

# The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

Vol. 9, Est. 1-31-28 TRYON, N. C., MONDAY, DEC. 21, 1936

## Mrs. W. J. Ford

Mrs. W. J. Ford, 60, died this morning at home about 3:10 o'clock. Funeral services will be held on Tuesday afternoon a 3 o'clock at the Tryon Methodist church with the Rev. F. A. Dryman, officiating.

The deceased is survived by the following children: Mrs. J. Vernon Hall, Jack Ford, W. J. Ford of Tryon, Mrs. Stanley Spletts-toeszer of Deerwood, Minn., Jennings Ford, U. S. S. Idaho, Miss Louise Ford of Tryon; Also three sister, Mrs. Bessie Matthews and Mrs. Mildred McCall of Reidsville, Mrs. Evelyn Ross of Atlanta; and one brother, John Weaver of St. Louis, Mo.

The deceased was born on the old Weaver place between Tryon and Columbus on Dec. 16, 1876. She married the late W. J. Ford on Dec. 25, 1903.

The pallbearers: Frail Durham, W. Y. Wilkins, W. A. Schilleter, D. D. Davenport, W. W. Creasman and J. W. Taylor. Honorary, M. C. Butler, J. M. Early, P. G. Morris, R. F. McFarland, Frank Burgess, W. S. Green, Fred Wofford, Dr. A. J. Jervey.

## Court Of Honor

The Polk County Boy Scout Court of Honor will be held tonight at the Tryon School building. All friends of Scouting are invited to lend the influence of their presence to this great character-building movement. The Court of Honor will follow immediately in the Colored school building. Scout Executive R. M. Schiele will preside at these meetings.

## London Letter No. 18

5, Montagu Square, W. 1

Dear Mr. Vining,

Before anything else, I want to thank you for your kind notice in the Bulletin of my father's death. Both my mother and myself appreciate your sympathy enormously.

Secondly, I would like to wish everybody in Tryon a Happy Christmas and a joyful New Year. I, as you have undoubtedly forgotten, spent the Christmas of 1935 in Tryon, so I know how thoroughly delightful it can be. I remember it looked enchanting with a Christmas tree burgeoning coloured bulbs in front of every house, and those candles lit in the windows were particularly comforting. Oh yes, I needed comforting—a stranger in a savage land and all that—but Tryon did the work admirably, and my nostalgic qualms went down with the turkey. I had my terrifying moments of course. Mr. Flynn, as Father Christmas, shout-in in an unearthly bass, not only frightened every child out of its wits, but caused me nervously to drop the sleighbells out of the car, long before the reindeer were due to volplane onto the school roof. Also, I remember crying a good deal with Mrs. Flynn as we listened to some guttural humming noises on the radio reputed to be the late King's message to his farflung Empire. Which brings us, as indeed does every other subject even if it's soap, to the present King.

Although you in America have been having a wonderful time mud-

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