

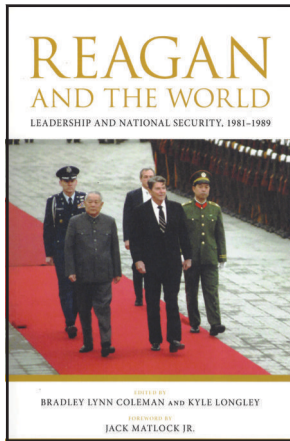
## Book Review

By Bob Edmonds

*Reagan and the World Leadership and National Security, 1981-1989*, edited by Bradley Lynn Coleman and Kyle Longley, published by University Press of Kentucky, 324 pages, 8 b&w photographs, notes, index.

Throughout his presidency, Ronald Reagan sought "peace through strength" during an era of historic change. In the decades since, pundits and scholars have argued over the president's legacy: some consider Reagan a charismatic and consummate leader who renewed American strength and defeated communism. To others he was an ambitious and dangerous warmonger whose presidency was plagued with mismanagement, misconduct, and foreign policy failures. The recent declassification of Reagan administration records and the availability of new Soviet documents has created an opportunity for more nuanced, complex, and compelling analyses of this pivotal period in international affairs.

In *Reagan and the World*, leading scholars and national security professionals offer fresh interpretations of the fortieth president's influence on American foreign policy. This collection addresses Reagan's management of the U.S. national security establishment as well as the influence of Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and others in the administration and Congress. The contributors present in-depth explorations of U.S.-Soviet relations and



American policy toward Asia, Latin America, Europe, and the Middle East. This balanced and sophisticated examination reveals the complexity of Reagan's foreign policy, clarifies the importance of other international actors of the period, and provides new perspectives on the final decade of the Cold War.

Bradley Lynn Coleman is the director of the John A. Adams '71 Center for Military History & Strategic Analysis at the Virginia Military Institute. He is the author of *Colombia and the United States: The Making of an Inter-American Alliance, 1939-1960*.

Kyle Longley is the Snell Family Dean's Distinguished Professor in the School of Historical, Philosophical, and Religious Studies and the School of Politics and Global Studies at Arizona State University. He is the author of six books, including *Deconstructing Reagan: Conservative Mythology and America's Fortieth President*.

## Kitty's Korner

By Kitty Craig - Jackson

I've learned it is a lonely walk when we believe in ourselves. When we're not looking for the approval and agreement of others, it often seems that much of our interaction with them is taken away. After all, how much of our normal conversations are based on trying to convince others that we're right, or to convince them that they should approve of us because of something we think, a perspective that we share, or something that we've done? I've also learned that it only seems to be a lonely path.

The truth is that once we find that belief in and contentedness with ourselves, the path is no longer lonely because we recognize that we don't need the approval of others to make a good life for ourselves. And while we probably will intimidate some people who wish that they, too, believed in themselves, those people are relatively few.

You've been given some great gifts, and you deserve belief in you and who you are. You don't need to

convince others that you deserve this belief, but it would be really nice if you were to convince yourself and truly feel that belief. Being content with yourself doesn't mean giving up growing and developing yourself and staying right where you are, but it does give you more confidence and allows you to do what you do from a much stronger place, thus making success much more likely in anything that you undertake. It can be a lonely road, but when you do accept yourself and trust yourself so much that you no longer need to seek the acceptance and trust of others, guess what? That will come of it self.

Usually when we seek acceptance and trust, we try a bit too hard and turn people off. When we stop trying so hard, though, we can stop turning people off and let them take us as we are, rather than as what we want them to see. I was always looking outside myself for strength and confidence until I learned that it comes from within. It is there all the time.

## Messin' Around

This man got promoted to vice president of his company and he bragged so much his weary wife finally blurted, "Why don't you shut up? Vice presidents are a dime a dozen. They even have vice presidents in charge of prunes at the supermarket."

At the expectation of refuting his wife, the man picked up the phone and called the supermarket. With a sneer in his voice, he said, "Let me speak to the vice president in charge of prunes."

"All right, sir," said a sweet voice. "But, which one, packaged or bulk?"

