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TRYON, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1942

MRS. ZETTELLA WAGNER

Mrs. Zettella Wagner, 60, wife of J. S. Wagner of Tryon Route 1, died Saturday at the family residence after a year's illness.

Mrs. Wagner was a life-long resident of Polk County, having resided 22 years at the home where she died.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Wagner is survived by five daughters, Mrs. Alma Ford of Mill Spring; Mrs. Blanche Raymon of Landrum, S. C., Route 1; Mrs. Gladys Hamilton and Mrs. Iris Flynn of Tryon, Route 1; Mrs. Lillian Turnee of Inman, Route 3. Five sons also survive as follows, Ed. Wagner of Mooresboro, Route 1; Lee and Walter Wagner of Tryon, Route 1; Ross Wagner of Lake Luke and John Earl Wagner of the U. S. Army at Fort Bragg, and 39 grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted Sunday at 3 p. m., at the Peniel Baptist church with the Rev. Broadus Belue of Landrum and

Rev. T. A. Wood of Forest City, officiating. Burial was in the church cemetery.

Active pallbearers were Don L. Flynn, Homer Durham, Horace Durham, William Holbert, Lonnie Foster and Robert Painter.

Miss Margaret Cameron

Miss Margaret Cameron, 74, of Chicago, Ill., passed away Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the hospital here. Funeral services will be held this afternoon at 4:30 at the McFarland Funeral Home. Rev. C. P. Burnett will officiate. Interment in Tryon cemetery. She is survived by her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Clark, who was here with her.

COMMUNICATIONS

A Letter of Appreciation to the Good People of Tryon:

Last Sunday I had a bad case of home-sickness and having nothing to do I felt an urge to get away from Camp Croft.

I didn't care where I went or what I did, just so long as I went somewhere. I wanted to get away for a little while and forget the whole thing. In fact I was really in the last stage of the blues.

So I picked out a place on the map within easy reach of the camp—Tryon. I had no particular desire to see it, only that it happened to be small and as one fellow said, 'It will remind you of home.'

So I went there.

I loitered around the Main street a while feeling more and more homesick all the time. Finally I asked the fellow who was with me to go on to Hendersonville. We did.

Nothing happened. So we started back to Camp Croft. We got a ride from Hendersonville to Tryon.

We were standing by the roadside trying for a ride to camp when I saw an elderly lady beckoning to me from across the tracks.

I went over and she asked me if I was trying to get back to camp. I said that I was. She said that as much as we soldiers were doing for her and her country, that she wouldn't allow us to go back that way. So she called the other fellow over and gave us a dollar apiece. She was with two other elderly ladies.

They told us to go to the Parish House and try to go back on the

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