



The “Lost Boys”

An Account of the
Lost Expedition to
Martin’s Bluff

July 1964

by
John Dykstra

Pratt’s Camp, Holmes Lake, New Brunswick, Canada

Introduction

The following account was recorded as the events it describes unfolded in 1964 by John Dykstra, one of the Senior Counselors in camp that year. In a letter John sent along with of his original transcription, he acknowledges that part of the motivation for writing it was to divert the frustration and worry of the situation we found ourselves in.

I suppose I was fortunate to be a more active part of the searching process. Joe Durso and I served as guides and ferrymen (to use John's words) for the many searchers who needed to penetrate farther into the bush. I kept an account of my own, although it is no where as detailed as the journal you are about to read.

Taking advantage of the attributes of word processing, and responding to my professional compulsion as an editor, I have rewritten parts of John's original document. However, I have tried to preserve the accuracy and intent of his writing. If I have done so poorly, I offer advance apologies.

There are many vivid memories and images that I retain from that week of thirty years ago. I was among the first group that went out looking for them only hours after we suspected that something was wrong. I clearly recall reaching the impasse of tangled trees and brush only a quarter mile from the summit of Martin's Bluff, and watching and listening as Hubert cupped his hands around his mouth and hollered into a dreamlike mist in the diminishing light. I also recall paddling a canoe across Pocket Lake with only inches of freeboard because I was carrying four people -- and then learning that I was the only one among them that knew how to swim! And I remember Joe Durso and I, asleep from exhaustion in Lockhart's Cabin on an island in Tuadook Lake, being wakened by an enormous noise outside the cabin. I lifted my head from the bunk and saw what I thought was an incredible windstorm out the window. Joe, who had woken sooner than I, dashed outside to see what was going on. He came running back into the cabin as the commotion outside suddenly ceased and told me it was one of the helicopters, and that one of the crewman held out a sign that said FOUND.

The ordeal was over.

In the six years that I participated in the Boys' Club camping program, this was the closest we ever came to disaster. And indeed, we came very close. But, the story turned out with a happy ending, and the whole event became (for me at least) just one more great adventure in the wonderous experience I knew as Pratt's Camp.


E.R. Waskawic


Locust Valley Farm
Omro, Wisconsin
April 1994


HOLMES LAKE & VICINITY

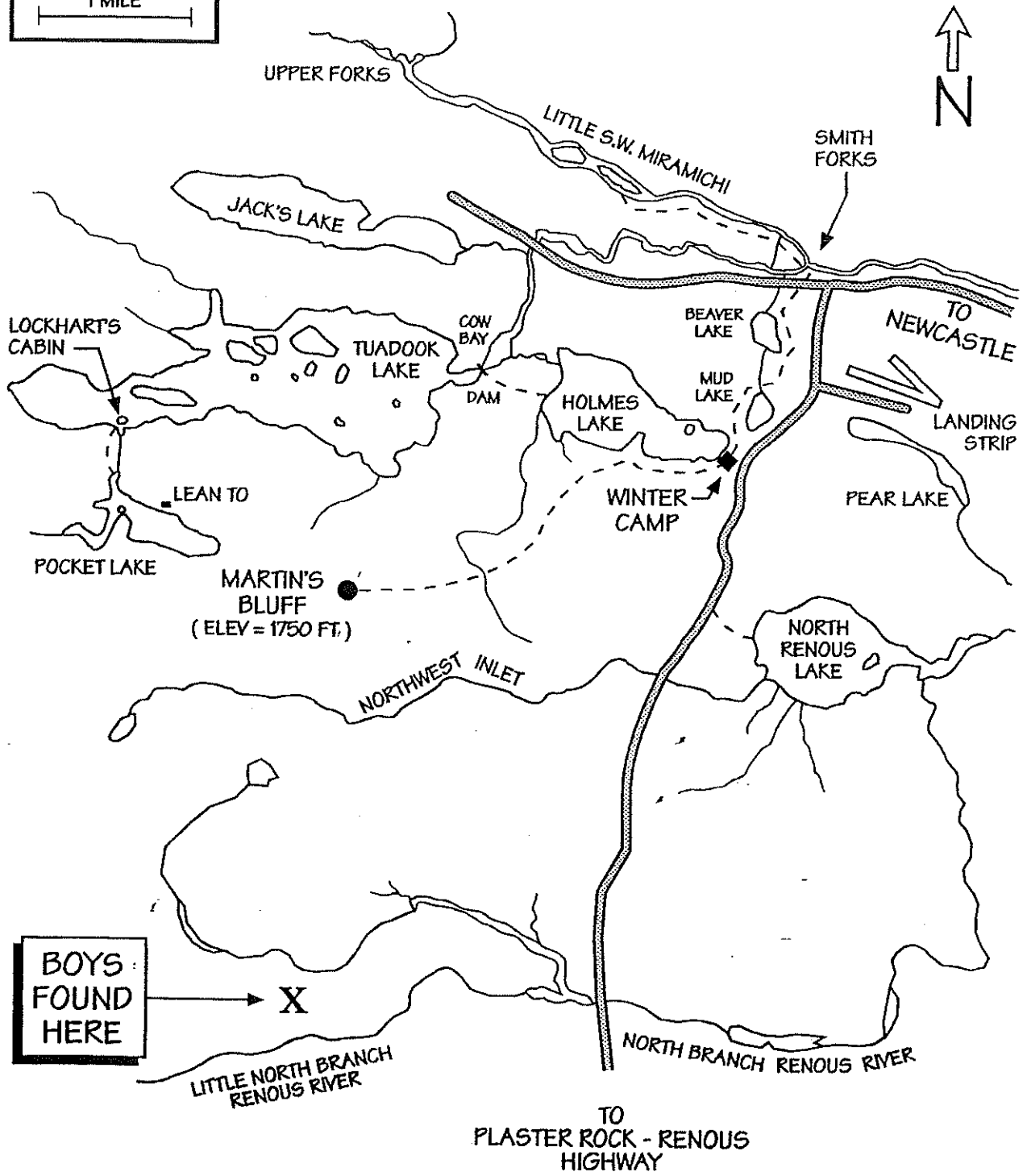
NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY
NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

LEGEND

LUMBER ROAD


TRAIL


1 MILE




I. REPORT FROM THE WINTER CAMP

SUNDAY

The five boys, Ken Vorisek, Carmine Abate, John Evans, Bill Creighton and Tom Schmidt, went out from Camp at 10 AM on Sunday, July 5th, heading for the summit of Martin's Bluff. They planned to clear and blaze the trail, a trek of about 4½ miles leading southwest from the Winter Camp on the east side of Holmes Lake. Each year we send a group of boys to this abandoned fire tower, now in a state of disrepair. Two years ago, I took ten boys there, leaving after lunch on a Sunday and arriving just in time for 6 PM dinner. Last year, our Junior Counselor, Randy Waskawic, led a group to the summit. The view from the tower on a clear day is quite remarkable.

The weather that morning was lovely, clear and sunny. The boys were prepared to be gone until dinner time, taking their lunch with them. For trail clearing, they carried three hatchets and a small buck saw. They also had bug bonnets, ponchos, a jug of water, some bug repellent, in addition to other personal items.

At about 4:00 PM, I was sailing on the lake and noticed a storm coming from the direction of the Bluff. I hoped the boys were on their way home by then, and I called the other campers off the lake in anticipation of the storm. Lightning and thunder were evident and a great dark cloud was coming from the direction of the Bluff.

We commenced supper without them, but expected them momentarily. Several times as we were eating, we even thought we heard them coming down the trail and planned to greet them with a cheer. However, they did not appear.

We had planned our religious service for Sunday evening at 7 PM and carried this out. By now, we were rather concerned. At 8 PM, Woody Lewis and I discussed their absence with Hubert Holmes, our guide. We decided to go up the trail toward the Bluff to see if we could find them. Our group included Hubert, Woody, Randy and myself, set out as quickly as we could get ready. There was a light drizzle falling through a misty fog and night was approaching.

