

SPARKS

~from the~
Camp Fire

Volume IX
1928

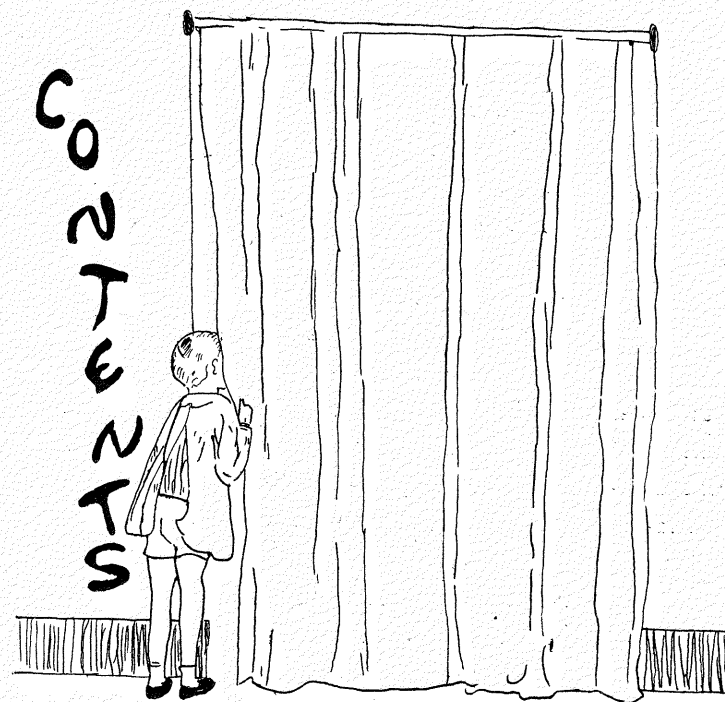
PUBLISHED BY
The Girls of Camp Greystone
TUXEDO, N. C.

Foreword

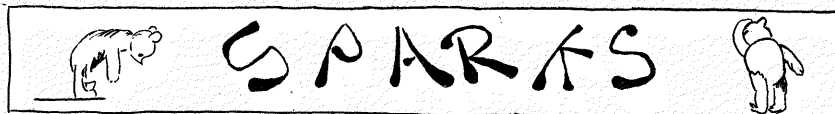


Now, that "we are six," Oh
campers, let's not forget the
time when "we were very
young."

With many apologies to
A. A. Milne we send this little
book forth.



WHERE AM I GOING? I DON'T QUITE KNOW.
WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHERE PEOPLE GO?
DOWN TO THE WOODS WHERE THE BLUEBELLS GROW
ANYWHERE, ANYWHERE I DON'T KNOW.

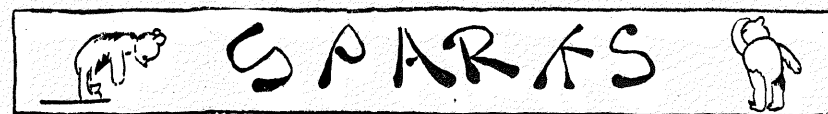


I had a penny,
 A bright, new penny,
 I took my penny
 To the market square.
 I wanted a rabbit,
 A little brown rabbit,
 And I looked for a rabbit
 'Most everywhere.

For I went to the stall where they sold sweet lavender,
 And I went to the stall where they sold fresh mackerel,
 And I went to the stall where they sold fine saucepans,
 But they hadn't got a rabbit, not anywhere there.

I had nuffin,
 No, I hadn't got nuffin,
 So I didn't go down
 To the market square;
 But I came on to Greystone,
 Free, mountainous Greystone,
 And I saw little rabbits
 'Most everywhere!

So I'm sorry for the people who sell fine saucepans,
 I'm sorry for the people who sell fresh mackerel,
 I'm sorry for the people who sell sweet lavender,
 'Cause they haven't got a rabbit, not anywhere there.



DEDICATION

*This little Remembrance of Summer Days
 is Dedicated to you*

REEDIE

*"Our little boy Councillor," full of Ideals, Ideas, Enthusiasm
 and Friendship; for Greystone can't do without you.*



SPARKS



SPARKS STAFF

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SPARKS



By the lake, under the trees, in the pavilion, and craft cottage, the noon hour finds Greystone at her Bible classes.

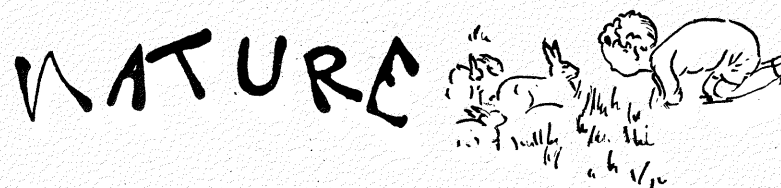
The oldest girls have the privilege of studying "Men of the Old Testament" with Dr. Sevier, while Nettie and Agnes Junkin teach classes in "Women of the Old Testament" to the younger girls.

The pageant, "We Who Would Serve The King," presented during the last week of camp, summed up the summer's study.

DEVOTIONALS

"Morning and evening and noon will I praise thee," sang David, the psalmist on the Judean hills. So at Greystone at Assembly, at noon, and at "crackers and milk" when Dr. Sevier sums up our day, do we lift up our hearts to God. All things about us seem to speak of Him.

Sunday stands out in our memories. After Sunday School discussions, Dr. Sevier during church hour talks to us of the quest for true happiness. A walk among the hills follows quiet hour, and lastly, our vespers end our Greystone Sunday.



A stealthy figure creeps up to tentalow one, then two, and so on down the line. What? A Mystery? Well, not exactly. It's just a girl robbing the flower cans for any forgotten specimens.

The flower books must be in and she has resorted to the last extremity.



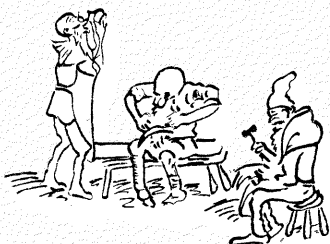
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Working feverishly she sticks together a beautiful (?) book for the patient Jean Agnew. But all the books weren't made that way.

Most of the nature lovers labored long and hard in the work of collecting and mounting the flowers, all with splendid results. A \$20.00 prize, awarded by the editor of the *National Geographic* for the best and most attractively arranged collection in the senior group, was won by Agnes Junkin. The Samuel Clark prize, \$15.00 for the first place, was won by Barbara Green with Nancy Nalle receiving the second prize, \$5.00.

But Nature did not only include making books. Ants and birds were found most interesting and how about those lovely walks! So here's to our Jean, a fine teacher, a wonderful companion, and a grand sport.



CRAPTS

"Anybody here seen Kitty?
 "I want to make my bag."
 "Anybody here seen Mrs. Roberson?
 "My basket's beginning to sag."
 "Annie Laurie Crowell,
 "Come help me with this rug."
 "Kitty, I've finished my coolie coat!
 "Come, give me a hug!"

"Anybody seen Mr. Hillman?
 "I want to get my paint."
 "Anybody seen Kitty Kirby?
 "Why ain't she where she ain't?"
 Purses, rugs, and baskets,
 Pictures on the wall,
 In the Crafts at Greystone
 There's something for us all.



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MUSIC

There's music in the air,
 And all the hills are fairly ringing;
 There's music everywhere,
 With all the Greystone campers singing.

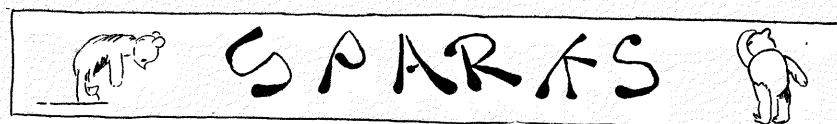
We tire of swimming and dancing, too,
 But we can sing the whole day through.
 With Red to lead us, and Sally to play,
 We always sing our blues away.

And when the Glee Club gives its recital,
 Greystone wins another title.
 Bum-bity um bum, bum-bity um bum,
 Bum, bum, bum, bum, bay.

