

THE TRYON DAILY BULLETIN

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SETH M. VINING, EDITOR \$1.50 Year in the Carolinas

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JOHN S. MELTON

John Shell Melton, 70, of Edneyville, a native of Cooper's Gap and who had made his home in Polk County nearly all his life, died on Tuesday evening at the Mountain Sanatorium. Funeral services will be held on Thursday afternoon at the Cooper's Gap Baptist church conducted by the Rev. Ben Huntley. The deceased is survived by six children as follows: Mrs. Bessie Laughter of Inman, S. C.; Mrs. Myrtle Mills of Mill Spring, N. C., route 2; Mrs. Ollie Dimsdale of Spindale; Deputy Sheriff J. M. Melton of Mill Spring route 2; Harold and Joe Melton of Edneyville.

MAKES GOOD RECORD

In April of this year Mack Helton, brother of Miss Bessie Helton, Lynn school teacher, was graduated from the Sunny View high school with a perfect record of attendance for 12 years. He was not absent or tardy during the whole time. He is 17 years old and has a talent for mechanics and will go to Charlotte for special training.

MISS DORR

Miss Virginia Dorr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Dorr of Tryon passed away at Doctor's Hospital in New York City on Tuesday, May 13th. Funeral and interment in New York. Miss Dorr visited her parents here last Christmas and had been to Tryon a number of times.

Prime Minister Church of England to quiz Hess personally.

Our London Letter

Druids Garth, Stoke Bishop,
Bristol. April 14.

Dear Mr. Vining:

This letter is to wish you all at Tryon a happy Easter. I know it wont get to you till the middle of August, but the wishes by then will have grown even warmer I expect!

Not a very nice Easter as regards weather, but the nastier the weather the nicer the bombers, so we haven't complained much! I wish you could see me when the sirens go! I will send you a photograph some time. I put on an orange pair of trousers, a jersey, a long blue dressing gown, a short army coat of my husbands' with a hot water bottle tucked somewhere inside, and a tin hat on my head. It is almost unbelievable! I then sit on a sofa in the front hall with a rug over my knees, and look as though I were on a steamer and not feeling any too happy about it either! However, we're all becoming amazingly used to the noise. The great thing is to put up such a barrage one can't tell what's coming up and what down. But oh my, the boredom!

Spring has reached us with a mass of forcythea and almond blossom, and I have a swell time whisking about the countryside, distributing the clothes you people so lavishly send up. By the way, I wish you could hear us cheer Franklin D. Roosevelt whenever he appears on the screen—or anyone American for that matter. Mr.

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