

Let's Go Camping This September!

A Camping Trip to Algonquin Park--A Real Holiday for the Out-of-Doors Lover

By MABEL CREWS RINGLAND



ARE you one of those people who have always longed to do something different on your summer vacation, but not knowing just how to go about it, have ended up each year in the inevitable summer resort? There are scores of men and women who hear every summer the call of the woods and feel the lure of the wilds in their blood, and who never really satisfy that inner longing because they do not know where or how to go, or because they fancy that camping is an expensive luxury requiring a great deal of elaborate equipment. This is a mistaken idea, for there is no more economical way of spending a holiday, especially in war-time, than by taking a real camping trip. The "where" and the "how" to go are of course very important items to consider and require a good deal of forethought, but once you get together a suitable outfit you can use it year after year without additional expense.

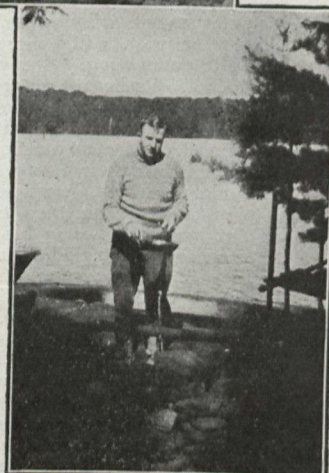
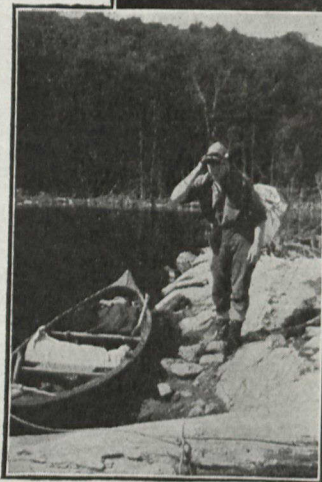
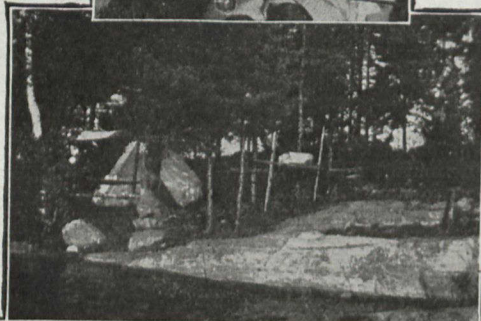
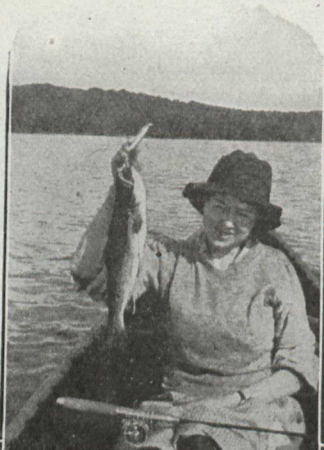
The question of "where" should not be hard for any Canadian to settle, when there are so many beautiful wooded districts in our Northland—Muskoka, the Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay, all of which are well known. But there is an absolutely unparalleled country, as yet familiar only to a favored few, which offers a veritable paradise to the camper, real satisfaction to the fisherman, and health and happiness to all who love life in the open. That country is the Algonquin Provincial Park of Ontario and for those who have never visited it there is indeed a treat in store. It is so absolutely unspoiled as a camping and fishing ground that one trip does not begin to exhaust its fascinations and leaves the lucky victim eager for another plunge into its vast stretch of almost two million acres of woodland and over a thousand lakes.

At least that was the way we felt after our two weeks' canoe trip in Algonquin Park, and we want to pass on our experience for the benefit of those who sigh for the one REAL kind of a holiday that leaves you contented, refreshed and thoroughly rested—ready for the hard grind again. To have before you the free, open country dotted with endless lakes and rivers, to be able to paddle or fish or just loaf to your hearts' content, to cook your meals in the open under the trees, with an appetite like a lad of ten or twelve, and to lie down to sleep at night on fragrant balsam boughs with nothing but a piece of canvas between you and the stars—that, to our way of thinking, is LIVING. If it doesn't appeal to you in the same way, maybe you would not think much of our camping trip, but if it does—well, you will probably be interested in knowing just how we planned it, and all the rest.

