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# THE TRYON DAILY BULLETIN

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TRYON, N. C., TUESDAY, AUG. 22, 1944



## CURB REPORTER

Weather Monday: High 86, low 55. . . Wonderful weather now . . . And the war news looks encouraging all the time as the Allies speed toward a quicker victory than was expected. End of war in sight says British General Montgomery; President Benes of Czechoslovakia thinks Germany will fight on in separate places even after Germany is invaded. . . Chief Signalman C. J. Rhinehardt of the Naval Recruiting Station, Asheville will be in Tryon Thursday. . . Philetus Pressley, better known as "Flip", the movie machine operator in Tryon for the past 13 years, is seriously ill at his home and needs money for a special operation out of town. Anyone desiring to help is invited to do so. . . The second polio case has been reported for Henderson County. . . After October 15th no gift parcel may be mailed to a soldier overseas without the presentation of a written request from him. . . Among the newcomers to Tryon are Mr. and Mrs. Victor Montgomery who bought the R. T. Brooks house in Gillette Woods. They have three small children, Victor, Jr., 7; Helen, 6; and baby Susan. Mr. Montgomery is an executive of the Whitney Mills. They moved here from Spartanburg. Mrs. Montgomery was formerly Miss Crowell of Bangor, Maine. . . Charles J.

Continued on Back Page



## WITH OUR ARMED FORCES

### From India

The following letter was received from Elmer G. Wilson, by friends here:

India, August 15, 1944.

How are you and all the folks in the good old United States?

As you may surmise by this I have come half-way 'round the world in anticipation of forever freeing the world of axis aggression. At present, I am in the mysterious land of the Far East—India. The land of Flying Carpets, Exalted Cows and Wallas; Gharee wallas, Naeae wallas, Akhbar wallas, Mochee wallas; in fact, more dam wallas than Carter has pills. And mind you, it's a strange land, too. Nearly everything is opposite from the occidental way of life which we were accustomed to at home. For example, when it is night back home, it is day here. When you want someone to come to you, you motion for him to go away. And, remember at home in the spring of the year when you would see the robins with their red breasts; well, here one sees the robins in the fall. Yes, things are mighty different here.

It is said that here man was created and civilization began. To the West, in the shadows of the mountains which separate India from Afghanistan, lies the Indus

Continued on Back Page