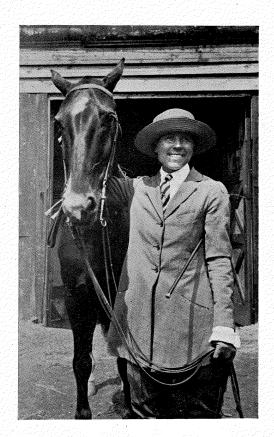


Greetings, Greystone campers!
In this book you'll find,
All the prose and poetry
That would or wouldn't rhyme.
But laugh please at our little jokes,
And all the jingles too,
Tales of fun and frolic
We now present to you.



MISS RULAND

In appreciation of her loyalty to Greystone, her influence for good felt by every camper and her splendid example of true sportsmanship, we, the staff, lovingly dedicate this little story of camp life to our councillor and friend, Miss Catherine E. Ruland.

To Our Greystone

Underneath the sheltering pine trees
We live and work and play
Filled with mighty inspiration
From the beauties of the day,
It has brought us joys unnumbered
A deepened love of the out-of-doors
An appreciation of true friendship
And blessings many more

So here's to our Greystone
Whose ideals are of high tone,
Whose spirit is service
Out of hearts of Christian love;—
"Growing by giving"
To the motto of Greystone living
For it's loving and serving others
That we serve our God alone.

J. W. McG.



Annual Staff

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AN EDITORIAL

The fourth year of Greystone and all's well! With every passing season new features have been added, and today our camp is able to develop its girls,—mentally, physically, and spiritually. Under the leadership of efficient councillors, the benefit of regular living, the companionship of bright and happy girls and the splendid example of Christian living in the lives of Dr. and Mrs. Sevier and Miss Janie, a girl cannot help increasing as our Best Example did, "in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man."

Not the least of these helps is that afforded by the capable tutoring offered girls who wish to take advantage of summer study. Along with this comes Nature Study wherein she learns of the multicolored wild flowers, of the straight and crooked trees, of all God's little people and of the many secrets the woods hold for those who seek them out. Closely akin to Nature craft comes Handicraft where she grows skillful in pressing wild flowers, in making clever baskets or dainty things of wax and paint. For after all the greatest pleasure that knowledge gives is the joy of imparting it to others.

Then behold the change two months of wholesome food, regular hours and well supervised athletics can make in a girl! She not only gains from ten to an unmentionable number of pounds but actually increases in height. Her chest fills out, the muscles in all parts of her body gain strength, her carriage is more erect by the constant reminder of "ozone!", the color comes to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes and presto! A new girl full of grit and pep; ready to play the game to the end. Whether it be a closely contested tennis match or basketball or baseball game; a long distance swimming feat or life saving tests, victorious or defeated she gamely "carries on." Then the natural grace that is in every girl is brought out by the Aesthetic and Folk Dancing.

Add to these a canoe ride on the sparkling waters of Lake Summit or a canter on horseback through the shady mountain trails and what more can you wish.

All the while one is participating in the various sports or working at her different classes she is having one grand and glorious time. The fun of knowing girls from Michigan to Texas back to the Carolinas and down into Florida and Cuba! Many ideas for fun and frolic can emanate from so many girls and Quiet Hour and Taps can only partially subdue them,—A safe outlet for high spirits is found in stunts, diaries and plays which bring the girls together and foster pleasant companionship.

The last and most important side of camp life is the spiritual which is felt rather than seen. However, the half hour of Bible Study that is taken by most girls proves both instructive and interesting. Then the Sunday morning talks given by Dr. Sevier show the girls new channels into which they may direct their lives for the best possible use. And the happy Christian lives led by our councillors prove to the girls that that is the only way of living that can produce the greatest contentment of mind and heart. Last, the message that God sends to each girl in His Own Works: The tall pines, the lake with its ever changing hues, the wild flowers amid the gorgeous sunsets; all these instill new life and courage and spirit in each girl, strengthening her for better service to her fellows and preparing her for her part in His great scheme of life.

MADGE JARRATT

Statistics

Most PopularLouise Sydnor.
Most Attractive Madge Jarratt.
Most HandsomeLyall Mannamaker.
Most TalkativeShirley MacEntire.
Most InfluentialLyall Wannamaker.
Most UnselfishAlden Bailey, with Charlotte Nelson still parting with her last piece of chocolate.
Most OriginalMargaret Weisiger.
Most MusicalElizabeth Norfleet.
Best SportLilly Cromer.
Best DancerKathleen Winn,
Biggest EaterAgnes Dibble.
Biggest CrushJean Heggie.
CutestMartha Dixon.
DaintestSusan Broyles.
PrettiestMary Lou McKinnon.
JolliestMartha Maslin.
SweetestElizabeth Lynn, with Frances Mournane still eating her sugar daily.
WittiestMartha Dixon.
QuietestCecelia Willard.
LaziestMargaret Munroe, with Rebecca Dickin- son still dodging "White Wings."
Most PepMartha Maslin.
Prettiest EyesBarbara D. Henderson.
Prettiest HairElizabeth Burdell.
Cutest Bobbed HairElizabeth Lynn,
FattestMary Kate Price.
SkinnestVirginia Wilder.
Best Basketball PlayerLillian Cromer.
Best Tennis PlayerMadge Jarratt.
Best SwimmerLouise King.
Best Horseback RiderNancy Clark.