DANCING



Strains of "Turkey in the Straw" float from the pavilion and a shuffling and stamping of feet is heard. In fact, as you draw nigh, it sounds as though the building would collapse at any moment. Henri has almost succeeded in teaching her Junior cloggers "The Old Man." There are signs of fatigue on her countenance and Sally "Tabernacle" wearily droops on the piano stool. But on the faces of the cloggers there is that look which is present whenever one is accomplishing something.



Besides clogging, there were folk, acrobatic, and aesthetic classes, all leading up to the climax of Henri's teaching, which came the evening of the final recital when the girls, arrayed in brilliant costumes, displayed in fine style their accomplishments of the summer.



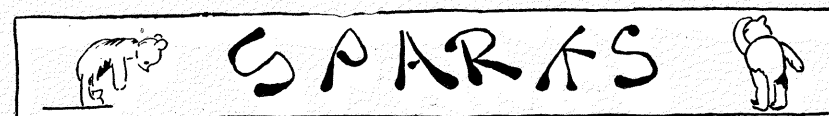
RECITALS

A crackling fire, a merry circle of friends, music and readings—what more could anyone ask? Such were the Junior and Senior Dramatic Recitals. Lillie Mae and Frances certainly performed their tasks well, if seeing the results is judging. Everyone laughed at the humorous numbers and loved the beautiful ones; and how about the singing by the members of the Glee Club and the piano numbers by talented campers!

We liked your programs, you who participated, and look forward eagerly to next year's recitals.

HIGH LIGHTS ON DRAMATICS BY THE FOOTLIGHTS

Well, back again to the old job of lighting up the would-be dramatists. In spite of a blindness in one bulb, I must admit I carry off my duties to perfection. As time passes, I find my work growing heavier and heavier, for besides the regular tentallow stunts presented twice a week, there are the dramatic recitals in which Lillie Mae's and Frances' pupils almost outshine me. I've been here at Greystone for many years now but it seemed that my spotlight this summer has showed up more real talent and enjoyable entertainment than ever before.



THE CANOE PAGEANT

People dashed hither and thither, doors banged, girls yelled—answering yells, more yells. Someone rushed madly into the tentallow shouting, "Have you a flashlight, or a pillow, or an extra mattress, or some straw, or a picture of a cow, or a horn?" We took advantage of her gasp for breath to answer that we had a few of the desired articles, which we assembled and handed over. After a hurried thanks our visitor departed. Why all the commotion? It was the evening of the canoe pageant and each tentallow was adding the finishing touches to its float.

It was full moon on the lake. The colorfully decorated canoes slowly passing by, the soft lights, the bewitching music, carried us in their gliding dreaminess to fairland.

The float that presented Sleeping Beauty reclining on a couch of many pillows, with her Prince Charming bending above her, was awarded the first prize. The originality of the float brought Tentallow 10 hearty applause from the delighted onlookers. Tentallow 2 representing Hiawatha, won the second prize, and Tentallow 6 with Little Boy Blue as their entry took third place.



THE MASQUE BALL

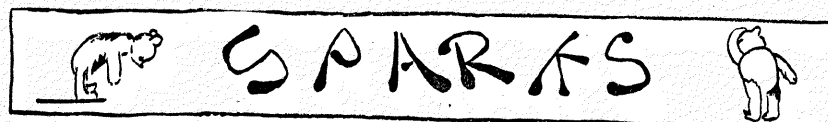
Orange, yellow, green, red—in fact all colors of the rainbow were seen on the dance floor at the Masque Ball given by the orchestra, Wednesday night, August 8th, in the pavilion.

The music, furnished by the "Greytux" orchestra, would have put a dancing spirit into anyone. As new music is needed, a fee of ten cents apiece, or fifteen cents a couple, was charged for admission.

Beside four no-break dances, there were feature numbers, an old-fashioned waltz and a clever folk dance given by several Juniors.

Pirates whirled calmly by with Apache molls. A mother and her baby danced some of the latest steps. All of the costumes showed thought and originality on the part of the wearers. During intermission punch was served in a cave of pines by a ghost and her assistants.

At the end of the Grand March various prizes were awarded. Adam and Eve were chosen as the most original couple. A Russian dancer was selected as the most attractively gowned. The Mother and Baby were awarded first place as the most humorous pair.



"GRAND OPERA"

After many hurried good-byes and last minute instructions on the part of the "left-behinds," the busses rolled off, carrying a very expectant group of girls.

Soon Asheville streets were filled with hungry campers disguised by frilly skirts and high heels. They were still campers though in their keen intuition they knew that it was time for "Soupie."

They made a rush for the tea rooms and drug stores, but the real excitement did not come until later in the evening when, after buying out all the pastry shops and candy stores, the same campers with more subdued aspects, arrived at the Opera house.

"Madame Butterfly" was all that could be desired in the way of entertainment and a happy crowd of girls returned to Greystone with the memory of a wonderful afternoon and evening.

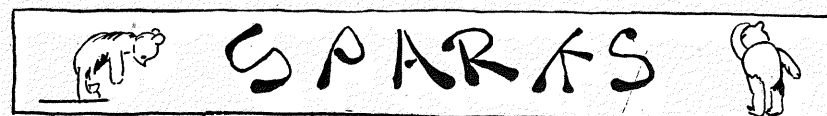


TACKY PARTY

Toot—Toot—Toot! No, its not a train chugging on its way—only Red's Saxophone, struggling with the notes of "Beautiful," calling Greystone to a dance rivalling with its unique features of entertainment "Madame Butterfly."

The Tacky Party was a huge success, and lots of amusement for the campers who didn't go to Grand Opera. Many and varied were the costumes—but red-headed Peg and his Pauline were judged the funniest; with Kitty and Sally running them a close chase as the tackiest couple on the dance floor.

The Councillors lived up to their reputation in planning a good time for the left-behind campers, as this party ranked high among achievements.

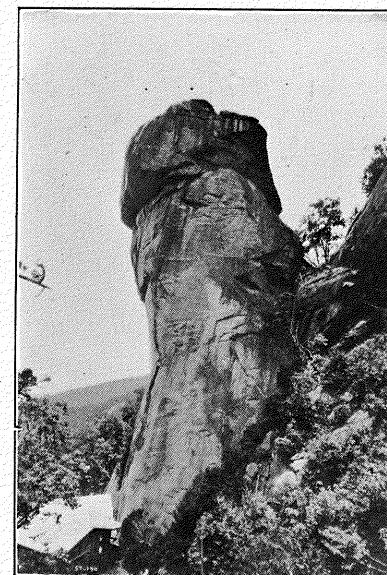


SIGHT-SEEING TRIPS

"Don't forget to bring me a lollipop" was one of the requests from those who were forced to hang over the porch rail as the cars pulled out for Chimney Rock. In Hendersonville the rubbernecked campers first sight was in the form of that city's great white way. They all piled out to see Fassifern and its beautiful grounds.

After puffing up and down five hundred steps to reach the famous Chimney, they came down to the Inn with an appetite never equaled before. After dinner a white satiated group piled into boats for a ride on beautiful Lake Lure.

When the ramblers reached home they were greeted by the same people who had bidden them farewell, hanging over the same rail and begging for the same lollipop.





THE BANQUET

It is written in the chronicles of the city of Bagdad that long, long ago—some say as far back as 1928, one Christopher Robin awoke one night to find himself in the midst of the city of Bagdad. He began his history thus:

"Nanny, I had me a dream last night;
I flew to Bagdad on the tail of a kite,
And saw the most wonderful, wonderful sight
That ever a little boy saw.

"The Sultan and Schekera-zade were there,
Ali Baba's thieves most everywhere,
But I didn't go near, 'cause I didn't dare,
'Cause they had such great big swords.

"The people were munching a thousand things—
Peacock-tongues and humming-bird wings,
And the ladies were flashing with jewels and rings
And just everybody was there.

"For a thousand nights and then a day
I stood and watched the people play
And buy their happiness without pay
In great big golden bags.

"And two big armies were standing by
The Sultan's throne—so tall and high
It most reached up and touched the sky
But I saw where it ended.

"Sinbad sailed in with all his crew;
The old man of the sea came with him, too,
Fussing like they always do
In our big red book.

