THE

Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

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BUGLE NOTES.

[The following articles were prepared for the first issue of the BUGLE CALL, but they were unavoidably left out.—PUB.]

Our curiosity has been aroused for the past week by a rumor circulating round Camp that Mrs. Boyd was at work upon two "first prizes" for Mr. Pollock's next progressive euchre party. What are these prizes? and when is the party to be? were the questions uppermost in our minds. At last the evening came and Mrs. Sprague was the fortunate winner of the ladies' first prize, while for the gentleman's Seymour Craigin and Paul Jameson scored evenly, the latter being finally successful. These prizes consisted of beautiful boxes, made from the natural moss covered birch bark, lined with pink satin, a very dainty combination, —one for handkerchiefs and the other for neck ties. The second prizes and booby were provided by Mr. A. G. Heaton, and were won by Miss Margaret Merillat, Mr. Seymour Craigin, and Miss Ada Townsend, who is considered very lucky in carrying off the booby.

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Among the guests we have had the pleasure of greeting this week are Mrs. Jas. L. Murphy, of Washington, D. C., Rev. and Mrs. Clarence Eberman, of Lancaster, Pa., Prof. Chas. Black, of Wilbraham, Mass., Mr. Robert Black, of Nashville, Tenn., and Miss Bond, of Washington. Prof. Black's arrival even at this late date, (Aug. 6th) is a timely one, inasmuch as he has saved the veracity of some of the old campers who talked of him and promised his appearance from day to day, all season, until many who are spending their first season here were just beginning to believe him a myth. Better late than never!

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At last the much-talked-of trip to White Oak Canon has been made, and it turned out to be the most eventful one ever started from Camp. The first incident, before even the start was made, was a "strike" by the baggage carriers which caused the whole crew of them to be ordered off the grounds by the "Little Chief." This resulted in a series of exciting incidents, which were followed by a terrific thunderstorm and cloudburst just as the party reached the camping ground, which lasted six hours. A cave was found in which the little group took refuge, built a fire and remained during the night, while the great bulk of water, some hooted by the flames, some icy cold, raged and leaped from gorge to gorge and over precipices and around them—the whole forming a scene which beggars description, and one that probably will never be witnessed again. This fortunate little band of seven consisted of Mrs. Sprague, Miss Frances Wyatt, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Kate Evans, Miss Nila Pollock, Mr. Pollock and one other gentleman. A full description of this exceptional trip will be given in subsequent columns of THE BUGLE CALL.

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The ladies of "Cliff Cabin" gave an impromptu dance on the evening of their return from White Oak. When supposed to be making up lost sleep, they were flying round issuing invitations and in half an hour all the young people had collected. Jesse and Nelson were furnishing music for the old-fashioned square dances, the two-step and the waltz. As William was not present Miss Kate Evans called the figures and certainly is to be congratulated on her success.

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Wednesday afternoon, Mr. A. G. Heaton left here for a short visit to Philadelphia, and expects to return on or before Aug. 15th, and bring two of his sons and possibly some other guests with him. Mr. Heaton enters so heartily into the Camp life that his absence even for a day is quite noticeable. The euchre party of Tuesday evening was given several days in advance of the date fixed, in honor of Mr. Heaton's departure.

"A List of Tramps Which May be Conventiently Taken From Stony Man Camp."

The first and easiest walk from Camp is to the summit of this mountain, where there are three distinct peaks from each of which may be had different views of the surrounding country, and should all be visited. Just back of the summit or "Peak" is Eva's Cliff which is the objective point for all sunrise parties. The walk to the Peak may be taken in about twenty minutes, being not over one half a mile. Points of interest around the Peak are Stony Man Copper Mine, Glen Beulah, the Jumping-Off Cliff and Moses's Rest. A mile beyond Stony Man is Little Stony Man, to which is one of the most difficult tramps or climbs rather, around here, and from it one gets a fine view of Free State Hollow and the loftier peaks and crags of Stony Man mountain. A short and easy tramp is to Bushy Top which commands a splendid view; and half mile further on and below is Miller's Head, which can be reached only by a very rough walk. Many guests take considerable interest in visiting the Parks' home, where the Camp laundry is located, and many go because it is a pleasant walk of one mile. About two miles beyond Parks' is Crescent Rock, a most enchanting spot, which no visitor to Stony Man should fail to see. A mile and a-half beyond Crescent Rock is the Hawksbill Head,—a lofty mountain affording unparalleled views. The Richards Copper Mine due southeast from Parks' place, is also full of interest to trampers, with its deep, mysterious old shaft and beautiful specimens of copper ore. On the way there you should ask to be shown the "Cathedral"—an impressive grove of spruce and hemlock. The gigantic bluffs one-eighth of a mile back of Camp are interesting places for rambles; nor must a visit to Leila's Rock and a five-minute rest in "Polly's" Cave be

