

## A 120-Year-Old Legend

If you have lived any amount of time in the Randolph County area you have most likely heard of the infamous Devil's Tramping ground. Located in a forest near the Harper's Crossroads area in Bear Creek; it has been the subject of persistent local legends and lore, which frequently allege that the Devil "tramps" and haunts a barren circle of ground in which nothing is supposed to grow. The area is a foot-wide bare path forming a perfect circle 40 feet in diameter. Legend maintains that Satan frequents this area on his nightly walks, pacing the circle as he contemplates his evil deeds.

Many have experienced a very strange phenomenon, in which any object left in the circle before dusk will have been violently moved outside its boundary. People also say they have witnessed red glowing eyes in the middle of the circle. Some people believe the spot was an ancient meeting place for local Native American tribes, who made the bare circle with their ceremonial dances. Scientific explanations for the characteristics of the Devil's Tramping Ground have been offered as well. Some say horses used in the operations of an old molasses mill created the spot with their constant circular treading. However, comparisons to the paths formed at similar mills do not support this theory.

Possibly the most plausible explanation came from soil studies once conducted by the North Carolina Department of Agriculture. Samples of earth taken from the bare path proved to be sterile due to an extremely high salt content. The remains of natural salt licks were also found in the area. Perhaps the duty of spooking folks has been passed down from generation



to generation by locals. Or possibly the tramping grounds are simply so imbued with legend that the stories simply seem to come true in the minds of the viewers. That of which we'll never know unless you're brave enough to last a night at the Devil's Tramping Ground.



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#### Community Calendar **October** 2022 S M ፐ W ፐ ß S

Date	Event	Time	Location
10/1/22	NASCAR Day Randleman	9:00am	Downtown Randleman
10/1/22	Asheboro Fall Festival	9:00am	123 Sunset Ave, Asheboro
10/8/22	Firefighter Day	9:00am	176 East Salisbury Street, Asheboro
10/8/22	Staley Fire Dept. BBQ	11:00am	410 West Railroad St, Staley
10/15/22	Ramseur Fall Festival	9:00am	Main Street, Ramseur
10/22/22	Randleman Fall Festival	10:00am	2803 George York Rd, Randleman
10/30/22	Grace Community Church Fall Festival	5:00pm	7500 Hwy 64E, Ramseur

#### Next Deadline: October 15th Next Print Date: October 24st

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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### Attention

The Randolph Bulletin has strived to project positive, historical and informative information about Eastern Randolph County, but we need more advertisers and community support if our paper is going to continue. Please consider supporting us with your donations, ads or advertisements. We need your support.

## **Cook's Corner**

#### **Persimmon Pudding**

Fall would not be complete without this dessert staple of the south – persimmon pudding!

- -2 c persimmon pulp
- -2 c sugar
- -1 c sweet milk
- -1 c buttermilk
- -1 ½ c flour
- -1 tbsp vanilla flavoring
- -1 tsp baking soda
- -1 tsp baking powder
- -1/2 stick butter
- -2 eggs, beaten

Mix all together and pour into a greased Pyrex dish and cook at 250-300 degrees for about an hour, or until done.



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

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

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### Randolph County Association of Fire Chiefs Hosts Firefighter Day





Asheboro, NC – The Randolph County Association of Fire Chiefs is kicking off the 2022 Fire Prevention Week by hosting an annual Firefighter Day on October 8th, 2022. The event will be held in the Randolph County courthouse parking lot at 176 East Salisbury Street in Asheboro from 9am – 4pm.

The majority of fire departments that serve Randolph County, along with Ash-Rand Rescue Squad and EMS will be present with informational displays, apparatus and personnel. North Carolina Forest Service and Smokey the Bear will also be in attendance. Three hundred smoke alarms will be given away to attendees.

Demonstrations including aerial raising, vehicle extrication and drop tank operations will be held throughout the day. The North Carolina Sprinkler Coalition will have their trailer to demonstrate the benefit of residential sprinkler systems. A Bullex simulated fire extinguisher system will be available for firefighters to train the public on proper fire extinguisher methods.

A Firefighter Combat Challenge will be held for Randolph County firefighters. First, second and third place trophies will be awarded in three categories: male firefighter, female firefighter and junior firefighter. Registration is required. Call 336-736-6083 or email chief82244@ gmail.com to register.

Franklinville Fire Chief Kyle Dixon, Vice President of the Randolph County Association of Fire Chiefs said "I am really excited about our Firefighter Day. This is a way to bring the fire departments of Randolph County together for everyone to see what we actually do, meet the firefighters and promote fire prevention awareness. We hope to have a great turnout. Be sure to save the date and plan to attend."

Details on the Firefighter Combat Challenge and a schedule of the demonstrations that will occur that day will be released soon. Follow Randolph County Association of Fire Chiefs Facebook page for more information or contact Public Information Officer Emily Ledwell at firedepartment@ townoframseur.org or at 336-736-9385.





