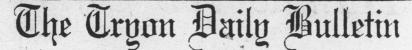
WNTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AUGUST 20, 1928, AT THE POST OFFICE AT TRYON, N. C., UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS, MARCH 3.1579



(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

Vol. 10, Est. 1-31-28 TRYON, N.C., TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1937

NEW BOOKS AT THE LIBRA

Books recently added to the Lanier library and are now ready for circulation:

Fiction

Borden-Action for Slander.

Christie-Cards on the Table.

Dodge-Graham of Claverhouse.

Fisher-April; a fable of love. Forbes-Paradise.

Gale-Light Woman.

Goudge—A City of Bells. Hilton—We Are Not Alone.

Over Their Hueston-A Roof Heads.

Marquand-The Late George Ap-

ley. Knight—The Affair of the Scarlet Crab.

Maxwell-The Emotional Journey. Rinehart-Married People.

Sayers-Bushman's Honeymoon.

Wells-The Croquet Player.

Non-Fiction

Bragg-Electricity.

Cooper-Here's to Crime.

Guelalla-The Hundred Years.

Hathaway-Modern Radio Essentials.

Holdridge-Escape to the Tropics.

Kipling-Something of Myself.

Ludwig-The Nile.

Mosher-More Toasts.

Roeder-Catherine de' Medici and the lost revolution.

World Almanac and book of facts, 1937.

Gifts

Black-Time and Chance Chase-This England. Deeping-No Hero-This. Dunlap-Encore for Love. -Continued on Back Page

Gibbs Talk Sunday

J. H. Gibbs who spoke over Phillip Lord's program Sunday returned today from New York, and the Bulletin borrowed a copy of Mr. Gibbs speech as follows:

"I'm John H. Gibbs, a rural mail carrier from way back in the hills of North Carolina."

Lord: "Now go ahead and tell your story, Mr. Gibbs." Gibbs: "Well, I've carried let-

ters through the Carolina hills for almost thirty years. I reckon I've travelled 250,000 miles. My son suggested to me that I come on this radio program and tell the men and women who devote their lives to delivering the mail. I wish you could see the faces of the folk back in the hill when I bring them a letter. A lot of farmers, when I give them a letter from their boy-go up into the hay loft to be alone and read it. Now I have to dissapoint some people. There's one old lady who has come to meet me almost every day for fifteen years, but I never have the letter that she is waiting for. I'd give half month's pay if I could deliver that old lady a letter from her boy. Of course I get roped in, too I've had to milk cows for them who were sick. One day I had to spank a boy for his mother. He was a little too big for her. A couple of years ago, an old lady came running out and said, "Mr. Gibbs, help me, my cow is sick." Now I'm no veterinarian, but there wes a lady in distress. The only cow sickness I knew about was "Hollow Tail" but I didn't know Continued on Back Page