At a large pine tree approximately halfway to the Bluff, we found the remnants of their water jug and an empty can of bug spray which they had discarded. The work they had accomplished on their way was quite evident to us all along the trail, but we noticed in several instances where they neglected to blaze both sides of the trees. (One boy later remarked that they intended to do this on the way down!)

We continued on through the drizzle until we came to an area of heavy dead fall where their blazes ended. We wondered if they have ever reached the top. It was now 9 PM and, because of the drizzle and overcast, night would fall soon, although it was

still light (in clear conditions this time of year, night falls about 10:15 PM). Hubert proceeded alone higher up through the maze. After some time, we heard him shouting and calling from the summit. He came down stating that the boys must have left the top since he felt sure if they remained there, they would have replied to his calls.

Woody and I thought to continue to the summit, but Hubert insisted that if we did go any further, we would never be able to make it back that night. We would have to stay up there, and those at Camp would wonder about us too. Further, Hubert felt sure they were no longer up there.

At 9:15 PM, we turned back and began the descent. For a time, we lost the trail because of lack of blazes. We seemed to have borne to the left too far when the trail picked up further right -- a mistake which the boys may have made too as they descended in the rain in their haste to get down to dinner. In fifteen minutes, we ran on the trail again and descended as rapidly as we could. Night was closing in fast. We finally arrived back at camp at about 10:30 PM. We were wet, cold and disheartened that, in our absence, the boys had not appeared in camp as we hoped they might.

MONDAY

It drizzled and rained all Sunday night and Monday morning. At 6 AM, Herman Matchet, another of our guides, and Joe Durso, one of our counselors, hiked up to the Bluff. They found orange peels and a sandwich discarded at the summit, so we then knew the boys had made it that far. They also found a blaze marking the trail at the top. Herman and Joe banged on the tower and shouted in all directions. They heard voices, and thought it might be the boys in the direction of Tuadook and Pocket Lakes.

At this same time, Hubert and Randy left for Tuadook and Pocket Lakes. While on their way, they heard people at the tower and the striking of an axe on the deserted cabin atop the Bluff. They felt that it was Joe and Herman and came back, with no clue as to the boys' whereabouts.

Meanwhile, Joe and Herman headed down toward the voices they heard and went all the way to Tuadook Lake (a.k.a. Big Lake). They took a compass course back to Holmes Lake, coming out at the inlet. They arrived in camp about 1 PM on Monday afternoon with no clues except the voices they had heard.

While on Pocket Lake, Hubert and Randy checked the lean-to there, but found no evidence of the boys. They returned to camp by 10 AM. We began to think that Joe and Herman might have found the boys, or some evidence of them which they were pursuing, since they did not yet return from the Bluff. But their circling and following

the voices of Hubert and Randy led them away and around and eventually to the Winter Camp later.

When these trips produced nothing, Woody and the rest of us felt that a report should be made to the authorities. He set out for the Ranger Station at McGraw Brook at 3 PM and reported that five boys were missing on trail to Martin's Bluff. He requested a helicopter, if possible, and other assistance to cover the area of search.

Also, just before lunch, two lumber men, Guy and Carl McCullough, heard about our missing boys and went up to the Bluff. They were competent woodsmen and went up completely. (Joe and Herman had not returned from their trip yet.) They searched the Bluff also and could find no marks indicating where the boys might have come down other than the usual trail. Later, they commented on the absence of marks in the dead falls, but that there was a mark on the summit.

After these reports, Guy McCullough and Herman went up to the Bluff again with a lantern and gear needed to stay for the night. It was still overcast, raining and drizzling with a low fog. These men also informed the neighboring lumber camp toward the Renous River.

At 5:30 PM, Woody returned and reported that if the weather was sufficiently clear (absence of fog or low ceiling), a helicopter would arrive the next morning. At 6 PM Monday, the boys had been out of camp 31 hours and we had no clue or report.

That evening at 8:30 PM, two Forest Rangers and a man from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police arrived to take information on the situation. They planned to stay with us over night. When they had gathered all the facts, they drove to a point within radio distance of their respective headquarters so they could relay the information, and then returned to camp. Plans were to bring in 50 men on the next day for the search. Two helicopters were assigned, one from the Air Force and the other from the Forestry Service. These would come if the weather cleared. The forecast that evening was for Tuesday to be similar to Monday -- fog, drizzle and overcast.

TUESDAY

I got up at 5 AM. The sky was overcast but the atmosphere was clear -- no fog, but the Bluff was obscured by low clouds. By 7 AM, however, the drizzle and fog had returned.

With the agreement of authorities, Randy and I went across the lake to the Dam, and then by canoe, across Tuadook lake to check Lockhart's Cabin near the outlet from Pocket Lake. Then we proceeded to the lean-to at Pocket Lake, in case the boys had showed up there. We had a whistle and blew it continuously. We watched the

shoreline carefully, but saw nothing unusual and heard nothing indicating the boys. The soupy weather did not aid in carrying sound too far. On Tuadook Lake, we used a 3 horsepower motor to reach the trail leading to Pocket Lake, and then took a canoe which was kept at Pocket Lake.

We arrived back at camp at 12:30 PM and found several contingents of searchers had meanwhile arrived. These included some lumber men, Air Force personnel, Rangers, and RCMP's with maps segmented and numbered for orderly searching. As the men arrived, they were fed and then sent out on the search. The Air Force brought their own cook, food and some sleeping arrangements. They were more knowledgeable in the search procedure. By this time, all the activities of our camp program, except meals, had been suspended. We had requested the boys to make themselves as scarce as possible. Some assisted where they could and were helpful. All, of course, were concerned about the plight of the five who were out of camp.

At 6 PM, Hubert came in from Red Rock with additional groceries (the usual procedure was to go in for supplies with Woody on Monday) for the larger number we had to feed, and the services of a Mr. Murphy, another cook, was used. Up to this time, we had not yet informed the parents of the lost boys. After consultation, as much as we disliked doing this to alarm them, we felt that this must now be done. Dr. Robert Vorisek would be used as a contact to the parents.

We had felt that if only the helicopter could make some passes something would turn in our favor, but the weather had been completely against us. We also made arrangements in the event that a sighting or clue of any real consequence showed up, we would use the radio to contact the Newcastle Mounted Police headquarters so that Woody, who would be checking there just before sending off his message, might be able to cancel having to send the news.

Just as Woody was leaving camp (6:30 Tuesday evening), the sky broke into blue. By the time we reached the RCAF base by radio, we learned the helicopter was already in the air. Shortly, we heard it coming. What a tremendous lift we got as it roared over the Winter Camp! Now we felt that the boys would at least know that we were out looking for them. Also, we learned a special RCMP officer and with a dog trained in searching were being sent to our camp from Nova Scotia.

Besides sending out searching parties, we had been pounding 50-gallon drums with logs and racing the 35 horsepower speedboat on the lake hoping that these sounds would give the boys something to come to. We were never sure that they heard any of these noises. (As we later learned, they did not.)

The camp on Holmes Lake never looked so busy as it did Tuesday night. At 7 PM, another Air Force bus came in with more gear, accompanied by a truck and

another trailer with additional men. Two-way radios were now in evidence and plans were to use the extra daylight this evening to prepare, and then to have a big briefing for the big push on Wednesday. The weather report on Tuesday evening was not too encouraging, somewhat similar weather, rain and drizzle with intermittent clearing.

Also, a "hailer" from Moncton had arrived and was set up on the road near Jack's Lake. This is a compressor on a truck which blows a loud horn and has been used successfully in leading lost persons out of the woods. It blew intermittently, and we could hear it slightly in camp, but the heavy weather made its effectiveness somewhat limited. It is supposed to have a sounding range of 12 to 15 miles (probably under favorable conditions).

All of us in camp by now were deeply concerned, and each of us were praying that God's Providence would give us a clear day, or even a few hours of good weather to enable the helicopters to be effective. Meanwhile, the helicopter we'd seen from the camp had been circling. However, the weather souped in again. The helicopter was probably in the air for only an hour. We hoped and prayed that it had been seen by the boys -- we felt sure it was.

