

the Randolph Bulletin



Learn about one of Randolph County’s oldest Family Run Business.
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Look Inside to See the Latest Sales
from Your Local Hardware Store!



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The Randolph Bulletin

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A Family Tradition

by W.T. Cox



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.

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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.



From Left to Right: Barbara York, Wesley York, Texie Mace, Keith Mace, Eugene Mace, Eric Mace, Devonina Mace McNeil, Steve Mace, and Betty Mace.



Keith Mace



Steve and Betty Mace



Eugene Mace



Steve Mace the year he joined the business, 1961.

The Old School House



For those of us who are “senior citizens”, the thought of school is a far cry from sitting and staring at a computer screen. Back when all 12 grades were in one building, school was something we looked forward to attending. I was privileged to have ridden a bus to school, but I remember my grandparents talking about walking great distances, sometimes through snow just to get to school. These are not just stories, they are actually real. Nowadays, kids have no idea what difficulties their ancestors endured just to get an education. Most of the old schoolhouses like the three-story Ramseur High School that once was in the center of town have long been torn down for newer, more modern structures. I tend to think that while the buildings may be more efficient, learning has not increased. I remember my grandmother talking about the days of her childhood that were spent in the old Parks Crossroads schoolhouse. That building has long been gone. But I do remember a one-room schoolhouse that stood for many years just up the road from Franklinville. It was the old schoolhouse at Whites Chapel. This building stood close to the church and I am told it even served as a Sunday school room when needed for Whites Chapel Church. A great history of this building was written by my old friend Henry King back in 1977 and was published in the Courier-Tribune. He did an interview with Mr. Lacy Kivett and his wife Lucy who owned the land that the schoolhouse occupied.

The building is an unassuming structure that measures appx 28 ft square, with a rock chimney on one end and a large poplar tree on the other. The building was constructed just after the Civil War, during Reconstruction, and the last time the school bell rang for students was in 1929. The main evidence of its use as a schoolhouse is the “blackboard” which is merely black paint that had been smeared on two walls on the interior. The teacher and students wrote directly on the black wall planks that were painted in a band about four feet wide on the east and south walls.

“On the right side of the door going in there was a little shelf and that was where the cedar water bucket was kept,” Mrs. Kivett recalled.

“Each child brought his own tin cup from home to use when he or she wanted a drink of water out of that wooden bucket, else they had to use the gourd dipper and drink behind everybody else that was using it.”

Water was lugged from a spring almost a quarter-mile away, Lacy said. “I had to go for water many times myself. All the bigger kids had to tote water, only the little kids were excused because the bucket full of water was too heavy.”

There were no indoor toilets, and children had to use outdoor privies, or if they were in a hurry and the privies were occupied, “they ran to the woods,” Mrs. Kivett said. Those were the days of blueback spellers and hickory sticks, the couple remembers.

“And in one corner of the room was a little shelf where everybody put their lunch pails,” Lacy said. “We happened to live close by and we’d run home for lunch, but the other kids, they had to bring lunch buckets because they walked a long ways to school — some of them a couple of miles.” “You’d be surprised, but there were as many as 30 kids in that one room. We’d sit four to a bench and on each side of the aisle.” “The kids were all ages from wee little and just starters right up to the teens. The teachers switched around all kinds of lessons because of the different ages.”

Back in those days, there was no such thing as being “politically correct”. People were just thankful for the privilege of getting an education. History was taught as it actually happened, not through corrective lenses. The education given out from simple structures like this one-room schoolhouse produced what became known as the “greatest generation”. These students went on to build the greatest country on earth, to fight a World War and defeat evil, and laid the foundation for the freedom that we enjoy today.

--Taken from “The Little Ol’ School In A Field”, by Henry King, 1977, W. T. Cox



Old Ramseur High School



White's Chapel Church

Randolph County's Quaker Heritage

William Moffitt's story is one of a simple, peaceful man caught up in a terrible war. He is faced with many trial in the course of his life. You can read his account in full detail on our web site: www.randolphbulletin.com. We will have portions of his account in our next two issues.

Incidents In The Life Of William A. Moffitt

To begin therefore with my own beginning, I was born in Randolph County, North Carolina, the twenty-eighth day of the Fourth Month, 1837. My father's name was Stephen Moffitt and my mother's maiden name was Rebecca Cox, both descendants of respected families. My parents did not belong to any religious denomination, but their belief was mainly the same as that of ancient Friends. My father followed farming for making a living. I had three own brothers and one own sister, I being the third child. I did not have much opportunity for education, for my oldest brother was a cripple, and as soon as I became large enough, I was kept at home from school to help my father do the work on the farm. My mother died when I was but fifteen years of age, which was a great trial to me, for I was dearly attached to my mother. She taught her children many good lessons and was ever ready and willing to give advice to her children. During her sickness there were a great many friends and relatives visiting her. At the time of her death the house was crowded. On her death-bed she seemed to die away and we thought she was gone. She remained in that condition for some time and then revived. She told us that she had seen the heavenly world and that she had the promise of a home in heaven. She talked very beautifully to us all for a little while and wanted us all to meet her in heaven, and then bade us farewell and quietly passed away. After my mother's death my sister kept house for us for some time. Afterward, my father married again.

In the year 1858, when I was twenty-one years old I took a trip to the state of Missouri. I went by wagon and was on the road seven weeks. In the spring after I arrived, I hired myself to a man for five months to work on the farm. While I was in Missouri I entered two hundred acres of land and built a log cabin on it. The country was thinly settled at that time. In riding over the country, I met with some narrow escapes of my life.

