

# The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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## CURB REPORTER

From cellar to attic; pots and pans from the kitchen, clothing and ready to wear of all kinds as well as household things will form a miniature department store at the St. Agnes Guild Rummage Sale on Saturday at 2 p. m., at the Parish House. For many years the Guild has had a record of achievement selling things and making things for the support of St. Luke's hospital, the county nurse, lunches for needy children and for their own Parish work. Whoever trades with them on Saturday helps three: "Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me." . . . Lewis E. Lawes said, "Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes." . . . If anyone sees Major Sharp please tell him that a lot of magazines were left at the Bulletin office today for him. . . . Mrs. Tracy Hale, niece of Mrs. W. C. White, bought the Luckey house on Piney Mt. sometime ago and is here now fixing it up. She has as guests two friends from Milwaukee, Mrs. Richard S. Davis and Mrs. Arthur Johnson. . . . Former Librarian Rachel Oliver is at the Kell apartment for the winter. . . . Judge Thomas E. Brown has charge of the Tryon Rotary program on Friday at 1 p. m., at Sunnydale. . . . Thursday night supper at Sunnydale tonight. . . . Joe Cannon has moved into his home next to Lanier library. It is one of the best furnished homes in town even to Cannon towels in the bathroom. . . . The Democrats gave Sunnydale its biggest dance crowd last night. . . . Program at Colored Holiness church tonight. . . . Louis Heller, 85, father of Nathan Heller, of Milwaukee, former Tryonite died on Monday. . . .

## Our London Letter

October 18 Orchard Court.  
London.

Dear Mr Vining,

We are just recovering from the effects of our peace without war, and both people and things are resuming a more normal attitude. It took us quite a time to reverse our mental processes, and, as you doubtless heard on the other side of the Atlantic, there were quite a few explosions. It has been disheartening work listening to the fire-eaters moaning, and feelings have run so high it has been imperative in social life to talk exclusively of the weather, a subject with which, fortunately, we are well primed. It has not been particularly pleasant to meet friends, who, a few weeks ago were noticeably three shades paler and had retired to the country with forty hams and three tons of preserves, talking as though they had been ready to take on Germany single-handed. No one can say that it was a good business, and no one can deny that we have lost an indefinable something, but surely, surely, it was worth the price? It is easy now to say that everybody has done everything wrong in the past, and that we should have done this and that. It is true. But what is also true is that I am alive!

I remember that last week in September, thinking, well, the guns are mounted in the parks, the Fleet is at sea, the Territorials are being called up; here we are, millions of us offering ourselves with beaming smiles to be slaughtered, and what in the hell for! There must be, one supposes, causes worth dying for, but I fear, that with all

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