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Stony Man Camp Bugle Call.

Vol. 1.

SKYLAND, VA., JULY 2, 1898.

No. 1.

THE STONY MAN CAMP BUGLE CALL,

A Newspaper Published in the Interests of
Stony Man Camp.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Per Inch of Advertising Space on last Page of
Each Issue.

Address— all communications should be ad-
dressed to the Editor.

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

Editorial Notice.

This little paper is published for the convenience and amusement of the guests who have visited, or in the future will visit, Stony Man Camp, and to in every way possible, further the interests of the Camp. It is not our purpose to try and give a paper which will outshine other papers in any way—but to simply furnish the Camp news and doings to its patrons in the simplest language possible. The paper will be issued every ten days from July 1st until October 1st. It will be almost entirely devoted to short sketches and descriptions of things seen and done at Camp, most of which will be contributed by guests. In fact, everything in the paper will be written by Stony Man visitors except news items, which will be collected by a regular "Camp correspondent." Who this will be has not yet been decided upon. Mr. C. T. Daly will act as Washington correspondent, and as he is a "bustler," no doubt we shall learn all that there is of interest to know concerning our patrons who are still in the city.

We want the support of all Campers, and especially those who have identified themselves with our Camp; so please send in your subscriptions without delay, and help the work along.

Address all communications intended for publication to Editor of STONY MAN CAMP BUGLE CALL, Skyland, Page Co., Va., and remember that we shall be more than pleased to hear from all Stony Man Campers.

As this is the first attempt at

newspaper work which the editor has made, and as it is not exactly in his line, your indulgence is asked, and it is hoped that all mistakes will be kindly overlooked and all deficiencies pardoned.

Our Camp Garden.

G. FREEMAN FULLOCK.

Very often the question is asked me: "How do you get your vegetables, way up there on that high mountain?" so I have decided that a few words about my garden would prove interesting.

When first I commenced raising vegetables for the Camp table, I obtained my seeds from the surrounding country, and planted the ordinary varieties. The experiment was a failure, and the only vegetable I succeeded in raising was the potato. The trouble lay in the coolness of the climate here, which caused everything to ripen too late to be of any service. After four years experimenting, with some success and many failures, I now have a garden to be proud of. In the garden, growing to-day, are 30 different kinds of vegetables, and greens for salads. All seeds are selected of very early varieties, and are ordered from the seedsmen in the New England States. These northern grown seeds do splendidly in this mountain soil, and the delicious peas, beans, sweet corn, etc., that we get, are the result. The following vegetables are growing now: Seven varieties of onions; 8 varieties of peas, including early and late; 2 varieties of parsnips; red, white and yellow radishes; spinach; kale; mustard greens; water cress; Crook Neck, Marrow, Hubbard and summer squashes; asparagus; 3 varieties of rhubarb; plain and curled parsley; pumpkins for pies, in September and October; early and late Irish potatoes; 5 varieties of sweet corn, including the Black Mexican and Country Gentleman, the acknowledged sweetest variety in existence; early summer and late fall

turnips; green string, wax and Lima beans, both pole and dwarf varieties; cabbage, early and late, including the curled Savoy cabbage; lettuce of over 12 varieties; cucumbers; cymilina; tomatoes; beets; 3 varieties of carrots; celery for use in the fall.

This year the size of the garden has been doubled, and it keeps three men busy to keep down the weeds. Those who have seen it say I have the finest vegetable garden in Madison, Rappahannock or Page counties. Just now the vegetables are in great need of a little rain. In addition, I have grapes, currants, gooseberries and peach trees, which in a couple of years should bear fruit.

This summer I have started a flower garden, which is located at the rear of the Dining Hall, and at the present writing, it is a fine success. I have rubber hose to sprinkle it with, and a boundless supply of water. In the garden are over 100 varieties of lilies, gladioli, cannas, shrubs and hardy flowering plants.

What Do I Think of Stony Man?

Well, when a business man has been attending to his affairs for eleven months, he needs a rest and a change, and I think there is no better place to get both than at Stony Man Camp. It is the first time I have been up here, and, with experiences of the past, I was rather dubious as to whether my expectations would be realized. The Stony Man people are very enthusiastic. My friend, Eddy Droop, said: "Spier, by all means go; you will never regret it." So I persuaded Brother Ferdinand Schmidt to go along, and here we are. We have been to the Cliff every evening and have enjoyed the most beautiful sunsets. Yesterday we went up to the Peak, and I must say that outside of Switzerland I have never seen any grander natural scenery. Our com-

pany here is delightful, and our daily tramps through the woods are the features of our stay. We are singing almost all day and enjoying ourselves to our heart's content. By the way, I have introduced a few new German songs here. There seemed to be an eagerness on the part of the ladies to catch the right accent, so this morning while sitting in the "Cathedral" we were practicing with evident pleasure, if not profit, by repeating rapidly the sentence: "Fisher's Fritz sing frische Fische."

