

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Descartes Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Darwin Dickens Schopenhauer Rilke George  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Melville Grimm Jerome Bebel Proust  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht  
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz  
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
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**The Outdoor Chums The First  
Tour of the Rod, Gun and Camera  
Club**

Quincy Allen

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# **THE OUTDOOR CHUMS**

Or

The First Tour of the Rod, Gun and Camera Club

**BY**

**CAPTAIN QUINCY ALLEN**

1911



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# THE OUTDOOR CHUMS

## CHAPTER I

### PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN

"Great news, Jerry! The storm last night damaged the roof of the academy so that it has been condemned as unsafe. And the Head has decided that there can be no school held for two weeks."

"So Watkins was just telling me. He says most of the outside students are to be sent home again until repairs can be made. And I was just thinking that while I'm sorry for the Head, it opens up a jolly good prospect for some of us."

"How's that, Jerry? For myself, I was just feeling glad to be back at my desk again, after vacation, and now it's knock around again."

"All right, just stop and consider. There are four boys I know of, constituting the Rod, Gun and Camera Club, who have been busy planning an outing for next summer, back of the lumber camps at the head of the lake. Talk to me about opportunities, what's to hinder us going into the woods right now, and making use of our rods, guns, and that elegant new camera your mother gave you on your birthday last week?" demanded the boy called Jerry.

"What's all this about, you two conspirators?" demanded one of two other boys, swinging alongside just then, as though sure of a hearty welcome, and a voice at the council fire.

"Glad you came, Frank and Bluff, for I want your opinion. Jerry has just sprung an astonishing idea on me, and I'm so dazed I hardly know what to say. Are you ready for the question? All in favor of

spending the two weeks' additional vacation out in camp back of the lumbermen's diggings say ay!"

The two newcomers looked at each other as if trying to grasp the immensity of the proposition; then they pulled off their hats, and giving a shout threw them into the air while both roared the affirmative word:

"Ay!"

Jerry looked at Will, with a broad smile of delight on his face.

"Three against one—the motion is carried!" he declared, triumphantly.

"Oh! come, I wasn't opposed to it in the start, only you stunned me by such a sudden and glorious idea. We'll meet with some opposition at home, I expect; but where there's a will there's a way; and I move we make it unanimous!" Will Milton hastened to remark.

"Bravo! consider it carried; and just to think what a chance it will be for me to try out my new outfit!" exclaimed the fourth boy, he who had been called by the queer name of "Bluff" by one of his comrades; possibly because, being the only son of a prominent lawyer, Dick Masters may have been addicted to the habit of putting up a bold face even when his heart was weak.

Jerry looked at him rather superciliously at this remark, and threw up his hands in a manner to indicate discouragement.

"I'm genuinely sorry for the feathered and furry game of the woods when the Great Hunter breaks loose with that terrible pump-gun. Mighty little chance for anything to get away after *that* is leveled, and the Gatling opens fire," he remarked scornfully.

"Huh! it's all very well for you to talk that way, Jerry, because you happen to be a fine shot, and can bag your game the first clip; but what's a fellow going to do when he finds it difficult to hit a barn? I'd like to wager that with all your high-falutin' talk you do more execution among the poor game than comes to my share," answered Bluff, indignantly.

"Oh! well, have it your own way. I've tried my best to show you what a genuine sportsman should be like, always giving the game a

fair chance. Didn't I induce you to quit fishing with that murderous gang-hook last summer; and when you did finally get a bass didn't you feel prouder than if you just 'yanked' him in, perhaps caught on the outside of his gills with some of that deadly jewelry?" demanded Jerry, whose one hobby was the "square deal" in all that he undertook.

"I acknowledge the corn about the gang-hook; but that has nothing to do with an up-to-date, repeating shotgun, and other things such as modern campers use. I've kept posted, and I know what's going on. Some people seem to be asleep, and are just contented to do as their forefathers did. I'm progressive, that's what."

"Well, boys," Frank Langdon here broke in with, "suppose you postpone that old chestnut of a dispute until we're snug in camp; and let's talk about how the thing can be done. The first thing is to get consent at home."

