

The History of Franklinville's Faith Rock

By Mac Whatley

Rising out of Deep River several hundred feet upstream of the site of Elisha Coffin's grist mill and textile factory is Franklinville's major geological landmark, a huge bluestone outcrop known as Faith Rock. It was the setting for one of Randolph County's most legendary Revolutionary War incidents. While taking a wagon of produce to trade for salt at the Pedee River market on May 2, 1782, local resident Andrew Hunter was captured by the notorious Tory guerrilla leader David Fanning. Facing immediate execution, Hunter made a desperate escape. In Fanning's words, Hunter "sprung upon my riding mare, and went off with my saddle, holsters, pistols, and all my papers... We fired two guns at him; he received two balls through his body but it did not prevent him from sitting the saddle, and make his escape." [David Fanning, The Narrative of Colonel David Fanning (Spartanburg: The Reprint Company, 1973; pp. 59-62.]



Enraged, Fanning plundered Hunter's home, holding his pregnant wife hostage for the return of the horse, "a mare I set great store by, and gave One Hundred and Ten guineas for her." [ibid.] However, Fanning's guerrilla band was forced to release Mrs. Hunter and ride out to join the British evacuation of Charleston, South Carolina.

But Fanning risked a final return to Randolph on

September 5, 1782, solely in an attempt to recover his mare. The incident at Faith Rock must have occurred at this time. Hunter "was riding the Bay Doe, on the high ground south of Deep River, and not far above the ...ford; but found they were heading him in that direction. He then turned his course up the river, but they were there ready to receive him. The only alternative was to surrender, which would be certain and instant death, or to make a desperate plunge down a precipice, some fifty feet high into the river. He chose the latter... It was such a daring adventure that his pursuers... stopped short, in a kind of amazement, and contented themselves with firing two or three pistols after him. As there was no level ground at the bottom of the descent, he plunged right into the river... sometimes swimming and sometimes floundering over rocks, until he found a place where he got out on the north side and made his escape." [E.W. Caruthers, Revolutionary Incidents And Sketches of Character Chiefly in the "Old North State." Philadelphia: Hayes and Zell, 1856; pp. 280-281.]

Fanning left the country in frustration on September 22, neither recovering his horse nor gaining revenge.

Continued on Page 3



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Community Calendar

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Date	Event	Time	Location
9/5/22	Summer Concert Cat5 Band	2:00pm	Bicentennial Park, Asheboro
9/10/22	Brightside Gallery Acoustic Music Evening	6:00pm	170 Worth Street, Asheboro
9/16/22	Drive in Movie	7:30pm	7103 Sandy Creek Church Rd, Liberty
9/17/22	Randolph County Nonprofit Yard Sale	9:00am	Sunset Church, 900 Sunset Ave, Asheboro
9/23/22	Liberty Antiques Festival	8:00am	2855 Pike Farm Rd, Staley
9/24/22	Liberty Fall Festival	11:00am	239 S Fayetteville Street, Liberty

Next Deadline: September 15th Next Print Date: September 21st

Have an upcoming event that the community should know about email us at info@randolphbulletin.com to be included in the next issue.

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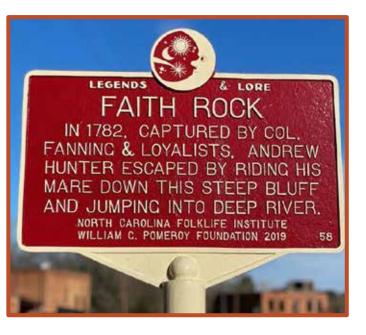
The incident at Faith Rock is the only event of the Revolution in Randolph County that has received extensive historical examination. In the years after the war, the exploits of Colonel Fanning were investigated by some of North Carolina's earliest historians. One of these was the Rev. Eli Caruthers of Greensboro, a portion of whose 1856 two-volume history of the Revolution was quoted above. Judge Archibald DeBow Murphey, legal tutor of Governor Jonathan Worth, extensively researched "the Adventures of Colonel David Fanning" and some of his notes were published in the North Carolina University Magazine in 1853 (Vol. II, pp. 72-80).



Carolina Watchman published "Incidents of the Revolution in North Carolina," an extensive account by Alexander Gray of Randolph County written in the form of a letter to Professor A.M. Henderson of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Gray, a retired General of the War of 1812, was the county's largest slaveowners and one of its first historians.

Gray may also have been the anonymous author ("76" is the only signature) of the earliest known account of Andrew Hunter's escape from Fanning, published in The Southern Citizen, Asheboro's local newspaper, on August 24, 1838 (and reprinted in the Greensborough Patriot on August 10, 1844). Entitled "Fanning's Mare," the short story is more self-consciously literary than the later historical accounts, but it shares with them the name of Fanning's horse: "He called her Red Doe, from her resemblance in color to a deer."

All of the earliest accounts agree that the name Fanning's mare was "Red Doe," although Carruthers without explanation changes the name to "Bay Doe." For more than 150 years thereafter, the name "Bay Doe" has been the preferred name of Fanning's mare. Here's one possible explanation: "Red" is not an accepted name for equine hair color; "chestnut" or "sorrel" is the proper term for a horse with an all-reddish coat, mane and tail. The shade usually considered "bay" is a bright red hair coat, also called "blood bay." "Bay," however, is a generic term for coats that vary from light reddish brown to dark mahogany brown, but always with black "points" (mane, tail, feet or



legs). So the name "Bay Doe" tells us that "Red Doe" was not only bright red, but bright red with black "points."

Local wisdom in Franklinville has always repeated the claim that Bay Doe's hoof prints can still be seen, embedded in Faith Rock. The truth of that, as well as the likelihood that any horse and rider could jump off a 60-degree slope into a river normally as shallow as Deep River, must be left to the opinion of visitors.

Several generations of Eagle Scouts have established and maintained a rough trail from the Andrew Hunter footbridge in Franklinville, up to the top of the rock.

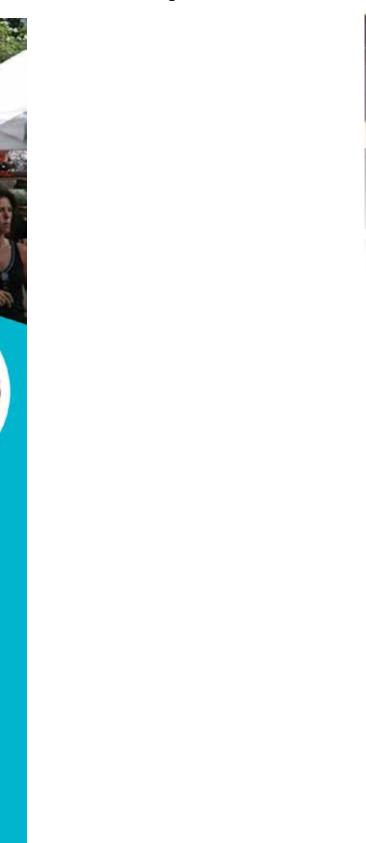
In this 21st-century, there are said to be "geo-caches" stashed around Faith Rock which game-players may discover with their GPS locators.