By Debra Vernon

Fall has finally arrived for 2022 and I am glad. I enjoy cooler temperatures, and fall is just by far my favorite season of the year. There is always an event or two or three going on each weekend, and many of those events involve food, which is a favorite topic of mine! Fewer sunlight hours dampen the mood, but longer evenings give respite from outside work, and allow rest and relaxation. An enjoyable book helps to wile away the extra hours of darkness in the evening.

October is the season of Halloween as you know, and many little ones will be out trick or treating at the end of the month. My grandkids always come by to show MiMi their costumes and get their candy treats. As a MiMi, I can get away with providing a rather good haul of sweets to each one, and ensure their dentist makes a good living.

I have fond memories of trick or treating myself way back in the days of my youth. We walked to do our trick or treating. There were no rides in the car from neighborhood to neighborhood to increase our candy intake. We lived in the middle of nowhere on a dirt road, so there were only a few neighbors, and they were spaced pretty far apart. There were no fancy plastic pumpkins or Halloween themed plastic bags back then to capture your candy loot either. We usually had a brown paper sack from the grocery store. You also did not have "store-bought" costumes; you made your costume with whatever was available.

### "it's that old bull and he must have gotten out somehow and he is headed our way!"

One year, cardboard boxes covered in aluminum foil transformed me into the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz. However. mom was not too happy I used almost the entire roll of aluminum foil to create my masterpiece. A scarecrow was always a good outfit, as you could just use your faded and patched play clothes, and just stuff some straw in your shoes, out your cuffs and under your straw hat. Same thing with a hobo; identical clothes as the scarecrow (minus the straw) and the use of some mascara to create a scruffy stubblebeard look. I do not recall any of us opting for a ghost, as our mom was not going to give up a perfectly good sheet for us to ruin.

One Halloween in particular still brings much laughter, though at the time, laughter was NOT the way to describe my reaction. There were just three of us trick or treating that night; my cousin, my next to oldest sister and myself. I am guessing I was around six, which would put my sister at 12 and my cousin at 11. We did not walk to one end of the road to our great aunt and uncles house, as it was about <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> mile to get there, and then we would have to walk back. Plus, they were ancient old and went to bed WAY early. But we did strike out to Maw-Maw's house, the houses of two aunts and the neighbors at the other end of the road. That walk to the other end of the road was quite a walk too, but Ms. Grace always made homemade popcorn balls for Halloween treats. Sometimes.

they were even still warm from where she applied the sweet caramel and formed the popcorn balls with her hands. It was worth the long trip in the dark to have those as a treat, and often more than one!

Mr. Marshal and Ms. Grace were farmers. like many in the area at that time. They had livestock of diverse kinds, such as chickens, pigs, cows, bulls and even a peacock and peahen. And they had tobacco crops. I recall many summers spent at their tobacco barn, handing tobacco leaves to someone, who tied them onto the tobacco stick. and then someone else handed them to another person, who climbed up in the barn to hang those tobacco laden sticks. Once cured, those leaves were removed from the stick in the packhouse and placed in large burlap sheets which were bundled together and taken to the tobacco auction down in Carthage.

They had recently built a brand new brick home close to the farmhouse they previously lived in. There was a pasture in between the old house and the new house, and in that pasture resided a few cows and one onery old bull.

It was already dark before we reached their house that Halloween evening, which was the last stop before heading home for the night. Both greeted us at the door and commented on how cute we were. We talked for a bit with Ms. Grace as Mr. Marshal went back into the house. As we gathered our bounty of popcorn balls and provided our thanks, Ms. Grace was the only one left in the doorway to wave goodbye.

Naturally, we started chomping on one of those popcorn balls as soon as we left their stoop and made our way back home. We were just talking and laughing when we heard a loud commotion. We

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stopped to determine the direction the noise was coming from and discovered it was coming from the pasture to our right. There was a bit of a moon shining through the clouds, and it was just enough to allow us to make out a large shape. And that shape was moving towards us! My cousin cried out, "it's that old bull and he must have gotten out somehow and he is headed our way!" Trust me, this is not something you want to hear! That old bull had chased me once before when I went to grab some muscadines off a vine in another pasture. I barely made it back over the barbed-wire fence that time without the touch of his horns. And now here he was coming after me in the dark!

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I turned to ask my cousin and my sister, "what are we going to do" when I quickly realized my cousin was only a speck in the distance, with a dust cloud rising behind him as he tore up some real estate in his rapid quest for home. That boy was long gone and had left my sister and I to fend for ourselves with a mad bull. So much for chivalry!



