

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

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TRYON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1937

Basketball News

Tryon Athletic Association girls and boys' basketball teams split a double-header Wednesday night at the local gymnasium with the Converse Mills teams of Spartanburg, S. C. The speedy Tryon girls were too much for the Converse girls and easily won 33 to 4. The local guards were clicking so good that Converse girls were not able to make a field goal. Tryon boys lost a hard fought game to the Converse boys 43-33.

The high school basketball teams will play their only home game of the week, Friday night, when Landrum high is met. The games with Landrum always are hard fought and attract a big crowd due to the closeness of the two towns. The games for the past few years have broken about even in wins with the scores being only a few points different. Fox, one of the Landrum players, is familiar since he has been a half-back on the Tryon football team for two years.

The girls' game will start at 7:30 with the boys playing afterwards.

The Tryon colored basketball teams lead by Captains Hannon for the boys and Massey for girls, will meet a strong Sylva team tonight.

Read P. C. News

Mayor Missildine has a proclamation in it. Representative McDowell opposes Senator Bacon's absentee bill. Senator Reynolds has a column in it. Schools news, Spartanburg theatres schedule for next week. Price 5c copy.

London Letter, No. 20

40 Orchard Court, W. 1.
January 25th.

Dear Mr Vining,

I am sure you have all been very grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mrs Flynn's sister, Mrs Brand. It came as a great shock to everybody here, and she will be sorely missed by her many friends. She was unfailingly kind to me, and I shall always think of her radiating goodness and charm, as I'm sure you will too, in Tryon.

England is quite hateful at the moment. The Thames, as usual, has overflowed its banks, and our daily papers are plastered with pictures of women being hauled out of their bedroom windows into boats by stalwart men in Wellington boots; of children floating about in hip baths, or sodden cows grazing moodily at vast tracts of water. But as you too, so I read, are experiencing bad floods, maybe you won't be as sympathetic as I had hoped.

As you see, I have just moved house, and am now living on the sixth floor—don't sneer like that—of a block of flats. I find the height quite bewildering, and am enchanted by the view of roofs and chimney pots. Owing to the fact, however, that this migration has been taking place, the outside world has been a closed book to me. I have spent my days with the carpenter, and my nights rearranging the furniture. I find that at night I am endowed with superhuman strength, and can move pianos with one hand; a sort of nocturnal madness assails me! I believe that all house-movers get it. Because of this, I repeat, I

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