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Randolph Bulletin





What's in a nickname and how do you get one? Learn about the nicknames of people in your area! Pages 2 -3.



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

By WT Cox

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 own, 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... 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	Нарру	Hampton Spivey
Pig	Bill Marley	Skinny	Joe Hodgin	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

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Pot	Benny Flowers	A-Boo	Edna Nixon	Charm	Bobby Burgess
Dynomite	Mike Brown	Hat	Bobby Bower	Soup	Crain Campbell
Greenie	Harris W Marley	Fid	James Coward	Little Armp	David Staley
Cowboy	Richard Garner	Ott	Arthur Gant Sr	Sharp Eye	Jack Stout
Fish	Wayne Salmon	Little Ott	Arthur Gant	Rabbit	Jeff Wright
ET	Claude Edgar Tucker	Ear	Ronnie Campbell	Measel	Kenny Morgan
Goat	Billy York	Cotton	James Raines	Duffy	Jerry Cox
Jay Bird	Millard Everette Hinson	Donut	Delano Welborn	Tiny	Frank Chamberlin
Stanjo	Stan Brown	Hat	Clarence Harris	Bunt	Cletus Carmac
Puddin Jaws	Jeff Hoover	Bubby	David Kenedy	Soup	Craig Campbell
Pierre	Perry Stout	Bush	Phillip Wright	No Hit	Wayne Burgess
Flea	Keith Carmac	Bush	David Craven	Ace	AJ Kirkman
Stop	Danny Gallimore	Cactus	Terry York	Doc	Robert Thomas
Doc	Robert Graham Sr.	Son	Charles Lane	Toot	Thursell Lineberry
Wolfee	Jerry Wolfe				

Here is a list of NickNames from the Ramseur Area over the past 50 years. Do you recognize any of these? E-mail your answer to us and we will include them in the next issue of the "Bulletin". Send your answers to info@randolphbulletin.com

Noopie	Duke	Blinky	Runs	Sleepy	Mode
Eagle	Stone	Wick	Showboat	Lobo	Duck
Bear	Во	High Gear	Cat	Shoe	Hitler
Champ	Corky	Lightin	Biggun	Minner	Cotton
PeeVine	One Arm	Hardrock	Chuffy	Bingo	Sparky
Hard Rock	Tenny	Wild Man	Whitey	Noochie	Taser
Sharp Eye	Trigger	Dirty Jack	Slim	Popeye	Bun
Tractor	Bones	Toonk	Pops	Bunch	Admiral
Red Eye	Possum	Splat	Ziggy	Rat	Deacon
Bad Eye	Tomestone	Toonts	Handsaw	Hutch	French
Bozo	Gun	Apoe	Whisper	Duck Soc	Snuffy
Babe	Nemo	Cracker	Nug	Lippy	Horsefly
Mule	Chicken	Capsule	Mutt	Gleebo	Peck
Weed	Short Legs	Double P	Spider	Long Arm	Wimpy
Short Jaw	Sweet	Klondike	Click	Smokey	Chops
Crooked jaw	Gink	Big Daddy	Ears	New Grounder	Lazyeye
Shorty	Scalaway	Check	Punk	History	Foots
Tall Man	Speed	Chick	Chunk	High Crown	Monk
Granny	Mumbles				

Inez McMath was a seventh grade student in Ramseur School when she compiled what is believed to be the first published history of Ramseur, North Carolina. Miss McMath's essay was published in the April 28, 1918 edition of The Asheboro Bulletin and won first prize in that year's Randolph County Schools Commencement contest for best paper on any historical subject relating to Randolph County. The text of Miss McMath's paper is found below:

HISTORY OF RAMSEUR

by Inez Mcmath

The town of Ramseur is situated in the central part of North Carolina and in the Eastern part of Randolph County, eight miles from Staley, twenty five miles from Star, and thirty miles from Greensboro. At the close of the Revolutionary War all the land in and around Ramseur was owned by William Allen and was kept in the Allen family until 1840. The town was started by the father of Hezekiah Allen, who died in 1899. None of his descendants are living, since his only son died a short while after he did. Mr. Allen and Henry Kivett built a saw mill along the river in 1840 and started a little town, naming it Allen's Fall. After building the saw mill and finding the water power so valuable, they built a dam from logs sawed out in the mill. They ran the mill for ten years, during which time three dams were washed away. At that time there were only a few residences and a small school building. In 1850 Messrs. Henry Kivett, John Allen, Washington Brower, and David Kivett built a small cotton mill of only two rooms and about one third the present dimensions. After these settlers came, a store, which was managed by L.H. Foust, Sr., and eight more residences were built. Mr. Foust lived in one end of his store building, which stood where the grist mill now stands. When the cotton mill was built it was named Columbia Manufacturing Company, and the town was named Columbia. Henry Kivett was made the first mill superintendent. The building was heated by stoves and lighted by lamps in which lard was burned instead of kerosene. There were only six cards and 480 spindles. Later twenty four looms were put in on which they made 36 inch goods. Mr. James Whitehead was at that time selling agent.

