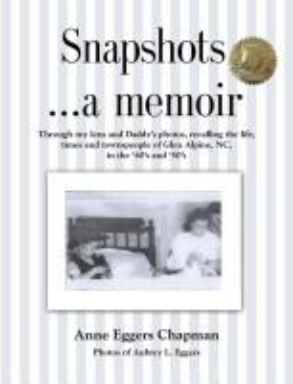
Snapshots ...a memoir

Through my lens and Daddy's photos, recalling the life, times and townspeople of Glen Alpine, NC, in the '40's and '50's

Anne Eggers Chapman

Photos of Aubrey L. Eggers



Awarded the prestigious Paul Green Multi-Media Award by the NC Society of Historians in 2013, this coming-of-age memoir resurrects the rich and colorful heritage of several generations of townspeople in the bustling community of Glen Alpine, North Carolina, during the '40's and '50's. Through the lens of her father's camera, the author chronicles her life behind the white-washed picket fences of the times.

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As a WordPress Blog,

Snapshots…a memoir

received the prestigious

Paul Green Multimedia Award

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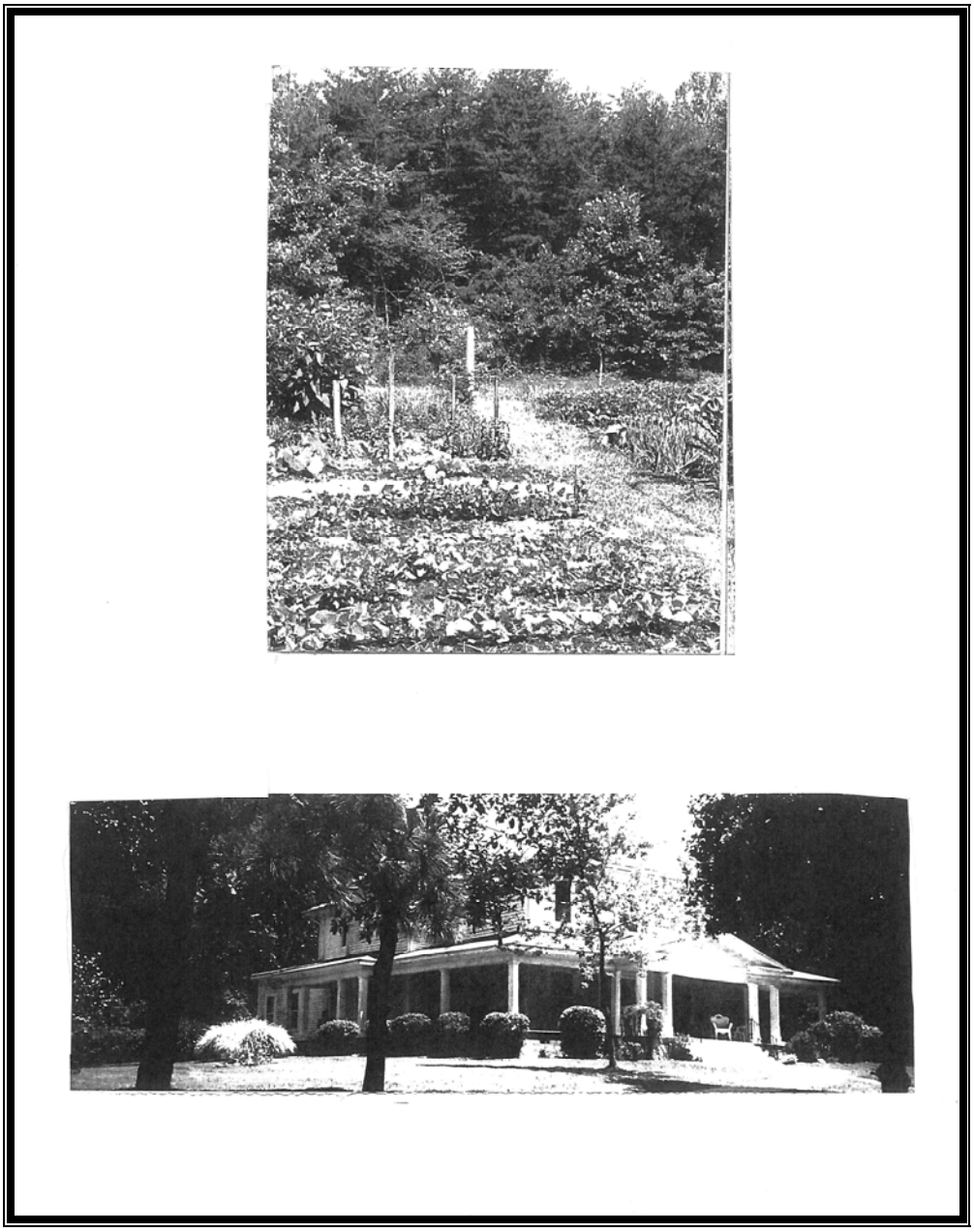
Anne Eggers Chapman
with
Photos of Aubrey L. Eggers

Once Upon a Blue Ridge Mountain

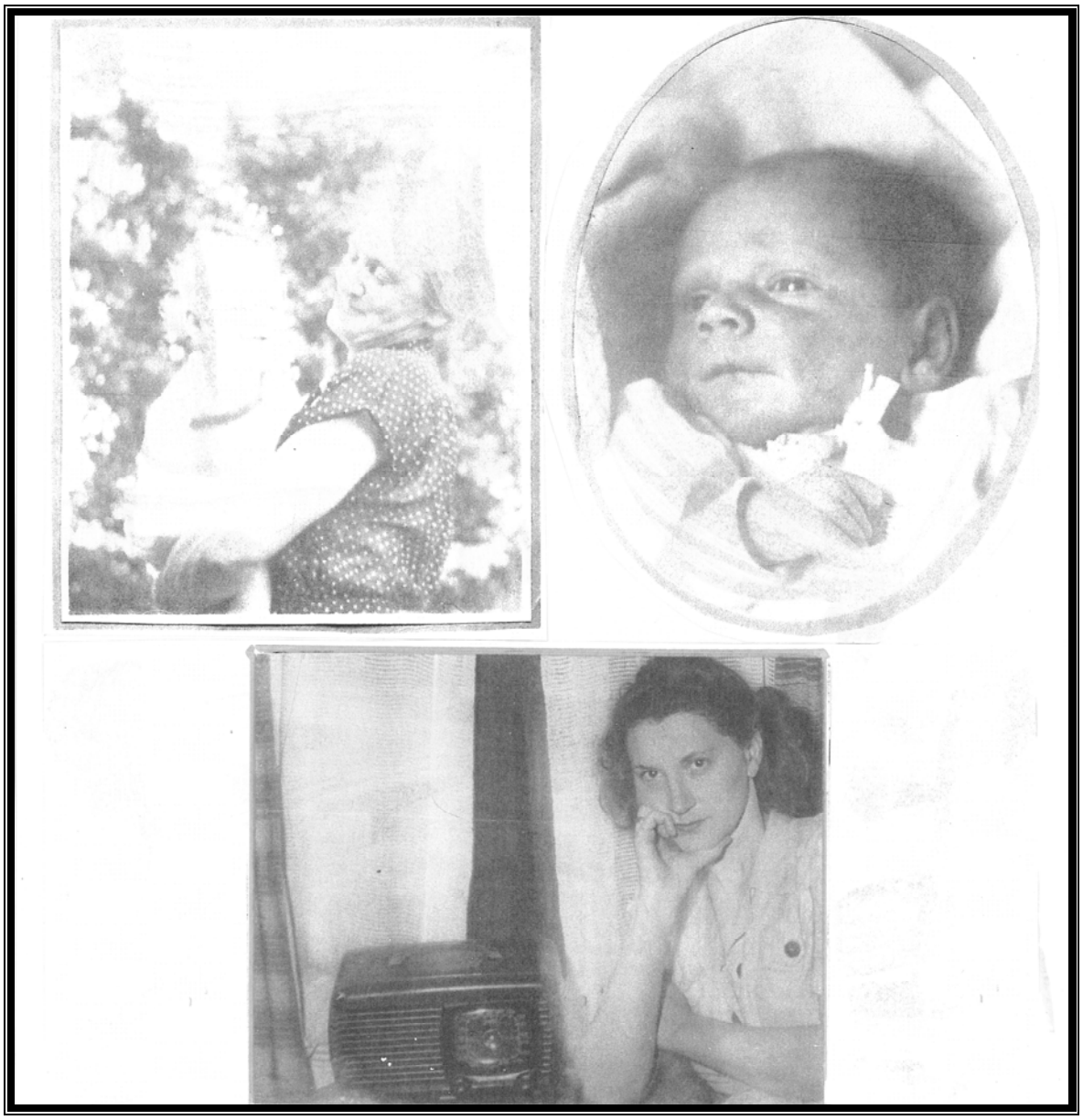
Once upon a Blue Ridge Mountain, between the decade of a great world war and the decade when our nation seemed to forget why this great war was even fought, there existed a time I wish I could give you. If only I could can it, preserve it like stewed tomatoes from Daddy's garden behind the old home place, or wrap it, like hoop cheese in cheesecloth and waxed paper to keep it fresh, I would do that. If I could take you there, become a girl again, and show you how life was in these mountains… so simple…so free of the fear and frenzy of your world today, I would feel I had shared with you one of my most treasured memories.



