The Tony Man Camp Bugle Call.

Vol. 1. SKYLAND, VA., AUGUST 8, 1898. No. 4.

ON STONY MAN MOUNTAIN.

Oh! how lovely and enchanting,
To be dwelling on the height,
Of this grand and lofty mountain,
Decked with flowers bright.

Joyous songs the birds are singing,
With the stars and clouds so bright.
Nature as it spoke so potently through.

This issue of the Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

A Day Out of Doors

In Touch With Nature.

Thursday, July 28, 1898.

The scenes we witnessed yesterday were truly wonderful. Early morning found us all at the Cliff, watching the fleeting clouds which filled the Valley. We traced a resemblance in the great falls of Niagara, then we seemed to see mountains of snow—a break in the clouds gave the appearance of a distant lake, etc. The sky over head was beautifully blue, thus we were literally "above the clouds." Gradually the mist gathering into masses, began ascending "Kettle Canyon," and finally enveloped us all in a subtle mist of whiteness.

After two of us climbed the Peak, when the outlook was vast indeed! Here dissolving views were before us, fleeting shadows on valley and mountain, thus were formed and dissipated before our eyes. All seemed to melt into one mass, so soft was the effect—and such coloring! Lovely, indeed!

When afternoon came, all was changed. Storm clouds had gathered, giving the aspect of great solemnity and grandeur. This time, instead of a veil of white mist, was a veil of rain; the depth and richness of color were indescribable. The Valley was beautified by a refreshing shower. The clouds were charged with electricity, lightning appeared to shimmer in golden glances of light from cloud to cloud—a scene inspiring one to deep thought.

When the sunset hour came, all was centered in light, all the scenic effects of the day illuminated and concentrated into a few brief moments. One felt like holding still and listening to the voice of Nature as it spoke potently through the silence.

N. A. P.

Bugle Notes.

We are sorry to chronicle in this issue of The Bugle Call the departure of Miss Ella Evans, who left here to visit friends in West Virginia. It is hard to say when the departure of any one was an deeply regretted, and we hope adieu she reads this number of The Bugle Call, she will realize, in some measure, what an important factor she was in the Camp social circle. We believe Miss Ella will be a fixture here during future seasons, for certainly no one ever appreciated the charm of outdoor life or the natural beauty of our surroundings more than she. The whole Camp turned out to say a parting word to her.

A Progressive Euchre party was given by Mr. G. Freeman Pollock at the "dining hall" July 23rd. Though every one exhibited intense interest in the game, none objected to the several interruptions which were filled in by delicious fudge caramels, prepared by Mrs. Sprague for the occasion. The prices, consisting of two subscriptions to The Bugle Call, two sets of stationery, and a black snake skin, tanned and ready for bolting, were taken respectively by Miss Evans, Miss Ada Townsend.

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BUGLE NOTES.

Short skirts are adopted this year by all the ladies of Camp, and are looked upon as a great comfort.

July 26th we had our first "Country Gentleman" corn. The table is now supplied from the Camp garden with radish, kale, lettuce, beets, cabbage, yellow summer squash, potatoes, cucumber, string beans, onions and sweet corn.

Mrs. and Miss Graham have taken up their residence in the Daskam cabin, and are charmed with their location. In fact, we have thus far had no grumbling in Camp, and not a word of discord.

The newly discovered spring which will furnish the Camp was in danger of becoming dry, but, thanks to Nature's generous restorative, we are secure from such a misfortune for a long while.

Two new pets have come into Camp since the last issue of The Bugle Call, McKinley, a promising young grizzly dog, and Bernie, a fine game marker. Speaking of pets, we are glad to note the scarcity of rattlesnakes; not a single one has been seen in the vicinity so far this season, and we think the mountain is rid of them entirely.

There was a heavy thunderstorm Tuesday afternoon which compelled every one to keep indoors. The day was rather a dull one in Camp, but the evening was pleasantly spent in the different cottages in the enjoyment of luxurious open fires with the logs piled high. At Cliff Cabin a little company gathered, and forming a semi-circle, pretended to represent the various members of a minstrel troupe, with the fire for an audience, and it seemed to crackle and sputter out its approval at each member of the programme. Mr. S. B. Mason acted as interlocutor, and Miss Kate Evans answered his questions in the most approved minstrel style. Mrs. Sprague, in a becoming and appropriate costume, gave an imitation of "Rastus on Parade."

