

SPARKS

FROM THE

CAMP FIRE

VOLUME VIII

1927

PUBLISHED BY

The Girls of Camp Greystone

TUXEDO, N. C.

Foreword

MAY THIS LITTLE BOOK
EVER HELP TO REMIND
YOU OF A CAMP WITH
THE SAME BEAUTIFUL,
GAY, AND DELIGHTFUL
SPIRIT AS THAT OF
PETER PAN.



In Memoriam

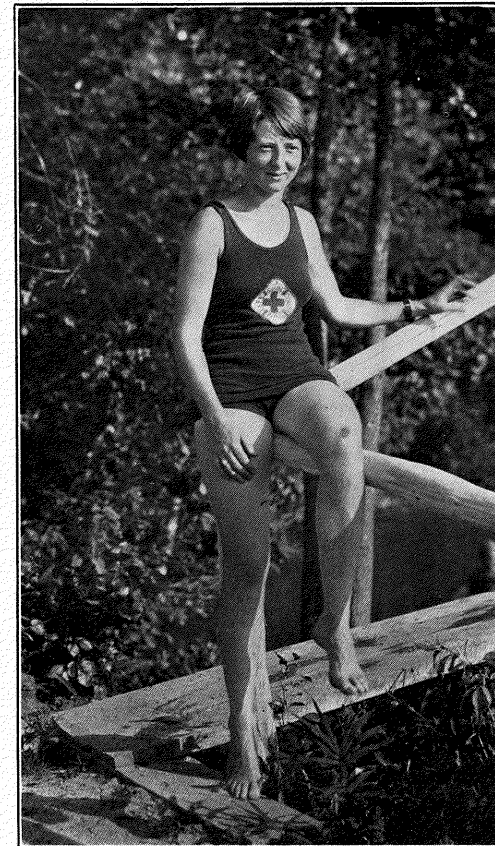
To CHARLES LYMAN SEVIER

THE BELL

Camp Greystone can have but one Grandpa, and now that he has gone Home we miss his happy companionship through each of our camping days. In our memory we shall never forget, and we want our future campers to know that we ever remember him. So in memory of "Grandpa Sevier," we, the campers and councillors of 1927, give this memorial. As he lived happily at Greystone, may the toll of this bell bring only glad tidings of opportunity to every girl, for we are ever mindful that Greystone has a Guardian Angel in Heaven.



Sparks



DEDICATION

BECAUSE

MAUDE

Has Meant so Much to us and Done so Much for us
we Dedicate These Reminiscences of Our

NEVER, NEVER LAND

to Her



Sparks



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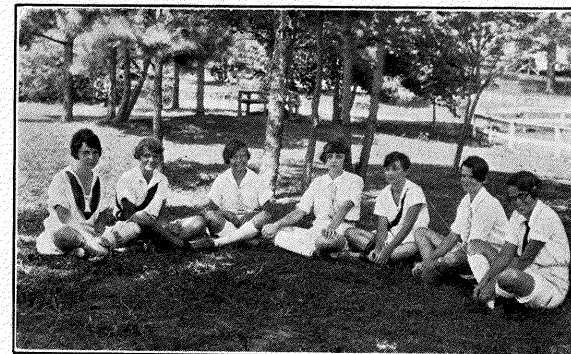
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OUR GOOD FAIRIES



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HONOR COUNCIL

Served in 1927

ANNA LOUISE CHANDLER	ROSEMARY McMILLAN
NANCY HARPER	ANNA PRESTON
CAROLYN McCABE	JULIA THOMPSON
FLORENCE WILLIAMS	

Added Elections for 1928

RUTH BIRKNER	LUCILE PRUET
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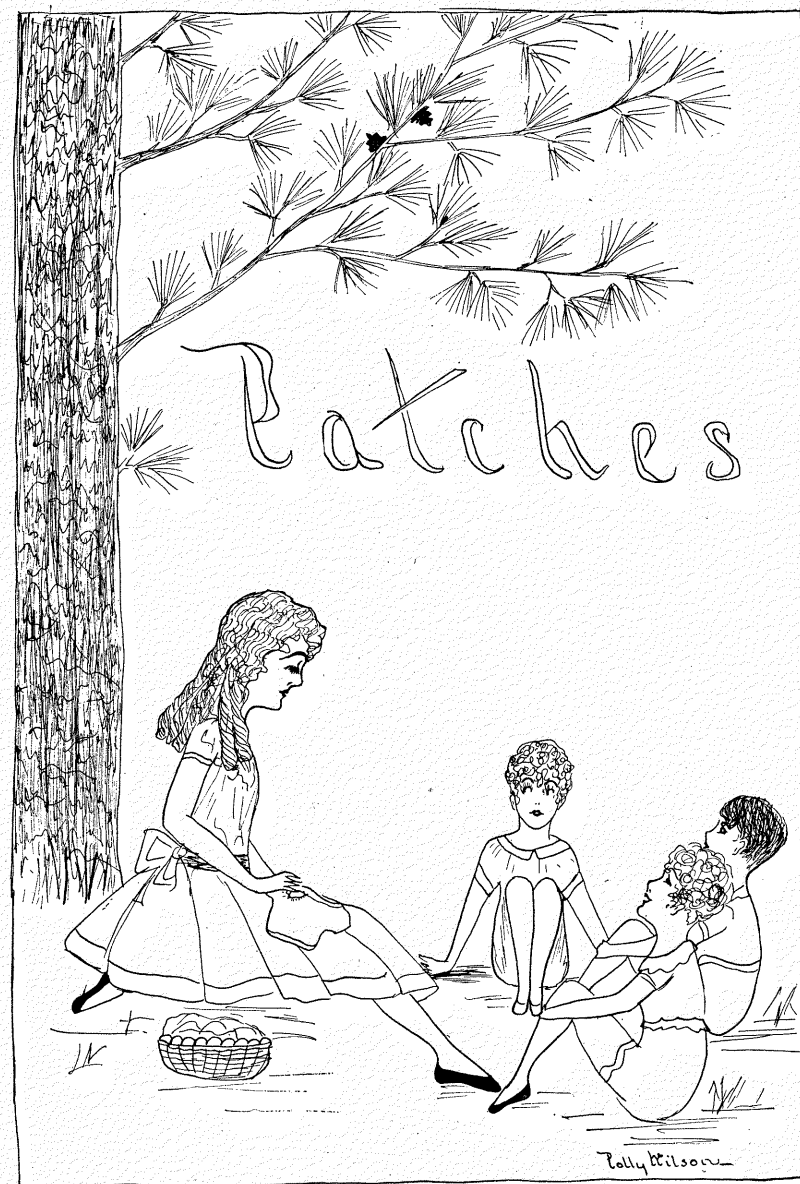


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OUR NEVER, NEVER LAND

Have you ever been to a fairy land
Where folks are always young
Where games are played and stories told
And jolly songs are sung;
Where, round the blazing camp fire light
We join in friendships true;
Where every day we think new thoughts
That linger all life through;
Where Peter Pan, Eternal Youth,
Leads on his lost-boy band
In songs of praise to Camp Greystone,
Our never, never land?





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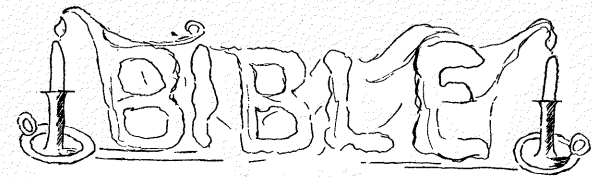


THESE THINGS I LOVE AT GREYSTONE

Dawn on encircling hills—tree crowned—shadowy,
 The mist rising cool from the river at their feet,
 The blaze of morning sun as it gleams upon the water,
 Stirring gently, rippling slowly, wakened from its sleep.
 Brown arms flash and happy voices call,
 A diver poised—a scarlet arc—swift, startling in its fall.
 The water has cool fingers. They slip along my cheek—
 Soft, caressing, lingering. Their embrace I seek.
 The evening draws a grey veil over all.
 The sun is gone—the sky fades. Blue Herons fly—
 Sure and light—grace incarnate—strength and majesty.
 The flames of a camp fire glow ruddy in the dark,
 Dancing figures circling gay—their songs and shouts ring out.
 A charred log falls and sparks fly up.
 About their dying flare our vespers rise—
 The moon comes out—the pines sigh—
 God is nigh.



