March 23 - Saturday.


Weather unusually warm (98° yesterday, 92° warm, or warmer today) on starting and grass & trees rapidly turning green. Maples, spice-bush, alders, crocuses, Caltha palustris & arbutus in bloom. 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 as cold slopes but
Zyicans still appear 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 McChintock, a member of the Huron Lake Club and greatly interested in protection of deer and game from wolves.

March 24 - Sunday - Train delayed at Toledo so we reached Detroit at 8 A.M., 2 hours 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 long wolves were so good that I hunted up the head keeper, Mr. Griner, 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 Alpina, Mich. (probably captured there). Another pair from the same parents was sent to Toledo and another pair to Rochester.

The pair here had 3 pups last year, but ate them. Mr. Skinner thinks they had 1 pup this year before. They are brother & sister as their parents probably were also. They are dark yellowish gray with light selvages on upper part of muzzle, very flanks & outer surfaces of legs, white tail, bulky, & inside of legs. Throat & chin & inside upper lips. Eyes dark yellow, about 1/2" top of nose. The larger male is slightly more bluish gray on back but they are very similar in color. Strikingly different from the plains wolves. They are the first live Canis indicus I ever saw.

In the next pen are two 11-year-old wolves from Holy Smoke, South Dakota. Received here in 1898 when 2 years old. They are very large, in full long winter coat, very light gray without a trace.
of yellowish anywhere. Their heads, legs, and lower parts are pure white, but a light gray saddle covers the backs from the tip of the nose to the rear of the tail and 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 and the Montana wolves at Washington.

Belle Lake is flat and muddy and damp, but the animal pens have been filled in with cinder and then 5 x 6 inches of coarse, white, beach sand. As a result, the pens are dry, clean, and the animals look as if they had just had baths. This does not apply to the buffalo yards which are mudholes. All of the animals have plenty of room and are in good condition. Even the polar bears are good and there is no fine grizzly. There are red foxes, coyotes, a few otters, Blacktail jackrabbits and 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 in good times. I counted 7 fox squirrels, 7 black & 2 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 crows 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 anchored ice. The wind is in the west & the city is less chilly. See notes on weather, trees, however, see list in note book.
Went to Detroit Academy of Art out on Jefferson Ave. - a very creditable exhibit - the same old bust of casts & some good marble.

A large collection of Ethnological stuff, including Indian baskets, worth looking at. The paintings are in poor form - good.

Two excellent cattle pictures by Harris, that you would take for Rose Benkhem'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 possible new manufacturing & large wholesale houses. Lots of shipping potted along the wharves.

 Came back to city @ 3 P.M. to write & read. Cold enough for veal all day. Fruit & crisp. No flowers, not even green.


No sign of spring green yet.


Breakfast at Madeiran = then our train ran onto the ferry boat = we crossed across the still frozen straight to St. Ignace.

A channel is kept broken up in the ice but about halfway is piled with floating cakes of frost thick. The rest of way it is kept clear by wind. The cakes press together & have to be smashed up every trip.
At St. Ignace the ground is half bare
and 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
another th Street. En lists of these
in note book.

Country mainly flat & swampy
occasionally high steep ridges with
some rocks. Dense swamps of Alder
(Lebedeae) Pine, Larus, Birch, alder
and willows. Extensive growth of young
maple, maple. Trees of poplar or old burns. These species
of pine common in places where
shift by fire or Retrofit, a long
leaved red backed pine (Pinus virginiana) and
a little conifer like virginianus. Its
gray pines seen. More sugar maple,
ashes & oak.

Much open country, worth, near
swamp, & swampy, bushy plain.
Little timber & willows all along.
Not much parking. Some fields & grass lands.
No fruit trees.
West of Creighton the country is more rough, with steep ridges and heavy timber. The ridges are largely covered with Maple, Aspen, yellow pine, and hemlocks. Pines, birches, and ash are also common on the ridges. The snow is also deep except on the south slopes which are generally bare. The timber has not been so badly burned that some old pines are standing.

