for tracking snow. We had come
 only 5 or 6 miles but the snow was
 soft so I set the boy making camp
 & getting wood while I took a walk
 through the woods. I climbed a rocky
 hill but found no wolf signs &
 it was so stormy I could not see
 far. Found an old lumber camp of
 a dozen tumble down buildings half
 a mile from our camp but
 no shelter, so returned & helped
 fix up a ramshackle bough shelter.
 Capped with my rubber cloth.
 Got a good fire & lots of wood &
 dried our clothes & dried boughs for
 a bed & were fairly comfortable during
 a stormy day. Ate grapes for
 lunch & saved the rest of our bread for
 supper & breakfast.

I found two porcupines up trees near camp & located them for future provisions in case we had to follow wolf tracks away from home the next day. One was a small, probably female, the other a huge old fellow. Both were in the tops of maple trees where they were peeling branches, while several birches & maples ~~were~~ nearby were badly stripped of bark & half a dozen small hemlocks had the tops pulled down far enough to kill or ruin the trees.

I climbed up another tree & photographed the big fellow at 15 feet after it stopped moving towards night. Then left them alone in their tree-tops.

Saw the first red squirrel of the trip tho they are common near the club houses.

Saw a large beaver track out on one of the streams & a usual lot of rabbit tracks & a few wild cat tracks.

Saw no new birds.

about half inch of snow fell.

March 30 - A very cold night + hard freeze.
 Did not sleep well as we could not keep
 warm long at a time. Started early on
 a meager breakfast of chipped beef, not half
 enough bread, some grape-nuts, 2 prunes
 + plenty of tea. Struck north hoping
 to get to Ives Lake in time for lunch
 at Mr. Longyear's farm, about 10 miles.
 Followed down West side of Salmon River
 till the map showed where to turn off,
 then struck straight north through
 the woods. Found lots of deer tracks,
 trails and yards - soon struck
 a fresh wolf track. Followed him
 for some time but left the track
 when he went over a high ridge to
 the S.E. He was running + we had
 evidently started him. Found a large
 old buck that had been killed and only
 torn in the neck + haunches. Very little eaten.
 Had been dead a week or so.

Pushed north but before we were out of the woods a fierce little blizzard came up + when we struck the open shores of Dow's Lake we had to face a driving storm for about a mile along the shore to the farm. The wind was fierce + biting cold + our faces were soon covered with ice + our clothes bedded with snow when we reached the houses. We were glad to get in by a fire + were soon enjoying a good hearty meal at the table of an absent millionaire. After an hours rest we crossed the lake + struck an old road + before night were back at the club where we started 4 days ago, having made about 20 miles today + about 40 miles all told. Were somewhat lame + tired but in good shape except for blistered heels. The combination of new shoes + snowshoe straps had skinned both one heel cords.

March 31 - Sunday morning & we slept in a soft warm bed till 8 o'clock & then had a good breakfast & intended to have a good days rest. But I wanted to photograph a deer yard 3 miles down the lake shore so went with John Gallagher & Mr. Perkins after fixing up my fat with a pair of soft rubbers - improvised leggings.

Found plenty of deer yards where hundreds of deer had spent the winter in deep snow, keeping trails & well tramped areas in dense woods where they could run back & forth from one place to another & where they could get plenty of evergreen twigs & leaves of fir, cedar, hemlock, yew, ground cedar, and the buds & branch tips of maple & birch & oaks, and pick moss & lichens from the tree trunks & logs.

Great patches were like barnyards, well packed & tramped, but now the crust is very hard & the deer are leaving the yards & running across lots thro' the woods.