In its hasty covering of the area, the helicopter did observe something in the vicinity of Tuadook and Pocket Lake that looked like it might possibly be a shirt in a tree. The bad weather made careful scrutiny impossible. It was in a clearing and everyone was excited, since this was our first suggestion of a clue. We were hoping the weather would open up, but the forecast for tomorrow was again discouraging.

Earlier that day, we learned that a cook at a nearby lumber camp was out at 10 PM Monday night and swore he heard boys' voices in the vicinity. He called and pounded a pan but had no reply. This caused our search to be in the direction of the headwaters of the Renous River. This was considered a bad area in which to get lost because of the extensive swamps, bogs and dead waters. Nothing showed up in the search around Renous Lake and vicinity. We got underway as soon as this report came in. There was no evidence at all and so with this sighting at Pocket Lake on Tuesday night, the search tended to leave this area.

I spent the evening figuring out where to put 90 men in a camp for 30 boys. We fixed the new day room lodge with cots, mats and mattresses for 30 men and then slipped people into cabins and tents and other staff rooms, as well as in cabins across the lake. It took until about 1 AM and I finally hit the sack. Woody and Hubert had still not returned from reporting the news to Dr. Vorisek regarding the boys.

Also during the course of the evening, the heads of various search groups used the old day room as headquarters. A large map was spread on the table as they planned the program for Wednesday: complete coverage of the area around the Bluff, and a foray

to Tuadook again to retrieve the "shirt" seen by the helicopter this evening, in case the weather was too soupy for the helicopter to fly to it.

Also during the night, the "dog man" arrived from Nova Scotia, and I could not think of a place for him to stay. He came with his own tent so he had to fend for himself. Our "yard" and volleyball court was covered with cars, trucks and all sorts of equipment, as well as extra tents, and a continuously burning fire to warm and dry those coming in or going out on search. Somehow, food and drink was always available. The Air Force was generous with their equipment and meals. The Mounties and Forest Service need more help since they are not equipped like the Air Force.

Plans for Wednesday were that if the helicopter could not fly, a small contingent would be taken across the lake through the woods, and by motor canoe to Tuadook and Pocket Lake area, to find the "shirt" and see if the boys were there. Randy and Joe were to do this at 6 AM as ferrymen and guides, since they knew the way, the hazards of Tuadook's rocks, and the nearest points of landing.

By the time the boys had dropped this group off, I took another five and the dog man and dog across the lake to cover the area beyond the bounds of present searching parties in their sectors. This second group was off by 9 AM. All worked smoothly. From this area, I faintly heard the hailer from Jack's Lake.

The search groups followed a very thorough procedure. Parties of five to seven were arranged with mixed personnel from each branch of service. At least one man in each group had a compass. They moved through the woods within hearing distance of each other. The compass man kept them on a direct course. At five minute intervals, the watch man called off "one" and the next man "two", etc. so that they each knew where they were in relation to their line of search and progress. Several of these groups went out in trucks on the Renous Road and moved into the woods. When they had traveled a certain amount of time, they turned about, moved over, and came back to the starting point.

WEDNESDAY

With most groups out by now (85 men) at 10:30 AM, the weather suddenly lifted and we heard the helicopter as it roared over and began its search. The other helicopter from the Forest Service was also supposed to be in the air, but we had not seen it as yet. (Later we did.)

On Tuesday evening, thirty Indians from a reservation nearby offered to lend their assistance, but we had no place to sleep them and could hardly handle what we had. Also, no one seemed to know whether they would be capable in such a search. The

RCMP's were set against their coming completely, since they said they often had trouble with Indians.

Just before noon, more men from the Forestry Service came in and we fed them and planned to send them out after lunch. Staff Sgt. Lamb of the RCMP was planning to get more men, he told us, if it was necessary by Thursday, with cooking and sleeping facilities. The thought was that by then the search pattern would have to be widened to cover more area.

In discussing the search thus far among ourselves, we still thought the boys were not in the Tuadook region but off, perhaps, toward Renous. The voices the cook in the lumber camp heard still were the best clue. (The "shirt" in the tree turned out to be a weather radio from a balloon.) Knowing how I had to ask Hubert about the trail as we came down from the Bluff Sunday night, I think the boys may have left the trail in the rain and rush to get home from here and were in that direction.

Herman concurred. He was prepared to go out in that direction. I thought of going with him, but he was thinking of staying out all night. Much as I would have liked to look the trail over and be out involved in the search, I did not think that my going with him and being out all night would be of much service. Indeed, I might be a burden to him. Not being used to life in the woods, I doubted if I could be helpful out in this weather and really search effectively. So I decided to stay in camp and continue to be helpful to the people there. We took the long table and bench out of the day room and put it by the Air Force Cook tent for their convenience -- the men had been standing up to eat, and many were coming in tired and wet and worn out from their searching. This worked out well.

Shortly after 1 PM, the helicopter from the rescue came roaring over and they dropped a red container. We retrieved the container but there was nothing inside. Its contents must have fallen out on the way down. The radio man on ground immediately called them to state that the message was lost, so the helicopter circled camp again. One of the crewmen leaned out and waved us toward the airstrip. We knew something was up -- but what? Some of our people and officers jumped into cars and headed for the nearby landing field.

I felt that there must have been a note enclosed, so I recommended that we follow the path of the helicopter's flight. Soon we found a slip with the boys' names that I had given the helicopter pilot in case the "shirt" had initials. Below it was printed in pencil:

"ALL FOUND".

II. EVENTS IN THE BOYS' DAYS

They left our camp with 4 ponchos, 5 bug bonnets, 3 hatchets, 1 small buck saw, 2 trail packs, 1 can of Off, 1 bottle of 6-12, 1 can of 6-12, a one-gallon glass jug of water, sandwiches, cookies, and oranges. John Evans had some matches in a book.

They were dressed as follows:

- Carmine Abate had ordinary summer clothing with a ski wind breaker over a shirt and hiking boots.
- John Evans had over his ordinary summer clothing a sweat shirt and Levi jacket and hiking boots.
- Bill Creighton had a sweat shirt over his summer clothing and hiking boots.
- Tom Schmidt had a sweater over his summer clothing and was the only one with sneakers instead of hiking boots.
- Ken Vorisek had a sweat shirt over his summer clothing and hiking boots.

They worked hard on clearing the trail as they ascended, cutting blazes frequently and sawing "falls" on the trail. In some cases, they did not blaze both sides of the trees. As they were setting out, Hubert Mullen, our cook, warned them against doing this. I also suggested that they not spend too much time on the more well-defined trail below, but that they head toward the summit where the blazing was more necessary. Then while returning, as their time permitted, they could clean up the lower stretch. I had been on this trail two years before and knew the worst sections were in the last quarter mile of the trip.

They started out in good spirits, expecting of course to be back for dinner at 6 PM that evening. On the way up, they had used up one can of Off. Their jug of water broke at a large pine tree where we usually stop to rest on the trail.

In their enthusiasm for their job, they used up their time on the lower stretches of trail, and in the last quarter mile (the worst section) they worked their way through it quickly without leaving any blazes. However, they did leave a blaze mark where the trail came to the summit.

They ate at the tower and began to go down from the summit. They knew they would not be able to reach the Camp by supper time. Then, the breaking of the storm and ensuing rain aided in confusing their directions as they descended through the unblazed and overgrown section of this trail. By 5:00 PM they were lost, but John

Evans said he kept saying they were not lost to keep up their hope -- but all knew they were.

They were determined to find the trail and return to camp. They did a lot of walking through the woods thinking they were moving north, which would have brought them to familiar lakes (Holmes, Tuadook or Pocket) or other known geography. Actually, they must have been heading in a southerly direction with likely going in some circles.

By approximately 9 PM, they came to a flat water river or stream and thought to build a raft to transport themselves further in the direction they had set for themselves. They cut down three trees, but then decided that it would be unlikely that they would be able to build a raft large enough to carry them all. So they stopped. Also, by now it was getting dark. They followed the stream, some thinking they were going upstream and some thinking they were going downstream. It is likely that they were actually moving upstream since it forked off and continued to become smaller and finally, they arrived at a beaver dam.