"I don't believe we need fear any trouble there. Frank, you call us up on the 'phone in about an hour, and if everything's lovely and the goose hangs high we'll meet at my house and make definite arrangements," said Will, whose mother was a well-to-do widow, and seldom refused her idolized son any reasonable request.

"We could go on our motor-cycles, and have a wagon bring the duffle along. If it started at a decent hour in the morning we'd be able to get in camp by the middle of the afternoon, and have things fixed fairly well for the first night," suggested Jerry, his eyes bright with anticipations of a delightful time ahead.

"You've got all the things needed, Frank; and now we'll see what your experience up in Maine amounted to. Say, ain't this just glorious? Think of it, two weeks' outing at this beautiful time of the year, and up there in the woods where we were just planning to go next summer. I wonder if old Jesse Wilcox has begun to set his traps yet; that's his stamping-ground, you know, during the winter, and he makes quite a haul of muskrats, 'coons, some mink and even an otter once in a long while," said Bluff, enthusiastically—he was always a leading spirit in new ventures, but lacked the pertinacity of Frank.

"Don't you worry, old fellow, I'll be Johnny-on-the-spot when it comes to delivering the goods. But all further talking had better be put off until we find out whether we can go or not. So I move we adjourn, to meet again an hour from now at Will's shack," remarked young Langdon, always logical.

They had stopped to talk the matter over alongside one of the stores in the town; and indeed Bluff was perched upon an empty box, that lay at the foot of a small pyramid of similar cases, piled up until such time as they could be sold or destroyed.

While the others were talking, Jerry had made a little discovery that aroused both his curiosity and his temper: he had seen a tou-seled head, surmounted by a cap he knew full well, push up a little above the rim of the most elevated empty box, as if some concealed listener might be endeavoring to hear better, and in his eagerness recklessly exposed himself in this way.

Jerry was always prompt about doing things, nor did he, as a rule, stop to figure what the immediate consequences might prove to be.

Indignation at the idea of their conference having been overheard possessed his soul, and, seeing a splendid chance to bring the plans of the listener to a sudden and disastrous end, he managed without warning to give one of the boxes a flirt with his hand that moved it out a foot or two.

As it happened to be the keystone of the arch, the consequence was the entire pile came tumbling down, much after the fashion of a crumbling church during an earthquake.

Bluff gave a wild shout, and sprang to a position of safety, to turn and stare in astonishment at the remarkable result of the catastrophe.

From under the ruins a figure came crawling slowly, rubbing sundry places about his legs and sides, where the sharp corners of the boxes had been in cruel contact with his flesh.

"Why, it's Andy Lasher!" exclaimed Jerry, pretending to be wonderfully surprised. "Where in the world did you come from—hiding in that drygoods box, eh? Up to some of your old tricks, Andy, I

guess. Going to carry off the whole dry-goods emporium that time, perhaps?"

The boy managed to get upon his feet, though he continued to limp around and rub his legs vigorously, as he whistled to keep from groaning.

Andy Lasher was known as the town bully, and many a time had he taken delight in giving our four friends more or less trouble; Jerry and he had always been at loggerheads, and could look back to half a dozen occasions in the past where the contest for supremacy had brought them to the point of battle.

Each time Andy was supposed to have gotten the better of the conflict, though his friends thought he paid dearly for his victory; but Jerry seemed never to know when he was whipped, and was just as ready to try conclusions with the other as before.

"Some fine day I'll know how to outwit the big brute, and then I mean to cure him of his bullying ways," he was wont to say cheerfully, as he festooned his face with strips of adhesive plaster, and tried to grin through the pain.

"What d'y'e mean upsetting me that way, Jerry Wallington? Think just because your dad's a big railroad man you can knock poor fellers around any old way? I guess I've got some rights. You might have killed me, tumbling that pile of boxes down, with me inside. You ought to be made to pay fur it, that's what," grumbled the fellow, scowling vindictively, and yet not daring to assume the offensive while the four chums were present; for he had never tried conclusions with Frank, and was suspicious of the new boy in Center-ville—for the Langdons had lived there about a year, Frank's father having purchased the bank of which he was now president.

