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

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TRYON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 13, 1942



CURB REPORTER

Weather on Thursday: low 30, high 58 Marvin Williams, employed with Martin Airplane factory at Parkville, Md., expects to arrive home Saturday to be with his brother, Marion "Pig" Williams, who leaves Monday for the Navy Reserves. Marvin said tell all his men friends leaving for the service that if he did not get home in time to see them, for them to "Keep 'Em Flying" as he was doing his part to make 'em . . . Correction in Calendar of Events. The registration day for all men from 20 to and including 44, will be on Monday, February 16th, instead of date he in the Calendar. Men anywhere in the county can register at any registration place. Those here from other counties and other states don't have to go home, but can register here and have their cards sent to their hometown draft board . . . Harry E. Jenkins, deputy collector of internal revenue for the State of North Carolina will be at the Tryon City Hall on February 24th and March 3 to assist anyone in filing state income tax reports. . . . This is Boy Scout Week. Every community in Polk County should have an active Boy Scout troop. It takes only eight ambitious boys to start a troop, together with three interested

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COMMUNICATIONS

Lisbon, Portugal,
December 18, 1941.

Dear Mr. Vining:

I am wondering if you have received my letter to you from Madrid, mailed about the beginning of this month. I will write you again in hopes that you will receive it, if the clippers are willing.

I have just left Spain wondering whether it would have to line up or not. I don't think any of them want another war; but then it's not their say. The sight-seeing that interested me most while there was not of the usual touristic slant; visiting phoenician tombs, Roman ruins, vigi-gothic churches, Arabain villages, or medieval strongholds. There were other things to occupy one's attention—the very present past. There were the ruins of the university city just outside Madrid; an entirely new seat of learning completely destroyed; but now being slowly rebuilt. There were the ruins of the Alcazar at Toledo whose few existing rooms contained memorials to the fallen men and souvenirs of the siege, so vivid and touching that it made one re-live the 72 days internment as if one had been an actual witness.

Hovering, trembling over this past so near to all the Spaniards, was the actual present. And what could have been more interesting to see many of the foremost personalities who had so much to do with its shaping? While in Madrid I saw many of them unfortunately not the generalissimo. Some lived at our hotel, others merely came for a meal and a

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