



12th Edition

GLEN ALPINE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF '60

Our 48th Anniversary

By Classmate Dewey E. Fox

HIGHLIGHTS

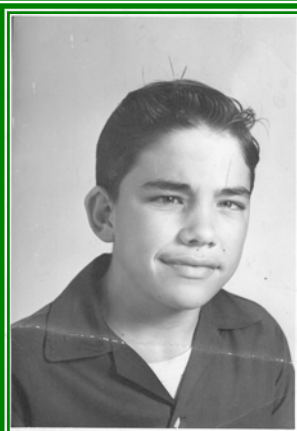
- New Mailing Addresses
- I Remember—Just Barely
- The Vine Lady
- Wilson (Lee) Bollinger
- Eddie Gouge
- N. C. Historic Signs
- Top 10 Lies
- Will Rogers on Older
- High School Memories
- Charlie Jarrett Dies

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

CHARLES "CHARLIE" JARRETT DIES AT AGE 65



Charles William Jarrett better known by his classmates as "Charlie" dies at age 65 while in the John S. Keever Junior Solace Center in Asheville, N. C. He was born May 26, 1942 in Burke County. He leaves behind on this earth his wife Blance Bureson Jarrett, a daughter Karen Sharp and her husband Edwin, of Mobile, AL. A brother and

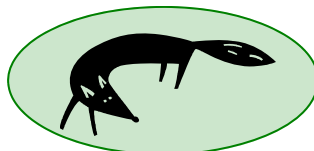
sister as well as 10 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. Also Charles leaves many other family members and friends including his classmates of GAHS of 1960. And "I'm one of them that will miss him."

I attended Charlie's funeral and it was evident that he had many friends and kin that appreciated and loved him very much. Several poems and articles were read by his family members.

Charlie was laid-to-rest not far from where he was raised as a boy. Charlie roamed the back-roads, valleys, *See Page 5 Bottom Left*

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.



NOTICE: I had not planned to put out a Newsletter until late summer. But the event of the death of our Classmate and Friend Charlie Jarrett I felt that it was necessary to put out this Newsletter early to honor Charlie due to his death. For more details see www.deweyfox.com

"O Death, where is your sting? O grave, where is your overcoming?" (1 Corinthians 15:55 The Scriptures 1998+)

New Found Classmate Mailing Address:

Wilson Lee Bollinger
2678 Logan Drive
Valdese, N. C. 28690

Phone 828 391 1579 Home

Photo by Dewey Fox



The Vine Lady

See Page 2 for more

Volume 6 , Issue 2

Newsletter Date
March 2008

Self -Appointed Editor:

Dewey E. Fox
P. O. Box 2877
Morganton, N. C. 28680
Email— deweyfox@deweyfox.com
Work Phone (828) 437-9898
Work Fax (828) 430-4444
Home Phone (828) 437-3723

50th Anniversary

GAHS Class of '60



CONTINUED HAPPENINGS AND MESSAGES FROM CLASSMATES OF 1960



Martha and I were at Opryland in Nashville, TN. for a few days last December on a Business Seminar. One of the most amazing things I have ever seen was what I refer to as the "Vine Lady." The Vine Lady is a young, small, and thin girl that was dressed in a vine outfit. It was truly amazing how she blended in with the greenery at the park. If you are ever there, look her up! f

I remember when.....Just Barely! by Dew Fox

"It's so good to trust in Jesus," as the song goes, but it's also good to reminisce about old times — where we came from (our roots) and what we did in our younger years. And sometimes these memories and what we experienced helped mold us into what we are today—— Good or Bad.

Times have changed so much in the last 65 years and some things not necessarily for the better, especially in our moral understandings and convictions. But this may be a sermon for another day when I get on my soapbox of what is wrong with this sinful world.

It brought back some memories of my younger days when I saw an article in the local News Herald in "50 years ago in Burke County." It had the catchy headline "Sugar sales linked to bootleggers."

I remembered the days in the fifties when my father as well about all of our neighbors were into the making and selling of what we called "White Lightning"

or "Moonshine." I remember my dad showing me the bead from that clear half-gallon jar of white lightning as he shook it vigorously. "See there," he would say. "See the way the bead of the foam breaks from the middle." If the bead would foam from the side-in, it was not good moonshine. The breaking of the foam bead had to break from the middle. There was an art to making good "Moonshine" liquor and the bootleggers were proud of their craftsman's trade.

