THE

Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

VOL. 1. SKYLAND, VA., JULY 25, 1898. No. 3.

THE STONY MAN CAMP BUGLE CALL.

A Newspaper Published in the Interests of Stony Man Camp.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single Subscriptions, per Season of Three Months $1.00

Single Copies for sale at Stony Man Camp.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Per Inch of Advertising Space on last Page 25 Cents.

Address—all communications should be addressed to the Editor.

G. FREEMAN POLLOCK,
Skyland, Page Co., Va.

BUGLE NOTES.

On July 18th, at 11 a. m., six horses came prancing across the Furnace Field, bringing a number of new campers. The morning was a most auspicious one for the arrival of guests, and the new comers seem perfectly delighted with what they have already seen of their surroundings. After eating one dinner here they say we have a champion cook, and that they never ate more delicious vegetables; and join with us in challenging any summer resort to show a greater array of products of the soil. The first question each new guest asks, is "where do you get such delicious vegetables?" The new arrivals are Mrs. Townsend, Miss Ada Townsend, Mrs. A. B. Jameson, and Miss May Jameson. Miss Stamper, Mr. H. W. Craigin and Paul Jameson. Mrs. Townsend and party are located in "The Cabin of the Seven Chestnuts." By the way, this cabin was given its name by Mr. Clifford Barbee, of New York, and the name being so appropriate we adopt it permanently.

* * *

This week the editor has received from Mr. Jno. B. Murphy, of Murphy, La., a most interesting letter. It is to be regretted that he will not be with us this summer but he promises to come early and stay late next season, which is encouraging. Mr. Murphy says: "I only wish I could be with you this season, as I would feel better acquainted and would not be so timid. Remember me to all the Stony Man people, and tell them how I would enjoy being with them again."

BUGLE NOTES.

Capt. C. T. Daly has left us. Just as he was getting ready to start for Luray a very severe thunder storm passed between Bushy Top and Stony Man Peak, deluging us with a heavy downpour and keeping our friend with us a coveted little while longer. The ladies of Camp were heartbroken at his departure and one was heard to remark, "even the heavens weep when the Captain leaves us." Mr. Daly has made friends of all of us during his brief stay in Camp, and is one of the most obliging young men we know. His constant aim must have been to make himself absolutely indispensable to the ladies here; if so, he certainly succeeded. "Farewell, Captain, and be sure of a hearty welcome at the Cake Walk in August.

* * *

The cabin formerly known as the "Shingle House" has recently undergone a radical change both exteriorly and interiorly. A very handsome birch mantel has been put in, the bark work of which was done by Mr. Pollock himself in a most artistic style. The ceiling is of white poplar. The rustic porch which has been added to the front makes this cabin present the most attractive appearance of any on the mountain. There are no other changes in the buildings contemplated for this season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. Parker Cutler will not be with us this season, but instead will attend the meetings of the Library Association to be held in Canada. Mr. Cutler is an enthusiastic fisherman, and no doubt an outing near Canadian trout streams will only serve to increase his fame in this line.

* * *

Saturday evening, July 16th, another enjoyable dance was given at Cliff Cabin. Nearly all of the campers, including those who had taken two long tramps during the day, were present. The principal event of the evening was the entrance into Stony Man society of Mr. Seymour Craigin.

BUGLE NOTES.

Mr. Clifford Barbee has just left here to attend the unveiling of the statue to be erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, at Luray, Va., July 21. This statue is the work of Mr. Barbee's brother, the well-known sculptor. Mr. Barbee, whose stay here we enjoyed so much, is manager for one of the largest wholesale carpet firms in New York city, and is a personal friend of Rev. Dr. Bitting, whom we all remember so pleasantly. Mr. Barbee is a great lover of nature and he almost lived in the woods or by the streams with his gun and rod for companions. He made one trip to White Oak Canyon, with two guides to aid him in selecting the best fishing streams. He did not have such very good luck, catching only 18 trout in the afternoon—enough for a fry. Mr. Barbee was given a "big send off" when he left us. All the campers gathered round him on the Furnace Field, and parting songs, good wishes waving of handkerchiefs and, last of all, as his carriage passed over the ridge, the clarion notes of the bugle rang out a last farewell.

* * *

As there was nothing else on foot for Wednesday evening, the colored help seized the opportunity to do some of the entertaining, and assisted by the mountaineers, gave a minstrel show at the dining hall. The most successful song of the evening was rendered by Nelson McGowan, accompanied by a full chorus, imitating various musical instruments. The title of the song is, "*I'm So Hard Up.*" Coming visitors should request this song. It is "alright." Lillie Spinner sang "On the Banks of the Wabash" with great expression, receiving two *encores*. There were recitations, dances by mountaineers, a speech by Sam Sours, and a representation of an old darkey camp-meeting. The singers became particularly excited during the rendition of "Give God Glory" shook hands and shouted. Altogether the concert was a success, and we are pleased to hear that there will be several more during the season.