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

Near Marquette where we again strike the lake it is all open blue water with tiny icebergs floating here and there. Near Marquette the snow nearly disappears, reached Marquette at 8 P.M. At the Hotel Clinton,
March 24 - Left Marquette at 7:25 for Big Bay on a mixed train, freight & passenger & reached B. B. at 11 (30 miles). All the way through timber & mixed of it heavy pine & hemlock that has not been cut or burned to trust it. The snow is deep & continuous in the woods. Bird & 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 3 1/2 hours.
The woods are heavy and almost untouched; mainly hemlocks, northern pines, some white pine, and spruce (originally), lots of the white and yellow birch, sugar maple, aspens, black ash, a few basswood, lots of Tamarac, cedar, fir, pine, alders, willows, some mountain ash. Cornus canadensis, Wintergreen, arbutus, and arctostaphylos are common.

Got one skull of wolf shot not long ago. Saw dozens of deer tracks, several porcupine tracks, one basswood bush lately eaten bare of bark, saw several skunk tracks. Saw a carcass of red fox. Are told there are bears in half a dozen lakes near here. No in all the streams. There are some bear. minds, otter, martin.
The club is beautifully situated near the end of Pine Lake with Pine River 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 pickerel dinner + lake trout for breakfast to say nothing of variance for supper.
March 27 — started at 7 A.M. on

Wolf hunt, with snowshoes, back pack
of about 15 lbs., including camera, and
grub for 3 days — 1 loaf of bread, piece of
bacon, box of prunes, tea, coffee, sugar
— with also box of grapefruit.

Tom started with me to get another boy
to go, but on Brule Lake we met 

Saul Stemp, a bright young fellow who offered
to go if Henry Henry would not.

 Went west to Horvath’s homestead in

north shore of How Lake. Found his

soap buckets all full Chippewa employment

so he could not go. Saul went on
with me for 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 grub.

We took no blankets but plenty of

water — 307.
From How Lake we struck south over high ridge (probably 5000 ft.) and then down a long gulch or creek to the southwest corner of Mountain Lake. Camped at the corner of the lake after about 15 miles over lakes and soft snow. Snowshoeing heavy and thick and wet. Snow 2 to 4 feet deep in woods and crust, did not freeze last night and warm and clear all day. Creeks open and running. Lakes icy and open at edges in pieces.

All day in heavy woods of buckhock, pines, spruce, cedar, white and yellow birch, hard and soft maple, striped maple, fir, hemlock, ironwood, red oak, lots of black ash and aspen and snow-covered tamarack and alders. The country has been all lumbered out long ago for white pine and some narrow pines, but most of the other woods is untouched.
Some of the cedars 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, alders + other trees gave additional protection. We piled up logs - boughs at one side where a soft bed or ground cover blankets can be thrown over, but there is not a lot of dry wood close by.

We 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 noon. Then we had a good fire the rest of night & slept our half the time after an hour or two without having to poke the fire.
The one who got cold first would wake up + rebuild the fire & we would roll over with the cold pile toward the warm pile & 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 we see - fox tracks of 2 coyotes, a few deers, 1 mink, a few red squirrels, woodchuck, a few porcupines & varying hares, a red fox & a few old wolf tracks in the inbox lakes.

Birds we also see - saw a few crows + my man said he saw a robin this morning. Saw 2 ruffed grouse & 2 red woodpeckers. Saw one red grouse + a few woodpeckers. Heard a somewhat not in evening + a barndoor.

Came about 17 miles today, partly in lakes + the rest in snowy fields + soft snow.
March 28 - Were up at daylight and had breakfast of coffee, bacon, bread, and prunes. Before sunrise we left our rights and went off on the crest. Crossed the south end of Mountain Lake and struck south on the Bulldog Trail until we entered a road along the creek where pine logs had been hauled out many years ago. Followed this west end of this road through heavy timber, then over a low divide to another creek and south through several miles of older swamp. Then south east into an immense cedar swamp which we struck another old timber road. Followed this S.E. for several miles along the edge of the swamp and before sunset camped for the night in the corner of an old lumber camp. Hung out snow so we could build a bed just in our corner. Where the two log walls would keep off the wind. While the boy was setting camp, gathering wood for the night I struck S.W. across the
swamp onto hardwoods, hemlocks & pine
ridges, into some of the best timber
I have yet seen, including some fine
old white pines. The Cedar ending
Through which we have come for 4 or 5
miles is dense & still full of good
cedar pols & pats & some large enough
for good saw logs. The timber would be
worth several hundred dollars an 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 was softened so we
had heavy walking for most of the day
but made about 17 miles. We were wet &
tired at night & glad to eat our supper
of bread & tea & a bacon & a spam & green
stuff, done by the fire—a bed of
first handful boughs.

