

# THE Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

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## THE STONY MAN CAMP BUGLE CALL.

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Stony Man Camp.

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G. FIFERMAN POLLOCK,  
Editor, Skyland, Page Co., Va.

JUNE 6, 1898.

It is hard to believe the reports we hear from the city of the thermometers registering over 100 in the shade, as we heard in letters from three different parties last night, for, as I sit here now in my tent door watching the mist roll in masses through the Camp, and hear the drops on my tent from the moisture formed on the trees, that one would think was ruin except for its irregularity, I am dressed in my winter clothes and am wrapped in a cloak, a fur-lined circular, and a carriage robe! I would be welcome at any of the cabins where a fire is burning in the open fire-place, but altho' that is cosy and homelike, I prefer to be a nature fiend, up here, and I'm sure no one in Camp is warmer than I am now.

A dear little "chippie," as we call the chip munks, just ran up to my front step as if to greet me; I guess he knew I was near-sighted! so he stayed a long time that I might get a good look at him.

I just want to say a little about the "wind" at Stony Man. To my mind it is one of the interesting features. All "trampers" who have been to Crescent Rock know that that is the place to go to hear the wind. On the stillest, warmest days one can go there, and sitting or lying on the rocks overlooking the great, deep canon, can hear the roar of the wind. One night lately the wind had blown considerably and in the morning I suggested going to Crescent Rock, because if the sound of the wind there is always startling, what would it be on a really windy day? So we started. The sun was very warm

as we crossed the denuding and field expanse beyond Parks', but the breeze helped us along. When we came to the woody steeps on the mountain that we cross, the sound in the swaying trees told us that a treat was in store, and it was a treat that nearly took our breath away as we ascended the final rock on hands and knees, for we were unable to stand against the blast. Of all the wonderful sounds in nature this, it seemed to me, was the greatest. There is something "awe-fall" about the mighty wind that makes a human being seem very small. The sound would begin on the lowest keys and would gradually rise and get higher and higher until it came to a climax with a powerful rush, and we had to hold on, not only to our hats and clothes, but also to ourselves, it seemed. We realized how easy it would be for the wind to just take us along with it. Before each climax my heart would beat fast, and I'd collect myself and prepare as one would when they expect something awful to happen. It proved to be too much for two of the party, who decided to pick fir balsam a few rods away, but, leaving my hat in the bushes behind, I found a safe nook in the rocks, and there I listened to the wonderful music of nature and watched the Valley in the distance, and the great towering Hawkbill mountains at the left, over which the shadows of soft, white clouds were passing in swift succession. I was reminded of the eighth Psalm, where it tells how God's glory is magnified by His works.

On the way home we made our usual call at Parks'. One member of our party thought that was the most enjoyable part of the trip. It is very interesting to study these mountaineers. Their ideas differ from ours in many ways. We arrived here just in time for dinner, which tasted especially good, for we were rather tired, this being the first real tramp we'd taken.

Well, the wind increased all

day, and just before supper a storm came up, and we all closed our tents and cabins and congregated at the Dining Hall, where we discussed the possibilities and probabilities of the Camp having its location changed by the wind. It proved however to be one of these accommodating storms that makes you hold your breath for a few minutes, and then it is all over. We were relieved after supper to find that our dwelling places were still on terra firma. Only three campers dared to view the sunset from the Cliff that evening, for after the storm clouds had passed the wind came up over the Cliff with such tremendous force that one could hardly keep their footing on the rocks. It was as though we were having a wrestling match with the wind. And as for the sunset itself,—only those who have seen a sunset here after a thunder-storm can imagine the glory.

To have rain in the city is sometimes gloomy, but we do not mind rain and storms up here, because we know that in the end a special treat awaits us.

Last year my stay here was from September ninth to October third. That is the time to come for the changing foliage and the gorgeous, brilliant sunsets, but now is the time when, except occasionally, the breezes are gentle. It seems to me it never sighed so softly and sweetly as it does in these early summer days, and as I sit for a time every day under my favorite tree and listen to it, it sounds like the changing course of a flowing stream, and fills me with peace.

I wish every one might come here, for a time, where they can study, love and enjoy wonderful, beautiful nature. W. P.

