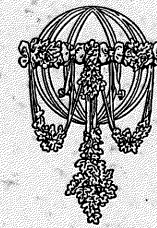


SPARKS
FROM THE
CAMP FIRE



VOLUME II
1921

A WONDROUS GARDEN

Greystone is like a wondrous garden
Where trees give shade and coolness too,
Lifting their leafy arms to heaven
Whispering their message, "Look up" to you.

There are many varied beauties
In this mountain garden cove,
There are bees and birds and butterflies
Winged messengers of the Father's love.

Above the clouds is this wondrous garden
Up above the din and strife
Of earthly cares and earthly sorrows,
Here are found the joys of life.

Far below our wondrous garden
Lies the wide expanse of vale
Dotted o'er with man-made gardens
Stretching far o'er hill and dale.

But our Greystone's wondrous garden
Yields us flowers of every hue
Planted not by human efforts,
Just the gift of God so true.

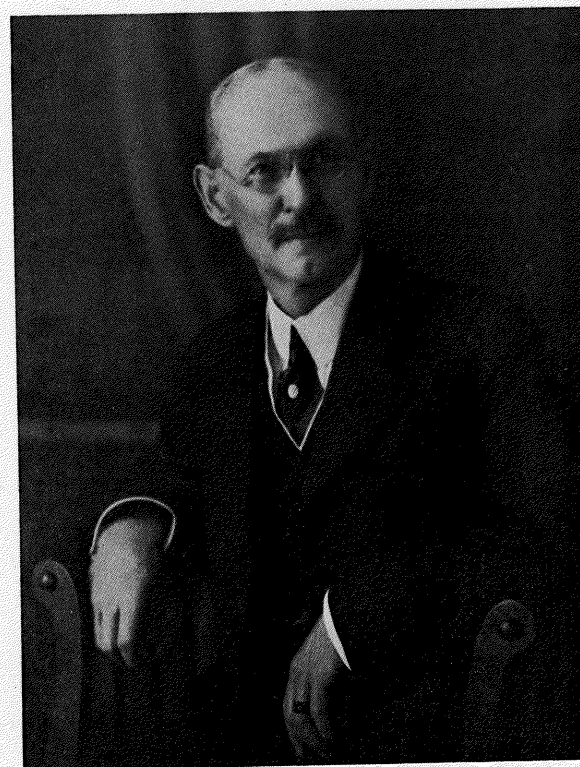
Greystone girls in this wondrous garden
Love best the flowers of green and gold
They speak of the Grace of the loving Giver
Who naught of life's beauties doth withhold.

Who daily dost walk in the garden among us
In our wondrous garden so dear,
And talks to each girl of a deep life purpose
Which He has for each flower that blooms up here.

Now don't you think this a wondrous garden
Where the flower of girlhood can bloom the best,
Smiling, and growing mid rain and sunshine,
Growing stronger for life's harder test?

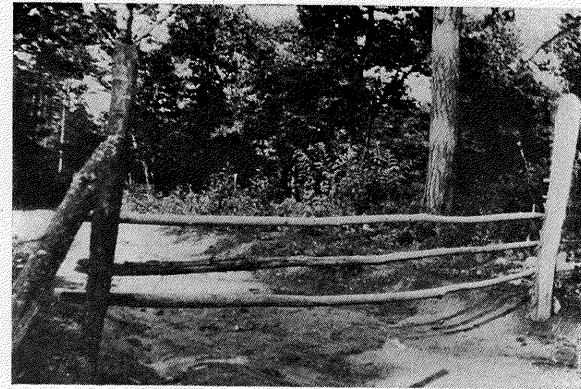
Each girl is a flower in this wondrous garden,
"Growing by giving" her motto must be,
For love is the root, and to serve is her pleasure,
And crowned is this flower with a wondrous "G."

JANIE W. MCGAUGHEY



MR. HENRY ROYCE BROWN
"UNCLE HENRY"

In loving appreciation of the kindly interest shown
us, we the girls of Greystone, affectionately dedicate to
him this little story of our happy days in the summer of
'21.



GREYSTONE GIRLS

G-racious and kind to all campers,
R-ollicking full of fun,
E-ver increasing in courage to
Y-ell for a game lost or won.
S-teadfast in friendships of camp life,
T-ireless in efforts to please,
O-bedient to standards of honor,
N-ever content with mere ease.
E-ager to learn what is worth while,

G-iving the best we command
I-nto the life of the whole camp,
R-eady —at any command.
L-oyal and loving in graces
S-pelling "Greystone Girls" in our faces!

FOREWORD

GREYSTONE, BOOM! GET OUT THE
WAY AND GIVE US SOME ROOM!

We need no further introduction than this—a part of one of our peppiest camp yells. The mere mention of the words stirs each camper with an ardent desire to stay forever on the top of the wonderful mountains in Tennessee and to continue to be one of a group of jolly Greystone campers. Just to be amid the surroundings found here makes us joyous that we are alive. The restful mood in which the mountains put us seems to take away the cares of everyday life. Everything worldly disappears and only the most enduring things of life remain. The inspiration that we get here from nature can be excelled by nothing.

We seldom stop to think to whom we are indebted for the unsurpassed environment we are offered here. We take everything for granted and realize only that we are experiencing a never-to-be-forgotten summer. Should we stop for a minute to think to whom we owe our gratitude, we should unhesitatingly say, Dr. and Mrs. Sevier, our beloved directors. Realizing that they are ever planning something for the good of the Greystone girls, we take this opportunity to express to them our sincere appreciation. We consider it a privilege to have as the head of our camp-home a man with a personality such as Dr. Sevier's. It is through his untiring efforts that Greystone has been made a camp of the highest ideals where girls may go for the summer months and be under the influence of college councillors whose purpose is to get the best of everything out of life.

