



17th Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1960

Our 50th Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

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- I remember –Just barely
- Remember the Past
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50th Anniversary
GAHS Class of '60
Sept. 24-25, 2010



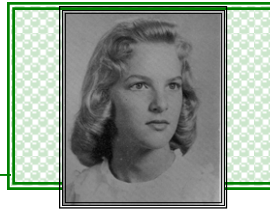
This 1960 Class Newsletter is an attempt to keep in contact with our classmates and update their happenings in life.

Website to Browse:

www.deweyfox.com



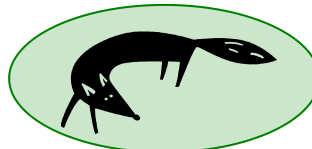
I've been asked by Dewey to write a few words he could use in the news letter this time. You may want to skip over this part of the "letter". I asked him "Why me?" he said "Why not?" So here are a few words. I hope the past "50" have been happy ones. So, fellow classmates, 50 years has passed since we walked the halls of good ole Glen Alpine School hallways!! Can you believe it, where did all the years go? Did we get old and just forgot to count time as it marched on? Were you really aware as the years faded away? I don't really feel like I have been a faithful steward of my time. SEE PAGE 3



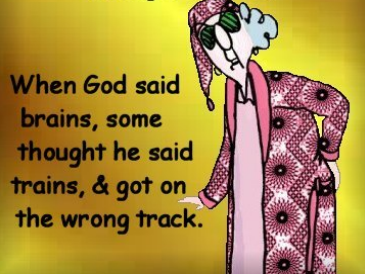
I was born in Baltimore, Maryland, where my Dad pursued defense work – helping build Liberty ships; then, we moved to Jacksonville, Florida to continue working on Liberty ships but where doctors had advised my Dad the climate would be better for his respiratory problems; near the close of the war, my parents bought my father's home- place in western Burke County: about one hundred acres of scenic rural
SEE PAGE 3

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.



If Satan was an Angel & God made the Angels then how could Satan be Stronger then God?



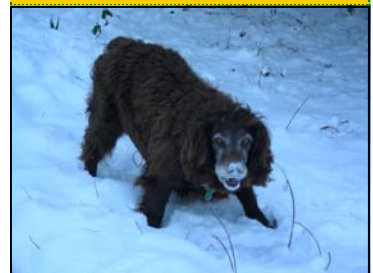
When God said brains, some thought he said trains, & got on the wrong track.

"WORDS OF WISDOM"

I know I write a little odd and somewhat red-neckist, but I will always remember, or I have up to this time what my teacher, Lena Taylor said, when I was having problems in English writings. She said, are you ready for this; "To write your written words the same way that you would talk to someone."

"Now you know."
"It's known as writing style."

Photo by Dewey Fox



My Dog Katie enjoying the snow

CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960

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

• **“Well Water in the Early Days”**

I remember the well water where we would get our drinking and cleaning water for the house. We would manually draw from the 65+ or so foot deep well. Later on as we modernized we put a well pump and pumped the water into the house area.

The main thing I remember in the old days that it seemed we were always short on water. We would do it ourselves or have someone come to dig the well a little deeper. Some using dynamite, due the solid rock floor that was in the bottom of the well. They would go down into the well and plant the dynamite, come up out of the well on the rope and bucket. Using long wires from the dynamite to an old battery charger, they would blow the dynamite. Then they would have to wait a while, sometimes hours, to let the smoke and fumes clear. Then back down into the well to get the rocks and dirt out by the hand-drawn rope and bucket. They would load each bucket one shovel at a time.

Back in those days there were a group of men that did this type of work on your well. They had the equipment to get the work done. Just like any other business now-a-days. “No women allowed then.”

Sometimes we would put crawfishes in the well to help keep the veins cleaned out. Did it help? I don’t know. It sounded like a good idea at the time. Especially if you didn’t have any water.

It seemed like it never failed, when our neighbor ran short on water and dug their wells deeper our well would then be short on water and we would go through the same process again. “Digging the well deeper to get more water.” Apparently all the wells in the area were fed off of the same stream of underground water. At least then, we had an excuse not to have to take any baths that we didn’t have to; good news for this young boy.

I remember we would draw water for the wash pots



My sister and cousin sitting at the old water well. C.A. 1954

for the next day’s washing of clothes. We drew the water late in the afternoon so we wouldn’t have to get up early and draw it. It took a little planning. We would get up early the next morning and build a fire fueled by split wood under the large black cast iron kettles which was always full of water.

Then early morning the water would be boiling hot so the clothes with some soap of some kind were put in the pot of hot water. Using a long stick or paddle type piece of wood to stir the clothes. After washing they were hung on the clothes line for drying. We did this about once a week. Usually the same day, known as “wash day.”

