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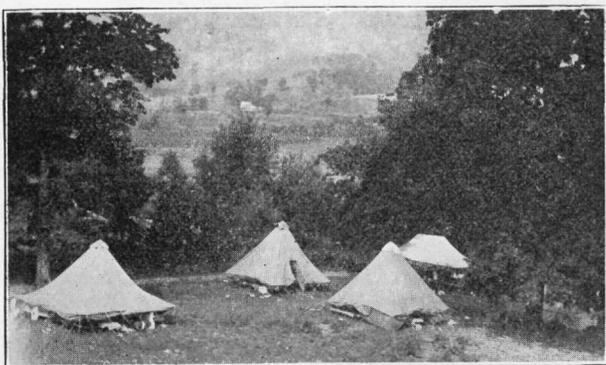
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SUMMER CAMP

By PROF. R. C. SLOANE, C. E. Department

AS the semester draws near its close and the warm lazy days of June creep nearer and nearer, the questions most often heard around Brown Hall are, "Are you going to summer camp this year?" and "Where will camp be located?" Neither of these questions can be answered at this date and I sometimes think that it is just as well they cannot.

What we do know is that we are going somewhere, and about June 12th we will be on our way. There is a certain pleasurable thrill that accompanies the knowledge that we are about to embark on a journey, meet new people and new conditions. In fact, to experience a complete change of environ-



The Second Smoke Hole Camp.

ment and its necessary readjustment. Your tent-mate may be a seasoned veteran of the World War, or he may be a youngster who has never before been beyond the sheltering influence of his own home; nevertheless, after you have bunked with him a month he will always be your pal, or you will have discovered that he does not possess a certain indefinable something by which you measure friendship.

Many of the readers of this article will go to their first camp this year, and for the benefit of the uninitiated, a short description of last year's camp might be appreciated.

The work contracted for consisted of complete surveys and plans for forty miles of road situated in Hampshire, Mineral, Hardy, Grant and Pendleton Counties, West Virginia.

On Friday morning preceding Commencement, a party of thirty-seven students, four instructors and one cook entrained at the Union station bound for Keyser, W. Va. (Professor Shank and three students having tackled the trip in a flivver via the National Pike). We had scarcely pulled out of the Union station when a four-piece orchestra, consisting of violin, banjo, saxophone and a clarinet, seemed to materialize out of thin air, and in the ensuing tryout for the camp quartet, everybody sang but the Professors, who had not entirely lost their dignity yet. Several touching selections were rendered, but "Old Black Joe" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" seemed to rule as favorites. About 11 a. m. we passed through New Concord (the seat of Muskingum College) where many co-eds boarded our train and many more were at the station to wish them Godspeed. The boys made frantic efforts (and I think, partially succeeded) to im-

press them with the size and importance of State. It is also rumored that Parkinson made a date with one of them to be at the station as we came back home.

Our next stop was at Wheeling, where we had a layover of about one hour and fifteen minutes. The boys spent the hour in looking up the restaurant having the most good-looking waitresses, and the fifteen minutes in stowing away enough provender to carry them to Keyser. It is recorded that it was at Wheeling that Swingle and Kehr spoke their first words since leaving Columbus. Snyder invited them out to lunch. Kehr said "Yes" and Swingle said "No."

Red Magley evidently conceived the idea that Keyser was in the mining district, for while in Wheeling he accumulated a pick and a railroad lantern which he faithfully carried to Camp. The only thing he ever discovered that could be dug up in and around Keyser was moonshine, and a pick was hardly a suitable tool.

We arrived at Keyser as per schedule at 2:00 a. m. Saturday morning, and as soon as it was light, began a search for a place to eat, and for tidings of Shank, Greene, Newlin and Boggs, who were supposed to have flivvered ahead of us for the purpose of choosing a camp site and pitching the tents. We found they had camped in the local hotel, having arrived in Keyser about an hour ahead of our party. After breakfast, we purchased lumber, dishes and supplies; loaded our equipment on trucks, and after several breakdowns and delays, landed at our first camp site near Mechanicsburg Gap at 4:00 p. m.

For a ten-dollar bill, we induced an old farmer to turn his hogs out of his orchard and let us in, and in a few minutes many of the boys were receiving their first lesson in pitching camp. The old experienced campers were chiefly concerned in pitching the cook and dining tent, while another gang set up stoves and started the commissary functioning.