A tiny corner of Daddy's huge garden behind the Old Home Place

February 9, 1942

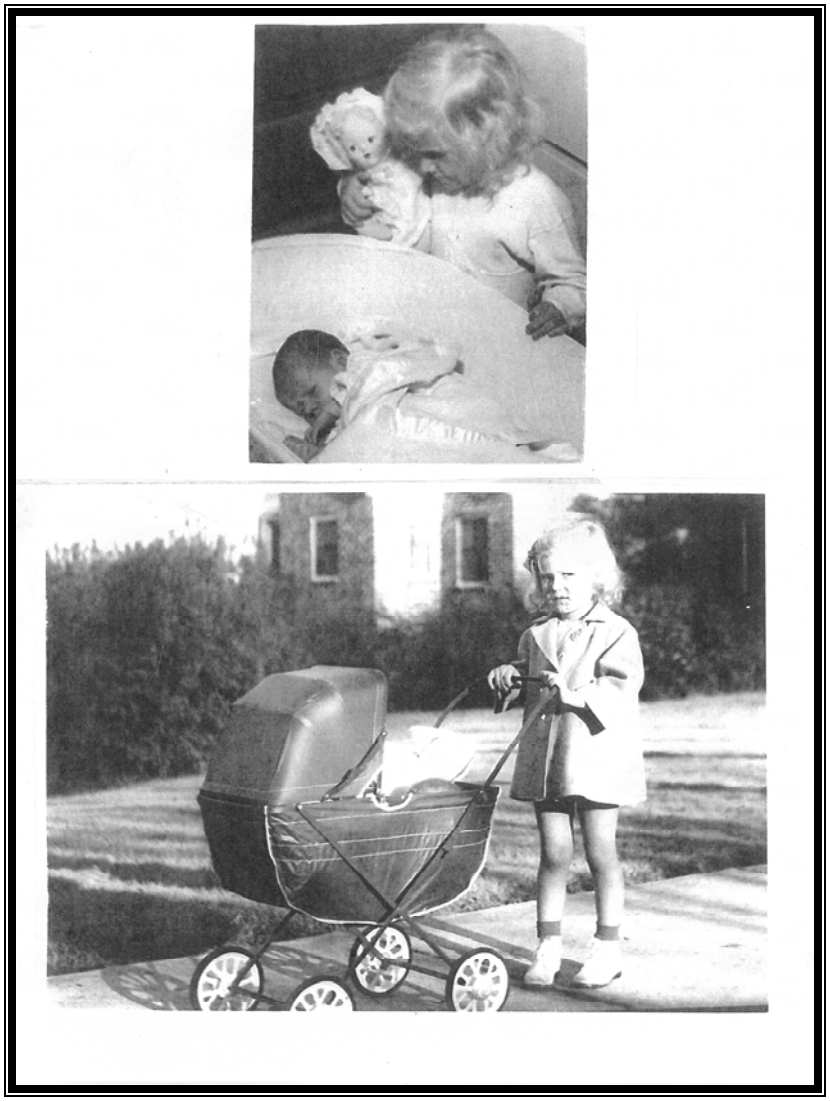
They said it was bitter cold that day in '42, that day the country went into wartime after Pearl Harbor took the boys from their mothers and wives and families just before Christmas, and after black outs started at Grace Hospital, because the Carbon Plant between where we lived and where the hospital stood was making parts for atomic bombs, and the Japanese might see our lights and find us sleeping, too. Mother must have been as cold lying there under hospital sheets, unconscious, while Daddy taught school in Glenwood and while I dug my breech birth feet into her, refusing to come out, as if I could possibly know how hard the world was going to be for me, but not right away.



I, in my grandmother, Bashie's, arms; my first baby photos, and below, my beautiful mother.

Georgia 1945

While Daddy was a professor, and mosquitoes and citronella were as big a part of life as magnolias and Megal, my imaginary playmate, and "Buttons and Bow"s blared from wartime radios on the loading ramp of the feed store beside the drug store where Daddy and I went to get cones of raspberry ripple and listen to the man cry out "Callllll for Phil-lip Morreeesssss," I got polio. No one believed me, though, because after my brother was born and Mother loved him best, I said I couldn't walk and had to ride in the baby carriage with him. I think my daddy believed me, even before the doctor said I was telling the truth, because he made up Luna Moth stories and promised me that even though my baby brother had taken my place in Mother's heart, I would get well. And I did.



My brand new baby brother, David

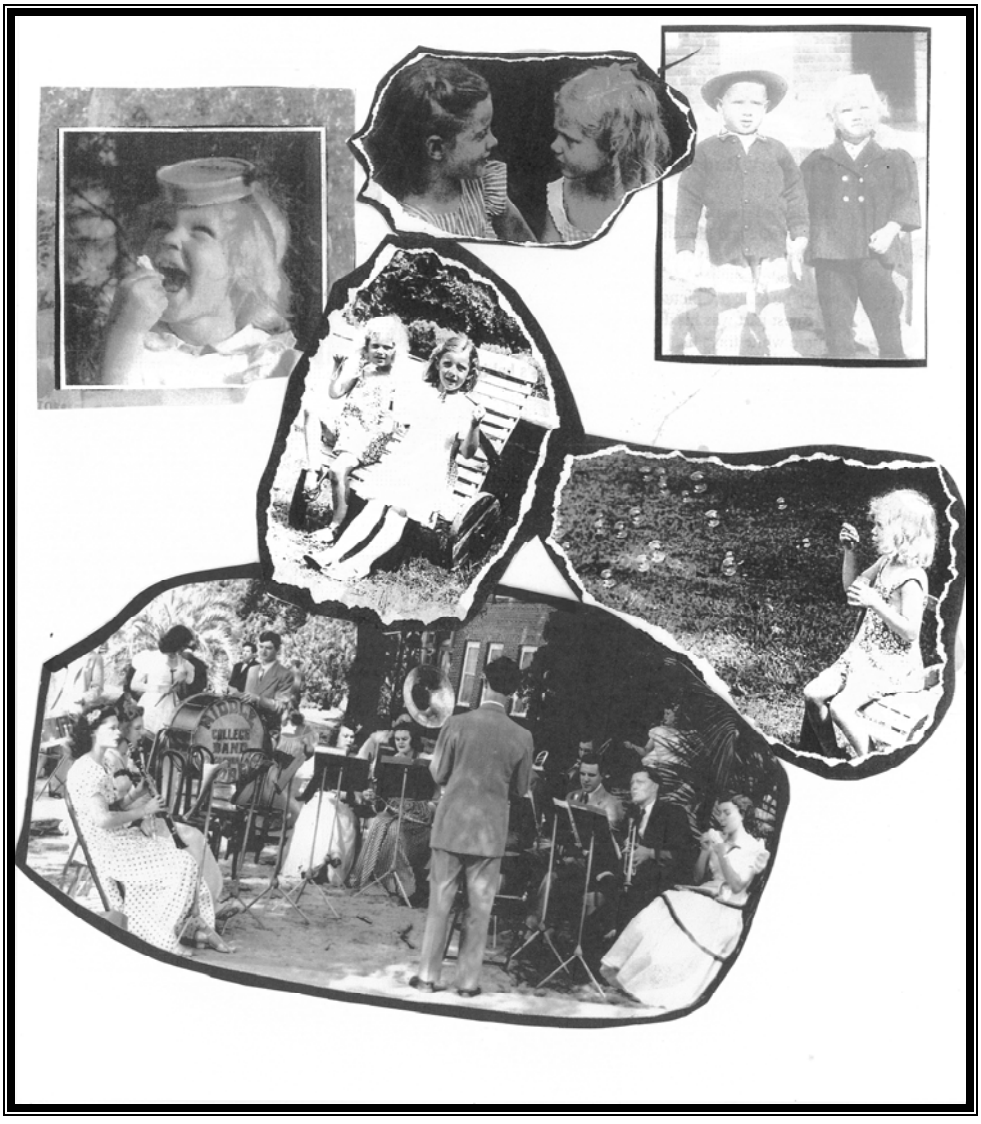
Megal

Outside my bedroom window the huge magnolia tree faithfully waited for me each new day, always heavy with early morning dew, and a heavenly fragrance that followed me wherever I'd go. There was my favorite place in the world to be, for it was there I met Megal. Because of the way she'd shimmer in and out of the sun's rays that flickered through the branches of the magnolia like a dragonfly or the tiniest fairy, I wasn't sure she was real at first. But then I realized she was talking to me, even though I couldn't always see her, so I decided she must be real. I didn't tell anyone about her for the longest time, mostly because I didn't know how to find the words to tell grownups all the things she would tell about the world we used to live in before I was born and how she and I had always been together there. Finally, after a really long time, I did tell Mother. But Mother told me I must never, ever tell anyone else, because people might think something was wrong with me. So I didn't. I was afraid to talk to Megal in the mornings after that. I think that must have hurt her feelings, because after a while she disappeared and never came back. Then I was sorry because I missed her terribly, and my heart would always be a little lonely after that.