As Greystone girls we realize that a strong healthy body as well as a sound mind is essential for success in any line. It is for this reason we enter so enthusiastically in athletic sports. On the basket ball field, who does not eagerly await when the forward is throwing a goal which

will decide the fate of her side? Will the final score be a tie, or will this goal decide it in her favor? It's just the Greystone "vim" that makes us enter with our whole hearts and cheer as if this involved the deciding crisis in our career.

Greystone campers enter as enthusiastically in vesper services around the camp fire as they do in athletics. It is the spirit of anything that makes it worth while. The Greystone spirit cannot be excelled!

"Sparks from the Camp Fire" represents the attempt of the girls of 1921 to present that which is best and most enduring in our camp life. We have endeavored to collect within these pages only those things that will truly reflect the spirit of our camp, and help to keep right within our hearts the memory of our days at Greystone.



OUR DIRECTORS
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Sevier

CAMP CALENDAR

- JULY 8, 9—Continuous arrival of girls.
- JULY 10—Introduction to Councillors, ozone, and those famous eight glasses.
- JULY 11—Enlistment day. Recruits for craft, Bible and dancing.
- JULY 12—Horses and cows escape from Barnum & Bailey, and wander up the mountain. Great excitement.
- JULY 13—"Sevier Department Store" opened. Great bargain sales by Grandpa. Mad rush.
- JULY 14—First Camp-fire. Campers indulge in game of "Ring around the Roses," under a starry canopy.
- JULY 16—Madame Jarley from Gay Paree, accompanied by last year girls, exhibits her wax works at Palace Theatre.
- JULY 17—Old girls again honored—Mammoth dish-washing ensues in camp kitchen.
- JULY 20—Miss Atkinson begins horseback riding. Hindered greatly on account of infatuated "crushes."
- JULY 22—Dr. Sevier forgets to say "stack your dishes." Heavy rain follows.
- JULY 23—Much sympathy aroused. Representatives from "Pigtail Orphanage" visit Greystone.
- JULY 25—Big League Teams cover baseball diamond. Hard fight—3 *points* for victors.
- JULY 26—Hike to Jennings' Creek. Sarah Shields decides to have a watery grave but is rescued by the fair "Breck."
- JULY 29—Black-faced comedians pull off big show bringing tears to the eyes of many with their heart rending melodies, "Strut Miss Lizzie."
- JULY 30—The Soiree Audience is charmed by elf (ant) like forms, which endeavored to portray in movements what the music master shows in his compositions, as they gaily trip the light fantastic.

- AUG. 1—Campers get banquet spirit and fail to keep quiet hour.
- AUG. 2—The banquet.
- AUG. 3—Many calls on Miss Lucy B.
- AUG. 4—Arrival of second term girls.
- AUG. 5—John McCormack, alias Mr. Joe Brown, favored us with a number of classical selections.
- AUG. 6—Again we are favored thusly. This time being Galli-Curci's understudy, namely, Mrs. Wilbur Sevier.
- AUG. 7—Birthday greetings to Ellen—Grimes, not Trigg.
- AUG. 8—Much weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, upon departure of Miss Ruland.
- AUG. 9—Weenie roast displaces our usual supper, in which "Elephemus" excels Juliet in amount of weenies consumed.
- AUG. 12—"Midnight riders" privileged with flowery beds on hillside at Mercer's Spring.
- AUG. 13—Refreshments served in Mrs. Price's class. Few bright pupils suggest that this idea be adopted by other pedagogues of camp.
- AUG. 14—Choir comes into prominence. After singing of "In the Garden" by well known quartette, choir loses reputation.
- AUG. 15—Heavens continue to weep.
- AUG. 18—Song of cheer at breakfast for Sunshine and Steak.
- AUG. 22—Staff heaves sigh of relief. Annual goes to press.

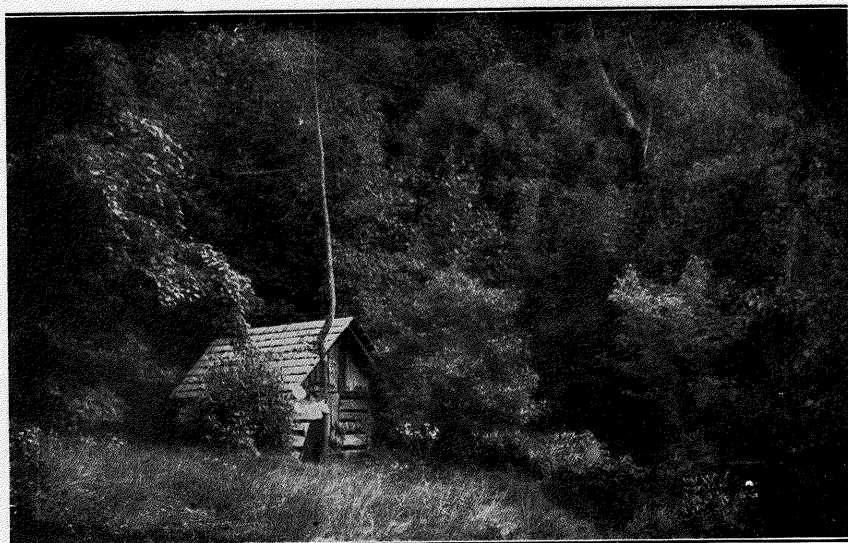
HOWISON & RAGSDALE.