In the process of following the stream, they settled down for the night. They put one poncho over them with rope (about 25 feet long) strung between four trees. They placed two ponchos under themselves and one for a cover blanket. This did not keep them dry. The rain and drizzle were quite continuous, as were the fog and mist. These conditions made it practically impossible for them to see where the Bluff was in relation to their position. By the time they needed the matches one of them had brought, these were wet. The bug nets helped keep them from being bitten on the face and head.

That first night, Ken said he actually slept some, as did Tom and Bill, but Carmine said he did not. The next morning, they continued to follow the stream until it came to the beaver dam and bog. Here they headed back into the woods in the hope of doubling back and catching up the trail.

They kept moving, perhaps in circles they say, since they had no compass, sun or other means of telling direction. This second day they were quite tired and, with little to eat, decided to "sack out" at about 3 PM. This time, they snapped two ponchos together for a ground cover and two for over head. They slept considerably and Ken said this was his best night. It was damp but sufficiently warm. Carmine said he slept fairly well too.

On Tuesday, the overcast was still present. They were a few hundred yards from the bog and clearing but fog surrounded them. They were up at 6:00 AM. A hill was nearby, but they could not completely see it. Some thought it was the Bluff, others did not. Some wanted to go toward it, but others felt they would not be able to make it.

They rested and stayed put most of Tuesday. Toward evening, they first heard and then later saw the helicopter from the Rescue Service as it traveled about 150 yards from them. This was at 6:30 Tuesday night during a break in the weather. Some thought they were seen, and others thought not, since no signal or change in the pattern of the flight was evident. They definitely decided to stay put and prepared for another night. It became overcast and foggy again through the night with some more rain.

They remained stationary on Wednesday. The boys could hear the helicopter for an hour(?) before it reached their area. When it finally passed over them, they shouted and waved shirts and did all they could to attract attention. One boy said he wished he could fly just then! This time, they were seen. One of the crewman directed them toward the open water where the helicopter landed at the shoreline in the water.

John Evans collapsed as it landed. Carmine got him up and gathered the packs, which the others had deserted in their eagerness. He dragged them to meet their rescuers. The helicopter, an H-21 with two propellers from the Royal Canadian Air Force Station at Chatham, was piloted by Flight Lt. John Locke. In the rescue operation, the helicopter landed half on land and half on water. A man came toward them and handed them each life jackets. He explained how to use them and told them to put them on in case they fell in the water. They were not necessary, however, since they could practically step from the land into the helicopter. The draft from the double rotors almost knocked them over.

A crewman hoisted them in by hand. Carmine later mentioned the strength of the man who pulled them into the helicopter. Despite their condition, they all really enjoyed the unusual flight in this large craft. The boys were found together and were all picked up by the Air Rescue helicopter from a bog which was located approximately two miles south and one mile west of the Bluff (our Main Camp is located about four miles northeast of the Bluff). They were taken to the landing strip after flying over our camp and dropping the message saying "All Found." They were transported by car to the Winter Camp.

On their travels, Ken found what he thought was an unusual fungi weighing about 30 pounds by his estimate. He lugged this along for about 100 yards but then gave it up. Bill then took it on, but he too dropped it later. On the Bluff, they noticed many bear scratches on trees. Ken mentioned finding the remnants of a strange animal with white fur and a pointed dog-like head which he could not identify. It was a large animal. Also, they saw a pileated woodpecker.

We were very much relieved to find that they had stayed together in their plight. Almost immediately upon their arrival in camp, they said they never panicked.

III. AFTER THEIR RETURN

When they returned to the Winter Camp, they all walked out of the cars to us by themselves. They seemed not to know what to do -- whether to smile or be serious, but Carmine actually did grin. They all contained themselves very well and there were no breakdowns. I did help John Evans who came out last and he seemed willing to accept some assistance. They were somewhat afraid of what Woody or I would say because they had gotten lost. Of course, any anger or scolding was the farthest thought from our minds! Instead, we just felt a tremendous relief that they were found after two and a half days of search and horrible weather. They had left us on Sunday at 11:00 AM and were returned to us at about 1:30 PM on Wednesday.

We took them to the warm staff day room and checked each one thoroughly for any indication of injury or discomfort of a serious nature. We found none. We got them dry clothing and had them strip and change. I was surprised they had so little bug bites -- we have boys in camp who seemed to be worse than they did.

We noticed that all their hands and feet were wrinkled deeply and very white from the constant dampness they encountered. We washed their feet in warm water and soap since their hands and feet were scratched and somewhat blistered.

We got them food -- hot chocolate, eggs and toast, which were all received. On the blisters on their hands and feet, we put some Unguentum Cinchocaine made by Bell-Craig Pharmacy in Toronto. This was done at the recommendation of Joe Wilson of the RCAF, who aided us in advice and assistance regarding survival. He was also the cook for the Air Force group which arrived in our camp to aid in the search.

We observed them all carefully and continually from the time we received them back. We made immediate preparations for them to rest in one of the cabins with some heat. We dressed all feet and hands and any bites immediately. We watched bowel movements and urged (demanded) that they rest and relax. We checked and dressed their blisters again after supper, which they ate in the warmer back pantry of camp.

In all this, all seemed quite normal except John Evans, who showed signs of withdrawal or lying on his back with eyes shut. He alone did not eat. The others, for the most part, talked continually and expresses themselves according to their normal inclinations and nature. Of all, only John remained silent.

At supper too, John still could not bring himself to eat. Although we had him dressed quite warmly, he sneezed twice. I ordered him to bed and instructed Guy Caruso to help and watch over him. In Woody's absence, Hubert and I discussed the possibility of sending John to the hospital in Newcastle.

We decided this would be the best way of ensuring John's safety, and Hubert made immediate preparations to see to it with his truck. That night about 9:30 PM, John was bundled up (over his objections), and Hubert and Joe Wilson accompanied him and saw to his entry into the hospital later that evening.

The remaining four boys were told not to eat fast or too much. We were advised to urge them to drink all they could of liquids, and feed them smaller amounts more frequently. They were put in the warm cabin again, but found it hard to relax -- they were all wound up. We left them to themselves with a radio for a while, and then at 9:30 PM, made preparations to see them to sleep. Once going to sleep shortly thereafter, they all slept soundly into the following morning.

We put Guy in with them, and gave them orders that they were to wake him up if they needed anything. I awoke at 2:00 AM and 4:00 AM and tucked them in more blankets. Woody, who had gone to Newcastle to inform the boys' families of the good news, arrived at about midnight and also looked in on them. In order that they might get as much sleep as possible, we tried to keep the camp quiet as could be for their sake. This was difficult since they wanted to see the other boys and the other boys were very eager to hear their stories and talk with them. We felt this could be done in good time. They awoke early in the morning but went to sleep again until about 8:30.

They got up when we had separate breakfast for them in the old day room. They ate and looked forward to the soup we promised them for lunch. We checked all their feet and hands again. Woody took care of Creighton's blisters. We soaked feet or hands where necessary, and put on new band aids, first aid cream and bite lotion. All were fine, and cuts and blisters were much better. They had no aches or pains and all were quite normal.

John Evans returned from the hospital in good condition on Friday at about 5:00 PM. He found the hospital very friendly. He was put to bed, given a blood test the next day, and some pills. They dressed his feet and gave him all he could eat and did not, to his recollection, stress fluids.

Generally, the boys said they were more worried about us in camp and the concern caused their parents and families. They themselves said they felt assured they would be found. They remarked that they prayed constantly that they would be found. During their recovery, one boy remarked that he had never had such intensive medical attention. Another said he was suing me for practicing medicine without a license.

DIET AND EATING

All the food the boys had taken with them was mostly consumed by Sunday, 3:00 PM. During their remaining time while lost:

- Tom ate nothing much more than that but did drink water when needed. Lost little weight apparently.
- Bill began to eat sour grass on Sunday evening. There was a lot of it around. Perhaps an estimated 7 pounds lost.
- Carmine ate sour grass also and liked it. He drank little water. No loss of weight noted.
- Ken also ate it, and tried to see who in the group knew something about roots. Perhaps an estimated 3 or 4 pounds lost.
- John showed a loss of weight. Ate some sour grass.