The next managers of the mill were Messrs, Dennis Curtis and G. H, Makepeace. They made some improvements, among which was the building of a rock dam. They sold out to Mr. W. H. Watkins, the present manager, and others in 1879.

The dynamo was put in after Mr. Watkins came and water was supplemented by steam power. The spindles have increased from 480 to 11.280, and the looms from 24 to 344. The present dam was built in 1888.

There have been 14 superintendents, viz: Henry Kivett, Naland Cox, Elijah Whitney (during the war), G. H. Makepeace, A.W.E. Capel, T. L. Chisholm, W. F. Hurley, J. E. Cole, E. C. Watkins, Charles Randleman, 1. F. Craven, J. M. Whitehead, and E. J. Steed, the superintendent now acting.

The bridge across the river was built in 1875. Before that time the people crossed the river in boats, or forded it.

There was no post office when Mr. Watkins came here. But, Dennis Curtis, a business man of the town, who lived in Franklinville, brought the mail to the people twice a week. Soon after Mr. Watkins came he sent in an application to the post office authorities for an office and it was granted.

The first post master was Mr. W. R. Burgess. The mail was often misplaced and sent to Columbia, S.C., so under the influence of Mr. Watkins, the name was changed to Ramseur, in honor of General Stephen D. Ramscur, his Commander in the Civil war. At that time Mr. W. H. King walked and carried the mail from Staley to Ramseur once a day.

When Mr. Watkins first bought the mill the bunch yarn and warps were hauled to Greensboro to be shipped. After the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad was built from Mount Airy to Wilmington, the nearest shipping point was Staley. The railroad was

graded from Climax to Ramseur in 1889, and was completed in 1890. It was built by the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company. The first conductor was Captain Overcash. The train made only one trip a day to Madison, a few miles beyond Greensboro, The Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company sold out to the Southern Railway System which owns it at present. The train now makes two trips to Greensboro every day except Sunday. Captain W. D. Lane is now conductor.

One among the first places of business was a tin shop operated by a Mr. Henley. He made in buckets, coffee pots, etc. The building stood South of the cemetery. Another place of business was a shop for carding wool, operated by Mr. D.B. Burgess, Sr. The wool was brought from the country, carded, and made into rolls, then spun on the old fashioned spinning wheel and woven on the old fashioned loom into blankets, jeans, and linsey-woolsey dress good.

The first furniture was made by hand by Silas Hopson. He made bed steads, bureaus, wardrobes, tables, and other things. The only furniture made by hand in town now is by Mr. J.T. Turner, The chair factory was built in 1889 by Mr. A. W.E. Capel, and was named Alberta Chair Works, in honor of his daughter, Miss Alberta Blanche Capel. The chairs were made ready for bottoms and then hauled to some of the houses and bottomed for three cents a chair. Then they were hauled back to the factory, varnished and sent to various parts of the State.

Messrs. Samuel and Reed Smitherman managed the first broom shop in the basement of the chair factory. This building was destroyed by fire. The chair factory was replaced by a furniture factory, which was burned in 1908. It was rebuilt on its present site and is the second finest in the State. They manufacture bed steads, wash stands, bureaus, etc. These are shipped to the various parts of the United States.

The broom shop is now owned by Messrs. A. H. Thomas and M. E. Johnson. Its capacity is sixty dozen brooms per day, The Novelty Wood Works was built in 1900 by Messrs. W. A. Ward and J. A. Martin. It is now managed by Mr. J. W. Parks. They manufacture bobbins, picker sticks, etc. These are sent to mills over the Eastern part of the United States.

The Fleta Lumber Company was built in 1907 by Mr. W. II. Watkins, Jr., and Mr. J.D. York. The plant was named in honor of Mrs. Fleta Watkins Cole. Here they saw and dress lumber which is used for building purposes in this and neighboring towns.

In 1880 there were no sidewalks, except a few feet of plank in the center of town. Since 1902 the town has grown with great rapidity. Improvement of streets have been carried on to such an extent that there are now several thousand feet of concrete sidewalks, built without issuing bonds, which can be said of but few towns of its size in the State.

The telephone system was installed by Mr. H. B. Moore in 1907. He had 32 telephones but today there are 296 in town and the surrounding country.

At present there are 17 stores, a cafe, meat market, and a flourishing bank in town. The bank is in a brick building which was built in 1907, with a post office building adjoining. The first cashier was Mr. E. R. Smith. Mr. G. M. Kimrey was the first postmaster in the new building.

The electric plant was installed in 1912 by Mr. W. H, Watkins. The power is not so great, but the streets are no longer dark. All of the churches and some of the residences are lighted with electricity. The roller mill was built the same year and it [sic] run by electricity, as is also the broom factory.

