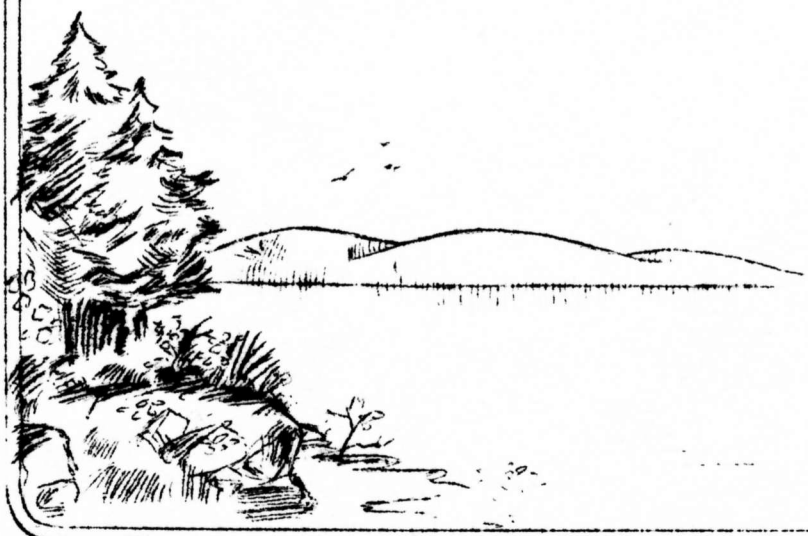


THE STORY
of
TURTLE LAKE

by

HARRY S. NEW.



Foreword.

The accompanying story of the origin and progress of the Turtle Lake Club is a concession to the oft-expressed desire of members who have joined in the later years. As time has progressed and the older members have passed on, the desire of the younger members that the history and traditions of The Long Ago should not pass with them has found frequent expression. This has been particularly true since the departure of "Uncle Ed," which left the writer the sole surviving charter member of the Club and the last of the hunting parties of the early days.

Taken in connection with a similar narrative relating to the trout fishing in the South Branch, it is meant to perpetuate memories that must otherwise fade, and which it is hoped and believed will be relished and appreciated by those who have succeeded to the kingdom that grew out of an early adventure in the great north woods.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Harry S. New". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the date.

March 31, 1923

THE STORY of TURTLE LAKE



THE first man to behold Turtle Lake who was to be identified later with the Turtle Lake Club was James Nall. During the '70's there lived in Alpena two brothers named Taylor. They were surveyors and "landlookers," whose calling took them into the woods of the region around and about Alpena. Mr. Nall had some acquaintance with Walter Taylor, one of the brothers, and through him was induced to hunt in the Turtle Lake vicinity. This was in 1879. Returning to Detroit, Mr. Nall told his friend, Frank Eddy, of the attractiveness of the country and the year following Mr. Eddy and some friends paid it a visit.

It was through Frank Eddy that Ed Gillman first heard of Turtle Lake. Gillman had hunted every fall for many years in the country to the south, generally in the region back of Saginaw, in a party which had included in its membership the Colburn brothers - Mase and W. C. It was Frank Eddy's word picture of Turtle Lake that fixed Gillman's eyes upon that country, and in '81 he went there for the first time, returning in '82 and '83. His party camped the first two seasons on Cold Creek, a short distance above its mouth. In the fall of '83, Gillman had as one of his companions a sportsman friend, Joe Richards, of Cleveland. That fall the party used as its place of rendezvous and shelter a one-room log house opposite the clubhouse of this day that had been used by the men who had built the dam across the opening of the Turtle Lake outlet. The dam was built by Albert Pack to hold back the lake waters in order to float his logs down the outlet into the South Branch. When they left that fall, Richards had been so delighted with his experience that he told Gillman to put up a new building and make for themselves a permanent camp for which he would furnish the money. The proposal was agreed to with enthusiasm and the work actually ordered for the following spring, when Richards was taken ill and died. This was in the spring of 1884. The death of Richards cancelled all previous plans but the idea of forming a club and establishing it at Turtle Lake suggested itself to Gillman's mind and he undertook to interest a number of others in the project. Fred A. Baker drew the articles of incorporation and the records show that the Turtle Lake Shooting Club filed articles of associ-

ation with the Secretary of State at Lansing, May 9, 1884.
The charter members of the Club were:

Edward H. Gillman	Wm. C. Colburn
Frank W. Eddy	Fred A. Baker
William P. Holliday	Mason S. Colburn
Horace W. Avery	Harry S. New
John J. Speed	Ira A. Payne
Louis M. Morrison	James J. Gore
Howard Barnes	James E. Pepper
John J. Parris	

Gillman was elected its president, Howard Barnes its secretary and treasurer, and the Club became a legalized and incorporated institution. The membership fee was fixed at \$100, and with the fund thus raised the Club bought its first land - about sixty acres - which included the site on which the buildings were erected and the ground from the Old Alpena road to the lake shore. During the summer a house was built on the site since occupied by the more pretentious buildings which have from time to time succeeded it. The main building was a one-room log house divided about equally by a partition, on one side of which the members slept in bunks built in two tiers like the upper and lower of a Pullman coach, two to the burk, and on the other, the party indulged in all the activities and various forms of entertainment that mark the life and procedure of a hunting camp. It was ventilated by three windows and heated by one good-sized wood-burning box stove, characteristic of the period. The dining room and kitchen adjoined, just as they do today, the building used for these purposes being two or three times larger than that occupied as clubroom and sleeping quarters. The whole was built of old logs picked at random. A caretaker was employed in the person of John Woensch, who lived on the place for the first year of the Club's existence.

No one associated with Uncle Ed in the venture had the remotest conception of the dimensions the Club was to ultimately attain, nor the character it was later to assume. The sole idea was to have a rendezvous in the backwoods which should be the party's very own and to which it could go with each recurring hunting season. The country was a wilderness - worse because of the havoc wrought by the lumbermen than it was in its original state. It was simply good hunting ground.

To the original membership others were very shortly added. Through the influence of M. S. Colburn, William H. Bradford, of Bennington, Vermont, the companion of some of his Adirondack hunting expeditions, came in. Morrison was a veteran hunter whose home was at Lockhaven, Pa., and through him the Club acquired John C. Merrill and Barton Pardee. Howard Barnes brought in his brother William S., of Lexington, Kentucky. Came also James D. Hawks, and James Nall, of Detroit, Charlie Sheffield, of Cleveland, and John Warr, of Troy, New York. Dr. T. J. Langlois, of Wyandotte, Michigan, a hunter of the old school, had hunted near Brush Lake in the Hillman neighborhood in the fall of '84, and the Gillman party encountered him as it left the woods at the close of that season. He was invited to associate himself with the Club and became the Club physician - indeed a most fortunate selection, for while the Doctor never became a shareholder, he was made an honorary member and was for the thirty-five years that followed a regular attendant at the fall hunt without missing a single season and had, as he always will have, the affectionate regard of all with whom he was to be associated. Ira Payne, one of the most famous all-around shots of all time, was an early member and in the fall of 1885 came all the way from Germany, where he was giving exhibitions, to participate in the hunt.

The original membership was composed of veteran hunters - most of them remarkable rifle shots - all of them enthusiasts and lovers of the woods. The Turtle Lake Club of the present generation was as far from their thoughts as anything that could be imagined, or, for that matter, desired. The region was still dotted with lumber camps, and the sound of the woodman's axe was heard on every hillside. Alpena was a lumber town - nothing more - but that was plenty. It had all the features that make a lumber town picturesque and .. unique, as well as most of those that had better be left unmentioned. It was without a railroad and extremely difficult of access by any other route or method than that afforded by the lake steamers. There was a stage line from Standish, but the roads were execrable and the stage a nightmare. The city's streets were made of sawdust, which was the one material available, and for the traffic of the times it wasn't bad either. Saw mills were the one great industry, and Thunder Bay River was one great mass of pine logs for miles above the docks.

This was particularly true of the spring and early summer following the drives which came down the river at those seasons, but it was measurably true for the greater part of the year. Directions were always indicated with reference to the flow of the river. People went "up to" Turtle Lake, or "down to" Alpena, except where a variation was permitted out of deference to locations in the woods, in which case one went "in to" Turtle Lake, or "out to" Alpena. The region around Detroit and the St. Clair River was "down below." Because of the inaccessibility of Alpena, Gillman and his friends made their trips by way of Otsego Lake previous to the formation of the Club. Otsego Lake was reached by Michigan Central from Detroit, and from there they went sixty miles by wagon eastward to Turtle Lake, but the greater distance was compensated for by the greater comfort with which the trip was made, difficult as it then was. They stopped over night either at Lewiston or at the Avery Farm near Atlanta, two days being required for the wagon journey across. After the formation of the Club the party always went by way of Alpena and, for the first few years, necessarily by boat from Detroit.

Nobody not having made the boat journey up the lake in the falls of that period can imagine the conditions under which they were made. The decks were invariably loaded to the rails with lumber jacks going to the woods in the country "up above." Detroit, Marine City, St. Clair, Port Huron, and the towns along the Canadian side, each contributed its quota to the conglomerate mass that swarmed the decks. They were almost without exception young, and probably the toughest outfit - I was about to say physically, but why qualify - for judging from the character of social amenities as they were observed by these deck parties and the language employed in their exchanges the term might as well be generally applied. These were pre-Volstead days and the man without a bottle was so rare an exception as to be entirely missing. All wore "corked" boots and mackinaws, and fist fights were so frequent and so indiscriminately distributed over the deck that it was just one grand melee from the time the crowd came aboard until the "last galoot" was ashore." But Alpena lay at the outer end of the journey and it was worth it all to get there.

The hotel was the Alpena House, kept by a rotund and obsequious Frenchman, Jules Potvin. The walls of the office and dining room were covered with the finest specimens of buck heads that the woods afforded. There have been worse hotels even in Alpena and one could be fairly comfortable at Jules' tavern.

The wagon road into the woods was bad almost beyond belief. A great deal of it was corduroy, but for which the heavy teams that plied between the town and the lumber camps would have sunk from sight in the ooze of the swamps. Where they were not corduroyed, the wheels sank in the ruts until in many cases the axles struck the ground. The party was conveyed in specially designed three-seated surreys, hung high in order to keep the axles clear. Every now and then a piece of road was encountered which was so hopelessly bad that the whole party had to disembark and plod along through the mud for some distance, sometimes as much as a mile, in order to get the wagon over it at all. Ed Denton, who later on served successively as sheriff, coroner, and probate judge of Alpena County, generally furnished the teams and served as pilot. On the occasion of the first trip one of the wagons was driven by Sheriff Lynch, who was afterward shot and killed by the notorious "Blinkey" Morgan, who was hanged for another murder in Ohio. When the snows came later in the season, filling in the ruts and falling upon frozen surfaces, most of the defects of the roads were cured and sleighs to a great extent replaced the wagons for all passenger traffic.

The railroad to Alpena was completed in 1888 and thereafter supplied the need for quicker transportation. The road was put through by Alger & Smith and in the fall of 1889 General Alger himself took the party to Alpena in his private car. Alger & Smith still maintained a camp about two miles south and west of the Moffett Dam and a branch logging road connected this camp and the lumber operations with the D. and M. In the fall of '92 the party was taken over this branch road to the Alger & Smith Camp in two private coaches furnished through the courtesy of General Alger and Manager Ledyard, where they were met by teams sent up from the Club and by them taken down to Turtle Lake, furnishing the one exception to the otherwise uniform custom prevailing since 1884 of making Alpena the starting point.

