

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

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NICE TO LOOK AT

Anyone who saw the farm of W. S. Green in Green Creek, about two years ago when Mr. Green came into possession of it would enjoy a trip to the same farm now. Before the land could be terraced it was necessary to fill gullies and level off the ground.

After this was done, it was terraced by the County Terracing Unit and a large portion was sowed to lespedeza. These terraces where lespedeza was sown are just as good today as they were the day they were made.

The farm, instead of looking like an abandoned poverty-stricken homestead, today looks more like a golf course or a blue grass farm. All those barren, eroded hills are covered with a heavy green coat of lespedeza. This land will produce excellent crops next year. Mr. Green has been harvesting grain crops from lespedeza land.

Anyone who knew this farm can plainly see what a little forethought and good management will do for improving land. Growing on this farm, you will see large acreage in lespedeza, sericea lespedeza, kudzu, wheat, oats, and corn.

Visit this place, known as the old Walker place, and you will be surprised to see the change—and remember, all this has been done in less than two years!—The Polk County News.

Some other interesting articles in this week's Polk County News include an article by J. Foster Searles on the "British in India". An adventure story by Floyd Gibbons, Woodson Topics interpreted by Spotam Bruckart, and other war features.

London Letter, No. 16

5, Montagu Square, W. 1.

Sept: 22nd.

Dear Mr Vining,

I fear I have been very dilatory in writing to you, but my excuse is that I have been away in the country, and felt therefore that a London letter would be in the nature of a romance!

However, here I am back again in this great Metropolis, and will shortly be doing the merry round of fatuous things that make up my life.

This morning we have had our first fog, a very feeble whit affair, but an augury, nevertheless, of coming winter. The city is filling up, the last working man returning from his two weeks holiday by the seaside, and the man of leisure returning from his two months abroad. In another week's time, Scotland will disgorge its sportsmen, and London streets will be impassable again.

Waterloo Station has only just ceased looking like a military camp, most of the Palestine troops having been safely dispatched. Judging from their photographs they were delighted to go, and gaily waved their solar topees in the drizzling rain at their weeping wives! They will have a dreary time, fairly dangerous and with no hope of reward.

Miss Barbara Hill left here some time ago, but I think she has gone to Saginaw to join her parents, and so she will not have told you yet of the horrors of solitude in London, or of the revolting state of the weather, both of which

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