In the first place we arranged to take everything with us from Toronto, with the exception of a canoe and a guide, which we figured on securing after we reached the Park. The guide, however, did not materialize, so with the aid of a good blue-print map of the country which we secured from the hotel for one dollar, we managed to find our way about without any difficulty, and would not hesitate again to go anywhere in the Park without a guide, unless one were needed to assist in carrying the packs over the portages. Our tent, blankets, cooking utensils and food we bought and packed carefully at home, constantly remembering that the load must be as light as possible and put together for ease in carrying, which is an art in itself. Everything was rolled into bundles or packs and tied firmly with the ropes of the tump-lines, with which the packs were carried on the trails. We then sewed the packs up in burlap so that they could be checked on the train without being damaged. It was indeed a satisfaction to us to be able to say when we started for home, that we had had everything we could possibly have needed, and yet had not brought one unnecessary article. As Horace Kephart says in his "Camp Cookery," an excellent little volume that any camper would do well to study beforehand, "Ideal outfitting is to have what we want, when we want it, and never to be bothered with anything else."

TO begin with, the roof that was to cover our heads—

we bought a waterproof canvas wall tent seven by seven feet, without poles or pegs, for these are bulky to carry and can be had for the cutting in the woods. An oiled silk tent is lighter in weight, but costs considerably more. A square of canvas with brass eyelet holes around the edges was one of the finest things we had, for it made an excellent pack cloth in which to roll up blankets, cooking utensils and the like, on the trip, and, stretched between trees, served as a canopy over our dining-table when we made camp. Many a time when it rained, we



Camping and its attendant pleasures in Algonquin Park. Scenes that beckon one from the heat of the city

would have been driven into the tent had it not been for this welcome shelter, and we always had a dry place to eat our meals. For a screen for the tent doorway to keep out mosquitoes and flies, we stitched together pieces of mosquito netting and sewed dome fasteners to the tent flap to hold this securely in place. Cheesecloth can be used in the same way, or you can buy netting in pieces to fit the tent doorway.

CLOSE up your desk! Pack away your worries—as well as a few odds and ends as prescribed in this article—and go camping, this September.

Canada has countless beauty spots to offer for a sojourn next to nature. Algonquin Park is but one of them.

—THE EDITOR.

As for bedding—two things are absolutely necessary for comfort and health: good heavy woollen blankets over you and a waterproof pack-cloth, rubber sheet or pancho under you. There are a great many sleeping contrivances shown in the camp outfitter's catalogue that are simply a nuisance on this sort of a trip. We found that balsam boughs placed tips up in the ground, and covered with a rubber sheet and blanket made a

very comfortable bed. (We made a slit in the middle of our rubber sheet and bound the edges of the opening with adhesive tape, so that it could also be used as a rain-cape or pancho.) With harness safety-pins we pinned our blankets into the form of a sleeping bag, and were glad of their weight and close weave, for, on account of the altitude, the nights in Algonquin Park are refreshingly cool. For pillows we made grey flannel bags with tape draw strings and stuffed them with our clothes, which was a double convenience, as we always knew where all our garments were. An air pillow is a handy thing to

have, and does not take up much space, but it is far from comfortable to sleep on. For all the little odds and ends that one needs to keep on hand in the tent, I made a wall pocket which is very much like an apron with many pockets of various sizes, and keeps these little things from being lost.

What sort of clothes did we take? As much all wool as we could, especially in the stockings and underwear, for when living outdoors, you stand chances of sudden wetting, when the warmth of wool is most welcome and necessary. The outer garments are not so important; they may be khaki, or better still, moleskin if you can get it, but above all, avoid corduroy, as it soaks up water unmercifully. Besides this, we each had a flannel shirt, a wool jersey, a sweater, an old felt hat, and for footwear, high waterproof shoe packs and running shoes for a change. Heavy boots with hobnails are an abomination in a canoe, and slippery on rocks. Our city clothes we left behind in suit cases at the hotel where our canoe dipped water, but we met campers who were burdened with these things all along the way and blessing their own foolishness.