We saw several deer & finally one came running up toward us to about 100 feet. I set the camera & photographed it as it stood broad side, hesitating what to do. I told the men to look out, that something was after it, but Tom who insisted on keeping ahead said, no, it just jumped out from under a log. When it had gone we followed down the trail & soon came to the tracks of two wolves that had come after it at full speed till they saw us & turned off the trail. To get rid of the men I sent them on the back tracks & the

wolves + I started the other way + followed them as fast as I could + without stopping a minute till 4:30. They spent nearly the whole day chasing deer round + round thro' the swamps + woods, probably ran 40 deer, but without catching any. The deer could run at full speed on the coast as well as the wolves + invariably got away. I saw a good many deer but did not get sight of the wolves + they got so far ahead that they laid down for quite awhile on a high point overlooking a good deer yard + the icy shores of Lake Superior. Again they went on after more deer + I finally gave them up when about 5 miles from the Club about the same distance from

Big Bay Station. Tho nearly sundown I started for Big Bay to get some thing to deer on my feet & reached the station at dusk. Stayed all night at the section house & was glad of shelter for it was a cold night, 6 above zero. Got a good supper & a soft bed but not half enough covers to keep me warm. Had some genuine maple syrup, boiled on the stove & pure & delicious. Told wolf stories all the evening to a family of open mouthed woodchucks but went to bed early. Pretty tired & sore.

Traveled 20 miles or more, carried my snowshoes & camera.

the top of the first rocky ridge, then down and off into the timber line after deer. I had enough of following wolves that were hunting deer yesterday, so left them & climbed the next ridge, a parent one, glacial gaged high back of granite about 500 feet high.

Near the top I struck the tracks of 4 new wolves that seemed to keep in pairs but run together.

Then followed the whole length & down the other side, while 2 others had come back & crossed their tracks & gone the other way. I followed all of these tracks, forward & back as long as they staid on the ridges but left them when they went into the woods. They explored all the rough & cliffy places but showed no signs of having deer.

Leaving this set of ridges I struck
 without a still rougher & bareer grass
 + found the track of one large dog
 wolf, made during the middle of the
 day + followed it over the top +
 down the other side + out into
 the swamp. Then returning I crossed
 back over the ridge + took the back
 track + followed it a mile or two
 west along the crest of a side ridge
 to where it had come up out
 of the timber from near Loves
 Lake. It was now nearly sundown
 so I started home + in the woods
 crossed 2 more fresh tracks
 that I did not stop to follow,

I am now positive that the
 wolves are not yet breeding, but
 some seem to be hunting dens in
 the rocks.

The snow is still 2 to 6 feet deep & continuous except for small patches on steep south slopes.

In this cold, pure Canadian zone, they probably breed a month later than in the lower Transition where we have before found their dens. April 15 to May 15 would probably strike their time of young pups. I can do no more here now & shall have at once to try farther south. There are now wolves here to the square mile than any place I have ever been. I could not have found as much sign in 100 square miles in Wyo. as I have in today's Tramp. I also found 4 dens that they had killed & partly eaten.

On my way home I stopped at the cabin of "Butch John", a crooked old hermit, who gave me the skulls of a wolf & wild cat & the skin of a great gray owl & told me many interesting things about wolves & deer & wild things. His cabin & clearing are back across a tamarack swamp from the road & he puts salt licks out beyond his potato patch to keep the deer away from the house. They come to his woodpile for salty slaps thrown out & keep him awake nights tramping over his board doorsteps & pawing around the house.

He had 2 great gray owls nailed to a tree & says they stay all the year. Showed me a flying squirrel skin, the big one.

Photographed beaver & beaver & muskrat houses on the way home. 20 miles, Tuesday.

April 3 - Have put in a pretty hard day + feel sore + lame, so am just chaining up skulls + getting things ready to start for the train in morning. Have had another good nights sleep + with plenty to eat + the appetite of a wolf I will soon be on a fresh trail. Have a 10 mile tramp with my pack to get the train tomorrow noon, but that is nothing.

Weather today, cloudy + the snow has become soft.

The shoreline has drifted out again in Lake Superior + the blue water is covered with a thousand tiny icebergs.

April 3 - A warm night with some rain. Snow soft and team could not go to station so walked out & carried part of my outfit & Tom carried part. Reached Big Bay at Noon & Marquette at 4:30 P.M. Went home with Mr. Perkins, steward of the club and a nice fellow. He has a charming little home and wife in Marquette.

Rained all the afternoon.

April 4 - Packed specimens & wrote reports till train time. Leave Marquette at 5:30 for Menominee and Grand Island. & may stay there a day or more.

Snowed nearly all day & 2 inches of fresh snow lies on the ground. Now if it freezes there will be good tracking.

April 5 - At Munising, Beaver Inn.

