

DOWN THE ALLAGASH

by
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An Edition de Luxe of two copies, of
which this is Number 1 of the series.

To H. A. B.
Competent Woodsman, Cheerful Dishwasher,
Willing Worker and Agreeable Companion,
this book is heartily dedicated.

[PHOTO]

The Start — Blanchard Station.

DOWN THE ALLAGASH

CHAPTER I.

Off To The Woods

A highbrow named Darwin once put forth the theory that the human race has evolved, through successive stages of savagery and barbarism, from the ape and from even lower organisms. Since that time, almost every "natural" habit, desire or inclination has been laid on our savage or bestial ancestors. Whether the theory is true or not, almost everybody, except a few abnormal unfortunates, has a natural love of living in the open, of the woods, and for the wild things that inhabit them.

[PHOTO]

Woodsmen, Moosehead Lake.

Horace and I probably have some of that monkey stuff in us, for, in the spring of 1911, after having been disappointed two or three years in succession, we determined that we must cut loose from the city and take a long canoe trip through Maine.

Following Lord Bacon's advice, we chewed over the alluring literature sent out by the railroads, swallowed catalogs of sporting-goods houses and digested all the books on camping and woodcraft the public libraries of Boston and its suburbs afforded. No matter how much experience one has had in the woods, he can learn something useful from almost every person who has been there.

We made a dozen different lists of the things we thought necessary to take along, putting down everything from tent to toothbrush, and had got together all the items except the tent. By a stroke of good luck, just before our departure, we discovered that a large house was selling discarded U.S. army

[PHOTO]
Mt. Kineo and Hotel.

"dog-tents" or "A" tents, such as were formerly used in the field. After purchasing one, we went home and practiced a setting-up drill, while our wives and the neighbors sat by and jeered at our efforts to use clothes-pins for tent-pegs. However, we attained a record of getting everything up in five minutes, ready for a prospective shower.

It seemed as if we should never get away from the sun-stewed city, but the moment finally came when we stepped aboard the train at Northern Maine Junction and in three hours, after a delightful ride up the Piscataquis valley, were set down on the wharf at Greenville Junction. There we saw that our canoe and baggage were safely stowed on the steamer "Katahdin," then stowed ourselves on the forward deck and proceeded to forget the city, the hot weather, over-due bills, or any other of the cares with which Man pays his debt to civilization.

The forty-mile ride up Moosehead Lake is, in itself, well worth the trip to

[PHOTO]

Kineo.

Maine. The forest comes down, on every side, to the very water's edge, while here and there, miles apart, are the summer cottages of city folks who know the charm of this inland sea. Halfway up the lake, in the very center, stands bold Kineo, rising at one side in a vertical cliff six hundred feet and looking as if some Titan's knife had sliced it down. At the base of the mountain is a narrow neck just wide enough for a driveway connecting it with the mainland. At the southern foot extending into the lake, is a green slope specifically designed by Nature for a summer hotel. Here is located far-famed Kineo House with its surrounding club-houses, guides' quarters, golf-links and charming drives.

We were landed at Kineo Station on the western side of the lake, directly opposite the hotel and separated from it by a two-mile channel. At this point we changed to the steamer "Marguerite" and were off for the remaining twenty miles to Northeast Carry. Here

[PHOTO]

Str. "Katahdin."

we stepped from the steamer to the end of the long wharf which extends far into the lake. A tramway runs along this wharf and upon a small car, drawn by a sleepy old white horse, was piled the baggage going ashore.

Before starting, we had resolved to do the trip as befitted men accustomed to the woods. We were not to employ a guide, we would tote our canoe and duffle across every carry without aid of any sort, sleep every night under our own shelter and cook and eat our own grub. We kept all but three of these resolutions. But now we began by putting the canoe down over the side of the pier, loaded the dunnage, paddled ashore and, taking everything but the canoe, struck out across the two-mile carry to the West Branch of the Penobscot. We were really started on the long talked-of trip.

By this time, the spell of the big woods was upon us. With the city only two days behind, it no longer seemed strange to see men with beards, flannel shirts, moccasins, and

[PHOTO]

Seboomook — N.W. Carry.

carrying on their backs food, shelter and clothing sufficient for a week's journey away from the nearest habitation. The infernal smell and noise of automobiles, the rattle of drays on stone pavements, the black breath of locomotives, had given way to the silent canoe, the rustling of leaves, the sweet woods sounds, and the fragrance of fir and spruce and pine.

At about six o'clock we reached the bank of the West Branch, selected a level green spot and made ready to get supper. Just then, a sudden shower came up and we put into practice our drill for setting-up tent. In five minutes it was up, the dunnage inside, and everything ready for rain, but the shower passed. After supper, we started back to the lake for the canoe. On the way, we saw two deer feeding beside the road, but they paid no attention to us.

We arrived at the lake at seven, took the canoe on our shoulders and started back, replying chestily to some drummers who

[PHOTO]

Str. "Marguerite" at
N.E. Carry.

sat on the store steps. Our gait was brisk until we got into the woods out of sight of the store – then, with perfect accord, we cast the canoe from us and sat down by the road. That craft was scheduled to weigh sixty-five pounds. It deserved excess baggage charge of two hundred pounds more, in our opinion.

