

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

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

NEW BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY

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.
Hueston—A Roof Over Their Heads.
Marquand—The Late George Appley.
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 letters 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 dissappoint 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 was a lady in distress. The only cow sickness I knew about was "Hollow Tail" but I didn't know

—Continued on Back Page—