The timber today was a mixture of
hemlocks, pines, spruce, fir &
hardwoods on the uplands & Cedar
alders 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 other 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. Bears were numerous in several places when they had dens & houses along the creek. They are said to be common in most of the lakes too. Photographed an

duc + rood + pond mussels + allies cut for food + building material. There are very few willows or aspens where the bears are. Porcupine tracks were seen & numerous ground birches & maples, one porcupine was shot from a tall hemlock pine which numerous small branches had been cut. It contained one large onion that would have been born in about a week. It was the size of a red squirrel, well balled + eyes open. Shot a roasting hare + scared another into the creek where he got thoroughly soaked before he could get up the steps toward bank on other side.
Saw a few ruffed grouse & one
Canadas grouse. It was in the trail
under a bush & looked so shrewd
that I stopped to watch it & saw 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 plane
grouse & drilled it. There its crop shifted
full of leaves of Piece & nothing else.
It was delicious when fried with bacon
a stick, the dark, juicy & closely resemble
test of the pinnated grouse, but tenderer &
more delicate. Found another place where
a wild cat had eaten one on the scene.
My boy had never seen one before, too he has
been here for several years. Saw a few
Dusky's wilsons ptarmigans & buck capped
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 same old lumber road through cedar swamp and soon struck fresh tracks of 3 wolves. They had walked in 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 River. Here the wolves had hunted bears along the creek & dams & ponds but without any success as few as we could see. At this place it began to rain & snow & we decided to stay over till morning.
see if the wolves would not return to wait for travelling snow. We had come only 5 or 6 miles but the snow was soft so I set the boy working camp & getting wood while I took a walk through the woods. I climbed a rocky hill but found no wolf signs so it was so stormy I could not sit up. Found an old lumber camp of a dozen tumble down buildings half a mile from our camp but no shelter, so returned & helped rig up a shanty of boughs sheltered with my coffee cloth. Got a good fire & lots of wood & dried our clothes & dried boughs for a bed & we were fairly comfortable during a stormy day. At breakfast we had 2 lunches & saved the rest of our bread for supper & breakfast.
I found two porcupines up there near camp and 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 willow trees where they were pulling branches, while several twigs and branches nearby were badly stripped of bark. Half a dozen small hemlocks had the tops pulled down far enough to kill or stun the trees. I climbed up another tree and photographed the big fellow at 15 feet after it stopped moving towards right. Then left them alone in their treetops.

Saw the first had squirrel of the trip, they are common near the chicken house. Saw a large beaver track out on one of the dams and a usual lots of rabbit tracks and a few wild cat tracks.

Saw no new birds.

About half inch of snow fell.
March 30 - A very cold night & bad fog. Did not sleep well as we could not keep warm long at a time. Started early on a measly breakfast of chipped beef, not half enough bread, some grapefruit, 2 prunes + plenty of tea. Struck north hoping to get to Does Lake in time for lunch at Mr. Longyear's farm, about 10 miles. Followed down West fork of Salmon trail till the map showed when 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 a while, but lost the track when he went over a high ridge to the S.E. He was running & we had evidently started him. Found an old track that had been killed out only 20' in the rock & bone. 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 and when we struck the open shore of Doe Lake we had to face a driving storm for about a mile along the shore to the farm. The wind was fierce and biting cold and our faces were soon covered with ice and our clothes soaked with snow when we reached the house. We were glad to get in by a fire and were soon enjoying a good hearty meal at the table from absent millionaires. After a brief rest we crossed the lake and struck another road and before night we were back at the club where we started 4 days ago, having walked about 20 miles today and about 60 miles all told. We were somewhat lame and tired but in good shape except for blistered heels. The combination of new shoes and snowshoe straps had skinned to the bone and cords.
March 31 - Sunday morning a west wind in a soft warm air till 8 o'clock then had a good breakfast intended to have a good day's rest. But I wanted to photograph a deer yard 3 miles down the lake so went with John Gallagher and Mr. Perkins after filling up my foot with a pair of soft rubber - improvised leggings.

