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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., TUESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1942

WE WOMEN OF TRYON HAVE WORK TO DO,—WORK AT THE RED CROSS !

I wonder how many women are like me. Not long ago I said to myself, "Yes, of course, I shall work at the Red Cross, I shall start tomorrow," but "tomorrow" never came. However, the newspaper reports of the suffering of the homeless war victims sent me scurrying one morning to the work room of the Red Cross, not knowing exactly how that could help them, but wanting to do some small something that could be my "bit."

I found that work room busy making clothes of all types destined to clothe those very victims, and also I found that that tremendous output of good work depended on a few faithful workers who had arranged their home duties and pleasures to enable them to come day after day and, in spite of the monotony of it all, they cut and sewed, sewed and cut.

I stayed that morning and not being a good sewer I basted, I pulled basting threads, dull work of course, but with the feeling of each thread, I felt I was helping to win the war. Now, I help with the surgical dressings and with each pad I bang to make straight I feel I am banging a Nazi and helping to ease the wound of one of our boys.

I have signed up now for two mornings a week for no special length of time just as much as I feel I can give. Since I have a definite time I find it quite easy to think of those mornings as given to the Red Cross.

I hold no office in the Red Cross, I am one of the humblest of the workers, but I know now that the big amount of work sent from this chapter, has depended on very few workers and they need me and you, to help them.

If there are others like me, let them join me in giving our country our "bit" through the Red Cross.

—Matilda Jessie Giles.