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O. FREEMAN POLLOCK,
Skyland, Page Co., Va.

JULY 23, 1898.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

We think it proper to announce that owing to the great number of news items this week, several most interesting articles written for THE BUGLE CALL must be left out of this issue. We regret that our space is so limited, and promise better things next time.

A Pointer for the Young Men.

We believe that the young men who intend visiting Camp this season will thank us for calling their attention to the fact that never before has such an array of bright and talented young women graced the mountain. Do not postpone your visit till late in season if you wish to have a jolly time. Your wigwams are ready, and you may be sure of a hearty welcome. After this "pointer" we fear Campbell's livery will not be sufficient to accommodate the rush for Stony Man.

Sheppie.

A French writer has aptly said, "the more I know of men, the more I like dogs!" An intelligent dog is an ideal companion for a ramble, and many a one did Sheppie and I take together. If I were in a talkative mood there was an answering beam in her eyes and much gambolling about my feet. If I preferred my quiet thoughts, Sheppie walked sedately at my side, in perfect sympathy with all my moods. Dear, faithful, loving Sheppie! I cannot bear to think you are no more! That never again will you give me joyous greeting in the morning! Gallant Knight was never more faithful to his lady than you, though you couldn't boast of pure blood, or vaunt your pedigree! As a native feelingly remarked, "That thar dorg was the best dorg on the mounting."

VALE, SHEPPIE! May the pure mountain breezes sighing in the pine-tops be your requiem!

E. R. D.

BUGLE NOTES.

The arrival of Mr. A. G. Heaton July 20th was celebrated in the evening by a big bon-fire on "The Cliff." All the Campers, to many of whom a Stony Man Camp fire was a novel sight, were present,—the bright face of little Reginald Boyd being the only one missing from the group. Reginald is one of the most important personages on the mountain, but owing to his extreme youth his mother insists that his *debut* at camp-fires must be reserved for next season. At the request of a number of his friends, Master Ted Marble was allowed to remain up after his usual bed-time to enjoy the bon-fire. Three-year-old Ted was most delighted with the dance of the mountaineers and made a pretty picture trying to imitate their performance, prancing round in the red light among the daisies which towered above his head.

***

To persons who come here season after season there is an appearance of incompleteness about Camp until the picturesque group of tents which has ornamented the grounds round "Indian Rock" so many seasons springs up from among the ferns, and the Yale colors float over the rustic gates which lead to what Mr. Heaton's artistic tastes, assisted by generous nature, have made the most beautiful spot on the mountain.

***

At 6 a. m., July 22nd, we were agreeably surprised at the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Sprague and Miss Kate Evans, who have returned from their outing in the West. They have promised to give us an account of their interesting adventures, which will be published in THE BUGLE CALL. These ladies were joined at Luray by Miss Nila A. Pollock, and enjoyed the early ride up the mountain together. Miss Pollock expects to remain here until October.

***

On Saturday, July 23rd, the Misses Merillat and Mrs. and Miss Graham, of Washington, and Miss Wyatt, of Baltimore, will join us. Also, Miss Medora Fuller, and her sister, Mrs. Allemus, both of whom visited Camp three years ago. Those among us who met them then are much pleased to hear of their expected return.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

[A prophecy, now strangely f
filled, written by Joaquin Mil
eighteen years ago.]

Comes a cry from Cuban water,
From the warm, rank Antilles,
From the lost Atlantis daughter,
Drowned in blood and drowned in ac
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries—
Shall she live, or shall she languish—
Shall she sink, or shall she die?

Shall she rise by all that's holy,—
Shall she live, and shall she last?
Woe like we, when crushed and lonely
From the blackness of the past?
Did her strike! Lo, it is written
Blood for blood, and life for life.
Did her smile as she is smitten;
Stars and Stripes were born for strif

Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes
Till she could but yearning hold them
Reach her hands and try to rise.
Then they stabbed her, choked her, dr
of her,
Ah! those rending chains that bound
Oh! those robbers at her throat!

And the land that forged those fette
Ask five hundred years of woes,
Stake the thumbscrews for their bet
Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What remaines
Of one red man in that land?
Why, those very chains that bind he
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise, as rose Columbus,
From his chains from shame and
Rise as morning, matchless, wondrou
Rise as some rich morning star—
Rise a virgin song and story,
Vasco, Love, personified—
Stars and Stripes espouse her glory,
Love and Liberty allied!

Gold From the Klondike.

