

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

Vol. 10. Est. 1-31-28

TRYON, N. C., MONDAY, DEC. 27, 1937



"CURB" REPORTER

Christmas is over, but most of us are still too full for words . . . It was nice to have Virginia Graham in far away London remember Tryon. And there was a greeting from John F. Searles in South Africa, from Bill Weigel in Southern Florida, from Miss Harper and Mrs. Richardson in Arizona, from the Fred Smiths in San Francisco, from Margaret Culkinn Banning in Minnesota, and from a hundred friends nearer home . . . Major Sharp and the Banty Rooster stayed home for Christmas . . . Civil War in Spain remains about the same . . . Japs pushing forward in China . . . Tryon Fire department was called out Sunday noon to the Columbus jail to extinguish a blaze that did about \$50 damage. A 15-year-old boy, Marshall Pace, was the only occupant. During the fire he was released but later rearrested. Probably Marshall wanted fireworks for Christmas . . . Over 400 people were killed during the holiday week-end throughout the nation by accidents, shootings, falls, autos, etc. . . . Newton D. Baker, former secretary of war under Wilson, will be buried Tuesday in Cleveland . . . Senator Vandenberg, Republican and Senator Bailey, Democrat, may appear on a coalition ticket for President and Vice-president in 1940 some observers think . . .

Our London Letter From Miss Graham

40 Orchard Court,
London. W. 1.

Dear Mr Vining,

Let me begin by wishing Tryon a very happy Christmas, and a prosperous New Year. I am deeply conscious of the joys of a Tryon Christmas, having (as you have very properly forgotten) spent one in your midst. Trade Street stretches before my eyes in all its' glory. Missildine's is full of shoppers, each striving to look more innocent than the last, nervously dropping a pot of shaving cream as a relative approaches, and whispering sweet nothings into Miss Caps' ever-sympathetic ear! Garfield presumably, is still sucking a match as he strokes the front window, and the Ballenger Bantam still struts beside the holly wreaths. Ah me, what I would give to be with you again!

Mrs Grenfell and I spent last Saturday morning tying up parcels to send to those of your citizens we dislike the least! Our oaths flew as thick as the snow outside as we battled with bits of tissue paper and struggled with yards of string. The room was a veritable shambles of Christmas ribbon, labels, and the ties we had left out by mistake! Mrs Grenfell complains she has a enormous blister on her little finger from pulling so enthusiastically at pieces of string, and she thinks she will sue somebody about it as soon as she can make up her mind

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