"How could I know anybody was hiding up there?" demanded Jerry, in pretended ignorance, though his eyes twinkled with humor as he watched the bully limping around and still rubbing his knee.

"Ain't I got a right to play hide-and-peek with my friends? Who told you to stop just underneath, and talk about campin' out up above the lumber docks? Think you're the whole team, do you? Well, perhaps you won't shout just so loud when you know me and some of my mates are going up in that region ourselves, to-morrow,

to see old Bud Rabig, the trapper, and if we have any trouble with you sissies there's bound to be a high old mix-up, see?" and he glared first at one and then at each of the others in turn.

The boys looked at one another in dismay, for it seemed as though some would-be joker had tossed a bucket of ice-cold water over them; this vague threat of Andy Lasher's was not to be lightly dismissed as mere bluff, for whatever his reputation might be, the fellow had a way of keeping his word, especially when it concerned any sort of mischief.

Frank, however, laughed aloud.

"That sort of talk doesn't cut any figure with us, Lasher. If we go up to the head of the lake we'll try and mind our own business, and advise all others to do the same, if they know what's good for them. We're not out looking for trouble, but, if it comes along, you and your cronies will find that there are four fellows who know how to take care of themselves. Got that, Andy?" he said sternly.

The bully looked at him fixedly for a moment, and then drawing back his short upper lip after a way he had, and which made his face resemble that of a snarling wolf, with fangs exposed, he remarked:

"It makes me laugh to think of such a lot of tenderfeet in the woods. Be careful not to shoot yourselves, kids. Guns are mighty dangerous sometimes. And just make up your minds that we ain't a-going to be scared by big words. The fellows that train with me have been up against hard knocks too often to knuckle down before a lot of bluster and brag. Them two weeks'll be the liveliest you ever knew, take my word for it."

With his tongue in his cheek he scurried away, just in time to avoid the proprietor of the store, who now came bustling out to learn what all the racket might mean, and found our four boys busily replacing his pyramid of empty boxes.

## CHAPTER II

### READY FOR THE START

Centerville was a thriving town situated almost midway down the east shore of Camalot Lake, and very nearly opposite Newtonport on the opposite bank; in consequence, there was more or less rivalry between the two places, which condition extended from the shopkeepers and banks to the sports of the boys of the bustling miniature cities.

Since the four chums are to figure as the leading spirits in our stirring tales of the Outdoor Club, it seems only proper that we should take an early opportunity to introduce them more fully to the reader, together with some of their more prominent hobbies, hoping that the acquaintance thus begun may ripen into warm intimacy as we journey along in company.

Jerry Wellington's father was a railroad magnate, and in full sympathy with his boy's love for the open; indeed, it was from the elder Wellington that Jerry, no doubt, inherited his love for fair play, whether in games on the baseball or football arena, or in sports afield; his sympathies seemed to be always with the under dog in the fight, and he would scorn to shoot a rabbit or a quail unless in full flight; or to take a game-fish by any other means than the methods in vogue among true sportsmen.

On the other hand, Bluff Masters could never get it through his head what need there was for all this fuss and feathers about giving the game a chance; he had the old primal instinct of the red Indian, whose one desire was to secure his quarry, no matter whether by hook or by crook; since Bluff never pretended to be anything of a shot, or an expert angler, perhaps he was right in believing that, so far as he was concerned, the game had all the chance necessary at any and all times.

Frank Langdon, as mentioned before, was the son of the banker, and having lived up in Maine knew about all there was to know about the tricks of campers; since his chums as yet had had only limited chances to discover what the extent of his knowledge might be, they were very anxious to put Frank to the test, and learn a few of the said wrinkles, calculated to make them better sportsmen.

Frank had one sister, a pretty girl named Nellie, and Bluff Masters had shown a decided partiality for her ever since they were first brought together.

