

# McLEAN'S IDEAL HOME ON WHEELS

### What to Take Along, What Not to Take, and Some Secrets of Camp Cookery That Make Life Worth While



A BITE BEFORE MAKING CAMP



By Gertrude Gabbs Erlin

As we are going, oh, let us be going. Off and away where the long road is showing like a brown ribbon unrolled up and down. Further and farther away from the town—sweetheart of mine, come, let us be going!

ARE you doubtful about where to go this summer? If you are, let me give you a tip. Get a camping wagon and just "go."

Of all the experiences that Pleasure hides up her sleeve there is not one that can hold a candle to a summer spent in a camping wagon.

People who go to the country, you will find, are divided into two classes, the parasol and veranda variety (a very fancy housewife species), and the sweater and sunbunnet type (common or garden kind). If you are of the former division, don't read this. It will offend your idea of comfort. If you are of the latter, come, let us be going. In thought if not in reality.

San Francisco has half a dozen families who really know the pleasures of repeatedly perfect summer outings. They are the folks who scorn the joys

of hotel life, the drives, the teas, the veranda flirtations and the eternal "hotel hop." They go far off to "live" to know the call of the birds, to see the flowers awake, to hear the trees whisper together, to laugh with the sociable stream and to sigh with the day when it departs from so fair a earth. And, because "nature never did betray a heart that loved her," they come home after their month's outing healthier, happier and far wiser than when they left the busy town.

How do they do all this?

In camping wagons, of course!

A year or so ago there was an exhibit of outdoor things in San Francisco and one of the chief attractions was the camping wagon owned by Mr. Harry Sherwood. It certainly was a wonder. Any housewife's heart would have gone out to its conveniences, and any systematic man would have felt his soul burn with admiration at its practicability.

There was a place for every conceivable object. Everything folded up and packed away like parts of a fairy's housekeeping kit. With it one lived as in a Fifth Avenue hotel, and had no more work than a "next-to-nature" man. But, it was expensive. Aye, there was the rub! Most people who go this way look to getting the maximum of pleasure for the minimum of cost, and because most of their outfits are the work of their own brains and hands they achieve both desires. Of

course, at the outset, every camper takes half a hundred things that he finds of no earthly use. After half a dozen trips the traveler learns to depend but little on the ready-made of civilization and will have enough courage to trust to the greater wit of the forests and valleys. Each year you camp, your list grows smaller until finally your outfit can be packed in one big bag.

Almost all of the other successful wagons, besides Mr. Sherwood's, are the result of little expenditure in money but much in happiness and energy. The wagon owned by the late Mrs. R. A. McLean has an over-the-state reputation for being the most compact and handiest of affairs.

It used to be a carpenter's wagon, extra long in the body and extra wide in the underpinning. That was the beginning. Now it is a moving house in one room, made to accommodate five people, two grownup couples and one boy.

Mr. McLean shortened the bed of the wagon by placing two seats back of the driver's seat so that all the family might "ride outside." The rest of it he covered with a tarpaulin that extended well over the top, built the wagon into the air. On each side of this adjustable top is swung a pair of heavy iron brackets that extend into the wagon. On these in the most secure way possible is fitted a cot with

sockets that slip into the brackets. On this two of the party sleep swung in the air and as cozy as in a Pullman berth. Below, and resting on the bed of the wagon, is another cot, similar to the upper, where two more people sleep, and, in a smaller room, divided off by curtains, the one small boy has his cot.

Everything—the beds, the curtains, the spread, the pillows, blankets and bedding—brown, just the color of the gentle earth.

Some nights when "outdoors" is too attractive the whole party lift out their beds and sleep on the real brown of earth.

Arranged on the bottom of the wagon in spaces that just fit McLean puts his boxes for his kit. There are four and they hold almost a whole world of things—a stove, cooking and eating dishes, tools, necessary paraphernalia for "break downs" and guns with their ammunition. Alongside of these fit in folding chairs and a table—ah, home made!—a folding stool (not) and telescopes and bags containing the wearing apparel.

"Let me give you some pointers," this "father of the camp" liked to see. "The trouble with most people is that they find camping so hard to do and so easy to overdo. They take too many things. They want too many fancy affairs. All you need is comfort. To get

this look out for practicability in the wagon."

"Wangan? Wangan?" I said, thinking that perhaps he meant wagon.

"Yes, the wangan," he repeated. "Everything you take with you into the camp, except your gun, is known as the wangan. It includes your clothing, all articles of personal comfort, your cooking kit and the provisions. It should be neither expensive nor bulky. Put your clothes in a waterproof navy bag. This fits in anywhere. Take only one change of underwear, an extra pair of trousers, a sweater and never a coat. It is an unnecessary burden and of no use at all. This for a man. My wife recommends a change of clothes for a woman and bloomers and skirts of brown denim. Both of us wear something one size too small with the lining ripped out and made to fit. These cling to the head better than a hat of the exact size. We never wear leggings, but have high shoes instead. If you go on a hunting trip never wear anything but a hat of the exact size. The woods and the game away. Always wear handkerchiefs about your neck, for they come in handy for silks, bandages or even game decoys.