It was now pretty dark, so we picked up our burden and staggered ahead, at every step a new muscle we had never known about before, waking up to register a protest. We repeated the unloading process many times on that two miles, but of course we pulled through and arrived at camp, too tired to sit up and enjoy the evening. We spread the rubber poncho on the bare ground, rolled up in our blankets and turned in for sleep.

Until that night, I never fully realized the power of the mosquito. They came in swarms and, in spite of netting and dope, sunk their artesian wells through the blanket, a flannel shirt and a woolen undershirt and

[PHOTO]

Unloading at N.E. Carry.

took their bloody fill. We slept about two hours in all and at 2:45 o'clock arose, collected wood, ate breakfast, packed up, and at four o'clock slid the canoe into the water for the first real day of our journey.

[PHOTO]

Store and Hotel, N.E. Carry

[PHOTO]

Logjam, West Branch

CHAPTER II.

Hard Day

The morning was all that a perfect summer's morning can be and as we paddled quietly down the glassy, forest-margined river we had in our hearts that peace that "passeth understanding." Our enjoyment was brief, however, for about three miles below, near the outlet of Lobster Lake, we encountered a log jam. We worked our way among the loose logs for a short distance, found we could not get through, so unloaded the canoe, dragged it up the steep banks and carried it around the jam. Since we were not yet hardened and had considerable luggage, we had to make two trips on each carry — one with the dunnage, the other with the canoe.

Briefly, we made four long carries around jams that forenoon in the broiling sun

[PHOTO]

Tote Road, North East Carry

(the date was July seventh) each carry from a quarter mile to one mile long. Then we came upon three river-drivers who told us the next jam was four miles long! They further told us that the driving contractor had left orders to haul canoes around the jams with the team used to tote supplies for the drive. Hod agreed to go down to meet the teamster and ask him to come after us, while I was to gather our stuff, get lunch and wait.

During the time Hod was gone, I tried without success, to get a trout in a nearby brook. I was interested, also to observe the birch-bark lean-to erected by the drivers. This was built by leaning poles against a horizontal pole, about eight feet high, and laying on wide strips of white birch bark, weighting them down with other poles. The ends and front were entirely open, but beneath this shelter three men would be comfortably housed for a week or more, until the rear of the drive should come by.

[PHOTO]

First Camp, West Branch, N.E. Carry

When it was nearly time for Hod to return, I started a fire in the tote-road, fearing the dryness of the outside turf, put on the stew-pail and in a few minutes had ready two quarts of delicious erbswurst soup, biscuits and hot tea. Just then, Hod came in sight, dirty and haggard with his six-mile tramp in the fierce heat. His face lighted up when he saw the soup and he sat down while I started to lift it off the cross-stick. At this instant one of the supporting sticks gave way and there in the tote-road lay every last drop of the erbswurst! It was a moment of profound sorrow. The matter was too serious for us to laugh about it, as we can now with full stomachs. If a painter could have caught the expression on Hod's face, the picture would serve as the classic portrait of Gloom. We made a lunch on tea and biscuits, named the place Camp Disappointment, and sadly hit the trail.

In the tote-road, we met a man about

[PHOTO]

Along the West Branch

fifty years of age with a leather pouch on his back. We learned that he was the mail carrier who took the mail from Northeast Carry to the settlement at Chesuncook, a forty mile round trip, twice a week. The trip was usually made in a canoe, but owing to the logs, he was now making it on foot. He obligingly posed while we took a snapshot of a carrier on a route that could really be called rural free delivery.

Two miles below, we met the horses dragging a tote-sled and accompanied by three husky river drivers. They informed us that they were going up after the driving company's canoe, but could not take ours. Hod, whose lost of dinner had not improved his temper, allowed that they would take ours, too, and we came back with them to where the canoes were lying. Ours was loaded and taken along.

On the way, we passed a deer standing near the tote-road. She took no heed of the noise of the team nor of the appearance of the men. After we had passed some distance, I

[PHOTO]

River Drivers' Birch-bark Lean-to

saw her still motionless, so I ran ahead, dug the camera out of the pack and found, as is always the luck, that the film was used up. I reloaded the camera and went back, to find the deer in the same place. I then began stalking her, keeping behind bushes and trees. She took no notice of me, but began feeding and gradually moved toward the swamp. I waited for her to reach an open space where the light would strike her better, but she stepped into some low bushes to brush off the flies and the opportunity was lost. I was at no time over fifty feet from her. As I stepped into the road to hasten after the team, she got my wind and snorted away into the woods.

When we reached the foot of the long jam, we again put into the river and had gone about a mile when we came upon still another jam on Kennedy's Rips. It was about six o'clock and we were nearly played out. The terrific exertion in the heat, the lack of sleep the previous night and the small amount of

[PHOTO]

Where we lost the Erbswurst.

food eaten since early morning, all told on us. We crawled ashore, held council, decided to walk to Half-way House, a mile below, and there get fresh water.

