



Variety Vacationland residents can truthfully boast of a myriad of areas that are delightfully pleasant, scenic-wise and climate-wise, throughout the four seasons.

Just recently the family and I examined the road map, filled the car with gasoline, and drove over to a town which clearly falls into the above classification. What a pleasant week end we had!

Situated in the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains, just a couple miles north of the neighboring South Carolina border, is the village of Tryon. Although minor in terms of population (about 3000), the general Tryon area offers major rewards to the winter tourist-vacationer.

Tryon lies within the influence of the famous Thermal Belt and is sheltered on the north and west by high mountains. It is open on the south and east to the warm southern breezes — all of which add up to notably mild winters. The village was named for Tryon Mountain which bears

Bulwark of Freedom



Every man believes in something! He has a creed — a "belief." He may find its expression in "isms," political theories, or what not. He seeks an answer to the question, "What is Life's Purpose?"

Christianity gives that answer. It has stood for 2,000 years when all other "isms" and beliefs have fallen by the wayside.

Episcopalians, too, have a creed. They follow the belief of the Ancient Church which is based on the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Both start, "I believe in God." The Episcopal Church is a "believing" church — believing in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, one God — believing that Jesus Christ came to earth to save man from himself, and to establish a divine society in which all men are brothers.

This belief is the militant spirit of Christianity which can defeat Communism — and can defeat any other "ism" which threatens our God-given freedom, and is the answer to man's eternal question, "What is life's purpose?"

Won't you join us today in reaffirming our belief in God in the Episcopal Church near you?

REPORT OF CONDITION OF Swannanoa Bank & Trust Co.

At Swannanoa, North Carolina TO THE COMMISSIONER OF BANKS at the close of business on December 30, 1961.

ASSETS	
Cash, balances with other banks, and cash items in process of collection	\$ 293,717.87
United States Government obligations, direct and guaranteed	334,397.07
Obligations of States and political subdivisions, Certified and officers' checks, etc.	343,852.43
Bank premises owned \$11,421.26, furniture and fixtures \$1.00	11,422.26
Other assets	3,440.80
TOTAL ASSETS	\$1,830,332.41

LIABILITIES	
Demand deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations	\$ 695,663.73
Time and savings deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations	853,634.41
Deposits of United States Government (including postal savings)	4,155.21
Deposits of States and political subdivisions, Certified and officers' checks, etc.	36,736.96
TOTAL DEPOSITS	\$1,601,827.23
Total demand deposits	746,780.66
Total time and savings deposits	853,634.41
Other liabilities	26,918.57
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$1,627,333.64

CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	
Capital: Common stock, total par value \$50,000.00	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus	110,000.00
Undivided profits	42,998.77
TOTAL CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	202,998.77
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	\$1,830,332.41

Total deposits to the credit of the State of North Carolina or any official there \$ 26,736.96

MEMORANDA	
Assets pledged or assigned to secure liabilities and for other purposes (including notes and bills rediscounted and securities sold with agreement to repurchase)	\$ 35,000.00
Loans as shown above after deduction of reserves of	\$ 11,540.92

I, Roy W. Alexander, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that this report of condition is true and correct, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest: George W. Craig, Ray R. Harrison, Arthur M. Bannerman, Directors

State of North Carolina, County of Buncombe, ss: (SEAL) Sworn to and subscribed before this 19th day of January, 1962, and I hereby certify that I am not an officer or director of this bank. My commission expires 9-20-62. Madge W. Runion, Notary Public.

Mountain Musings

by Gene Byrd

The Innumerable Caravan: Our already stricken community has lost two more of our valued elder citizens. Although Mrs. W. W. Hall had a long period of ill health, I can remember when she was one of the most faithful attendants of the First Baptist Church, in fact, I believe she was made a deaconess or "lady deacon" during the partorate of the Rev. Otis Hagler. She had a pleasant personality, and I shall remember her with affection and respect. I want to extend sympathy to her family.

Also George Taylor will be greatly missed in the community. His big frame carried a big heart and he was the essence of friendliness. Up until a few years back, he operated the only grist mill around in the community. It seems such a short time since Papa would say, "All right, son, I've saved out some good bread for you. Let's shell enough for a 'turn' of meal, and then I want you to take me over to George Taylor's."

On our way out Cragmont Road and prior to turning down the dirt lane that led to the Taylor mill and home, Papa would deprecate the fact that mills had to be operated by gasoline motors rather than water power. "There's nothing like water ground meal," he said. "You don't get the meal fine or too coarse, and you don't burn it up while you are at it. George is a good miller though. I just wish he had a water mill!"

I loved the smell of the new ground meal and the friendliness of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Going to their mill was an occasion. The Muser extends his sympathy to the widow and children.

Do I Remember Jeff Silvers? A tall attractive young lady walked up to me at Old Fort awhile back. She smiled pleasantly, and I smiled back. "Jeff Silvers said for me to ask if you remember him," she said.