"When you take a tent, get a good one that will not invite water—say, one made of khaki duck. They are fine. Put pockets along each side and slip articles into them. You need never take tent poles or tent

necessary two to one and I soon saw that I could not hope to head him in spite of the brave efforts of my little brood. As our course neared convergence, I lay flat about 50 yards shooting away behind, again, and I made the same mistake. Both shots were, I think, too high, anyway. Now he was just in front of me, presenting a beautiful broadside. He was only beating me by 10 or 15 yards after all. The shot was not a hard one, even from a swaying horse, and I still think I would have made it if nothing had happened. But just as I drew a rough bead on the gray shoulder my pony stopped stiff legged at the edge of a strip of cactus and I went on as usual.

There was no joke about it this time. H— had fortunately been watching through a glass and was able to get to me with the mules and a light wagon in less than half an hour. I had rolled along and over, endwise and sideways, across the whole strip of cactus and out the other side, and my spurs were the only thing about me that didn't show it. I laid for two weeks in bed, a mass of festering wounds, part of the time delirious with fever. In my calmer moments they told me I inquired after the movements of White Spot with meticulous particularity; in my delirium I hunted him and raved at him. When the fever had wanted to frighten me he sent herds of giant antelope to gore me; when it was his whim to tease me he would send them walking in long files, calmly unafraid, straight past the muzzle of my gun, which would always miss fire. But when the delirium passed and nature tried to soothe me she sent dreams of row after row of dead antelopes, laid out in mottled lines, then toward the end of my convalescence, in dream after dream, night after night, I used to kill them myself, always with long, careful, well-directed shots.

I think I got my idea from these unerring dream shots of mine, for as soon as I was able to be around I found myself working on it. I began by opening up a new bundle of long redwood shakes, sharpened them at one end and across the other painted numbers in large figures, the latter ranging from 300 to 1,000. The cowboys watched me with pitying glances and the Mexicans with rollings of the eyes and tappings of the forehead, and even H— was worrying about my reason, for he tried in various ways to divert my mind from the matter of the antelope.

One is no less a friend than beans baked in the ground. This is the way she prepares them. First, dip a hole and line it with stoves, having the hole twice as wide and twice as deep as the bean pot. Soak the beans over night and then wash them in fresh cold water in the morning. Parboil them in the skin, crack, cut into the bean pot a spoonful of salt, a large piece of scored salt pork, a sliced onion and half the beans; then another sliced onion and another piece of pork; then the rest of the beans with a piece of tablaspoufuls of molasses and fill the bean pot with enough hot water to cover the beans. Cover this so tightly that no steam can escape. An hour before the beans are ready fill the hole with hard wood and light the fire. When it has become just hot coals take out half the red hot embers and put in your beans. Pile the coals back around the sides of the pot and cover it all with the earth that came from the hole. See that no crack anywhere will let the steam and spoil your beans. Keep the beans in the hole from noon of one day until the morning of the next, and when you take them out they will have a flavor you thought possible only in ambrosia.

Ventose stew is the other masterpiece. Of course, like the old Frenchman with the flea exterminator, you must first catch your victim before you can achieve success. But anyway, when you have your deer meat, cut it into small pieces and put it in a kettle half full of water. Let it boil until it is almost ready to fall to pieces, and then add potatoes, onions, rice and whatever vegetables you have. Let this simmer until the potatoes are soft, and from time to time skim off any fat which may rise to the top, adding salt and pepper and a dash of vinegar. It should be quite thick, and you will have the whole camp at your feet if you just serve this once.

Does it seem possible that so many things could go in so small a space? If you should see Mr. McLean's outfit would you open your eyes still wider, for even a newspaper finds itself unable to recount all its wonders.

"Old Hickory," the camp wagon of the late J. J. Boyne, was a wonder of all this kind, and along, and the outfit of Arthur Robertson, John J. Adams and a few other San Francisco wise men have paled beside it.

How much did it cost?

The wagon that Mr. McLean bought do not aggregate \$300, and when one considers a month's outing to Yellowstone, two months to the Grand canyon of the Colorado, and a week to the Sierras, one to the Geysers, one into Mendocino county and two to the Santa Cruz mountains for five people, it certainly is a very small expenditure for months of the greatest fun in the world.

## After Mountain Sleep and Antelope in Southern California

(Continued From Preceding Page.)