Under the magnolia tree where I met Megal

Buttermilk and Lemon Thins

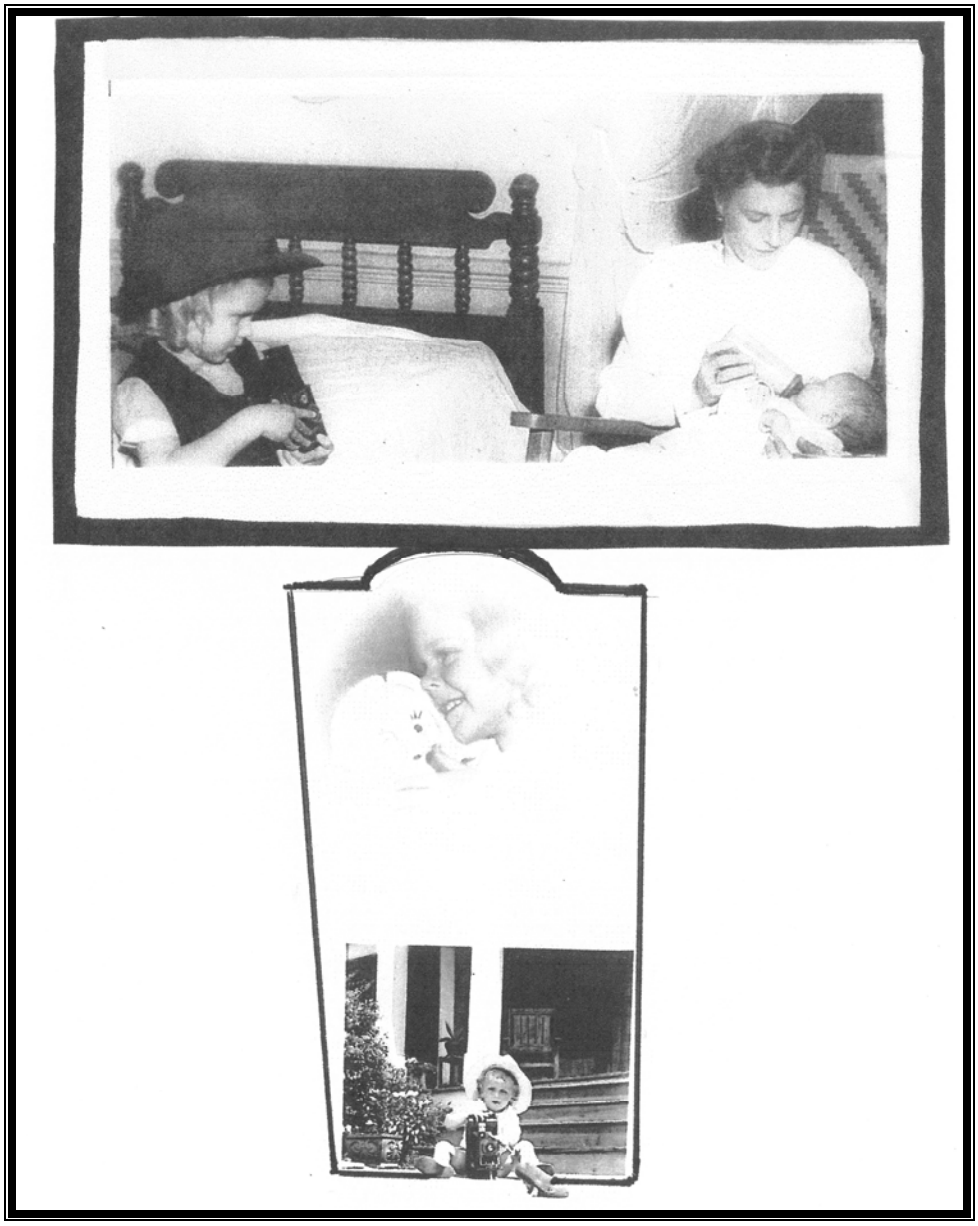
Mother stood at the kitchen counter in Cochran, while I sat beside her on a tall stool after my brother was born. She passed a glass of buttermilk and three lemon thin cookies to me while she put ribbons on the round top of an oatmeal box so I'd have a pretty hat to wear next door to play with Joanne Deadly and the plastic fruit her mother had placed in a bowl on her dining room table. I was going there to say goodbye to her and my friends, Jody Matt and Leo Phillips, because we were moving far, far away, back to my grandmother's house in North Carolina. I was sad I was going to miss climbing the big concrete steps with Daddy at Middle Georgia College Stadium this fall when the weather would be cooler and all the mosquitoes gone. But I was sadder when I tried to find Megal to say goodbye to her and found it still and quiet under my magnolia tree. Sadder, because I knew that it she ever came back to find me, she'd never know where I'd gone.



Saying goodbye to my friends, Joanne and Leo; May Day at Middle Georgia College

Daddy's Camera

Daddy had a camera. It was large and like an accordion and had a long silver lever that made a snap when he took my picture. The best part was his darkroom where white trays that looked like Mother's baking pans sat, filled with their smelly fluid, waiting for the white paper that would turn into my picture and then hang on a clothespin on the line above to dry before I could hold it and wonder and ponder how my daddy could do that. I think I was the only one who knew he was magic.



The Summer of ‘46

It was the summer of 1946, that we'd come home to Glen Alpine. My parents, my baby brother and I had arrived at the old home place on a humid August day amidst suitcases and large plywood boxes, two of which, amazingly, were soon to become my playhouse. With a door between them, and two roughly sawed out windows, they made quite a mansion, though nothing to compare with the great, twelve-room house that was my grandmother, Bashie’s, which had changed very little since 1913, when Papa Pitts built it for her.

Four Generations: Papa Pitts, my great- grandfather; Bashie, my grandmother, who is holding me; behind her, my mother

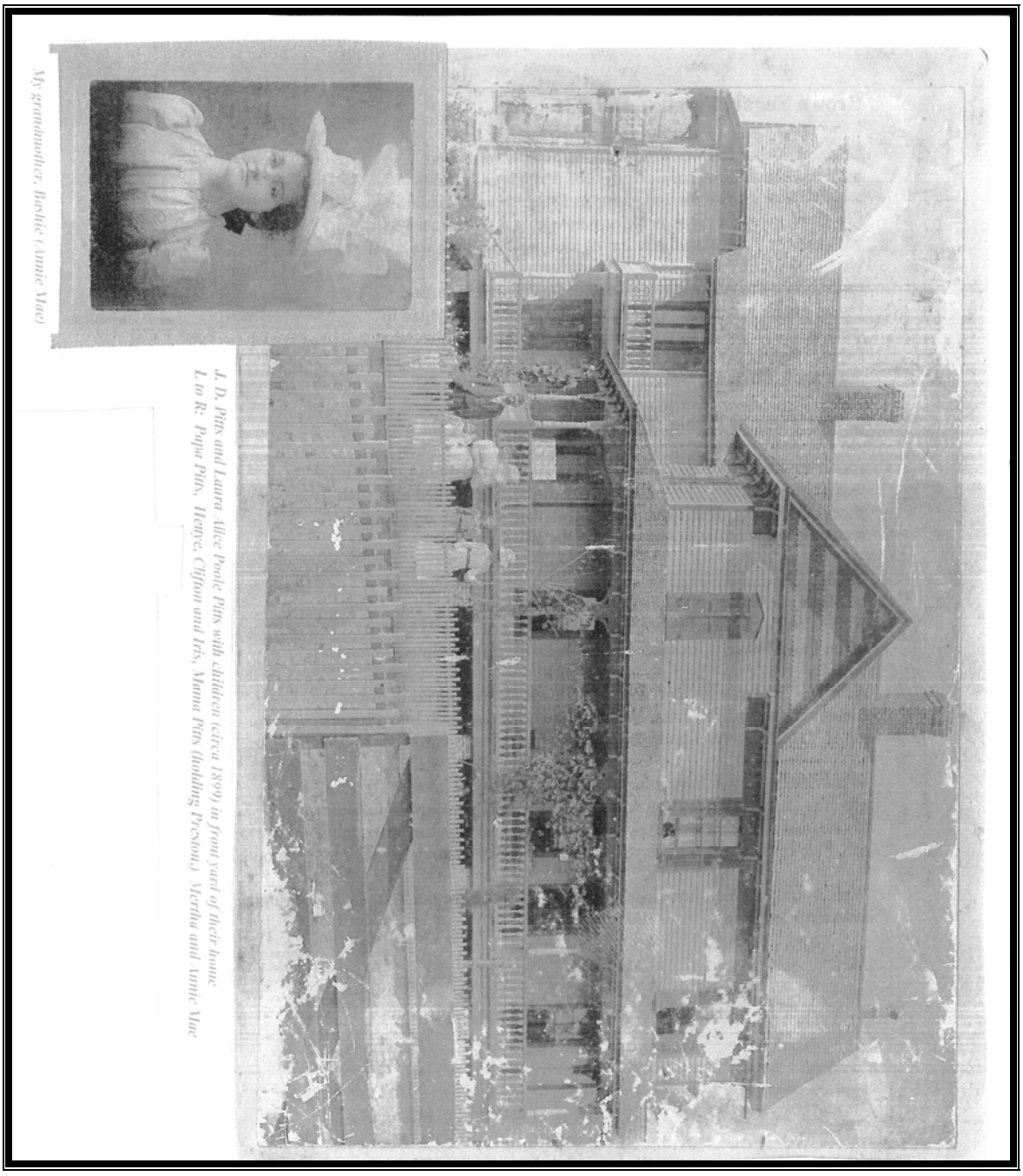
My Great-Grandfather, John David Pitts

My great-grandfather, John David Pitts, now lived with his daughter, Bashie, in the big house he'd built for her, because his second wife, Miss Vernie, had died and left him alone. His bedroom was across the hall from the kitchen, and between the two rooms was the hall dining room, which made it easier for W.D., the young black man who took care of him to bring his meals and be close to the rest of the family if need be. W.D. seemed like family to us because he was so kind to Papa Pitts and so loved and respected by Bashie and my aunts. I liked him because he called me 'Cissy Derlin' like Daddy did. The daytime hall dining room was the coolest place in the house in the summers, because both the large window and the door to the back porch stayed open all day, I guess so the air from the open front door could blow straight through, back and forth like an echo. Papa Pitts loved sitting there in the fresh, cool breezes.

