New of Mr. Washby - Swans own
Loon - Beach
Plums
Catbird - High, Pitch Grass
Pileated - Two - Stream, E.g.,
Water through land - Mud in my tent

Foot - Black world emper - Chipmunks Foxes - MD Pussy Owls at night

Bathing - Bald Eagle
Beach - Kingfisher Campfires

Outlet - Swallow, Cool - Water on glass

Tea - Maples

Canary - Peas, Fogonias, Phlox, Grasses, Pines

Beek - moss, One - Knees

Pines

Swamp - Mint, Thistles

Oak, Hemlock, Maple - Pines, Firs - Solid, Sawnage

Pines

Fall colors - Winter - Pines - Brook

Left Washington June 23, 1911. Penn. R.R. Spent the night in New York at the Hotel, 5 o'clock breakfast with Chief U. Hilton, it afterward we left the train for Niagara Falls. How can people choose to travel by ship? The Missouri, the Columbia, or the Teal are said to be the most beautiful of rivers as the Falls run up along the Missouri with the Missouri, or the Teal, makes a fine day for a traveler. Then the beautiful Black Hawk Valley or finally the Black Hawk Valley - a day of satisfactions.

I stays at the Falls about ten days. Went to Toronto July 4th July 5th went up to Homewood to camp. The country was in the flush of its summer prime. Great clean fields of timothy and fields dotted with butterflies and daisies along the roads. Small busy fields of young corn. The freshness of the bright new country was delicious after the dirt of city with its rank impuors. Scarce pauses sang on the expanse. Funny small jolly, but cherry song. Little Terps occasionally added sweetness to the sounds.

The blue hills run quick at sunrise with white mist rising on the rivers and lakes. The smooth slopes, the moonlight with fields of hay, the bough woods and...
Montreal

..it is all a

nothing beautiful memory. And beside one that the

fragrance of my algar tobacco white bloomed

and pervading of all the songs of the many

thieves that had taken possession of the old castle

island. Meet a local dance of Daniel

July 10 we left Iroga Falls for Montreal. Went to

Clarkston & spent the night at the Hubbard House &

the next day took the boat Richelieu to Ontario's

Navigation Co. & Prescott. Beautiful wooded island

with picturesque castle & picturesque, a suitable

wood color that falls into the landscape. Menu

to have lunch the Nipps Queen & Montreal but

the ship disabled & we were transferred to the Grand

Husk R.R. instead.

At Montreal we went to the Hotel Canada, a small

moderate priced & very comfortable hotel, spent the

next day sight seeing. St. James Cathedral, the

picturesque old town with its houses, shops, homes,

which walls back back to historic days, is now a

museum of curios & historic relics. Notre Dame,

St. James Cathedral, reproduction of Notre Dame of

Paris & St. Peter in Rome, the old Montreal pack, the
Canadian Pacific Station, the park - Mt. Royal - on a
E. 65 degrees - very cold wind. On top of the Park hill
we saw a toboggan slide. Mr. Knight, Mr. West about
with us, both in their winter coats - came in joining
the ice palace which cost $1,000,000 - it is dangerous
to construct on account of cold of a whopping
they will probably never have one the ice palace by
the palace by the St. Lawerine. The club for winter
assembly, etc. Keep French population -

July 13. Left Montreal by Canadian Pacific to Boston
Day passing through - riding in a cut away -
the Green Mts. - beautiful wooded blue Mts. with
just outlines - a view thru the Blue Mts. past Toggen
etc. down to Fryeburg (had an observation car
from Toggen through the back part of the Mts.)

A.S. was very surprised to go west through the Mts.
as the grnnest part comes last.
Spent the night at Fryeburg at the Argus (named
by the woman who keeps it to advanced her husband
the Argus on the issue.

July 14. Left Fryeburg at 7 a.m. by train, I had a cool
refreshing drive out to Camp Dunham, past the Toggen
farm houses, through pine woods & fields.
A 1/2 mile through the woods from the farm house brought us to the Madeline cottage with its 3 tents on its facade. Two out on the lake or up on the meadow. Main to the main cabin rise 3 groups of sixteen tents scattered among the trees. 

The frazga is the dining room or one may the tables twice backs down or sometimes fall on the heads of the diners! Paddles come back, oar cushions are kept at the cabin. The canoes are lined up side down on the wharf, while the two row boats are tied in the water. 

The dining room is protected from storm or wind on the storm glass by little short canoes canisters. During supper it is hard to wait for the full view of the sunsets we have to look through the canisters. 

The ball is a home blown by the colored bag or thin little bell a cow bell against the frazga wall.
Old fig leaves with moss that crunches under your feet, speckled snails scuttling over it. Others as sweet as the commonest fields. In this land of forests they fill big open spaces with their throngs of flowering vines of the wild.

Our fields or nearby, close fields also appeal to the nurses. As you walk along the country roads between fields the sunshine rising from the drawing titles pleasant proportions of the housewife for supper while the men are from a very old man or woman passing by accepted in friendly stone by a neighbor on his horse.
Ferns

New York fern - Asplenium marianense - leaping fern - a delicate light green fern growing in masses.

Asplenium susiacense - growing in clusters.

Royal fern - Osmunda regalis - brown frond slender, flat.

Cinnamon fern - Cinnamonopsis

Intertwined fern - Claytonia

Stick fern - Davalia struthii

Savannah fern - Osmunda

Hairy Dicksonia - Dicksonia antarctica - dark green frond growing in masses in dry places.

Paris aquilina - Common brake

Asplenium felix-femina - rather thick & compact growth.

Brown with some green underneath.
July 31 Mr. Norton & I paddled across the foot of the town. Began to the Pickeral and found a very narrow channel between the arrowhead leaves. Blue flowers spikes down. The Outlet to the second rocks or rapids. The water was like a Claude Lorraine - we were paddling into pictures all the time. Extrod. photographs for while the blue-like waters were reflected - then dark banks of green foliage - the white clouds rich blue sky spaces. The patches of mid-green marsh grass was duplicated - a sort of waves given by the rich coloring of the branch of redwood maple trees reflected in the water. Arches of bright green grass made circles in the double. One picture at a time seen under the arch of a long hanging branch was of blue hills, white clouds, blue sky and biting of the banks. The densely wooded banks blessed with maple and hazel young white-fringed maple birch, a few dead green, white-fringed birch, a few dead green, white-fringed birch. The dark patch of bank was lighted by the 2nd basin of a mountain hollow. One like mass of reedlike grass on the bank over off by undercurrents as spearing waterdrops down a slope. On the bare banks, on the cool black water lay her a few A white birch at a larger loop.
a pure white water lily - a marvelous flower in the bottom of the dark water - silken as in persons a breath of most delicate fragrance. On these places big yellow lily heads rise from broad pads.