Geo W. SPIER.

A Letter by a Visitor at Camp.

STONY MAN CAMP, }
June 24, 1898. }

DEAR DAISY:—I know you want to hear how time passes at Stony Man Camp, so I will write you what we did yesterday. We sat on one rock after another, just as fancy dictated, trying to see who could get the best view; one said "I like it best from under the pine tree, where the scent is delicious;" another said "I like it better from the top of this rock in the middle of the field—you can see in all directions." "Oh," said a third, "I am going to sit a little distance from you chatterers, where I can get the delicious scent, see the wondrous view, and hear the birds sing!" So it went around the group, until one began to sing, inspired probably by the combined beauty and glory of the wide stretch and expanse of cloud and wood—"mid forests broad and sweeping, fair works of Nature's God;" all joined in and contralto, tenor, alto and soprano, rivaled the birds in sweet harmony. Presently the temptation of a perfect wilderness of laurel in fullest bloom, in every shade of pink from dainty shell pinks to bright-red sunset shades, proved too much for one of our city girls, who had never seen the historic flower growing in its native beauty before,—so she left the group to gather her arsenal to decorate her cabin with, she said. This example proved contagious and one after another began to gather flowers of every kind and variety. I could not begin to enumerate them—long, feathery white spikes—and sprays of white flowers, the columbine growing in enchanting little clusters, or singly in dignified aloofness, daisies with their golden hearts and at last from "down

by the Spring," to where a group had wandered, we heard calls of a "Jack in the pulpit," and "May apples." Ferns of every variety completed the decorations for the cabin and table du hote and shall we say added the finishing touches to the picturesqueness of the pretty girls themselves who would not allow the men to carry the flowers, "Oh, no." The open air and exercise had been conducive to the necessary sauce for all enjoyable meals, *bon appetit*. One said, "I never ate such beans." "Such onions," said a third, and such "lettuce and radishes!" put in a fourth. "You have not mentioned the chickens, they grow here, too," said the youngest man of the party, a boy of eleven; "no, nor the berries," said the one who was enjoying his strawberry short-cake. You see strawberries are delicious here now—full of sweetness, and a fair rival to cherries, which are no less sweet. I know how you wish you could be with me and enjoy all of this and much more, but you do not wish it any more than I do. So we will join the chorus with those who are wishing for absent ones, and sing, "So say we all us—so say we all." *Auf widersehen*.

FRIEDA.

Written for Stony Man Camp Regio Call.

It is the eighteenth day of June, and I am sitting on the "Cliff," enjoying the refreshing breeze. While I watch the soft mist rolling up the canyon, at the left, and in front, the billows of snowy clouds, almost hiding the valley from view.

As I crossed the field from my cozy little tent home, the stretch of grass and clumps of ferns seemed to be fresher than usual, and the laurel bushes were a glowing mass of every shade of pink and white blossoms; and as I saw about me many flowers which I'd never seen before, I wished I knew more about botany, so I could better appreciate them.

It seems as though the trees never looked as they do now, with their new green leaves of every tint and shade. The contrast in color between the light green ends and the growth of the pines is especially pleasing.

And yet as I sit here on the rocks, drinking in the beauties of nature, if I get tired of looking I can shut my eyes and still be en-

tertained by the music of the breeze in the trees, and the songs of the birds that light on the very trees at hand seem to be perfectly at home.

Last evening, between 7:30 and 8 o'clock, we came out here and listened to the birds as they sang their good-night songs.

It seemed as tho they were vying with each other to see which could sing the sweetest. Those on "Bushy Top Ridge" seemed to be calling to their friends, in the valley, whose answers could just be heard.

I never heard such a chorus of birds! It was almost like being in a bird store. 'Twas hard to decide which ones to listen to.

I should like to know how many kinds of birds were represented in that chorus.

I wish they all would stay, so that my friends who come in July could hear them, but "they say" that some of the sweetest singers are migratory birds, and leave the last of June for other places.

There! Right at my feet the dogs have just chased some animal—I couldn't see what, on account of the shrubbery, but I heard it. Maybe it was only a rabbit!! But they are after it yet.

And now I hear carriage wheels and must go to meet the new comers whom we are expecting. I hope they enjoyed the ride up as much as we did. All along the Valley road the cherry trees were laden with ripe fruit, and we feasted on them. As we ascended the mountain we contented ourselves by picking wild roses, laurel, and other wild flowers.

