

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

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Herbert Beck

Herbert Beck, 74, former certified public accountant of Chicago, passed away Saturday afternoon here at St. Luke's hospital where he was taken on Friday. Mr. Beck had been in declining health for several years. He was a native of London, England. He came to America about 1885 and was prominently identified in business in Chicago as a certified public accountant. He retired in 1928 and came to Tryon to make his home.

Private funeral services will be held this afternoon at Church of Holy Cross, Episcopal, with the Rector, the Rev. John A. Pinckney, officiating. No flowers. The body will be sent to the Macon, Ga., Crematory.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Clara May Beck, and three daughters, Miss Katharine Beck and Miss Gertrude Beck of Chicago and Miss Margaret Beck of Tryon.

Beacon Knocks

Tryon Nine Out Of Flag Chase

Swannanoa, Sept. 4.—Beacon Mills knocked Tryon out of the second half Industrial league title race today in an 11 to 3 victory.

R. Patton collected five hits in as many times at bat and S. Patton got three for four to lead the Beacon attack. R. Capps paced the losers with three for four.

Miss Graham Writes From Sweden

Storkholm, Aug 24, 1937

Dear Mr Vining,

My London letter comes to you from Sweden this time! I have come here for a short stay by way of Copenhagen and am finding the experience truly delightful.

The Northern capitals were as a closed book to me, and now that I have opened it, I am thoroughly excited about everything, and feel as though I had very cleverly discovered a new continent.

The chief phenomenon of Stockholm is the weather. It appears to be tropical at the moment. I am sure this is quite incorrect for a country situated way up at the top of the map, but it is nevertheless delightful. At any minute now I expect to meet somebody in a solar topee, or else to find myself face to face with a tarantula!

The food is delicious and extremely cheap. The main dish being glorified hors d'oeuvres. These are usually lain in serried rows down the centre of a long table, and one helps oneself liberally, and then staggers back to one's own table with a plate looking like the best dog's dinner. After indulging in seven forms of smoked fish, eggs and meats and salads, one rushes quickly out of the restaurant, hoping never to see any more food as long as one lives.

The American consul and his wife have been far far more than kind to me here, and to show how small the world is, on the first

—Continued on Page Two—