Sparks



At the center of a Greystone day is Bible study, whether individual or in the three classes offered by Camp. With Mrs. Roberson the Juniors learn to pattern their lives after Old Testament heroes. Under Mary Grey some analyze and learn to love the Psalms, so fitting the outdoor life of Greystone; and in the summer house beside the lake, others with Nettie Junkin follow the growth of the Early Church in Acts.

Drama, so prevalent in the Bible, we recognize and to the dramatic sense in each one of us an appeal was made in our concluding pageant—"In Search of Happiness." There Art, Music, Science, Literature, all offer their gifts without the Bible. But happiness is only found with the Bible as a light to show the way. This is the happiness offered to every Greystone girl, accepted and lived by the Spirit of Greystone.

As our lives, so our days are incomplete without the inspiration and strength which the Bible brings us.

DEVOTIONALS

We may study, for knowledge is power, but without the uplift of such talks as those which Dr. Sevier gives us on Sunday mornings, our souls would walk the valleys and seldom climb, and so we would lose the exhilaration and strength which comes by climbing.

Morning, noon, and evening, bring their quiet time. At assembly we begin our day with a practical talk, from one of our councillors. At night, Dr. Sevier dismisses us after "crackers and milk" with the benediction of a brief vesper service.

To give somewhat, that we may not stagnate with too much taking, our Sunday collections go each year to some mountain school that those who can use it best may have it.



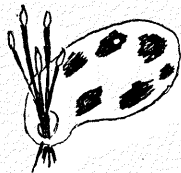
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Nature

Over hill, over plain, you can hear the—"Oh, Miss Harrell, what kind of a flower is this?" It was a flower contest and the allotted time was two weeks—then the books were to be judged. Afterwards—twenty dollars—perhaps. Mr. Samuel Clark had offered a twenty-dollar gold piece for the best collection of wild flowers. Margaret Sales' book was judged to be the best, and the books of Buddha Watkins, Bettina Martin, Anna Preston, and Louise Harwell received honorable mention.

Greystone had reason to be proud of the collections which her girls produced. Although everyone could not win a prize or even receive honorable mention, still all acquired a greater understanding and love of nature.



Crafts



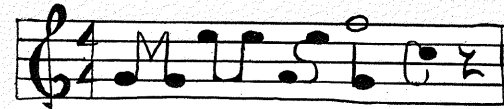
Here I am seated—musing among rugs and piles of pillows. They are made in every color and pattern. Upon the walls are pictures—really beautiful ones and quite exquisite in their coloring. Some are photographs taken by the girls themselves, and certainly all were tinted by some camper. Ah!—I had noticed those baskets on the table, but not the ones on the wall! How many there are—of all descriptions, and some are even painted!

I had fallen to musing again, but an idle glance at the handkerchief in my hand recalled me. It is a delicate, daintily decorated thing. They made it, and it brings to mind the scarfs that have been woven. They too, are made in myriads of color combinations, and are worthy of commendation.

However, it is not only in these lines that I have been of assistance. There are operetta properties and scenery, numberless place cards for various occasions, and the new archery targets. Surely Greystone has taken much interest in me—the Spirit of Crafts.



Sparks





Sparks



Dramatics



"We're tired of waiting out here; we want the show to appear," is the cry of the campers at our Saturday night dramatics program. And then after the curtain has fallen and the players have shown up "we want more." Lillie May, who has charge of the private lessons in expression, has a most interesting program for us each week with just about every form of entertainment from negro dialogues to "Mud Pies" and "Wood Ticks." The dramatic work in the operetta is also under Lillie May's supervision. Betty Clyce with her trained tentalow troupes brings added enjoyment on Tuesday and Friday nights.

We can't tell who enjoys our entertainments more, the performers, or the audience. Each adds to the other's pleasure.

DRAMATIC AND DANCE RECITAL

1. "Just David" Weesa Chandler
2. Schottische Doughty McKellar and Marie Harris
3. "Sparkin'" Pete McCabe
4. Sailor's Hornpipe
Anna Preston, Gena Gardner, Lucile Pruet, Julia Johnston
5. "The House with Nobody in It" Julia Thompson
6. "Seventeen" Janet Leake
7. Scarf Dance Pete McCabe, Betsey Taft, Helen Hardy
8. Butterfly Dance Betsy Taft
9. Russian Folk Dance Isabelle Bonsack, Katherine Davis,
Buddha Watkins, Catherine Hartrampf



Sparks



TAN TROUSERS

Grand opera comes to Greystone—who ever heard of such a thing? Yet one of the finest companies in the country played one of the world's greatest operas, Tan Trousers, there. In fact, it won recognition as the best stunt of the year. The players of tentalow 8 presented it in three heats—hot, hotter, hottest. The curtain rose on Ma'Nita seated in her bower while Don Kidme, her spurned lover, poured forth impassioned words of love to win a kind glance from the lady of his heart. Tan Trousers appears on the scene and Ma'Nita immediately falls desperately in love with the young foreigner. The second heat takes place in the cabaret garden and Ma'Nita dances with Tan Trousers. Don Kidme enters, becomes fearfully jealous, and challenges Tan Trousers to a bull fight. The third heat brings the climax of the opera, for we find poor Don Kidme and Tan Trousers gored by the blood-thirsty bull. Ma'Nita falls in a swoon over her slain lover. The curtain falls amid many tears.

The audience always means much to the performers and this one surely did. There were Ma, Pa, and Sal Hepatica (Pearl, Maude, and Ma'Nita) besides many others of every social position. All were appropriately dressed in the last word in fashionable evening clothes.

The acting was so superb and the music so entrancing that all desire to see other operas from this illustrious company.

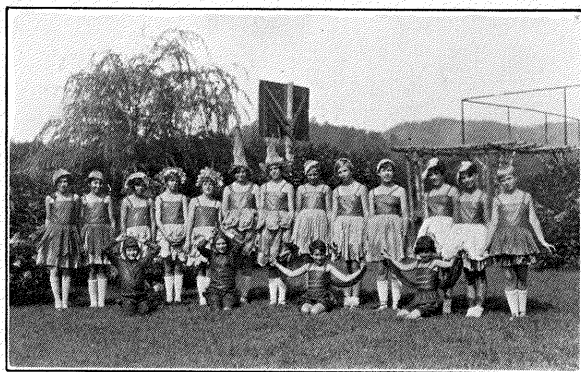


BIRTHDAY PARTY

In years to come may you know the joy
That happy striving sends,
Always may you have good times,
And make the most of friends,
Win what's dearest to your heart
Be worthy of it too,
Give to life your best and find
The best comes back to you.



Sparks



MIDGET OPERETTA "IN A FLORIST WINDOW"

Cast

Florists Katherine Kirkpatrick, Shirley Roberson
Roses Alice F. McKellar, Eugenia Laurence, Virginia Dobbs
Buzzy Bees Florence Pollock, Marjorie Cooper
Daffodils Miriam Cooper, Mildred Pollock
Mustard Flower Marian Kershaw
Columbines Annette Kellogg, Mary Helen Roop
Pansies June Webster, Marie Harris
Violets Oveida Long, Louise Timlin, Grace Manderville

I went to the midget fair
The florists and the flow'rs were there,
Two green bugs by a sprightly tune
Hopped around in a fashion rare.
All the flowers gaily danced
'Till the audience sat entranced.
Little bees buzzed 'round and 'round
Making a delightful sound.
The florists reappeared quite soon
To place them in a row,
And bees, bugs and flowers sang a lively tune
That closed the midget show.



Sparks



KIWANIANS AND WIVES ARE GUESTS AT CAMP GREYSTONE

(The Hendersonville Times)

Fifty Hendersonville Kiwanians, many with their wives, accepted the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Sevier and spent Thursday evening at Camp Greystone, near Tuxedo, where more than 100 girls from several states are taking a two-months' outing and receiving instruction in dramatics, dancing, water and land sports, horseback riding, nature lore, and other subjects.

Although rain caused a canoe pageant to be cancelled, the remainder of a delightful program that had been arranged by Dr. Sevier and camp councillors was carried out. In addition, the clubmen presented an impromptu program in appreciation of the entertainment provided by the camp.

