

SPARKS

FROM THE

CAMP FIRE



VOLUME X
1929

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

FOREWORD

Accept a ticket, Oh readers, to the wonderful circus land, and may it take you once more through the past months of fun and companionship.

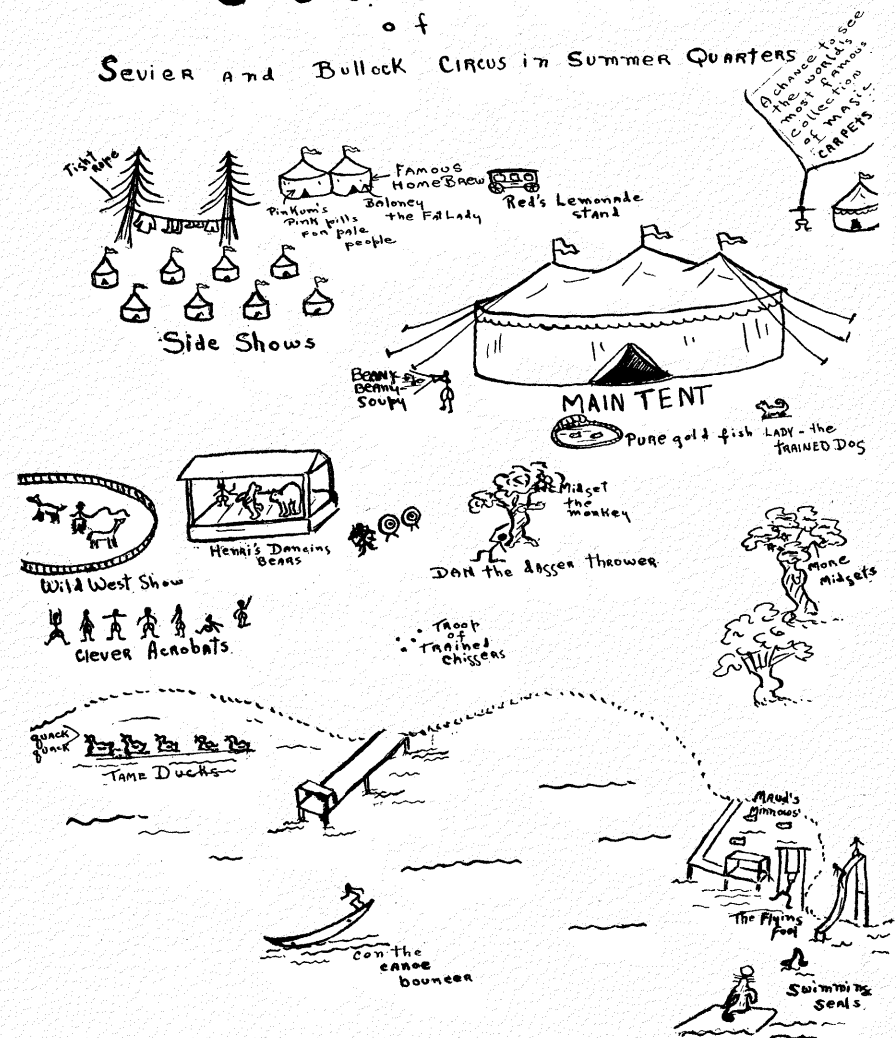


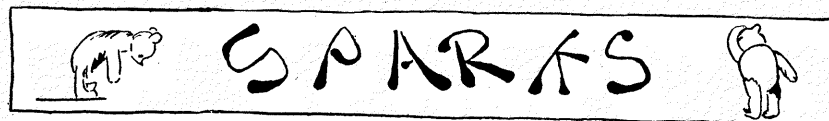
The Staff wishes to apologize to the following:

Ringling Brothers
Sparks
John Robinson
Barnum and Bailey
And all their kin.

C O N T E N T S

of
SEVIER AND BULLOCK CIRCUS IN SUMMER QUARTERS





Tall Pines

Tall pines—
 Staunch defenders of the forest;
 Stretching arms toward the sky,
 Like ancient, hoary priests
 Invoking prayers to the gods.

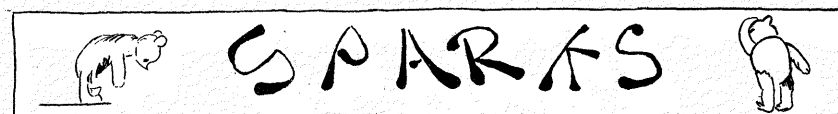
Tall pines—
 Standing steadfast through the years;
 Nodding kindly to the upstart wind,
 As gracious hostesses
 Greet an unbidden guest.

Tall pines—
 Strong protectors of the helpless;
 Giving shelter to all who seek,
 As understanding philanthropists
 Aid deserving petitioners.

Tall pines—
 Make me strong;
 Help me to find God,
 Even as you, reverently,
 Have found Him.

Strong pines—
 Make me gracious,
 Make me friendly,
 Even as you, realizing,
 Have grown greater, knowing Him.

—MANITA.

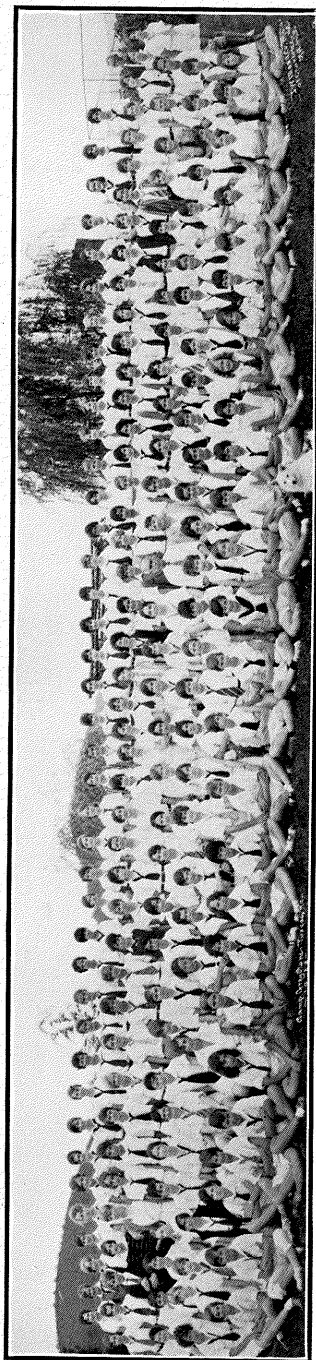


Dedication

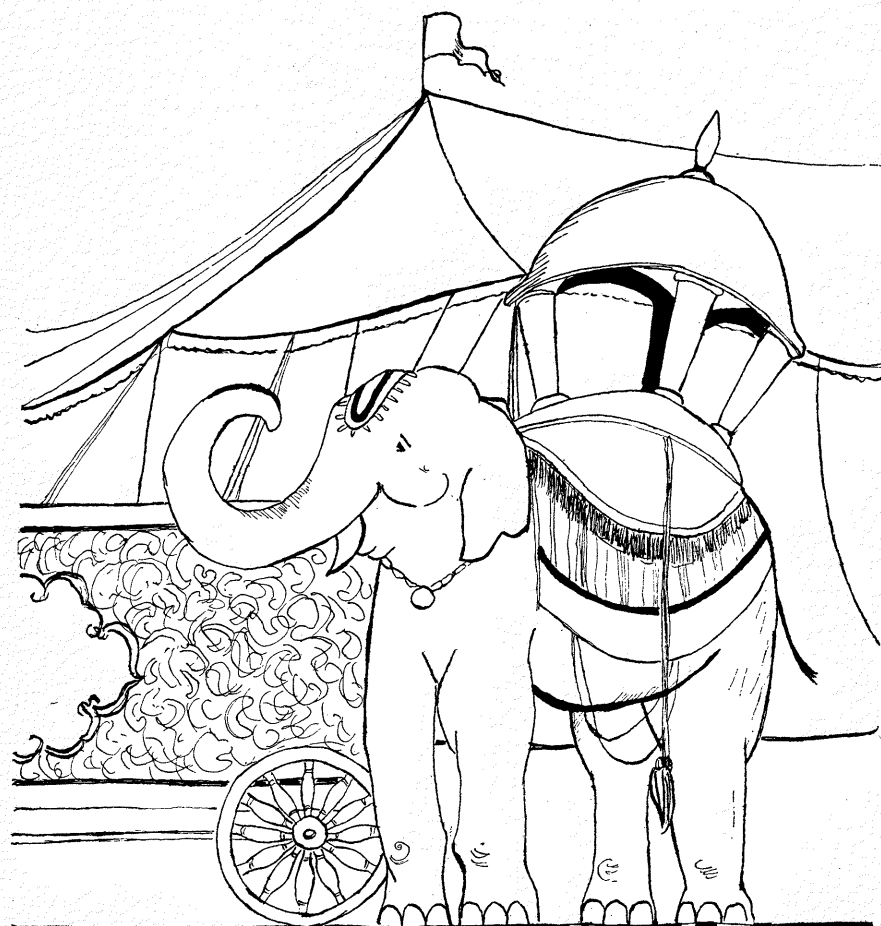
BECAUSE:

You've grown up with Greystone in your heart and have known intimately every phase of our life here, having tasted of it as camper, councillor, and director—because in these ten years you have been a friend and leader to many Greystone girls, we dedicate this, the 1929 SPARKS, to you,

VIRGINIA



CAMPERS OF 1929



MAIN-TENT

SPARKS



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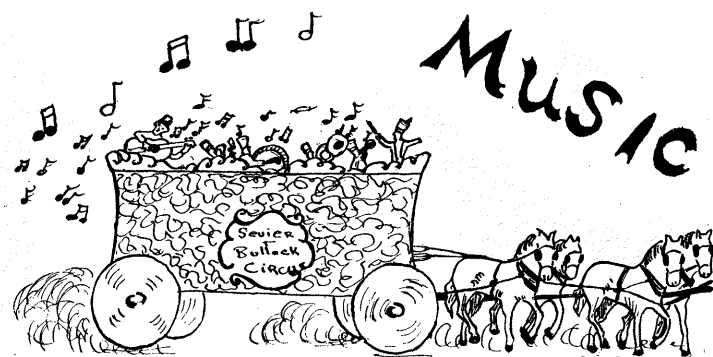
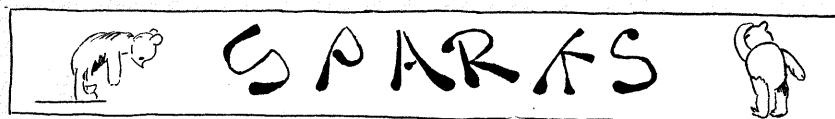
BETTY MCCAUGHRIN

SPARKS



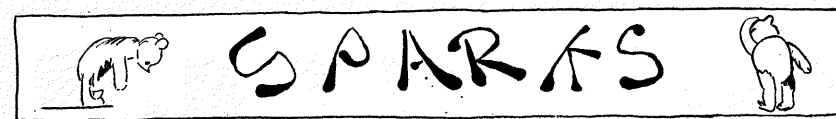
"Don't rush around wildly. Take your time—unless Henri wants you," said Doctor Sevier. That little afterthought was very true, as most of us know, for Henri kept us stepping, and stepping high to the tunes of "Swanee River," "Turkey in the Straw," "Anything You Say," and other melodies. Day after day, group after group filed down to the pavilion. They went in with earnest faces and looked enthusiastic as they fell in line. But day after day, group after group came out of the pavilion weary, panting, and "pooked." Yet Henri went on working twice as hard as each class—and who has ever seen Henri drop exhausted?

We thoroughly enjoyed exhibitions given by the folk, classical, and modern dancing classes. For even though Henri's pupils were well exhausted after each class, they were on the steep road to perfection, and gave several splendid programs.



"Oh, hear those Greystone girls a' singing all the time and all of them are singing mighty fine."

Greystone campers believe in song and even give the frogs competition at night. They expend energetically their pep and happiness every hour of the day, led by Red. Sally and Louise dust the piano keys, and we all agree that no better dusters can be found. Of course, a big part of the music department is the Glee Club. The Orchestra is a snappy number, and showed it at the Masque Ball, where they furnished a good time to all the dancers. We also credit the department with the lovely music for church and vespers and Bible programs.



A cool, clear night and everyone around a crackling fire down by the lake, with Polly and Fay doing their stuff—that's dramatics at Greystone.

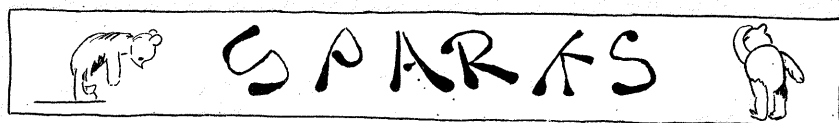
Pantomime and the dramatization of poems and stories are the "high lights" in Junior dramatics, while the Seniors receive private instruction.

The crowning achievements of the dramatics department are the Senior and Junior stunts, presented during the season and received enthusiastically by their audiences.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER

Lo, how it blossoms there,
 Red as the heart of the rising sun.
 Small yet perfect in every line;
 And each bright flower
 Like a slender hand is
 Reaching up to catch cool dew,
 And sunlight and soft star shine.
 God made us all like Cardinal flowers,
 Young and straight and reaching up for light,
 And wearing the color of courage,
 Courage to face the world,
 Courage to strive to understand
 The utmost meaning of it all.
 Let us wear this color
 As the Cardinal flower,
 Standing with our heads held high,
 Knowing that God,
 Who created all of us,
 Means it to be so.

—MARY B. COWAN.

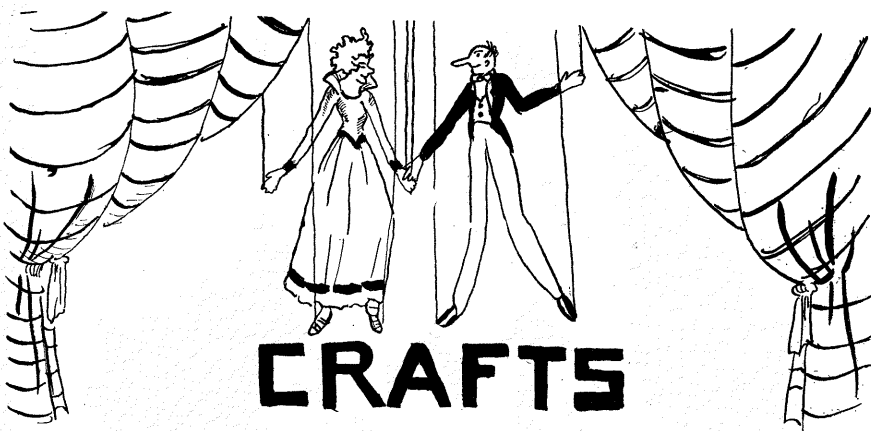


NATURE



MIRACLES IN A CELLAR

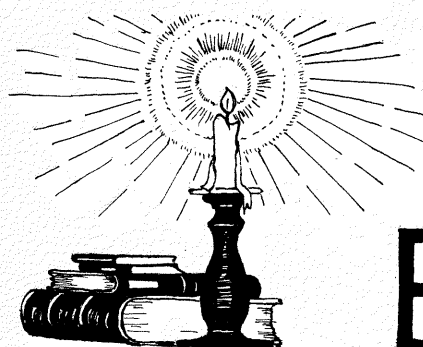
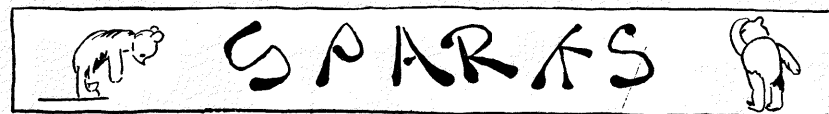
And don't think there aren't snakes, and well-trained fleas, as well as specimens of all kinds of flowers in our miraculous side show. Shut within the coolness of latticed walls and concrete floors we sit around in circles with our eyes fairly popping and our ears stretched wide to catch every word of the wonders of it all as Jean and Uncle Roy lay them before us. You should hear the "oh's" and "ah's" and stifled shrieks that emerged from the depths when a hairy caterpillar wanders or a flea missteps and hops too far. To what heights we soar with the birds and to what depths we sink with the little quiet worms! After all it's one of the best shows we have here at dear old Greystone.



CRAFTS

"Won't you walk into my parlor,"
Said Mrs. Roberson,
"And see the handsome baskets
That all my girls have done?"
"And when you've seen the baskets,"
Invited Jean Askew,

"Just look at all the paintings
That the Greystone girls can do!"
Addie's rugs and Nettie's pocketbooks
We're shown with well-earned pride;
Indeed, the best of all these crafts
We find we can't decide.



BIBLE

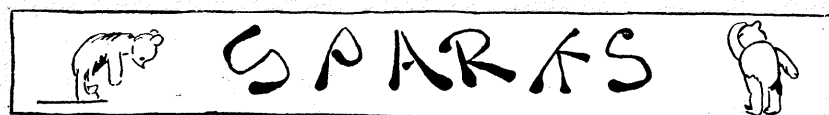
At noon Greystone girls leave their strenuous sports and activities to gather in the Bible classes. The Seniors meet with Nettie in the shade of the craft house porch or with Pat in the coolness of the summer house, and spend their time in the study of the life of Christ as told in the four gospels. Agnes conducts the Junior and Midget Bible classes in the pavilion.