How good it is to be able to leave, for a time, the busy rush of city life, and to be away up here, alone with nature and God.

Truly, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

And now a mist cloud has enveloped me, and I must go.

W. P.

Note From Luray.

EDITOR REGIO CALL:—As an occasional visitor to your Camp I desire voluntarily to commend your resort as the coolest place I ever struck in summer. You have the finest water and scenery to be found anywhere on earth. Print this in the interest of sweetening humanity.

Yours, for happiness,

LURAY.

PENCILGRAPHS.

We are getting already from the Camp garden lettuce, radishes, peas, green onions, kale, spinach and rhubarb.

Miss Ada L. Townsend, of Washington, will reach Camp July 15th. Miss Townsend has had considerable experience in Amateur Theatricals, and we hope she will help us get up some entertainments during the summer.

The next issue of THE STONY MAN CAMP BUCLE CALL will be on July 10th, and there should be lots of news by that time. If you have not already subscribed, you should do so at once,—in time to get the full number of issues.

Mrs. C. Hart Merriam, who made such a charming hostess on various occasions last season, at "Cliff Cabin," will spend this summer in camp near Mount Shasta, California. We shall certainly hope that next season will see her once more at Stony Man Camp.

Hon. R. T. Bronsard, Congressman from Louisiana, and Mrs. Bronsard, are going to visit Camp. We have promised Mr. Bronsard to give him a rare treat in the shape of a debate by the Stony Man Debating Society. No doubt the strong arguments held forth by Jasper Nichols and Mr. Samuel W. Souris will make a great and lasting impression!

The first arrivals at Camp this year were Mrs. R. J. Boyd and Master Reginald Boyd (age two years), accompanied by Miss Leona Pollock. A few days later came Mrs. H. W. Craigin and Master Seymour Craigin, and Miss Ella Bates, followed shortly by Miss Mabel Hayward, Mrs. S. P. Pollock, Mr. George W. Spier and Mr. F. Schmidt, all from Washington.

On Sunday, June 26th, Mr. Frank T. Jobe and Miss Annie Johnson, of Luray, spent the day at Camp, and visited the Peaks. Mr. Jobe is going to furnish us with our fresh meat this summer. He sends meat packed nicely on ice from Luray. This is a new arrangement, and will enable us to enjoy the very best of steaks, chops, roasts, etc., in the future.

In the next issue of this paper will appear the first chapter of a very interesting romance. The name of the heroine is "Edmony," and the scene is laid in the "Froo State Hollow," just east of Stony Man Peak. It is needless to say that the story is written by one of our very talented young lady visitors, who was famous because of her more than usual ability as a "tramper."

PENCILGRAPHS.

The display of ferns at "Indian Rock" is finer than it has been any year since we first saw it.

On July 1st Mrs. M. E. Kent and Miss Kent, of Washington, are expected; also, Mrs. Frederick J. Marble and daughter.

The system of water-works which supplies the cabins and Dining-Hall with water has been changed and now a great abundance of water is supplied by "Kagey's Spring." The hydraulic ram that formerly pumped day and night at "Furnace Spring" is silent. The change is a great improvement, as the water now forces itself to Camp without assistance.

The weather during the month of June has been most beautiful. A constant succession of fine cool days, and now we are getting moonlight nights, also. However, although the pleasant days are necessary to the pleasure and comfort of every one, still the garden is suffering for rain, and unless we get a little before long much of the garden truck will be dried up, so we hope for a little rain.

Many familiar faces will be seen at Skyland this season, and quite a number of new ones. Among the old Campers who will be seen are: Mr. A. G. Heaton, Captain Philip Metzger, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Murphy, Prof. C. W. M. Black and brother Robert, Mr. H. W. Craigin and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Boyd, Mr. P. T. Daly, Miss Virginia Minor, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Baltzley. Some guests are coming this year from Baltimore, Md.; among these are Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Evans, Miss Kate Evans and Miss Fannie Evans. From New York city Mr. Clifford Barbee is expected. "There are others," but they are too numerous to enumerate, so we will simply chronicle their arrival from time to time.

The thermometrical report, as kept by Miss Minor last summer reads as follows: During July the hottest day was July 5th; at 7 a. m., the temperature was 70; at noon it was 80, and at 7 p. m. it was 73. The coolest day was July 14th, when at 7 a. m. the thermometer registered 56, at noon 68, and at 7 p. m. 64. The average July temperature at 7 a. m. was 65, at noon 72 and at 7 p. m. 65. The warmest day in August was the 4th, at 7 a. m. the thermometer registered 68, at noon 78, and at 7 p. m. 74. The coolest day was August 24th, when at 7 a. m. the mercury stood at 52, at noon at 60, and at 7 p. m. at 58. Average temperature for August, 7 a. m. 60, 12:30 p. m. 67, and 7 p. m. 64.