On the seventeenth day of the First Month in the year 1861 I was married to Mary Hammond, daughter of Moses and Ruth Hammond, of Randolph County, North Carolina. She was a member of the Society of Friends. After we were married, my father gave me a piece of land, and it having no improvements and being mostly covered with timber, I began at once to clear a suitable place to build my house. When I got it prepared I built a hewed log house, which we moved into in the spring of 1861. Now having to take the cares of life on ourselves, we hoped to try to live a happy life together and went to work to improve the place. Our place was twelve miles southeast of Asheboro, on the waters of Richland Creek, Randolph County, N. C.

About this time preparations were being made for the Civil War between the North and South in the United States of America. It now became evident that a disastrous war was pending over the people of this country, but by the help of the Almighty's hand we were still permitted to stay together. The army was first made up by volunteers and was kept up by volunteers for about a year, and then it came to a draft, which was held the Third Month 4th, 1862, and which called for a certain number of able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. I was not drafted, which eased our minds to some extent at this time; although our trials were many, for it seemed to come very near our door, as there were many of our kindred, friends and neighbors who were drafted. In about three months after the draft, a Conscript Act was passed which took all the able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. At this time I was much

afflicted with heart disease and was hardly able to work, and as the Conscript Act was forcing all that were able to go to the army, I went before the board of doctors, was examined and pronounced not able to go, and was exempted from going at this time. It was a time of much sorrow and distress, for many were compelled to go to the army that did not believe it was right for them to fight. It was distressing to see them taken away from their homes and families, and they not knowing whether they would ever be permitted to see them anymore. On the seventeenth day of the Eighth Month, 1862 William Clarkson (our first child) was born. Mary named him William, after me, because she feared I would soon be taken to the army and might never return home again.

In about three months after the Conscript Act was passed, another one was passed, which took all between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five, without much allowance for their health. This was in the Ninth Month, 1862. Now it seemed to us that the time was close at hand when we could not stay together any longer, and we saw that we would have greater trials to endure than we had experienced, and we tried to look to the right source for guidance and help. Now we knew that I would be forced to go to the war unless I could make some other arrangements. The Southern Confederacy had established salt works on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean below Wilmington, North Carolina, and a certain number of them were allowed to go there to manufacture salt, and I and one of my brothers got the chance of going there to work, which was about two hundred and fifty miles from home. We studied hard to know what was the best to do.

I did not believe it was right to go to the army under any circumstances, and my greatest desire was to live in peace with all mankind. It was a sore trial to me to part with my companion and little son, not knowing that we would ever meet again; for they were expecting a battle at or near the salt works at any time, or that they would be forced to go from there to the army. Our fare there was very poor; we had nothing to cook but coarse corn meal, stalk peas, and sometimes a little meat. Our places of habitation while there were little log huts with dirt floors. The managers of the salt works first had me to chop wood, but I soon found that I was not able to do that, and I asked them if they could give me something easier to do. They consented to let me drive a team for the purpose of hauling wood to the salt works, and sometimes I would haul a load of salt from the works to Wilmington, North Carolina, nine miles distant. In going there I passed through two or three breastworks and guard lines, and when I was ready to start back I had to go to a military office and get a pass before I could get back to the works. I was there about three months, through the winter season, and then I got a furlough of twenty days to come home, which was very hard to obtain. I took boating from Wilmington up the Cape Fear River to Fayetteville, and when I landed there I walked the rest of the way home, which was seventy-five or eighty miles away. After I got home I was so sore and stiff that it took me some time to get over it.

*Taken from "Incidents In The Life Of Willam A. Moffitt.. A Memorial". Published by William Clarkson Moffitt and William Evert Moffitt. Date, unknown.

We will have portions of his account in our next two issues.

If you are from Randolph County, let us know about your family history and we will publish it. We are wanting to learn about the rich history of the families that have made Randolph County the best place in the world to live and grow up. Send your articles to info@randolphbulletin.com. We will contact you before we go to print.

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



Pictures courtesy of WT Cox

Woodland Critters Flatulence

by Debra Vernon

There are pros and cons to most anything you decide upon these days. Eat right and be healthy? Or eat however you want and be happy? Go to an Ivy League college and spend lots of money, or go to the local community or state college and spend not nearly as much?

It is much the same in choosing where to live. A home in the city brings urban delights such as quick access to almost anything you want – groceries, entertainment, medical care, shopping. The list goes on. Or you could live in the suburbs, and still have relatively easy access to things within a short commute. Or you could live in a completely rural area, and not have easy access to anything, but experience other delights (and pitfalls) of living in the middle of nowhere. That is where I find myself.

When I walk to the end of my driveway to get the paper each day, I hear the neighbor's cows greeting the morning with their moo's, and a rooster providing his wakeup crowing alarm for the day (he's a bit off, as sometimes he's crowing before dawn). No car horns, no traffic noise. I do not even encounter another human. I may see a rabbit, almost always scare a deer away from the foliage at the edge of the yard, and I can just enjoy the sunshine, or whatever weather may be present for the day. I know most of the cars that go up and down the road, and I am also aware of most of the goings/comings of the neighbors, as well as what they are up to on any given day.

I am far enough out that no one delivers food or anything else for that matter. If I want a burger, I drive about 10 minutes to get one. If I want a good sit-down restaurant meal, I drive about 25 min. And if I want something from a chain restaurant or a large selection of restaurants, I must drive 35-40 minutes to Greensboro. My co-workers, who mostly reside in cities, cannot believe there is no Target or Starbucks near my house, and not even in the county I live in! They cannot imagine living in such preposterous conditions!