The party used to leave Alpena by daylight following breakfast at the Alpena House and reaching Emerson's about eleven o'clock - at least four hours for the first eleven miles. Notice of their coming had always been given by the help, which preceded the hunting party, and Mrs. Emerson was ready with a wonderful dinner. From Emerson's the course of the road was southwest to the Rayburn Farm. "Old Sam" Rayburn was a pioneer lumberman, the father of Robert H. and Fred, who had established himself on the farm when he had concluded his work in the woods. It was a great stopping place for passing tote teams. From there the road continued south and then southwest over what were called "The Comstock Hills," to emerge at a point about a half a mile west and half a mile north of Bryant's. Jack Bryant's, twenty-two miles from Alpena, was one of the best known relay points and feeding places in the lumber woods of that region. It was located at just such distance from the larger timber tracts and Alpena as to be reached at the end of a day by the heavier teams, and around the noon hour by the lighter ones. Nearly all who took the road stopped for a meal at Bryants. Many times has the writer seen the tote teams strung out for more than half a mile awaiting their turn for admission to the dining room and stables of the Bryant place.

The roads were full of lumber-jacks going into the woods for the winter. There was scarcely a moment when the eye of the traveler did not encounter them swinging along by the roadsides all clad in the variegated mackinaws which marked the apparel of the lumber-jack of the period. There were so many of them that it amounted almost to a procession, and a spectacular one it was, too.

And everywhere was encountered the tote team. The camps had to be provisioned and supplies of all kinds taken in by means of these heavy wagons. They were built to carry great loads and to stand the strain put upon them by the severest conditions. They were immensely heavy and played havoc with the roads, especially in the sandy stretches where the heavy tires cut ruts so deep that the axles often dragged. During the early fall when the camps were being provisioned, great numbers of these wagons were encountered moving in and out of the woods. The horses were of the best. They had to be to pull those loads and stand the weather and the exactions put upon them. The teamsters were usually proud of their animals, of which they took the best of care.

It was all right for the teamster himself to roll into his bunk wet and miserable, but his team was rubbed down and made comfortable at the end of a day's work.

Sometimes the party went in by way of Beaver Lake. For this route the road continued straight south from Bryant's corner, after which it turned southwest and crossed on the Beaver Lake dam and thence west to the Alpena road which it joined at Barker's Camp.

The trip into Turtle Lake required a full day for the light wagons and at least two days for a tote team, in consequence of which the party would send its crew of help one boat in advance so that it might get up to the Lake and have things in order by the time the hunting party arrived. The crew usually consisted of a negro cook taken from the kitchen of one of the lake steamers that had been laid up for the season, two waiters and a houseman, who also furnished the music. John Dunham, of Belleville, for several years filled this important office. He was a lefthanded fiddler, quickly dubbed "Fiddler Neary", who didn't know Schubert's Serenade from the Dead March from Saul, and wouldn't have cared a hoot for either, but he could play Money Musk, Durango Hornpipe, Old Zip Coon, and an infinite string of the oldtime barn dance offerings, in a manner to set the most dignified pair of pedals to vibrating, and no man could be sufficiently sedate as not to yield to its intoxicating flavor. Few were the nights when "Fiddler Neary" didn't get out his fiddle and the rafters rang with the patter of responsive feet, but the terpsichorean honors were invariably carried off by Buck who was the premier artist on the dance floor that he proved himself in every other line of camp and field entertainment. More than once the party took with it Lew Haskell, also from Belleville, who played the piccolo after the same fashion in which Dunham played the fiddle. Gillman played the banjo and Howard Barnes rounded out the quartet with a bass, or "bull," fiddle, and the echoes of the music produced by that quartet will linger to the end in the ears upon which it fell. The rule "Lights out and conversation ceases at 10" was pretty closely observed, however, and the reveille sounded by Buck on his fiddle got the hunters out at daylight. Huge timber wolves were still numerous and every night their howls could be heard from the forest depths and rolling back in sonorous echoes from the neighboring hills.

The country was still dotted with lumber camps. In the territory which today comprises the Club preserve, there were several. Many of their owners, however, had cut the timber from their holdings and had left their buildings to decay. The last camp of any considerable size to work in the immediate vicinity of Turtle Lake was that of "Old Man" Cady. His camp buildings were located on the south side and near the end of the little swamp to the right of what Club members know as the Cady Road. There were as many as fifty men in his crew and they cut the timber on both sides of the road, there being enough of it to keep them busy for two winters, the last of which was 1887.

When the Club made its original purchase of land, they bought with it the pine timber still standing on the ridge through what is now known as "Hawks' Park" and running down to "Lovers' Lane." There were many wonderful trees as is evidenced by the monster stumps which remain to this day. Their value today would run into the thousands of dollars. When Cady was concluding his operations, the Club sold him all those trees for One Hundred Dollars and the barn at his camp which, under the terms of the agreement, he was to remove and set up at the Club. He cut the timber all right and floated the logs down Turtle Lake outlet with the rest of his timber, and he did take down the barn and move its logs to the point at which they were to be again set up, but this part of the work he failed to more than half complete and it fell to Buck's lot to finish putting up the logs and putting on the roof. The Cady Road was cut from the Alpena road to the camp for the accommodation of teams bringing in its supplies.

There were a number of still hunters in the territory adjacent - professionals who killed deer practically the year around. If there were laws on the books that limited the number of deer that might fall to a single gun, or restrictions as to season, they were a dead letter in the lumber woods of that period. During the winter the camps provided an easy market for the sale of the venison, for which six or seven cents a pound was a good price. What could not be disposed of to the camps was sent down to Alpena by the tote teams returning light after having brought supplies from the town into the woods.

Among the still hunters remaining at the time the Club was established, were the Benjamin brothers - Bill and Hank - sons of Chase Benjamin, one of the earliest and best known hunters of Northern Michigan. The sons were perfect woodsmen, natural hunters, unerring shots, tireless and persistent, who spent their time in hunting both because they liked it and because it afforded the pleasantest way open in which to make a living. They were real still hunters. They remained in the neighborhood for the first four or five years after the Club came into being. They were well known to the original members who often met them in the woods.

Also a band of Indians came each year and hunted the Turtle Lake territory. To be sure they were distinctly modern since they wore the white man's garb (a very dirty white man's) but they hunted in a manner peculiar to themselves. They came from the south, mostly from the Indian settlement on Pine River, approximately forty miles away. They frequently made two visits in a single season, the first being in August while the deer were still in the red coat, and again after the frost had come and the hunting could be done with greater propriety. They generally hunted on ponies during their summer visit, the pony wearing a bell upon his neck, in order that the riders might better keep track of each other in the heavy foliage which was still worn by the trees and brush. Their favorite hunting ground was what is now known as Flynn Valley and on the hills adjacent, extending up into what was then known to Club members as the East Gillman Drive, and as far north as the Big Ravine. It is to be remembered that there was then not a single inhabitant in the Flynn Valley, nor was there one between the head of the McGinn, Turtle Lake, and the headwaters of the Upper South at the Reservoir. The venison these parties killed in August they jerked for winter consumption, and, in common with their white contemporaries, killed everything that came their way.

For several years after they ceased to come as an organized band, two or three individuals came in the fall to still hunt. One was a preacher, John, then quite an old man. Another was Elisha whose surname, as nearly as the writer can recall it, carried the sound of "Tadgesong." These Indians were descendants of the Chippewas, their recognized Chief having the title of "Broken Jaw".

There was a legend about the old Chief which was generally believed to have been true. The story went that many years before all these events took place, he had had a terrific encounter with a buck which he had wounded and which he overtook on top of a little round hill close to the Miner Creek. In the fight which ensued in his effort to dispatch the deer, the Chief's jaw was broken. From that time forth the hill was known as "Broken Jaw's Mound." It is directly on the line dividing Alpena and Montmorenci Counties and to this day great interest attached to the story of how it got its name. In the early days of the Club it was a recognized landmark and incidents taking place in the neighborhood were located with reference to their distance and direction from "Broken Jaw's Mound." The Chief himself lived until about 1900, when he went to the "Happy Hunting Ground." The writer saw him often. He usually visited the Club grounds during the summer months to gather ginseng and was always given permission to camp in the hardwoods where the ginseng then grew in abundance. He always came in a wagon accompanied by his own squaw and usually with one or both of his sons, Hoe and Tom, and members of their families. The women and children all piled into the bed of the one light wagon which served as their means of transport. "Broken Jaw" himself was under medium size, but both the sons were large men and Tom a perfect Hercules. He was known all over that region for his prodigious strength. All disappeared twenty years ago or more.

Buck and Joe Kurtz were for years employed in various capacities by the lumbermen, but both found, after trying it, that they preferred to earn a livelihood by selling meat to earning one at wielding an axe or riding logs down the flood, and both went at the first, establishing themselves in a little camp on Cold Creek - the one to which Gillman went in 1881. A little experimenting convinced them that they could kill more deer by having a long-race hound force it to take refuge in the lake where they could crack its skull with the butt of an axe, than by adhering to the use of the less certain rifle. They therefore acquired three or four hounds, established themselves on the shore of Turtle Lake with an improvised boat and went after the meat. One of them would take a dog into the woods, jump a deer, putting the dog on his track, and go back to the lake, light his pipe and sit down, knowing full well that the hound would eventually put the deer to water some place - most likely in Turtle Lake.

When the deer took to water and got well out from shore, they would row out in the boat, crack its skull with the axe and tow it ashore. Lew Peek and Jerry Murdick did the same at Beaver Lake. Occasionally one of the Beaver Lake dogs would chase a deer into Turtle Lake, but quite as frequently the thing was reversed, the Turtle Lake hound delivering a deer to Peek and Murdick, so that honors were easy and the exchange of canine services even. Of course, not all their deer were killed in that way for Peek was a wonderful woodsman and hunter, and Buck was himself without a superior, but none of them had the slightest regard for the ethics. They were meat hunters and the object of the chase was to get the money that the carcass would bring, without regard to the method employed. Peek is still living (1923) and hunting the same territory, lately in the employ of the Gustin Club.

Then there were several men who trapped for a living. The country was still well stocked with furbearing animals. There were three colonies of beaver still on the place - one on Weber Creek on the meadows now belonging to "The Grass Farm," one on Cold Creek, and one on Pike Creek-- but they were small and had been pretty well caught out and the last of them disappeared about 1890. But there were mink, skunk, raccoon, wolves, otter, and other animals in large numbers. There were several trappers whose only business it was to catch them during the fur season, the best known of whom were Bob Gorman, Trapper Brown and Trapper Murray. Gorman worked with the Club during the fall hunts of '84 and '85 and '86, putting out dogs, but took himself north where there were fewer people and more animals, along about 1887.

Buck.

No story of Turtle Lake could be written that did not recognize Buck as its principal asset and chief attraction. It is not the writer's purpose to attempt any description of him here. No picture that could be painted either in words or on canvass could do its subject justice. The idea is merely to establish his pedigree. There never was but one "Buck." He went to the Turtle Lake neighborhood in 1872, and from that time forth made it his home and headquarters. He became the factotum of the Club in 1887, since which he has been identified with it.

Buck's family name was Bouffard. His father was a French-Canadian farmer living at the time of Buck's birth near Amherstburg. According to the written record, he came into being as Albert Bouffard, one of the usual large families characteristic of the French-Canadian of that era. The family was poor, schoolhouses few, the necessity for work compelling, in consequence of which the older children had no opportunities to acquire even a rudimentary education. Buck was born in 1849. His boyhood was spent in the Amherstburg neighborhood and around Courtright, farther north, until he was pretty well grown. Then he went for one year with the construction crew engaged in building the Canadian-Pacific Railroad, after which he naturally drifted into the lumber woods. For a good many years he worked as lumberjack, river driver, and at everything required of a husky man connected with the operation of lumbering. He worked for the Miner Lumber Company, Albert Pack, W. L. Churchill, the Fletchers, and the Richardsons, his services being always in demand. W. L. Churchill told the writer that Buck was the best man on the river that he had ever seen managing or working on a drive.

