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the **Randolph Bulletin**



In this article we learn more about the “Liberty Street Boy” Mick Brown. See his story as told by Grodon Bady on Pages 2-5.

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Ramseur has a long list of residents who were born and raised here, and after moving away were able to make various contributions to society. The values and life experiences from growing up in Ramseur has influenced people from all walks of life. One of those former residents is Mick Brown. His story is told by another Ramseur native who also grew up here on Liberty Street. The following article on Ramseur native Mick Brown was written by Gordon L. Brady, Ph.D., M.S.L..

Liberty Street Boy Mick Brown:
Twice winner of Navy's Legion of Merit,
Liberation Pilot for Captain John McCain,
McDonnell-Douglas test pilot, fisherman, and golf pro
by Gordon L. Brady

Author's note: It is better that I tell this story about another Liberty Street Boy because Mick Brown is a modest man --- nicknamed "Silent" and I can say things about his accomplishments that he would find difficult.

Liberty Street Boy

Boyd Michael (Mick) Brown (b. 1947) was the eldest child of Boyd and Sue (Sewell) Brown. Boyd was an electrician – Sue was a homemaker and later worked in retail. The family plus younger sister Martha (her son Bart Swaim writes for the Wall Street Journal) lived at the corner of Liberty Street and Highway 22 across from the First Baptist Church of Ramseur. Their white frame house sits between Sam and Grace Kimrey ("Poet Laureate" of Liberty Street) and the Church. Their home was immediately in front of the Whitehead family's imposing house on a hill and an "unnamed" creek. The creek ran the length of Liberty Street serving as a collection of runoff. In the fall, hogs were killed and processed by Walter Hudson about midway up Liberty Street (across from the home of John Emmett Brady, grandfather of Bill Brady the subject of my earlier Liberty Street article on his Carambola Botanical Gardens in Roatan, Honduras). In summer, we played in the creek – especially when it swelled to respectable size by the occasional flash flood and summer storm.



Sherry and Mick

Mick, Martha, my sister Celeste (Byrnes) and I often walked to school more or less as a group – the girls liked to chat. The county buses were reserved for those outside Ramseur's immediate confines. A few years later Mick's family (Boyd, Sue, and Martha) moved over the hill to Main Street --- across from the Charles (aka "Son") Lane's, beside the Eddie Siler family, and Methodist parsonage. It was during the Main Street phase that Mick played Little League baseball (coached by Don Stringer), spent much time with his grandmother Dora Brady Brown, Uncle Lindo ("Spider") Brown, Uncle Tate Brown, and Aunt Faye York. Mick attended the First Baptist Church and cites Reverend Fletcher Ford as a major influence through the Church and Royal Ambassadors (a church group somewhat like the Boy Scouts without the emphasis on wilderness "survival" skills. Reverend Ford, like our parents and teachers, was not adequately appreciated for his role in our lives.

Also during the time on Main Street, Mick, an avid outdoorsman, caught a bass weighing somewhere between six and twelve pounds (as I remember)– -- Mick modestly and mistakenly insisted on six! It remained in their family freezer for verification purposes in case the "Ripley Believe It or Not" were to pass through Ramseur.

In 1960 at the age of 13, Mick and his family moved to Morehead City. Celeste and I greatly missed "Mick and Martha." Mick and I stayed in contact, had occasional visits as teenagers, and best of all (for me) were later to become roommates at Carolina.

Transferring from Klopman's Mill to UNC-CH

On one of my visits to Morehead City, Mick's mom Sue told me that Mick really wanted to go to Carolina but needed a "boost." The "boost" part is my interpretation for encouragement and strategizing. He liked the Morehead City weather and fishing, but wanted access to the wider world. I was working at Ramseur's Klopman Mills (later part of Burlington Industries) when I saw Mick's former Little League Baseball Coach Donald

L. Stringer (1934 – 1992). Don Stringer was a man I knew Mick idolized -- and perhaps equally important, I “read” in Don’s eyes that he held Mick in high esteem. Coach Stringer had seen firsthand Mick’s tenacity, athletic skill, appealing personality, and that Mick refused to give up or shy away from a challenge. I asked Don if he could find a place for Mick in his part of the mill--- without reservation and much to my glee, Don fully endorsed the idea of a plan for Mick’s return to Ramseur for “further coaching” by Don. I contacted Mick’s Aunt Faye York about a place for Mick to call “home” if Coach Stringer and I could coax Mick to Ramseur. Aunt Faye (mother of Cecil York and Shirley York Lane) immediately offered their hospitality. It all worked out. During his year at Klopman, Mick applied to Carolina with his commitment that if he was accepted (a pretty sure thing), we would be roommates. Great news for me!

