



16th Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1960

Our 49th Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

- New Contact Information
- I Remember -Just Barely
- 50 Years Ago in Burke
- June Bugs in July
- Ruby Williams Found
- 50th Anniversary Date
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- Delicious Soup Recipe
- Photo by Dewey Fox

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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

50th Anniversary Class Reunion Of the 1960 Glen Alpine High School Graduating Class

Believe it or not, next year will be our 50th Anniversary since we walked the halls of good ole Glen Alpine High School, which of course does not exist today as a high school. I think the last graduating class was 1972, the year they consolidated the high schools in Burke County. We had a short meeting a few days ago to set the 50th Anniversary date and to sought out a group of local classmates

to serve on the upcoming committees.

And your committee members are:

- Joe Greene
- Dewey E. Fox
- Sunny B. Brown
- Bob White
- Faye K. Stephenson
- Nancy D. Arrowood
- Wayne Whisenant
- Louise N. Owens
- Victoria G. Stevens

You may call any of the above committee members if you have a question or suggestion for the class reunion. They would be glad to hear from you.

REMEMBER: the date

for our 50th Anniversary will be:

**SEPTEMBER
 24-25, 2010**

**MARK YOUR
 CALENDAR NOW**

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



New Contact Inf. for:

Becky STAMEY Sehorn
 10939 Signal Hill Road
 Austin, TX. 78737-9214

Faye KELLY Stephenson
 2586 Holly Hills Avenue
 Morganton, N. C. 28655

Don't forget: you can get this class newsletter and all the other 15 newsletters published on the web at: www.deweyfox.com and "Click" on "Glen Alpine High School Class of 1960" and choose option under News Letters.

New Email Address For:

Glenn Henline
jghdsh@embarqmail.com

Photo by Dewey Fox



Orton Plantation
Wilmington, N. C.

CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960

"I Remember....Just Barely!!!!!" by Dewey E. Fox

• Outdoor Toilets -

The outdoor toilet: some were double-seaters (for the socialistic at heart) and you were uptown if you had a factory seat to sit on while doing your business.

I remember digging a hole next to our outdoor toilet and moving the toilet building over to that hole when the old one got full. Every few months, lime would be put on the waste to soften the smell and kill the parasites. A little gory, but we flush it all down the drains now-a-days. Never seeing the end results.

Think about it, we are flushing our waste down the sewer system and the next town down river is recycling it to take baths in, wash dishes, cook with and use as pure drinking water. But, we try not to think upon these things. "Out of sight, out of mine." All under the approval of the U.S. government, saying the water is clean. HELLO, is anybody drinking water out there and believing the U.S. Government?

• It's Howdy Doody Time -

When I was a kid I loved Howdy Doody. I would get home from school just in time to turn the TV on and watch it, along with "Lassie." I can remember the theme song; "It's Howdy Doody Time, it's Howdy Doody Time." A calling that we couldn't resist.

Do you remember this or any other of your favorite programs? We had them, but there were not many to choose from like there are today. Oh, how we long for those days of clean and clear television programs!

• Credit Woes -

Used to be easy to get credit. You just went to the store and they knew you and they gave you the merchandise on credit. When payday came or the crops were harvested you would pay your bill and thank God that you were able to get the credit so you could live until things got better. None of this credit report stuff and signing your life away. Today we think everyone is a crook. And in a lot of cases we are correct; they are crooks trying to beat you and everyone else

out of everything they can. It's called GREED. How times are changing and not necessarily for the better. Can I get an Amen?

• June Bugs in July?

I've noticed for a number of years that June bugs come out in July, not June. So, I don't know why they are called June bugs; they should be July bugs. Now years ago when I was a kid, (that was a LONG time ago) my friends and I would catch June bugs and tie a thread to one of their legs and fly it around like an airplane. We learned to not get the thread too long or thick; otherwise the June bugs could not fly very well because the weight of the thread was too heavy for them. I'm sure most of you guys remember the June bugs that come out in July or did they come out in June in our younger years?



• Jacks—the Game of!



The simple game of Jacks, do you remember? Well I had forgotten until a few months ago when I saw a picture of Jacks.

Then it dawned on me that I used to play this game when I was a small boy. We even took them to school with us to play during our recess times during the day. "I guess you are probably not allowed to take them to school now-a-days; they are probably classified as a dangerous weapon." Anyway I'm sure you remember as you are reading this.

