



32nd Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1960

Our 53rd Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

- Anne EGGERS Chapman
- Annual Luncheon
- Emails
- Special Guests
- 50 Years Ago
- Heard From
- Apple of His Eye
- Obituaries
- Photos from Israel

This 1960 Class Newsletter is an attempt to keep in contact with our classmates and update their happenings in life.

Website to Browse:
www.deweyfox.com

ANNE EGGERS CHAPMAN WRITES HISTORY



“Woman shares about life growing up in Glen Alpine”

By Mary Elizabeth Robertson, The News Herald, Sunday, May 12, 2013

GLEN ALPINE, NC – Inspired by an idyllic childhood growing up in Glen Alpine, Anne Eggers Chapman decided to revisit the past. This time, taking notes.

Chapman, who was born in Morganton and then moved to Glen Alpine when she was 4, grew up surrounded by family and friends.

Continued on Page 2

CLASS OF 1960 ANNUAL LUNCHEON

Here we go again, our second annual class luncheon was held at Friday Friends Restaurant located on Sanford Drive in Morganton. We ate, enjoyed each other and all the comments were that everyone had a great time.

We had some special guests for the luncheon. First, we had Betty Orders which was secretary to Mr. Young for many years. She was there with her husband Jerry. Hopefully they had a good time, we enjoyed them.

Please send me any news you may have and your email address for faster updates.



CLASS OF 1960 LUNCHEON CONTINUED

Another guest was Mr. Bob Duckworth who knows a lot about Glen Alpine sports and mainly about Coach Ralph “Jug” Wilson and his football career at Glen Alpine. Bob fit right in with our class.

The other guest was Maxine and Don McCall who gave us some facts and figures on the hanging of Frankie Silver. In other words; facts versus fiction or tradition or story telling to make the story sound good. They had the paper evidence.

You can read more about them later in Newsletter.

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Photo by Dewey Fox



Jesus' Beatitudes Site

Photo by Dewey Fox



Flowers in Israel

Anne EGGERS Chapman, Continued From Page 1—She has decided to write a memoir, publishing it online at www.snapshots4memoirs.wordpress.com for everyone to read. "I loved my crazy life," Chapman said. "I knew it was wonderful to have people around me. The whole town was like a huge family."

Chapman grew up in the 1940s and recalls a different time in American history. "It was just an easy time, the war was over. People were having hope again," she said. "We got to play, we got to imagine." She said the ability to imagine is something lost on children today. "Kids today have every minute of their days planned," she said.

Chapman said growing up, she and her friends would play outside all day, only coming back inside for meals. "We came home at lunch and left again," she said. In the memoirs Chapman shared about growing up in 12-room home she shared with her extended family. The house belonged to Chapman's grandmother, called Bashie.

Chapman and her mom, dad, brother, two aunts and grandmother lived in the house on Davis Street, located near the J.D. Pitts Home. J.D. Pitts was Chapman's great-grandfather.

"It was the summer of 1946 that we'd come home to Glen Alpine," the blog said in a Feb. 26 entry. "My parents and my baby brother and I had arrived at the old home place on a humid August day....Nothing to compare with the great, 12-room house that was my grandmother, Bashie's, which had changed very little since 1913 when Papa Pitts had built it for her." She described the features of the house her family loved, including a sleeping porch.

"On the sleeping porch in Bashie's brand new Big House with its windows all around, the kind that slide back into the walls when you open them, memories of five children hang thick....," the blog says.

Chapman talked of life in Glen Alpine without today's amenities.

"The old wood stove with its reservoir of boiling water and its wood from the woodpile on the well porch burning furiously warmed the kitchen on Saturday nights. After supper dishes were washed and put away, the swinging pantry door was propped open to heat the pantry as well. One by one we'd strip naked in the pantry's privacy and take our turns in the large galvanized tub a foot from the stove's warmth," said a blog post.

Chapman said because of her grandmother's old-fashioned ways, the family did not update the home with electricity.

After her grandmother's death, Chapman described a meeting where Bashie's children discussed a remodeling of the home.

"There was a meeting in the kitchen over the holidays in memory of Bashie," the blog reads on March 30. "Whether it would be appropriate to put in a real bathroom, an electric stove beside the wood stove and an oil heater in the dining room was talked about, and the five children decided to split the cost among themselves...and so it was that the old home place moved into a new century with its new appliances and Daddy's paint job."