Once at Carolina

Since I was not known as the tidiest of housekeepers, this may not have appealed to Mick as much as it did to me. But nevertheless in the fall 1966 we moved to the fourth floor of Parker Dorm (just behind Kenan Stadium). Our year was great fun – Mick took very good care of me.... I awakened on a brisk late-October morning to find that I was sleeping under two very thick blankets which belonged Mick. I was baffled – could the October chill have prompted me to “borrow” Mick’s blankets in the middle of the night? I later learned that Mick had sensed that I was inadequately prepared for the cold and simply had provided the extra blankets gotten up in the middle of the night to make sure I was comfortable, a quality which characterizes Mick’s life of service to his family, friends, and country. Mick also coached (“why this?” “That’s not relevant”) me through one of my first economics research papers --- The paper was on Tungsten, a strategic metal used for submarine skins”. As a memory aid, Mick even developed a song called “tungsten” based on the theme music from the television show “Bonanza.”

Once into the semester and grades were reported, Mick was selected for a scholarship by the Naval Reserve Officer Training Corp (NRTC). He graduated with honors from Carolina, was commissioned as a Navy pilot, served in combat zones, and in the mid-1980s was a test pilot for McDonnell Douglas’s new MD-11 “jumbo jet.”

He graduated in 1970 with honors and commissioned as Lt JG by Admiral Elmo Zumwalt (1920-2000) Chief of Naval Operations (former Professor of Naval Science at UNC and father of Mick’s friend and classmate Jim Zumwalt). In September 1968 Admiral Elmo Zumwalt became Commander Naval Forces, Vietnam and Chief of the Naval Advisory Group, U. S. Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. Mick’s friend Lt JG Elmo Zumwalt III, the Admiral’s older son graduated from UNC-Chapel Hill in 1968 and became a swift boat commander in Vietnam.



Mick trained on Beechcraft T-34
Mentor



Mick flew a C-118 powered by four large
2,500 HP. It was filled with POWs to
Clark Air Base.

After receiving his commission Mick was accepted by the Naval flight school in Pensacola, Florida. He earned his wings in 11 months, an amazingly short time for the upcoming challenges he was to confront, and his career which was to include many assignments throughout the world, including Vietnam and the Philippines. He was a flight instructor in Pensacola and awarded Basic Training Command Instructor of the year (1975). His next assignment was in Operation Deep Freeze in Antarctica where he was Commanding Officer of a Naval jet squadron and Chief of Staff of Navy’s largest air wing. His last assignment before retiring was Air Operations Officer in the U. S. Naval Air Force Pacific Fleet. Throughout his career, Mick served with many famous naval officers.

The Connection Of Captain John McCain And Our Liberty Street Boy

Once the war had been formally ended by the Paris Accord in 1973, Mick flew many loads of POWs from Hanoi’s Gia Lam Airport to Clark Air Base in the Philippines for medical attention and processing back to the U. S. to U. S. On one of these flights Mick was told that an admiral’s son (Admiral Jack McCain)[Admiral John Sidney “Jack” McCain Jr. served in conflicts from the 1940s through the 1970s, including as the Commander, United States Pacific Command.] was among the POWs --- this was Captain John McCain’s return to the US in Mick’s C-118 flight to Clark Air Base in the Philippines. Mick was part of Captain McCain’s return for treatment and recovery from five years of torture and denial of medical care.

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On January 27, 1973, the Paris Peace Accords were signed which formally ended direct U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. Despite the formality, getting the 591 American POWs home took much longer. Mick was part of Operation Homecoming. From February 12 to April 4, 1973 there were 54 C-141 missions which departed from Hanoi to return the 591 brave heroes home. During the early part of Operation Homecoming, groups of POWs released were selected on the basis of longest length of time in prison. The first group had spent six to eight years as prisoners of war. The last POWs were turned over to allied hands on March 29, 1973 raising the total number of Americans returned to 591.