This "Breaking of the foam" test would be the way dad would demonstrate to his clientele the quality of that run of white lightning.

These liquor stills or distilleries were built on the small creeks and branches all over Burke County since they had to have the water supply to make the shine. The bootleggers probably knew about all of them; where they were located and a good place to hide their wares at or close to the still.

The number one ingredient of white lightning is sugar and bootleggers would buy it in large bags. We ran a small country store for a few years and I can remember patrons coming to the store and buying sugar in large quantities for their liquor manufacturing. Later on I think I remember if you purchased a set quantity of sugar you had to sign for it. Later the Fed would see the list and who purchased large amounts of sugar. To beat the system, some bootleggers would require their clientele to bring a sack of sugar in order to purchase the moonshine.

Since there were or had been stills in about every hollow, the Fed or revenue guys had to do a lot of searching and wandering through the woods to find the bootleggers distillery. It was a lot easier shuffling through the paper work and getting the names.

Several times my father had his distillery close to the house. Some nights I would help him carry his sugar close to the still. He never would let me go all the way to the distillery since the law agents may be there to grab him and ME. See top of Page 3 "Just Barely"

Will Rogers, who died in a plane crash with Wylie Post in 1935, was probably the greatest political sage this country has ever known.

Enjoy the following:

ABOUT GROWING OLDER...

First ~ Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

Second ~ The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

Third ~ Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me, I want people to know "why" I look this way. I've traveled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

Fourth ~ When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.

Fifth ~ You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

Sixth ~ I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.

Seventh ~ One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young.

Eighth ~ One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.

Ninth ~ Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

Tenth ~ Long ago when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today it's called golf.

And finally ~ If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you are old.

From Page 2 "Just Barely"

He didn't want me to be arrested.

It was a physically demanding venture, carrying sugar, jars, mash boxes, copper piping and the like up and down those hills. Sometimes a horse or mule and sledge was used to carry it so far, but not all the way to the distillery.

Also there was the hauling of the moonshine. He would take out the back seat and load it down with cases of half-gallon jars of moonshine. He would throw a blanket over the cases and take off to some point of delivery. I never did go on any of these trips, I don't think. I believe we had one of those large Mercury's, maybe a model year 1949 or 1950.

I would help him hide the moonshine sometimes. Looking back, it was like the game "hide and seek." You would hide something and then go find it, because we hid the stuff in many places. One of the best hiding places that comes to mind was at the foot of a old stump or dead tree. Usually where the tree roots and dirt would meet, there was a hole or dirt so soft that you could dig a place big enough that the half-gallon jar would go into the hole, we covered it with leaves. Sometimes we would even use the post-hole digger to dig holes to put the bottles in, "a perfect fit."

When someone would come to the house to purchase our moonshine, Dad would often send me to get a jar or two of the mean stuff. Always wondering, is that person a revenue officer that is going to pull his badge out, identify himself and arrest us.

In the local News Herald in 1957 it had the following article that may be of amusement.

"With much splattering and splashing, federal agents held a raid on a moonshine distillery. Seized and destroyed were 60 gallons of whiskey and 700 gallons of mash. One of the raiding officers fell into the icy waters of Steele's Creek and another one stumbled and fell headfirst into one of the boxes of fermented mash."

Yes, times have changed and not many make moonshine any more. We have the ABC stores!!! f

"Bloody Burke"
article on website
[www.deweyfox.com/
alookbackatburke.htm](http://www.deweyfox.com/alookbackatburke.htm)
From News Herald
by Glen Beaver



Why High School Memories Often "Loom So Large" In Our Minds by Rachel G. Baldino, MSW, LCSW for www.sixwise.com

In the June 11, 2006 issue of Parade Magazine, a curious reader of Marilyn vos Savant's "Ask Marilyn" column asks the following thought-provoking question: "Why do our high school experiences occupy such a prominent place in our memories?"

Marilyn's response is accurate and clever, but it is also a bit too brief (at least in my opinion). She writes: "During high school, we develop the most vigorous adult bodies we will ever have. At the same time, we possess the least amount of sense we will ever have. This combination produces many memorable moments!"