GODS MOUNTAINS

When God stretched forth His mighty hand,
 To make the world so great and grand,
 He made broad valleys in the land
 Where men might work and build and plan;
 Yet, knowing men with care are worn
 He built the mountains for their own,
 The mountains were great thoughts are wrought,
 Where rest from labor may be sought.
 Here may we worship Him above,
 Who built the hills, His gift of love.

LAURA HANCOCK.



HISTORY OF CAMP GREYSTONE

Camp Hickman, the fore-runner of Camp Greystone, was begun by an Augusta Bible Class of fifteen girls, about ten years ago under the efficient leadership of Dr. J. R. Sevier. The eager campers accepted for their camp site the offer of the Outing Club, of their Club House, which was most favorably situated on Shadow Lake near Augusta, Ga. This thrifty little camp continued to grow for the following four years during which time tents became necessary to accommodate the ever increasing camp roll.

At the end of this time Dr. Sevier thought it best to move the camp to the opposite shore of the same lake. From year to year this camp was enlarged and beautified until it became one of the most beautiful camps to be found in that part of the country. The success of this camp

led Dr. Sevier to begin to plan for a larger summer camp where girls from all sections of our country could have the opportunities and privileges of real camp life which those of camp Hickman enjoyed. An entire summer he spent in search for a suitable place in the mountains for the new camp. After what he believed a fruitless search, he remembered Greystone. Here he had spent many happy boyhood days—just the spot for the new camp! He immediately wrote to his uncle, Mr. Henry Brown of Greeneville, Tenn. to inquire about Greystone, formally a summer resort, the property of Mr. Brown. He learned that the old hotel had not been used since 1917, and that the owner, better known as "Uncle Henry" was anxious for him to take charge. Dr. Sevier then knew that Greystone was just the chosen spot—above the clouds with plenty of ozone, and the purest of water—all he or the campers-to-be could wish.

"Uncle Henry" from the initial, entered into the spirit of the camp and soon proved himself to be the true Godfather of Camp Greystone.

In the summer of '20 everything was at last ready for the opening of camp. Soon the girls began to arrive and what a fine bunch of campers they were! This first season proved a great success. All entered into the sport of starting off the camp in the way it should go. During this summer one of the most welcomed additions was completed—the swimming pool.

After a most successful season the first year of Camp Greystone came to a close. A winter of eager anticipations followed and soon became realized in a second year of camp.

For the future of Greystone we cannot more heartily express our hopes and assurance than by those words on every camper's lips, "It's Greystone forever for me!"

NEAL AND MCKINNE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

This, the 17th day of August, we, the girls of 1921, do hereby solemnly will and bequeath to the girls of 1922.

I. Margaret Wilds' great love for and incessant attendance at Setting-up Exercises.

II. Juliet Stephens slender and sylph-like figure, also her coy and artful manner of coaxing canteloupes from Mr. Webb.

III. Angie Pearl Smoak's letters from a certain person, hoping that they may offer many helpful hints.

IV. Annabel Atkinson's own exclusive mode of walking.

V. Dorothy Russell's talent for playing the violin and her eternal gracefulness while thus occupied.

VI. Nancy Howison's curling irons and her skill in applying necessary facial decorations.

VII. Elizabeth's Burdell's gracious smile and winning ways; also her noble attempts at the Dramatic Arts.

VIII. Alice Perkins' monopoly of the high dive, also her exquisite and unusual form of diving.

IX. Miss Janie's shy and girlish manner when addressing an audience.

X. Dorcas McKinne's search for a wild and reckless life.

XI. Mrs. Price's untrained appetite.

XII. Elizabeth's Murff's talent for fancy horseback riding.

XIII. Elma Keener's accomodating spirit in regard to table tickets.

XIV. Marie Ragsdale's engaging little chuckle-chuckle which has gotten her out of so many tight places.

XV. Miss Vena's secret and successful process for obtaining a husband.

XVI. Annie Leak Dibble's intense dislike for home made fudge.

XVII. Eleanor-Eve Dunbar's unusual propensity for early morning dips.

XVIII. Elizabeth Deaver's notably modest and retiring nature.

XIX. Ruth Hall's tender and maternal devotion to the doodle bug.

This instrument is hereby signed and declared this 17th day of August, 1921, as the last will and testament of aforesaid campers.

TESTATORS:

Emily Cope

Ellen Lyon Trigg

Eleanor-Eve Dunbar



"As Dainty as a Dimpled Doll"



Councillors in "Sunday Dress"

GREYSTONE WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Folk Dancing announce the marriage of
their daughter
Anne Aesthetic
to
Jim Nastic

The marriage was noisily solemnized at the "Lookout" Assembly by Dr. I. M. A. Pastor. The Assembly was gaudily decorated with boughs furnished by Messers Hickory and Chest Nut.

The ushers were Messers I. Brow and I. Lash. The bride's attendants were Misses Van I. Ty, Pou D. Puff, Rou G. Puff and Ko Ket.

The charming gowns of the attendants, consisting of green and gold tarletan, were designed by Miss Georgia Ette.

The out of town guests attending the wedding were, Dr. and Mrs. Huck L. Berry, Miss May O. Naise, Mr. and Mrs. Mid D. Blouse with their nephew Mid D. Ty, Mr. Chew N. Gum Miss Jew C. Fruit, Prof. and Mrs. Stick E. Goo, Mrs. Wool N. Socks and Miss Ten S. Shoes.

