



15th Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1960

Our 49th Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

- New Contact Information
- I remember –Just barely
- Retired Persons
- Ladies, There’s Still Hope
- Dirt Roads
- Table Rock Fire Tower
- Name Those Youngsters
- A Sister Gone
- Wayne Whisenant
- Burke Transit

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50th Anniversary

GAHS Class of ‘60

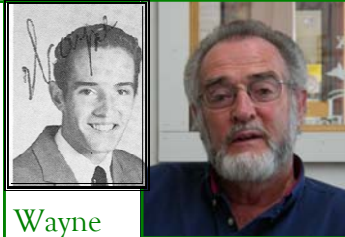


This 1960 Class Newsletter is an attempt to keep in contact with our classmates and update their happenings in life.

Website to Browse:

www.deweyfox.com

WAYNE WHISENANT “THEN AND NOW”



Wayne and I sat down for a couple hours on a warm sunny spring Sunday afternoon and discussed old times. Wayne grew-up as I did on Lail Road in G. A. He was one of 7 siblings and the only boy in the group. Right out of high school Wayne worked in many areas and for different companies. He worked for Drexel, Carolina Shoe and finished up before retiring working for the State at Broughton. He did maintenance work most of his life and I hear was pretty good at repairing washers, dryers, heat and a/c units and many others too long to list. During all these years

and different jobs he established himself a tradesman of repairs in his own business. He said, that the best part of the job over the years was the interesting people he met and most were right-down pretty-burke-county nice. He enjoys hunting, mainly deer, and camping in his travel trailer. His wife is Susan and he has two children, Eric and Erika. Wayne has devoted one day a week for several years working on building South Mtn. Retreat for his local church. Wayne still has his family’s ‘66 Chevrolet and his father’s 1925 Fordson antique farm tractor.

If you choose to be off this mailing list, please let me know. No questions asked.

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



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Photo by Dewey Fox



On top of Table Rock Mtn. with Short Off Mtn. in the background. Taken October 2008.

CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960

“I Remember.....Just Barely!!!!” by Dewey E. Fox

- **After School Detention**— after school, now called ISS “In School Suspension.” I can remember the few times I was in After School Detention. The main thing I remember is that I had to walk home, a total of about two miles after sitting in the classroom for a hour or two with a teacher watching over me. I don’t remember if I did anything during that time or not. But the hardest thing was explaining to my parents why I was late. Now-a-days they have In School Suspension, ISS. That means that they have a suspension, but it’s during the school hours. I don’t know when that changed, but I guess since the world is getting as evil as it is it would be dangerous for someone to walk two miles home after school. You may be picked up, killed, raped and no telling what else.
- **Owning a dog**—It’s hard to remember a time in my life that I didn’t have a dog. The dog that is remembered in my childhood was Lassie, yes of course named after that famous T.V. dog Lassie. I don’t know what ended up happening to Lassie. She disappear one day. Dogs; “A man’s best friend” as the saying goes. But today it would be “A Person’s best friend.” And probably that is true. Think about it. Your friend, your dog, takes you as you are, never asking any questions on why you are doing something. Your dog eats when you feed them, never complaining. Your dog always greets you when it sees you. It doesn’t matter how long you have been gone; 3 days or 3 minutes, you are treated the same. “Learn from our dog.”
As a case in point; I left home one morning early and forgot something and had to go back home to pick it up. When I stepped on the porch I was greeted by Katie, my dog, just as she had not seen me in months. The dog truly is “Man’s Best Friend.” (Except for God of course)
- **Simple Names**— When we went to school it seems like the names were short and simple, we had;

Fox, Bailey, Jenkins, Eggers, Patton, Mull, Parks, Greene, Taylor, but now we have Phapphyboun, Percoskie, Perdieu, Prakuson, Sakowski, Wolkeyesus, etc. You get the message, everything seen to be more complicated. I can’t even pronoun some of the new names, much less spell them.

I went to my grandson’s graduation a few years ago and even the teacher that was calling out the names as they received their High School diploma had a problem pronouncing some of the names. She did a great job, but some of these new names are difficult even for the highly educated.

- **GRIT papers \$.10 each, that’s right, one dime.**

A Little History—Grit was a weekly newspaper popular in rural areas throughout the United States during much of the 20th Century. It was founded in 1882 as the Saturday edition of the Williamsport, Pennsylvania Daily Sun and Banner paper.

During the first three-quarters of the 20th Century, *Grit* was sold across the country by children and teenagers, many recruited by ads in comic books from the 1940s to the 1970s. Approximately 30,000 boys collected dimes from more than 700,000 American small town homes during the 1950s when the publication carried the subtitle, "America's Greatest Family Newspaper."