A cold morning with good fresh falling snow - a biting north wind off the lake.

Mr. Jopling got a man & team & outfit & started me for Mines Creek & Chapel Lake along the Pictured Rocks. This country is rocky & very contains very few trees - seems to be the only available hunting ground near Munising. Mr. Jopling reports a wolf on the island against this morning & is sending men out to hunt it.

The ice is not very safe and the crossing is difficult & somewhat dangerous. It would spend a day so I did not go to the island.

Got off about 9 A.M. with J. J. Murray for camp man. Struck camp around shore of bay & into woods, through Indian Town (a settlement of Chippewas) & up the shore to Mines River near its mouth, 15 miles from town. There we found a comfortable lumber camp with stable - lately deserted house, big stove & benches full of hay & plenty of cooking dishes. Camped here, put the horses in the stable & got a late dinner. Then I struck out for a hunt through the woods till sundown.

Snow is 2 to 3 feet deep & well crusted with half an inch of fresh snow on top for tracking - local conditions. I followed 3 or 4 miles up the creek on one side & then crossed over & came back on the other side but saw no wolf or deer tracks.

Sandstone cliffs border the creek valley but there is no bare ground yet except in an old burning on the north side of creek & red rocks there. Aside from a large cedar swamp up the creek the whole country is dense & beautiful hardwood forest of surprisingly large & thrifty trees, mainly the sugar maple, birch, white elm, yellow birch, ironwood, basswood, black ash, and in places hemlock & fir and on the flats a few species of the 3 species of pines - white, Norway - spruce. For a few other species & small plants see sketches. Wintergreen & arbutus & timothy are abundant where patches of bare ground show. Alders & birches are the principal brush by the streams. I never saw pine maple timber but they say sap does not run well because the snow is so deep the ground does not freeze. Maple & birch could be cut in great quantities of large sawlog size. Birch is abundant - thrifty & often very tall & clear, sometimes a foot through.

Saw dozens of porcupine tracks & one dead
 & one live porcupine. The live one was eating
 bark from the top limbs of a very tall elm.
 The dead one had been shot from a trapline
 & he had killed or ruined by gnawing & peeling
 the branches of 4 maples, a beech, & a basswood
 near where he lay. Many tracks go to the
 woods & under old tree tops or roots &
 2 tracks came down to the cabin where
 we are located. Many trees are seen in the
 woods killed or badly injured by them &
 fully half the maples have scrubby tops
 because the branches have been killed.

Saw lots of rabbit tracks, red squirrel &
 Tamias tracks, a few fox & bobcat & mink
 and skunk & woodchuck, & porcupine
 & a few weasel tracks. There are said to
 be a few badgers here & some martins -
 fisher. There are a few beaver cuttings
 around the lake just above camp.

Much timber has been cut here &
 run into Lake Superior. A great stack
 of cedar poles & posts are piled on the bank
 & the creek is full of cedar logs & tips &
 pilings. It is run out to the lake &
 rafted to Munising. The shingle mill was
 using kind of cedar logs.

April 4. - Slept comfortably in our bunk & was undisturbed save by the gnawing of a porcupine on the side of the cabin where some old & probably salty boards had been nailed up. I was expecting it but Murray thought it was burglars. The old meat blocks had been gnawed down 2 or 3 inches on top.

Got breakfast by lantern light & started at quarter to 6 through the timber & along the lake shore above the Picturesque Rocks to Mosquito Bay, where there is another lumber camp not yet deserted. Then crossed Mosquito Cr. & on to Chappel Lake, where sandstone cliffs along each side afford good breeding grounds for wolves. Followed along the lines of these cliffs on both sides & found old wolf tracks in most of the cans but no dens. Found lots of old tracks on the lake & one dead deer nearly eaten up. In the woods found two wolf tracks following deer tracks into the swamps & deer yards & on our return cross tracks of 3 wolves going through the woods toward another deer yard.

Passed through several large deer yards + found many deer both in the yards + in the woods. Saw 8 deer + fully 1000 fresh tracks of all sizes. Found no dead deer except the one on the lake + the deer we saw ran freely on top of the crest + did not seem much alarmed.