Supplementing these study hours are the nightly Vesper services and the Bible Pageant, or tableau, which is presented on the last Sunday of camp by the classes.

A GREYSTONE GIRL'S PRAYER

God of the river, the sky and the trees,
God of the soft winds, God of the breeze,
This is my prayer to you today,
This is the prayer that my heart would say.
For the mellow glow of the candle-light,
For the silvery stars that gleam at night,
For the warming blaze of a hearth fire bright,
I thank Thee.
For the fellowship of friendly hearts,
For the love that each glowing flame imparts,
For the peace that the winding river starts,
I thank Thee.
For the dreams that the dusky wood trails bring,
For the faith that a murmuring tree-top sings,
For happiness, for all these things,
I thank Thee.

—MANITA.



Birthday Parties

Why was there such a tense feeling in the air on the 21st of July? Why was there so much talk about being a "July Baby" or "Why was I born in January?" Well, the reason was a table of honor in the center of the dining room, lit by candles, decorated gayly, and bearing a very specially good supper, and also a tiny ship for Virginia. So honored indeed were those of us who had birthdays in July. Of course, Uncle Brown must have his joke and he pulled some nerve-racking stunt, let me tell you. First he announced he would judge a contest in oratory between certain girls, and after the "poor" children had been overcome by a sufficiently disabling attack of stage fright he explained that the hot air would be used in balloons and not speeches. We cheered loud and long when they stood in line and blew balloons up to the bursting limit. Thus indeed the party, and the August birthday girls had their chance the next month.

The Masquerade Ball

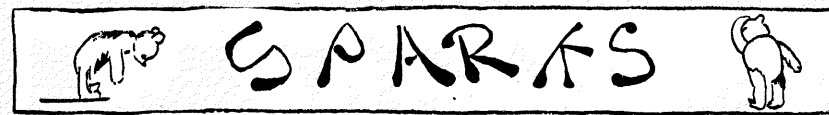
On the night of Wednesday, August the 14th, the large mob was invited to a grand ball—the greatest attraction being—No Charge. Everyone came dressed up in many varied and queer costumes.

At the sound of a trumpet (Betty's bugle) the crowd parted to let the Queen of Beauty and the King of Love pass (followed by a large court). They took their places on the throne and enthralled the ball with their dignity until after the grand march.

There were prizes for the most original, most comical, and most beautiful. These three were chosen separately from the Midgets, Juniors and Seniors.

After several no-breaks and other dances, MaNita called for the dancers by tentalows to come under the pines where Sal served punch.

The evening was a grand success with the help of Edna Harris as Queen and Betty Runkle as King. The court included: Alice Alexander, Cokey Preston, Elaine Davidson, Half Ferguson, Jane Armistead and Heistand Scott.



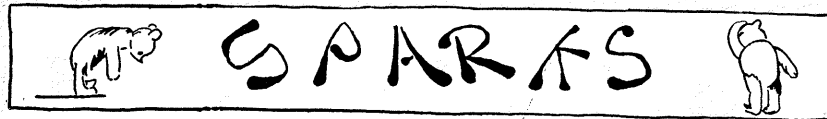
The Asheville Canoe Trip

Dear Family:

Well, we finally got off for Asheville Wednesday, and I don't believe I've ever had such a marvelous time. We left camp about ten o'clock and started for the mighty French Broad river in trucks. The day was wonderful, and we started down toward the great metropolis in fine style. You could hardly call it canoeing because we caught together and drifted with the current, sang, and swam till lunch.

After we started again it ever more poured down. GEE, it was fun paddling in the rain, but you never saw such bedraggled rats in your life as the ones that beached at Skyland where we were planning to spend the night. But it was so damp, we decided we had better go on to Asheville that day. We dried by Camp Carolina's fire and set off again, paddling for all we were worth to reach Asheville before dark.

Just about the time we were getting hungry enough to eat the thwarts, we arrived at Asheville, and were met in cars and carried to our "suite" at the Biltmore Forest. After a marvelous supper on the roof garden, we went to a show and a drug store (of course) and finally returned to the hotel. I'll never forget that night, and I guess



the others won't either. Believe it or not, all 21 of us slept (really slept) in one room. At 7:30 we were awakened from sweet dreams by a call to breakfast on the sand banks where we had landed. We left the hotel (not before getting a bountiful supply of stationery and sampling all the chairs, etc.) and started back for dear old Grey-stone. On the verge of writer's cramp I now must close,

Lots of love,

—IMA PADDLER.

P. S.—Could you send me a little more money? Please.

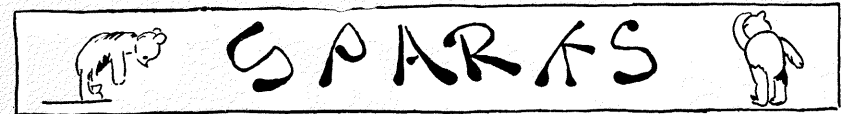
The Canoe Pageant

I'm the bullfrog that lives under the canoe dock. For years I have thought that the Greystone girls must enjoy our singing, but I began to doubt it when Lucy Wood asked if "that noise was our stomachs bumping against the rocks." Last night I was reassured. Just as we began tuning up, a crowd of girls and people came down to the lake talking so loudly that it was evident that they didn't even hear us.

In a few minutes a huge light was turned on the water, and I noticed that the canoes were all decorated. One by one they sailed out into the light, and as they glided by they were accompanied by music, this time from human throats. I easily recognized the songs. "Tonight You Belong to Me" was represented by an automobile, an idea which I thought was very original. A Southern darkey scene carried out the theme of "Watermelon, Hanging on the Vine," and was the funniest sight I've ever witnessed.

"The Wedding of the Painted Doll" was, to me, the prettiest float of all. The canoe was decorated in green and white and a vine-covered trellis holding lighted tapers stood behind the bride and groom. A dignified minister completed the group.

It was altogether a fine spectacle to look upon, although I and my wife agreed that the mortal music was a bit strange, and could never soothe our ears like the sweet low strains from our own bulby throats.



Riflery

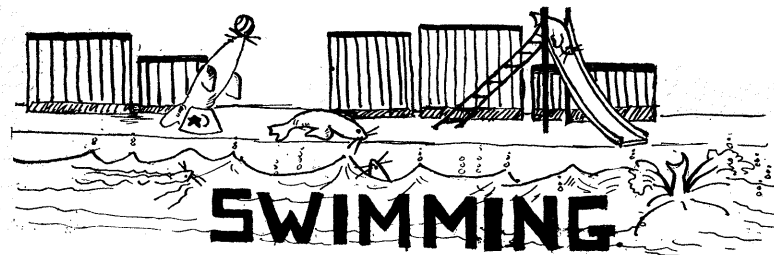
Up on the mountain
Where the trees are high
Our "Greggie" shows us
How to hit the bull's-eye.

We take our position
And let'er go.
By the end of a week
Our skill will grow.

"Click" goes the trigger—
Why, man alive,
We score the target—
A twenty-five!

Archery

Underneath the apple tree
We learn to shoot.
Discouraged at our failure
We almost give up—
We lose the arrows,
We miss the marks,
But we keep trying.
Finally, one day
An arrow sticks
With quivering feathers
In the target.
Again we try
From day to day
With varying success,
We practice.
The bull's-eye becomes
A symbol to us—
A symbol of knowledge gained
Of something unknown conquered
And we are happy.



Once there was a little minnow
As gay as gay could be,
She learned the back and side
stroke—
And now she's swimming three.

Then she became a sunfish,
All sun-tanned and ruddy,
You bet your life she felt right
big
A swimming with her buddy.

After many efforts
The bottom she did get,
For when she did her surface
dive—
A shark she was, you bet.

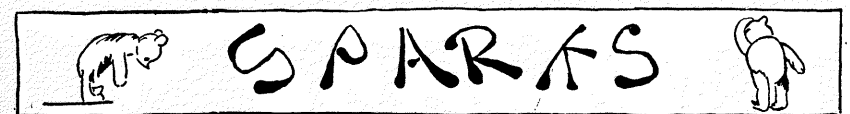
But then her joy was not complete
Until a whale she'd be:
She struggled with the water-
works
And now what do you see?

That little minnow of Camp Greystone
Has won her way to fame,
For she can dive and swim around
And save most any dame.

midget canoeing

i arrived at Grayston after diner won da. i herd sum gurls sa u cood go out i na canu, sew i got a paddle and a pilo an tryd it, but sumbodie that tha kald a water-work stoped me, an i stuck to the robotes for a wile. Then evry da i wood go too the doc in the son two a bow clas. Every da i tryd and tryd but ther wur lots of big gurls tryin too pass the sturn test sew they cood go on the Ashvil canu trip.