Happen to think while we are on the water subject; Showers, never had one until we built one outside near the house. It consisted of a 55 gallon steel drum put on top of a platform that was about 6 feet high. The steel drum was laid flat on the platform and had a spigot in one end to let the water out and into an old coffee can that had many holes punched in the bottom so the water would come down on you in a spray. The walls were made of an old piece of canvas about six feet tall. It didn’t have a door, but the exterior was built in a zigzag angle into the shower, somewhat of a maize. The secret to getting hot water was to fill the drum with water and let it set in the sun all day so in the late afternoon when you took a shower the water would be warn, not hot. Remember we had no hot/cold facets to turn on or off. I can imagine what people would say or think now-a-days if they saw one of these contraptions in my back yard.

Things have certainly changed over the years. Compare the old and new. But, how we long for those olden days when everything seemed so much simpler.





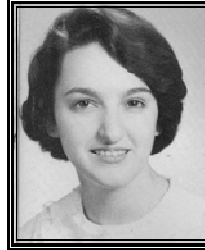
FROM PAGE 1- beauty with a mile of road front and fences to keep up! Past the farm house front door, blue mountains including Dobson's Knob graced the horizon; past the back door stood sturdy Short-Off Mountain. Summer-time breezes flowed gently through the native stone house my grandfather Browning had constructed in the Twenties. The sound of Paddy's Creek whispered, placidly as it murmured and meandered past the pastures and through the forest.

It was from that setting that I attended Glen Alpine School. It was from that setting that my parents made a pretty good living dairy farming, though grueling at times. It was from that setting that I learned the value of self-reliance, strong ethics, and where my parents saved diligently for my college education. My Mother, poised in the Thirties to be a missionary, had studied at Columbia Bible College and Mars Hill - so off to Mars Hill I was sent. I studied reasonably hard, forgot some of my ethics and manners, as sometimes my mischievous streak overrode my upbringing. On occasions, I did, in fact, break many of Mars Hill's numerous rules and managed to rack up demerits, warnings, and get "campused" for infraction of those many rules, but was still allowed to participate in an honorary, formal May Court type event to which I had been elected - even though I was "campused" at the time. James Brown was my escort and looked handsome in his tux.

Though we had agreed to see other people during my college years, James, my high school beau, and I were always in touch; ours was a strong attraction. We even kept each other apprised of who else we were seeing, what we did and where we went. Seems strange now. Sunday nights when he would leave Mars Hill, easing his flashy convertible slowly by the back of our dorm, he'd pause by my window before leaving; I'd be waiting there looking down, dreading his long, late trip down the mountain. He also had a "fan club" who chided me playfully, hanging out the window of our dorm shouting "We love you James Brown!" WHAT HAPPENS NEXT—see next Newsletter



Sunny BROWNING Brown



FROM PAGE 1— Since I married at the start of our senior year, you could say my whole life I have been married, luckily to the same fellow. It's been quite a life. We had one daughter and she had a daughter and son. Ashley is now 21 and Josh is 18. They have been the love of my life, fulfilling a lot of dreams. I know I'm sounding like every grandmother in the world, but they are wonderful children (or adults) and very beautiful.

My special interests or hobbies have been varied. The ones I like best at this time, is rubber stamping (making cards, scrap booking, etc.) and building our family tree on ancestry.com. Both of these can consumed one's time. I teach a class at church to a group of older members on the card making. Been doing that for about two years now. I have been asked to do it through the college but, I can't seem to find time to add any-more to my schedule. Funny, when you're retired, time is more precious to one. Howard and I have a booth in the Valdese Art Center with some of our crafts. He does a lot of scroll saw wood working and of course, mine are all occasion cards.

I lost my Mother in the summer before my junior year. That is still a big empty hole in my heart. I had three brothers and three sisters, all younger than me. Since then, we have had our youngest sister to go home to be with her. They are missed almost daily.

Lessons I have learned: treat everyone you meet as though they are your best friend; try not to have to repeat a process more than once (learn it the first time around); help anyone you can in whatever way they may need it; don't say no too many times; and most important - keep God first in your life. Oh and always make love important - be it in work, play and in the lives we touch everyday. Too many of us fail to let others know just how important they are to us until it is too late.



Victoria GURLEY Stevens

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the wicked shall perish. (Psa 1:6 RV)

A doctor question.

I went for an annual physical the other day, and now, after all these years I have figured out what the most important thing is when choosing a doctor.

See page 5, for my answer, it may be your answer also.

“Rare Blue Moon rings in Year 2010”

I noticed this heading in an article in the local paper. It got me to thinking, (it still works, not good, but it works). Blue moon, I thought, yes I had heard blue moon in a song and that saying, “Once in a Blue Moon.”

