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# POLK COUNTY NEWS

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**From South America**

**Interesting Letter by the Sister of the Editor About a Little Known Country.**

Bogota, Columbia, Aug. 4, 1922

Myrtle:

I will try and write you a letter as A. M., as I am alone for a little while. The trip up the river was very beautiful. The trees, palms, bananas and the coconuts were so pretty; and there were so many alligators all along on the sand bars, and there were a great many sand crabs. When we left Baranquilla we traveled all night, and in the morning we were quite along the way. It took us seven days to get to Bogota, and when we got there, I'll tell you. We left Baranquilla at 10 o'clock P. M. and were supposed to leave at 8, but we found that time means nothing to the people down here, 8 or 10 is all the same. The way they do things now is the way their fathers did just after Columbus discovered America.

The first day out there was not of interest but the scenery; on the second day we began to go to the farms. The houses were (without exception) made of adobe and mud and only one room, and a loft up above where they slept; it made no difference how there were in the family, as they had to sleep up there to get away from the wild beasts, of which there are many, tigers, lions, wild dogs, and snakes.

Everyone went to bed early as there was no moon and you could see the stars on the shore and there was no light else to do. But we all managed to be up early in the morning to see the sunrise, and I tell you they were well worth getting up to see. I have seen many beautiful sunrises here to compare with tropical ones. On the third day we landed on the bank of the river. I forgot to tell you the boat was a wood burner and we had to stop for four hours every day to take wood for the boat. Several got off to take a look at the town. The streets are about 10 feet wide and houses are built right on the street and are built all the time. They look as if they were living there, but at the time the whole population was made up of all kinds of things to do but you are not to give them the price they ask, you are expected to give them and they are disappointed if you do not. There were alligator pears at 2 cents, mangoes 3 for 5 cents. One of the gentlemen bought me a basket of coconuts for only about thirty cents; it was quite large at that. After we got started from there we had two girls pounding corn into meal. They had a big bowl in which the corn was placed and each of the girls had a big club with which they were pounding the corn. People that live on these islands have no need of money, as they need so few clothes, and some of them do not have any at all. All boys up to 7 and 8 years do not wear anything at all, but the little boys wear a slip. I did not find out why they wore that and the boys wear everything they want but suit. They have their coffee, pigs, cattle, chickens, and as they know the value of wheat bread they are satisfied. If they do not have some of these things they take some of whatever they have, for instance, they want coconuts they will take some coconuts and go over to their neighbor and tell him that he would give them some coconuts for some thing that is the way they live. They are satisfied and happy.

It is not right to show them different unless you could show them how they could get it. That would be impossible. In this country this is a country of only two classes, the very rich and the very poor. There is no middle class. The laboring class have no show in it. For instance, we are getting ready to go to housekeeping and a woman to clean house. A man said to me, "let me get her for you, I know better how to talk to her." He sent for a woman that was worth 70 cents a day, and the woman thought that was a good price. Just think of getting a woman for \$5.00 a month. She would do everything, washing and all, and they never have anything

at that low wage.

I tell you that it is hard for me to believe that it is August as it is so cold here and they have no way of heating the houses. This is their winter time as the sun has gone NORTH for the summer. June, July and August are the coldest months here, and I will say that they are cold. I never go out without my heavy coat and fur and then I am cold. Bogota is 9,606 feet high, so you see although we are only 300 miles from the equator we are so high that it is quite cold. But they tell me that we will have nice warm weather from September until June. Jim said never mind, we will get some oil stoves and keep warm that way.

I was surprised to see so many autos up here after making the trip up. One appreciates the great trouble they have getting them up here. We made seven changes from New York to Bogota. First from ship to train train to boat, boat to train, train to boat and train to train, etc. The last change was on account of the road not being the same gauge. They started both ends of the road at the same time and when they came together they found that one end was one gauge and the other another. So there you get off a narrow gauge train and get on a wide gauge track.

