



# GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF '60

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

## HIGHLIGHTS

- Dewey Fox on bike
- James Glenn Honeycutt
- Getting Older
- Address changes
- Edna Hudson
- Email changes
- Classmates not contacted

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Hurricane "Frances" September '04



Should we be thinking of a Grand Reunion for everyone that has ever graduated from old G.A.H.S.??? " Comments."

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

**9<sup>TH</sup> CLASSMATE  
DIES  
SEE PAGES 2  
AND 3**

Website to Browse:

[www.deweyfox.com](http://www.deweyfox.com)

### News—

Our beloved classmate James Glenn Honeycutt, Jr. has died after fighting cancer for a period of time. We will surely miss him.

Edna Hudson, one of our missing classmates has been found. I received some information from the "Cannons" that put me in touch with her after some research. Edna is now Edna HUDSON Tilley. She live west of Glen Alpine on Hwy. 70 in the area that used to be known as "Tip Top." (This will date you if you remember "Tip Top.") Edna later graduated from Western Piedmont Community College and now works with a third party employer as the cafeteria manager at Southern Devices in Morganton. Update your classmate address book as below.

Edna HUDSON Tilley  
 1617 US 70 West  
 Morganton, N. C. 28655  
 Phone (828) 584-2455  
 Birth Date 08/09/1941  
 "Welcome Aboard Edna"

By the way if anyone knows the whereabouts of any other classmates, let me know. I'm learning to be a good detective.

I was not going to send out this Newsletter until January 2005, but with the death of James Honeycutt and filling out the Newsletter I thought I might as well send it and start working on the next one. Probably in 2005 there will not be but maybe one or two Newsletters, depending on the news. In 2004 I mailed a record "four" Newsletters. Hope you have a very good Thanksgiving and Holiday Season. I wish the best for all of you and appreciate your friendship and being your classmate of 1960.

Bless, Dewey E. Fox

Now don't get too →  
 excited about →  
 those Legs →

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.



New Emails- None

Change of Email Address—  
Pat DEATON Kirk to  
[patkirk@alltel.net](mailto:patkirk@alltel.net)

Change of Email Address—  
Tom WELLS to  
[twells15@nc.rr.com](mailto:twells15@nc.rr.com)

Change of mailing address—  
David "Butch" Hildebrand  
130 Manor Way  
Carrollton, Ga. 30117  
His birth date—08/30/1942



**Dewey Fox  
on his bike**

## CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960

In Memory of James Glenn Honeycutt, Jr.

In the memory of James we dedicate this newsletter. I cannot forget the smile he always had when I had the opportunity to see him. And I did see him a number of times over the past ten years.

When speaking to James during the last month or so while he was sick, he indicated that maybe he would have another couple of years to live. But God had other plans for James.

I spoke to Janie Walker (James' first cousin) after his death and she was telling me how he had gotten back into a good church family and had made his amends with the Lord. (Saved and on his way to heaven)

Janie said that during all his sickness and last days that he never lost his "sense of humor." This speaks well of James because I never saw his "sense of Humor" and "personality" change over all these 40 plus years that I have known him.

May the Lord Bless that Family.

Dewey E. Fox  
Classmate of Class 1960

### Obituary of our classmate and friend

#### James Glenn Honeycutt, Jr.

James Glenn Honeycutt Jr., age 65, of VFW Road, Morganton, died Wednesday September 15, 2004, at Grace Hospital following a brief illness. He was born July 04, 1939 in Burke County. James was a loving father, grandfather and brother.

He is survived by a daughter, Glenda Honeycutt Cheek and her husband, R. Steven of Huntersville; sons, James Glenn Honeycutt III and his wife Vicki of Concord and Craig Allen Honeycutt and his wife Lisa of Morganton; a stepson, Darrin Lee Julian of Charlotte; a brother, William Preston Honeycutt Sr. of Morganton; a sister, Nancy Honeycutt Duckworth and her husband, Millard of Morganton; and six grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at 3:00 P.M., Saturday, at the Morganton First Church of God with Rev. Terry McGarrity officiating.

Entombment was in the Burke Memorial Park Mausoleum.

Can be found in "The News Herald," Friday, September 17, 2004

*Today, we all cry the same tears...  
Please God, bring our hearts together as one.  
You were loved as a brother, a friend,  
A grandfather, a cousin and my daddy.*

*If I had my life to do over,  
I'd have chosen you to be my daddy all over again.  
I would choose to be your little "stinky pot" once more..  
To have you bring me one more stuffed skunk.  
Even though it would mean losing you again,  
It's worth all the tears in the world.*