William Grigsby and his brother reached Camp July 6th. William is our head waiter, and is a very bright "boy." For four years he has held this position, and as an "all-around" man he is hard to beat. He is an accomplished violin player, has a fine tenor voice, and blows the bugle for breakfast, dinner, etc. Altogether, William is quite a fixture at Camp.

## A Night on Stony Man Peak.

The idea of seeing a sunset and sunrise from Stony Man Peak, all in the same trip, was a brain throb of our "Mascot," and in less time than it takes to write it, blankets, supper, etc., were transported as if by magic to the peak, and the party of six found themselves snugly encased in a sheltered corner, leaning upon the gorgeous sunset before them. When "twilight had dropped her curtain and pinned it with a star," the glare of lanterns lighted the surrounding peaks, which seemed to close in around us, and threw out in bold relief the figure of our Little Chief in his picturesque costume, who awoke the echoes with his bugle. We then grouped ourselves around the fire, listening to his tales and songs, until an out-cry from one of the party announced the rising moon. The view, at all times superb, was transformed into a wonderland of weird beauty by its silvery touch, and while we sat entranced, our provident host placed upon the glowing coals a cauldron, in which he prepared a Mexican dish, unknown to any of the party—Hot Tamale. Then from his well-filled hamper came forth a substantial supper from which,—*mirabilia dictu*, not the smallest detail was omitted, and to which were added olives, pickles, cake, and delicious cherries.

An hour later, in order to get a little sleep that we might enjoy the sunrise, we each, with our blanket and a pillow of leaves gathered by our ever-thoughtful host, selected as comfortable a niche as possible on the jagged mountain cliff, and made pretext of napping,—but promptly the brilliancy (?) of the party began to scintillate, and wit(?) flowed freely until we were in despair of catching even forty winks. Suddenly, from an uncomfortably sharp crag, there came a noise strongly resembling the unromantic sound of snoring, notwithstanding the young man occupying this enviable (?) position, protested to the last he had not been able to sleep a wink! However, after many protestations from all sides, we succeeded in settling down in earnest, and all seemed peacefully sleeping except one of the ladies, who saw a dark object moving at a little distance; closer and closer it came, until in the weird light of the waning moon it assumed the outline and proportion of a bear.

Not trusting her own eyes, she aroused the girl nearest her who corroborated her impression, where upon she promptly awoke the sleeping Chief, who, quickly rising with hand on his revolver, discovered—only a restless member of the party in search of a soft rock, trailing a blanket and carrying the pillow of leaves, the combination of which had assumed the alarming form of a large Bruin. After the laugh, quiet reigned for an hour. The night was one of supreme beauty. A breeze, so stiff that a blanket held outspread in the hands fluttered like paper, blew from the south, dispelling every particle of moisture, and yet so mild that none experienced a sensation of chill, most unusual at this great altitude—1,000 feet.

Four o'clock found us on our way to *Eva's Peak*, over a rugged path which, in the uncertain light, would have been impassible without our guide. Perched on the highest point, we gazed in awed silence upon the amphitheater of mountains and valley before us, touched with a crown of golden glory. A scene which must be witnessed to be appreciated.

All agreed that a more perfect expedition had never been planned and to the members of the party it will ever remain one of the most memorable nights of their lives.

BY AN OLD CAMPER—J. E. M.

On a plateau in the mountains  
Far above the zone of heat,  
With alpine winds and cooling fountains  
Stony Man invited retreat!

The air upon this mountain height  
Is pure as is Eternal Truth;  
Its waters clear as those which flowed  
From Pagan de Leon's Fount of Youth.

Then rest ye stout, or seek ye rest,  
Or only better'd health to gain,  
If all respects the Camp's fire heat—  
Drowsy ones! you're sure to come again.

The first dance of the season was given by Mrs. Sprague and the Misses Evans at Cliff Cabin on Saturday night, July 9th. Between the times when the guests were dancing, they were entertained by the "Writers Quartette." Among the most affective songs rendered were "Bile Olo Possum" and "Hear Dem Bells." Emmett Weekly, in his cow-boy costume, danced some "Tuckahoe Jigs" to the inspiring strains of "Ole Dan Tucker" and "Little Brown Jug." After the dancing and music were over, "Fudge Caramels" were passed around, and certainly finer caramels "never grew."