On our arrival we sat a few moments on the shady piazza which overlooked the farm cleared here in the heart of the woods, ten miles from the nearest opening. We noted the men lounging about contentedly, looked at each other, and together made a dash for the dining-room.

What we did to that food is almost beyond belief. I should be ashamed to tell how much we ate, but it was a mighty good supper. The hospitable woman who furnished it could not feel hurt by reason of our failure to "take right holt." After we had extended our belt lines to the very frontier and had rested a bit, we tramped back up the trail,, heavier in the flesh, but lighter in spirit.

Just as we arrived at the canoe, the men working on the jam at the rips opened

[PHOTO]

Getting hauled around the jam

a channel down which the logs rushed. We shoved in and a moment later were shooting the rapids with the speed of a race-horse. With every nerve alert to escape being rammed by the logs, dodging boulders with quick paddle-strokes and yelling at the excitement, we ploughed through the chop at the foot of the falls, ran a few rods below Half-way House and when an opening presented itself between the glancing timber, we swung in the opposite shore and drew up for the night. In a short time the tent was up, a thick bed of spruce and fir boughs was ready, a cheerful fire was blazing and, with pipes aglow, we sat and watched the full moon rise above the trees, heard the night-sounds of the wood-folk and the rush of the river. We reviewed the events of the longest and hardest day we had ever spent, then when our pipes were out and the fire extinguished, we drew the blankets about us and lay down to perfect sleep.

[PHOTO]

The Chesuncook Mail Carrier

CHAPTER III.

From Halfway House to Umbazooksus

The next morning we were up early, struck camp and were off, hoping to have an easy day. A mile below, we came to the logs again. But a lesson had been learned from the experience of the day before. Getting out upon the logs, one at each side of the canoe, we snaked it across the surface of the jam, sometimes stepping on a loose stick to sink to our hips in water, working fiercely with the idea that the drive must be passed before reaching Chesuncook Lake. Several other jams were crossed in the same way. The work was hard and exciting, but far ahead of carrying along the bank, which had only a narrow, winding footpath made by the drivers. At the last the final jam, three miles long, on which drivers were at

work trying to pick out a channel, came in sight. Encouraged, we toted our dunnage to the point where the cannal was open and prepared to carry.

On the way back, we were amused by a tall, well-built cookee, evidently a green hand on the drive, who looked like some college youth out for cash and exercise. He was plainly worried as he asked us about the logs and the location of the men and their camps. He had on each arm a huge wooden bucket filled with food sent out by the cook for the men's luncheon. We told him some of the men had a camping place across the river. He started to cross the jam, which was here pretty solid, but he must have been more accustomed to brick sidewalks for we heard a splash and a grunt and looking back saw him sitting disconsolate astride a big log, his legs in the water and the buckets still hanging from his arms. The sight was so comical that we let out a yell that brought a driver up to the rescue

[PHOTO]

Half Way House.

Now we snaked the canoe across to the open channel, gritting our teeth at the thought of what was probably being done to the canvas bottom. The water was running swiftly, the logs were being pulled in by the current and were dashing down the frequent rapids. Our experience at Kennedy's Rips was often repeated during the next four miles. I think it safe to say we had an hour which would satisfy the heart of any man who loves action and excitement. It was dangerous sport, however. Once we pulled to the shore, jumped out, and picked the canoe clear from the water just in time to escape an enormous spruce which had pursued us down the falls. Only the thought of delay would have forced us to take such risks.

Fox Hole and the mouth of Pine Stream were passed and having at last outstripped the logs, we came into the dead water and picked our way through a mass of open logs into the open Chesuncook.

About a mile down the western side

[PHOTO]

Camp at Half Way House.

we came to a picturesque settlement on a point, tipped with a clump of handsome firs, which jutted into the lake. The settlement consists of five or six houses, a store, and a school-house. At one of the houses, a modern and thoroughly comfortable cottage, we found the post office in charge of a pleasant-faced woman who told us we were fortunate to find a post office, as it is a periodic affair, being discontinued frequently, then restored on petition by the people. We wrote messages to our families, purchased some excellent home-made pastry, then went directly north across the upper end of the lake toward the mouth of Umbazooksus (pronounced Am-zux'-us) Stream.

Right here is where a guide could have been useful if one had been with us. As our imperfect map showed it, the stream was narrow, about nine miles long. Owing to the back flowage of the lake, we paddled four or five miles up a broad arm of dead water a mile wide, in one place. Thoroughly puzzled, we decided

[PHOTO]

Chesuncook Lake

we were on the wrong trail and were about to go back to the settlement for information when Hod's keen eye discovered a canoe hauled up in the woods. This proved to belong to a fire-warden, or forest ranger, who with his family occupied a set of fine camps near at hand. They very kindly told us how to go and gave us a bottle of cold water from a splendid spring which served them also for a refrigerator. They invited us to spend the night at the camp, but our time was limited so we looked regretfully at the soft beds in the auxiliary tents, thanked them for their genuine hospitality and set our faces to the north.