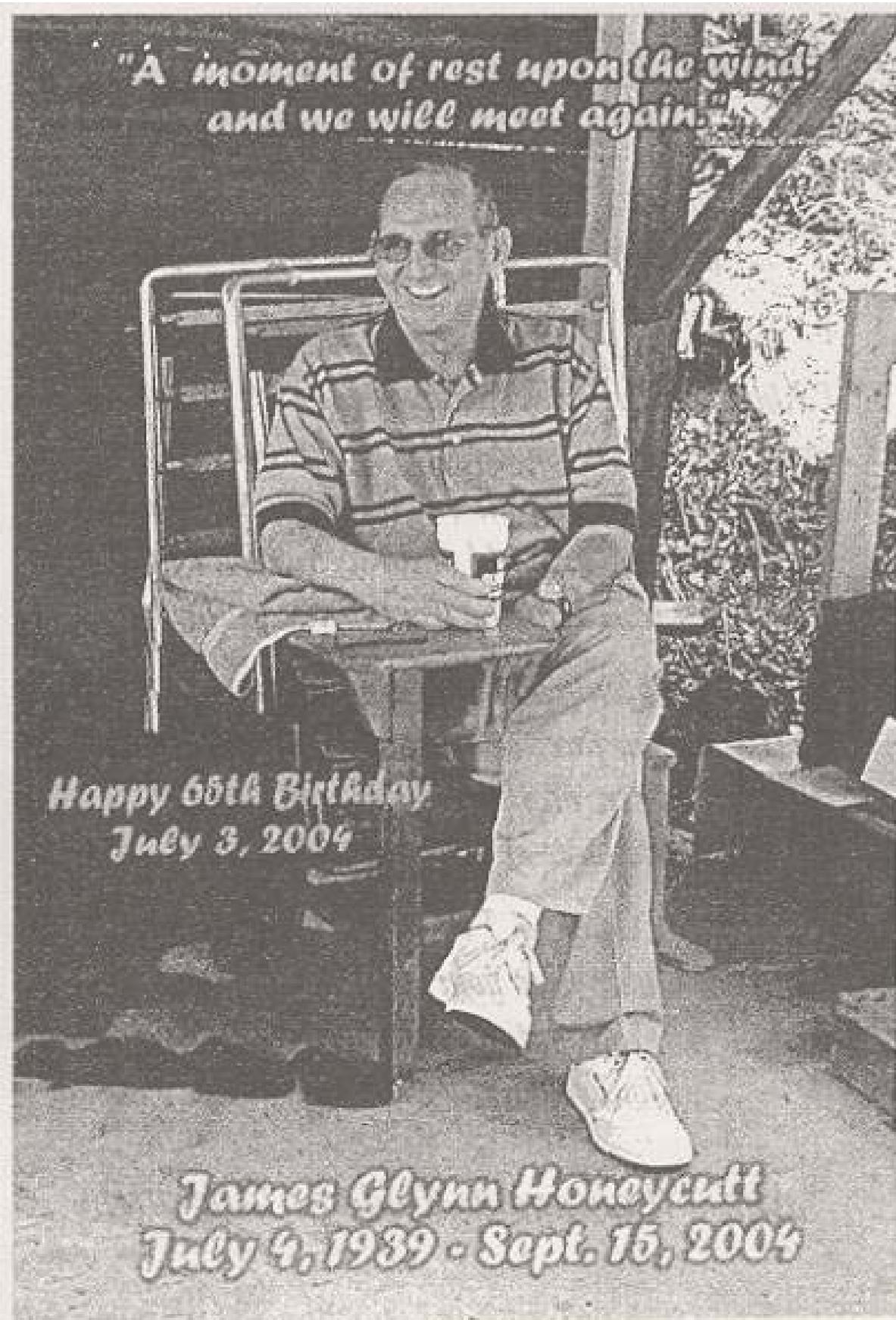
*You will live in the smiles  
That grace my face, the face of all your loved ones,  
Sister, brother, cousins, friends  
& the faces of your grandchildren.*

*Oh, Daddy, if I could turn back time  
And once more hear your voice & see your smile,  
I'd tell you that out of all the dads in the world,  
You would still be my choice.*

*And I'll always be Daddy's little girl.*

#### When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey and I travel my last weary mile, just forget if you can, that I ever frowned and remember only the smile. Forget unkind words I have spoken; remember some good I have done. Forget that I ever had heartache and remember I've had loads of fun. Forget that I've stumbled and blundered and sometimes fell by the way. Remember I have fought some hard battles and won, ere the close of the day. Than forget to grieve for my going, I would not have you sad for a day, but in summer just gather some flowers and remember the place where I lay, and come in the shade of evening when the sun paints the sky in the west. Stand for a few moments beside me and remember only my best.



## “Getting Older”

Have you ever noticed that when you're of a certain age, everything seems up-hill from where you are? Stairs are **steeper**. Groceries are **heavier**. And, everything is **farther away**. Yesterday I walked to the corner and I was dumbfounded to discover how long our street had become!



And, you know, people are less considerate now, especially the young ones. They **speak in whispers** all the time! If you ask them to speak up they just keep repeating themselves, endlessly mouthing the same silent message until they're red in the face! **What do they think I am, a lip reader?**

I also think they are much younger than I was at the same age. On the other hand, people my own age are **so much older than I am**. I ran into an old friend the other day and **he has aged** so much that he didn't even recognize me.

I got to thinking about the poor fellow while I was combing my hair(s) this morning, and in doing so, I glanced at my own reflection.....Well, REALLY NOW— **even mirrors are not made the way they used to be!**

Another thing, everyone **drives so fast today!** You're risking life and limb if you just happen to pull onto the **freeway in front of them**. All I can say is, **their brakes must wear out awfully fast**, the way I see them screech and swerve in my rear view mirror.

Clothing manufacturers are less civilized these days. Why else would they suddenly start labeling a size 40 or 42 pair of trousers as 46 or 48? Do they think no one notices! that these things no longer fit around the **waist, hips, thighs, and chest?**

The people who make bathroom scales are pulling the same prank, but in reverse. Do they think I actually **"believe"** the number I see on that dial? HA! I would **never let myself weigh that much!** Just who do these people think they're fooling?

I'd like to call up someone in authority to report what's going on -- but the telephone company is in on the conspiracy too: they've printed the phone books in **such small type that no one could ever find a number in here!**

All I can do is pass along this warning: Maturity is under attack! Unless something drastic happens, pretty soon "everyone" will have to suffer these awful indignities.

I am sending this to you in a larger font size, because something has caused fonts to be smaller than they once were too.