omitted. Very near Camp are Furnace Spring, Lover's Leap, Lover's Cliff and "Sunset Rock." Of course the crowning trip is to White Oak Canon which, however, is quite difficult for all save the strong trampers. Two other tramps fully as difficult, but not so long, are the ascent of Kettle Canon and Dry Run Canon. Then we have the two-day trip to Meadow Mountain with an all-night stop at the Weakly ranch; from where the start is made to see the sun rise from Fork Mountain, and the views from Black Rock and Franklin's Cliff. A delightful expedition is to the Free State with return by way of Hugh's River. And finally are the one-day trips to Old Rag and Mary's Rock, which can only be undertaken by the hardiest. We believe this gives a list of the most interesting points around Stony Man, and should be carefully preserved by the prospective camper, that he may not fail to ask to see them all.

A Personally Conducted Tour Through Free State Hollow.

The following sketch of a trip to Free State Hollow will prove interesting, especially to those who have visited the place. The ladies who took the trip are Miss Wyatt, Miss Kate Evans, Miss Margaret Merillat, and Miss Juliette Graham. A more spunky crowd of trampers never left Camp. Although a most difficult walk the party took it with as much ease as if on a shopping expedition. For Miss Merillat and Miss Graham this was the first long walk, and it must be said right here they are trampers from "way back."

There were only five of us—the Little Chief and four girls, to say nothing of two dogs,—but we possessed the courage of many more, for despite some threatening clouds and discouraging prophesies, we left the Camp for Free State Hollow, which, we were assured, was a ten-mile tramp.

Why "Free State Hollow" I should like to know, but Mart Corbin, who is one of the leading citizens, could not inform me. He *did* confess to having seen some "big doin's" there, and looks as though he could tell interesting tales.

After our five mile tramp, however, it was about Mrs. Corbin and her pretty sister, Edmony, who prepared a most delicious dinner for us, that our interest chiefly centered.

Such home-cured bacon, nutty corn bread, cherry preserves, and milk! There were other things, of course, but those items of the *menu* attracted us most strongly. All the cooking was done in dinner pot and skillet over the open fire.

The Hollow is quite a patriarchal little settlement, it seems—the stronghold of the Nicholson family. We were all delighted to trace characters and localities there which were described in Elizabeth Carroll Shipman's recent story, "Edmony."

Indeed, it was Edmony and one of her "beaux"—I am not authorized to announce an engagement, that belonging to the province of the society reporter!—who met us in the corn field as we entered the Hollow.

"Edmony, are you married yet?" some one asked, with the freedom of an old friend.

"Law, no!" Edmony replied, tossing her pretty head, with its crisp waves of hair, the color of corn silk. She was highly amused and a bit flattered, I think, when we told her of her fictitious adventures in Miss Shipman's story.

The other side of the mountain life, its sordid prose, was illustrated in a cabin at which we stopped on our way down—a cabin occupied at the moment by six children ranging in age from six months' old twins to a girl of perhaps fourteen. In answer to our inquiry for her mother, she replied in a voice so rancous, uncouth, and seemingly unaccustomed to speech as to be scarcely human: "Huh gone up to Parkses."

But we mustn't linger in Free State Hollow, be its attractions romantic, sociological and otherwise, ever so great.

