

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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SETH M. VINING, Editor \$1.50 Year In the Carolinas

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JOHN P. ABRAMS

John P. Abrams, 84, well-known farmer of the Gray's Chapel section, died Monday about noon after two months illness.

The funeral and burial services were held at Gray's Chapel Methodist church Tuesday at 2 p. m.

He is survived by his widow and seven children, Mrs. Q. M. Powell and D. Marshall Abrams of Ruthersfordton, route No. 2, Bob Abrams and Mrs. M. Georgion of Ruthersfordton, Miss Julian Abrams of Elkin, Jack Abrams of Charlotte and Miss Lucy Abrams of Roan Mountain, Tennessee.

DOCTORS TO MEET AT SALUDA

The Thermal Belt Medical society will meet at the Spartanburg (Smith) Baby Hospital, Saluda, N. C., on Thursday, July 11, at 6 p. m. Dinner at 7 p. m. Program after dinner: "Prophylactic Use of Sulfanilamide," Dr. Frank Hood, Marion, N. C.; "Case Report," Dr. Ben Gold, Shelby, N. C.; "Presentation of Pediatric Cases in the Hospital," Dr. D. Lessene Smith, Saluda, N. C.

JOHN OWENSBY

John Roe Alexander Owensby was born July 20, 1885; died July 8, 1940 at 7 o'clock; age 54 years, 11 months and 19 days.

He is survived by his wife, Effie Owensby; two brothers, Christ Owensby of Marion, N. C., Whit Owensby of Asheville; three sisters Mrs. Fenley, Mrs. Curry of Azalea and Mrs. Sophie Hayes of Mill Spring. He joined Green Creek Baptist church in 1907 at the age of 22.

Miss Thomas Is Guest Speaker at Minnehaha

Tuesday evening Miss Elizabeth Simonton Thomas was the guest speaker at the Minnehaha powwow. Dr. Richard Sanders read from her book of poems, "A Star Shines" ten poems. They were as follows: "Make Me a Hollow Reed," "I See The Myriad Colors," "I Call You", "Your Songs Fall," "Where Is an Infinitude of Greatness," "Listen to the Drum-Beat of Life," "There Is No Discordant Sound," "Who Can Dim the Candle-Light of Love," "Wisdom Speaks Not," "Where Night Once Held Men."

Dr. Sanders, in commenting on Miss Thomas' work, stressed her seeking for beauty, reality and God; that she was the true mystic, and that her poetry showed that reality was only in the region of the Spirit. It might be called twilight poetry, as there were no glaring lights, no blatant, war-splitting sounds, but poetry of a still small voice. He characterized it as a poetry of mountains, valleys, rushing rivers, always coming to rest in quiet composed pools, with mists of day - break, candles burning in darkness, subdued music, the eternal stars—the motif. It is the poetry of one who is swept to great heights on the wings of her own humility, he said; truly religious, with fresh and appropriate images and euphonious phrasing.

In the round table discussion that followed the poems and comments, Miss Thomas and the guests who were poets discussed how poems are created.—Hendersonville Times-News.