

the Randolph Bulletin

Serving the Heart of North Carolina



Next Deadline:
October 26th
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October 29th



It's our First Year Anniversary!

As a celebration, we are taking a look at our favorite articles from the past year. Plus, it's festival time! Learn about the history of

A Day on Main Street as we take a look at how it got started. We'll also be wrapping up our Pottery Capitol of NC series.

Learn how you can support the Randolph Bulletin for another year on page 28!

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Look Inside to See the Latest Sales from Your Local Hardware Store!



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The Ramseur Fall Festival - "A DAY ON MAIN STREET": The First Festival

by WT Cox

This year marks the 33rd year of the Ramseur Fall Festival. An event that has become a tradition in our small town. But how did this festival get started and why. I can answer those questions because I was one of the original founding members. Here is a brief history:

Back in 1985, I purchased the old Craven-Kivett clothing store building on Main Street and relocated Zack White Leather Co from Raleigh to downtown Ramseur. At that time, the Ramseur downtown was still thriving. There was over 20 small business located on the short stretch called the Downtown Business District. Soon, the Ramseur Pharmacy closed and Mickey Whitehead moved to the new Rite Aid located on Hwy 64. Soon after that, First Citizen Bank, formerly the Bank of Coleridge, moved into their new location located across from the old Coble Dairy on Hwy 64.

While some businesses had moved away, still many chose to remain. Kermit Pell had closed his grocery store and the new owner Wayne Clark was in the process of opening a clothing store in the old building. Brady Appliance Service had changed owners and now Wayne and Darius Stutts operated the longtime appliance store. Pep's Appliance had split between Jr. Blackard, who ran the appliance business, and Bud Whillet who handled the service end of the business and Grady Lawson ran the NAPA store.

Needless to say, Main Street was changing. The once "center of Town" was shifting toward Highway 64. There were still several businesses that chose to stay downtown, and we were one of them. Gooches Dime Store still operated as he had for decades, and the Ramseur Diner still served three meals daily, six days a week. The Town Hall was just around the corner and the Post Office still drew people downtown. There was Albert Chilton's barbershop, Ramseur Beauty Shop, Allen's Insurance, and The Ramseur Library among other businesses still located downtown. Centura Bank and Jordan Memorial Methodist Church were there too. All of these older businesses were struggling and there was a feeling that the "Town" had shifted their interest towards the 64 corridor to the north.

To bring the merchants together into one unified "voice",

the merchants decided to form a Merchants Association. In the spring of 1989, The Main Street Merchants Association was created and our first endeavor was to have a Bar-B-Que on Main Street to raise funds. Julian Butler did the cooking and the merchants sold sandwiches. It went so well that it was decided to try a festival in the fall. I had worked many festivals in my years of selling leather goods, but never put on a festival myself.

The first thing we did was to get permission from our Mayor, June Bean who thought it was a great idea. Next, we polled all the merchants to get ideas as to the layout and dates. We contacted Dwight Holland of the Randolph Arts Guild to get his advice on how to proceed. Mr. Holland was one of the founders of the Asheboro Fall Festival and his advice was very helpful.



We decided on the third weekend in October because Asheboro had the first weekend for their festival, and Pittsboro had the second. The name "A Day on Main Street" projected exactly what we wanted to accomplish. It was the hope of all the merchants that people would come back downtown and shop. The next thing we had to do was raise

funds and get permission from the State to block off Main Street. Since the road was a State road, permission from the Dept of Highways was needed. Also if we blocked off the street, we had to have a fire truck stationed across the bridge in Brooklyn to service that area in case of a fire. The Boy Scouts agreed to help with picking up trash and the Ramseur Fire Dept agreed to help with parking and coordination in exchange for help with their Christmas Parade.

The biggest cost would be the sound system and to pay for garbage pick up at the end of the Festival. We solicited local merchants and citizens for donations and before long, we had enough money to start. Our first festival had over 40 groups contribute, and all the entrainment was on a volunteer basis. We did pay a \$20 gratuity to help with gas, and usually had more people willing to preform that time allowed. We advertised through flyers and posters, and word mouth. It was a surprise when the big day finally came and the crowd was estimated to be between 7000 and 8000 people with over 150 venders showing up. The merchants, along with the Town decided to make the Festival an annual event and designate it a "Craft Festival", with

only hand made items or food allowed on the street. Since the charter for the Main Street Merchants Assn was for a non profit, all revenue that was generated from the festival was given back to the town, with the exception of funds need for the next event.

Over the next several years, the Ramseur Fall Festival grew ... a lot. Local artist Neil Kivett drew a historical scene every year and we put it on caps, t-shirts and sweat shirts that were sold the day of the festival. Today, many of these shirts and caps are considered collector's items. Within 4 years the attendance had almost doubled and the list of crafters and vendors grew to over 200. A flea market section was created and the festival was expanded up Main and Liberty streets to include most of the downtown area. The simple stage that had originally consisted of a flat bed trailer donated by Harold Briles, was replaced with a 16' x 40' stage that we constructed each year just for the event. We had a midway with pony rides, a small Ferris wheel and games, antique cars, bubble gum blowing contest for the kids and yes, even a tobacco spitting contest... which now seems really gross just to think about it.

With revenue generated by the Festival, the merchants were able to purchase planters for the street, American flags that the Boy Scouts to put out for holidays, new Christmas lights and banners for light poles, plus we paid for wiring so merchants could hook up for electricity at future events.

One of the best results of the festival was the Ramseur Christmas Parade. This event had begun to decline but was given new life when cash prizes were offered for best float and bands from out of the county were bought in to perform. All this was a result of money donated by the Merchants Assn from revenue generated by the Festival. A \$500 first place prize for the best float... and generous second and third made our small parade popular with churches and groups wanting to celebrate Christmas. One year we had 11 major floats in the parade, and three marching bands. Dudley

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High School was always a crowd-pleaser with their high stepping and baton twirling show. The Ramseur Fall Festival soon became the premier community event and almost everyone looked forward to the third weekend in October. Over the years, more and more business gradually moved from downtown and the business district began to decline, and so did the Festival and parade. The Merchants Association ran the festival for several years. I was president of the Association for 13 years, and then when we moved our business out of the downtown area to Moffitt Street. The Festival was managed by Carol Akers and Wanda Simmons for several years. Eventually it was turned over to the Town. Managing an event such as the Festival is a huge endeavor. It requires a lot of work and coordination. As a merchant, it was hard to devote the time needed, but somehow come Festival Day, things worked themselves out. Now the Ramseur Chamber of Commerce is in charge and they have brought a more professional approach to managing and running the Festival.

They deserve a lot of credit for giving new life to the Festival and turning this event to something Ramseur can be proud of. Their goal is still the same as it was from the beginning, which is to bring more people to downtown Ramseur, to bring people together and to promote our Town. Ramseur's new motto is "Where Friends and Family Meet"... this is certainly true when thinking about the Fall Festival. Many former residents will make the trip back to their hometown during this time of year just to visit. I tend to like the old motto as well : The Finest Little Town In The World". For people who truly know Ramseur, this speaks truth. The Chamber has injected our old Festival with new and better ideas. They have re-created an event that all of Ramseur can be proud of and certainly can enjoy. The third weekend in October is a special day for Ramseur.

We hope to see you there.

info@randolphbulletin.com

The following article is of the very first Ramseur Fall Festival and is taken from the Ramseur Bulletin on Wednesday, October 25th, 1989.

Merchant Pleased with First Effort: Festival Crowd Likes The Main Event

Main Street put its best foot forward and came away a winner last Saturday as the first Ramseur Fall Festival was judged by visitors and vendors a huge success.

"It was a great day and I really enjoyed it," said Grady Lawson, whose Eastern Randolph Boosters booth sold completely out of barbeque by 1:00 pm, underestimating the turnout for the festival.

Close to 7,000 visitors spent the day on Main Street despite chilly temperatures and a blustery wind that kept the crowd in the sun most of the morning. Many of the vendors who had set up booths by 6:00 am were most effected by the cold.

"I've been selling gloves and toboggans all morning," said H. D. Gooch, owner of Gooch's on Main Street. "This has been the best day I've had all year."

Many other Main Street merchants had booths in front of their stores. Wayne Stutts and wife Darius, owners of Brady's Appliance, sold funnel cakes all day and couldn't keep up

"I haven't sold much in the store today, Stutts said, "but that wasn't the purpose of the festival anyway; It was to create interest in and get people downtown and it has surely done that."

Stutts added that he plans to get a bigger cooker so that he can cook more funnel cakes for the crowd next year.

Main Street was crowded by 10:00 am when Mayor June Beane welcomed everyone and formally dedicated the Ramseur Community Building. Mayor Beane noted that Ramseur had needed such a facility for some time and that the converted bank building was ideally located to serve the whole community.

"We hope the building will be a place of laughter, beauty and friendship throughout the year," Beane said, "and I invite you to take a look."

Many people were already taking a look and the flow

of visitors through the building was steady all day. Ramseur industries had set up exhibits of locally made products in the refurbished bank lobby and everyone seemed impressed.

“They’ve really done a nice job with it,” said G. W. Allen, who worked in the building for many years when the Bank of Coleridge was located there. “I really like it.”

The John Plant Company, manufacturers of industrial gloves, gave gloves to visitors at their booth. The chilly morning temperatures made the gloves a popular item.

The Weiman Co. held a drawing at 2:30 pm for a table made at the Ramseur plant, and announced the winner, Laurie Spangler of Ramseur.

Ramseur's ambassador of good will, Taft Kivett, spent all day giving away pennies and smiles at his booth in front of the Ramseur Mercantile.

"I don't want you to go home broke," Kivett would tell everyone as he placed a penny in their palm. He always added, "don't spend it all in one place."

Kivett estimates he gave away between 1,700 and 2,000 pennies during the day. His daughter Naomi and her husband, Tommy Cranford, from Asheboro gave away 500 balloons to children at the same booth.

Churches and civic organizations that had booths reported that sales of food items, especially home made

baked goods were excellent. Craft sales were not quite as good, but the volume of lookers was good throughout the day.

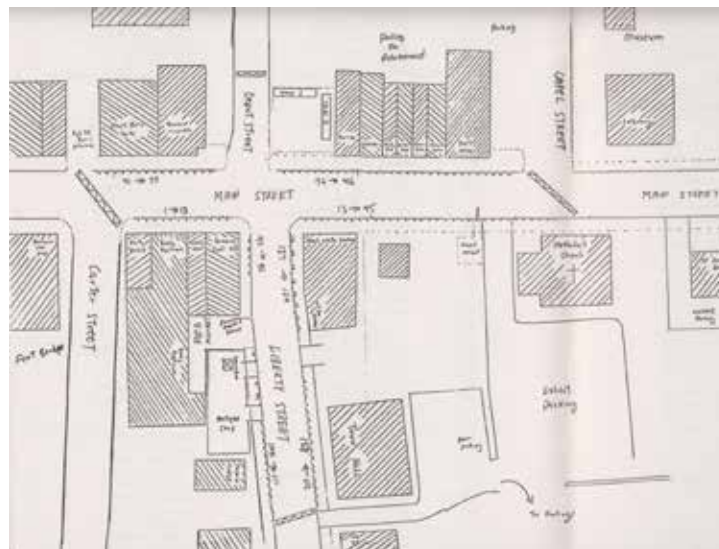
Cheryl Routh of the Happy Hills Animal Foundation was pleased with the number of people that came by her booth and indicated, as most vendors did that she would be back next year.

“You really couldn’t ask for the crowd to be any better,” Routh said.

Many visitors noted how neat and clean everything was along Main and Liberty streets, where at 5:00 pm there was very little trash after the day's activities.

Main Street Merchants Association President Tim Cox, who spent the day taking care of the logistics of the event said everything ran smoothly with the exception of some minor electrical problems.

"The electrical drops we had to some booths couldn't handle the



The footprint of the Festival from 1989.

oads, such as coffee pots, deep fryers and things like that," Cox said, "so we had to get power from some of the stores along the street. Next year we'll estimate the load a little better."

Cox was pleased with the turnout for the festival and stressed there would be a festival next year since this one had gone so well.