I have lived here most of my life, except for short forays of living in Asheboro and Greensboro several years ago. So, I am very used to what some would call the "cons" of living out here. It is not all morning glories and sunshine. There are some disadvantages. The biggest gripe right now is reliable and fast internet access. Not happening here! That is a story for another day. But one thing I would not have pondered at all would be woodland critter flatulence.

When I was younger, we had hogs. That meant there was a "slop" bucket on the back porch where table scraps and other food tidbits were thrown. When it became full, it would be taken to the hog pen and all that mushy goodness would be placed in the trough. Those little piggies loved the stuff! And it helped them grow big and fat, which meant lots of ham and sausage! These days, I do not have hogs. I am also modern enough to have a garbage disposal in my home. However, old habits die hard. There is not a slop bucket on my back porch, but there is a place at the edge of my yard where I dump table scraps. I very seldom use the garbage disposal except when it is cold outside or raining, or any combination thereof.

Naturally, the woodland creatures know of this spot. Most of them are nocturnal, so I do not actually see them partaking of the goodies, but stuff gets gone, so I know there are critters dining at the forest buffet. There are times when I am hesitant to dump some things, as I do not want to harm them (think of the gray fuzzy things in bowls you can find in the back of your fridge when cleaning it out). I have not encountered any carcasses of the dearly departed there, so they either live through my cooking or go somewhere else to breathe their last.

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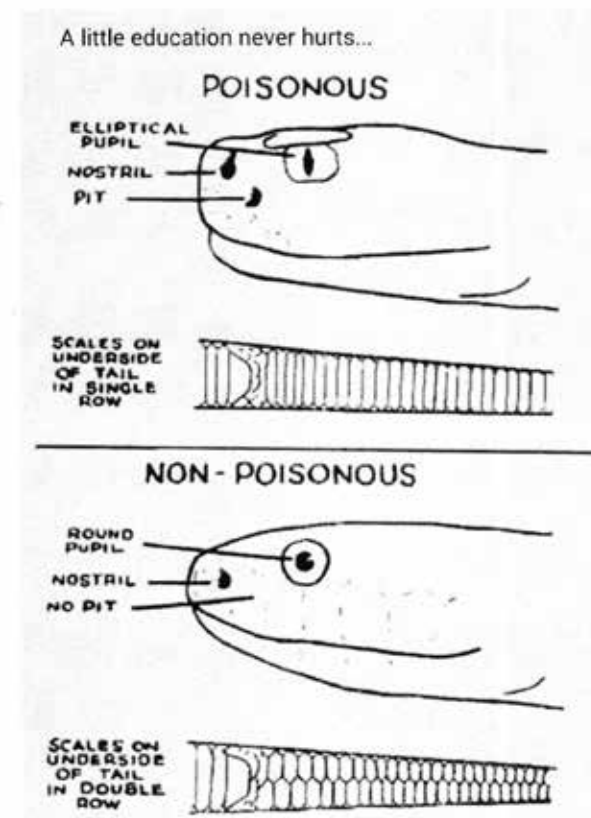
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We have all heard the phrase, “Does a bear poop in the woods”? And we all know the answer – yes, a bear DOES poop in the woods. But I am here to answer the burning question, “Does a raccoon fart in the woods”? I know this is a question that keeps numerous people awake at night, and I want you to know the answer.

Raccoons generally are nocturnal, but one night I happened to be on the back porch near dusk, replacing a light bulb in an outside fixture. I was up on a ladder, and not very mobile or loud, and not easily seen, I guess. As I was working, my eye sensed movement near the buffet spot. A raccoon was busy consuming the latest smorgasbord of leftover soggy apple cinnamon Cheerios. I stayed still and quiet and just admired one of God’s little creatures doing his thing. Suddenly, the little fella kind of bowed up and I distinctly heard the sound of passing gas. I had pitched the remnants of chili beans the night before, so perhaps that is what caused his gastric distress. Regardless of the cause, I busted out laughing, which scared the poor raccoon, and he raced off into the woods, with the sounds of continued toots fading as he ran further away.

Is that a pro or a con? Well, it provided a good laugh for me, and no toxic fumes were encountered, as it was in the wide-open space of outside. So, I guess it is a pro – we now know the answer to the question of whether a raccoon farts in the woods. See if you can work this new tidbit of information into your next conversation!

The Opossum is able to withstand up to 80 Rattlesnake or Coral Snake bites. Thanks to him, there is an Antidote to poisonous snake venom. Please don't kill them! They don't get Rabies and they eat Ticks.. They're your friend ❤️



Letter to the Editor

Giving Thanks for a High-Quality Upbringing in Ramseur Many Years Ago

from Martha Brown Halsey

Originally published in The Courier-Tribune circa 1995, Martha has submitted this article to us, her words still ringing true to this day.

I was born in 1948 and spent most of my childhood in Ramseur. This is a tribute, of sorts, to those people of Ramseur who helped shape, nurture, and mold me in my early years. Some folks have passed away and some have moved far away from the reaches of Randolph County, but for those who continue to live in this small, quiet town, I offer these memories with profound affection. My earliest memories are of the town, a small village nestled on the banks of the Deep River. Among my fondest recollections are the old town clock that chimed on the hour, and especially of Mr. Gooch's Five and Dime.