They have well worn trails from one yard to another + still use the trails to some extent. In places they have pored away the snow to the ground to get water or the green plants + grass. The bushes + branches are well browsed off when ever the deer has been during winter. Blueberry bushes are a favorite + are eaten to stubs.

Saw tracks of 100 porcupine at least + lots of gnawing + bushels of pellets in the caves. Irish leaver cuttings were found on steep slope 100 feet above lake when they had gone up to get aspens + willow. Snowshoe rabbits are numerous. Saw several tracks of woodchucks + skunks + coon + wild cat. Lots of red squirrel tracks + chipmunk + P. myxomys. Saw no weasels tracks.

Timber same as yesterday. Got back to camp at 3:30, 20 miles. Took snowshoes but did not use one.

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April 7 - Sunday. Had an early breakfast -
started back to Mushing at 7, arriving at 11.
Found good woods until near town where our
straight ridges ended in 2 miles of bare ground.
Thawing a little when we reached town but
soon began to snow - by dark the world
is all white again.

Mr. Wynan, forester of the Cleveland
Cliffs Iron Co. called us up in town & asked
us out to dinner & to see the wolf killed
on Grand Island day before yesterday. Wrote
careful description of it & of the wounded one
caught on the island last winter.

Met Mr. Schaff, assistant forester & Mr.
Spencer in the pulp mill. All three are
fine young fellows. We had a good
dinner - many things of mutual interest to
discuss. Wolves - birds & forestry.

Came back to hotel & wrote on report
all I could. The Beach Iron stands on the
shore & my room looks out over the frozen
bay to Grand Island and the lake beyond.
Most of the afternoon the snow has
eaten out the view, but for compensation
I will have good tracking snow tomorrow.

April 11 - Mr. Jopling & Mr. Sotly had
 went to Munising yesterday & will not
 return until this P.M. So I have the
 Peter White camp to myself with
 only two men and a good cook to
 look after my comfort.

After a good breakfast including
 freshly made maple syrup on beautifully
 browned buckwheat cakes Jim & I
 took a lunch and started up the
 lake and river. This is the Laughing
 Whitefish Lake where Shires has taken
 most of his photographs of deer, a small
 lake about a mile long winding thru
 magnificent forest of hemlock, white
 pine and cedar, fir, birch, maple
 buck and ironwood. It is wooded
 down to the shores except at the ends
 where there is some marshy and flat
 land & alder swamps. We followed
 up the lake on good snowshoes,

and then struck into the woods on the
 deep, soft snow and followed the creek
 up to the falls about 3 miles from
 the camp. Followed the bad tracks
 of the wolf I followed yesterday up to
 a little below the falls and found a
 fresh track of a wolf that had come
 in and circled around over the
 tracks of the other and then broke
 off to the west. Neither had gone
 into the woods or seemed to be
 hunting for deer, so we let them
 go and went on to the falls.

The falls are overall about 90
 feet high but the lower half is
 only a cataract over ^{over} sloping rock,
 but with the frozen masses and great
 ice sheets the whole effect is very
 pretty. A few superb old white pines
 stand along the top of the sandstone
 cliffs of the Horseshoe canyon.

As they had climbed to the top of the cliff and slid down on the snow to the creek above the falls. He had also been all along the creek below in several places back in the woods. A few mink - weasel tracks were seen - many porcupine - rabbit tracks. A few red squirrel tracks, one ^{fox} track was seen.

On our return the snow had become soft and sticky and the snowshoes loaded and dragged heavily on our feet. Found a good drink of sap in the pails as we came back at 5 P.M. tired and wet and with little to show for our trip.

April 12. Another fierce snow storm was raging when we woke up and continued to rage until about 4 P.M. Some 6 inches of fresh snow on top of the last 18 inches makes about 2 feet of fresh snow on 2 feet of old crusted snow in the woods.

Packed up and drove out to Ouston and caught the 2:00 train west to Marquette where I have to wait until midnight for the Duluth train. Went to Clifton Hotel - put on a white shirt + collar before going to dinner with me looking at the magnificent home of the Hon. Peter White. Mr. White is one of the oldest residents of this part of the country and probably the best known and most influential.

