THE

# Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

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THE STONY MAN CAMP BUGLE CALL,

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## UNFORTUNATE ENDING OF THE SKYLAND TOURNAMENT.

The morning appointed for the Tournament at Skyland, August 17, dawned with every appearance of a pleasant day but by nine o'clock, a number of low-hanging clouds, seeming bent upon preventing the riding of the Tournament, sprinkled a few drops of water and then dispersing, only to appear again every half hour or so, kept the campers in a state of indecision as to whether the Tournament would really take place or not. About twelve o'clock, however, the indications all appeared to be that the afternoon would be pleasant. The riding track had been carefully prepared for the occasion, the carpenters having readjusted the poles and ring holders, and at that time, everything was in readiness. The entire Camp was in a state of great excitement over the Tournament as the whole week previous there had been a series of slight accidents to the knights, who were industriously practicing on the Tournament course. Mr. Charles Rider, who had been disabled in riding the previous day, had turned his horse over to W. P. Rider to ride, and was out of the race. Mr. W. P. Rider was mounted on the dashing roan horse which was ridden in the Tournament by Mr. Pollock last year. This horse has a very bad temper and is very wild but Mr. Rider controlled him splendidly. Mr. Murphy was mounted on the well-known track horse owned by Mr. Joseph Cave known as Svengali, and truly Mr. Murphy's appearance mounted on this noble horse was enough to mesmerize any of the fair ladies present. Mr. S. Blount Mason had a small bay horse which made the course easily in seven seconds, while Mr. Pollock who was most fortunate, succeeded in getting a very handsome thoroughbred to ride. Dr. George Woodruff Johnston kindly consented to act as orator for the occasion. Great throngs of people gathered from the mountains and surrounding valleys and the scene, while the knights were taking their last practice in the morning was a most interesting one, with groups of young ladies passing hither and thither with many colored ribbons and badges. The mountaineers or Tuckahoes, as they are called, dressed in gay colors made a very pleasing picture as they gathered in groups with their lunch baskets. At promptly twelve o'clock, the track was cleared until the time set for the Tournament.

Mr. Murphy rode as Knight of the Teche. His colors were pink and the lady of his choice was Miss Madeline Quackenbush. Mr. Mason rode as Knight of La Chaise. His lady was Miss Diana Norton and his colors red and green. Mr. W. P. Rider rode as the Knight of Alexandria with orange colors. His lady was Miss Alice Clarke. Mr. Pollock rode as Knight of Skyland, riding for Miss Willie Stealy with purple and white colors. The knights were all dressed in armor, the suits being very handsome with breastplates of silver and silver helmets, with boots and leggings. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Mason and Mr. Rider wore costumes of Don Juan blue and silver while Mr. Pollock wore purple velvet and silver.

Mr. Robert and Mr. Charles Black acted as field managers and time keepers, each horse being compelled to make the entire length of the tournament course in seven seconds in order that the run should be counted. The judges were Dr. J. F. Scott, Capt. Phillip Metzgar and Mr. H. W. Cragin.

At the call of the bugle, the ladies with their white gowns took their place at the right of the tournament course. A few moments later the knights appeared riding abreast, crossed the tournament course and dismounted in front of their ladies where each pinned her colors upon the shoulder of her knight. The scene at this time was most beautiful and inspiring and the glitter of the armor, the grace and beauty of the ladies, the gay colors of the onlookers and the serene majesty of the mountains and the valleys will not soon be forgotten.

The knights drew lots to determine their position in line. Mr. Mason came first, Mr. Murphy second, Mr. Pollock third and Mr. Rider fourth. Each knight was then allowed two practice rides, after which, the real riding commenced. At this time it looked as if the finest tournament ever ridden at Skyland would go to a successful finish; but an unfortunate and rather serious accident occurred. Each knight had made two rides with the exception of Mr. Rider and the crowd was waiting eagerly for his second appearance upon the track when a cry of alarm spread like wildfire. Mr. Rider's horse at the start of the tournament course had taken the bit in her mouth and was beyond control. She made a circle toward the edge of the cliff, Mr. Rider doing all in his power to regain control of her, but without avail. She suddenly turned and charged directly toward the crowd and dashing through their midst stumbled and fell, throwing her rider a considerable distance. Fortunately, although several people were knocked down and bruised, no serious consequences ensued. Mr. Rider being disabled, the judges concluded to call the tournament off.