Following an inspection of the camp buildings and grounds, with each guest in the custody of a camper, a picnic lunch was served in the dining hall. Several members of the party then defied the light rain and made good use of row boats and canoes on the lake, after which the crowd went to the camp auditorium for the program. This included instrumental and vocal solos, dancing, readings, and other features. Greystone and Kiwanis songs were sung in turn by the girls and the visitors. A W. Honeycutt, club president, then presented J. Mack Rhodes, P. L. Wright, Bruce Drysale, and each was required to make a talk or sing. Drysdale alone sang. Mrs. Fred Sudduth, at the request of Mr. Honeycutt, came to their aid and gave two whistling solos that brought salvos of applause from the audience. Dr. Sevier and Miss Ma'Nita Bullock, head councillor, welcomed the visitors to the camp.



TRIPS

All the little Wendies
Climbing up Mount Mitchell
Hoping for the sunrise at the top, top, top.
But when they arrived on weary feet
The old sun stayed so fast asleep,
That they went down the mountain then, hop, hop, hop.

And next they drove to Chimney Rock,
And climbed a million steps or so,
They saw a cave and the Devil's Head
And Lake Lure lying Green below.



Sparks



THE MASQUE BALL

Didn't you have the most scrumptious time! Everyone agrees that it was the best Masque Ball ever held at Greystone. What? Oh, we didn't get our costumes 'til the last minute either, but that didn't keep us from having a grand and glorious evening. And, speaking of costumes! Have you ever seen such a conglomeration of types, all so wonderfully good looking? I'm telling you, it was some masquerade.

And what an orchestra, we never knew they had it in them. Who could have helped dancing? We can picture yet a dreamy waltz 'neath soft dim lights; graceful couples gliding to and fro so smoothly until they hit a bump in the floor. But what was a little thing like that? Nothing at all especially when, at the end of that number, refreshments were served to happy couples, standing under the pines which towered above, dark against the starry sky. You think that the refreshments were the best part of all the program? So say many, but what of the grand march, made gay and glorious by multi-colored confetti and serpentine? That was truly a march of fun, surpassed only by the final dance and the tent-alow-ward stroll through murmuring pines.



TO OUR EDITOR

We love a girl who's wholesome
We admire one who is brave,
We uphold a girl who's reverent
And in season can be grave.

We like a girl who's winsome,
We enjoy her when she's gay,
We want her to be lovely
And fine in all she'd say.

Oh! line upon line might tell it—
Just what we want to say,
But five small letters will spell it
So why not "put it" that way!
"WEESA."



Sparks



PICKLES

There may be 59 varieties of pickles, but of that number none can compare with Pickles presented at Greystone, August the 18th. "Peter Piper Pickles please popular plutocrats" and Greystone campers too.

No better setting could be found than the pageant grounds, whose natural beauty added picturesque charm. If Hans, proprietor of Wurtzelpraeter Inn, could have transported his inn from Vienna to America, his first choice would have been Greystone. The white hydrangea formed an important part of the stage setting. Even the skies added their loveliest hues to beautify the occasion.

Now for a word about our stars. The handsome hero, J. Jennison Jones, a sure cure for the blues, was Betty Ferris, and playing opposite him, Ilona, a supposed gypsy maid, Netty Junkin. Dibble made an excellent Jigo, king of gypsies. Captain Kinski (Weesa Chandler), with her faithful sleuths Bumski and Rumski (Pete and Kitty Hartrampf), furnished much of the humor. Kitty Ferris was an American artist, Arthur Crefont, who was in love with June Pennington (Eleanor Bagwell), whose father, Jonas H. Pennington (Janet Leake), an American millionaire pickle manufacturer, found Lady Vivian Delancy (Julia Thompson), a dreamy, schemy widow, a suitable number two. Louisa, Virginia Sevier, proved herself worthy of a job at Child's. The choruses were both delightful and colorful. With such a cast and such directors as Nancy, Lillie May, Dot, Sally, and Betty Clyce, do you wonder that the operetta proved entertaining?



Sparks



THE BANQUET

Glorious culmination of our two happy months in Never Land—the banquet! For days committees: decoration, place card, program, seating, refreshments and “what-not” bestirred themselves in preparation for the event; but as the actual time drew near, everything assumed a oneness which made the banquet seem like a beautiful thought, sprung full grown into being, as Minerva from the head of Zeus.

As the little lost boys slid into the dining room, led by Dr. Sevier, the embodiment of the spirit of Peter Pan, they gayly sang “Hail, Greystone, Hail,” the Alma Mater song of the camp. Close your eyes and picture this scene as the setting for the banquet: garlands of Spanish moss hanging from the boughs of trees all about and above the room, gay colors splashed here and there to add a festive spirit, a pool in the center of the tables with willow branches bending over it, and the tables themselves decorated with attractive Peter Pan place cards, and scenes taken from that book.

For Greystone is the Never, Never Land and the campers are the Little Lost Boys who catch the spirit of Peter Pan there. Mex Shelby, the toastmistress, presided with a grace and irresistible charm that lent much enjoyment to the entire banquet. Our toasts were not the ordinary kind, but were “beautiful thoughts,” that just had to find expression.

Julia Thompson, in behalf of every camper, toasted Peter Pan, our beloved Dr. Sevier. As a conclusion to the beautiful thought, she tacked a shadow on him, symbolizing that the Greystone spirit and love of the campers would be with him always. A group of girls then sang “He and his shadow, loved by all at Camp Greystone!” Mrs. Sevier, our own dear Wendy, was toasted by Rosemary McMillan, and all the campers sang to her the song she loves so well.

The councillors at Greystone are good fairies, and Janet Leake gave beautiful thoughts of Ma’Nita, the queen of the Fairies. The tiniest fairy, Mac Clark, tripped in with a corsage of flowers in the camp colors—green and gold—as a token of our love and appreciation for her splendid service.



Sparks



As the wonderful dainties, prepared by Sal and her force, gradually disappeared, other beautiful thoughts followed in quick succession.

Lucile Pruet toasted all the good fairies; Louise White banished the crocodile who swallowed up our time so quickly; Maude Hudson told the Little Lost Boys how dearly the Fairies love them; Chopin Hudson, best camper from last year, toasted the boy most like Peter Pan; Kitty Ferris—the midget boys; Alice Reppard—our operetta “Pickles,” as booty from the pirate ship; Mary Watkins—the mystery workers, our cooks; Dede Johnston introduced the beautiful thoughts of red letter days—some of them being: Romany Days—Florry Williams; Bedtime Stories (stunts)—Peg Hortenstine; Messages to Mortals (our radio programs)—Alice Frances McKellar; Tournament days—Anna Preston; the day when the Fairies chose a Lost Boy to represent them—Gena Gardner; expeditions against the pirates (trips to distant mountains)—Pete McCabe.

The last beautiful thought was given by Weesa Chandler, and she brought tears to the eyes of all, with her poem on “Bonds that Hold.” After this, everyone passed through the little gates to Eternal Never Land singing a song of “Beautiful Thoughts.”





MARGARET SHELBY, BEST ALL-ROUND CAMPER, 1927

LOVING CUPS

Best All-Round Camper	Margaret Shelby
Land Sports	Grace Neisler
Water Sports	June Webster
Horsemanship	Betsy Taft
Hiking and Woodcraft	Julia Johnston

Honor Council

Anna Louise Chandler	Florence Williams
Rosemary McMillan	Lucile Pruet
Janet Leake	Josephine Maguire
Mex Shelby	Katherine Ferris
Mary Watkins	Louise White
Ruth Birkner	Pete McCabe
Sara Lane Smith	Anna Preston
Nancy Harper	Julia Thompson

Awarded Fourth Star

Anna Louise Chandler

Awarded Third Star

Nancy Harper

Awarded Second Star

Lucile Pruet
Betsy Taft

Julia Thompson
Pete McCabe

Rosemary McMillan

Awarded First Star

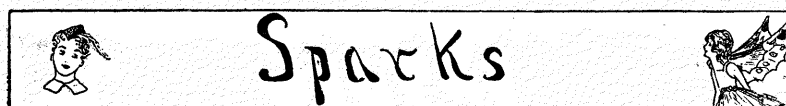
Janet Leake
Eugenia Gardner
Mex Shelby
Mary Watkins
Eleanor Bagwell
Ruth Birkner

Rebecca Moore
Anna Preston
Sara Lane Smith
Florence Williams
Martha Vance Ellesor
Isabel Bonsack

Bessie Meade Friend

Awarded Junior Star

Marian Kershaw



Awarded the "G"

Elizabeth Woolfolk	Mardie Friend
Grace Neisler	Katherine Ferris
Willa Fulmer	Emily Mahan
Louise Harwell	Margaret Hortenstine
June Webster	Kathryn Hartrampf
Julia Johnston	Dorothy Merrell
Edna Harris	Louise White
Josephine Maguire	Shirley Roberson