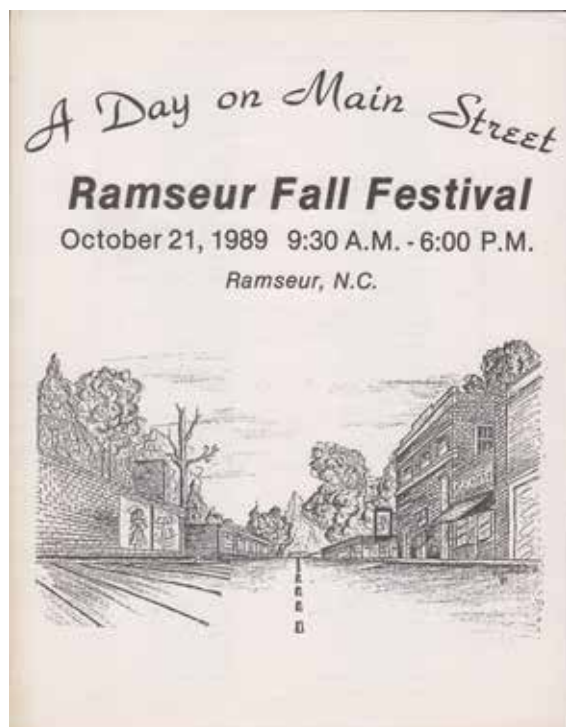
A steady stream of visitors filed through the Ramseur Historical Museum all day, many for their first look at items relative to Ramseur history. Scouts from Troop 508 greeted the visitors and gave information about the museum.

The Ramseur Public Library sold every available copy of the Ramseur 40's Video and is making plans to reorder. The videotape which shows life on Ramseur streets in 1940 sells for \$15 and proceeds go to the library.

A waiting list has been started for the second order of tapes and anyone wanting a copy should call the Ramseur Public Library or Mrs. H. M. Kivett. The deadline for ordering a tape is Nov. 10th.

Word of the festival had apparently spread to far beyond the local area. One caller to the Ramseur Bulletin left a name and number on the answering machine saying she had heard Ramseur was having a festival but needed directions because she didn't know where Ramseur was located.

Main Street Merchants are hoping that based on the success of the festival, it will become an annual event and help to promote the town and its location far and wide.



SPECIAL EVENTS

*The RAMSEUR COMMUNITY BUILDING will be dedicated during the Fall Festival. Inside this newly renovated building will be the "MUSE IN RAMSEUR" section. On exhibit will be products made right here in Ramseur. Manufacturers will have booths showing the many items made locally...many companies trace their Ramseur roots from start through 1989.

*Blood pressure checks, fire safety demonstrations, crime prevention, historical museum tours, just to name a few of the many free exhibits at this year's Fall Festival.

*The Ramseur Public Library will offer for sale a video of Ramseur made in 1940. Ramseur has an excellent library facility located on Main Street.

*ANTIQUE CARS will be on display off Liberty Street. Over 20 cars from all periods of auto history will be displayed.

TEMPORARY ENTERTAINMENT SCHEDULE

9:45am - 10:00am	Opening Ceremonies	Stage #1
10:00am - 10:30am	Onkie Mt. Cloggers	Stage #1
10:30am - 11:00am	Stinger	Stage #1
11:00am - 11:30am	Country & Western Partners	Stage #2
11:30am - 12:00pm	Scotton Family and Friends	Stage #1
12:00pm - 1:00pm	Carolina Country	Stage #2
1:00pm - 1:40pm	Stinger	Stage #1
1:40pm - 2:30pm	Len Camp Band	Stage #2
2:30pm - 3:15pm	Nastor Light Singers	Stage #1
3:15pm - 4:00pm	Strider Family and Lib	Stage #2
4:00pm - 4:30pm	Gina Britt Band	Stage #1
4:30pm - 5:00pm	New Traditional Cloggers	Stage #2
5:00pm - 5:30pm	Carolina Country	Stage #2
5:30pm - close	Gina Britt Band	Stage #1

33rd Annual “A Day on Main Street” Fall Festival Saturday Oct. 16th, 2021 9am-5pm Downtown Ramseur, N.C.

Crafts, Arts, Food, Music, & Fun



Legend Has... The Captain's Ship went down at sea, losing his leg below the knee. The Captain now stands strong on a wooden peg leg intriguing minds, creating great times for all ages. Show will be in the Grassy Area by Jordan Memorial. Don't Miss this.



Entertainment Line Up

9:00am Opening Ceremonies –
Marcus Lowery National Anthem,

9:30am -11:30am – Warren Phillips Band
12:00pm – 2:00pm – Cory Luetjen & The Traveling Blues Band
2:30pm – 4:30pm – The Chip Perry Band

Magical Mystery & Fun by Glen throughout the day during the festival.

Join us for a fun filled day on Liberty and Main Streets in Downtown Ramseur.

Sponsors:

Seagrove Glass, Myra Gaddy, Line Drive Graphics, Jackie's Flower Shop, Quik Check, Express Employment Professionals



Pam Hill, Clerk of Court Randolph County

Pottery Capitol of North Carolina: The End of the Line

by Bob Armfield



Salt glazed Enock Craven jug. Courtesy of the North Carolina Pottery Center.

Like many towns on the Deep River, one cannot imagine how busy Franklinville was and how many potters it could support. One of the oldest was Enock Spinks Craven {1810-1893}. Craven produced salt-glazed utilitarian stoneware and taught his nephew James Madison Hayes {1832-1922} to make pottery in his shop. Hayes made pottery in Franklinville before moving to New Salem in 1870.

Hayes may have been one of the unluckiest soldiers in the Civil War. In his book, *The Randolph Hornets In The Civil War*, Wally Jarrell includes a picture of the heavily bearded Hayes, who enlisted in Company M on Monday 6 March 1862. Hays was captured and imprisoned three times and released twice before the end of the war.

I visited Lindsey Lambeth at The North Carolina Pottery Center in Seagrove to get pictures of both Craven and Hays' pots. Lindsey made the valuable observation that he wished both potters had stamps with deeper indentations for it is difficult at times to read their names.

When I think of 19th century Franklinville potters, the "3Ms" come to my mind. The "3Ms" is a term that I coined for the Marable, Moffitt, and McCoy families of potters. All of which were related by marriage. Many years ago, I received a phone call from Dorothy Auman. She told me to drop everything and meet her near Moffitt's Mill. She did not elaborate, but upon arriving I found that a bulldozer had unearthed the pottery site of Jesse Moffitt. The hillside was covered with pottery sherds and jug necks made by three different potters. The three potters were Jesse, and his sons Manley Robinson Moffitt (1835-1913) and Elijah Kelly Moffitt (1836-1910).

There is only so much room on a farm or pottery and as one generation grows and starts their own family, it becomes necessary that some leave their homes. Kelly Moffitt left the Moffitt's Mill area and moved to Franklinville, while his brother Manley first established a pottery near Flags Springs United Methodist Church, before moving near his brother in Franklinville. Both turned high quality salt glazed utilitarian stoneware. Manley's son, William Jasper Moffitt {1864-1936} was the last Moffitt to turn ware in the Franklinville area. His ware

was marked Willy J. Moffitt. Willy J. was the great grandfather of local funeral home owner, Bill Craven.

The second of the "3M" family of potters will be found in Cedar Falls. John Pascal Marable (1856-1932) was the grandson and namesake of potter Pascal McCoy. He is probably the most important potter that many are unaware of. Marable was a journeyman potter who had a route, filling one shop and then going to the next. He did not build his own shop until 1925, just seven years before his death. Beside turning quality stoneware, Marable's importance as a teacher was instrumental in the emergence of two families that would bridge the change from utilitarian stoneware to art pottery.

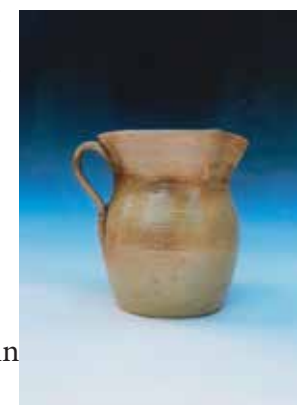
Melvin Owens told me that his grandfather's shop was one that employed Marable, and it was Marable who taught Owen's sons, James Henry {1866-1923} and Rufus {1872-1948} to turn pottery. These two Owens potters had 9 sons who would be instrumental in the art pottery movement.

While I was working at Seagrove Pottery, I had the pleasure of meeting James Auman on one of his infrequent trips to North Carolina. He was interested in seeing the Potters Museum and I was able to be his guide.

Mr. Auman gave me an education about his family's contribution to North Carolina pottery and the clay that became known as Auman clay. According to Cole family lore, Benjamin Franklin Cole had a dream about a pure white clay. The next morning, he set out with a bucket and shovel, found the clay, and traded his land for it. Frank Cole sold his shop to Jerome Auman, who would continue to make pottery there with the help of Pascal Marable.

The Auman clay was sought after because of its color and surface texture. Around the turn of the century white China became attainable to some and the potters tried their best to imitate it. The Auman clay was excellent to create the look the homeowner desired. The clay was problematic, often cracking while turning and also drying. Only the best turner could produce the shapes they desired.

James Auman was pleased to see examples of his family's work and even identified some that he had turned. We moved along to the stoneware and he saw a jug signed JP MaraBle. In his excitement he told me that Pascal worked for his grandfather and was instrumental in his sons



Salt glazed pitcher from the Frank Cole pottery. This is an example of clay from the Auman Clay Pond.

learning to turn ware. Thus, the second family Marable educated that would make the change from utilitarian to art ware.

Auman described Marable as tall and thin and related a story of his family's fondness for Marable. Long after Marable left the Auman's employment he received a visit and was taken on a picnic by the entire Auman clan, who had boarded cars and traveled from Seagrove to Cedar Falls. At the end of the Sunday afternoon Marable did not want them to leave, and this was the last time that they would see him alive.

Wally Jarrell identified another soldier-potter in the Grays Chapel area. His name was William Clay Routh (1835-1910) and he enlisted in Company Mon 10 June 1861. In 1870 he and Manley Robinson Moffitt filed an Article of Agreement to produce stoneware pottery. Throughout his life he is listed as a farmer and potter on the census records. Routh stamped his ware WC Ruth. He is buried at Grays Chapel United Methodist Church.

Joseph Sand Pottery can be found at 2555 George York Rd. Randleman, NC. This is a little confusing to me because the shop seems closer to Central Falls. Joseph apprenticed under Mark Hewitt in Pittsboro, NC. Hewitt is an interesting character. His father worked for Spode in England and he was one of the last apprentices of Michael Cardew, one of the greatest English potters of the 20th century. Sand is known for his extremely large pots. He has sales a number of times a year and you can receive information about them at www.josephsandpottery.com. His wood fired kiln reminds me of an overturned boat.

Hal and Elanor Pugh have done an amazing job of documenting the Quaker potters in the New Salem area forms the late 18th to early 19th century. These potters were producing lead glazed earthenware, some with intricate slip decorations. Peter Dicks, Henry Watkins, and William Dennis all made pottery here. Peter Dicks was perhaps the first potter in the area and possibly influenced William Dennis in the pottery trade, who in turn influenced Watkins. All were neighbors and were members in good standing of the Friends Meeting. Being a staunch abolitionist William Dennis took a freed black, George Newby, as an apprentice in 1813. Newby's apprenticeship was completed around 1822, the year that Dennis left North Carolina for Richmond, Indiana.

James Madison Hays moved to New Salem and eventually purchased the Dennis pottery property. He and his brother Eli continued to produce the utilitarian salt glazed ware that he had made in Franklinville.

Today on the Dennis pottery site Hal and Eleanor Pugh have their New Salem Pottery and produce slip decorated earthenware reminiscent of early Quaker slipware. The pottery can be found at 789 New Salem Rd. Randleman, NC 27316 or online at www.newsalempottery.com. Their scholarship and craftsmanship is seen in every pot that they produce.

From our start in Coleridge to our ending in New Salem we have seen a history of pottery that is still being made today. Our earliest earthenware potters are found near Coleridge and New Salem. Families like the Cravens, who begin near Coleridge eventually move into the Seagrove area near highway 705. J. D. Craven, who was born near our house goes to the area around Longleaf and teaches the Hancock, Chrisco, and Teague families to make pottery. Pascal Marable helps to establish the Auman and Owens potters. Perhaps the Highway 22 corridor should be recognized as once being the center of pottery production in Randolph County with Ramseur being as its epicenter.