BUGLE NOTES.

Sunday, July 26th, was one of the most serene and beautiful days we have experienced this summer. One party of trampers visited the Peak in the forenoon, and all during the day most all of the tents people had their groups of visitors, singing sweet songs and chatting pleasantly. In the evening, on the back veranda of Cliff Cabin, a crowd gathered, and sat in the clear moonlight, singing cheerfully until bed time.

After our Sunday dinner the help in the kitchen began singing hymns, William leading off with "Chillun, Get on Board." Nancy shouted while waving a lump of dough in each hand. Nelson was "leading the way," flourishing a dish-towel in one hand and a huge dinner plate in the other, and Jesse and Effie joined hands and sang with a will. All were so excited that they did not even notice that they were observed by a large number of the guests who had paused to hear the music, and who were well repaid for their time. If you wish to see a crowd of happy "darkies" come to Stony Man Camp kitchen.

To Miss Margaret Merillat and Mr. Blount Mason is due the credit of turning our former "cake walk" ground into an excellent tennis court. The work was completed Saturday morning, July 30, and, with continual use, will soon be in fine condition. Miss Merillat is a tennis lover and plays a good game, and we think the court will prove a source of much pleasure to our young people this season. The court is supplied with everything except rackets; so, young people, please bring your rackets with you. We also want to say to amateur photographers that the dark room promised you so long ago is now at your disposal. The carpenters finished their part of the work last week, and you may have an unlimited supply of cold water and all the darkness you want. The only charge made to guests for the use of this room is a sample for our scrap-book of each successful picture. This scrap-book is to contain the work of amateurs visiting Camp, and we hope all of them will be willing to contribute to the cause.

At dinner July 27th the following bill was found posted in the "dining hall":

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE, JULY 27TH.

In the Dining Hall. First Appearance of Miss Ada L. Townsend and Miss May Jameson in "The One Act Comedy:"

At 8:30 Sharp.

A Fair Encounter.

To all friends invited. No admission.

We have tried nearly every form of amusement, but never before have we gone into the field of amateur theatricals. Consequently it is not to be wondered at that intense interest was shown in the above announcement. Mr. Pollock as stage-manager, spared no pains in giving the young lady performers every facility for a complete production, and the result was beyond the expectations of the most sanguine Miss Ada Townsend as the bright, attractive Lady Clara St. John, and Miss May Jameson as the eccentric Lady Grenville did excellent work, and the whole performance was most creditable to these young ladies and highly gratifying to their audience. They were loudly applauded, and at a curtain call were presented with a beautiful basket of wild flowers, from which streamed wide white satin ribbon. The "dining hall" was gracefully decorated with fox gill, golden rod and yellow daisies. The curtains were deep red, and there was a perfect frame work through a perfect frame of orange roses so that the effect was very pretty. The ovation and termination were creditably rendered by the Camp Orchestra. The morning following the play, Miss Townsend and Miss Jameson entered the "dining hall" they were greeted by a round of applause from the breakfast table which goes far to attest the popularity of the two young ladies. They have promised us one or two more performances during this season, for which even at present there seems to be "standing room only."
The arrivals at Camp July 30th were Mrs. Louise Pollock, Mrs. and Miss Graham, of Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Pollock is located in the rustic birch cabin formerly known as the "Shingle House," but now called the "Garden Cottage" owing to its close proximity to the beautiful flower garden which adorns the Camp grounds this season. This miniature botanical garden is surrounded by a stone wall four feet high, and is now almost in full bloom. The gladness, of which there are over one hundred varieties, will attain their greatest glory in August, making a magnificent display. Canvases in orange, crimson, yellow and white, besides numerous other flowers are now in bloom. Probably the most attractive plants of this flower garden are the red and yellow water lilies.