#### OCTOBER, 2022

My little 6-year-old legs were short, but I was making do in getting the heck out of dodge. My sister was in the lead and reaching out her hand to pull me along. But that old bull kept on moving in our direction and making an awful snorting noise. My sister took my hand and threw me in the side ditch and fell in on top of me. I guess that was her way of trying to protect her little sister, but she knocked every bit of air out of my body, and I thought I was going to die right there in that ditch not from fear but suffocation. We laid there and waited to see if our ruse of hiding would keep that old bull from charging us. At the time, it seemed like hours spent in that ditch, but it was probably less than a minute. It was then we heard the strangest thing, laughter. And not just a bit of a chuckle, but deep down, belly busting laughter. What??

We slowly raised our heads and peered into the darkness. There stood Mr. Marshal in the middle of the road with a burlap tobacco sheet in his hands and laughing so hard he was short of breath. He had snuck out the back door of the house while we were talking to Ms. Grace, grabbed the burlap sheet from the packhouse and went out in the darkness. He had thrown that burlap sheet over his head and pretended to be an onery old bull. He was not actually in the pasture, but just outside of it, and was running alongside the fence towards us, and making snorting sounds and watching the events unfold.

Now let me tell you. I may have only been 6 years old, but I had conflicting feelings at the time. I was incredibly happy we were

not in danger of being chased by a mad bull, but also a bit miffed that someone thought it was great fun to scare the hooey out of us! One thing was for certain though, we did provide quite the eventful evening filled with mirth for Mr. Marshal. I do not think to this day that Ms. Grace knew about his intentions though. I believe if she had, she would have told him not to scare us poor young'uns half to death.

After realizing we were not going to die of a bull rampage, my sister and I started back towards home, still listening to guffaws of laughter as Mr. Marshal headed back to his house. We stopped by my cousin's house on the way to let him know of the trickery of Mr. Marshal, and to tell him he was a rat fink for leaving us to fend for ourselves. He was busy with his second popcorn ball but extended a sticky hand to pat us on the shoulder and tell us he was sorry. So, we forgave him.

Both Mr. Marshal and Ms. Grace left this world many years ago to travel on to glory. I bet they would have been surprised to know how often I reflect on this particular Halloween night and belly laugh too. It was a simpler time then and I am blessed to have had the childhood I had. And I am doubly blessed in that I still live in the same community, surrounded by family and neighbors that are like family. It has me thinking though. What kind of mischief can I get into this Halloween? Are there any neighbors' kids I can scare the wits out of? Probably just uttering, "no wi-fi" would do the trick to strike fear in their hearts in this day and age!





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#### Join us for the 34th Annual "A Day on Main Street" Ramseur Fall Festival. October 15th

Join us in Downtown Ramseur, along with over 200 booths and downtown shops for your enjoyment. Music, Food, Fun and Fellowship. Trolley rides from area churches for parking for free. October 15th on Main Street!

#### Asheboro's Confederate Statue

Asheboro City Council members are starting a new conversation about one of the few remaining Confederate monuments. Asheboro City Council has voted in support of moving the statue, which was erected in 1911, off of the historic court house property.

In a March 2022 meeting, the Randolph County Board of Commissioners voted unanimously to keep the monument in its current "state and location". A 2015 law also says a historical monument on public property can only be moved if it's going to a place of equal prominence.

The council passed a resolution showing support for the removal of the statue that sits outside the old Randolph County Courthouse in Asheboro. Ultimately, the city council does not have a say in whether or not this statue stays or goes.

From Chanber of Commerce member Linda Brown "My understanding is that they would like the state legislature to consider expanding their legislation



that provides criteria under which Confederate statues and monuments may be moved. The City Council has cited their concern for public safety as one of the reasons they would like it moved. They have also expressed concern of the impression it makes on potential new businesses looking to locate here as well as visitors to the area."



# You are invited to the **7sth Craven Reunion**

Sunday, October 2, 2022 Holly Spring Friends Meeting Fellowship Hall 2938 Holly Spring Road Ramseur, NC 27316

Start gathering at 12:30 p.m. Covered-dish meal at 1:00 p.m. Program will follow the lunch.

### The program will include the recognition of families present, memorials, and a short presentation about graveyard and gravestone preservation.

The reunion will be in-person this year! We will have a traditional covered-dish lunch. Masks are optional. We will be taking safety precautions: gloves will be provided at the beginning of the serving line, tables will be spaced apart, and hand sanitizer on each table. Immediate families are encouraged to sit together. We ask you practice social distancing.

If you have obituaries, birth announcements, or changes in email or addresses, please send them to *petercravenreunion@gmail.com* by September 14th.