Do I remember Jeff Silvers? I remember him and his family happily and well.

My first acquaintance was through the two daughters that I taught that memorable first year of teaching. Then I met others of the family through the First Baptist Church. This was a large and happy family blessed with understanding parents and a plethora of pretty daughters. (No reflection Jack, you were small then.) The Silvers lived in what we all called the old Mount Mitchell Inn. This house was a large rambling edifice on the Montreat Road and was ideal for a large family. It was also ideal for B.T. U. parties and socials. The Silvers had the first player piano I ever saw; the most commonly played number was Mary Lou.

Later the Silvers moved to the old Shannon house near the golf course and became neighbors of my parents. We used to like for Mrs. Silvers, who had been an Allen before marriage, to come and sit a spell. She was a proficient conversationalist, and we liked to hear her talk of her home community of Pensacola "overhome."

The Silvers were liked and respected, and we were sorry when they moved to McDowell County.

Yes, I do remember Jeff Silvers and his family, and if I ever get out Moffitt Hill way, maybe we can "set a spell" and

remember together. **"Nor Rain, nor Hail":** One of the overlooked blessings, often, is the U. S. mail. I was so pleased to hear from my respective friend, J. P. Parker. He, too, had noticed the lonely chimney and had written a beautiful poem about it a long time ago. James Peale Parker writes poetry, and the Muser's feeble efforts are puny in comparison. With his permission, I would like to use his poem in the column sometime. I know my Readers would enjoy it. How about it, Mr. Parker? I am flattered that Mr. Parker is numbered among my Readers, and I'm glad we shared a sentiment.

Now I want to talk about the Editor's mail. It was good to see a communication from Addie Powers McHone of Hazelwood, a "native daughter of North Fork." I used to like to talk to "Miss Addie" at the North Fork Homecomings and even tease her a little about her "boy-friend" of long ago on North Fork. She could always out-tease a scribe aboard the North Fork people have always been masters of that gentle art. The Powers family was outstanding during the pioneer days on North Fork. Many of the men-folks later became identified with law enforcement work.

In George McCoy's recent account of the Buncombe Rough's of the Confederate Army he mentioned that a Riley Powers of Buncombe was detached to serve aboard the famous Merrimack, the iron-clad the Confederates hoped would break the Union blockade. I wonder if Riley Powers were related to Jesse and William Powers of old North Fork.

I'm glad Robert R. Hubner is renewing his subscription. I have wondered many times how he got started reading the News: I am glad he did. R. R. Hubner has been a source of encouragement and inspiration to me during my tenure with the News, and I'm sure he has been likewise to others.

Then I hope we can make a good impression on folks who are considering Black Mountain as a place to live. It is rather amazing how one feels "acquainted" with a place after reading its newspaper for awhile.

Stick In There, Roy! I was sorry to see where Roy Moore had sustained a stroke. During the Roaring Twenties, Roy was accounted to be one of the finest catchers in all these parts. He was outstanding in an athletic family that is a local legend. I remember him as a well proportioned, handsome athlete, and I wish him a return to health.

Take Care: The fact that my voice and that of my son sound quite a bit alike, especially on the telephone, could lead to an interesting situation (I fought a temptation to use the contraptions). Bobby was talking along gaily to a caller the other evening only to be jarred by the statement of the caller's wife who said that the caller's wife enjoyed his poetry. "You must want to talk to Daddy," Bobby gulped. "I'm glad that I got to talk to you, Roy, and I'm glad that YOUR wife likes My poetry. Meanwhile, when you folks

call No. 9-8522 use proper discretion.

Tarnished Coins The coin of hatred glowers At the thought of a fearful blow. These old coins are tarnished. I must throw them all away. They could never purchase What I would have today.

The coin of fame is fleeting And triumphs tainted with blood. The coin of faithless friendship Rings with a hollow thud. The coin of jealousy glitters Shines with a greenish glow.

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The coin of hatred glowers At the thought of a fearful blow. These old coins are tarnished. I must throw them all away. They could never purchase What I would have today.

I would have great love Unstinted, pure and free If I could have these things, I'd be rich eternally.

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Lux Liquid 12-Oz. Can 37¢ 22-Oz. Can 63¢	Wisk LAUNDRY DETERGENT Qt. Can 73¢ 1/2 Gal. Can \$1.39	Florient HOUSEHOLD DETERGENT Regular Can 79¢	A-Jax 2 Regular Cartons 31¢ 2 Giant Cartons 47¢
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PULL ON PASTIC Baby Pants 5 Pair Pkg. 79¢	Crisco Vegetable Shortening 1-Lb. Can 35¢ 3-Lb. Can 93¢	Lux Soap 2 Regular Bars 21¢	Handy Andy 15-Oz. Bot. 39¢ 28-Oz. Bot. 69¢
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