REPORTERS:
A. Perkins
D. Russell

WHO'S WHO AT GREYSTONE

BY VOTE OF THE GIRLS

Most Popular—Dorothy Russell
Most Attractive—Nancy Howison
Most Handsome—Emma Huntley
Most Talkative—Shirley McIntire, Elizabeth Deaver,
close second.
Most Dignified—Dorcas McKinne.
Most Graceful—Emily Cope
Most Original—Marie Ragsdale
Most Musical—Elizabeth Griffin, Mary Ray Dobyns
Best Sport—Dorothy Russell
Best Dancer—Myra Hilton
Best Actress—Elsie Driver
Best Swimmer—Virginia Sevier, Olwen Jones coming
right behind.
Best Horseback Rider—Ellen Lyon Trigg
Best Basket Ball Player—Martha Jamison
Best Tennis Player—Alice Perkins
Best Base Ball Player—Elma Keener
Biggest Eater—Juliet Stephens, Annie Leake Dibble
begging for more.
Biggest Crush—Angie Pearl Smoak.
Cutest—Adelaide McAlister.
Daintiest—Elsie Driver
Prettiest—Adelaide McAlister and Elizabeth Burdell
Jolliest—Martha Maslin
Cleverest—Fanny Neal
Wittiest—Ellen Lyon Trigg
Sweetest—Theo Wilds
Laziest—Cornelia White
Most Pep—Elizabeth Oliver
Prettiest Eyes—Angie Pearl Smoak
Prettiest Hair—Elizabeth Burdell
Cutest Bobbod Hair—Margaret Wilds
Fattest—Elizabeth Murff
Skinniest—Lois Jourolmon

THE GREYSTONE BANQUET

August the second stands like a high peak in the "range of our good time" at Greystone. It marked the day of our camp banquet climax, toward which all the other festivities of Greystone had been pointing. The closing of the first term brought a deep regret that some of the girls had to leave; but fun and gladness reigned supreme in the heart of each camper as she marched into the banquet hall on the night of August the second and took her place at the big "G", just loaded with good things. Beautiful handmade place-cards, cleverly sketched with green and gold, marked a place for every single camper. After the usual camp blessing and some ringing cheers, everybody began on the plates set before her (or him) just as naturally as if a banquet were an everyday occurrence at Greystone. My gracious! What good things there were: first there was creamed chicken with potato chips, celery and sliced tomatoes; then there was delicious fruit salad and the most wonderful punch served all in between times. We didn't stop with "eight glasses" either! Best of all, the last course consisted of ice cream in Camp colors served with cocoanut cakes! And eats weren't the only thing, for we were delightfully entertained by our most capable and attractive toast-mistress, Miss Dorothy Russell. "You know ole Dorothy"—besides being extremely witty herself, she called on a number of the campers for clever toasts to people and things that Greystonites love. After all the dainty morsels were dispensed with, Dr. Sevier introduced Miss Janie who read the camp awards. She didn't have to explain what points and Honor Girls meant; everybody knew that! In breathless expectation, we waited to find just which girls were furthest along the road toward the much coveted "G." The fortunate ones were applauded loudly and everybody joined in a good night song 'a la bench tops. Thus ended a never-to-be-forgotten event at Greystone!

L. H. CARSON AND R. HALL.

HONOR GIRLS

Marie Ragsdale, Best All-Round Camper

GIRLS AWARDED THE **G** IN 1920

AWARDED THE **★** IN 1921

Marie Ragsdale	Elma Keener
Virginia Sevier	Alice Perkins
Ellen Lyon Trigg	

GIRLS AWARDED THE



Louise Brown
Elizabeth Burdell
Margaret Carlton
Anna L. Chandler
Lois Collins
Emily Cope
Mary Cope
Elizabeth Cravens
Annie L. Dibble
Mary Ray Dobyns
May Dunlap
Olwen Jones
Mary M. Lybrook

Martha Maslin
Elizabeth Murff
Adelaide McAlister
Mary Bell McConkley
Doreas McKinne
Margaret McNamara
Fanny Neal
Marian Newell
Amelia O'Hanlon
Dorothy Russell
Sarah Shields
Martha Spilman
Cornelia White

TOASTS SERVED BETWEEN
BANQUET COURSES

TOAST TO GREYSTONE

When winter's work is over
And school at last is done
We heave a sigh and say,
"What now shall be vacation fun?
The Drug Store or the movies, or House-
parties by the sea?
Oh no! dear pals, it's none of these,
But camping life for me.

So to the friends and folks at home
I bid a fond good-bye,
And take the train to Greeneville,
On the eighth day of July.
For a catalogue has brought the news of
a Camp in Tennessee
Where I don my bloomers, socks and keds,
For it's middy life for me.

Yes, its here that we go swimming
It's here we learn to hike
It's here we ride and shoot and dance,
Most anything you like.
Oh, it's here we study, sing and weave
And ever happy be,
So I'll sing with all these Dixie girls,
It's Greystone camp for me.

TOAST TO DR. SEVIER

Some people win our love,
Others our admiration,
Some others are to special ones
A constant inspiration.
But to the one who's all of this
To every Greystone lass,
We wish to show our love
In every lifted glass.
Dr. Sevier, Here's to you.

VALLEY IMPRESSIONS IN MRS. BLANK'S KITCHEN

ONE OF THE VALLEY HOMES

Mrs. Blank. Well daughter, seein as how you haint got nothin to do but read that fashion book, go down to the spring-house and fetch me the cream. We can get the churning done while you're a tellin me what you done saw up at that thar mountain what they call Greystone.

Daughter Anne. Why maw if I was to tell you all I seen while we wuz at that camp-school, we would be a churnin nigh to Doom's-Day. The first thing that struck my eye wuz bout a hundred girls rigged up in them bloomers and middies, and sakes alive, what they couldn't do! When I tuk the huckleberries in the kitchen, I done saw some campers (the boss, Dr. Sevier, called them by that title) battin a ball over a piece of mosquito nettin, and then others they was a sweepin off their porches; some was even a settin in the kitchen peelin apples, and I do declare the way they done it, you'd think they never had eyes on a knife before.