Location: Franklinville, south side Deep River, looking east from the SR 2235 bridge. The concrete storage silos of the former roller mill are to the left.

*Article published by permission of Mac Whatley, Franklinville Historian



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Labor Day Facts and History

Many people consider Memorial Day to be the official start of summer, and Labor Day is the bookend that brings it to a close. It's no wonder, since it's the perfect way to say goodbye to summer: a day off on a Monday makes for a three-day weekend packed with backyard barbecues, boat rides and end-of-the-season beach trips.

But the holiday wasn't always the fancy-free, idyllic day we've come to know and love. Many Americans don't realize that it's a day steeped in history and came about as a result of working people simply wanting to be treated fairly. Before you beeline to the beach (or wherever else the long weekend takes you), read these fun and fascinating Labor Day facts to learn more about the holiday's past and present.

It all started with a parade

It's widely believed that on September 5, 1882, union leaders marched in what is thought of as the very first Labor Day parade. Over 20,000 disgruntled New York City workers from a wide variety of industries, such as clothing makers and railroad workers (including children), had enough of their unsafe working conditions after being forced to work over 12 hours a day in spaces that were making them sick. After marching just under five miles from New York City's City Hall to 42nd Street, the workers, who took unpaid leave to be at the event, met up with their families for various activities like enjoying picnics and lighting fireworks. Currently, the New York City Central Labor Council still puts on a Labor Day parade, which is held just north of the location of the original 1882 march

Oregon was the first state to observe Labor Day

Before becoming an official holiday nationwide, Labor Day was adopted state by state. Oregon was the first one to make it a statewide holiday, a full seven years before it was passed by Congress.

The founder of Labor Day is widely contested

No one is 100% sure who actually started Labor Day here in the United States, but it's between two people and their last names are incredibly similar. While some records show that Peter J. McGuire, co-founder of the American Federation of Labor, got it going, others believe that Matthew Maguire, a secretary of the Central Labor Union, first sparked the concept.

President Grover Cleveland made it a federal holiday

On June 28, 1894, President Grover Cleveland made Labor Day official by signing it into law, designating the first Monday in September to always be Labor Day. The day honors the American labor force and the upholding of laws that make work conditions healthier and safer.

Labor Day continues to celebrate millions in the workforce

As the 2017 US Census Bureau reports, Labor Day honors 159.8 million people, all 16 and over, in the nation's labor force.

Labor Day is observed on a Monday for a reason

While the very first Labor Day in 1882 took place on a Tuesday, it switched to a Monday once it was adopted by the states. Nowadays, Labor Day takes place on a Monday so employees can enjoy a three-day weekend. Other federal holidays are observed on Monday as well (like Martin Luther King, Jr. Day and Memorial Day) and will stay that way thanks to the Uniform Monday Holiday Act of 1968, something that ensured that federal employees could have three-day holiday weekends.

~Shelby Deering

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We are all familiar with Mother's Day and Father's Day, but did you know there is such a thing as Grandparent's Day? There sure is, and according to the calendar, it occurs on September 11 this year. This is a day that many of us will recall the sadness of a terrible tragedy that befell our nation in 2001. But it is nice to know we can also feel joy and celebrate a pillar of our family heritage on this date too – our grandparents.

I was fortunate that both sets of my grandparents lived close by. One just down the road (and the footpath between the two was worn bare by many little feet headed to "Maw-Maw's" house) while the other set moved around a bit, but never too far away. And for a while, they too lived next door.

My dad's mom and dad lived in a big two-story farmhouse down the road. The house itself provided hours of fun, as there were rooms upstairs no longer in use, filled with all sorts of old furniture, clothes and the requisite dark and scary attic. Many ghost stories were told among the grandchildren as to what might possibly reside behind that wooden door, and none of us wanted to open it and find out! There were some flying squirrels that made it into the attic a few times I'm told, so perhaps that was the noise we heard, and not the ghosts of family members trapped between heaven and earth.

It was also a working farm, so there were outbuildings galore to explore! All of them had names, so when anyone would ask you to go "fetch" something for them, you knew where to go. There was the springhouse (fresh water well and well pump here), chicken house (hens kept us in eggs and fried chicken),

outhouse (it was a deluxe two seater), smokehouse (hams were salted and then hung from the rafters and smoked), flower house (any southern household had to have a place for flowers to be potted/pruned/arranged), wash house (when hogs were killed, this is where sausage was made and lard was rendered), tool shed (a farm has a LOT of tools to keep up with), gear house (anvil and vise were here, along with other stuff that was deemed necessary), tractor shed (Farm-All tractor in place) and the grainery (hand-crank corn sheller was housed here, and there were corn cribs). I always wondered how shed managed to come into play on two of these buildings, while all the others were "houses".

Paw-Paw Burgess always had a cigar clinched in his teeth at the corner of his mouth. It seemed it was always just a stub, though you know at one time it had to be new and freshly lit. The number of Tampa Cub cigar boxes stacked in the wash house confirmed he did buy and smoke quite a few of them. Those boxes made great craft boxes and were also used for coffins when small pets passed away and we had a funeral service. He was a man of few words, though he could get loud and cantankerous, especially if he had a snort of the "firewater". But he loved his grandkids and gave us all nicknames. I was Big Gal. Kind of gives you an indication that I have never been a small fry. Sadly, he was killed in a tragic tractor accident when I was just 10 years old.

Maw-Maw Burgess was a quiet and industrious woman. She was never idle, always doing something. She did work in town, but also maintained the home and did all the things a farm wife would be expected to do. She had her hens, and I always liked to watch her "candle" and weigh the eggs in the basement. She could cook anything and make a meal out of nothing. And you would never, ever leave

her house hungry. And if she had something you had need of, then it became yours. She loved Dean Smith and Carolina basketball, and you had better not interrupt a game by trying to talk to her.

My mom's parents moved around a bit during my youth. There were usually outbuildings to be discovered at a few of their places too, and I distinctly remember a big barn at the place in Liberty where we could climb up and jump out of the loft into

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the hay below. No better time could be had by a bunch of roving grandkids! This is also the place where we played cowboys and Indians and proceeded to capture and tie up my cousin. She fell due to her ankles being bound, and completely knocked out her two front teeth. Let's just say there was some discipline dispensed that day on some backsides.