Jim was so glad to see me. We came to the hotel and had dinner. Some of his friends called and spent a while, but went home early as three thought I must be tired after such a long trip. I must tell you how much we are paying at the hotel. First, I am going to tell you that we have two large rooms and four meals a day, \$2.50 per day. Not such prices as the hotels in the States charge. Myrtle I wish that you could see the stoves they cook on. It is a good thing that we are to have a maid as I am sure that I could never get a fire started let alone cook on one of them. They are built in the house and are of brick and tile. If they had a damper to put the heat in the oven I could not find it. Coal here is cheap only \$4.00 per ton. The hot water tank is connected with the stove and is large enough for a hotel. We took a very small house, it is only ten rooms, and that is considered very small. They first took us to see a house with 18 rooms and said that was an average size house.

We finally found this ten-room house and the agent was afraid we would not have room enough to be comfortable in, as the maids would have to have a room and that would not leave us so many. I thought that one maid was a great plenty, but it seems that we will have to have two, as the one that does the washing and housework will not cook. I tell you their way of living is so different from the way I have been used to but I guess in time I will get used to it. I like the place very much and when we get to housekeeping and get our stoves it will be very nice.

Monday the new President is to be inaugurated. He seems to be very popular man and they are making big preparations for the festa.

Give my love to your mother, Maggie and all the rest that ask after me, and write soon, as I am anxious to hear from someone from there. Lots of love to you all, from ROSA.

**The Presbyterian Church of Tryon.**

John L. Yandell, Minister

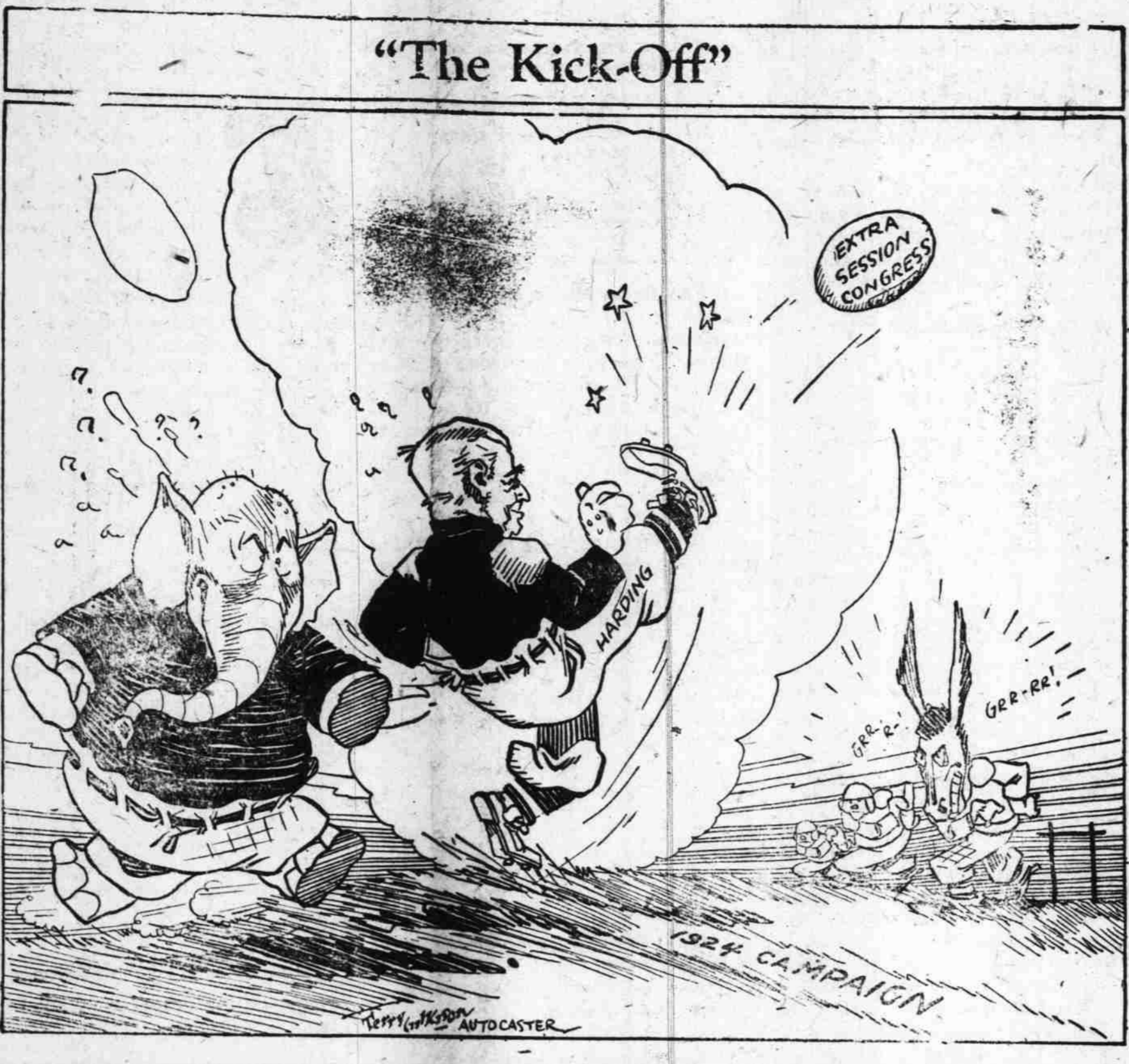
Evening service at 7:30 o'clock at the Methodist church. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The washing of soil from the hillsides by heavy rains during the winter months is one of the greatest losses the farmer suffers. It can be prevented by terracing and growing winter cover crops. If you have some hill land, better see your county agent.