Three of them (Ken, Bill and Carmine) remarked about teeth hurting when pressure was put on them. Ken commented about his hair seeming to become loose, as he noticed on Tuesday. Several noted what was evident lack of circulation in numbness of extremities. Tom noticed it on toes, and Carmine noted it not on toes as much as hands and fingers. John said he could not grip anything because his hands hurt.

DREAMS

They remarked that they were hoping so much to be found that Tuesday night they dreamed that they were walking, although they were settled. (They lay on top of each other in order to keep warm.) Ken and Bill mentioned this dream of walking. Carmine apparently talked in his sleep, saying "Climb in sleeping bags." The others asked "What sleeping bag?" and he replied "Right there in that box." Carmine reported no memory of this dream. Others remembered that John was dreaming about home, and wanted the garage light on so he could see his poncho. Ken described dreaming "that I was in church eating peanut butter sandwiches."

PARTICULAR CONDITION OF BOYS

Ken Vorisek - Excellent condition and ready responses. Surprisingly, he was not too bug bitten. He ate well immediately though we did restrain them from eating a large quantity or eating fast. Quite normal.

Comment to me by Carmine: "I wait 90 to the
back house without a guide".

Carmine Abate - Excellent condition and very favorable responses. He had a few bad bug bites and good feet with no blisters. Also ate well and was in good spirits.

Bill Creighton - A first year camper whom I was concerned about in this unusual situation, but he came through it with fine spirits. His responses were also quite normal and appetite excellent. He is an unusually heavy eater as I noticed at the table before he left. He had some foot blisters which he thought came from things which got into his boots. (I don't believe any of them took off any clothes or boots while lost because of cold and damp weather.) He felt that debris caused blisters on the arch of his feet. We kept him off his feet as much as possible and dressed and soaked it frequently. A week later, it was just fine and healing nicely.

Tom Schmidt - Since we have come, this boy sat next to me at the table, so I was able to observe him somewhat. I had never known or remembered seeing him before. A rather quiet, shy lad, but a very good eater. He was the smallest of the group, and I believe, the youngest. He did not eat much and was very quiet, not venturing any comments. He answered questions with a simple "yes" or "no" or "I don't know." Ken Vorisek stated that Tom was consistently quiet during their ordeal, but he did shout a lot while they were lost to attract searchers' attention. I expect that his appetite will soon return. At lunch Thursday, it was fair and he seemed quite normal.

John Evans - On coming into camp, he of all looked most beat. He looked wan and done in, and on entering the day room he tended to withdraw, perhaps from shock and relief. Ken said he was a strong factor in keeping the group together. He could not eat, but did drink some hot chocolate. He was shaking and quaking as if he was cold even after we put warm dry clothes on. Ken mentioned that he seemed to have a fever the night before. He himself told me that during that night he got up to urinate and stumbled and fell over himself, somewhat losing control, but felt better when he bedded down again. He asked for water that night too. Now back in camp, he would shut his eyes and lay back some while the others seemed quite wound up. At supper, as mentioned elsewhere, he sneezed and we sent him to the hospital. He later stated how thankful he was that we sent him in over his protestations, but we were fearful of pneumonia setting in. He later mentioned also that he did have somewhat of a cold before coming up here to camp, and this may have been the reason for his lack of resistance in comparison to the others.

IV. THE AFTERWARDS OF CAMP

The later part of Wednesday, July 8th, was spent rejoicing and listening to the stories of the five lost campers. Most of Thursday was devoted to clean up. The 100 men in our camp had left, for the most part, by Wednesday evening and things needed some attention.

On Friday, July 10th, we were ready to resume our camp program. Having lost about a week of camping, we were confronted with the task of making up for lost time. We resumed our normal schedule, sending groups out to the different areas. The five lost boys were permitted to rest and recover, which they did rapidly. They soon returned to the program.

The weather was on our side for the remaining three weeks and the fishing was terrific. We accomplished a great deal, giving the campers the experiences they were seeking. At the close of camp, each of the five boys who had been lost stated that they would like to come back next year if possible.

Of course, after such an experience, some changes are being considered for next year. Briefly, I will outline what we plan to do to prevent this occurrence from happening again:

Weather had a great deal to do with the gravity of the incident, but there is little we can do about this. In the future, we do plan ...

- To conduct a survival instruction class taught by an experienced Royal Canadian Air Force man. This will be valuable and intriguing for the boys.
- To equip hiking groups with rations, waterproof match containers, some first aid supplies, and last but far from least - a compass and instructions in use of same.
- To consider the possibility of setting up a communications systems. Walkie-talkies would be ideal with check points established.

Though we were working uphill most of the way, I personally feel the experience as well as the accomplishments were great, and all the campers have something they will remember for a lifetime.

Carmen Abate C.A.
 Ken Vorisek K.V.
 William (Bill) Creighton W.C.
 Thomas Schmidt T.S.
 John Evans J.E.

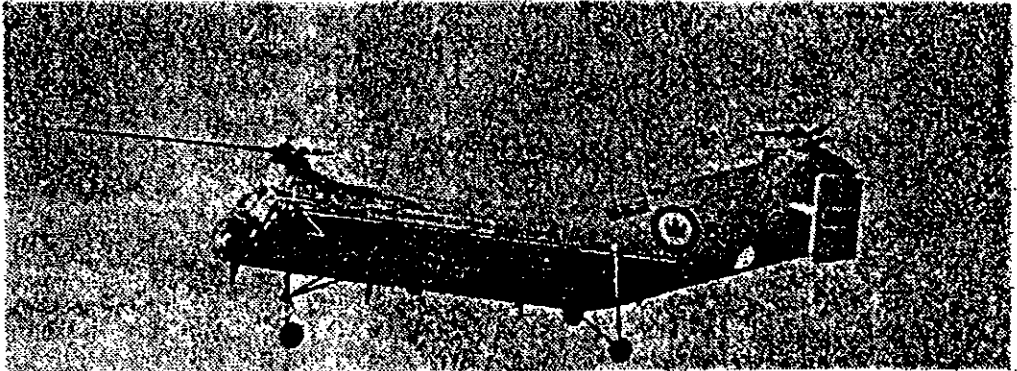
HAVE BEEN

FOUND

Boys Found; Now Resting

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEWCASTLE (Special) — Five United States youths who spent three days and two nights without fire, food or shelter in dense northern New Brunswick bush were located early Wednesday afternoon. Late last night they were still resting from their ordeal. None required hospitalization although they were all treated for fly-bites. They were "cold, wet and hungry" when rescued at about 12:30 p.m. Wednesday by a helicopter from RCAF Station Chatham.



The boys — aged 14 to 16 years — were found about five miles from Holmes Lake, from where they left Monday on a three-mile hike to an abandoned fire tower. Holmes Lake is about 50 miles west of Newcastle. (Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

RESCUE 'COPTER — This is the H-21 helicopter from RCAF Station Chatham which located five missing-teenagers in dense Northumberland County woodland Wednesday afternoon. It was piloted by Flt. Lt.

John Locke. The 'copter was one of two used in the search for the youngsters, the other being from the New Brunswick Forest Service. Some 120 men combed bushland.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

'COULD HAVE BEEN MUCH WORSE'

NEWCASTLE (Special) — "It could have been much, much worse" were the words used by a Moncton man, Edward L. Bell, to describe the plight of five American teenagers found Wednesday in dense forest in western Northumberland County.

The youths had been missing since Monday.

Mr. Bell, with Harry Briggs, also of Moncton, arrived at the scene — near Holmes Lake, 50 miles west of Newcastle — Tuesday evening, with a horn used by the New Brunswick Fish and Game Protective Association for guiding lost persons from the bush.

They put the horn into operation and sounded it until 1

a.m. Wednesday. Rising at 4 a.m., they turned it on again at 5:30. At that time they were situated east of Holmes Lake.

Shortly after noon yesterday they were about ready to transfer the horn west of the campsite at the lake when word came through that the youths had been located by a helicopter almost 20 miles west of where the horn had been used.