Even though they were not always right next door, we spent Sunday after church at their house for a delicious dinner prepared by my Maw-Maw Golden. And oh what a dinner it would be! Fried chicken or perhaps a beef roast (and of course with the appropriate gravy), along with some type of bean, another vegetable or two, homemade biscuits and some type of sweet and delicious dessert. My mouth waters just thinking about those meals! And after everyone ate, she would cover it up with a lightweight tablecloth and leave it all on the table until supper time. No refrigeration for any of it, yet no upset tummies. And of course, she had an apron on to protect her Sunday attire from cooking spills and mishaps. I wish I had one of those aprons, just to look at it

and travel back in time. She too worked a public job, but also kept her home and her family fed and clothed. She had a wicked sense of humor and we still laugh to this day about a few instances where she definitely did not fit the stereotype of a grandma. And any time I smell Jergen's hand lotion. I think of her.

When I was a child, my Paw-Paw Golden had already been stricken by a debilitating case of rheumatoid arthritis. I cannot remember him without gnarled fingers and hands, and his feet and joints were affected too. But let me tell you, that did not stop him from living! Although I now know he must have always been in some serious pain, there was seldom a time when he was not smiling and talking and just living his life. He used a cane to help him walk and drove a little blue Ford Falcon station wagon many miles. Once, after having a large family gathering and meal at my sister's house, he cranked up the car and left, not realizing my grandma was not in the car. He only discovered he had left her behind when he realized he wasn't getting an answer to any of his questions he was posing to her in the back

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seat. I still laugh at this episode. About 95% of the time, you would find him in his Red Camel overalls, and ALWAYS a hat on his head (straw for spring/summer, felt for fall/winter). On Sunday, he would dress in "church clothes" and wear a tie. He absolutely LOVED to play the card game ROOK and I have so many great memories of playing with him. What an inspiration of living life to the fullest!

I was blessed with grandparents that loved me and showed it in so many ways. Memories of them warm my heart and soul whenever I recall my childhood spent with them. I spend time with my own grandkids, as I want to fill their "treasure chests" not with monetary things but with wonderful memories. I want them to know I love them now. And, in the future, when they are reminiscing about their own childhood, I hope they look back on their times with MiMi and smile. And for just a moment, they will travel back in time and visit with me again. Grandparents really are priceless; a treasure of great worth.

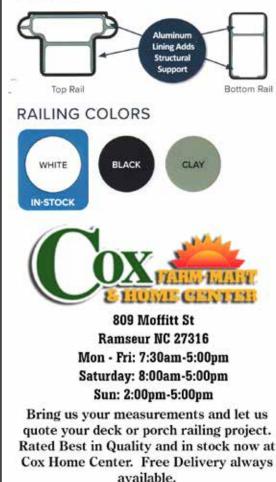
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Cook's Corner

Best Apple Pie Bars ~ Diana Long Diana Long

If you're looking for the perfect, portable dessert for any autumn occasion, the search ends here. These apple pie bars are made with an ultra-buttery shortbread dough that's used to form both the pressin base crust and the streusel topping.

Ingredients (crust and topping):

- Nonstick cooking spray
- 4 sticks unsalted butter
- 3/4 c. granulated sugar
- 3/4 c. light brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla extract
- 4 c. all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 c. chopped pecans

For the filling:

- 3 large Granny Smith apples, peeled and thinly sliced 3 large Honey Crisp apples, peeled and thinly sliced 1 tbsp. apple cider vinegar
- 1/4 c. light brown sugar
- 1 tbsp. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 tsp. apple pie spice

For the Glaze:

- 3 tbsp. pure maple syrup
- 1 tbsp. unsalted butter
- 1 oz. cream cheese, softened
- 3/4 c. powdered sugar, sifted
- 1 tbsp. milk or heavy cream

Do you like to cook? Do you like sharing your recipes with others?

Submit your recipes via email to info@randolphbulletin.com.

We will share as many as we can each month. So send them in, and remember to include your name!



For the crust and topping: Preheat the oven to 350°. Spray a 9 x 13 inch baking pan with cooking spray. Line the pan with parchment paper. (This will make it easier to lift the pie bars out of the pan after baking.)

Beat the butter, sugars, and vanilla in a large bowl with an electric mixer for 4-5 minutes, until combined and airy. Scrape down the sides and bottom of the bowl. Add the flour and salt to the bowl and mix at low speed until combined.

With lightly moistened hands, press about 3/4 of the crust mixture along the bottom and slightly up the sides of your prepared pan. Refrigerate for 15 minutes. Place the remaining 1/4 of the crust mixture (about 1 1/2 cups) in the fridge until needed. Transfer the pan to the preheated oven and bake until the crust is golden brown, 20 to 25 minutes. Place on a wire rack to cool.

For the filling: Toss the apple slices and vinegar together in a large bowl. Add the brown sugar, cornstarch, apple pie spice, and salt and toss well to coat. Spread the apples evenly over the crust, leaving a small border around the edges.

Tear the reserved crust mixture into small pieces. Using your hands, combine the pecans with the dough and scatter the mixture evenly over top of the apples. Bake for 1 hour, rotating pan halfway through, until the apples are fork-tender and the topping is golden brown. Cool completely in the pan, about 1 to 2 hours

For the glaze: Combine the maple syrup, butter, cream cheese, powdered sugar, and milk or cream in a medium bowl. Whisk until combined and smooth. Once the bars are cool, lift from the pan using the parchment paper overhang and place on a cutting board. Drizzle evenly with the glaze. Cut into squares and serve.

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D ack-to-School Bash is a day designed **D**to be fun-filled with plenty of information for the families. The goal is one last bash for K-12 students. It's also a time to provide children with much needed school supplies to equip them for their first day of class.

Jordan Memorial would like to recognize and express our gratitude to REMC/

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People Helping People and the Western North Carolina Conference of the United Methodist Church. Their grants were instrumental in purchasing the bookbags! We cannot begin to say thank you enough to our more than 50 sponsors who contributed funds and items to make this day such a success. We also want to say thanks the Town of Ramseur in their support of this event.

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Finally, we are very grateful to all the many volunteers who gave up their time to help. This day would not happen without you!

On early Saturday, August 13, the SWR Beta Club arrived. They began helping setup. They moved tables, chairs, garbage cans, water, food, chips, helped with signage, manned the streets, and

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many other tasks. Their help was very much appreciated and needed. More than 30 sponsors began arriving and setting up their booths. Closing the street at 9 am ensured everyone's safety. The three bounce houses went up next, and were ready for the K-12 students to have fun!

The families began arriving around 10am, where they enjoyed the perfect weather and visiting every booth to learn about the many programs available to them. Several sponsors offered games like corn hole, or food like popcorn. Families that visited the Ramseur Museum were challenged to a scavenger hunt and earned prizes for items they found. The local businesses on Main Street were open and also supported the day.

Boy Scout Troop 508 managed the food table. In less than three hours, they handed out 350 corn dogs, 200 hot dogs, 22 gallons of tea, and 7 cases of bottled water! They were wonderful representatives of the standards of the Boy Scouts. And the food was terrific!