At the end of the first run, Mr. Mason had taken three rings and each of the other three riders two. The second run was not completed so the score was not counted. At the present writing, it is intended to ride off the tournament at some future date.

Field Cabin had been beautifully decorated for the Tournament ball and crowning of the Queen in the evening, but as it was impossible to ascertain how serious were the injuries received, it was deemed best to have no dance in the evening.

### TIMELY ASSISTANCE.

Most fortunately, when the acci-

dent occurred at the Tournament Saturday afternoon, we had with us at camp Drs. George Woodruff Johnston, J. M. McArdle, J. F. Scott and Raffael Durfee, by whom every care and attention was shown to the injured. Mrs Johnston was invaluable in rendering assistance in this time of emergency and the entire Camp unite in expressing their gratitude and appreciation to her and to them.

## A SKYLAND SUNSET.

BY L. M. F.

All day it rained and the clouds came rolling over the mountain, sometimes completely enveloping it so that we seemed surrounded by a dense, white wall and could see nothing at the distance of a few yards. After dinner, the bugle sounded and everyone knew that someone was leaving us, but though the murmur of voices was unusually distinct and we knew that the horses and those who had come out on Furnace Field to speed the parting guest were within a few feet of us, absolutely nothing could be seen. The effect was strange and ghostly, but in a moment the wind shifted a little and the mist gradually lightened until the group finally came into plain view.

So went the day—an almost steady downpour, varied with these strange enveloping sheets of mist, but at evening suddenly out burst the sun and everything was bathed in a golden glow. The whole camp flocked to the cliff to gaze upon a sunset the equal of which is seldom seen, and one which will be long remembered by those who looked upon it that night at Stony Man Camp.

Up from Kettle Canon boiled the white mist, and as it came within range of the descending sun, it was gilded at the edges until it seemed to be bordered with a mass of molten metal. There was a perfect riot of color from the horizon to the zenith, all the shades of red, of purple, of yellow, of green and of blue mingled in marvelous harmony. In one place seemed to open a vista through which could be plainly seen a still green sea with darkly wooded shores and islands. "The sea of glass" was the thought of more than one, while the clouds below shaped themselves into a semblance of the Holy City with square towers and massive walls, and up from the sun was a golden path that seemed to lead straight to glory.

As the clouds which were below us in the valley came up, they caught the color and floated gaily at our feet in the rosy glow. Between the two ranges of the Massanuttons were banks of clouds and we could see them rise and fall, while all the time the further range stood dark and tall above the white fleece dividing it from its neighbor. At their back were the Little North Mountains, The North, and nearly a hundred miles away, the Alleghanys.

In vain the bugle sounded. The people stood upon the cliffs or wandered up and down the Furnace Field, gazing with awe and wonder at the glory spread before them. The splendid pageant changed from moment to moment, each phase seeming most beautiful, until the last gleam faded and darkness fell upon the mountains.

## PICNIC AT CRESCENT ROCK.

One of the most delightful pienics of the season was that given on Friday, August 9, by Dr. and Mrs. George Woodruff Johnston. Some thirty guests spent the day at Crescent Rock, about three miles from Camp. This is one of the most beautiful spots in this vicinity and the view from the Crescent is one never to be forgotten. The day was most auspicious and the party a very congenial one. In the preparation of the lunch, Nancy and Mr. Pollock outdid themselves, while the fortunate guests, with an extra edge added to their already formidable Stony Man Camp appetites, did more than justice to the delicious repast. Mr Pollock made the coffee, which was especially fine. The ladies labored very industriously gathering balsam and nearly every one has a fine pillow as a souvenir of the occasion. The men, alas, developed a truly shocking spirit of indolence, with a few shining exceptions but so delightful was the day and so peaceful the atmosphere that all was forgiven.

The party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Mindeliff, Miss Mindeliff and Mr. Victor Mindeliff, Captain Tanner and Miss Ruth Tanner, Miss Garland, Miss Fox, the Misses Quackenbush, Miss Jameson, Miss Stealey, Mr. Rider, Mr. Pollock, Mrs Sprague, Miss Dean, Mr. Paul Dean, Mrs Clarke, Miss Clarke, Mr. Crowell, Miss Annie Clark, Miss Alice Clark, and others.