Then ran not many sides in evidence but a streak in the frequency on one shore led to the discovery of an aggregation female yellow throat chattering of a drone. The more numerous than long of the little eye was accelerated by the richer tone of the yellow throat. This was a still richer song of more quality. The digressed came from the sedges. The first river of chickabees, the thick As of the rattlesnake, the cool woodland note of the pecker in harmony with the cool dark depths of the pool of the white water lilies.

A harsh squeak from a little rising in broad front wings with hanging legs made us suspect a skulker; but when, beyond, we caught sight of him standing at attention, our self-scratched was transferred to the boat that had just passed us. (Would it be well if we had just passed him? We can just fiddle along, waiting till you find any - in times of incredible surprise.)

For when they absorbed in talk they had startled the trousers, as it flashed off one of them said in surprise - "Oh! there is a band!"
Ringbills at the corn heating with their suggested companions by disposition. The loud squeakings to the purple Martin ceased out of place. A goshawk looped leisurely across the river with the stream, a fairly called, or a distant song faintly. A male hummingbird before a cardinal but its call was the right light for the answering gleam of the forest.

Then a steep bank straight light of a fern, back above light below slipping into the water—water a trumpeting drops of mud and shells six places along the banks. suggested their work. A small bend seen for sidelong above the water suggested a water snake. Grizzles

were seen on the cap along shore. One sat, with gold shell with a tuft of yellow shorted on a gray cap. Another

wasp a black lightning back. Others were down

in the water swimming. Thin yellow lines of their plates making patterns in the shallow water.

And with all the interest & beauty of the life,

the shores, or the reflection, the knot of all was the

swept gardens that made you wish for glass-bottomed boats. To whom you could see into them. To the

Claude Thomas, men for occasional seekers.

The wings you could look into their whispering
They run wonder of iris gardens. Their attractive long filaments float on the water like threads of green or gold. Their blue or long in varying dense masses lying in the shallows close along make the surface look wavy. Think nymphs' hair - that you dare to brush the bowl through - could almost butter pole. The girls call it tushbark sauce or it must be confused it for cedar of palm appearance. It is deceptive! From the bottoms of the deep pool long growths rise to the surface suggesting seaweed or sea gardens. Some of them shooting up toward the surface to bloom at the top. The purple bladderwort has a small but beautifully developed flower with tightly closed throat is attired in such a way next is needed to perfect the cycle of life. Compares to these pretty, delicate flowers at a bend of the river Mrs. K. calls bellflowers. Yellow bladderwort has beautiful floating flowers. White blossoms of Sagittaria stand on the bank. Some leaves broadly sagittate, some slender, narrow pointed shop. Another water plant lies on the surface - small oval leaves - with a spike raised like a headlight
Great masses of green algae float like anything, win jolly fish.

Mr. had 3 passengers—a large dragon-fly, that rode for a short time with the boat, 2 fox brown butterflies. One of them flew in board as we went down the outlet and often leaving us joined to us again on our way back, this time a second one came in ride for a long time on my rail in the boat. Then one rode on my hand for some time another on my paddle, opening and closing its wings to balance itself as the paddle moved back and forth. Helicopters of Karry Simmons, 2 long thin flakes, added to the life & motion of the water.

The Ten day when paddling down the outlet a Neufelden flew up stream, or herein as in returned showed disconcerted—then in rose again —a vailed off as if interrupted. But I tell as we went down a duck came flying ahead or to ward us blackish effect with white belly. Finally seeing us it swarmed from its course & flew down on the water leaping from the surface to it. In the way back up the outlet after searching for it seen twice I found it
out in the middle of the stream. Its head looked large and rounded; its bill black. After it flew around several times and then settled on the water as it approached a tree, it flew off through the trees. At first sight it suggested a Redhead.

2 fished in a boat, looking under the trees along shore.

Aug. 23 - The cardinal from abundant bloom is now falling, but a hummingbird hovers away from the neighborhood of mine on. The narrow golden pennant ribbons are exquisite. Rising from the bottom straight as tree trunks - threads of gold.

Mussels on the bank, eaten out. Strees under the water in reach of legs prey.

The water has been down so much that fish are plentiful. The stream from the dam is necessary. As Mr. Ritten said, it was flowing through the hollow near. Heiltsu is near it. The outfit for ducks should keep all the wild ducks right for the most profitable duck food. In a shallows there where rocks almost fill the channel a brilliant red sedge floats, just down on a rock and probably has a bank. 2 thrushes - a brown wood rack, a billen and 2 herons (in species of these) now about all in view. So, butternut crispness.

Aug. 31 A thrush was batting, as we frizzled by.
Just before reaching New Charles we landed on a clump of turps and walked across to Fryeburg Harbor. Two long bridges over the Charles River here, the fact that log drivers came down these almost dry washes in spring gave evidence to the suggestion that in the early days the Harbor may have had significance. Now it is a long street - road - with here and there a large new house on the river side or now there a house on the opposite side - big white New England farm houses with oval windows and barns attached. Some painted some unpainted.

In front of the blacksmith shop stands a huge maple. The young blacksmith carved his name in the trunk of the tree above the door. When he appealed to his father - a collier - in the hill town, his father told us with pride that the tree was 23 ft around at the narrowest point - 28 ft over foot above the ground - and a river driver who was interested in such things thought it was the largest maple in the state.