He is a charming old man of great force and mental power a father Bass, well educated a member of the bar, and at one time a member of the Michigan legislature. A widely read and well informed man of the world but apparently a lovely home character. His grand daughter (Miss Pfling) has been with him in Washington part of the winter. Mr. White is surrounded in his big library with his books and he is all the time going to one or another as old friends. He has a beautiful set of Audubon & many rare & old works on travel & exploration. I spent a most enjoyable evening talking over the early days of this region. Mr. White speaks Chippewa & French.

and tells dialect stories.

Was very fond of W.H. Drummond who has often been at his camp & who dedicated his book, *Johnnie's Camp* to Mr. White. In the guests register at the camp Mr. Drummond had written several of his delightful poems in the French Canadian dialect.

Mr. White says that when he came here 60 years ago there were plenty of Moose and caribou but no elk and no deer in winter. The deer come up in summer & all went south before the heavy snows & Mr. Popling says the deer were shot in great numbers only a few years ago as they migrated southward in the fall, hunters usually taking stands where the deer passed. It is only since the country to the south has settled up & the railroads have been opened that the deer stay up here in winter.

Mr. White says the Indians told him there used to be lots of elk here and that 40 years ago there were elk at Ice Point and other places north of here. Wolves he says were very abundant in the early days and he has seen well beaten trails where they had traveled in large packs. He surprised us one day eating a deer on the ice of a frozen river.

Mr. White's stories of the early days of the Indians are very interesting. He spoke their language & was often taken for an Indian.

April 13 Went to bed at 12:30 A.M.
 on the Duluth Train & woke up at daylight
 at Saxon, Wisconsin. Thence to
 Bibou & Iron River and Menomonie
 The country is mostly rough and
 hilly and in places rocky, with
 numerous swamps and lakes and
 rivers - It has been all heavily
 timbered but the greater part has
 been cut or burnt & there is
 much half open land or barren,
 stumpy burns. There are many
 little sawmill towns and some clearings
 & farms, mostly of grass land &
 potato patches. The snow is less
 deep and some of the south slopes
 are bare. The old snow seems to
 be all gone except in swamps &
 dense woods & there have been but a
 few inches of the fresh snow.

Wolves might find plenty of dry
side hills through this region and
in many places country rough enough
for their dens.

Rabbit tracks are exceedingly numerous &
I see some mink & weasel tracks on
the snow.

As we approach the lake above
Toward Duluth the country becomes
flat and swampy or marshy with
alder & willow thickets & aspens &
scattered pines & spruces. There
are no tall trees & many bushes -
to the west the long blade range runs
back of Duluth, with heavily patched
with snow. The 2 inches of fresh
snow here is mostly gone from south
slopes.

Duluth at 12, Not much snow seen in
sight - when & sunshiny -

Left Duluth at 1:55 P.M. on N.P.
for St Paul. Country generally low
& level, rocky in a few places & north
to ^{Moose Lake} ~~Adirondack~~, outcrops & went off to
only brushy. Snow all gone
but a few patches on soft slopes.
The trees pines & spruces, balsam,
Tamarack, aspens & red oak are
the principal trees.

From Moose Lake to Willow River
there is lots of young pine in dense
areas, some marshes & open ground
& more oaks. The first bar oaks
seen & thickets of hazel south of
Willow River on wagon banks.
Spruces & 3 pines still common in places.
Lots of old pine stumps, farms & meadows
& plowed fields. Snow all gone & lakes
open. Ground dry, country flat.
At Hindley still among old pine stumps
but country open & mostly farming.

Hay & grain seem to be principal
crops. Ground very stumpy, old pine.
Rhus glabra & Magnolias just seen.

Meadowlark & robins seen, sparrows
hawk & red tail.

~~Brookport~~ ^{Brookport} - grass starting a little,
warm & dry. Very little pine, still
some old stumps. Bur oaks were
common, but few.

Pine City - White oak, white ash,

but oak, sumac common.
A few butternut seen. Some old white
pines. First cornfield seen, big shoes
Elms, birch, aspen, tamarack, alders &
willows common, mostly on low ground
or in swamps. Last pine seen at Pine

City - First squirrel's nest seen.
Pure transition beyond.

Rush City - Good farming country
& mostly settled. First border seen,
grass starting, cattle in pastures.

Harris' first group little.
Jack-oak abundant.