

Excerpts from Bob Edmonds' books

Fields that once yielded bumper crops of cotton and other crops lay idle, overgrown with weeds, bushes, and young pine trees on the Cowan family farm that Sam Perryman inherited.

The visit extended well into true spring. Sam rescued antique furniture and glassware and five violins that had belonged to Sam Cowan and other musicians in the family. He hired a crew of workmen to dismantle the ancient home. With salvaged materials, he built a small cottage on the same location. Through the years the family would enjoy many a rustic vacation in the cottage cooking on a wood stove or in the fireplace, using outside well water and kerosene lamps.

Late spring Sam returned home to his wife Goldie and their two-year-old son Don in Oklahoma City likely with sadness and grief over the necessity of razing the old family home but with a greater appreciation for his heritage and a deeper sense of value in family, home, and land.

A 4-F classification due to his right thumb having been severed in a printing accident prevented Sam Perryman from serving in World War II.

Sam continued to work in print shops in Oklahoma City. Additionally, he established a plate graining business, the only plant west of the Mississippi. In that era, newspapers were printed on large metal plates, which contained print and photographic images on the surface. The Perryman plant performed a regrinding process for a multitude of newspapers that enabled recycling of the metal plates.

Sam considered moving back to South Carolina to start up a lumber mill but by now the real estate business had begun to prosper. Practicality overruled desire.

Samuel Edward Perryman died in his eighty-seventh year on May 4, 1990. As a youth he yearned to leave the land that his Scots-Irish ancestors pioneered – to seek new confines – the same as Nancy Patton and Robert Foster had done. But, on his deathbed he spoke of Willington, Willington, and Willington! Sam truly never left.

Donald Edward Perryman, Sam and Goldie's son, got his first exposure to the broadcasting business in junior high school in Oklahoma City. The teenage student was selected to moderate "Youth Speaks," a local radio show. While still in senior high school Don transferred across town to build and staff the educational radio station. At the University of Oklahoma, he majored in broadcast production, then worked for several television stations in sales and production.

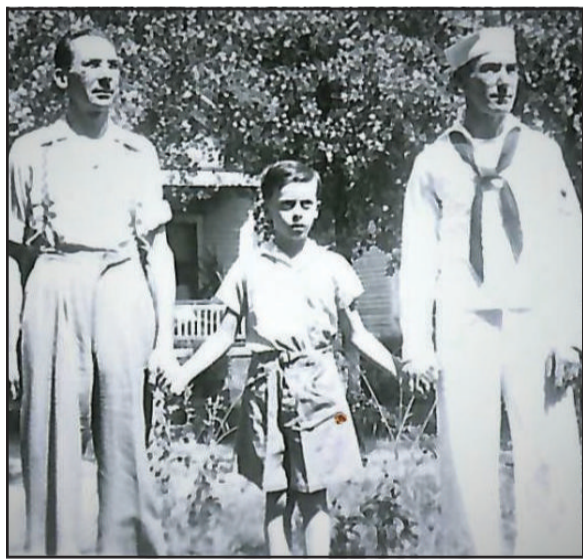
In between, Don enlisted in the National Guard 45th Infantry Division and served a hitch of active duty in the army.

Following service Don returned to television, producing, and directing educational television science programs after which he went to commercial station KOCO Channel 5 where he spent the next forty-two years. During a productive career, Don won numerous awards of note for commercial producing. He created commercials that aired across the nation.

Don is a watercolor artist of excellence. He has exhibited work in many juried shows and had a running one-man show at a Colorado Resort.

Don Perryman married Hazel Ann Stuart June 12, 1960. They parented three children. Brian is a business administration college teacher. Karen, a kindergarten teacher who taught school for a while in China, is a homemaker. Kathryn works with special children as a child development specialist.

From *Destiny of the Scots-Irish*.



Samuel Edward Perryman, Donald Edward Perryman, Robert Cowan Perryman during World War II.



- Tom Poland photo

Across the Savannah Winter in Wambaw Bay

By Tom Poland
A Southern Writer



The orchestra is quiet, as winter holds the conductor's baton. Still, a song comes to mind. "California Dreamin'" where much is brown and gray – every shade of brown and gray you can imagine. Yet, if you know where to look, you'll see fluorescent green aquatic plants and British soldier lichens wearing red.

That orchestra? Amphibians, insects, and birds await spring's great revival when the air will echo with reverberant song.

On a cold January day, Wambaw Bay flexes its winter beauty. Once again I have come to a bay some say is among the more beautiful. Robert Clark, Taylor Main, and I are here to shoot footage for a video feature and PBS TV program. We spend several hours in the bay taking in its winter beauty. We're happy to escape the city and its noise, confusion, and cement-asphalt abhorrence.

A day later I've returned to civilization, and yesterday's journey seems a dream. I'm reflecting on all we saw. We visited the bay's limesinks, features giving rise to the bay's other name, Florida Bay. Winter rains fill the limesinks. Full, too, of blue sky, they reflected the buttressed trunks of cypresses. Even in winter's chill, blue corridors of sky ran through green patches of water.

We saw what some term the "mother tree," a withered living cypress some 400 years old. It looked a bit surreal, ghostly, but from it many have followed.

We wandered through buttressed cypresses out into the bay's savanna, which looked like a field of wheat thanks to high grasses dressed in winter gold. Here and there stood cypresses with wind-twisted tops. Naked to the sky, they revealed the intricacies of their branches. One outlier looked like a comet streaming through the tree. Below the limbs, well-worn deer paths carved alleys through grasses as if anacondas, not deer, had glided through. In warmer seasons to come perhaps there'll be grass pink orchids that look like butterflies and yellow-fringed orchids.