The Berkeley residents call this harbor Fryeburg Harbor.
Sept. 18. Walking through the Cranberry Bog is back north for the marsh passed is thick & wet & many cranberries are blooming in deep sphagnum. But it is now one of the autumn pleasures. It is a broad meadow - acres of each and are moved as you walk on the sphagnum. You can picture to yourself flowers, shrubs & their beauty by the morning. The bog lies between the ballot woods & the farm woodland. It is a meadow where high wild grass are patches of royal grass - now golden brown & inlets of swamplands. Where you try to flush short-billed marsh hens. Scattered in bushes where berries grow scarlet in the sun or saplings maples getting ready to turn also shot the appearance. The heaved grass now has brown but levels yellow stems. Down outside the grass are the beautiful heather cranberry trees with their hanging ghlon jewels. From a delicate pink flash the berries are now keeping to call cranberry color. Some has been frosty (2 nights about 20°) & are soft to the touch. The berries are some but you eat them as you do hard pie off thin under the tree. With this feeling of the wholesome fruits & prepared foods - it is an acid that is tonic to the system.
As you plow along through the heavy bog you look now not the beautiful berry field at your feet delighting in the heavily quilted generously pitied fruit but up the golden brown acres to the dark mountains — harrows with its Sonia outline ripe past the roads—24. Then mountains that border the lake view. It is well in your plans to make some stop for a picture place — to rest your feet or an emergency drink may join you a cold plunge. Mrs. Stevens in a blue dress rests a neighbor out with Paddy's freshly Cranberry. Skittles - scared most to death. Then I spoke his name out of the bag! XYFy fur throws up into the air to get right 1 can alone the high winds grass — must defend his family by leaving him the instructor.
Camping on Beach

2 girls (no, who has a school) came up to camp on our beach. We made them. Everyone took with our party, on the night before they left. They insisted us all down to a marshmallow toast. The invitation, written with a burnt match on a paper plate, was stuck to a log of the cabin for all to see. After supper we stood on the lake till ten (1.45) and then pulled the canoe up on the beach. Passed them. A huge camp fire was on the sand with a picturesque evergreen tip giving the effect of a tepee. Inspecting camp was the first event—a shelter tent, a stone camp fire with Stuart Edward. Wrote on strips laid across for frying pan rest, a bough bed, duffle bags. gave a Gunnies lunch to camp.

When the fire was lit it made a splendid mass while waiting for it, to cool down. smoke was sent. Pounded sticks with marshmallows were stuck in the sand around the blaze. The last event being a Christmas tree atop with a band of holding blue-ribbon on top for anyone—lots of champagne.

Mum all was out or put in boats or paddled home by starlight.

Sofie, and all the campfire girls by Mrs. Mackenbuhl, etc. with toast apple toast a marshmallow toast. Nice and later.
A party of the girls went for a two days trip to North Waterford - about 15 miles walk each way. It began raining the afternoon they left & kept up at intervals till they got back. The trail was cleared by corduroys & lumbering. They set off from the trail next to the farmhouse where they had expected to spend the night. Tiring to find themselves, their compass would not work, they took to the fences on the trees (? ? ?) or followed down a stream from the Four Kaes Roads. In going around it they got into a haven near the water where they hid suddenly - in the midst of the broken foil it was when the water hit it touch bottom. They had to be pulled out by the arms. Then, as the downed tree made it hard to walk around the edge of the pond, they told to the lake itself - making up their knees. When it was too far to wade, after the boys went back up, it began raining and they camped for the night. The matches at first would not light, but after they had visions of a light in the clothes on wet cold ground, but finally a light was struck & inner back got to it till about a blazing fire was made. Neckties & belts were
transformed into a clothes line. Dr. Hall
removed the gomu from close to the fire. They sat down beside it.

The two ladies spelled each other (11th hr.) taking
fire. The rest lay down near the fire while she sat on one side
at a time. The next day, at 5 or 6, the people

up a pitch blueberry for breakfast. I discerned an

old barn only a short distance from camp. This

ford to have a road leading out to the main road

which led, in 2-3 miles to the farmhouse. When they

had meant to stay one night, then they laid aside

many varieties for breakfast. 2-3 of the party set

carried home in a carriage. The Then, 2, the lady

went back to correct the trail, so then walked home.
Flowers

Aug.

The beautiful little Monocots run from may still be found coming up out of the moss or pine needles under the pines.

The Delicata is a New England White flower that abounds on woodland trails under the pines.

The bright red Fringe tree flowers come looking after
the woods in glasses, rising from their veils of leaves.
And a few deep red Orioles' berries with dark green
vines lighten the forest.

Spiraea - White flowers in a tall, deliciously fragrant
pawed

Habenaria - pink - mountain white - delicately flowery

Epigaea pubescens - white sweets plantain - I found
a number of the camomile patterned leaves in the

Pogonia hirsutoides - a beautiful delicate pink
flower growing in theキャンプ草 in July.
Symphora chlorata - almost all gone Sept 1. They sing no longer (part) left in October.

Nyphes alona

Sarracenia purpurea - peduncled plant. Found on wet bog, about 10-15 feet a piece. A bright smell with a hint of sweetness.

Bromia fijiensis - a tiny thing, desere all tiny drops of liquid.

Sept. 1 - Found White hazel in bloom in pasture.

Sept. 13 - Found some fern nits. 9/10 clear. Another like turkey along the terminal fringe.

The fly Christmas tree sticks are brilliant now - a blue butterfly also in fruit.
A vivid green grass snake was discovered on the trail between the cabin & tents. It was as vivid as
the vibrant grass in the sun in the outlet. It was
fly hunting & would raise itself on that second
my little tool for a purchase — our knives perhaps
edged straight out across a space & dart the
tongue out after some insect too small for a tick. 
Then out among the leaves it darted & bit it was
potentially intended to catch them. It was dull
yellowish in color.

After sunset I saw the dark form (silhouette) of a
woman climbing up the hunting tree where the
Perched stag-hare was. In front of the pergola. Can
it use them for resting them?

Spiders abound here & on some logs. They are
seen on the ground. One time (Aug 5) was fairly
busy with beautiful little webs with fruitful
designs. Sept 20 tree fairly festooned with beautiful
spiny webs.

A quill on my table - in a & shawl — one mg. points for
breathing visits, & for several nights moths were heard in
or around a number of the tents.
Lake

Under a gray sky the bolt of white water comes to a stop as if laid on glass. Sometimes when the wind is right- the fragrance reaches us in camps. Sometimes the sky looks so vivid green- makes green lines- with bells- on the water. The last few days at breakfast time in Whitefish with bells, but before noon the clear bell tells the west wind.

Now the wind blowr crosses the open water. The lake food water is smooth the nights for running lines.