On March 14, 1973 Captain John McCain was finally released from his five years of torture, and taken by bus to Gia Lam Airport (Hanoi) for formal military transfer to U.S. custody. It was Liberty Street Boy, Mick Brown who piloted the C-118 to Clark Air Base in the Philippines. After the last of the POWs had been released, McCain's forced "confession", along with similar statements from other POWs, was aired again during a Voice of Vietnam broadcast on April 10, 1973, as the North Vietnamese sought to refute the returning prisoners' tales of having been tortured. Mick said Captain McCain was a frail shadow of his former self, badly disfigured and obviously in great pain ----- but his spirit remained unbroken as they flew into US airspace.

After His Naval Service – The Next Step The Md-11

With flying and adventure in his blood, post-retirement was a continuation of his aviation career (later to be followed by "career long goal" (now affordable) of fishing and golf). But aviation afforded a financially comfortable post Naval career as a test pilot for McDonnell-Douglas in Long Beach, California. He became an expert on the MD-11 airliner with his portfolio including pilot training for American, Delta, and FedEx. During this period he traveled extensively throughout the world to train pilots, many of whom had been combat pilots in the much lighter and more nimble Navy aircraft. Foreign airlines took to the MD-11 including Alitalia in Rome, KLM in Amsterdam, Varig and São Paulo Airways (better known as VASP), China Air (Taiwan), China Eastern in Shanghai, Korean Air in Seoul, Finnair in Helsinki, and Swiss Air in Zurich. Mick related to me many experiences of his time with foreign airline pilots --- in particular on "training flights" from Rome's famous Fiumicino (Leonardo da Vinci airport) which was Italy's first major airport and Europe's eleventh in traffic volume. Mick reported that "in those days flying without passengers" Alitalia

pilots would initiate each flight with a toast of their favorite Italian wine from Tuscany ---- from which Mick dutifully abstained.



McDonnell Douglas 11 Tri-Jet
(1986) Passenger and Cargo versions.



Mick Brown, the PGA of America teaching pro at the Golfin' Dolphin facility in Cape Carteret and also the head pro and director of golf at the Star Hill Golf Club in Cape Carteret, as well as the golfing columnist for the News-Times, has led a very interesting life. J.J. Smith photo.

Mick's "Reorientation" --- Not To Be Confused With Retirement.

In 1995, Mick and Sherry Wagner returned to North Carolina. They settled in Carteret County next door to Mick's Ramsey native Uncle Lendo "Spider" Brown, a retired highway patrolman. Lendo was also an able golfer and fisherman. Mick and Lendo look like brothers. Sherry taught school until her retirement in 2019.

Mick was drawn by his love of the sea and golf but found that he did well on the "PGA playing ability test" and immediately joined the Professional Golfers Association of America. In between fishing trips and golf, Mick's favorite entertainment was watching Victory at Sea, a documentary television series which chronicled naval warfare in World War II. It was originally broadcast by NBC in 1952–1953.

The Post-2017 "Vocational Reorientation"

For over ten years of "vocational reorientation" Mick was head golf professional at Star Hill Golf Club in Cape Carteret. During pro career, he gave thousands of "pointers" and golf lessons.

Tiger Woods And Other Celebrities.

Among notable lesson recipients were Detroit Tiger second baseman “Sweet Lou” Whitaker and former Vice President Dan Quail. He said that the VP was a quick learner and joy to be around. But one of his high profile students and household name to North Carolinians was former UNC head basketball Bill Guthridge. They became close person friends and continue to play frequently. Mick decided it was time to return to fishing but also compete on the Carolinas PGA circuit. He is a full-time golfer.

While with McDonnell Douglas Mick lived in Cypress, California just down the street from golf legend Tiger Woods. His dad, Earl worked for McDonnell Douglas also. Mick says, “I never played golf with Tiger but spent many hours on the range with him, hitting balls and sharing swing thoughts. He was 16 at the time and little did I know his true talents.”

With Gratitude.

It is difficult for a Liberty Street Boy like myself to be prouder of my friendship with Mick and his family. Mick “gives thanks” to the good people of Ramseur for his start in life and the opportunity to return “time and again” and keep in touch with friends he made years ago.