The keen delight of the expedition lay in the homeward trip up Hughes' river—literally "up" for two and a-half miles, at an angle of sixty degrees. The stream is scarcely more than a thread of silver, breaking here and there into beautiful little cascades, which rippled and laughed into the Little Chief's hunting horn as though created for that especial purpose.

Then the wonderful greens of moss and fern, deciduous tree and evergreen! And the stillness, so marked when we paused to rest, and the sound of our foot-steps ceased, that the sudden, plaintive cry of a young hawk pierced the silence with startling shrillness.

At the top of the canon we consented to rest; then up the back of Stony Man, coming in behind the Peak, and so to supper.

Let's all go again next year!

J. B. G.

STONY MAN CAMP, VA., *August 11, 1898*

A Stanza in Nature's Poem.

Many and many a party has visited White Oak, but to few, if any, has the Spirit of the Glen vouchsafed to show herself in such varying moods as to those who were there Thursday, August 4th. The trip down was made by the usual route, with the customary stop at "Sis Dodson's Willie's," whose blackberry patch proved an entangling snare, then on to the camping ground. There dinner was enjoyed, savory in itself, and rendered still more so by the Spartan sauce of hunger, and then the campers proceeded to indulge in the *dolce far niente*, produced by good conscience, good scenery and a good dinner. But, alas! for human plans, the storm god was abroad, and the glen grew dark and weird as the heavy clouds sank lower on the mountain tops. Soon his presence was announced by large rain drops, which increased to a steady pour and then to a torrent. Every rock seemed a spring and every tree a fountain, and the campers, with a patience born of helplessness, endured as best they might. Realizing that in case of a heavy storm the situation between two streams would be untenable, the Little Chief had gone to find dryer quarters, and at the first let up the party started, bag and baggage, for a cave above the third fall. Up they went, over rocks slippery with rain,—through bushes (drenched) dripping from every leaf,—under trees which sent down additional showers as the wind tossed their limbs,—until, in spite of difficulties, they reached such a point of vantage that they could look far down the glen to other slopes and peaks, seen but dimly through the veil of mist which made even their rugged outlines exquisitely soft. Then onward and upward, until from behind a jutting rock there broke a ruddy glare. In a small cave at the foot of a towering cliff roared a fire of huge logs, lighting up every crevice in the rock near by,

and bringing out the figures of the men in bold relief, but powerless indeed to lift the thick pall of darkness which night had thrown over the scene. Soon after this welcome haven was reached the elements again put forth all their might. The flood-gates of heaven seemed unloosed, and the steady roar of the rain was only broken by the crashing of the thunder, while vivid flashes of lightning momentarily lit up the glen, but as the night waned even their wild power seemed exhausted, and shortly after midnight the weary watchers hailed with delight the watery gleam of the first star. The roar of the rain, however, was replaced by another, steadily increasing, until even the firm rocks seemed to tremble, and with a cry of "the creek!" the party pushed through tangled underbrush to a rock which jutted far into the stream. Where, in the afternoon, a gentle little brook had merrily splashed and gurgled its way over the stones, singing a song of pure lightheartedness, there now rushed a mountain torrent, bearing all before it with frightful power, beating against the rocks, and dashing high in the air in jets of spray, and reaching out long, loan fingers of white foam over the banks, as though trying to tear them from their foundations to be drawn into the seething whirlpool beneath. While some watchers stood in awed silence, others made their way to the bottom of one of the great falls, and there, under the ghostly light of the moon sifting through heavy clouds,—drenched and blinded by the driving spray, they clung to the nearly perpendicular rocks, lost to all sensations save those of the rushing, mighty waters hurled from the crag above into the mass of boiling foam at their feet

