

Songs
Off for Willow Camp. p. 15
Hot Time at Camp
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Mt Tamalpais - May 12.13, 1900.





























Preliminary Trip to Willow Camp - May 20,1900.















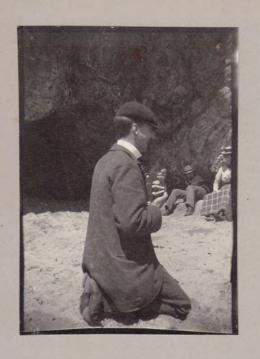








Bear Valley - May 30, 1900.



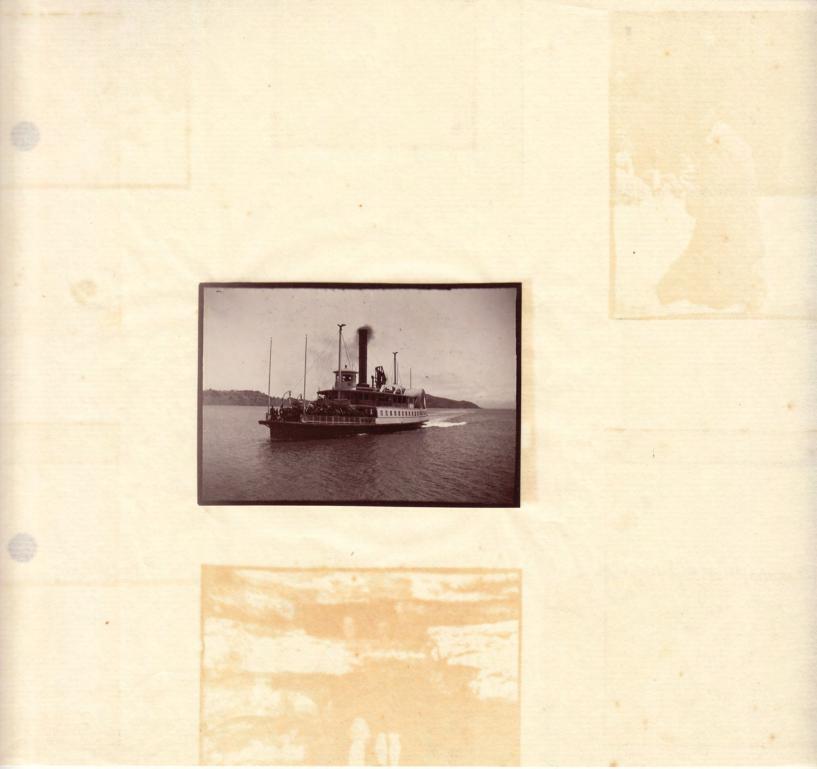


































Willow Camp Trip.

July 7-18, 1900.



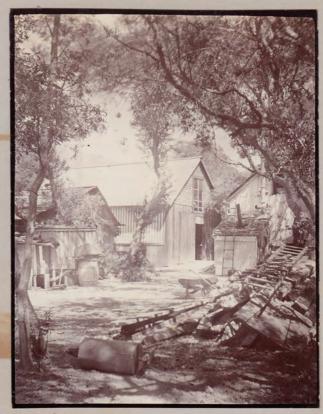




Ross Station - just before the start.



Hotel through the arbon View from near "Ring Game"



Willow Camp Hotel



















































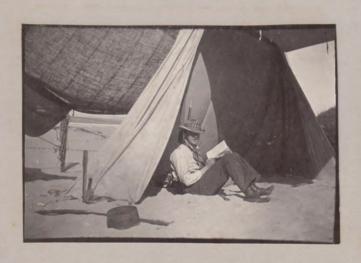






























OFF FOR WILLOW CAMP.

1.

Whoop Hooray! Bolinas Bay! Ho for Willow Camp!
We will reach the ocean beach in the morning cool and damp;
Then by gosh, we will wash in the waves and the ocan spray,
And bask on the sand in the sunshine for our glorious holiday.

CHORUS.

Oh! blankets, pots, and pans, and things that are good to eat,
Leggins on your legs and brogans on your feet,
Bandannas round your necks, each jolly wand'ring tramp
Will make for the sands of the sea-shore, oh, we're off for Willow Camp.

2.

Think we could steal Easkoot's wood? well I kinder smile.

Prince of Wales and sporty males aint in our class for style.

We will splurge in the ocean surge where you dont need a pocket-book,

If you dont believe us we will show you when we get our pictures took.