At the head of the dead water we found an immense area of floating "dry-kye" – dead trees killed by the flowage. It took half an hour's search to find the narrow passage boomed-out through the stuff, but even then a broad strip of it lay between us and the passage. The wind was pretty stiff, so that the task of getting the dry-kye out of the way was

[PHOTO]

At Gray's Camp, Chesuncook

difficult, not to say ticklish. But we finally got through and after half a mile through a forest of standing dead trees, came to the mouth of the stream.

Owing to the dryness of the season, the water was very low. The fire-warden had piled rocks from the bed of the stream to make a channel just wide enough and deep enough to float a canoe. The stream came down a steep incline with the big trees forming an arch overhead. We got out, hitched a long line to the bow of the canoe, each took an end and on either side we walked up, towing our freight. A mile of this brought us to deeper water where we climbed in and paddled through a natural park of lofty trees, patches of green meadow and overhanging ferns and shrubs.

It was now between five and six o'clock and the shadows were beginning to lie across the water. As we noiselessly rounded a curve, we came face to face with an enormous cow moose not over sixty feet from us. We

[PHOTO]

Dry kye, entrance Umbazooksus

stopped paddling, snapped the camera and waited while she waded ashore with great dignity and stood on the bank watching us. Then she stepped slowly into the woods.

We now went ahead cautiously and within five minutes came close upon another cow moose, slightly smaller than the first. She surveyed us haughtily, then walked up the middle of the stream with the canoe at her heels. We followed her in this way some distance. The shadows were now so deep that it seemed impossible to get a picture, but Her Majesty walked to a place in the water where the sunlight came through the trees and shone on her sleek sides. There she turned side to and posed while I pressed the button, then obligingly let us pass.

Now we hastened on until we came to a place just below the dam at Umbazookus Lake, where a giant pine kept guard over a little patch of meadow, and there set up camp for the night. We had hurdled log-jams, raced rapids with the big spruce, played tag with the mon-

archs of the forest and covered twenty miles.
It had been a great day.

[photo]

Up Umbazooksus Stream

[PHOTO]

Working through the Dry Kye

CHAPTER IV.
Umbazooksus to Eagle

Toting a carry is not an easy matter under any circumstances, but our hard experience on the West Branch had taught us something. After we had crossed the lake the following morning and had landed at Colby's Camps, where the two-mile carry to Mud Pond begins, we carefully upholstered the thwarts and gunwales of the canoe with our blankets and made the trip across with comparative ease. It was such an improvement that we almost regretted that this was the last long carry of the trip.

Mud Pond is about a square mile in area, shallow, with a bottom of light mud nobody knows how deep, full of lily-pads and a favorite feeding-place for deer and moose. The outlet runs down under handsome old hardwood

[PHOTO]

The first Moose

trees, at a pretty steep pitch, to Chamberlain Lake.

A considerable breeze was blowing down the lake as we paddled up the west shore to an old logging camp. Running back from the lake is an old road and five minutes' walk brought us to another set of old camps in front of which is an excellent spring. Although the water in the lakes and rivers is equal to that of most metropolitan systems, in summer it is warm and flat. The initiated prefer cold spring water which, in ordinary seasons is everywhere abundant in the Maine woods. The unusual drought of this season, however, had dried up streams and springs except those cold, never-failing veins that come from far under-ground. Consequently, the water supply became an important matter to us and as far as possible we learned the location of these places. The thirsty man who has refreshed himself with nature's wine at one of these springs can never thereafter find complete satisfaction in any

[PHOTO]

Queen of the Woodland

manufactured drink.

Near the shore we met a second fire-warden. With the same hospitality one meets everywhere in these regions, he insisted on our coming over to the splendid set of warden's camps a few rods away, where he gave us fresh-fried doughnuts and information about the country ahead, as far as he had gone. After lunch, we again started up the lake.

Since it is the second largest body of water in Maine and lies in the direction of the prevailing summer winds, Chamberlain bears the reputation of being very rough and dangerous. The truth of this was soon proved. Big rollers began to meet us and not daring to turn, we headed straight into them. It required all our strength to keep the frail craft where it belonged and the second mile found us working like steam turbines. Soon we heard behind us the sput-sput of a motor-boat and felt encouraged as three fire-wardens passed us. The remaining two miles across to Lock Dam were hard ones, but

[PHOTO]

The Second Moose

we got there, pretty tired, yet glad to feel solid earth again. The men had landed and sat watching our efforts. After the fashion of true woodsmen, they said little as we came up, except that it was "a little rough." Later, in their quiet, indirect way, they paid us the compliment of having handled the canoe well.

A quarter-mile carry here at the dam brought us into the stream again and half a mile further, into the dead water of Eagle, or Heron Lake. As we sighted the open water, a big bald eagle rose from a tree-top on the bank of the stream and sailed away into the sunlight. It seemed appropriate that the lake should have its sign "posted in a conspicuous place" above its doorway.

We were unprepared for the view which presented itself on our entrance to the lake. The water, clear as crystal, lies above a bottom of white sand. A narrow, beveled bank of smooth, clean rocks surrounds the edge, above which is a narrow fringe of white birch, then

[PHOTO]

Colby's Camps and Umbazooksus Lake

the unbroken forest of various hard-woods slopes up into low hills. Here and there are islands, covered with maple, birch and poplar which stand so near the water as to give the islands the appearance of having precipitous sides. Nearer approach shows the same smooth band of rocky shore and the dainty fringe of birch. From the shores of the lake, jut out long, narrow spits of white sand, crowned with birch and pine. The cloudless sky, the sparkling water, and the clean, silent shores gave us the feeling that we had, un-awares, paddled straight into the land of magic.