Departments

BIBLE

As Sir Walter Scott lay on his death bed, he turned to his son-in-law and asked that he read to him.

"From what book shall I read?" asked his son-in-law.

"There is but one book—The Bible," replied Sir Walter.

At Greystone amid all the fun and frolic The Book has its place. Realizing the importance of the spiritual as well as the physical and mental life of a girl, the first half hour of the day's program is devoted to Bible Study.

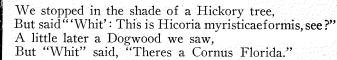
Miss Janie McGaughey, our Head Councillor, is in charge of this department. She has as her assistants three students from the Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Va., Misses Gladys Pugh, Sara Williams and Alice Scott.

We take pride in noting that while Bible Study is only optional, every girl of Greystone is a member of one of these classes.

F. H.

"WHIT HERSELF"

One day at Camp we chanced to meet A lady young, and fair, and sweet, We called her "Whit' and with her hiked To learn of bugs and flowers she liked.



Up rushed someone with a butterfly, But it was a Basilar Chialorquini. And when we thought we'd found Red Clover, The botanical name she said over and over.

Many things more strange did we often see, With names to astonish both you and me; But "Whit" knew them all, and with a smile, She helped us and cheered us all the while.

L. R. K.



CRAFT

Come! All ye people—list to me, And I'll relate to you The sad tale of a red craft house, That for us is feeling blue.

It used to feel the campers' feet,
Hurrying in and out,
And watch them show their finished work
With many an eager shout.

It used to feel the sweet reliefs,

(I mean those the campers made
Of plaques and boxes) while girls worked
In its protecting shade.

But soon—ah me!—we lost this house To the care of Mr. Bell; Miss Fraser's class, Miss Wellford's too, Henceforth in tents did dwell.

And though we missed this small craft house New interests met our needs, And underneath the big lodge porch, "Shad" taught us to make beads.

These beads of sealing wax were round,
(That is—supposed to be)
But we invented shapes unique
As you could easily see.

The inexperienced burned their hands, In flames from out the lamp, But our reward were at last complete, As they always are at camp.

Quite different tribes in the old world, To represent we dare, For Indian baskets, Italian reliefs, And Gypsy beads are there. The lesson of patience we learn in craft We never make a fuss!
With fellow-workers friendship starts
And so it is with us!

L. O. S.



THEATRICALS

The season opened with a most successful stunt given by the old councillors of Greystone, which was, to all appearances greatly enjoyed by such a select audience as Greystone campers.

The next play of note which attracted the attention of the critics was one put on by the old campers. This extraordinarily fine performance attracted a great deal of favorable comment.

The new councillors showed they were worthy of belonging to Greystone when they entertained the camp with a stunt one Monday evening. Misses Anderson, Pugh, Williams and Clanton particularly distinguished themselves by their splendid ability. Also special mention should be made of Miss Viernes and Miss Woodman.

A most delightful vaudeville was presented by the Pioneer Club during the second term. The Pioneers are the girls and councillors who "blazed the trail," being those who were at Old Greystone in Tennessee in its first year. This triumph of dramatic art was given much publicity by the press agents, therefore a large crowd attended the performance. The first number was a Song Special by a pair that never fails to hold a Greystone au-

dience spellbound—Henri and Miss Ruland. This was followed by a series of dramatic readings by Miss Fraser, and again Henri and Miss Ruland delighted the audience—this time with a dance. "Guess Who & Co.' appeared next and entertained with marvelous tricks of ventroquilism. Then a chorus of four pretty girls and four handsome men sang "I think of you." Pyramids and other acrobatics held the appreciative spectators breathless, and the performance ended with a quartette by four councillors.

A charming play, "Fairy Tale Wood" was given one moonlight night in a most picturesque out-of-door setting under the direction of Miss Sue Cannon. All the friends of childhood days—Cinderella, Jack the Giant Killer, Prince Charming and Little Red Riding Hood, appeared to entertain a lonely little girl.

Many other stunts have been given at Greystone which we have not room to describe here. Let it be said, however, that all the theatricals have benefited the girls participating in them and have been enjoyed to the fullest by everyone.

GLEE CLUB

Miss Molly Funkhouser, as you surely know, Is the musical member of camp; and so She started a Glee Club with the few voices there

That she thought with Jeritza's night compare.