The first church was a Missionary Baptist Church, organized by Reverend W.C. Patterson, who died before the building was completed. So Reverend Lane Hutson was called as pastor. Every Sunday the people came from far and near to hold union Sunday School. A cemetery was started by the Baptist people, since the people of that denomination held preaching and Sunday

School in an arbor. The first one to be buried was a Jones child. Reverend W. C. Patterson was also buried there. The cemetery was put under the care of the town in 1902. The Baptist building was built on its present site in 1890. It is situated on Liberty Street, being a large brick building, consisting of two Sunday School rooms and a large auditorium. Reverend W.O. Johnson is now pastor.

The M. E. Church was organized by Reverend Joseph Thomas in the old school building. A little later, in 1886, another building was erected on Liberty Street and Reverend Charles Phillips was first pastor.

The Church was built on its present site in 1896. It is situated on Main Street, being a large wooden building, consisting of four Sunday School rooms and a large auditorium. Reverend H. C. Byrum is now pastor.

The Christian Church was organized by Reverend M. H. Hurley. They have a nice wooden building near the cemetery, and Reverend T. E. White is now pastor.

The Holiness Church was organized a little later, and Reverend B. B. Bulla is now pastor.

The first physician was Dr. Holton, who was the only one [sic] in town. There are now three, Drs. C. S. Tate, S. W. Caddell, and F. C. Craven.

The Masonic Lodge was organized in 1885, and was called Marietta Lodge in honor of Mrs. Etta Watkins Craven. The Lodge Room is now in the School Building. There are several other secret orders which meet in the same hall, among them Red Men, Juniors, and Knights of Pythias.

The first school building was constructed in 1820, stood in front of the present school building. It was a square log building with only one door and a rock chimney, with a fireplace which was at least five feet wide. At this time they taught subscription school and people came from many miles around. The first teacher was Mr. Pealau, who was a cripple. He taught only a short while. The next teacher was Jessie Pugh, who taught three months subscription school with 26 on roll. There were four studies, reading, writing, arithmetic, and a very little history of North Carolina. Most of the time was spent on arithmetic, and those who could work the single rule of three were considered fine scholars. The children in those days had a verse which read like this, "Multiplication is vexation, division is as bad; the rule of three perplexes me and fractions run me mad".

The present school building was constructed in 1890, a short distance North of the old school building. The building consisted of four classrooms and the Masonic Hall. Later two more class rooms were added, together with an auditorium which had an elevated floor and two drawing rooms. The rooms are constructed in accordance with the best theories of light, heat, and ventilation. The first principal was Prof. D. M. Weatherly, who had eight years experience teaching in the high schools and graded schools of North Carolina and Virginia. He then went to the University of Nashville, Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn., and graduated in 1891. We owe much to him for what our town and school is today. The first music teacher was Miss Lily Stroud. Mr. William C. Hammer was at that time Superintendent of Public Instruction. None of the teachers have stayed with us over four years except Mr. Weatherly and our present principal, Prof. W. P. White, who is successfully carrying on the work begun by Mr. Weatherly.

The land around Ramseur is the best farming land in the country and many of the farmers have nice residences, automobiles, and telephones. The sand clay roads have made the farms more valuable, and will do much for the development of the town and surrounding country.

The Tale of a Talented Broomstraw

by Debra Vernon



My Saturday's are spent washing clothes and cleaning house. While bedecked in my little terry cloth robe over the weekend, I proceeded to sweep the kitchen. Somehow I managed to trip over my own two feet, and took a tumble to the floor. I felt a brief sting in my derrière at the time, but gave it little thought. I picked myself up, determined there were no broken bones, and started sweeping again. It was then I felt another stabbing pain in my right buttock. I rub my hand over the area and can feel something where there should be nothing. A quick trip to the bathroom and a mirror in hand reveals a broom straw imbedded just under the skin of my right butt cheek! How in the world did it evolve from a normal broom straw to a hypodermic one in the nanosecond it took me to fall upon the broom on my way to the floor? And how did it manage to wedge itself between my robe and body? This was a seriously talented broom straw! It had traveled places where no one had before! And I wanted it out! Then I had to ponder - should I just yank it out or try to gently pull on it? What would I do if I broke it off before getting it all out? Go to the ER with a straw in my butt? Nope, not an option. Didn't want to have to explain to the doc or the insurance company. So with a "grin and bear it" mentality, I took a deep breath and pulled out the offending particle. I'm glad to say I successfully removed all of it, and with very little bloodshed. But I do believe I will switch from a straw broom to a Swiffer. What can possibly go wrong with that, right?

Is That a Tick?

by Debra Vernon

Here is something sure to entertain you for the evening. I call this little ditty "is that a tick on my nether regions"? After mowing and weed-eating my yard and my mom's, I came into the house and immediately jumped in the shower. While lathering up, I thought I detected a little "bump" where there should be none. After getting out of the shower, I proceeded to investigate. "How," I asked myself "can I even see the nether regions area to investigate?" I proceeded to put a mirror in my hand and propped one of my legs up onto the edge of the bathtub, intending to get a peek at the area where I felt the bump. As I'm tilting the magnifying mirror to and fro, the mirror itself falls out of the frame and breaks. I now have one leg in the air, little slivers of glass on the floor, and still the possibility of a tick munching on my nether regions. I lower the leg, clean up the glass and press on. Next up is trying to use the video option on my phone to see if there is a blood-sucking parasite located in the nether regions. I can only hope I deleted the video before it uploaded to the cloud, or I may be arrested tomorrow for indecency. After all this, no tick was found feasting on my nether regions - believe me when I say I looked closely! Now, this makes your evening seem much more serene and pleasant doesn't it?