Students and friends -- Jerry Barnes, former NC State basketball player, Scott King, owner of Brandywine Bay GC in Morehead City, Bill Holz, owner of Star Hill GC and Golfin' Dolphin Practice Range in Cape Carteret



Third Row: Gordon Brady, Jim Slaughter, “unknown head,” Busick #1, Busick #2, John Charles Dorsett, Eric Allred, Ronnie Hardin, David Webb was cutoff

Second Row: Dickie Wood, Ira Mac McGee, Danny Wood, Jerry Leonard, James Sherman Maness

First row kneeling: Ernest Stout, Harold Holmes (or Billy Joe Allred), Mickey, Willie B, David Cain, Dickie Wood, Thad Hardin, Buck Stout

1958-59 “Finer Carolina” Scrapbook, courtesy of the Ramseur Community Museum.

Five Foot Two 23 Skidoo by Mary Murkin

In one more stop, Bob “Tadpole” Garland would make his exit hop near 23rd Street.

At last, he was in familiar surroundings and warming his hands over an old fire barrel in this bustling borough in the heart of Manhattan. Tadpole’s boxcar to Chicago would be by in about two hours.

It was late October 1959—almost exactly thirty years since the day that changed Tadpole’s life forever. He fought back a tear as he remembered watching that beige Mercury pulling away with his whole world in the back seat looking at him, crying silently. Bob Garland could not even lift his hand to wave goodbye to his sweet young wife, Maria. The weight of the world held him motionless.

As Bob watched the car get smaller and smaller, it was hard to believe that just a little over a year ago he and Maria had wed and sworn to be together—for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do they part. Nowhere in those vows was there a clause about what to do when the stock market crashed and split your whole world in half.

Bob was a hard-working young man who lost his parents in the 1918 influenza pandemic. By the grace of a kind neighbor who took him in, Bob was able to finish his education. He began his financial career in 1922 as a young banker for Greenwich Savings Bank. Since Greenwich Savings Bank was located at the corner of Broadway and West 36th Street, Bob and his co-workers would often spend evenings listening to music close by at the corner of Broadway and 51st Street in the Roseland Ballroom.

Visit after visit to the Roseland Ballroom led Bob to discover a talented young entertainer, Nick Lucas. The way Nick could sing and play guitar was unparalleled by any other performer that he had ever seen. Bob’s favorite song of Nick’s was “Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue.” He was especially fond of this song because it reminded him of his own mother, Catherine. She, in fact, had stood only five feet and two inches tall and had the most beautiful sky blue eyes.

Bob had life by the tail, as it were. He bought himself a 1923 Model T Speedster and spent many hours taking weekend rides with his friends. These rides lead him to eventually meet the young woman who captured his heart. It was one beautiful fall weekend in 1926 when Bob and two friends took a drive to Fulton, New York to see the

autumn colors of the leaves changing.

It was just under a five-hour drive to Fulton. When they arrived in town, they stopped for lunch at a sweet little diner in the middle of town—Delgado’s Deli and Bakery. The three young gentlemen selected this diner to stop at because it was packed. They knew that when locals packed a diner, it was because of great food. The proprietors were a sweet middle-aged couple, Tony and Vivian Delgado. Their only child, Maria, also helped to run the family business.

After a few visits to Fulton, NY, Bob asked Maria to go steady with him. They continued courting for a year and were then engaged for a year before marrying in September of 1928. For their honeymoon, Bob chose to take his new bride on a two-week train ride to Chicago, Illinois. What delighted them to no end was when they saw that Nick Lucas was headlining at New Palace in the heart of downtown Chicago. They took in his show one evening and Bob, of course, requested that Nick play “Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue” as a special favor. Nick complied and brought the house down with his rousing rendition of this great favorite.

Life was wonderful for the young couple. Maria instantly took to living in New York City. She loved the apartment where the two of them lived and looked forward to the evenings that they spent dining and listening to great live music at the Roseland Ballroom.

Bob and Maria thoroughly enjoyed a year of firsts as a married couple: their first Halloween, Christmas, New Year’s, Valentine’s, St. Patrick’s Day, Easter, etc., until they were then celebrating their first wedding anniversary in September of 1929.