Chapman said the house became updated with the times. "When my grandmother died, we moved in a new era," she said. "It's about how life was at that time."

Chapman shares some darker times, including posting about an incident of abuse by a neighbor. "It was after a situation of abuse by a neighbor I realized the '50s were idyllic but you couldn't talk about anything," she said.

Chapman originally began writing the memoirs when she wanted to preserve the memory of her mother.

"I had written about my mother," she said. "It was going back to what I left behind. I loved going back to these times."

Visiting her childhood home physically and through her memories, Chapman began to share the stories.

"The more I shared it, the more it touched people," she said.

Chapman said she plans to write her memoirs up to the year 1969, when she was married.

Chapman, 72, plans to publish the memoirs and a children's book, but is keeping them available online for now.

"My main purpose is to share them and to get them out there," she said.

This article was taken from The News Herald here in Morganton. See Anne's memoirs at www.snapshots4memoir.wordpress.com

CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960





To your left is Bob Duckworth, special guest at our May 2013 Luncheon. Over the years Bob has furnished me with a lot of pictures, movies and stories of Glen Alpine School. Bob only went to Glen Alpine for the first two years of his schooling life, (moved to Hickory, N. C.) but kept up with and attended about all Glen Alpine Football games under coach Ralph “Jug” Wilson.

I would say that Bob knows more Glen Alpine sports than any man alive today.

We thank Bob for attending and enjoyed his story telling of Glen Alpine Football.



This is a picture to your left of a very special guest attending our Annual Class Luncheon. She is a retired school teacher of the Burke County Schools and is the person that I think knows more facts about the hanging of Frankie Silver than any other person. She has searched and researched the past for the truth of what took place leading up to that dreadful day of July 12, 1833 when Frankie was hanged in Morganton on Damon’s Hill.

Oh, by the way before I forget, our special guest was Maxine McCall with her husband Don. Maxine was also autographing her book, “They Won’t Hang a Woman.”

If you didn’t get a copy of her book, let me know. I believe they are priced at \$20 each.

Again, thank you Maxine and Don McCall for coming to be with us. We all love you both.



You may, (but I’m sure you do,) remember Betty Orders who was the secretary of Principle W. A. Young. She worked in the high school building for many years. When called to the office for something we had done wrong, she was the one we had to sit in front of while waiting for our turn to see Mr. Young. Yes, we all have memories of Betty.

The above picture is Betty and her husband Jerry. They were another of our special guest at the May Luncheon. Thank you Betty and Jerry for being with us on this special occasion and you both are special to us.

Picture from 1959 GA Annual



Obituaries

Mary Lou Black— 90, died Sunday, May 6, 2013, at Burke Palliative Care Center. She was born in Burke County, on December 07, 1922 and was the daughter of Walter Stephens and Nisha Stephens.

NOTE: Mary Lou Black is the mother of our classmate Olivia BLACK Byrd.

Taken from The News Herald May 28, 2013.

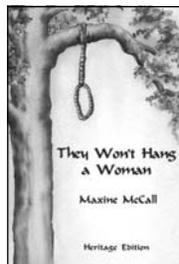
Jewell Farris Self— Went to be with the Lord Saturday, March 09, 2013, following a brief illness.

NOTE: Jewell Self was the wife of our classmate James W. Self.

Taken from The News Herald March 10, 2013.

(1Th 5:11) Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

(2Th 2:17) comfort your hearts and establish them in every good work and word.



On the left is the book written by our guest Maxine McCall.

“They Won’t Hang a Woman”



Uncle Wendell,s Rabbit Gums

By Anne EGGERS Chapman—Memoirs May 2013

After the death of the mocking bird and the death of Callie, the cat, I thought a lot about death... especially, the poor little animals who didn't get to decide whether to live or die because people got to. I was certain that Easter chicks and Easter ducks died because they got sick on all the Easter egg dye they were dipped into, and thought death was better than living. But killing little animals on purpose, even if you were going to eat them just didn't seem right for any reason.

Uncle Wendell, my mother's brother, worked for Jefferson Standard Life Insurance in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and had come for a visit with us. He must not have agreed with me, because soon after he arrived, he took my brother, David, out to the granary in the back yard, gathered some pieces of Daddy's left-over wood and began to show him how to build what Uncle Wendell called a rabbit gum. He explained as he hammered it into a shoebox shaped thing, with a little trap door at the front, that all he had to do was put a carrot at the far end of the contraption, and a little rabbit would smell it and run into the box to nibble it.