If you have an item of news let us have it. It is our desire and aim to give all the news of our town and vicinity but we will need your help to do so.

Many men who would not commit larceny will cheerfully steal a busy man's time.

The way some men answer a telephone reminds us of the way a bulldog greets a stranger.



### TRYON'S LOSS

Speak well or say nothing, of the dead, we are told; but unless one spoke well of the late Mr. Lindsey, there would be little to say; and his modesty would repudiate this extravagant and unalloyed. The worthy memorial address of the Rector of the Holy Cross and Mr. Searles' excellent comment in your last week's issue, forestall much additional praise in honor of Tryon's conspicuous and well honored citizen.

Each of these eulogists touched the "high lights" of his character and career. The Rector's reference to his brief acquaintance with him was itself a eulogy; for he had quickly revealed the essential elements of his character, and indeed that was as transparent as the atmosphere of the perfect days that now and again glorifies Tryon and its autumn painted mountains. This was because he unconsciously perhaps, heeded the Shakespearean adage, that if one is true to oneself, it follows as the night the day, that one cannot be false to another. For this reason his fellow citizens regardless of condition and color felt a deep personal interest in him when alive and a tranquil, almost joyous though melancholy remembrance of him Washington Irving for some of those who leave us, "there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song and a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living."

The Rector deservedly emphasized the fact that Mr. Lindsey was above all else a good man. He was in every sense of the words. Not only an upright, honest man, but a good son, husband, father, churchman, a good citizen, active public spirit, supporting every cause he thought was calculated to promote the welfare of his fellow citizens. He was a good fellow—business associate, comrade companion; genial, kindly, courteous, intelligent, gracious in manner to all; of a sunny social disposition, he was welcomed everywhere with cordial greeting's and mutual pleasure.

He was a good tiller of the soil. His vineyard in the Thermal Belt scientifically located, and cultivated with studious and painstaking toil produced a grape of such flavor, so artfully and deliciously blended that it seemed to be a confection as well as a fruit. It's fame put Tryon "on the map." His exhibits of it at Niagara Falls where it originated took higher prizes than the fruit

### ENTERTAINMENT FOR BENEFIT OF CHILDREN

The opportunity of a life time "A trip around the world" for 75 cents—meal ticket and carfare included.

On Tuesday Nov. 28th, at the Drug store there will be a caravan of cars to carry all passengers "Around the world."