You remember the way it was played or the way I played it. I would hold the ball and jacks in one hand and then toss the ball in the air and throw down the jacks. Then I would proceed to throw the ball into the air and sweep up one jack at a time. Then I would do the same thing and pick up two jacks each time I tossed the ball. Then so on until I was picking up all twelve jacks at a time in one large sweep. Winner.

If you failed to pick each jack up as above, then you pass your turn over to the next person in the group to see what they could do. What a simple game!

“Mature (over 65) lady gets pulled over for speeding...”

Older Woman: Is there a problem, Officer?

Officer: Ma'am, you were speeding.

Older Woman: Oh, I see.

Officer: Can I see your license please?

Older Woman: I'd give it to you but I don't have one.

Officer: Don't have one?

Older Woman: Lost it, 4 years ago for drunk driving.

Officer: I see...Can I see your vehicle registration papers please.

Older Woman: I can't do that.

Officer: Why not?

Older Woman: I stole this car.

Officer: Stole it?

Older Woman: Yes, and I killed and hacked up the owner.

Officer: You what?

Older Woman: His body parts are in plastic bags in the trunk if you want to see?

The Officer: looks at the woman and slowly backs away to his car and calls for back up. Within minutes 5 police cars circle the car. A senior officer slowly approaches the car, clasp his half drawn gun.

Officer 2: Ma'am, could you step out of your vehicle please! The woman steps out of her vehicle.

Older woman: Is there a problem sir?

Officer 2: One of my officers told me that you have stolen this car and murdered the owner.

Older Woman: Murdered the owner?

Officer 2: Yes, could you please open the trunk of your car, please.

The woman opens the trunk, revealing nothing but an empty trunk.

Officer 2: Is this your car, ma'am?

Older Woman: Yes, here are the registration papers.

The officer is quite stunned.

Officer 2: One of my officers claims that you do not have a driving license.

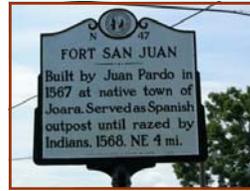
The woman digs into her handbag and pulls out a clutch purse and hands it to the officer.

The officer examines the license. He looks quite puzzled.

Officer 2: Thank you ma'am, one of my officers told me you didn't have a license, that you stole this car, and that you murdered and hacked up the owner.

Older Woman: Bet the liar told you I was speeding, too.

And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose.
(Romans 8:28 MKJV)



This new 2009 historic marker is located at the intersection of Hwy 181 and Bost Road on the N/W side of Morganton, N. C.

FORT SAN QUAN

“Built by Juan Pardo in 1567 at native town of Joara. Served as Spanish outpost until razed by Indians. 1568, NE 4 miles.” This is the 12th Historic Marker for Burke County. The actual site is located on Henderson Mill Road. See more at: www.deweyfox.com/fortsanjuanmarker.htm

From “50 years ago in Burke County” Page 5

“Less than a month old, tiny Johnnie Lynn Fox was elected mascot of the Glen Alpine High School Band. Her mother, the former Linda Dickson, is a senior and plays tenor saxophone.”

And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her Husband.
(Revelations 21:2 MKJV)

OBITUARY



Robert Clay Gilbert, 68, of Morganton died May 25, 2009 at his residence. He was born June 14, 1940 in Mitchell County, N. C. He is survived by his wife Lori and two sons and two daughters, a brother and sister as well as several grandchildren.

Robert had his picture in the Freshman Annual and none after that. I believe he may have quit school in his freshman year, as many did in those days. None of the classmates had any contact with him after our school days, so I don't have a whole lot to report. There was a report of a sighting or two, but nothing confirmed. I'm thinking that Robert was raised at the South Mountain Institute for Boys and Girls, not positive. But others believe the same way. If you have any information, please let me know.

Robert was one of our “Missing Classmates” that we were looking for and I found this information in the obituaries in the local News Herald paper.

The Things We Say

“Sleep tight”?

The saying “sleep tight” dates back to when a bed was made of a wooden frame with a rope lattice strung across it. The mattress was placed on top of the rope. When the rope started to sag, it would be tightened. Thus, sleep tight came to mean to sleep comfortably on a tight or firm bed.

“Strike while the iron is hot?”

This phrase is easily traced back to the blacksmithing trades. In order for a blacksmith to shape his metal, the metal had to be heated and he had to shape it while it was hot. Thus the saying “strike while the iron is hot” means that the greatest chance of success goes to those who act while things are hot, in demand, or popular.