What came next was nothing they ever could have anticipated. No one across America could ever have been ready for what happened. Beginning on Thursday, October 24, 1929, the stock market began to plummet. By the next day, the term “Black Friday” was dubbed to be the darkest day for America’s financial institutions and the nation’s economy when the stock market crashed.

In the weeks to follow, Bob and Maria’s savings were depleted. Soon after came their eviction notice. Bob sold his car to make ends meet for another month. By this time, the Greenwich Savings Bank had folded and jobs were scarce.

After Maria's departure, Bob sunk to living on the streets of Manhattan. In this he was not alone. There became a brethren of individuals much like Bob. The street folk often congregated along 23rd Street. Sleeping on the sidewalks was illegal and actively discouraged by local law enforcement. Still, at some point each day, sleep overcame every one of these street folk. A code that was used among these individuals to warn of the police approaching was to shout out "23 Skidoo." This simple phrase meant "clear out" or "away with you."

After nearly ten months of living like this, and with no end in sight of the financial ruin, Bob decided to learn to hop trains and live the life of a wanderer. It was early on in his train-hopping days that he was given the nickname "Tadpole" for his exceptional jumping skills.

For close to thirty years, Tadpole wandered up and down the eastern seaboard exploring every town that had a depot or a hobo jungle for a gentleman wanderer to visit or hop off in, with the intent of changing routes and taking in some new sights.

On this night in November 1959, Tadpole was waiting out his two-hour lay over before hopping on the famed winter train, the Orange Blossom Special. He was heading to Chicago. The only time he'd ever been to Chicago was thirty years ago, when he and Maria went there for their honeymoon. Tadpole decided it was time to explore some other train routes along with some of the most famous trains in America.

The far off rumble told Tadpole that in just a few minutes it would be time to hop on the Chicago bound train that was heading his way.

Twenty-two hours later, Tadpole found himself hopping off his boxcar in a congested train yard in the heart of downtown Chicago. In some unexplained way, Tadpole felt very comfortable here. He decided he'd stay in Illinois for a while.

While riding on the Chicago and Pacific Railroad one day, he decided to hop off in the sweet little northern Illinois town of Bartlett. He struck up a kindly friendship with the depot manager there, Joe Charneskey. Joe seemed to understand Tadpole and told him if he ever needed anything, to just let him know and he would try to help. Tadpole was becoming very fond of Illinois.

A few months of riding through the wide-open Midwest finally led Tadpole to hop off his boxcar in a hobo jungle in a quaint little town in central Illinois. He had the oddest feeling that somehow he was home...but that's another story!

The Love of a Child by Debra Vernon

The month of February turns everyone's thoughts to LOVE, and all its interpretations. Most will lean towards the love shared between partners in marriage. After all, it was love that led them to marital bliss, right? The love of family follows quick behind, as they are your "tribe" and hopefully a supportive and loving one. Or it may encompass the love of great friends, specifically the ones who share the ups as well as the downs of life. And in all these situations, I would hope the love is shown more often than just talked about.

But today, in this moment, I want to share a special love I have experienced and known for a little over 30 years. I want to tell you how much my daughter loves me. Now some may think this is a self-serving story to proclaim how I am such a wonderful mom, and that she cannot help but love me. But you are wrong! What I want to convey today is how she loves (and has loved) me when I was not so lovable.

As a baby, she did not have a whole lot to say about the relationship with dear old mom. She just knew the sound of my voice and the touch of my hands made her feel good, so why not coo and gaga with mom to keep the good feelings going? And even as a toddler, she was a pretty good kid, without much need for discipline other than a stern look. She wanted to please me because she loved me, and she did so in many ways.

It was during those early childhood years when she experienced what a "single parent" household is. Not a choice I would have laid out for either of us, but we made it work. If anything, I do believe it drew us closer than we had been as somehow, her tender little heart sensed I needed her as much as she needed me. And she would tell me she loved me and provide little cards with hearts drawn on them to show me how much. I bet it would surprise her to know I still have many, if not all those little mementos.

The "tween" years had a few bumps, but nothing major we could not overcome. Heart to heart talks about why I expected certain behaviors would lead to questions about other things. I realize now I treated her more as an adult at an early age, but I had no instruction manual to go by. So I went with the heart, and she did too. This was a good rapport building time for the teen years rushing closer.

