

## Excerpts from Bob Edmonds' books

At the dawn of the twentieth century, Bordeaux was a thriving little farm-based railroad town sitting astride a wonderfully scenic ridge that paralleled the Savannah River in western South Carolina. The town's name derived from New Bordeaux, a French Huguenot settlement that had existed a mile east more than a century earlier.

Robert Walter and Sissie May Tarrant Perryman made their home in Bordeaux during their brief marriage, which began in 1900.

Walter Perryman operated a store in Bordeaux and was a merchant and a cotton buyer in Willington where he was actively involved in the town's founding and development. His parents, Edwin Ruthvin and Martha Annette Bouchillon Perryman, had relocated their family several miles away from Bordeaux to a community in Lincoln County, Georgia in 1878. Martha Perryman descended from the Huguenot Bouchillon family that immigrated to the New Bordeaux colony.

After the passing of winter, and in the early spring month of March on the 19th in 1901, Sissie May Perryman gave birth to twin sons, Robert Cowan and Ronald William (stillborn).

Three-month-old Robert Cowan Perryman was christened in a baptismal service conducted by Rev. B. P. Reid at Willington Presbyterian Church in the brand new church building on June 30th.

The role for carrying on the Scottish lineage eventually gravitated to Samuel Edward Perryman, Sissie May's third son who was born October 29, 1903.

When the unending four-year marriage ended, Sissie May Perryman returned to the sanctity of the Cowan family home of three generations located in her hometown Willington. Two years later she found work in Athens, Georgia. She moved to Athens leaving Rob, now 5 years old, and Sammie, in his third year, in the Cowan home.

The charge of raising the two boys became primarily that of Samuel Edward Cowan, her mother's bachelor brother. Cowan never married and never left the Willington home place of his parents, Charles Wesley and Susannah Foster Cowan.

As the result of a bitter divorce, Sissie May Perryman insisted that Sam Cowan should raise her sons "as Cowans."

From *Destiny of the Scots-Irish*.



Robert Cowan Perryman (left) and Samuel Edward Perryman, Willington, S.C., 1905.



I don't recall her face, just her Instrument of Doom. -Tom Poland photo

## Across the Savannah

### Miss Lucy, childhood legend

By Tom Poland  
A Southern Writer  
www.tompoland.net  
tompoland@earthlink.net



Small towns have that one eccentric person people long remember. Lincolnton, Georgia, had Miss Lucy Glaze. As I write I see a woman dressed in black, like Granny Clampett, racing down the sidewalk brandishing a rake. My crime? Being a kid.

For years a battle raged around the corner of Humphrey and Dallas Street down past Sunrise Drive and the old Green Building, a legend also. The rake-wielding years? The Great Time of Bedevilment? That was in the 1960s. To this day, if you want to excite folks back home say, "Do you remember Miss Lucy?"

Stand back because an arm-waving, hyperventilating soul is about to time travel back to a shrubbery-hidden home near the Green Building. Miss Lucy lurked across the street and if you approached her house, she'd pounce on you like a cat on a lizard.

I don't use exclamation points. Elmo Leonard, said, "You are allowed no more than two or three per 100,000 words of prose." The "selfie" of punctuation, exclamation points populate this column. Well, that's okay. They testify to the memories Miss Lucy elicits years after her passing. Right out the gate, Eddie Drinkard shares a memory colorful in more ways than one.

"Sunday Mornings - 1964. As soon as Mr. Freeman and Coach Bunch's Sunday school class ended, Gerald Smalley, Tommy Bunch, George Richard, and I would strike out for Mr. Maurice Banks station up on the corner. There was a 20-minute window to load your Sunday pants pockets with Mary Jane's and Fire Balls and get back before preaching started. The best seats for eating candy were the back two rows under the balcony. No problem, but about twice a year, after church was about full and Preacher Buice was about to start, in walks Miss Lucy, walking stick and red hat with mesh on top.

"She could have walked straight in and got a good seat in the open sanctuary with the old folks, but no, she always turned left and took a seat on the front row under the balcony. You could hear an 'Oh Shucks' murmur go through the congregation!

The only other sound was we boys unwrapping Mary Jane's and Fire Balls. I remember a couple times when a giggle and snicker from our row would agitate her and she'd tap the walking stick on the floor, mumble, and walk out. Sigh of relief for the back row!"

Cathy Bufford Brantley remembers how kids loved throwing sand poppers on Miss Lucy's front walk to make her come out raising hell. "Lord, we tortured that poor woman, screaming 'Heeeyyyyy, Miss Lucy! Ohhhhh, Miss Lucy!'"