Defeated No More

by Debra Vernon

It's early morning on a Monday as I write this to you. I love the long days of summer when the sun rises early and sets late. It provides a lot of hours of daylight to fill with either activity or rest. I am a morning person. I do not mind getting up early and enjoying the quiet time before the start of the day. But if you expect much out of me after 9 pm, you're certain to be disappointed, as I turn into a sleepy gremlin around that time!

I especially cherish this morning, as my outlook on life has improved from where it has been these last few weeks. The long days of summer bring heat, and I don't do well with heat, even in my air-conditioned world. It causes me irritation and frustration, and there are times I let that fester and grow into a season of discontent. Joy becomes reclusive during these times, and a smile is not as quick to show on my face. The quiet I usually cherish becomes dismal due to no one to talk to. And it sneaks up on me, hardly without notice, until something or someone mentions a change. I was reminded of this on two separate occasions just yesterday: first at worship and then at prayer group.

During worship, a missionary our church has supported for years came to provide an update of their work in South Africa. And a mighty work it is! I am so enthralled and appreciative of those who pack up their family and their home and move to a land far away to spread the Good News of the Gospel of Jesus Christ! There are hardships for sure, but evidence shows there are blessings unmeasured in following His will to go into the world and tell others of His love. The speaker mentioned that people go through seasons; and challenged us to find our season and the purpose of it. So, I took the challenge and reviewed my situation.

My most recent season has been one of some mild physical ailments, work which has taxed the limits of my expertise and ability, and an unusual feeling of loneliness. What's up with that? As I age, with a birthday this month, I guess some physical limitation is to be expected. I am blessed to continue to work through the pandemic and into the recovery period, but the stress of trying to help all those who call upon me with their problems has stressed me out. And then, though I speak with folks daily on the phone and some in person, the end of the day has me wondering, "did anyone think of me today?" What is my purpose during this time I am in the valley instead of on the mountain top?

I was still pondering this as I arrived for prayer group. I almost did not go. It was hot, I was tired even after a nap, and I just wanted to stay home. Not exactly the picture of someone with a purpose in life, right? As it turns out, the gathering was small. Tis the season for summer vacations, so that attributed to some absences, and health issues to others. But the ones that were there greeted me with a smile and a hearty hello as I arrived, and I was happy I had come.

Our prayer group is such a blessing to me, and others! We share our hopes, dreams, hurts and frustrations. In other words, these folks see me "warts and all" and still love me. You cannot ask for more than that. And it was there, as we met together and prayed for our families, our church, our community, and a host of other things we stormed the gates of heaven with, I became aware that satan was being vanquished. For you see, I had allowed him to occupy my thoughts, and he did what he does best: kill, steal, and destroy. He was killing my desire to gather with other believers, stealing my time away from being in The Word and destroying my joy!

Well, let me tell you. A great burden was lifted from me last night. And I believe others felt it too. Will I succumb to the valley again? I can guarantee it. Will I be able to lift myself out of it? Only through the One that loves me like no other. But with Him by my side, as well as my prayer buddies, I am defeated no more.

Tea Talk

Scotland = The Loch Ness Monster and The Wee Tea Company by Mary Murkin

World-wide attention has been given to the Loch Ness Monster---and rightly so! "Nessie" reportedly inhabits Loch Ness, a lake in the Scottish Highlands. This lake monster made its debut in the year of 565 AD when an Irish monk, Saint Columba, first sighted the beast and saw it go after an acquaintance of his in Loch Ness. More and more Nessie sightings have been recorded over the centuries. Concrete proof of its existence is slow in surfacing, but it doesn't take away from the thrill of the thought of this creature being out there.

Another exciting discovery in Scotland, and with complete proof of its existence, that is making guite a splash (tea humor) in the tea world is a tea plantation owned by The Wee Tea Company. It was in 2011 that the plantation owners put down roots (a little more tea humor) in the foothills of the Scottish Highlands, Dalreoch in Highland Perthshire.

The Wee Tea Company owners, Derek Walker, 39, Tam O'Brann, 44, and Jamie Russell, 36, began their business as specialist tea blenders—creating delicious luxury tea blends for a consumer to purchase. This was quite a successful business start......but, it does not end there. These partners decided that they wanted to grow their own tea and began their tea plantation at Delreoch. This plantation is home to two thousand tea plants, which makes it one of the largest in Europe.

When talking of tea plantations, our minds conjure up images of Indian hillsides and Sri Lankan glens, but now we will be able to include sights of the Scottish Highland Perthshire. This Perthshire tea has its own distinctive flavor. It has a delicate and almost nutty flavor drawn from the local soil and water.