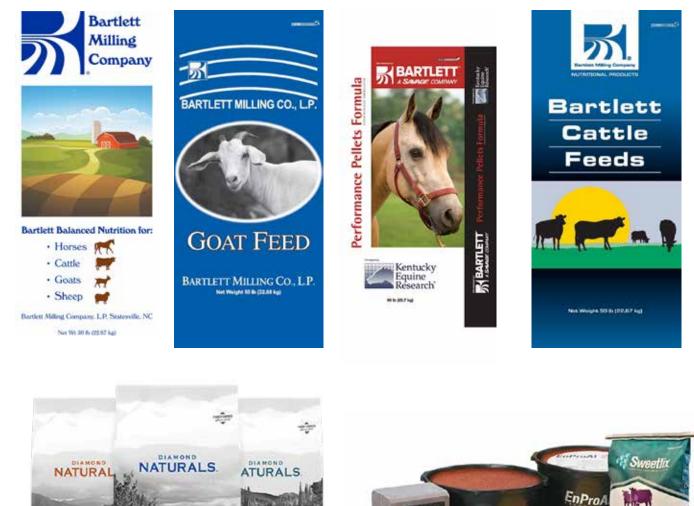
Join us for great "CRAVEN" fellowship with Craven families from Randolph & surrounding counties.



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Eastern Randolph High О O O Honoring our Local Greats O 7 to be inducted October 7 before the game—to Hall of Fame class at Eastern Randolph High School filled with historic coaches and incredible student-athletes.



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• Cathy Headen—1975

Graduate—Cathy was coached by Hall of Famer Coach Ed Todd. She was known as furious to her opponents. Cathy played forward back in the late '70s on teams that made a bid for the state championships. She was a powerful rebounder and had a "hook shot" that could not be guarded. Her rebounding talents were intimidating to her opponents. She is the second Headen to be inducted. Her brother, Andy Headen was in the inaugural class.

• Neill Kivett—1981— Neill was one of the best athletes to walk the halls of Eastern Randolph where he played varsity starter for 3 years. He was known for his talents as a hard nosed football player and continued to take those talents to Lenoir-Rhyne. He was alltime roster from 1984-1986 at Lenoir-Rhyne. He paralleled those talents in baseball. Neill was one of the best hitters to ever play at ER. He was known around the state for his great playing and hitting in American Legion as well. After his playing days he returned to ER and coached football and baseball where he was on the staff of the 1988 2-A NCHSAA State Baseball Championship. He later became the head coach before retiring. He was one of Eastern Randolph's top educators in History. Ask his students!

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·Lora Ritter—1983 Graduate— Some of her family members were top athletes at Eastern Randolph (The Monroes). In her 4 years at Eastern, she played 4 sports. She excelled in volleyball, basketball, and track. She was All-Conference in all 3 sports during her tenure and voted Top Female of the Year in 1983. She participated in long jump, triple-jump, 400-meter dash, and mile relay. She coached 25 years at Eastern Randolph earning 3 Coach of the Year awards for the Mid-State 3-A.

Greg Cromer—1984 **Graduate**—Participating in football and wrestling, Greg Cromer was one of the best linebackers to play for Coach Cates. He was the Mid-State Defensive Player of the Year as well as being Eastern Randolph's first State Championship team in 1983. Greg Cromer played the game like players of the '50s and '60s. He continued to play Football at Lenoir-Rhyne. He was on the All-time roster in 1984 at Lenoir-Rhyne. Greg enjoyed bettering his trade of football by wrestling for the wildcats. Greg Cromer is a true Wildcat.

**Tim Clark—1988 Graduate—** While at ER he was an All-Conference player for 3 years. He had extraordinary talent. Tim's All-Conference talents prepared him to set the stage



to improve his trade as an excellent golfer at Elon University as a four-time letterman. He began his collegiate career by capturing all-conference honors in 1989 before garnering all-district accolades as a sophomore in the 1990 season. As a junior, Clark was named all-conference and all-district as well as the district player of the year and an all-American. Following his 1992 senior season he picked up all-conference and all-district accolades yet again. Clark was also the South Atlantic Conference Player of the Year, conference medalist and SAC Scholar Athlete of the Year in 1992. His individual play helped the maroon and gold capture four conference crowns and three district titles (1990-92). The program finished the year ranked in the top-eight nationally in all four seasons that Clark was a member of the squad – eighth in both 1989 and 1990, third in 1991 and seventh in 1992. Tim was inducted into the Elon University Hall of Fame in 2016.

• Casey Moore Saunders—2007 Graduate—Casey played volleyball and basketball. Basketball was the place she flourished. Casey won many honors on offense and defense and breaking school records. A few of her honors were most steals award in 2005, 2006, and 2007. All-Conference 2005, 2006, and 2007. Scholar Athlete and the last player to this date to be nominated and play in the East/West All-Star Game. Just as talented as she was on the basketball court her talents were demonstrated on the volleyball court. Casey played the game hard and loved to win.

• **Dallas Heaton—2010 Graduate**—Dallas was Eastern Randolph's power hitter in softball. Dallas had an impeccable career in which she and her teammates won the 2-A NCHSAA Softball State Championship. This team was the first female team to win in Wildcat history. Held the State Homerun record for 2-years. 2X Conference Player of the Year. Pitching record Wins 25 and 3 loses with 201 strikeouts: Batting Average 516; State Record for Home Runs in a Single Season 19.