The trap door would fall down, preventing the rabbit from escaping, and he and David would then "rescue" it, skin it, and cook it for dinner. I was horrified as I ran back into the house, waiting until they'd finished their terrible deed.

When they had gone off to do something else, I sat down close enough to the rabbit gum to scare away rabbits who might wander up to it. Nothing happened, so I finally left.

The next morning I tiptoed through the dewy grass and, making sure no one was looking, checked the door. When I noticed the trap door had come down, I went over and carefully lifted the door. The little rabbit shot out of the box and fled off into the safety of Daddy's garden.

From that day on, I felt it was my duty to rescue little rabbits, and before he left, I heard Uncle Wendell telling my daddy, that he couldn't understand what had happened... it was the first time ever he'd set out gums and caught nothing.

Actually, he had trapped more than a few of them, but somehow they had miraculously escaped?

FOR MORE: www.snapshots4memoir.wordpress.com

"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

Taken from The News Herald, March 25, 2013

"Howard Pritchard has a Sunday school record that is hard to beat. He has attended Gibbs Chapel Wesleyan Methodist Church on Jamestown Road every Sunday morning for the past 18 years.

Note: This is Letha PRITCHARD Hawkins father.

Taken from The News Herald, April 29, 2013

Miss Betty Brooks, President of the Glen Alpine unit of the N. C. Education Association, is shown with other newly elected officers of the teachers' organization. Mrs. Jerome Dale is secretary/treasurer and Mrs. Barbara Cobb is vice president. They will head the NCEA unit for 1963-1964 school year.

EMAILS: concerning the Annual Luncheon

Bob Duckworth

May 18, 2013

I had a great time yesterday while visiting with the GAHS Class of 1960. Thank you Dewey Fox for the invitation and to all of those class members that I got to meet, what a grand group you are.

Anne EGGERS Chapman

May 19, 2013 (*this was concerning guest Bob Duckworth*)

And we loved having you there. Loved your stories, and I can't wait to hear more of them!

Heard From:



Barbara BRACKETT Daves— Barbara called me back a few months ago. Said she was feeling better and wanted to contact a few of her classmates. She told me that she has had two heart attacks, and a stroke.

She is currently living off Mount Home Church Road here in Burke County. She said that she had worked in Washington D. C. for some of her working career.

Barbara has three children, Jeff, Randy, and Lynn. This has turned into nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Her current phone number is (828) 391-8323 and her birthday is 5/22/1942.

Barbara, good to hear from you, keep in touch. DFox

The next Annual Luncheon is planned for 3rd Friday in May 2014 which will be May 16, 2014 at 12:00 Noon. Go ahead and mark it on your calendar.

“Annual Luncheon at Friday Friends”



Meeting each other again.



Ordering from the menu!



What will it be next?

In deep conversation!



“God has condescended to become an author, and yet people will not read his writings. There are very few that ever gave this Book of God, the grand charter of salvation, one fair reading through.”

--George Whitefield (December 27, 1714 - September 30, 1770, English Anglican preacher instrumental in the Great Awakening in Britain, and specifically in the British North American colonies)

“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

Taken from The News Herald, April 08, 2013

Busy as bees are members of the Glen Alpine Future Homemakers of America Club. The service is free as a part of their FHA project. Those helping were Patsy McGalliard, Anne Bowers, Frances Bailey, Becky Biggerstaff and Edwina Fox.

The names above are, Frances Bailey married to Earl Bailey, Becky Biggerstaff our classmate and Edwina Fox, my sister.

Balbus Branch was soap maker for Broughton Hospital and began making soap there in 1893 until 1912.

His salary was \$15 per month. He left working at Broughton in favor of running his farm. In 1893 he made 1,080 gallons of soap and in 1907 he made 8,645 gallons. The soap was made of lye, fat and water. Smelled awful cooking but not so bad when finished.

Note: a little history here about the way things used to be and the price of wages. Of course, \$15 would buy something.



JP McCurry and Cute Daughter



Don McCall and Martha Fox



Martha R Fox

“Phrases

”The Apple of His Eye”



Did you ever wonder where this phrase came. People will say, “She is the apple of his eye.”

Right off you would say that he or she is my favorite, I love that person or thing and you would be correct.

In the Bible you have Zechariah 2:8 where the writer writes of Israel being the apple of God’s eye. God said, “if you mess with Israel, there will be circumstances.”