The teen years. I truly believe it was not as bad as some I have heard of, but it was not a time of pure bliss either. No more cards with hearts, no more deep conversations, and no more "warm fuzzy"

moments with mom! And in some instances, it was more like “hair raising” times with mom. Why can’t I go to this place? Why can’t I hang out with so and so? Why are you always telling me what to do?

Okay moms, and dads too. You know the answers to the questions above. The restrictions are there to protect our kids because we love them. Science has proven our kids need boundaries. But when we enforce them? The love we get in return can be sparse at times.

There were times when she poured love into me when I was so undeserving. I would get on a rant about some behavior or event, and at times say hurtful things. The good Lord would convict me of my wrongdoing, and I would have to go and apologize for being such a jerk. It would have been so easy for her to say, “just forget it mom – it’s over with” and sulk about it for hours or days. But each time I went to her, she would listen to me, and give me a big old hug and say, “don’t worry about it mom. I forgive you. I know life is hard when you are the mom and the dad.”

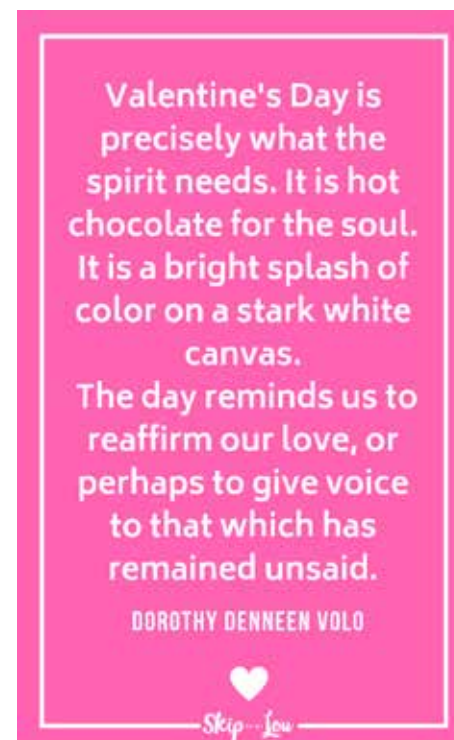
Being a single parent, the finances were always stretched thin. At times, she would ask for something which simply did not fit within the budget. Again, we had adult conversations about the reality of our situation, and though hard to accept, at least she knew why I had to say no. She knew love was not measured in material things.

Or I would have to deal with issues of “two families” as in the family here in our home, and the family of the one who left. I did not want to paint a harsh picture of anyone, so I always tried to find the best way to manage a situation, or just dealt with it and kept her blissfully unaware. But even then, somehow, she knew. She would come to me and mention what I thought was unknown to her and share her thoughts on what she thought about the situation. She would then walk away, but not before giving me a hug and saying, “I’m so glad I am here with you, where I know that no matter what happens, I am always loved.”

Now, she is grown and married with three little ones of her own! She is such a good wife and mom. And she is hands down the best daughter in the world! I love it when she calls and wants my advice on something. Or she may just send a text saying she is thinking of me. Or when I leave their home, she will ask me to text her when I make it home, so she will know I arrived safely. And she prepares the best homemade pizzas, so sometimes she will invite me to her house to have that signature dish with her little family. She runs errands for me when I cannot and provides taxi service if I need to take a car to the repair shop. She has even been my nurse when having outpatient procedures done. She sends pictures of the kids to my Wi-Fi enabled picture frame

and facetimes me to let me see her and the kids when we have not been able to touch base in person. The list could go on for quite some time.

Why does she do this? SHE LOVES ME! And not just one day a year. So here is a big shout out to Christa (I will refrain from using her nickname because she would kill me if I put it in print)! I love you! Very much! Always have! Always will!



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.

James Allen

James Stevenson Allen, 90, of Siler City, died Monday, February 7, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Clifford Cain

Clifford Clinton Cain, 90, of Coleridge, died Thursday, February 3, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Billie Lunsford

Billie Massey Lunsford, 84, of Randleman, died Thursday, February 3, 2022 at her residence.

J.C. York

On Wednesday February 2, 2022, James Carson (J.C.) York, 87, of Ramseur NC, died peacefully at his residence.