When Buck took service with the Club he was the most remarkable specimen of physical manhood imaginable. Certainly he never had a superior, and the writer never saw his equal for endurance. From early morning until usually long after dark, he tramped the woods with half a dozen or more dogs dangling from his belt, their lead chains becoming confused and, for anyone else hopelessly entangled as the dogs at the outer end of each passed around trees, under logs, over fallen limbs, and every possible obstacle that could be found in the woods. When a deer was killed, no buck was big enough to tax the limit of Buck's strength and, if need be, he would shoulder and carry it half a mile without putting it to the ground. At night, if the weather permitted, Buck was always the first to propose and insist upon a fishing expedition with the jacklights and the spears. If the storm raged, it was Buck who organized the backwoods dance. In short, he was the most tireless, indefatigable, inexhaustible, and unconquerable bundle of human flesh and muscle that ever wore a shoe. No man who ever knew the Buck of the early days can ever forget him as the most willing soul and the most incomparable character that ever tramped the woods.

As evidence of Buck's limitless endurance two notable instances may well be given mention.

On one occasion, needing some supplies from town, he left Turtle Lake on foot about four o'clock one morning, walked to Alpena and back, carrying a heavy bag on the return trip, and reached the camp about twenty-four hours after having left it, the combined distances in and out being not less than sixty miles. On the other, while he was working in the lumber woods before the club was founded, he and his brother "Killer" walked from Alpena to Moffett's dam, each carrying his kit bag. The last three or four miles of this part of his journey he carried both bags, "Killer" having become fagged. Not finding the foreman he wanted at Moffett's dam, he left "Killer" there and walked on to Lockwood Lake, where he got his supper and then walked to the Miner farm, where he spent the night. On that jaunt he must have covered pretty close to sixty miles. Taking into account the condition of the roads and the character of the country, I have never seen the other man I think could have done it.

Long before he came to Turtle Lake he had acquired the nickname of "Buck", to which he has answered to the complete obliteration of all other titles. When Mrs. Bouffard had occasion to bring him up standing, so to speak, she would address him with a sharp "Al", but except for this, I have never heard him addressed by any other than the name "Buck". In fact, it was characteristic of the Bouffard family to attach nicknames to the boys. Of those who later followed Buck into the Turtle Lake Country, Henry, Buck's elder, was known as "Killer"; Antoine as "Dum"; Maxim as "Mack", or "Mike", and the names stuck pretty much as they did in the case of Buck himself. A sister married Bob Brabant, of Alpena, who in the very early days of the Club's development spent much time on the place.

The surname, Bouffard, was eventually anglicized and compressed into "Bufore" and has in later years been accepted by all the members of the family living in or around Alpena, Hillman, and Turtle Lake, as well as by their descendants.

After several years spent in the employ of the lumber companies, Buck, together with Joe Kurtz, took up hunting as a side line, selling most of their venison to the camps, and it was due to this that he was first brought into contact with Gillman in 1881.

That and the succeeding fall Gillman and his companions camped with Buck and Kurtz on Cold Creek. After the Club was organized, John Woensch was employed as caretaker for the first year, but in 1885 Joe Kurtz was given charge. Kurtz was selected chiefly because he was married and it was desired to have a man and wife living at the place. Their boy, Howard, was born, in 1886, in a little cabin that stood on the site of News' cottage. During the hunt in the fall of '86 Gillman and Kurtz had a sharp misunderstanding which resulted in the retirement of Joe and the installation of Buck the next year as manager and general factotum. Shortly following that, Buck married Mary Roberts, whom he had known "down below" -- the daughter of a farmer near Courtright -- and she took up her residence on the Club grounds where she lived until her death a good many years later. The Club will never find a woman so well qualified to administer its affairs as female supervisor as was Mrs. Bufore., Their two children, Will and Helen (Dolly), were born at the Roberts place back of Courtright.

Old Paul Murray.

For the last twelve years of his long life, the Turtle Lake Club was the home of "Old Paul Murray," one of the quaintest, most picturesque characters of which that country has any record. Like Buck, Paul was a French-Canadian, born below Quebec, his patronymic being Morin. The exact date of his birth is not definitely established, but tradition had it that he was born in 1805. Many times has the old man said to the writer, "I was born heleven to Novembre, hayteen honderd fife." That was so generally repeated that it was at least accepted as a fact and is believed to have been true. In that case Paul was ninety-seven years old at the time of his death in 1902.

From his native Quebec he drifted west and north with the tide of immigration, finally bringing up near Forestville, Michigan, about the beginning of the Civil War, where he resided for several years. People who knew him thereabouts say that even at that time he was known as "Old Murray," the name having been corrupted by general usage and consent from the original Morin. Gid Burton, of Alpena, who lived at Forestville, has told the writer of Old Murray having killed a huge bull elk in the Forestville neighborhood in the '70's.

Paul drifted north with the invading lumbermen. He and his diminutive wife, Zoe, kept a boarding house, watched camp, cooked, and did the sort of things of which either was capable. After Zoe's death Paul lived about the various camps winter and summer. Everybody knew him and everyone knew him as "Old Murray", or "Trapper Murray." He came to Turtle Lake in 1890 and simply 'squatted' at the place, evidently having made up his mind that he would spend the rest of his days there. By the time he got to Turtle Lake he was certainly somewhere around eighty-five years of age, but he took up the job of doing the chores around the house and no one has ever done them better than he, until growing infirmities slowed him up a couple of years before his death and finally compelled him to relinquish his job as "chore boy", by which title he was known for the last twelve years of his life. He set a line of traps each winter and would inspect them regularly--on snow shoes when conditions required it--and this he did until the last two winters of his life. He was more than ordinarily expert at the job, too, and always captured a good lot of fur. A one-room log house was built for Paul's occupancy, which stood about where the men's house now stands, which was dignified as the "White House." It consisted of one room heated by a stove capable of having comfortably warmed a town hall, but from November until spring the old man kept it red hot. He had the greatest faculty imaginable for making up with the dogs. Hounds that fled at the approach of anyone else, ran to Paul with every evidence of confidence. When they would come in at night after a day's hunt, wet and smelling as only wet hounds can, Paul would get the whole pack into the one small room of the "White House," dry them out and keep them by that red hot stove all night, with the most cheerful disregard of consequences.

The old boy invariably dressed in true habitant fashion--blouse outside of trousers, a pair of heavy woolen socks and rubber shoes, summer and winter, and a woolen cap with a visor which hid the upper part of his seamed and wrinkled face. On retiring he would throw himself across the bed which occupied one side of the room, discarding nothing more than the cap before doing so. It was a remarkable circumstance that the old man's hair never turned gray but was a light brown at the time of his death.

Paul had a daughter, the wife of a railroad engineer, who lived at Port Huron, who not only offered the old man a home with her, but repeatedly urged him to come. When Paul was about ninety years of age he yielded to her repeated entreaties and "went below." He was gone about three weeks when, to the great surprise of those who were on the place at the time, he arrived on foot at the Club, having walked out from Alpena, his belongings contained in a bundle swung to a stick which he carried over his shoulder. He walked right to the "White House," threw down his pack and was ready for business. Mrs. Buford asked in astonishment why he hadn't stayed with his daughter. "Hell," replied Paul, "not like zat place! Must not spit on ze floor. Must wear slippare in ze house. Damn! Not like zat place," -- which was the full volume of the only report ever made by him concerning what had transpired in his absence. Paul finally passed to his reward in October of 1902.

The grove of Norway pines which stands on a hill to the northeast of the Clubhouse, known as "Paul's Bouquet," was given the name, by which it is still known, by Old Murray. As the timber disappeared from the hills, this one particular grove remained, presumably because it was at the time too small to possess commercial value. Old Paul would point it out and say "Das my bouquet;" and so it was. At the old man's death, his frail and shriveled little body was taken to the top of that hill and by tender hands given Christian burial. A priest was brought out from Alpena to consecrate the ground and perform the last offices for the old man, the burial of whose body in its midst will confirm the title of "Paul's Bouquet" by which that grove will be known so long as the Club exists or one of its trees remains standing.

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As has been said, the one idea in the minds of the original members of the Turtle Lake Club was that it was to be used as a headquarters for a deer hunt in the fall of each succeeding year. Not only was there no thought of the character that came to it later and the adoption of its summer features, but it is quite as true that there was no thought of purchasing any very considerable acreage.

The first purchase was of Lot 2, Section 18, 29-5, which was obtained from D. Willis James, of New York, and which was deeded to Fred Baker and afterward transferred to the Club. It comprised the site of the Clubhouse and grounds, continuing on up the hill to the north, bordering the lake shore and extending north and east, the whole lot containing a trifle less than sixty acres. During the next two or three years the Club bought most of the rest of Section 18 from Frank Gilchrist and Fred Richardson. The Miner Farm was still being operated by the Miner Lumber Company, Charlie Cook being in charge, living there with his family, carrying on the farm and still having a small quantity of supplies of the character required by the dwellers in the woods. Later Cook was succeeded by Tim Stewart who lived on the place for another year or two. The Company had cleaned up its timber and the Club bought its holdings -- 4,320 acres-- which included the Miner Farm, about 1890.

The farms were growing between Alpena and the woods. By and by they began to multiply in the Hillman neighborhood. In 1890 the Club made one of its most important purchases, consisting of 805 acres of land belonging to Albert Pack and extending from the southeast shore of the lake back onto the hills and from the outlet to the Eagles' Nest Road. The price paid to Mr. Pack was thirty-seven and one-half cents per acre. A line from a letter written by Howard Barnes, telling of the consummation of this deal, reads "A small tract more on the farther side of the road to the Eagles' Nest which we will buy and the earth is ours." The "small tract more" was purchased soon after, including the land to and beyond the Big Ravine.

It will be difficult for eyes that did not see this portion of the Club's territory in the state in which it then was to picture anything more desolate. The great fire of 1871 had found it in the very hottest portion of its path and had killed nearly every tree, denuding it of its branches and strewing the ground with ashes and debris. If further havoc remained possible, it was wrought by the catastrophe of 1872, when another fire of almost equal severity again swept the country to the east of the lake.

Trees that had remained standing following the first fire, fell before the savage onslaught of the second, and everywhere the hillsides were covered with huge trunks that had fallen criss-cross and at every imaginable angle, singly and in heaps, until it would have been impossible for a man to have traveled through it with a horse, and extremely difficult to negotiate it on foot. Still thousands of dead stubs remained standing and photographs and sketches made at intervals during the thirty years that followed, will show them in decreasing numbers as time progressed. Even to this day there remain isolated instances of these stubs --mute evidences of the destruction wrought--standing sentinel over the moldering fragments that are still to be found where fell those monarchs of the great pine woods. Comparatively little of the timber with which those particular hillsides were covered was ever cut. Some of it had been taken out before the fire, and some, not too badly burned, was salvaged afterwards, but in those days trees were too numerous and too cheap to make that work profitable and incalculable values went to decay and waste. As the years have passed these fire-scarred veterans have disappeared, yielding to the blasts of winter windstorms and decay.

Still some of the members of the Club felt that there was no prospect of the settlements ever encroaching upon their hunting grounds. Their idea was that the timber was gone, the land was poor, and that with the passage of the lumbermen it would lapse into even more of a wilderness and that it was quite unnecessary for the Club to invest money in land on which it would have to pay taxes. Much of the lands that had been once bought were allowed to go for failure to pay taxes, only to be rebought when it became apparent that the Club would have to own the titles if the lands were not to be taken up by others. There was no end to the complications in securing titles to many of the parcels. In most cases they had been owned by lumber companies and their agents. The companies had gone out of existence, the agents disappeared, but purchases went on from time to time until 1914, when the last lot of importance was bought from Jared Church and Harry Gustin in the winter of 1913-14. About twenty-seven forties that belonged to the United States and to the State of Michigan remaining inside the Club domain were obtained by arrangement with the respective governments in 1921, thereby completing the Club's unbroken area of about twenty-seven thousand acres.