Full. A brilliant sunset. On Washington the range rose with pink clouds reflected on the lake to a paddle through was followed by a clear pale green band on the black shore timbers reflected black in the lake. Yellow camp lights can be seen over the whittier mill called. Then the big, yellow moon rose on the forest and was reflected in the lake.

Sometimes at smooth one ball will lie in the water.

Aug. 20. No sun rises to the left of Washington. New day is white right on W. After a brilliant yellow- the color.
changed to red - a thin warm cast the clouds along the horizon turned a blue gray. Afterward
filled with deep lights.

in late August there were some wonderful sunsets. One night the sky behind the tree was
 aflame - the back side stood against it. Midnight falls.

in August nights, when on the lake we
watched the sun climb up behind the tree.

One night I thought it was a signal fire from
a peak.

clear starlight nights, the Dipper points the
northern star of the lake. Scorpius' whole length
was in the s.e. sky, the square of Pegam
on the camp woods, Vega overhead.

Sept. - After dull gray days, it cleared. The sky is blu
r the sun shines warm. How good it is! Coming over
the lake at noon, the lake was full of big white
cumulus clouds that accompanied the heat -
it was like the day in the desert when the clouds
went with us.
Sept. 6. After heavy rain the mountains are coming into view again. The highest, thin line, green line hills with summer, or behind the line of the green ridge outlines against snow white towering - towering up against the blue - not mass lost in clouds. Poster comes, the sky reddening - that heightened as clouds thin. White mist reflected in the lake above the dark not outline reflection.

Sept. 10 - The Naves, after service 1:30 pm for a farewell paddle up 40 miles on a quiet boat 2:30. After a long gray period the sky was blue, the boat went through reflected clouds. The trees were full of white puffs - beautiful cumulus clouds. Red and maple trees reflected a our short bank which had foil. Reflected cambric made a reflection of a long cord. The bend was round about bordered by four long grass with silvery, overgrowing tops, sweet fern, a fragrant fern. At our bend a boat was lying with our meals. Trees in could just make out a small tent. Hunters, probably. We climbed for the barn outside that could
but every thing quiet as it can be.
A boat & 2 people. What now?
From a rock on the edge of the water we saw up a solitary sandpiper, a junco in another, a varied small cheetah pointed to swamp sparrows. Thue birds we could not see.
We wound back after bend till we had to file or could go no further.
Birds there to round up ahead.
The host is full of curious sight but not as much as the bullet.

Sept. 13 - Washington was fulll with snow in the big pools, many cactus, salt
14th. Snowiest ever had rumbled away during the past day on lake except for squalls. Ree on water in camp in morning.
Mr. turning red by the face. Also yellowing cheeks.
Most of Pile-tweakers found. Maples turning pink in green. Also red brances.

Message is called the Prophet of the lake. If its peak is cloud covered it will rain.
Sept. 22 - Beautiful northern lights - light like arctic pictures - III reflected in the lake.
Back of the lake are alder swamps left dry by a succession of dry seasons, but usually flooded from the lake. The low, sticky spreading alders give the characteristic to the swamps. Look in clumps sometimes spread with rocks or firma so that you have a passage way. At others, making a network so it is hard to get through. Occasionally, bare, but ferns in the bottoms which are probably filled with water in normal years form good wildlife damp earth, regularly take advantage of it.
Flies, I chide him, and friendly fire is not where I would fly. A delightful place to play, then, from some mystery in a fold of a tree— but for the pest of mosquitoes that are quick to devour you, tormentingly persistent in taking advantage of the unexpected guest.

The chide his persuades the place, apparently, hiding the plucked birds in their cells. Perhaps he is in one of such security—chick-a-dee-dee—a such home comfort that he can be afraid. As you look up, there is a chide his leaving from a folded leaf, busily exhibiting its possessors, there is another, flying along the curl of a birch trunk, another hanging from the tip of a log at work. Restate, give a plank of orange as they drift down through the buds in pursuit of an insect.

The place is full of the small incessant notes of fledglings, often harrying of hard-won parents, busy adults, eulogistic, the White-crowned follows around by dumpy, fuzzy, youngsters, mice, flycatchers.
Canhions. Bob-tailed gourpkins, yellow below.
A tiny animal smell. a screeched his trunk
his inquiries was. That - match stick broke
as you may. mosquitoes climb your stick needles
in your, hands, arms, or the back of your neck (you
have to sit on your feet) tell you an invitation with
the imitation of sleep in desperation.
**Henlock Swamp**

Aug. 9 - Mr. Morton and I spent the day wandering around a Henlock Swamp back of the lake. The bog, wetland has behind it only objectionable feature - water. Most of the huckleberries were young, growing under pine trees, but some of them were large and made almost a thicket. Three long and umbilicate fronds and thick furred jaws added richness, but the ground cover of moss was the most swampy feature of the place. Strong smell of fen that you could deep into, pines, reed sedge and other deep waters. The roots of the trees were outlined by green. (Do the roots start higher in the swamp to breathing purposes?) The floor was covered with it - many makes of ferns kept us exclaiming with joy on the ground. High fields of the black lichen. Berries of the spring richness - gold thread, white thin, spotted strawberries-like leaf slender stem and set of gold thread (many etc.) came up through the moss cushion. Cloches of Indian pipes with

*Among the huckleberries men, yellow berries - showing only back of their branch. Two grew on rocks, one sitting like a fat seals. In the rock - amusing.*
Hemlock Swamp

Vedder heads raised tempting to investigation from a beautiful meadowland quick inside. Great figures arboreal leaves on the few bushes between weary places told of fragrant blosoms. Ground pine
common club moss. Clumps thickly along one bank formed
on swamp seemed a lopped up, miniature forest trees.

On boulders (left by the placers?) were seen pencils the little dark green Polypondium. Mushrooms or
a white fungus sheltered on the side of a tree trunk near
from color in the back swamp. And in the large places
the bright red bunch berries - Currus canadensis

A string crescendo small made as remaining the swamps
or nestled back in a slanting the trunk so nearly
a little lump of tiny bones was interpreted by

Bleak holes in an old hemlock clump led
by life. But I could not keep up the forest path
I had hoped to find - perhaps its fruit merging
up in 163 sound. Or - perhaps if it ever were
made our steps a low voice would put it to guard.

A few moose, black, White Crafts, i nearer
me about all.