Sumtims thay wood bounce an jump out having moore fun. Finaly I pased the bow test an next yer I'm goin to wurk hard to be a shark sew i can pas the sturn test, an hav moore fun than ever on thee overnite canu trips.



Land Sports

Of all the things we do at camp
There're some that have the rep
Of winning hearts like a city
vamp
Because of their fun and pep.

Now basketball's a jolly sport
At practice we never quit,
For basketball like the city
vamp,
Is the sport that sure has "it."

The higher up old Mex's ladder
The better is your fate,
For the girls that swing the
rackets best
Are the ones that always rate.

From the track and baseball
fields
Come shouts and loud reports,
Of Odds and Evens yelling out:
Rah! Rah! Rah! for landsports.

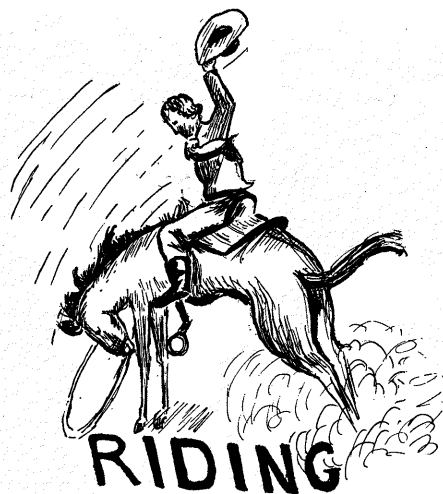
Extracts from the Tennis Champ's Diary

July 10—Mex explained the new tournament style of play to us today, and I could hardly get a court for practice. Even the back-board looked like green dotted-swiss because of the balls. Never have I seen such enthusiasm.

August 15—For five weeks I have been playing tournaments steadily until I've turned from white to a deep brown. Mex said the highest eight would be taken tomorrow from both Odds and Evens to decide the singles championship.

August 16—Hip! Hurrah! I made the elimination tournament. Hard work, but, Oh boy! it was worth it. We start play today—hard play, too.

August 23—"Look me over campers, I'm the breath of spring." that's conceited, but in privacy I must say that this has been one surprising and pleasing day. After a morning of furious tennis in the hot sun I won singles. Doubles start tomorrow. This is a good old world!



Riding Meet

Junior Three-Gait	GALE, FRAZIER, TAFT
Mounting	ARMISTEAD, RUFFNER, TANKERSLY
Bareback	GAINES, SCOTT, ROBERSON
Senior Three-Gait	SCOTT, NALLE, ALEXANDER
Jump for Points	GAINES, CAVE, E., DAVIS
Jump for Form	BONSACK, MOORE, BENNETT
Beginners	CRISP, DOUGHTY, CARTAYA
Senior Five-Gait	CAVE, E., WALKER, BONSAK

The Viewpoint of a Horse

You have quite a treat in store for you, for you are hearing from Checkers, alias No. 2, that sought after horse who rides by the director's son and has good gaits to boot. "I am chewing hay here in the stable with the memories of this afternoon's meet, when I covered myself with glory.

"It's really not bad to be a horse, that is, if you can have the experiences I have known. It all began on that first day when we came dashing over to disillusion the old girls who thought they could ride.

I grew quite attached to those girls in the weeks that followed. We made all-day trips, and I showed them the sights of Saluda—that is, after the first tedious hours of instruction in the ring. In sun and in rain, we rode around the lake and over Mt. Laurie.

"Never will I forget the bareback riding, when the girls complained of every horse's backbone except mine, and the hurdling, when I excelled the rest of the group.

"Those moonlight rides were glorious as we went tearing through the wind together.

"All in all, I have decided to come back here next summer and teach them some more about riding."

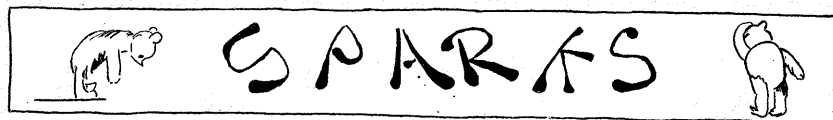


The Swimming Meet

1. MOORE	42	2. CRISP	40	3. BRADLEY	16
Odds—87			Evens—66		

STROKES

Back	Side	Breast
1. CAVE	1. RUNKLE	1. CRISP
2. FERRIS	2. ARMISTEAD	2. BUGG
3. NOGGLE	3. ALEXANDER	3. NOGGLE



- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>Trudgeon</i> | <i>Crawl</i> | <i>Plunge for Distance</i> |
| 1. MOORE | 1. CRISP | 1. ROBERSON, S. |
| 2. GREEN | 2. TANKERSLEY | 2. ALEXANDER |
| 3. WATKINS | 3. KNIGHT | 3. BRADLEY |
| | DIVES | |
| <i>Standing Front</i> | <i>Swan</i> | <i>Running Front</i> |
| 1. MOORE | 1. CRISP | 1. CRISP, MOORE |
| 2. BRADLEY | 2. MOORE | 2. BRADLEY |
| 3. MATTISON | 3. BRADLEY | 3. PRESTON |
| <i>Back Jack</i> | <i>Jack</i> | <i>Back</i> |
| 1. CRISP | 1. CRISP | 1. MOORE |
| 2. MOORE | 2. MOORE | 2. BRADLEY |
| 3. BRADLEY | 3. BRADLEY | 3. CRISP |
| <i>Trick No. One</i> | <i>Trick No. Two</i> | <i>Dash—Free Style</i> |
| 1. MOORE | 1. MOORE | 1. CRISP |
| 2. KNIGHT | 2. CRISP, BRADLEY | 2. MOORE |
| 3. BRADLEY, CRISP, TANKERSLEY | 3. TANKERSLEY | 3. POWE, J. |
| <i>Dash—Breast Stroke</i> | | <i>Dash—Back Crawl</i> |
| 1. CRISP | | 1. POWE, J. |
| 2. NOGGLE | | 2. MOORE |
| 3. BONSACK | | 3. KNIGHT |

The Play of Basketball Program

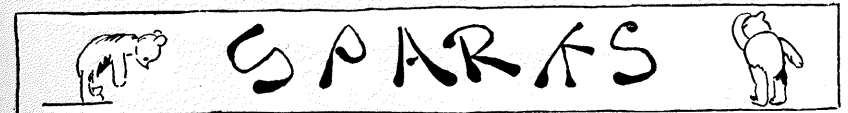
Prelude—The annual play of basketball began at Camp Greystone as the orchestra (the whistle) tuned up, and the audience assembled.

ACT I

The Odd team met the Evens in a heated and very spectacular game on the night of July 10. After many trials and tribulations the Odd team was victorious with the score 22—12.

ACT II

Even before the teams came upon the scene the squawking and squeeling of "Mex" and Fay could be heard over the entire audience as if they thought noise could make the councillors win. Yet, much to our surprise, they could only help the score 16 points, making the total 26—16 in favor of the girls.



ACT III

Out of the girls taking basketball at Greystone four teams were chosen to play the tournament. The best players from each team were to be picked to make up the varsity. Five different games were played in order to fill the places of first and second in the tournament. Sportsmanship was the king that reigned in all the games.

ENCORE

Considering sportsmanship, ability and skill, the following campers were chosen to represent Greystone's basketball varsity team:

ODDS

- F.—WATKINS
F.—MORRISON
C.—UPCHURCH, MERRELL
G.—J. POWE, CRISP
G.—FERGUSON, BRADLEY

EVENS

- F.—BONSACK
F.—MOORE, NALLE
C.—FERRIS, ALEXANDER
G.—WOOD
G.—ALLEN, SCOTT

These teams met in a heated contest on the night of August 22, and ended the season with the score of Odds 12; Evens 8.

Recipe for the Track Meet

Two weeks of class instruction by Marie.

Interesting tryouts by Odd and Even groups.

A sunny day featured by an excited grandstand, busy judges, and trackers, trembling amid the din of the "Rah, Rah, Team." Stir in several tons of pep and muscle, and our track meet is complete.