Mr. Gooch was the spirited, kind-hearted proprietor of Gooch's Five and Dime. He loved children and enchanted them with various candies which he stored in glass bins along the front of the store and carefully and playfully placed live baby chicks of pink, yellow, purple, and blue in his store window every Easter. The worn, old plank floors would creak as you walked and surveyed his assorted wares from pots and pans to toys, colored fabrics, clothing, and sewing notions. I often wonder if some of the same "treasures" would still adorn the store today.

Down the street from Mr. Gooch's was the Ramseur Drug Store. Along the wall stood a black marble-topped counter that was lined with high swivel stools. Fountain sodas were served in paper cones inserted into aluminum stemware. The shelves of the store were stocked with various medicinals, elixirs, potions, and ointments to remedy the ailments of the town's people. Across from the Bank of Ramseur, which held the stately old town clock, stood Pell's Food Store. Mr. Pell was a tall, impressive, robust man with a bushy mustache who always wore a white apron that often embellished the stains of the day's bounty. The store was filled with fresh fruits and vegetables, wholesome meats, fish, cheeses, and grains to serve the town's customers. Among the constant tatter and chatter in the busy aisles, one could hear the soft tune of "In the Mood" or "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else but Me."

The "Ramseur Cafe" was a gathering place for hearty appetites. Steaming cups of coffee were served among the sounds of high-spirited conversations and the steady clickety-clack of the passing trains on the rails along the river beyond. The Deep River with its clay-colored banks held a bit of mystique for me, though I was allowed to go there only when towed by my father and brother in their old bass fishing boat. Once, the boat drifted toward the raging, white waters of the dam, and my father, peaceful and self-assured, expertly tugged on the throttle of the whining engine until it became a steady, soaring purr. Now, years later, I realize that only on the waters of the Deep River would I ever again see my father at such peace.

Christmas time was special in Ramseur. Row after row of red, green, blue, white, and yellow lights adorned the streets and church bells rang merrily with songs of the season. Mr. Gooch's store window was transformed into a white, puffy, cotton winter wonderland and Mr. Pell's store rustled and bustled with busy shoppers as they gathered their fruits, nuts, and candies for the joyous celebration for the birth of Jesus.

I was raised and baptized in the holy waters of the Ramseur Baptist Church. It was there that I received the faith and learned the Christian values that continue to strengthen my life today. My father died in 1989 and although I had been away from Ramseur many years, the same church members from whom, as a child, I learned integrity, kindness, charity, and grace gathered around me and my family at his memorial service. I remembered their faces, many aged from time, but their arms outreached with loving embraces to offer support.

In Ramseur, there is a sense of belonging and unity, of peace and tranquility that does not exist for many people in this ever-changing, automated, computerized world today. It is from these nostalgic and somewhat foggy memories of a small town in North Carolina where its people administer to its sick, nourish its poor, trust its neighbors and protect its children that I offer my deepest gratitude for the steadfast, God-fearing beginning many years ago.

Tea Talk:
A Sexy Little Tea Geography/History Lesson
by Mary Murkin



When a tea client came running into the shop a few months ago, she had one very specific request on her mind. She wanted to buy some Ceylon tea as a gift for her elderly mother. She explained that Ceylon tea was her mother's favorite tea. I stood there blankly knowing that with ALL of the teas I had on my shelves, none of them were Ceylon tea. I had heard of Ceylon tea but was completely at a loss for how to help this nice lady.

This encounter instigated a search for Ceylon tea. With just a few clicks on my favorite search engine, there was the ANSWER!!! What a relief to learn these facts (this is the geography/history lesson part of this tale): In 1971, Ceylon experienced a Marxist insurrection, which was quickly suppressed. In 1972, the country became a republic named Sri Lanka. There you have it!! Ceylon was renamed Sri Lanka fifty years ago. Sri Lanka is one of the largest tea producers in the world, and as a result, Ceylon (its old name) tea can still be enjoyed all over the world.

I quickly gathered from my research that a most common Ceylon tea is a delicious plain black tea. When brewed, it has a golden color and rich, intense flavor and it is used straight as well as in tea blends. Armed with this new (very smart) information, I was able to direct this tea client to a number of exquisite teas from Sri Lanka.

Now for the sexy part of this story: According to a May 13, 2013 article in the NY Daily News, "A hot cup of Ceylon tea is better known as being soothing and relaxing, but Sri Lanka is now marketing its most profitable export as a luxury boost for the libido." The tea industry is increasingly boasting of Ceylon tea's supposed aphrodisiac qualities. They may not yet have medical proof of Ceylon's performance-enhancing powers, but they have long been the stuff of legend among Sri Lankan tea lovers. With that said, give it a try-----and at the very least, you'll still have a tasty cup of tea!

Till the next time we meet---"Bottoms up!"

Mary Murkin is the owner of Carriage House Tea which is sold at Brightside Gallery, 170 Worth Street, Asheboro, NC.

Saint Patrick's Day

*written by
The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica*

Saint Patrick's Day, feast day (March 17) of St. Patrick, patron saint of Ireland. Born in Roman Britain in the late 4th century, he was kidnapped at the age of 16 and taken to Ireland as a slave. He escaped but returned about 432 to convert the Irish to Christianity. By the time of his death on March 17, 461, he had established monasteries, churches, and schools. Many legends grew up around him—for example, that he drove the snakes out of Ireland and used the shamrock to explain the Trinity. Ireland came to celebrate his day with religious services and feasts. Saint Patrick's Day is celebrated on Wednesday, March 17, 2021.