The honorary member was the Piano of course,

Who of many a pleasure has been the source.

Jeritza has quite a few rivals, you see-

There are forty-three members in this Club of Glee,

The "try-outs" lasted for two or three days

Then those who were accepted received their due praise.

Then the Glee Club decided an attempt they would make

To give a recital without a mistake!

At first learning folk-songs they commenced,

And in singing these, few faults could be sensed;

Next in a part song they made an attempt,

A tale of the sky and a baby who dreamt.

The rehearsal with so many jerks went one day
It reminded one of a Ford on its way!

And all at the same time forgot one whole line—

Miss Molly was afraid that that night they'd not shine.

Then they all borrowed costumes from the beginner's folk class Each member dressed up as a young English lass,

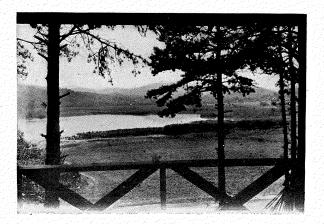
All sang with their voices, their faces and hearts,

(They even repeated that "sleep" song with parts, Most of them humming—the words sung by three).

When 'twas over Miss Molly—quite happy was she! For was it a failure that night of the show?

"Oh, No John! No John! No John! NO!"

L. C. S.





Athletics

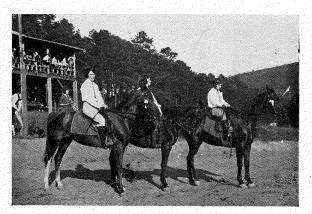
RIDING MEET

In the afternoon of August 20th in the year of nineteen hundred and twenty three, the whole of Camp Greystone turned out in the brilliant sun to see the main event of the season—the Riding Meet.

Mere words are inadequate to estimate the valuable training that Greystone girls have received from Miss Ruland and her assistants, Misses Tarlton and McCulloch, in this department. Many, who but a few weeks previous had appeared clumsy; awkward and timorous at the heels of a horse, now rode and handled their mounts with the ease of experienced horsewomen.

The grandstand cheered lustily as class by class the riders entered the ring, but especially for a pretty young lady who attempted to run away with her horse, and a diminutive young horsewoman who ran away with the meet.

But to make a long and interesting story short the results were as follows:



I. Walk, Trot

First Place—Nancy Clark.
Second Place—Elizabeth Oliver.
Third Place—Wilhelmina Rowland.

II. Canter

First Place—Nancy Clark. Second Place—Mary Lou McKennon. Third Place—Wilhelmina Rowland.

III. Mounting and Dismounting

First Place—Louise King. Second Place—Margaret Weisiger. Third Place—Mary Lou McKinnon.

IV. Bareback Canter

First Place—Louise King. Second Place—Wilhelmina Rowland. Third Place—Nancy Clark.

V. Saddling and Bridling Race

First Place—Betty Wallace. Second Place—Elizabeth Peabody. Third Place—Margaret Weisiger.

Summary

First Place—Nancy Clark, 17.6 points. Second Place—Wilhelmina Rowland, 16.5 points. Third Place—Louise King, 16.3 points.



GAMES WITH MONTREAT

One bright and sunny day
On July twenty-four
The whole of camp in trucks
Arrived at Montreat's door.

SCORE

Basketball—	
Greystone vs. Montreat	
Baseball—	
Montreat vs. Greystone	7-6
Tennis—	Tomasmise van en est van estê and e om eo tilbis et
Greystone vs. Montreat	6, 4—6, 4—6, 2—3, 6—7, 5—6, 2—6, 1

Again, a few weeks later

Montreat to Greystone came
And with their heart's a flutter

Tried hard to win the game.

SCORE

Basketball— Grevstone vs. Montreat	23-18
Baseball—	9-8
Tennis— Greystone vs. Montreat	3, 6—6, 2—9, 5

TENNIS

"I vow its love!" he exclaimed with a shout,
"It couldn't be," was her quiet little menace.
What in thunder is it all about?
Why only a game of tennis!!

In tennis this summer Miss Anne McCullock coached the tennis teams to victory over Montreat.

In the camp tournament, there were thirteen entries in singles of which Jarratt and Oliver reached the finals and Oliver reached the finals. The score being in favor of Jarratt, 6-4, 3-6, 6-0.

SWIMMING

Though no meet was held this summer, a great deal of interest was manifested in swimming and diving, many learning new strokes and dives. In addition to classes for intermediates and beginners, a special class was conducted in life saving by Miss McLure, which proved, when tested by Capt. Yates of the American Red Cross, the best prepared camp in this division.

