

Nymph-Hunting at Chimney Rock

A Day of Exciting Sport in a Carolina Fairyland.

(By Private Richard E. Connell, Company A, 102d M. P.)

Of all outdoor sports, nymph-hunting is perhaps the most fascinating. No game is rarer, shyer, fleetier, and few indeed are the regions where nymphs are now found, for along with pixies, trolls, fays, and satyrs they are rapidly becoming extinct. However, Dr. Morse assured us that an occasional nymph is sighted, flitting through the dogwood groves of his estate, Chimney Rock, so Hugh and I, arming ourselves with our trusty Graflex (the only weapon for nymph-hunting), set forth one fair Saturday on a nymph-hunting expedition.

Dr. Morse met us when we got off the Southern train at Hendersonville. It was an ideal day for nymph-hunting, a day which justified the poet's verse about Carolina having laughter in her sunshine. An expedition of veteran nymph-hunters was waiting in a motor-car, armed with kodaks and a very large basket, which Hugh, a novice at the sport, thought was for keeping the nymph in, but which subsequently developed to be the lunch basket. The party included Mr. Bland, president of the Hendersonville Board of Trade, Mr. Ewbank, Mr. Latham, Dr. Morse, Hugh and me.

Ploughing With Flies.

We whirred away over good roads toward Hickory Nut Gap, winding about wooded hills. Sometimes we saw a patch of ploughed land on the side of a steep mountain, which looked almost perpendicular.

Mr. Ewbank said that the plough was drawn by huge flies, indigenous to that region, as a fly was the only animal that could stick to the landscape. We didn't see any of the flies, but we had no doubt that they exist. It is a country of wonders.

We passed the very spot where, if you pour a bucket of water on one side of a line that water will eventually reach the Mississippi, while if you pour it just the other side of the line it will reach the Atlantic ocean. We could not perform this interesting ceremony as we had brought no water.

The Gods Play Duck on the Rock.

And then we arrived at Chimney Rock. Chimney Rock has been called by travelers the most charming bit of scenery in America. The gods were playing duck on the rock, it seems, and they had just perched this huge boulder on the top of a mountain and were tossing rocks, big as houses at it, when the dawn of our prosaic age ended their sport, and left the boulder there, and about it the huge rocks. Like a finger of stone pointing toward the sky, it sticks out, more than two hundred feet, dominating a green valley through which Broad river wanders.

One reaches it by winding roads which Dr. Morse has had built around and around



Chimney Rock Itself.

the mountain. The ascent is gradual, and Mr. Bland's big car made it without a wheeze.

The top of Chimney Rock is reached by paths cut in the rock and by a stairway. From the top of it one can see miles. Hugh distinctly saw a girl in Hartford, Conn.

Falling Into Kentucky.

If you fell from it, you'd probably land in Louisville, Kentucky. But you aren't apt to fall for there is a heavy rail about the pinnacle. Of course the air is wonderful. You seem on top of the world, breathing not ordinary atmosphere but the sort of ether on which nymphs thrive.

We were drinking in the scene and filling our lungs with the air, when Mr. Latham, whose eye had been sweeping the landscape in the direction of the High Falls, suddenly shouted, "There's one—now."

A Nymph is Sighted.

He meant a nymph. We revolved like so many whirling dervishes, but too late.

"Shucks," said Mr. Latham. "Missed her. She jumped behind that rock." He sadly turned his camera to the next number.

Led by the intrepid Dr. Morse we started for the spot, although it looked as if only a fly could reach it. We went along the Apian Way, a trail cut in the face of the great mountain, our cameras at the ready.

Clinging to the mountain we edged along. A thousand feet below the Broad river churned and gushed among the giant's marbles.

A Nymph at Bay!

Suddenly came a sharp bend in the trail, and as we turned it—there—in the golden

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