

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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SETH M. VINING, Editor \$1.50 Year In the Carolinas

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At The Churches

(Visitors Are Welcome at All Churches).

TRYON METHODIST: Rev. Edward M. Graham, Minister. 10 a. m., church school, C. H. Helms, Supt. 8 p. m., worship service; sermon by the pastor. 7 p. m., Young People's meeting, Miss Margaret Pace, president.

SALUDA METHODIST: Rev. Edward M. Graham, Minister. 10 a. m., church school, H. L. Capps, Supt. 11 a. m., worship service, sermon by the pastor; 7 p. m. Epworth League, Cleo Hall, president.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: 11 a. m., at the Lanier Library. Subject, "Truth."

PRESBYTERIAN: Rev. D. M. McGeachy, Minister. Tryon Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. G. I. Henderson, Supt. Worship service 11 a. m. Sermon subject, "The Essentials for a Quiet Heart." Columbus worship service at 8 p. m. Sermon subject, "Seeking the Fountain of Life."

CONGREGATIONAL: Erskine Memorial. Rev. C. Arthur Lincoln, D. D., Minister. 11 a. m., sermon: "Do We Own Ourselves?" 9:45 a. m., Sunday school, Nelson Jackson, Jr., Supt. Audiphones for the deaf.

FIRST BAPTIST: Rev. B. G. Henry, Minister. Sunday school 10 a. m. J. T. Arledge, Supt. Worship service 11 a. m. Subject, "Giving God A Chance." Prayer meeting and choir practice, Wednesday 8 p. m. Men's Brotherhood meets on Friday evening at 7:30 p. m.

PACOLET BAPTIST: Rev. B. G. Henry, Minister. Sunday school 10 a. m., Fred Ravan, Supt. Wor-

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News from the War

Rev. C. P. Burnett of Tryon, who is a native of England, has received the following Canadian newspaper clipping concerning Sergt. R. H. Trafford, 18, son of a cousin of his who is with the British Air Force:

"When we were over the German lines, about 30 planes flew just above us. We dived down till we were about 20 feet off the ground, and the Germans opened fire on us from all directions.

"We were hit five times in the fuselage by anti-aircraft shells. These shells make a huge hole when they go in and they burst as soon as they are thru the outer surface.

"The control wires were all broken but three and left us without any elevator control. The wireless set, which is about 12 inches in front of my knees, was completely smashed, but all I got was a piece of shrapnel the size of a pinhead in my leg. Lucky, wasn't it?

"When we got over the Channel the pilot beckoned to me and I had to crawl up the fuselage for him to give me a note stating that we would have to bail out.

"There wasn't any hurry, because the plane could fly up, but not down.

"I went back and fitted on my parachute, and waited for the word to jump.

"When we were over the English coast he gave me the order.

"I pushed myself out of the hatch and pulled the rip-cord as soon as I was out of the machine.

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