The following successfully passed the examination:

Examiners

Miss Emily Pearson Miss Nell Russell Miss Lyall Wannamaker Miss Elizabeth Peabody

Senior Life Savers

Susan Cannon Mary McCulley Janet MacDonald Dorothy Russell

Junior Life Savers

Annie Hudson Elizabeth Henderson Elizabeth Murphy Cornelia McMillan Edna Yorke Harriett Ryder Martha Maslin Louise King Frances Harper P. A. Bailey Mary Rushton Helen Richards Anna Louise Chandler Rebecca Dickinson Elizabeth Johnson Margaret Weisiger Mary Aldrich Wyman Eleanor Simpson

Campers who wish to use canoes are required to pass a swimming test, after which they become eligible for instruction in the handling of a canoe.

LONG DISTANCE SWIM

Each year a group of expert swimmers are allowed to swim one and a half miles across Lake Summit to the House Boat. They are accompanied by a canoe and boat. This year the swimmers were:

Virginia Sevier Elizabth Peabody Lyall Wannamaker Mary Lou McKinnon Mary Love McLure

The Water Carnival

We have often read of the picturesque gondolas floating on the canals of Venice with the gondoliers strumming on their guitars, of the beautiful barge of Antony and Cleopatra drifting down the Nile. But they have nothing on us, for one moonlight evening eleven georgeously decorated canoes vied with one another for first place in the water carnival.

Each canoe in its turn, singing the song it represented, floated by the shore. The soft strains of ukelele and mandolin music were wafted on the still night air to the spectators on the shore. The lovely seen made this occasion one that will be remembered long by all who witnessed it.

After a long debate the judges decided that the most beautiful float was "Chinese Honeymoon," presented by the tents; second place was a tie between "Night" by Tentalow Six and "Smilin' Thru" by Tentalow Two. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," by Tentalow Four and "Jacky Boy" by Tentalow Eleven tied for the first place in the award for the most unique.

What more complete picture can be imagined than the lovely floats, the silvery moonlight, the gentle plash of the water as the paddles were dipped into the lake, the soft music? This was the water carnival.

Over-Night Trip

Greystone girls are not contented to frolic by day, for on four occasions, yea verily five, (counting Mt. Mitchell) they roamed afar by the light of the silvery moon. Thrice by land and twice by lake to experience the thrills of a night in the wilderness.

Downy cots were exchanged for the hard and stony bosom of mother earth. But with savory bacon and eggs, the blaze of a camp-fire, tunes to the accompaniment of a musical mouth-organ, and a last late good-night, memories were created that will never be forgotten.

Archery

On account of the full program this year, archery practice was, necessarily limited. However, we take pleasure in noting that a few arrows, incidentily or accidently, did blind the bull's eye, when a report from the Cannon lustily proclaimed their success.

The Soiree

On the evening of the twenty-fifth of August, there was great excitement in camp, for that was the day of the Soirée. All the participants were rushing about, hunting for a last ballet slipper, and trying to get their costumes sewed on to stay. There was a large audience composed of the fathers and mothers of some of the campers, and other visitors and friends of the Lake.

The first dance was given by the Beginners' Aesthetic Class, a lovely one, called Rose Petals. Next came the Maids of the Mist, beautiful in the crêpe paper costumes of pastel shades. This was given by the Intermediate Aesthetic Class. The Ad-

vanced Folk, next showed us an Italian Tango. This was followed by Greek Maidens, in white and silver playing ball. We should compliment the Advanced Aesthetic Class for dropping only one ball. The Beginners' Folk in plaid kilts and tams presented the Highland Schottische. After they had left the stage, six of these lasses answered their encore with "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," and "Coming Through the Rye." Then six of the Advanced Aesthetic Class, in soft draperies of green, yellow, and pink, gave the beautiful dance classique.

Fifteen times fifteen for Henri!

The 1923 Banquet

August 27th was the highest peak in Greystone's mountain chain of good times this year, and there was a real reason,—the materializing of that one magic word, heard by every camper almost by the time she landed at Greystone, "the Banquet."

Of course banquet suggests eats, and we surely had them: from creamed chicken in pattie shells to ice cream and green cakes with



gold "G's" on them. There was so much to eat, we didn't even miss the sticky goo, which is the only member of the Greystone family that didn't come to the banquet.

Banquet also suggests evening dresses,—and we had them,—each gracing the banquet table in full dress evening gowns a la Greystone models of bloomers and clean middies. But that's not all. A banquet hall is always dressed up, and so was ours, in a wealth of nature's green and gold, the tables, arranged in the form of a big "G" just laden with the wonders of the woods, and real campy place cards for each one. At the head of the "G" sat Dr. and Mrs. Sevier and the toast mistress. Between Dr. Sevier and Miss Janie there was an empty chair all decorated in green and gold, with that wonderful big loving cup in front of it. So we knew that was the "throne" of the best all round camper, to be occupied later on during the banquet.