"When the Ebony horse came trotting in
'Twas almost time for the game to begin,
When a fairy, in silver from toe to chin
Danced before the Sultan.



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"The big red book has often told
Of Silver Tongue and her lute of gold.
I saw 'em, Nanny, and got so bold
I walked right up beside 'em!

"I stood beside the fruitful tree
And right there in front of me
The Burning Flame most touched my knee
It was so very close.

"A magic palace, fine and tall,
Stood behind a big stone wall
But the gate was open to one and all
And all the folks went in.

"Then the Princess of China came
And 'cookies' followed in her train,
And where they are they may remain
Among the leaves so green—O.

"They traveled far—o'er land and sea;
But, Nanny, if you're asking me—
It's in the town I'd rather be
With all the lights and music.

"And just then, sailing on the breeze,
A magic carpet, if you please
Came floating down between the trees;
Snorted, puffed and stopped—

"As our big red book has often told—
The merchants of the Genii sold
Great big 'dogs,' both hot and cold,
And other things to eat.

"And after I had had my fun,
And all those happy nights were done
Our journey home was then begun—
And here I am with you."



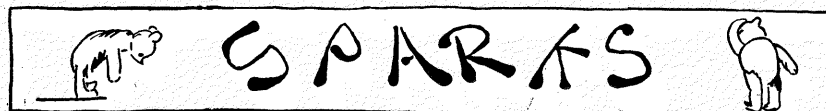
SPARKS



JANET LEAKE, BEST ALL-ROUND CAMPER, 1928

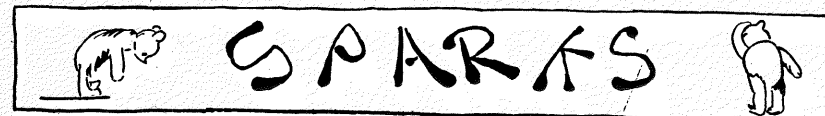
LOVING CUPS

Best All-Round Camper	Janet Leake
Land Sports	Isabel Bonsack
Water Sports	Kathryn Davis
Horsemanship	Dorothy Merrell



HONOR COUNCIL

Janet Leake	Kitty Ferris
Mary Watkins	Lucille Pruet
Anna Preston	Jane Armistead
Nancy Harper	Julia Johnston
Josephine Maguire	Becky Moore
Sally Allen	Frances Ferguson
Isabel Bonsack	



HONORS

Awarded Fourth Star

Nancy Harper

Awarded Third Star

Betsy Taft	Lucille Pruet
Gena Gardner	

Awarded Second Star

Sally Allen	Anna Preston
Isabel Bonsack	Rebecca Moore
Janet Leake	Mary Watkins
Bessie Meade Friend	

Awarded First Star

Carolyn De Vega	Dorothy Merrell
Willia Fulmer	Laura Nance McCaughrin
Edna Harris	June Webster
Kathryn Hartrampf	Kitty Ferris
Julia Johnston	Josephine Maguire

Awarded Second Junior Star

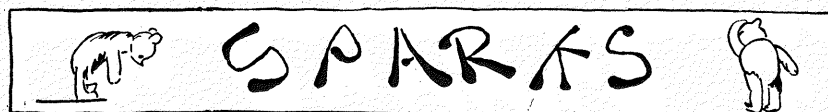
Marion Kershaw

Awarded First Junior Star

Marie Harris

Awarded the "G"

Jane Morrison	Mary Elizabeth Davenport
Betty Runkle	Marguerite Harwell
Jane Armistead	Elizabeth Junkin
Frances Ferguson	Effie Dow Courtney
Courtland Preston	Edna Birge
Helen Hardy	Audrey Davis
Kathryn Davis	Elaine Davidson
Marjorie Ashe	Dorothy Bradley
Betty Harbison	Anne West
Martha Bennett	Nellie Caudle
Agnes Junkin	Kathryn Crowell
Hattie Wallace Bullard	Carolyn Sammons
Mary Jean Herren	Clara Pugh
Hazel Jackson	Carter Crump



Awarded the Junior "G"

Josephine Taft
Ruth Blackburn
Marjorie Noggle
Grace Powe
Ruth Whitton

Juliet Frazier
Barbara Greene
Ethel Lee Hughes
Margaret McCaughrin
Nancy Nalle

Margaret Bugg



HONORABLE MENTION IN DEPARTMENTS

WATER SPORTS

Swimming

Dorothy Bradley
Marguerite Harwell
Jacquelin Dur

Agnes Junkin
Janet Leake
Becky Moore

Canoeing

Awarded Canoeing Emblem

1st—Kathryn Hartrampf
2nd—Janet Leake
3rd—Rebecca Moore

Improvement

Jane Armistead
Jane Morrison

LAND SPORTS

Basketball

Best Player Marguerite Harwell

Baseball

Best Player Isabel Bonsack

Track

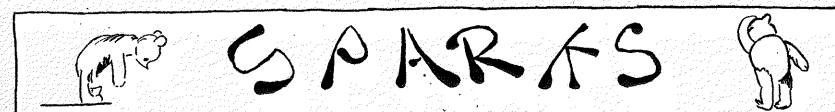
Best Entry Isabel Bonsack

Tennis (Seniors)

Singles Edna Birge
Doubles Edna Birge and Jane Armistead

(Juniors)

Singles Nancy Nalle
Doubles Jean Burroughs and Jacky Dur



Riflery

Best Marksman Becky Moore
2nd Lucille Pruet
3rd Nancy Harper

Archery

Best All-Round Archer Bessie M. Friend

Archery Team

Edna Birge
Bessie Meade Friend
Mary Jean Herren
Martha Bennett

Frances Ferguson
Effie Dawe Courtney
Nellie Caudle
Isabel Bonsack

Horseback (Seniors)

Best Riders Dorothy Merrell and Isabel Bonsack
Most Improvement June Webster and Margaret Harrison

(Juniors)

Best Rider Marion Kershaw
Most Improvement Juliet Frazier and Margaret Taylor

Dramatics (Seniors)

1st—Julia Johnston
2nd—Janet Leake
3rd—Becky Moore

Honorable Mention
Carolyn Sammons

(Juniors)

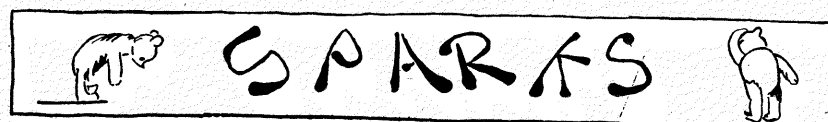
1st—Ruth Blackburn
2nd—Juliet Frazier
3rd—Josephine Taft

Honorable Mention

Nancy Nalle

Dancing (Seniors)

Beginners Folk Catherine Welling
Advanced Folk Beckie Moore
Beginners Aesthetic Leiper Rennie



Advanced Aesthetic Mary Elizabeth Davenport
 Beginners Clog Laura N. McCaughrin
 Advanced Clog Mary Jean Herren

Acrobatics (Junior)

Ruth Whitton

Glee Club (Seniors)

Effie Dow Courtney Kitty Ferris

Agnes Junkin

(Juniors)

Ruth Blackburn

Virginia Burroughs

Juliet Frazier

Bible (Seniors)

Sally Allen

Catherine Crowell

Janet Leake

Mary Catherine Thorpe

Mary Manning McNeil

Jennie Lou Herring

Helen Hardy

(Juniors)

Ruth Blackburn

Juliet Frazier

Marjorie Noggle

Margaret McCaughrin

Marie Harris

Rilma Wilson

Rosa Hendrix

Nature (Senior)

National Geographic Prize Agnes Junkin

Honorable Mention

Mary Jean Herren

Samuel Fessendim Clark Prize

1st—Barbara Greene

2nd—Nancy Nalle

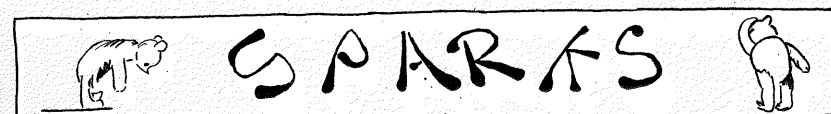


Table Girls

Isabel Bonsack

Jane Morrison

Janet Leake

Courtland Preston

Helen Hardy

Nancy Harper

Crafts

Basketry (Senior)