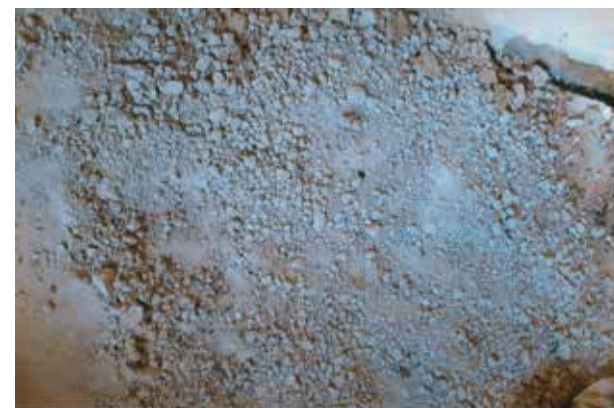
This is an example of the slip decorated ware made at New Salem Pottery. Eleanor Pugh slip work is nothing short of phenomenal.



Salt glazed J.M. Hays jug. Courtesy of the North Carolina Pottery Center.



Joseph Sand apprenticed under Mark Hewitt in Pittsboro. This is an example of Mark's work. You can see his influence in Joseph's ware.



When dug, this is what the Auman clay looks like. When I was young it was difficult to turn and still is to this day.

November 2020: Bob Stout



Bob Stout was a special person by every standard and he impacted everyone who knew him. Bob lived on family property in Ramseur where his father Penn operated Stout & Raines Plumbing for many years, and Bob followed in his footsteps. I grew up hearing about the exploits of Bob from his younger days from my Dad, those of fast cars, and a rambunctious lifestyle. But something happened to Bob later in life. Bob trusted Christ as his Savior and became a changed person. His testimony has been an inspiration to countless people who had the privilege of knowing him. Bob had a unique outlook on life. One that recognized the good quality that everyone possesses. He certainly had a way with words and many people, including myself, sought his advice about life or spiritual matters. Bob was a great teacher and someone who you just knew spoke from the heart. Bob spent many morning hours sitting in "his" chair at our hardware store telling stories and talking with locals who stopped in to chat. I used to love listening to Bob and my Dad reminisce about the days of their youth going up here in Ramseur. That space seems empty now when I remember the stories and laughter that emitted from "Bob's corner" of our store. He was a friend, a mentor, and more importantly someone who knew from experience how a Christ could change a person. Everyone loved Bob. It did not matter a person's race, age or social status... all were the same in Bob's eyes. Bob Stout is one of the reasons we have a wealthy community. The following article was submitted by his daughter Johanna:

On the morning of October 21, 2019, Kent Burgess and I were sitting in the front yard by the fire. My father, Bob Stout, had died earlier that morning and Kent and I were both shattered. We sat there, not saying much, just looking into the fire and I can't remember which one of us said it but the phrase "the greatest legacy a person can leave behind is to be missed" was spoken. I have thought of this phrase just about every day since Bob died, cause, Lord knows, he is missed! Whenever a photo of Bob pops up on my or Kent's or Cousin Pam's Facebook memories and we share it, just about every comment is about how Bob is missed and how there will never be another one quite like him anymore. Now I know I'm prejudiced because he was my father, but I truly believe he was the greatest man that I have ever met and will probably ever meet. Over (336) 824-4488

the years have thought about why I felt this way and I have come up with a few theories. First of all, he had the ability to draw people to him. This is no exaggeration, but there were some days that I would pull into the driveway and ended up parking in the field beside the house simply because there was nowhere else to park. The driveway was full of cars and the yard was full of folks sitting outside, talking, insulting one another and in general just sitting a spell and visiting. One day my daughter, Anna, looked outside at the yard full of people and said, "I hope I'm as popular as my 87 year old grandfather one day." I told her, "Don't count on it, I've hoped for the same thing my entire life and it hasn't happened yet." Bob was popular but it was a popularity based on his wit, always quick but never malicious, his sense of honor, for he was of the generation where his word was as good as a legal contract and his wisdom, which came from the number of years he had lived (all in Ramseur except for three years spent in Maine and Bermuda when he was in the Coast Guard-as he would say, the US was never invaded under his watch) and wisdom that came from his daily reading and study of the Bible. His favorite biblical passage was John 14:1-3 and daily he lived this passage. His heart was not troubled and he trusted in the Lord and did not worry. Bob always said that he was not worried about dying, he knew where he was going, and while I accept that he is in glory, I still miss him and probably will til the day I die. It's hard to talk or write about Bob without tearing up, but at the same time I remember him with laughter and all the funny stories that he told and that were told on him. Just like Truvy said in Steel Magnolias, "Laughter through tears is my favorite emotion." Miss you and love you Daddy

December 2020: Fid Coward



The people of Ramseur have not forgotten Fid Coward in his most desperate hour. They remember what he was doing last Christmas Eve and the day before. Fid, a weather-beaten plumber who lives in a small white house about a mile north of Ramseur, had read a newspaper story about a Marine from Biscoe. Before he was inducted into the service, he promised his little brother he would build him a decent home. The Marine was unable to keep his promise. He died while in the service, but people

from the community built the home and had completed everything but the plumbing.

Fid and his brother-in-law Hurley Stuart loaded up their truck and info@randolphbulletin.com

drove 40 miles to finish the job on Christmas Eve. It was a good Christmas at the Coward house that year. Fid's daughter, Peggy, 13 was at the top of her class at school.

Less than a month later, this quiet little girl who loved music and books had lost one of her legs at the hip, the victim of bone cancer. The disease continued to spread. Peggy was fitted with an artificial leg and was able to go back to school. Even with her condition, she was able to finish her school year ranked second in her class.



When the school opened the following fall, she was forced to drop out after only a week. Even so, she was elected that year's Fall Festival Princess. Peggy had touched the hearts of everyone in the community and many people tried to do something to help. Bill Pate, part-owner of Ramseur Building Supply confided in Bernau Brown that "we should do something".

They printed up some posters "A Helping Hand for our Friend Fid Coward" and distributed them to the merchants in town. Local Churches took up offerings, and Bill acted as treasurer of the fund. In a few weeks, a large check was presented to Fid. Millard and Boyd Smith, who owned a drive-in restaurant on Hwy 64 held a Bar B Que benefit for the Coward family. Through all this, Fid continued to work as a plumber and helping others when he could. "The good Lord don't make mistakes", he said... "But sometimes we don't understand".

Peggy Coward passed away not long afterward.

January 2021: Goldston's Concrete Products

"Let us do it, we know how", was the slogan used by Goldston's Concrete Products in 1949 by its owner, Ashley "Fat" Goldston. He began his business with a pick, shovel, and three employees. These employees were Jack Butler, Thurmond Brower, and Nate Graves.

They poured and finished concrete by mixing concrete in a portable concrete mixer. They also installed septic tanks by using a pick and shovel to dig the hole. They used coal cinders in the drain field instead of gravels which are used today. In the "old days" individual one-foot long drainage tiles were laid to carry off wastewater. They had to be painstakingly laid by hand, one by one. Now long lengths of black

plastic perforated lines are laid much quicker. The business continued to grow and Ashley continued to diversify into other business enterprises including a logging business and a bail bondsman business.



Ashley used profits from his businesses to purchase land in Ramseur and Liberty, North Carolina. A construction company working on a highway offered Ashley eight houses free of charge if he would move them. He relocated these houses to his property on Highway 49 in Ramseur. Four of the houses were used as starter homes for four of his children and the other four were used as rental properties. Ashley also built ten rental apartments in Liberty, NC.

Ashley also invested in White Face Hertford cows. When he was not working, you could find him in the cow pasture admiring and enjoying his cows. These cows were a source of joy and pride for him.

Ashley was married to Hazel Goldston in 1940. They had five children: Ashley Jodene, Shirley, Larry, Carnell, and Boyce Goldston. In 1971, Ashley "Fat" Goldston died at the age of 49 leaving the business to his wife, Hazel Goldston. In 1971 the name was changed from Hazel Goldston Concrete Products to Goldston's Concrete Works, Inc.

Hazel Goldston and the children ran the business successfully, with each child assuming responsibility for different facets of the business. Hazel and Shirley were responsible for the financial end of the business, while the brothers were responsible for the day-to-day operations of the concrete and septic tank businesses.

Goldston's Concrete Works, Inc. experienced some extremely turbulent times during the seventies: Ashley "Fat" Goldston died in 1971. In 1974, Boyce Goldston was accidentally killed in an explosion at the plant, and Ashley Jodene left the business to pursue a career as a Substance Abuse Counselor in 1974. With much hard work and lots of prayers, the business worked through these adverse circumstances to maintain the family business until 1996 where there would be additional changes.

In 1996, Carnell left the family business to create his own concrete business. In addition to Larry running the family business, he created Goldston's Concrete Creations, a sole proprietorship, in 1998. This new business specialized in designer concrete, i.e., stamped concrete,

stenciled concrete, and acid stain concrete.

On June 14, 2012, Ashely Jodene passed away; on November 14, 2015, Shirley Goldston Pillow passed away, and on March 8, 2019, Hazel Goldston passed away.

Seven decades and four generations later, Ashley "Fat" Goldston's legacy continues to live on through his sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons. While the type of equipment and materials have changed over the years, the quality of work and the pride that goes with it have not. "Let us do it, we know how!"

~History of Goldston Concrete contributed by Brenda Goldston

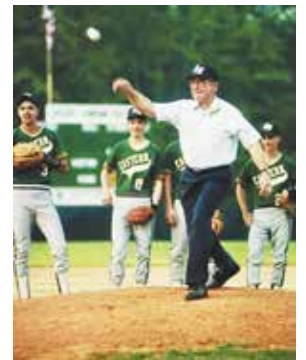
February 2021: Grady Lawson



A little background - William Grady Lawson was born in King, NC on November 19, 1929. The family, which included his younger brother Gene, his mother Eva Estelle, and his father Henry, moved to Bennett, NC when Grady was young and where Henry was a tenant farmer. His two sisters, Doris and Peggy were born there. Shortly after, when Grady was 14, they moved to Ramseur where Henry was a tenant farmer for Hugh York. Later, Henry was able to buy the property from Mr. York. Grady continued to live there until he married. His mother died suddenly when he was 18 (she was 39) of a heart ailment.

Grady fell in love with a girl from his high school and married Helen Marie Carmac from Ramseur in 1948 in her mother's home. He always referred to her as "the prettiest girl at Ramseur High School". Grady worked at Pugh Oil near the old Blue Mist on 64 and he and Helen lived across the road in a small white house. They moved to their current house a year later (Uncle Willie built it) and were there until he entered the Air Force 2 years later. He did his basic training in Texas, and then they moved to Montana where he was stationed from 1952-1954. (He hitchhiked home from Montana to get Helen and then drove them both back.) They were then stationed in Wiesbaden, Germany from (336) 824-4488

1954-1956 where daughter Gina was born. He attained the rank of Staff Sergeant. Upon returning to the US after leaving the service, they moved back to the house they would live in for the rest of their lives. Grady was able to borrow a little money and purchased the Ramseur Shell Station shortly after his return. Son Mike was born in 1961.



Grady opened Ramseur Auto Parts in the mid-60s. After over 30 years in the service station business, he sold the station in the mid-80s to concentrate on the auto parts store until his retirement. He also operated Lawson Wrecker Service. Grady was always active in community service and volunteerism because of his tremendous love for children and his hope that they could have better futures through a good education. He served on the Randolph County Board of Education for over 40 years. He also served on the board of Randolph Community College for 28 years. He always strived to do what was best for the kids. He sponsored many local children's baseball teams over the years and was later an avid supporter and sponsor of the American Legion Baseball team. He was most proud of the fact that his players earned over \$2 million in college scholarship money—that, and whenever they beat Asheboro. He was an active fundraiser for Eastern Randolph High School Athletics.

For 32 years, he organized and ran a Christmas tree lot that benefited the program. He was inducted into the American Legion Hall of Fame and was in the inaugural class of the Eastern Randolph Hall of Fame. The baseball field at Eastern Randolph is named in his honor. He was also honored with the Order of the Long Leaf Pine by Governor Jim Hunt in 1984. Despite the accolades, Grady is probably most remembered for the small, kind things he did everyday—buying a ball glove or cleats for a kid who couldn't afford them, charging a college student only \$5 for a tow, helping out boys doing community service, and taking baseball players out to eat after games. Above all else, he loved his family fiercely.

Grady passed away on November 20, 2017. Helen still lives in their original home in Ramseur. Daughter Gina lives with her husband Tom in Raleigh. They have three children—Brad and wife Casey and their son Truitt, Kelly, and Ali and her fiancé Cary. Son Mike lives with his wife Amy and their children Bobby, Carson, and Kylee in Lexington. Every year we present the Grady Lawson Memorial Scholarship to a senior at ERHS based on academics, athletics, character, financial need, and community involvement.