OUR cooking and eating utensils were of the simplest kind, but they proved to be all that we needed. Elaborate aluminum outfits can be obtained, but they are expensive and no more efficient than one you can get together yourself. We purchased four nesting tin pails with covers and handles (four quart, three, two and one in size), two tin plates, two nesting cups, enamel or aluminum, though the latter burn the lips, aluminum knives, forks and spoons, a butcher knife, aluminum salt and pepper shakers, a medium sized steel frying pan, a wire broiler or toaster, and a folding reflector oven, with galvanized baking pan to fit it. With this simple outfit we cooked a variety of foods, and even baked bread, biscuit and pie. As bread will not keep long in the woods, it is much wiser to do your own baking in this splendid little oven which is to my mind a necessity. It folds up neatly to about an inch in thickness, and a number of small things can be packed inside the pan, so that it is really not bulky in comparison with its usefulness. We would never go on a camping trip without one.

For food, we chose the most nutritious in point of weight and variety. We did not see the need of carrying foods that had a large percentage of water when there was better water to be obtained in these northern lakes. So, for instance, instead of buying canned peaches, which are eighty eight per cent. water and weigh about two and a half pounds per can, we carried dried peaches and sugar, an equal weight of which would go much farther than the can of fruit. So in other things, we eliminated foods that were largely water, those that contained a great deal of waste, and those that were hard to digest, and yet we had as good a variety as anyone could wish for.

To hold the food, I made muslin bags with tape drawstrings for each article, and printed the name on with indelible ink. These we took to the grocery store and had them filled with the various things, omitting the paper bags which become damp and fall to pieces. All these small bags were packed into a large waterproof canvas bag with tump line attached, and during the entire trip nothing was spoiled by moisture or insects. The butter was packed in a tin pail with a pry-up top and kept beautifully fresh sunk in the ground in a cool, shady place and covered with ferns. Tea and coffee were carried in tin cans, and salt in a wooden mailing tube, where it kept pretty dry. Everything was plainly labelled and a record kept for future use of anything that was left over at the end of the trip.

Two very useful things in our culinary outfit were wax paper and adhesive tape. The wax paper found unnumerable uses in wrapping left-over food and keeping things fresh, while the surgeon's tape kept corks in bottles and lids on cans when moving, stopped leaks and mended rents.

A LIST of the amount of food required for two people for two weeks can only be suggestive, as so much depends on the place, the season of year, the amount of game or fish to be obtained and so on, but the following is what we took with us to Algonquin Park, and which was abundance, as we caught all the fish we could possibly eat.

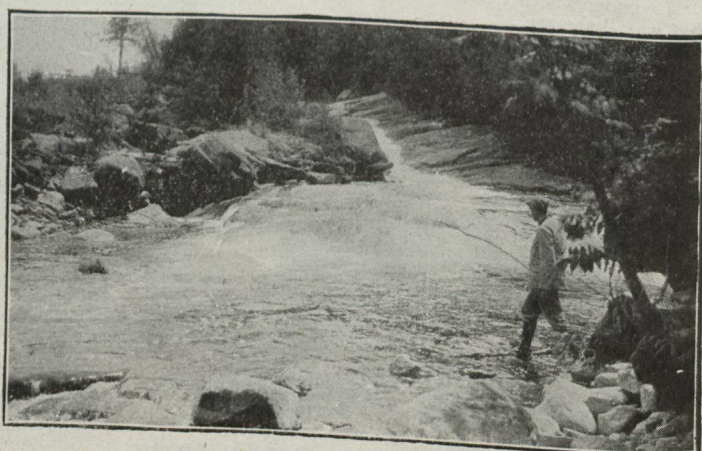
Estimate of Food for Two, for Two Weeks

4 lbs. boneless bacon	4 lbs. onions
2 boxes Oxo cubes	1 peck potatoes

(Continued on page 36)



Starting out on a Canoe Trip at Algonquin Park



One of the many Trout Pools in Algonquin Park