Mrs. Blank. Wuz that all they wuz adoin?

Daughter Anne. Why no, Maw, they done something (at least they tried it) what I would a liked to do myself. Dr. Sevier he done tuk some like they wuz a goin fox-huntin and when they hadn't even gotten out of sight they stopped to shoot. I looked and looked for that fox but the only thing I could see that they wuz a shootin at wuz a round thing stuck on a tree.

Mrs. Blank. Humph! All a foolish wastin of your good time and bullets, that's what I calls it.

Daughter Anne. Them gals all enjoys it first rate, and I do say myself as how I'd like to be one of them myself. Blanton Webb, he showed us the way down the hill a little piece whar we come to a house whar they wuz a dancin and playin to beat all. Thar wuz a grown lady down thar and she wuz a'doin the same foolishness the rest wuz. They called it some kind of Pathetic Dancin.

Then we come back up the hill to a room not as big as the other and they wuz a'makin all sort of things with beads and long pieces of straw. This warnt so foolish as the other but it done seemed a plumb waste of time. We went outside and thar wuz a crowd of gals a'ridin by on horses. They had on them pants what the gals what ride by here wears. And Blanton he done told me that some of them gals they never has been on a horse before, and I declare they looks as if they wuz born on one.

Mrs. Blank. The gals doesn't do these here things when it gets dark, does they? You'd think as how they'd be a gettin right smart tired by that time.

Daughter Anne. That thar time is the best of all to them. After supper they all gits theirselves down to that thar place where they do the hoppin and skippin and first they sing. You never hear'd anything so pretty in your born days. The words wuz mostly all about cheerin and praisin their camp, but they sang them fine. Some gals they wuz a playin on little fiddles what aint got no bow. They tell me they play games some times but this night they had what they called a "movie." They never made nairy a sound, but 'pon my word you could tell what they wuz a'doin. You remember the night Brother Jim come and taken weuns in to Greeneville to one of them movie houses. This wuz just like that. They wound up by all sayin some verses from the Good Book, and Dr. Sevier he made a grand prayer. Yes mam, I do be a sayin again, I'd like to be one of them gals.

Mrs. Blank. I do be ashamed of you wantin to go up thar and waste your time for two months. It aint no school, and it aint a hospital, so they aint up thar to get their minds or their bodies well. But when the apples gits ripe, I's sure a'goin up with you'uns.

MARY BELL McCONKEY.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF CAMP GREYSTONE

1. Board for visitors 13c per square foot.
2. Campers wishing to rise early to go in swimming, can have either self-rising flour or yeast for supper.
3. Not responsible for diamonds, store teeth, ukeleles or crushes left under the pillow; they my be placed, and are safer, in the ice-box.
4. Campers wishing to do a little driving will find nails and a hammer in the corner of the little store.
5. If you like to see expert jumping for sport, lift the mattress and see the bed spring, or raise the window and see a horse fly.
6. Girls are requested not to eat "sticky goo" with a knife.
7. Do not worry about going home the end of the second term. The trees will be leaving too.
8. For the amusement of the campers, there will be a ball in the pool-room every night after supper.
9. If any camper has trouble in keeping her hair up on Sunday, there is a net at her disposal on the tennis court.
10. It is advisable that during "quiet hour" each girl keep her tennis racket locked up.
11. Girls taking part in a base ball game do not have to chase balls any further than Greeneville. Guy goes to the city each morning to collect them.
12. Any campers desiring a string to tie up laundry, will find one on the mandolin.
13. Contestants for speed in the swimming-meet are asked to do the Australian Crawl.
14. Girls in the advanced Aesthetic Dancing Class are required to do arm movements with their feet.
15. Girls taking the course in Nature Study must write a complete outline on a doodle-bug.

GREYSTONE GOLD

Back in the mountains of old Tennessee, in a peaceful valley guarded by the Great Smoky Range, lived an old man who was known as Buck Muncher.

When a boy, Buck was very poor, but he had worked very hard in his youth, and thus made a great deal of money, which he kept in great bags, and so he was known to the world as a miser.

Buck lived alone in a little shack at the foot of the mountain. Everyone knew Buck had a lot of money, and Buck knew that they knew, hence he was in continual fear that some one would steal it.

Once when this fear assailed him he hollowed out a space under a brick in his fireplace, and there he hid his gold. Almost every night he would cover the windows and bar the door, and go to the fireplace to examine his gold. He would take up the brick and laborously drag out the gold, and after pouring it on the table, would revel in the shining pile. He would run it through his fingers and croon over it as one would croon over a child. Then after counting it over and over, and muttering and murmuring for hours, he would replace it.

But one night he was more weary than usual after a hard day's work, so as he counted his gold he fell asleep, his arms encircling and his head resting on the golden treasure. The next morning when he awoke, he was startled to find that he had slept with the gold unprotected. He feared that maybe someone had stolen some of his treasure.

So, to satisfy his mind, he had to count it again. When he found it all there he was at peace for a time, but then new fears beset him. Suppose he should fall asleep again and someone discover his gold? His money would surely cost him his life. After that he was never without fear. He was even afraid to get the gold out for fear of robbers.

At this time the Civil War drew near and the mountaineers were terrified by stories of the "Yanks" looting

and burning all the houses they passed. Buck was even more terrified than the others for he thought at once of his wealth of gold. He could hardly sleep at night now for the thought of it, and in his fevered brain he imagined the horsemen riding up to his door and demanding his money.