Virgil Chriscoe

Virgil Chriscoe, 74, of Robbins, passed away peacefully on Monday, January 31, 2022 at his home.

Meredith "Mert" Beck

Meredith "Mert" Wilt Beck, 84, of Asheboro, went home to be with her Lord on Sunday, January 30, 2022.

Flossie Ferree

Flossie Kidd Ferree, 101, of Siler City, passed away Sunday, January 30, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Alice Faye Cook

Alice Faye Allred Cook, 85, of Franklinville, died Friday, January 28, 2022 at her residence.

John Darrell Deaton

John Darrell Deaton, 71, of Randleman, died Tuesday, January 25, 2022 at his residence.

Patricia Russell

Patricia Calhoun "Packy" Russell, 59, of Asheboro, died Monday, January 24, 2022.

Colvin "Shorty" Byrd

Colvin Edmond "Shorty" Byrd, 83, of Asheboro, died Monday, January 24, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Tony Joyce, Sr.

Tony Lee "Paw" Joyce, Sr., 60, of Siler City, died Sunday, January 23, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Alwyn "Mickey" Currin

Alwyn "Mickey" Currin, 74, of Ramseur, died Sunday, January 23, 2022 at UNC Health Southeastern in Lumberton.

Rickey Jones

Rickey Gene Jones, 56, of Asheboro, died Friday, January 21, 2022 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Faydene Brown

Faydene York Brown, 78, of Asheboro, died Friday, January 21, 2022 at her residence.

Larry Tupper

Larry Barton Tupper, 79, of Ramseur, died Thursday, January 20, 2022 at Novant Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte.

Ruby Owenby

Ruby Auman Owenby, 86, of Asheboro, died Thursday, January 20, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Linda Kennedy

Linda Simmons Kennedy, 79, of Ramseur, died Monday, January 17, 2022 at Chatham Hospital in Siler City.

Bernice Bullard

Bernice James Bullard, 85, of Clemmons, died January 14, 2022 at Hinkle Hospice House in Lexington.

Lee "Bud" Maness

Lee Hubert "Bud" Maness, 95, of Robbins, died Thursday, January 13, 2022 at Autumn Care of Biscoe.

Maxwell Brown

Maxwell Randolph Brown, 69, of Asheboro, died Sunday, January 9, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

If you would like more information about our obituaries, please email us at
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Options are available if you would like to have a picture and/or longer obituaries for your loved one.
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Gladys Marie Slone Miller, age 93, of Thomasville, NC, passed away peacefully at her home in Thomasville on Wednesday, January 19, 2022. Marie was born May 14, 1928, in Williamson, WV, to Virginia Robinette and Granville Slone.

Marie was talented in many ways. She was a devoted wife to her husband, Reverend Floyd Miller, who served with her in the ministry for more than 50 years. Marie taught Sunday School and ministered to all ages, children through adults. She was named "Wife of the Year" for the Wesleyan Church district for four years. Marie was a beloved friend to everyone who knew her.

Marie is survived by her son, Steve Miller (Martha); sister, Allene Jacobs; grandsons, Addam Miller (Paula) and Mark Miller (Allison); great grandchildren, Bradley Miller, Zachary Miller, Anthony Miller, Chloe Miller, Bailey Miller, Riley Miller, Brandt Miller, and Marchal Miller; and great great grandson, Jackson Crandle.

Along with her parents, Marie was preceded in death by her husband, Reverend Floyd Miller; daughter, Cristina Miller; and brother, Donald Slone.

Funeral service for Marie was held Saturday, January 22, 2022, at 2:00 PM at Sechrest-Davis Funerals & Cremations, 18 Randolph Street, Thomasville, NC 27360. Marie was laid to rest in Holly Hill Memorial Park in Thomasville, NC.

Sechrest-Davis Funerals & Cremations of Thomasville is serving the family. Fond memories and expressions of sympathy may be shared at www.sechrestdavisthomasville.com.

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Coconut Custard Pie

1/2 cup Bisquick
3/4 cup sugar
4 eggs
2 cup milk
1 cup flaked coconut
1 tsp. vanilla
1 TBS. butter, softened
Combine all ingredients and pour into 9 inch buttered pie pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 25-30 minutes until custard sets. Like magic it layers into crust, custard, coconut topping.