March 2021: What Does Red String And Randolph County Have In Common?



Did you know that Eastern Randolph County was considered one of the most anti-war areas during the Civil War? Our Quaker heritage made this area a haven for deserters and a stopping point for the underground railroad where run-away slaves were directed north to other Quaker settlements until they reached a “free state”.

Our county had one of the lowest slave population percentages of any North Carolina county east of the mountains. It had one of the highest percentages of “free people of color,” former slaves who had been emancipated before the war years. This was due to the fact that Quakers historically made up the predominant religious group in the county, and the Friends had been in the forefront of manumission and abolition activities in North Carolina since the 18th century. The Quakers from Randolph and Guilford counties were in the forefront of those smuggling slaves out of the South on the Underground Railroad. It is perhaps no surprise that there are no Quaker monuments, as Friends did not even mark their own graves with more than an uninscribed rock until after the Civil War.

When the war did finally come, Randolph County residents were reluctant to embrace it. When the state legislature called for a referendum on secession, Randolph County’s state senator Jonathan Worth actively campaigned against it.

On that election day, the voters of North Carolina narrowly rejected the secession Convention. But in the Piedmont, the traditional Piedmont Quaker counties overwhelmingly voted for the Union. Chatham County voted against by a margin of 15 to 1; Guilford by a margin of 25 to 1. In Randolph, editor E.J. Hale exulted in the *Asheboro Herald* of March 3, 1861: “Listen to the thunder of Randolph!” The final vote of 2,579 against 45 in favor of secession was the largest in the state— 57 pro-Union voters to every one pro-Confederate secessionist.

Several times each year during the war, government troops were sent from Raleigh to restore civil order and arrest deserters and “outliers,” or draft dodgers. The county was under martial law for much of the war. In the election of 1864, the anti-Confederate Peace Party or “Red String” candidates won every elected office in the county, from Confederate Congress to Governor to Sheriff. Again, the state newspapers cried foul. But that was the true voice of Randolph County, despite sending more than a thousand of its boys off to war.

Historian Bill Auman points out that Randolph County in 1861 had the third-lowest volunteer rate in the state. The enlistment rate for North Carolina as a whole was 23.8%; in Randolph, it was 14.2%. As the war went on, conscription acts were passed by the CSA to force men into service; 40% of the state’s draftees in 1863 came from the recalcitrant Quaker Belt counties, with Randolph contributing 2.7% of its population to the draft that year. North Carolina as a whole contributed about 103,400 enlisted men to the Confederate Army, about one-sixth of the total, and more than any other state. But this does not mean those troops were all loyal Confederates; about 22.9% (23,694 men) of those troops deserted, a rate more than twice that of any other state.

The Confederacy did not publish statistics on desertion, but at least 320 of Randolph’s nearly 2,000 men deserted from their regiments, with 32 deserting twice, five deserting three times, and one deserting five times! Forty-four of these deserters were arrested, 42 were court-martialed, and at least 14 were actually executed. So many deserters and outliers hid in underground dugouts, with their campfire smoke seeping up out of the dirt, that their rugged mountain hideout took on the name Purgatory Mountain- wreathed in the fires of Hell. Even when they returned to Confederate duty, there was no guarantee that these men would stay. 196 captured Randolph county Confederates took the Oath of Allegiance to the Union before the end of the war, with 67 joining the Union Army.

There are also numerous stories about Quaker Conscientious Objectors, who even though drafted, refused to bear arms despite humiliation and torture in the army ranks. Thomas and Jacob Hinshaw, Ezra, Nicholas and Simeon Barker, Simon Piggott, and Nathaniel Cox, all Friends from Holly Spring Meeting, were forcibly enlisted in the 52nd NC Infantry when they refused to pay \$500 each as an exemption fee. They refused to hire substitutes and they refused to fight, even after being repeatedly “bucked down”- tortured by having their arms and legs bound so they could not move for hours. In camp, they were harshly disciplined for refusing to carry guns or participate in military training. An officer wrote that “these men are of no manner of use to the army.” But they were kept in the ranks as virtual prisoners, hands tied and made to march at bayonet point. Finally left on the battlefield at Gettysburg, where they were nursing the wounded, the Quakers were captured by Federal cavalry and imprisoned at Fort Delaware as prisoners of war. A concerted effort by Quakers of Wilmington, Delaware resulted in their pardon and release by Secretary Stanton and President Abraham Lincoln himself.

Perhaps the most glaring omission in the Randolph County narrative of its Civil War history is the story of Howell Gilliam Trogdon (1840-1910), a native of the area south of Deep River between Cedar Falls and Franklinville. The Trogdon family is a classic example of one

with divided loyalties; half a dozen served in Confederate uniforms and died on the battlefield or served all the way to Appomattox. Many of those who stayed at home became ring-leaders of the secret anti-confederate Peace movement, the Red String. Reuben F. Trogdon, who in 1866 won the vote for Sheriff and served as Randolph County's first Republican elected official, was said to have been the leader of the Red String during the war. His cousin Howell Gilliam Trogdon, on the other hand, moved to Missouri and became a Zouave in the Union Army. In the siege of Vicksburg, under orders from Ulysses S. Grant, Trogdon led the nearly-suicidal charge against "Stockade Redan," a Confederate fort. Of the 250 men involved in the charge, only Trogdon and two others made it to the top of the parapet. For his actions in 1863, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor- the first North Carolinian and the only Randolph County soldier ever to win that honor.

While many in Randolph County were against the war and preferred not to fight, there were also many who did support their State. The mills along Deep River were vital to the Confederate War Effort for their production of cotton cloth. There was also a foundry south of Ramseur that produced guns for the Confederacy. The foundry was on Reed Creek and owned by James Stout. Mr. Stout had three sons, William, J.C and Calvin who all served in the Confederate Army, but Calvin deserted in 1864 and was captured. Letters show that he was pardoned mainly because his father produced much needed arms. Letters show that Calvin, along with a Burgess from Franklinville were selected to carry a load of Stout Rifles to Richmond. The "Stout Rifle" was a classic hunting rifle with an octagon barrel. Many of the Stout guns that were produced for the CSA had round barrels and were larger caliber. There are only a few of the Stout rifles in existence today and are highly sought after by collectors.

--Taken from "Notes on the History of Randolph County, by L. McKay Whatley", and W. T. Cox



March 2021: A Family Tradition



Friendly and reliable service is a trademark for many businesses in Randolph County. The folks around Ramseur have depended on the Mace family for dry cleaning services for almost nine decades and their family-run business spans three generations.

Ramseur Dry Cleaners is one of the oldest continually operated, family-run business in Randolph County. It was originally started in 1934 by Kenneth Mace in a building located on Main Street, Ramseur. The building was located just up from the old Red Front Store that is still there today. His brother Eugene (EV) Mace joined the business in 1936 and the two brothers ran the business together until 1949. As the business grew, the old coal-fired boiler that operated the plant on Main Street needed to be replaced, so the brothers decided to move the business to 807 Moffitt Street and build a new, modern building in 1947. Two years later, Eugene purchased his brother's part of the business and Kenneth opened a laundry in Lillington. Mace's son Steve joined the business in 1961 after he graduated from high school. Steve worked at the business with his father for over twenty years, eventually taking over the family business. Eugene Mace died in 1983. Steve and his wife Betty continued to operate the business and were soon joined by their son Keith, who joined the business after graduating from Ramseur High School. In 1989 Keith officially took over the family business. Steve died in 1990 of lung cancer. Over the years, many members of the Mace family have worked at the cleaners, making this a true "Family-run Business".

As the industry began to change, Keith wanted to upgrade the equipment and modernize his dry cleaning business, but there were some limitations as to what he could do in his Ramseur location. After a lot of searching, Keith opened a new facility in Randleman in July of 2007. Now the business was equipped with some of the most modern machinery and equipment in the dry cleaning industry. The Randleman location is a full-service dry cleaning business and can do a wide range of services including and full-service laundry and a center for alterations. The business is located at 120 Point South in Randleman and is open Monday thru Friday from 6:00 AM until 6:00 PM and Saturdays from 8:00 AM till Noon.

The Ramseur connection runs deep in the Mace family with many good memories of people they have served over the years. Keith was not willing to close the Ramseur location, even though the Covid 19 pandemic has severely affected the business. The smell of freshly cleaned clothes and views of revolving dresses, suits, and jackets are now gone from the Moffitt Street store, but you can still get friendly service at the drop-off center that operates from the original location. Currently, Ramseur Dry Cleaners is still open with revised hours. The location is open 6 days a week: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday from 10:00 AM till 2:00 PM, and Wed and Saturday from 8:00 AM till Noon. Keith says that it is his hope that business will improve and Ramseur Cleaners can get back to their normal hours.

April 2021: Sharing the Gospel Through Leatherwork



One of the benefits of operating a small retail business is getting to know people. Our leather business caters to a wide range of people from all over the country. Many of these customers have unique talents and share their experiences with us, and in turn, we are able to send a little part of Randolph County back with them. One of these exceptional people is a man by the name of Mike Qualls. I only knew him as “Preacher” for years. He has been trading with our company for several years and would spend hours searching through different leather to find what he was looking for. I knew him as an evangelist who came through our area from time to time. Eventually, we struck up a conversation and I had the privilege of learning more about this remarkable man and his ministry.

Mike Qualls was raised just north Liberty in Alamance County. He has been in the ministry for over 30 years, traveling to various churches and preaching a down home style southern gospel. About 12 years ago, Mike got the idea to do make a leather journal and a cover for one of his sermon books. A friend of his introduced him to leatherwork and some unconventional methods of engraving leather. This set him on a course that would eventually become a large part of his ministry. In the beginning, he learned how to take a coat hanger and paper clip and heat them with a blow torch and they use them to engrave leather. He began to make journals and bible covers that were adorned with his (336) 824-4488

special talent for carving and sell them to help support his ministry.

Over the years, Mike has expanded his knowledge of leathercraft and also increased his craftsmanship into an art form. Mike no longer does the evangelist circuit, but now is a full-time pastor at Lakeland Baptist Church in Lakeland Georgia. He has used his talents to create a “full set of leather armor” that he sometimes uses in his sermons when preaching from Ephesians 6 and the “Armor of God”. He has partnered with Bobby Stewart of the Faith For America foundation from Sunbright Tennessee, to put a bible into the hands of every major elected official in America. This is a very ambitious project, and some of these officials have rejected their efforts, but many have graciously accepted their gift.

This started when Mike saw a friend’s bible cover and was impressed with the detail and how impressive it looked. Through their partnership, churches or individuals can partner with them to pay for a customized bible cover along with a King James Bible and have it presented to various politicians. Unfortunately, the politicians that really need a bible are the ones that refuse the gift, but many more have been very respectful. Some of the more outstanding presentations have included Vice President Mike Pence who accepted the bible in a private ceremony in Washington DC last year. Other recipients include Governor Bill Lee of Tennessee, Governor Brian Kemp of Georgia, and Governor Tate Reeves of Mississippi. The list also includes many State and Federal Judges.

Currently, Mike is in the process of presenting a bible to Tim Moore, the Speaker of the NC House, and to Mark Robinson, North Carolina’s Lieutenant Governor. The detail of the carving is exceptional. It is all hand-carved and hand-tooled. Mike said it takes at least two days to complete one bible cover, then the bibles are purchased to go inside. If you want to learn more about this project, you can contact Mike at whatablessin@yahoo.com.



May 2021: History of the Deep River Rail Trail

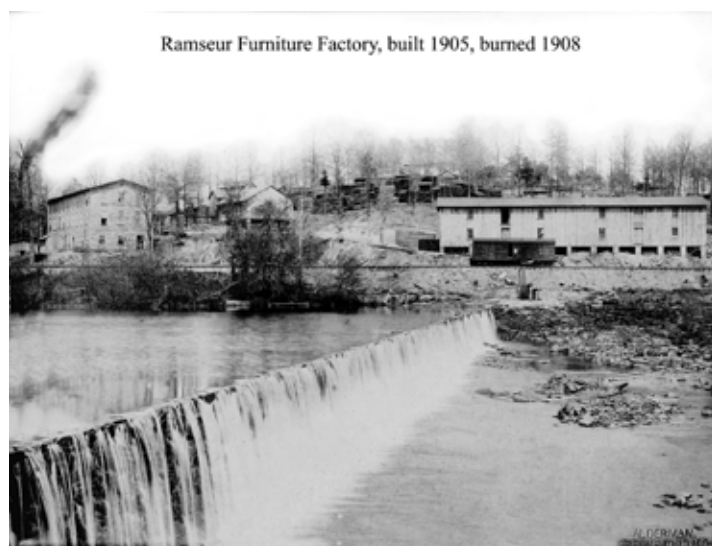
The Deep River Rail Trail has been a beautiful addition to the Eastern part of Randolph County. The trail makes its way through Randleman, Franklinville, and Ramseur. Following along the Deep River, where it gets part of its name. The “Rail” bit comes from its history as a rail bed.