Now a banquet always has toasts, and so did ours, wonderful ones, presided over by our own clever toast mistress, Billy Rowland. She explained the meaning of the huge logs which decorated the tables, these were symbolic of our "camp log", and as each tree must have roots so our Greystone camp log had real live "roots," Dr. and Mrs. Sevier, whom Billy toasted so beautifully. Then "Sugar" was called on for a toast to the "sap" of the Greystone tree, and who should this be but Miss Janie. There followed toasts to the "Soil" of our tree, Mrs. Russell and the cooks,—the "bark," camp spirit, the "knots," the councillors and dozens of other clever toasts to other persons and things in our Greystone camp log.

Of course the empty chair was the center of our bump of curiosity, and it was not until the last course was finished that Billy called on Dr. Sevier to make the cup awards. It seemed ages before he relieved our suspense, but finally when he escorted to the seat of honor our own Elizabeth Peabody, our happiness was complete, for surely she was our best all round camper. She continued to grace the "chair of honor" while the other loving cups were awarded by Dr. Sevier, then Miss Janie called in Elizabeth's help in the final awards of emblems, numerals and the most coveted "G's" and stars. This was a time of intense ex-



Elizabeth Peabody-Best All-Round Camper 1923

citement of applause and of tears of joy. The honor awards are recorded elsewhere in the Annual and are a real credit to Greystone.

But banquets always have an end, and so did this one. And could there have been a better and more appropriate close than our Greystone favorite: "Follow the Gleam," and we verily, believe that as we follow, it will lead many of us back to Greystone another year.

Honor Girls

Elizabeth Peabody, Best All-Round Camper

OTHER CUPS AWARDED:

Lyall Wannamaker, Best All-Round Athlete

Louise King—Water Sports Nancy Clark—Horsemanship Madge Jarratt—Tennis

GIRLS AWARDED THE |★ IN 1923

HAVING ALREADY WON THE "G" AND ONE STAR

Anna Louise Chandler Lyall Wannamaker Elmer Keener

GIRLS AWARDED THE STAR, HAVING ALREADY WON THE "G"

Frances Cooper Virginia Fleming Emily Hall Frances Harper Madge Jarratt Martha Maslin Mary McCulley Janet MacDonald

Annie Perry Neal Charlotte Nelson Sarah Parrott Elizabeth Peabody Mary Alice Small Dolly Spencer Kathleen Winn

GIRLS AWARDED THE G

Julia Andrews P. A. Bailey Anna Baker Black Frances Brown Elizabeth Cole Lillian Cromer Agnes Dibble

Virginia McConkey Cornelia McMillan Winnie Hopkins Annie Hudson Josephine Huntley Louise King Josephine Klutz

Mary Lou McKinnonMary Ellen McMillan Frances McNamara Elizabeth Norfleet Betty Ryder Harriet Ryder Louise Sydnor

Tane Dillon Eloise Gaines Agnes Gilmer Elizabeth Henderson Frances Mournane Frances Hill

Josephine Logan Elizabeth Lynn Alice Mikell Elizabeth Murphy

Elizabeth Thompson Josephine Whaton Cecilia Willard Mary Wyman Edna York

Latest Library Literature

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1.	The Story of an Untold LoveC. E. Ruland
2.	The FlirtMary Love McLure
3.	The Fiddling GirlM. R. Funkhouser
4.	The Girl of the LimberlostMargaret Whitten
5.	The Mother of All LivingMrs. Joseph R. Sevier
6.	The ChristianJanie McGaughey
17	The Daily DozenElizabeth Clanton
8.	GoldenlocksEmily Pearson
	Della Dimat
9.	Dolly DimplesFannie Summers Tarlton
10.	The Silent CallDorothy Russell
11.	Babes in the WoodScott and Williams
12.	The Lady of the LakeNell Ford Russell
13.	That Red Head GalMarion L. Fraser
14.	Vanity FairJanet Funkhouser
15.	The Lay of the Last MinstrelDorothy Sevier
16.	To the Last ManWinifred Anderson
17.	The Dancing DollMrs. Theodore Price
18.	The Cook BookMrs. S. B. Russell
19.	The Lone RiderAnne McCullough
30.	Over the HillValinda Hill
21.	Dere MabelMabel Sandstrom
22.	On the Firing LineSusan Cannon
3.	The Glad LadyEvelyn Wellford
4.	Great HeartDr. Joseph R. Sevier
5.	Great Heart
6.	The PathfinderHenry Woodman
7.	The Merchant of Venice
	A. M.

Memories of a Day at Camp

This weariness is overtaken now By soft, dim mist and memories; I dream—yet half awake—of laughter days Clear dawns and brighter reveries



Now clearly I recall dear Greystone days; I watch again pale clouds arise From nowhere, with the dawn, but to suggest The coming of more glorious skies.

The sun shines down upon the world below, The mid-day of my girlhood grows From out the morn; and each dark thing on earth, Refreshed by kindly heavens, glows.

And still I seem to sit upon the dock, But now to watch the twilights skies; And soon the moon-light sparkles on the lake As does a swarm of fire-flies.