Julia E. Talbot

(Junior)

Josephine Taft

Weaving

Gena Gardner

Project Craft (Seniors)

Lucille Pruet

Mary J. Herren

(Juniors)

Ruth Whitten

Louellen Cornet

Stunts

1st Place Tentalows 11, 9, 7

Honor Tentalows

Upper 7

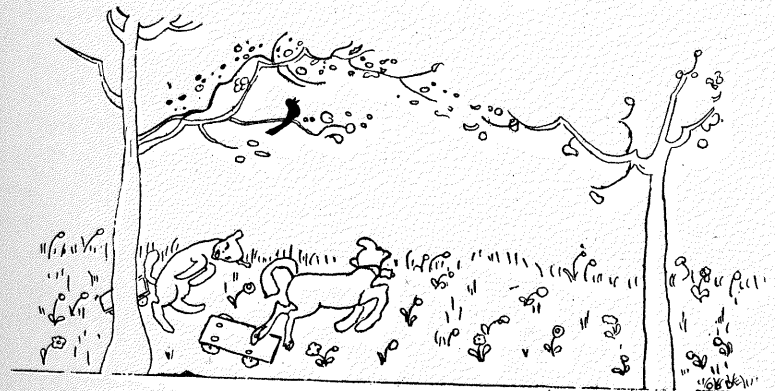
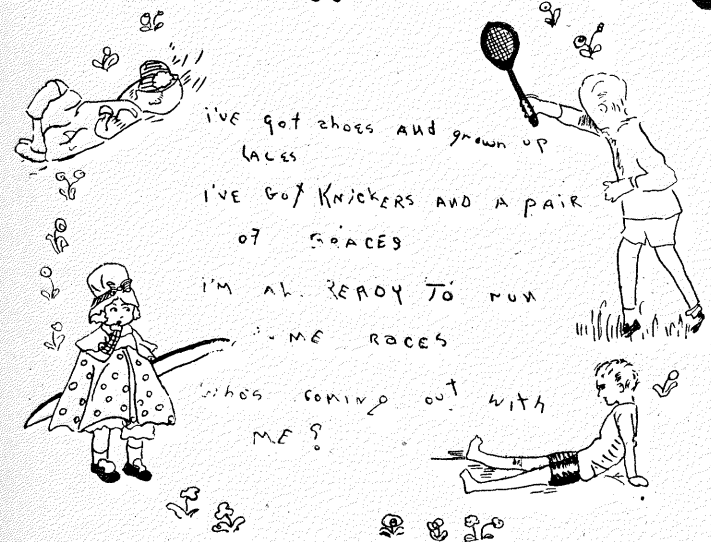
Upper 6

Lower 5

Lower 4



-ATHLETICS





The Odds they hopped—the Evens they skipped,

And then they jumped some more—

They both gave one last hop and skip,

Behold—The final score:

ODDS-EVENS

FINAL SCORE

Odds

3948

Evans

3218

ODD-EVEN GAMES

(FIRST ACT)

Place—Dining Room.

Time—Supper.

Dr. Sevier: "Miss Ma'Nita, What have you for us tonight?"

Miz Bologny: "Girls, we will have Odd-Even Games in the Pavilion tonight. Report promptly when you hear the Bugle."

(Cheers from the girls. Groans from the captains.)

(SECOND ACT)

Place—Pavilion.

Time—8:00.

Odds: "Rah, Rah, for Odds, Odds will win," etc.

Evans: "Hi-yi-ik-us, Nobody like us," etc.

(Noise and Confusion.)

Pearl: "All right, Evens choose six girls and Odds choose six—line up right here—toes back of the line—Now when I blow this whistle, etc., etc."

Odds: “Rah! Rah! Rah! TEAM!”

Evans: "Hi! Hi! Hi! TEAM!"

(Noise and Confusion.)

(Lapse of few minutes until race is over.)



Pearl: "You people get your feet up—hurry up now! (Blows whistle loudly)—The next thing is a potato game. Choose eight people from each side to line up right here—Now throw a potato in this cup." (Stage direction: have cup as small as possible and very far away.)

Odds: "Come on team. Let's go."

Evans: "All right gang. Let's have it."

(Pause while June throws a potato in the cup.)

(More noise—More games—More confusion, and Evens win.)

Odds: "Hi! Hi! Hi! Pearl!"

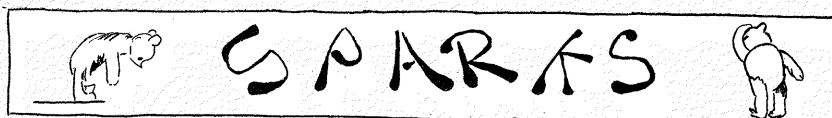
Evans: "Hi! Hi! Hi! Pearl!"



BASEBALL GAMES—ODD-EVEN AND COUNCILLOR

(As remarked upon by one of the many little boys who came for the horses.)

Well, Whadderya—know 'bout that! Honest, now, it jus' makes me laff! Them girls gonna play a baseball game. Ya'd think they'd leave that to us men, but naw—they gotta play baseball. Jimmie, this is gonna be rich—reckon I'll stick around an' see it. Well I'll be—— Lookit the ball they play with, will ya? They call it a baseball, an' it's twict as big as one, an' soft—Gee! How they ever—Well here they come, goin' out on the field now. Well whadderya know 'bout that? Don't even haffway know where to stand. Jus' lookit that bunch all in one place—Well ya can't expect 'em to know, hardly—Huh? One team's Odd and one's Even? Well what of it? Oh thas th' names? Well whadderya know 'bout that? Queer, ain't it? Boys, lookit that girl pitch. Mos' good as my kid brother—purty good for a girl. Well, gee whiz, she don't even hold 'er bat right—ya can't hardly expect



'er to, nohow, though. Well, by George. She did git a hit. First base. Atta comin', sister. Well, just lookit that girl ketch a fly. Purty good, I calls it.

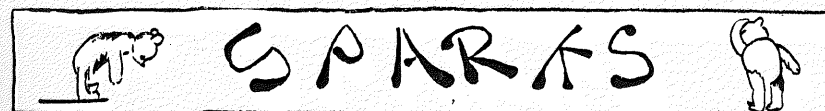
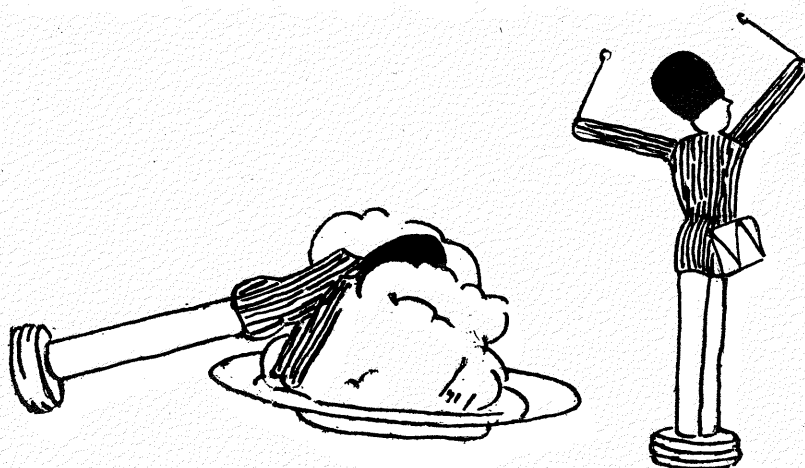
(Lapse of time as game progresses.)

Huh? Game's over. Yer cuckoo. They just played five innings. What, the girls just play five 'cause it ain't very good for 'em to play too long. Well, whadderya know 'bout that? Why th' noise on that side th' field? The Odds won, 7-6? Well, what of it? Ya oughta see my team play.

(Small boy goes home and reports to friend, friend replies thusly.)