The horn, which operates on compressed air and gives forth a sound similar to that of a railway diesel engine's, has a range of 10-12 miles under the best conditions.

Said Mr. Bell: "Actually, the horn didn't help the young-

sters that much, although it did serve to guide search parties from the woods."

The country where the youths were lost was "one of the roughest territories in the province," Mr. Bell said. "It's solid bush," dotted with lakes, hills, and bog.

"It could have been much, much worse" for the boys, he added. "They were in darn good shape considering what they went through."

He thought one or two of the youths were boy scouts.

A "hubbub" of excitement greeted the news that the boys had been located and were "still in fairly good condition," commented Mr. Bell later Wednesday.

Times

64 CENTS ★ No. 283

THE FIVE WHO WERE LOST

If you were listening last Tuesday or Wednesday July 7 or 8 to radio station WMCA, you would have heard a headline story that five Long Island boys were lost in the Canadian wilderness; or as one New York newspaper wrote five "underprivileged" youths were lost in Canada.

The fact is that few seemed to realize that these very five were Carmine Abate, William Creighton, Tom Schmidt, Kenneth Vorisek and John Evans, all from Locust Valley. The boys had been chosen by Locust Valley's Grenville Baker Boy's Club to go up to New Castle, New Brunswick to camp at Pratt's Canyon. With them were counselors Woody Lewis and Rev. John Dykstra.

On Sunday afternoon, the boys had hiked up to a place called Martin's Bluff with Ken Vorisek as leader. From that time until just after 1 pm on Wednesday, the counselors neither saw nor heard anything from the boys.

Mrs. Robert Vorisek and Mrs. Frank Abate, mothers of two of the boys told the story of the missing youths to the Leader. On Tuesday night Dr. Vorisek received a telephone call from Woody Lewis who said the boys had been missing since Sunday afternoon. Both he and Rev. Dykstra had searched the Martin's Bluff area and found only a sandwich to indicate that the boys had reached the top. Soon, although the weather of torrential rains and fog was against them, 100 men, including Mounties, and helicopters began a 1½ day search for the boys.

Meanwhile the five had attempted to light a fire, but in the rain their matches were useless. The boys constructed a lean-to and ate the little food they had.

When the fog lifted on Wednesday helicopters continued the growing search and that afternoon the boys were spotted and picked up only five miles from camp. None of the five suffered from anything more than hunger, and all plan to remain in camp until the end of the trip, around July 31.

Back in Locust Valley the parents received word on Wednesday afternoon that their children were found safe. The message came just in time too, for the five fathers were about to depart from the airport for New Brunswick. When asked what had gone through her mind when she was informed that her boy was lost, Mrs. Abate summed it up for all the parents: "Just worried, and no sleep."

Five Youths Remain at Boys' Camp

The five Locust Valley boys who were recovered safely last week from their three-day ordeal in the Canadian swamps intend to finish their July 1-31 camping trip. Their parents are in complete agreement with their decision.

The boys, members of the Grenville Baker Boy's Club, have been at a camp at Holmes Lake 60 miles west of Newcastle, New Brunswick. Camp officials said that the boys left the camp Sunday on a hike to an abandoned forest-observation tower. In locating the tower, they strayed from the trail and were lost in the swampy wilderness for 76 hours.

Ground searchers, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Royal Canadian Air Force were employed in the search for the boys, who were found five miles from the camp. They had not eaten for 56 hours and were very wet and cold, due to the dense fog and rain.

The five boys, who were pronounced fit by the doctor, are:

Thomas Schmidt, of 113 Buckram Rd.; William Creighton, of 31 West 4th St.; John Evans, of Feeks Lane; Carmine Abate, of 52 Underhill Ave.; and Kenneth Vorisek, of 61 Weir La.

NEW YORK TIMES, TH

5 L.I. BOYS RESCUED IN CANADIAN WILDS

NEWCASTLE, N. B., July 8 (UPI)—Five Long Island boys were found today after they had been lost for three days and nights in a wilderness of swamps, lakes and thick black spruce.

The teen-agers were soaking wet, cold, hungry and tired but generally sound after their adventure.

A Royal Canadian Air Force helicopter plucked them from the edge of a swamp about 60 miles northeast of here and delivered them to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who handed them over to their camp director.

The police said the boys went on a three-day hike from the Grenville-Baker Boys Club at Holmes Lake to an abandoned forestry observation tower Sunday and wandered off their trail attempting to return to the camp.

Special to The New York Times

LOCUST VALLEY, L. I., July 8—The five boys from Locust Valley, L. I., today are: Kenneth Vorisek, son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Vorisek of Wier Lane; John I. Evans, son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian D. Evans of Feeks Lane; Carmine Abate, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abate of Underwood Road; William Creighton, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Creighton of Fourth Street, and Thomas Schmidt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Schmidt of Buckram Road.

Find 5 Boys Lost in Wilds

Newcastle, N. B., July 8 (UPI)—Five New York State boys were found today after being lost three days and nights in a wilderness of swamps, lakes and thick black spruce.

The teen-agers were soaking wet, cold, hungry, tired, fly-bitten but generally sound.

A Canadian air force helicopter plucked them from the edge of a swamp about five miles from their camp.

Police said the boys went on a three-day hike from the Grenville Baker Boys Club at Holmes Lake to an abandoned forestry observation tower Sunday. Returning they wandered off trail. Police identified the youths as Thomas Schmidt, 13; John Evans, 14; William Creighton, 14; Carmine Abate, 15; and Kenneth Vorisek, 16, all from Locust Valley, N. Y.

the ruling by requesting the Appellate Division to hold a rare summer session before the new tax roll goes into effect on Aug. 1. Such appeal request cannot be filed until the Siozzel judgment is entered this week, and time may be running out.

Fighting continued this week between the two major political parties when the Democratic majority members of the Nassau Board of Assessors announce they would adopt a proposal to permit the filing of statements by property owners with vacant lot adjoining their homesites who will attest to the fact that they will not sell that property and therefore will not be reassessed. Elected Republican chairman of the board, Frank A. Pelcher, Jr., said this action would violate county law because it would extend the deadline of the May 1 grievance period.

Horace Z. Kramer, vice chairman of the board and Democratic spokesman, said the proposal was made to accommodate between 30 and 40 landowners who had written his office after the grievance period was over to say that they did not know statement of intent could be filed. Kramer said the Democrats did not plan to extend the grievance period but only wished to accommodate the taxpayers because of "confusion over the new program."

Five LI Boys Found Safe In Canadian Wilderness

By Mel Ray

Five Locust Valley, L.I., boys were found safe yesterday after being lost three days and nights in the swamps of a Canadian wilderness. But they don't intend to give up their month-long camping trip, and their parents don't want them to.

When a Royal Canadian Air Force helicopter plucked them from the edge of a swamp to end a massive search, the young hikers were wet, cold, hungry and fly-bitten. And their parents, who had worried and waited for 18 hours, had suffered, too.

The boys, members of the Grenville-Baker Boys Club, which has a camp at Holmes Lake 60 miles west of Newcastle, New Brunswick, are Thomas Schmidt, 13, of 113 Buckram Rd.; William Creighton, 14, of 31 West 4th St.; John Evans, 14, of Feeks Lane; Carmine Abate, 15, of 52 Underhill Ave.; and Kenneth Vorisek, 16, of 61 Weir Lane.

Camp officials said that the boys set out Sunday on a hike to an abandoned forest-observation tower. They found the tower, but wandered off the trail returning to the camp. On Monday, more than 120 ground searchers started hunting for the youths in the bush area, one of Canada's most rugged. Dense fog and pouring rain made it tough hunting.