It’s starting to get cool and we came upon this soup which I will give it “five-stars,” especially when Martha prepares it. Try it, you may like it too.

Potato, Spinach and Tomato Soup



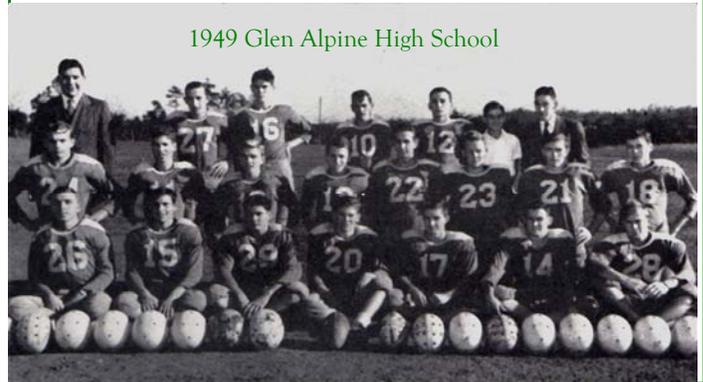
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 3 cloves crushed or finely chopped garlic
- 2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 quarts vegetable broth
- 3 pounds potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced
- 1 pound fresh triple washed spinach, coarsely chop
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, grated or ground
- Salt and Pepper
- 1 (28 ounce) can chunky crushed tomatoes or diced
- 1/2 cup grated Parmigiano-Reggiano or Romano

In a deep pot, sauté garlic and onion in oil for 2 or 3 minutes. Add broth and bring liquid to a boil. As you slice potatoes, add them carefully to the broth. Cook potatoes 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. The potatoes will begin to break up and thicken broth as the soup cooks. Stir in spinach in bunches as it wilts into soup. Season soup with nutmeg, salt and pepper, to your taste. Stir in tomatoes and heat through, 1 or 2 minutes. Remove pot from the stove to a trivet. Stir grated cheese into your soup and serve. EAT UP!

Glen Alpine Trivia— What year was the first varsity football team for Turkey Tail, that was coached by Ralph (Jug) Wilson?

Answer — go to top of this page on right side

Glen Alpine Trivia— It was the Glen Alpine varsity football team and it was the year 1949.



Picture courtesy of Bob Duckworth, Hickory, N. C.

Did you know about your taxes?

Withholding taxes from people’s paychecks began June 9, 1943. Most of us were one or two years old at that time. Otherwise we could have protested the act. Apparently no one did! Congress passed it as an emergency measure to get money to fight Hitler. Called the “pay-as-you-go” tax, so much money came in with so few complaints that it continued after the war. What a wonderful government we have, they continued to tax us to get the money so they can waste it.

Local radio station WSVM in Valdese is now playing some oldies and goldies. In the area; tune in to 1490 AM and by worldwide internet www.1490wsvm.com. Has variety of music, played in the 40,50,60,70 and maybe some 80s. Brings back a lot of High School memories.

Remember any of these: On Top of Old Smokey –Wake-up Little Susie–Wild Horses by Perry Como– Songs by Elvis Presley, Paul Anka, The Beach Boys, Ricky Nelson, Bobby Darin, Pat Boone, The Platters and on and on.



Green Waves

Class Reunion
Year 2010
Class Reunion
Year 2010

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 pictures of classmates in much younger age. Not sure of the grade. If you know let me know.

News Herald on April 06, 2009, in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

"Seen and heard in West Burke— Jo Mull with her arm in a sling as the result of a car accident she was in while her twin, Jackie, has a black eye....."

News Herald on April 27, 2009, in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

"J. Gordon Queen.....visited a lot of the businesses and will say Glen Alpine is outstanding and the residents are a friendly bunch and everybody knows everybody else."

News Herald on July 13, 2009, in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

Seen/Heard in West Burke:.....
Congrats to Mindora and Andy.

News Herald on August 17, 2009, in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

"School fees for all Burke County schools will be \$1.50 for elementary school pupils and at least \$3.85 for high school students. This does not include Morganton City Schools or Glen Alpine."

"The Burke County Board of Education feels something should be done about the increasing number of high school students getting married before graduation. All school personnel are requested to take every opportunity to provide information and counseling to students, informing them of the disadvantages of early marriage."

1-Tom Wells, 2-Letha Pritchard, 3-Stanley Jenkins, 4-Jennings Taylor, 5-Jo Mull

News Herald on August 24, 2009, in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

"Anne Eggers and Caroline Finger were honored with a dance at the community House. There were approximately 100 guests in the beautifully decorated building."