I called him Papa Pitts, and though I was only four, I loved to listen to the stories they'd tell about him as we'd all sit around the table during and after meals; maybe they did that was so he'd remember them again, too, because he was eighty-one and really old.

They told stories about how once upon a time he owned half the western mountains to Table Rock and farther, and how he had canneries and saw-mills all over for turning all those trees into lumber. He'd had the first telephone anyone had heard of, with wiring strung from the house to his sawmills so he could be in touch when he needed to be. Folks said he was the richest man in Western North Carolina, and as generous as he was rich, just like his own grandfather, John Henry Pitts, had been, especially when it came to building and supporting a church where the people of the town could worship.

I asked Eloise why he was no longer rich, like his other brothers and sister, and she promised to tell me when I was older and could understand. She did tell me that Papa Pitts was fourteen when his brother, my Uncle Noah, was born, and that he was sixteen when Aunt Ida was born, so she guessed because he was so much older he'd already had his turn, and the others were now richer, because they were still busy with the Pitts Lumber Company and the goings-on in Glen Alpine.



Papa Pitts' house, before it burned to the ground, stood on the land where the Giles's brick home is today, and beside the Butler home (where Lorine & Lib Butler grew up.)

Brown Sugar, Vaseline and Paregoric

After we were back to Glen Alpine, someone invited Mother and Daddy to go with them to a football game at Duke, so after explaining to us how soon they'd be back, and how they'd never leave us with anyone but folks who loved us like they did, they were off.

I was excited to get to stay alone with Bashie and Ione, and I wasn't at all homesick. That is, until my sore throat began to worsen, then quickly turn into really awful. Had I known what I was in for, I'd have kept the whole thing to myself and figured out what to do on my own.

Instead, I went to Bashie, who was making supper on the old wood stove. She stopped stirring the big pot and set her spoon down, smiling so sweetly at me that I trusted nothing terrible was going to happen. I showed her my throat. She looked at it, then shook her head as if she didn't think it looked so good, immediately reaching for a couple of teaspoons in the silver drawer.

Except for what I'd taken when I had polio, or an occasional tablespoon of Milk of Magnesia, I'd never taken medicine. And since I'd only had to hold my nose so I'd not have to taste it when I swallowed it, medicine hadn't been all that horrible.

As if she were mixing ingredients in a bowl for cake making or her famous homemade biscuits, Bashie dipped one teaspoon into a large jar of Vaseline, then dipped the other teaspoon into a container of brown sugar.

What choice do you have when the grandmother you love and trust so much is standing before you with two teaspoons, a dollop of Vaseline in one, and a much smaller teaspoon of brown sugar in the other, the combination alone enough to choke you? And they're aimed straight toward your mouth?

Well, you don't. You just close your eyes and hope for the best! And, be grateful it wasn't Paregoric!

The Old Home Place

Everything happened first in the old home place, sitting high atop our hill adjacent to the Pitts Lumber Company, and opposite the hill where Uncle Noah and Aunt Ida lived, and beside them their children who by then had families of their own as did my grandmother.

Between these two hills that ran the distance of the town lay a valley where a few small shanties, a store or two and the mill kept company with the one highway through town and the parallel railroad track with its bustling depot.

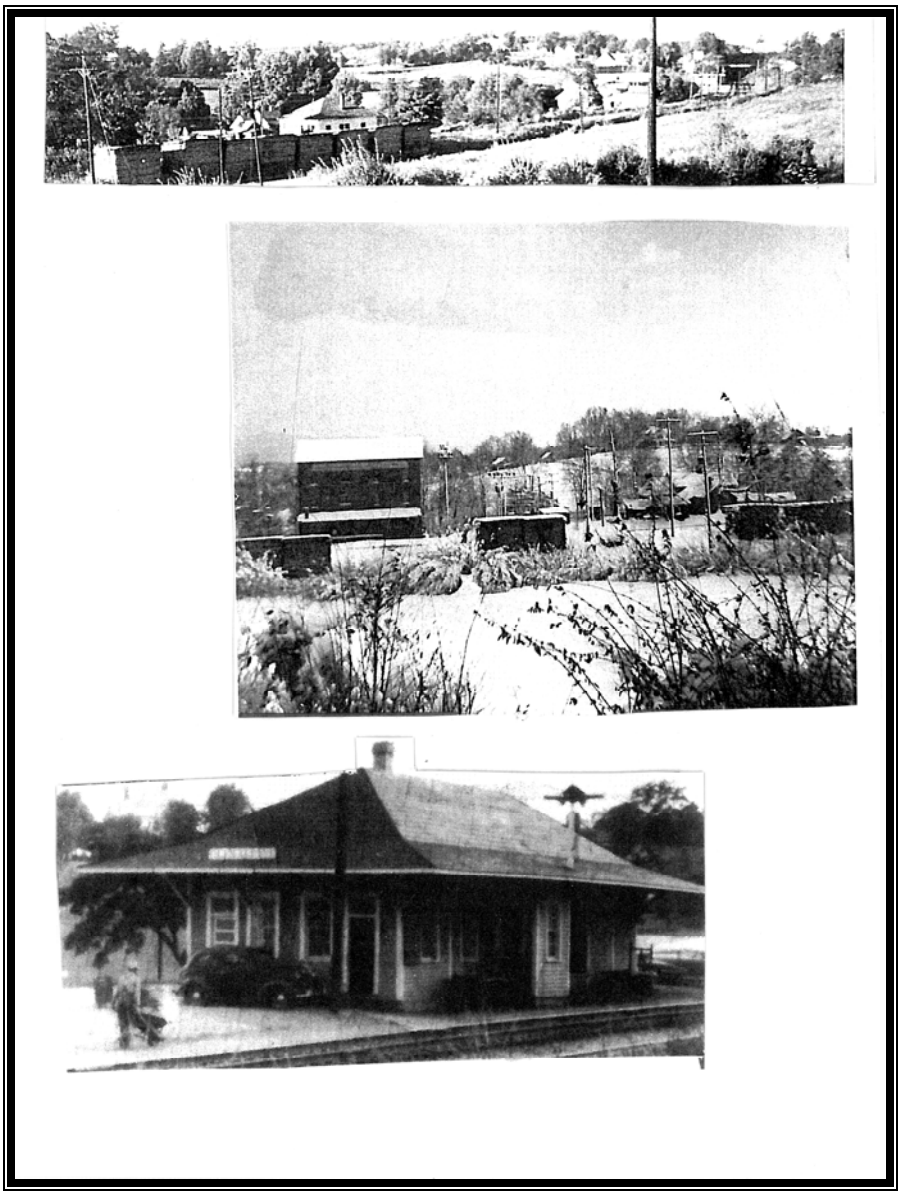
From the last autumn leaf of each year to the first crocus peeking through a March snow, you could see from one end of the town to the other through frosted window panes of homes, their lamps and fireplaces casting a glow nearly as bright as the two or so street lights up the way.

Glen Alpine, North Carolina

In great concentric circles, ribbons of mountains surrounded our town, a burgeoning, bustling, busy little town, and within our town many families, and within those families aunts and uncles and grandparents all living together.

Within my own large family living in my great-grandfather's home, was my own small family… within it, I…content and never alone, safely ensconced in a bubble of place and time. There was a quietness in those mountains that allowed me to escape, to daydream, to imagine. That, perhaps, was the greatest gift.

Within the town's families were folks quite wealthy, and folks quite poor; but like an intricate pattern of cloth from the cotton mill across the railroad tracks, so tightly woven was the fabric of community that no one talked about who was which, and all were simply taken care of.



Glen Alpine, the view from our front porch: in top photo, Aunt Ida Giles' house can be seen far right on the hill top across the town; next to it Pitts Jr., and Betty lived with their children, then the Bobbitts, and on the street's corner, Bessie LaFevers and her husband lived with Rose Bud in what I called the Castle House. Middle photo: the Red Mill (our echo practice) with Uncle Noah's house on the hill opposite ours. Bottom: a later view of the Depot

Bashie

My grandmother, Bashie, suffered a stroke; probably because of all she'd been through, what with an alcoholic husband who'd squandered all their money, nearly lost the deed to their house in a card game, or as the more credible reports went, not paid close enough attention to Papa Pitt's general store receipts to know that money, and lots of it, was missing from the cash register and that records had been fixed by his accountant, Mr. Brinkley, so it didn't show.

Still, she'd held her head high, taken a job as postmistress while suffering the shame of her husband's wrong doings, and put five children through college when most people didn't even go. Turns out what she'd given them was more than a college education, more like a large helping of self-worth in spite of what had happened, and a whole lot of self-respect.