Purty good, but gee? Ya oughta seen th' game I seen the other 'day at that girls' camp. Yer, another baseball game. I heard it was a councillor game—dunno whut it means, mebbe a funny kind, different from straight baseball, anyway me an' Johnny stayed to watch, an boys, it wuz a riot. Ya oughta seen th' girl they had pitchin'—Six feet if she's a inch—an' that's th' truth—no kiddin'. And gee, she played ball like a boy—an' there's another'n that lifted th' ball out back o' th' outfielders—sounded like they yelled "Doctor" at 'er, but 'at couldn't a been right, 'cause doctors are men.

Shucks, I mos' died laffin', but honest, they did play right good ball for girls. Ya oughta seen th' way they hold th' bats, an' some o' th' bum plays they made—but ya couldn't hardly expect 'em to do no better, them bein' girls, an' all. Gee, there's ma callin' me. I gotta go now—see ya tomorrow, an' if there's any more baseball games over at that girls' camp, me an' you's goin'. See?



ODD-EVEN BASKETBALL GAMES

"What have you for us tonight, Miss Ma'Nita?" asks Dr. Sevier at supper and our head councillor, rising slowly, announces a challenge, amid the cheers of all.

Next "Buddha," and "Anna," call for their teams that they may saturate them with pep and announce the usual khaki and blue shorts.

Excited minutes elapse and Henri and the ball start the game with a pipe of the whistle. Two teams raring to go and "so determined" line up and the play starts. First one team then another takes the lead and the play grows fiercer as we advance into the third and fourth quarters.

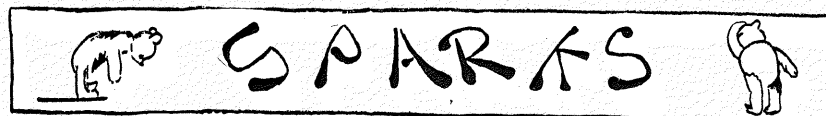
Meanwhile the spectators have been yelling and the game ends amid their screams and the "Good Sport" yells of the conquering and conquered teams.

Three games were played this season; all were hotly contested and very exciting. The Odds took the first 26-16, the second was tied 17-17, and the third was won by the Evens 20-19.



Even Line-up		Odd Line-Up	
Bonsack (Capt)	(F)	Fulmer (Capt.)	(F)
Merrell	(F)	Watkins	(F)
Moore, R.	(J)	Morrison	(J)
Hartrampf	(G)	Leake	(G)
Harris, E.	(G)	Pruet	(G)
Davis, K.	(G)	Wright, J. E.	(G)

Substitutes—Evens: Harwell, O'Farrel, Preston, A.; Odds: Jackson, Lewis



LAND SPORTS

"Where are they going now?" wondered a poor little "green" camper on her first day, as she saw the "mob" rush down to dive in the lake with their clothes on—but oh, no!—nothing like that. They all seemed to stop near the bank as a ten-foot creature (such being her first impression of Pearl) tooted a shrill whistle for the fight to begin. Everybody seemed to be having fun except this giantess who was forever yelling "Don't bunch!" The poor New Camper learned later that the sport was called basketball and that Pearl was harmless.

Almost dazed from the tumultuous fight she was quickly awakened by the noise of the "thundering herd" as they tore up the hillside and into a large chicken yard arrangement. But as they entered their password seemed to be "quietness" except for someone forever yelling "Love—15." Who was Fifteen and why did they need to be told to love her? Was she the light headed beauty who stole quietly from court to court? From an Old Girl she was taught that this peculiar way to show one's love was called "tennis," and that the blond beauty was none other than Mildred, director of the game.

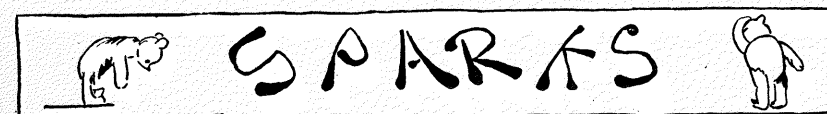
Later a crowd of campers all joined in crying "Track!" "Oh, me! These wild and wooly people are going to track some poor innocent person to death!" was her first thought. But in a few minutes they seemed to be repenting for this awful thought because they were now throwing themselves over a bar. The New Girl imagined it was a new way to commit suicide. "This camp is so complete they even furnish teachers for suicide," she wrote home the following day. It was quite a relief when the New Girl found out it was not suicide, but just a way to learn how to leap and run.

The next thing on the New Girl's program was supper. This was fine for she could eat, even if she couldn't be an athlete. After supper she rambled on down to the field where a large majority of campers had gathered to yell for the almost daily after-supper baseball game, and their favorite team—either Uncle Roy's Fuzzie-Wuzzie's or Doc Sevier's Harmless Hypocrites. A bat was thrust in her bewildered hands with the command to "knock it over the bull rushes."

A hectic day it had been, but an interesting and eventful one. It was not long before the New Girl had "found herself," chosen her favorite sports, and become one of the "mob."

FINALS IN TENNIS

Senior Singles.....	E. Birge	Junior Singles.....	Nalle
Senior Doubles....	Armistead and Birge	Junior Doubles....	Burroughs and Dur



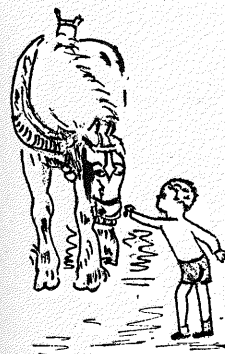
"THE COMET'S TALE"

As I was riding gaily through the sky one Wednesday night, I met my cousin Ray O' The Sun. "I saw the queerest sight this morning," said Ray. "Twenty girls and a gentleman went jostling in a rickety truck (the kind the earth-people used to carry cabbage heads in), down to Horseshoe Bend. There they met some half-clad humans called 'boys,' who helped them pull canoes off another truck, and then slid down a steep, slippery bank with them and the canoes. Quite an assortment, eh, what?"

"Well, finally the girls and boys and canoes found their proper places, and a canoe trip was on; the like of which I have never seen since I was scarce a sunbeam. The poor girls must have been in terrible pain, for they began to chortle and squeal with such vehemence that I was forced to hide my face behind a cloud and weep a few drops of rain out of sheer sympathy. By the way, I found out later that this demonstration is called singing down on earth, and that these were harmless exhibitions of merriment; but I was often forced to hide my head, for the tumult continued all that day and part of the next. There is little more to relate about that day except my last impressions as I pulled my nightcap over my eyes. I saw that handful of girls pitch camp—with boys to the right of them, boys to the left of them, and boys in front of them. Some few of them set out for a small country store, the locality of which I have forgotten, but I fear they had a long walk.

I was lulled to sleep by the groans of the rocks which had been mercilessly gored by the backbones of the canoes. My last remembrance was of the triumphant shout of one rock larger than his brothers, who had risen up in rebellion and overthrown his attackers.

If I had been able to keep awake until the wee small hours (by the way those girls seemed to be experts in that line.) My tale



"HORSE MEET"

As usual, one of our most exciting meets was horseback. On the last Saturday we all went down to the baseball diamond to watch daring riders guide their fiery steeds around the circle under the very critical eyes of the judges. We spectators didn't frown upon them so much, for we gave them all the cheers and yells we knew. Of course, the cheering was done by ODDS and EVENS.

Somehow, our supposedly gentle horses seemed unusually nervous or stubborn or something, anyway, they didn't like the meet, and they showed it, too. They insisted on dancing when Sara Lee said "walk," and it took much persuasion on the part of anxious riders to coax them to canter instead of trot.

We spectators had many thrilling moments also, such as when we thought one especially nervous beast was going to run away; and when we were sure another would fall in the high jump and pitch his luckless rider sky-high.

The judges made quite an imposing array in the center of the circle, and our riders were very striking in white breeches, polished boots, and bright caps and jackets. In fact, we would have been willing to have another meet then and there, but the participants felt that a huge weight had been disposed of, so they said "Never!"

FINALS OF RIDING MEET

Walk—Taft, Bennett, Harrison.

Trot—Webster, Merrell, Pugh.