Found plenty of deer yards where hundreds of deer had spent the winter in deep snow, keeping trails and trampled areas in dense woods when they could run back and forth from one place to another when they could get plenty of evergreen twigs and leaves of fir, cedar, hemlock, yew, ground cedar, and the twigs - branch tips - maple - birch - oak - and pick moss and lichens from the tree trunks and logs.
Great patches were like many yards, well packed—trampled, but now the crust is very hard & the deer are leaving the yards of running cross lots thru the woods. We saw several deer & finally one came running up towards us to about 100 ft. 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 I had gone we followed down the trail & soon came to the tracks of two wolves that had came after it at full speed till they were turned off the trail. I got right in the way & sent them on the back tracks of 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 thru the swamps & woods & probably ran 40 deer, but without catching any. The deer could run at full speed on the crust 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 quiet awhile on a high point overlooking a good deer yard & the icy shore of Lake Superior. Again they went on after more deer & I finally gave them up where about 5 miles from the Club & I went home after dinner & the other one got home at 7:00.
Big Bay Station. The nearly sundown I started for Big Bay to get something to cheer 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 warm. Had some genuine maple syrup, boiled on the stove + pure & delicious. Told wolf stories all the evening to a family of open mouthed wonderers but went to bed early, pretty tired & sore. Travelled 20 miles or more, carried my snowshoes & camera.
April 1 - Got an early breakfast + when the sun opened at 7 got a pair of “rubber paddes”, No. 9, but the smallest in town. They are soft + light + will keep my feet dry + warm without taking off the epidemico in large patches.

Started back and within a quarter of a mile of the station crossed 2 fresh wolf tracks, probably of the same ones I followed yesterday; as there came from that direction did not follow them for 1/2 a mile, single track seen in the woods later.

Came back 5 miles to the bridge across Salmon Hunt + then stands south to the southern end of the range of rocky hills (called mountains here) along the east side of the lakes. Found a drove of 5 fresh wolf tracks coming up from the south and over
the top of the first rocky ridge, then
down and off into the timber after dark.
I had enough of following wolves that
were hunting deer yesterday, so left
that and climbed the next ridge, a bent
over, glacial gouged knoll of
granite about 500 feet high.
Now the top I struck the tracks of 4
more 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 stood 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 dens.
Leaving this set of ledges I struck
without a still cough but races upon
found the track of a large wolf
wolf, made during the middle of the
day + followed it over the top
at the other side went into
the swamp. Then returning crossing
tracks from the ridge to track the track
tracks + 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 aces
lake. It was now nearly sundown
80 I started home to in the woods
crossed 2 new 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 woods.
The snow is still 2 to 4 feet deep at some spots, continuous except for small patches on steep south slopes.
In this cold, per 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 and shall leave at once to try farther south. These are now wolves here in 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 Tramps. I also found 4 dens that they had killed partly eaten.
On my way home I stopped at the cabin of “Dutch John,” an old recumbent, who gave me the skulls of a wolf and wild cat and the skin of a great gray owl and told me many interesting things about wolves and deer and wild things. His cabin and clearing are back across a tamarack swamp from the road and he puts salt licks out beyond his potato patch to keep the deer away from the house. They come to his woodpile for salty slops throughout the year, and make nights tramping over his board doorsteps and pawing around the house.

He had two great gray owls nailed to a tree and says they stay all the year, showed me a flying squirrel skin, the big one. Photographed hver caribou muskrat houses on the way home. 20 miles, Wreed.
April 3 – Have put in 6 pretty hard days & put over home, so just chaining up sleds & getting things ready to start for the train in morning. Have had another good nights sleep & with plenty to eat & the appetites of a wolf I will soon be on a fresh trail. Have a 10 miles tramp with my pack to get the train home, room, but that is nothing.

Weather today, cloudy & the snow has become soft.

The snow is drifted out again on Lake Superior & the blue water is covered with a thousand tiny icebergs.
April 3 - A warm night with some rain. Snow soft and teen could not go to station so walked out & carried part of my outfits. Came 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 - Parked automobiles & wrote a report till train time. Left 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, Beach Inn.

A cold morning with good fresh tracking snow and a biting northwest off the lake.

Mr. Jopling got a man, team, outfit, and took me for Miners Creek and Chapel Lake along the Pictured Rocks. This country is rocky and may contain wolf dens - seems to be the only available feeding ground near Munising. Mr. Jopling reports a wolf on the Grand Island again this morning as he sends men out to hunt it.

The ice is not very safe and the crossing is difficult and somewhat dangerous. It would spoil a day, so I did not go to the Island.