## AN UNCOMFORTABLE EXPERIENCE.

At two o'clock in the morning, as the guests were finally dispersing from the Euchre party held Tuesday evening, August [illegible], Mr. James L. Murphy came into Camp on horseback, having spent the time since seven the previous evening, in reaching Skyland from Luray. The night being very dark, and Mr. Murphy having no lantern, his horse strayed from the road somewhere near the foot of the mountain, and must have carried him into Dry Run Canon. It was a most uncomfortable experience but he should consider himself most fortunate in not to have spent the entire night in the mountain. He had no idea where he was and was finally compelled to let his horse stand perfectly still for more than an hour, not daring to go ahead for fear of going over an embankment. Upon hearing a cowbell, he concluded that he must be somewhere near civilization, so cautiously going in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, he found the cow, and followed her as she grazed along. By that means he finally came out upon the main road. About this time, the moon rose, and Mr. Murphy recognized the location, after which he found his way into Camp without difficulty, very cold and very tired, but otherwise none the worse for his adventure.

## A UNIQUE EUCHER PARTY.

On the evening of August 6, thirty-six euchre players gathered around the little rustic tables at Field Cabin to unite in a contest for supremacy. The party was unique and a decided novelty inasmuch as each player provided himself before coming, with a prize, carefully wrapped so as to conceal the nature of its contents from the curious eye. These packages were all deposited together, and the game proceeded in the usual style of a progressive euchre party, until twelve games had been played. Then each person was given a number according to their standing at the end of each game. The one holding the first number having first choice of the mysterious packages, the second, second choice, and so on until each person had chosen a prize. In order to provide prizes at such short notice, much ingenuity was required among the guests, and much

amusement was occasioned as the prizes were unwrapped. Mr. Paul Jameson who won the first prize, selected the largest package, which unfortunately, did not hold the best prize After much unwrapping, a bottle of sarsaparilla was discovered The booby prize, drawn by his sister, Miss Jameson, proved to be a beautiful pair of imported silk stockings.

The most amusing of all the prizes were those drawn by Captain Tanner and Mr. Heaton, the former receiving a brilliant neck ribbon and the latter a fancy hair pin.

Captain Daly, after a long search in a large package, found a cracker, which, considering his well known appetite, reflects much credit upon him for discovering the only bundle which contained something to eat. Mrs. Quackenbush, after diligent search, untying hundreds of yards of string and breaking innumerable seals, brought to view a small wax candle.

The greatest disappointment of the evening was that of a guest who shall be nameless. After selecting an especially promising looking package, the lady began to unwrap papers which from their peculiar shape made every one exclaim, "a snake skin." Each wrapper increased the certainty that it was an especially fine snake skin which was so enclosed, and visions of a diamond back which would make such a beautiful belt, danced before the eyes of the lucky recipient. But alas for human hopes, at the end was a tiny stick pin, while the paper in which it was wrapped reached from the floor to the table in a mighty pile.

Refreshments of lemonade and sandwiches were served after giving out the prizes, and so much was the occasion enjoyed that it was after one o'clock when the guests dispersed.

## A TRAMP TO WHITE OAK CANON.

Saturday, August 10, a party consisting of Miss May Dean, Miss Mildred Dean, Miss Alice A. Clark, Miss Stealy, Mr. W. P. Rider, Mr. C. W. Rider, Mr. Dean, Dr. Durfee and Mr. Robert Black, took the White Oak Canon trip. The start was made at 6:30, early breakfast having been served in Camp. Owing to some considerable growth of underbrush over the path, a little difficulty was experienced in finding the way through the woods, but after a short delay, Sis Dodson's Willie's Place was reached, where the party enjoyed the apples and blackberries which grow there. From the Forks, the party ascended as far as the head of the third fall, where the long stop of the day was made. The excellent pools in that vicinity furnished a means of spending the time until the dinner, which had been sent in to that point, was ready. A much appreciated feature of the dinner was the coffee prepared on the spot by Mr. W. P. Rider.

After dinner, the stream was followed closely as far as the head of the big fall, from which point the woods path was taken back to Sours' Deadening, and Camp.

This is one of the hardest tramps in this vicinity and only taken by the best walkers, but it is one of great beauty and amply repays those who are able to take it. The distance there and back is about nine miles, but it is generally considered as fully equivalent to twenty miles of ordinary walking.

## BUGLE NOTES.

Arrivals since the last issue of the BUGLE CALL are as follows: Mr. John Franklin Crowell, Miss Sensner, Mr. Charles F. Sensner, Miss Frances L. Hungerford, Mr E. S. Steele, Miss Carolyn D. Boud, of Washington, D. C., Miss Anna Webb, Laurel, Md., Mr. David W. Tastet, Mrs. M. H. Putnam, Miss Minnie M. Putnam, Dr. J. F. Scott, Mr. William H. King, and Mr. Palmer, of Washington, D C.