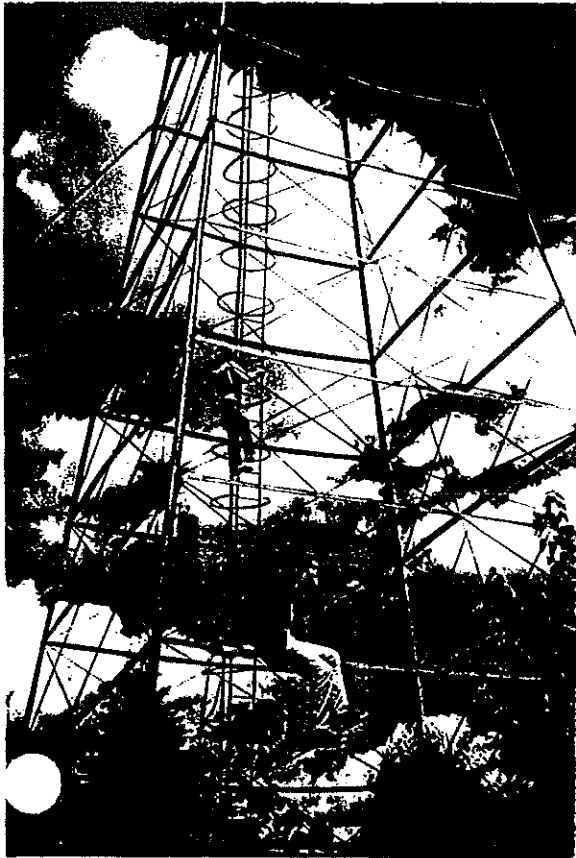
Teams of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Royal Canadian Air Force, forestry crews and civilians waded through swamps and thick black spruce. At mid-day yesterday the air force helicopter spotted the boys about five miles from their camp and landed the pontoon-equipped whirlybird on a nearby lake.

Elwood Lewis, camp director, phoned Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Vorisek, Kenneth's parents, at 7:30 PM Tuesday to tell them the boys were missing. Vorisek, a physician, called the other parents.

"It put me in a state of shock, a feeling of helplessness," said Mrs. Chester J. Schmidt. Her husband said, "At first I thought, 'Ah, he'll pull through.' But later I got pretty depressed. You sit there and think, you know? Then I tried to sleep last night (Tuesday) and all I could see were mountains and swamps."

Mr. and Mrs. Brian D. Evans did not sleep at all Tuesday night, said Mrs. Evans. "We stayed up and worried," she said. "I tried to read but I couldn't. So I just sat."

The five boys, pronounced fit by a doctor, said they wanted to finish their July 1-31 camping trip and their parents agreed. The camp is owned by Sherman Pratt of Locust Valley.



Boys In Good Condition But Badly Bitten

* * * * * FIVE MISSING U.S. YOUTHS ARE FOUND

(Continued from Page One)

Newcastle.

The youths were identified as Arminie Abate, Kenneth Bek, John Evans, William Hinton and Thomas Schmidt. Members of the Grenville - Baker Boys Club of Locust Valley, Long Island, N.Y., they had been attending a camp for underprivileged boys at Holmes Lake.

Camp counsellors, guides and the remainder of the 35 boys attending the camp carried out a search for the missing youths Monday when they failed to return on schedule.

Searchers

Later, RCMP, a tracker dog from Sydney, civilians and personnel of the New Brunswick Forestry Service and RCAF Station Chatham entered the search. A horn used to guide lost persons from the forest was taken to the scene Tuesday afternoon by the Moncton branch of the N.B. Fish and Game Association.

By Wednesday morning, 120 men were involved in the hunt. A helicopter from the forestry service worked with the RCAF aircraft in the aerial search.

Flt. Lt. John Locke piloted the 'copter which located the group, about five minutes after it began an enlarged search

Wednesday afternoon. The helicopters had been hampered by poor weather until late Tuesday.

Landed on Lake

The RCAF search and rescue 'copter equipped with floats—landed on a lake near where the boys had huddled for two nights, picked them up and transported them to an airstrip at Renous. There, RCMP took them to their campsite.

Although no doctors were present when the boys were brought from the woods, several of the searchers were skilled in first aid. Most of the 30 men from RCAF Station Chatham had been trained in search and rescue and survival programs.

News of the discovery was radioed to Newcastle by RCMP Staff Sgt. B. M. Lamb, director of the search, from the site, deep in bushland described as "among the roughest in the province."

An RCMP officer said here Wednesday night the boys appeared to be in no hurry to leave their Boys Club of America camp.

In the woods, they had been poorly clad, carried no compass "and had left food at the fire tower", a police spokesman said.

NEWCASTLE (Special) — Flt. Lt. John Locke, pilot of the H-21 helicopter, located five missing States teenagers 50 miles of here Wednesday, said boys were in "quite good condition, cold, wet, hungry, badly bitten." He said they were found about 10 miles southwest of their Holmes Lake campsite.

Locke, considered to be one of the top 'copter pilots in the RCAF, took his craft to RCAF Station Chatham Monday evening. Poor visibility had grounded the helicopter earlier. The youths had been missing since Monday.

Tuesday night, the helicopter made a swoop over the area so the sound of its engines would "boost the morale" of the boys, Flt. Lt. Locke said yesterday. He said five told him that at one time after the search began early Wednesday morning the 'copter passed about 200 feet from where they had been when they became lost on a three-mile hike from their campsite to an abandoned fire tower.

At about 12:30 p.m. Wednesday the search was ended. Five minutes later Flt. Lt. Locke, the helicopter, were discovered.

The helicopter — in conjunction with a search party from the New Brunswick Forestry Service — made its landing yesterday morning. Flt. Lt. Locke and his crew located the youngsters, he landed the float-equipped craft on the lake, picked up the boys and flew them to an airstrip at Renous. From there they were transferred to a hospital site.

The helicopter was based at RCAF Station Chatham 3:30 p.m.

BUILDING THE DINING HALL

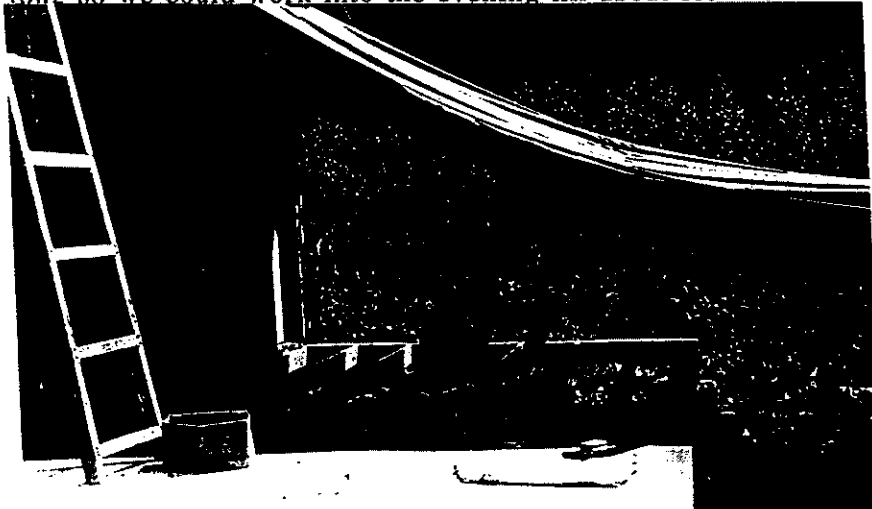
Shortly after we had begun to use the Pratt's Winter Camp and its buildings for our summer program, we realized that with the 30 to 35 boys we brought, plus the adult help we had a problem. The original dining room could seat about 8 while some would eat in the kitchen, which was a bother to Billy, our cook and his son, who served as cooky. Others would eat out in the shed-pantry, and then the rest would have to wait for the next sitting.

Mr. Pratt and Bill decided that a large dining room should be added, and Nick Peters and I were sent up a week early with four boys, and we were to construct this addition. When we arrived, there was a heap of rough cut lumber on the grounds, and we were to make this addition (annex) about 12 feet wide and the full width of the present building. It was Bill's idea that we could have this work all done by the time he and the rest of the boys arrived a week later.