#### OCTOBER, **2022**

**Take** A Step Back In **Time** 

By Mary Murkin

As we talked about before in my previous story, here is another historic article from the Courier newspaper in 1908. That year Halloween was on a Saturday. This article appeared in the newspaper a few days following the Halloween party. It delighted me to no end to read about this group of teenagers and what fun they had at a Halloween party held at the home of one of their parents. It was an exciting time in our world.....and yet, so much simpler.

In this story, the name Vasco Brown caught my eye. So, I did a little bit of research on Vasco Brown. I learned that he was born in Randolph County as Walter Vasco Brown, February 16, 1890. He died on November 20, 1944. He was 54 years old. Vasco is buried in the Pleasant Ridge Christian Church Cemetery in Ramseur.



when it is told like a story! When I had finished digging into the history of Vasco Brown and his family, I felt like I practically knew them. Lord have mercy, the name Vasco Brown was TOO GOOD not to use in some song lyrics. So, I did write a song about Vasco. In real life, his wife's name was Eliza Suzannah, but in the song, she is portrayed as "Suzy." Naturally, I took a lot of writer's liberties with the details of this song. In no way do I mean this as a portrayal of Vasco's real life. I begin the song with a short recitation about Vasco and then I let the song tell the rest of my (mostly) fictional story. To hear this song, go to this link on YouTube: https://youtu.be/ wduAUeNSUig

Vasco Brown married Eliza Suzannah Craven. They had one child—a son— Walter Vasco Brown, Junior. Incidentally, Vasco Jr. also died at the age of 54. Vasco Jr. had one son— Michael Anthony Brown—who died at the age of 50.



Newspaper Clipping from 1908

1908 Halloween Party Franklinville, North Carolina

Misses Bertha Wrenn and Mattie Black entertained a number of their friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wrenn on the evening of October 31.

The house was beautifully decorated in evergreens and autumn leaves. The guests were received at the door by the witches of the evening. Each of the guests were presented with small black cats of corresponding numbers by which their partners were chosen. They were led to a large kitchen decorated with autumn leaves, pumpkins, corn, jack-o'lanterns and apples.

The guests were provided with paper and pencils and asked to describe their partners.

The next feature was a prize given for stringing the most pumpkin seeds in 10 minutes. Then the ghosts appeared and mingled with the guests. Other amusements were bobbing for apples, fortunetelling and ghost stories. Vasco Brown won the prize for bobbing the first apple, and Miss Estelle Sugg for stringing the most pumpkin seeds.

The refreshments were sandwiches, pickles, cake, candies, apples and the Halloween drink, cider.

Those present were Misses Estelle Sugg, Fleta and Mary Parks, Lena Brown, Mary Stuart, Mabel Steele, Pearl Fields, Nan Moore and Clara Scott.

Messrs Earley Moffitt, Vasco Brown, Dalton Scott, Oscar Williams, Arthur York, Newby Phillips, Earle Baldwin, Groce Dove, John Brady, Wiley Patterson, Russ Archer and Henry Black.

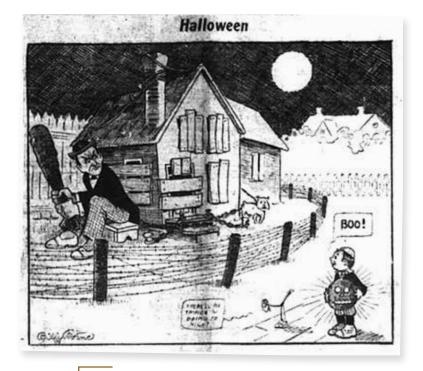
The party voted Misses Wrenn and Black charming hostesses.

Signed, One Who Was There

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These postcards depict typical Halloween imagery from 1908. Although sinister symbols such as devils, witches, and black cats can still be seen in the artwork, the main focus of the images shows the more family focused traditions of the time, including bobbing for apples and gathering for a harvest feast.



Billy Borne Comic: Asheville Citizen from 10-31-1908



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# The Man, The Moth, The Legend

-Kiersten Brower



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#### OCTOBER, 2022



In West Virginia folklore, the Mothman is a humanoid creature reportedly seen in the Point Pleasant area from November 15, 1966, to December 15, 1967. On November 15, 1966, 2 young couples from Point Pleasant told police they saw a large grey creature whose eyes "glowed red" when the car's headlights picked it up. They described it as a "large flying man with ten-foot wings", following their car while they were driving in an area outside of town known as "the TNT area", the site of a former World War II munitions plant. There were soon more and more sightings of the creature, as the news spread. One of the most notable events to shoot mothman to legendary status was the December 15, 1967 collapse of the Silver Bridge, connecting Point Pleasant, West Virginia, and Gallipolis, Ohio. The incident gave rise to the legend and connected the Mothman sightings to the bridge collapse.