As the hours stole on the night became gloriously clear, the moon shone unimpeded until daybreak brightened the heavens, and the rising sun crimsoned such fleecy clouds as still floated lazily against the blue. Nothing could have been more peacefully beautiful, and only the swollen stream remained to tell of the wild night that had just passed. As the party started on their homeward tramp, new beauties came in sight at every turn. The rocks in the bed of the stream were either completely submerged or too slippery for safety, so the party climbed cautiously along the over hanging banks where a mis-step would have plunged them into the swift current below. Up the face of the black cliff forming the Corkscrew Falls they crept, testing each ledge before trusting their weight to it, —regardless of the little streams, born in the night, which gushed so merrily from every crack and drenched them with such cheerful heedlessness, — never daring to look down at the dizzy depth, until, with a supreme effort, they reached the top, and could see the whole tortuous length of the fall with the volume of water dashing madly down. A little further, and they halted in breathless admiration at their first glimpse of the Bridal Veil. A hundred feet above them it spread, a dazzling mass of whiteness, a fairy veil drawn over the rugged cliff in sparkling, shimmering beauty, while higher yet, on either side against the green, shone little gleams of brightness, like fragments torn from the main fabric and caught in the spreading limbs of the mighty oaks and pines. A little further yet, and they stood beside the still, quiet pools of the head waters. Unvexed by rocks they slept, sleeped in the golden sun beams, with only a gentle murmur instead of "the sound of many waters." Oh! changeful stream, as we stand beside thee, and think of all thy wild length, a fitting symbol of Life thou seemest. Happy, sunny childhood, so near to heaven,—wild, restless, mighty manhood,—and, in the far, far distance, as thy tempest-tossed waters sink into the bosom of some mighty river, so we, into the boundless depths of eternity. F. W.

STONY MAN CAMP, *Aug. 16, 1889.*

On the evening of August 11th a debate was held in which Mr. Sam Sours argued for the affirmative against Rev. Clarence Eberman. Subject: *Resolved*, That the love of woman has more influence over man than the love of gold. Mrs. Louise Pollock presided, and the judges, Miss Bond and Mr. H. W. Craigin, after slight hesitation, decided in favor of the native eloquence and astute arguments of Mr. Sours.

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Recent arrivals are Mr. Stephen M. Bates, Miss Raymond, Miss Dumble, Mr. R. J. Boyd, and Miss Cromeline, all from Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mr. George R. Hamlin is spending his vacation at Ocean City, Md.

Great preparations were being made for about a week for what turned to be the prettiest dance of the season. It was the direct result of one of Mrs. Boyd's original ideas, and was given in honor of Miss Kate Evans who was soon to leave us. Both gentlemen and ladies appeared in girlish costumes, short skirts, and nearly all representing some flower. So beautiful were these costumes that a description of them would not be amiss: Miss Kate Evans was one of the best, representing the white daisy. She wore an entire suit of white, low neck and short sleeves, with daisy garlands and daisies in her hair, and on the front of her skirt, formed out of daisy heads, were the words "Camp is Daisy." Miss Margaret Merillat in black silk, covered with silver stars and silver coronet, surmounting her dark hair, represented "night" while Miss Virginia Minor in white lace and gold stars with powdered hair represented "day." Mrs. Sprague represented the golden-rod; and the contrast of the bright sprays against the black silk dress with the tiny bits of golden flowers fastened to her slippers and tastefully arranged in her hair made a most effective costume. Miss Frances Wyatt wore white, trimmed with the various products of the woods. Round her waist was a girdle of lichens and birch bark; her skirt was flounced with clusters of pine tips and pine cones. Mrs. James L. Murphy created a sensation dressed in emerald silk trimmed with narrow bands of Roman ribbon, and decorated with pansies. Miss Juliet Graham with powdered hair and dainty gown of white organdie, with a faint pink and green design, decorated with small ferns, pink hollyhocks and "touch-me-nots"—would have attracted attention in any ball-room. Miss May Jameson, in gown of white organdie, trimmed with rose velvet cord, her hair dressed most becomingly and surmounted by an artistic head-dress, with suggestions of ferns prettily arranged, loooked quite bewitching; as did also Miss Ada Townsend in a pretty party dress, with a crimson effect which was carried out in every detail, even to her crimson slippers. Miss Nita Pollock in an elaborate East Indian costume, and Miss Wolaska Pollock in a simple gown of white, decked with ferns, formed a marked con-