In March of 2015, just four years after starting their plantation, The Wee Tea Company took the tea world by storm! Their smoked white tea won the Gold Award at the Salon du The' competition in Paris, France. This was an impressive achievement considering they were fending off famous tea names from plantations in China, India and Sri Lanka. This improbable award gives us all hope that nothing is impossible. Raise your cup of tea to Scotland and then, "Bottoms up!"

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

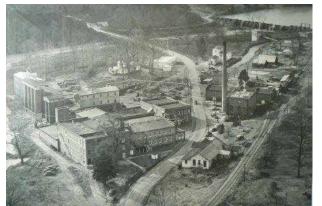


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This article is printed by permission of Mac Whatley, who has done extensive research into the beginnings of Franklinville and the textile industry. Published August 3, 2015 in the Raleigh Register About Independence Day, 1842. Article mentions a small town in Randolph County called Frankinsville.

A Town Called Franklinsville

The Raleigh Register and North-Carolina Weekly Advertiser was published weekly in Raleigh beginning in 1799, and in various formats and title variations to 1852. Its publisher, Joseph Gales, was a well-known British immigrant who was sympathetic to the French Revolution and Thomas Jefferson. It was a leading political voice in North Carolina, first for Jefferson's Republican Party and later for the Whig Party. Gales became one of Raleigh's leading citizens and advocated for internal improvements and public education. He privately favored the emancipation of slaves and publicly advocated for the American Colonization Society. He



Upper Mill before 1946 (no laboratory, b. 1946)

served several terms as Mayor of Raleigh, and was doing so when he died, 24 Aug. 1841. His son Weston Gales was editor and publisher of the newspaper in July 1842.

"Celebration at Franklinsville, Randolph County"

The writers had to be specific, as most readers in Raleigh and the rest of the state would not have been familiar with the tiny community, less than 4 years old. Modern Franklinville is made up of two initially independent mill villages, Franklinsville and Island Ford, separated by about three-quarters of a mile of Deep River. The original Franklinsville mill village was developed by the mill corporation beginning in 1838, on property adjoining the grist mill on Deep River belonging to Elisha Coffin. Coffin, a miller and Justice of the Peace, purchased the property in 1821. [Deed Book 14, p.531 (Ward to Elisha Coffin, 25 Dec. 1821)] Coffin was the initial incorporator of the factory, and developed the new town on the slope between his house and the mills. The community formerly known as "Coffin's Mills on Deep River" had "assumed the name of Franklinsville" by March 8, 1839. Officially named to honor Jesse Frankin, a former N.C. Governor and Congressman from Surry County, unoffically Coffin and

his anti-slavery family and investors apparently meant to honor Franklin for his crucial vote to keep slavery out of the Northwest Territory (now Ohio, Indiana and Illinois). "Franklinsville" was officially recorded in the town's 1847 legislative act of incorporation.

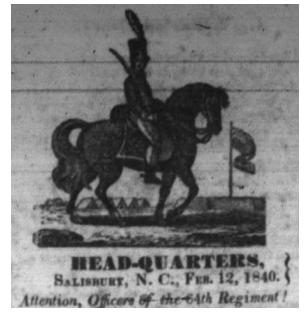
[Chapter 200, Private Laws of 1846-47, ratified 18 Jan. 1847]. The community surrounding the factory was the largest urban area in Randolph County until 1875.

"The Visitors... amounted to 1200 or 1500"

The entire population of modern Franklinville is less than 1500; the 1840 census of Randolph county found the total population to be 12,875 people, so if 1500 people actually attended this event, that would have constituted about 11% of the residents of the entire county in 1842.

"The Franklinsville Volunteer Company of Light Infantry"

The state militia, organized by county and divided into "Captain's Districts," had been the foundational political body in North Carolina since colonial times. The militia had been reorganized in 1806 (Revised Statutes, Chapter 73) to allow "Volunteer" companies raised by private subscription in addition to the official "Enrolled" companies made up of "all free white men and white apprentices, citizens of this State, or of the United States residing in this State, who are or shall be of the age of eighteen and under the age of forty-five years..." Enrolled companies were known by the name of the commanding Captain, and Randolph County was divided geographically into about 12 Captain's (336) 824-4488 www.randolphbulletin.com



NC Militia Officer 1840 info@randolphbulletin.com

Districts, which functioned much like modern voting precincts. Each district had its own "muster ground," and four times each year were required to assemble and practice military drills. One of the annual musters was usually also election day, and the men voted by district.

Prior to the creation of the new town of Franklinsville, men of that area of Deep River were considered to be part of the "Raccoon Pond District," unusual in the fact that it was named after a geographical feature and not after its Captain. As Captains often changed, making the location of muster fields and districts hard to pin down, this distinction allows us to pinpoint the area of the Raccoon Pond District, even though the pond has over the years silted up and is no longer known as a modern landscape feature. Raccoon Pond (by the account of Robert Craven and other local residents) was situated at the base of Spoon's Mountain, south of the modern state road SR 2607 and west of its intersection with SR 2611, Iron Mountain Road. The Spoon Gold Mine was located in the area later in the century, and probably helped to silt up the pond. The enrolled militia of the Raccoon Pond District in 1842 was evidently headed by Captain Charles Cox.