The fire-warden had told us of a spring on Pillsbury's Island, so this was the logical place for the night. The tent was erected on a sandy point and a fruitless search for the spring lasted until nearly dark. Such lake water, however, was not to be despised. This natural reservoir of purest water, ten miles long and from two to four miles wide, would be of priceless value to a great city.

At our camping-place, the bottom ran

[PHOTO]

Outlet, Mud Pond

out at a very gradual slope. The water was at just the right temperature for a swim and after our strenuous day in the hot sun, we spent an hour we shall long remember. As we came ashore, I picked up on the beach a caribou's antler, relic of a noble animal which once ranged the state in great herds, but now probably forever vanished from Maine.

A little while after we had gone to bed, the impression of an enchanted region was further carried out by the attack of thousands of evil spirits in the form of "no-see-'ems" which crawled through the fine-meshed screens over our heads. They bit with such fierceness that we ran in agony from the tent and sought refuge by the camp-fire. Horace later went back to bed, but his skin must be thicker than mine, for after several attempts I gave up and spent the night walking on the shore. We were well supplied with dope, but it seemed to serve for the little pests as sauce for our meat.

[PHOTO]

Eagle Lake

CHAPTER V.

Eagle to Umsaskis via. Chase's Carry

At daybreak we followed down the east side of Eagle, noted on the west shore the solitary clearing where is situated the tramway for carrying logs from Eagle into Chamberlain, then through the narrows to the foot of the lake. Here we crossed the old burnt dam which remains as a relic of the keen war which once existed between the rival logging companies on these waters, then through the thoroughfare between Eagle and Churchill lakes. All along the thoroughfare were great numbers of ducks with their broods and the banks were lined with deer feeding on the lily-pads.

As we entered Churchill we were again struck with the beauty of the country. Here, the surrounding hills were higher; to the northeast

[PHOTO]

Lock Dam, Chamberlain Lake

stood purple Allagash Mountain; at the left, as we rounded a point running into the lake, was a long curved beach with a deer standing motionless on the white sand, its red body reflected in the water; the whole, a picture which alone repaid all our efforts.

It is said that this lake is "bottomless", a term commonly used by woodsmen about any very deep body of water. From the arrangement of the land we could well believe it to be of great depth. Indeed, it was soon verified, for my line, which had been over the side trolling across the lake, was accidentally hit by Horace's paddle and before we could think, the rod with all our available fishing-tackle was on the way to the bottom, or the hole where the bottom ought to be.

On the further side of the lake we landed at a fine set of unoccupied camps where we found excellent water and later amused ourselves by reading on the peeled log walls the names of former guests from various states,

[PHOTO]

Toting across the carry

among them some well-known. Lunch and a two hours' rest put us in trim for the next experience.

Chase's Carry was marked as next on the map, but we had been told it could be run without taking out. We speedily found out all about the place. The river, for here we entered upon the real Alagash, started off at an alarming rate down a steep grade through a channel bordered by steep, heavily-timbered banks and filled with great boulders. Running on the paddle or setting pole was entirely out of the question, so in turn, one took the canoe and guided it down as best he could while the other floundered along over the rocks. Since the water was low, it was puzzling to find a way between the boulders where the canoe could be directed and owing to the swiftness of the current, the terribly rough bottom, the deep pools, the task was a man's job. The man with the canoe stumbled along until he reached a pool, then lay across the canoe or sat astride the

[PHOTO]

Thoroughfare to Churchill Lake

stern until he floated to shoal water.

The rocks showed numerous paint marks, while rusted cans and camping utensils indicated that others had passed this way with the same experience. We were worried for fear of a twisted foot or a hole in the canoe. The soles of our heavy shoes became soaked and by reason of the rough walking were turned up nearly on top, giving the appearance of trying to turn turtle.

In spite of all this struggle and the strain on mind and body we were obliged to laugh at each other's predicaments. Hod stepped on a smooth stone and his feet went into the air while his back came down splash into the water. I had hardly recovered from laughing at his appearance and at the dark blue language with which he was painting the Carry, when I stepped into a pool clear to my neck. That cheered Horace so that we made the rest of the mile and a half in fairly good humor.

It was a great relief to find ourselves in a smoother current and to get aboard

[PHOTO]

Can you see him?

once more. If any person wishes to qualify as to endurance and skill, let him present an affidavit of having gone through Chase's Carry without mishap. I will cheerfully give him a certificate. I believe there is no equal stretch of rough going in Maine. Whoever Chase was, he was wise to carry around that place.

