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Our London Letter

40 Orchard Court,
London.

Jan: 23rd.

Dear Mr Vining,

I feel it is about time that I had a crack at this mill business! If only I knew what a mill looked like, when it didn't look like a water mill or a windmill, I should be better qualified to speak. Still, speak I shall, and a fat lot you'll care! I must say that my first feelings when confronted with this suggestion were ones of extreme distaste. I don't want a stick or a stone of Tryon altered—in fact I should really prefer you all to starve—but judging from the correspondence in the Bulletin, a vast number of you think that a mill would improve conditions. Perhaps you're right, but I hardly think it will improve the view. (People like me, who have nothing on earth to worry about always think about views.) Prosperity is what you all desire, but poverty is far more becoming; therefore I, being safely out of your reach, and nobody caring what rot I talk anyway, put myself unreservedly on the side of the Anti-Mills. Down with Progress is my slogan from now on, coupled with the wish that you may all get poorer and poorer until Tryon is just a picturesque village with ivy twining round the doors and cows sleeping in Trade Street and me looking at the VIEW! It's sad to think that nobody's going to pay the smallest heed to me, but then it's sad to think of Tryon as a house divided, baring its gentle teeth in rage, so to speak, and hissing impolitely at itself.

This letter is supposed to be about London, but London in January is dull and dreary and nothing much happens. Mr de Valera, the Irish Free State Premier, paid us an official visit last week, with a view to initiating more friendly relations between the

two countries. In these troubled times we are anxious to be friends with anybody, yes, even Ireland, the bothersome green thing.

The Panay sinking film reached here not long ago, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much hissing the Japanese whenever their funny little faces appeared. We now hiss everybody—Musso, Hitler, and the Japs, and it is so frightfully silly, not to say tiring, AND rude.

There have been drastic changes in the Army organization. Those dear old generals with waving white moustaches have gone, and the younger men have been promoted in their stead, causing a lot of chuff chuffing and damn-bad-form-dontcherknow-what'ing. I expect it is a good thing, though as far as I can see a soldier is just a soldier be he eighty five or forty. They've all swallowed ram-rods.

Yours sincerely
Virginia Graham.

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