But with the cool night's air departs my dream, My memory doth fade and die; But the effect is left—to reach for good As reach these mountains towards the sky. L. S.

There was a Lady

There once was a lady from One Who used to ride in the sun, With a visitor—ves! But I leave you to guess With whom she was having her fun.

There once was a lady from Five, Who, as sure as I'm alive, Would not have a swim, On account of the "him" Who all the way from Greenwood did drive From Seven there was a young maid, Who once for a telegram paid, Did she answer?—yes. But I leave you to guess Just who was this pretty young maid?

There was a young lady from Eight,
Who uses her letters for bait.
She lets her thoughts roam
To the Veterans Home
For there a young doctor does wait.

There was a young lady from Nine Who for a young gallant did pine,
But when horseback she rode
T'was quite an episode.
For her future—is this a sign?

A lady there lived in a Tent,
Whose future is already bent,
On a handsome young lover
Who often comes over;
I wonder what all this has meant?

And now if you'll listen to me—O!
The next young lady we see—O!
Is a lady from Six,
Who knows all dancing tricks,
And her future is tied up with Theo.

Alas! a lady from Augusta,
Said she thought the gentlemen musta,
Overlooked her fine face,
As there is no trace
Of a man; but I sadly mistrusta.

F. M. H. L. C. S.

Dear Frances:

I only wish that you could be here at Camp this summer, because I know you would enjoy it so much. You really can't imagine how wonderful it is until you have been here.

As I sit on a small rustic bench in the shade of the pines and dream, I cannot help but think how I will miss this place when I go away. I feel, somehow, that I belong here, and I dread the thought of leaving.

The boughs are rustling with the least stir of the wind. Some one in the tentalow behind me is strumming a quaint little tune on her uke. I can hear the sound of a passing motor boat on the lake. It is just so cool and refreshing here that you feel ready to do almost anything. Then, too, there is that wonderful smell of the pines that seems to fill the air.

I will have to stop now as I must go to craft. You must come next year because this camp is too wonderful to miss. I will write you later and tell you more.

Your friend,

A Greystone Camper.

Greystone Pocket Dictionary

Councillor: (According to Hoyle). She who arises at first note of the bugle, dutifully bounces on bed of each camper, imprints a morning kiss upon each brow, and makes her exit for the day.

Free Day: No such thing in Greystone life.

"G": The goal of all campers' dreams.

GLEE CLUB REHEARSAL: A time when the cultured voices of the country revolt against the inhabitants of the camp.

Hostess of the Day: That one who endeavors to impress favorably all masculine callers.

INSPECTION: An hour of anxiety during which each camper sits tight upon her pillow lest the articles slip therefrom.

Mount: An ordinary horse after it has been Rulandized.

Orchestra: Organization of popping ukelele strings and squeaking of mandolins.

OZONE: That mysterious word that flutters over one's whole being when Dr. Sevier comes in sight.

Points: The reward of earnest effort. For further explanation see C. Nelson.

QUIET HOUR: In which each camper retires gracefully to her cot and proceeds to whisper sweet words to her tentalow mate who has just received a box from home.

RAFFIE: Madagascar seaweed imported for the purpose of entertaining ambitious campers.

TAPS: A warning that campers will be expected to retire quietly without disturbing their hard working councillors.

Shower: The overworked member of the wash family who is always a friend in need especially on Saturday night.

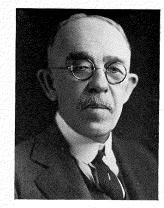
STICKY-Goo: The golden liquid which brightens the twelfth camp biscuit and enables it to slip away appetizingly.

Tentalow: A seven by eleven apartment which encloses seven cots, seven trunks, seven girls and seven times eleven chiggers.

LOWER FIVE.

"A Greystone Tragedy"

One sunshiny afternoon I was seized with a brilliant idea. A money-saving scheme! I would forego the pleasure of a swim in the sparkling waters of Lake Summit, and instead, dedicate my



"Grandpa."

labors to the less sparkling waters of the shower house. Do not misunderstand me, gentle reader, I was merely planning to wash my clothes instead of subjecting them to the tender mercies of my present No'th Ca'lina wash woman.

The money I saved there-from would be swallowed up in the the maelstrom of Grandpa's store, for such delectables as chocolate sponge, Hershey's, sugarnuts, fig newtons, chewing gum, etc.

So after Quiet Hour I sallied forth, and spent an hour and a half in the shadow of the showers. Varied were my contemplations during those ninety minutes—chief among them being how lucky I was not to have to wash my own clothes at home! However, later, so pleased was I with the results, I almost decided to hang out a sign—"Middies washed, twenty five cents apiece."

The next task was to improvise a clothes line. This was more or less easily done by soliciting donations all over camp, of string or substitutes for string. I obtained eight inches of cord from Nell's package from home, four inches of raffia from the craft tent, and several other contributions to the cause. This artistic clothesline was finally completed, with the help of a tentalow mate's shoe strings.