Canter—Webster, Merrell, Bennett.

Singlefoot—Allen, Webster, Bennett.

Bareback—Maguire, Lewis, Harris.

Individual Scores—Webster 13, Merrell 6, Taft, Bennett, Maguire 5, Allen.

Evens
31

Odds
14



SALUDA TRIPS

(As told by a pair of riding boots.)

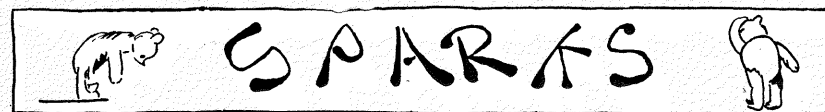
I've had many experiences in my day before I came to camp but they pale into nothing beside the adventures I had at Greystone this summer.

They have loads of fun up there but the Saluda horseback trips are just glorious. My first trip was taken in the rain but then these trips always hit on rainy days. We (the Boot family), I mean) are very important in Saluda trips. We, along with white breeches and classy coats, are borrowed frantically by the riders the night before the trip. The whole camp comes to see what our wearers ride and we start along the Saluda road amid the cheers of all. There are many good canters along the beautiful trail before we ride into Saluda. After we land our horses are tied to a clothes line and we are taken in to dinner where we sit under a groaning table. We are then taken to lollipop stands and chewing gum places until squeeking with over use we begin our grand ride back to camp with the memory of a happy day in the stirrups on a wonderful Saluda trip.



HORSEBACK

Sara Lee's riders go
Bumpety, bumpety,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
Whenever she tells them
Politely (?) to "hupdown,"
They all go humpety hump
When they start cantering up a long hill
Sara Lee yells, "Oh, why don't you sit still?"
Yet they continue to
 Bumpety, bumpety
 Humpety
 Humpety
 Dump.



"SWIMMING"

Once there was a little Minnow
A-splashin' in the pond—
I don't like the mud in here,
But of the water I'm quite fond.

The little Minnow splashed and splashed
Till finally she could swim—
She turned into a sunfish then
And swam with all her vim.

She swam so hard that pretty soon
She learned to be a shark—
She swam out to the second raft
And said, "Oh, what a lark."

But still she wasn't satisfied
And—so to complete the tale—
She worked and by the end of camp
She turned into a whale.

And how's this evolution?
In two months that's pretty speedy
The answer, friends, is threefold—
Chopin—Maude—and Reenie.



SPARAS



We had sand in the eyes and the
ears and the nose,
And sand in the hair and sand
between the toes,
When we got home we had sand
in the hair—
In the eyes and the ears and
everywhere.

"ROMANY DAY"

A bell is ringing—what is it for?
"Romany day," we shout.
For this satisfies our secret desires
To aimlessly wander about.

We take our bags as the gypsies do,
And follow the path we like,
With hiking leaders, we wade through
The brooks and swim as we hike.

Hot dogs and rolls, and bacon, and cheese
Taste grand, though all smoked up,
For we gather the wood and crowded around—
To roast each little "Cold Pup."

We slide the falls at the old "Old Mill,"
Or tramp to "Rainbow Falls."
In mem'ry I'm shooting the rapids still
With a number of bumps which appalls.

So tired and hungry and muddy and wet—
With noses sunburned and red—
We almost wish we were out there yet—
At night as we get in bed.

For Romany day is a day of joy—
And fun and laughter gay,
And Romany day will live in our hearts
Forever and for Aye.



SPARAS

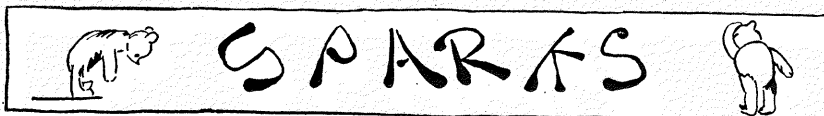


GIRL COUNCILLOR—ODD-EVEN COUNCILLOR BASKETBALL GAMES

To introduce ourselves may we say that we are the two biggest baby birds in the nest on the pavilion rafters. We see about all of the games and stunts and things that come off there in the evenings. Some of the most desperate clashes in the way of battles and some we enjoyed watching and laughing at most were the three basketball games between the valiant little girls and the noble councillors. It seems that these girls challenged their councillors to a game; and we can tell you, that game was something to watch! The councillors have a girl they call Pearl (height 6 feet, we've heard), and the way that lady jumped around and dropped balls in the basket spelled defeat for the girls right away. There was another high rollin' lassie, too, who made long, lazy shots into the basket for the "Hired Help"—we believe they all call her Mildred Newman. The little girls tried hard; but at the rate those councillors got around, the game ended very much in favor of these gallivantin' councillors. We wondered why the girls didn't shoot more goals and win, but we gathered from remarks of excited groups that with Reddie standing like a rock in front of one or with Maude and Chopin each dashing two ways at once, this was impossible.

The girls, refusing to be "squashed," soon asked for another battle. We didn't get to see much of this, for our mama and papa brought home just lots and lots of worms during the game. We found out how it ended, though—41 to 24, again with the Hired Help on the big end.

One day that Leapin' Lena, Pearl, sprained her ankle, and Reddie was away from camp for the day; and what did those girls do but bashfully (?) challenge the councillors to a game! You really should have seen that—we almost fell out of our nest watching it. For the first time, the little girls won—21 to 17. The Doc got a hard bargain out of it, though—a sprained ankle. The working ladies surely fought hard; for some of them had to go out on fouls, with almost all of the girls playing under warnings. We were almost dead from excitement after this last tussle, and the one thing that we both agree on is that we like girl-councillor basketball games.



P. S.—There's something we forgot to tell about—the councillor basketball game. Now that was something we just laughed and laughed at. It was exciting, too, we must admit. It was between the Odd mamas and Even mamas, or some such groups, and the Odds' score came out so far ahead that the Evens didn't think it was a bit funny, but we did! That Pearl thing was on the Odds' team, and as usual she jumped around till we thought she'd jar our rafter.

I don't suppose we'll ever play basketball; but anyway we know a lot about it after watching Henri referee. Is she good? Well, we know she is! Yes, siree!



RIFLERY AND ARCHERY

One of the many letters that leave Camp Greystone with Uncle Roy and his Ford:

July 11, 1928.

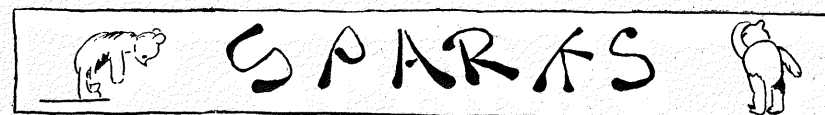
Dear Mother, Daddy, and Family (campers don't usually have time to write each separate member of the family):

Having a grand time. Here's news in archery: I really hit the target today. It was only in the white part but anyhow that's right good. Day before yesterday my arrows went all off, down over the clay hill and some in the grass, but today . . . I wish I could put the arrow in my memory book as the first one I'd ever hit the target with any success.

I have archery every other day at eleven o'clock, and riflery in between times. I'm a little scared of the gun, but I like to shoot. Margaret says that by the end of the term we will be shooting blackberries off bushes, but I don't think I'll ever do that. I would send you my target to look at but I guess I'll wait till I hit it. Every time I aim the gun it wriggles so the bullets go everywhere but where they should go.

Well, look for my target in the next letter, for I expect to hit it soon.

Bushels of love.



August 19, 1928.

Dear M, D, and F.:

Here's another target for you to look at and I think its the best one I've done yet. See, I've made four bull's eyes and the other six went somewhere on the paper.

I haven't any idea how many blackberries I've shot off bushes.

I had archery today and shot some arrows that Mr. Cartier had just made. They were good arrows all right, but the loveliest part about it was that they all hit the target.

We are going to have an archery tournament soon and I hope to score in it.

Love,

A Future William Tell.