Awarded the Junior "G"

Marie Harris	Alice Frances McKellar
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HONORABLE MENTION IN DEPARTMENTS

WATER SPORTS

Swimming

Louise White	Rebecca Moore
Alice Frances McKellar	Florence Pollock
Dorothy Bradley	Mildred Pollock

Canoeing

<i>Awarded Canoeing Emblems</i>	<i>Improvement</i>
1st—Rosemary McMillan	Kathryn Hartrampf
2nd—Pete McCabe	Kathryn Davis
3rd—June Webster	

LAND SPORTS

Basketball

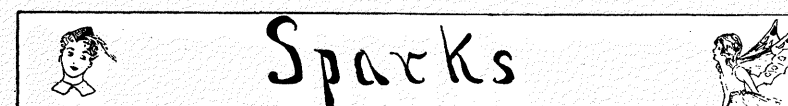
Best Player	Grace Neisler
Most Improvement	Kathryn Davis

Baseball

Best Player	Grace Neisler
Most Improvement	Louise White

Track

Best Entry	Grace Neisler and Alice Reppard
Most Improvement	Katherine Davis



Tennis

Mary Owens	Margaret Shelby
Tennie Owens	Grace Neisler

Riflery

Best Marksmen	Margaret Roberts and Frances Guiterman
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Honorable Mention:

Grace Neisler	Mary Owens
Edna Harris	Lucile Pruet
Anna Preston	Betsy Taft

Horseback

Best Rider	Betsy Taft
Most Improvement	Dorothy Merrell

Midgets:

Most Improvement	Grace Mandeville and Shirley Roberson
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Archery

First Place	Louise Harwell
Second Place	Pauline Neisler

Results of Archery Tournament

Pauline Neisler	Score 72 Points
Grace Neisler	Score 56 Points
Margaret Shelby	Score 53 Points

Dramatics

1st—Julia Thompson and Sarah Lane Smith
2nd—Anna Louise Chandler
3rd—Pete McCabe
Improvement—Mex Shelby and Emily Mahan

Dancing

<i>Excellence and Attainment</i>	<i>Interest and Improvement</i>
1st—Helen Hardy	1st—Janet Leake
2nd—Betsy Taft	2nd—Mex Shelby
3rd—Katherine Davis	3rd—Louise White



Sparks



Glee Club

- 1st—Eleanor Bagwell
2nd—Katherine Ferris
3rd—Margaret Hortenstine and Josephine Maguire

Bible

Psalms

- 1st—Julia Thompson
2nd—Nancy Harper
3rd—Weesa Chandler

Acts

- 1st—Louise Harwell
2nd—Mary Landis
3rd—Lucile Pruet

Midget Bible Class

- 1st—Marian Kershaw
2nd—Annette Kellogg

Nature Lore

- 1st—Margaret Sales
2nd—Louise Harwell
3rd—Pauline Wilson

Table Girls

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Martha Vance Ellesor | Ruth Birkner |
| Louise White | Rosemary McMillan |

Crafts

- First Honor—Elizabeth Woolfolk

Basketry

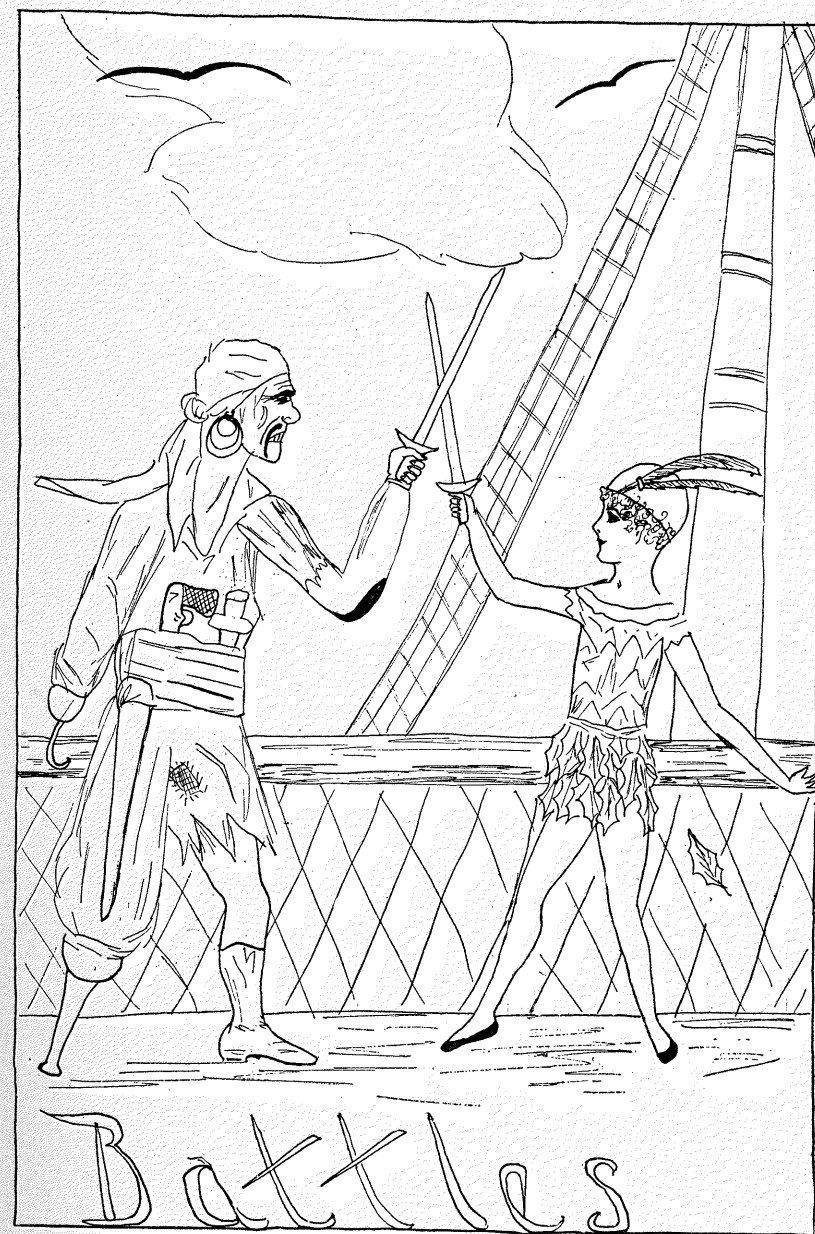
- 1st—Harriet Reed
2nd—Louise Harwell

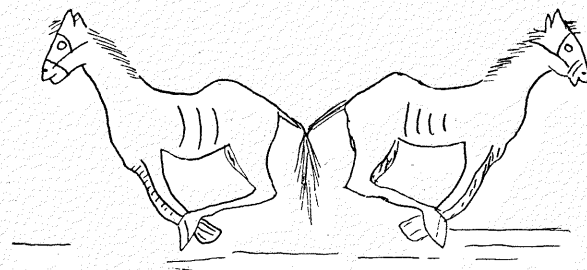
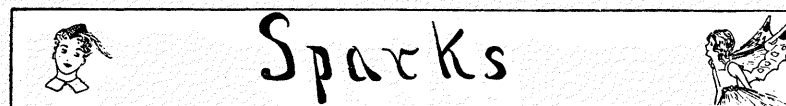
Weaving

- 1st—Alice Frances McKellar
2nd—Mary Watkins

Painting

- 1st—Anna Louise Chandler
2nd—Julia Thompson





Competition

"My daddy can"—

"Aw that ain't nothin', my daddy can"—

So it went when we sat on back fences or roller-skated in short skirts with a delightful swish.

Competition

"The Evens can win. Come on Evens. We're betting on you."

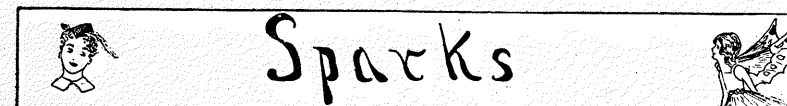
"Shuh—the odds can get it easy"—

Competition

The mules pull—this way and that in games, sports, yells, even honor points, for these are the road's center; but together the Green and Gold enter the gate which leads to the greater upbuilding of Greystone for the service of many to come—

Coöperation.

Final Score	
Odds	Evens
2720	2442



TRACK MEET

(With apologies to Edward Roland Sill)

This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream—

There came a tournament between the "Odds and Evens."