The main intention of this article is to explore Marilyn vos Savant's interesting-but-too-brief response to her reader at a more in-depth level.

For starters, she is absolutely right about teenagers being at their peak in terms of physical health and strength, while at the same time not possessing a whole lot of common sense.

High School Marks a Time of Many "Firsts"

However, I would like to add to her concise reply that high school is also a time for many "firsts"-first kiss, first love, first car, first everything-and most of us tend to remember (with astonishing clarity and vividness) the first time that we reached just about any important milestone in our lives. This is yet another reason that thoughts of high school can sometimes preoccupy us long after our high school days have ended.

Furthermore, for a long time, the conventional wisdom held that most teenagers' overall lack of common sense-along with their rather haphazard judgment and decision-making skills-could be almost exclusively chalked up to their "raging hormones."

And indeed, as any current teenager, current parent of a teenager-or anyone who has ever been a teenager- can tell you, adolescents have what Ronald Dahl, MD, refers to in his informative article, "Beyond Raging Hormones: The Tinderbox in the Teenage Brain" a "natural proclivity toward high intensity feelings."

In other words, nearly all teenagers have the innate capacity to act like "drama queens" or "drama kings" on any given day.

[READ COMPLETE ARTICLE ON LINE AT WWW.DEWEYFOX.COM/WHYHIGHSCHOOL.HTM](http://WWW.DEWEYFOX.COM/WHYHIGHSCHOOL.HTM)

~You Took My Parking Space At Church

One day, a man went to visit a Church; He got there early, parked his car and got out. Another car pulled up near, the driver got out and said, ' I always park there! You took my place!'

The visitor went inside for first service, found an empty seat and sat down. A young lady from the church approached him and stated, 'That's my seat! You took my place!' The visitor was somewhat distressed by this rude welcome, but said nothing.

Prior to the second service, the visitor went into the sanctuary and sat down. Again another member walked up to him and said, ' That's where I always sit! You took my place!' The visitor was even more troubled by this treatment, but still He said nothing.

Later as the congregation was praying for Christ to dwell among them, the visitor stood up, and his appearance began to change. Horrible scars became visible on his hands and on his sandaled feet. Someone from the congregation noticed him and called out, 'What happened to you?' The visitor replied, as his hat became a crown of thorns, and a tear fell from his eye, 'I took your place.'

Author Unknown

Top 10 Lies

Leonard Sweet, in his *Soul Cafe* newsletter, included this list of "Top 10 Liars' Lies":

10. We'll stay only five minutes.
9. This will be a short meeting.
8. I'll respect you in the morning.
7. The check is in the mail.
6. I'm from the government, and I'm here to help you.
5. This hurts me more than it hurts you.
4. Your money will be cheerfully refunded.
3. We service what we sell.
2. Your table will be ready in just a minute.
1. I'll start exercising (dieting, forgiving ...) tomorrow.

—*Leadership*, Vol. 16, no. 4.

From Page 1 Charles Jarrett

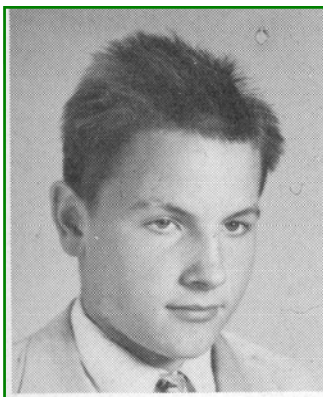
woods, creeks, and the Catawba River, which ran behind his house. He had an enjoyable time in his youth. I remember him telling me many things he had done.

I remember Charlie always with that jolly laugh and that somewhat of a sneaky grin on his face, like he was always up to something. At a young age he lost an eye to a air-rifle accident and that left him with a glass eye.

Later in life he was in a auto accident and was somewhat crippled. But among all these negative events in life he never lost that smile, laugh and attitude.

Sunny Browning Brown put it well in her email to me; **"One of us, will be among us no more."**
How True, Dewey E. Fox

43rd Class Reunion Picture
Year 2003



Wilson Lee Bollinger

Donald Satterwhite came by my office in mid-January and we were discussing some of the classmates that were out there and I have never been able to contact and put on our class mailing list.