Got off about 9 A.M. with J.J. Marsy for camp man. Started east around shore of bay and into woods, through Indian Town (a settlement of Chippewas) and up the shore to Miners River over 15 miles of town. There we found a comfortable bunkers camp with stable - lately deserted house, big stove, bunk full of hay and plenty of cooking dishes. Camped here, put the horses in the stable and got a late dinner. Then I struck out for a hunt through the woods till sundown.
Snow is 2 to 3 feet deep & well covered with hay & inch of fresh snow on top for tracking - ideal condition. I followed 3 points up the creek on one side & then crossed over & came back on the other side but saw no wolf or deer tracks.

Ravine here cliffs border the creek valley but there is no bare ground yet except in an old burn on the north side of creek & rock where ashes, &c. Aslant form a large cedar swamp up the creek the whole country is dense beautiful hardwood forest of surprisingly large & thrifty trees, mainly sugar maple, beech, white elm, yellow birch, ironwood, basswood, black ash &c. In places hemlock, fir, and on the flats a few spruces & firs & hemlocks. For a few other species & small plants see below.

Wintergreen, vaccinium twins are abundant where patches of bare ground show. Alder & birch are the principal bush along the streams. I never see pines maple timber but they may well do not run off because the snow is so deep & the ground has not frozen. Maple & birch could be cut in great quantities of large, sawlog size. Birch is abundant, thrifty, often very tall & clear, sometimes 2 ft. through.
Saw dozens of porcupine tracks one day
in the Pine forest. The live one was eating
berries from the top limbs of a very tall tree.
The dead one had been shot from a completion
and had killed or ruined by gnawing the
branches of 4 maples, 1 birch, 1 aspen and
mem when he lay. Many tracks go to the
rdds or under dead tree tops or woods on
tracks came down to the cabin where
we are located. Many trees are seen in the
woods killed or badly injured by them.
Fifty day the maples have scrawly tops
because the branches have been killed.
Saw lots of rabbit tracks, red and white.
Two new tracks, 4 fox, 2 bobcat, 1 wild
and skunk, 1 woodchuck, 1 porcupine
and a few weird tracks. These are said to
be a few boulder bear some hunting
fishes. 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 piles + posts are piled on the dock
the dock is full of cedar logs + piles +
piling. It is run out to the lake +
rafted to Wisconsin. The shingles will use
any kind of cedar logs.
April 4 - Slept comfortably in our bunk and was undisturbed save by the graving of a porcupine on the side of the cabin where some old probably rotty boards had been nailed up. I was expecting it but Murray thought it was burglars. The old west block has been ground down 2 or 3 inches on top.

Got breakfast by lantern light and started at quarter to 5 through the trees.

Along the lake shore above the Pictured Rocks to Mosquito Bay, where this is another lumber camp not yet started. Then crossed Mosquito Cr. on to Chapel Lake, where sandstone cliffs along each side afford good hunting ground for wolves. Followed along the lines of these cliffs on both sides - found old wolf tracks in most of the rooms but no signs. Found lots of old tracks on the lake - one dead deer nearly eaten up. In the woods found two wolf tracks. Following deer tracks in the swamps & deer yards on our return cross tracks of three going through the woods toward another deer yard.
Passed through several large deer yards and found many deer both in the yards and in the woods. Saw 8 does fully 1,000 fresh tracks of all sizes. Found dead deer except the one on the lake; the deer we saw ran freely on tops of trees and did not seem much alarmed. They have well worn trails from one yard to another, and still use the trails some extent. In places they have paved away the snow to the ground to get water of the green plants & moss. The bushes & branches are well browsed off where deer have been during winter. Balsam brush are favorites & are eaten & stubbed. Saw tracks of 100 porcupins at least & lots of graving + bushels of pellets in the snow. Deer have cuttings that form one step slope 100 feet above lake where they feed gone up to get aspens + willow. Snowshoe rabbits are numerous. Saw several tracks of muskrats, + skunks + eron + wild cat. Lots of red foxed tracks + Chipmunks + Pennypills. Saw one weasel track.

Lindy same as yesterday. Got back to camp at 3:30, 20 miles. Took something hot chocolate &
April 7 - Sunday. Had an early breakfast - started back to Wiscasset at 7, arriving at 11. Found good roads until near town when our sleigh slid on ice 2 miles of bare ground. Draying a little when we reached town but soon began to snow - by dark the world was all white again.

Mr. Wymans, forester of the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co. called upon me and asked me out to dinner to see the wood killed on Grand Island day before yesterday. West has careful description of it & of the wood I caught on the island last winter.

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

Came back to hotel wrote on report all I could. The Beach Inn stands on the shore - my room looks out over the open bay to Grand Island and the lake beyond.