Although there are not nearly as many sightings today, that doesn't stop the huge cult following from gathering at the annual Mothman Festival, held in Point Pleasant. Beginning in 2002 the Mothman Festival began after searching for a way to get people to visit Point Pleasant. The group organizing the event chose the Mothman to (336) 824-4488 be the center of the festival due to its uniqueness, and as a way to celebrate its local legacy in the town. After two years of hiatus due to the pandemic the festival was back in full swing. When speaking with one local resident, he said the crowd was expected to be some twenty to thirty thousand people in attendance.

One of the key parts of the town is the life size mothman stature in the middle of the town. Arriving at nearly 7am we saw the statue before swarms of people got in line to have a photo with the creature. Vendors were set all down the main street, selling art, crafts, and foods dedicated to the myth. Many people came in extravagant costumes and outfits inspired by mothman. It is very clear how much everyone cared for the large cryptid. While stores and food items themed after Mothman are available all year round, going during the festival is all the more exciting.

The town of 4,146 people was once reported to be almost dead until the festival took off, and it doesn't seem to be slowing down anytime soon. So, if you're ever in West Virgina in September don't miss the mothman festival; and just maybe keep an eye on the sky. You may just see a set of glowing red eyes.

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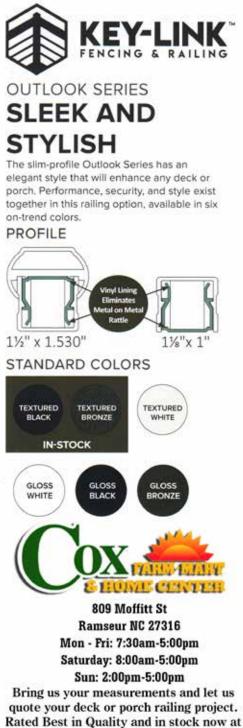




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Hello friends!

Happy fall y'all! This is season is a favorite for many people because it brings with it cooler temperatures and beautiful colors, but for believers in Christ, it is a time of awe and wonder as we see God's artwork unfold before us. If you are looking for a church to call home then look no further than Parks Crossroads Christian Church! We have something for everyone! A thriving children's ministry, a ladies missionary society, senior saints outings and meals, Sunday school for all ages, and, coming soon, men's ministry. Come see for vourself!

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:

· 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. Dine-in only.

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

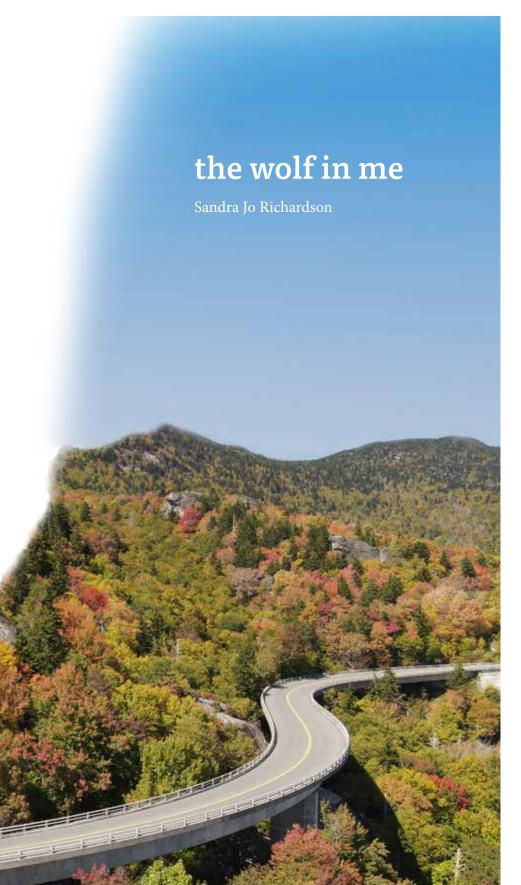
Thanks for reading, and we hope to see you soon! In His service, Todd Nance, Pastor Parks Crossroads Christian Church

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available.

#### OCTOBER, **2022**

I am so lonely. I know nobody, so I wander the backwoods by myself on the Albemarle Peninsula of eastern North Carolina. but stay away from the Alligator River out of fear. I hope to see a red timber wolf, and more to become one for just a time. I would be part of the 100 wild red wolves that roam across eastern North Carolina. Part of a family of six. I wish to be an alpha female with slanted eyes glowing in the dark and chase night birds and large fox squirrels from the longleaf pine, me secretly hiding by bushes, shrubs and trees with tree frogs and crickets a chorus loud in the quiet night. I would wander the forests running wild and free with the wind blowing back my fur. I would rest on the banks of streams and look and listen to water bubbling over rocks and fallen trees. I would hide my babies and run by night with the alpha male from hunters seeking to kill coyotes. I would howl to bring my pack together. I would howl to warn strange wolves away, partaking a truce only at a watering hole. Feeling safe my babies are put away, cuddling and sleep with them by day. They grow and hunt with me together, until the sadness of their leaving the pack to find a mate goes away. There will always be other babies that is how we wolves grow. Fragile in the face of urban sprawl by day and hunters by night. But never afraid of Alligator River again just for a time



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### Now You See It. Now You Don't

#### By Mary Murkin

The crisp autumn air was beginning to move through the trees—bringing with it a shower of orange, yellow and red leaves, as well as a cavalcade of acorns hitting the roofs of houses and cars every couple of minutes.