It was emigrants, particularly to the United States, who transformed St. Patrick's Day into a largely secular holiday of revelry and celebration of things Irish. Cities with large numbers of Irish immigrants, who often wielded political power, staged the most extensive celebrations, which included elaborate parades. Boston held its first St. Patrick's Day parade in 1737, followed by New York City in 1762. Since 1962 Chicago has coloured its river green to mark the holiday. (Although blue was the colour traditionally associated with St. Patrick, green is now commonly connected with the day.) Irish and non-Irish alike commonly participate in the “wearing of the green”—sporting an item of green clothing or a shamrock, the Irish national plant, in the lapel. Corned beef and cabbage are associated with the holiday, and even beer is sometimes dyed green to celebrate the day. Although some of these practices eventually were adopted by the Irish themselves, they did so largely for the benefit of tourists.

<https://www.britannica.com/topic/Saint-Patricks-Day>

Why Do You Get Pinched on St. Patrick's Day?

by Liz Steelman

St. Patrick's Day pinch rules: Made up or cultural relic? We dive into why you get pinched on March 17th, as well as why you're even supposed to wear green in the first place.

As long as you can remember, if you weren't wearing green on St. Patrick's day, your punishment was uncomfortable, borderline painful pinches from your friends and family members until the clock struck midnight. Though it might feel like that's just how life is on March 17, have you ever actually questioned the St. Patrick's Day pinch rule? Is this an ancient cultural practice passed down from generation to generation, or was this just a silly game some older brother invented to gang up on his younger siblings?

According to folklore, you get pinched on St. Patrick's day for not wearing green because green makes you invisible to leprechauns, and leprechauns like to pinch people (because they can!). However, we could find no primary Irish source to certify that claim, so take it with a grain of salt.

Apart from the superstitious aspect, you might also be wondering, “Why do we wear green on St. Patrick's Day, anyways?” Well, according to Paul Finnegan, the Executive Director of the New York Irish Center, wearing green actually symbolizes Irish Republicanism, a nonsectarian movement from the late 18th century that campaigned for Ireland to become an independent republic.

The reason green has so deeply become entwined with St. Patrick's Day came a little bit later, says Time. In the 19th century, Irish immigrants started landing in America and celebrating St. Patrick's Day and their heritage by wearing this symbolic color.

So go ahead and wear your finest green dress or tee this St. Paddy's day and share these fun facts you've learned about the history behind it! (Note: We don't condone pinching those who choose not to wear green, but celebrate as you must!)

<https://www.realsimple.com/holidays-entertaining/st-patricks-day-pinch-rules>

Something To Ponder

by George Carlin

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider Freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more but have less, we buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more but learn less. We plan more but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits, and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one-night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight or to just hit delete.

Remember to spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say, 'I love you' to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again.

Give time to love, give time to speak! And give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

And always remember, life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by those moments that take our breath away.

OBITUARIES

Courtesy of Loflin Funeral Home and Cremation Service of Ramseur

Mamie Murray

Mamie Purvis Murray, 79, of Bennett, died Wednesday, March 3, 2021 at FirstHealth Moore Regional Hospital in Pinehurst.

Nancy Mae Murray

Nancy Mae Poole Murray, 85, of Asheboro, died Tuesday, March 2, 2021 at Brian Center in Eden.

Donald Bruce Honeycutt

Donald Bruce Honeycutt, 56, of Asheboro, died Sunday, February 28, 2021.

Golda Burris

Golda Stout Burris, 91, of Ramseur, died Saturday, February 27, 2021 at Universal Health Care in Ramseur.

Doyle Allred

Doyle Gene Calvin Allred, 76, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, February 23, 2021 at Clapps Convalescent Nursing Home in Asheboro.

Peggy Gray

Peggy Ruth Moran Gray, 83, of Asheboro, died Monday, February 22, 2021 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Jeffrey "Jeff" Craven

Jeffrey Neal Craven, 62, of Greensboro, died Monday, February 22, 2021 at his residence.

Kelvin Wright

Kelvin Dean Wright, 86, of Staley, died Wednesday, February 17, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

(336) 824-4488

Evie Reynolds

Evie Hill Reynolds, 102, of Robbins, died Tuesday, February 16, 2021 at Peak Resources-Pinelake in Carthage.

Alton Mills, III

Alton Van Mills, III, 45, of Asheboro, died Monday, February 15, 2021 at High Point Regional Medical Center in High Point.

Brenda Thompson

Brenda Kaye Morrison "Ward" Thompson, 58, of Ramseur, died Monday, February 15, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Charles Shores, Sr.

Charles Raye Shores, Sr., 83, of Asheboro, went home to be with his Savior on Saturday, February 13, 2021 at his residence.

Denise "Dede" Bower

Denise "Dede" Miles Bower, 62, of Seagrove, died Friday, February 12, 2021 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Harold Edmondson

Harold Lloyd "Eddie" Edmondson, Jr., 62, of Franklinville, died Thursday, February 11, 2021 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Herman Webster

Herman Carson Webster, 88, of Burlington, died Wednesday, February 10, 2021 at Alamance Health Care in Burlington.

Betty Penkava

Betty Jo Lindley Penkava, 73, of Asheboro, died peacefully in the arms of her husband on Wednesday, February 10, 2021 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Eloise Edwards

Eloise Kinton Edwards, 72, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, February 9, 2021 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Lucille Hilliard

Lucille Davis Hilliard, 86, of Franklinville, died Saturday, February 6, 2021 at her residence.