Colonies of withered pitcher plants sleep until spring's alarm will signal them to again become death traps to insects seeking nectar. Unlike spring and summer when they're vibrant and multihued, the pitcher plants have given up the ghost. When I touch them they rattle like paper.

The whole time we were in the bay the only signs of civilization we saw were a distant fence and far more distant silver needle in the sky. An airliner flew over the Francis Marion National Forest. And that's what I love about the more secluded, pristine bays. Little signs of man's meddling save the occasional shotgun shell.

It was beautiful but we were cautious. Walking among cypress knees took some skill. Soggy earth made the feet slip. To fall upon a knee would not be a lot of fun, but seeing the bay in cold season glory was.

When the drone approached it sounded like hornets. I've been stung here. Wasps. That's another nice thing about winter in a bay. No ticks, wasps, or mosquitoes. And no people other than we three.

People talk about how peaceful and quiet nature is but that isn't true. Walking into a Carolina bay you will hear hawks cry, doves coo, and quails whistle. When you stand in a bay's savanna, birdsong is a 360° experience. Chest-high broom sedge carpets the bay. Bladderworts bloom. And wildflowers flourish. It's the arena of butterflies and dragonflies. But that is in the summer.

Now it is winter. As spring approaches, the bay will awaken from its winter slumber. Spring will bring wildflowers and summer will be hotter than the devil's kitchen. Now, however, it's cold and windy. Winter in Wambaw Bay. It has its own charm. It's own beauty.

Kitty's Korner

By Kitty Craig - Jackson

It's a funny thing about life; if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it. I've known people who will accept anything from anybody – they allow people to treat them poorly, they allow people to use them and abuse them, they allow people basically to walk all over them. When they look for work, they always accept the first thing that comes along, without any thought of trying to find something better that pays well or that provides a more appropriate fit to their skills and abilities. As a matter of fact, I'm like this in some ways – sometimes I feel lucky to get whatever I receive, and because I feel lucky, I take what I can get.

I've learned over the years, though, that this isn't a very good way to go through life. Life offers us all sorts of wonderful things, including relationships, experiences, learning, growing, changing – even material things. I know, for example, that when I expected very good work from my girls when they were students, I'd get very good work from them. When I didn't accept their mediocre work, they gave me better work, and that benefited them, too.

I'm not saying that we should buy the most expensive cars or clothes or foods. On the other hand, we shouldn't settle for the cheapest stuff out there, either – the stuff that's of such poor quality that we wouldn't be able to wear it or wouldn't be able to eat it.

Much of what comes to us in life is a reflection of what we feel we deserve, be that the ways that other people treat us, the clothes that we can afford, or the homes that we live in. If we truly feel that we don't deserve a nice home, and thus can't afford to live in one, guess what? Chances are that we'll live in anything.

I'm not making the claim that we'll always get the best. That would be unrealistic, of course. But I feel I'm right – when we do expect great things in life, we do start to get great things. The key is in teaching ourselves how to expect the best, and beginning to believe that we actually do deserve the best – because as amazing children of God, as exceptional human beings who are doing our best in all we do, we most certainly do deserve the best. The best has a hard time reaching us, though, when we expect the worst.

2022 will go down in history as the year the Republican Party lost its soul

On Feb. 4 the Republican Party took the time to create a document censuring two lawmakers in their own party and declare that the Jan. 6 riot at the Capitol was nothing more than "Legitimate political discourse." The censured lawmakers, Liz Cheney of Wyoming and Adam Kinzinger of Illinois, stand accused of "persecution of ordinary citizens engaged in legitimate political discourse." Well, I sincerely believe that the Grand Old Party is no longer hiding the fact that they are not dealing in truth or reality.

Having a television in my home I watched in real time Trump and his advisers make their speeches urging the crowd on the ellipse to march to the Capitol and let elected officials know not to certify the so called stolen election. Trump also assured his followers that he would be there with them. Trump did not march making yet another one of Trump's unfulfilled promises. As a matter of fact none of the speakers that day made their way to the capitol. The crowd had their marching orders, their pepper spray, their Proud Boys, their gallows, their chants along with a belief in a lie of election fraud perpetrated from the highest office in the land.

The statement released by the Republican Party does not mention the fact that the Jan. 6 committee was not and will not pursue ordinary citizens who simply used their 1st amendment right to peacefully protest and never engaged in violence. The fact that those being pursued by the committee are only those who have committed acts of violence and or engaged in planning an insurrection was of no importance to the Republicans writing the censure document. After the party voted in Salt Lake City to approve the statement censuring Cheney and Kinzinger party leaders rushed to clarify that they were referring to the rioters who were not violent or criminal. But the wording of the censure, carefully written and voted on behind closed doors, made no such distinction. The actions taken by the party reminds me of a sculpture I once saw. It was a bust of a man with a mouth on the right side of his face and a mouth on the left side of his face. It was called the Deceiver.

Politics has never been a clean environment. Politicians have not all been people of honor. That said I have never seen so much dishonesty spewed at the public in an attempt to bend or break with reality. We have to have some basic common factors that are indisputable. For example: the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Water is wet. What we watched on Jan. 6, 2021 was a violent insurrection planned by Trump and his advisers to steal an election from the American Electorate and kill our democracy.

The Jan. 6 committee is turning up concrete evidence of planning by the Trump administration and outside parties to seize voting machines by use of military force. They also have proof of the creation of fake slates of Electors in states that Trump lost. Trump himself is recorded asking the Georgia Attorney General to just say the election was tainted or find 11,000 vote for him and Trump would take it from there. I thank God that we have some people in power who stood up to the coup and said no! The Georgia AG is one of those people. Liz Cheney and Adam Kinzinger did not bow to party pressure either.

The name Cheney is synonymous with the word conservative. She has repeatedly voted with the most conser-

Trump, see page 5



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