

BLACK MOUNTAIN NEWS

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Referendum request likely

by Clint Williams

A letter written and distributed by Paul Griffith, of 102 Dogwood Drive, requesting that the Black Mountain Town Board make a request to the County Board of Elections "to call an election in the town of Black Mountain for the purpose of voting on the proposition of FOR or AGAINST the sale of mixed beverages in social establishments and restaurants," has evoked an almost uniform response from the members of the Town Board.

The letter from Griffith requests that the matter be placed on the agenda for the July 10 Town Board meeting. "This request will be handled like any other request for an item to be placed on the agenda," said Black Mountain Mayor Tom Sobol. "In my opinion, I think the Board will take some action on it."

Sobol went on to say that if the Board did not take any action on the issue, a

referendum could be called for if a petition signed by 20 percent of the registered voters of the town was presented to the Board of Elections. However, Sobol said, "If it came to that, I think the Board is sort of shirking its responsibility by not making a decision."

If a motion is made to request a referendum be held, Sobol said, "I fully expect it to be a split vote, to be quite frank, but I do think the vote

would carry."

"I think if the town holds a referendum, it will be extremely close," Sobol added. In a prepared statement, Alderman A.F. Tyson said, "I am not advocating how anyone should vote on this issue, but I do think the people should be given the opportunity to vote on it."

Tyson later added that he does not plan to sponsor the motion and that he would like for some of "the other Board

members to express themselves a little more clearly." Ald. John Klutz said that he was currently uncertain how he would vote when the issue is brought before the Board and he is uncertain if the measure would pass. Klutz said that he had not heard any wishes from any of the establishments that may be eligible to sell mixed-drinks if the referendum is held and passed.

"I can't see having an election if nobody is going to take advantage of it," Klutz said. Ald. Jim Norton's views were consistent with the general consensus of the Board. Norton said that the Board should bring up the issue "without hesitation" and arrange it so the people can vote. "I think it's time the majority should start ruling again," Norton said.

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In-the-Oaks

Terry estate is elegant, eccentric

by Priscilla Hopkins

Sheltered and secluded by the trees that gave it their name more than sixty years ago, the manor house of In-the-Oaks stands in stately solitude at the end of a shady private drive on the southwestern outskirts of Black Mountain.

Begun in 1916 by Franklin Silas Terry, the careful and authentic reproduction of a Tudor country manor reflects the meticulous and orderly detail and attention that Mr. Terry gave to all facets of his life. He was a highly successful and wealthy man because he had a combination of foresight and acumen in his business dealings. Early electric light patents were acquired by him and the National Electric Lamp Association was formed by him; this company was later sold to General Electric and he served as corporate vice-president for electric lamp development and production for that company for a number of years in Cleveland, Ohio. A private business partner, Mr. B.G. Germaine, and he bought a number of businesses that were on the verge of bankruptcy and, after putting in good management which revitalized them, sold them at a profit. Several businesses involved in this process were the first voting machine manufacturer, Richmond Brothers, and Peerless Motorcar Company.

Mr. Terry, his male secretary, and Mr. Germaine spent many summers boarding in Black Mountain and carrying on their business activities from here. Mr. Terry combined business with pleasure and visited with his aunt and uncle and their eight surviving children—the Slocombs—who had a cottage here. He had visited with them frequently over the years both here and in their permanent home in Fayetteville.

Their eldest daughter, Lillian Emerson, was a widow with a young daughter, also named Lillian. Mr. Terry had already purchased some acreage from the Slocombs and other adjacent property owners and begun construction on a year-around home for himself when he and Mrs. Emerson decided to be married.

The proximity of their family, the seasonal beauties and good climate of the area and the convenience of the near-by Southern Railroad line were all considerations in their settling here—the latter was especially important because they entertained many house guests who came from all over the country during their residence at In-the-Oaks.

Once the decision to build here had been reached, the New York City architectural firm of Frank Wallis and Son was engaged to design the house and a contract signed with an Asheville firm to do the construction work. The plans for the estate also in-

cluded extensive landscaping of the grounds.

The granite for the exterior of the house was quarried somewhere between Black Mountain and Mr. Mitchell along the Southern Railroad line and was then transported to the local building site by the railroad. The roof was originally covered with hand-hewn cedar shingles to simulate a thatched roof. (These have been replaced because of fire and insurance regulations, but the original shakes may still be seen on the roofs of the well house and the garden house.) The cypress gutters from the main construction period are in use and good repair today. Large banks of multi-paned windows and doors were used throughout the house to admit as much light as possible.

Upon entering the ground floor of the original portion of the house, one is in the Great Hall which nearly traverses the house on a west to east axis. The cathedral ceiling with its massive exposed oak beams gives a sense of spaciousness to the hall. A gallery runs the length of the hall on the north wall, three tall pairs of doors fill most of the south one, and the eastern wall is dominated by a fireplace of hand-rubbed

granite of impressive proportions. Several of the furnishings of this room still remain from those that once graced the hall. An intricately carved wood box stands near the hearth, an Oriental rug that is approximately 14'x36'—now faded and worn—covers most of the floor, and a handsome Elizabethan refectory table stands near the western exterior door.

To the south of the Great Hall is the Music room with its curved ceiling that was designed to enrich the acoustics of the room. A variety of musical evenings were held in this room that included piano recitals, chamber groups, and private performances by artists such as Lilli Ponds. The wall above the entrance to the room contains a window that opened into young Lillian's room so that she, too, could enjoy the musicals held there. The eastern wall has a number of generous windows which overlook a courtyard framed in part by the southern wall of the Great Hall. The long walls of the room are decorated with pilasters with ionic capitals which give a formal atmosphere to the room.

