

Excerpts from Bob Edmonds' books

Meanwhile, back in Plum Branch, South Carolina, then languishing in the deep gulch of the Great Depression, Robert Perryman struggled to hold on to his mechanic job at the Ford shop. Many automobile owners, strapped for money, were parking their cars, some permanently.

Robert Perryman took Sam's advice to "Go West." Robert and his wife Bessie and Robert's 14-year-old half-sister Julia Ruth Perryman left Plum Branch for Adrian, Texas, where Robert had obviously arranged for a job.

Adrian, a tiny town of about a hundred people in Oldham County, Texas, consisted of a general store, a lumberyard, a bank, a blacksmith shop, a school, and a newspaper, the Adrian Eagle. The town survived famines and black dusters to become a shipping point for area wheat growers. The first grain elevator was built in 1929.

Robert sent a telegram to his mother Sissie May Burnette in Atlanta on June 22, 1931, stating they would drive by the next day to have dinner.

Marguerite Burnette wrote in her diary on June 23rd that she stayed out of school to see them and noted, "I'm sorry to see them go. Bessie says we are going back to S.C. Christmas and paint the town!" June 25th she indicated, "Got a card from Bessie. Everything OK so far." And, June 26th, "Robert & them had a wreck. Bessie was killed & the rest in a hospital in Texas. Oh my God - I can't believe it."



Goldie Irene Ball, 1924

The June 25, 1931 wreck occurred 2½ miles south of Alvord, Texas. The Perryman car while crossing a narrow one-lane bridge collided with a heavy oil field truck loaded with steel casings, which penetrated the automobile. Bessie was killed instantly. Robert sustained a broken pelvis and internal injuries. Julia Ruth sustained only scratches and bruises.

Sam Perryman rushed to Alvord to assist and make funeral arrangements to return Bessie's body to Plum Branch for burial. As soon as Robert was able to travel, he and Julia Ruth went to Oklahoma City with Sam. After he recovered, Robert went to work with an auto agency in Oklahoma City. Julia Ruth came home to Bordeaux, South Carolina.

With the outbreak of World War II, Robert enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He saw action aboard the USS Goodhue (APA-107), an assault landing craft.

In an engagement on April 2, 1945 in the Pacific near the end of the war, ten or more Japanese kamikazes jumped Robert Perryman's task group. Three planes in rapid succession attacked the USS Goodhue and the USS Telfair. Gunners on both ships combined to explode one plane in mid-air. A second, after ricocheting between her starboard and port kingposts, smashed into the Telfair's bulwark, then careened over the side. The third crashed into the Goodhue's cargo boom and into the sea.

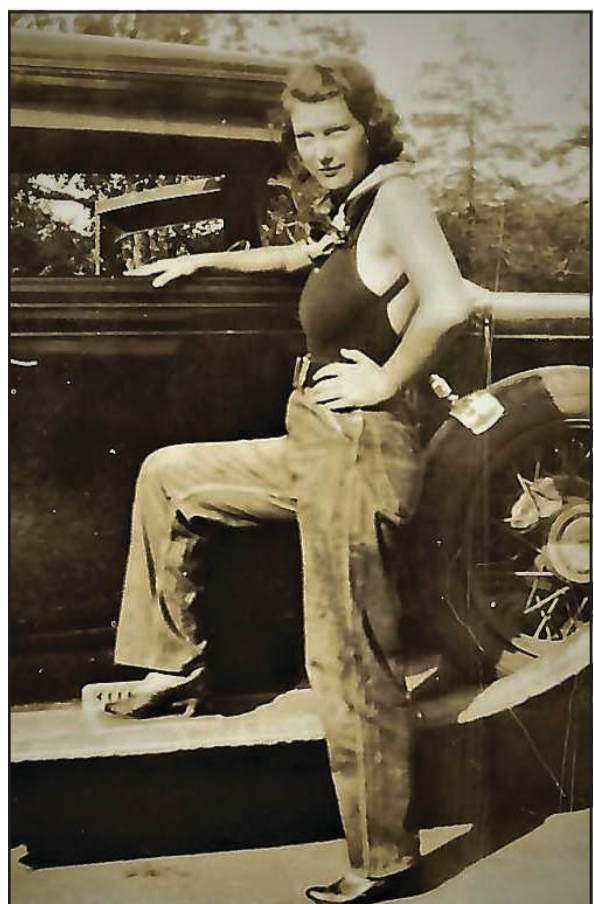
Robert Perryman continued his auto mechanic career in Oklahoma City after the war. He married Idabell Roberson. They had a son Robert, Jr. Robert Cowan Perryman died in Oklahoma City on August 2, 1980.