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Mrs. Tanner and her cousin, Dr. Scott, made a very pleasant variation of the journey from Washington on the return of the former to Camp last week They left the cars at Harper's Ferry Saturday noon and came on their wheels from there to Luray, which they reached Tuesday evening. Monday they only made eighteen miles as they were compelled to ride between showers and the whole distance from the Ferry, the roads were very bad, having been washed out by the heavy rains so that they were kept busy dodging stones. However, in spite of the difficulties, they report a delightful trip and great enjoyment from the magnificent scenery.

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Dr. Johnston has kept a tally of theometric readings since his arrival in Camp July 1, taking the records daily at 7 a. m., 1 p. m., 6 p. m. and 10 p. m. He reports the average temperature for July as 68.7° and for August, thus far, as 63.2°. This, of course, does not represent the true average as there were no readings taken at night, the time of lowest temperature, but is only an average of the day and evening temperature. The highest point reached was 83° on July 11, and the lowest 51°, which occurred on the morning of August 6. The lowest temperature in July was 58° and the highest in August was 75° this occurring at noon August 10.

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On August 7 the first blasts were fired at the Friday 13 copper mine being opened by Mr. Brinton. The first was set off by Miss Cora Brinton, the second by Mrs. Murphy and the third by Miss Jamieson. An interesting account of this has been written and will appear either in this issue of the BUGLE CALL or the next. At present writing, the ore obtained has been shipped to assayers. An exhaustive test will be made which will determine the future of this mine.

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On the evening of Saturday, August 10, a unique dancing party was held at Field Cabin. As the regular musicians were unable to play, the music was furnished by the Phonograph, and much amusement was occasioned thereby. After the dancing was concluded, refreshments of hot chocolate and cake were served by Mr. Pollock.

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The friends of Prof. C. W. M. Black, who comprise the entire Camp, are very glad to welcome him back. He has been absent for about ten days and has been very sincerely missed. He returned on August 10 and expresses himself as delighted to get back to Camp again.

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Much amusement is occasioned by the laudable attempts of the dogs and the donkeys to join in the music of the bugle. Often when meals are announced, they each add their voice and the combination of bugle note, heehaw and mournful howls is very ludicrous.

## THE OPENING OF THE COPPER MINE.

"I have been doing something today which I never did before and probably will never do again, and which I think none of you have ever done," said Miss Jamieson at the supper table the other evening.

"What was it?" asked every one at the table.

"Setting off dynamite in the new mine, and it was great fun."

"Do tell us about it? said the Girl with the Pink Waist.

"Yes, tell the whole story. None of us know anything about mines or mining so please describe the process from the begining," said the Girl at the End of the Table.

"In the morning, Mrs. Murphy and Miss Brinton went over to the mine and put the dynamite in the holes. The mine is in the side of the cliff and little holes are drilled into the side of the cliff about a yard deep. They are about two inches across and in each one is put two sticks of dynamite."

"What does dynamite look like?"

"It looks like maple sugar and is wrapped in wax paper. The sticks are a foot long and an inch across. A cap is put in one stick of dynamite with a fuse and this is put in the hole and then the other stick is inserted. There are eleven of these holes about a yard apart. After the dynamite is in, they put in several handfuls of dry sand and then pack it tightly with wet sand. Then to the end of each fuse, is attached a wire which is connected with a battery on the top of the cliff. All this had been done before I got there. In the morning Miss Brinton had set off the first charge and I was given the privilege of setting off the second.

"When everything was ready, we took our positions at the top of the cliff, getting as near as possible so that we could look over the edge. In the words of Mr. Lavendar Kids, "We stood on the bwink of a hawid pwecipice." At a given signal, I touched off the battery."

"What does that look like?" asked the Girl with the Pink Waist.

"It looks like a bicycle pump. I pulled up the handle and then jammed it down forcibly. I had scarcely touched it when the blast went off and the whole eleven pounds of dynamite had exploded and it seemed as if the entire cliff were coming down. Immense bodies of rock were hurled straight out, rolling down the mountain side and tearing down the trees and shrubbery in their way. The noise was deafening and we were enveloped in a cloud of dust or smoke, I don't know which. There was an odor as of gunpowder and the cliff rocked and shook as if with an earthquake."