Presence of the second detachment of sheep—my fellow bathers—were greeted from the camp. Several steeple animals fell as a result of some very fair shooting that was done on this occasion, but neither on this day nor in the week following did any of the party get so much as another glimpse of what we all agreed was the largest mountain sheep we had ever seen or heard of.

The antelope is never done than the mountain sheep in the southwest, for one reason because he was always easier to find than the sheep and for another because he was usually easier shot when located. Of the few antelope that are still running wild in this corner of the United States, perhaps the most are numbered in the thinning hands that graze their way back and forth between the border of Arizona and Sonora on the semiarid plain about midway along the southern line of the former. Years ago they ranged farther north and west, and until very recently survivors of the old herds were seen even as far up as the Grand canyon and seaward to the base of Mount Shasta and San Jacinto. It was one of these shy old veterans that was responsible for one of the most exasperating episodes in my hunting career.

The thing chanced during a summer visit to my friend H—'s cattle ranch, a few hundred thousand acres of desert range in the eastern part of San Bernardino county. My hunting experience at that time was comparatively limited, nothing larger than a desert jackrabbit ever having fallen to my rifle, though the summer before I had nearly brought down a burro in attempting to make a swinging "double" on a pair of turtle doves with a shotgun. Still, the dormant instinct was there, and when H— told me that a fine old antelope had long been in the habit of coming mornings and evenings to graze along the river bottom meadows, scarce a mile from the house, I was up in arms at once. H—, however, laughed at my determination to kill the animal, saying that its old white rump had served as a target for every hunter, amateur and professional, that had come that way in 10 years.

"You simply can't get near him, my boy. No one ever claims to have hit him in the last five years. Before that time he offered himself as a mark on a good many occasions and he has as

much lead in his second story as a modern house with sanitary plumbing. The great trouble on these long shots is in guessing the distance to set your sights, for this clear air deceives even the keenest eyes.

So I determined not to go "gunning" except as a dernier resort, for right at the outset a better and bolder plan suggested itself to me. Puring a week's practice I had become a proficient in throwing a riata over fence posts, and once had even succeeded in tripping up one of the Guernsey cows in the corral. H— owned a fine young hunter about the size of his father's estate in Kent the year before, an animal that was reputed the fastest thing on four legs on the desert. What could be simpler than riding the fleet footed Hector and roping the surprised old antelope as I dashed past him? I hastened to try the scheme at once, to fear some one else would think of it and get ahead of me.

I had already located the feeding grounds of my quarry, and soon after galloping away from the stables I caught a glimpse of his snowy "tail piece" glittering in the sun. To him and beyond was a gently sloping stretch of smooth, dry turf, as level, springy and fast as a racetrack. Never was such a course for a chase, thought I, and forthwith commenced debating as to whether I should rope the old fellow by the neck or a fore foot. Hector sped on at an easy lope, pulling eagerly at his rein, for his spirits were up from standing over long in his "box" and high feeding.

At something under half a mile the object of our visit stopped feeding and I could just make out the point of his head as he raised it in inquiring interest. He had not been thus openly approached in years and seemed hardly to understand it. At a quarter of a mile he started to break and run, but I gave him a sharp check and he came his fear and he brought up and waited. Three times more he was almost off, and as often turned back in questioning amazement, and not until I was within a hundred yards of him and had swung Hector into his full stride did he give me a clear view of his bristly white rump as he sprang away across the plain.

I gave a great shout, forced from my lips by sheer excitement, and dug the spurs into Hector's flanks. The splendid thoroughbred responded with a magnificent burst of speed. For a moment I feared he would run right over

our quarry. Fifty yards—thirty—twenty. A moment more and he would be abreast of poor old White Spot. The latter's widest eyes, seemingly wild with fear and consternation, showed on either side of his head, and his flying hoofs sent the dirt back into our very faces. I swung my riata for a throw, but just as I was about to release it suddenly noticed that the distance appeared too great. Was it possible we were losing ground? Was Hector eag-ling off? The sting of the air on my face should have told me of our desperate speed, but I saw only that bobbing rump just beyond rope cast, and dug again with my spurs and cheered lustily into Hector's ears to cheer him on. Still the mottled gray and white shadow, elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp, floated on ahead. Wild with excitement, I swung my rope in the air and brought its hairy coils down across Hector's back and legs. The next moment I felt the averse and stagger as he tripped and went down, while I continued on for some distance on the regulation tangent before striking. It's quite a common thing for a tenderfoot to tangle his rope with his horse's feet, but I firmly believe that never before has the horse as the thing occurred when the horse was dusting the high places at the rate that Hector was doing it on this occasion.

Hector "burned" badly about the legs, required the persuasions of two cowboys to induce him to go back to the ranch, and he was always restless in my presence afterward. I was considerably out of sight behind the tall buildings.