A curious spectacle was presented last Friday when the Little Chief, in his mountain garb of russet, velvet corduroy, was seen on the back of a tiny burro, or donkey, with ears as long as its head, gamboling around the Camp grounds. This miniature donkey is of a delicate shade of russet, velvet corduroy, was seen as an addition to our Camp outfit. Many campers wished to have their palms read that it was decided to have a regular gipsy evening, thus giving to everyone a chance. Mrs. Sprague had previously sent to Baltimore for a phantasmagoria and phantasmagoria which are given for entertainment and pleasure only, are certainly short of miraculous, as many campers wished to have an impromptu dance announced to take place at Cliff Furnace Field Saturday, July 30.

Mrs. R. S. Sprague has undoubtedly wonderful qualifications as a palmist, and her readings, which are given for entertainment and pleasure only, are certainly short of miraculous, as many campers wished to have their palms read that it was decided to have a regular gipsy evening, thus giving to everyone a chance. Mrs. Sprague had previously sent to Baltimore for an effective medium with which to wear on this occasion. A huge bonfire was built near to where a small tent had been erected. Animal skins and rugs and rustic chairs were scattered around for the comfort of the Queen and the guests. We leave the description to one of our talented lady guests.

MOONLIGHT AND FIREFLASH.

By F. W. of Baltimore.

Last Saturday night old Stony Man looked down on a scene which must have warmed his cold heart to the core. On the slope so close beneath him a roaring bonfire blazed and sparkled, hacking high in the air its glowing sparks, as though defying the silvery moon which touched all objects so softly with its transforming light. The dance near by was adorned a Gipsy queen, radiant in her scarlet and butterflies, and eager worshipers waited at her shrine, longing to worship, one of our most amusing and interesting entertainments, a phantasmom dance, in which twenty guests participated. Mr. H. W. Craigin, disguised as a monk, was a surprise party in himself as no one expected him to take part in the dance. Mrs. H. J. Boyd and the Little Chief contributed not a little to the merriment by appearing as the "Lemon Seltzer Twins"—so perfect was their make-up that all attempts at recognition were frustrated. The "dining hall," which was tastefully decorated with pine, tiger lillies, and golden rod, and brightly illuminated with hanging lamps, echoed and re-echoed with the merry laugh and footsteps of the dancers till midnight. So bright was the moonlight that the lamps around the Camp grounds were unnecessary, and so ghostly figures moved stealthily along the winding paths, under the sombre shadows of the chestnut grove in which the Camp is located, one might easily imagine the spirit of a participant in former dances to be gathering from far and near to weep over their misfortune in not being able to respond in reality to Williams' "original figure call.

BUGLE NOTES.

The sketch entitled "Moonlight and Firelight" gives a realistic picture of "gipsy evening" which drew every one in Camp to the Furnace Field. We leave the description to one of our talented lady guests.
THAT SUMMER AT STONY MAN.

"Well, I don't know where this road does lead, but one thing I'll
"teach you—it doesn't lead to
White Oak, because I've been there before.

The speaker, whose steady brown
eyes, cleanly-cut lips and square
little chin led one to expect a good
deal of determination, seated her­
self decidedly on a mossy rock and
planted two small, rusted-clad feet
steadily before her.

"We ought never to have appar­
ted," sighed a languorous young
woman, the light of whose life had
apparently gone out with the di­
vision of the party half an hour
before.

"Where, oh! where has the Lit­
tle Chief gone?" wailed the "Sharp
Boy," disconsolately.

This parody was contributed by a
sun-browned young man, with
brown tweed outing costume, to
startled gaze rested upon a little
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"Where, oh! where has the Little
Chief gone?" wailed the "Sharp
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Of course everybody laughed,
except the previous speaker.
"It wasn't Oak where you'd better,
Mama, it was Stony Man's gone enough
for me.

\textit{This parody was contributed by a}
\textit{sun-browned young man, with}
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\textit{before.}}

Herodias was perched on the
bough of a tree a rod above the
spring. Bruce had not raised his
eyes to so high a point, employed
him to carefully scrutinize each time he re­
viewed his observations, covering
the sun set and the moon rise. Altho*
this time in conveying water in a
wobbled, collapsible cup, to
the numerous short-skirted damsels
of the party.

\textit{Herodias} had subjected him to
a careful scrutiny each time he re­
appeared at the spring till she
knew every detail of his correct
brown tweed outing costume, to
say nothing of such minor facts as
that the soft silk scarf at his throat
just matched his eyes.

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