FINALS

- | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Basketball Throw</i> | <i>Discus</i> | <i>Baseball Throw</i> |
| 1. UPCHURCH | 1. UPCHURCH | 1. UPCHURCH |
| 2. POWE, JOE | 2. HUNTER, MOORE | 2. BONSACK |
| 3. CROWE | 3. TANKERSLEY | 3. POWE, JOE |
| <i>Javelin</i> | <i>Relay</i> | <i>50-Yard Dash</i> |
| 1. MOORE | ODDS | 1. MOORE |
| 2. ALEXANDER | | 2. UPCHURCH |
| 3. FERRIS | | 3. FERRIS |

INDIVIDUAL PLACES IN MEET

UPCHURCH	18
MOORE	13
POWE, JOE	4

FINAL SCORE

Odds	Evens
26	27



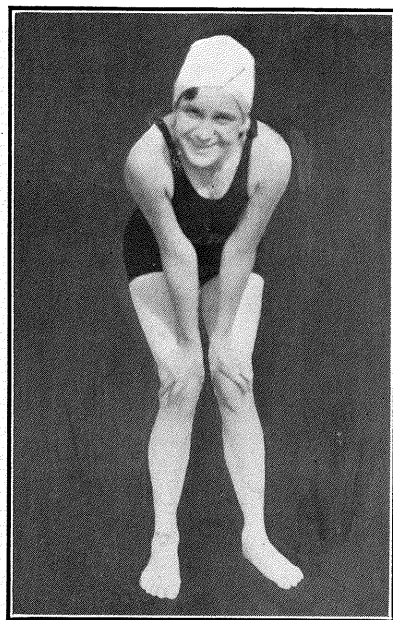
The Barker's Description of the Troupe's Last Evening

Peep through this hole in the tent, folks, and see the great Barnum and Bailey presiding over the supper table. On their right is the illustrious ringmaster, content to sit down to a sumptuous feast after the final dazzling performance of the season. The daring animal trainers give a last display of bravery by eating with their ferocious charges. The chariot racers forget their competition and playfully toss balloons at each other. At this festive event the Mysterious Unknown becomes a reality, and the water carnival people, having been all wet for a season, dry up for the winter. See Buffalo Bill, people—he has removed his side whiskers and sombrero and contemplates a winter's rest. The circus posters have been taken down, the venders have moved their stands, and the lunch counter is closed. The big parade and the big brass band are carefully packed away in excelsior, and the Magic Carpet is folded on the shelf among friendly moth balls. See, folks, the Snake Charmer has settled down to an evening with the "Youth's Companion," while the clown adjusts his glasses to the fine print of the encyclopedia. The Witch Doctor has challenged the Bareback Rider to a game of tiddledywinks, while the tight-rope walker folds his tent like the Arabs and as silently steals away.

That's the final glimpse, ladies and gentlemen, of the famous Barnum and Bailey Circus as it goes into winter quarters.



SPARKS



MARY WATKINS, *Best All-Round Camper*, 1929



Loving Cups

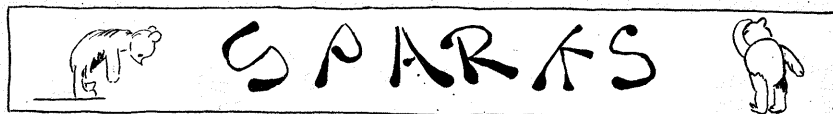
MARY WATKINS.....	<i>Best All-Round Camper</i>
MARY DELIA UPCHURCH.....	<i>Land Sports</i>
REBECCA MOORE.....	<i>Water Sports</i>
ISABEL BONSAK.....	<i>Horsemanship</i>

SPARKS



Honor Council

MARY WATKINS	MARY GENE HERREN
KITTY FERRIS	NANCY NALLE
JANE ARMISTEAD	COURTLAND PRESTON
JULIA JOHNSTON	JOSEPHINE POWE
REBECCA MOORE	JANE MORRISON
FRANCES FERGUSON	BETSY TAFT
ISABEL BONSAK	MARTHA BENNETT
ALICE ALEXANDER	DOROTHY MERRELL



Honors

Awarded Fourth Star

BETSY TAFT

Awarded Third Star

ISABEL BONSAK

REBECCA MOORE
MARY WATKINS

Awarded Second Star

EDNA HARRIS
JULIA JOHNSTON
DOROTHY MERRELL

LAURA NANCE MCCAUGHRIN
KITTY FERRIS
ELEANOR BAGWELL

Awarded First Star

JANE MORRISON
BETTY RUNKLE
JANE ARMISTEAD
FRANCES FERGUSON
COURTLAND PRESTON
BETTY HARBISON

MARTHA BENNETT
MARY GENE HERREN
ELAINE DAVIDSON
DOROTHY BRADLEY
ANNE WEST
CLARA PUGH

SHIRLEY ROBERSON

Awarded First Junior Star

JOSEPHINE TAFT

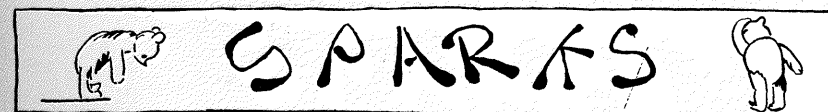
RUTH WHITTON
JULIET FRAZIER

Awarded the Senior "G"

ALICE ALEXANDER
CATHERINE BELL
EUGENIA BUCK
ELIZABETH CAVE
VIRGINIA CAVE
MARY B. COWAN
VIRGINIA CRISP
GRACE CROWE
DRUSILLA GEE
BARBARA GREENE
MARIE HARRIS
BETTY HUTCHESON

LUCY JAMES
MARY FRANCES MATTISON
LOUISE MCCAIN
MARY MILLER
NANCY NALLE
MARJORIE NOGGLE
JOSEPHINE POWE
SARA SANDIFER
ALICE SMITH
CLARA THOMPSON
MARY DELIA UPCHURCH
MARTHA WARD

MARY WOOD



Awarded the Junior "G"

CAROLYN BALDWIN
MARIA DRANE
GRACE GALE

BETTY JANE KIMMELL
FRANCES MARTIN
JULIA ELIZABETH MCLAURIN

ADELE RUFFNER

Awarded the Midget Emblem

ELIZABETH MCCAUGHRIN

ALICE SPRUCE

Honorable Mention in Departments

Water Sports

CANOEING

Awarded Canoeing Emblem

1. MARY WATKINS
2. JULIA JOHNSTON
3. RILMA WILSON

Improvement

MARY DELIA UPCHURCH

EUGENIA BUCK

SWIMMING

Best in Swimming and Diving

REBECCA MOORE

Honorable Mention in Swimming

VIRGINIA CRISP

JEAN CHANDLER
MARY WITHERS

Honorable Mention in Diving

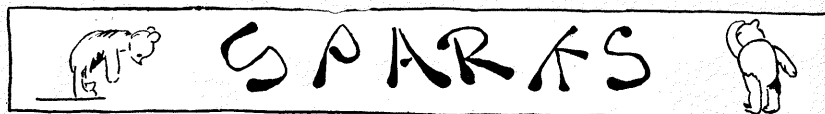
DOROTHY BRADLEY

VIRGINIA CRISP
JANE MORRISON

Awarded the Swimming Numeral

REBECCA MOORE
JANE MORRISON

VIRGINIA CRISP
DOROTHY BRADLEY



Land Sports

BASKETBALL

MARY DELIA UPCHURCH.....*Best Player*

BASEBALL

ISABEL BONSAK.....*Best Player*

TRACK

MARY DELIA UPCHURCH.....*Best Entry*

GAMES

ALICE SPRUCE

TENNIS

MARTHA WARDE.....*Singles Champion*

Best Players (According to Rank)

JOSEPHINE POWE	ELIZABETH CAVE
MARTHA WARDE	BETTY RIANWALT
JANE ARMISTEAD	JULIET FRAZIER
MARY FRANCES MATTISON	NANCY NALLE

Improvement (According to Rank)

FRANCES MARTIN	MARY DELIA UPCHURCH
JANE MORRISON	

RIFLERY

Best Marksmen

DOROTHY MERRELL	DOROTHY PATTERSON
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Riflery Team

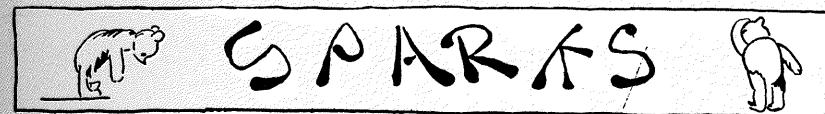
NANCY NALLE	MARTHA BENNETT
BETSY TAFT	BETTY GRANT
JULIA JOHNSTON	REBECCA MOORE
MARTHA WARDE	MARY HIPP WILSON

ARCHERY

MARY WOOD.....*Best Archer*

Archery Team

DOROTHY PATTERSON	MARIA DRANE
KITTY FERRIS	MARY GENE HERREN
ROSA DIBBLE	JEAN PORTER ROGAN



RIDING

ISABEL WALKER.....	<i>Best Rider</i>
VIRGINIA CRISP.....	<i>Most Improvement</i>

DANCING

MARY GENE HERREN.....	<i>Folk</i>
VIRGINIA CAVE.....	<i>Natural</i>
EUGENIA KNIGHT.....	<i>Acrobatic</i>
MARY MILLER.....	<i>Clog</i>
DOROTHY MERRELL.....	<i>Tap</i>
JOSEPHINE TAFT.....	<i>Junior Dancing</i>