The bookbags were packed and staged on Friday by a super group of about 20 volunteers who gave up their free time to help. On Saturday, the volunteers handed out 674 bookbags in less than three hours!! Each K-12 student got to pick their favorite color of bag. Inside the bags was a binder, paper, pencils, pens, glue stick, note card, set of colored pencil or crayons. After getting their bags, several local pastors offered prayers for a successful, safe, and happy school year. We owe a world of thanks to the sixteen local churches that contributed to purchasing the school supplies!

> So to say that Back-to School Bash 2022 was a wonderful successful day is a major understatement....IT WAS FABULOUS!! If you think 2022 was a great year then just wait till 2023!!



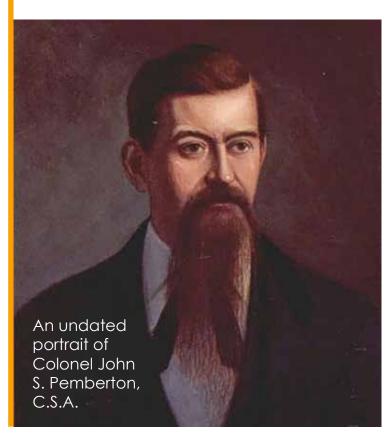


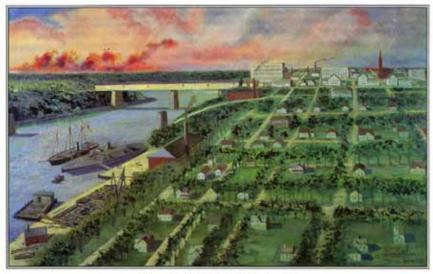
Buttermilk Junction

On Easter Sunday, April 16, 1865 during the War Between the States, the Battle of Columbus, also known as the Battle of Girard, was fought at Girard, Alabama and Columbus, Georgia, resulting in a Union victory.

There is a widespread, although erroneous, belief that the Battle of Columbus, which was fought one week after Confederate general Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia, was the "last battle" of the War; however, the last significant land battle of the War Between the States was the two-day Battle of Palmito Ranch, which was fought over one month later on May 12 and 13, 1865 near Brownsville, Texas, resulting in a Confederate victory.

It is curiously interesting that noted pharmacist; Confederate Colonel John Stith Pemberton (1831-1888), the inventor of Coca-Cola, was severely





Columbus GA, April 1865

wounded during the Battle of Columbus, which caused him to endure chronic pain thereafter; resulted in his obsession with inventing various pain-killing medicinal formulæ -- ultimately resulting in the recipe for his celebrated soft drink, which originally contained both cocaine from "coca" leaves and caffeine from "kola" nuts, whereby the drink received the name of "Coca-Cola."

Colonel Pemberton made many health claims for Coca-Cola, marketing it as "delicious," "refreshing," "pure joy," "exhilarating," & amp; "invigorating,"; touting it as "an invaluable brain tonic" that would cure headaches, relieve exhaustion, and calm nerves.

Coca-Cola, now the world's most popular soft drink, was invented in Atlanta, Georgia by Colonel Pemberton in 1886, about one year after pharmacist Charles C. Alderton (1857-1941) of Waco, Texas invented Dr. Pepper, which is now the most popular soft drink in Texas. Alderton's soft drink was named in honor of Charles Taylor "Old Doc" Pepper, M.D. (1830-1903) of Virginia, who had served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army during the War Between the States.

Colonel John Stith Pemberton, C.S.A. (1831-1888) of Georgia, the inventor of Coca-Cola, is not to be confused with General John Clifford Pemberton, C.S.A. (1814-1881) of Pennsylvania, who resigned his commission in the U.S. Army at the beginning of the War Between the States, and who is noted for his defense of Vicksburg during the "Siege of Vicksburg" in the Summer of 1863.

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DRINK

Cures Headache Relieves Exhaustion AT SODA FOUNTAINS 54

On May 8, 1886, Dr. John Pemberton sold the first glass of Coca-Cola at Jacobs' Pharmacy in downtown Atlanta. Serving nine drinks per day in its first year, Coca-Cola was new refreshment in its beginning. Circa-1890s advertisement for the Confederate colonel's famous soft drink -- Coca-Cola.

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REMEMBER

GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH. A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE. WE WILL NOT FEAR. PSALM 46:1-2



Discovering Ramseur at Age 5

By Jones Howell



Men carrying big powdery sacks, white on their eyelashes

and hair. The smell of molasses from the enormous grain

bins. My sisters would complain that Mama was there to get feed sacks to make dresses for them. But I never

remember them walking around with Gold Medal or

Pillsbury stamped on their clothes. But what did I know?

Old Ramseur, Hicks Café is on the left. Ramseur Town Hall is on the right, the old Ramseur Fire Dept was in the basement of the Town Hall. The old theater is next up from the Town Hall and you can see the Bank of Coleridge building in the background.

Nothing says childhood to me more than Ramseur. Ramseur. General Dodson Ramseur.

I even wrote a book about it. Before I published my book, I visited Ramseur, to take pictures and reminisce. My teenage son and I walked around the town and I told him about some of the places, even my old home place at 808 Dixon Street — which still stands today.

It would mean something to me if you would take a walk with me through a short history and a few years of my life in that, well — I want to say — hallowed place. The year

would start around 1959, when we moved from the deep south — a hot, dusty spot in the road called Chancellor. Alabama to the cotton mill town of Ramseur, North Carolina.

We lived near the river on Craven Street, which led to the old bridge into downtown. We could walk to the bridge and cross Deep River in five minutes.

I first visited the town with my mom. Ramseur was an assortment of novel shops and unfamiliar store owners, and that meant delightful sights, sounds, and things to smell and savor.

The first place in memory as a five-year old is the Ramseur feed mill. or the Roller Mill. as it was called.

The thought that stayed in my mind about the mill was imagining mules pulling wagons the long way around the back of it because they couldn't walk up the steep hill from the bridge. So, according to stories I heard, the circular road was made by mules and for mules. It puzzled me as a kid as to why mules would be coming to Ramseur. I never saw a single I never knew mule go around the Roller Mill up that anything about the road.

> After the tiring walk straight up from the bridge, we would climb a few concrete steps up to some shops on the left. The first one I remember was Hicks Cafe - my first introduction to carbonated drinks.

The sound of the syrupy sweet frothy drink coming from a spout fascinated me. I remember hearing someone say, "I'd like a grape soda," but I never got to experience what that meant. But there were mason jars of stick candy. like sassafras, butterscotch, and licorice which stood like little striped heavenly barber poles — out of my reach, out of our budget. Cigar bubble gum in pastel colors, and



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origin of the name.

but Ramseur was

certainly the origin

of me.

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SEPTEMBER, 2022

packs of candy cigarettes, which — if you blew hard enough — could produce smoke. Six-packs of tiny plastic bottles which, when you bit off the top, you got a shot of coca-cola. My, those were days of decadence!

