

The Polk County News

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Polk County First, Second, Last and all the
WANT IT GROW!

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POLK COUNTY—The Gateway of Western North Carolina

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Eiseles Buy Morris Island Historic Spot In Charleston Harbor Which Will Be Developed As Resort

Organization Which Made Splendid Showing in Sale of Lake Lanier Property Will Push Charleston Development During Winter Months. Many Offers From all Parts of Country. May Develop Property in Little Switzerland

Brothers who so effectively handled the selling of Lake Lanier for the Tryon Development Company have been tendered offers from several sections of the country where big developments are being planned and the need for a highly efficient selling organization is felt. Thirty five affairs from seven states have been tendered.

Business Course In Tryon High School If Enough Pupils Enroll

Interested Persons Invited to Communicate With Prof. Schilleter Supt. of Schools

The school sees need of a bookkeeping, typewriting, and shorthand course. It is hoped that the community who are interested in this course will take this course please write to Mr. Schilleter, Superintendent of our schools.

Thousand Quit Indianapolis to Join Florida Land Boomers

Metropolis Loses Twenty-Five Thousands in Ready Cash When Large Part of Population Undertakes to Close the Florida Bubble. Atlanta also Hit

Tryon and other surrounding areas are no different from the rest of the state in their wondering what is the outcome of the Florida land boom that 40,000 people have already gone to that state and the last winter about 100,000 people were taken from Indianapolis.

There is a real basis for the boom. The state has been far from fully developed. The place of resort and the horticulture. There have suddenly been nationwide publicity. Where in Florida has the price and those who have sold in time for a deal of money. The well-informed still holding on their heads at an early date. A limit somewhere.

GRANT GIVEN BY TRYON SCHOOL

Have shoot that was given by the Association has been used daily by the youngsters enjoy the shoot. Certainly thankful for their kind gift. Where Tryon people need of exercise and help us to play ground. kinds of equipment. to give us a piece

They are thoroughly sold on the possibilities of the mountain country of Western North Carolina and are at present figuring on a development entailing the selling of some thousand acres in the Little Switzerland section where Thomas Dixon, author of "The Clansman" has decided to locate his artists colony.

During the winter months the Eiseles will work in Charleston according to reports from that city which say: "The real estate boom which has spread throughout the South Atlantic states reached Charleston when the promoters of the Lake Lanier project, at Tryon, N. C. purchased Morris Island just across the river from this city and announced that the now nearly barren island would be turned into one of the most exclusive residential beach resorts on the South Atlantic seaboard.

A year-round beach hotel with approximately 150 rooms to be erected immediately upon completion of the driveway and hard surfaced roads, erection of dozens of fine homes, light, heat and power connection with Charleston are only a few of the plans so far divulged by the new owners, Lewis and C. M. Eisele, promoters of the Lake Lanier project and William Foor, one of the operatives of the Francis Marion hotel of this city.

No effort will be made to promote sales until the island has been laid out and all work completed, it was stated by the promoters. Landscape gardeners are now on their way here and will commence work at once. C. M. and Lewis Eisele have made many friends not only in Tryon but all over Western North Carolina and it is hoped that their interests in South Carolina will not altogether deprive the Land of the Sky of the continued use of a selling organization which has so far broken all existing records in North Carolina.

William Foor of the Foor-Robinson Company is also well known here as his concern operates the Vanderbilt in Asheville, The Charlotte in Charlotte and other well known hotels throughout the Piedmont.