The steamer Roanoke arriv
Seattle, Wash., from St. Mi
last week with 240 passengers
$1,500,000 in gold. Fifty thou
ounces, bulk, of gold belon
the Canadian Bank of Comm
The schooner Samoa has ar
from St. Michel, with 36 K
dikers, who brought with
from $300,000 to $400,000 in
dust. Among her passenger
Thomas C. Austin, who states
the clean up on Eldorado, Bon
and Hunter creeks, in the K
dike district, will not be less
$10,000,000. This, together
about $5,000,000 of last sea
output, will all be shipped ou
year.

The coolest place on the c
nent Thursday was White R
north of Lake Superior, whe
temperature was 46. Throu
the lower lake region it r
about 60, in the Ohio valley
72, and in New England abo
On Wednesday the temper
reached 92 degrees in Was
ton, D. C. There was muc
midity and the heat was op
sive.

BUGLE NOTES.

Scarcely had the mail arrived on the evening of July 16th, when our Camp was thrown into a wild state of delight by the longed-for tidings that Santiago had fallen. In a moment the cry was taken up and cheer after cheer given by the guests assembled on the dining-hall piazza. Even the cooks and waiters went wild with delight; and the shouting of fire-arms and smell of gun powder contributed not a little to the outburst of patriotism. Then the "Little Chief" called out his employes and set them to work preparing a huge bon-fire. As if by magic the brush and logs rose in a conical mass, twenty feet in air, on the jagged edge of "The Cliff." As darkness closed around the torch was applied, and the promise of the Little Chief to celebrate the victory by having the biggest bon-fire of the season was more than fulfilled. Then came cheers for the army, the navy, Santiago, Uncle Sam, Stony Man and the Little Chief. The Furnace Field was aglow with light from the far-reaching flames, and the breezes carried to the surrounding peaks the heartfelt strains of "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee, I sing!"

***

"Jack" is the name of our pet coon. He has been with us since he was a tiny ball of fur, three years ago. At first he was allowed to roam around the Camp at his own sweet will, but now he is chained on a platform under a spreading chestnut tree. Jack mostly spends his days sleeping, but at night is quite lively. He loves fresh cherries and ham bones—"nice and sweet"—is very gentle, and allows the ladies to scratch his head. As he keeps himself very clean he was quite indignant several days ago when one young lady refused to pause at his platform, saying disdainfully, "all coons look alike to me!"

***

Every one who comes to Camp gets sleepy. This is peculiar to the place. Immediately upon arrival each one is taken with a drowsiness which is surpassed only by the fierce appetite which follows—so the new comer is interested for the first few days in eating and sleeping only. The next symptom is a desire for tramping, dancing, or joining in any pastimes that may be proposed.

BUGLE NOTES.

One of the old land-marks of the Camp has passed away. Sheppie is no more. To all who knew this faithful dog, this will be sad news, indeed. Of all wise, sympathetic dogs, Sheppie headed the list. She was a Scotch collie, and first gained our admiration several years ago, when by her aid a mountaineer captured a large and fierce wild-cat; Sheppie, by seizing and holding the animal, enabled the mountaineer to bring his prize into Camp. The man who owned the dog was afterward employed by Mr. Pollock as watchman during the winter months, and thus Sheppie became a permanent resident. Her particular friend was Miss Ella Bates, whose cabin she made her home for the two past summers. She also singled out Mr. Black as her friend, but we are sure these two will not be the only ones to shed a silent tear for her loss. Sheppie seemed to have no particular sickness, but grew gradually weaker and weaker till a sight of her was really pathetic.

***

On Tuesday, July 12, Mrs. E. S. Sprague and Miss Kate Evans left camp for a two weeks' journey in the vicinity of the Great Lakes. They spend the whole time on the private car which met them at Luray, except when sailing or driving to points of interest not directly on the route of their car. But even with this delightful trip in view they were loath to leave Stony Man; and now we are looking with pleasure to July 25th, when they again will be with us. On the evening of their departure Mr. S. Blount Mason gave a "consolation" dance, and though we were filled with vain regrets at the absence of our two friends, the bracing atmosphere and fine music furnished by the Camp Orchestra, together with our host's cheerful hospitality, made us highly enjoy the evening.

***

Misses Ida Daly and Grace Ravenburg, members of a party of four young ladies who occupied the "Darkam Cabin" last season, will take an extended tour through the north. The Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain will be visited by them. We extend to them our best wishes for a pleasant journey.

BUGLE NOTES.

Bright and early Monday, July 11th, a party started from Camp for a one day trip to White Oak Canyon. In the party were Miss I. P. Evans, Miss Kate Evans, Miss Wellesley Pollock, Miss Virginia Minor, Mr. C. T. Daly, Mr. S. B. Mason, and last, but not least, the "Little Chief." The party came tramping into Camp about 6:30 p. m., tired and hungry, but with sufficient energy left to rouse the whole Camp with merry songs, and to lull it to repose again with the soft, low notes of "Home, Sweet Home." Six pounds of trout were caught and served as part of a delicious dinner, on the flat rocks half way down the Canyon. The largest of the trout weighed one pound. The day was absolutely perfect for mountain climbing.