To the north of the Great Hall and parallel to it lies the family sitting room; it is long

and narrow and opens onto the Great Hall with doors. On the opposing wall are large windows that overlook the grounds. Beyond this to the east through connecting doors is the family dining room.

It is wainscoted with some of the highly decorative oak paneling that gives a sense of unity to the ground floor rooms. The wainscoting is capped with a shelf upon which dishes and mugs were once colorfully displayed. A bay window with a window seat gives diners a pleasant view. Off this room and westward is the Great Hall, are the butter's pantry with its connecting kitchen and the servants' stairwell.

Upstairs are guest rooms and suites, Lillian's suite and the comfortable but unpretentious Master Suite. The bedroom of the latter has a delicately rolled ceiling and windows on three sides which make the room very light and airy. There is an adjoining dressing room, sitting room complete with a small fireplace, a kitchenette and a large bath whose shower stall has thirteen heads!

On the level that is down a half a flight from the Great Hall is one of the two most fascinating rooms in the main

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Arrival of steam engine high-lights holiday activities

by Clint Williams

The anticipatory crowd begins to thicken an hour ahead of time. After long impatient minutes, the gathering of over 250 people watch the scheduled time of arrival pass without incident. The throng settles into a limbo between excitement and boredom, disappointment and eagerness. Restless children throw oil-covered stones, adults mingle, and gossip, and joke, and tell their children not to throw stones.

Suddenly, men in red jackets and red caps inject excitement back into the crowd. "The train has left the Biltmore station. Please clear the tracks."

The knowledge that the train is actually, finally coming seems to make the people swarm like bees. Onto the track to look ahead, to see the first clue of the train's arrival. Children dart back

and forth across the tracks. One of the men in the red cap becomes harried. "PLEASE clear the tracks. We're concerned for the safety of the children. Please stay three feet away from the track. Please CLEAR THE TRACK. We're concerned for the safety of your children!"

Then, far-off, faint and lonesome, the whistle of the steam engine can be heard. For one split second the crowd falls silent. There is a refrain, and bedlam returns. Children run and scream with joy. Adults buzz excitedly. "Please clear the track! We're concerned with the safety of your children!"

A tower of smoke, thick and black, rises from beyond the horizon, growing higher and higher, signaling the long awaited train is growing closer and closer. A collective cheer breaks out as the

locomotive breaks over the crest of the hill.

The train draws closer. "Please clear the tracks!" And louder. The column of smoke grows higher. As the train grows closer. And louder. First close enough to hear, then close enough to see. Now, close enough to smell.

"Please clear the tracks! We're concerned for the safe..." but the sound of the metal monster drowns out the cry of the frenzied man in the red jacket and red cap. And the crowd falls back of its own accord, awed by the big, black, smoke-belching engine with fire shooting from under its belly. With the brakes hissing and smoking the train stops.

There is a polite scramble as the 248 passengers go to board the train, each one seemingly wanting a window seat. Then, there is an abrupt

jerk and the train is moving—finally. Finally, after the waiting, the train is moving, the ride down the mountain has begun.

There are cars and people lining the roads as the train slowly pulls out of Black Mountain. Cars on US 70 pull off to watch the spectacle. Traffic paces itself to keep even with the train. Small groups gather along the railroad right-of-way.

Soon, the long string of cars crawls into the darkness of the Ridgecrest tunnel. In this tunnel, as in the others to follow, the blackness is filled with the half-terrified, half-delighted screams of scores of children. The water that slides down the granite sides of the tunnel catches the light of the closed cars and shines briefly, like a glistening ghost.

The longer tunnels also become choked with the soot,

smoke and cinders of the engine and re-emerging into the daylight is a welcome relief.

The train eases down the mountain, like a giant twisting, jointed serpent. Smoke billows out from the smoke stack and the straining brakes. There is the hiss of the air brakes, the clatter and rumble of the tracks and the mythical singing of the wheels.

Everywhere—at the mouth of tunnels, at the foot of bridges, along the right-of-way—there are people with cameras and curiosity. Passengers and on-lookers wave to each other like old friends.

The out-skirts of Old Fort are almost like a foreign country. This different perspective gives them a new look.

The number of side-line spectators increases as the train draws closer to the Old Fort depot. The scenery moves by slower, slower and still slower, until the train stops and hundreds of passengers reluctantly get off. They are bubbling, buzzing, talking of this ride, dreaming of the next.

super-highway to buy gas. These regular customers are (Continued on page 10)

I-40 opening not devastating

by Clint Williams

An informal survey of area service stations and restaurants reveals that the opening of Interstate-40 (I-40) has not had the devastating impact on those businesses that line US 70 that was originally thought. At least not yet.

Although the opening of I-40 has affected "the gas business considerably," Roger Reynolds, manager of Black Mountain Exxon, says that the increase in his bay work compensates for it. "It's a lot more convenient for the local people to get into the bays," he said Monday. "I'm booked up through Friday."

Margret Slagle of Black Mountain Union 76 has been "exceptionally busy." She went on to say that she felt the Interstate hadn't had any affect and that the local people were "more relaxed in their purchasing."

A spokesman for Burgess 66 Service Center was more cautious. "So far you can't tell any difference. After the holidays, then we'll know."

The manager of Interstate Service Center, Bill Sinclair, has noticed a 20 to 25 per cent decrease in the amount of gasoline pumped this Fourth of July week-end compared to last year's holiday. "It (the opening of I-40) has cut us 4,000 gallons short for the week-end." After the season, Sinclair anticipates anywhere

from a 35 percent to 40 percent drop in volume despite a "super local business."

He also pointed out that many of the regular travelers of the Interstate come off the



Two young Fourth of July Parade watchers build stone towers as they wait for the action to begin (Clint Williams). For more scenes, see page 6.