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Two dudes were out west taking in the sights. They stopped at a reptile farm and an elderly guide showed them the various kinds of

snakes. "Have you ever been bitten by a rattler?" one dude asked.

"Yep. Sure have," came the reply.

"Goodness! What did you do?"

"Well, I always take out my knife, make deep crisscross marks on the fang wounds, and then suck out the poison."

"But," asked the other dude, "what would happen if you sat on a rattler?"

"Well," the old fellow smiled, "that's when you find out who your real friends are."

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If you really want to test your memory, try to remember the things that worried you yesterday.

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Sign in window of bankrupt store: "We undersold everybody."

## Excerpts from Bob Edmonds' books

J. L. Morgan showed up in McCormick about the turn of the twentieth century. The unheralded stranger paid high compliments to the community as one of the most enterprising towns in upper South Carolina. He told town leaders that a spirit of push existed among its people. "In fact," the stranger said, "there is no telling what a day may bring forth!"

The town was indeed showing considerable progress. A cottonseed oil mill had just gone into operation. New businesses were opening. New residents were regularly locating to the prospering town. The Bank of McCormick had just opened. Town fathers were excited over all the new people moving into the town and the story circulating that a hydroelectric plant would be built on Savannah River.

Morgan insisted that what the area needed was a mint for coining silver money. He claimed that he possessed extensive experience and expertise in mineralogy and as a result had determined the Dorn Mines depleted of gold but still rich in silver. He boasted of his well-laid plans to extract sizeable quantities of silver from the streams around the abandoned gold mines that dotted the McCormick landscape and revealed to the town leaders his plans to establish a coin mint to produce silver coins right in McCormick.

The town people warmly welcomed the entrepreneur along with his bold scheme to mint silver coins that was perhaps reminiscent of the great success of Billy Dorn's mines that had yielded more than a million dollars' worth of gold bullion a half century earlier. The plan seemed to fit right in with the boomtown atmosphere.

Amid a flurry of local interest, Morgan renovated an old gold mine site on a stream and began silver mining. Operation of his mint was begun and Morgan's silver dollars and silver half-dollars turned out as fast as Morgan could produce them.

"The nicest coins were turned out," the media reported. "They were so natural and lifelike that the goddess of liberty and the American eagle dwelt together in unity. The goddess of liberty, by her magic wand won the admiration of all. The Bank of McCormick made her a welcome guest in its safe. The hearts of the clerks in the stores were gladdened at her sight, and all men bowed down and worshipped her, while the great American eagle made merry with all. The Populistic (sic) demand was being supplied as fast as the new mint could cast the blocks and finish them up." Morgan became the subject of much adulation and attention.

Albeit, McCormick's "industrial enterprise," a news reporter wrote, "met with a chilling frost." On an excursion over the Savannah Valley Railroad, Morgan "being a silverite of the most enthusiastic kind" offered some of it to



The media said, "The nicest coins were turned out."

the conductor in payment for his ride. The conductor "scrutinized the Populistic money, and was not satisfied. He reported his suspicion as to the establishment of a mint. And as the Federal government had (recently) gone to considerable expense in whipping Spain and had bought some more islands for which it must pay, it was himself in need of money."

The Federal government sent agents to McCormick to investigate. Morgan, it was reported, "immediately seized the agents and carried them before the United State Court at Greenville, preferring serious charges against them."

It didn't take long for Morgan's interference with authorities to come unglued. Federal marshals in turn promptly seized the die, hub and mold, and coins. As it turned out an assay revealed that the coins contained no silver at all being made instead of a base metal - counterfeit. Morgan was placed under arrest on February 10, 1902, and presented with a cell in Greenwood County jail to await trial.

J. L. Morgan was indicted in United States District Court in Greenville on April 16, 1902 on twelve charges of violating "Act of Congress 10 February 1890" stating in part that he "did falsely make, forge and counterfeit...a certain silver coin which had been theretofore coined and stamped at the mints and assay offices of the United States, the coin commonly known as the Silver one dollar" and "the Silver half dollar and fifty cent piece" and "did make and cause and procure to be made and willingly aid and assist in the making of a certain die, hub and mold" for counterfeiting the dollar and the half dollar coins.