BIBLE

Senior

GRACE CROWE	LAURA NANCE MCCAUGHRIN
MARY WATKINS	JANE MORRISON

Junior

RUTH WHITTON	JULIA ELIZABETH MCLAURIN
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Midget

ALICE SPRUCE	BETTY MCCAUGHRIN
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NATURE

National Geographic Prize (Offered to Seniors)

MARY GENE HERREN

Samuel Fessenden Clark Prize

LAURA NANCE MCCAUGHRIN.....	<i>First Senior</i>
CAROLYN BALDWIN.....	<i>First Junior</i>
JULIET FRAZIER.....	<i>Second Junior</i>

Poem to Cardinal Flower

MARY B. COWAN

CRAFT

Basketry

JANE FISHER.....	<i>Senior</i>
NANCY DOUGHTY.....	<i>Junior</i>

SPARKS

PROJECT

Painting

ALICE DENMARK

LUCY JAMES

Leather Tooling

MARY B. COWAN

ELEANOR BAGWELL

Weaving

FRANCES MCCALLA

MARY E. DAVENPORT

MIDGET CRAFTS

Weaving

ELIZABETH MCCAUGHRIN

Leather Tooling

MARTHA ELLEN EFIRD

TABLE GIRLS

Honorable Mention

JULIA JOHNSTON

MARY GENE HERREN

COURTLAND PRESTON

ROSA DIBBLE

JANE MORRISON

LUCY JAMES

CAROLYN BALDWIN

HONOR TENTALOWS

ODDS

U 1 L 11

U 7 U 11

EVENS

U 8

L 12

U 12

Total Odd-Even Score

ODDS

3145

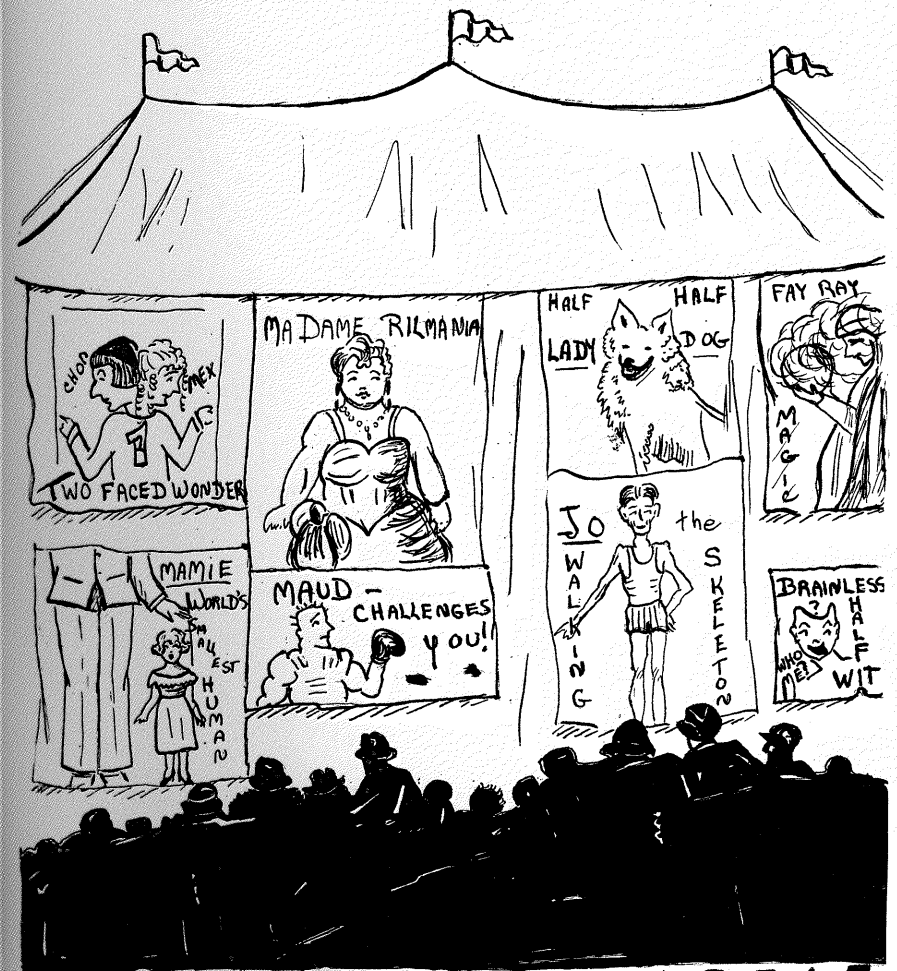
EVENS

3112

DEAR GIRLS:

As you know, it was utterly impossible for me to express my heart's appreciation for the beautiful watch, but I hope in future service at Greystone you may realize just what it means to me. Even more dear to my heart will always be the Greystone Campers of '29.

—HENRI.



SIDE-SHOW

SPARKS



Popularity and pep—
They look like Buddha, don't they?
They are—and that's just why they
can't
Look any other way.



In every way in every day,
In snow, sunshine, or rain—
The sweetest girls in all the camp
Are Bennie and Elaine.



The beauty of our Camp Greystone
We were obliged to brand her—
Now step up please, but do not crowd,
It's Alice Alexander.

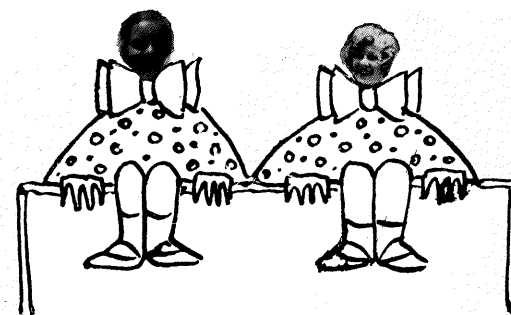


And Kitty is dependable
Does what she's 'sposed to do—
That reminds me of suspenders,
But anyway it's true.

SPARKS



They laughed when she got up to
speak
No matter what she'd say,
But Dede couldn't help it,
It's just her witty way.



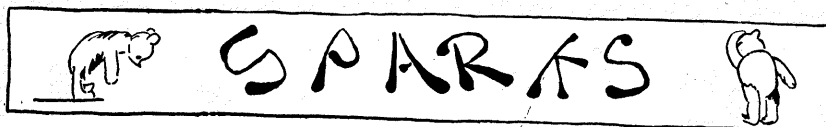
Mary Wood and Dede Johnston
Have been considered cute.
(Have you seen the dictionary?)
Then there will be no dispute.



And Edna Harris is so neat,
Her laundry—how she must pay,
She wears white knickers all day long
To her each day is Sunday.



Good sports are always full of fun,
Take what they get and like it.
There is no better sport in camp
Than Izzy, or than Half-wit.

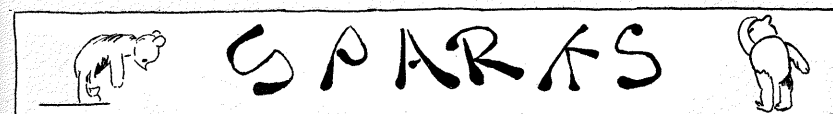


Girl-Councillor Day

The show must go on!

That's an old adage which is very applicable to a circus trouper's life. However, the Greystone circus performers had carried a very heavy program for seven full weeks, and they were weary of jumping at the crack of the ringmaster's whip, so they voted themselves a holiday. Now so famous an organization as the Greystone Circus could not stand still for one whole day. The manager wouldn't stand for such a breach of circus etiquette. It was decided that in order to have the tried for and much-needed rest each trouper must choose, for himself, a substitute.

