



28th Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1960

Our 52nd Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

- I Remember –Just Barely
- Earleen Morrison
- Buckhorn Tavern Revisit
- White Deer
- That Dewey Fox
- Tornado in Burke
- G A Hall of Fame
- Some Amazing Things
- The Fine Art of Piddling
- Get Together 2012

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

THAT DEWEY FOX IS NOT THIS DEWEY FOX

I picked up my copy of The News Herald in late January and checked the obituaries to see if my name was in there, as I often do before work each morning. And to my surprise, it was! There it was “Dewey Fox.”

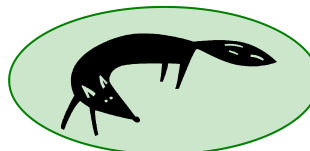
I knew there was another Dewey Fox; he was retired military and I had met him twice over the years. I used to get a lot of his telephone calls because at the time I think he had an unlisted phone number. There were several times over the years that I had to prove that I was the Dewey Fox that I am. The other Dewey even had the same middle initial. **Go to Page Five**

GLEN ALPINE TO ESTABLISH SPORTS HALL OF FAME

Ray Merrill a former Glen Alpine all-conference football player, came across the idea of a “Glen Alpine Sports Hall of Fame to honor past Glen Alpine standouts that many of the younger generation may have forgotten or may never have known of.

Many of these future Hall of Famers are 60-70-80’s year old now. They played basketball, football and baseball when Glen Alpine High School was a powerhouse in these sports. **GO TO PAGE 6**

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



THE FINE ART OF PIDDLING

—Taken from an article in the Southern Journal by Rick Bragg. Many comments will be from this article.———

There was a gentlemen that died and in his obituary it read; “He was a loving husband, father, and grandfather, who loved to fish and piddle.”

There is a fine art in piddling, because each piddling act for one may not be piddling for another. I looked in the dictionary for the definition of “Piddling.” It read, “Amounting to very little, rifling, negligible.”

See Page Three

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Photo by Dewey Fox



White Deer in the Wild

Photo by Dewey Fox



Granddaughter Saylor

The Constitution isn't about what people can do; it's about what government can do. The Constitution was created to spell out the limited rights or powers given to the federal government. It was clearly understood that the government had no powers that weren't authorized in the Constitution.



Dogs feel very strongly that they should always go with you in the car, in case the need should arise for them to bark violently at nothing right in your ear.

—Dave Barry

"Some Amazing Things"

By Dewey E. Fox

Some amazing things that I have seen came to mind the other day. One was while riding in an airliner at 35,000 feet I looked down out of the window of the plane and saw a complete rainbow. I had seen rainbows from the ground, but the perspective and seeing a rainbow from the other side was amazing. On earth we usually see only the end of the rainbow. (Where the pot of gold is!) From the plane's vantage point, it looked like a miniature rainbow, compared to the large area of the earth that I was seeing.



Another amazing thing that I have seen, as a matter of fact, I have seen it twice. I was sitting on my back porch and heard this large flock of black birds, there was probably hundreds of them. They were moving through the forest and eating some type of insects, I believe to be the yearly locust that were in abundance for that time of year. It was like something out of the Alfred Hitchcock movie "The Birds." The sound of hundreds of Black Birds screaming and right over my head, cleaning out the locust as they moved through the area. It only lasted a few minutes, but it was amazing and I'm glad God gave me the opportunity to experience this event of nature.



"Phrases"

In Medieval times, the "X" was called the Christ's Cross, or as it was later pronounced, "Criss-Cross."

The Christ's Cross was a form of oath, from whence "crossing one's heart" was derived.

Just as people would swear upon a Bible, then say "so help me God" and kiss it, people would sign a document next to the Christ's Cross then kissed it as a promise before God that they would keep the agreement, a practice which has come down to us as "sign at the X".

From American Minute with Bill Federer



"Waiting for the Train"

Note the white socks and penny loafers. We were waiting for the train on our Washington trip. In case you don't know, left to right are Tom Epley, Butch Hildebrand, Letha Pritchard, Jacqueline Mull and Mitchell Morris. (Taken from 1960 GAHS Annual)

CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960

I Remember –Just Barely.....Dewey Fox

- Turning Seventy**—One day recently I looked down at my toenails and couldn't believe the sight. My toenails were ugly and they needed trimming. It was then that I realized that I was turning seventy years old this year. I said to myself, "Does this look like the toenails of a seventy year old?" I know many of you in the Class of 1960 have already turned seventy since I'm one of the younger in the class. My birthday is in September. I guess being one of the youngest in the class, I can use that excuse for being a little slow and small in school, in relations to you other guys. And a few of you have already rolled over that seventy and into seventy-one or two. I guess we are all getting to the age where it doesn't matter as much as it used to? How we look and what we wear and what other people think of us! We've already lived the season of life where it was important to impress people. What would have been an argument with my wife years ago, now for some reason, it's not important enough to spend the energy on an argument. With our new found "lack of energy," we pick our battles a little more carefully now-a-days. With this new lack of energy, we spend our days running the grand babies around the house. I tell people that God knew what he was doing when he gave young people children. We, as seventy plus yearers (new word) have not the energy to handle them 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Just another aspect of God's kindness to older people. While we are on the subject, I've also learned a few things over the years, believe it or not. One thing is my priorities in life. The number one priority in life is your "Spiritual Health." How is it with your creator God? The number two priority in life is your "Physical Health." How are you doing with your health? Are you getting daily exercise that you need, are you eating the right healthy foods, not what the government tells you to eat, but fresh fruits and vegetables? Remember what your mother said, "Eat your vegetables."

The Fine Art of Piddling from Page One— Well as you can see from the definition, Piddling doesn't amount to a lot. It's non-important, it may be something to fill your time during the day.



As Rick, the guy that wrote the article, "The Fine Art of Piddling" said, What is piddling? He goes on to say that a piddler is hard to explain to begin with, because piddling is neither one thing nor another, but something in between. It is not rest, not something that can be done with your feet on an ottoman or as you recline in a Posturepedic. But then neither is it work, something that one toils at, sweats at, something one needs a break from for lunch, or coffee. It is certainly not something for which one should ever be paid, and absolutely not something that one does while watching the clock.

The article goes on to say other things about piddling. The whole idea of piddling is to kill time, but without any great effort, or much effort at all, or even really meaning to. If one piddles correctly, time just goes away, without regret on the part of the piddler, or even any particular notice. One does not march off to piddle. One meanders. And even when one heads off to do it, one may not go to piddling right away, because one might have to loafer a little first.

But after looking at the definition and reading the article I believe we each fill our days with some piddling. Many of us, by now, may be professional piddlers. It is a time of doing nothing in particular and when the day is done and you are asked, "What did you do today honey?" You can just say, "I was piddling all day."

Mark it Down

Set the Date

GAHS Class of '60
2012 Get Together
May 18, 2012
Friday Friends Restaurant
12:00 NOON

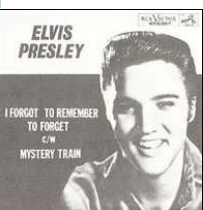
Call Joe Greene at 828-437-5924 if you will be there

50 Years Ago in Burke County

- Three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wilson of Glen Alpine model the cowgirl outfits they received at Christmas. They were Cindy Lou, age 6 1/2, Paula, age 4 1/2, and Mylinda, age 3. After their picture was taken, their father, coach "Jug" Wilson of the top-ranked Green Waves in Glen Alpine, presented them with guns to make pandemonium complete around the Wilson household. In their Western garb, they enjoy playing cowgirl games in which each must be Dale Evans or Penny, who are TV characters.

Taken from The News Herald,
Monday, January 09, 2012.

- The engagement of Judy A. Arrowood and Joseph Edward Roper has just been announced. They will be married in April.
- Miss Frances Arrowood has graduated from Eastern Airlines flight attendant training school in Miami, Fl. And has started her career as a stewardess for them. (This is Judy Arrowood's sister) Taken from The News Herald, Monday, January 30, 2012.



In 1955, Elvis Presley had his first No. 1 country record, "Mystery Train." He received a \$5,000 advance for RCA's purchase of his contract from Sun and used the money to buy his mother a pink Cadillac.

- "The problems we face today are there because the people who work for a living are out numbered by the people that vote for a living."

Obituaries

Earleen Morrison



Earleen Waters Morrison, 64, of Morganton, passed away Saturday, Jan. 7, 2012, at her residence. Born in Burke County on March 22, 1947, she was the daughter of Beulah Walker Waters and the late

John Marshall Waters. She was a member of South Mountain Baptist Church. In addition to her mother, Earleen is survived by her husband, Kenneth Morrison of the home; a son, Kenneth Morrison, Jr., of Morganton; a brother, Dean Waters of Morganton; and a sister, Robin Waters of Morganton. In addition to her father, Earleen was preceded in death by her brother, David Waters, and her sister, Patsy Waters. The memorial service will be held at 6 p.m., Monday, Jan. 9, 2012, in the Colonial Chapel of Sossoman's Funeral Home with Revs. Donald Lovelace, Bob Deviney and Chris Annas officiating. The family will receive friends at the funeral home one hour prior to the service. At other times the family will be at the home.

Published in The News Herald on January 8, 2012

Earleen is the wife of our classmate Kenny Morrison. I went to the receiving of friends before the funeral. I spoke to Kenny and I could feel his loss. He told me that he met Earleen in 1967 and they dated for 10 years before marriage. They were married for 35 years. We send our condolences to Kenny and the Morrison family.