## PENCILGRAPHS.

Be sure and send your subscription to the *BEAGLE CALL* in advance. We need your help and support to carry on this work. A limited number of back numbers can be furnished to new subscribers who wish to complete their files.

On Friday night, July 8th, a party of six—Mrs. Sprague, the Misses Evans, Mr. Mason, Capt. Daly, and G. Freeman Pollock spent the night on Stony Man Peak. The night was fine, and an excellent opportunity was given to see the sunset, moonrise and sunrise. An interesting account of the trip will be found in another column.

Ice cream was served here for the first time on Thursday evening at supper. The ice was brought up from Luray, and it is needless to say that ice cream will be on our bill of fare at least once a week hereafter. Nancy Spinner, the head cook, has had considerable experience as a hotel cook and has been in hotel work both in Washington and at other resorts. Nancy certainly can make fine ice cream.

On Sunday morning, bright and early, we were surprised at the breakfast table by the appearance of Mr. C. T. Daly, the Washington correspondent of *THE BEAGLE CALL*. Mr. Daly left Washington on the train which leaves the B. & O. Station at 10:45 P. M., and was with us in Camp eight hours later. This we consider pretty good time. Mr. Daly spent several weeks here last year, and was so unfortunate as to see very few pleasant days during his stay. This time he arrived on a beautiful, clear day,—and, wonderful to relate, scarcely had he been here twenty-four hours before it began to grow cloudy, and on Monday afternoon the long spell of dry weather was broken by a heavy thunder storm. Mr. Daly, we consider to be our professional rain-maker,—and we will send for him when next we need rain for the garden. However, after having rained for three days, it has cleared off beautifully, and the prospect is for fine weather during the balance of his stay in Camp.

## BUGLE NOTES.

Think that I hear a bugle sounding out,  
And see a camp within a forest tale,  
White smoke of tents and the green hills a set.

One of the interesting features of our daily life in Stony Man Camp is the blowing of the bugle, and its sounds are most attractive when Nelson blows it at meal times. He is not a professional musician, but he blows well enough to call us to meals. We never have any doubts on the subject. Sometimes Nelson steals away, below the hill to practice. Then weird, unearthly sounds float upward, and the timid maiden camper asks apprehensively if wildcats are ever seen in this part of the country, and ties her tent-flap very securely at bedtime. When questioned as to the cause for such musical gymnastics, Nelson responded, "I don't know, sah. Think I mus' er los' my attachment, sah, yes, sah," with which lucid explanation we must be content.

The lazy camper verifies the morning call, "I can't get 'em up," by not appearing till after second call, while the athletic camper who is always hungry enough to "eat nails" hurriedly jumps into his tugs and rushes to the scene of action. He finds the dogs are ahead of him, enjoying the music—at least, we suppose they are, having never really found out. But the tones seem to strike a chord in the canine breast that requires instant expression. Each has a characteristic manner.—Shoppie with her short yelps, and Ring with his blood-curdling wail, add to the excitement, while little Leo sits up straight and gazes sharply into the mouth of the bugle as if something was going to drop and it behooved him to be on hand to catch it!

The scene changes: The campers are getting ready for one of their long tramps to White Oak Canyon. All is bustle and activity as the packs are tied up and portioned out to the mountaineers who are to carry them. The happy laughing crowd finally starts to the music of the bugle, and now and then there comes back to us long echoing notes growing fainter and fainter in the distance. The bugle serves much the same purpose in mountain climbing that the drum and fife do in martial times, keeping up the pace set by the "little chief" and spurring on the laggards. Or perhaps the time has come for us to leave the scenes

we have so enjoyed.—Furnace Spring with its ice-cold, sparkling water, where the sweetest violets grow; the flower-decked breezy "Plain;" the "Cliff," with its gorgeous sunset views, and Stony Man Peak rearing its storm-swept head and dominating all—and turn reluctant faces homeward. Then the plaintive notes of "taps" as only William can give them, fall on the ear with penetrating sweetness, and linger in the heart, long after the echoes have died away from the surrounding hills.

E. R. B.

### An Impression.

As there is a breathing spell after supper and before the lamps are lit, which like enormous glow-worms light my way through the many serpentine walks that abound here, I wander toward the Cliff seemingly drawn by some irresistible power. It might be by the magnetism of the opposite sex,—again it might be to behold a "Stony Man sunset," which is enough to say for those who have been so fortunate as to view one, and still again it might be to enjoy a quiet smoke and muse awhile on the disadvantages of single blessedness.