+ in 164 place I found the exquisite little snow-

berry vines with real snowy berry left.
Swamp

In a mixed partially cleared hemlock, tamarack, tamarack, tamarack, a delicious swamp we found dark blue berries of Clintonia umbellata, buds of mt. hill, mitre shaped green leaves spiky bright red berries bright in the sun. Belts of 9 to 12ft. Female berries. A man berry vine with its tiny close set leaves of pink berries clinging to climbing moss rope roots, young net. ashes, good to eat again. We walked about deep among the flocks of tamarack fern or tank ankle deep in sphagnum. The animal that darted like a rabbit fled fern a bush kept that afforded food corn. A Canadian warbler seemed much at home & a pair of white thrushes faced regally.

The flocks tamaracks are interesting in their individuality. The White Thrust sang: Notte bush sprawled on the ground.
Aug. 8 - This morn. Mrs. Horton & I crossed the field at the foot of the lake where I found pickerel plants before the mowing was done, & went on to the little brook bordering the outlet. Royal fern, the wild speaking, luxuriant old lady. Commended from three or acres, as Mrs. B. said. I have dreamed of such fern growth. We walked through it above our waists - sometimes above our shoulders. An old beard wood was filled with it, & a peat under the high weeds made it reeds was clogged with it, as some garder sensible.

Butt sage, a bush allied to the bayberry, not. Helly, a viburnum in berry - heavy. Other huckleberries between the trees.  

Brids Mrs. May's, but Mrs. 2d, tall, Md. wood from very, a Maryland yellow thistle. Called - me saw an ad. V. broom. The beard was brown, & the thistle, immediately, a plant! seed from above. Long spines. Mint abundant s. of swamp up a swamp. A top yellowish herb ready making stop. On a bank in saw what looked like a corn beach - a sand. And close to the water was what looked like a corn. But may have been a horse bed, as much a heap of sand in the soft earth.
On the way back we tried to cut across through the beautiful grass and bushes but we had to wait up some weeds in the dense green masses it was such hard work to return to the old road. On one way out through the cranberry bog in finished 2 short killed marsh areas.

Aug 9 - In the deeper part near the woods where there is less sphagnum or cranberry, in the grass we found quantities of pitcher plants. Turning around when I stood at a glance I counted 23 heads (seed pods, pitcher having fallen) standing up & the end of the green tips. One plant had 42 pitchers some brown & dry but most of them in water holding order & beautiful with their red vineries. Is that the device of attracting insects? Drew my finger backwards up the throat of the pitcher & see the face of the insect that is caught. Alas! the cruelty of nature! Oh, that I may God!

Looking out on this field from another point up the woods, I saw a collection of white wild grass (?) tips with tips beautiful in the clear of the grass. Mixed with them ran a few pink wildflowers, though they are mostly out of bloom.
Quilt Swamp

July 2 found my assignment - a pelican plant with one stock - one 20" that came up easily in my hand. 90 pelican. About 10-15 of them were brown, but about 75 were bright green - strong, handsome. Wide pelicans! The leaf at the back acts like a flying buttress to brace the pelican when heavy with water.

Aug. 31. We found most of the flowering stalks fell from the pelican hidden down in the thick green grass. In one place they were so abundant we could hardly step without hearing the birds enough to perhaps feel a spirit of life from a pelican. The color of some of them was a keen pleasure. They were red - some small ones entirely red - others thighs thinly mixed with dark red.

The fall colors in the swamp - cranberry frog - sphagnum field - 2 places as waded through royal ferns - looking across it was a sort of golden brown - the hills in background as the blue needles.

The St. Johnswort stalks in the grass give bright color - from pink, to plum, bloom.
The golden brown of the royal fern guides, the brown seed heads — some golden brown — & yellow berries, golden plant tips make a harmonious autumn picture.

The skunkcabbage are ripening in the bog — setting like very checkered snow apples.

Sept. 10 — After a period of rain & gray weather a heavy fog lighted to blue sky & we had a perfect day. The marsh at first felt to us like a picture. From its border the edge of the lake, the yellow marsh grass was set in blue sky, water reflecting blue sky. Fungi of Hack Potentilla emphasized the delicacy of the light, as it hung across the marsh, the最先, autumnal feeling — straws & feathers from sunny yellow through orange & brown. On the lake, the footstulls were filled with sunshine. Shadow long, thin streaks of afternoon on light dancing across while the bulks were shaded. The mountains, in soft hues had shadow fields lines. The rest of the hills & stricken of bluish in the soft blue completed the picture.

Golden browns in royal fern, gold of sun and autumn.
Aug. 9 - In going along the edge of the woods I saw clusters of flowers surrounded with a brown butterfly.

Inside a dry patch of woods a small underpinning along the road I saw masses of the Curious interrupted fern, the green of the ferns being interrupted by the brown frond.

We found the footprints of a few deer or a beaver or even someone at a farm house. Blackberries growing in massive clusters deliciously sweet observed the entrance of the deer or lack of children in the farm house. The farmer was walking away across the acres to a white-haired woman came out to pourus water as we climbed the fence or unlock.

In a dry pine wood we found the big orbicular glossy roundish mottled leaves of Habernia orhibunda.

A tree standing out in the distant reach of trees in afternoon has dark slimmer o seen twined type. - seen hanging

The berries are in friss now.

Aug. 22 - The hobble bush fairly brightening the woods to please now. The berries are a bright red. Since
Woods

Aug. 25 - The Hazel is in fruit now. He corn is getting the sticky ferment, perhaps a means to keep the fruit warm as it has a hard outer shell. The pretty corns are daffnered pickled.

A patch of green Juniper has the leaves blown to where the low branches are raised then berries come to light (deek)

Sept. 9 - For some time the pine branches have been falling - brown cups that unfold the needles of the pine. My platform has been drawn with these morning.

Sept. 19 - The trees are turning so fast now to red on the perga of the cabin and the fields, glasses on the lake and the foothills. The red side which with the naked eye are glowing, with the glass are seen to have burst into flame. The lake benedict is just in Lemon, each morning there are some tongues of flame between the pines, while the beauty of the reflected air grows intense.
Trees

Sept. 1. Wild cherry blooms red or black with berries now.

There are two hazel bushes here, one with a fluted fruit like Edgar one with a break. The fruit looks lovely, soft saffron pink.