EMAIL -

Thanks for letting us know, Dewey. Please let Kenny know that we're all grieving for him, and we're so, so sorry.

Annie (Eggers) Callahan

"Salvation *belongeth* unto the LORD: thy blessing *is* upon thy people." Selah.

(Psalm 3:8 KJV)

**From Page One
This Dewey Fox—**

I know several years ago, there was a controversy at the Lake James Fire Department and I would get calls concerning this matter and even in my office people would confront me with questions about the Lake James Fire Department. I finally had enough, so I wrote an editorial in the local news paper about all the calls and questions I had gotten and that I wasn't the right Dewey Fox to talk to about the Lake James Fire Department. In turn they titled the article, "That Dewey Fox is not this Dewey Fox."

About half the calls I received at my office the next few days were people wanting to know if I was deceased. I had friends as far away as Florida that had heard the news.
Top of Next Column

**"Pray hard for
this country."**

Even my landlord received many calls concerning my demise. It reminds me of the quote from Mark Twain when his obituary was accidentally posted, "The rumors of my death has been greatly exaggerated."

Next Column on Right



On Friday, 01/06/2012, I was up at Avery Mitchell Correctional Facility in Avery County visiting a prisoner that I mentor and have for the last several years.

When I got out of the truck I noticed a white animal on the hillside overlooking the parking lot. I thought it was a goat. I asked an employee there if they had goats?

He said that was a white deer that comes out of the woods and eats grass on the high bank.

I had my camera with me, which I about always carry and took some pictures,
FOR PROOF!

Dewey E Fox

See Page 1 at bottom left for picture.

To say the least, it was an eerie feeling seeing my name in the obituaries. The day of the funeral I even got sick. It was also strange, after people knew it wasn't me, that many people who called wanted to know if I was kin to the deceased because we looked alike or resembled each other. They had a photo in the paper, probably back in his late twenties or early thirties.

I believe it was D. L. Moody that said, "When you hear of my death, don't believe it, because I am headed to a better place." As brother Moody said, "don't believe it," when you hear of my death, I'm only transitioning to my eternal life with our great Elohim. No more sickness, no more pain. Amen

The Lord has given us a guideline in the Psalms.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by strength they are fourscore years, yet their pride is labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." (Psalm 90:10 MKJV)

In the end we will all fly away, dust to dust. The only thing in life is, "are you ready?" Don't be caught, not waiting, for He is coming back. I read the end of the Book.

This Dewey Fox not that one



The News Herald

Two men look out over a collapsed home Friday, just two days after a twister packing 115 mph winds caused \$13.4 million in damage in eastern Burke County.

Would you believe a tornado in January? Very strange to be in the winter time and in this area of N. C.

From Page 1 Glen Alpine Hall of Fame— So Glen Alpine Sports are big to these guys. Glen Alpine lost it's identity when the county consolidated into the new Freedom High School in 1973.

Ray Merrill is a member of the Glen Alpine Ruritan Club and is working in conjunction with them to make the dream of a Glen Alpine Hall of Fame become a reality.

They are expecting for at least 10 nominees where the top four or five will be inducted into the newly established GAHOF. Ruritan Club Nomination forms will be available at the Glen Alpine Town hall and are due around mid-March. If you miss out on this years inductees, go ahead and send in your nominations for the next year. I'm sure there are many.

The basic format will be used as many other local sports hall of fames. An athlete must be 10 years removed from his or her playing or coaching career, must have lettered in a sport for at least two years at Glen Alpine and have two sponsors who nominate them for consideration. Call Ray Merrill at 413-4960.

Taken in part from The News Herald February 21, 2012

"The cause of America is in a great measure, the cause of all mankind. Where, say some, is the king of American? I'll tell you, friend, He reigns above."

--- Thomas Paine

Buckhorn Tavern Revisited



I know we had an article about "Buckhorn Tavern" in the last class newsletter, January 2012. But wanted to share with you a photo I ran across of the "Alexander House" also known as "Buckhorn Tavern." This is the last known picture that I know of and you can see it is just about to fall down.

The two pictures below, of one of the two old chimneys that were built on each end of the tavern. Only one is left standing. You may notice in the chimney picture that a tree is still standing in about the same area as the tree in the top photograph.

The land that this historic landmark is on is now owned by Kenny Ingram. Kenny



would like to have some help preserving what is left. Any ideas for the preservation?



This photo of Jim Gettys, a 7th grade teacher at Glen Alpine Elementary School. Taken sometime in 1925.



Looking back

This photo of Jim Gettys, a 7th grade teacher at Glen Alpine Elementary School, was taken sometime in 1925. The photo was contributed by Ed Mangum, a lifelong resident of Glen Alpine.