It was a sunny, chilly Friday afternoon, late October 1977. I was sitting in American History class, surrounded by the usual cast of characters--my high school classmates. As Sue Cummins finished putting on the final touches of her mascara before the bell rang, she reached over and hit me in the shoulder with her make-up case. She whispered, "Since there's no home (football) game tonight, are you ready to ride the roads this evening?" Startled, but glad for the interruption, I turned to her and exclaimed, "Heck, yeah!" We were ordinary teens who were as cool as could be...like most 16 year olds are. Sue came from a home whose parents believed in buying their teenage daughter a new car when she became of legal driving age. Sue had the nicest, brand new, white VW Rabbit that I'd ever seen, which included a sunroof!

That night Sue picked me up at about 6 p.m. and we set out driving west of town on Old NC Highway 49, heading toward Farmer. There was only one road to Farmer and we were on it.

"You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille," we crooned, "with four hungry children and a crop in the field." We were singing legends in our own minds.

The next thing I knew, about half way out to Farmer, Sue was making a sharp

right turn into the driveway of a large, abandoned old farmhouse. It was a beauty! No doubt about it. Sue said, "Let's go look in the windows on the porch!" So we did. Looking into the window to the right of the front door, we could see that was the living room. There were still a few pieces of furniture scattered around the room. We could see that every window still had old lace curtains hanging from it. Along the far wall was an old wooden bookcase with a few books still standing on the shelf waiting to be opened and enjoyed.

As we walked along the front porch to get to the window on the left hand side of the front door, Sue gave the door a push and it opened. Stunned, we both just stared at each other. We knew this was a sign that we should go inside. We stepped into the living room and could tell that it had been



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years and years since anyone had lived here. There was no sign of recent life in this house. We walked from room to room and tried to imagine the family who had lived here and where they all went.

After a thorough walk-through on the main floor of this beautiful old farmhouse held in time, Sue announced that she was going to go upstairs to the second floor to look around. I chose not to go upstairs and decided to wait for her in the living room. I walked over to

the bookshelf on the wall at the far end of the room. I took down a book that had always been one of my favorites, it was a collection of Christmas Stories written by Charles Dickens. This book was old..... very old.....even 45 years ago I could tell it was an exceptionally old book. It was published in the late 1800s. I don't know what came over me, but I felt that I needed to keep this book as it was very kindred to the literature of my childhood.

At last Sue came downstairs and described the rooms that she had seen upstairs. Each of them had a few pieces of furniture and all of the windows still had their yellowed lace curtains. There was nothing scary or tragic about anything here at the house. It was just quietly vacant.

Sue and I got back in her car and decided to come back to town to get some sort of refreshment at Dog 'N Suds on South Fayetteville Street. With our tummies full of food and our minds full of an interesting adventure, we decided to call it a night.

On Monday afternoon when we were back in our American History class, Sue and I were discussing the experience we had on Friday night and seeing the abandoned old farm house. Per usual, Jimmy Bookout was listening-in to our conversation and abruptly butted in by saying, "Hey, could I go with you guys to see that house, too?" We said that we would take him if he wanted to go on Friday evening that week. The plan was all set. Friday evening FINALLY rolled around. Sue and I went and picked up Jimmy. We hit the road and headed toward Old NC Highway 49. After a few minutes, we were on the way to Farmer—talking and laughing and singing. We drove and drove and before long, we were getting close to Farmer. This surprised us and tickled us to no end that we had been jabbering and laughing so much that we missed the beautiful old farmhouse. We turned that little white Rabbit around and started heading back into town. We got pretty far along on that piece of road and we were almost back to town. Now we were really perplexed. We turned that car around again, turned off the radio and drove very carefully back down the road to Farmer. We were now watching diligently for the abandoned old farmhouse on the right hand side of the road. Nope! It wasn't there....anywhere. We saw no traces of any house that had been torn down, burned down, moved, etc. No foundation, no chimney, no driveway, no nothing!

Upon this realization, all three of us started talking at once! What was going on? Where was the house? How did this happen? What was a rational explanation? Then, I remembered THE BOOK!!!! That old Charles Dickens Christmas book. I pulled open my backpack and rifled through a week's worth of mess all the way to the bottom. There it was! That sweet old book. Proof that I had been in the farmhouse. Proof that the farmhouse existed. Proof that we had not lost our minds. It was proof, but it was not an explanation.