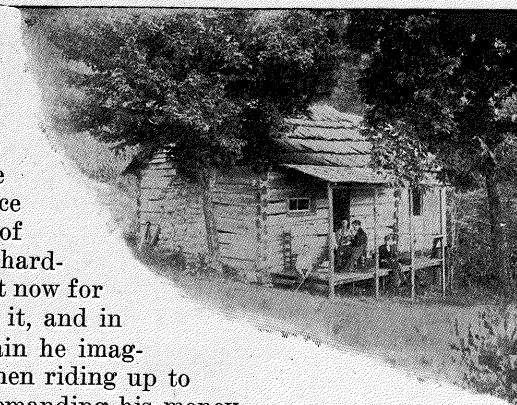
One day he heard of a raid on a farmhouse not many miles away, and this settled it for him. He took his old mule, and putting his bags of gold on his back, in the darkest part of the night, started for the mountains. All night he traveled the faint trail over the mountain and at dawn arrived at his destination, a rock which could be seen from his shack in the valley.

Here, as the sun came over the ridge, he buried his precious hoard. Then with caution bred of fear, he started back to his mule. But he was too fond of his gold for in looking back at its hiding place, he stubbed his toe, and fell headlong over the cliff to be killed on the rocks below—his secret going to death with him.

After a while the mule wandered home and the neighbors went to hunt for him, and finally found his body. Many searching parties were made but all failed to bring to light the hidden hoard.

So, to this day, somewhere, near the top of Old Grey-stone Mountain, lies Buck Muncher's hidden bags of gold.

VIRGINIA L. SEVIER



AN AIMLESS STORY

Perkins and *Triggs*, the *Young Ragsdale* boys, were in the habit of leaving their *Holme*, *Atkinson Hall*, every *Holliday* for a ride.

One day in *May*, the *Driver* of their pony-cart took them far into the *Wilds* of *Ropke* and left them alone. They were not frightened until they heard a *Russell* in the *Burdell* bushes near them, and looking they saw a fierce *Brown* and *White Funkhauser* approaching, exhailing *Smoak*. How to *Cope* with this monster they did not know, and *Perkins* could only *Neal* and pray. But the valiant *Trigg* dealt him a *Sevier* blow on the head. However, this seemed to have no effect as the *Funkhauser* returned a *Keener* one.

I *Askew*, what would have happened now had not the village *Smith* appeared on the scene with his *Dibble Anna-bel* in one hand, and his *Banghart* in the other? He *Came* just in time to *Shield* them. After the monster died, with

much *Payne*, he put the *Ragsdale* boys on his horse *Oliver*, and carried them *Wright* strait to ttheir *Holme*.

Mr. *Ragsdale* paid the village *Smith* a large *Price* for rescuing his *Love* ones.

ANGIE PEARL SMOAK
ELEANOR EVE DUNBAR



BY THE WORDS OF THEIR MOUTHS, AND THEIR
CLOTHING, YE SHALL KNOW THEM

Dr. Sevier:—Khaki shirt, tan shoes. "Miss Janie, what have you for us today?"

Mrs. Sevier:—White middie, green bloomers. Jolly laugh.

Miss Janie:—Green and gold head-band; white oxfords. "Now girls, in regard to your points."

Miss Lucy B.:—Flowing hair, brown hair ribbon, black tie. "One bar a day."

Miss Vena:—Blue middie, (diamond!) "Ezzybody wake up and hear the little birdies sing."

Mrs. Price:—Black and white bloomers. Gold socks. "Flirt with your partner."

Mrs. Delaney:—Red head-band; two plaits. "We will have a short review now on the Gospel of Mark."

Miss Sandstrom:—Slow and easy manner. Navy blue skirt. "Wait and I'll see."

Miss Ruland:—Riding trousers; small white hat. "Where's Dorothy?"

Mother Mac:—Wears "dress." "Now girls, *please* don't go in the kitchen."

Miss Payne:—Brown sweater; black pants. "You know I can't talk to all of you at once."

Miss Atkinson:—Hair slick back; riding trousers. "My! My! Can't stand that!"

Miss Hall:—Pink middy; always jolly. "Girls the outline is on the bulletin board."

Miss Funkhauser:—No. 1 shoes; round tortoise-shell glasses. "By George!"

Miss Fraser:—Carries straw basket. "Now girls, *don't* lose your needles."

Mrs. Russell:—Green sweater; works on brown and white basket.

Mrs. McGaughey:—"You may ring the five minute bell."

Mrs. Holliday:—Black head-band; black socks. O! Moicy, Moicy."

Miss E. Fraser:—Brown sweater. "What problems have you incomplete?"

Miss Park:—Khaki bloomers; blue sweater. "Well—wait and Let's see."

LOUISE BROWN

ATHLETICS

There are many popular sports at Greystone, among which some of the most enjoyable are:

Horseback riding, swimming, tennis, baseball and basketball.

The horseback riding is under the direct supervision of Misses Ruland and Atkinson. There are twelve splendid horses here, and every day the girls enjoy the wonderful rides.

The swimming pool is loved by all Greystone campers. Every day two swims are enjoyed by them. The "Shoot" and spring board add much pleasure to this sport. Two swimming meets are held during the camp, and many participate in these.

The tennis court is always filled, and the girls enjoy it from 6. A. M. to 7 P. M. A tournament is held for those who wish to enter.

Baseball and basketball games are held all during the camp. These are always full of pep and fun.

HORSEBACK

"Any announcements Miss Atkinson?" Miss Janie asked one night at supper. This time when Miss Atkin-



son arose, the girls listened more intently than ever because for several days we had heard rumors concerning an overnight ride to the valley. We knew of course that Trigg, Burdell, Oliver, Sevier and Margaret Brown would go because of their splendid horseback records, and then too they had had honorable mention, and there was only a mere chance for us and it seemed at first as if we hoped in vain, until finally we heard our names called almost at the last. Then we rushed down to the "Crow's Nest" where we received instructions as to what was to be taken with us.

