

SPARKS

FROM THE

CAMP FIRE

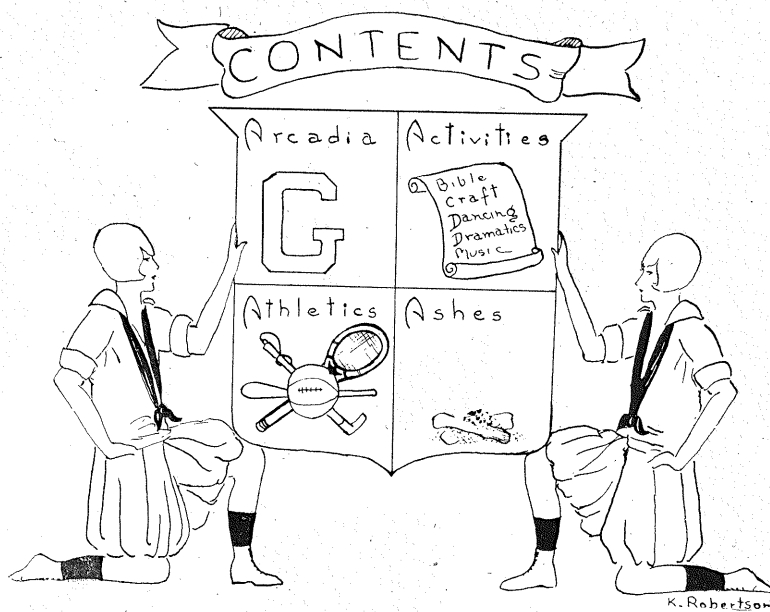
VOLUME VI

PUBLISHED BY

THE GIRLS OF CAMP GREYSTONE

TUXEDO, N. C.

SPARKS



TO GREYSTONE

There's a camp among the mountains
Mountains purple, gray and green
Where the evening clouds descending
Hide their beauty with a screen;

And then early in the morning
When the clouds begin to rise
They leave mountains standing silent
Sending worship to the skies.

In this camp among the mountains
Where the tall pines bravely sway,
Where a slightly sloping hillside
To the low lake makes its way,

In a place so filled with beauty
Girls their lasting friendships give,
And there guided by those wiser
Greystone campers learn to live.

J. H.

SPARKS



MRS. THEO W. PRICE

Because of her high ideals, her true friendship, and her loyalty to Greystone we lovingly dedicate this, the 1925 "Sparks," to Henri, in hopes that this little volume of camp life will express to her a part of our love and appreciation.

GETTING OUT AN ANNUAL IS NO JOKE

If we print jokes folks say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job we ought to be rustling news.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them the annual is filled with junk.

Like as not some folks will say we swiped this from an exchange—

So we did.

ANNUAL STAFF

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ACTIVITIES



SPARKS

STATE STUNTS

"When the sunbeams are a creepin'
Through the Dixie skies
An' wake you from your sleepin'
When they kiss your eyes
Then you think that you are peepin'
Into Paradise
That's Georgia, that's Georgia!"

With a crash—a bang—and a sis! boom! bah! the Georgia stunt was presented with the snap and pep of the latest Broadway hit. The costumes were extremely clever and attractive—deftly and elaborately created in black and red, which produced a beautiful and gorgeous effect on the stage. The songs and dances were rendered with all the grace, beauty, skill and ease of professionals.

One very beautiful and effective feature of the stunt was the presentation of the four leading colleges and the State University of Georgia. To the tune of their respective Alma Maters Mercer, Oglethorpe, Georgia Tech, Emory and Georgia University represented by Virginia Fleming, Pat Murphy, Betty Wallace, Peg Brawner and Sara Lee, dressed in becoming costumes of appropriate school colors, entered one by one and took their places among the other Georgia peaches. The "daughters of the red and black" brought the Georgia stunt to a close by singing the ever-satisfying and the well-known strain of "Dixie."

The stunt presented by South Carolina was, as characteristic of her, extremely original. Because of her appropriate and adaptable costuming and her excellent and well wrought dramatization, this stunt was one of the best received and appreciated by the audience.

South Carolina's stunt, being one of unusual historical value, represented John Buford purchasing the land which is now South Carolina from a well-known tribe of Indians.

A few air-piercing cries, a loud and lingering whoop, some weird Indian strains—and an Indian peace dance was in full action! A dance, slow, even and in full accord ensued, while at its close a sword dance was performed by an Indian squaw in the personage of Florrie Smythe.