I remember those GRIT days- These days were in the early and mid 50’s. I used to sell them on Saturdays to make a few bucks or maybe not even a buck since I sold them for a dime each. Don’t remember the profit on each paper. If I remember correctly, the Grit papers were delivered to my house on Friday and I would spend Saturday pedaling my wares. I had the Grit shoulder bag that I carried the Grit papers in while riding my bike. Going house to house, knocking on doors. Today, to knock on a stranger’s door may get you shot.



"Retired Persons"

Yesterday I was at my local Target buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for my loyal pet, Sheriff, the Wonder Dog and was in the checkout line when the woman behind me asked if I had a dog. What did she think I had, an elephant?

So since I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the Purina Diet again. I added that I probably shouldn't, because I ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms.

I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pants pockets with Purina nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry.

The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in line was now enthralled with my story.) Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me.

I told her no, I stepped off a curb to sniff an Irish Setter's "butt" and a car hit us both. I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard.

Target won't let me shop there anymore. Better watch what you ask retired people. They have all the time in the world to think of crazy things to say. ~Received as email~



"A Sister Gone"

Edwina Fox Goebel

June 12, 1946 - February 03, 2009

After a few days I realized she wouldn't be back. It dawned on me as we were walking the aisle out of the Church service that I had "A Sister Gone." She would never be back to greet me here on this earth. As I have said before, "Death seems so final here on earth." This is the reason we have The blessed HOPE of Jesus Christ where all true-believers will meet again in that final resurrection.

"A Sister Gone"

- A Sister Gone that I will not be able to hug again.*
- A Sister Gone that I will not be able to smile at again.*
- A Sister Gone that I will not be able to argue with again.*
- A Sister Gone that I will not have to tell me and others what to do.*
- A Sister Gone that I will not be able to be inspired by her smile.*
- A Sister Gone that I will not be able to say "I love you."*
- A Sister Gone that I will never see here on earth again.*
- A Sister Gone that I will remember all the fond memories.*
- A Sister Gone that I will surely miss her independence.*
- A Sister Gone that I will be inspired by as well as many others during her illness.*
- A Sister Gone that I will be able to remember her inspiration to others.*
- A Sister Gone that I will remember all my days.*
- A Sister Gone that I will appreciate, and will never be forgotten.*
- A Sister Gone that I will see when the Lord brings us all home.*

Her most loved and best Brother

Dewey Evans Fox

OBITUARIES

Macie "Winnie" Mangum

Macie "Winnie" Mangum 95, formerly of Dysartsville Road, went to be with her Lord on Monday, December 15, 2008 at Autumn Care of Drexel. She was born in Burke County on August 31, 1913.

Mrs. Mangum was mother of our classmate of 1960, Phillip A. Mangum of Hickory. We send our condolences to Phillip and his family.

**Class of 1960— Ladies; There is still hope!
Another 70-year-old in India has IVF* baby**

Elderly woman and her first child are both doing well, newspaper reports.

A 70-year-old woman in India gave birth to her first child, a girl, after undergoing infertility treatment, according to a report in the Daily Mail. The mother, Rajo Devi, had long been trying to get pregnant with her 72-year-old husband who had failed to become a father in two prior marriages.

*in vitro fertilization msnbc.com 12/8/2008

“You cannot legislate the poor into freedom by legislating the wealthy out of freedom. What one person receives without working for, another person must work for without receiving. The government cannot give to anybody anything that the government does not first take from somebody else. When half of the people get the idea that they do not have to work because the other half is going to take care of them, and when the other half gets the idea that it does no good to work because somebody else is going to get what they work for, that my dear friend, is about the end of any nation.” The late minister Adrian Rogers

HELP ME!

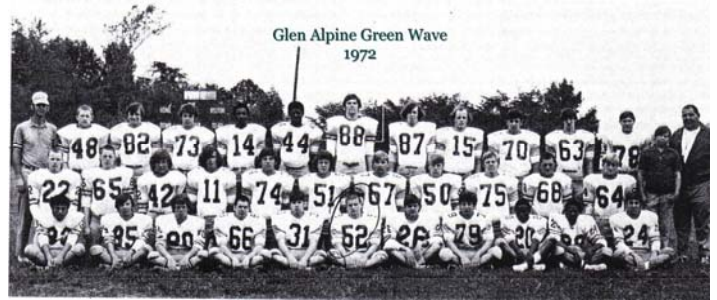
I have asked the question many times, but no one seems to have the answer. **“How did the Glen Alpine Green Waves get their name?”** A few suggestions!

- Named after Joe Greene, forgot the “e.”
- Glen Alpine was always on top of their opponents in football, looking at the grass instead of the blue sky. Otherwise it would be Blue Waves.
- I guess it may be the teams were unstoppable as a wave that crashes against the rocks, they never quit—give up. A continuous force in the game.

