

## Goerch Tells State About Tryon

*—Continued From Page One—*

near as large as it formerly was.

After passing through Saluda, we leave the pavement and swing to the right, taking the old road between Saluda and Tryon. It's a dirt road but in fairly good condition. At one point it passes through a tunnel underneath the railroad tracks. We can hear the Big Helper puffing away somewhere close by. In case you don't know what the Big Helper is, it's the powerful engine that helps push trains up over the mountains. The Saluda grade is the steepest of any railroad east of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Vining informs us about all of these facts as we drive along. Incidentally, he's publisher of the Tryon Daily Bulletin, the smallest daily newspaper in the world. Its pages are  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, less than half the size of this page which you are reading. However, it's a most newsy paper and is very popular throughout this entire section.

Pearson's Falls! We reach this spot after having driven four or five miles on the dirt road. There's a stone entrance and a fee of 25c is charged all those who want to go in.

The Garden club of Tryon took over the falls a number of years ago. They have developed it into one of the most beautiful spots in the mountains. Nature itself helped to give them a good start in this connection, for there are more varieties of wild flowers around the falls than there are to be found anywhere else in the country.

We leave our car and proceed up an excellently kept walk for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. It is an easy ascent, and every step of it brings to view new beauties in the flowers and shrubbery. A swirling stream dashes madly over piled-up rocks in its wild rush to reach the Pacolet River. The steadily increasing noise tells us that we are almost at the falls. A sudden turn in the path, and they are there before us.

Eighty or ninety feet high, they

present a sight which holds you breathless as you gaze upon it. Tumbling down over successive ledges of rocks that whip the water into sheets of glistening foam, the falls present a never-to-be-forgotten picture of entrancing charm and beauty. They were named for Capt. Charles William Pearson, an early engineer on the Asheville-Spartanburg Railway, now the Southern. In 1931, Captain Pearson's son was faced with the disagreeable realization that he ought, for economic reasons, to divest himself of some of his extensive acreage, and he decided to accept the offer of a timber company for the glen and the surrounding woodland. That is when the Garden club of Tryon stepped into the picture. They succeeded in obtaining a loan and they took over ownership of the property. They have paid off the entire debt, with the exception of a few hundred dollars. And they have given to North Carolina a wild-life preserve of inestimable value.

We leave the falls and continue on our way to Tryon, famous for its even climate, its vineyards and its horse shows. The hills surrounding the town are dotted with scores of handsome homes, the majority of them being owned by residents of other states who spend part of each year here.

Tryon has an attractive business section. It's a clean looking town with a friendly atmosphere about it. Mr. Rogers' home—a beautiful place—overlooks the horse show grounds and also affords a most magnificent view of the mountains.

The people there seem to get more out of life than does the citizen of the average town. Why this is so is difficult to explain, but it's the truth, just the same. Everybody apparently is well off, and there are no visible signs of that abject poverty which one sometimes finds in other parts of Western Carolina mountains.

"A Good Place to Live", would be a fine slogan for Tryon: one that the town could live up to in every way.

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Hot-weather favorite—ice cold buttermilk. Delicious and refreshing.—KALMIA DAIRY.—Adv.