Volunteer militia companies were considered the elite of the citizen army and their members were exempt from service in the enrolled companies. Because they were organized and equipped by those

who could afford to raise their own private company, volunteer companies enjoyed preferential placement in reviews, and were often the last to see actual service. Volunteer companies also functioned as social organizations, sponsoring dances and suppers to entertain ladies; could dress themselves in elaborate uniforms, and were usually known with impressively martial names such as "Dragoons," "Light Infantry," or "Grenadier Guards." The "Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry," formed in 1793, is a unique survivor of this type, and is known as "North Carolina's Official Historic Military Command" They provide an honor guard at special events, funerals and dedications.

http://www.fili1793.com/ The Washington Light Infantry (WLI), organized in Charleston in 1807, is another of these old original militia units, named in honor of George Washington.

Technically, light infantry (or skirmishers) were soldiers whose job was to provide a protective screen ahead of the main body of infantry, harassing and delaying the enemy advance. Heavy infantry were dedicated primarily to fighting in tight formations that were the core of large battles. Light infantry sometimes carried lighter muskets than ordinary infantrymen while others carried rifles. Light infantry ironically carried heavier individual packs than other forces, as mobility demanded that they carry everything they needed to survive. Light infantrymen usually carried rifles instead of muskets, and officers wore light curved sabres instead of the heavy, straight swords of regular infantry.

The name "Franklinsville Volunteer Company of Light Infantry" was evidently a cumbersome mouthful, as it was officially recognized in 1844 as the "Franklinsville Guards." See the Session Laws of the General Assembly of 1844/45: The legislature went into session on 18 Nov. 1844, and Henry B. Elliott of Cedar Falls was accredited to represent Randolph County (Senate District 35). (Thurs. 11-28-44) "Mr. Elliott presented a Bill, entitled A Bill to incorporate the Franklinsville Guards in the County of Randolph, which was read the first time and passed." (p57). The Bill was passed a second time by the Senate on Monday 2 Dec. 1844 (p78); and passed and third time, engrossed and ordered to be sent to the House on Tuesday 3 Dec. (p84). The House of Commons received the engrossed bill and a note "asking for the concurrence of this House" on 23 Dec.; it was read the first time and passed that day (p277), and was passed the final time on Jan. 1, 1845 at 6:30 PM. (p652).

How Did They Celebrate The 4th Of July 150 Years Ago???

The 4th of July did not always mean fireworks, hot dogs or a trip to the beach. Years ago it had a more traditional meaning. Somehow over the years, we have lost much of our patriotic pride that used to be exhibited to the fullest on Independence Day.

As for me, I am very patriotic, but I still enjoy our trip to the beach every July 4th.

Traditional Independence Day celebrations used to include the singing of the National Anthem and the Reading of the Declaration of Independence. It was a time of remembrance and one of thanksgiving for the freedom we enjoy as Americans. Marching bands, local militias doing drill marches and a lot of flag waving were the order of the day. Afterward, a speaker would usually give a patriotic speech and then more singing, then a covered dish dinner on the grounds.

Our current "National Air" or anthem is of course The Star-Spangled Banner, but it probably was not the song played in this position on the program. President Woodrow Wilson first ordered the SSB to be played at military and naval occasions in 1916, but it was not designated the national anthem by an Act of Congress until 1931. Before that time, "Hail Columbia" had been considered the unofficial national anthem. The words to "Hail Columbia, Happy Land!" were written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson (son of Francis Hopkinson, composer and signer of the Declaration of Independence), and set to the tune of "The President's March," a tune composed by Philip Phile for President George Washington's inauguration. 'Hail Columbia' is still used as the official song for the Vice President of the United States of America.

Whether vocal, instrumental or military, there is a wealth of American Independence Day music that could be inserted here. "The Liberty Song", written by Founding Father John Dickinson in 1768 and set to the music of William Boyce's "Heart of Oak" was perhaps the first patriotic song written in America. The song contains the line "by uniting we stand, by dividing we fall..." Others written in the 18th century were "Ode for the 4th of July" and "Ode for American Independence" (1789). "The Patriotic Diggers," published in 1814 was popular in the period. If it was another 'patriotic hymn' read and sung, "The American Star" is a good possibility because it is one of the few non-religious songs published in the original Sacred Harp hymnal (#346, 1844 ed.). The first publication of the song was in an 1817 collection entitled The American Star, which was inspired by the War of 1812 and also included the first printing of the Star Spangled Banner. White and King's "The Sacred Harp" was first published in 1844, but it was based on William Walker's "Southern Harmony" (1835).