The name Wilson Lee Bollinger was mentioned and Donald mentioned a friend and former co-worker that was Wilson Lee's brother-in-law. He had married Wilson Lee's sister. I called him and got the phone number of Wilson and gave him a call.

Wilson has been married to Mildred Chapman from Valdese for the last 46 years. They have two boys, ages 45 and 42. The older one is in the New York area and the other one runs the Subclub in Morganton.

They also have one granddaughter that lives in Canada, age 24. Wilson has been a self-employed mechanic for most of his life and is now retired except for some small cleaning jobs that he does when he is called.

I mailed him the last two Class Newsletters. As a matter of information, Lee told me that J. W. Self (our classmate) was his first cousin; his mother and J. W. Self's mother are sisters.

I was asking him about any of the classmates that we were missing and he remembered a few as I named them off. But one in particular that he remembered was "Eddie Gouge." Eddie was Lee's ex-bothor-in-law and had moved to Tennessee and died about four years ago. That would be about 2003 or 2004 as of this writing. He had three children.

Eddie was one of the classmates that apparently left school before graduation. His name showed up in our Freshman Annual, but no picture. I guess he was out the day they made school pictures.

We welcome Wilson Lee Bollinger aboard this fast aging class of 1960. If you would like to contact Lee, his address and phone number are on the front page of this Newsletter.

Dewey E. Fox

North Carolina Highway Historical Markers

If you are from Burke County or for that matter any county in North Carolina you have probably seen the metal markers on the sides of many highways where history was once made in North Carolina.

There are 1,434 of these black and silver historic markers in North Carolina. There are at least one in each of the 100 counties in the state. We are blessed with eleven here in Burke County: Andre' Michaux, Broughton Hospital, Camp Vance, N. C. School for the Deaf, Old Burke County Courthouse, Quaker Meadows, Rutherford College, Stoneman's Raid, Tod R. Caldwell, Waldenses, and Waightstill Avery.

I have mapped out all the eleven Highway Historical Markers on my website. They can be viewed at: www.deweyfox.com/bchistoricalmarkers.htm

On the website is a photo of each sign and where it is located here in Burke County. Also there may be a small article about the sign or the history made there.

The Broughton Hospital sign disappeared in the year 2000 when Hwy. 18 was widened to a four lane. I was able to locate the sign and get it back up. The story is on the website. The two signs below are examples of the signs you may see along the highways and byways of the North Carolina roads. Remember, history was made there. "A good afternoon excursion." **D. E. Fox**



'I have wondered at times about what the Ten Commandments would have looked like if Moses had run them through the U.S. Congress.' **Ronald Reagan**

'It has been said that politics is the second oldest profession. I have learned that it bears a striking resemblance to the first.' - **Ronald Reagan**

Year 2010—50th Anniversary—To be thinking about.

Glen Alpine fourth of July parade—a 1960 class float.
This year July 4th would be on a Sunday.

How About a 3-day Reunion? Friday, Saturday, Sunday

Friday

Lunch

Golfing, site seeing, ladies shopping.

Separate activities for men and women

Friday night—Kick off Dinner

Saturday

Saturday morning Free time

Outdoor lunch or picnic

Drive around Burke. Group site seeing—bus, etc

Open halls of Old Glen Alpine High School

Go by old hang-outs and other 50s—60s places.

Saturday night dinner with speakers and classmates experiences, tales and school stories.

Social and Entertainment

P.S. Maybe we can have Elvis to drop by. (The Big E)

Sunday

Church Service with a classmate or two speaking or preaching

Closing luncheon

Depart from a Great Weekend

BRING YOUR OLD PICTUES AND MEMOIRIES—Start saving now!

This is just some ideas on paper. Send in your suggestions and comments. 2010 is only two years off and we need to probably set the date soon so we can all make plans to attend.



We would like for everyone to get to come! This will be a once in a life-time event. **"PLAN TO BE THERE."**

And when this corruptible has put on incorruption, and this mortal has put on immortality, then shall come to be the word that has been written, "Death is swallowed up in overcoming."
(1 Corinthians 15:54 The Scriptures 1998+)