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# THE TRYON DAILY BULLETIN

*The World's Smallest Daily Newspaper, Seth M. Vining, Editor.*

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TRYON, N. C., MONDAY, FEB. 2, 1942

## W. E. Kilpin

Waldemar Ernest Kilpin died Sunday morning at St. Luke's hospital of pneumonia after a short illness.

Mr. Kilpin was born in Wales. He served in the Boer war with the British army and in the first World War with the Canadian army. He received wounds in both these conflicts. Mr. Kilpin, who has lived in the United States since 1918, was naturalized in 1919. He married the widow of R. MacDougall Campau of Detroit, the former Miss Lillie Batchelor of Pittsburgh. They have made their home in Tryon since.

Mr. Kilpin was prominent in Masonic work having been raised a Master Mason in March 1926. He was knighted in Detroit commandery No. 1, October 25, 1929. He moved his membership in 1933 to the commandery in Asheville and received his Scottish Rite degrees in Asheville Consistory. In 1937, Mr. Kilpin began his duties as an officer in Cyrene Commandery in 1935, and was elected eminent commander December, 1940. In June, 1941, he was appointed grand captain of the guard and also commissioned by the grand commander to be representative of the grand commandery of Maine near the grand commandery of North Carolina. He was re-elected in Asheville, December 5, 1941, as eminent commander of Cyrene Commandery to serve during 1942. Besides his Masonic activities, Mr. Kilpin was active in the affairs of the community. He was secretary-treasurer of the Tryon Rotary club at the time of his death, and mas-

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## From Hollywood

(Phil Higley, author of the play, "Remember the Day" writes to Tryon friends about Hollywood.)

1410½ Hayvenhurst Drive,  
Hollywood, Calif.  
January 30, 1942.

Dear Seth:

Well—where to begin? What exactly is there to tell about this town? Not as much as I expected—at least not about the effect the war has had on it—and I might as well say that at the start.

I certainly had the impression—and so I think did most people I talked with in New York and Tryon before I left—that California was in pretty much of a state about the whole situation. Hollywood particularly I had heard of as a place where drastic changes were in order. I expected frequent blackouts—studios that started work at 7 a. m., instead of 9 to get their employes home early—difficulties about finding a used car to drive—all sorts of things.

None of this turned out to be true. It may be that before I arrived (on January 12) there was dither and excitement—though everyone denies it—and definitely there has been none since. As a matter of fact, I sometimes doubt that people here are concerned enough. I suppose anything's better than panic—but it wouldn't hurt some of the individuals I've talked with to encounter a little of it. Maybe it's the fact that one (locally) all-absorbing industry keeps their minds off other matters. I don't know. It puzzles me. I do know, though, that so

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