Here and there, you could see a newcomer carefully segregating his personal belongings, and piling them under an apple tree. It was easy to see that camping held no romance for him; yet, after supper was served and everything under shelter, there was not a down-hearted soul in camp.

The following day being Sunday, we took a much-needed rest and spent a part of the day exploring the neighboring mountains. One party reported having found a cave inhabited by wild-cats. This cave was located on the mountain side opposite camp, and according to Perry Martter, violent hissing and spitting was in evidence whenever any disturbance occurred near the mouth of the cave. This discussion took place during the evening meal and immediately after supper a committee composed of all the mighty nimrods and big game hunters in camp, was formed to devise ways and means of conducting an attack. Shortly after dark, a storming party led by Marrter and DePuy, and armed with a rifle, shot-gun and Red Magley's lantern, made the assault. The attack failed—due, largely, to lack of bob-cats. They had found a nest of young buzzards.

The following day all instruments were adjusted and parties organized for the work. A field section consisted of ten men and a party chief, distributed as follows: transit party, five men; bench levels and profile, two men; topography and cross-section, three men. The party chief supervised the work and reported progress each day. A party under Professor Burkey stayed at Romney (a town founded by George Washington?)* and worked west on the Northwest Trail to Mechanicsburg Gap. A second party of ten under Mr. Bulger started at Mechanicsburg Gap and completed the survey of the Northwest Trail, a distance of about fourteen miles to New Creek. A third party, under Sanders Frye, started at Moorefield Junction on the Northwest Trail and worked south on the Cumberland and Hot Springs Highway. After all the students had become familiar with the nature of the work, two parties of ten men each were selected and transferred to the Smoke Hole camp under the leadership of Burkey and Frye.

The work here consisted of a twelve-mile section of the Cumberland and Hot Springs Highway located in Grant and Pendleton Counties. This camp was about fifty miles distant from the main camp and the writer made only two visits to the Smoke Hole job; however, if any one is interested in thrilling tales of adventure, he is respectfully referred to Fatty Robins, who is the greatest living authority on the Smoke Hole.

The drafting party was organized under the direction of Professor Shank and the personnel varied as the work progressed. The drafting work consisted in platting alignment, profile and cross-section sheets, special surveys for stream changes and bridge locations, laying of grade lines and balancing cuts and fills.

Both from an educational and financial standpoint, the camp was one of the best the writer has ever attended and he believes that the students who attended this camp share his convictions.

To dispel the idea that this camp was all work and no play, a few of our other activities might be mentioned. Under the able direction of Fatty Robins and Windy Boggs acting as press agents, we achieved quite a reputation in Romney as baseball players. The Romney team promptly challenged us to play. Robins made the excuse that by Saturday noon the players were too tired to walk four miles to Romney. This objection was promptly met by an offer to send out a truck to haul us in. About the middle of the afternoon the truck left for Romney, loaded to the guards with players and rooters. The truck broke down while crossing the river and the boys arrived in Romney just as the umpire called the game on account of darkness. We moved our camp some twelve miles from Romney by the next Saturday, so that we were able to leave West Virginia with our athletic prowess untested and our reputations unimpaired.

The Smoke Hole camp put on a boxing and wrestling show for the edification of the natives, but as the writer was not present, he will again have to refer you to Robins as authority.

Parkinson organized several truck rides into Keyser, but on the last trip became so disgusted with the crowd that he preferred to walk home alone.

Slim Royer endeared himself to the good people

of Keyser by acting as traffic cop on a certain Saturday night.

This account would not be complete without a mention of the old "swimmin' hole." Near Burlington, and about three miles from our last camp, a swimming hole famous for miles around was located. On Sundays large crowds of girls and boys came out from Keyser and adjoining towns, and lucky was the boy in camp who owned a bathing suit.

Rannels, Martter, Robins, Fitzer and a few others built a "swimmin' hole" near camp, but we finished our work and moved away before they had diverted any large portion of the crowd from the Burlington hole.

The trip home was uneventful for two reasons. First, a large part of the energy and high spirits evident going over had been dissipated in hard work. Second, they knew where they were going: going home to the events of everyday life, back to old familiar scenes, to see familiar faces and renew old friendships.

So the crowd was quiet. The camp of 1921 was history. To be lived over in retrospect to be sure, but never again to be so fresh and vivid as the actual experience.

*All small towns in West Virginia having no other claims to greatness were founded by George Washington.