"Majorettes of the Glen Alpine High School started preparations for the new school year. They were Frances Lafevers, Alice Faye Taylor, Jo Mull, Robbie Shearin, Jac Mull, Linda Fox, Sunny Nell Browning and Glenda Bowman."

"Teeter's has sales on fryers, 25 cents pound; 5-pound bags of sugar, 39 cents a bag; instant coffee, 85 cents; biscuits, 3 cans of 10 for 19 cents; Kraft mayo, 29 cents per pint; and Coke, a carton of six for 19 cents"

News Herald on August 31, 2009, in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"

"About the most pessimistic man in Burke County this fall is Coach Ralph "Jug" Wilson. Towels, the crying variety, will find ready market around the Green Waves practice field. He will only have three returning starters from his great 1958 team. They are Kenny Anderson, Bob White and Philip Mangum."

"The happy players of the NCS D Bears give Coach Dub Hord a victory ride to the center of the field. The Bears beat Glen Alpine Green Waves by 13-6."

Continued on Page 3

Ruby Williams—Do you remember her?



Ruby was in our class until her junior year according to the school yearly annual. I received a tip on her where-a-bouts; that she may be living in the Valdese area and has for many years. I called Head Investigator

Joe Greene and gave him the phone number of her friend that I had. Here is what he found out.

Ruby was living in the Valdese area, actually she was living on a nice quiet street in Rutherford College. She had married and changed her name to Ruby Pons. Since she had no phone Joe went by her house for a visit. She appreciated him coming to see her, but she said she had graduated with the class of 1961. And also she was now a widow since her husband was deceased. Now you know the rest of the story.

Dewey Fox

My Thoughts on Aging from Mrs. Blum



Old Age, I have decided is a gift. If this comes as a surprise to you, let me explain. I am now, for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometime despair over my body, the wrinkles, the baggy eyes and the other sagging parts. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror, but I don't agonize over those things. I would never trade my friends or my loving family for less gray hair or a flatter belly.

As I've aged, I've become more kind to myself. I've become my own friend. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4 a.m. and sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the past, and if I wish to weep over a lost love. . . I will. If I so desire I will walk on a beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and despite the pitying glances of some, I know that they, too, will get old someday.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And I eventually remember the important things. Sure, over the years my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face.

As you get older, you care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong. So, to answer the question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worry about what will be.

And so to those who have come to know me through this Almanac, may our friendship never come apart especially when it's straight from the heart! May you always have a rainbow of smiles on your face and in your heart forever and ever!

Friends Forever!

Taken from "Blum's Farmer's and Planter's Almanac 2009 since 1828, 181st Edition, used by permission, of course.

My mother uses this Almanac faithfully in planting and signs. See them at website www.blumsalmanac.com and by the way they are a North Carolina magazine; Winston Salem, N. C.

Continued from page 2

"I remember.....Just Barely!!!!!! By Dewey E. Fox

• Riding Bicycles—



Oh, how I remember riding bikes in my younger years. Early in life riding them for fun and later on I earned my cash when I delivered morning and afternoon news papers as well at times I also delivered the Grit paper on Saturdays. As a matter of fact I think I rode bikes as my transportation until maybe I was close to sixteen and got my driving license. Only then was the bike set aside.

Back in the old days I rode bare footed and sometimes with a part pedal or only one pedal since one may have broken off. I must have had tough feet back in those days. When I was young I rode without a helmet or any other bicycling gear. I just jumped on the bike and took off. Now-a-days I wear a helmet, special bike shoes with pedals that are made to fit the shoes. And the list goes on.

Used to be one speed gears and if the hill got too steep I just got off and walked. Now I have 27 gears on my bike. Can you believe how far they have come in safety and technology? I miss the old days. Simple!

• Riding a Newly Purchased Mule Home -

Let me tell one more story before I close out this newsletter. It's about riding a mule for about 12-15 miles in a day with a straw sack saddle.

My dad purchased or traded for a mule when I was about 10-12 years old. The mule was located up off Dysartville Road, actually I think it is now Morning Star Church Road. Back in those days we didn't have horse trailers or other ways of transporting livestock.

So for three dollars, I think it was, I rode that big old mule home to Lail Road in Glen Alpine which was probably around 12 miles. I had an old toe-sack filled with straw as a saddle. It took most of the day to get home. You guessed it, my rear-end was a little sore.