And when the knights came on the field, there raged a furious battle; Sides yelled, and feet clashed upon earth and sod.

A Golden banner wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by Green.

Then came the Knight of Reppard and Davis close behind, Each on opposite sides they stood, feet buried in the dry and trodden sand.

Both sides fought gallantly, and with battle shout lifted afresh The Odds hewed the enemy down and won a great victory that heroic day.

50-Yard Dash

1—Moore

2—Davis

3—Preston

Standing Broad

1—Reppard, 7-10

2—Moore

3—Gregg—Ferris

Stand High

1—Reppard and Davis, 3-8

2—Ferris, Hartrampf, Lingle, Preston

Run Broad

1—G. Neisler, 13-10

2—Preston—Roberts

Running High

1—Reppard, 4-2½

2—Moore, Lingle, Timlin, Sandifer, Preston

Basketball Throw

1—G. Neisler, 69-5

2—Timlin

3—White

Baseball Throw

1—G. Neisler, 125

2—P. Neisler

3—Bonsack

Individual Score

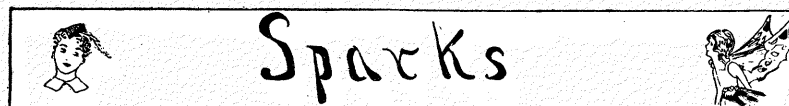
1—G. Neisler 15

2—Reppard 14

3—Moore 8½

Evens 25¾

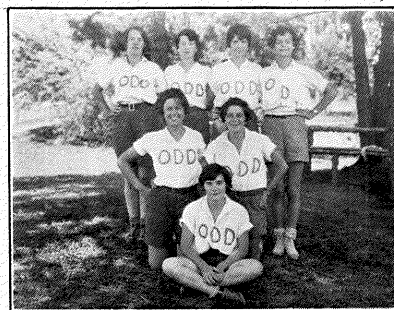
Odds 35¾



LINE-UP

Odds

Watkins—Neisler, G. F
 Fulmer—Owen, M. F
 Pruet—Reppard F
 Leake—Harris G
 Jordan—Reppard G



Evens

Moore—Merrill F
 Bonsack—Neisler, P. F
 Hartrampf G
 White—Davis G
 McCabe—Sandifer G

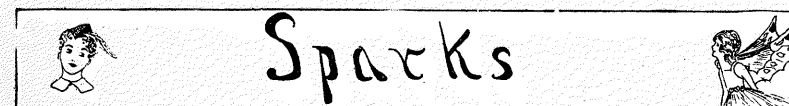


BASKETBALL

"Come away for hark! the whistle is calling
 It is calling you and me"—to basketball.

Nothing delights us more than to hear Pearl call, "All out for basketball! Form a straight line and count off in fours from right to left." We think we're lucky indeed if one on our team guesses nearest to the number Pearl is thinking of so that we can play first.

Much has been accomplished at the regular classes from nine to ten and from ten to eleven, and many girls have shown marked improvement. "We can't get along without basketball! Basketball's a wonderful sport."



GIRLS-COUNCILLOR BASKETBALL GAME

Place: It's dear old Greystone.

Date: In the merry month of July.

Line-up: Playing three court.

Councillors

Jump C. S. Clowney
 R. C. R. Robinson
 F. S. Paslick
 F. M. Gray
 G. N. Junkin—Lee
 G. F. Harper—Dibble

Girls

K. Hull
 I. Bonsack
 B. Watkins
 W. Fulmer
 J. Leake—Hartrampf
 M. Jordan—Harris

Score: 26-20 in favor of councillors. Not so bad for the girls, eh?

Comments: Pearl Jones (ever heard of Pearl before?) cut a finger in the bread cutter—naturally she couldn't play but she refereed. Maude was out on the side lines observing because she stole too much peach ice cream the night before. These were the reasons for leaving Mutt and Jeff out of this thrilling game. That was one hot game. The councillors knew their onions and played a peach of a game, but believe me those girls were "pearls"—they all played a hard game. "A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by all," particularly by the spectators who supported their teams vociferously.



Sparks



ODD-EVEN BASKETBALL GAME

As Told by the Basketball

Here I am freshly pumped up and ready for one of the great events of the year The Odd-Even Basketball game! Oh! I'm so excited—I wonder who will win. Well, if it isn't little Pearl Jones coming to toss me up between the jumping centers. Yes, they are Dot Merrell and Rep. Hooray! for Odds—I'm falling through the goal—the hands of Buddha. Quick work. Kitty Hartrampf has thrown me to Becky who made a goal for the Evens and tied the score.

Oh! boy! this is a peachy game. Now Pruet has me and Pete and Kewee! Oeeee! It's a "hot" life being on the dizzy heights of popularity and tossed about so.

Well, the game is over and this air is nearly out of me. The Odds won. It was a good game. The air is about gone—puff—puff—I guess I'll sign off now and get some rest for—the—next—game!!



Sparks



ARCHERY

Archery is always a favorite at Greystone as girls are always interested in anything which concerns bows. They do not imitate William Tell, and shoot apples off of each other's heads; but it is a common experience to shoot an arrow and have an apple fall on one's head. For Greystone combines industry with its reward, and so our archery course is situated under a luscious apple tree. Perhaps that also helps to make archery popular until an hour before supper.

"This is the song of archery—
We have it under the apple tree;
We shoot our arrows into the air—
They fall to earth, we know not where;
But at those times when we are plucky
We hit the bull's eye—aren't we lucky?



GRAYBEAL'S SHARP SHOOTERS

Way up yonder not so very far away
Graybeal called us to shoot one day;
So with shaking hand and beating heart
We went with our bullets to do our part,
Sitting, standing or lying prone
Everyone speaking in quiet tone,
Each young aspirant trying her skill
Sighting the bull's eye with a will.
Soon there were heard loud shouts of glee—
A bull's eye was hit as sure as could be!
Then a flock of young hopefuls crowded to see
For beaten by anyone they would not be.
Then each one took her place in line
And made a bull's eye perhaps one time.
It's hard to believe but we saw it that day
And "seeing's believin'" the story books say.

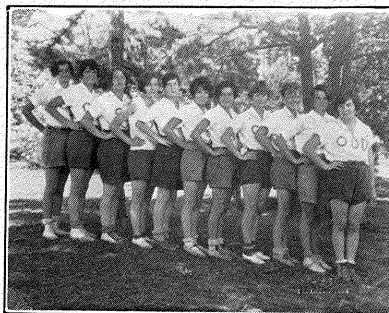


Sparks

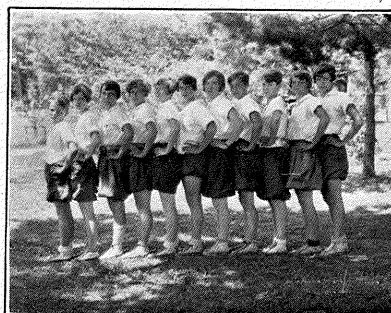


REFLECTIONS OF A "NICE OLD LADY" ON THE ODDS AND EVENS' BASEBALL GAME

I see in the distance a cloud of dust. My! but the atmosphere is cloudy. But no! as I draw nearer I see two teams of husky girls in deadly competition for the upper hand. There is one girl who seems to be attracting much attention from the crowds gathered on a bank near by. Screams of "run home, Neisler" fill the air, and great excitement is to be seen everywhere. I wonder why she should go home. But there she goes. See, she is running for dear life and another girl chasing her, trying to hit her with a ball. My what a rough way for little girls to play. What can they be doing?



ODDS



EVENS

I wonder if these can be the inmates of the bug-house out for an airing.

Suddenly the tall person in the center of the field bellows, "change" and everybody turns and runs in a different direction. I see! They only change places.

Mercy! What an unmannerly thing to do! The girl in the center of the field is throwing the ball at a harmless, little, red-headed girl standing in front of her. The strawberry blonde must feel rather indignant, I suppose, because she hit the ball as hard as she could right back at the vicious person; and now she is running. She has reached what the onlookers call "first base," the tall lady in the middle of the diamond-shaped field is speaking. What does she say? Oh, "you're safe on first!"

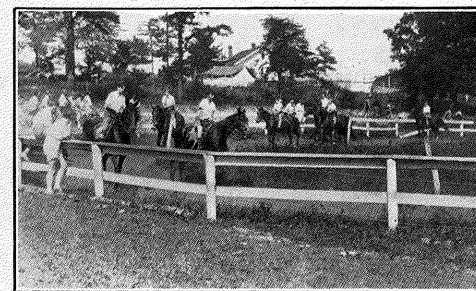
By the time this game is over I will be almost a nervous wreck because there seems to be no end to the narrow escapes these girls have and the risks they take.

