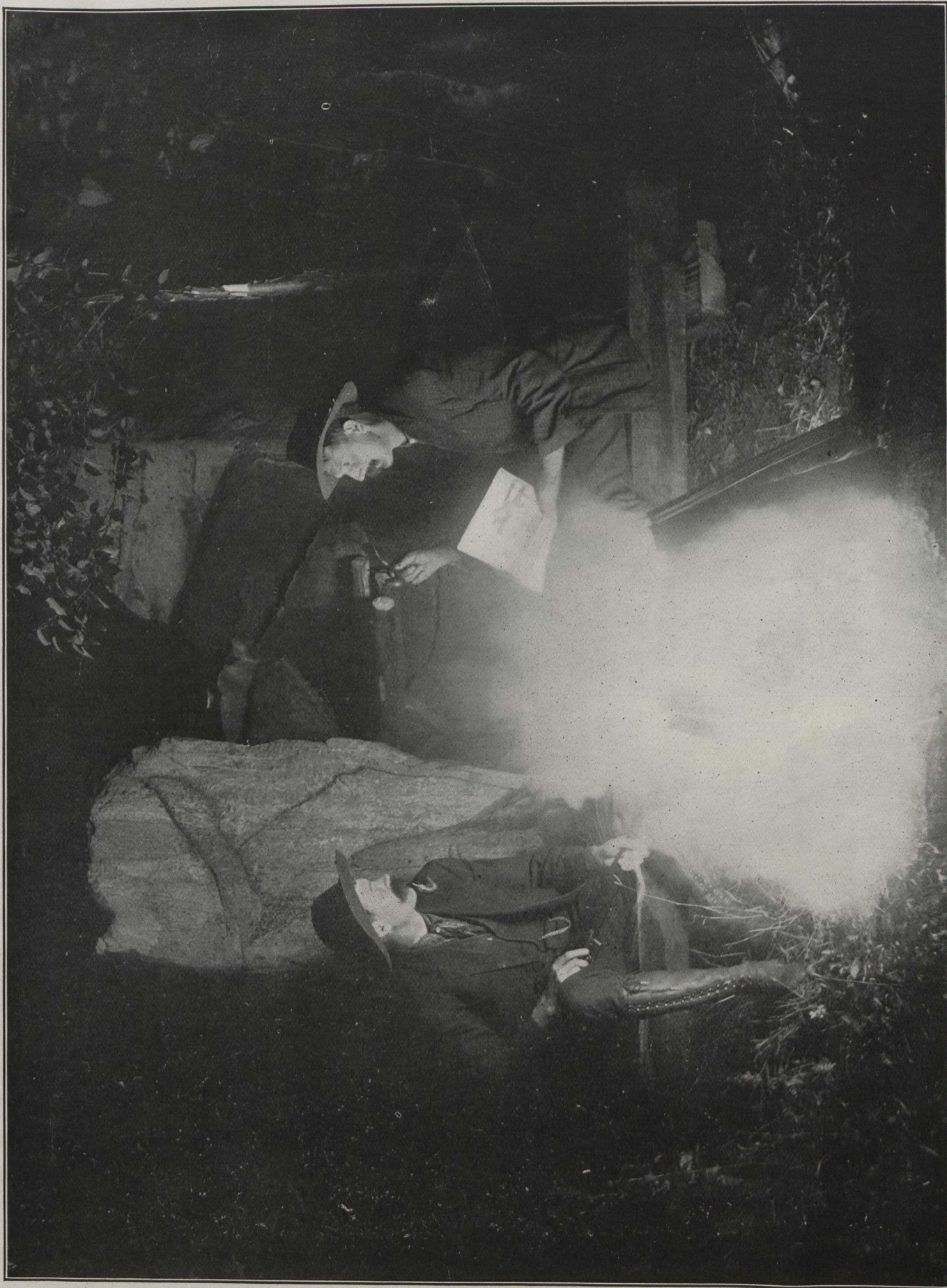




Rangers taking their evening rest by camp fire in Algonquin Park.

Boughs of balsam, slabs of cedar, gummy faggots of the pine,
Heap them on me, let me hug them to my eager heart of fire,
Roaring, soaring up to heaven as a symbol and a sign.

— "The Song of the Camp Fire" — Robert W. Service