Most of the afternoon the snow has kept out the views, but for compensation I will have good tracking snow tomorrow.
April 11 - Mr. Jopling & Mr. Snell took went to Munising yesterday & will not return until this P.M. So I had the Peter White camp to myself with only two men & 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 & started up the lake & river. This is the Laughing Whitfish Lake where Shires has taken most of his photographs of deer, a small lake about a mile long winding through magnificent forest of hemlock, white pine & cedar, fir, birch, maple, aspen & ironwood. It is woods down to the shores except at the ends where there is some sandy & flat land & alder swamps. We followed up the lake on good shoeing,
and then struck into the woods on the deep, soft snow and followed the creek up to the falls, about 9 miles from the camp. Followed the 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 started off to the west. Neither had gone into the woods or seemed to be hunting for deer, some but then go and went on to the falls.

The falls are overall about 70 feet high, but the lower half is only a cataract over sliding rock, but with the frozen masses of great ice, which the whole effect is very pretty. A few eagle and whitetails stand along the tops of the sandstone cliffs of the Horsehead Camp.
An otter had climbed to the top of the cliff and stood around 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 minks' tracks were seen and many porcupine rabbit tracks. A few red squirrel tracks and fox tracks were 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 we arrived back at 5 P.M., tired and wet and with little to show for our trip.
April 12. Another fierce 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 Deerton and caught the 2:05 train west to Marquette where I had to wait until midnight for the Duluth train. Went to Clifton Hotel and put on a white shirt and collar before going to dinner with Mr. 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 faithful Boss, 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 polytry) has been with him in Washington part of this winter. Mrs. 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 and many more old works on travel exploration.

I spent a most enjoyable evening talking over the early days of this region. Mrs. White speaks Chippewa + friends.
and tells dialect stories. Was very fond of W.H. Drummond and who has often been at his camp who dedicated his book, Johnnie Knox to Mr. White. In the guests' receipts 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 came up in summer and all went south before the heavy snows. Mr. Fobley also says the deer were shot in great numbers only a few years ago as the majestic southward in the fall, hunters usually taking stands where the deer passed. It is only since the country is thronged by settlers and the railroads have been extended that the deer stay up through 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 the 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 recalls one day eating a deer on the ice of a frozen river.

Mr. White stories of the early dear 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 Sauk City, Wisconsin. There to Ribon & Iron River & Wausau. 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 burned & there is much half open land or brushy stumpy burns. There are many little cornfield tours and some clearings & farms, mostly of open land & potato patches. The snow is low deep and some of the south slopes are bare. The old snow seems to build up except in swamps & dense woods. There have been but a few inches of the fresh snow.
Wolves might find plenty of dry
sides hills through this region and
in many places country rough enough
for their needs.
Rabbit tracks are frequently numerous
I see some rabbit tracks in
the snow.

As we approach the lake above
Toward Duluth the country becomes
flat and swampy or marshy with
alder - willow - ditches - spruce -
scattered pines - spruces. There
are no tall trees - reedy values -
to the west. The long black range runs
back of Duluth, wide bluffs piled
up with snow. The 2 inches of fresh
snow here is mostly gone from walk.

Hopes:
Duluth 13, Not much snow since in
eight - Win - &  punch ing -
Left Duluth at 1:55 P.M. on N.P. for St. Paul. Country generally low and level. Rocky in a few places north of Mosselake to Atkinson, cut off & level off & only hilly. From all gone into few patches on old slopes. The three pines, spruce, balsam, tamarack, aspens, all well set as the principal trees. From Moose Lake to Willow River there is lots of young pine in dense areas, some marshes & open ground & moro oaks. The first hour oaks slender & thickets of ragged north of Willow River on wagon tracks. Estates & 3 pines still can't in place lots of old pine stumps, foods & meadows & power fields. Snow on all your lakes open. Ground dry; country flat. At Hendely still among old pine stumps but country open mostly farming.

Pine City. Whitetail whitetail.

Tussock sumac, common. A few butternut seen. Some old white pines. First cornfield seen, by clock.

Elm, birch, aspen, tamarack, alders & willows common, newly cut. Young or in swamps. Last few waterfowl.

First squirrels next seen. City, Pine transition beyond.

Rush City. Good farming country, mostly cattle. First horses seen, good standing, cattle in pasture.

Harris, first horses little. Jackson's abundant.