Burke County Trivia— What year was the last Glen Alpine Green Wave Varsity Team: last varsity even of good old Turkey Tail? And coached by who?

Answer — go to top of this page on right.

Burke County Trivia— 1972, Coach- Jug Wilson.



Picture courtesy of Bob Duckworth Hickory, N. C.

**Burke County Transit Company
Morganton, NC**

Burke Transit Company was started in 1941 by J. Ed Butler. When it began operations, it had 3 buses. The company's garage was located on South Sterling Street. The company grew to about 23 buses and had 35 employees. It served all of Burke County and Newland in Avery County. The company folded in 1955.

Photography by Greene Studio. NC Room, Burke County Public Library



~ Burke County Transit Co. Bus to Morganton ~

I remember riding this bus several times in the early and mid fifties. It came to Glen Alpine to pick up riders. At that time, as most of the time I lived on the Lail Road outside of Glen Alpine. It was a 1-1/2 mile walk from my house to Glen Alpine which I made many times by foot or bike. The few times I rode the bus to Morganton I would walk the 1-1/2 mile journal, pay my 10 cents or so and ride the bus to Morganton and then back to Glen Alpine and the walk home. In those days we didn't mind walking!

Oh, how times have changed! Dewey Fox



Who are these outstanding youth of GAHS Class 1960?
Give it a try! Answer at bottom of page.



While I was going through some old pictures I came across about a dozen or so pictures of classmates in much younger age. Not sure of the grade. If you know, please let me know.

News Herald on December 22, 2008 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

~ Bits from J. Gordon Queen: **Kenny Anderson, Bob White, Royce Byrd and Tom Epley** from Glen Alpine “just noseying around town”..... ~

News Herald on December 29, 2008 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

“There is a hole in the wall of the Glen Alpine High School gym, which was caused by the six-inch rains that fell over the weekend.”

News Herald on January 05, 2009 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

“Seen and heard in West Burke—.....Russ Gaylord carrying a large package plus a bag of oranges.

News Herald on January 12, 2009 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

“Seen and heard in West Burke—.....Beautiful music coming from Glen Alpine First Methodist Church made by Beth Bobbit at the organ and ANNE EGGERS at the piano....Coach Wilson painting lines for the basketball game on the playground....BECKY STAMEY has been elected chief marshal for the commencement exercise.....A sign “For Sale” by J. Alex Mull, in the yard of the local school.

News Herald on February 02, 2009 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

“Seen and heard in west Burke—Heard that Pat Deaton, Becky Biggerstaff and Faye Kelly has spent two weeks at Chickemauga Creek.....

1-Shirley Sisk, 2-Richard Penley, 3-Jessie Henline, 4-Phillip Mangum

News Herald on February 23, 2009 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

“Members of the Glen Alpine chapter of Future Farmers of America have been landscaping the yard at the home of W. A. Young. Most of the shrubbery came from the school’s own nursery. Russell Gaylord is advisor to the chapter.

News Herald on March 09, 2009 in
“50 Years Ago in Burke County”

Seen and heard in West Burke—Pat Deaton driving a Studebaker car.....Coach Wilson walking around with his two little girls, Cindy and Paula.....

PERSISTENCE IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

If you have men who will only come if they know there is a good road, I don't want them. I want men who will come if there is no road at all.

-David Livingstone, 1813-1873, Scottish explorer and missionary

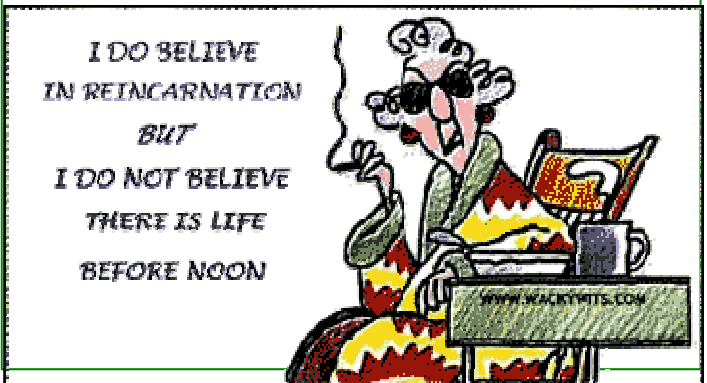
THE INTERFERENCE OF MAN

The history of the Church makes one thing absolutely clear: the unity, doctrinal soundness, Scriptural order, and power of the Church can be preserved only by the power of the Spirit. Equally evident is the fact that the Holy Spirit can do this only as there is absolute surrender to the Lord and obedience to His Word. The introduction of man's wisdom and power at any point inevitably brings loss of spiritual power, authority and communion and leads to division, stagnation and defeat until an effective witness ceases.