I carefully hung out my week's washing and then repaired to the upper regions of my tentalow for a well-deserved rest. Half

an hour later, arm in arm with my best chum, I took a dime and betook myself to the store to engage in my first wild orgy of reckless spending. On the way back, while munching on some Hershey's, I said, "Oh, Betty, do come by the tentalow and see my lovely clean clothes a-hanging on my variegated clothesline! It's a sight worth seeing—I'm sure you'll be green with envy!" Oh, dear reader, prepare to weep, for here the tragedy commences.

We were so busily engaged in our conversation that we were at the tentalow steps before I glanced up. I pointed with pride at my clean clothes a-hanging in a row—and Oh,—the tragedy! My clothesline had broken!

Moral: Pride cometh before a fall.

W. M. R.

The Foe Diminutive

What would you think if you would see A big, big thing like little me At dark midnight creep close to you? Now would you run? What would you do? I've sompen on you that you can't catch I'm a wee, wee chigger and you must scratch

F. M. H.

To Jubilee

It was not so very long ago,
In a camp far from the sea,
That a palfry there lived whom you may know
By the name of old Jubilee;
And this palfry he lived for no other use
Than to canter for you and for me.

And this was the reason that, everybody,
To the paddock we hurried to see,
If by any chance we could get to ride
This wonderful Jubilee;
And though it was hard to hold him in
Dangerous Jubilee,
We all praised the steed who kept in the lead,
Fiery Jubilee.

The Song of the Serpent

There once were three campers of Greystone,
Whose tale will send chills up your back-bone,
For they, went to float
In a little green boat,
And we thought we'd be carving their grave-stone

Because on this little canoe ride
They found a big snake on the inside;
Two jumped on the shore,
But there was one more,
Who to jump had far too much pride.
Wilbur, foreseeing their fate,
Ran down—but almost too late,
However he killed,
(As if he were skilled
In this art) the serpent of hate.

L. C. S. F. M. H.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Once more I found myself in Tuxedo, a most progressive city, which I would never have recognized as the little village I left in August '23. Mr. Waters met me, not in the usual truck, but in a big red bus of the Fifth Avenue type. The roads were so greatly improved that we reached Greystone in five minutes.

When I arrived, who should meet me but the same old coun-

cillors of '23, but how changed they were! There was Dr. Sevier frowning and fussing about the lost trunks. Then Miss Janie! Goodness, I should never have known her; still head councillor, but not our Miss Janie with her sweet disposition and smile. Sitting on one end of the porch was Miss Ruland, permanent waved and rouged within an inch of her life. She told me that she was now instructor in bed-making and coquetry, and that Miss Mabel and Miss Wellford had charge of horseback riding. Just imagine it! At the other end of the porch I recognized Anne. now Mrs. Hill, who was to teach housekeeping. While I was talking to her, Dot Russell and Mary Love walked up and announced that they had decided to teach Bible, since they were more proficient in it than in anything else. They insisted upon taking me to the new craft cottage where I met the craft councillors, Misses Tarlton, Clanton and Pearson. When I asked if Henri was back, they all laughed and said that she was, but that she now taught swimming and had Miss Molly and sister Love for her assistants in fancy diving. As conversation drifted on, I asked about Miss Anderson and Nell Russell, and found out that they were not at camp.

"Why?" I asked.

"All because of those dark haired secrets they once had," was the reply.

Mary Love then told me about the big fuss between Scotty and Sara Williams. They had even gone so far as to ask that one of them be placed in Tentalow Two and the other in Tentalow Eleven. "Whit," I learned was still doing the humanitarian work of providing homes for strayed cats, with "Shad" as her assistant. Miss Pugh and Miss Cannon were teaching dancing, while Val Hill had a special aesthetic class for tall girls. Janet Funkhouser, I learned, was now in charge of the dining room, having succeeded Mrs. Russell.

Everything seemed so queer! What in the world was the matter with Greystone? I was ready to go right back home—"What on earth are you doing in bed this time of day?" greeted me from "Fig," fully dressed standing the door. "Reville blew ages ago, and Miss Clanton has already yelled, 'Setting-up in five minutes for Two, Four, Six, Eight and Eleven!"

"Lower 'Seven"

Set-uppers in the early morn
In its pit do parade
Doing their many stunts
Foundations for health being made.

Dancers, from assembly to dinner
O'er its smooth floors do prance,
Some graceful, some awkward,
Others getting the step by chance.

Actors, in the Quiet Hour
On its stage their talents show,
Practicing for the nightly stunt—
Practicing till their parts they know.

Campers in the afternoon,

On its porch and swing do sit,

Writing to the folks at home

And in friendly gossip do their bit.

Then all, when the evening shades are falling,
With glowing eyes and hearts astir,
Watch the tragedy or comedy
Of "him" fall in love with "her."