At the very top of the Cliff is a huge settee hewn by nature from the solid rock, and as this is the best point of vantage from which to view the magnificent scene before me, here I settle myself, and lighting my pipe, in silence watch the blue gray smoke mingle with the mist and float lazily toward the Valley below.

The vast Valley of the Shenandoah—4,000 feet below—stretches for miles and miles before me until it is lost in the Massanutten mountain, which rises tier upon tier like the seats of a mighty amphitheatre, showing the big North and Alleghany mountains in the dim distance, and making the Valley in comparison as smooth as the sands of the arena.

The sun has just sunk to rest behind the last range, and the Valley is enveloped in a royal purple haze, while the heavens above are tinged with a roddy gold. On my left, beginning with the foothills in the Valley and gradually increasing in size, rises another range until it reaches the magnificent Bushy Top, which seems as an enormous pillar supporting the canopy above. In the

gathering gloom it requires no stretch of the imagination to believe you are living in the days of the Roman Emperors.

What with the Valley below, the several ranges of mountains rising tier upon tier and completely encircling it, the crescent of cliffs at your feet covered with awaying pines like myriads of flags fluttering in the breeze, and the rich golden cloud canopy above go to make an amphitheatre which for its massive greatness the Romans could not hope to imitate.

Hark! What is that shrill shriek but faintly borne to me; it causes the blood to chill at the thought that it is the despairing cry of some departing soul from the arena below. And that rumble and roar—is it the answering shout of the populace? It is but the whistle of the locomotive and the rumble of the train, as, like some huge serpent it drags its tortuous length over the sands beneath, on its way to Luray. My loneliness begins to pall upon me, and realizing it is not well for man to be in this condition a resolution springs up within me to ask Miss \* \* \* when I am suddenly awakened from my reverie by a peal of silvery laughter which comes tingling up the Cliff from a ledge of rocks way beneath me. I spring up and drop my pipe which goes clattering down the rocks into the canon below. It is difficult to tell which is the more frightened, the couple beneath, or the little hare at my feet that goes skurrying through the underbrush near by. I give a startled look around, a last glance at the panorama before me and not caring to play a listening part in one of life's little comedies, draw my cloak closer around me, and silently steal away.

On Thursday morning, July 7th, we were much pleased to greet Mrs. E. S. Sprague, Miss Isabel P. Evans, Miss Kate Evans, and S. Buant Mason, all of Baltimore. They are occupying Mr. Motzear's cozy cabin situated on The Cliff.

Miss M. E. Kent and Miss Kent who expected to reach Camp on July 1st, were prevented by sickness from leaving the city. They have been forced to give up the trip, as Miss Kent will be unable to stand the journey.

Mrs. F. M. Merrill and her sister, Miss Merrill, have a room in Cliff Cabin for seven weeks from July 25th.

## PENCILAGRAPHS.

The rain on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 4th, 5th and 6th, has done a wonderful work in our garden. Everything looks green again, and all the vegetables have taken a new start. We had "Prosperity" peas for dinner on Wednesday last. Charles Sours, Jim Hurt and Tiny Nichols are working as gardeners this season. Emmett Weekly is an "all around" handy man in Camp, and supplies the Camp with fire-wood, does the dairy work, unloads trucks, etc., as he has done in past years.

Our mail route opened for business July 1st. The mails are still very light for Skyland, but none the less important. The first day's mail carried out 200 copies of the first issue of THE BUGLE CALL. Sam W. Sours is carrying the mail again this year. He looks very picturesque in his corduroy suit, trimmed with fringed lanther.

Miss Virginia Minor and Mrs. Frederick J. Marble reached Camp Sunday morning, July 10th, in time for dinner. The morning was a most auspicious one for driving up the mountain, as it was cold and clear, the thermometer registering 55 at 7 A. M.

On Tuesday, July 5th, Miss Susan P. Pollock and Miss Mabel Haywood left Camp to attend the great convention of school teachers at Washington, D. C. They were sorry to leave Camp, and may possibly return in September.

A party of Campers will leave Skyland for a two days expedition in White Oak Canyon, on Monday, July 11th. A full account of the trip will appear in our next issue.

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