- Alex R. Hay (20th Century Missionary and Church Planter)

'A government big enough to give you everything you want, is big enough to take away everything you have.'

- Thomas Jefferson



"Dirt Roads"

What's mainly wrong with society today is that too many Dirt Roads have been paved.



There's not a problem in America today, crime, drugs, education, divorce, delinquency that wouldn't be remedied, if we just had more Dirt Roads, because Dirt Roads give character.

People that live at the end of Dirt Roads learn early on that life is a bumpy ride.

That it can jar you right down to your teeth sometimes, but it's worth it, if at the end is home...a loving spouse, happy kids and a dog.

We wouldn't have near the trouble with our educational system if our kids got their exercise walking a Dirt Road with other kids, from whom they learn how to get along.

There was less crime in our streets before they were paved.

Criminals didn't walk two dusty miles to rob or rape, if they knew they'd be welcomed by 5 barking dogs and a double barrel shotgun.

And there were no drive by shootings.

Our values were better when our roads were worse!

People did not worship their cars more than their kids, and motorists were more courteous, they didn't tailgate by riding the bumper or the guy in front would choke you with dust & bust your windshield with rocks.

Dirt Roads taught patience.

Dirt Roads were environmentally friendly, you didn't hop in your car for a quart of milk you walked to the barn for your milk.

For your mail, you walked to the mail box.

What if it rained and the Dirt Road got washed out? That was the best part, then you stayed home and had some family time, roasted marshmallows and popped popcorn and pony rode on Daddy's shoulders and learned how to make prettier quilts than anybody.

At the end of Dirt Roads, you soon learned that bad words tasted like soap.

Most paved roads lead to trouble, Dirt Roads more likely lead to a fishing creek or a swimming hole.

At the end of a Dirt Road, the only time we even locked our car was in August, because if we didn't some neighbor would fill it with too much zucchini.

At the end of a Dirt Road, there was always extra springtime income, from when city dudes would get stuck, you'd have to hitch up a team and pull them out.

Usually you got a dollar...always you got a new friend...at the end of a Dirt Road!

by Paul Harvey

"Above Picture taken October 2008 and is the dirt road going to Table Rock Mountain."

"Old Table Rock Fire Tower"



Old Foundation taken 2008



Old tie down

Taken 2008

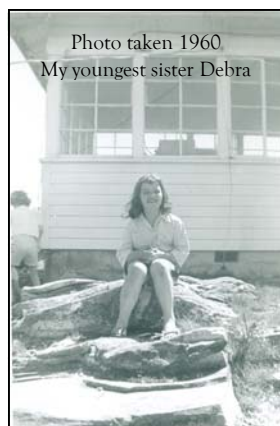
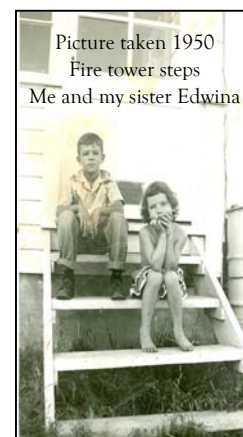


Photo taken 1960
My youngest sister Debra



Picture taken 1950
Fire tower steps
Me and my sister Edwina

In late October of 2008 the leaves were so beautiful for this time of the year and I am drawn to the mountains. I have to make that yearly mountain trip, driving and hiking. This day I walked to the top of Table Rock. It brought back memories of my childhood when we many times went to Table Rock for picnics and to climb that steep one mile climb to the top; but beautiful and worth it.

I thought about the times we hiked up to the top of Table Rock and there was a fire tower there. I can see why there would be a fire tower located here since you can see for miles and miles; especially on a good clear day. I dare say that there are probably very few pictures around of the Table Rock fire tower. I have a few that was taken back in 1950 and 1960, as the ones above.

I located the old foundation of the tower and a couple of tie down anchors that was used to keep the tower in tack from the strong winds that was sure to blow. See pictures above. Table Rock Fire Tower was 10 feet in height.

As a matter of information there were 4 working towers in Burke County. Notice I wrote "were" since there are none in use today. The four were; Table Rock, High Peak, Walker Top and Horse Ridge on Benn Knob.—don't know where this one is. I hear it is close to Walker Top. If you know, let me know!

Fire towers, as far as I know, are pretty much a thing of the past. I guess there are other ways to see smoke where a fire is located. Apparently fire towers are too simple, they went the way of technology.



{Table Rock Mountain Lookout House 1940}
Courtesy of USFS and Peter J. Barr. Mr. Barr is the author of "Hiking North Carolina's Lookout Towers." For a copy you can reach him at email pjbarr@unc.edu or web www.nclookouts.com