Taken from https://randolphhistory.wordpress.com, by Mac Whatley, with introduction by WT Cox



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RECIPES

Bang Bang Shrimp

Ingredients:

- -- Mayonnaise (Duke's or Hellmann)
- --Pound Large Shrimp, deveined and shelled
- --Sriracha Sauce
- -- Thai Sweet Chili
- -- Corn Starch
- --Buttermilk
- --Canola Oil
- --Garlic Clove
- --1/2 fresh lemon
- --Fresh Chopped Lettuce



The first thing to do is to prepare a small bowl and fill it with mayonnaise along with Thai sweet chili and Sriracha sauce. Stir these ingredients until they are all completely combined. Then, you can continue to take another bowl to prepare for other ingredients.

Add the shrimp and buttermilk to another bowl. Then, mix these until well combined. After it is done, add the mixture to the shrimp. Make sure that all parts of the shrimp are evenly covered with the mixture. Then, remove the shrimp from the buttermilk and let the liquid drain away.

Next, prepare the cornstarch and coat the shrimp with it. Then, take a heavy bottomed pan and fill with canola oil for two until 3 inches. Turn on the heat over 375 Fahrenheit-

Next, Chop one garlic clove and fry with the shrimp for 1 to 2 minutes for each side of the shrimp or until the color turns light brown.

Here is the final step of the recipe. Simply coat the fried shrimp with the mayonnaise sauce and serve this while it is hot to get the best experience. Squeeze fresh lemon and serve on a bed of fresh, chopped lettuce. Enjoy this as the appetizer for your great dinner with family or friends.

Courtesy: The Reluctant Bachelor

Sausage Balls

Ingredients:

1 (1-pound) package ground sausage. Nesse's or Jimmy Dean, or your choice

3 cups baking mix (recommended: Bisquick)

4 cups grated sharp Cheddar

1/4 teaspoon red pepper flakes (optional)

Directions:

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees.

Spray a baking sheet with vegetable oil cooking spray.

Combine all ingredients in a large glass bowl. Mix well with your fingers. The mixture will be very crumbly. Form into 1 inch balls, squeezing the mixture so it holds together, then rolling it between the palms of your hands to form balls. Place the balls on the baking sheet. Bake for 18 to 20 minutes or until golden brown.



First Grade class from 1960. It's so fun to see grandparents, great uncles, and great aunts, as children! So fun!



Arctic Fox, by Everett, 3rd grader, completed using air dry clay and acrylic paint.



Painting of a Pewter Plate, by Emmitt, 5th grader completed with chalk pastels after reading a story about a pewter plate.

Joke of the Day: 6:30 is the best time on a clock...

Hands down!

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1960'S RAMSEURS SCHOOL LADIES BASKETBALL TEAM



From left to right: Dianne Kirkman, Kelly Watkins, Alice Isley, Suzanne Allred, Winona Gibson, Sybil Craven, Barbara Brady, Martha Cox, Peggy Lawson, Doris Hess, Phyllis Branson, Rebecca Smith, Darius Hicks, Linda Caudle, Faye Cain; Center, Coach McClusky.



From left to right: Martha Cox, Suzanne Allred, Peggy Lawson, and Faye Cain.



Joke of the Day: I used to run a dating agency for chickens...

But I was struggling to make hens meet!

Joke of the Day: I pulled a muscle digging for gold...

No worries though, it's just a miner injury.

Joke of the Day: When my three-year-old son opened the birth-day gift from his grandmother, he discovered a water pistol. He squealed with delight and headed for the nearest sink.

I was not so pleased. I turned to Mom and said, "I'm surprised at you. Don't you remember how we used to drive you crazy with water guns?"

Mom smiled and then replied, "Oh I remember!"

Watch for these up coming articles in The Randolph Bulletin:

- --Potters and History of Randolph County Potters
- --Sandy Creek Baptist Church. The "Mother Church" for so many.

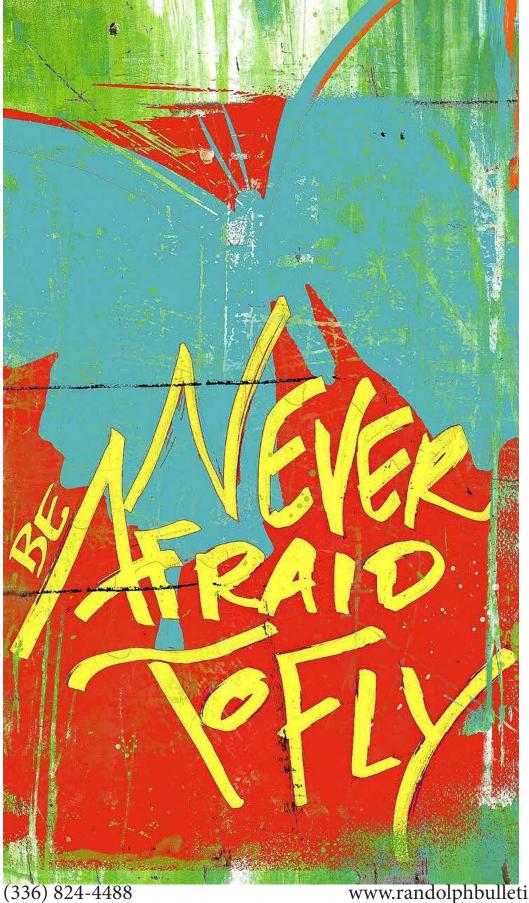


My Aunt Peggy making flowers for a jug turned by her grand-daughter, Crystal King.