Well, a blue moon is not a blue moon at all, it’s when we have two full moons within a month. Such as we had this December, a full moon on Dec. 02, 2009 and then a full moon on December 31, 2009. We have a full moon every 29.5 days. So, you figured it out we can’t have a blue moon in February. A blue moon occurs every 2.5 years and a new years blue moon every 19 years. If you added correctly, the next one will be 2028, hope to see you then. Now you know about the saying, “Once in a blue moon.” It doesn’t happen very often. TO THE RIGHT

Burke County Trivia Answer —

In 1868 it was called “**Turkey Tail**” because of the tree next to the railroad that looked like a turkey tail. By 1876 only three families were in Turkey Tail.

In 1876 the name of the town was changed to **Sigmundsburg.**” Named after two brothers that operated the post office and store, Columbus and Edmund Sigmund. Sounds like the brother and sister that operated the Post Office and store, Neil and Paul Hennessee when we were in high school.

In 1883 or around that date the town’s name was changed to “**Glen Alpine Station**” probably due to the building of the wooden structure in North Carolina which was called Glen Alpine Springs Hotel; a very popular hotel I might add, it may have had up to 100 guest at times.

In 1896 the word “**Station**” was dropped from the name and it became “**Glen Alpine.**” The hotel was closed in the 1890s. And so it is “**Glen Alpine**” for well over 100 years. Maybe time for another name change; well, maybe not, I kind of like that name.



Let’s get back to the song that has Blue Moon in it. I guess by now you have guessed it, “Blue Moon of Kentucky.” Written by Bill Monroe in 1947. Monroe was a native of Rosine, Kentucky. In 1989 the General Assembly of Kentucky passed a bill designating the song “Blue Moon of Kentucky” as Kentucky’s official state bluegrass song. I bet Pat DEATON up there in Kentucky all ready knew this. -Moon photo snapped Jan. 1, 2010-

Blue Moon of Kentucky was recorded by Bill Monroe, but you may be surprised, that Elvis Presley changed the song and recorded it in 1954. Other entertainers that recorded it were Patsy Cline, Leann Rimes, Patty Lovelace, and Ricky Skaggs.

“Blue Moon of Kentucky, keep on shining.”



DREXEL PLANT 3 and 5. The vacant old commercial building of Drexel Furniture, plants 3 and 5 as they were called were burned on

August 28, 2009. This is another old building that is gone forever, from the history here in Burke County. The building was vacant, but some parts were used for storage. The fire was reportedly started at approximately 3:00 A.M on the 28th.

Burke County Trivia Question —

Glen Alpine had several names before it was Glen Alpine. Now you history buffs, what were they?

Answer — go to top of this page



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 September 28, 2009 in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"**

Seen/Heard in West Burke: E. C. Whitener driving a new Plymouth station wagon.....Mrs. N. O. Orders in charge of the antique furniture store in Glen Alpine.

**News Herald on October 12, 2009 in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"**

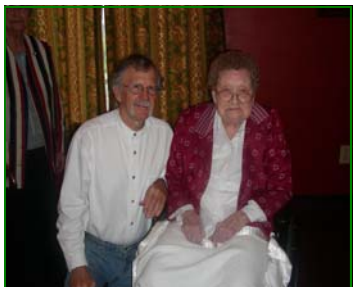
At the Glen Alpine Green Waves' homecoming, Kenny Anderson, one of the tri-captains, will crown Avis Anderson as homecoming queen. She will be escorted on the field by two other captains: Bob White and Phillip Mangum.

**News Herald on November 16, 2009 in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"**

Bob White of Glen Alpine will represent Glen Alpine in the third annual Lion's Bowl game in Forest City.

**News Herald on November 23, 2009 in
"50 Years Ago in Burke County"**

Jo Mull and Ronnie Mode were chosen as most resembling Daisy Mae and Li'l Abner at the Sadie Hawkins Day dance at Glen Alpine High School.



Dewey and his 99 year old aunt
"Florence Scott Taylor"
September 29, 2009

1-Jimmy Duckworth,2-Barbara Brown,3-Tom Epley,4-Bill Whitener,5-Eddie Gouge

OBITUARIES

"Mary Ollis"

Mrs. Mary Ella Ollis, 99, Of Morganton, went to be with the Lord early Thursday morning, September 17, 2009, at Burke Hospice and Palliative Care. Mary was born July 17, 1910.

Mrs. Ollis is the mother of Mary Allie Johnson which is one of our classmates. Apparently Allie was named after her mother Mary. We send our sympathy to Allie and family.