It began in 1879 when the Fayetteville & Western Railroad and Mt. Airy & Ore Knob Railroad merged to become the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad. Its main line ran from Greensboro through Staley and Liberty, and then to Franklinville. Then in 1883, when it was “reorganized” as the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway. The Cape Fear and Yadkin Railway, opened to Franklinville in 1890. This became known as the Factory Branch, which followed the Deep River to Franklinville and Ramseur where it terminated at a turntable. From there, the engines were “turned around” on a steam powered turntable to head back towards Greensboro.

The Ramseur Page on Facebook says: “The Ramseur yard had room for 34 cars. A 1916 Southern Railways Shipping Guide lists 15 businesses that shipped goods out of Ramseur including the cotton mill, furniture factory, roller mill... and six businesses that shipped oak lumber. The cotton mill in Coleridge also shipped goods out of Ramseur.”

By 1984 the railway found itself in the hands of Southern Railway. Due to the lack of use, they went to the state and the interstate commerce commission to abandon the route. By 1987 the tracks and trestles were removed.

Today the Rail Trail utilizes the rail bed and is part of 5 miles worth of trail along Deep River in Randolph County.



June 2021: Thomas “Tommy” Edwards



In North Carolina’s central Piedmont, as throughout the Old North State, Tommy Edwards was a bluegrass music legend. A founding member of The Bluegrass Experience, Edwards was a prolific songwriter and lightning-fast guitarist whose vigorous downstrokes imbued his songs with power and tone, earning him World Champion Guitarist trophies at the 1970 and ’71 Union Grove Fiddlers Convention.

Edwards passed away the morning of May 22, following a courageous battle with pancreatic cancer. He was 75. On Friday, May 21st, Governor Roy Cooper awarded Edwards the Order of the Longleaf Pine. The state’s highest honor is “awarded to persons for exemplary service to the State of North Carolina and their communities that is above and beyond the call of duty and which has made a significant impact and strengthened North Carolina.”

Edwards was born and raised in Siler City, NC., an hour south of Camp Springs, site of the late Carlton Haney’s famed bluegrass festivals. As a teen, Tommy worked in his father’s grocery store, where he honed the work ethic and relaxed social skills he would carry with him throughout his life.

It was in Siler City that Edwards formed the Green Valley Ramblers with brothers Paul and Donald “Earl” Beane and future Blue Grass Boy, Jerry Stuart. In 1971, Edwards and the Beanes enlisted Thomas “Snuffy” Smith, Charles Lee Conard and “Fiddlin” Al McCanless and formed The Bluegrass Experience, the award-winning combo celebrating its 50th anniversary this year.

Success came early, as the band was crowned World Champion Bluegrass Band at the 1972 Union Grove Festival. The championship brought invitations to perform at prestigious venues, including University of Chicago and Finland’s National Folk Festival. The band won its most ardent followers closer to home through their nine-year Thursday night engagement at Chapel Hill’s Cat’s Cradle from 1972 through ’81.

A 1970 graduate of East Carolina University and a U.S. Army veteran, Edwards taught history and coached sports for 30 years in the Chatham County School District. He blended his love of history and music into

his songwriting, contributing five of 13 songs to his 2011 CD, “North Carolina: History, Mystery, Lore and More.” He also shared his passion with listeners on “Bluegrass Saturday Night,” the weekly broadcast he hosted for 16 years. His show featured classic and contemporary recordings as well as interviews with artists featured on his show. Tommy’s dedication to promoting and preserving North Carolina’s heritage was recognized by his induction into the prestigious North Caroliniana Society.

Edwards’ retirement from teaching allowed him the freedom to pursue his bluegrass obsession. He took full advantage, performing at street fairs, wedding receptions, music clubs, IBMA’s World of Bluegrass – anywhere and with anyone fortunate to accompany him on stage. Tommy’s solo albums feature such bluegrass luminaries as Bobby Hicks, Russell Johnson, Jim Mills, Matt Hooper, and Dewey Brown. His shows were nearly always attended by former students, their children or grandchildren. A true Southern gentleman, he was revered by all were fortunate to know him.

Almost any afternoon, Tommy could be found behind the counter of the antiques store he and his wife, Cindy, operated in downtown Pittsboro, a few blocks from their historic home. Folks would meander through, examining the diverse array of items along with vintage guitars, banjos, mandolins for sale or trade. Often as not, Tommy would be picking out a tune or holding an impromptu jam session with a friend or musician passing through town from one gig to the next.

To younger musicians, including Mandolin Orange’s Andrew Marlin and Chatham Rabbit’s Sarah McCombie, Tommy was mentor, friend, and musical partner. He was generous and patient, offering encouragement and complementing the musical savvy of his youthful friends.

Tommy is survived by his wife of 43 years, Cindy Edwards, and current Bluegrass Experience band mates, Stan Brown, Mike Aldridge, Keith Thomas, and Snuffy Smith. Truly original, Tommy leaves a legacy of friends, music, and memories North Carolina is not likely to experience again.



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June 2021: Tony Williamson



One of the most talented artists to come from Randolph County is Tony Willimason. He is a world class mandolin player and musician. If you Google Tony Williamson, you will see a list of his many accomplishments and notice that he is almost always listed as a native of Chatham County. Chatham County is where Tony has lived for many years, but I remember him from my youth at Ramseur School and consider him as a Randolph County (Ramseur) native. Tony started school at Ramseur in the first grade, a year ahead of me in 1960, but we shared many of the same classes at Ramseur. I remember in Ms. Madge Caviness’s combined 5th and 6th grade class, Tony and I were rivals, always competing to see which one would outdo the other. I especially remember a spelling contest where we were the two finalists, and Tony beat me for the honor of being champion. I was never practically good at spelling or English either for that matter. Tony has always excelled in whatever he chose to do. He was Randolph County finalist for the Morehead Scholarship in 1971 when he graduated from Eastern Randolph, and went on to earn the highest degree from UNC at Chapel Hill. I lost track of Tony for a long time after graduation, but Tony and his brother Gary continued to make headlines in the bluegrass music community. Several years ago, the two Williamson brothers came to our church, Parks Crossroads Christian, and performed some old time gospel tunes with Tony on his famous mandolin and Gary on Guitar. He has lived an interesting and eventful life, full of challenges and certainly many accomplishments. There is no doubt that Tony is smart, but his talent for music, especially the mandolin, is extoridinar. Along with his older brother Gary, the two became a sensation in the Bluegrass World. Currently Tony lives in Chatham County with his wife in a restored 19th century home and operates Mandolin Central, a company dedicated to finding, restoring and selling classic Mandolins.

David McCarty, a staff writer for Fretboard Journal, Bluegrass Unlimited and Mandolin Magazine had this to say about Tony:

“Quite simply, what Tony Williamson doesn’t know about mandolin is probably not worth knowing. As a player, collector, dealer, historian and

info@randolphbulletin.com

mandolin community activist, Williamson has helped keep the mandolin's great American legacy alive while uplifting and encouraging generations of modern players. From bluegrass, to classical, pop and other forms, Tony Williamson is a national treasure."

Tony was a recipient of the 2018 North Carolina Heritage Award as a visionary musician, composer, musical instrument expert and teacher. He has been performing and receiving awards for nearly 50 years and continues to perform live and travel internationally today.

Tony was raised in rural Randolph County into a family of wood-workers and musicians. His grandfather, Alfred, made his own musical instruments and inspired his grandchildren with his love of music and stringed instruments. Tony and his brother Gary won first place in the coveted "World Championship" at Union Grove, North Carolina in 1969 with their band The Bluegrass Gentlemen and were featured on the cover of Bluegrass Magazine. In 1975, Tony went on the road with a touring band, the Bluegrass Alliance, whose alumni include Vince Gill, Sam Bush, and Tony Rice. Afterward, he worked with a succession of bands that led him to the top of his field playing classical, jazz and folk music. His credits include performances on stage and recordings with Alison Krauss, Chris Thile, Earl Scruggs, Bill Monroe, Bobby Hicks, Tony Rice, Vassar Clements, David Grisman, Sam Bush, Mike Marshall, Ricky Skaggs, Jerry Douglas, Don Stiernberg and Robie and Linda Williams of Prairie Home Companion fame. In addition to the prestigious NC Heritage Award, his list of honors includes the IBMA recorded event of the year in 1994 and many on stage performances such as repeat performances at the Merlefest Festival, an annual music festival held in Wilkesboro, NC.

David Ryoko of the Chicago Tribune said back in 2001 that "Tony Williamson is among the finest mandolinist alive and his instrumental passages dazzle.... This is great music". Tony's tours have included performances in almost every state in the US, as well as appearances in France, Ireland, Japan, Taiwan, Brazil, Peru, Canada and Italy. He brings to stage a love of music, a deep connection to his North Carolina roots, an enthusiasm to take those roots to creative new realm and a wonderful knowledge of musical instruments and their history.

Acoustic Musician Magazine wrote "Mandolin Virtuoso Tony Williamson sure can play, and what he doesn't know about mandolins, nobody does!"

*Courtesy: Tony's Bio on the Mandolin Central website. <http://www.mandolincentral.com/tonywilliamson-bio>

July 2021: Nicknames, Like It Or Not, Most Of Us Had One.

What's in a name? Every person has one. The folks from Randolph County are special, in that most people who grew up here have more than one name. Almost everybody had a "nickname". These were names given to people and you were known for the most part by your NickName. Many times, we recognize a person's nickname and not know his real "birth" name. Nick Names are special and are given for a variety of reasons. Some glamorize a person or highlight a certain achievement. Examples of this kind of nickname is "Slugger", or "Hard Hitter". Other nicknames describe a person's appearance, such as "Red", "Freckles" or "Slim". There are even nicknames that are basically shortened versions of a person's name, such as "Mit", "Bob", and "Ed" for Eddie. Then there are the nicknames that are given for reasons unknown that seem less glamorous. Examples of these are "Stump", "Fat", "Stick" and "Dub Dub". Also some nick names seem to be given for no reason at all. For these, there seems not to be an explanation.

One thing is certain: No one ever gets to choose their nickname.

My nickname growing up was "Dub Dub". I used to hate that name. It seemed so demeaning, or sometimes like a tease. But over time, I accepted it, and today when someone comes up to me and calls me "Dub", it brings back memories of growing up here in Ramseur and many of the good times I shared with friends. Just like most people, I did not have a choice as to what my nickname would be. Mine goes way back to my first grade class in Ramseur School. I was in Ms Pete Burgess' first grade class. As a six year old, I saw Ms. Burgess as a strict, no nonsense teacher, but one that we could tease... sort of like a female Sergeant Schultz. In our class, we had three "Tim's" in there, and when the teacher would call on "Tim" to answer a question or to tell "sit down and behave", all three of us would answer. This seemed to irritate our teacher, so naturally we all did it every chance we got. There was Tim Cranford, Tim Clarkston Cox and me... William Timothy Cox. Sometimes we would do this just to spite Ms Burgess. Most of the time, we knew which one of us she was referring to when she snapped "sit down and be quite", but being the malicious little kids like we were, all of us would answer. Eventually Ms Pete got tired of our mocking and came up with a solution. She said, "for now on, when I call on Tim, I mean Tim Cranford and just him. If I say Tim C, then that is you Timothy Clarkston, and from now on Mr. Cox, you will be Tim W." I immediately protested saying that my name was not Tim W, but W Tim. Ms Burgess would not listen to reason, and told me to

shut up and sit down or I would experience her wrath (which could be considerable). When recess came and we were allowed on the playground, my classmates began to laugh and kid me about my new “name”.. “Tim W... Doubua.. Doubua... Dub Dub”. Well, I did not like the nickname, but it stuck. I did not have a choice. That was 62 years ago, and some of my classmates still call me by that name. Over the years, I have accepted it and actually like it now.

