

The Tryon Daily Bulletin

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

Vol. 13. Est. 1-31-28 TRYON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1940

Tryon High Tops Cowpens 46 to 0

(By School Reporter)

The Tryon high football team continued its winning ways Friday when a scrappy squad from Cowpens fell before the locals by a large margin. The visitors started off with a bang and by the aid of some excellent punting placed the Tryon boys on their own ten yard line. However, in about five plays the ball was advanced to the forty yard line and on the next play, Vining, big Tryon back sliced off tackle and stepped sixty yards for a touchdown. Not content with this tally, the same back racked up three more in the next two quarters. The Cowpens team resorted to passing but could make little headway except in spurts. Shields of Tryon blocked a punt to continue his habit, running his total up to five in two games. This time, McGeachy, the local's fast center scooped it up and outran the field to score. Swann, the other tackle, also succeeded in blocking a punt. The Tryon line showed up well, not yielding a single first down. The ends, Captain Taylor and Wall, played well. The guards, Derby, Martin and Arledge constantly stopped the visiting backs. Melton and the two Beatson brothers in the backfield did nice running and defense work.

The next game which has been scheduled for Tryon brings Swannanoa high to Harmon Field, on Thursday, October 17th. So far no team has been scheduled for Friday, October 11th, but if pos-

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Our London Letter

Sept: 14th. Bristol.

Dear Mr. Vining,

Well, we are having it properly now, and the more I hear and see of its effects, the more proud I am to be English, and more worthy do I consider the battle.

London has had a pretty bad time of it these past few days—I was up there at the beginning of the raids having a few days rest from the raids down here!—and believe me it is still very much there.

On Friday evening at about six the first raiders came, and after the All Clear was sounded, I went onto the roof to inspect the view. In the distance, quite near to St. Paul's great clouds of smoke were pouring, and as the evening progressed, these turned to raging flames, a lovely but ghastly sight. With London lit like a beacon it was inevitable that the raiders should come again, which indeed they did, raining bombs indiscriminately about, particularly on the fire fighters. We had a tough night of it, with bombs banging down, and guns banging up, and the incessant drone of aeroplanes overhead. This lasted from nine until half past five, which time I spent on some cushions on the stairs, as the air raid shelter seemed full of squeaking children. I preferred squealing bombs.

Next day, the fire had been extinguished, but over the whole city hung a smell of burning, which was grim and beastly. Everybody yawned a lot, and hundreds had

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