Sammy Meggs

Sammy Meggs, 79, of Seagrove, died Saturday, February 6, 2021 at Clapps Convalescent Nursing Home in Asheboro.

Hilda Mae Burgess

Hilda Mae Hargrove Burgess, 95, of Ramseur, died Friday, February 5, 2021 at Universal Health Care in Ramseur.

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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REAL ESTATE

Building Lot/ \$24,500.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #6, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.208 Acres, Wooded. Appx 240 ft road footage along Parksfield Trail. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/ \$28,000.00:

Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #8, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 2.265 Acres, Wooded. In Cul-de-sac with over 800 ft footage along Reed Creek. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

Building Lot/\$25,000.00: Inside Ramseur City Limits. Lot #9, Parksfield Sub-Division. Paved Street, City Amenities, 1.219 Acres, Wooded. In Cul-de-sac. along Parksfield Trail. Water & Sewer Tap grandfathered at only \$100. Call 336-824-8646 or 336-633-1008

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, 1.107 Acres, 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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*recipes***Dinner on the Grounds**

Cox Family Reunion, Circa 1950

Do you remember when the highlight of your week was a reunion lunch? I can remember when we had community dinners for holidays such as Easter and Memorial Day, and for church revivals and family reunions. I looked forward to the desserts and fried chicken that would surely be available at these events. Long wooden tables would be spread out between trees and each family would bring their favorite dish and dessert. These were when it was OK to indulge in all sorts of cake and pies, fried okra and fried chicken - almost anything I wanted to eat was usually there. Family reunions were a grand event. Today, hardly anyone shows up anymore, and reunions are fast becoming a thing of the past. Just us “old” ones are who attend. Well, I am one of those old goats that still enjoy getting together and having a pot luck dinner. Some of the best cooks and chefs that I have ever known exhibited their culinary creations at these events. My Aunt Velma would always have her chocolate pie, and my cousin Helen Mae was famous for her fried chicken. These were events I looked forward to attending. Our church had “permanent” tables that spanned between several oak trees on the backside of Parks Crossroads Church. Every Easter, these tables were filled with delicious creations that just had to be heaven sent. Some of the ladies that made those delicious creations chose to share their “secret” recopies in a cookbook back in 1986. Here are a few examples:

Persimmon Pudding, by Ms. Lissie York

3 cups thick pulp (seeds removed and processed)

(Strain persimmons, adding a cup or more of water while washing and preparing to make)

Stir into 1 1/2 cups plain white flour. Mix well (this prevents flour balls in the mixture)

Add:

1 teaspoon soda

2 teaspoon butter

1/2 teaspoon salt

4 whole eggs

1 teaspoon cinnamon (powdered)

1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter in a large ovenware dish. Pour in pudding mixture. Bake at 250 degrees until “set”. About 30 minutes later at 350 degrees. Bake 1 hour longer if needed. You need to constantly check to determine when ready. When glazed on top, it is usually ready to take out of the oven, let cool, and enjoy.

Easy Pecan Squares by Ms. Doris Simmons

½ cup shortening
 2 teaspoon baking powder
 2 cups brown sugar
 ½ teaspoon salt
 2 eggs
 Vanilla
 1 cup white flour
 1 cup crushed pecans
 Powdered sugar

Mix, sprinkle with powdered sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Let Cool. Cut into squares.

Zesty Meat Loaf, by Ms. Mary Ruth Cox

1 large brown egg
 1 packet of onion soup mix (dry)
 1 ½ cup soft bread crumbs
 ¾ cup whole milk
 1 ½ lbs ground beef... 90%+
 ¼ cup ketchup.. mixed with 1 tablespoon of prepared mustard.

Beat egg slightly: stir in well the soup mix (just as it comes from the packet), the crumbs, and milk. Let stand for about 5 minutes. With a fork, thoroughly mix in the beef. Pack firmly into an 8.5" x 4.5" x 2.5" loaf pan that has been rinsed with cold water. Turn out on a foil-lined shallow pan about 11" x 7" x 2". Bake in a preheated 400 degree oven, brushing once or twice with the ketchup mixture for about 45 minutes. Serves 6.

*Recipes are taken from the 1986 edition of Parks Crossroads Christian Church Ladies Missionary Society Cookbook.

Spring Time is just around the corner, and with Spring, comes Spring Gardens. Canning fresh vegetables for use during the winter months has been done for generations. Nowadays, this art seems to be disappearing, but if you choose to invest some time and effort, the reward can be very satisfying. Canned vegetables such as green beans or tomatoes can be used in a variety of dishes and will be better tasting and nutritious than store-bought. One of nature's miracle foods is red beets. My grandfather used to say that the cure for arthritis was beets and honey. He lived a long life and never was bothered by that disease. Whether true or not, beets can be a great addition to any meal. Here is a simple method of canning:

Pickle Beets

Wash beets, and trim off stems, leaving appx 1" remaining on each pod. Put into a large pot, add water, and bring to a boil. Boil until tender. Check with a fork. If a fork can be easily inserted into a beet, they are ready to be taken off. Strain and put into a bowl with cold water. Ice can be used to speed up cooling. Once cool, peel. The "skin" should be removed very easily. Trim off the excess stems. Place a pot on the stove and add 1 cup cane sugar, 2/3 cup cider vinegar, ½ cup water. This can be increased if a large quantity of beets is used. Bring to a boil. Add spices (cloves, cinnamon, allspice, etc). I recommend putting spices in a cloth "sack" and then placing them in the boiling water to prevent excess material in the mixture. Put beets back into the pot and bring to a boil. Boil for a couple of minutes and then dip beets into a canning jar. Once full, fill with the "juice" from the vinegar, sugar mixture. Seal the lids. Then put in a pressure cooker for 5 minutes....10 lb pressure... while hot, remove, and let sit. Lids will "seal" with a pop.