From Chase's Carry the Allagash runs through heavy timber-growth, the spruces and cedars leaning far out toward the river – as much as possible like the Maine scenery generally pictured in wood cuts. The current is swift enough to make canoeing a pleasure. Deer were everywhere. At every turn of the river we came upon at least one, and sometimes groups of three or four, standing in the water. At one point, where the stream was wide and shallow, a herd of ten stood in various positions and as the canoe came among them they tossed up their white flags and bounded away to the woods. At another point, a clear, cold rivulet poured down over the steep bank. We stopped to fill our water bottle and

[PHOTO]

There he goes!

noticed in the river, where the water came in, several small crawfish, or “lobsters”, about four inches long and olive green in color. It is said that beautiful Lobster Lake derives its name from its containing these fish.

About eight miles of the Allagash brought us to Umsaskis Lake. Here the waters have flowed back into low lands covered with alders, birch and fine elms. The mouth of the river is divided by deltas so that the correct channel is learned only by experience. On every hand the alders were full of deer which on our approach splashed away to the upland.

It was nearly dark as we came out into the lake, so we hastily picked out a camping place and dried our clothes and dunnage which were well soaked at Chase’s Carry.

[PHOTO]

A smooth place on Chase's Carry

CHAPTER VI.

Umsaskis Lake to Allagash Falls

Pitching camp was a matter of system with us. The first requisites, of course, were a smooth, nearly level, well-sheltered place, large enough for the tent, drinking water, if spring or stream could be found, wood for cooking and a suitable fire-place so that there should be no danger of forest-fire. Each knew what was to be done and set about doing it without question or direction. As soon as we landed I unpacked the tent, while Horace found the location for it. Then I assisted him in putting it up and when it was securely pegged down I began to unpack provisions and cooking utensils and got the fire-place in order. Meanwhile he was cutting two crotched sticks for uprights with a long green cross-pole for a crane to hand ket-

[PHOTO]

Along the Allagash

bles on. Then he got together some big wood while I got kindling, started the fire, and laid out the dishes to eat upon. While I cooked supper, he cut or broke several armfuls of fir or spruce boughs and brought them to the tent. After supper, he washed dishes, while I built the bough bed and arranged the blankets. In this way no time was lost and it was surprising how quickly everything was in readiness. Breaking camp was much simpler, our chief cares being to thoroughly extinguish our fire and to leave nothing of our dunnage behind.

A sad incident occurred on Umsaskis. We had broken camp and paddled down the lake about three miles against a hard wind before I had an uneasy feeling that my heavy shoes were not aboard. Horace did not relish the idea of going clear back and pulling up a second time against the wind and sea, but there was no help for it and we recovered the shoes drying on the rocks at the camp-ground at the expense of six miles of hard going. Our time on the lake

was not wholly misspent, however, for we found on the west side, not far from shore, a splendid spring which showed no trace of having been previously discovered.

From Umsaskis (Horace practised saying Umsaskis and Umbazooksus the rest of the trip, but never got them right) the way lies through a thoroughfare and into Long Lake. The map shows Depot Farm on the lake. We speculated as to what this might be, my friend insisting that we should see a railroad station and come into touch again with civilization. His principal hope, I suspect, was to get in touch with some civilized cooking. It was astonishing how my grub lasted, even though we had pretty brisk appetites. The biblical loaves did not go much farther than mine. Horace offered to bet that one pan of my bread would be sufficient for at least one thousand people.

Depot Farm is, in fact, an old farm once cleared by a man, who disappointed in love, secluded himself here fifty miles from the near-

[PHOTO]

Long Lake Dam

est settlement. Later the place was used as a supply depot by a lumbering company. We found it occupied by a bunch of about twenty big lumber horses turned out for pasture during the summer. We were disappointed in finding neither food nor water here, but were delighted with the beauty of the handsome growth of firs and black spruce, unmixed with other woods, whose pointed tops made an even green covering for the entire hillside.

At the foot of Long Lake is a huge dam nearly an eighth of a mile long, a monument to the skill of builders who never saw a school of technology, but whose works are everywhere in Maine, controlling the mighty water system of the state. We ran the canoe through the sluiceway and landed near the set of several excellent log camps which we found in charge of two men – one an old veteran of the woods, the other a handsome young Frenchman from Fort Kent.

They treated us cordially, let us prepare our lunch on the camp stove and seemed

glad to have someone to talk with. The younger man evidently missed the dances and merry-making of settlements, but the older man was better seasoned. They showed us their vegetable garden, surrounded by a stockade of upright poles ten or fifteen feet high, to keep out the deer. All the time we were there a deer stood unconcernedly feeding at the other end of the dam. At our leaving, the young man stepped into his canoe and led the way down river for a mile or two, where he showed us a pool filled with trout, but they were not hungry and could not be lured by any bait. We hooked one and had him for supper – the first fish on our trip. Our friend very kindly gave us a fish line when he heard of our mishap at Churchill.

The river now became wider and so shallow that we had difficulty in finding water enough to get along in. A scow recently towed up the river loaded with supplies for a sporting camp, had swept out a sort of channel, but it took keen eyes to find it. Dozens of times we

found ourselves aground and had either to pole back and find the right way or get out and wade. We still came upon rips where, once the channel was found, the canoe would slide down with great speed. The river here is beautiful beyond description. Deer were very plentiful.