It is over!

The younger generation tells me that these females were merely having a slight case of baseball, and that something Odd has won the game—how peculiar!



Sparks



HORSEBACK

There are horses at Greystone, and we are sure there are horsewomen after the much toil and labor, a great deal of pleasure, and two months of "hup downs."

Daylight is alright in its place, but when it is seen between the saddle and the knees of our so-called horsewomen, it is not so desirable.

Necking is the affectionate embrace that the fearful rider gives his gentle mount.

But we may safely say, that at the end of two perfect months, we have overcome our fear of horses, as was shown by the meet, the results of which are as follows:

Walk, Trot, Canter

Owen, M.
Taft, B.
Timlin

Jump, Touch and out

Preston
McCabe
Merrell

Walk, Pace, Trot, Canter

Taft, B.
Timlin
Merrell

High-jump

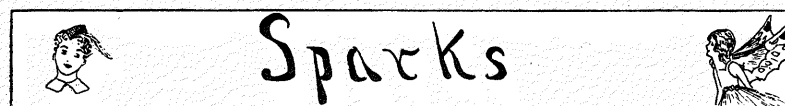
McCabe
Merrell
Bonsack

Saddling, Mounting, Dismounting

Maguire Williams
Merrell McCabe

Lancing

Bonsack
Taft, B.



Sparks

Webster Bareback Timlin
 Moore

MIDGETS

<i>Walk, Trot, Canter</i>	<i>Walk, Pace, Trot, Canter</i>	<i>Jump, Touch and Out</i>
Mandeville	Mandeville	Kellogg
Taft, J.	Taft, J.	Mandeville
Kershaw	Kershaw	Lawrence

PLACES IN MEET

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Midgets</i>
1st—McCabe—Taft, B. 11	1st—Mandeville 13
2nd—Merrell 7	2nd—Taft, J. 6
3rd—Bonsack 3	3rd—Kellogg 5
Odds—47	Evens—36

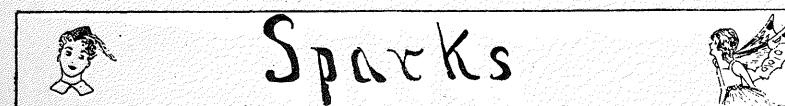


TENNIS

We know the game!

Ready! And waiting for you.
 Serve! We'll serve you true.
 Love! Game!
 And that's the way it goes!

Tennis is just as fascinating as it has always been, however it is better at Greystone this summer because there are now three courts instead of last year's two. Maude taught and showed those interested how tennis could be played. Time slipped by with so many rainy days that there was only time "enuf" for six Evens and six Odds to enter the tournament. The Evens were: Moore, Hartrampf, Merrell, P. Neisler, White, and N. Harper. The Odds were: G. Neisler, M. Owens, T. Owens, Lingle, Watkins and Shelby. M. Owen won the tournament for the Odds.



Sparks

ROMANY DAY

"Follow the Romany trail, my lads,
 Faring upon our way;
 Never a care for the morrow's fare,
 Take what you find today."

The wanderlust fills our hearts and minds quite often, and then there is nothing like Romany Day to satisfy our craving for a "gypsy patteran." How we all like to take our little bag of food, strap a cup upon our belt, and thus prepared, set out to wander through the beautiful country. Up mountains, over streams and fallen trees, down slippery hillsides, into shady glens we go and out along the winding road, dusty though it may be, until we reach our destination. Perhaps we may go to wonderful Rainbow Falls, and watch the sun make a rainbow in the cold, clear water as it dashes down upon the jagged rocks. Then again, we travel up Green river, climb over the rocky falls for a while, trying our best to keep from slipping on the smooth stones, until, unable to withstand the pangs of hunger any longer, we seat ourselves in the most convenient spot, there to explore the contents of the dinner sacks. How much fun it is on the days when we journey to the old mill, and spend part of the happy time in sliding down the falls. Perhaps the sled and its user may part company, but that only serves to add a little zest.

Less frequent, but equally enjoyable, are the days when we are privileged to go on canoe trips. Many happy hours have been spent on the sandpile, or even farther up the river. Once in a great, great while comes a trip on the big lake; that is indeed a treat, and excitement runs high. The canoes are taken over the dam and then we paddle on and on, finally passing under the concrete bridge, and arriving at our destination. Then we can enjoy a truly wonderful swim, or we may even "bounce" a while. After the welcome meal comes the homeward journey, and another wonderful day is completed. No, there is nothing quite equal to the delights of a Romany day.

Follow the patteran o'er mountain and plain,
 Nor care for the weather, be it sunshine or rain;
 Oh! follow the Romany Trail.



Sparks



THE GREEN CANOE

The Tragedy of the Lost Supper

'Twas late on a Sunday afternoon
 And the supper hour was near
 But one lone green canoe was left
 Gracious—how very queer!
 For usually at this time of night
 When the weather had brightened and cleared
 Not even one lone green canoe
 On the sandy beach appeared.
 But Lady Luck was kind to me
 And claimed me for her daughter,
 So I took that one lone green canoe
 To eat supper on the water.
 It's sad to tell and hard to say
 What happened to me on that miserable day—
 Our nice little jaunt upon the lake
 With our supper and milk and a hunk of cake
 Caused us regret for a long time after,
 But when we saw the joke, then our tears changed to laughter—
 With two ham sandwiches and my dearest friend
 In that green canoe, I met my end.



Sparks



That nice little green and white canoe
 Was really a horrible fake;
 Not because of our paddling—oh! no! dear no!
 But it dumped us in the lake.
 We struggled and floundered around for a while
 And finally reached the bank—
 But the sandwiches, the cake, and the green canoe
 Alas, for them!—they sank.
 So don't choose a nice little green canoe
 If 'tis after pleasure you seek,
 'Cause if you do, and do as we did
 You'll be kept off the lake for a week!

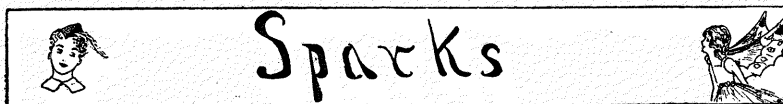


SWIMMING

Splash! There she goes! No! It's not the famous Madam Dido but one of the Greystone swimmers trying to learn the "sea-side shimmy" under the direction of our most capable swimming instructors—Maude and Redie. Among the many miraculous wonders that occur at Greystone is the evolution of Minnows to Sun-fish, to Sharks, then to Whales. No! we are not really followers of Darwin's Theory but only telling you of the life-buoys that our instructors have made of us. And while they're making, they make us all eligible for Carnegie medals. When we leave Greystone we know how to save a drowning person in the most approved fashion.

While attempting to teach us the "front strangle" in life saving, Maude grabs us with a death grip which we fear will be disastrous to us, but this is followed by vigorous resuscitation after which we feel sufficiently squelched.

On the "great day" of the swimming meet the swimmers showed their ability as follows:



Sparks

SWIMMING MEET

20-Yard Dash

1st—Reppard
2nd—Lingle
3rd—Moore

40-Yard Dash

1st—Lingle
2nd—Reppard
3rd—Preston

Plunge for Distance

1st—Leake
2nd—Davis
3rd—Pruet

FORM SWIMMING

Back Stroke

1st—Chandler
2nd—McMillan and Moore
3rd—Preston

Single Overarm

1st—Lingle
2nd—Webster
3rd—Reppard

Side Stroke

1st—Webster and Leake
2nd—Williams
3rd—Preston and Watkins

Double Overarm

1st—Webster
2nd—Watkins
3rd—Davis and Leake

Trudgeon

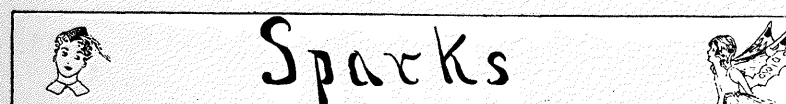
1st—Lingle and Watkins
2nd—Webster
3rd—Moore and White