trast, which attracted the attention of every one. Mrs. Fred J. Marble in chic costume of white lace and muslin, ornamented with maiden hair ferns, hair powdered and dressed "a la Pompadour," was a shining light of the evening. Mrs. Robert J. Boyd, the inspiration of the dance, and now we tender her our thanks for so delightful an evening.—appeared in a light gauzy silk, with powdered hair, tastefully decorated the sprays of golden-rod. Among the gentlemen's costumes must not be overlooked the jaunty bicycle suit worn by Prof. Black, who carried fastened in his belt a large bouquet of nasturtiums; nor that of Mr. Eberman, who represented an East Indian prince with an unpronounceable name, made a most imposing figure. Mr. Soelzer looked very handsome in a Moorish costume. Mr. Blount Mason, who came as a little four-year-old, dressed Kate Greenway fashion, looked out quite fetchingly from under his broad hat and was responsible for a great part of the fun during the evening. Paul Jameson, in his simple low-necked gown of white muslin, carried out the part of a little girl charmingly. Master Seymour Cragin was daintily gowned in white, tastefully decorated with garlands of fern and golden-rod. He made a most attractive girl, his floating flaxen locks—hempen is more to the purpose, for to the eye of the reporter they bore a suspicious resemblance to raveled rope,—being crowned with ox-eyed daisies. Although so well known to all the campers, his most intimate friend could not have recognized in the gay and coquettish Rosalie, the business-like manager of our Camp, Mr. Pollock. He wore a ballet costume of black silk with crimson flounces on the skirt, and bows of crimson velvet trimming the waist. His hair was banged, curled and powdered. His hat was a crimson Gainsborough straw, elaborately trimmed with black ostrich plumes, with sprays of gladiolus, just to match the straw, arranged under the broad brim, giving a dash of saucinessa which combined with the arrangement of crimson gladiolus across the dress made his appearance all that could be desired—especially as it inspired one young lady present to compose an appropriate little poem, which together with a boquet of flowers, the Little Chief found at his plate at dinner next day.

BUGLE NOTES.

Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th, the ladies of Cliff Cabin gave a farewell dance to Miss Kate Evans, and as usual, fudge caramels played an important roll. After the dance had progressed a while, a proposition was made to practice a few figures for the coming "german." Mrs. James L. Murphy and the Little Chief led the figures and for over an hour the other couples followed, showing by their keen interest in the dance that the "german" will be counted among the greatest events of the season. It must be confessed, however, that this evening's enjoyment was added a touch of sadness, for did it not remind us that one whose place cannot be filled was going from our midst? In losing Miss Evans we lose one who has added by her cheerful disposition and engaging manners to every social event and tramp of the season.

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The demand for cabins this season has been greater than ever before, but the demand for tents has not been so great. Consequently as the cabin room is very limited, we have not been able to accommodate over forty guests at one time. Many people who desire the cabins would be perfectly satisfied with the tents if they only knew how comfortable the tents are. Although this season has been a damp one, Mrs. Boyd and little Reginald have occupied a tent during the entire summer and the little one has not had even one cold. Next year Mr. Pollock expects to have another cabin similar in every respect to the one built by Mr. Metzger, except a trifle larger. It will be situated on the edge of the field only a few rods from the dining hall, to where already the shingles and logs are being hauled. Although we have had larger crowds at Camp, there has never been a more appreciative one. Without exception, the people have proven the theory advanced by Mr. Pollock in the spring, that fifty people could live together in absolute harmony. No cliques, no sets, but all as one family in our social intercourse. This season has been a bright star in the list of seasons, and we wish it to be the model after which coming seasons may be fashioned. With many of the delightful friends we have met this year coming back next summer, together with many of our old friends who will be back again, the season of '99 is certain to prove a marvelous success socially, numerically, and we hope financially.

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Tuesday afternoon, August 9th, the rain fell in torrents, so all the young people remained in the dining hall after dinner, and for three hours were entertained by the various talented members of the company. The recitations by Miss Townsend, "Seein' Things at Night," a selection from Brer Rabbit stories, and the "Song of the Spinning Wheel," sent up wild cheers from the audience. Miss Jameson recited in her natural and most charming style. Altogether the rain was forgotten.

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