Cathy recalls Miss Lucy as an infamous flower bulb thief. "My grandmother, GG, caught her many times digging up bulbs in her yard." Coach Jimmy Smith's widow, Joan, recalls that as well. Joan's son, Randy, according to his wife, Jeanie, bought the cane she chased and hit him with.

Priscilla A. Estes has carried a Miss Lucy story for 50 years. "When my mother, Lib, owned The Little Shop, manager Hollie Cartledge changed the window displays to reflect the seasons. One day Hollie left female mannequins unclothed while she took care of customers. I was in the store that day, working or pretending to. We heard banging out front, loud and fast. There was Miss Lucy. She was dressed in black and used the tip of a matching black umbrella to rattle the display window. Hollie, mom, and I stepped into the entrance. "Miss Lucy! Whatever are you doing," said Mom.

"Heathens! Heathens!" Miss Lucy shouted, brandishing her umbrella. "Nekkid women in the windows! Shameful! Disgraceful! Cover up those nekkid women! Heathens!" "I'm sure my mother, a Methodist minister's daughter, chuckled inwardly. 'Of course, Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy watched as Hollie assembled the quickest window display of her life. Only then did the town character wander on."

Miss Lucy returned to Lincolnton after working in New York City as a maid for the wealthy. Did Northerner's cranky ways rub off onto her? Maybe. Aggravating kids didn't help, but they made her a legend. Was she the tyrant we remember? Probably not. Eddie Drinkard remembers that "as disruptive and scary as she seemed to us kids, she would come across the street and sit with our grandmother Blanche who was in a wheelchair for years."

## Kitty's Korner

By Kitty Craig - Jackson

Sorrow hurts. Sorrow that isn't shared hurts much more than sorrow that is shared with someone else, for what we keep inside tends to eat away at us, to grow great and fearsome in our minds, and we give it much more power than it really has if we deal with it only in the depths of our thoughts and ideas and ponderings.

I know that when I've been alone with sorrow, I've allowed it to drag me down to a place I simply did not want to visit; when I've been able to share my sorrows, the simple sharing allowed me to deal with the sorrow much more positively, and I haven't allowed it to drag me anywhere.

I firmly believe that much of the distress in the world today results from our loss of communication with others, from our loss of contact with each other. While people used to gather together and share their stories with each other, we now pull ourselves apart from each other and try to get what we need from television, movies, songs, video games, or

the Internet. Stories used to be what helped us to learn how to avoid mistakes, how to deal with other people, how to work our way through things like sorrow with our eyes on the light that shone before us; now, I see very few people actively and regularly sharing their stories with others. And I see many frustrated people who want to do so.

Our world is full of substitutes for the stories that we used to tell, the unhurried time that we used to spend together. Facebook, Youtube, Twitter, MySpace - look closely at what you see there and recognize the stories that people are trying to share, sometimes desperately. Stories must be told. They reflect the essence of who we are.

Sorrows hurt, but sorrows shared heal more quickly and more fully. Find someone to whom you can tell your stories, and be there for others who wish to tell theirs. Life is a rich, full of experience, and much of that richness can be found in the stories that we share with each other - when and if we get back to doing so.

## Another view of the lessons of history -

### Observations on science in the 21st century, Part X

By Chuck Cook

There is a fundamental difference between science and the applications of scientific discoveries. The scientific method is an accepted process for determining, testing and verifying the facts about the natural world, but its utility is substantially limited to just that - the facts. Scientific applications, on the other hand, use those proven facts, including accumulated data - insofar as they are available - to extend our theoretical and practical knowledge of physical phenomena. Unfortunately, God and nature have not always been kind to us in making our paths to new scientific knowledge clearly marked and easily accessible. More often, we have been compelled to engage in a scavenger hunt for which the clues are obscure and the objects we seek cleverly camouflaged to challenge our powers of observation and discovery.

Consequently, we frequently find ourselves playing a guessing game of filling in the missing pieces based on assumptions we make about what we don't know, at least as yet, in order to construct a workable theory to support a specific scientific application. We call this guessing game "modeling," and we use it routinely to make predictions about the future. Sometimes our assumptions are subsequently proven to be correct and we walk away with Nobel prizes or other tangible public and financial rewards to document our perspicacity. Albert Einstein's predictions derived from his theories of general and special relativity - regarding the existence of black holes, time dilation, the existence of gravity waves and gravity lenses, the expansion of the universe, and the orbits of planetary bodies - are prime examples of this. It demonstrates what happens when someone makes the correct - almost God-like - assumptions about unknown forces of nature, combines them with the few scientific facts that are known and then derives workable and verifiable theories of what they imply.