Beside the soda fountain shop was a barber shop — the old barber shop. There were three chairs and someone would always be pumping up or letting down with his foot. In addition, a leather strap on the side of the chair, a long blunt folding knife, a clickety-clack buzzing tool, hot foam, scraping, a choking collar, a white death gown, and plenty of gossip. Then slapping the neck with an unpleasant liquid. After my first professional haircut, I didn't want to go back there.

Louis Brady re-painting the side of the old Ramseur Café.

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Across from the feed mill was Ramseur Town Hall, and I never went in there. In the basement of the town hall was the Ramseur fire department. The businesses on this side of the street were on a steep incline and I was always afraid when I saw the fire truck backed into the driveway beside the tiny fire department. One false move and that truck would end up in the creek that ran behind those stores. There was also an abandoned movie theater, and it was a source of disappointment and envy for me-the fact that Asheboro had an indoor theater and Ramseur no longer had one. I was mad at whoever had closed it down. I'd often press my face against the glass window but couldn't see anything. This only increased the theater's mystique.

> Farther up the street was the biggest store in my life—Pell's Grocery. It had long aisles with shiny floors that a person could easily have skated down, and curved round mirrors. An ice cream freezer which I could open up and breathe in frost, and dream. I remember staring at a Morton Salt box and seeing the price: 10 cents. I couldn't get over my amazement that there was a commodity in the store that even I might be able to afford. The little girl with the umbrella, walking in the rain. She seemed real to me. Oddly, she's in my cabinet right now, reminding me that I'm still a kid inside, walking in an ageless rain.

At Pell's, I'd walk to the pay counter behind my mom and Mr. Pell would proceed to push random buttons and grunt. Mr. Pell's head was always pointed down,

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As a former Ramseur resident Jones has written several books that draw upon his time growing up here in Ramseur. Graduating from Eastern Randolph in 1972. His books can be found online.



and I hated to see his eyes look up at me through his bushy eyebrows. When he told my mother the price, she would whirl around away from him, bend down slightly and magically retrieve her purse from the top of her dress. She was conscious of robbers but I'd like to have seen someone try to rob from Mama. She had weapons in her hair — metal wave clamps with two sets of teeth which I imagined her pulling out and wielding against any trespasser. And no way would they trespass Mama's dress. They would have run away more scarred than Frankenstein's neck.

So, my introduction to Ramseur was like Charlie and the Chocolate Factory: wide-eved wonder, treasures to ponder, empty pockets, unanswered questions,

strangers everywhere, and unexplainable letdowns. I lived in that fanciful world till I turned eight. Then we moved to the rural community of Holly Springs. Two years later, we would move back into town, and little Charlie would become someone akin to Oliver Twist.

To all of us, whose memories crisscross somewhere out there, like various waves in the electromagnetic spectrum, undulating, calling us back, making us dream again, let me say: by the very act of picking up this bulletin, this may be the first step to renewing our vision for a world like Ramseur, where every building was built with a purpose for us, met a need we had, and gave us an opportunity to carry—for the rest of our lives—connections with the people we met there.

I hope that Ramseur's sidewalks won't crack and allow weeds to grow because they are untrodden. Take time to walk the streets and listen, not just with nostalgia, but with a conscience open to reconciliation and with a new appraisal of the past. Perhaps one day Ramseur's mystique will give way to magic, and that magic will spark our minds to rebuild and revive our legacy.

It is not easy to for me to sit in the theater of my soul, watch the curtains open, and rehearse Ramseur. Like a trail of smoke, my longings weave throughout the town, like a wisp of conscious fog, where memory is looking for something something real, something lasting, something that will recognize me, and welcome me back.

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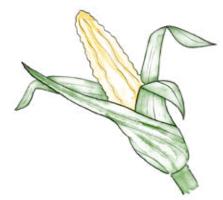
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SEPTEMBER, 2022



Making a scarecrow is fun and it's also a great recycling project for old clothes and accessories.

Scarecrows have a practical purpose as well, helping to keep birds off your leafy greens and other prized vegetables. They're popular with anyone who wants to garden organically, as they scare the birds away from your produce without having to resort to chemicals.

MATERIALS NEEDED:

• Two wooden poles or sturdy bamboo poles, approximately 6ft and 4ft long

• Burlap or some type of cloth sacking, enough to make the head

• Straw or rags for stuffing

• Old tights, if using

• Waterproof paint marker pens or indelible felt tip pens, or you could use buttons

• A selection of old clothes including a button-up shirt, and trousers with belt loops

· Accessories such as an old hat. a bandana or cravat, a tie, beads, bags and glasses

STEP ONE: START WITH THE SCARECROW HEAD

For the head, start to staple the burlap

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By Sarah Wilson

from an old shopping bag or a piece of sacking around a football to get a good shape, not forgetting to remove the ball while there's still an opening big enough to do this. Leave enough space to insert a stick. Turn the burlap inside out and stuff it with straw or rags to create a nice round head shape.

Using waterproof paint makers or indelible felt-tip pens, draw on eyes, a nose and mouth, giving your scarecrow a nice friendly face. You could also use buttons.



STEP TWO: CREATE THE FRAME FOR THE SCARECROW

Create a cross shape with the two sticks. This the frame for your scarecrow. The longer one will be the 'body' while the shorter one is the base for the arms. Secure carefully with string so it holds the cross shape firmly.

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STEP THREE: MAKE THE SCARECROW'S BODY

To make the body, pad more straw or rags around the top section of the longer stick until you have created a plump torso shape, securing with twine as you go, then dress it with the shirt. Pad out as necessary.

Tie off the cuffs of the shirt with rubber bands or twine so the filling can't escape then stuff the shirt sleeves with more straw or rags to flesh out the arms. Alternately, you can stuff an old pair of tights to create two arm shapes.

Repeat the same process with a pair of trousers, preferably ones with belt loops, to create the legs, tying off the ends of the legs so the stuffing can't escape. Again, this can be done by stuffing an old pair of tights.

STEP FOUR: SECURE THE SCARECROW'S HEAD IN PLACE

Stand the scarecrow up, supporting it against a wall. Make a pair of string suspenders, taking the twine through the belt loops, to secure the trousers to the 'shoulders' of the scarecrow frame. Next, attach the head by pushing it onto the stick. Add the hat and a bandana if you have one.

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STEP FIVE: CREATE THE HANDS AND FEET Tie bundles of straw to the arms and legs to make hands and feet, securing them with string. Or tie on an old pair of gardening gloves for the hands and use old work boots or rain boots for the feet.

STEP SIX: CHOOSE THE PERFECT SPOT FOR YOUR **SCARECROW**

Put your scarecrow into position and sink the wooden stick securely into the ground. You could place it in the middle of your raised beds or vegetable patch to keep birds away from your homegrown crops.

Add streamers, CDs attached to strings or anything else that will act as bird scarers to protect your patch. And that's it!

WHAT CAN I USE TO STUFF A SCARECROW?