Finals in Archery

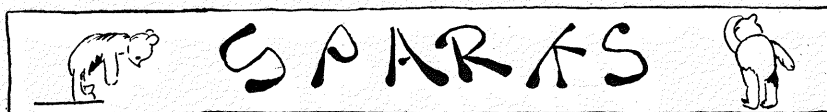
<i>Senior</i>		<i>Junior</i>	
Friend, B. M.	116	McClure	64
Pruet, L.	96	Dur	57
Courtney, E. D.	90	Hendrix	39
Fulmer, W.	86	Glass, E.	29



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

One day the Even Juniors challenged the Odd Juniors to a volleyball game. Excitement ran throughout. Odd onlookers cheered, then the Evens yelled as the score mounted higher and higher.

The first game went to the Odds while the last two went to the Evens with the Odds a close second. Cheered by fine playing the juniors got too frisky and challenged the councillors to a game! Alas! they were too ambitious. The councillors beat them two games out of three; but were they down-hearted? Not much. The varsity is working hard and hopes to challenge the councillors in the future and beat them.



"THE TRACK MEET"

"All out for the track meet. Come on Odds. . . All Evens sit here. Every one out of the way. Let's go Evens. Beat 'em Odds." Such was the bemixed conversation of the excited campers as the last minutes before the yearly track meet flew by.

"First Event Standing High Jump," calls Pearl and she reads the list as many a pair of shaking legs goes out bravely to jump the pole or to go down nobly on top of it on the sawdust.

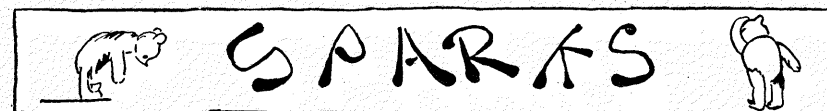
"Next in the Running High Jump," announced the giantress as she hopped weakly on the injured ankle. After this the broad jumps were hotly contested and the line of ambitious campers seemed endless to those who held the tape.

The whistle piped again and those who used their arms as well as their legs lined up for the basketball and baseball throw. Both these records were broken though many met their waterloo by stepping outside of the white line.

Last came the dash and the tape was broken and the meet completed amid the excited cheers of the Odds and Evens, as they scattered gayly after an eventful day.

"SENIOR PLACES"

1. Standing High Jump:
1st Place: Ferris.
2nd Place: LaGrand and Hartrampf.
3rd Place: Harwell.
2. Running High Jump:
1st Place: Birge and Wright.
2nd Place: Hartrampf.
3rd Place: A. Davis, R. Moore, Harbison.
3. Standing Broad Jump:
1st Place: Fulmer.
2nd Place: Davidson.
3rd Place: Gregg.



4. Running Broad Jump:
1st Place: A. Preston.
2nd Place: R. Moore.
3rd Place: Wright.
5. Baseball Throw:
1st Place: Bonsack.
2nd Place: Hartrampf.
3rd Place: A. Davis.
6. Basketball Throw:
1st Place: Bonsack.
2nd Place: Morrison.
3rd Place: A. Davis.
7. 50-Yard Dash:
1st Place: R. Moore.
2nd Place: A. Preston.
3rd Place: Harwell.



THE FLOOD

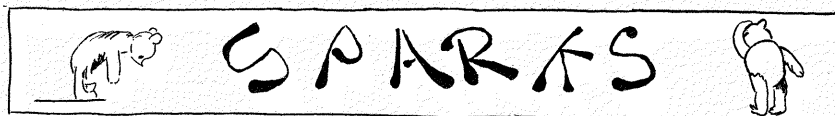
The rains descended and the floods came. For two days and two nights it rained and the earth was made waste and void.

There was water, water everywhere. It even dared to trespass on Pearl's basketball court and Mildred's tennis courts. Just as Chopin had planned a stunt on the pageant green the water took possession of it and decided to stay a few days longer in order to interfere with her actions toward her tentallow's affair.

Never before had the diving board been so affectionate with the lake as now. When the flood came the lake took a special liking to it, the minnow fence and the "upper board."

But alas, after about a day or so the water, which the eagerly watching campers had hoped would come across the road, began to slowly but surely flow away from us, on toward the dam.

Greystone rested safely once again on its mount with a rainbow over the lake.



"SWIMMING MEET"

1—Harwell	21½
2—Leake	18
3—Davis	17½
<i>Odds</i>	<i>Evens</i>
51	93

Junior Meet

1—Dur	35
2—Nalle	9½
Harris }	
3—Noggle	6½
<i>Odds</i>	<i>Evens</i>
47	35½

STROKES

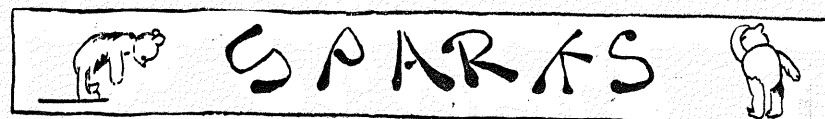
Back
1—Leake
2—Pruet
3—Watkins

Side
1—Leake
2—Harwell
Crump
3—Birge

Crawl
1—Runkle
2—Preston
3—Moore

Double Overarm
1—Preston
2—Watkins
3—Runkle
Pruet

Breast
1—Preston
Davis
2—Johnson
3—Davis



DIVES

Standing Front

1—Watkins
2—Leake
3—Pruet

Running Front

1—Davis
2—Harwell
3—Moore

Back

1—Morrison
2—Bradley
3—Harwell

Back Jack

1—Harwell
2—Bradley
3—Moore

Swan

1—Davis
2—Harwell
3—Morrison

Jack

1—Davis
2—Harwell
3—Moore

Trick

1—Leake
2—Moore
3—Davis
Morrison

Trick 2

1—Harwell
2—Moore
3—Davis

Crawl Dash

1—Moore
2—Runkle
3—Pruet

Back Crawl Dash

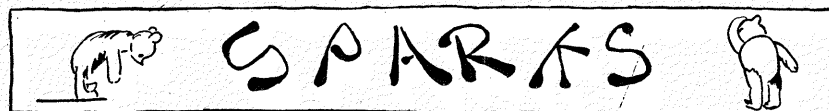
1—Preston
2—Watkins
3—Armistead

Plunge

1—Pruet
2—Runkle
3—Morrison

HALF WAY DOWN





STATISTICS

Dede is the wittiest
 Buddha's a full of pep
 Nellie is the prettiest
 Becky's the best sport rep.

Buddha is our popular gal
 And Dede is cute, too;
 Janet's our dependable pal—
 There's nothing she can't do.

Of all the hundred girls or more
 N. Harper is the neatest.
 And you have surely known before
 That Anna is the sweetest.

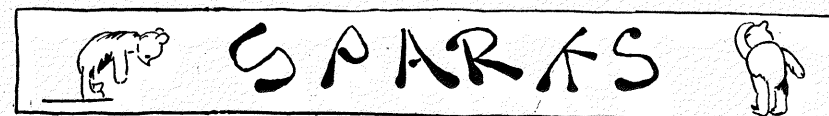


STUNTS

Every evening when the lights had burned low and the merriment had lulled, the Sultan beckoned his favorite tale-teller, the Princess Scherw-zade, to him to enliven the dull hours. Each night these stories of adventure full of colorful descriptions became more and more thrilling, until the Sultan's enthusiasm was aroused to such an extent that he showered her with gifts and granted her slightest wish. This is the fable that is related in Christopher Robin's big red book.

Here in Bagdad Camp it was ever thus, but even more so in the year of our Lord 1928. The Thousand and One Nights, though somewhat condensed, were so very amusing that the Sultan and his court never wanted for entertainment. Each time the favored one for the night rehearsed and presented her tale to the Sultan, the excitement ran high, and this democratic ruler took a vote as to whether she should lose her head or regain her freedom. Toward the close of her term as entertainer each maiden presented her best performance. In one recital the Old Man of the Sea came roaring in with "His Sailor Sweetheart." Another portrayed the Princess of China and the "Captain Jinks of the U. S. Marines." A third gave an accurate picture of the dancing girls of Little Old New York.

This part of the camp life of Bagdad went over in a burst of success and ended with the choosing of the most desirable stunt of them all—a fitting conclusion to a perfect summer program.

