

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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Today's Headlines

Jane Adams, noted social worker is dead. Labor leaders to fight President Roosevelt's relief wages which range from \$19 to \$94 per month which are high enough to keep a man from starving and yet low enough to keep men from leaving industrial jobs. Spanish aviator flies Atlantic from Africa to Brazil. The Ford Motor Co., has announced a \$6 per day minimum for all employees and means an increase in wages for Ford employees of \$2,000,000 per month.

Section 4301 (a) of the Code for North Carolina, INJURY TO TREES, WOODS, CROPS, etc., NEAR HIGHWAY; DEPOSITING TRASH NEAR HIGHWAY.

Any person, not being on his own lands, or without the consent of the owner thereof, who shall, within one hundred yards of any State Highways of North Carolina or within a like distance of any other public road or highway, willfully commit any damage, injury, or spoilation to or upon any tree, wood, underwood, timber, garden, crops, vegetables, plants, lands, springs, or any other matter or thing growing or being thereon, or who breaks, injures or removes any tree, plant, or flower within such limits, or shall deposit any trash, debris, garbage, or litter within such limits, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction fined not exceeding fifty dollars (\$50.00) or imprisoned not exceeding thirty days.

This act shall not apply to officers, agents and employees of the State Highway Commission or county road authorities while in the discharge of their duties.

A Visitor Writes Of Tryon

A few weeks ago the writer left Tryon after a visit of two weeks. That stay had been a sort of pilgrimage for fifteen years before he had come there to tarry a day or so had stayed a fortnight and had left with a determination some day to return. It proved to be about 5,500 days before he did. Life is like that.

But distance often gives a clearer view, distance both in space and in time, and now after some weeks and separated by many hundred miles, I am going to try to review the impressions that seem to give the picture of Tryon's peculiar and compelling, almost mysterious charm. For there is something not a little mysterious or even mystical about it. There are other mountains as lovely, other air as invigorating, other people perhaps as hospitable and as charming, but in Tryon the sum of all can not be arrived at by any sort of arithmetic. Like the strength of a rope of many strands it is more than the sum of each. Something is added.

And that something is that rare thing, that prize of all the artists and all saints, the simple quality of simplicity. One way of expressing it is the word, purity, as purity of line or of tone; or, as Jesus put it, that purity of intention and singleness of purpose which to its possessors alone gives the true vision of the divine. And I'm sure that all lovers of Tryon will agree that there is that quality of simplicity there, a directness, a clearness of line, a singleness of purpose that is unusual in this complex world dusty and

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