The purchase of the Hardwood, which has long been recognized as one of the Turtle Lake preserve's beauty spots, came about through the insistence of some of the younger members and the personal liberality of William H. Bradford. This was after the Club had been in operation for five or six years and various much desired tracts had been permitted to fall into alien hands. The lands were for sale but when their acquisition was insisted upon by a few members who recognized their future value, the more conservative members pleaded that the Club did not have the money with which to pay for them, which was true. The amount wanted for the tract--almost the whole of what we now know as "The Hardwood"--was Five Hundred Dollars. Bradford put up that money himself and bought the land, which was deeded to the Turtle Lake Club, but it was two or three years before Bradford was reimbursed. In the years that have intervened from that time to the present, the Club has sold and received cash for approximately Fifteen Thousand Dollars worth of timber cut from that purchase. Uncle Ed made thousands of gallons of syrup from the maple trees, and the summer visitors have found it just about the pleasantest part of the preserve.

The Club at one time also owned "The Grass Farm," now owned by the Holmes and Nicholson estate. It was equal to the best shooting grounds the Club owned but it, too, was permitted to go back to the State for unpaid taxes. Later on the mistake in having permitted this was realized and Uncle Ed went to Lansing to attend a tax sale at which those particular lands were offered, but found George Holmes there as a competing bidder. Holmes convinced Gillman that he would bid the lands up to a higher price than Gillman felt warranted in going, and "The Grass Farm" passed from the State to Holmes and Nicholson. This was probably the greatest loss of like character the Club ever sustained for it brought the settlements half a mile closer to the river and right up to the north boundary line, but ~~there~~ was no use lamenting what could not afterward be helped.

Hunts of the Early Days.

They were great hunts -- those hunts of the early days. Except for the fact that their object was the same as those of the present, there are few features of the fall outings of this day and era to remind one of those of thirty years and more ago.

At that time everyone employed dogs except in the cases of a very limited few. The use of horses was as yet unthought of and, in fact, in the very beginning would have been impossible. There was but one real road through the country which was the main tote road that at first had the Miner Farm as its outer terminus. Later this had been extended to the west and south to the Moffett Dam. This was the road used in all travel between the Lake and Alpena, and from Bryant's Corner to Turtle Lake it was just where it is now. The link between Turtle Lake and the Miner Farm was what has been of late years known as "Lover's Lane," and from the Miner Farm up it is now as it was then. And there was the road to Richardson's Camp back of the Lake on Miner Creek, which ran along the beach most of the way from the outlet dam to the foot of what is now the Eagles' Nest Road. There were logging roads, of course, but they filled up very quickly when abandoned by the lumbermen, and there were almost no trails. The only way to get about over the country was on foot.

The hunters usually divided into two parties, each having a captain, and Buck, Kurtz, Gorman, or Mack would start the hounds. The hunters would be deployed around a certain territory, much as they are today, and the dog starter with six to eight hounds fastened by lead chains to a belt about his waist, would start in at the end of a drive, working toward the standers. On starting he would release one or two hounds, usually a pair, and when they had taken a trail another pair was released in a different section in order to avoid their concentrating on the same animal, and so on until they had three or four races going. It was great sport. No one who has never heard the hounds in pursuit of a fast fleeing deer can imagine the thrill that their deep baying sent along the hunter's spine as the increasing volume of their voices gave evidence of the approach of the deer. Occasionally several of the dogs would be brought together on the same deer by crossing trails, and at such times the baying and booming of the pack was tremendous. Unless the deer could elude his tormentors within a reasonable time he would take to water -- sometimes the river, sometimes Turtle Lake, or Beaver Lake, occasionally Lockwood Lake, and on a few occasions Turtle Lake hounds put deer into the Main river below Hillman, fifteen miles or more from where they were started.

Dogs were sometimes lost through having run a deer beyond reasonable limits, and occasionally the Club acquired one belonging to outsiders that had brought his deer to Turtle Lake to be picked up by its members.

In saying that "everybody used dogs," the writer realizes that "everybody" is a pretty comprehensive term, but fully mindful of that fact, we will let it stand as it was written. An account of an incident taken from a log of one of the hunts in the early '90's may be quoted, not inappropriately. The first agitations of complaints against the use of dogs were finding their way into print. Two or three members were arrested on charges of using dogs in hunting deer, taken to Alpena and very properly fined. The story as told in the log further related that "The matter is all right, however, for the judgment was appealed to a higher court and the higher courts all run dogs."

Originally the dogs used were true thoroughbred hounds, either fox hounds or English blood hounds. "Old Barnes," as one particular dog was known, had ears that measured twenty-eight inches from tip to tip. He weighed pretty close to a hundred pounds and would stay on a track for two or three days and nights unless the deer took to water. That dog was probably killed by Walter Spratt, a son of Gus Spratt, who hunted on the place for two or three seasons. Eventually it was found that dogs that were crossed between the hound and the collie, or hound and setter, were better than the pure bred for the reason that they would not stay so long on any one track. The crossbreeds were called "ridgers." The Club usually had a pack of twenty or more, and sometimes as many as **forty**, dogs. The first three or four years they were left at the Club for the interval between hunts to be taken care of by the man in charge, but all the food for them had to be shipped in by freight to Alpena and thence by tote teams, and it was not only expensive but hard to get. The dogs got into bad condition and it was decided to distribute them around among members who were to take care of them at their homes. Buck's own unexpurgated narrative of his experiences and vicissitudes in taking the dogs to Detroit on their first eventful expedition will ever remain a Turtle Lake classic. There was but one man who could tell it and it wouldn't look well in print, but nothing that has ever been told in song or story surpassed that recital for originality.

It is well to remember, too, that in those days there was no restriction as to the age, character, or previous condition of the animal taken into account, but from buck to fawn they had to take their phance once they came within fair shooting distance. Neither was there any limit as to numbers and for a hunter to kill half a dozen was no unusual thing. I have known one man to kill eleven. In fact, while this was two or three times repeated, and by different hunters, it still stands as the record. The largest aggregate kill was fifty-six in 1886, but in '85 the party killed fifty-four, the other extreme being in 1904 when the party killed but twenty. In 1899, when the total was twenty-six, there was a stretch of seven days when not a deer was killed by the party.

More territory was covered by the hunters afoot in those early hunts than there is now that the horses and wagons furnish the transportation. We hunted the big hills across from the Grass Farm, the Beaver Meadows, which are now a part of that Farm; the Sheffield, which was on the hills beyond the Grass Farm and toward the road to the Cline settlement. We hunted west of the river practically to the Twin Lakes -- a territory which was then known as the New Drive; up the river beyond the Moffett Dam and as far as what the present day Turtle Lake fishermen know as "The Little High Bank." All of it was done on foot and it was seldom indeed that the party got in until well after darkness had completely enveloped them. The light that shone from the Clubhouse windows was a welcome sight to hunters trudging homeward and who struck the beach at the Birch Swamp after it was pitch dark.

It was then the custom to hang a deer right where it was killed and leave it in the woods. It was not a particularly difficult matter for one man to get a good-sized buck off of the ground and to do the butchering by the method then employed. At almost any place one could find the poles that would serve for crotches. One piece twelve to fifteen feet long with a crotched top was laid lengthwise on the ground, and one about eight feet with a fork at the upper end laid in the opposite direction, the upper ends of the two pieces being brought together and made to cross, as they were raised, the shorter to a comparative perpendicular, the longer to a forty-five degree angle.

A longer piece was placed with the upper end across the forked tops of the crotches, the end farthest away being usually braced against a log or a stump. The gamble stick was put through the deer's legs over this long piece, while it was barely off the ground and no lifting was required. Then the hunter, by working the shorter of the two sides of the crotch toward a perpendicular, raised the deer with the pole over which the gamble had been strung until the animal's nose was swung several inches clear of the ground. It did not require so much strength as one might think. To most ordinarily strong men it wasn't difficult, and for two men it was very easy. The deer were often left for ten days, and sometimes even longer, until it was convenient to send a man with a team through the woods and pick them up at the place to which the men could come nearest with the wagon. This was usually done on Sundays and was invariably participated in by Dr. Langlois who, if he didn't bring home the bacon, at least brought home the venison. In all the years that deer were left thus in the woods but one was stolen. One other was pulled down by animals, probably bear, and the greater part eaten, but the rules of the woods were seldom broken and the rights of property were much better respected than they are today.

A majority of the guns first used were Winchester 50-95's, and one or two of the older men had 45-70's. All of these later gave way to the 45-90's, which in their turn gave place to a variety of rifles. There is now no uniformity observed.

It wasn't until the Club had been a going concern and the hunt an annual event for several years that the horses were introduced. Gillman and Howard Barnes first bought two ponies from Dr. Carver's wild west show when its season was drawing to a close in Detroit, and almost immediately following W. C. Colburn became possessed of the famous "Calico," one of the toughest pieces of horse flesh, physically, muscularly, and morally, that ever wore a shoe, which, however, seldom embellished his very active heels. "Calico" became as well known a Turtle Lake character as Buck himself and remained a Club figure for more than twenty-five years following his arrival. New also picked up a bronco from Buffalo Bill's show, and others were compelled to buy ponies in order that they might keep pace with the captains, and it wasn't long until the fall hunts were carried on by a cavalry instead of an infantry contingent.

This naturally and necessarily resulted in the blazing of new trails and the making of roads which became plainer and bigger with the use to which they were then subjected.

Accidents and Mishaps.

During all the thirty-nine annual hunts in which the Club has engaged, it has been happily immune from accident, there never having been but one serious mishap. In the fall of 1894 Colonel Mase Colburn, then in the last stages of tuberculosis, brought with him as a personal attendant, George Musson, an Adirondack guide with whom Colburn had hunted for many years. In point of fact, Colburn was in no condition to have gone on the hunt, but strength of spirit prevailed over bodily frailty and he had come knowing he would require the constant attendance which Musson was expected to supply. On one particular day toward the close of the hunt of that fall, Musson went with the hunting party, taking his gun. There was quite a heavy fall of snow. The party drove the lower end of the Sheffield Drive and Musson stood on a snow-covered log within two hundred yards of the site of Reed's Camps on the Cline Road. He had carelessly left the hammers resting on the cartridge. The butt of the gun slipped on the snow-covered log, the hammer struck the log as it fell, and exploded the cartridge, sending a 50-95 Winchester bullet through Musson's right thigh. How the man escaped instant death is a mystery that will never be understood, but certain it is that the ball struck some silver coin that was in Musson's trousers' pocket and may have been deflected from its course in consequence. At all events, it passed through his thigh from the inside about four inches above the knee, to the outside about five inches higher up, tearing a ragged, gaping hole, but fortunately breaking no bones and cutting no arteries. As good luck had it, the wagon driven by Dr. Langlois was close at hand and was brought into instant play to get the man back to the Club house, Dr. Langlois accompanying him and giving first aid until the wound could be properly treated at the house. When the party broke camp a few days later, Musson was put on a cot and taken by wagon to Alpena, there put in a baggage car and at Detroit transferred to another for his home in the Adirondacks, to which he was accompanied by W. H. Bradford. He recovered completely and a few years ago was still living. Mase Colburn died the following year.

Before roads were cut traversing the country like a checker-board, as they do the Turtle Lake preserve today, it was not a difficult matter for the novice to become lost in the woods. If one who knows the terrain will pause a moment for reflection, it doesn't require much of a woodsman to realize that there are few types of country more puzzling than that of the Turtle Lake region. Usually ridges run uniformly in one direction - say north and south - or there are landmarks visible from great distances by which the wayfarer may steer a course. This was only partly true of the Turtle Lake country before the total disappearance of the timber cleared the view of the hilltops.