Most people with nicknames can recall how their name came about, but some still don't have a clue. One thing is for certain. We don't have a choice of what we are called, but almost everyone had some kind of nickname growing up here. Below are just a few that I remember? There is also a list of nicknames I recall growing up, but cannot put a name to them. How many of these do you remember?

--Twink	Larry Wright	--DubDub	Tim Cox	--Prissy	Janet Siler Booth
--Tink	Tim Wright	--Yeallar	Richard Garner	--Cube	Don Burgess
--Pickles	Sally Tucker	--Bubba	Billy Whitten	--Fat	Ashley Goldston
--Doughbelly	Mickey Simmons	--Chigger	David Chriscoe	--Nellie	Carnell Goldston
--Flash	Jerry Parks	--Stump	Larry Stout	--Ernie	Earnell Watson
--Pulpwood	Danny Presswood	--Noonie	Robert Poe Tucker	--Red	Teresa Horner
--Stick	Ricky Horner	--Blimp	Bobby Johnson	--Red	William York
--Nose	Hal Richardson	--Porky	Karl Ernst	--Happy	Hampton Spivey
--Pig	Bill Marley	--Skinny	Joe Hodgins	--Gouber	Bob Graham
--Mit	Milton Brown	--Boody	Waylon Brown	--Toad	Craig Macon
--Mushie	Johnny Crutchfield	--Mayor	Steve Siler	--Toad	Jerry Hopkins
--Measel	Kenny Morgan	--Moe	Franklin Clyde McAlister	--Pep	Culpepper Watkins

August 2021: The Pottery Capitol of North Carolina



Today, Seagrove NC is considered the “pottery capital” of the United States with a couple of hundred shops scattered around the town and throughout the surrounding area. In 1974, there were fewer than ten established pottery shops in Seagrove. The rapid growth of pottery shops and stores that support them represent a major increase in the last 50 years. Today, most of the shops are located on or near Highway 705 that runs from Seagrove to Robbins. This has not always been the case.

In earlier times we might need to look at another road that runs from Coleridge to New Salem, with Ramseur in the center. This is Highway NC 22.

First, let me introduce myself. My name is Bob Armfield and I became interested in pottery through a computer error that placed me into a pottery class instead of the jewelry class that I wanted to take. In the hope of graduation, I took the class and learned about the potters in the Seagrove area.

My wife Betty Jo and I came to Randolph County to teach and told my aunt and uncle, Evelyn and Cecil Cos that we wanted to visit some of the potteries; They provided us with a map and sent us on our way into the Seagrove area. We saw so much that day and talked to an interesting character, Mr. M.L. Owen, who was building a potter's wheel. I told Mr. Owen I would love to have a wheel and he told me that he would be happy to build one for me (the Owen Special still sits in my turning room today). Unfortunately, I had no place to put it.

My problem was shortly solved when Bill Johnson said he had a building that I could use. When we walked behind the house, I found an old tobacco barn, chicken house, and mule stable under a number of very old oak trees. These trees plus the fact that the property was part of the original Oakland Farm gave the shop its name. Yes, this is the same building that I tried to plug the three-foot black snake into the electrical outlet.

The building served its purpose but soon became too small and I was told of an upcoming auction at the old Hilltop Grocery. Many of us will remember going there to get a coke and a pack of nabs. I went to the auction with \$3000 cash and a dream that I might be able to purchase the building for that small amount. The auction started out fast and furious and I placed my bid of \$2950. I was ready to go home when Joe Lineberry stepped out of the crowd and said, “Boys, let him have it, he needs it,” and not another bid was heard. We had a shop and fifty dollars to get the pottery started.

We opened in November 1977 at our present location and joined the potters that came before on the Highway 22 corridor. Beginning at the first shop people began to come in and talk about their relative who had made pottery. The potters that will be discussed in this article will come from these conversations with our neighbors. Beginning in Coleridge, we will travel north and end near New Salem.

My Aunt Evelyn was one of the first to tell me my connection to North Carolina pottery. I found that her father made pottery in Moore County. William Murphy Williams learned to make pottery from an uncle. Before her death, she gave me two pieces that he had made and last year Mr. Tim Carnford found a third that he graciously sold to me.

We moved our church membership to Jordan Memorial when we moved to Ramseur in 1976 and became reacquainted with Madge Kivett. When I was younger, I would go into Craven Kivett and purchase clothing when I stayed with my aunt and uncle. Miss Madge found out about my interest in pottery and took the time to tell me about her family in Coleridge. She told of going to her grandfather's home on Back Branch near Concord Cemetery and finding many pottery sherds in the creek.

The shards dated back many years. "Miss" Madge was related to Peter Craven who in 1761 brought his family to Coleridge where he was given 571 acres and according to family legend, farmed and made pottery. There are no known Peter Craven pots and some say he did not make pottery. I tend to believe that there is always some element of truth in legend and the Georgia branch of the Craven family claims to have a lead-glazed fat lamp and pot made by the family patriarch.

Peter Craven eventually owned thousands of acres and we find Craven potters in a large swatch centering at the Craven homeplace. Peter's son Thomas, grandson Solomon, and great-grandson Yancy Craven continued to make pottery there at the Peter Craven homestead.

Solomon Craven learned of a talented potter in Fayetteville and requested he come to Coleridge and make pottery for him. The pottery was long called the work of the Bird-Fish man. Today we know it was made by Chester Webster who worked for Solomon, his son Yancy, and later for himself. His home was across from the old Craven homestead. Webster's decorated works sell for thousands of dollars today.

Yancy Craven not only made pottery and farmed, but added a tailor's shop, blacksmith shop, brickyard, and general store to his repertoire. There is a canning jar in the Ramseur Museum, though unsigned, which was made by Yancy Craven. It was given to the museum by Miss Madge.

Craven land was so vast that members tended to spread out from the homeplace. Going north from Coleridge and today a right turn on the Parks Crossroad Road and find another group of potters before getting to Hwy 64.

What do potters need the most? The answer is clay. If one looks at the land between Jim Green's and Johnny Cox's there is a low-lying area that Mr. Cox took me to. It was at one time a brickyard. An interesting aside was that Bill Johnson found a sherd of Chester Websters in the area. I dug clay there but always had to keep a sharp eye out for a very unpleasant bull.

Turn right on Burgess Kivett Rd. and you are in the area of John Anderson Craven's (1801-1872) kiln site. Craven and his sons, Jacob Doris (J.D.), William Nicholas (W.N.), Thomas Wesley (T.W.), and John Anderson (J.A.) made pottery there. J.D., W.N., and T.W. left their father's shop and made ware near Moffit's Mill before each becoming independent leaving only J.A. working near their father.

A few more miles toward Hwy 64 and a turn on Kildee Church Rd., where Himer Fox made ware for himself and J.F. Brower. In his recent book A History of Freemasonry and the Masonic Lodges in Randolph and Moore County, Wally Jarrell identifies a number of potters that made pottery with Masonic markings, and most came from this area. John Anderson Craven, Thomas Wesley Craven, John Anderson Craven the younger, Himer Fox, and John Franklin Brower used the Masonic Square and Compass on some of their wares. Mr. Jarrell also identifies the lodges where they were brothers. Mr. Ray Gilliland called me and asked if I could find some information on J. F. Brower a number of years ago. This was no problem and I went by to see Ray and Mrs. Gilliland and he proudly showed me a piece of Brower's work with the Square and Compass, which he was very proud of. Mr. Gilliland was a Brother at the Marietta Lodge in Ramseur.

Backtracking to Hwy. 22 and crossing the river one of the major clay ponds that many local potters used was the Holly Spring Pond. My mentor, M.L. Owens found the pond around 1939 but could not find it later, when he and his son looked for it. He always said that he and I would go back to where he thought it was and we would find it. Melvin is now gone and the location of the clay pond is still a mystery. If any of the readers of the paper knows where the pond is please get in touch with the paper.

A very talented young lady from the Holly Spring area that has taken up pottery is Tara McGee. I had the privilege of having Tara in one of my classes when I taught at Randolph Community College and she has gone on to make some fabulous work. You can see some of Tara's work at <https://taramcgeeceramics.com>

September 2021: The Greatest Generation



Do you remember when you were 17 years old? What were your ambitions? What were your goals in life? The current generation has so many opportunities before them that it is hard to plan for just one goal, and many seem confused and unsure as to what path they should take in life. Technology has created countless opportunities that were un-imagined a couple generations ago. Today, the world seems to be in constant state of turmoil, but compared to the world of the 1940's, our time is still very calm. We have the security of living in a "free" country with amenities that our parents could not have imagined. Today, we have comforts like air conditioning and cell phones, provisions like social security, food stamps, government assistance, health care and the availability of food and services that seem to be unlimited. Today's generation certainly have a lot of options open to them for the future. BUT, if you listened to some of the comments expressed in the media and on social networks today, you would think we were living in a different time. Drugs, crime and suicide seem to be rampant. People not willing to work and relying on government assistance seems to be more evident today. With all of the benefits that today's society has to offer, many still find reason to be depressed and many more find reasons to discredit and demonize our country and the future it offers. I think it would do people good to reflect on the goals and aspirations of past generations.

If you go back 75 years, the whole world was in turmoil. People were being slaughtered on a massive scale, and money was very hard to come by. Basic everyday items were in short supply. The world was at war. You had to process a card and stamps to purchase basic necessities such as gasoline, and then only a couple gallons at a time. Food was hard to find... there were no fast food restaurants and no large supermarkets to purchase groceries from, only smaller, family owned stores. You had time finding sugar, flour and basic items for sale. There were no new cars on the market because everything was geared towards the war effort. If you needed tires for your old car, you either patched the ones you had or ran on re-caps if you were lucky enough to find them. Even the clothes you wore were rationed. I am told that designers eliminated the popular "cuffs" in pants and shirts in order to

save on material that could be used for the war effort. People worked on the farm or in jobs for long hours just to make ends meet.

A couple weeks ago, a lady who is a fan of the Randolph Bulletin dropped off one of her old annuals... a 1944 Ramsonian Yearbook. As I fingered my way through the worn pages of that book, I was struck by the optimism and enthusiasm of the students from that era. I grew up in the Viet Nam era, and I remember classmates receiving their lottery numbers. At that time, the lottery system was designed to compel boys of draft age to military service. I remember some boys getting low numbers... 15 or 27. We all knew that as soon as they graduated, they were off to basic training. My lottery number was 327, and since the "draft" never got above 280, I was basically safe. I remember the tension and the fright that came from being compelled to fight a war that was uncertain at best.

The generation that fought in WWII had a much different mindset. Most joined as soon as they were eligible. The "enemy" had attacked our country, and the evil that was the Nazi and Japanese Empire must be defeated if freedom was to prevail. Patriotism and Love of Country were good things. My father tried three times to enlist in the Army, but was turned down for flat feet... until he demanded to be put into the infantry to prove he could handle it.... That is where he was put. It was his patriotic duty to enlist and many of his cousins were already serving. Most of his friends had enlisted too; They did not wait to be drafted. Many were already on the battlefield and some had already given the ultimate sacrifice when my father finally got accepted.

Imagine being a senior in high school during that time. Boys that you had played ball with the prior year were now fighting on some God-forsaken island or battlefield in Europe. When the 1944 Ramsonian was being put together, D Day was still months away. Victory was still very much in doubt. While the tide had turned in the Pacific, the Nazi regime still held most of Europe and the free world was in danger of collapsing. It was a very challenging time to be a teenager graduating from high school. While looking through the 1944 Ramsonian, I am amazed at the optimism that generation had for their future. Surely most, if not all of the junior and senior class knew of someone from their community that was serving in harm's way. Perhaps a classmate who has volunteered, or a relative. The ground war that accounted for most of the war's casualties was basically fought by teenagers. Boys 18, 19, and 20 years old would be storming the beaches of Normandy in just a few months, yet as you read their Class Prophecy, they were looking forward to careers, marriage, and raising families. The only indication of a War in the annual are the pictures of some classmates serving in the Navy and the patriotism expressed in the "Class Poem" with reference to the Purple Heart that is awarded to those wounded in battle.

Snake in a Tree

by Debra Vernon



It's no secret the long days of summer are ideal for growing grass, and lots of it! It seems I spend a good amount of time mowing and weed-eating my yard and my mom's across the road. The mowing isn't so bad, even when you mow a couple of acres. It's downtime to let my mind roam free. I also sing! The neighbors may not enjoy my warbling, but I belt out lots of hymns as I mow. Church on a John Deere!