Till our dying days, we will probably never know where that house went, or why we saw it. My only guess is that we were in some sort of a time dimension that allowed us to see what we saw. I refer to this as time being bent, or at an angle of some sort that let us go through the old farmhouse door that one last time.





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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.

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.

Gene Wesley McMasters, 81, of Asheboro, died Thursday, August 25, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Donald Wesley Brady, 76, of Coleridge, died Sunday, August 28, 2022 at his residence.

Jeffrey Wayne Wood, 55, of Ramseur, died Tuesday, August 30, 2022 at his residence.

Johnny Leon Britt, 71, of Asheboro, died Tuesday, August 30, 2022 at his residence.

Rebecca McCready Pemberton, (AKA Granny, Grandma) 89, of Ramseur, was called home August 31, 2022 at her residence.

Ruby Williamson Needham, 92, of Asheboro, died Wednesday, August 31, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Emery Wayne Millikan, 84, of Randleman, went to be with his Savior and heavenly family on Sat, Sept 3. Lawrence Edward Hoover, 83, of Franklinville, died Tuesday, September 6, 2022 at Clapp's Convalescent Nursing Home in Asheboro.

Cheryl Floyd Summers, 61, of Franklinville, died Wednesday, September 7, 2022 at her residence.

Joanna Lynn Davis Henry, 68, of Franklinville, died Wednesday, September 7, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Geraldine Chisholm Cranford, 88, passed away, Sunday, September 11, 2022 at her home.

Dannie Jackson, 71, of Staley, died Sunday, September 11, 2022 at his residence.

Linda Brady Richardson, 75, of Asheboro, died Monday, September 12, 2022 at her residence.

Carl "Reggie" Brown departed this life on September 13, 2022.

Dorothy Saunders Stevens, 100, of Biscoe, died Wednesday, September 14, 2022, at her home surrounded by her loving family.

Mathie Pearl Simmons Hall, 98, of Asheboro, passed away Wednesday, September 14, 2022. Stanley Carlyle Smith, age 85, passed away at Hospice of Randolph surrounded by his loving family on Thursday September 15, 2022.

William Ernie Whitehead, 71, of Liberty, died Friday, September 16, 2022 at Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital in Greensboro.

Wayne Henry Wyatt 69, of 243 E Walker Ave. in Asheboro, NC went home to be with the Lord on Friday, September 16, 2022 at the Hospice House in Asheboro.

Frances Anita McGee, 71, of Ramseur, died Saturday, September 17, 2022 at her residence.

Diane Elizabeth McDonald VonCannon, 73, of Asheboro, passed away Saturday, September 17, 2022 at Moses Cone Hospital in Greensboro.

Sherry Lynn Holmes Brown, 67, of Ramseur, died Saturday, September 17, 2022 at Wake Forest University Baptist Medical Center in Winston Salem.

Vester Marvin Cox, 80, of Cedar Falls, died Sunday, September 18, 2022 at Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

Jimmy Lee Brooks, 69, of Asheboro, died Saturday, September 17, 2022, at The Randolph Hospice House in Asheboro.

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

### OCTOBER, 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 - (336) 824-2252 1511 Main St. Ramseur NC 27316 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 Bible Study Wednesday 6:00 p.m

#### McCrary Chapel United Methodist Church

Montez Allen - (336) 824-3022 327 NC 49 Ramseur NC, 27316 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

#### Patterson Grove Christian Church

Brian Pierce - (336) 824-2497 1921 Patterson Grove Road Ramseur, NC 27316 Sunday School: 10:00 am, Worship Service: 11:00 am Wednesday Bible Study: 7:00 pm, Youth Bible Study: 7:00pm

#### Pleasant Ridge Christian Church

Mark Beane - (336) 824-2046 Facebook: Pleasant Ridge Church 1426 Pleasant Ridge Road Ramseur, NC 27316 Worship Service 11:00

#### **Ramseur Wesleyan Church**

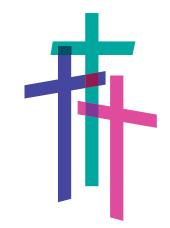
Jason Baker - (336) 824-2451 www.ramseurwesleyan.com 2038 Leonard Park Street (PO Box 501) Ramseur, NC 27316 Sundays: 9:30am School - Worship: 10:30 am, Children's Church 10:30am - Sunday evening service 6pm Wednesday night Adult Bible Study: 7pm Children and Youth Wednesday nights meet @ 6:45pm during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

#### **Rehobeth United Methodist Church**

Jeff Martin - (336) 824-4013 850 Kildee Church Rd Ramseur NC, 27316 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. (336) 824-4488 www.randolphbulletin.com info@randolphbulletin.com



Maple Springs Community Church (formerly Maple Springs United Methodist Church) will be celebrating its 100th Anniversary Sunday Novemer 6th at 11:00am Worship Service. A covered dish meal will follow in the fellowship hall. All members, family and friends are invited to attend and help us celebrate this milestone in our church history.

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