The last one of the quartette, Will Milton, was one of the rich widow's two children, and since he and Frank were deeply interested in photography, it was perhaps only natural that Frank should be attracted by Will's twin sister, Violet, whom he believed to be the sweetest girl of his acquaintance.

These four boys attended the private school of Alexander Gregory, D.P., and the sudden announcement that during a recent storm the buildings had suffered so severely as to necessitate the closing of the academy for a limited period, had fallen upon the community like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

Those students coming from a distance were being sent away at the expense of the proprietor of the school; and others, who belonged either in Centerville or Newtonport, were allowed to go home, subject to a call some two weeks later.

While the boys worked at replacing the fallen boxes, they kept up a running fire of observations regarding this new calamity that threatened their peace; for when Andy Lasher and the ugly crowd with which he trained took a notion to make themselves disagreeable they could do it "to the queen's taste," as Jerry said.

"Shall we give the outing up?" asked Frank, after he had heard some of the dire prophecies advanced by his comrades, especially Bluff Masters.

"Never!" exclaimed Jerry.

"Ditto!" cried Will, looking more determined than ever.

"Oh! I'm just as anxious to go as any one, only it seemed right to look the old thing squarely in the face before we started to lay plans.

If the rest say go, you can count on me all right. I'm the last to squeal if trouble comes, and you know that, fellows," declared Bluff, glancing around defiantly.

It was a habit with Bluff to be always expecting something serious to happen; and in case his suspicions were verified, as might occasionally occur, he would crow over the others, and strut around as though he thought himself a prophet gifted with second-sight, and able to forecast coming events with ease.

On the other hand, should the prediction fail to come about there was always a good excuse handy to account for the failure.

"Well," said Frank, as he winked at Jerry, "since we are all of one mind, I don't know why we should waste any more time about it. For one, I'm going straight to the bank and have a friendly chat with my dad. I just feel dead certain he'll be as tickled over the chance of an outing as I am. He never forgets that he was a boy, you see. So-long, fellows; see you later at Will's house."

There was a scattering then and there, Bluff heading in the direction of the building where his father had his offices, while the other two kept on in company, their homes being close together.

Will was the only one who really expected any show of opposition: for his widowed mother simply idolized him, seeing every day new traits of character as well as little facial resemblances that made him appear more and more like the husband and father who was gone; but then the boy knew just how to overcome these scruples, and his arguments were always backed up by his twin sister, so that in the end he usually attained his wish.

His one great hobby lay in the line of photography, and such had been his remarkable success with a cheap outfit that his mother had surprised and delighted the boy on a recent birthday by giving him an expensive camera.

Of course, he was fairly wild to get away into the woods and secure many stunning pictures of the great outdoor folks, the birds and animals inhabiting the wilds. Will cared little about shooting, and expected to do all his hunting with his camera.

When about an hour later Frank called each of his chums up on the phone, and eagerly demanded to know how things had turned out, he was delighted to hear them say one after the other that everything was lovely, and full permission to go had been duly granted.

After lunch they held a grand pow-wow at the home of Will, to which the two girls were admitted; for it had been deemed best that all the schools in both Centerville and Newtonport should be closed for a few days, in order to make a few needed repairs after the storm.

"Frank, consider yourself appointed commander-in-chief; and now please tell each of us what we must do," said Will, as they gathered around in the living room.

"I'll see about the wagon that is to take our stuff up. One of us can meet the driver on the road after we've picked out the spot for the camp. Every fellow be sure to have his outfit ready at seven in the morning. Bring two blankets apiece, and the things I've written down here—a towel, soap, and such little necessities," returned Frank.

"Who looks after the grub part of it?" demanded Bluff, who was never known to be separated from his appetite.

"That's my part, too," said Frank; "only, if any of you have any particular fancy in the line of stuff to eat now's the time to add it to the list I've made out."

"Let's take a squint at it, partner," remarked Bluff, anxiously.

He ran through the list.