*Taken from the Reluctant Bachelor Cookbook by TW Dubson.



Cemetery Mowing: Bids

The Town of Ramseur is accepting bids on the Mowing of the Cemetery. All bids must be turned into the Town Hall by Friday March 19th, 2021 at 5pm.

You may place your bid in the night drop box or Mail it to

Town of Ramseur
Attn: Cemetery Mowing Bid
PO Box 545
Ramseur, N.C. 27316.

The Ramseur Lake Update:

PHONE: 336-824-4646

CURRENT HOURS:

Wednesday - Sunday 8:00am - 6:00pm

ADDRESS: 549 Ramseur Lake Rd Ramseur NC 27316

LAKE WARDEN: Keith Sykes

On-Site bait and tackle sales available.

Shelter rentals available by reservation.

There are no John Boat rentals available at this time.

Surplused John Boats will be available soon. Once they are available for purchase, an announcement will be made on the Town of Ramseurs website.

March 27th, 2021: Spring Outdoor Market

Millstone Creek Orchards will be hosting its first ever Spring Outdoor Market March 27th, 2021. FREE admission for all shoppers! Expect 80 local vendors, crafters, gifters, potters, and more for a beautiful March day at the Orchard.

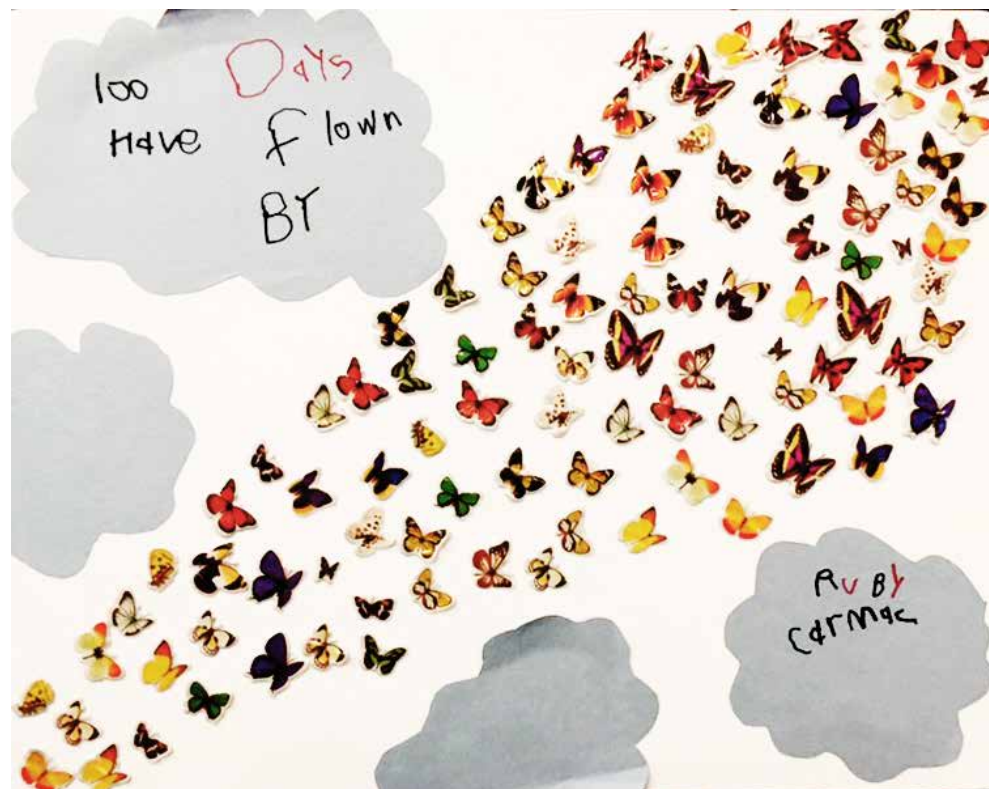
April 24th, 2021: Ramseur's Annual Food Truck Festival

Ramseur's 2nd Annual Food Truck Festival is scheduled for April 24th, 2021. The festival will feature food, arts and crafts, and more in downtown Ramseur.



Birth Announcement

Shawn and Oliva Pemberton are proud to announce the birth of their daughter, Rayna Jean. She was born on February 18th, 2021 at Randolph Health. She weighed 6 pounds and 15 ounces and was 20 inches long. She has a proud older brother, Jasper, age 7. Paternal Grandparents are Wade and Linda of Portsmouth, VA, and Maternal Grandparents are Danny and Kate Rackley of Wilmington, NC.



"Kindergarten Project" By Ruby Carmac. Age 6. Daughter of Randolph County Natives: Robert and Elizabeth Carmac.



Earth Day
April 22,
2021
Support
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Celebrate
clean air, land,
and water.

 \$15⁹⁹ 2 Hole Baby Pig Feeder #BPF2	 \$99⁹⁹ Single Door Hog Feeder #HGFS	 \$25⁹⁹ 12Lb. Chow Hound Dog Feeder #CH12 \$30⁰⁰ 25Lb. #CH25 \$49⁰⁰ 50Lb. #CH505
 \$35⁹⁹ 9 Quart Foal Feeder #PF25	 \$52⁹⁹ 350 Lb. Muck Cart CA500A	 \$15⁹⁹ 1 1/4 Bushel Muck Bucket Colors vary by location.