Some sugar maples are red in the woods, bright crimson leaves on the road, small turves in the road.

The fall here is red. A brown spray from the mushroom - brackets, an ear of purple, yellow, red, or pink. White - beautiful. Many small flakes of moss on a tree branch with rain on it. Two stoats. - a beautiful tawny.

Ruis area lists at Freyburg Harbor. 23 ft in chain. At narrowest part, 28 ft above the ground. 8 large trunks after the fork.

Sugar maples are scattered throughout the wood. - join red turves in September.

Hazel - the fuzzy kind. Sept. 17. The leaves on a
Sept. 13. The pines are shedding their needles now —
are yellowish. This follows closely on the falling of the leaves as may be simultaneous. More
than not noticed it so much before.

5th. Whit's bough burs are in yellow flowers.

Ripe apples against blue sky.

Black-striped maple (pink in press) on old stone
well. White branches down the licus.
Aug. 9--Notice of a baseball game was posted on the door of the log cabin for some time, aspirants being asked to sign their names, & between times the camp was interviewed individually & urged to take part, no matter how much or little they knew of the game.

Before the afternoon games a girl was carrying around among the tents, getting red or blue ribbons tied on their arms.

The athletic field is the largest open space, backed by a wall through the woods -- the back yard of the farm -- it has supplies camp with wild life when night does the camp laundry.

The Blues arrived just a straggling waiting for the field. Finally a procession emerged from the woods led by a tall young woman (Miss Maude -- Paint of a girl's school) wearing a paper breastplate & carrying a pole topped with stars & bearing a red bandana. With her head of the leaders of the procession advanced, "Mister Major," in charge of the Marcellus -- in reply:

"Mr. Norton's crew -- Camp Smyth -- a Camp Boy

Mr. Captain of the 2nd Venus, & then the Blues
Ball Game

The teams presented a motley appearance. Some in the camp uniform, midnight blue or blouses, with blue or red collars; one in a cotton-silk dress tucked up short; another in an elaborate fitted bathing suit. One had a red or blue ribbon in the hair, one a blue trimmed hat, another a red bandana on the arm.

Ignorance of the game, especially in the finer points, was the most noticeable feature, but some of the girls showed an astonishing acquaintance with the game, or an expert play. A young sculptor from Providence batted like a boy, and the second baseman got bases as the ball flew across the field; an artist from Cincinnati acted as coach at the bases. In fact, some experienced players had to be called to the bat from a base when they were coaching.

As one was lacking to the complete teams, a young farm boy was asked to umpire. He demurred fearing there might be quarrelling over his decisions, but finally agreed. The audience sat on the stones of the post-946.
Turn o the farm girl ass in blue was drawn into
their company, this he was so anxious to watch
the game, it was hard to get him from behind
the batter. The farmer's wife & the dog stood
in the barn door as audience part of the time,
before the game was over, he the construction
of one of the times chasing a flying ball — the
cows wandered in along the edge of the diamond
coming to milking.
Then it was all on o the Blues had won.
20 5 / 18, the notes after cheering themselves
chased them off, which would have been
a surprise to the umpire, if he had not gone
off with a friend before the end of the game
usually listening to call on his shoulders
he left the field, that he had to.
On the small farm boys ran for a lady who
would sit down, & as cheerfully bidden off to the
spring for water when he wanted to watch the
game.

Beneath me o the girl described a jar as
"a covered jar I carry around with you! " & inside
"mixed " & to "had to be decorated, explain"
by the initiate.
Sept. 4, Minis P. & A. Minis Julia Haldina, Clara 

From our house on a 65 mile auto ride from the Pearson farm to Naples and back.

We went to church, down to Black Mt. School, and south to the Bridgton road at the foot of Pleasant Mt. 

Then across the Morse Pond bridge, past Beaver Pond, to Highland Lake to Tog Lake, through Pearson's, to Naples, back by West Bridgton, Saco River, Fryeburg Papers / Stair into woods and then home.

It was a day of beautiful, dark blue sky, with small clouds, of cool, through forest pines (the sky through intersected pines), through New England village, through farm land, with turned cornfields, and open stretching, with wide mountain views. From the top of a ridge, a bend across over the main range which is our Camp boundary, round Washington's first bulk, off to right, over mountains rising beyond. There are no snow clad peaks, no striking farms, but a great view of blue mountains with light & shadows & colors enough to make beautiful pictures.

In coming back, near Fryeburg, papers (the A-boat, the country people say) we had a more intimate view of carriage across flat that lightened mood of some new unaccommodably as if in cold step.
across to it & met the Rosters. We were coming across from Intervals.

Upon the Southern side of Maine the Country is made up of 3 forests, lakes, or mountains. The farm land is only in patches. The question is how, with such small farms, the people can have such prosperous farming homes? To this what is called the New England way of keeping up a good appearance? There is no intensive farming. The pastures are divided the small farm fields, the orchards, old grassy fields with under-trees. Corn is the principal crop & only one outside side was seen. There are some big barns.

Corn fertilizers, manure, the like take a part deal of the work. It's not war work 90
corn on the way to the farmers. They have only 2-3 weeks in the year or the farmer families to do this work.

The road was being built-up in our place made into a broad automobile highway, and the farmers were doing the work, but in the old 12th-way way. In accordance to regulations. There the money being given by the state. The farms of the men that live to see, mainly, straight-forward, self-supporting for the most part. They matched the houses

The type of house came to be a 2-3 story white, straight front with gable roof, door, sometimes with fan decoration on the door, the house backing back by some walks to the barn which may be in the same line or jogged to one side. Different types. White or left unpainted.

Winter comfort vs. insurance premiums. Most the whole structural, what is white, it's hard, and the effect is harmony but a white house attached to an unpainted barn, for the visibility. The yards are serenely clean & the house neat & reserved. Fayers, floors, open windows. Any sign of outside life is more enough to write about.

But on the other hand, farmers chauffeurs lived in a large 3-story white house at the 'Harbor. We only had this weather this summer & said that there many farmers who had them, reluctantly that they did not seem to get ahead much. He had been an in man of Intervals 20 years ago. Works in lumbering near home in the winter & now between fishing in bay & come out takes summer people out in his machine at 15 a mile. He owns a few deal of land around the lake. Bought Coopey for
about $300 & sold it for $1500 (for the timber). Head to own Buck Rd. sell hunting privileges. Make home knitted woollen socks & took us home to get apples (under his tree) for us, & let us see his children. Children were the making of Done, "he said feelingly. His eyes filled with mild amusement at kids making stories. He knew a man who killed a bear years but would not tell what it was. HeSummarized kindly - got a man with trouble - bad trouble - he wouldn't do that.