Bashie with her family on her front porch

After the Stroke

Bashie temporarily recovered, which is why we'd come back home. She had been caring for Papa Pitts all those years in the big house where everyone helped out; and my mother and her sisters were now there to do their part. But, there was no mistaking who the head of the household was. Bashie continued, insisted on, carrying on with the duties of her life, which included the linen tablecloths on the hall table being crisply ironed before each evening meal. With the napkins and tablecloths sprinkled with water and rolled up into balls to keep them damp, she'd lift one black iron from the wood stove at a time and iron until it was no longer hot enough to fry the wrinkles out of those lined-dried, starched-stiff linens. When we sat down to an evening meal and gave thanks for the many blessings we'd received, the Lord, Himself, must have been mighty proud. The worst sin I could have committed would have been to spill a single morsel of food on her toil and labor.

Bashie, with her youngest sister, Iris, looking at a photo album

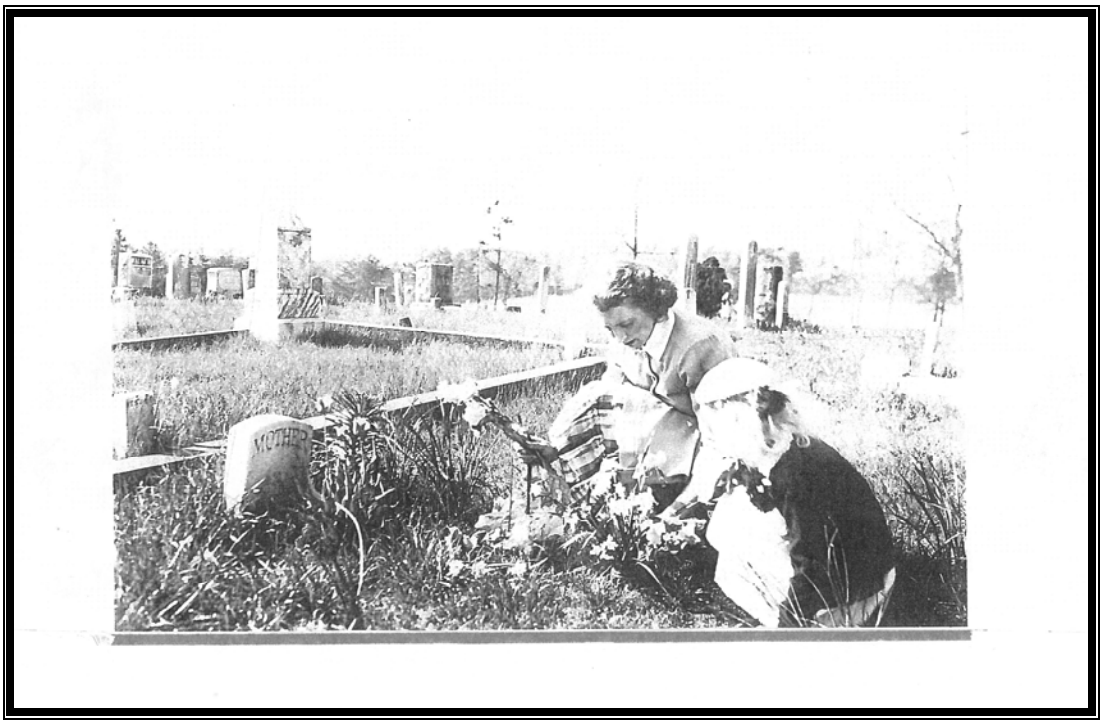
Suppertime

After supper, the leftovers were scraped into a "slop" bucket on the back porch, and Bashie and I would walk down the long grassy path to the chicken yard near the forest line at the edge of her three acres. There we'd fill the troughs for Uncle Raymond's pigs that were kept in pens there. Back at the house it would be time for me to take her large silver brush, which looked very like a hairbrush except it was curved and narrow, and brush the crumbs from the tablecloth into a little matching tray. Climbing up on one of the big chairs to reach the middle was my favorite part. In the center of the table were vases of freshly cut flowers from the gardens around the house, or a few magnolia blossoms that had the sweetest fragrance I'd ever smelled. In late August the whole big house smelled prettier than a bottle of *Evening in Paris.*

Ione, with Bashie and me at supper in the hall dining room

Summer Evenings

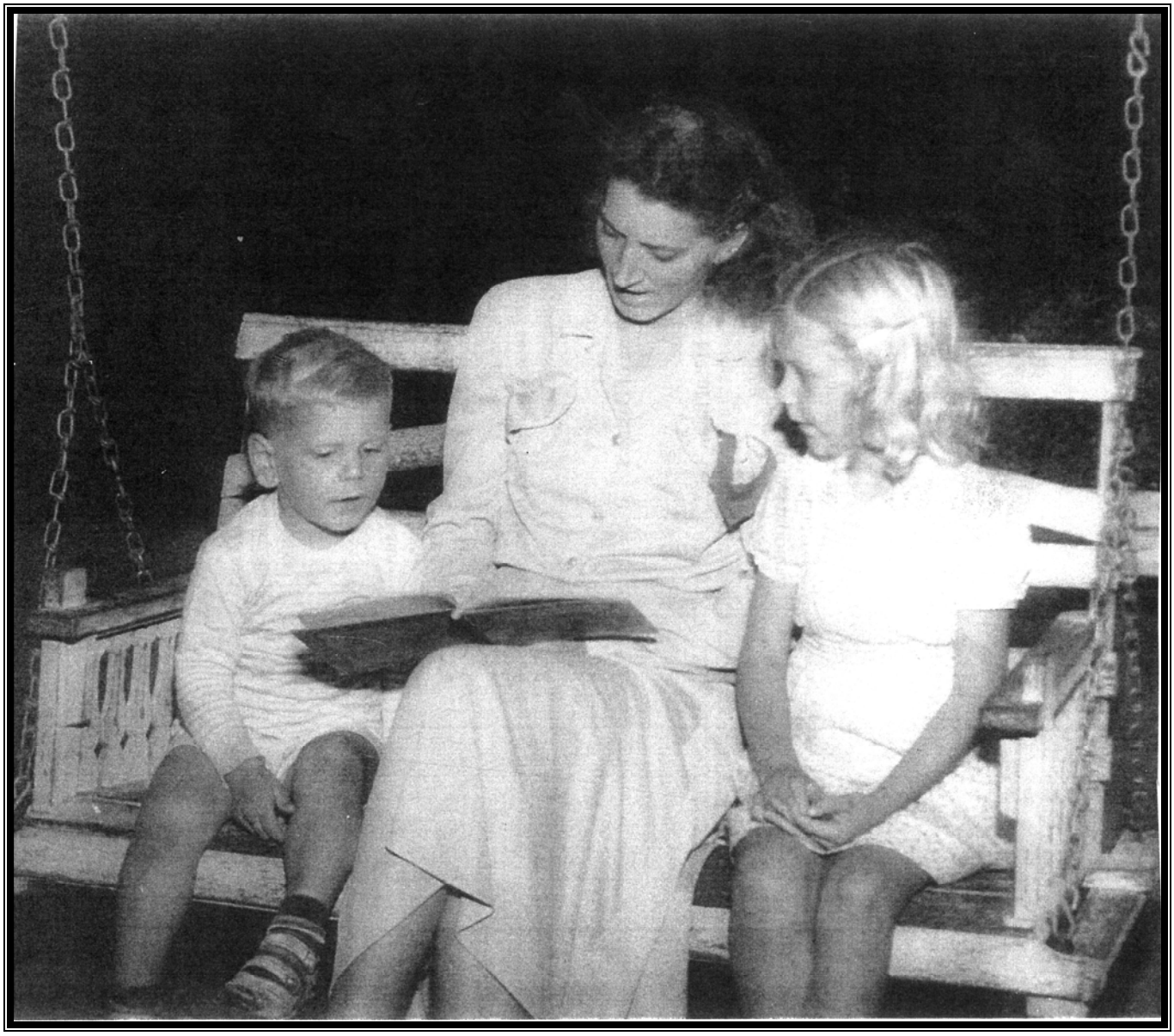
On summer evenings toward the end of the week, if it weren't raining, we'd gather containers from the granary out back, and fill them with larkspur and daisies and iris from along the side yard flower beds. Bashie would always cut a few stems off the sprawling tea rose bushes and perhaps, a few peonies, and we'd all walk together out our street past the Bost house and the Greene's and Dr. Long's and up through town to the cemetery behind the Presbyterian Church where all the grave stones were so old you couldn't read them, graves of people only the elders could remember, and feel obliged to. Then we'd cross to the other side of the street and put flowers on the grave plots beside the Methodist Church. Those trips always took us way past dark because we'd stop at nearly every front porch the whole way up and talk to neighbors, see how relatives were doing, who'd had a new baby, who'd come home from the Navy. The neighbors we happened to miss on the way up were usually out on their porches by the time we headed back, and so it was that everyone in town was connected, if not by blood, by front porches.