It's the weed-eating that works on this "vintage" body of mine. I am thankful I can still do it, but dang if it doesn't lay a beating on me sometimes. My arms are like spaghetti noodles for the rest of the day!

Saturday is the normal day for these activities. But a recent change to cooler temperatures led me to do yardwork one evening after work. The temp was around 78 degrees, and the humidity was extremely low. A bonus this time of year! So, I donned the "lawncare" clothing and headed out. Oil, tire pressure check and gas into the mower – check. New trimmer string and fuel in the weed-eater – check. Time to tame the jungle!

I have a large yard with several trees. Each year at the start of the mowing season, I try to prune the trees back a bit, to facilitate mowing under them. And each year, new limbs grow and older limbs droop, so by the end of the season, I must reach out in front of me with my hand to kind of move them aside, as those limbs occupy my "head and shoulders" space while on the mower. I've been doing it this way for years, and other than an occasional whap in the face when I let the limb go too soon, I am no worse for the wear. And so it was that yesterday evening while mowing the acreage on my side of the road, I experienced a new and quite invigorating situation. It played out something like this:

The maple tree in the backyard was planted about 25 years ago. It has grown quite a bit, and is beautiful in the fall when God changes the foliage to a vibrant red that just cannot be described. I was mowing into the sun as I approached the tree, so my vision was somewhat limited. As I have done a thousand times before – I reached out to grab a rather small

limb to push it and the larger limb it was attached to out of the way.

The next five seconds or so seemed to last a minimum of four hours, as I quickly realized that was no limb I had just latched my fingers on to – it was a snake that was hanging down from the maple tree! Keep in mind that while this was unfolding, the mower was still moving forward, and I had limbs and leaves in my face. I also had a snake in my hand! At the time, it seemed this snake was at least fifteen feet long and four inches in diameter. In reality, he was probably two feet long and the diameter of my ring finger. My mind processed multiple scenarios in just a nano-second: 1) are there others hanging out with this one in the limbs and leaves currently IN MY FACE? 2) how am I going to get rid of it? 3) is it poisonous? 4) am I going to die of a heart attack? 5) why is my backside wet?

As you can imagine, Mr. Snake was not happy with the situation either, and was coiling and twisting his body to be free. I had an iron grip on him that should have choked the life out of the little buggar, but he was hanging in there! What to do, what to do?

I decided I would fling Mr. Snake through the air and away from me. This sounds good in theory. But how many of you have ever tried to fling a snake? When he is all twisted up and ticked off, he's not exactly aerodynamic. And he was in my left hand, which is not my dominant hand. But what other choice did I have?

By this time, the adrenaline had me ready to take on Godzilla himself. I wound up as if pitching the last game of the baseball World Series and gave it my best shot. I did succeed in letting go and propelling the snake about five feet away from me. He hit the ground, immediately coiled up and started striking in my direction. I thought to myself, "Oh no you don't Mr. Snake! I have 52" of mowing deck with three sharp blades just calling your name. Stay right where you are"! I headed his way, and just as I got close, it appeared he was going to raise his head up enough to come up onto the mowing deck. This caused an immediate flash-back to scenario number 4 above. Let me tell you - I put the pedal to the metal and made sushi out of Mr. Snake right then and there!

After catching my breath and convincing myself my backside was wet due to sweating, I completed my mowing chores. There were no other happenings to ramp up the heart rate or the adrenaline. But it gave me a bit of insight into what Eve must have experienced in the garden of Eden. Perhaps if she had possessed a John Deere mower with a 52" inch deck with three sharp blades, we might not be in the mess we are in now.

A Special Thanks to Debra for sharing her stories with us!

Henry Carlos King.... Writer, historian, councilor, educator, and my friend. Henry King of Franklinville was known by many names, but my name for him is "friend." I encountered Mr. King during my 7th grade at Ramseur School. He eventually became one of the guidance counselors for Ramseur, and then for Eastern Randolph High after the 5 towns consolidated their schools into one central high school. Henry was always the calm, but stern bench mark when it came to discipline. For some reason, Mr. King took a liking to me and became my mentor throughout my high school years. He was more than just a mentor, he was a friend. Henry King was an established writer and historian in his own right, and his influence is the primary inspiration to my passion for historical writing. If not for Henry King, there would not be a Randolph Bulletin, nor would we be having this conversation. Henry King was my inspiration to put down in print the stories and events that inspired curiosity and exploration growing up here in Randolph County NC.

Henry King published several books, mostly short stories about events and happenings that he encountered. One of his books called "The Witch of Morganton" mentions a lady from Ramseur who had an unusual talent. It seems that she inherited her talent from past generations who had the ability to foresee the future and discern the past. I am NOT a believer in the occult, but I do believe that people can connect on a spiritual plane that enables them to foresee future events and critique the past. This is not voodoo, it's science. The human mind is an amazing thing, and we are only using a small percentage of our potential. We were created in "God's image", so I have no doubt that certain individuals can process abilities that the average person does not. One of these examples in in Henry King's book "The Witch of Morganton", and the lady is Judy Wallace from Ramseur. Here is her story as told by Henry King back in 1969.

Judy Wallace, Second Generation Seeress

By Henry King

It is easy to tell it like it is, but how about telling it like it will be tomorrow, or even next week?

A young Ramseur woman apparently does it.

Thousands of people have knocked on her hard-to-find door during the past few years, asking her to foretell the future.

She does not solicit their interest, but they come anyway, "somehow finding" her on the unmarked road and at the unmarked house.

The road is winding and rough with sharp stones, hard to drive over, and meanders among unpainted frame houses just north of town.

Judy Wallace speaks softly and smiles rarely to the visitor.

She sits behind a small table in a room of bare planks; a

perpetual "twilight" room with only one small window.

It is a room of mystery for the visitor, perhaps, but a room of memories for Judy.

"This was Aunt Ellen Green's room," she says, expecting you to know of famed Aunt Ellen, her grandmother who was known across the State for her ability to tell the future.

"It is just like she left it," Judy adds.

The small, darkened room is plastered with religious pictures, clippings, and a three-dimensional cross.

There is no sign outside, no sign at the road, no sign to indicate where Judy Wallace lives.

How do people find her? Why do they look her up?

"I don't know how they find out about me but they come by the hundreds," she said.

"Then they come back, often with a friend, and somehow word has gotten about.

Judy's strange ability to find lost objects and see into tomorrow is a "gift" she says she must have inherited from Aunt Ellen Green.

"My grandfather on my mother's side, Rudy Johnson of Chatham County, was also known for his gift in this field," she said.

"The gift has been in the family for many years," she added.

Judy doesn't say it, but one can tell she is not too keen about being called a fortune teller. "Let's just say I tell the future," she said.

The young clairvoyant said she first felt and learned of her ability when she was six years old.

"I was in the first grade at school. The teacher mentioned something about having her radio stolen. I went up to her and told her she'd find it at a certain boy's house.

"She went there, asked about the radio, and the boy admitted having it. He brought it to the door and gave it to her."

Not long ago a man came to Judy and told her he lost his wallet which contained a great sum of money. If she would help locate it, he'd give her a generous reward.

The man said he lost the wallet while plowing a 10-acre field: and had looked all over for the pocketbook.

"I told him to look in the second corner of the field, where he had stopped to put gas in the tractor. He went back, and found it there, just a few feet away.

"He came back and gave me \$190, he was so happy," she



Judy Wallace, Seeress

said.

Judy says she does not charge for her services. “Lots of people will give me something but I do not ask them.”

Judy Pachovia Wallace is a no-nonsense soothsayer. She will not give advice after dark.

"I just don't have the power at night, and I refuse to see people then," she explained.

Sometimes Judy wakes up in the morning to find several cars parked in her yard. But she is not alarmed. It has happened often.

People come from other states to see her. If they arrive at night, they'll park, sleep in their cars and wait until morning.

Judy says her ability is probably stronger at “finding things” than in any other category.

She has cards on her table and will use them if you want.

She'll also read your palm. But these methods are one you will choose. Her greatest strength, she feels, is in reading your eyes.

Personal contact is her forte, and she feels her ability in eye reading so strong she can use it even with photographs. Someone wrote me once about a problem and I told them I couldn't do it. Then they sent me a picture of themselves because they couldn't come. That did it. I could feel things then."

Now when people write I ask for a picture and their ages before trying to help them."

Does Judy sometimes “read” wrong?

It can happen, she says, but if it does, it is because she did not concentrate hard enough. "It would show that I didn't concentrate as much as I should have," she admits.

When the air is electric with mysticism such as Halloween night, one wonders if it is any additional help to a clairvoyant, and asking the question of Judy brings a shrug.

"No special time of the year or special day of the year is any stronger for me in that respect," she said, "but, strangely, I do find I am stronger on the seventh and ninth days of the month.

"I can't explain it," she adds.

People who ask Judy to use her talents to aid them will find her advice to no avail if they violate the confidence of the “telling room.”

“If people tell someone else what I’ve told them, before it has a chance to come about, it will not happen,” she says.

As an oracle Judy will find it a lifetime endeavor.

"I'll never quit," she said.

“My grandmother told me if I ever tried to stop a gift that something would happen to me. I’ve tried a few times and had accidents almost right away.

“The last time I stopped I fell down the steps and broke my ribs.”

People come to see Judy from all over the U.S. and even from Canada. Recent visitors have been from Washington, D.C., Chicago and several from New Jersey.

Despite the fame coming her way, Judy is still very much a loner.

“I like to be alone. I like to walk alone. Even be in my room alone.” But her privacy is becoming less and less and she does not relish giving it up.

She says she has to concentrate too much on other people nowadays and it causes her to get too involved in their affairs and thinking.

"I'd really rather be alone," she says. giving a faraway look to the visitor.

And Judy has many things to think about that do not cross most people's minds.

Like clothing to be buried in.

“Grandmother said people with our talent should be buried in dark clothes. It’s one of the things people with our gifts must stick to the old ways, handed down through generations.”

October, 1969

Ramseur, North Carolina



Tea Talk

High Tea is NOT Afternoon Tea*by Mary Murkin*

There is a lot to learn about tea and the customs and traditions that surround it. Two particular British tea customs that are often misnamed or used interchangeably (incorrectly) are High Tea and Afternoon Tea. It will be very easy to remember the differences once I sort them out and explain them.

Let's start with the concrete basics of each of these tea times.

Afternoon Tea (aka "low tea") is in the late afternoon (3:00 to 5:00 p.m.) and involves tea and a few nibbles---some sweet or some savory, but no meats. Afternoon Tea is never served at a dining table. It is served in a sitting room with chairs, sofas and coffee tables placed nearby. With the growing popularity of tea, many American hotels, caterers, party planners or social functions refer to their tea time as High Tea because they think it sounds more lofty or regal. While their enthusiasm is well-intended, a lot of misinformation is being perpetuated by these self-proclaimed "experts." Offering tidbits of fancy pastries on delicate china does not a High Tea make. Jumping on the tea bandwagon is admirable, but at least do so accurately.

High Tea (aka "meat tea") is in actuality dinner, which is held later in the evening. High tea takes place, of course, at the dining table. During the middle of the eighteenth century, the big meal of the day for middle and upper-class people was shifted from noon-time to evening-time — which tended to be sometime between 8:30 and 9:00 p.m. Because of this mealtime switch, a little snack time was established for mid to late afternoon (this is Afternoon Tea) to help tide people over until their evening meal. This is as simple as that.

Whether you're in the mood for Afternoon Tea or High Tea, at least now you'll know which one you're having and what to call it. At this point, I would advise making plans for your next tea gathering. Fill your teacup, make the guest list, lift your cup and then "Bottoms up!"

Mary Murkin is the owner of Carriage House Tea which is sold at Brightside Gallery, 170 Worth Street, Asheville, NC. Contact her at: carriagehousetea@gmail.com.

Pumpkin Pie

What better way to celebrate the fall season with a delicious pumpkin pie? Try out this recipe and let us know what you think. Feel free to add your own twist and share to our social media!

Ingredients:

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoon corn starch
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup Evaporated Milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups of cooked pumpkin

Mix all dry ingredients together the sugar, corn starch, cinnamon, ginger, salt, and nutmeg. In a separate bowl beat together the evaporated milk and eggs, then add the dry ingredients. Add two cups cooked pumpkin and mix together.

Put into pie dish, bake for 10 minutes at 450 degrees, then for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Enjoy!