Samuel Edward Perryman's wandering ended in Oklahoma City. He met Goldie Irene Ball and on April 29, 1934, they were married. The couple would make their home there the balance of their lives.

Goldie Perryman was the daughter of Jesse Roberson and Viola Young Hutton Ball. "Robert" Ball as he was called was an attorney and a "country horse trader" in Oklahoma City. He made it in real estate and facilitated his son-in-law Sam's move into the business.

Sam Perryman invited Uncle Sam Cowan to come to Oklahoma City to live with them. Cowan came but was not happy. After a brief stay he returned to his family roots and his old friends in Willington. Nearly blind and nearly deaf, Samuel Edward Cowan died at 1:00 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the 30th of January in 1938.

From *Destiny of the Scots-Irish*.



Julia Ruth Perryman, 1932



- Tom Poland photo

Across the Savannah

Crow tastes pretty good in snow

By Tom Poland
A Southern Writer

My last column criticized I-20 as a barrier to snow in the classic South. "Winter after winter, radar reveals blue, pink, and white blotches rolling north of I-20. Below it? Green blotches of rain. Southerners who live along or south of that band of asphalt can forget snow. It's a latitude thing."

The weather gods heeded my lament, and down came the flakes. So I'll take a smidgen of credit or blame (in the eyes of some) for the January 21-22 snow.

I stayed up past midnight watching flakes tumble past floodlights. They stuck, as we say, and I knew I'd better write an apology column. It's one I'm glad to write. I like a snow or two but year after year we get none where I live. That changed overnight.

I'll confess a little crow marinated in snow tastes pretty good.

Come daybreak I went onto my deck with a yardstick - three inches. That qualifies as a blizzard in the land of green blotches of rain. As the coffee percolated this morning the laughter of children playing in snow drifted through woods, and that brought back childhood memories. On those rare, snow-blanketed mornings when I happened to awaken first, I could tell something was different. The world seemed muted. A strange, soft silence reigned. Peeking through the window, I got a jolt. Snow had fallen throughout the night, and I had missed the show.

Few things rival the spellbinding beauty of quarter-sized flakes cartwheeling through the air. Back in boyhood, mesmerized by tumbling flakes, I knew good would come from those non-identical crystals. No school. A snowman. A friendly snowball fight. Skim a layer off the car roof into a bowl, mix in sugar, vanilla extract, and milk and, voilà, ice cream.

A snowfall made for a time of adventurous survival too. Those rare days of childhood snow sometimes knocked out the power. That meant tomato soup warmed over gas space heaters. It meant too wet clothes and freezing hands and toes. And even that misery held its own peculiar brand of joy.

No matter how much or how little snow we got, it merited movie making. Somewhere a brittle strip of film sits in a canister. My Dad, as many dads did in the '50s, bought a Bell & Howell 8 millimeter camera and made home movies. To this day, I can see a snowfall he captured on film. It's April 8, an amazingly late snow. Our dog, Duke, romps in the snow. Mom holds up a handmade sign giving the date and the snow's depth of eight inches. The film jerks and swings wildly. Suddenly someone else is filming and my father runs into the camera: red from the cold, his heavy 5 o'clock shadow evident. Closer he comes, his face near the lens. Mom always said that shot made him look like an escaped convict. He was but 32 years old. He was a boy playing in the snow. Snow makes children of us Southerners. That's its true beauty.

Sixty-four years later in the South Carolina Midlands, we're children once again. I should have known that as soon as my I-20 no snow column hit the presses it'd snow right away. It did, and I am glad, and I'll say it one more time. Crow tastes pretty good when you're looking over a rare Southern snowy landscape.

Kitty's Korner

By Kittye Craig - Jackson

I always have considered myself to be separate from the rest of the world. I've always felt that there's a great distance between me and other people, a distance that was extremely daunting and that kept me alone far more often than I wanted to be alone. All of that distance, I've learned as I've grown older, was only a result of my imaginings, a result of my fears, and a result of the fact that nobody ever taught me otherwise.