Putting flowers on family graves after supper

Evening Stories

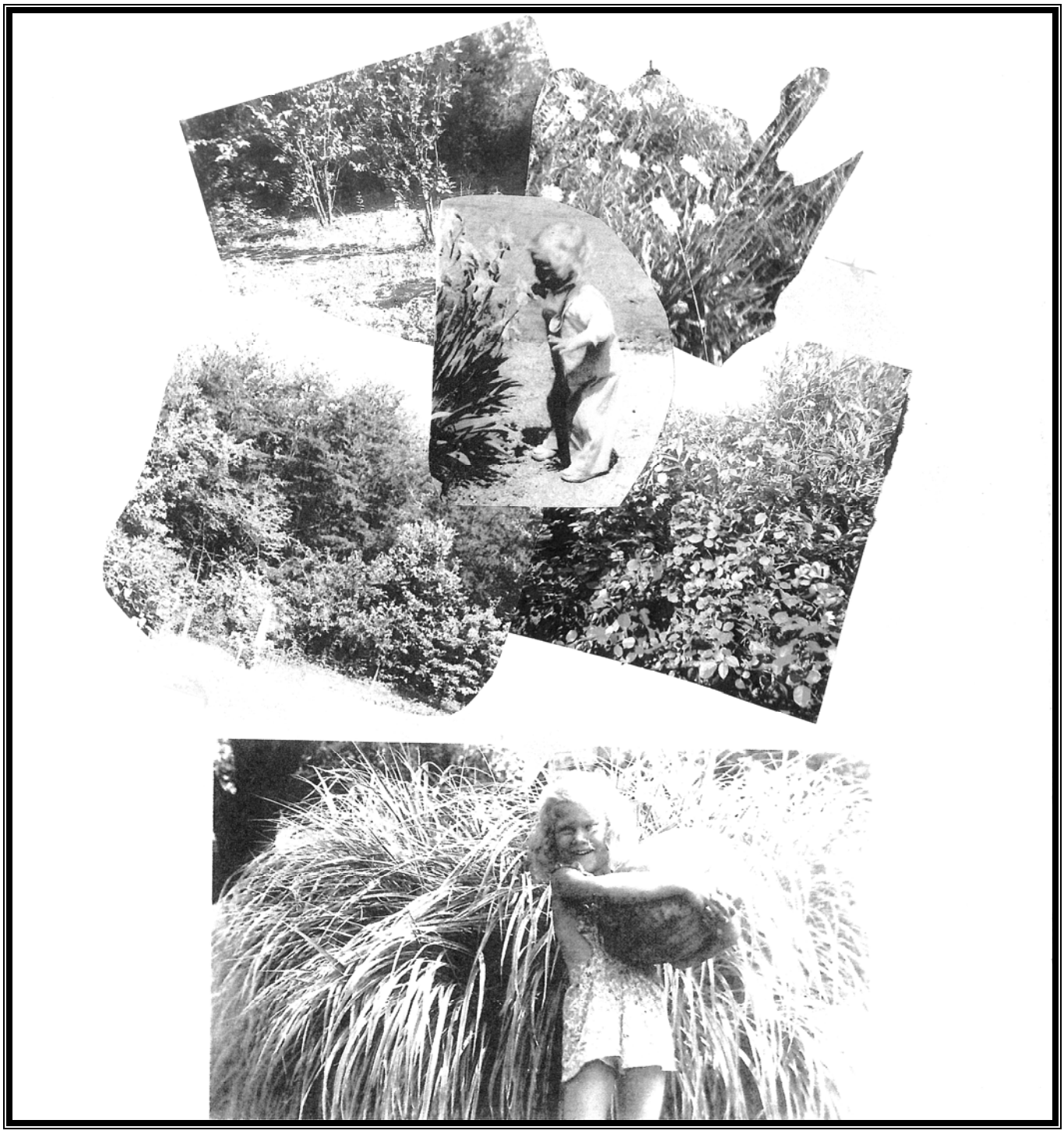
Our own front porch was at the end of the street, and by the time the women and I finally returned, Papa Pitts and my daddy and W.D. had told most of the stories they could remember. Usually they were true stories about when Papa Pitts had built and owned the general store that was sold to the Hennessee's in 1926, as well as the livery and mill store across from it. And what Turkey Tail was like back then, and why it was called that. I strained my eyes toward the depot across the Greene's field toward the bridge, but I couldn't see the tree that stood beyond it and looked so very much like a Turkey's Tail. Though the sky was brilliant with stars, it was just too dark. Snuggled up on the glider beside my grandmother, I never remembered the endings of their stories.



Mother's evening stories for us on the front porch swing, a favorite place to be

Mornings at Bashie's

I do know that the beginnings of everything at Bashie's started with mornings, soft like goose down beds. A rooster's crow from a farmyard in the distance, followed by the belated cock-a-doodle of our own rooster from the chicken yard, shaken out of sleep by one of his own. Along the dirt road that led down into the woods, the soft tinkling of Bessie's cow bell filled the air, as Mrs. Proctor led her to graze along the grassy banks hanging so heavy with juicy ripe blackberries, ours for the picking. The mourning doves and the mocking bird joined the whippoorwills in chorus to the rising sun which seemed to signal the eight o'clock whistle at the lumber plant. Soft breezes. Billowing curtains. The whirring of the buzz saws turning trees to lumber. The clatter of pots and dishes from the kitchen below. Soft morning voices. And the unmistakable aroma of Bashie's biscuits and bacon wafting up the long staircase. The whippoorwill's songs meant rain, she'd always say, and that would mean no washing in the big black caldron in the back yard this morning. And certainly no clothes on the miles-long clothesline, left to flap wildly in the hot summer breezes.



The Well and the Outhouse

Mornings meant rituals. Buckets were emptied from beneath the "potty chairs" which were like all the other chairs except the wicker centers had been removed, leaving holes in them under which the "pots" were placed for use during the night. At Bashie's there were no bathrooms. There was an outhouse at the end of the long path, beside the chicken yard at the edge of the woods. The second we'd arrived from Georgia, I'd been whisked off to the well porch in the back, lifted carefully over the dark hole, and warned that if I ever climbed onto the well, I could fall into a darkness that went straight down for what could be forever, and that no matter how hard folks might try, they might never be able to rescue me. With that possibility in mind, what the round, black hole in the center of the wood bench of the dark and spider webbed outhouse conjured up in my four-year old mind was unthinkable.

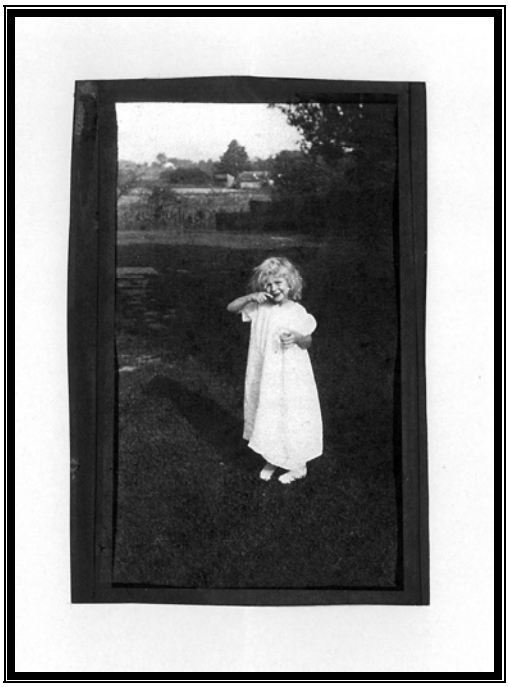
The only time I'd be going to the bathroom at night would be over one of those nice, comfy "potty chairs" in the safety of the big house.

The dark and terrifying OUTHOUSE in the daylight; unimaginable in the dark of night!

Other Ways of Doing Things

That there was not one bathroom in that whole big house seemed odd to me. Everything else that used to be done in our bathroom in Georgia had become an adventure at Bashie's. Teeth were brushed each morning in the backyard with well water from the well porch dipper and a tube of Ipana toothpaste with its black and orange-yellow stripes.

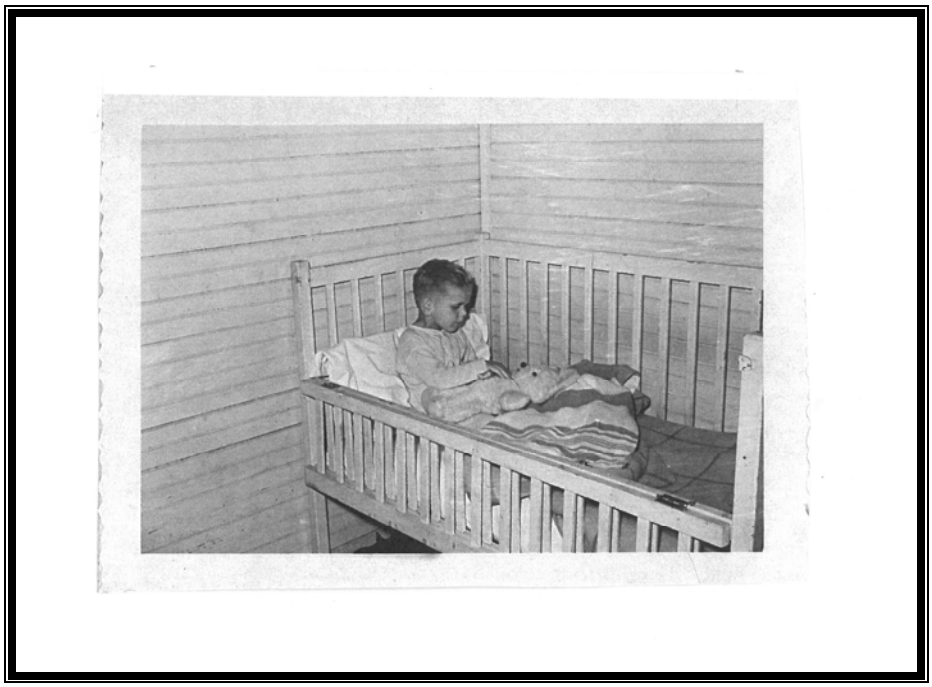
And bathing, during summers, was done in our bedrooms. Bashie kept large kettles of boiling water from the stove reservoir which were carried upstairs to be poured into large white porcelain pitchers, then poured into large bowls. Towels hung on the rungs of dressers for drying ourselves before dressing for the day in clothes that would keep us cool as long as we stayed downstairs, and close to those hallway breezes.



