On the great ledge of the shore where picnic tables and fireplaces are numerous, I found a veritable rock garden. The slope is easy, the ledge is wide, there are many grass plots alternating with little pools left from the last big storm, and there is much exposure of jointed and columnar rocks between the edge of meadowland and the actual water line. About the pools grows that extremely rare flower, the butterwort (Pinguicula vulgaris). Its little, violetlike, irregular bell nods gracefully over many a pool, in which are also reflected its greenish yellow leaves spattered with the tiny insects which help nourish the plant. It blossoms in June and so, fortunately, few tourists ever spy its shy beauty and rob the park of one of its rarest treasures.

Another rather unusual flower blooms before the tourist invasion. Wherever one finds the butterwort on the ledge, one may look for the Mistassini primrose. It may blossom singly or in large clumps. There is something especially appealing about this tiny pink flower with its notched petals and golden eye looking up from the edges of rock pools. The Norwegian fishermen and their wives refer to their "primroses" in the same affectionate tones that New Englanders use when speaking of their "Mayflowers," or trailing arbutus.

As these two flowers retire, the grassy sections between pools become white with the tiny variety of Houstonia (ciliolata) that prevails in such northern regions. Though it gives the appearance, en masse, of a white flower, closer inspection will show that it is a pale lavendar pink and white flower with four petals. I believe the common name is fringed Houstonia. It lasts for nearly a month. With it often grow patches of lavendar eyebright (Euphrasia hudsonia), inconspicuous but interesting. The dwarf yellow variety (Euphrasia Oakesii) was represented by two or three flowers during the summer of 1946. In fact, one of the interesting parts of floral life on this ledge is the sudden appearance of new forms. Thus in 1945 I found several flowers of the red wood lily, but none in 1946. I suppose that the seeds may sometimes be waterborne. Tourists evidently are the explana-
tion of the disappearance of such conspicuous blossoms as the bright wood lilies.

Then come the more common harebells, ninebark, shrubby cinquefoil, three-toothed cinquefoil, red dogwood or ozier, and three flowers that for me, at least, have thus far successfully eluded complete identification. Tentatively I have identified them as the balsam groundsel (*Senecio pauperculus*), upland aster (*Aster ptarmicoides*), and Kalm’s lobelia (*Lobelia Kalmii*). They blossom simultaneously from cracks in the exposed ledges just off the water, in late July and August.

Mosses and lichens of many sorts grow about all the pools, on the rocks, and in the cracks between the rocks. In a shady spot at the edge of trees on the main road into the picnic grounds I find mnium moss, and, closely associated, a liverwort (*Marchantia polymorpha*) that always makes me want to laugh. For no apparent reason, out of this “leaf” and that, at completely irregular intervals, grow stalks about two inches high topped with quaint little green umbrellas. Perhaps it would be more correct to say green umbrella ribs, for the *tout ensemble* looks laughably like a tiny umbrella frame from which the covering has been stripped. I suppose this is a stage in the fruiting of this hepatic, for eventually there appear on the under surfaces of the “umbrellas”, golden globules, which finally fall, as spores, I suppose. I have noted among the many mosses and lichens the dog peltigera and the fringed cladonia.

The grasses and sedges of the park are so numerous and interesting that one could spend an entire season studying them alone. It has pleased my fancy to take colored movies of them waving in plumey airiness against the blue of the lake or the sky. Nothing makes more artistic movies than fruiting grass outlined in this way. Two in particular appeal to me, the squirreltail grass and a tiny plant, perhaps Richardson’s rush, growing on the picnic ledge among houstonia and eyebright. It grows to only six or eight inches in height, and has a beautiful brown blade, along which in mid-July a tiny star-shaped blossom of purplish brown suddenly emerges. Under the microscope there is a feathery quality that is enchanting.

Along the river path running back from the lake to the bridge and meandering with all the turns of the stream the flowers are almost numberless. I am best acquainted with those blossoming in July, when there are great masses of tall meadow rue, white flowering raspberries, yarrow, and so forth. To my delight one day I noticed the silky fruit of the purple virgin’s bower. This is listed in all flower books as a rare flower. Its near relative, the wild clematis, comes into bloom in the park just when the
fruit of the purple clematis, or virgin's bower \( (Atragene americana) \), is most attractive. In the rather late spring of 1947 I found the purple flower in large bud on Memorial Day and in full bloom two or three weeks later, but ordinarily it blossoms two or three weeks earlier.

I find three kinds of pyrola or shinleaf, including the tiny, starlike, and subtly fragrant one-flowered pyrola. Other flowers listed in my notes are a subspecies of yellow fringed loosestrife, common agrimony, fleabane, yellow avens, spatterdock, arrowhead, skullcap, iris, joe pyeweed, hedge nettle, and tall rattlesnake root. Many mosses and ferns adorn the north-facing cliffs of the path.

Deer are common in the park. I have stopped my car on the highway at the entrance to the picnic area and eyed for minutes at close range a red doe standing on the rocks of the highway cut. In the third week of June, 1945, three companions and I had a strange encounter with a deer between the refectory overlooking the mouth of the river and the picnic ledge. As we went down the grassy slope, I called my companions' attention to a big doe leaping down the path to the ledge. "Yes," answered one of them, "and see the other small one, —a fawn, I suppose."