In 1883 Gillman was accompanied by Rogers, who either was at the time, or had been, Chief of Police of Detroit. He was said to have fair knowledge of the woods, too. This was while the party was camped on Cold Creek. There came a fairly heavy snowfall in the night and when the hunters started in the morning Rogers went in a southerly direction. McSweeney reminded him as he set out not to forget that he was on the north side of the Alpena road. Between the Alpena road and the river was a territory not to exceed half a mile wide, - in fact, the Lower Tracy Drive - and had Rogers been less indignant and taken more notice of McSweeney's word of caution, it would have been better for him. He soon found a fresh track and followed it southward. Beyond a doubt he crossed the tote road without noticing it, intent upon the track and the road covered as it was with snow. Eventually he overtook and killed that deer, after which he ate the single sandwich he had taken for his lunch. Then, having hung up his deer and thinking himself still on the north side of the road, he took up his journey south. When night overtook him he was back of the Lake near the point at which the Richardson road forks, one branch going around the Lake toward the Colburn Drive, and the other toward Flynn's. There being no response to his calls, no answer to two or three shots fired in an effort to attract attention, he made himself a little "lean to" against a big pine, built a fire and spent the night there. The next morning he resumed his tramp and must have put in the whole day going up and down the hills and ridges of the east side of the Lake for the second evening brought him to the deserted camp buildings on the site of the present Clubhouse where he spent that night, having had nothing to eat since his sandwich of the noon before.

On the third morning he started forth again, evidently pretty well worn out and badly rattled. He went east and, after having walked some time, found a man's track in the snow which he very eagerly followed, to find in the course of a mile that the man making it had been joined by another man. Hurrying forward, at the end of another mile the track again grew, but by that time Rogers realized that what had happened was that he was traveling in a circle and following his own track. While stopping to collect his thoughts, he heard the sound of an axe and, realizing that there was a man wielding it, he steered for the sound. He found the man and explained his plight and the woodsman told him how to go to get to the tote road, for which Rogers confusedly started. He had not gone very long until he heard the sound of another axe and steered for that, only to find, to his greater bewilderment, that it was wielded by the same hand that he had previously seen. The woodsman, realizing Rogers' trouble thereupon knocked off work, took him out to the road where they luckily encountered a tote team headed west. He put Rogers under the teamster's charge and the wagon carried him to the point at which the road of present times leads from the old tote road to Tracy's Landing and Cold Creek. At this point he was met by Gillman who, with McSweeney, had spent the last two days in a frantic search for their companion, but in the wrong direction. A heavy wind had so blown the snow that his tracks had been lost and neither Gillman nor McSweeney had been anywhere nearer to Rogers than the point from which he started. He was about "all in," - boots whipped out and clothing torn from contact with the brush, but a day and night in camp put him in condition to start back to his Detroit home, which he was very glad to do.

Several years later, J. D. Hawks brought a Detroit friend named Mulligan, a man well along in years and, though he didn't know it, undoubtedly having a badly injured heart. They got lost coming in from the Kennel Drive and night overtook them on the hills east of the Clubhouse. Hawks knew pretty well where they were, but didn't know how to get anywhere else. He wisely built a fire on a hilltop, piled some Norway tops on it to make a big blaze and waited 'for the wigwam to come to him,' which it did when darkness had for some hours prevailed and it was realized that something had happened.

Mack Buford found them and piloted them in. Hawks was all right but Mulligan was much excited and the experience told immediately on his impaired heart. Three doctors - Langlois, Hays and Bryant - sat up all night with him and towards morning realized that it was best to get him home, which they did, Dr. Langlois going to Detroit with him. The experience was too much for Mr. Mulligan and he died the second day after reaching home.

One of the most amusing incidents of this character that ever occurred was an experience 'enjoyed' by Merrill, New, and Buck in the Fall of '98. It was customary for the party to vary its venison diet by catching fish. This could be done at that season only by spearing them by artificial light at night, and this when the surface of the lake was undisturbed by wind. The hunt had been on for a week or more with no fish, and every night the wind had blown to make spearing impossible. On the night of November 18, Old Buck came in just as the evening card games were being discontinued, and announced that "It's perfectly calm outside and I'll stump any feller to go out spearin'." Merrill and New immediately volunteered. Expecting to be gone only a brief time, they took no supplies other than a small flask only partially filled. The light used was from a naphtha torch supplied from a tank. The tank was only partly full but they thought there was enough to last for as long time as it would be required, and away they went. Contrary to usual experience, the fish weren't found by the Big Spring. On past Spratt's cabin, down past the Miner Trail, and still no fish, so the trio continued on until they reached a point on the southwest shore of the Lake across from the Clubhouse, where they found fish in plenty and in a short time got what they wanted. About this time the naphtha began to give out and the torch to flicker. The night was not only inky black but, to make matters worse, there came on a fog that was absolutely opaque. The man in the bow of the boat could not see the one in the stern. The torch of the jacklight gave one last expiring flicker and went out. They had put a barn lantern in the boat on leaving the dock and this was lit. Then it was discovered that there were no more matches in the party. Buck called for a northeasterly course to be pointed, which was given him, and then it was discovered that when that

measly little compass was held close enough to the lantern to permit sight of the needle, as Buck afterward described it, "The damned old comp went around like a whirligig." The only thing it would definitely locate was the lantern with its metallic frame. That settled steering by compass. Buck pulled for an hour or so, and the party got nowhere. Then New took a hand at the oars, with the same result. Then Merrill tried it; still they got no place. Beyond all question each of the three, in stygian darkness, pulled in a circle. They tried the familiar echoes - not a sound. They yelled themselves hoarse, hoping to attract the attention of someone at the Clubhouse, but all had retired and, to make a painful story short, when the fishermen heard the sound of Mack's axe splitting wood for the morning fire, they were about as near the center of the lake as a surveyor could have spotted them. That was the one and only occasion in a forty year's acquaintance that the writer has known when language utterly failed Buck. He was the worst whipped man imaginable, without a word to say. His post-event explanations were afterthoughts and impotent excuses. That was an actual experience participated in by three men who, perhaps, knew the shores of Turtle Lake as well as it might be given to three men to know any place, and may be taken as a pretty conclusive evidence of how uncertain a man may be as to his location and directions when he has no guide by which to travel.

William Barnes, Colonel Clay, and Bob Holloway, were lost several hours one evening during the hunt late in November of 1895, and wound up at the Richmond Ranch to the south of Beaver Lake long after dark. There they got their bearings and got back to Turtle Lake very late, but delighted. Meantime a rescue party had been sent out from camp, which encountered the three lost hunters well on their way to the Clubhouse. This incident was made the subject of a story told in rhyme which had a place in what was strictly Turtle Lake literature for many years, but which for obvious reasons never found its way into print.

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The Old Order Changeth

"The old order changeth," and in course of time changes came to the camp in the woods that were destined to practically revolutionize its character. The first step in the march of progress came in 1887 when a log

addition was attached to the rear of the Clubroom, which provided us with six single rooms on either side of the hall. The whole building was constructed of old logs and covered with a clapboard roof. These were allotted one room to each two members. There was no attempt to supply anything in the form of modern conveniences, but the possession of these rooms at least afforded a degree of privacy and, what was quite as welcome they afforded a place where the member could leave his clothing and other hunt equipment between seasons. Up to that time each man had had to bring his duffle bag from home and take it back again with the breaking up of camp, and this was obviously very much of a nuisance. The innovation proved so attractive that two or three years later an extension was built on either side of this building, adding one room to the outside for its entire length. The rooms were necessarily small and the ceilings low and, of course, the addition of the outer row made the inside rooms dark, but they were at that time considered as luxurious as the Imperial Suite at the Biltmore.

The additional accommodations offered opportunities for members to take their wives during the summer. Previous to this only two or three of the members had cared anything for the trout fishing. In fact, the older members, with one or two exceptions, had found it impossible to take the time to indulge in that at the season to which it was limited. In 1893 Mrs. New began what was to become a custom, by spending several weeks at the place during the summer. Previous to that, Mrs. W. C. Colburn had been up twice at berry picking time, and Mrs. Howard Barnes had spent a part of two winters there with her husband, who had suffered a serious physical breakdown and was already showing signs of mental collapse, but Mrs. New was the first woman to deliberately enter upon a program of summer sojourns at Turtle Lake. Others followed, and by 1895 there was a summer colony of considerable size.

The accommodations were more or less crude, to be sure, but meantime the log sleeping quarters had been replaced by a frame structure of much more commodious dimensions and the very crudities of Turtle Lake summer accommodations made them all the more enjoyable. Who gave thought to what was going on outside? Who cared for news of what was transpiring east of Bryant's? The importance attached to these things by those dwellers in the woods is

evidenced by the fact that often ten days elapsed, and upon more than one occasion, even longer time, between the receipts of mail. An arrangement was reached whereby, if there had been no team for Turtle Lake within a period of two weeks, a boy was dispatched from Alpena on horseback with the accumulation of mail since the last delivery. Still later, after the D. and M. extension was built to Hillman, the rural carrier brought it from that town to the Grass Farm corner and someone got it every day or two. It was years after the summer visitors began to multiply that the visits of "Postmaster General Crowley" were made with daily regularity. The Club had been established for twenty years before the objection to the installation of the telephone, which was vigorously urged by the pioneer element, succumbed to superior numbers, and an instrument was installed. Gradually the joys that come of life in the backwoods without the boasted conveniences of so-called civilization, gave way to "progress." That is to say, the growing majority seemed to think it progress, so there was nothing left the oldtimers but stubborn reflections.

The capacious and commodious Clubhouse of this day, with its modern "fixin's", was built in 1908 followed during the succeeding few years by the new barns and men's house, and with their coming there disappeared the last remaining vestiges of the days of the Argonauts - "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

An item of sympathetic interest to Turtle Lakers of this day and era is the matter of the relative expense of running the place at different intervals. The original membership fee was \$100. For three or four years the annual assessment was not more than \$50 and usually \$40. It never exceeded the larger figure until after 1895, or the first eleven years of the Club's existence, although there were two special assessments levied to clear up accumulated indebtedness - one of them for \$75. In his treasurer's report for 1888, Howard Barnes, after enumerating the various outlays for special purposes wrote, "There can be no excuse for our annual expenses exceeding \$500 outside of Buck and dog feed."

"Uncle Ed."

"Uncle Ed" of beautiful and beloved memory, a vision of whom will remain as an outstanding figure with every member and every guest of the Turtle Lake Club, was the undisputed and unapproachable founder and perfecter of the Club. True, as has been stated, he was not the original discoverer of the attractiveness of the region, but his was beyond question the brain that conceived and projected the Club idea. No man ever more loved the woods than he, and none was better suited to meet the requirements of such a Club. He had been the founder of the duckshooting club known as Pointe Mouille, on the shores of Lake Erie below Monroe. The writer thinks that it may certainly be said that no one man has to his individual credit the founding of two clubs of so much importance and real value. It is neither necessary nor desirable to attempt anything in the way of a biographical sketch of Ed Gillman, but it is appropriate to say that the last twenty years of his long, conspicuously varied life were devoted to making the Club itself a success and its frequenters happy. His success in both was without parallel. Born in Ireland October 22, 1841, he died at Detroit March 31, 1921. In compliance with his oft repeated wish, his body was brought to Turtle Lake and buried on the bluff overlooking the Lake a few rods on the Alpena side of the line dividing Alpena and Montmorenci Counties, most of the Club members and friends to the number of 200 or more coming from all over the country to pay their final tribute to his memory. He was president of the Club from the date of its organization until his death, as was eminently fit.

Of the original members, there is today but one survivor remaining in the organization. Two others are still living - Fred A. Baker and William P. Holliday. Dr. T. J. Langlois, the Club physician, is also living - well along in the eighties. The survivor is Harry S. New, who succeeded Ed Gillman as Club president upon the death of Gillman.

Turtle Lake Nomenclature.

It must not be forgotten that originally there were almost no roads in any part of the Turtle Lake territory. The different drives were reached on foot and members met each other at points described by certain landmarks. Objects were located with reference to their direction and distance from a landmark easily recognized. As time passed and incidents multiplied, names were attached to different localities and particularly to the various drives. In nearly every case they were attached as the result of some circumstance that seemed to make the names appropriate.