Other scientists, like Thomas Malthus in the 19th century and dozens of others over the past two centuries, have consistently predicted that we would outgrow our capacity to produce enough food and that vast segments of the world's population would, as a result, suffer massive starvation. These Malthusian theories and models may have sold a lot of books and brought great wealth to their authors, but they were all based on erroneous and grandiose assumptions that did not come to pass. These prophets of doom even had the temerity of specifying the time-frames when these dire and disastrous events were predicted to occur. Not only were they dead wrong, in most cases just the opposite occurred - technological and other advancements in our ability to feed a growing world population resulted in improvements

to rather than a deterioration of our productive capacity. In short, things actually got better rather than worse in those portions of the world that chose to adopt them.

Closer to home, in early 2020 the Imperial College of London (ICL) developed models based on limited data and what it considered to be reasonable assumptions in predicting the number of COVID-19 deaths to justify its recommended policies of social distancing and lock downs. Swedish epidemiologists used this model to predict that by July 1, 2020 Sweden would have incurred more than 95,000 deaths if it did nothing and around 86,000 deaths if it adopted the proposed preventative measures. In fact, it adopted far fewer and less restrictive actions than those recommended and suffered only 5,500 deaths, a difference in the accuracy of the model and reality by a factor of 15. The ICL model was also used to predict that worldwide deaths from COVID-19 would total 40 million people by the end of 2020 if nothing was done, but that the number of deaths could be cut in half with the adoption of social distancing and isolation of the elderly. In fact, the total number of worldwide deaths totaled only 1.8 million. The model overestimated the total by a factor of 10. (See Antony Davies' December 28, 2021 article entitled "A Perfect Storm of Incentives," at aier.org).

The problem with scientific models - whether they predict the extent and impact of climate change or infection rates and the number of deaths from the coronavirus pandemic - are developed and refined by individuals who are subject to the vast array of personal, professional, economic, political, religious and other considerations that have been outlined in this series of observations on science in the 21st century. Particularly when lives may be at stake, the factors and assumptions required to extract an accurate model from what are likely to be extremely limited amounts of reliable data are highly problematic. And Anthony Fauci, for example, is no Albert Einstein. He and other scientists who are responsible for bringing forth models on which public policy will be based may be well respected within the scientific communities of their peers, but they cannot afford to be conservative regarding their estimates of outcomes. They must invariably exaggerate them to justify the financial costs and liabilities that such policies are likely to entail. And - once established for public consumption - the media narrative to support them is unleashed and becomes nearly impossible to modify or curtail. To err may be human, but to admit it may be political suicide in 21st century America.

More on the problems of scientific modeling in Part XI.

**BROWN'S**  
MECHANICAL SERVICE, LLC  
It's Heat Time!  
Perry Brown  
183 Price Mill Rd. • Parksville  
Home: 864-333-2591 • Cell: 706-825-2032  
AN INDEPENDENT LENNIX DEALER

**REED PROPANE GAS**  
"Your Locally Owned Propane Supplier"  
117 N. Peachtree Street  
Lincolnton, Georgia 30817  
Ask About Our New Tank Set Special  
Phone (706) 359-4501 • Toll Free (800) 994-4501  
Kenneth Reed

**WHITE HARDWARE** SINCE 1919  
OUTDOOR FAUCET COVERS  
COLD WATER HEATERS  
LEAF RAKES • SPACE HEATERS  
Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. 8 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.  
Wed. 8 a.m. - 3 p.m. • Sat. 8:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.  
210 S. Main St. • McCormick • 864-852-2200

**RED ROOSTER EMPORIUM**  
SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE!  
118 South Main Street McCormick  
864-852-9244  
Monday - Saturday  
10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

**Hugh Brown**  
Insurance Agency  
112 Augusta Street  
Serving McCormick County for over 70 years.  
864-465-2106  
Homes, Businesses, Autos, Bonds  
Representing State Auto, Hartford, Dairyland, Allied and Foremost Insurance Companies. Call for a Quote

**McCormick Messenger**  
(USPS-335-040) is published weekly by McCormick Media, Inc. Subscription rates are \$29 in McCormick County and \$35 elsewhere, annually. Periodicals postage paid at McCormick, S.C. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: P.O. Box 1807, 120 S. Main St., McCormick, SC 29835. Email: mcmess@wctel.net