

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

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

Polk Gets Money For School Lunches

Raleigh, Dec. 30.—George W. Coan, Jr., state WPA administrator, announced tonight the approval of 16 more relief projects in North Carolina.

The largest single item provided for an expenditure of \$17,097 in local and sponsor funds to extend sanitary sewers in Monroe, Union county.

Other projects include:

McDowell county, teachers of handicraft, \$3,187.36.

Polk county, free school lunches, \$643.50.

Rutherford county, school lunches, \$6,540.

Graham county, school lunches, \$3,926.

Buncombe county, construction water lines in sanitary districts, \$12,729.

Mrs. W. W. Covil

Funeral services were held this afternoon at 3:00 at the Lynn Baptist church for Mrs. William W. Covil, 55, who died suddenly Wednesday noon following a stroke. Funeral services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. L. J. Keels. The pallbearers will be her nephews: Fred Ravan, Link Ravan, Allard Ravan, Herbert Covil, Clyde Cocil, Lee Cochran. The deceased is survived by her husband, William W. Covil, and the following sons and daughters: Frank Covil of Lincolnton, Zeb Covil of Lynn, Mrs. Margaret Conner of Tryon and Miss Karen Covil of Tryon.

Our African Letter

(From Bill Weigel)

On board Njassa.
Beira-Portuguese East Africa.
November 30th.

Tryon Daily Bulletin:

Forty-three days have passed since I boarded the Njassa at Hamburg, Germany. The ship is now anchored in the stream off the above port, the gateway to the Belgian Congo Rhodesia and Njassaland. For four days the cranes have been busy unloading and loading cargo, giving one an idea of the natural resources of Africa and of the requirements of the white man who are developing them. Out of the hold that seems cavernous in depth come automobiles, machinery, railroad iron and provisions and into it go sisal, manganese, copper ingots, chrome, asbestos and many other raw products demanded by the industrial nations of the world.

This trip has been a port to port trip, interesting to be sure, but all the way down the coast I have been longing to penetrate beyond the coast fringe of civilization and to see a section of primitive Africa where the negro and wild African animals still hold sway. An opportunity to do so came at Beira.

The town lies at the edge of a great plain that stretches out into the distance as far as one can see. To the north it is drained by the Zambesi, in this section by the Brozie River. The land along the coast is swampy, farther inland a great plain covered with groves of trees separated by broad expanses of grass land. No roads

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