American Made Engines Puff Up Mountains of Foreign Countries

Mexico Invest Heavily in American
Made Rolling Stock for Rehabilitation of Railways

A railroad locomotive, believe Samuel Vaucain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works is a missionary of peace and prosperity wherever it goes. One day while in Mexico City trying to sell General Obregon, then President, a consignment of these "missionaries" he found that Obregon admitted the need of locomotives but had no money to pay for them. The interview of the first day was ended by Obregon's request, "Come back tomorrow and I'll have a proposition for you." When Vaucain returned the next day he was tendered this proposition: "You loan me a million dollars with which to get the railroads started and I'll buy five million dollars' worth of equipment—on credit. The locomotive manufacturer blinked and then said, "I'll go you fifty-fifty" and he loaned Mexico a half million dollars and booked a two million and a half dollar order. So, up and down and across the lands of our quarrelsome neighbor on the south, American-made locomotives are puffing their preachment of peace, industry and co-operation. Other men may sell rifles, cannon and powder that will spit destruction and revenge but these things must eventually bend to the influence of Vaucain's hard working "missionaries".

A FALL FASHION FANTASY

By A. B. CHAPIN



Interesting Spots In Out-of-The Way Places Peopled By Primitive Americans Who Made Polk County Possible

Residents of Mountain Farms Lineal Descendants of Colonists Who Emigrated to The Carolina's When Bonnie Bruce Charlie Lost the Fight at Culloden. Scotch Irish and English Names Predominate in Rugged Hills and Valleys of Polk County

"Little journeys to the homes of the great" was a series of intimate sketches written by Elbert Hubbard which added to the "Fra's" fame and helped to keep alive the flame of his glorious personality. Ever since the first azaleas burst into fire along the ridges, and the dogwood cast its flakey petals in soft falling snow, the Editor, his "partner" and Maggie Sue Edwards as "Official Pilot of the Pig-Trails" have made an effort to spend every week end, making other "Little visits to the Homes of the Great". There is not a lot of danger that any sketches had been written, would have contributed any to our fame. And we have never been accused of having any "glorious personality" to be kept alive; but while people here in town were wondering where "The Shannon Outfit" were putting off to come Saturday noon, the individual members of it were getting acquainted with the mountains of Polk County, and with the people who dwell therein. And it is of their dwelling, oftimes humble; and it is of these people, toil-worn in many instances, and drooped with the weight of years, that we love to call "Great"—these Anglo-Saxons of proud lineage who have preserved for North Carolina the prestige of having the purest blood of any state in the Union.

We have, in these excursions, delved from the heart of Dark Corners over the South line, to the upper most reaches of Cooper Gap and Pea Ridge. We have spent nights out where the slapping of the paddle wheels and the dripping water of some ancient mill buried deep in the woods, was most wondrous music in contrast to the mechanical chug of the presses that day by day din in our ears until sometimes they become a roaring inferno. Or would it they kept busy enough, which they don't. We have attended divine services at the little churches that dot the county. Have blended untuneful voices in all-day singings. We have broken bread with the people of the countryside, and everywhere have found that ripe wholesome hospitality encountered in such lavish abundance in only one other section—that of the old, sun-kissed and wave washed, East'n sho' o' Ma'yland. As to the relations of our paper with our county friends—we ponder again over the Word where it tells that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Occasionally we do hear good words that

ring true. More often we hear adverse criticism, if not about the paper then about ourselves because we live in the manner intended by our Creator for our personal and individual needs. Out over the county, however, we find the farm folk either reading the NEWS from kiver to kiver, or else waiting for the coming of the mail car. Some have told us it was hard to wait until Saturday came—the day that carries the NEWS to the out of the way places. We have been told different times by Tryon folk that we run too much news from "out in the sticks" but they cannot appreciate how these folk, cut off from the rest of the world by mountain roads, which the state has never seen fit to improve—yearn for some word, for the recital of events going on from day to day of which they are so far apart. And having been thither and you on our previous week end excursions, last Saturday noon we pointed the snoot of our hill-billy up toward Spicer's Cove, fabled in song and story as the old settlers can tell when taken in reminiscent mood. It is such a different matter to sit lazily on ones front gallery, as looking out over that chain whose soft outlines are lost in a misty haze of purple and mauve and pale orchid, your rocking chair softly falls into a rhythm while one unconsciously voices over and over again the lines—"These Be The Mountains That Comfort Me—"