Then on Sunday morning
Whether skies be dark or clear
Assemble all the campers
To listen to our dear Dr. Sevier.

We'll remember you always,
Pavallion so dear,
Recalling with gladness
The good times we've had here.

Heard About Camp

Ann, getting ready for a ride to Hendersonville: "Hey you there upper seven, anybody got a sleeveless jacket without any sleeves that I could borrow?"

Upper Seven: "No, sorry all our sleeveless jackets have sleeves."

"Boppa": "I think you ought to show your camp spirit." Mary Owen: "We arn't dead yet."

Miss Molly F.: "Did you ever read Kant?"
Whit: "No, but I've read 'Don't for Young Girls'."

Dot Russell: "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself, only give mother a son-in-law."

Greystone has broadened the education of councillors as well as girls.

Summers has learned that a trunk key won't start a Ford.

Whit has also learned that rouge is not a substitute for cold cream.

Miss Cannon has learned that *snipe* is an edible bird if caught the night before the morning after.

Miss Pearson has also learned that:
"Fussy" does not always mean neat;
"Tacky" does not mean cute.

"Ching" K.: "I don't use rouge as a rule. Caroline S.: "Why 'Ching'?"
"Ching": "Well, I use it as a cosmetic."

Whit: "Darkness is the absence of light."
Mary Lorena: "The absence of light is so romatic."

P. A.: "Do boys and girls attend your school?"
Nancy: "Oh! yes we have cooperation at our school!"

Mary Love: "Mike don't you know that you can't go in the water until I blow the whistle?"

Mike (getting out of the water as fast as possible): "Excuse me Mary Love, I heard Lib Oliver laugh and though it was your whistle.

"Why is there a hyphen in bird-cage?"
"Jo" Clutz: "For the little bird to sit on."

Picture Man: "Keep still; I'm going to take two negatives." Bobbydee: "And not any affirmatives."

Miss Brown: "Where do you feel sick, dear?" Virginia Williamson: "On my way to ride horseback."

Baby: "Why did Mr. Woodman say, a smile crept over Mary Love's face?"

Lyall: "Because he was afraid if it went any faster it might kick up a dust."

"Jo" Huntley: "Whats good for chigger bites?"
"Jo" Wharton: "Scratch 'em."

Anna Baker Black: "Yes, Mary Love is a plucky girl." Bill Boozer: "Why?"

Anna Baker: "Look at her eyebrows!"

Virginia Wilder: "My ancestors were all people of brains." Ola Fowlkes: "Too bad you disinherited them."

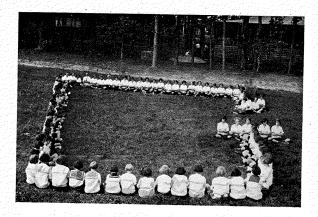
Miss Cannon: "Give me the formula for milk." "Bobby" H.: "C. O. W."

Miss Williams (in Bible Class): "Tell me something about the Israelites."

"Lib" Tompson: "I don't know anything about them; we have electric lights at our house."

Boppa: "I got 50 per cent on my intelligence test." Dicky: "Yeah; that makes you a half wit doesn't it?"

Granpa: "Do you have a Latin quarter?" "P. A.": "No, but I have a Canadian dime."



Song To Greystone

Just above old Summit's waters Snug among the green, Nestled close amid the pine trees Is our Greystone scene.

Raise the chorus, answer woodland, Mountains vale and lake. Here's to thee, fair camp forever This for Greystone's sake!

Dear to us, thou art, old Greystone, For the friends we've made And of them we pray that never Shall our memories fade.

Now to thee we raise our voices, Let our songs resound, We will ever bring thee honor Glory, and renown.

H. W.

Our Sunday Offerings

Each Sunday the girls of Camp Greystone made offerings, which amounted to \$81.03. By common consent this amount was forwarded to Rev. J. K. Coit, to be used in connection with the work among mountain children at Nacoochee Institute. A new department of this work is the George W. Williams Home for orphan and dependent children, under direction of Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Hollis, to which department our gift was applied, and was the largest contribution yet received. A very appreciative letter has been received from them.

The offering on the last Sunday amounted to \$35.70, to which a like amount was added and given for the relief of a needy family in the neighborhood of the camp, where there was a very sick child. The \$71.40 was turned over to Mr. H. E. Erwin, Superintendent of the mill, to administer for them.

The Final Rush

'Twas the hour before midnight, when all through the Lodge Worked the annual staff in an awful hodge podge; An annual fair to be written 'fore dawn No work to be left till Sunday morn; 'Twas quiet throughout camp while pandemornum did reign, As the staff was composing with might and main; Poems and songs the best they were able, Lines of real fact and a few more of fable—Till 'twas found at last that all was complete Sparks from the camp fire—a note-worthy feat.

L. K.