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

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TRYON, N. C., MONDAY, JAN. 18, 1943

Tryon-Lynn School Pupils To Be Examined

Beginning Tuesday, Dr. Ben Washburn, the district health officer will examine the pupils of the Tryon district schools, remaining during the week as long as necessary. The state is giving especial attention to the health and well-being of the school children this year; not only for the purpose of checking diseases but for preventing undue sickness, and causing more work for the remaining doctors. Dr. Washburn will also advise on the eating of proper foods to check anemia and build up physical resistance. He will first visit Tryon graded school and then the Lynn and the Tryon colored school.



CURB REPORTER

Weather Saturday: high 65, low 50, rain .02; Sunday high 75, low 58, rain .01 In the mail this morning is a large picture of cadet John B. Metcalf climbing into a bomber and the following news story released by the Midland AAF Bombardier School: "Midland AAF School Texas—Clad in flying clothes, earphones and 'jump jack', Bombardier Cadet John B. Metcalf, 21-years-old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glover E. Metcalf of Tryon, climbs aboard a twin-engined AT-11 Trainer plane for another practice mission

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COMMUNICATIONS

Somewhere in North Africa.

Dear Mr. Vining:

It is now 1830 here, somewhere in North Africa. Our Commander-in-chief, President Roosevelt, has just completed his speech to the 78th Congress. The program was broadcast through the London Radio, BBC, from which we heard the speech. Its inspirational value and reassurance was immeasurable.

I am quite sure you people have heard many versions and resumes of our landing in North Africa on November 8, 1942. So I shall not attempt to elaborate on the successful events taking place that day. I will, however, attempt to convey to you a synopsis of the happenings in my memory as unforgettable:

On a day (*Censored*) last year my squadron, with other troops, embarked from an eastern port. To us our destination and mission were unknown. Later, as we drew nearer our objective, the entire set-up was explained to us. We knew we were about to participate in something big.

We felt that those huge letters, so seldom seen in the headlines, would inform the American public of this Allied offensive.

There was considerable speculation aboard ship as to the intensity of the opposition we were soon to encounter.

On November 7th, a delicious Thanksgiving dinner was served. It lacked nothing as a holiday feast.

That night I didn't go to bed. I was tense with anticipation and didn't want to miss anything oc-

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