Vastly different, I say, from fighting these same mountains with your brakes and clutch and the good Lord and Henry Ford knows what else. So different, I repeat, from looking down from a trail where your two off wheels hang over the edge; down, into the fertile valley zig-zagged by fences, dotted with orchard trees, cleft by a winding stream that has its source in the home water supply—the spring without which, this country would have never been settled. We discern the home itself, half hidden in a clump of tulip poplars or barricaded—a kick back from early day raids with Indians—by huge boulders. It is a cabin of squared logs, mud chinked with a huge chimney of field stone and windows, like friendly eyes, that always beckon one hither. In many homes one still finds the spinning wheel—the loom and carder, and oftimes the black and savory dutch oven. We passed such places Saturday. We looked down from heights and we looked up from valleys. We crossed

broiling streams that had been replenished from the much needed rain that we of Tryon have failed to lure. We pulled in second up a road that showed no sign of tire track, afterwards learning that trucks had been the only motor vehicles to cover it previous to our path finding, for many many months. We stopped because the road played out, under a wide-spreading Japanese walnut tree at the old Sherrill Melton place, now owned and occupied by E. L. McDade and family. One feels lost in the primitive environment of hill and valley, cove and running stream—one feels suddenly snatched back to the Far-away and-Long-ago of historic lore until a roaring overhead calls the attention to the most modern of all Dame Shipman's prophecies—Ships that in the air do fly, which with a great flourish preens its wide stretching wings and lands on Sugar Loaf Mountain back of this dwellings. An hour or so of rest and refreshments of walnuts from the big tree, and Virginia Beauties from the orchard and our voyage of discovery was resumed. Another stretch of rough sledding, a neighborly chat with Mother Dimsdale, with a pleasant visit to Sab Lynch's which included a friendly raig on some century-old pear trees, and we bethought ourselves about our camp, turning a deaf ear to these splendid families' urgent invitation to supper and bed. We sought a camping place at the old Whiteside Mill, but the clear purling brook that cascaded down the rocks last March and turned the waterwheel had found meantime an ignominious end in a dammed up puddle where naked urchins disported. Mr. and Mrs. Whiteside were away on a long trip to the middle west, and it was getting late. And this story is getting long—too long, for the space allotted me. Let imagination supply the rest. A chance meeting and wonderful visit with Low Ownesby—dying embers and the fragrant smell of ham what am—spreading blankets—night. Then came the stars, screech owls, whippoorwills, baying of hounds, hunters training their pup-dogs, invigorating breezes—Tryon a million miles away—the NEWS OFFICE non-existent—dear Lord, a day like the one just spent brings us close to You! A skeeter! Swat—SLEEP! We didn't go to church Sunday—for sometime during the star-lit night there came to me a fragment—"These are the things I can divine—Rich brown earth, and storm-tossed trees—"

Greens Creek Meeting Of County Club Develops Organized Opposition To Tax Revision Plan Outlined By Club

Resident of Banner Farming Section Oppose Changes Recommended By Committee and Do Not Want Revaluation of Taxable Property in Polk County. Large Crowd Present. Paul Wager of State University Addresses Audience

The regular monthly meeting of the Polk County Club at Greens Creek School, held Tuesday evening brought out a record breaking crowd practically all of the land owners of the southern township being present, with a large attendance from Columbus, Saluda, Tryon and the other townships and a scattering of visitors interested in the work of the Club in its effort to foster cooperation between farmers and business men. An attractive luncheon served on the stage of the auditorium preceded the usual program. W. S. Green Mayor of Tryon was requested to read the resolution tendered by the Taxation Committee, which he did. Paul Wager, of the University of North Carolina commended the resolutions and stated that they were intelligently and capably framed. Representatives from the Greens Creek section immediately protested the adoption and a battle royal ensued. Motions made to table the resolutions were made. Mayor Green offered to withdraw the report if these motions were also withdrawn.