At the end of the dance several striking noblemen of fair England appeared upon the scene and entreated the Indians to trade their land and home for a few trifles such as bright and brilliant necklaces, cheap and cracked mirrors and silk, flashy handkerchiefs. The Indians, fascinated and charmed at the novelty of the white men's possessions, signed the peace treaty and smoked the peace pipe in token of the trade made in peace and friendship. The white men, successful in their conquest, then withdrew with all their dignity, while the ignorant Indians knew not nor dreamed of what great and fair land they had in vain lost—forever and forever.

The South Carolinians then gave as a finale to their stunt the singing of a snappy state song, with Miss Russell portraying South Carolina.

Although the remaining states received no award for their stunts, each and every state deserves mention and praise for its exceedingly successful efforts.

Arkansas, Missouri, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi and Frances Odell, the one girl from the "Lone Star State," were all represented by interesting and creditable stunts, while the Virginians, attired in beautiful and unusually becoming costumes, upheld their aristocracy by dancing the "Virginia Reel."

The girls from "North of the Mason-Dixon Line," having representatives from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and West Virginia presented a hysterical moving picture comedy which sent a gale of laughter over their audience and produced many an "hysteric."

C. V. M.

SPARKS

BIBLE AT GREYSTONE

One of the lasting benefits which we carry home with us from Greystone is the inspiration of our Bible hours.

In Genesis we got a glimpse of God's great plan, which began when the world was made and has been worked out in the life of every person who has lived. Under Miss Peters' able direction this study of the first book of the Bible was of great benefit to many of us.

To those of us who took it, Philipians will always be one of four favorite books, both because of the beautiful thoughts it contains and because of the wonderful way in which it was presented to us by Miss Janie.

In studying some of the outstanding characters of the Bible under Miss Williams, we were surprised to find that almost all of them started out with characteristics just opposite to those which they needed to do the work God had for them. We found how God changed them and made them just as He wanted them.

One of the most impressive services we ever had was the Candle Light Service. Each tentalow in turn, holding high their lighted candles gave some verse from the Bible about light. As the light flickered on their upturned faces we caught a glimpse of the "true light which lighteth every man coming into the world."

M. T.

SUNDAY OFFERINGS

The offerings made by those attending Sunday services at Camp Greystone amounted to \$199.54. This amount was voted by the girls to be equally divided between the Crossnore School in North Carolina, and Nacoochee Institute in Georgia.

SPARKS

Camp Greystone,
Tuxedo, North Carolina,
August 6, 1925.

Dear Mother:

You never can guess what I've done now! I have climbed Mt. Mitchell, 6,711 feet high (you know that's the highest peak in the United States except Pike's Peak). Now don't look so doubtful, we rode part of the way up.

We left camp August 4th at 7:30 a. m. in cars. We rode and rode, passing through Hendersonville, Asheville, Biltmore, and Black Mountain. At Black Mountain we started up the Mt. Mitchell motor road, which is a steady climb up the mountain. Boy! it was pretty but exciting! First we were below the clouds, then in them (sounds romantic, doesn't it?) then above them! It feels so funny to look down on the clouds.

We reached Camp Alice, the end of the motor road, at 1:30 p. m. There we had the best chicken dinner you ever tasted. As soon as possible we started the upward climb to the top. The trail was so pretty, but the little benches parked along the way looked much prettier to our wearied bones! However, on top we forgot our fatigue while we watched Mr. Brown carve pitchers, etc., from peach seeds, or looked at the huge grave of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, who lost his life surveying the mountain. We stayed on top until nearly time for supper, which we ate at Camp Alice. From supper until bedtime we played games and told ghost stories. And, Mother, what do you think of this, we slept smack on the floor! No, I didn't take cold, so don't worry. The floor felt real good. Of course it was all the blankets on the floor that really felt good, but nevertheless I slept until time to get up, at 5:30 a. m. Now, I can just see you planning to get me up like that when I get home—but don't count too much on that!

After breakfast Dr. Sevier took us way round the mountain to watch the sun rise, and oh boy! that was worth the whole trip. Why Mother, it was wonderful to look down on white fluffy clouds and see peaks of other mountains that reached above them. The picture reminded me of a treacherous ocean, with huge waves and big rocks sticking up out of it. (Of course, the things that looked like rocks were mountain peaks.) But when the sun added a tinge of gold to the darker clouds it was too pretty for words.

About an hour later we had to start back down the mountain and by then the sun was shining directly down upon the clouds. The ride home in the early morning was delightful, even though we were a little tired. We reached camp about ten in the morning. Wasn't that an opportunity to be able to take that trip, though?

Whooppee, boys! a box of candy is being passed around and I must stop and get my share, so goodbye.

Your loving Daughter,

C. N.