Brushing my teeth in the backyard with well-water and Ipana toothpaste; Uncle Raymond and Aunt Mertha's farm and Table Rock in the background

Chicken Pox

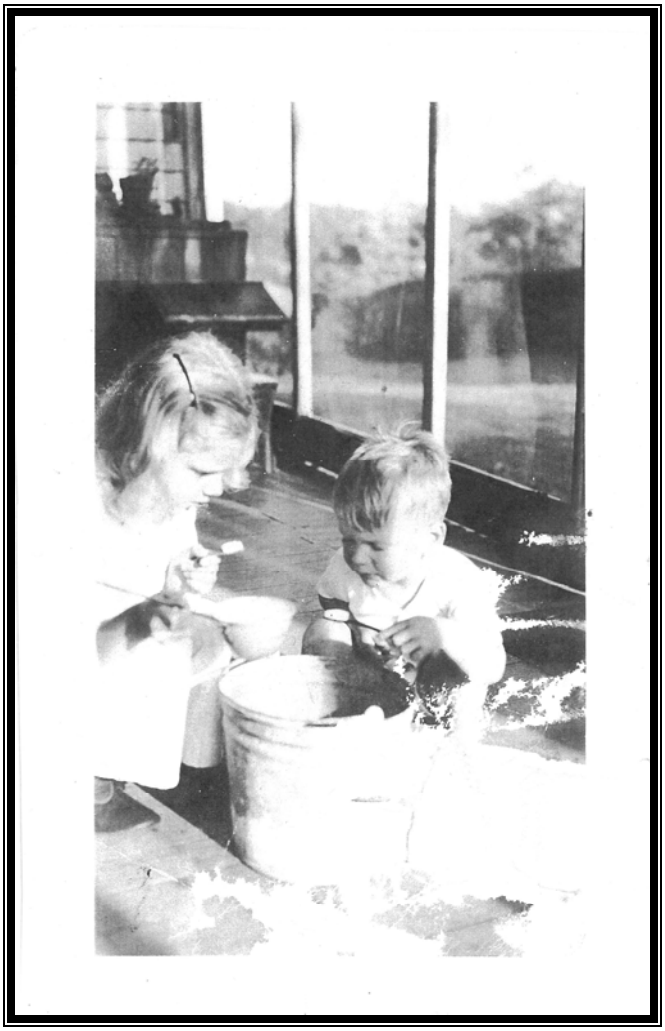
How I came to sleep in my Aunt Ione's room, I'm not sure… but I was there, tossing fitfully in the converted baby crib made especially for me by Mr. McGimpsey before I was born. Painted white, it had little latches I had learned to unfasten practically the same day I began sleeping in it. I was six now, and it was much too short for me, and soon it would belong to David. The itching had kept me awake for some time, and finally, in utter exasperation I began to complain loudly, which immediately brought the women, who transferred me to a bigger bed, then brought hot tea and hot blankets, so the chicken pox would break out all over and I'd have a good case of it and not have to have it again, which was a blessing because even after they breathed sighs of "Thank the Lord it didn't leave pox scars!" it was still the most awful thing I'd had in my whole life!



After I had chicken pox, David got the bed. Then he got mumps.

Screen Doors

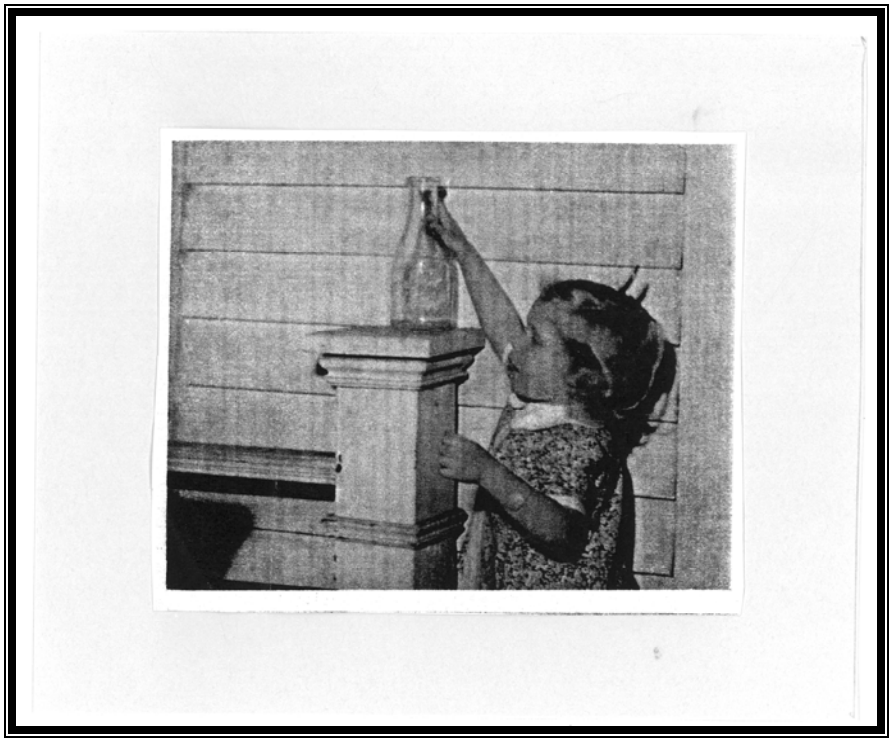
Screen doors squeaked and slammed and quite often got poked with some sharp object being carried in…thus a hole through which no flies had trouble navigating like tiny stealth bombers, in search of unfinished bits of honey 'n biscuits, final meals before the Flyswater's death blow.



Brushing teeth on the screened in back porch with a dipper and bucket from the well; behind us is the ice chest that looks like a piece of furniture with lots of compartments and holds huge chunks of ice delivered by the ice truck.

The Milkman

The milkman's wagon came early, while morning fog still hovered close to the pastures. Thick tabbed stoppers on glass milk bottles held cream heavy, rich and ready for licking, unless grownups got there first to collect it for whipping into big dollops atop fruit cobbler, hot from the wood stove's oven. Bashie's churn sat ready for the cream left on the porch that would be turned into butter and spooned into wooden butter molds with pretty designs. I liked the rooster and weathervane one best. Just milk. No need for him to leave eggs, for Bashie and I collected them from the hens each morning while they watched us curiously from their perches in the chicken coop. I liked leaving them corn, tossed in all directions, in gratitude for their eggs.



Our milk delivery

The Sleeping Porch My Mother Loved - 1917

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 hung thick, five young children in five feather beds making mischief and growing up . Two boys climbing out of those windows onto a tin roof, just enough of a shadow in the moonlight to disguise, waiting there for three sisters to scare out of their wits when darkness would descend across the mountains. Three sisters, playing cards, expressly forbidden, taken from where the boys had hidden them carefully beneath mattresses atop wire grids. Screaming and giggling all piling down the long stairway, their mischief exposed, soundly reprimanded by their mother, then the long climb back up, and silence until morning.

Cleaning Chores

Annie O'Neil had come to help W.D. take care of Papa Pitts, and by way of lunch saw help was needed with the sheers that had come down from all the summer windows, as a fall chill was in the air. Windows being open since June, and screens rusting in the warm humidity of August had let in dust from the lumber plant that would take more than lye soap and Borax to get out. Annie helped Bashie stir them in the big, black caldron under the Chinaberry tree over the fire she'd built. Daddy put huge racks, the size of doors with needle-sized nails every inch or so around their edges, on "saw horses" in the side yard. The women stretched the sheers over the nails and left them to dry in the hot sun along with the pillows and mattresses from the twelve rooms in the big house. Long dark-green velvet draperies with heavy gold tassels would replace the sheers, and keep out the cold that the sheers had kept in all summer.