Crack, went the ringmaster's whip on the morning of August 16. The result was absolute silence in the big tent. MaNita, the ringmaster, scanned the audience of bright, shiny faces and finally handed over her whip to Kitty Ferris. Henri, the tight-rope walker, tripped down the sawdust trail and chose Betsy Taft to relieve her. The tattooed sailors, Virginia and Janet, with brawny arms from much canoodling, stalked around the place and signalled Buddah and Alice Alexander to their duties. Maude, the Mermaid, resigned her position in the tank to Becky Moore. Ole long-winded Cokey was signed on as trumpeter in the band by Betty Ferris. Madam Dido hasn't missed a dive from a five-foot tower into two feet of sand in five years, so Dido Chopin chose Dot Bradley to carry on the tradition. Circus animals have their health problems, so Peabo, the caretaker, handed over her pills and swobs to Mary Wood. Nettie and Pat, the famous fire-eaters, selected Grace Crowe and Jane Morrison to handle their hot discussions for them. Even the wild man from Borneo desired to tame down a bit so Red chose Nancy Nalle to stir up a few noises for her. Addie, the human spider, chose Sandy Sandifer to weave her web for her. Agnes, the lean, lanky human skeleton, craved a square meal so she chose Martha Ward. Mary Delia Upchurch was appointed to rôle of contortionist by Marie. Jean Agnew, tired of training fleas and other wild life, selected Mary Frances Mattison to fill her place. Anne Wall, the ticket seller, re-



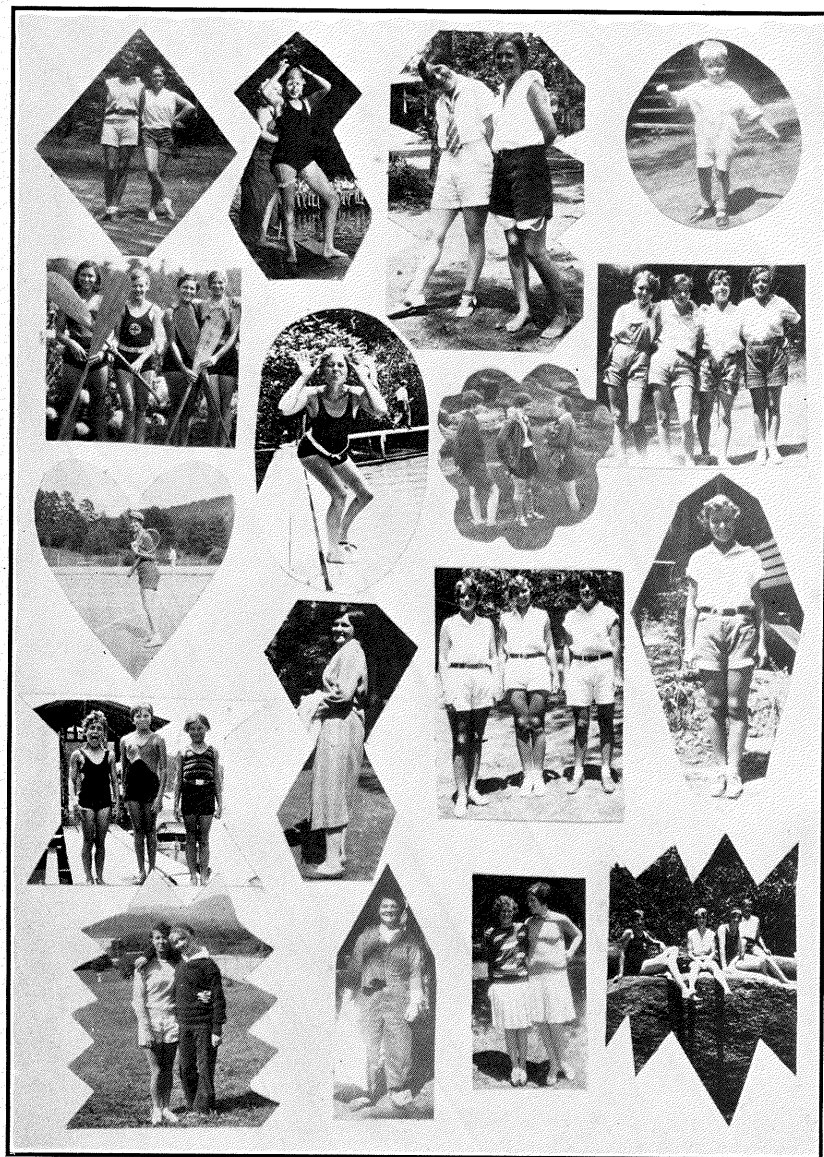
signed her booth to Virginia Cave. Fay Ball, the electric wonder, scintillated over to Maralyn Tankersley and charged her. Polly Perkins chose Izzie Bonsack to do her palm-reading. Louise Herren selected Half-wit to operate the calliope for her. The bandmaster, Sally Tabernacle, yielded her batons to Mary Miller. Mrs. Roberson, the mistress of the wardrobe, called to her assistance her daughter, Shirley. Sal roped Dede in to sell hot dogs and pink lemonade on this memorable day. Mex, the monkey from the jungles of Mexico and Texas, resigned her chattering and swinging to Jo Powe. Sudie, the trained seal, flopped over to Crisp and led her over to balls and boxes and told her when to perform. Jean Askew, the snake charmer, singled out Betty Harbison to hold down her job. Uncle Roy, the man with the donkey face, galloped around until he found Snookey Efird to relieve him. Our equestrians, Verner and Edwards, chose Benny and Edna to charge around the ring for them. Dagger-throwing had just about worn ole Gregg out, so she called in one of her sharp-shooters, Mary Gene Herren, to relieve her. And then up steps Dr. Barnum and Bailey Sevier, manager of the whole outfit, who declares that he'll not be the only old hand on the job so he elevated Granny Whilden to his position, which includes everything from paying taxes to washing elephants.

Strange to say, at the end of the day the gate receipts showed that the new management had been very efficient. The applause from the audience proved that they had been well entertained, and the conditions of the wild animals showed that they hadn't suffered from the change. So girl-councillor day was a grand success.





SPARKS



SPARKS



Stock Exchange News

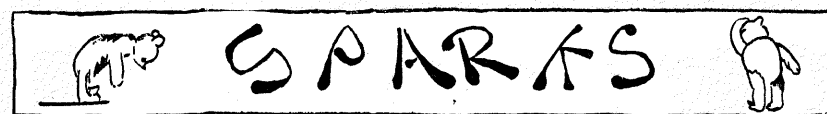
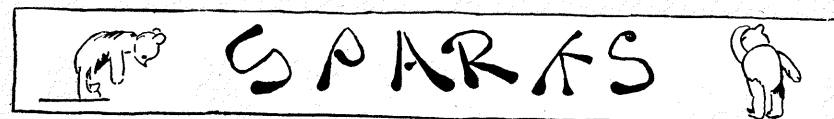
(Item from Greystone paper, reprinted by courtesy of the Editor.)

The Greystone Barber Stock price raised to an astounding point, and there is a decidedly upward slant to the market early in the day. Many violent fluctuations were witnessed when the Long Hair Company raised itself in opposition to this shortening of their business and gave demonstration of this fact with a lot of display of assets of products. The parade and show were held on the main street of Greystone and in the larger public buildings and were witnessed with interest by all the stock holders in both the Barber Shop, Inc., and the Long Hair Co. The conclusion of the affair was marked by a settlement and equalization compromise between companies.



Big Camp Mystery

Sometime in the day the smooth waters of the pool had been disturbed by an unseen hand. The beauty of the surroundings had been scared and uprooted by the enemy of the place. The neighborhood was awe-struck at the mighty majesty and unlimited power of the terror who crept unseen among them and destroyed life and property in a moment and then vanished as though into the thin air. The authorities of the community had put in a thorough search for the criminal, but to no avail. It seemed as though this must be the work of a fiend, a phantom being. At last, as though by magic, this offender was caught in the act of one of his most treacherous deeds. The ducks were in the lily pond.



Greystone Quartette

We got a Maude
Skinny as a 'skeeter.
Never see her without MaNita—
Ain't a'gonna "Up, Out, Together, Hold" for her no more.

We got a Red,
Her name is Sary.
She waves her arm like a little fairy—
Ain't a'gonna "smile" for her no more.

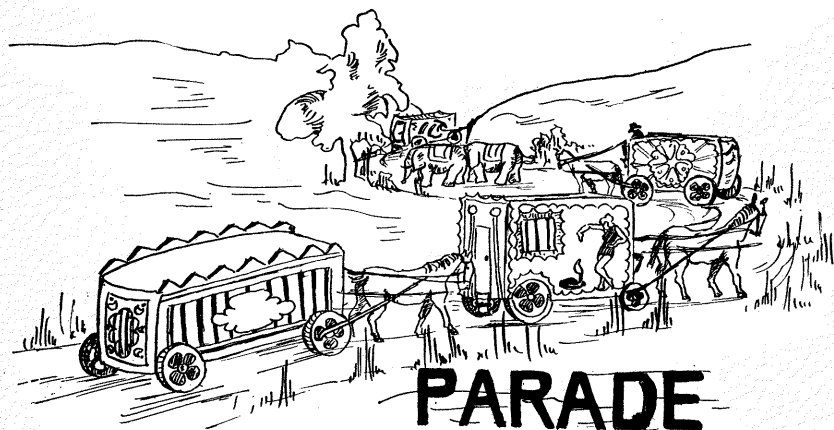
That Chopin gal
Thinks she's the ritz,
Shave and a haircut, just two-bits.
Ain't a'gonna "Get More Height" for her no more.

Yonder comes a Ford,
It belongs to Sal.
With Uncle Roy she's a ratin' gal—
Ain't a'gonna eat her "grits" no more.