PENCILGRAPHS.

This season we will once more have William Grigby as head waiter and "leader of the band." He will be assisted by his brother, Charles Brown and Nelson McGowan are also engaged as waiters.

Among the young men whom we hope to greet again this summer are Messrs. Charles Woods Taylor, Harry W. Moore, J. W. Oliver, C. D. Davis, Augustus Heaton, Jr., Harry Heaton, Geo. R. Hamlin, Geo. A. Prevost, Robt. T. Oliver, T. B. Harding and J. Castle Ridgway.

There are no cattle grazing in the neighborhood of Camp this summer. The nuisance has been abolished, and hereafter the ladies at Camp will find no cattle to disturb them in their little excursions. As a result of this the "Furnace Field" is very beautiful and green, the grass being fully 6 inches high.

On Tuesday morning, June 28th, a party composed of six left Camp at 8:30, bound for the Peak, to see the "sun rise." The morning proved to be a fine one, and the "sun rise" was a most glorious spectacle. After the sun was thirty minutes high the party returned to Camp by way of "Glen Beulah," which was reached by climbing down the steep and rugged cliffs, right down the face of the mountain. Mr. George W. Spier, Mr. Ferdinand Schmidt and Miss Mabel P. Hayward proved themselves to be excellent mountaineers. Camp was reached at 6:30—one hour before breakfast. On the evening of the same day we had an Amateur performance in the Dining Hall, and judging from the laughter—which was constantly heard for two hours—the evening's entertainment was a great success. Messrs. Spier and Schmidt showed considerable talent, and long will we remember the song they sang, entitled,—*"Da kam ein alter Yager's-man."* We hope they will make another "Camp visit" when the crowd is here. They left Camp on the morning of the 29th, and were given the usual "send off" with hughle, etc.

The beauty about Stony Man Camp is the element of camp life and freedom one enjoys. On the plains, and in the valleys, this comfort is lacking,—but up here in the clouds, the leaves never cease to rustle, and nature is solitude unbroken. Removed from the evidences of urban progress, everything is simple and magnificent. The sunsets are nearer, longer and more varied than from the plain. The moon brighter and the sky bluer even at night than from below. None should omit the trip to Stony Man Camp.

F. SCHMIDT.

Written for the Bugle Call.

Until I came to Stony Man Camp this summer I never fully appreciated the real meaning in the line: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," or any "tidings" at all, perhaps. We would add, in our isolation, our regular postman does not begin his duties until July 1st, and to one who has been reading the daily war news, not to know if Santiago is fallen, or Hobson exchanged, seems a real misfortune. Imagine, then, how warm our greeting is to the chance traveler—"how beautiful are his feet"—as we rush to meet him, clamoring for "news!"

But, as a yearly camper here remarked "I am not happy unless I am a "roughian" for two weeks every year," so we are "roughians" and are happy.

Who would not, if he could, exchange the heat, noise and discomforts of the city for this free, simple life, this wonderful, life-giving air?

Our drive up the mountain was particularly pleasant this year. It was cool and cloudy, the horses were fresh and the driver entertaining. The short "rests" he gave the horses didn't meet with my approval, but he assured me that the Dutchman's "three breaths and go on" was ample.

Not a flag, not a sign that our country was at war with another nation did we see, except at Luray. They *did* have a placard calling for recruits. Instead at every station were the peaceful implements of agriculture—the "craps" are of most importance in the rural minds.

But if we are going to get up the mountain in three hours we must not linger even for the cherries a generous native drops in our laps as we pass under the heavily-laden trees. Nor must we stop too often to gather the beautiful mountain laurel with its delicate pinks, and cool greens. Up and up ever we climb, each turn revealing the peaceful valley in the soft distance till finally we drive into the cool embrace of a passing cloud as it rolls down the steep side of old Stony Man. We think of how people are lost in London fogs and inwardly wonder if this is to be our fate, when out of the mist comes the cheery hail of our host and we know all is well. Then "Sheppie" darts forward with a

joyous bark of welcome—everybody remembers "Sheppie"—and fairly whimpers with pleasure to greet an old friend. What wonder, then, if we also feel an emotion as we turn in silence to salute old Stony Man rearing above us, calm, majestic, eternal! E. B. B.
June 22, 1898.

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- 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 "Tenthredinians."

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.

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NOVEL,
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