CHORUS:-

....000....

HOT TIME AT CAMP.

l.

Come along and get you ready in your worst old ragged gown
And pack your grub and blankets and skeedaddle out of town
Where there aint no fun for no one— only bosses school and work
Where you has to mind your P's and Q's and stand around and smirk;
So I tell you come and rough it by the Blue Bolinas Bay,
You can cook and wash the dishes, you can swim and dance and play,
For there's goin' to be a hot time on the good old ocean beach
When you leave your frills behind you and you jump around and screech:—

CHORUS.

Dear, oh dear! although the stars may fall Oh, I'll stay here, I'll stay for good and all I'll have a hot time forever at Camp! 2.

There'll be camp-fires in the moonlight, and we'll sing the good old songs,

And we'll transplant Easkoot's wood-pile from thr place where it belongs There'll be swimmin' in the breakers and san baths in the sand, And we'll go to see the Farallones, clear out of sight of land; There'll be climbin' in the gulches and loads of grub to eat, And we'll all be a yellin' and a kickin up our feet:-

CHORUS.

Dear, oh dear! although the stars may fall Oh, I'll stay here, I'll stay for good and all, I'll have a hot time forever at Camp.

Written just hefore following year's trip.























































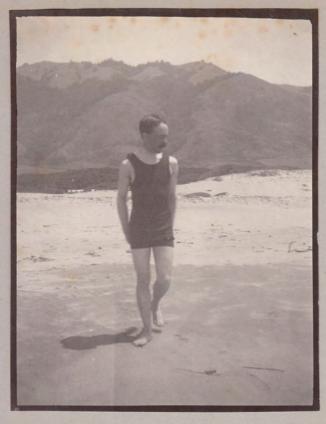
























































LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE. (FARALLONE TRIP)

Oh this is a tale of some folks I knew, you too, you too, who were wild to go and take a view
Of some Islands out in the ocean blue, Hooroo! Hooroo!
Oh listen to my tale of woe.

2.

Then out in the morning mists and dew they flew, they flew, they flew to a little green schooner built for two with a gasoline engine hid from view, Choo-choo! Choo-choo! Oh listen to my tale of woe.

3.

Then out from their pocket-books they drew, they drew, they drew Spondulicks bright of a silver hue, All their spare cash these revelers blew, they blew, they blew, Oh listen to my tale of woe.

4.

Then out on the waves of the ocean blue, that grew, and grew, and grew, And hid the land from their sorrowful view
They sailed in this wash-tub stanch and true, Traloo! Traloo!
Oh listen to my tale of woe.

5.

Then on their faces a pallor grew anew, anew,
That had'nt been there for a week or two
And their toes turned up to the heavenly blue, Uh hoo, Uh hoo,
Oh listen to my tale of woe.

6.

Then close to the rail they silently drew, they drew, they drew, They admired the fish and the maritime view

And the words they spoke were uncommonly few, Umm Ooo! Umm Ooo!

Oh listen to my tale of woe.

7.

Oh Artie J. and his sister Sue, them two, them two Were awfully sick and Amy too Neither she nor Tot knew what to do, to do, to do, Oh listen to my tale of woe.

Oh Beatrice May lay in full view of you, and you, and you, And every one else of that sea-sick crew,
Her conscience dead and her hair askew, that's true, that's true,
Oh listen to my tale of woe.

9.

Oh Daddy Ay turned perfectly blue, Rob too, Rob too, Then a soft pea-green on her countenance grew And Ralph for got all the prayers he knew, he knew, he knew, Oh listen to my tale of wot.

10.

Only Jim and the twins unscathed pulled through, pulled through, On Samis bald spot of lobster hue, Shoo-shoo! Shoo-shoo! Flies marched unheeded two by two, Shoo-shoo! Shoo-shoo! Oh listen to my tale of woe.

11,

Oh Orey Short and Harold too, Loo-loo, Loo-loo,
They held their breaths and they thunk a few
When there were no fish at the rail to view, to view,
Oh listen to my tale of woe.

12.

But the saddest song that I sing to you, to you, to you, Is of Wyrum Inn and Irving too,
Who did'nt get sick till home they drew, Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!
Oh listen to my tale of woe.

But safe on the shore where the soft winds blew, winds blew, winds blew Stayed the Chaperones and a certain two Who had heard of the ways of the ocean blue, (wise two, wise two) Oh Ithispisonoy tale of woe.

14.

