

**Newport Forest** Wednesday December 3 2008 2:00 - 5:15 pm

**Weather:** prec. 51mm; RH 51%; BP 98.57kP; sn/hz; SW 10-35km/h; T 6°C

**Purpose:** to line trail

**Participants:** Kee, Steve

We met at the gate and decided to walk in, the ground being pretty greasy & loose. The property is 99.9% snow free or, if one likes, 0.1% covered.

We set out for the HB by heading for the river, finding it greatly swollen, Steve wondering if someone had opened the dam at Fanshawe. (P) The creek is a good metre above normal and not moving. This means the river has backed up into the creek (as it always does during a flood). We heard a noisy discussion going on among a flock of 7 Wild Turkeys down by the point. Then they suddenly all flew across the river to the other side. We stopped in Bluebell Woods to examine a very large pit in the middle of the woods. It's not the pit remaining from the toppling of an immense tree, nor is it a mini-meteorite crater. Steve's guess may be right. It's a kind of slump zone where water collects, slowly percolating out and removing enough material that the ground sinks, forming an even larger pit.

We lined most of the trail over the HB, seeking branches amid the deadfall, dragging them back to the trail, sometimes walking a good length of trail before finding a trailshape to fit them. Sometimes we snap large limbs, by inserting them between two trees, then walking a circle until our leverage engages. Cra-a-ack. During a break, we discussed the spirit world, Steve saying that not only did every animal have a spirit, but sometimes that spirit could take other forms.

In the BCF, we noticed a heavily traveled deer trail coming down the side of the HB, passing to a pool (where some drank) and reforming as a dark line off into the depths of the BCF. A buck had used the entire BCF portion of the trail just an hour or two before our arrival. I get a small pleasure out of the idea of an animal choosing to follow the trail. Of course, it's an efficiency for the deer. We came upon some interesting scat (P), full of seeds and veg matter, but shaped like that of a (very) large domestic dog. I said it was about right for a bear-turd, but there are no bears around. Steve was stymied. I changed the batteries on cams 1 & 3, but left Cam 2 as it was. I changed cards in all three cameras.