We were now looking for a suitable place to spend the night. Just at dark we came to an old burnt camp on a hillside near which was a stream of good water. We soon had things shipshape, but we ate supper on the stony shore by candle light, then turned in and slept until the snort of deer near the tent brought us out at an early hour.

Round Pond, three miles long, was next crossed and we entered upon the last stretch of the Allagash, twenty-eight miles to the St. John River. About a mile below the pond we came upon two men fishing at the mouth of a small stream. They were jerking trout from the river at a rate that put envy in the hearts of us who had lived on bacon for several days. But we kept

[PHOTO]

Horace and the trout

on a few rods, when Horace's keen eye discovered another brook running in and saw trout leaping in a pool near the river. We hastened ashore and there saw a sight to delight a fisherman. In a pool about thirty by fifteen feet and not over two feet deep was a school of trout which must have contained not less than a thousand fish. All were of good size and some would weigh from one-fourth to one-third of a pound. I got my borrowed line into commission, put on a piece of salt pork and cast in. The pool boiled with the leaping trout and I had a fine one ashore. This was repeated a few times, then I put on a fly with the same result. They would bite anything and it was a splendid sight to see four or five beauties, their golden sides flashing in the light, spring into the air for the fly as soon as it struck the surface. After I caught twenty, Horace became a sudden convert to the sport of fishing. We exchanged places, the one on shore taking the trout off the hook and taking care of them, while the other tickled their

palates with a parmacheene belle. From this we took turns, keeping only the very largest fish, until we had caught over one hundred. We could have caught a barreland, but decided not to be fish-hogs after an hour's sport rarely equalled. It took a great deal of self control to tear ourselves away. When cleaned and carefully packed in leaves and ferns, the trout filled all our available dishes. That noon we fried twelve of the largest and ate a lunch no city hostelry could afford.

From here the river was even more shallow so the day was spent in picking our way. Twelve miles below we came to a farm cleared in the wilderness and, on the bank of the river, a group of buildings made of logs. The main house bore a large sign proclaiming it to be the "Allagash House", run by Joe Michaud. A small boy on shore thought we might get milk there so Horace, whose clothing had stood the strain better than mine, went up for supplies. Shortly I saw a young girl run out and heard her call for a

cow to be brought up. Twenty-five minutes later Horace was back with a bag of potatoes, hot biscuits (baked while he waited) and warm, fresh milk. We agreed that this was indeed a place where supplies were furnished to order. The house is sixteen miles from the nearest settlement and all provisions from outside are brought in either on snow or by canoe.

We now ran down three miles to Allagash Falls and decided to camp at that place of surpassing beauty. The tent was erected on the green turf beside the carry-road at the head of the falls. We found an abundance of blueberries here and before long had supper ready. Baked potatoes, trout rolled in corn meal and fried in bacon fat, fresh biscuit, cake and blueberries, tea and milk made up the menu. Truly a feast for a king as well as for a pair of jacks, as Horace expressed it.

That camp was as nearly perfect as a camp could ever be. We had, beside our two excellent meals there, a clean, level place for

the tent an excellent bed, a rousing fire to toast our feet by and the orchestra of the falls to lull us to sleep. Lest any person should wonder at our appreciation of a fire in mid-July when the thermometer was daily above one hundred degrees, it may be well to state that the nights were so cool that we needed all the covering we could get. Horace, before starting, had sneered at taking a heavy woolen blanket apiece. Before the first night had passed he regretted he did not have two blankets.

[PHOTO]

Allagash Falls

CHAPTER VII.

From Allagash Falls to Fort Kent

In the morning we took time to inspect the falls. The Allagash narrows above, runs between high ledgy banks and is filled with enormous boulders. The falls themselves have had their worst fangs drawn by the lumbermen with their dynamite, but still the water drops almost sheer about fifty feet. Below the cataract, on either side, perpendicular ledges as high as the falls jut into the stream. On the banks above stands the thick, black forest echoing the roar of the water, Almost at the foot, on the southern side, a spring gushes from the solid ledge.

We enjoyed this inspiring scene for some time, then hastened away down the thirteen miles to the St. John. The first sign of civi-

[PHOTO]

Near junction Allagash and St Johns rivers

lization was a ferry-boat, many of which, propelled by a single ferry-man, cross the river between Maine and New Brunswick.

At the junction of the rivers we came out into open farming country. We ate our noon-day lunch at the mouth of a vigorous stream called Nigger Brook, then began our cruise on the St. John. We found the water much deeper and stronger and, since the river is fed by boggy streams, so black that it is difficult to see rocks below the surface. At intervals are short falls called "rapids" which will give even the experienced canoeist a thrill when running them. One in particular, Rankin's Rapids, is as steep as the roof of a house and is filled with rocks. This was the only place where we shipped any water.