Sweet & Hot Beef Jerky

If you work outside during the cold, winter months, there is nothing better to warm you up than some good old, hot jerky. Making jerky is a labor of love. It is not cheap to make and takes a lot of preparation, but it is well worth the effort. Here is my recipe.

Start with 2+ lbs of lean sirloin, cut into 1/8" to 1/4" strips. Thoroughly Mix ingredients in large bowl:

- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup Worcestershire Sauce
- 1/2 cup Soy Sauce
- Teaspoon garlic powder
- Teaspoon Onion powder
- 1 cup Pineapple Juice
- 3 table spoon black pepper
- 1/4 cup crushed red pepper
- 1 table spoon sea salt
- 2 table spoon garlic salt
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Arrange the strips of meat in a large pan and cover with each layer with the mixture., apply evenly to each layer of meat. Cover with foil and place in fridge for 24 to 36 hours.

Dehydrate for 5 – 6 hours. Most dehydrators have settings for jerky. Make sure to check after 4 hours.. If the strips are thin, they will dry quicker. You don't want to over dry. The pineapple juice will add sweetness to the jerky, and the red pepper will add the kick.



Ramseur First Grade Class of 1966



Do you own any classbooks? How about old photos? We're always looking to share blasts from the past! Scan and email them to info@randolphbulletin.com with a description and we'll be happy to share. Or bring them to Zack White Leather and we'll be happy to scan them for you.

Zack White Leather
809A Moffitt St
Ramseur 27316

Monday - Friday 8am - 5pm
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Customer Appreciation and Fundraising Event

October 30th, 2021

11am - 3pm



Our October Sale will be in full bloom, and Store Special will be throughout the store.

FREE FOOD!

We will have hamburgers and hot dogs with all the “fixins” as well as chips, drinks, and homemade chili.

This is our way to say Thank You to all the customers who have supported us during the year. The Randolph Bulletin and The Coleridge Closet will have special tables set up so your can show your support.

Food will be served from 11:00 AM until 3:00 PM.

Mark this on your calender and don't miss this special event. Manufacturer reps will be on hand to demonstrate their products.



OBITUARIES

Courtesy of Loflin Funeral Home and Cremation Service of Ramseur.

We at the Randolph Bulletin send out our thoughts and prayers to the families who recently lost loved ones.

Pearl Alene Haithcock

Pearl Alene Millikan Haithcock, 96, of Cedar Falls, died Tuesday, September 28, 2021 at Alpine Health & Rehabilitation Center in Asheboro.

Walter McCraw, Sr.

Walter Glenn McCraw, Sr., 74, of Franklinville, died Saturday, September 25, 2021 at his residence.

Samuel Schram

Samuel Paul Schram, 82, of Liberty, died Saturday, September 25, 2021 at Siler City Center in Siler City.

Ervin Charlie "Buck" Luther, Jr.

Ervin Charlie "Buck" Luther, Jr. 64, of Coleridge is now free of the constraints of this life, having passed on September 22, 2021.

Alvin "Buddy" Nance

Alvin "Buddy" Nance, 73, of Franklinville, died Monday, September 20, 2021 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Colon Brown

Colon Arthur Brown, 83, of Thomasville, died Sunday, September 19, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Francis "Mack" Wicker

Francis MacArthur "Mack" Wicker, 79, of Randleman, died Sunday, September 12, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Philip Cox

Philip Craven Cox, 65, of Coleridge, died Friday, September 10, 2021 at his residence.

Stella Allison

Stella Nelson Allison, 73, of Ramseur, died Friday, September 10, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Larry BarbeeSophia

Larry David Barbee, 78, of Sophia, passed away surrounded by his family on Thursday, September 9, 2021.

Donald Ray Brady

Donald Ray "Don" Brady, 70, of Bennett, died Tuesday, August 31, 2021 at FirstHealth Moore Regional Hospital in Pinehurst.

William Curtis Kearns

William Curtis Kearns, 81, of Seagrove, died Tuesday, August 31, 2021 at his residence.

If you would like more information about our obituaries, please email us at info@randolphbulletin.com or call at 336-824-4488.

Options are available if you would like to have a picture and/or longer obituaries for your loved one.

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once enjoyed
and deeply loved
we can never lose,
for all that we love
deeply becomes
part of us."

— HELEN KELLER

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ANNIVERSARIES



Happy Anniversary to:

*Tim and Lisa Cox
Owners of The Randolph Bulletin,
Zack White Leather Co, Cox Home
Center*



*Happy 5th Anniversary to my best
friend and love of my life. Here is
to all the adventures will we will
share! -Oliva*

BIRTHDAYS



*Happy Birthday to a Very Special
Lady who will be 89 years young
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how much you mean to us. Thank
you for your love and support.*

Mrs. Maggie (Mary) Cox

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As you may know, the bulk of our support comes from local businesses advertising in our paper. Those ads are delivered directly to over 7000+ households in Eastern Randolph County on a monthly basis, which is ABSOLUTELY FREE to everyone in Ramseur, Coleridge, Franklinville, and now Staley.

To continue to offer this paper we ask that you support us with your Classifieds, Advertisements, or Donations so we can continue to provide the Randolph Bulletin.

We are introducing two Sponsorship levels: Friends of the Bulletin and Partners of the Bulletin.

Friends of the Bulletin: those that make a donation of \$150+ will receive a free business card size ad and a Collectors Edition of all 12 papers from our first year.

Partners of the Bulletin: those that make a donation of \$500+ will receive a free 1/4 ad and a Collectors Edition of all 12 papers from our first year, PLUS 2 announcements (worth \$25 each).

Both sponsorship levels will receive recognition in our all issues for 12 months, as well as social media recognition.

For more information contact us at info@randolphbulletin.com, or stop by our office in the Zack White Leather building at 809 Moffitt Street, Ramseur. Our phone number is 336-824-4488.

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Thursdays at RamsuerLib on Facebook:

The 2021 Summer Learning Program Tails and Tales is open to children of all ages with online programs offered throughout the Randolph County Public Library System. Incentives for Reading will be offered. If you would like to formally register your child as a summer reader, please call the Ramseur Public Library at 336-824-2232. Program is every Thursdays at 10:30am. Link is available on their Facebook page.

Community Events:

October 16th: Rasmear will have their Fall Festival Saturday October 16, 2021 from 9pm - 5pm. Plenty of food, vendors, and entertainment!

October 30th: Cox Hme Center and Zack White Leather will be hosting their Customer Appreciation Day/ Fundraiser for Coleridge Closet and will also be taking donations for the Randolph Bulletin. Come out for free food and to help support these great organizations for our community. 11am - 3pm at 809 Moffitt St in Ramseur, NC.

October 30th and 31st: Millstone Creek Orchards will be hosting thier Boo Bash Costume Contest starting at 2pm on Saturday and 3pm on Sunday.

Jordan's Closet

Jordan's closet i open on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 5-7pm of each month.

Ramseur Food Pantry

Here to Serve the Citizen of Ramseur and surrounding area. We are located on the back side of the Ramseur Town Hall 724 Liberty Street. Open Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11 AM till 1 PM And on Tuesday evening from 5 PM till 7 PM.
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My Favorite Time of the Year

By WT Cox



My favorite time of the year is probably springtime. When Spring finally arrives after our long, cold winter nights, I am always glad for the warmer weather. Our dogs are happy just not being cooped up in the house and able to run and play outside. Springtime is a great time to enjoy nature as it awakens from winter's sleep. Once the trees began to bud, the whole landscape begins to change. Soon it will be as if nature has covered itself with a green robe. The grass in my yard will turn from brown to green. Soon the redbud trees and buttercups will do their part to paint colors and fresh smells into the air. With nature's new growth, spring is an exciting time of year. It is also a time to get those gardens ready to plant: fertilize the lawn, and sharpen the blades on the mower, and do the usual "Spring Cleaning". The garden must be tilled and made ready if we are to have it planted by the first of May. Early plants like broccoli and cabbage are planted much earlier. Soon our yard will require mowing, but first, all the limbs and sticks that have fallen will have to be removed. Already wild onions are towering above my grass letting me know that it is almost time to mow. Springtime is a time to put out fertilizer and grass seed, along with mulch or pine straw around shrubbery. Come to think of it, with all the work that is involved, maybe Spring is NOT my favorite time of the year after all.

Soon summer will be here, and with our garden planted, I am always excited to see what yields my planting would bring. I think summer may be the best time of the year. Fresh tomatoes, green beans, okra, and cucumbers are especially good when you can pick them fresh off the vines. My yard will soon be in overdrive and will require mowing at least every week, if not sooner. I have a three-acre yard, so that is a lot of work just to maintain it. My John Deere mower and tractor both need oil changes and maintenance in preparation for the work that is to come. I love mowing. I know that sounds crazy, but there is something magical about the smell of freshly cut grass and the beauty of a manicured lawn. It is a labor of love. While riding my mower, my mind often will wander in all sorts of directions. I come up with some of my best writing ideas while mowing my yard... problem is by the time I can write them down, I sometimes have forgotten. I have learned to keep a tablet and pen in my pocket for when those moments of inspiration hit. I like seeing the freshly cut grass expelled from my mower. It makes me think of waves created by my boat when I have the time to take it out and go fishing. Eventually, the constant battle to keep my grass and weeds at bay, along with the heat and humidity makes me wish for cooler days. It's hard to enjoy being outside when sweat keeps stinging your eyes... Maybe summer is not my favorite time of year after all.

Fall usually will sneak up on you. One day you are wondering what to do with all the vegetables from the garden, then suddenly it's all over and you are left with dead vines that need pulling up. It is time to harvest the chili

peppers and make bar-b-que sauce and jerky. The muscadine vines that line the fence in front of my house are finally hanging full of sweet black grapes and are a stopping point when I make my rounds mowing the front yard. Our scuppernong grapes ripen this time of year too, but I have to get off the mower to pick those. Apples, pumpkins, bar-b-que are all things to look forward to during the fall. It is a time to think about fishing and taking those long hikes through the woods. Fall is a wonderful time of year. The leaves start to turn and the landscape turns into a kaleidoscope of color. But as the leaves change, they also start to fall. This means my yard will soon be covered in leaves, and if not gotten up, they will smother the grass that I worked so hard to cultivate during the spring and summer. Those big, hairy yellow spiders soon will be hanging in the corners of buildings and the branches of trees, making walking without a big stick risky. I hate spiders... always have. Yellowjackets seem to hide in the cleverest of places this time of year. With Fall, also comes the realization that winter is just around the corner. This means making sure water pipes are properly insulated and gas engines such as mowers that won't be used during the winter are properly stored. Fruit trees and shrubbery all have to be pruned and trimmed to ensure proper growth during next year. Fall means a lot of work to get ready for Winter, so I suppose Fall is definitely is not my favorite time of the year. It makes me tired just thinking of all there is to do...

Soon it will be winter. With the chill in the air and shorter days, those cold nights are just around the corner. I love sitting next to a crackling fire and snuggling into a warm bed at night. Nature seems to have taken a rest from the hustle of fall. Thanksgiving is just around the corner, and that is one of my favorite holidays. I love winter, with all the foods that tempt the best of diet intentions. This is my favorite time of the year. Pumpkin pie, persimmon pudding, baked turkey, and dressing all seem special this time of year. These things are available the rest of the year, but they just seem better during the holidays; even fruitcake is tasty this time of year. Fall is when most towns around here have their Fall Festivals, and it's always fun to see all the crafts and foods people prepare to sell at the street festivals. Fall is also a time for family gatherings and making memories. I enjoy cooking and spending time with friends and family. We usually have Thanksgiving Dinner at our house, which entails cleaning out the garage, putting down carpet, and setting up tables and decorations. This is always a great time with family, but it is also a lot of work getting ready and cleaning up afterward. As soon as Thanksgiving is over, it's time to get ready for Christmas. Christmas means re-arranging the house to make room for the tree and putting out decorations, but first, the Thanksgiving decorations have to be put away before the Christmas ones can be hauled down from the attic. I am busy with custom orders at work and it is already dark when I get home. It seems like all there is to do is work and get ready for another day. Hopefully, we can make it down to the coast this year... The wintertime is always special there because there are not many visitors and fishing is usually good. But it is always rush, rush when we come back home. I am always behind on orders at work this time of year, and taking any time off is a challenge. Wintertime is always filled with things that need to be done, and not enough time to do them. I will be glad when Springtime rolls around with warmer weather and the days start to get longer.

Come to think of it, just living here in Randolph County makes any season a great time.

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