

# The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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TRYON, N. C., MONDAY

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## "CURB" REPORTER

Tryonites are proud of the honor just conferred upon Dr. Edgar G. Ballenger of Atlanta, but a native of Tryon, who was elected president of the American Urological society at its recent meeting in Quebec, Canada. Dr. Ballenger is a brother of Register of Deeds C. W. Ballenger . . . . . a new porch floor has been put in at the Tryon Country club and they have borrowed Lee Shelnutt's steam shovel to grade out more parking space. The increasing use of the Country club makes this attractive spot take on more life. Some of them eat at the club house, the children fill up the swimming pool and both tennis courts are busy much of the time while the golfers are making the rounds . . . . . A Bulletin of the Cutris Publishing Co., states that Nelson Leonard of Tryon was the grand salesman of the Carolinas and Tennessee and this is just his third month with the Curtis people . . . . . Napoléon said: "True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat." . . . . .

## BOY SCOUTS

Boy Scout meeting Tuesday night at 7:30 at Tryon school house.

## BOYS' CLUB

The Tryon Boys' club is very glad to have Bill Bishop as a new member of the club.

## Frisco Hollywood and 7,000 Miles of Interest For Sorority President

Miss Ruth Lincoln, president of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority at Randolph-Macon college has just returned home from the national convention at Del Monte, Calif., and reports as follows:

"People said I'd get lost on the 7,000 mile trip. In fact, they had visions of my missing trains, getting kidnaped, or losing my bags, my heart, or my toothbrush. No such luck.

"The puffy old engine at Melrose boosted us up the mountain last June 20th to a flying journey of thousands of miles in a brief but exciting two weeks. Saluda, Cincinnati, Chicago, Nebraska's beautiful farms, the forbidding, angular mountains of Utah with its sage brush-covered plateaus, the surprising mirror called the Great Salt Lakes across which we traveled for thirty miles, the snow-capped ranges in Nevada, the brilliant lights of Reno—all these passed in a swift panorama till we finally reached San Francisco.

"There followed a diverting episode during which I forgot to get off the train and thus traveled a few extra miles gratis. But at last, Frisco and I managed to get together. I saw hills and hills, blue ocean, crabs cooking in huge pots down by the fishing wharves, Alcatraz shrouded in low-hanging fog, the Golden Gate, gay flowers against white walls, good-looking men.

"Then came five wonderful days at convention down at Del Monte,

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