It's a question of using whatever you have available. As well as the more obvious choices of straw and rags you can also use dry leaves, grass clippings, wood chips, scrunched up polythene bags, and leftover packing material such as polystyrene balls or bubble wrap.

The smaller the material the better it is to fill a pair of tights with them. Don't use newspaper though as it will become soggy if it rains.

HOW DO YOU MAKE A SCARECROW HEAD AND FACE?

You can make a head by stuffing a piece of burlap sacking and using a marker pen to add the facial details, or use an existing object to create the head. In autumn try a Jack O Lantern as it's a great way of recycling your carved Halloween pumpkin so it gets a second lease of life rather than being dumped.

You could also try customizing an upturned flowerpot. Make sure it's in proportion to the size of your scarecrow so it looks realistic. Plastic is best, as it will be lightweight and can easily be popped on the end of your long 'body' cane. Glue the nose, eyes and mouth onto the plastic with a glue gun. Use shapes cut out of felt or fabric, as well as buttons.



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH Randleman First United Methodist Church 301 S. MAIN STREET, RANDLEMAN NC 27317

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The Little "Brown" House on Main Street

The house at 1513 Main Street in Ramseur was built as a house for workers at Columbia Manufacturing Company, known as the "Cotton Mill." Originally there were two front doors entering from the front porch. This allowed the occupants to rent out the room on the right side of

the house to someone who also worked at the mill. Workers from the rural areas would ride their horse to town, find a place to stay for the week and go home on weekends, although the weekend began on Saturday evening since the mill usually ran from Monday through Saturday. The horse was boarded at the livery stable which was down by the river close to the mill. The worker usually brought some grain for the horse and cared for it before and after work.

When I was growing up the

house was owned by Mr. Pep Watkins who allowed a widow to live in the house for a nominal fee. She had worked in the mill and had lost most of her savings when banks closed during the depression. Her only son died when he was quite young so she was without family. I was in and out of the house many times because when my Mother was growing up, this lady lived next door to her family. My Mother remembered her as a wonderful neighbor and she made sure that this lady was never alone on holidays and other special occasions.

The house became the home for newlyweds on more than one occasion. One couple referred to it as their honeymoon cottage.

Mr. Jim Frazier bought the house from Mr. Watkins. Mr. Frazier allowed Jordan Memorial United Methodist Church to become the latest owners.

The house has had many activities during its life as a



church house. There were girl scout sleepovers and a place for Senior Projects and Lift Projects. The church sponsored an art show and sale as well as Christmas Crafts sales. A touring group from England stayed in the house while they were visiting in the area. Bible Study groups, committees and other meetings were held in the house.

However, as the years went by structural issues became a problem as well as water leaks in pipes under the house. The repairs became too costly for the church to maintain it. so

on Monday, August 15 the demolition began. Since it was such a small structure by Wednesday there was no evidence that the house had been there.

The church plans to construct an outdoor shelter for worship services and other events. We also expect it to be used for community meals or family picnics. Perhaps you would like to visit Vee's Bakery and enjoy a snack under the shelter across the street. We know our church will enjoy using this facility and we hope the community will enjoy it as well.

> **Emily Johnson** Jordan Memorial Historian

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Captain Tom's Seafood Restaurant will be closed until further notice due to a damaged roof that occurred during the storm of August 6th. Heavy rainfall caused the roof over the kitchen area to give way and the kitchen portion of the

restaurant was damaged. Fortunately no one was hurt because of the collapse, but the restaurant's roof and kitchen will need extensive repair before the restaurant can re-open. Owner Jimmy Anagnostopoulos stated that his hope is that they can re-open soon as possible. No timetable has been given as yet. The staff of Captain Tom's Restaurant and the Anagnostopoulos family appreciate the prayers and support from the Community and hope to re-open soon.

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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.

James Harold Waisner, 81, of Ramseur, died Wednesday, July 20, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Sylvia Leonard Sutherland, 79, of Ramseur, died Friday, July 22, 2022. Graveside Services, 11 AM, Wednesday, July 27, 2022, at Sunset Knoll Cemetery, Ramseur.

Rosalie Johnson Bulla, 90, of Ramseur, died Sunday, July 24, 2022 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Raymond Charles "Chuck" Brown, 64, of Franklinville, died Monday, July 25, 2022 at his residence.

Raymond Charles "Chuck" Brown, 64, of Franklinville, died Monday, July 25, 2022 at his residence.

Carter Hayes Desrosiers, infant son of Catherine and Michael Desrosiers of Troy, died Tuesday, July 26, 2022 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Elvie Howell Stanley, 86, of Asheboro, formerly of Liberty, died Wednesday, July 27, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Larry Wayne Wright, 75, of New London, died Thursday, July 28, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Marie Coward Cox, 91, of Franklinville, died Friday, July 29, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Surrounded by her family, the beloved mother of six daughters, Margaret Isabel Thomas Sanders, of Asheboro, North Carolina, passed away peacefully on July 31, 2022.

Patty McNeill Kidd, 81, of Bennett, died Monday, August 1, 2022 at her residence.

Virginia Carol Whitten Staples, 80, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, August 2, 2022 at her residence.

Odell Cummings Hayes, 93, of Franklinville, died Wednesday, August 3, 2022 at Brian Center of Gastonia.

Robert Wayne McGee, Sr., 80, of Asheboro, died Thursday, August 4, 2022 at Clapps Convalescent Nursing Home in Asheboro.

Ollie Elmer Seawell, Jr., 86, of High Falls, died Monday, August 8, 2022 in his garden.

Jerry McBride, 54, of Asheboro, died Saturday, August 13, 2022 at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Danny Ray Voncannon, 73, passed away on August 13, 2022, at Randolph Health in Asheboro.

Hinton Daniel Poole, of Asheboro, NC, passed away Sunday, August 14, 2022 at Woodland Hill Center in Asheboro.

James Fox formerly of Liberty, passed from this life on Sunday, August 14, 2022.

Frances Carolyn Fields, 87 of Randleman died Thursday August 18th at the Wesley Long Hospital.

Jesse Raymond Coley, Sr., 66, of Siler City, died Friday, August 19, 2022 at UNC Hospitals in Chapel Hill.

Shirley Davis McAnulty, 86, of Asheboro, passed away peacefully on August 19, 2022.

Nellie Scott Wilson, 90, of Ramseur, died Friday, August 19, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Fannie Holmes King, 97, of Lexington, died Saturday, August 20, 2022 at her residence.

Daniel Michael Przybylowski, age 89, of Asheboro passed away on Saturday, August 20, 2022 at his home.

Martha Smith Hall Honeycutt, 78, of Thomasville, passed away on August 22, 2022 at her home.

If you would like more information about our obituaries, please email us at info@randolphbulletin.com or call at 336-824-4488. Options are available if you would like to have a picture and/or longer obituaries for your loved one.

