

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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Vol. 11. Est. 1-31-28 TRYON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1938

Brevard Infant Dies Here

Ted Edwards Dalton, four-months-old infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dalton of Brevard died early this morning at St. Luke's hospital following a short illness. Remains taken to Brevard for burial.

Girl Scout Picnic

The Girl Scouts with their leader, Miss Pace, and Miss Nellie Rushing, went on a picnic supper at Vaughn's Creek on Wednesday afternoon. The following Girl Scouts went: Betty Seeley, Evelyn Taylor-Tanner, Frances Helms, Marion Bridgeman, Nancy Morton, Gelolo Iris Kell, Doris McClure, Evelyn Cromer, Jean Derby, Mariel Derby, Jane Brand, Margaret Sorague, Ann Brundage, Elizabeth Anne Vining, Dot Millikin, Hope Schilleter and Ann Clark.

P.-T. A. BRIDGE-GAMES PARTY, OCTOBER 21st

The Tryon Parent-Teacher association will have their annual bridge-games party at the Parish House on Friday evening, October 21st at 8 o'clock.

No prizes will be solicited from the merchants and business houses, but if any merchant or any one in the community would like to give a prize for the party they may do so by calling Mrs. James Baker or Mrs. Douglas Blois, who are joint chairmen of the Ways and Means Committee.

Our London Letter

Orchard Court. London.

Sept: 27th.

Dear Mr Vining,

We have been living, these past few weeks, under a great strain, and even the strongest nerve is fraying and the most optimistic heart is failing. The news changes with such rapidity, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse, (usually the latter), we find it hard to keep abreast of it. We have talked so much and speculated so endlessly we are now almost numbed. We can't remember who sent which note where, and what the Poles said to the Hungarians, and we know we shall scream if we see another map of Czechoslovakia! A strange apathy has overtaken us. Only half of ourself is leading a normal life. The other half is waiting, looking into the distance with a lacklustre eye.

There is something particularly annoying about being at the mercy of an unstable, erratic and apparently insane man. Last night he made one of those hysterical speeches, practically strangling himself with his own voice, that we are beginning to know so well. To hear him, and the thunderous applause of those millions of his compatriots from whom the truth has been systematically and consistently hidden, makes the blood run cold.

Either we shall have a war on Saturday or we shall not. Even now it seems hardly credible. I cannot quite believe that I, Virginia Graham, am sitting here with a gas mask in a brown paper bag. Incidentally, the paper bags

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