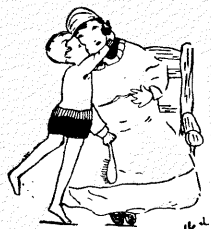


"CAN YOU IMAGINE"—

Doctor Sevier singing "Ninety-Nine Bottles?"
 Ma'Nita not having something for us today?
 "Boots" Morfit not bringing up the rear?
 No rain when we planned an overnight hike?
 Katherine Welling in a fifty-yard dash?
 "Jackie" Dur with no chewing gum?
 Crump without a little "Frankie?"
 Pearl getting us in a straight line for Flag Raising?
 Bonsack without any ice cream cones or lollypops?
 "Henri" in overalls?
 "Uncle Roy" peeved at the Juniors?
 June not at Sara Lee's table for a week?
 "Red" Townsend not making us "Smile?"
 Sara Lee really combing Taylor's mane?
 Kitty Hartrampf "refusing" a fourth helping?



SPARKS



HOT THUN!

Little Ma'Nita stands by her table
Peers her eyes as cross as she's able
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares
Janet can hardly believe her ears!

I'll take Ruth Whitton I know that's right
Maude went over and clasped her hand tight
Wasn't it fun at breakfast today
When Henri clogged over and Red danced away?

Pearl took Betsy and Reedy took Jane
Sal had Nancy Harper just the same
Now I can see if I hold my hands near
Kittie's pink rompers on Dinnie Sevier.

Now I remember with so much glee
How Dot Merrell rode for Sarah Lee
And how the girls cheered and cheered
When Junkin and Denmark sisters appeared.

Mrs. Roberson makes baskets
Now Dodo makes 'em, too,
And Barbara picks flowers
For Jean Agnew.

Now Elaine for Betty the bugle toots
And Pruet for Gregg the rifle shoots.
And Dede will recite ole "Bus"
For Lillie May is one of us.

What an awful wig Sally wears
When she leads Red Townsends' cheers
And Chopin took ole Jackie Dur
To teach those fancy dives for her.



S P A R K S



Doc said, "Who'll roll my pill?"
So Buddha up and said, "I will."
Anna for Mildred Richards will sing
While Harris for Newman the racket will swing.

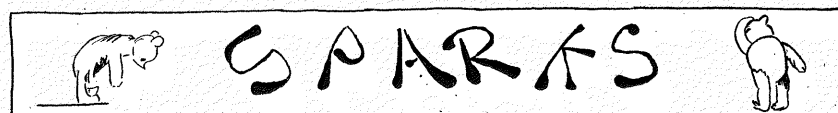
Jane Morrison wears Frank's straw hats
While Kitty Ferris feeds Kirby's cats.
Mary Gene, Sally's piano will play
While Kershaw shoots for Cartier.

How Bonsack capers and cavorts
When she wears Emily's bright red shorts.
Everybody howls and hoots
To see Annabelle in Uncle Roy's boots.

Callahan's typist—I've forgotten—Oh, me!
Oh, now I have it, it's Helen Hardy.
Thank you, Councillors for a wonderful day
And what was the other thing I had to say.

I've said all the others—
Oh, dear—oh, dear—
It must be little Milton
For Dr. Sevier.

Janet stands by the cottage door
Drops her little pillows on the floor
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares
This is the end of Girl-Councillor affairs.

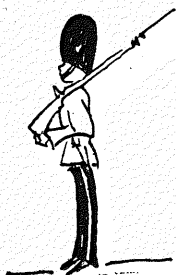


FAMOUS CHARACTERS



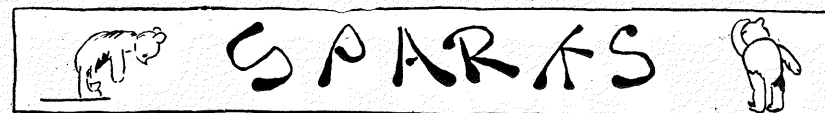
The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid;
"Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"

"Down to the stream where the king-cups grow,
Up on the hill where the pine trees blow,
Where is Jean going? She doesn't know
She is following the trail of the flowers.



"'Chopin' is our soldier grand
The leader of her Chinese band
The Chinese that she used that night
Made us all shake from fright.

"Even though your feet are aching
Dance girls, dance.
Even though your arms are breaking
Prance girls, prance."



Uncle Roy, our Jonathan Joe
Has a mouth like an O.
And a wheelbarrow full of surprises.
If you ask for a bat or something like that
He has it whatever the size is.

Good morning, Merry Sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon.



"Pres" is such a darling doc,
Every night the kids she'll rock.

"What is it? How?" and all of that
Our "Little Taylor" said,
"You," said Sal, "will eat those grits
Or else you'll go to bed."



Our Knight of Hearts
Is John Sevier
He makes 'em all
Ride in the rear.



“JOKES”



Tee: “What was the crowd gathered in such excitement for this afternoon?”

Hee: “Henri merely got some dust on her finger.”



Bonsack: “Look over there—see?”

Janet: “What. . . What do you see?”

Bonsack: “Nothing, I thought maybe you might see something though.”



One day Lucy Lewis asked Effie Dow what Sir Isaac Newton discovered.

Effie's answer was—“Fig Newtons.”



Carter's made a lady out of “Lizzie.”



Barbara Greene: “Why don't you name your kittens Cook and Peary after the great explorers?”

Kitty Kirby: “Aw, Guon—they ain't no pole cats.”



Little Taylor: “What is this Ice Jam they talk about?”

“Red” Townsend: “Oh, that's what the Eskimos eat on their bread.”



Miss Agnew: “When do leaves begin to turn?”

Crump (from experience): “The night before an Exam.”



Marjorie Noggle: “Jackie, why do you call the horse a dumb animal?”

Jackie Dur: “Because he can't speak French.”



AFTER A HARD RAIN

Helen: “Red, why all the fuss you made last night?”

Red D.: “I dreamed I was swimming the English Channel.”

Helen: “No doubt you were, your bed's all wet.”



At assembly one morning the following announcement was made: “Our speaker for next Sunday will talk on ‘The Devil.’ A full attendance is urged for he is full of his topic.”



“What's all the excitement in upper 6?”

“Carter's lost another lizard—the tentalow can't find it either.”



A girl with cotton stockings never sees a mouse.



“ON SLEEP”

Some people perambulate with flying squirrels and some orate at great length upon subjects of deep consequences. We know one of the latter, she's hardly missed a night yet. So far her midnight speeches have been . . . of quite impersonal, but . . . alas, the spell's been broken. Only too recently our slumber was disturbed by the aforesaid who cried in a pitiful voice, “If you love me, Jimmie, you will.” We don't know whether it was the birthday cake or overwork from raking the lawn after the flood. “Take your choice.”



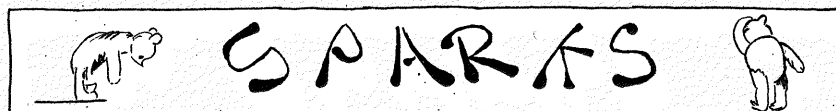
Greystone Camper: “Remember, dear, curiosity killed the cat.”

Little Taylor: “How?”



Edna Harris: “You say you don't know what love is?”

Peg LeGrand: “Why, of course I do, it's the tenth word in a telegram.”



Doc: "Why the tears, honey?"

Jackie: "They aren't tears, they're liquid cuss words."



Motto for ye hungry campers, "Taste makes waste."



Reedie: "What do you see in yonder lake that makes you look so puzzled?"

Maud: "Nothing much, a camper's out there drowning and I sort of thought I ought to save her."



Nettie (in Bible): "All pupils absent raise their hands."



Ma'Nita: "Eleanor, why were you late to assembly?"

El. Pendleton: "Because assembly started before I got there."



Dr. Sevier: "There is a person here interested in the feeble-minded—where's Henri?"



Visitor (at camp): "Now tell me what were the thoughts that passed through your mind when the apple fell on your head?"

Red Davis: "I guess I was awful glad it wasn't a brick."



*"Oh, thank you God, for a lovely day,"
And what was the other I had to say?—
I said, "Bless Daddy," so what the other?
Oh, now I remember it, "God bless me."*