We would like to say a special Thank You to the following Friends of the Bulletin:

--Ms Emily Johnson

--Mr. Jim Wright

--Mr. David Jessup

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

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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).

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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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March 2022 Chick Days

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Slow Cooked Pork Tenderloin

Ingredients:

- appx 1.75 to 2 lb fresh pork tenderloin
- 1/3 cup soy sauce
- 1 table spoon yellow mustard or mustard of your choice
- Good portion of honey... appx 3 table spoons
- Olive Oil
- 1/3 diced onion
- teaspoon of garlic powder, or cut 2-3 medium garlic cloves and dise
- 1/2 teaspoon of crushed red pepper flakes



Wash meat, put into crock pot. Mix soy, mustard, pepper, onion, garlic and honey and rub over meat. You can mix with a little olive oil to help. Apply over the top of the meat... add a sprinkle of salt and black pepper. Make sure to coat the meat all over with the mixture and add balance on top

*For added effect, you can add ½ cup of diced tomatoes.. this gives a little different taste to the meat...

--Cook on low for appx 5 ½ - 6 hours... check with a fork.. should be tender and Meat should brown start to brown on top with a glaze...I normally will turn on high for about 5 minutes so the meat can have more of a glaze top... let cool .. then transfer to a dish and slice.

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We want to see your kids' arts and crafts! Submit them to info@randolphbulletin.com, and they may be shown in future Randolph Bulletin issues.



Joke 1: My teachers told me I'd never amount to much since I procrastinate so much.

I told them, "Just you wait!"

Joke 2: What was the first animal in space?
The cow that jumped over the moon

Joke 3: What stays in the corner yet can travel all over the world?
A stamp.

Joke 4: Why did the teacher wear sunglasses to school?
Because her students were so bright.

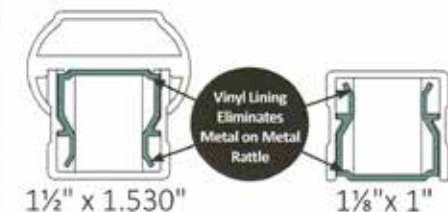
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CHURCH CORNER



Hello friends, my name is Todd Nance, and I am privileged to be the pastor of Parks Crossroads Christian Church! Parks Crossroads Christian Church has been in Ramseur since before the Civil War, which means it has weathered many storms through the century. I am pleased to announce that we are still going strong today! In the past two months since the church called me to be their pastor, we have seen God move in mighty ways in our midst! Our numbers are growing, and the Spirit of God is blessing, but even still, there is something missing...you!



I hereby cordially invite to visit us this Sunday. Here is a short list of upcoming events in the month of March:

-Sunday March 6th at 6 PM we will have a special service to celebrate the return of our Sunday Evening services! Please join us for our "March Jubilee" service featuring three young preachers from Faith Christian High School. Each student will preach a Biblical message to challenge your heart. In addition to the preaching there will also be special singing sure to be a blessing.

-Tuesday March 8th at 7 PM is the monthly meeting of our Ladies Missionary Society. This event is open to any lady who would like to attend a time of fellowship and discipleship.

Our weekly service times are as follows:

- Sunday School 9:30 AM
- Worship Service 10:30 AM
- Evening Worship (Beginning March 6th) 6:00 PM (1st and 3rd Sundays each month)
- Wednesday:
- Prayer and Bible Study 6:30 PM
- Parks Kids Children's ministry 6:30 PM
- Feel free to check out our website: parks-crossroads.com

Hope to see you soon!
Todd Nance, Pastor
Parks Crossroads Christian Church
Romans 8:28

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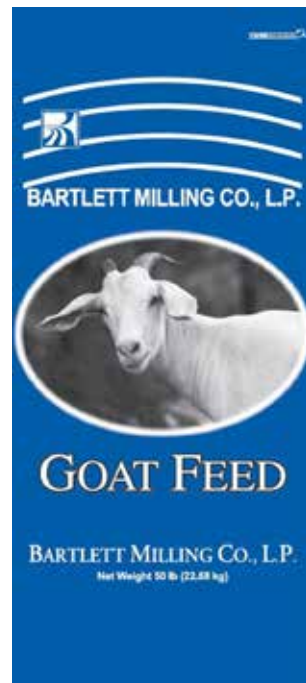
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