### Proper Rotation Should Be Used With Lime.

The use of lime in North Carolina is advocated by the Division of Agronomy, according to W. F. Pate, of the N. C. Experiment Station, but only under certain conditions. The soil must be wet and sour and a system of crop rotation should be followed which includes the growing of some legume crops.

When lime is used with regard to the proper rotation, an increase in yield may be seen for a few years but in the long run the soil will become poorer and the yield less than if no lime had been used. The old adage of "Lime and Lime without manure makes both farm and farmer poorer" will in most cases prove true.

Some of the soils in the state are deficient in many elements of plant food such as lime, nitrogen, and potash, and when lime is used to supply this deficiency or neutralize or destroy sourness, it be very beneficial.

Although the use of lime has been practiced for many years, its effect on soils and crops was never fully understood and even now its use is advocated when the soil is extremely wet and sour, or when there is a deficiency in the soil, and then only in conjunction with a proper rotation.

It is usually the gentleman that gets the hot end of a gentleman's agreement.

Never praise a man to his wife, for she knows him and will think you a fool.

One reason why some people do not have more is that they do not want more.

### TRYON ROUTE 1.

Many enjoyed the sermon delivered by the Presbyterian pastor of the Columbus church at Bethlehem Sunday afternoon. This church is to have singing practice next Sunday, and service at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. H. C. Freeman our new pastor. "Who-so-ever will may come" and come to Jesus too, what better invite can we give than the one our Savior gave. The doors are open to all.

Mrs. Nannie Waldrop and grandmother of Hendersonville, and Mrs. Catherine Silton of Canton, are visiting at their old childhood home, the Carpenter farm, 'tis sad but sweet for the two, the oldest and youngest of the daughters to meet again and talk over the by gone days.

The Misses Ruppe gave a singing Saturday night which was much enjoyed by the young people.

An old time husking bee was enjoyed Saturday night at W. B. Edwards farm.

Mrs. Nance of Spartanburg is homing a while with her son Fernon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rains of Blackberry, S. C., are visiting the latter's brother, King Brown.

J. D. Carpenter spent Saturday at Asheville.

The Hamilton's spent Saturday in Spartanburg.

There must be something done on Route one, the road, is almost impassable in some places especially the bridge, if not fixed right away I fear our good "carrier" will be saying bad words.

**A SURPRISE PARTY.**

Last evening (Monday, Nov. 20,) there was a delightful gathering at the home of Rev. J. F. Black in the Valley. Many members of Mr. Blacks Bible Class, with officers and teachers in the Congregational Sunday School with other friends and neighbors, over forty in number, gathered at about five-thirty o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howes, near by, many of them bringing parcels of provisions for a supper. When all were ready the group invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. Black surprising completely the popular class leader with congratulations upon his sixty-fourth birthday. The supper was promptly served a la cafeteria, baked chicken with all the tasteful accompaniments cake and coffee upon service trays held in the laps, as groups sat in merry conversation about the living and dining rooms. After supper which was most ample and satisfying in variety and quality. The Birthday Cake with six red candles on one end for the six tens of years and four on the other end for the single years of the recipient's present decennial was brought forward and presented in an amusing address by Mrs. Black together with a bouquet of sixty-four golden carnation blossoms with additional remarks. The cake baked by Miss Hudson, and bore the inscription of the year of birth and of this anniversary. During the evening Mr. Dwight Smith delighted the whole company with readings in dialect poems in English as spoken by German, French, and other immigrants. Mrs. Linsell, of Cleveland, Ohio, a visitor in the Valley, sang very interesting selections, the last from "Madame Butterfly" and Miss Helen Morton contributed a pleasing Scotch song. The surprised host of the evening amused and astonished his guests by a number of very neat feats of ledgerdeman. Then the evening was closed with a general sing from a religious song book of old favorites ending with "God be with you till we meet again." The party broke up at about nine-thirty o'clock everyone feeling that it had been a very successful surprise and a jolly and profitable evening withal.