"To get a fox, he said, you had only to make a noise like a woman or the fox would come close. If he was hunting, he would shoot you."

The fish was delicious but I couldn't eat it. Bridgeton is a lodge town with white & black pigs skin country. Naples has a large hotel & boat landing for steamboat going down to Sebago Lake. It seemed strange to see summer red. Man in white, white shoes, a thin suit in tight narrow strips. The summer festivities. Boys in dark clothes with redmills on belts led the old in their peaceful farming community. Boys dance along the village streets.
Mr. Clark, Milder, Snee, and I went by auto (with Edward J. Stevens) down to Specking Harbor, thence up the Cold River Valley through Stowe up across into New Hampshire, past Chalmers or Cold Face Inn, almost to the end of the road.

In the Cold River Valley, the trees had turned so that they were yellow - in one explaining all the way. It was so beautiful the trees had red and yellow coloring for long years it was an intense satisfaction. It revived memories of jobs long past. Mellow sugar maples that might have been in New York state, and flaming red maples of my home taught the heart.

Then to join on a contrast them. From beauty, strength, of Stowe congregants. The road went along the ridge, overlooking the beautiful Cold River Valley. This was under the Old Potter. The pond the homes where the old Sticks run right where they decline Cold Face. But the look of old was the old camp that faces Cold Face from the top peaks. With its looking at Black tinder that needed to be malarials at its feet. On the May house the kinds of Cold Face

I saw from illuminated with a lovely scene, how red method. It went away. The stream that was flowing from the Stony Flume up smoothly behind the range...
P.S. Mr. Stevens of the adjoining farm told me that his herd frequently been seen in their meadow in former years. I told my brothers one farm and them with his herds being seen this summer, the one with 2 fawns being seen again on Fairview farm this week.

A man on the other side of Campfire saw a fawn a few years ago within a mile from here on a moose. He thought it was too large for a deer.

A moose was seen a few years ago by the camp R.H. letter box—just below the Herman's.

From an anecdote to be quoted common here. Be told them you go out & make a noise like a moose, one of the Seaver's says.

A small porcupine quill was left on a red shawl on my table one night.

Small animals were often heard around camp in the night & once one of the women had a calf.
Animals

From a knuckle - wood pussy - sachet kitten, they call them. She saw it with heracles - lantern - bug light.

I say squirrels, in June even - One on the bank of the Outlet, or one on Cabin Delight Hill carry a butternut.

A few young red squirrels have been seen - hazel nut shells - gnawed - trail boots - found.

Chipmunks are all about camp - a climb the trees between the tents. They are very tame - some come to the hand for chocolate - thin green jackets. Some of the young ones come into the cabin or on the porches then he is at meals there. They fill their pouches with graham crackers - chocolate till it swells as if the skin would burst, or till run off to their holes. Before a storm they would fast - stuff themselves with dry leaves or food. We of the women said they run cutting off acorns near our tent - or them carrying them to their huts.
Sept. 19
Walking down the woods road to the lake, sitting down to watch ducks. I scared a chipmunk into a terrified shriek, for I had sat myself down close to its hole! It screamed until heartburns you might think. It then from a hole at the root of a shrub shot back into the half-frightened half-inquisitive shrub a dollar at me. It was my stringed apple, perhaps after standing up on its hind legs to tell at me.

Brung out with a lantern one night. Willard heard a noise and told a pugnacious coming down the path towards me. It stood sideways, looked at Tom. Then went off to his rounds.
Ant to Bald Face

From the valley in south on the foot of blueberries on the rocky slope of Bald Face. Amniously large ones found there. The people in the country go in parties to pick them.

WY.

At the ledges there a Dean age. Fine logial school grades thru summers with the kids. They in an attack. Township & cottage, a Salem town, as they call it. The town is 3 story. On the first floor is a store. But a locker r on the 2nd r 3rd a bedroom each with window space on each of the four lower sides perhaps 10 x 5 ft, but no glass. Glazed only by wooden blinds that slide across. The kids of the valley with its school lines on one side of the mountains on the other are worthy of town. It holds right up Bald Face amphitheater. The kids are growing one which Cold River falls in cascades.

On the road to the valley is west on the Cooper road & past the landmarks.
Sept. 18 - The leaves are falling & green down on the wharf with a sound that is astonishing.

Sept. 19 - The leaves are joyous now. There is a mellow yellow light in the woods.

The pine needles are falling, patterning the ground as the clusters from multi-year, in places the floor carpeted with the old needles yellow before their fall & there is autumn foliage in the pines as well.

Brown truck leaves lie on my doorstep in the morning & yellow leaves fall at your feet as you walk through the woods.

In a grove of young white pines on Plum Hill a red pine stood apart with an air of distinction from its long needles, the reddish brown of its old needles compares with the yellow of the old tree of the white pine.
When I retired again, it returned with a distinction.
Oh! Mussle you Mussle you, the fooroed you, for ever!

A speckled thrush was the 2nd chapter. Meeting 2
parents just beyond the gate - full of their sweat was 1st.

But not in the wood fuzzy visitor's tent below,
All since from testimony:
I did not in the large monitor's left a quilt
on my table - on a red shawl. in the night. Foot fell
head at different tents - a jump from my platform
hand by my next neighbor.

He saved someone.
hunting blueberries.
The stirring calls of the kingfoles assounds as he
passes down the show.
There is an imperious place taking? But if his
life must be sealed, his name must be cut down
for, the word identify an surge within—a glass?
Of all the men that come along bent who can say,
which a bent? The hurried end of the crowd, the stirring
keen-souled, the big red Vermillion, the clerical jog of
Mcdaidson, The dreamy whistle of Helen peered, and
the name of the town's call of the goldfish, the hawk
the barred, and disturbed from his nap deep in
the wood, the sudden call of the sand piper from the
beach, the lovely song of the loon from the lake?
Are there lost whose voices now in the field
ring the lap of the grass beneath the sky, the graying
Countries—The bowl-stirring Song of the distant thunder,
from out the heart of the forest?