And they feasted on corn-starch and stew, and stew, and stew, Preserves and greasy bacon too
And chocolate hot of the strongest brew, brew, brew, Oh lthis is noy tale of woe.

15.

And now for the moral I preach to you, to you, to you, Dont navigate on the ocean blue When you can feast at home on stew, Adieu! Adieu! Oh listen to my tale of woe.









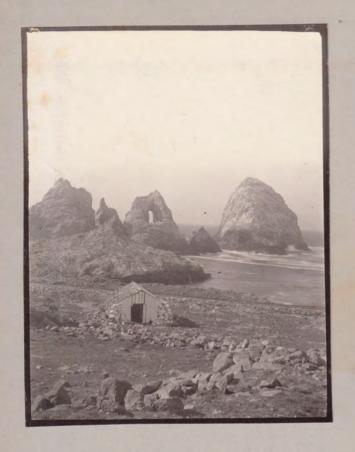
























































































Between Wilkins' and the summit .

ON BLUE BOLINAS BAY.

A Letter From One of the Camps Near the Sea Shore.

The following is a letter written at Bolinas by one of a camping party from San Rafael who spent several days at that popular resort, and among other pleasures enjoyed a trip to the Farallones. A meagre report of the trip was given in one of the local papers last week but the names of but few of those who participated were mentioned.

ON THE BLUE BOLINAS BAY,

July 15, 1900.

"At last the promised hour has come" and almost gone, for our vacation draws to a close. Every moment of the time since we left Ross at seven last Saturday has een thoroughly delightful. The walk through Ross Valley, up the Fish grade and over the Water Co's property to the foot of Bolinas ridge. taken in that cool hour between sun set and moon rise cannot be equaled for quiet beauty and serene enjoyment. Then there is the making of camp, with the odor of coffee in the land and the crackle of the fire, and the brook flowing cheerfully by. Sleep is semi-induced with a blanket and a strong determination. The blanket generally wont stay on and the determination rolls off with it and you end in sitting around the embers of the fire where you are joined sooner or later by the most of the party and wait for breakfast.

The walk over from the foot of the Ridge to Bolinas Bay is rather hard but one is amply repaid by the delicious freshness of the air and the queer fog effects on the summit, where the sun and the mists coquette. It is just a week ago today since we took that

delightful walk and yet Ross station seems miles and months away. We have seen no one, we don't want to see anyone. We are enjoying the delights of isolation. Not a soul has come near our camp, tucked away as it is, and but for the camp fires on Bolinas Beach across the bay, which one sees at night, we would not know anyone else existed.

What do we do? Eat, sleep and BATHE. Othese breakers! To eat; to sleep two hours, while some kind hearted person reads, presumably to keep the mosquitos off; to take a bath, to sleep again, if you are not on the cooking squad, (and maybe if you are) and finally to sit around the camp fire, with the moon sailing through the heavens and some one to sing. If you want more, why go somewhere else, but this with a jolly crowd is unmitigated enjoyment. And our crowd is jolly. We have Mr. and Mrs. Harlan, George Harlan, Addie Day, Lillian Moss, Myra Winn, Arthur and Susie Jordan, Orey Short, Jack Raymond, and Ralph Daniels, Mrs. Furlong, Amy, Irving, Robert and Hartley Furlong, James and Helen Wilkins and Beatrice and Harold Clifford. Thursday we went for a ride, a trip to the Farallone Islands; concerning which the less said the better. I have heard that the trip was thoroughly enjoyable, "A life on the Ocean Wave," you know. Personally I prefer "Land Ho!" but do not consider myself a competent Judge in the matter for like the most of the party and not unlike our sister Republics of South America I was principally concerned in quelling internal disturbances, revolutions, emigration and so forth.

Kind regards to everyone. The sun has crept around and shines on my paper. I cannot see to write and it is really too much trouble to move.

Faithfully yours,

S. H. B.











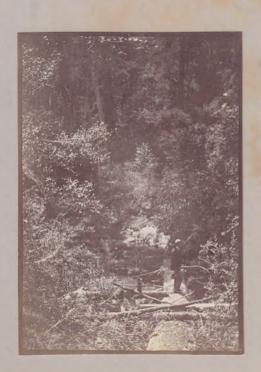
















Preliminary Trip to Camp Ground in the Lagunitas _ Aug. 26, 1900.









Tennessee Beach _ Sept. 3, 1900.















Camp in the Lagunitus - Sept. 8-10, 1900.

Dear Louise

Written and Composed by RAYMON MOORE.