McCormick people testifying as witnesses at the trial included J. B. Harmon, J. D. Deason, J. H. Grady, J. R. Brown, and J. W. McCaslan.

United State Judge W. H. Bradley sentenced Morgan on April 21, 1902 "to be imprisoned in the U. S. Penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga. for one year and a day, at hard labor."

Interestingly, only days after Morgan's arrest the machinery for operating the mint that had been left in the creek was carried off by someone.

(From *McCormick County Land of Cotton*)

## Across the Savannah

### A coach's life

By Tom Poland  
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We who love college football don't grasp how hard football is on coaches and their families. We watch the games but seldom think of what's behind them. Headed into another season, now is the time to give coaches their due. Sure, they make good money, but earning it takes a toll, and there's no job security. It's a relentless grind.

1996, February - After spending three days in Winter Haven, Florida, writing a cover story for *Ski* magazine on Cypress Gardens' 60th anniversary, I was driving back home along I-4 when the radio broadcast a bulletin about Wayne McDuffie, a coach at Georgia under Vince Dooley and later Ray Goff.

McDuffie masterminded Florida State's high-octane offense in the 1980s and earlier he had been part of Georgia's 1980 glory, Dooley's offensive line coach. I heard him speak at a Bulldog Club meeting in the 1990s. He spoke deliberately and was intense beyond description. He seemed an ironman, beyond destruction. Like most fans, I watch the games; the crushing preparation I miss.

Coaching, the relentless grind never stops. There's the pressure of not winning and there's the pressure of looking for work. In the August 1996 *Sporting News*, Bill Minutaglio wrote "The Coach, The Players, Their Demons," describing how McDuffie's life spiraled down when the Ray Goff era ended at Georgia.

1994 - "I really thought I wouldn't survive this year. I'm so exhausted from trying to put pieces together that don't fit," Wayne McDuffie was telling his wife of more than two decades. It was the end of another grueling season as offensive coordinator at UGA. "I'm trying to make something from nothing. I really thought I would die. I thought I would have a heart attack and die because I worked so hard. I worried so much and tried so desperately to hold this thing together." The team had what was, for Wayne McDuffie, a disastrous season. The Bulldogs went 6-4-1."

In *Tales from the 1980 Georgia Bulldogs*, Vince Dooley discussed what a great coach McDuffie was and how he couldn't turn off his intensity. Dooley said they had to send him on recruiting trips Thursdays and Fridays. "The players would be so stressed out after Sunday through Wednesday with Wayne that they needed a few days to build their confidence back up."

The ruthless quest for gridiron perfection takes a toll on many coaches, and when the won-loss record doesn't reflect the long hours and work, it does their family few favors. The ex wife of a former college coach told me she divorced her husband because she could not take the fan abuse. "I couldn't go to the grocery store or the hair salon without strangers walking up and criticizing my husband. I couldn't go anywhere

without being harassed. It just got to be too much."

Minutaglio: "Sometimes, the assistant coaches at Florida State, where he coached for most of the 1980s, would hear a strange flapping sound echoing from one of the football offices. It could be 6 a.m. or even 5 a.m. As they held their cups of coffee and looked inside, there would be Wayne McDuffie asleep on a conference table, his Clint Eastwood face and body oddly illuminated by the flickering light coming from the movie projector. The film he had been studying, rethreading and rerunning all night long was still spinning wildly in the reels. But, when someone woke him up, he would simply, wordlessly, move to the football field where he had ordered his offensive lineman to show up before sunrise."

"He was a very demanding coach," said Georgia guard Jim Blakewood. "I can't imagine there being a tougher coach. It really gave us an edge. We felt like nobody in the league worked harder than we did. The teams we were getting ready to play couldn't survive our practices. The games were a piece of cake."

Men like McDuffie give their all yet fans give them fits. The coaches can never do enough. If their team goes undefeated, then it must do so forever. Over the message boards, over sports talk radio and in the stands, guys play armchair quarterback. To hear them rant, you'd think they had coached a few national championships and a Super Bowl winner or two. Many I'm sure never played a down.