"The Walking Buck Drive" was given that title from one of these circumstances. In making that drive one day in November 1886, Bradford, New, and Merrill, staged at very considerable intervals apart, each saw a very large buck which was visible only for an instant in the case of any one of them, and while he was merely slowly walking, no one of them, - experienced riflemen as they were - saw that deer long enough to get a shot at him. That fixed the name for that particular territory.

"The Wolf Swail" - east of Reed's Camp and north of the west end of the plains, was so called because of Gillman's having shot a huge timber wolf there in the fall of 1892.

"The Harry New Stump," in the "Hardwood", became known as such in November of 1888 when New, who stood on it, killed a very large buck that had been run out of the Jameson swamp and was breaking across to the "Hardwood."

"The Potato Patch" was in the edge of the jack pines on the west end of the plains and acquired the name by reason of the fact that the men at Reed's Camp had actually raised a few potatoes in its very sandy soil.

"The Lost Watchman." Long before there was a Turtle Lake Club the Avery Brothers had a large camp on the north side of the Alpena road well in from the point known as "Squirrel Hill."

When the lumberman finished their last season an old man, a Norwegian whose name long ago passed from the minds of those who knew him, was left to watch camp. Along in the fall, not having had any reports from him, and nobody having seen him, a representative of the Avery's went to the camp to investigate. No trace of the old man was found, although everything was in good order. More than a year passed without tidings from the old fellow when one day a man who had gone into the swamp to kill a rabbit, found his skeleton. It was identified by the clothing he wore and the old Rip Van Winkle article of a gun which the old man had taken with him, presumably to kill a rabbit on his own account. What caused his death will ever remain a mystery, but it supplied the motif for the name.

"The Log Bridge." No Turtle Lake member, save and except the writer, ever saw the Log Bridge. It was thrown across the South Branch to meet the needs of the lumbermen going to Bullock's Camps at the Twin Lakes, and to Sylvester's Camps, which were located between the bridge and the mouth of Bullock Creek. With the disappearance of the camps, the need for the bridge ceased and it disappeared in some of the numerous fires.

"The Wildcat Drive" lay between the south edge of what is now known as "The Wedge" and the Gillman Drive, including what present day Turtle Lakers know as the Bog Hole. It was almost opposite this bog that Louis Duryea killed a wildcat, which was driven out by the dogs, about 1893, which fixed its title for the next twenty years. In recent times it has been divided and consolidated with other drives until it is no longer driven in its original form, and has lost its name and place.

"The Bear Swamp" was so called through Gillman's having killed a large bear which was driven out by the dogs in November of 1898. It has always been one of the most productive drives on the preserve. On the particular occasion referred to Gillman killed a bear and New and Merrill each killed a fine buck.

"The Lightning Tree", located where the roads now divide with one branch leading to Flynn Valley and the other to Steven's Camp, was one of the best known and most frequently referred to among the early landmarks.

A very tall dead pine had been struck by lightning in one of the many summer storms and a spiral cut from it, leaving a blazed line from tip to root, easily discernible from considerable distance. The tree stood for many years in that condition and parts of it still remain on the ground parallel with the road. The drive to the south of the Big Ravine is most generally known by the name of "The Lightning Tree Drive." Although from time to time a half dozen different names have been attached to it, none of them has supplanted the name made appropriate by the fact that "The Lightning Tree" marks the southwestern corner of it. Although the tree itself fell many years ago, the spot is still, and probably will be for years, known as "The Lightning Tree."

Another tree that was for years almost as well known as "The Lightning Tree" was "The Fan Tree." It stood on the side of the ridge not far in from the old tote road on the Barnes Drive. The winds and fires had bereft it of every limb save one, which stood out at a right angle from it at least seventy feet above the ground, and at the outer edge of that branch grew a number of smaller limbs, having the general appearance of a palm leaf fan. This was sufficiently conspicuous to be very easily found. When it gave way to the elements many years ago, the name disappeared with the tree itself, but there was a time when "The Fan Tree" was a recognized landmark.

"Spratt's Cabin." Walter Spratt was a son of Gus Spratt, a pioneer lumberman, and one of the earliest and best friends of the Club. The boy built a cabin on the bluff on the southeast shore of the Lake, which he occupied during the hunting seasons of '85 and '86, when it disappeared. It never was more than a ramshackle hut meant to shelter a very hardy man, and although it disappeared entirely as early as 1887, the particular bluff on which it stood has ever since been referred to as "Spratt's Cabin."

"The Big Stone" has for many years been one of the best known objects on Turtle Lake property. Located on the south side of the Cady road about half a mile from the lake shore it is an object of particular interest, standing as it does, alone, in the wide ravine through which the road passes.

It is also sometimes referred to as the "South America Stone" for the reason that it bears on its face next the road a pretty good outline map of the South American continent. It is not difficult to see how it was that before the Cady road was cut and while the adjacent hills were still covered with the original pine growth, "The Big Stone" was particularly adapted for designation as a landmark.

The road crossing the line between the Turtle Lake and Beaver Lake wire north and east of the "Walking Buck Drive" was made by Jim Ward, who was employed by the Club something like twenty years ago, to enable him to bring hay from the Beaver Lake meadows to the Turtle Lake Club. After crossing to the Turtle Lake side it ran about parallel with the east line of the property and then across a narrow ridge at the head of the "Walking Buck Drive," thence into the ravine that separates the "Walking Buck" and the Hawks where it connected with the Cady Road very close to the site of the old Spratt and Foley Hill. Spratt and Foley were lumbermen whose camp was located at the foot of the hill in the late '80's. During the fall hunt it has been for many years the favorite spot for the midday lunch whenever the hunt is in that general direction from the Clubhouse.

The reason for the title "Broken Jaw's Mound" applied to one of the best known places in the region and the tradition out of which it grew has been referred to elsewhere.

"The Apple Tree Stand" is on the old tote road at the spot at which Deacon Spratt's camp was located forty years ago. It is certainly a singular fact that long after the camp was deserted an apple tree sprang up on the roadside, probably coming from a seed thrown away by a passing teamster. Year after year it withstood the rigors of a Turtle Lake winter, and spring after spring it struggled to bloom and bear fruit. It never reached maturity, nor took on greater size than the diameter of a child's wrist and a height of six or eight feet, but for more than thirty years that little tree fought valiantly for its life, finally to succumb, probably as the result of premature old age.

While it was never to distinguish itself by bearing fruit, it nevertheless had a place in the sun, figuratively speaking, for the older members knew and honored it for its nerve and persistence.

"Calico Hill" derives its title from an incident in the interesting career of the horse "Calico," who has been elsewhere referred to. Returning from an up-river fishing trip in the spring of 1905, "Calico" resented the encouragement to faster progress offered in the form of a prod administered by Jesse Fletcher, and plunged violently down the hill with the "yaller-legged wagon" attached, flying about at awkward and impossible angles, the wheels touching the ground at infrequent intervals, and with completely successful resistance on the part of "Calico" to all the muscular effort that could be interposed by Buck who was driving. It was one of "Calico's" most conspicuously characteristic performances and it was entirely fitting that it should be perpetuated by the attachment of the name to the place, which naturally followed. At the foot of this hill an old bear had her den during the winter of 1883. It was under the up-turned root of a fallen pine and is still discernible after the snows of forty winters, and the drifting sands have all but filled it.

"Dead Man's Hole." On the north side of the Alpena road between the Barker Hill and Squirrel Hill is a hole made by the men who took material from it for use on the road many years ago. There was clay enough in the soil to make it hold water and deep enough to make it dangerous if one should by accident get into it, which was what happened to Bill Flynn. Flynn was a poor old dervict who lived in a shack in Flynn Valley who got drunk once too often. In one of his sprees, Flynn drove his horse and buggy off the road during a furious storm in the dead of night. When found the horse was drowned and Flynn himself was dead on the seat of the buggy - whether as the result of exposure or from a stroke of apoplexy, was never determined - but, whatever the cause, the man was, like old Marley, "deader than a door nail."

"The Sunday Stump." Among the members of the party of the first three or four annual hunts was one who had compunctions against hunting on Sunday.

This was W. C. Colburn, who never forgot that he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and who missed Sunday morning opportunity for church attendance while in the woods. The unregenerate majority insisted on taking Sunday much as they did other days. The preparation for a Sunday hunt always brought a protest from Mr. Colburn which was, however, invariably overruled and eventuated in his going along, offering objections that grew milder as the moment for setting forth drew nearer. One of the members who had his eye open for a joke, had a sign painted in Alpena and set up on a huge stump on the east side of the Alpena road at the foot of the first hill west of what was for years known as "The Open-Faced Barn," which was within a stone's throw of where the Rayburn Gate was later set up. In letters bold the sign set forth "NO SUNDAY WEST OF THIS STUMP" which, of course, drew a great laugh from the party when it passed that point going into the woods the following fall, and it effectually blocked further objections to hunting on Sunday. After being on that stump a year or more, "Deacon" Spratt asked that it be taken down as it offended his religious sensibilities, and, out of deference to his objections, the sign was removed but another was set up on another stump which was almost at the spot where the Club wire now crosses the road east of "The Water Hole." This also was eventually taken down by someone and removed to the Club where it is still preserved as one of the few remaining relics of the days of the Argonauts.

"The Water Hole." The extreme northeast corner of the Club preserve was in the days of horse-drawn equipment known by that name from Alpena to the Miner Farm. A tiny creek which flows through the swamp crosses the road at that point and a bucket and an old can for drinking purposes were always hung on the bushes at the water's edge. This creek traverses the swamp and flows into the South Branch two or three miles distant. More than once Turtle Lake trout fry were dropped into it and they undoubtedly thrived, to find their way ultimately into the South Branch. It was the invariable custom of the old crowd to halt at "The Water Hole" and to sing.

"Says the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah

'Obadiah, Obadiah, I am dry.'

Says the young Obadiah to the Old Obadiah

'Obadiah, Obadiah, So am I,"

which was naturally followed by relieving the need for aqueous refreshment with pre-Volstead reinforcement. By reason of the substitution of the automobile for the horse-drawn vehicle, and the consequent shortening of time for negotiating the trip, "The Water Hole" was bereft of its chief attraction. Another sacrifice to progress!

"The Jack Pine Plains." From the time of the organization of the Club until several years later, the plains between the South Branch Bridge at the Miner Farm and Weber Creek, were thickly covered with a heavy growth of jack pines. They were, in fact, so dense as to be almost impenetrable to men, but they furnished great cover for deer. A fire in the early '90's swept the plains absolutely free of trees and left them bare, as they now are. A very few Jack pines have reappeared at scattered points, but the main growth never returned. These plains include fifteen forties obtained by the Club as the result of the three-cornered exchange between the Federal and State Governments and the Club in 1921.

"The Twin Lakes" -- as often known as "Lost Lakes" -- are really three in number and are to be found in the southwest corner of the preserve in Oscoda County. About the time the Club came into existence, Charlie Bullock had his lumber camps on their shores and after having been once abandoned, they were re-established for a season. They were literally full of bass. They were mostly Oswegos, or Big Mouths, and very far surpassed in size anything any of us has ever seen in any of the other lakes of the neighborhood. At the period when there were many camps in the country adjacent, a crew of men was employed to catch fish from them as a variation to the food supply. These crews were divided into watches and fished night and day. Buck's brother, "Killer" (Henry Buford), was thus employed. Long after the lumbering was done and the camps gone, they still teemed with several varieties of fish, principally bass, the supply having far surpassed the demand. Yet, when the camps had disappeared and the general public had free access to the lakes, the fish quite rapidly disappeared. There was tremendous pike in them and the largest Oswegos that the writer ever saw. Moreover, after these fish had begun to disappear the trout, multiplying in the South Branch, found access to these lakes through Bullock Creek, which connects them with the river, and grew wonderfully in both size and numbers until the moss-back got in his perfect work on them, to their ultimate destruction.

More than once has the writer seen huge trout in some one of the lakes with gaping wounds in their sides, showing the marks of the spear by which their capture had been attempted.

