

# The Tryon Daily Bulletin

Vol. 8 TRYON, N. C., TUESDAY, JAN. 7, 1936 Est. 1-31-28

## Ballenger Heads Country Club

B. L. Ballenger was elected president of the Tryon Country club at its annual meeting on Monday evening at the club house, and succeeds M. A. Richards, who was not able to serve on account of his health. Nelson Jackson, Jr., was elected vice-president, succeeding Mr. Ballenger. K. A. Bowen was re-elected secretary-treasurer. M. B. "Lefty" Flynn was elected as a director to fill the unexpired term of R. C. "Dick" Burnette, resigned. Directors re-elected were Julian Calhoun, B. L. Ballenger and Nelson Jackson, Jr. Other directors whose terms have not expired are J. C. Kimberly, Mrs. Bernard Sharp, M. A. Richards, F. P. Bacon. The club voted to put on a program that would lead to the installation of grass greens. A committee was appointed to work out the plans as follows: J. C. Kimberly, Julian Calhoun, Dr.

—Continued on Back Page—

## Cold Rushing Toward South

Chicago, Jan. 6. — Sweeping southward and eastward in the wake of a widespread snowfall, a cold wave brought 20 below zero temperatures to the Northwest today.

The coldest points in the United States were Wiliston, N. D., and Harve, Mont., with 20 below.

The snow was general over the northern half of the country except for the Pacific coast and the northern tip of New England.—Spartanburg Herald.

## When the Editor Was a Little Boy

(In the tramp article yesterday an error was made in leaving out a line which stated that the tramps "instilled in us a spirit" of comradeship for all humanity.) When the editor was a little boy—

He lived near the Chattahoochee river, made famous by Sidney Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee." Down in Alabama it is an ugly, muddy river, plied by steam boats between Columbus, Ga., and Appalachicola, Fla. It was spanned then by a large covered bridge that was built originally with slave labor, and put together with big wooden pegs instead of with nails and iron bolts. Large brick pillars furnished the foundation and the bridge was high enough over the water for steam boats to pass under. My first paralyzing fear was experienced in crossing the bridge and looking down through the cracks in the floor of the bridge to the mighty river below. We used to count the minutes it took a team of mules to cross the bridge, where Sidney Lanier wrote his "Song of the Chattahoochee" in North Georgia, out of the Hills of Habersham, the river is clear as a crystal and you can wade across it. Before the railroad era the Chattahoochee made my little home town an exporting center to the Gulf. And even later I spent hours watching strong Negro men load and unload merchandise for villages along the river, and when the gang plank would be pulled in, the bell ring, the whistle blow, the big paddle wheel start turning and

—Continued on Back Page—