It seemed as if the eventful day would never arrive, but finally it did and in the form of one which was just ideal for riding. The girls hurried down to the stables to select their favorite horses and many were the cries for "Flossie" and "Peggy," while others had to accept the cruel fate of riding "Queen" or "Alice." Then after seeing that our stirrups were all right and that our bathing suits were on tight—for we had long ago learned by previous experience that Miss Atkinson meant business when she said, "If your bathing suit drops in the road it's going to stay there"—we were at last ready to start on our never-to-be-forgotten trip to the valley.

After riding for some time we reached the foot of the mountain and from there we cantered briskly on until we reached a little house which was near Mercer's spring. This was to be our headquarters so after starting a fire we prepared to cook supper. Never were weenies so good or watermelons quite so juicy. Then as a climax to this delightful supper we gathered around the camp fire and told "Ghost Stories." This was very interesting at first, but when the flames flickered away, the trees seemed to wake up and repeat our mournful tales. Suddenly all our surroundings seemed to assume a wierd and "spooky" aspect and as this proved too much for us, we decided to sleep out doors rather than risk a night in the "Haunted House."

The greater part of the night was spent in talking and laughing, for do we not all believe in the old saying

"laugh and grow fat"—at least "Elephenus" Huntley does, and as a goodnight speech she remarked, "These poor little blades of grass on which I am sleeping never will grow again."

The next morning after eating a five course breakfast, all of which was served in one cup, we mounted our noble steeds and endeavored to imitate "The Charge of the Light Brigade" down the pike. But our cavalcade was soon to suffer a disappointment for the menacing clouds ever-hanging the mountains soon burst into sheets of rain, creating indeed a spectacle of bedraggled cavaliers. Although our apparel was no longer immaculate our spirits remained undaunted, and we cantered home as cheerfully as ever. It wasn't long before we built a big, warm fire by which to dry our clothes, and then we again mounted our chargers, but this time to ride back to Greystone. Finding the bars down we gave rein to our now tired pal-freys and with a "Lo the Conqueror Comes" gallop, dashed around the circle to the hitching place. Needless to say the left-behinds were gathered together to welcome us with a glorious ovation. Speaking of good times, Oh, boy, "Aint we had fun."

NON TIES DEFEAT THE TIES

The onlookers assembled early and at five o'clock sharp the whistle was blown. Every one was breathless as the ball was tossed up in center as this was the big basket ball game of the season. In less than two minutes Dobyns starred with a field goal despite the good guarding of Jamison. Too much can not be said of the wonderful passing made by the centers on both teams. They played well! For the next few minutes the crowd witnessed some hard fighting. The ball was passed through center several times, but at last, ended with a pretty goal made by Hancock. Just a few seconds before the ending of the first half, Dibble scored for the non ties.

During the second half, Maslin made a field goal and for several seconds it looked as if the ties would score again, but Jamison was too clever for them and not another goal was made on that side.

A double foul was made, caused by intense playing, but neither side was able to make their goal.

Hancock scores twice more for the non ties after hard playing. Perkins and Wilds were right on the job but just couldn't keep the ball out of Hancock's hands.

The game ended with the final score of 8 to 4, in favor of non ties.

Referee—Mrs. Paul Holliday
Scorekeeper—Miss A. Atkinson

LINE-UP

<i>Non Ties</i>		<i>Ties</i>
S. Shields	Center	E. L. Trigg
D. Russell	S. Center	E. E. Dunbar
M. Jamison	Guards	A. Perkins
M. M. Lybrook		T. Wilds
A. L. Dibble	Goals	M. Maslin
L. Hancock		M. R. Dobyns

OUR ANNUAL

The campers get the pleasure,
The writers get the fame,
The publishers get the money,
But the staff—it gets the blame.

THE SWIMMING MEET

On the thirtieth of July and the first of August a great event took place at Greystone. Visitors from far and near were present. This event was the swimming meet at the closing of the first term.

The on-lookers were first kept in suspense while many girls tried side stroke for form. The result was as follows:
1st Perkins, 2nd Jones, 3rd Sevier.

The next stroke was side over arm for form. The winners were: 1st, Perkins, 2nd Oliver, 3rd, Sevier.

The third stroke for form was double over-arm. The result was as follows:

1st Oliver, 2nd E. Cope, 3rd Jones, 4th Perkins and Breckenridge.

Next came straight-away for speed which resulted thus:

1st Sevier, 2nd Jones.

On back for speed came next, and the winners for this were:

1st, Jones, 2nd Sevier, 3rd Louise Brown.

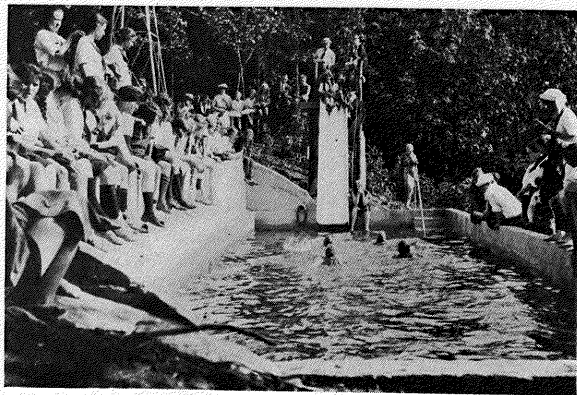
Next came the plunge for distance: 1st, Sevier, 2nd Oliver, 3rd Jamison.

The last and most difficult was the Australian crawl. Sevier won first.

