

THE TRYON DAILY BULLETIN

1c PER COPY (The World's Smallest Daily Newspaper) 1c PER COPY
SETH M. VINING, EDITOR \$1.50 Year in the Carolinas

Vol. 14. Est. 1-31-28 TRYON, N. C., MONDAY, MAR. 10, 1941

Mrs. Sarah Whiteside

Mrs. Sarah Reel Whiteside, 72, widow of Johnny Whiteside, died at 8 a. m. Saturday at her home near Mill Spring. Mrs. Whiteside was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Reel of Mill Spring. Mrs. Whiteside was married twice.

Mrs. Whiteside is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Leila Waldrop of Whitmire, Mrs. Faith Laughter of Mill Spring and Mrs. Ida Spicer of Edneyville; one son, Owen Smith of Columbus; three sisters, Mrs. Tom Nodine of Campobello, Mrs. Loney Farmer of Canton and Mrs. Phoebe Griffin of Rutherfordton; and seven grandchildren.

The funeral conducted Monday at 2 p. m., at the Bethlehem Methodist church at Mill Spring, with the Rev. John Edwards officiating. Burial in the church cemetery.

Active pallbearers: J. K. Griffin, Albert, Clarence and Charlie Griffin, Marshall and Fred Nodine.

Honorary pallbearers, Ralph Edwards, Tom Blackwell, John Garrett, Paul Jones, Elbert Green and Virgin Skipper.

COMMUNICATIONS

Request that appropriate publicity be given the following announcement:

"Applications to attend Citizens Military Training Camps in 1941 are still being received at Headquarters Fourth Corps Area.

These camps will NOT be held during the calendar year 1941. Applications to attend these camps should not be made."

Our Correspondent From London Writes

Jan. 30th.

Dear Mr. Vining,

At the best of times these are dreary months in Britain, and we are all feeling a bit worn and longing for the spring whatever it may bring to us. The only advantage in this cold misty weather is that it keeps the raiders away; in fact it kept them away for so many nights last week, we became quite suspicious! In a queer way one gets used to a certain phase of the war, and doesn't like it to change.

I had some leave a short time ago, and went to London with my husband. It still seemed the nicest place on earth! We visited a couple of plays and cinemas, and went dancing and shopping, and altogether had a grand time. We felt we owed it to ourselves, anyway, as things have been rather trying down here. The night before we left, "they" dropped a whole heap of incendiaries our way. Two of them landed in the garden, several on the house opposite which caught fire, and also the house next door. We were very fortunate.

We now await this darned invasion with much feeling. In one sense we would like to get it over, and in another sense we don't fancy it much! The Army of course is simply screaming for it to happen. What nobody likes is the idea of gas. Personally I can quite see myself getting into a panic if I was being gassed, es-

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