We got a child,
Her name is Leake,
She tries to be good, but she's sorta weak—
Ain't a'gonna "paddle port" for her no more.

Our Peabo gal,
She's a lovely doc.
Every night the kids she'll rock—
Ain't a'gonna "eat her pills no more."

SPARKS



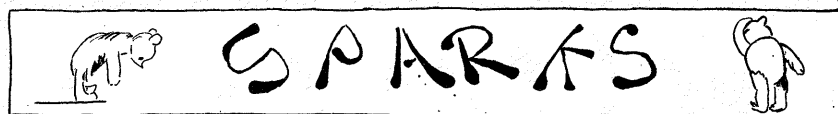
Chimney Rock

What a glorious day. The sun was shining brightly, and not a cloud could be seen in the sky. After breakfast we armed ourselves with kodaks and started gayly on a trip to Chimney Rock. The short ride was soon ended, and we were still carrying our kodaks.

We went down into the Moonshiner's Cave, and climbed up through the Needle's Eye until we finally came to the rock itself. There we were rewarded for our strenuous efforts by a wonderful view of Lake Lure and the surrounding mountains. Before coming down we saw the famous Devil's Head and the Opera Box. At the bottom of the rock, lo, another surprise—a ride in boats on Lake Lure. After singing our Greystone songs all the way home, we went to bed tired and happy.

Mt. Mitchell

My friends and I went out for two days
To see Mt. Mitchell and all it surveys.
Mid skys of grey 'neath a playful sun,
In each happy minute we found more fun.
Then at Camp Alice we sumptuously fared—on
Chicken? Oh boy! As much as we dared.
Happy and tired our blankets we spread—when
EAK! went a girl—by ghost stories misled.
'Long went time—and at break of dawn
Lo, and behold, we had come and gone!



Romany Days

Who can resist the Romany Road?
The wild, clear, call of the gypsy trail,
The magic spell that lures us on
Over hill and over vale!
Following the winding road,
Through the forest, 'cross the plain—
Laughing, care-free days we spend,
In sunshine or in rain.
Our's the sparkling, dancing stream,
The sport of a waterfall;
Our's the fun of a gypsy life,
That's rich with joy for all.

The Junior Canoe Trip

When Virginia made the announcement that there was to be a Junior canoe trip, all Juniors had one foot out ready to run and sign up.

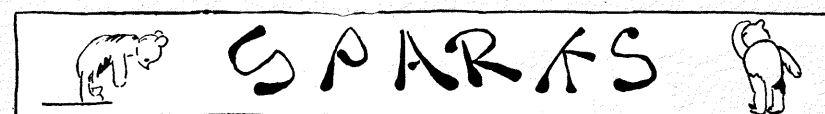
When we arrived at our destination every one enjoyed a swim, after which we ate a wonderful supper around the fire.

About five o'clock a few early birds got up and went to the fire thinking they would get a nice breakfast of fried potatoes and cocoa, but alas, John had run off with the butter and only one can of milk was left. They must eat cold potatoes with nothing to drink. As they could not go back to sleep, they awoke every one by playing the victrola.

The Junior Odd-Even Baseball Game

One day the Junior Evens challenged the Junior Odds to a baseball game, and both sides got to work and practiced hard for the big game.

The day came at last, and the game was started. Both sides played good and hard but despite all the work of the Odds the Evens won with the score of 16-10.



Junior Swimming Meet

First WHITTEN—13 Points
Second RUFFNER— 7 Points
Third GALE— 5 Points

Odds

30

Evens

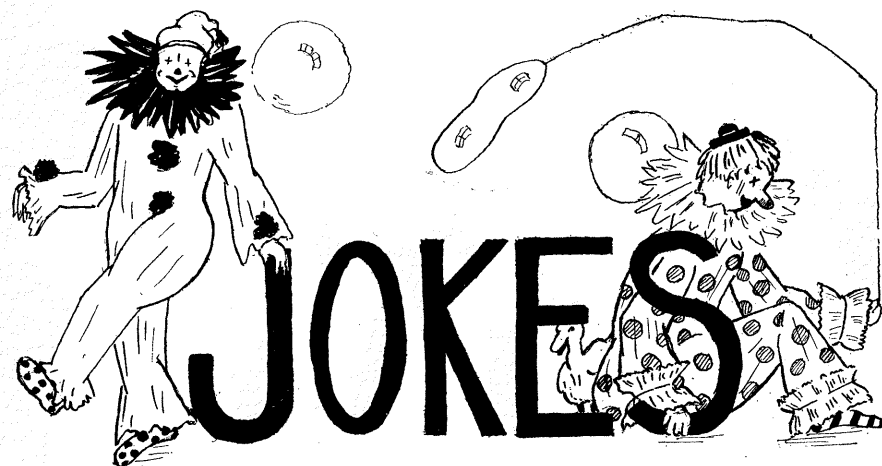
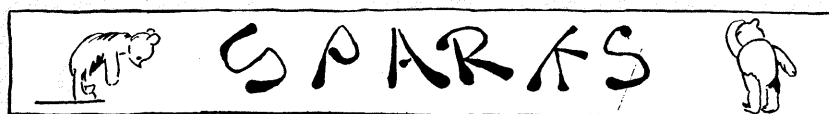
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How the Midgets Were Organized

There were so many Juniors at camp in '29 that Miss MaNita decided that she would let the smallest girls be called "Midgets." She asked the girls that she had decided upon to meet her in the Craft cottage. All of those girls were delighted that they were "Midgets." "Red" wrote a song for us, and we all came in at assembly singing it. All of the Midgets have classes together, and nobody else attends these classes at their time.

Midget Song

We're the Midgets from ole Greystone,
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.
We're the Midgets from ole Greytone,
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.
We greet you with the green and gold,
We've got the spirit though we're not so old.
We're the Midgets from ole Greytone,
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.



EDNA: I love canoeing, and you paddle so well—where did you learn?

JOHN: Oh, in a frat house.

LOUISE HERREN: What'll we sing for an encore, Glee Club?

GLEE CLUB: Sing the same thing—they'll never recognize it.

What's the matter with you, Maude?

I've dug a hole in the yard, and MaNita won't let me bring it in the house.

At the Masque Ball:

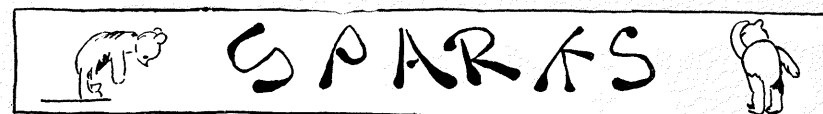
MEX: My shoes are just killing my feet.

CHOPIN: They're killing mine too.

BETSY HUTCHINSON: Have you seen Fay's fiancé?

ELEANOR BAGWELL: No, she hasn't sent it to the laundry yet.

Upper Nine's favorite bird is a flying squirrel.



IBBA CAVE: Is Sally a good councillor?

M. DELIA: Yes, she never strikes a Midget except in self-defense.

Babs is so dumb she thinks a hamlet is a little pig.

BARBARA GREEN: Have any of you ever contributed to a paper or magazine?

LAURA SMITH FLEMING: No—we've contributed to the foreign missions and the church and to the poor, but we've never contributed to a paper.

Horseback riding motto: "Remember the Mane!"

At Saluda—Riders: Betty Birninghouse, do you need any help with the mail?

BOBBY GALE: Do you like to ride Queen?

SNOOKY: Naw—she couldn't even throw the Prince of Wales.

SAL: According to Peabo's diet I must eat bran.

RED: Yea, well—

SAL: But bran is for cows.

RED: Yea, well.

AGGIE: I've changed my mind.

BETSY TAFT: Does the new one work any better?

SANDY: To what do you owe your success as a doctor?

PEABO: I have patience.

You may count the day lost
And to little avail,
When no table shouts
"May we help with the mail!"

To the Mountain Opposite Greystone

Dear silent hills,
Your call, quiet and pleading, sweetly pierces my longing heart.
You, too, are waiting for the time to pass.
Still o'er your rugged sides the sun will shine,
Dew, rain, and snow will fall;
But deep in your tender heart
There is the yearning to feel the eager press of youthful feet;
Still you long to hear the happy laughter
Which, through the summer days, the poignant breeze laid upon
the leaves,
You are remembering those who loved to climb your slopes;
You fain would brood over quiet groups stopping to rest weary
bodies under swaying trees, or by your tiny brooks.
Dear mountains, I share your loneliness, for I, too, sorrow for the
gay companionship that now is past.
It is a bitter pain, this loneliness of winter;
But when again the sun warms to life your tiny flowers,
And you, in preparation for our coming, carve out fresh streams,
and dear, surprising water-falls,
Once more our spirits shall be lifted in love, gay freedom, and high
joy of distant friends.

—MANITA.