For many years, this perspective caused me much pain and many disasters. I truly think that independence can be a positive thing, but I also know that we often take it far too far. The separation that we perceive in the world keeps us from asking for help, from offering our help, from becoming a true part of the communities in which we function day after day. The people who seem to do well socially are the people who don't see the separation, who feel the kinship with their fellow human beings.

We're all on similar journeys. We face the same physical and emotional ailments, we face similar problems and issues, and we ride similar roller coasters of life's ups and downs. We're all of flesh and blood and spirit, and we all have great potential that is only waiting to be unlocked and developed. As long as we see ourselves as separate from the rest of humanity, though, that potential shall stay undeveloped, for many of the secrets of our souls need the touch of another - someone who can see us objectively and who can help sincerely - to be unlocked and set free to work in the world.

We are not separate from the rest of the world. Our lives are intertwined with the lives of the other people in our homes, our communities, our nations, and our world. We have only to recognize that, live according to the truth, and develop our unity in order to become the people we are meant to be - and with the presence of others, the journey can be even more beautiful and rewarding, as we give to and receive from the people we touch in our lives.

Another view of Openness and transparency in county government - playing chicken with county zoning II

By Chuck Cook

The third and final public hearing on the proposed county zoning ordinance was held on Jan. 13, with very few public comments. I had withheld most of my comments during the prior hearings and made them at this session, although I had already stated most of them - and others - at Planning Commission meetings and workshops many months earlier. The response, of course, was pretty much what I expected - a curt acknowledgment from the contractor that my observations had all been heard before. I repeat them here for the record and the hope that they may be useful as the commission and county council move toward final consideration and adoption.

First, I continue to believe that 128 pages of largely boilerplate zoning provisions are overkill and, along with former Planning Commission Chairman George Selfridge, that they will probably act as disincentives to future economic development in the county. As a matter of curiosity, I reviewed the ordinances of both Abbeville and Edgefield counties to see what approaches they had taken with respect to zoning within their respective jurisdictions. If my review is accurate, Abbeville has decided they can get along with 78 pages of requirements - a little more than half of what our contractor is proposing - and Edgefield has determined that it needs only 35 pages. Apparently, in their view, less is more - and I agree.

Second, the contractor has provided and the county has purchased a massive amount of potential zoning regulations that may be needed in the future, but are largely unnecessary and unenforceable at the present time. In my view, it would be far better to hold a substantial proportion of these regulations in the vault of the commission and place them on the table for further consideration when circumstances warrant. In that way, they may be given focused attention by the commission when they are needed, rather than receive only token or cursory review in the omnibus package that is now under consideration.

Third, as many of the boilerplate provisions in the current proposal have been extracted from other, more urban county and municipal zoning rules, they have limited applicability to rural McCormick County and none whatsoever to the principal areas of economic and residential activities here. For example, the rather lengthy regulations on single-family residences and subdivisions are not applicable to the great bulk of homes in the county - in municipalities and planned development communities, like Savannah Lakes Village - that are essentially governed by their own ordinances or covenants and restrictions, or that are located in areas zoned for forest agriculture. Based on my review, there are only four or five relatively small subdivisions in the county to be zoned single-family - comprising only about five percent of homes here - and the largest of these are subject to the regulations of their own homeowner's associations.

Fourth, if my reading of the proposed regulations is correct, the posting of political signs in the county's rights-of-way during election seasons would be strictly prohibited, and residents would be limited to only one political sign in their own yards. As McCormick County lacks any local radio and TV stations, this would make it very difficult for most local political candidates to obtain recognition of their candidacies. Current county rules on the posting of

Zoning, see page 5



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The McCormick Weather Report

By Bob Edmonds *Measurements taken at Cedar Hill Rd.

	Lows	Highs	Rain/Etc.
Tuesday, January 18	30°	53°	
Wednesday, January 19	30°	60°	
Thursday, January 20	43°	52°	
Friday, January 21	34°	36°	0.30" Rain dusting of snow
Saturday, January 22	30°	45°	
Sunday, January 23	26°	54°	
Monday, January 24	30°	58°	

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