A short distance east of the Twin Lakes is a little lake of which few people have even indirect knowledge, which is known as "Cady Lake," the lumberman of that name having conducted a small lumber operation of which it was the center in the '80's.

"Browning's Homestead." What was known as "Old Browning's Homestead" was on a road little frequented then or since, between the Weber Creek bridge on the Hillman road and Reed's Camp on the Chino Road. An old man of that name established himself there but abandoned the place after struggling two or three years to maintain it. This man went from there to a small town in Michigan where he was murdered by a preacher, whose name the chronologer does not now recall, but it was one of the most famous cases in the criminal annals of Michigan. There is nothing left that would cause the casual observer of this day to suspect that there had ever been an occupied house on the place.

"Hawks' Park" was so called because of the special interest taken by James D. Hawks in having it cleared up. When the timber was cut off the tops were left where they fell and the place was allowed to get into very unsightly condition. Mr. Hawks years ago had the tops cleaned out and a lot of young Norways transplanted throughout the area. He also put in some chestnuts and some hickories, which, however, were unable to withstand the winters, but the Norways grew beautifully. It is a gratifying circumstance, in view of Mr. Hawks' long membership and interest in the Club, that his name is permanently attached to this development which owes its existence to his foresight and persistence.

"The Eagles' Nest Road." For forty years at least, a pair of eagles have made Turtle Lake their home. Each year they have raised a pair of young. The old birds have kept the young ones with them until full grown and able to care for themselves, after which the parent birds have deliberately driven them away. Just what reason they have had to offer for this conduct, or whether it is a habit generally indulged by

its kind, the writer is not prepared to say, but the fact related of the Turtle Lake eagles is well known to all who are familiar with the earlier history of the Club. In 1884 their nest was located in a tall dead pine on the hill at the foot of the "Eagle's Nest Road." When that tree fell the birds moved higher up the ridge, not far from where the watch-tower now stands, and there they re-established themselves in another tall pine. When that tree blew down years after, the next was found to contain three or four steel traps which had undoubtedly been carried to it with some animals that had been caught in them and which proved a temptation to the eagles. Still later they built a nest in the Colburn Swamp and then in the Richardson.

About 1910 the writer and Mr. Hawks found one of the pair of old birds dead on the beach at the foot of the Miner Trail at the southeast corner of the Lake. It had been there too long to permit of its preservation. What caused its death was not apparent but one of its legs was broken and it is fair to presume that it was the victim of violence in some form. It may have been caught in a trap, breaking its leg in freeing itself from it, or the accident may have been the result of a fight with some animal or bird. But there was nothing to definitely indicate the cause. Certain it is, however, that the surviving member of the pair lingered around for a month or more in lonely solitude when it disappeared. The bird was gone three or four weeks when it returned, bringing with it either a bride or a groom. The writer never knew whether the survivor was the male or female of the pair, but, however that may have been, the new alliance was a case of May and December for the old bird had then been there at least thirty years and the new member was less than a three year old, as was proven by the fact of its black head, which color the young eagles preserve during their first three years of existence. This patched up partnership has since been continued.

When the road leading up the ridge from the lake shore at the Miner Trail was cut, it naturally took the name of "The Eagles' Nest Road" and it will undoubtedly continue to be known by this title, notwithstanding the fact that there has been no eagle's nest on it for the last dozen or more years.

"The Indian Green." The two or three hundred acres of land lying north and east of the farm and adjoining the river has long been known as "The Indian Green." It was supposed to have been a place for camping and for council by the early Indians. The real "Indian Green" is a mile or so below the area that is known by the same title and is very difficult of access, -- in fact, it is impractical to reach it in any other way than by the river for a wide and very wet swamp intervenes between it and the high grounds nearer to "The Hardwood." Tradition has it that the Indians used to cache all their belongings except what was necessary for daily use when they made their trips to Mackinaw or Detroit. Although a lot of desultory excavating has been done from time to time on the place, nothing has ever been discovered to confirm the tradition.

"Churchill Lake." Up to the time the settlers took possession of Flynn Valley, Churchill Lake cut a figure in Turtle Lake geography. It was really not much more than a bog hole but it always contained water for which reason it was much resorted to by the game animals of that particular vicinity, for there was no other watering place nearer than Indian Creek to the east, or the South Branch to the west. Not only did it attract the deer, but at the time when bear were still plenty they had well-defined runways to it. The writer has more than once seen bears evidently headed for Churchill Lake, and their tracks could be found around its marshy and frog-infested shores from the time the spring opened until the winter closed in. The settlement of Flynn Valley made it no longer attractive as a water hole and it is no longer often referred to.

"The Corkscrew" was on the Cady Road about midway between Paul's Bouquet and the point on the Cady Road at which the road to Beaver Lake and the Gustin Club departs from it. It is, as might be inferred, a double curve around a hill which was for many years known as "Corkscrew Hill." Singularly enough, there was left standing on this hill a solitary white pine with a corkscrew bend in its upper end, but this long ago fell and the name is derived from the curve in the road, not from the tree.

Originally the whole of the territory east of the Hog Back from Flynn Valley as far north as the road that leads to McPhee's Camp was known as the "East Gillman Drive," and from there west everything south of the Richardson to the head of the Barnes was the "West Gillman."

Both of them covered immense areas and have since been subdivided into several drives each. That part of the old East Gillman lying east of the Big Ravine Drive still bears the Gillman name.

A number of other drives were named out of compliment to some of the older members, instances of which may be found in "The Colburn," which was given its name in honor of Mase Colburn; "The Barnes," which was named for William S., and not Howard; "The Merrill," for John Merrill; "The Hawks" for J. D. Hawks; "The Langlois," for Dr. Langlois; "The Baker," for Fred A. Baker. The territory west of the river from Bullock Creek to the Log Bridge was named in honor of Harry New, he having been the first captain to drive it, but it has not been driven for years and perhaps none but the older members even know its location. The Jameson Swamp was so called for Dr. Henry Jameson, of Indianapolis, who was for two or three years a club member in the early '90's.

"Sixteen" was the name given to the drive south of the Beaver Lake road and between that and the road to McPhee's Camp, for lack of something else to call it. This territory comprised a large part of Section 16 and the name was significant only of that fact.

"The Timber Wolf," which is really cut from the upper end of the Barnes and is in its present shape the latest drive to be given a title, was so called because of the circumstance that John Merrill saw and shot at a wolf on the road that crosses its south border. This was the last wolf to have been shot at by a member of the party.

The drive known as "The Wedge" was so called because of its shape. It is in the form of a triangle flattened at the narrow end, the base of which is on the Cady Road and the Beaver Lake extension to it, and the two sides along the "Hog Back Road," and the flat next to "Sixteen." The flattened narrow end crosses from the "Hog Back Road" to "The Bog Hole." It is one of the most unfailing drives on the preserve.

The two "Kennel Drives," for there are two, run from the outlet swamp and what is known as the Brook Trout Dam Drive, all the way from Paul's Bouquet to the Big Stone, the Cady Road serving as their outside border.

They were originally one drive, the name coming from the fact that the old dog kennels were actually inside the territory as it was then driven. It was so large that it was eventually divided.

Camp Sites of the Long Ago.

In the old days of the lumber woods there were many men employed in carrying forward the work of getting the timber out and at different times, covering a period of years, camps were established at many points on what is now Club property and in all directions from the Clubhouse. These camps usually took the name of the foreman in charge. The sites of their various locations are still known to the oldtimers, who saw them while they were standing, and have been handed down to an oncoming generation even in many cases where the last vestige of the camp itself has long ago disappeared. It is hardly possible to recall all of them, but since some of them serve to fix the names by which large areas of the preserve, and a number of the drives, are known, it may be well to fix their location.

"The Upper and Lower Tracey's," two of the best known drives on the property took their names from a lumberman whose camps stood where the road to Cold Creek leaves the old tote road about a mile and a half west of the Miner Farm.

"Kelley's Camps" were a half mile up the road from Tracey's Camps to the south. His landing was at the point opposite an island half a mile above Tracey's Landing.

The Richardson brothers, Charles and Reed, were two of the most important lumber operators of the whole upper lake region. They had two or three camps in the vicinity and in order to more definitely distinguish locations, some were known as "Richardson's" and one, at least, by the Christian name of one of the brothers -- "Reed." The principal Richardson camp was back of the lake on the Miner Creek and from it the Richardson Drive and the Richardson Road derived their designating titles. "Reed's Camp" was at a point half a mile from the river to the north of Cold Creek. The third camp known as "Richardson's" was at The Log Bridge on the east side of the river.

"McPhee's Camp" was very close to the east line of the Turtle Lake property as it stands at this time, and near the southeast corner, in Section 28.

"Spratt and Foley's" was at the foot of the hill on top of which stands Paul's Bouquet and was among the last from which operations were carried on.

"Mulvaney's Camp" was a little less than half a mile north of where the road crosses Turtle Creek and pretty close to the edge of the swamp. It carried a large crew and was two or three years in clearing its holdings. Bill Mulvaney was its foreman and the name serves to designate one of the most productive drives on the place.

"Widner's Camp" was at the north end of the Mulvaney Drive, perhaps a mile from the Alpena road. The dismantled remains of the buildings are still standing. It wasn't much of a camp after all and its importance does not entitle it to the general distinction given it by the fact that it was among the last of the belated attempts to get something worth while out of what its predecessors had overlooked. Its dilapidated buildings are still standing.

"Deacon Spratt's" was on the old tote road back of the lake at a point near the south end of the Upper Tracey and the north end of the Barnes Drive. It was one of the largest camps ever operating in the Turtle Lake neighborhood and ceased its activities about 1883.

There were three Barkers' Camps, the best known of which was on the Alpena road at the upper end of the Langlois Drive. The site is still very plainly marked, although the last vestige of the buildings themselves has disappeared. Another was on the road to Lockwood Lake about midway between the Dailey place and Cold Creek, and a third was a mile or two south and east of the Flynn Valley settlement.

"The Frenchman's Camp" is down Turtle Creek a quarter of a mile below the bridge across the Alpena road. It was occupied by a Frenchman named Sharkey -- at least that was the Anglicized sound of the name -- who was there to care for the Gibson and Moore Camps between seasons about 1905. The buildings are still standing, although seldom seen for the reason that there is no longer any particular object in going down the outlet.

The "Pollock Camp" was on the edge of the Colburn swamp very close to where the road divides, one part to go around the lake, the other across to the old tote road. It was so called because it was occupied by a crew of Pollocks who took out the cedar long after the pine had disappeared.

"Sylvester's Camp" was on the west side of the river about midway between the Log Bridge and the mouth of Bullock Creek. The man for whom it took its name was Lyman Sylvester, a woods foreman from the State of Maine who had a good-sized crew employed in taking the Norway from the vicinity of the camp in the very early '80's. Sylvester bought, and spent the rest of his life on the farm known by his name on the old road by which the Turtle Lake visitors traveled until the Hillman route was substituted for the one past Bryant's.

"Avery's Camp" was near the edge of the swamp a few hundred yards north of the Alpena road at "Dead Man's Hole."

"Keegan's Camp" was on the east side of the river half a mile above the log bridge and was operated by George Keegan for taking out cedar.

"Gilchrist's Camp" was on the north side of the river not far below the mouth of Weber Creek. It was occupied by a crew working for Frank Gilchrist.

Portwine was a foreman who worked for the Miner Lumber Company and whose camp was on the shore of what has since been inappropriately known as "Portwine's Bog Hole" between the log bridge and the Twin Lakes. The so-called "Bog Hole" is really a rather pretty little lake, the outlet of which flows into the river through the swamp at a point a short distance north of the Log Bridge. This little lake has always been the home of a lot of small perch but there have never been fish of any other variety in it so far as the writer knows, nor have the perch ever attained any considerable size. The shores around the lower end of the pond are soft and boggy which is undoubtedly responsible for the lake being characterized as a bog hole. Mr. Wood lost a horse which got mired in it. The outlet, a little cold stream known as Portwines Creek, empties into the west side of the river, half a mile below the Log Bridge.