***

Miss I. P. Evans and Mr. S. Blount Mason gave a "candy pull" at Cliff Cabin last Wednesday evening, and we had a delightfully sticky time. The molasses was boiled in a caldron over the open fire, and the guests amused themselves by alternately stirring the foaming kettle and retiring to the veranda to cool off. To say every one had a pleasant time is unnecessary, as Miss Evans' capabilities as a hostess are so well known. Her constant effort seems to be to provide pleasure for others.

***

Next Monday, July 25th, a large number of Campers will leave here for a two-day trip to White Oak, and we sincerely trust that Prof. Black will arrive before then, as we can scarcely imagine ourselves getting along on such an occasion without him. We regret exceedingly that our old friends, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Hamlin, and others, will not be here in time to go with us.

***

Luray visitors to the Camp every week. Though always within the shadow of the peaks, they never fail to see new beauties of mountain, vale and stream with each recurring visit.

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Mrs. L. B. Lair and Miss Dorothy Lair are, we understand, spending the summer at Black Island.

***

The trill of the merry mountain songsters is one of the many charms of the Camp.

The Valley Sweet.

When the rough road turns there's a valley sweet—
Where the ships are starred and fair;
We'll forget the thorns and the noonday heat
And rest in the roses there.
And the dark of the dreary, weary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.
Where the rough road turns there's a haven blest,
Where the ships at anchor ride.
And the sea winds sing sweet songs of rest
Over the dreamless tide;
Where the tempests fade from a silent shore,
And the sails are furled forever more.
O rest in the beautiful valley sweet,
And rest in the haven still.
Wrest though the storm on the brave ships beat—
Though the storms are keen to kill?
Let us dream that the dark of the dreary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

"Man Wants But Little Here Below."

A little glade,
A little shade,
A little dear and dimpled maid.

A little brook,
A little book,
A little fishing line and hook.

A little chaff,
A little laugh,
A little cup of wine to quaff.

A little cheese,
A little squeeze,
A little kiss beneath the trees.

A little hand,
A little band,
A little pledge—you understand!

A little "splice,"
A little rice,
A little glimpse of paradise!

"You know, dear," said Miss Dolyers, frankly, to her accepted suitor, "you know we get none of papa's money while he lives."

"I quite understand that, my precious pet," replied the young man, with the light of love in his eyes. "We will invite him to live with us, put a folding bed in his room, and hope for the best."

Bill—Did you ever try any of Small's 25 cent dinners?

Jill—Yes, I ate three of them to-day at noon!

Gerald—There are microbes in kisses.

Geraldine—The dear little things.

Men and carpets are alike, for they are kept down by tax.

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AT THE OFFICE.

As a rule a "promising young man" is not as popular as a paying young man.

When some men tell the truth their friends regard it as a joke.

There is something crooked about the man who is bent on evil.

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MOST UP-TO-DATE STORE IN LURAY.

A Full Line of Groceries.

Lowney's Chocolate Bon-Bons, 40 and 50 Cents per Pound. Cheaper Candies from 10 Cents per Pound up.

☞ Cottage Owners will find here a fine line of

Furniture, Lamps, Glass and Queensware, Cutlery, Cigars & Tobacco.

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Give your orders for Stick Candy, Shoes, Dry Goods, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Nails, Hinges, and Notions of all Kinds,

to Sam Sours and tell him to GET GOODS AT LUCAS' STORE.

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Above the Sea Level,

The Cool Breezes

Blow all the Summer.

YOU WILL SEE

The World-Famous Luray Caverns.
Wonderful Fairy-Like Sunsets—
and Cloud Effects.
Towering Mountain Peaks—
and Frowning Cliffs.
The Shenandoah Valley—
3,500 Feet Below Camp.
The Unsurpassed "Cascades of White Oak Canyon."
The Native Mountaineers in their Dances and Pastimes.
The Rustic Bark-Covered Cabins.

You will witness and take part in the BIG CAMP FIRES and DANCES, with music furnished by the "Packahoe Musicians."

In fact, after spending one season at Stony Man, you will wish to be there every succeeding summer. There is no other place like it.

.....IT IS UNIQUE,
NOVEL,
ORIGINAL.

☞ Send for Illustrated Souvenir Booklet, with comments on Scenery and Surroundings, What we do at Camp, How to Reach Stony Man Camp, a full Description of Camp and Testimonials.

MANSION INN,

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WALTER CAMPBELL, PROPRIETOR.

Complete in Modern Appointments, Electric Bells, Hot Baths, Cold Baths, and other Conveniences found in a Modern House.

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