The final score of totals therefore read; 1st Sevier, 2nd Jones, 3rd Oliver, 4th Perkins, 5th E. Cope.

The judges for the meet were, Misses Ruland and Atkinson, and Mrs. Paul Holliday.

The following Monday the diving meet took place. The same judges took their stand and the result was as follows: 1st, Hilton, 2nd Jones, 3rd White, 4th Jamison, 5th Sevier.



CAMP SONGS

Tune: "Who's Goin Love You When I'm Gone"

1

There is a camp in Tennessee
It is the dearest spot for me,
It is known to folks as Camp Greystone,
And it's a camp of highest tone.
All of the girls are happy and bright
Singing from morning until night.
We've good things to eat, the sports can't be beat,
That's why we love our dear Greystone.

2

Hail Greystone hail,
Hail Greystone hail,
Camp the best of all the rest
Our praises never fail
O—Oh!
G—R—E—Y—S—T—O—N—E, Boom.
Our dear Camp Greystone, we sing to you
Pride of old Tennessee, we love you, yes we do, dear Grey-
stone
Long will we cherish thee, love and adore
Sing praise and honor, forevermore.

3

Tune: "Washington & Lee Swing"

There may be spots so dear o'er land and sea,
But Greystone is the dearest spot for me
We all do have one grand and glorious time,
And oh, that wonderful old ozone clime.
And then our leaders too they can't be beat,
And all our girls, well ain't they all so sweet,
So it's no wonder that we cheer for you,
Greystone true, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Greystone, you're all right,
 You're all right, you're all right,
 Greystone, you're all right,
 You bet you are.
 Your girls are clever
 Both now and forever
 Greystone, you're all right,
 You bet you are.

So here's to the campers, All hail, All hail, All hail 'em
 There's nothing that they cannot do.
 They've got the spirit, the kind that never fails us
 They've proved it too,
 They are the kind of girls that are always on the top
 They find and give the best and you can never make them
 stop.
 So here's to the campers, All hail, All hail, All hail 'em
 There's nothing that they cannot do.

Tune: "I Love You Truly"

We love Camp Greystone, indeed we do,
 We love Camp Greystone, through and through,
 Welcome to Greystone, welcome to you,
 And we hope that you'll love Greystone, too.

While we're here at this dear Camp Greystone,
 We will breathe just lots of that ozone
 It will make us big and strong
 It gives us pep the whole day long.
 And we'll make the best of soldiers
 By the way we hold our shoulders.
 And we laugh and sing and work and play,
 We are merry all the live long day
 We have small plays as in the hippodrome
 We go to bed early, rise early in the morn,
 All these things we do at Camp Greystone.

All I want is sociability,
 Some one to be sociable with me,
 I' so very sociable myself
 I need sociable society.
 I have a sociabletemperament
 Social disposition, social sentiment,
 I'm as sociable as sociable can be
 And I just got to have more sociability.

Tune: "What You Goin' To Do When Your
 Rent Comes Round"

Greystone campers burned by the sun,
 What you goin' do when the rain does come,
 What you goin' do, what you goin' say,
 We'll just be as happy as any other day,
 We'll laugh, we'll work, we'll sing, we'll play,
 We'll spend the happy hours in being very gay
 Out of everything we'll have some fun,
 So we don't care if the rain does come.

A keeper would a huntin go,
 And under his coat he carried a bow,
 All for to shoot at a merry little doe,
 Among the leaves so green—o.

Chorus

Jacky Boy—Master,
 Sing ye well—Very well
 Heigh down—Ho down
 Derry, derry down
 Among the leaves so green—o.
 With a heigh down, down, and a Ho down, down
 Heigh down, Ho down, derry derry down,
 Among the leaves so green—o.

The first doe he shot at he missed
The second doe he trimmed, he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green—o.

Chorus

11

Tune: "Aint We Got Fun"

In the mountains up at Greystone.
Aint we got fun,
Oh, such sunshine, and such good times,
Aint we got fun,
We have a store too, and plenty of eats,
And plenty of horseback that cannot be beat.
In the pool, and setting up
Aint we got fun,
All night rides on horses too,
Aint we got fun,
Greystone is fine girls,
The truck brings us up and takes us down
In the day time, in the night time
Aint we got fun,

12

——— you're a wonder
And when you are old and gray,
We will all say, yes, by thunder
You were some (boy—girl) in your day.

13

Whom have we here today, today
Oh, whom do we have today?
Why do we sing and praises ring,
Why do we shout Hooray!
Oh, —— How do you do,
We hope that you will stay,
We will shout your praises forever,
Forever and a day.

40

14

Hip, hip, Hooray
We'll sing till dawn of day
And each to the other pledge devotion,
Here's a health to you and me
Camp Greystone, here's to thee
Our love for thee is like the ocean.

15

Whoop her up, whoop her up,
Whoop her up some more
Greystone camp is the camp that all of us adore
She's such a peach, she's won our hearts
She's surely won some fame,
She is not rough, she is not tough,
She gets there just the same.

YELLS

1

Yac-e-ty, yac-e-ty, yac-e-ty, yac,
Yac-e-ty, yac-e-ty, yac-e-ty, yac,
Greystone, boom; Greystone, boom
Get out of the way and give us some room.

2

Ipi-ki-ki-ki, ipi-ki-ki-ki,
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Greystone.

3

Say —— Say what?
That's what —— What's what?
That's what they all say ——
What's what they all say.
O-zone, O-zone, Sevier, rah, rah, rah,
Eight glasses, water, Brown, rah, rah, rah.

41

4

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Greystone, Greystone, Greystone.

5

Taps

God of love, guard our homes,
God of life, God of peace,
Keep them all,
God of love bless each one,
Evermore.