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Oh do you still remember dear Louise,

When we together played beneath the trees,
That cast changing shadows o'er

The old schoolhouse door,

Where as boy and girl we learned our A B C's,

Those were happy days for you and me Louise,
Catching butterflies or chased by honey bees.

And do you recall the day

When I said in boyish way,
I would love you, yes always my Dear Louise.

CHORUS.

Dear Louise, the summer breeze,

My story whispers to the waving trees.

I love you so, where'er you go,

My heart will follow you, my Dear Louise.

Oh tell me if you will my Dear Louise,

With your sweet love my poor hearts aching ease,
All your troubles I will share

Every danger for you dare,
For you so fondly care my Dear Louise.

Each night thro' all these weary years Louise,
In earnest prayer upon my bended knees,
I have asked the Lord above
To shield my gentle dove,
And so bless me with your love my Dear Louise.

"If, as you wonder where of old we met,

You hear a voice amid the sleeping flowers,

It is my heart that cannot e'er forget those hours with thee, those golden hours.

"Bend, if you will and kiss the flowers for me,

Speak for the love of yester-year,
A love, through all these lonely days
to be,

My heart will hear, my heart will hear."









































































































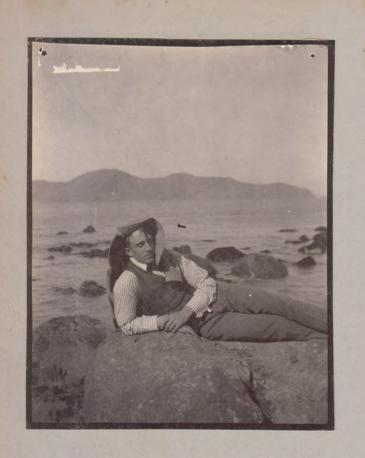
At Mason's Camp







Land's End_Oct. 7, 1900.















Flash Light
Mrs Van Kirk's Oct. 6, 1900.











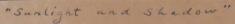




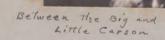


Through the Lagunitas - Oct. 14, 1900.





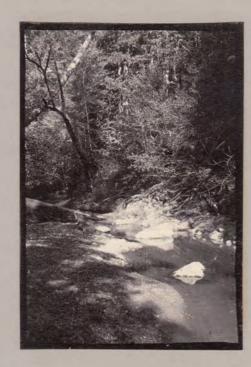














Near The Little Carson



About 2 miles below mason's camp











Rock Quarry-San Rafael - Oct. 28, 1900.



























Pacheco __ Dec, 30, 1900.

























pacheco (continued)



View Fromince pieration Point Jons, 1901.













Trip to Wilkins' _ Jan 5th - 7th, 1901.



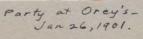




Masquerade and Christmas Tree - Jan 12, 1901.

















Wolf's Hill - Jan 27, 1901













Iron Spring - Feb. 22, 1901.

















































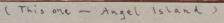


Foot of Fish Grade - Mar 29'01

































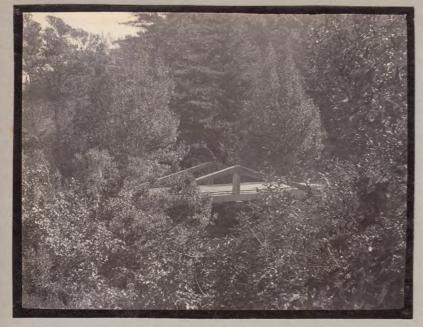








Wildwood Glen - Mar. 31, 1901.













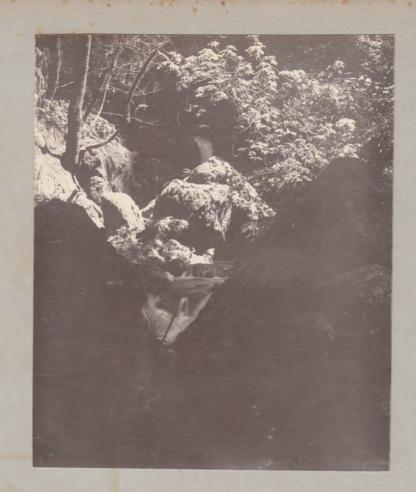




Cascade Creek, Rock Spring and Mill Valley - May 4, 1901.

















































Fern Forest - May 19,



















Bear Valley - May 30, 1901.



































Stinson Ridge



The" Short-cut"



















Willow Camp - July 6 to 21, '01.



















































