"Don't think I'm going on short rations," laughed Frank, noting the expression akin to dismay appearing on the other's face; "but you see we'll have our motor-cycles along, and when we need a new lot of groceries it'll just be fun to mount and fly down here to pick up a bundle. Read out the variety, Bluff, and see if any one thinks we want anything else."

"H'm, here's matches, sugar, tea, coffee, condemned milk—I mean condensed milk—butter, four loaves of bread made at home by Frank's hired girl, who's a dandy cook," read Bluff, in a sing-song

tone. "Then comes bacon, salt pork for cooking fish with, half a ham, potatoes, pepper and salt, self-raising flour, cornmeal, fine hominy, rice, beans, canned corn, tomatoes, Boston baked beans, a jar of jam, canned corned-beef and crackers.

"What else—don't all speak at once?" asked Frank, holding a pencil ready.

"I say a nice juicy beefsteak for the first night in camp; we won't be able to produce any game at short notice, I reckon, and that would be fine; just put that down for my sake, chief," observed Jerry.

"And, say, ain't we going to have any onions?" asked Bluff indignantly, at which Frank doubled up as if taken with a fit.

"That's one on me, boys. Why, I wouldn't ever think of going into camp without a supply of good onions along. If you ever came trudging home at evening, with game on your back, tired to beat the band, and when near camp sniffed fired onions cooking, you'd say they're the best thing ever toted into the wilderness. That's the time you showed your good sense, Bluff, old man. Onions? Why, to be sure, and plenty of 'em. Anything more?" he laughed.

The boys shook their heads; they had not had enough experience in camping out to warrant suggesting other additions to the apparently complete list made by the fellow who had been there, and knew all about the needs of those who go into the wilderness.

"All right. If you happen to think of anything just get it, that's all. Look at Jerry grinning there. I bet I know what he's thinking about—that all this is utter foolishness, and that we ought to start out with nothing more than we could carry on our machines, and then take pot-luck? How about that?" demanded Frank.

"Oh! well, have it your own way, fellows," declared Jerry, with a shrug of his shoulders; "you know my ideas about these things. I'm the kind of a sportsman who goes into the woods as light as possible—give me a frying pan, coffee pot, tin cup and a pie platter, some pepper and salt, some matches, a camp hatchet to cut browse for my bed, and my trusty rifle with which to supply the game, and I warrant you I can get along as well as the fellow who makes a pack-

horse of himself, and totes all sorts of canned goods over the carries."

"That sounds all mighty well in theory, but there's mighty little practical sense about it. A blanket is the camper's best friend of a cool night; and even if he is lucky enough to shoot enough game to satisfy his wants, he'll get sick of one diet in a short time. I ought to know something about it, for I've tried it both ways," declared Frank.

"Yes," broke in Bluff at this juncture, "and you wait and see if Jerry don't eat his share of every blessed thing we pack in—he won't refuse one dish. He's quite satisfied to turn up his nose at others carrying loads, while he goes free; but, at the same time, he eats a quarter of the grub every time."

Both Frank and Will laughed heartily at this, in which they were joined by Nellie Langdon and Violet Milton.

"Pshaw!" scoffed Jerry, turning a bit red at the same time, "if others are silly enough to make pack-horses of themselves, and lug all such things into the primeval wilderness, why, of course, I'm willing to help dispose of them when the time comes; purely out of good-heartedness, you see, for it makes their loads lighter. Just drop that subject, boys, and put me down for a bottle of maple syrup; for when Frank gives us some of those famous flapjacks he's told about so often, we ought to have the proper thing to go with them."

So they talked the thing over from beginning to end, and it looked as if the team Frank expected to engage would have their work cut out for them, hauling all this camp stuff over the roads to the point beyond the head of the lake.

The boys were evidently eager to get to work, and hence the conference presently broke up, Jerry heading in one direction, and Frank and his sister, with Bluff finding some plausible excuse for hanging on, going in another.

Later on that day, while Frank was at the big grocery store, giving orders to have the various edibles put up so as to be ready on the following morning before seven o'clock, he was interested in seeing Andy Lasher, backed by several of his pals, actually making similar