 \$12⁹⁹ 24" Poly Lawn Rake #1925000	 \$9⁹⁹ 42 Gal. Contractor Bags 20-Count. #HB42-20	 \$4⁹⁹ After \$4.00 Mail-In Rebate Sale Price \$8.99 RTU Weed & Grass Killer One gallon. #HG-96017	 \$4⁹⁹ After \$3.00 Mail-In Rebate Sale Price \$7.99 1 Gallon RTU Insect Control #HG-96098
 \$19⁹⁹ 2Lb. Purple Bucket Metal Bird Feeder #21701	 \$8⁹⁹ 32oz. Hummingbird Feeder #HUM142	 \$5⁹⁹ 13oz. Filled Thistle Sock Feeder #FILTS13	 \$16⁹⁹ Your Choice Suet N Seed Owl, Frog or Chicken Metal Bird Feeder #21703, 21803, 21804

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Spring
Sale**

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 <p>\$84⁹⁹</p> <p>48" 4 Ton Power Jack #14100</p>	 <p>\$84⁹⁹</p> <p>48" 4 Ton Power Jack #14100</p>
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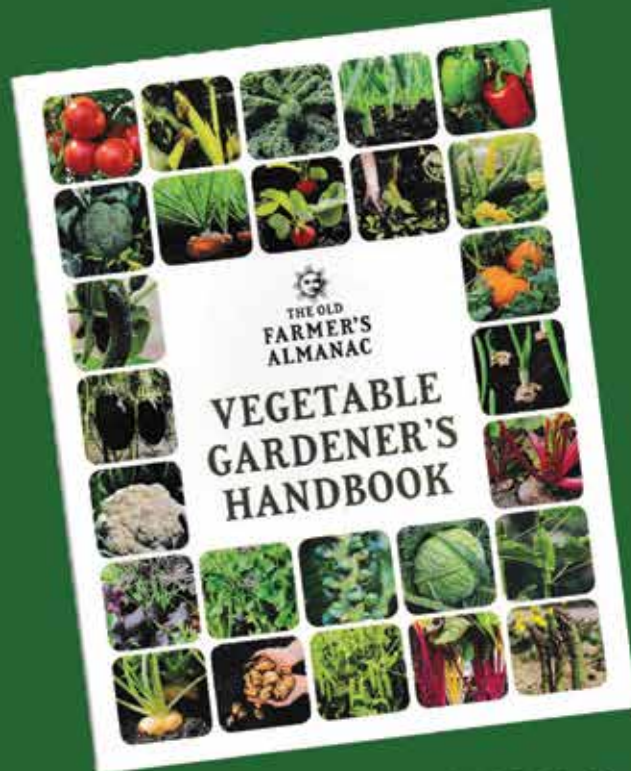
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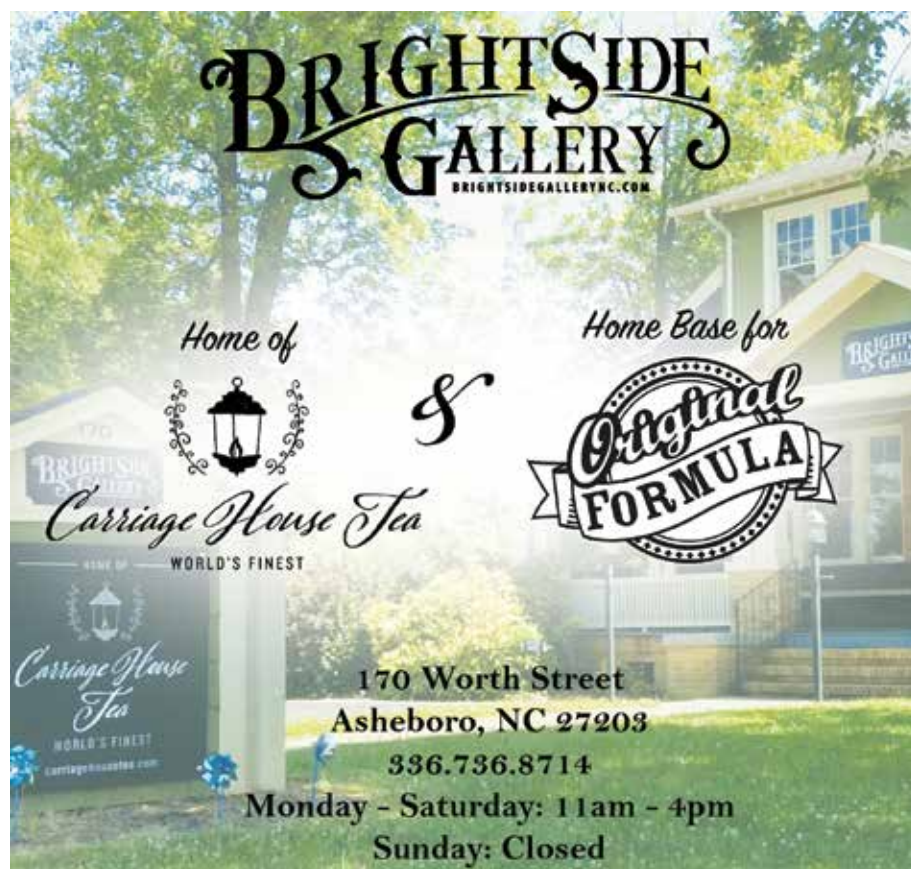
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