Following Dooley was tough. From 1989 to 1995, Ray Goff chalked up 46 wins to 34 losses and one tie. Six wins a season did Goff in and with him went the coaching staff. That included Wayne McDuffie.

"When the situation at the University of Georgia disintegrated, a big part of McDuffie's life was dying right in front of him," wrote Minutaglio.

"McDuffie watched members of the old staff move on to other jobs. Wayne jogged in his golf-course neighborhood, pushing himself hard. He lifted weights. And, with his wife, he wrestled with the future. He hoped a professional team would come calling. He had feelers in with the Dolphins.

"But his birthday (December 1) and the holidays passed, as did the big bowl games, the pro playoffs and the Super Bowl, and Wayne McDuffie still unemployed. He was 51 years old. The chart, the map, had led nowhere."

1996, February - I'm driving down Interstate 4 when the radio crackles. Football was all McDuffie had known. His phone never rang. At the age of 51, Wayne McDuffie shot himself to death near the family pool. He left behind three kids and his wife of 26 years.

A former player said he "couldn't stop thinking of Coach McDuffie, of the imposing figure he cut between the green grass and blue sky, of the wonderful way he affected my life."

Nor can I. A coach's life ended well before the game did.

## Messenger Mail

### Response to left-wing Trump haters

Again, it seems that I must supplement, with facts, the misinformation, innuendo and outright fabrications of the left-wing Trump haters.

Luman Slade's love of childhood stories and rhymes seems to mesh with his uninformed views of the world. His stating that the rhyme "Humpty Dumpty" refers to a corrupt ruler who could not be saved by his "men" is not true. It is actually a child's riddle from the eighteenth century, though it has had that meaning ascribed to it unfairly in the past. Slade believes that Woodward's book *Fear* proves that President Trump is unstable and corrupt. Woodward uses only anonymous sources and "deep background." Anyone giving information in that manor can say anything without fear of repercussions. Allusions as to what may have happened should have less import that things that have actually happened, such as a booming economy, low unemployment, rising wages,

less people on food stamps, North Korea coming to the bargaining table, etc.

Slade wants to take Woodward's book of opinions and supposition as the gospel truth, yet ignores books loaded with proven facts about the lies, corruption, deceit and obstruction of justice by Hillary Clinton, her campaign and the Obama administration. For example, "Fast & Furious" where they supplied guns to Mexican drug dealers, some of which were used to kill Border Patrol agents; Benghazi where our ambassador and others were killed (Hillary-"What difference, at this point, does it make?"); using the IRS to target and intimidate conservative groups; Bill Clinton's meeting with Loretta Lynch which led to Hillary being cleared of her crimes; Hillary's deletion of thousands of subpoenaed emails and destruction of evidence; the rigging of the primary against Bernie Sanders and the list could go

on and on.

Slade is also upset about Trump's (incomplete) quote "Real power is, I don't even want to use the word, fear." (It started with "Real power is through respect.") Lack of respect or fear led to WWII, the rise of Iran's Ayatollahs under Carter, the Iraq war, and the Syrian gas attacks (remember Obama's red lines in the sand - ignored) and many others. All can be attributed to a lack of respect of, or fear of reprisal from, the USA. Mutually Assured Destruction has kept the major powers from using nuclear weapons in war for over 70 years - through respect and fear. Why does the general public obey laws? Partly it is the fear of being caught and the penalties involved. If there were no law enforcement, how many laws would be broken?

I must also comment on another liberal letter writer, Jim Lechel. His "Don't vote..." letter is another tired, old, fear mongering diatribe.

According to him, Republicans want to force women into back-alley abortions, throw Grandma over the cliff, take away your Medicare, Medicaid, Social Security, food from your mouth, etc. Also, Republicans are "racist, sexist, homophobic, xenophobic, Islamophobic - you name it." Lastly, his statement about Trump covering up criminal acts is laughable considering all the scandals the Obama administration covered up and what they did to protect Hillary.

If you want to return to failed liberal policies, a stagnant economy and division of people by race, economic status and politics then vote for Democrats. If you would prefer to move forward, protect our borders, strengthen our economy, treat everyone equally and live in a country you are proud to call home, vote Republican.

- Robert Morris

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