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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.

Evelyn Cheek

Evelyn Craven Cheek, 90, of Asheboro, died Saturday, July 3, 2021 at her residence.

George Thomas

George Edward Thomas, 85, of Asheboro, died Sunday, June 27, 2021 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Stad Crutchfield

Stad Randall Crutchfield, 77, of Asheboro, died Friday, June 25, 2021 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Gail Holdaway

Gail Allred Holdaway, 47, of High Point, died Tuesday, June 15, 2021 at High Point Regional Hospital.

John Kivett

John Henry Kivett, 87, of Climax, died Wednesday, June 23, 2021 at Wesley Long Community Hospital in Greensboro.

Mary Coley

Mary Rie Kime Coley, 92, of Asheboro, died Tuesday, June 22, 2021 at Hinkle Hospice House in Lexington.

Loretta McCoy Ashworth

Loretta McCoy Ashworth, 77, of Ramseur, died Sunday, June 20, 2021 at her residence.

Susie Deaton Stuart

Susie Deaton Stuart, 94, of Ramseur, died Sunday, June 20, 2021 at Universal Health Care in Ramseur.

Fave Louise Wicklum

Faye Louise Wicklum, 86, of Ramseur, died Friday, June 18, 2021 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Franklin Allred

Franklin Delanor Allred, 87, of Randleman, died Thursday, June 17, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Van "Dink" Pritchard

Van Jackson "Dink" Pritchard, 64, of Asheboro, died Sunday, June 13, 2021 at his residence.

Johnny Lynn Hughes

Johnny Lynn Hughes, 57, of Ramseur, died Thursday, June 3, 2021.

Charles Chappell

Charles Rene Chappell, 59, of Asheboro, died Tuesday, June 1, 2021 at his residence.

Pat Pate

Pat McAlister Pate, 69, of Staley, died Saturday, May 29, 2021 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.



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.

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Building Lot/\$24,000.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #12, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.072 Acres, Wooded. Appx 220 ft road footage along Reed Creek Court. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$24,500.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #13, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.107Acres, Wooded. Appx 200 ft road footage along Reed Creek Court. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$25,500.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #17, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.256 Acres, Wooded. Large footage along Reed Creek Court and Reed Creek. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$26,000.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #19, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.260 Acres, partially wooded. large paved road footage along Reed Creek Court. High elevation & creek front along Reed Creek. Great Location for non-traditional home. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008





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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 Thursays at 10:30am. Link is available on their Facebook page.

July 21st, 2021:

The Board of Commissioners will hold a Special Joint Meeting with the Town of Ramseur Planning and Zoning Board July 21, 2021 at 6:00 p.m. to discuss Downtown Overlay District. The Public - Merchants are Invited to Attend. Copies of the Downtown Overlay District maybe picked up at Town Hall 12:00pm - 5:00pm Monday - Friday. If there are any question, please feel free to call the Office of the Town Clerk at 336-821-8530.

July 17th, 2021:

Orchard Waterfront Concert Series

Three nights this summer, come out to Millstone Creek Orchards to enjoy a beautiful evening, sitting waterfront and listening to live music from a few talented local bands and musicians. Bring a few blankets or lawn chairs to enjoy lawn seating or reserve a picnic table below. In addition to great bands and live music, guests can also enjoy an evening hayride around the stunning orchard grounds and fish in our two on-site ponds. Their venue is BYOB (beer and wine only), and all guests must be 21+ to attend. Concert series line-up:

July 17th: Musical Roundtable (Finn Phoenix & Chris Bonelli)

August 21st: TBD

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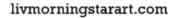


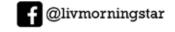
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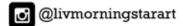
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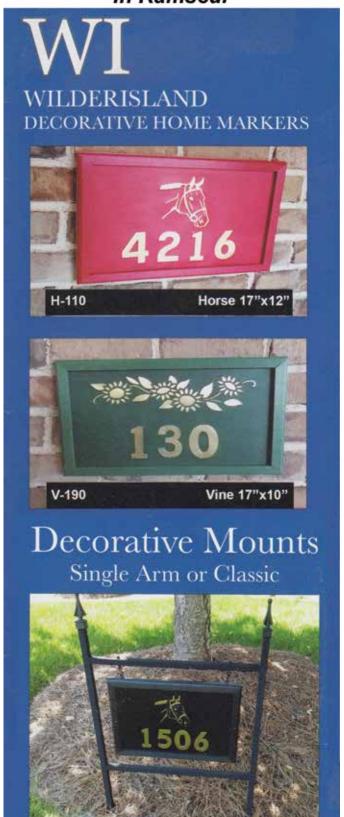
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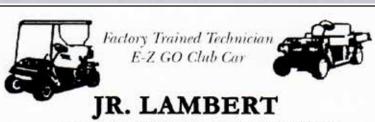


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