Crawl

1st—Webster
2nd—Lingle
3rd—Preston

Breast Stroke

1st—White
2nd—Preston
3rd—Harper



Sparks

DIVING

Standing Front

1st—Lingle and Webster
2nd—Davis
3rd—Moore and Owen

Swan

1st—Davis
2nd—Lingle
3rd—Webster

Running Front

1st—Lingle
2nd—Davis
3rd—Moore

Jack

1st—Davis
2nd—Webster
3rd—Owen

Back

1st—Webster
2nd—Ellesor
3rd—Williams

Side

1st—Lingle
2nd—Webster
3rd—McMillan

Trick (1)

1st—Moore
2nd—Davis
3rd—Ellesor

Trick (2)

1st—Preston
2nd—Moore
3rd—Reppard

Individual Score

Lingle	37
Webster	34
Davis	20½
Odds 72½	Evens 79½

Sparks



LIFE SAVERS

Senior Life Savers

McCabe
Leake
Chandler
Ellesor
White
Shelby
McMillan
Williams
Junkin

Townsend
Examiners
Hudson
Robinson
Sevier
Jones
F. Harper
Dibble
Paslick

Senior Examiner
Cartier

Sparks

Junior Life Savers

Thompson
Maguire
Hartrampf
Benson
Watkins
Landis
Gardner
Johnson
Pruet
Merrell
Kellogg
E. Harris
Best
Bonsack

Reppard
Preston
N. Harper
Moore
Timlin
Mandeville
Makellar
Webster
Dobbs
McCaughrin
Fulmer
Lovette
DeVaga
M. Harris



MIDGET SWIMMING MEET

Individual Score

1st—Timlin	25
2nd—Harris	19
3rd—Kershaw	14
Odds 77½	Evens 21½



Sparks



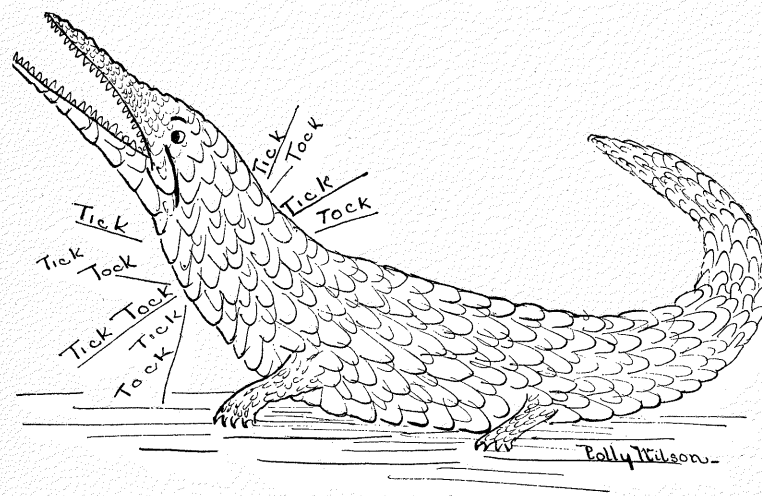
UP-SETS

At 7:30, so early in the morn
We tumble out of bed at the toot of Betty's horn;
Pearl blows her whistle and away we dash
Down to the tennis courts—perhaps for something rash.

“Sideward turn and bend to the right,
Watch out Buddah, you pants are too tight.
Hands on hips, now down on your toes,
Prone falling but don't hit your nose.”

“To a horizontal half-stand,” Pearl did yell,
“Look at Joe Bowling, oh how she fell!”
Pearl out of patience laughs, “ha! ha!
Thanks for the day comrades,”—“Rah! Rah!”

TICK TOCKS





Sparks



STATISTICS

Listerine and Company

Dear Sir:

I was both lonely and unhappy, sad and depressed—I was not popular. As a light to a storm-tossed vessel, your Listerine came to me. I bashfully tell you here that I was voted the most popular girl at Camp Greystone.

Extending to you my heartfelt gratitude,

I am sincerely,

MEX AND PETE.

Cantilever Shoe Company.

Dear Sir:

My feet aching incessantly, I lost all interest in life and its activities. My friends began to speak of me as "Weary ————" My aunt gave me an old pair of your arch-supporting shoes which proved so beneficial that I had them half-soled. I am now no other than the best sport at Camp Greystone.

Gratefully, I am
BUDDHA.

Ipana Tooth-paste Company.

Dear Sir:

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—this has proven true in my case. The dazzling whiteness of my teeth cast such a spell over all the campers at Greystone that they chose me as their most attractive girl. I am a living advertisement of your wonderful tooth-paste.

I remain attractively yours,

ANNA P.



Sparks



College Humor.

Dear Sirs:

I take my pen in hand to inform you that I offer myself as editor of the *College Humor*. Perhaps you would like some reference. Kindly turn to Camp Greystone—they will tell you of my irrepressible humor for they decided I was their wittiest girl.

Yours anticipating a better magazine in the future,

MEX.

Correspondence School of Psychology.

Dear Sirs:

From the day I received my first lesson in "The Workings of the Mind," to the day I carried my friends to the post office for my graduation, I have been a changed person. Great is your course and great its value. My mentality is so improved that I am the most dependable girl at Camp Greystone.

Yours dependably,

WEESA.

North American Institute.

Dear Sir:

I sing the praises of your book, "How to Work Wonders with Words." Just a part of the day, a small part, only fifteen minutes, I conquered self-consciousness and bashfulness. My true self has come to the surface and I am now the cutest girl at Greystone.

Your little "cut-up" friend,

MEX.



Sparks



Yeast Company.

Dear Sir:

That ever tired feeling was predominant in my life. Though not blessed with health I was blessed with friends. Confidentially one told me of her secret of health, that wonderful discovery of yours. I now make a delightful Yeast sandwich for each meal. My friends marvel at the change in me and I am now daily imparting the secret to others.

I remain the peppiest girl at Greystone,

PETE.

Palmolive Soap Company.

Dear Sir:

With the aid of your wonderful soap, I have retained my clear school girl complexion, which enhances the charm of my other features. I now tell you with much pride and many becoming blushes that I am the prettiest girl at Camp Greystone.

Knowing that I owe it all to you, I remain your lovely,

ANNA P.



Sparks



WITH APOLOGIES TO LEIGH HUNT

Matilda Bologny Bullock (may her tribe increase)
Was awakened one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in her room
Upper nine waiting in the shadow and gloom.
Fear crept over her where she lay
Made her wish for the bright noon-day.
But what? She was hoisted out of her bed
And up some steps 'til most on her head.
Upper nine was about to work the trick
When Grandma Bologny gave a vicious kick;
Everyone tumbled gave a scream and yell.
Did upper nine break Taps? Oh, you can never tell!



HORSES A LA PETER PIPER PICKLES

I remember when at camp the sports that could be done.
Do you mean it? Surely I do!
Horseback riding seemed to me to be oh, so much fun,
Was it really? Wait 'till I'm through.
But of all the horses that were a pleasure then to ride
There were some among them that we could very seldom guide,
Some would kick, and some would run, and some would sometimes
slide.
That is funny—funny to you.

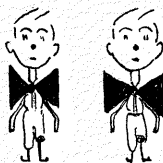
Horses, horses, horses, horses,
Fifty-nine varieties of horses,
Some were tame and others very wild.
And those horses that were mild
We all could ride with perfect style.
Horses, horses, horses, horses,
Simply couldn't keep away from horses.
I hit the ground and now I'm feeling lame
I am found of horses just the same.



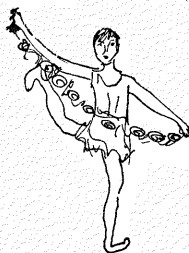
Sparks



THE PASSING REVIEW



"Two Georgie Washington twins are we,
I'm just like him—he's like me."



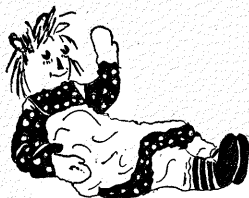
We all marvel at the grace of this girl,
Everyone admits that she is surely a Pearl.



Lightly through the woods tripped little
Goldielocks,
And all the curls upon her head were
shavings off of blocks.



Tan Trousers fought a noble fight,
But alas, he was killed in his sweet-
heart's sight!



Raggedy Ann is some little entrancer,
But if she wore less clothes she'd be
more of a dancer.



We are so collegiate we never never
hurry,
Nothing in this wide world could make
us worry.



Sparks



"LITTLE CUT-UPS"

Bonsack had some dynamite,
Gave the little stick a light;
Angel wings now Bonny's sprouted
And now our table's not so crowded.

