

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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TRYON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1939

Duke Cooking School A Big Success

The cooking school conducted on Tuesday afternoon by the Duke Power Company was attended by approximately 50 ladies of the community. Hotpoint electric ranges were demonstrated showing the conveniences and economies of the new ranges. Mrs. Kathleen Moore, home economist of the Duke Power Co., was in charge. The delicious foods cooked in the demonstration were given away to the following ladies: Mrs. E. E. Missildine, angel food cake; Mrs. B. F. Coogan, angel food cake; Mrs. Seth M. Vining, chicken chili mola; Mrs. John Gibson, broiled chicken with vegetables; Miss Betty Lee Andrews, (6) 100-watt light bulbs; Mrs. L. C. Reynolds, ham loaves; Mrs. Stephens Slavo, devil's food cake; Mrs. Geo. S. Jenks, devil's food cake; Mrs. J. F. Peeler, broiled chicken with vegetables; Mrs. W. L. Hague, surface cake; Mrs. J. Coke Foster, fruity slaw; Miss Minnie Lee Garrison, rolled roast with potatoes.

Merchants Meeting For Friday

As there has been no unanimous agreement among merchants as to the Thursday afternoon closing a meeting of the merchants has been called for Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Missildine's Hall in order to discuss the situation. It is reported that some of the clerks prefer to have their vacation all at one time instead of taking it by piece meal in half days each week.

Masculine Viewpoint Of the Garden Tour

Last Saturday afternoon a goodly number of Farm, Home and Garden club women congregated at the Court House to begin a tour of some of the most auspicious flower gardens of the county. Men, too, were invited, but few went.

However, a few of the manly order pushed back the feminine complex, donned a clean shirt and struck out. Alas, but for once, the scenery and seemingly exquisiteness of the occasion hushed the most talkative piece of femininity and all stood in awe; yes, even almost miraculous silence and thorough observation at the "dream home" of Tom Costa. Resting there at the foot of a mountain and atop a small "noll" is the almost unbelievable "Costa-Villa." Certainly a lavish day-dream comes true, a paradise surrounded by vineyards and the natural lay of the earth landscaped to lend splendor to the "dream." Here we saw the Florida orange and the mountain grape become apparent brothers, breathing the same air, supervised by the rarely grown ol' King Celery with his crown several "transplantings" away. The lake and swimming pool lend an aquatic atmosphere. While all about the house fragrant and delicate plants project from the unbelievable, as in the tropics. But the trip does not end here; it's on to the Pacolet Plantation, where in direct contrast to Costa Villa which has a duration of only four years, the

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