Aug. 6. / I went the fish of my tent, and cautiously
up in the wood that was calling. Had it come to the last
shivering to hunt for our chief minutes? The call stopped
up or a join up the bluejay, which flashed off to the wood.

+ compacted / all the mystic secrets of Woodland

Sunlight & green shade
the rawmings and yellow birds will build nest to nest. For while nest built thoughts are hard on the
ladder, there so late are 202.202.202 - what a
beauty of a full - a yellow yellow gold friend. I saw
down on the beach with his dull yellow head.

A thingy, a bug - there is a tiny brownie sitting
herself on a log almost on the peak of the tent.

Another thingy - she is from!

One of the most familiar of all my little visitors is the
visits all the camp is the pretty black-white warbler
I'm young, but fuzzy little bird. She could be little but
you them bills, now active little fellows with white lines
on the head or clear white feathers in the back.

First when I was at home I saw a shadow on the tent
at the overlapping of the canvas. It makes a good
riding place for nests. I heard the little of little feet
on the periphery. [I] cloth. I saw the busily little bird
hunt out some milk. Merrily little gliding
set by a celled in its own little while this clicking toes.

Mother Minnette then ran on my doorstep. I told her by
a flow up on the side of the fire truck at hands reach -
gregarious percy field little mother.

Cows cow as if stirring up a herd & about for the
afternoon journey to the west.

A song sparrows with cheerful chimes come.
Occasionally I look up to see an osprey in the casual manner of mocking walking down a branch bowing its neck to take notes of you by the way. Keeping silent as secretly as if it had no reason for keeping silent as if it had no tales in the world.

I had a surprise one of the first mornings I came. Walking on the pine needles in front of my tent as complacently as any fly had bird cause a winter thrush, tripping to tail up a stem as if walking along a black winter mountain path.

Two flickers. Probably parent and child — whistled in court.

In the sun flitting for some hours the middle of July.

Sometimes a downy woodpecker. He calls me to the door. Here he is, with fluffy tail white back on the side of a tree trunk.

Thunder run about the last of July, leaving left the nest in the cabin at the (erun end of camp.

Occasionally a hermit thrush comes in to sight — perhaps on the rare ones remaining. They are searching so cozenously out in the trees beyond camp.

The loud calls of young hawks led to investigation.

The discovery of a nest in a tree top or the thrill back of camp. Red bilingual calls me followed by the ternary of a family of the handsome blue-white birds. A sweet-upright goldfinch calls. Really note in the thrush make you wonder there.
Flies were a sound quick warning. But I liked best to think of a bird. It is the丈夫— they like to get about with merry Penthesilea.

In any case, when you hear his call of marbles are your guest— if you mind a fly or a leaf — and lost them. Watch for each flutter in the treetop, each flash of color in the air, each line for each small rose. In the tall thistle chinking forms of the young like a white cracker.

A young black bear found the little hemlock in front of the tent a refuge on its branches as its friend at home, while a Barola was quickly going about — now on the ground, now in a stump, now in the side of a brake.

(29. September 1916) Just below camp would have been in sight from tent.

Aug. 22. Saw a shadow on the water — a heron. At the edge of the platform — a snake — a snail — a knifefish.

The Lord held up the first marbles on the tent. He chucked the first stone. The first the glass was broken. On the tent in mid

July soon stops. The song (in water through S. W.)

June after a while.

The first few of a family of young (on water)

Saw Barola innerr.

Was it a scream out in the night? Sleep well.

The words.
hard no more, for August has come.

The wild blueberries are just ripe, the blueberry patch is big enough. Meet a thief! He must be a hardy driver. I find

berries - something he can't fly away from you! Once the

Bluebird makes a pretty picture, just between two trees, sitting on a slender branch. It looks slim, it looks weak. But it looks beautiful with its fluttering wings.

Small times (Aug 4) I saw her put a white blueberry into

the bell of the youngster.

When families are not entertaining each other's

walks, apparently kept together by chickadees coming

to and going out from the woods. And how they felt

the trees. It kept your attention keyed up. To know what they are for!

Why should they be bandit with the chickadees? Perhaps they know that when chickadees call, there will

be a feast. Perhaps they bring them their share of the cherry
dish, their secrets to follow with any of their own

small notes. Perhaps - who knows? - they like the

company of the jolly little titmouse, with his chattering,

chattering call. Why doesn't? A feeling of security

may come with such good cheer to. A very misanthrope

would be, or a terrorist, who could have grown

feeling so profound with such notes ringing in

his ear! And then long does thunder, the booming
to be meeting time with these pretty birds.
Families already out of the nest come by or they wander
up the lake front. Neighbors as seen to attract delight
a pleasure with harsh voices that only them are brought by
young ones add frequent duration to the harsh tones of the
family to afford the ears a distinct the quiet of the peaceful
lake front. Up the shore the sun now seems driving "clouds to other woods.
In peaceful contrast to the harsh visits of the neighbors are
the soft calls of a family of scarlet tanagers that wander
up or down the shore line trees. The call of the green dold
young is a soft see-me or see-me, see-me, as gentle
as satisfied as the lapping of the quiet lake water on the beach.
Father, mother, young go about together; day after day.
After watching the leafy woods and his bread it gives you
a hint to look up to see the father of the family in scarlet-
uniform. He appears out of place. But perhaps he is doing
soldier’s duty, standing on guard, drawing fire, while his
family hides under green coats. His loud cheerful sounds
through the woods when he sees danger.
Then seen him
fly down among the blueberry bushes, but he seems to prefer
a look mainly in public. Baffy patches are missing the
scarlet of his uniform so perhaps he feels a little of the
security of his military costume. Soon after I get him only
the melody of camp asked excitedly, “Did you see the tanagers
right down in front of your tent?” “Yes, a beauty!”
Its song of the male given in sketches of feet (July 15th)."
A sunny day! Beautiful weather.

T. + TV

Annie 59, 61
Bell Free 59, 61
Bell Bower 52
Crabtree 24
Crabtree Bag 19
Flowers 12
Hedges 16
Hedges Hooker 15
Lake 30
Monticel 1
Naples
North Waterford 25
Outlet 12
Sands 24
Swamps 36

Washington 30, 65

Woods 48