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SEPTEMBER, 2022 **Church Directory**

Clear View Baptist Church Dr. Bruce W. Dickerson 2723 Cedar Falls Road Franklinville, NC 27248 Sunday School - 10:00am Morning Worship - 11:00am Family Night - 6:00pm Wednesday Evening Prayer & Bible Study - 7 PM

Faith Baptist Church

336 824-4156 www.faithramseur.org 1382 Greenfield St, Ramseur, NC 27316

First Baptist Church

Pastor Wayne Dunn (336) 824-8667 731 Liberty St. (P.O. Box 544) Ramseur. NC 27316 Sundays: 10:00am Sunday School 11:00am Worship Service

First Christian Church

Gary Arnett 336-824-4066 www.fccramseur.org 1381 Church St Ramseur, NC 27316 Sunday: 9:00am Sunday School 10:00am Worship Service

Franklinville United Methodist Church Jeff Martin 227 West Main St. Franklinville NC, 27248 Facebook: Franklinville-Rehobeth Umc Charge Service Time: Sunday 11:00am

Grace Community Fellowship Baptist Church

Shaun Greene 336-824-2300 www.gcfbaptist.org 7500 US Hwy 64E Ramseur NC 27316 Sunday School at 9:30am, Sunday Worship at 10:30am, Sunday Evening Service at 6:00pm, Wednesday Night Service at 7:00pm

Holly Springs Friends Todd Brown 336-879-3136 www.hollyspring.org 2938 Holly Spring Rd Ramseur, NC 27316 Sundays: 9:45am Sunday School 11:00am Morning Worship

Jordan Memorial United Methodist Church Chris Smith 1511 Main St. Ramseur NC 27316 336-824-2252 www.jordanmemorial.org Service Time: Sunday 11:00am

Maple Springs Community Church Ed Carter

336-953-2435 6231 NC Hwy 22/42 Ramseur, NC 27316 Sunday School at 10:00am Worship Service at 11:00am

McCrary Chapel United Methodist Church Montez Allen 327 NC 49 Ramseur NC. 27316 336-824-3022

Facebook: McCrary Chapel Service Time: Sunday 10:00am

Parks Crossroad Church

Todd Nance (336) 824-6622 www.parkscrossroads.com 2057 Parks Crossroads Church Rd Ramseur NC 27316 Sunday School at 9:30 am, Morning Worship at 10:30am Evening Worship(1st & 3rd Sundays) at 6:00pm, Parks Kids at 6:30pm

Pleasant Ridge Christian Church Pastor Mark Beane 336-824-2046 Facebook: Pleasant Ridge Church

1426 Pleasant Ridge Road Ramseur, NC 27316 Worship Service 11:00

Ramseur Wesleyan Church Pastor Jason Baker Office 336-824-2451 www.ramseurwesleyan.com 2038 Leonard Park Street (PO Box 501) Ramseur, NC 27316 Sundays: 9:30am School - Worship: 10:30 am, Children's Church 10:30am - Sunday evening service 6pm Wednesday night Adult Bible Study: 7pm Children and Youth Wednesday nights meet @ 6:45pm during school term

Rehobeth United Methodist Church

Jeff Martin 850 Kildee Church Rd Ramseur NC. 27316 336-824-4013 Service Time: Sunday 9:30am

Whites Chapel Community Church

Michael Mills 336-834-7331 1843 Low Bridge Road Liberty NC 27298 Sunday Service:11:00am **Breakfast Served**

If you would like you church to be place in the directory in the Randolph Bulletin at no cost, please send an email to info@randolphbulletin.com. info@randolphbulletin.com

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Hello Friends!

It's hard to believe that summer is over, and kids are heading back to school! Maybe you're looking for something great for your children to participate in

even during the school year, well look no further than Parks Crossroads Christian Church! Each Sunday at 10:30, during the morning service we have a topnotch children's church ministry. Each Wednesday evening at 6:30 we have our Parks Kids and Parks Teens ministries.

Here is a list of upcoming events at Parks Crossroads Christian Church:

~September 7th, special guest speaker, Jim Wilhelm, missionary to Romania will be presenting his work and preaching in our mid-week service at 6:30 PM.

~October 2nd-5th Revival services with Dr. Glenn Mathews. Times TBA.

~October 15th you can find our youth group on Main Street in Ramseur representing our church at Ramseur's Day on Main Street. Stop by and say hello!

~November 5th at 6 PM join us for the return of our annual chicken supper (this is a free event, but donations will not be turned down) and stay for the church auction benefiting our Ladies Missionary Society.

Service times are as follows: Sunday School - 9:30 Sunday Morning Worship - 10:30 Sunday Evenings (1st and 3rd Sundays only) - 6 PM Wednesday Bible study and Parks Kids - 6:30

For more information visit parkscrossroads.com or call 336-824-6622 Thanks for reading, and we hope to see you soon!

In His service. Todd Nance, Pastor Parks Crossroads Christian Church

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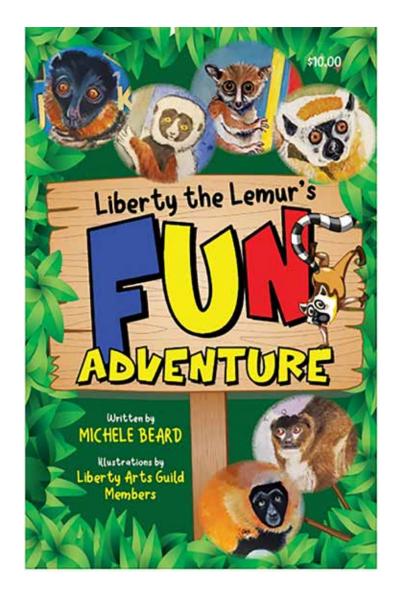


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Local Arts Guild **Creates Children's Book to Help Discover** the Town of Liberty

From The Liberty Arts Guild



Liberty The Lemur's Fun Adventure, a children's book, debuts September 24th at the Liberty Downtown Festival. Events planned around the kick-off include a book signing with the author and illustrators, original lemur art on display, a self-guided town tour, face painting, and an appearance by Liberty the Lemur himself.

The book, written by Michele Beard and illustrated by members of the Liberty Arts Guild, follows Liberty, a ring-tailed lemur, as he explores the town of Liberty and meets new friends. He also learns about different careers and businesses on his tour. The creators of this book are all local to Liberty and its surrounding communities.

Illustrations were created by Barbara Conlin, Sandra Martin, Christine McPherson. Michelle Ravenell. Sarah Shoffner, and Pam Thorner. Liberty the Lemur and friends were created with watercolor, oil, and/ or acrylic paint on framed canvases and the original artwork will be on display.

The Liberty Arts Guild is in the process of securing additional Liberty the Lemur experiences with children in the community this fall to include a tour, library readings, and classroom events. Additional books following Liberty's next adventure are in development for Spring 2023.