I told H— the story by degrees—I had to account for Hector's scared legs in some way—and he was very good natured about the whole affair. Still, I believe, he did call me a fool, qualified by young and rattle headed and several other adjectives, and tell me that old White Spot could see Hector started to the quarter post any day and then leave him behind the disavowed flag without turning a hair. I never chased any other antelope, but I fancy H— was right.

I was very stiff and sore for several days, but as soon as I could walk again began a determined and persistent campaign against White Spot. Revenge actuated me more than a desire for sport, and no party to an Italian

vendetta ever thrirated more for an enemy's blood than did I for his. But what a campaign it was! Nothing but reverses, Napoleon to Moscow wasn't a circumstance. I tried for him at sunrise and sunset and once by moonlight. At first he was wild, as with the others who had hunted him, but after I had missed him 20 or 30 times he became tamer. One day he gave me a side on shot at what I figured was 200 yards, sighting accordingly. The next day I took H— out to explain how I missed, to be told that the distance was not much under half a mile. So it appeared that my fault in sighting was as much at fault as my aiming. H— and some cowboys went out after him about this time, prompted by report of his growing tameness, but could get no nearer to him than in the past. They teased me not a little on their return by proposing to stalk him next time dressed up in selections from my various hunting rigs.

The next time I went I took Pedro and Manuel, two of the Mexican sheepherders, to act as flagmen. I had read of this method of procedure and was very sanguine of success. The plan started to work beautifully, for I sneaked in closer than ever to old White Spot while he stood thoughtfully regarding Manuel's flag wiggling to and fro. But alas, I had forgotten Pedro and also the fact that my sights were up to 300 yards, and when I fired the bullet clipped off a branch above the latter's head where he was preparing to show his flag from the shelter of a bush on the river bottom. No one would flag for me after that.

Next I planned to shoot White Spot with a revolver from the saddle. When I considered how close I had ridden to him on Hector this seemed easy, particularly as I figured on cutting in below him, forcing him to dash past me as he lay off on his undeviating course down the valley.

My hopes were high as I guided my little cattle pony (I hadn't ridden Hector since our trouble) down the hill and out upon the narrowing stretch of plain. White Spot started as soon as he comprehended the plan, but not until he had a full half mile to my quarter to beat me to the point of rocks that partially closed the end of the valley. I think I never really frightened him before, for he came on at a speed I never expect to see again equaled by creature of flesh and blood. He seemed to be easily beating me the

When I had finished eight or ten painted stakes for each number, making 60 or 70 in all, I selected a sequestered nook among the boulders on the hillside from which I could command the whole stretch of the valley, and measuring carefully with a tape from that point, set out the markers at distances corresponding to the numbers. I laid out the markers on the hillside from which I could command the whole stretch of the valley, and measuring carefully with a tape from that point, set out the markers at distances corresponding to the numbers. I laid out the markers on the hillside from which I could command the whole stretch of the valley, and measuring carefully with a tape from that point, set out the markers at distances corresponding to the numbers. I laid out the markers on the hillside from which I could command the whole stretch of the valley, and measuring carefully with a tape from that point, set out the markers at distances corresponding to the numbers.

and clear, with a transparency known only to great altitudes and very dry regions. It seemed as though I could almost reach out and touch the milk of cottonwoods by the river with my hand. Suddenly I espied old White Spot. He was so near that I had literally overlooked him. I lost no time in throwing my gun to my shoulder and aiming away, but only with the same old result. I had under sighted in spite of the downhill. He ran off a few jumps, wheeled around, saw who it was and went contentedly to grazing. Oh, how I longed for my glass and my markers. But stay! Was not that a mesquite plant he was grazing by? And was not that the only blossoming mesquite in that end of the valley? And had I not located one of the marked stakes right beside that particular blossoming mesquite? Of course I had, and it had borne the number 600; I had made a special note of the fact when I had placed the markers out from the valley. Afterward I learned that his temporary wildness was due to the fact that H— and some of his men had been secretly hunting him in an endeavor to remove the cause of my trouble without my knowing it.

Some more of the cactus spines began working out about this time, and that, on top of the disappointment, sent me to bed for a week with a relapse. In the meantime a cloudburst occurred in the mountains and from my window I saw the markers rear their heads for a while like guide buoys in a rocky channel and then go down with the flood.

That about settled it. I would gladly have poisoned the old rascal, but had not the wits left to devise a means. Weak and discouraged, I decided to return to the coast, and H—, who seemed to think that a change was the best thing for me, did not urge me to stay longer. The day before my intended departure I strolled listlessly out to bring in the half dozen Navajo blankets with which I had made the inside of my hillside "blind" comfortable. The air, winnowed and cleansed by the recent rains, was crisp and cool