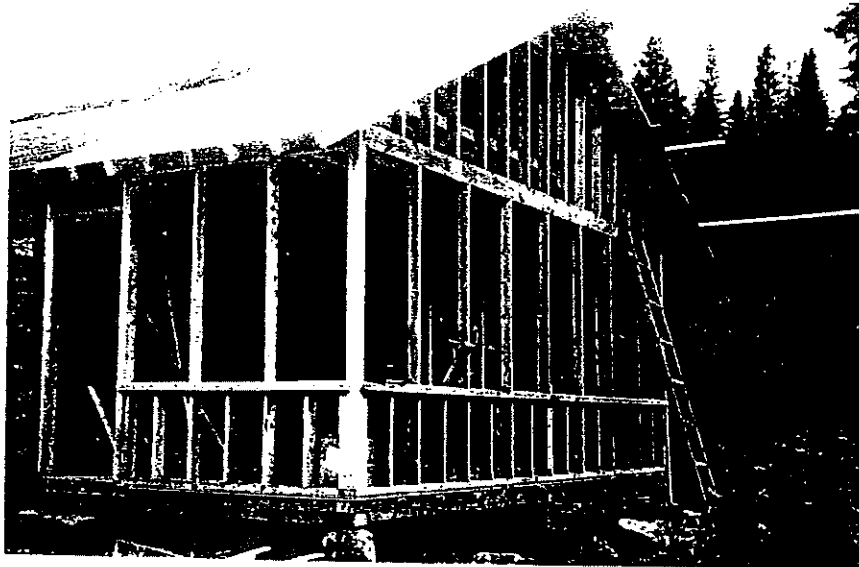
Actually it took us more than a day and a half just to get off the half logs with their 8 inch spikes with pry bars and crowbars. And the 12 " by 12" beams which were to be the base of the structure required splicing sections into one long one for the end. We cut and chisled and sawed a neat splice and made it a snug fit; we had no power tools since we had no electricity. The window that existed was to become a door.



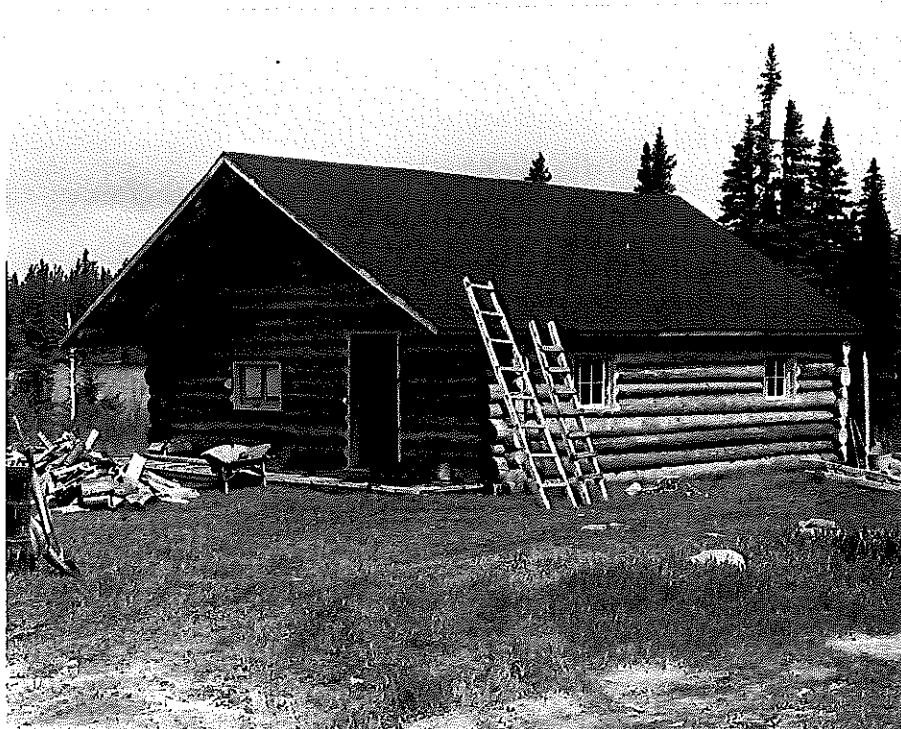
The mosquitoes were out and the sun shone down on us and it rained some, so we erected a tarp so we could keep working on the project every day, and up there the days are long so we could work into the evening till about 10. Here is Nick doing joists.



When Bill and the gang arrived, he was disappointed that we had seemingly made so little progress--I think he suspected that I had taken off some to go fishing--but we explained some of the difficulties. It began to take shape and look like something, and when we finished and installed the outside door, so the boys didn't have to go through the kitchen, it was a real improvement. With screens all around it was a very pleasant place to sit and read or write letters.



We made a long table and benches and now all of us could sit down at one time for a meal, and it enabled us to talk over problems, give out information and plans for the day and all eat at the same time. That year I didn't get in any fishing--the job took up the whole time!



This section of these memoirs I happily dedicate to the memory of Mr. Sherman Pratt, affectionately known to his friends as "Shum". He was perhaps in his early 60's when I first met him up in Quebec, when Bill Hinckley invited me to go with Shum and him to inventory the Camp and make plans for the first summer's camping for 30-35 boys. Little did I know that this would be the first of many happy Spring and summer experiences

In earlier days, the Canadian Govt. put up for bid certain sections of fishing waters, and the Pratt family had this privilege for many years. This enabled them to build cabins and lean-tos at Holmes Lake, Renous Lake, Smith Forks, the Upper Forks, MacDonald Pond, North Pole, and Pocket Lake. It was a great setup!

But for the munificence of this wonderful man, the Boys Club would not have had this wonderful opportunity, and I would have known little about this beautiful area called New Brunswick. Also when you fish this area you need a Canadian fishing license, and you must have a guide in your company. The Canadian Govt. gave us a blank permit covering all our people, so that I and other leaders could serve as guides when we went to the outcamps and we needed no license.

Looking back on it all now, I am very grateful to God for our family coming to lovely Locust Valley at just that time. I truly cherish all the experiences I've had at the Pratt's Camp, and I feel deeply indebted to Shum and his family for their generosity in sharing all this with us.

THE NEW DAYROOM

One of the cabins we used for a dayroom, but it was small and, because of this, it was only to be used by the Staff and the CITs (counsellors in training). These were boys with potential leadership who would be helpful assistants, and could be used again the following year. But there was no place where the whole group could congregate for activities such as playing games, writing letters (which we always encouraged), reading, and other activities. So plans were made to have a new and adequately large cabin for this purpose.

Shum, Bill and I went up on an early trip over Memorial Day to do the usual hiring of guides and cook, and order some groceries. Two men came into the camp to begin the new project. One had a horribly disfigured face--he had been kicked by a horse--but this in no way deterred his ability as a fine mason; the other was his helper.

A suitable site was chosen, and the men dug a hole which was to be the base for the fireplace. When they had it dug, the three of us went over the surrounding ground gathering rocks about baseball size. The mason's helper would mix a batch of cement in a trough and pour it in the hole, and we'd drop our rocks in and these would be mixed. Then he'd mix another batch (all by hand, since we had no electricity or machinery), and more rocks. We worked all day at this and, but for meals, well into the evening and he had mixed 27 batches of cement and all our rocks, so that when it became dark the base was finished, and we went to bed tired.

The next morning, the cement having sufficiently set, he went home and we did our chores and fished some. Shum was a good photographer and loved to take pictures which he shared with us.

July came and we drove the bus and the kids up, and there was the new dayroom all built. There was a cutout for the fireplace and its rock chimney, and the mason and his helper were working on that. I had found a nice oblong sizeable rock and suggested he try to split this and put the matching pieces on each side over the fire pit. He took his rock hammer and worked it for a while and there it was, neat as ever with a good mantle. He finished it all with a fireproof coat of cement on the floor of the fireplace and the Dayroom was an accomplished fact--I think Bill told me it was built to a total cost of \$800!

We had shelves put in for books, a pingpong table was set up, and a long table I had seen earlier at the abandoned airstrip a few miles away was carted over and served us well. The last evening in camp, traditionally we had the boys put on some sort of a skit, and this would be done in the Dayroom. I still recall one "howler" when Clyde Caldwell was the Emcee and Vlasak (whom we called "the rabbi") had us rolling in the aisles. It was a great improvement, especially for rainy days.