Copies of the book will be on sale at the Liberty Downtown Festival for \$10.00. After the event, one can be purchased at the Liberty Marketplace, 102 N Fayetteville St, Liberty, NC or by sending an email request to LibertyArtsGuild@ gmail.com. All proceeds will go to the non-profit Liberty Arts Guild to continue growing art exposure to the community and surrounding areas.

Printing and distribution of "Liberty the Lemur's Fun Adventure" was made possible by donations from Liberty Tire Service, Freeman Ford, Liberty Chiropractic Center, Sportsman Supply and Grocery, Sarah Shoffner, Euliss Propane, and Liberty Farm and Garden Supply.

The Liberty Art Guild is a 501c3 non-profit organization made up of locals with a common goal to share an appreciation of art within the community. Through art exposure, teaching, events and community service, the guild's aim is to broaden and inspire minds of all ages.

For more information. contact

Liberty Arts Guild Media Spokesperson Suzanna Chriscoe - 336-675-4278 or suzanna@ turnleafdesigns.net Or author Michele Beard – michelebeard 97@ gmail.com

Congratulations!

to Neil Kivett for being recognized for his contribution to ERHS sports. Neil will be inducted into the Eastern Randolph High School Sports Hall of Fame in a ceremony this October 7th, before the home coming game against Trinity. Neil will also be part of the only father and son in the Hall of Fame, his father, Harold Kivett, has already been inducted.





The Ramseur / Eastern Randolph Area Chamber of Commerce will have their 4th Annual Christmas on Main Street Festival again this year.

This festival will run from 11am to 7pm. We will included the Town of Ramseur Parade and Tree Lighting. The Chamber will be adding Prizes for the Parade. 1st Place \$300 2nd Place \$200 and 3rd Place \$100. Get those floats ready. Applications are now being accepted for vendors. If you would like an application please email us at info@ ramseurchamberofcommerce.org. Please make sure you ask for the Christmas on Main Festival as we are still processing fall festival applications also. We hope everyone will join us on Main Street!



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SEPTEMBER, 2022

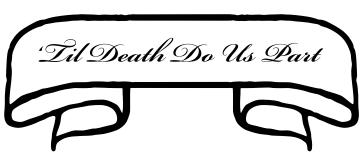
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A Story by Mary Murkin

Have you ever taken the time to read old, old obituaries or wedding announcements? In particular, I love the writings from the late 1800s through the 1940s. These newspaper pieces are veritable masterpieces in the written word.

What I like so much about them is that they are written just like a story. They are not merely a convergence



of facts, but rather a dance of words - - adjectives galore - - bringing the nouns and facts to full living color.

One of my favorite such examples of an exquisite wedding announcement turned full-length story—is that of Miss Ida Florence Morris and Mr. Joseph Dewese (JD) Ross (Senior). [Side note: He wasn't senior at the time of his wedding, because Junior had not vet been born.]

Here, in its entirety, is the wedding announcement for JD and Ida. Their wedding was on Wednesday, February 21, 1906. The wedding announcement appeared in the Asheboro newspaper, The Courier (it had not yet merged with the Tribune), on Thursday, February 22, 1906.

{Notice that even wedding announcements had a title.}

Pretty Marriage Of Asheboro Young People

Society in Asheboro was eager yesterday in anticipation of the marriage which solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons Harris Morris, last evening at 8 o'clock when their daughter, Miss Ida Florence Morris, became the bride of Mr. Joseph Dewese Ross. A host of friends both in the city and from a distance witnessed the ceremony, which not only united two of our most popular young people in holy wedlock, but joined two of the oldest and best families of the state.

The ceremony was performed by Reverend N. R. Richardson, of the M. E. Church, South, pastor of the bride; assisted by Reverend W. E. Swain, of the Methodist Protestant Church, pastor of the groom, in the west parlor where, just preceding the ceremony, Miss Annie Tomlinson accompanied on the piano by Miss Nannie Bulla, sweetly sang "Schubert's Serenade." Then as the music died away, the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, rendered by Mrs. U. B. Blalock, of Wadesboro, announced the approach of the bridal party. The bride, beautiful in her traveling gown of blue cloth with Persian trimmings and carrying a bouquet of bride's roses, entered, leaning upon the arm of her brother, Mr. Claude S. Morris, of Salisbury, who presented her to Mr. Ross. He with his brother, Mr. Chas Ross, of Lillington as the best man, were waiting at the altar. The room was prettily decorated with evergreens, potted plants and white bunting. A large bay window

decorated in white Southern Smilax and ivy under the arch of which was a large rug of white fur, and on each side, pedestals crowned with potted plants, formed the beautiful alter.

In the reception hall the quests were welcomed by Messrs.' Will Coffin, H. E. Moffitt and W. A. Underwood, who at the close of the ceremony ushered them into the dining room where elegant refreshments were served. This room, which was tastefully decorated with smilax and white carnations, was presided over by Messrs.' W. C. Hammer, J. D. Simpson, assisted by Mrs. Lela Moffitt, Florence Hendricks. Etta Blair and Essie Ross.

In the east parlor a large number of dainty, useful and costly presents attested the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Ross at home as well as abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross left on the 8:40 train last evening for Jacksonville and other southern points.

Among the out of town quests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Page, of Aberdeen; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Page, of Biscoe, Mrs. U. B. Blalock, of Wadesboro; Miss Pattie McRae of Rockingham; and Miss Janet Baxter of Washington, D. C.

~~End~~

SEPTEMBER, 2022





Let me point out a few details that I find interesting. This very well to do young couple were each from very well-to-do families. The union of this couple was quite highly regarded in the infrastructure of our town, as it would create another very productive family for Asheboro.

I find it intriguing that the marriage took place on a Wednesday night. I also thought it was curious that the wedding took place at 8:00 PM, and that the young couple was on a train leaving for their honeymoon by 8:40 PM. Another fascinating point is the detail that this very posh wedding took place in the grand home of Ida's mother and father and not at a church. Their home was located at 200 Worth Street in downtown Asheboro at the southeast corner of Worth and Cox Streets. That home is no longer there. Instead, there is now a mid century modern office building on that corner.

In addition, I find it very thought provoking that back at the time of this writing, very subjective descriptors were used—such as declaring "Society in Asheboro was eager in anticipation of this marriage." Plus that this wedding "not only united two of our most popular young people in wedlock but joined two of the oldest and best families of the state." Also the writer spoke of how the large number of costly gifts "attested the popularity" of the young couple both locally as well as from a distance.

What is truly beautiful is that this couple remained married for just shy of 60 years. Ida passed away in their home at the age of 87, at 170 Worth Street (just next-door/ across Cox Street, from where her parents home once stood, where they got married) on January 30, 1966, just 21 days shy of her 60th wedding anniversary. JD soon followed Ida as he died in a care facility on July 26, 1966 at the age of 83.

As time allows, we will be exploring a few other very interesting and entertaining old writings.

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