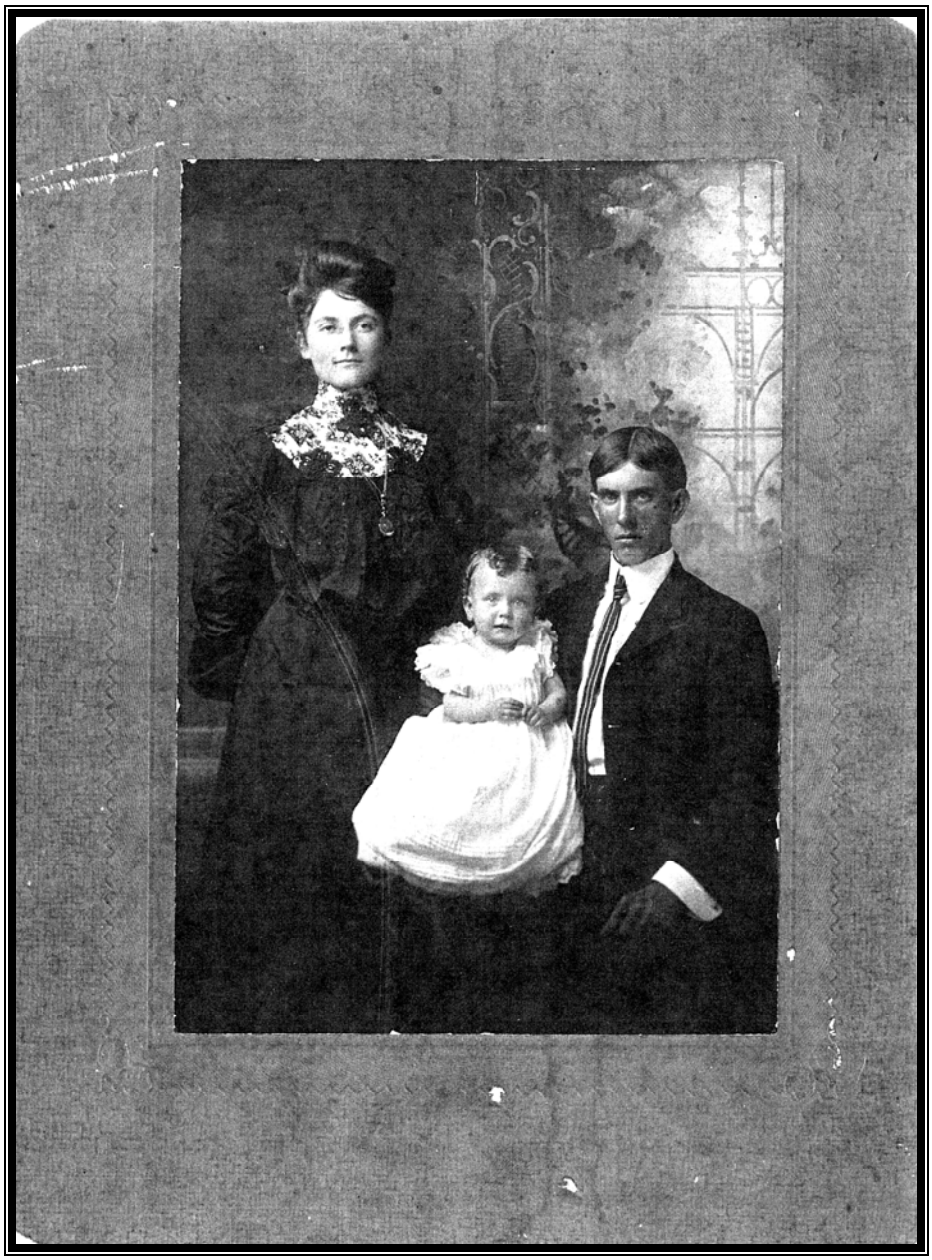
Saturday Night Baths in the Galvanized Tub

The old woodstove 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 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. My mother and I shared a bath, my father and brother the next. My aunts and Bashie took their separate turns while Mother rolled her hair with Bobbi-pins and wrapped it - I guess so it wouldn't turn to ice in the hallway on her way to bed. There were fireplaces in all the bedrooms, but not enough men to tend them; maybe not enough wood or coal to keep the flames tall, even if they did.

We may as well have bathed in the yard, because it was impossible to get close enough to the wood stove to get warm in the house.

The Dreadful Stroke

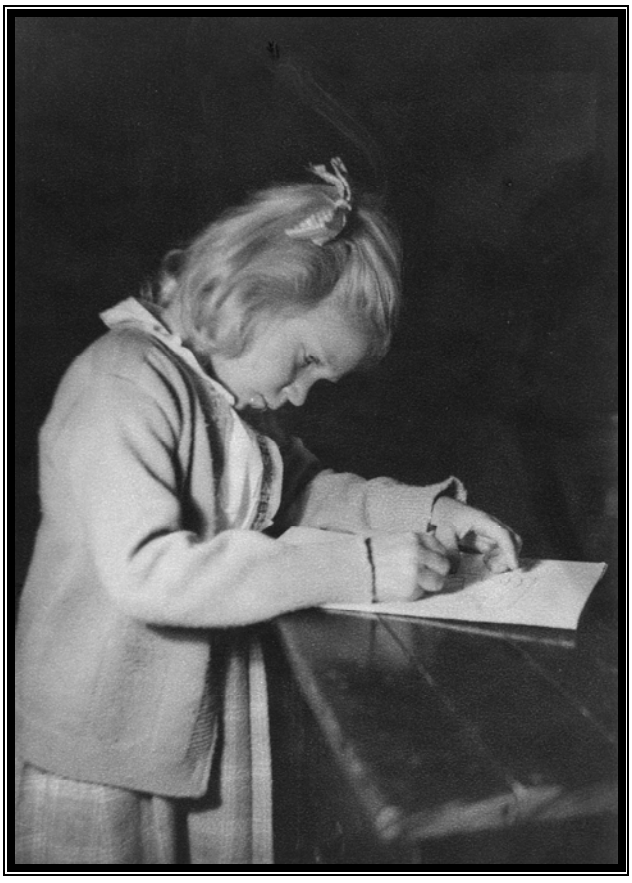
It happened in the night. I awoke one morning and Bashie wasn't there and no one else except Annie O'Neil was. Papa Pitts had gone to live with Aunt Hettye in Shelby where he'd died a year ago, so I knew that old people could die, but little girls like me were kept away from the sadness because of how death could ruin them for life. Annie wrapped me up in her big black arms and cried with me and told me the Lord would take care of my grandmother, and she'd come home soon. She did come home, but she couldn't move her neck or anything else except her eyes which looked like they were always trying hard to talk to me. Annie told me Bashie could hear me, and if I talked to her she'd be happy, so I did, every single day until I could see her eyes smile back at me. They put a day bed in the living room where Bashie could be with everyone, and Mother and my aunts fed her raw eggs mixed with vanilla and sugar and cream from the milk bottles through a big straw. She lay there still as death. For the fall and winter and into the spring she lay there. And then, just after Memorial Day they had to take her back to the hospital and I didn't get to say goodbye. Bedtimes were terrifying if I couldn't get to sleep before Daddy left us all alone in the big house while he'd walk up street to meet Mother and my aunts at the Burke Transit bus stop upon their return from the hospital. I was mostly afraid Bashie would die and come visit me in her ghost body while we were alone in that big house.



Annie Pitts Davis, A.M. Davis with Baby Eloise

Bashie's Death

God must not have been listening the June day all my aunts and uncles were praying so hard for Bashie to live. I found a place where I thought God might be… under the mimosa tree where it smelled so pretty he had to be there. When I got back to the house everyone was crying, and I knew that it had just been too noisy for Him to hear anyone's prayers. All the relatives had come, and most of the people from the church and the rest of the town. They'd all brought flowers and food and I was to be polite and stay out of the way, most of all my mother's, because they said she couldn't stop crying. For a while the doors to where Bashie's bed had been were kept closed, then a big, black hearse drove away. I found a place to hide in the little closet beneath the stairway for the rest of that day. The next day they brought Bashie back in a casket and put her in the formal living room on the east side of the big house, along with baskets and baskets of flowers that nearly made me sick from their sweetness. The formal living room on the west side of the mahogany sliding doors was filled with little black chairs from Sossoman's Funeral Parlor, so all the people would have a place to sit. I looked at Bashie. She didn't look very much like she used to, maybe because I hadn't seen her all dressed up in a long time. When no one was looking, I mustered up the courage to touch her hand, which was hard and cold. That night in my bedroom above the formal living room, I was too frightened to sleep. My dead grandmother lay exactly beneath my room, and there was nothing to keep her from getting out of her casket, and coming up the stairs like she used to, to kiss me goodnight and wipe away my tears

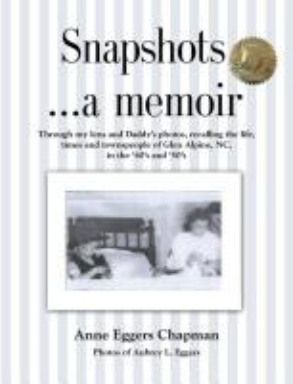


Maybe writing a letter to Bashie would make me feel better.

What I Learned About Death

What I learned about death is that it causes a hurt far worse than a stomach ache, and doesn't go away as quickly. That because there are so many shoulders to cry on in a small town, a child can make the rounds of all of them and nobody gets tired of the crying. That with all those people hugging you, you feel real secure, not like it might be if you were a stranger someplace and had just yourself to comfort you. In a small town the food never stops coming the day after the funeral… people don't just forget and leave folks to their own grief they keep on bringing 'til the crying stops and then some. Front porches get closer, smiles more frequent, and memories more beautiful than mimosa blossoms.

This was where I thought I could find Bashie in her angel body, with all her flowers



Awarded the prestigious Paul Green Multi-Media Award by the NC Society of Historians in 2013, this coming-of-age memoir resurrects the rich and colorful heritage of several generations of townspeople in the bustling community of Glen Alpine, North Carolina, during the '40's and '50's. Through the lens of her father's camera, the author chronicles her life behind the white-washed picket fences of the times.

Snapshots…a memoir