At Cross Rock Rapids, so called on the map, we had a stirring half hour. As we entered the rapids, at its head a rock beneath the black surface caught the canoe in the middle and held it pivoted. The current swung the canoe

around and in a second would have either tipped it over, sending occupants and dunnage down into the churning pool below, or have sent it down the pitch sidewise with the same probable result. A big boulder stood out part way down the rapids. I jumped upon this, steadied myself with the paddle, pushed the bow of the canoe sharply down stream and with the middle of the canoe thus lightened Horace went down the rapids at a swift rate, leaving me hanging on the rock in mid-stream. As soon as he got out of the chop, Horace tried to point the canoe up stream and work up gradually under the lee of the rocks to a place near me, but the lightened bow stood up in air while the bottom of the canoe was in contact with the water only at the stern. Any canoeist knows how tough a matter it is to handle such a situation against a hard wind and here were a stiff breeze and a racing current combined. Time after time, Horace got within a few rods of me, then was swept away. Finally, after I had concluded to jump in, take my chances in

[PHOTO]

A Ferryboat, St. John River

going through the rapids and in swimming ashore, my friend shifted the dunnage into the bow and by fierce effort got up to the lee of the boulder on which I stood. Then after a moment of quick work by both of us, we shot into a quiet eddy. While we probably had been in no great personal danger, an up-set would have meant not only a disagreeable wetting and a hard swim but the loss of at least a portion of our dunnage.

Shortly we came in view of the Catholic Church at St. Francis and heard again the whistle of a locomotive. Across the river is Connors, the terminus of the Temiscouata Railroad. On the left bank we passed a monument and knew that we were now running on the boundary line between two great nations.

The shores presented a vivid and interesting contrast. On the Canadian side, the farms of the French people run up over the hills, straight back from the river half a mile or more, but divided by rail fences into narrow strips a few rods in width. It is said that when a Cana-

dian Frenchman dies, his heirs, instead of selling the homestead to one of their number, divide the farm into the respective shares, each holding frontage on the road and river. The arrangement gave a peculiar appearance. Many huge saw-mills full of expensive machinery, with their attendant boarding-houses and cottages for workmen, were standing vacant and decayed. As we passed Connors, a train on the Temiscouata branch came down, rattling like a wagon-load of tinware and with the steam leaking from every joint of the rusty engine.

On the American side the farms were larger, the buildings modern and well-painted. All kinds of farm machinery were in use. The saw-mills, almost directly across the river from those on the Canadian side, although smaller, were humming busily. The tariff on sawed lumber has caused this great waste of capital, although of course it is good for the Maine mill-men.

As we paddled along slowly, Horace

expressed a desire to camp on the Canadian side so he could say that our trip had been international, but no good place presented itself. We pulled over to a projecting ledge which Horace touched with his foot, allowing him to boast that he, at least, had set foot on Canadian ground.

Having passed several islands, we came to one which had on it a farm with an empty barn in the center. We cooked supper on the beach, took our blankets, made a soft bed of hay in the barn floor, and spent a comfortable night without seeing our landlord. This day, we had covered over thirty-five miles.

The remaining eight or ten miles to Fort Kent, the end of our journey, were soon passed. Our first duty after we landed was to hunt out the telegraph office and let the folks at home know that we had come through safely. Then we took account of stock and were pleased to find that, in spite of the hard usage, the canvas of the canoe was not broken, nor had we

[PHOTO]

St. Francis

lost any equipment nor suffered any personal injuries.

We were interested to look around the pretty village of Fort Kent and to note the general air of prosperity which all these Aroostook towns have. The homes were neat, comfortable, even luxurious. Electric lights, automobiles, the telephone and all the other modern conveniences were theirs. It did not seem possible that thirty miles brought one to the conditions of a hundred years ago.

When we came to sell the canoe, we had occasion, also, to observe that the citizens were not behind in the art of making bargains. But it was a sight worth seeing when, after an inspection that would have tested an ocean liner, and after much contemplative smoking and the obtaining of opinions from every passer-by, the jolly old Frenchman to whom we sold the craft finally made up his mind, seized the setting-pole, sprang in, and, standing erect, shot down the river with the speed and grace of a cowboy

[PHOTO]

Ft. Kent

on a broncho.

Shortly, we took the train back to the crowded places of man, riding through a wonderful wilderness yet to be developed, and in due time reached our anxious families a full day before the postals sent from Chesuncook. We wondered if that mail carrier missed a trip.

And now our long-talked-of adventure was over. We had had nine days of almost perfect weather, the only rain being a thirty-minute shower one afternoon. Although there had been some hard places, it was a pleasure to know that we had met every difficulty and got the best of it. In seven actual running days, we had worked our way through a wonderland over one hundred and fifty miles. For two-thirds of this distance, we had seen less than twenty people, and for two days, during a passage of fifty miles, had not seen a human being. We had been in close touch with moose, over a hundred deer, thousands of smaller animals and game-birds, myriads of song-birds, and had the finest fishing one can find in

this country. We had sound, hard bodies, clear, alert eyes and minds and thoroughly alert appetites.

After our return, so our folks tell us, it was some time before the spell of the wood left us. We were quiet, serene, and the voice of the river seemed to be still with us. At night we were shooting rapids, or struggling over log-jams, or catching thousands of trout. The spell gradually wore away, but the memory of that trip will remain for many years. And if we live, we shall go again, for the enchantment which falls upon those who have gone into the woodland is never broken.

[PHOTO]

At the end of the trip

