

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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TRYON, N. C., MONDAY, NOV. 8, 1937

Sheriff W. D. Hines Loses His Father

W. I. Hines, 85, of Campobello, S. C., and father of Sheriff W. D. Hines of Polk county, passed away Sunday night about 12:30. Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m., at the Campobello Baptist church, and the burial will be in the cemetery nearby. The deceased is survived by three brothers and two sisters and the following sons and daughters: Kindred Hines of Campobello; W. D. of Columbus; Willie M. of Inman; R. V. of Landrum; Mrs. S. B. Weaver, Mrs. Robert Owens of Campobello; and Mrs. J. R. Burns of Greenville, also 24 grandchildren. Mr. Hines was a native of North Carolina, but had made Campobello his home for many years.

Still and One Man Captured Saturday

The Polk county sheriff's force including Deputies Claud Scoggins, Jim Fisher, Melvin Hines and Sheriff Hines, made a raid on Fork Creek Saturday and captured a 24-barrel illicit distillery, destroyed 1,000 gallons of beer and about 20 gallons of "moonshine". One man, Bill Emery, was arrested after giving the officers a good chase.

Kiwanis Tuesday

The Tryon Kiwanis club will meet on Tuesday at 1 p. m., at Hotel Tryon with the Rev. D. M. McGeachy in charge of the program.

Our London Letter From Miss Graham

40 Orchard Court.

October 28th. London, W. I.

Dear Mr Vining,

We are just reaching the end of glorious October—long mellow days, sunny and windless, with the countryside bathed in a sea of gold. We are so pleased with ourselves at having had a really fine month for once, we feel we can face anything that the winter may bring. And I expect it will bring plenty! Not only do our troubles lie meteorologically (we have already experienced a 90 m. p. h. gale) but more especially diplomatically.

We all of us talk a great deal about war, cracking jokes about gas-masks and Italians, but nobody has the faintest idea whom we are going to war with, and if so, why! Although the policy of splendid isolation is, perhaps, impossible to pursue these days, it is a policy which, I truly believe, lies closest to the average Englishman's heart. In fact, I doubt very much whether you could get him to fight another man's battles in a foreign land. I only hope he will never be called upon to do so.

It is like living on a live bomb here, and one prays that no silly fool will pull the pin out. It is unfortunate that at this moment we are having to quell our eastern subjects in a manner not altogether pretty, and the Italians are naturally not slow to remind us

Continued on back page