The two animals turned and came down the other side of our little valley, but close to the water's edge. Obviously the doe did not see us, but was giving all her attention to the other, smaller creature, which turned out to be a brush wolf, or coyote. In fact, she was driving him ahead of her! Finally she got our scent, stopped, eyed us, and went leaping around us, but always headed toward the coyote. We learned afterward that there was a doe with twin fawns in the park, and we have always supposed we witnessed her striking courage in protecting her offspring. A nearly fisherman told me that there was a pack of coyotes in the neighborhood, whose barking or wailing he often heard at night.

Woodchucks and beaver are common in the park. The beaver trails on the slopes of the river path are very pronounced. In some places in the path I had to step high over fallen trees, gnawed down by beaver, though they were up to eight to ten inches in diameter.

One late afternoon as I was strolling along the river path, I heard a familiar clucking. Almost at my feet was a mother ruffed grouse, or partridge, trying to lure me away from her chicks. Her big dark ruff stood out raggedly in her excitement. The attraction of that slope to her—and me at the moment—was the juicy ripe field strawberries hiding beneath the rather thick foliage. Her spread tail quivered with every cluck. As I watched her, a female humming bird alighted on a birch bough above me in such a way as to make me think
that a nest was nearby. Then, as I watched her, a brilliant chestnut-sided warbler came darting about. Clearly, I was not wanted by the bird population of that area at that particular moment.

Down by the river's mouth, where the children swim back of the bar, I have found green-winged teal. Loons and mergansers are common in the main lake at all times during spring and summer. Holboell's grebes and old squaw ducks are seen offshore in May in breeding plumage. Near the picnic refectory I watched a little jewel of a sparrow hawk for two days. His coloring was so vivid and scintillating in clear sunshine that I could hardly watch him enough as he flew from his dead-branch perch to swoop down and capture a grasshopper. I tried to make myself believe at first that the other, small hawk in the vicinity was its mate, but clearly it was not. It was in the middle of a seldom used road as I turned in. I stopped my car and studied it through my glasses. It was a clear brown above, with a falcon's head and bill. It was streaked below with a lighter brown. Its enormous feet were bright yellow. As it flew, I could see some banding on the tail. I suppose it was a pigeon hawk. If so, my first. There was no mustachio, as on sparrow and duck hawks—only a lightish line just over the eye. Its legs were noticeably rough or feathered quite far down.

As I pass the river's mouth in a launch, I can see that the channel has altered greatly in recent years. Beyond is a cliff to delight the geologist. And on its sheer face in June gulls nest in crevices and crannies. In July wooly chicks waddle perilously near the edges, much to the distress of their very vocal parents.

I was long in discovering the trail to the upper falls, though I swam often in the deep buoyant pool of dark waters below the high falls. Resting one day on the brim of the pool, I discovered interesting ferns growing where no one but a swimmer or alpine climber could get them: polypody, bulbet, brittle, and woodsia ferns; slender cliff brake, and silver spleenwort, if I have identified them correctly. There was also a tiny, spleenwort-like fern that I should like to believe is the green spleenwort; and a woodsia-like variety that seems to be slender lipfern.

After finding the ferns, I explored the trail to its end. It was an early September afternoon when I sallied forth, bent on exploration. All the way the path clung to the stream's edge, though sometimes nearly a hundred feet or so above it. Even up there the tinkling music of water slipping softly over ledges reached me. There were grooves of white birch to pass through, a few pines on the brinks of the cliffs to admire, many old white cedars to notice, and a few ash to exclaim over. On the damp,
darkish carpet I found several kinds of pyrola leaves, interesting lichens, tall urns of ostrich ferns, and many kinds of mosses and mushrooms. Close to the path I found a clump of twelve white Indian pipes, or ghost flowers.

One is always going to write that account of "Places Where I Have Pitched My Tent," meaning, of course, spots of unusual scenic beauty where one has lingered over night, close to Nature. When I write my version of the tale, I shall tell, I hope, of nights on a certain ledge in Gooseberry Falls State Park, facing Lake Superior's breadth, high above the water. Somehow that flat, high cliff typifies Lake Superior for me, giving me that sense of aloofness, spaciousness, and far vision that the great inland sea always arouses in me. Before me will spread clear waters; beyond will wink the red and white flashes of the Devil's Island lighthouse; behind me will rise the shrubs and trees of the park. They will be blissful nights, I know.

MORE TREES AND FLOWERS

Thrifty householders in Granite and on farms in this community have prepared a supply of firewood this last winter by removing a great many of those grim reminders of the drouth—the old dead snags that have long been eyesores.

One good deed deserves another, so now may it be in order to suggest that young trees, lots of them, be planted this spring to take the place of the dead trees removed?

There is sore need for more trees in Granite and a still greater need for more trees on the farms of this area. Where a few years ago almost every farm had a good windbreak, today the average farm grove looks like a moth-eaten blanket with a patch of foliage here and another patch there.

First the drouth and then the high price of lumber served as twin agents for denuding the banks of our river (Minnesota River). Some of these trees were sold and deserved to come down, but with them were cut a great many young, healthy trees.

This area is now in the midst of a series of wet years when about all that is necessary to grow a tree is to stick a live shoot into the ground. It seems almost criminal to let these wet years pass without getting young trees started on the farms, along the river banks and in this city.—Editorial—Granite Falls Tribune.