"Bates' Camp" was up Cold Creek half a mile or more above its mouth. It must not be confused with "The Bates Homestead" which is west of the river at Allen Cline's Homestead.

Parts of the structures at "Hall's Camp" are still visible. These were located about a quarter of a mile to the west of the Barker Hill, the road to them connecting with the Old Alpena road at its base. These were occupied by a man of that name who took the cedar out of the swamp north of the Turtle Lake hardwoods about 1904.

"Graves' Camps" were west of the Alpena road and were reached from either of two directions, -- the first by a road leading off from the Alpena road at almost the exact crossing of the Turtle Lake north wire east of the Water Hole.

"Steven's Camp" was on the river on the county line between Montmorenci and Oscoda Counties.

One of the very earliest, as well as one of the largest camps, was "Buff" Brown's, which consisted of five large buildings situated about one hundred feet back from the lakeshore a little below where the old Richardson Road left the beach at the Eagles' Nest road. The crews at these camps took out nearly all of the timber that was ever removed from the east side of the lake, most of it being ruined by the fires, as heretofore mentioned. Two brothers named Brown ran these camps, and long after the lumber days were but a memory, "Buff" Brown was one of the characters not only of the country-side but of the town of Alpena. To walk from Turtle Lake to Alpena was a mere jaunt for "Buff" Brown and many a time the writer encountered him at some point shuffling along in his characteristic attitude -- one shoulder always well in advance of the other -- which gave him the appearance of side motion. His capacity for drink was prodigious and never fully reached, in spite of his persistent effort to attain it. He apparently never lost his temper, but was in more fist fights than any man who ever hailed from Alpena with the possible exception of Pilette Sisereau.

From the time the lumber was exhausted until his death, which took place twenty-five years later in the Alpena County Poorhouse, he was one of the best known street and roadside characters of the region.

The camps maintained in the later years by Gustin and Widner at the place on the river known as "The Old Stove" were known by different names, -- the "Headquarters Camps," "Number Two Camps," the "Upper Camps," "Gustin's Camp", -- in fact, they had more titles than their importance ever justified.

Every stream that was capable of being made to float a few logs at flood stage was so utilized during the years of active lumber operations. On or near many of them were camps that figured in the early history of the country and may be given passing mention.

"Pillsburys Camps" were at the head of the MaGinn; Churchill and Gilchrist, and Pack and Fletcher, all had camps along Hunt Creek and Gilchrist Creek. Kennedy, or Canada, had a large camp about where the White Railroad now crosses the road to Hillman. The Miner Lumber Company had a driving camp down on the Indian Green near the river, and another at the dam above the Miner Farm; and there were many others, mention of which is not warranted by their importance in connection with Turtle Lake events and affairs.

Chips and Whetstones.

Reference has been made to the wolves. In the early days they were numerous. They were frequently seen and many of them killed, most of these by Trapper Brown and Old Paul Murray. Many of them were great big fellows who could both catch and kill a deer, which they very frequently did. The last of them was caught by Old Murray about 1897 when he trapped or poisoned five in the vicinity of Calico Hill and the Big Ravine. A few from other neighborhoods appeared from time to time until about 1906 when the tracks of five in one band were seen on the Barker Hill, but the animals themselves were not seen.

This was the last seen of either wolves or tracks until the winter of 1916-17 when "Bum" killed a coyote by poisoning. About that time a few of these animals suddenly showed up at a number of points in the northern part of the southern peninsula. Where they came from, no one knew but the general belief was that they got in on the ice across the straits. At any rate, that was Chase Osborn's opinion as given to the writer.

It is a singular fact that until well along in the '70's deer in the Turtle Lake neighborhood were not especially numerous. There were a few, to be sure, but they could not be said to be plentiful until later. There were some elk, although their main range was farther south and even below the AuSable. The last native elk reported as having been seen in the neighborhood was seen by Gus Spratt who shot at but missed it, west of the lake in the late '70's. It was seen by one or two others farther south within the day or two that followed, but it was never reported as having been killed.

Several white deer have been seen and two or three partially white deer killed by Club hunters within the Club limits. John Merrill killed a fawn that was about half white, in 1903, from which circumstance the Merrill Drive derived its name. Dr. Langlois killed one in 1904. In 1915 a fawn, perfectly white except for one small spot on one of its ears, was very frequently seen in the Mulvaney Drive. It became so tame as to be very easily approached and many summer visitors saw it at very short range. It was believed to have been killed by Ed Banks' boy.

In the thirty-nine years that have elapsed since the foundation of the Club, quite a number of bear have been killed. In the fall of 1885 Joe Kurtz, hunting with six or eight members of the Club, stumbled across an occupied bear den, a little south and west of the "Lightning Tree," or very close to where the Lines Homestead was later established. The bear had taken possession for the winter and Kurtz killed it before it could get out. Gillman killed one in the Bear Swamp. Hawks killed one in the Lower Kernel Drive. Captain Poole registered a kill near the Pollock Camp.

Will Bufore got one in the Lower Tracey. Charlie Wood ("Sweeney") hung up a fine one on the Hog Back Road at the edge of the Wedge. Many years ago New at different times trapped and killed seven, most of them on Miner Creek in the immediate neighborhood of the old Richardson Camps, and one at Hall's Camp. This was the largest bear killed on the place since the establishment of the Club, although Jesse Fletcher got one of almost equal size in the Miner Creek neighborhood. In addition to these, two or three have been discovered after having dened up in the early fall, that successfully got away from the hunters. Arthur Flynn killed two that were working on a bee tree near the clover patch about 1918. Several others have been seen at odd times and in various localities, but they are no longer numerous.

Naturally enough, in the many years of the Club's existence, and among the hundreds of big bucks that have fallen to Turtle Lake rifles, there were some notable specimens, altogether the most remarkable of which was one killed by Billy McSweeney in 1883 and given to Ed Gillman. The deer was killed in the Mulvaney Drive and on a little knoll just in front of what is at this time known as "The Little Green Island." The head carried twenty-seven points, but it was not alone the number but their great size and exceptional character that made this head remarkable. Many of the points were palmetted like those of the caribou. Several were curved and grew at odd angles from the beam. It was given by McSweeney to Gillman, who was with him at the time the deer was killed, and at his expense mounted. It was later sent to a hotel which McSweeney operated at Mount Clemens, but after McSweeney's death it disappeared. The writer has made diligent effort to get possession of it but has never been able to locate it.

The heaviest buck ever killed on the preserve so far as records show was killed by H. D. Williams ("Pat Cusack"), of Buffalo, on top of the ridge in the Baker Drive, and which weighed two hundred and sixty-three pounds dressed. Previous to that the record was held by a buck killed by Barton Pardee on the Farm Drive, not far from the point of the Colburn Swamp. This deer was fatally wounded but was not found until the next day. Its weight was two hundred and forty-five pounds.

The writer has heard many tales of deer that were said to have weighed very much more than either of these, but it has been the custom at the Club to weight the larger bucks ever since the Club has been established and these are records of weights actually recorded by the scales. Other deer have been killed which appeared to be considerably larger than the Williams buck, but the scales have not confirmed appearances when the test was actually applied.

Next in order of individuality was one killed by Ray Searles, of Buffalo, who visited the Club as the guest of Mr. Charles H. Wood and who killed the deer in the Barnes Drive, November 15, 1918. It was a most unusual specimen. Two others -- one killed by Frank C. McMath while still-hunting in the Kennel Drive during a furious blizzard, and another by Judge Arthur J. Tuttle at the top of the Eagles' Nest Ridge, -- complete the quartet of the most exceptional heads killed on the place within the recollection of the oldest members.

On the evening of the day before the deer hunt of 1903 was inaugurated, Eph Cline, coming afoot to the Turtle Lake Clubhouse, found two bucks with horns immovably locked at the foot of the hill on the road at the Miner Farm. One was dead -- the other still standing up. The living one had dragged the body of his dead adversary from the point at which the buck's neck had been broken on top of the hill, to the spot where Cline found them. The ground showed evidence of a prolonged and terrific struggle and the course taken from the point at which the vanquished animal was killed was about two hundred yards in length. There was nothing to be done but to kill the survivor, which Cline did with a shotgun, bringing the pair together to the camp. The heads were taken off and mounted and may be seen on the walls of the Clubroom. In 1885 two skeletons with locked horns were found on top of the big hill across the Grass Farm, but they were not in a state to have been preserved, even had their preservation been thought of at the time. In the fall of 1922, Buck, going through a thicket in the New Drive hunting partridges, came across two skeletons lying in a position to indicate that they were those of two bucks who had come to their end as the result of the same misfortune, but so little remained that there may be doubt as to the correctness of this surmise.

Until about 1895 the Turtle Lake outlet, known as Turtle Creek, was a very well-defined little stream flowing without interruption from the lake to the South Branch, which it entered at a point a little below the Upper Indian Green. In the lower stretches the terrain was like that with which the visitors to the lower end of Cold Creek are familiar and there were many little ponds and channels through the tundra-like marsh. The creek waters were usually colder than those of the South Branch and it was finally discovered that they were full of trout which entered from the river during the high waters. It was no difficult matter to catch many of the finest kind of fish in the creek and to see them at many places. Then came Gibson and Moore, cedar makers, who for two or three seasons cut cedar and made ties and posts for the whole length of the swamp from the Alpena road to the South Branch. A cedar top was left where it fell -- many of them in the creek channel -- with the result that natural dams were created which caused overflows and breaks in the banks at many places until the lower half of Turtle Creek was lost in one immense swamp for which it furnished water. The very mouth of the stream disappeared from the river, and it is today impossible to find a vestige of it along the banks of the South Branch. It simply seeps through from a myriad of little mouths too small to be discernible as such. To restore the creek to its original channel would be well nigh impossible, that is, for the last mile of its course. To a point a little below the Frenchman's Camp, it is still a continuous and well-defined stream, but below that point it is a hopeless and useless swamp. Trout could not get from the river through these swampy stretches to that part of the stream which might be made adaptable for trout fishing. The upper half is still admirably suited for trout.

The longest continuous stretch of cold experienced during a fall hunt was in 1886 when temperatures, uncomfortably encroaching upon the zero limits, set in very early in November. On the 10th day of November, 1886, the ice on the lake was so heavy that it provided a perfectly safe roadbed for a heavy team and wagon, which crossed from the Clubhouse to the point to which the road passed the Miner Farm, then came to the lake shore. Fred Irland, for the last thirty years chief stenographer of the House of Representatives at Washington,

and who died suddenly in March 1923, was a member of the party that fall and took a photograph of the wagon crossing the lake on that day.

Allusion has been made to the spearing of fish for the table during the fall hunt. A note in the log of the hunt of 1893 records that on the night of November 7 "William Barnes, Dr. Bryan, and Harry New speared one hundred and fifty pounds of bass and seventy-five pounds of pike tonight, supplying fish sufficient for several days' use." There was nothing unusual in the size of that catch. It might have been repeated every night for weeks had the disposition of the hunters so decreed and weather conditions permitted.

Beyond all doubt there are many more deer at and around Turtle Lake now (in 1923) than there were at any time during the early years of the Club's life, or, for that matter, at any other time. That they have steadily increased in numbers is apparent to all who have been for years observers. In the old days we hunted with the dogs, able as they were to pick up the scent of any track they crossed which had been laid down within three or four hours, or even longer, and the hunters killed anything and everything they saw. The hunting seasons covered a longer period than they do today, the hunt sometimes starting in October and lasting clear through until December 1st. The hunters were almost without exception experts with the rifle and yet, the greatest number of deer killed under those conditions was fifty-six. Were the same methods employed today and no more regard given to the limit to each gun, a record of several times that number might be easily made. It is, of course, impossible to more than guess the number of fawns dropped each spring, but that the number is increasing there is no possible doubt.

Finis.