Unable to attend because of business affairs, the Editor hasn't received a verbatim report of the proceedings and will not be able to get such a report in time for publication. Taxes must be equalized in Polk County if it is to grow into a really prosperous community and the farmers of the section should be equally interested with the business men in an equalization and revaluation plan such as presented by the committee. Factionism shouldn't exist. One for all and all for one will make Polk County a great farming section and the proper exploitation of its scenic advantages will establish a ready market for the products of those farms. If the townships wage war against each other, nobody gets anywhere. Cooperation counts and unless cooperation can be established the Polk County Club cannot accomplish the things it has set out to do. It was founded on a spirit of cooperation and must continue in that spirit or fail in its mission. Next week we shall run a detailed report of the proceedings not obtainable this week in time for us to go to press. Greens Creek is an important and wealthy part of Polk County, peopled with progressive and able farmers and once they catch the idea of united cooperation through the activities of the Polk County Club many more of them will be found on its membership roll.

Old Type Country Doctor Fast Disappearing As Specialists Increase

True Friend of Humanity Old Time Physician Labored For Love Instead of Money. Made Friends Which Really Counted. Many American cities and towns have recently adopted the custom of holding newspaper voting contests to select the most useful citizen in their respective neighborhoods, a very interesting and commendable custom. Not long ago the little town of Montgomery, Ohio, held such a contest, and the medal was unanimously pinned upon the oldest country doctor in the county. He has practiced for 47 years in the little town, and is still carrying on. He worked to save human life when there were no hospitals and no fast means of transportation. He traveled roads on which his buggy wheels mired to the hubs; he sat beneath a smoky kerosene lamp watching the spark of life ebb and flow, and if the worst came his hand soothed members of stricken family and steeled them for the dark hours ahead. He had no bookkeeper to rush out a cold, informal bill almost before the hearse had returned from the cemetery. Thousands of ministrations were performed by this good Samaritan for which he never received a cent—but he lives in the hearts of the people and has been voted the most useful man in his county. We have such types around Tryon, men whose lives have been dedicated to helping humanity, rich or poor. A new school of practitioners has taken their place, but in the hearts of the people the old country doctor can never be replaced. To him the medal will always be rewarded, because to him it will always be due.

Preachers Thought Radio Broadcasting Would Cut Church Attendance

Such Fears Proven Groundless During
Period Sermons Have Been Broadcast
Throughout the Country

"When churches first began broadcasting their services by radio," says a religious publication, "some fearful souls were apprehensive lest such a procedure would have a tendency to keep people from church." But a story comes from London which seem to prove that such fears were groundless and that radio, in fact, was fulfilling the admonition of the Great Teacher: "Go out into the highways and the hedges, and constrain them to come in, that my house may be filled." The incident happened in the "little church around the corner," a small suburban public-house which serves local tradesmen and other as a kind of a club. The occasion was the service broadcast from one of London's largest churches. When the chime of the bell began the landlord, who is a radio enthusiast, placed a loud speaker on the table in the saloon bar and switched on the instrument. As the service proceeded glasses were set down, pipes went out, and the hymns, prayers and sermons were listened to in profound silence to the end. One of the little company, when he reached home, surprised the family with the jubilant declaration that he had been to church. When they openly expressed their incredulity, he entered into an explanation and added that he should start going to church regularly each Sunday.

AMERICAN MONTE CARLO IN BAHAMA

To take advantage of the horde of pleasure-mad spenders who are now flooding the Florida land boom, plans are being pushed to complete an American Monte Carlo, to be promoted on the Bahama Islands, just off the coast of Florida. American capitalists, it is understood, with the consent of the English Government, are financing the big pleasure, sports and gaming resort of the six islands of the Bahama group. The project calls for aeroplane passenger service between Florida and the islands, the trip to be made in forty minutes.