"Weren't you frightened?" asked the Girl at the End of the Table.

"No, we were perfectly safe as the dynamite must follow the path of the holes and go straight out, but it seemed as if everything beneath our feet must go. After the explosion, we walked down to see the destruction and found that great gullies had been dug into the side of the cliff and that the roadway below was covered with great boulders and with branches of trees and shrubbery. We found that some of the largest trees had a rock [illegible] driven into their trunks and firmly imbedded. Over everything was a heavy coat of dust, weather from the dynamite or powdered rock, I do not know, but it seemed like a greyish powder."

"And then what?"

"That was all. We gathered up some pieces of the rock which had been torn away and I have some fine specimens of copper and also of [illegible] which I mean to take home as souvenirs. The strangest part of it all to me was the fact that the mine was in the side of the cliff and not down in the depths, as I had supposed all mines were. Altogether, it was a most novel and interesting experience, and one which I am delighted to have had."

## RULES FOR TOURNAMENT.

The Skyland Tournament will be run off promptly at 3:30 P. M., Saturday afternoon, August 17th, weather permitting. These rules and regulations must be strictly adhered to by all knights participating in the Tournament, and also by spectators:

I.

Knights will be allowed the use of the track for practice purposes until 12 o'clock, noon. After 12 o'clock, no one will be allowed to ride on the track until the commencement of the tournament at 3:30.

II.

No knight will be allowed to ride in the Tournament unless in full costume, unless it be that some gentleman rider should come in from Luray, in which case this knight must dress in colors and sash.

III.

No spectators will be allowed nearer the track than the public road which runs on the west side of the Furnace Field. The space between this road and the poles will be occupied by knights when not riding. Knights will draw lots for position and turn of riding.

IV.

Each knight must appear in full costume with head dress at 3:20 and report to the judges, but head dress can be removed when riding for rings.

V.

The knights upon reporting to the judges of the Tournament at 3:20, upon taking their allotted places in line, as given them by the judges, will dismount while the ladies pin their rosettes to their shoulders. These will be made of ribbon, and will designate the colors chosen by each lady under which her knight will ride.

VI.

Each knight must make his run from the calling post to the last ring in seven seconds, or the run will not be counted. Should a knight make two runs without making time, he must lose run entirely. Rings to be counted and given credit for, must be caught and kept on spear and returned immediately to judges, who will give credit only for rings returned.

VII.

Guests are requested to make no noise while riders are riding for rings. As soon as run is over, each rider may be applauded as loudly as desired until the next knight is ready to ride.

VIII.

If a knight's horse in starting should leave the track before passing the first pole, this knight can start over again, but after passing first pole, run must be counted, even if horse leaves the track.

IX.

Immediately upon the termination of the riding, the judges will announce the winner from the score card. Should several knights make a tie record, they must each ride the full five rides again to decide who is the winner, or, in other words, must each take as many as possible of the fifteen rings. Should the riders tie on the second riding of the Tournament, the riding shall continue until all but one have lost a ring.

X.

Immediately upon the announcement of the winner being made by the judges, the knights will ride their horses to the front of Cliff Cabin, where a speech of congratulation will be made to them by Dr. Johnston. The crown will not be given to the winning knight until the ball in the evening. After the address by Dr. Johnston the Tournament will be over and the guests will await the principal event of the day, which will consist of the crowning of the Queen of Love and Beauty by the winning knight, and will take place at nine o'clock at the ball.

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A very pleasant eucher party was given to the guests on the evening of August 13 by Messrs. W. P. Rider and C. W. Rider, at Field Cabin. Thirty-six people played twelve games. Miss Mildred Dean won the ladies' first prize, a beautiful jewel basket, and Mrs. Quackenbush received the second prize, a set of small vases. There was a brisk contest for the ladies' booby prize between Mrs. Sprague, Miss Dean, Miss Clarke and Miss Fox. The ladies cut for the prize and Miss Clarke was the lucky winner of a pretty copy of Paul Leicester Ford's "Great K. & A. Train Robbery." Mr. Paul Jameson and Mr. Blount Mason were equal contestants for the first gentleman's prize, a handsome shaving mirror, and on the cut, Mr. Jameson was the winner. The second prize, a folding drinking cup in leather case, was awarded to Mr. Mason, while Mr. Hinton had no rivals for the booby prize, a copy of Cable's "Bonaventure." Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served and the party dispersed, having spent a delightful evening.