Kitty, with a greed for gore
Pushed poor Pete into the lawn mower,
We had the funeral next day, Monday.
Kitty shouldn't cut up Sunday.

Clyde, just a trifle mean,
Steeped himself in gasoline
Struck a match, then Maw told Paw
"Brightest boy I ever saw!"

Anna, swimming in the bay,
Dared five minutes beneath to stay.
She forgot to hold her nose,
Upper "8" is sellin' second-handed clothes.



HOBO HIKE TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN

All the little lost boys (we mean, of course, lost girls) left one afternoon the never, never land to journey to the Garden of Eden. Casting aside their usual green and gold, they clad themselves in their hoboist outfits so that the pirates would not recognize and try to kidnap them. Who were the hosts (hostesses) you might ask—why no other than the Odd lost boys (again wrong gender) who had scooted ahead to clear the way of all dangers. The garden appeared to the guests a scene of rarest beauty. The forbidden fruit dangled temptingly in its luscious beauty, and the fountain of eternal youth bubbled joyously. A veritable fairyland presented itself to all as the leaves by magic disappeared and candy took their places. Games and contests held full sway until it slipped out that the food was ready. The alligator who swallowed the clock (maybe Pearl with her Big Ben) warned the children of an approaching storm. With happy hearts and dripping clothes the little lost boys (opposite sex, if you please) returned to their Never, Never Land with, safe in their possession, a memory of a hilarious hobo hike to the Garden of Eden.



Sparks



THINGS YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

1. Sarah Lee rode to Saluda on an empty stomach.
2. Kitty Hartrampf on a diet.
3. The Sunday walk turned out to be a short one.
4. It didn't rain on the last Romany day.
5. Nancy forgot to call for an operetta practice.
6. Mary and Tennie Owens failed to get a letter.
7. Reedie got on Maude's shorts with the aid of a shoe horn.
8. Upper "7" didn't giggle during quiet hour when some one busted a balloon.
9. Bonsack and Becky didn't get at the same table.
10. Edna Harris didn't see Bruce for a whole day.

LILY POND MUD BATH

One of the most prominent visitors of the '27 season was Dr. Percival Scalawag, who gave a demonstration, exhibition, and free tryout of Scalawag's Ooky-Pooky-stick-in-the-mud-Face-Clay Beautifier.

Sunkist Maude and Reedie were among the first in our midst to take advantage of the opportunity and try the new remedy. They were followed by scores of eager, beauty-seeking campers who, after their Lily Pond clay bath, a good Lake Summit swim, and a soapy shower came out looking almost natural and as fair as lily buds.

"FALSE ALARM"

The Seviars had asked me several times to come out and visit their camp, the lovely Greystone. One evening I took advantage of this cordial invitation and went out. The whole camp was in the pavilion singing when I arrived. To my horror, the first object that greeted my eyes was an attractive looking girl in the foreground who was having spasms. Her body was going through the most fearful contortions. I tried to think of all the first aid treatments for epileptic fits, but my mind was blank with terror. I saw that no one was making a move to help the poor girl and my tender heart rebelled at such heartless indifference. I shrieked out, my face pale with alarm "Oh! let me get a doctor!" At that, all the girls laughed, and some one said, "Don't worry! That's only Red."



Sparks



BARN DANCE

Goodbye girle, goodbye boys,
Off to the barn dance—thrills and joys,
Dressed in costumes countrified,
Lads and lassies quickly hied
To the Craft House with Ma and Pa,
While the rest were gone to the Operah!

Virginia Reel and Jump Jim Crow,
Were danced by everyone you know.
Next we marched in a grand parade
While august judges prizes gave;
Pauline Niesler and Peg Le Grande
Won first as country wife and man,
Other costumes were unique
Either new or quite antique.

And the time so quickly flew
(Passed by Jigs, both old and new)
That those who went to the opera fine
We know didn't have any better time.
At last we went home tired but gay,
And then to bed to dream away.



CRACKS

Buddha, who thought she could sing, went to a vocal teacher for a tryout before arranging to take lessons. The professor sat down and played a selection while the ambitious singer poured out her choicest assortment of notes. At the end of the test the professor swung around on his stool and in a wrathful voice cried, "Ach! Ach! Nefer haf I heard such a voice. I blay on der vite keys and I blay on der black keys, but you sing in der cracks!"



Sparks

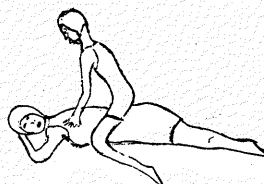
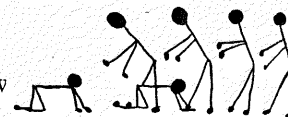


THE LONG AND SHORT OF THE COUNCILLORS



Just watch Pearl at basketball,
And the rest of our councillors, one and all.
In the game Maude to lofty objects hied,
That's why she tried her hand at Clyde.

When the old Councillors challenged the new
To pay up money for Annuals due,
The defendants came up with the highest score,
And beat up their opponents until they were sore.



One day after a tennis game
Ma'Nita of muscles became quite lame,
And had a case of palpitation,
So Maude resorted to resuscitation.



Sparks



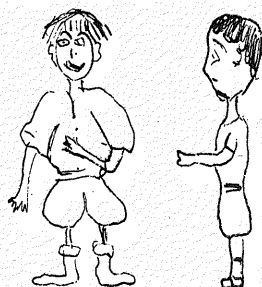
GIRL-COUNCILLOR DAY

So unexpected was Girl-Councillor Day among the campers that when Ma'Nita told us about it and began to look for her substitute, broad smiles crept over all of our faces. When each councillor's name was called she began to search carefully for the person she had chosen to be herself for the day.

The riding meet was scheduled for that particular morning and by noon all of us were well filled up on horse meat. After the daily duties of the old Councillors had been well performed by the new ones, the new councillors and girls enjoyed a marshmallow toast down by the lake. The councillors were then sent to bed while the girls had a moonlight ride on the lake. And as the councillors always get in bed by eleven o'clock, the girls too hurried to bed so that they would not break this ever observed rule. For they, like Cinderella, were changed back to themselves at this eventful hour.

Ma'Nita	Janet	Sal. C.	Ruth
Nancy	Eleanor	Betty C.	Kitty H.
Virginia	Buddha	Miss Harrell	Marg. Sales
Dot	Kiwi	Mrs. Roberson	Harriet R.
Sue	Weesa	Mr. Brown	Dodo
Reedie	Becky		
Maude	Rosemary		
Sarah Lee	Pete		
Frank	Nancy		
Dibble	Daughtie		
Lilly May	Julia		
Betty F.	Kitty F.		
Red	Anna P.		
Pearl	Betsy		
Mary G.	Mex		
Nettie J.	Mary L.		
Sal A.	Helen H.		
Mildred Calahan	Florrie W.		

Girl-Councillor



Sparks



QUIET (?) HOUR

Silence prevails through the camp, the only sounds are the songs of birds and an occasional voice from the lodge. Suddenly a shot rings out, shattering the peace of quiet hour, and then another! But wait, is it a shot after all? No, the plot ends—it was only a balloon that "busted," and aha! giggles are heard after each pop! Just lots and lots of folks are enjoying red balloons, thanks to the Pollocks' generosity, and thanks to some one's genius for mischief, lots of campers are enjoying the sound of balloons fading away, during quiet hour. And after taps! So now we know why the demand for pins just before lights out. Of course, no one thinks of connecting balloons and pins, but oh, the balloons that sort of accidentally get popped after taps in certain tent-alows—upper 5 and 7, for instance.



PIE BEDS

If you can keep your rep when all about you
Are makin' pie-beds an' blamin' it on you.
If you can keep your face straight when others doubt you
And you know you are makin' pie-beds too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting
For councillors to hop in bed at night,
And listen to their words and keep on sleeping—
Then you have got the art of making pie-beds right.



We've tried so hard to clever be
To make you grin and laugh,
We've tried to make ole Genius burn
We—the Annual Staff.

So if you read this little book
And put it on the shelf
In disappointment and chagrin,
Pray—keep it to yourself.

—THE STAFF.



Sparks



When our last write-up is finished and the last poem is done,
When athletics have edited the games we've lost and won,
When the pictures all are taken, and the features ready to use,
When the jokes are duly picked out and are waiting to amuse,
We can rest in peace, dear Greystone, now our annual is done,
We have tried our best to honor you, in work as well as fun,
We have faithfully recorded all the pleasures we've had here
And can hardly bear to leave you till we come again next year.