"Iola Gaylord"

Iola C. Gaylord, 81 wife of Russell M. Gaylord, of Grace Ridge, formerly Pea Ridge Street, Glen Alpine, died Friday, November 13, 2009.

In case you don't remember Mrs. Gaylord was the wife of one of our teachers in High School. We send our sympathy out to the Gaylord family.

"Betty Brooks"

Betty Myers Brooks, 81, of Asheville went to be with the Lord, November 29, 2009, while convalescing at The Laurels of Greentree Ridge. Interment will be at Skyview Memorial Park.

Betty started teaching with the Greenville City Schools and then move to the Glen Alpine City Schools and later to the Burke County school system. Betty taught music in the schools for 41 years.

I'm sure we all remember Betty Brooks as some of our earliest memories of music. Her coming to each class, I think it was on a weekly basis. Now, I see I should have listened to and applied myself a little more in my younger years. I still can't sing or carry a tune. As the saying goes: "I can't carry a tune in a ten gallon bucket." (Burke County's Version)

"Is any among you suffering? let him pray. Is any cheerful? let him sing praise." (Jas 5:13 RV)

The answer from Page 4 about choosing a doctor.

ANSWER: "Small Fingers," especially the middle finger. Men do you agree?

Remembering the Past - Enjoying the Present



Realizing that times, attitudes and conditions change, I still enjoy remembering the things that I grew up with and marvel at the things that we have now that were not even imagined in my early years.

When I was born there were no credit cards, personal computers, ballpoint pens, FM radios, CD's or the Internet. Guys wearing earrings were unheard of, and as I grew up we listened on the one radio in our house to the Big Bands, Jack Benny and fireside chats by the President.

Pizza Hut, McDonald's and instant coffee were not yet a reality. We had 5 & 10 cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents. Ice cream, phone calls, rides on a street car and a Pepsi or Coke were all a nickel. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600 but who could afford one? Too bad, because gas was only 11 cents a gallon then.

In my day 'grass' was mowed, 'coke' was a cold drink, 'pot' was something your mother cooked in, 'rock music' was a grandmother's lullaby, 'aids' were helpers in the Principal's office and 'software' wasn't even a word. Man had not yet invented panty hose, air conditioners, dishwashers or clothes dryers, because clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air.

None of this is meant to imply that the past is better than the present or vice versa. Each new generation should learn from each other. Some things that could and should be shared are respecting and loving our mother and father as well as our parents loving their children; setting aside Sundays or other times for going to church as a family; living by the Ten Commandments and helping those in need and visiting with family, neighbors and friends. Using good judgment and common sense in our everyday living as well as standing up and taking responsibility for our actions should be a way of life for all of us.

What a difference it would make in our lives if we all tried to live simply, love generously, care deeply and speak kindly.

Forever in my heart,

Mrs. Blum

Taken from "Blum's Farmer's and Planter's Almanac 2010 since 1828, 182nd edition, used by permission, email 9/30/09

Mrs. Blum was kind enough to let print this again. See www.blumsalmanac.com or buy you a copy.

Remembering the Day the Music Changed



Buddy Holly and the Crickets

Buddy Holly died February 3, 1959, in a frozen field near Mason City, Iowa, at the age of 22 in a plane crash. Two other musicians, Ritchie Valens and J. P. (the Big Bopper) Richardson and the plane's pilot was also killed.

You may, but may not, remember these songs; That'll be the Day, Peggy Sue, True Love Ways, Learning the Game, Brown Eyed Handsome Man, Bo Diddley. A lot of songs for such a short life.

The 1957 Future Farmers of America (FFA)



FFA

Henry Abernathy, Kenneth Anderson, Leroy Beahle, Celia Brittain, Alfred Davis, Tom Epley, Joe Greene, Eddie Justice, J. P. McCarty, Cliff Patten, Richard Paxley, Tom Walls, Herman Wood, Tom Carson, Jim Crawley, Howard Grump, Claude Epley, Dewey Fox, Robert Gilbert, Stanley Jackson, Ronald Lindsey, Ralph Mayfield, Duane Morgan, Mitchell Morris, Oliver Owsen, Raulo Parks, Horace Patten, Gordon Swadlow, Harold Suddeth, Jennings Taylor, Wayne Whitman, Reginald Beahle, Carroll Brooking, Richard Carson, Alvin Dellinger, Carroll Epley, Wayne Farris, Kenneth Ingle, Duane Lowersmith, Wayne Ordery, Eugene Patten, Jerry Stillwell, Charles Bollinger, David Beams, Jerry Butler, Larry Casby, Bob Courtney, Ralph Dellinger, Francis Richardson, Paul Casby, Leroy Moore, Wayne Powell.