

Excerpts from Bob Edmonds' books

When Sammie was but thirteen years old, Sam Cowan hired him to work in his general store in Willington at \$30 per month. Sam raised Sammie to \$35 in 1917, \$50 in 1918, \$75 in 1919, and in 1920 cut him a deal whereby Sammie owned half interest in the store stock.



Bob Edmonds

A devastating fire destroyed the Cowan General Store on a windy March day in 1921. Now seventeen, Sammie went back to work on the Cowan farm. That season the boll weevil wiped out 70% of the cotton crop.

Spring 1922 offered little hope as Willington teetered at doom's door. In March, Sammie's mother closed down her store and took Marguerite Burnette (Sammie's half-sister) to join her husband in Atlanta, Georgia, where he had secured employment.

In the last days of that Indian summer as Sammie Perryman harvested crops, often until a heavy moon hung low and orange over the excitingly colorful countryside, he began to wonder about life beyond the noisy clash of freight trains shuttling through Willington by Uncle Sam's farm. Perhaps the Scottish migratory urge was stirring in his soul.

That fall the Cowan farm as well as neighboring farms harvested a tenth of the cotton crop gathered in 1920. Such yields negated any hope for profit.

Now poorer than two years before, Sammie Perryman made the first big decision in his young life; he resolved to strike out on his own. He secured a letter of recommendation from Bank of Willington Vice President Robert L. Ariail, which read, "Samuel Perryman is nineteen years old and has lived in Willington all his life. It gives me pleasure to say that he is a splendid young man of fine Christian character, reliable, honest and energetic, therefore, I recommend him to any in need of help."

Armed with the letter and a few dollars in his pocket, Samuel Perryman made a beeline to Atlanta. One of the prospective businesses at which Sam asked for work in Atlanta was John Connell's Grocery. Sam presented himself as "an experienced grocery clerk." He must have made a favorable impression; Connell hired him as a butcher.

Minutes into the new job, Connell told Sam to answer the telephone. Sam put the receiver to his mouth and the mouthpiece to his ear. He struggled with the phone a while before Connell answered it. A lady on the phone wanted some porterhouse steaks, tapioca, and pettjohn.

The telephone had not been a fixture in Uncle Sam's store. And that was the first time Sam heard there was anything to a cow but hindquarters, forequarters, and the middle. He didn't know anything about porterhouse, had never heard of tapioca, and never did find out about pettjohn. But, he did learn to cut meat and the two men became life-long friends.

Next, Sam took a job as a photographer's helper for Ben Franklin Press, an Atlanta firm, which printed brochures and school annuals. The company president, Sam later remembered, dressed him up in knickers, golf socks, sport shoes, and fancy shirts and had him sitting up straight, drinking tomato juice, and mingling with rich young folks at summer camps – this country lad who had been mostly accustomed to dealing with farm mules, hired hands, and hunting dogs. Sam adjusted though and learned.

Sam's résumé eventually included barbering, newsbutch on the train from Atlanta to Louisville, and clerking in a dry goods store.

At last Sam Perryman discovered his niche. He ventured into the printing business and became one of the best multicolor pressmen in the Southeast, printing everything from school textbooks to posters for Barnam and Bailey.

His printing skills carried Sam to jobs in San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans and a number of cities in the Mid West.

Finally, Sam settled down in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. By 1929, he held down a job as cylinder pressman by day and attended night classes in school. He continued to further his academic education and attended technical schools to improve his printing skills.

From *Destiny of the Scots-Irish*.



Robert Edward Perryman

*Gradually consume this salad in small amounts over a three-week period to avoid extreme complications.

Across the Savannah

Read the fine print

By Tom Poland
Walk-On Writer
Back Road Explorer
tompoland.net

Note: For Non-Offended Eyes Only



Some say we are what we eat and that what we eat these days is killing us. Down in Australia, some Australian Aboriginals moved to the city and adopted a civilized diet and soon they had illnesses and conditions they had never had before, things like diabetes. Some nutritionists convinced ten Aboriginals who had Type 2 Diabetes to move back to the Outback where they could resume their traditional diet and in just seven weeks the diabetes went away.

That's a lesson for us all. But one thing's for sure: you can hurt yourself jumping feet first into some trendy miracle diet. You better know what you're doing.

My friend, Campbell, (We call him "Camp"), got on a health kick a while back after he had read how Aboriginals routinely live 100 years or more and that their long lifespan was due to a fiber-rich diet. So Camp dug around and found a magazine with a recipe for a salad of sorts called "Aboriginal Roughage," a concoction of leaves, peppers, ferns, greens, husks, berries, gum, tubers, bulbs, and nuts.

So off to the grocery store goes Camp and he comes back and makes a gigantic salad that would challenge the most devout vegetarian. Of course, he had to substitute some things with equivalents available here. It had coconut chunks, walnuts, berries of all kinds, bamboo shoots, fruits, Romaine lettuce, spinach, cabbage, and celery stalks among other items. Macadamia nut oil provided the dressing.

Camp says he'll never forget his encounter with fiber-rich food. We were having dinner the other night (Camp was enjoying a huge steak) and he told me about his near-

death experience with excessive roughage.

"I made it in a huge wooden bowl and it looked like a spot where a bush hog had turned around: leaves, shoots, and stalks fanned out in a circle. I stood back and admired it, thinking how I was going to live to be 100 if I could get used to eating sticks. Tom, I ate the whole thing in one sitting."

Camp continued ... "Early the next morning I had to stop by dad's place and was sharing coffee with him when that feeling, that urge, hit me in a serious way."

Camp paused and a pained look crossed his face like he was reliving seeing his dog get run over.

"I got a hunting magazine and went down the hall to the bath. I was reading about whitetail bucks and the next thing I know, I'm out like a light. I came to on the floor of the hall. Dad was holding a cold washcloth against my forehead."

"What happened, Dad?"

"Son, you let out a war whoop and I came running and found you here in the hall passed out."

"Apparently, I leapt out of the bath like a bullfrog."

Back home Camp re-read the recipe for his Aboriginal salad. This time he spotted the asterisk. Way down beneath the last paragraph was a sentence buried in fine print. "*Gradually consume this salad in small amounts over a three-week period to avoid extreme complications."

Camp held up a succulent piece of steak. "I'll tell you one thing. Those Winn Dixie folks are right. 'Beef. It's what's for dinner tonight.'"

Camp remains a bit stout. He no longer talks about living to be 100 and he no longer tries out diets. I tried to get him into running but he looked at me like I was crazy. "If the good Lord wanted me to run," he said, "He'd have put roller skates on my feet." Like many Americans, he keeps piling on the weight, but like James Gregory, the comedian, his attitude's good. "I've got to eat to keep up my strength," he says, "so I can be a pallbearer for all my running buddies."

Another view of

Openness and transparency in county government – slouching toward redistricting VII

By Chuck Cook

The outcome of the county council's Feb. 15 vote on redistricting was predictable and, without some parliamentary maneuvering, a meaningful vote on more than one of the options on the table for consideration would not have occurred. Instead of calling for a motion to adopt one of the three options developed in cooperation with the SC Revenue and Fiscal Affairs Office, Chairman Jennings asked for motions – one at a time and in numerical order – on all three options. It didn't take a genius to figure out that option #2 would be voted on before option #3 and, that if option #2 was passed – which seemed likely – a vote on option #3 would become irrelevant.

As anticipated, there was no motion introduced to adopt option #1. A motion to adopt option #2 was then made and seconded and the chair had the gavel raised to call for a vote, but I quickly interjected a request to discuss the motion and then moved to amend it by substituting option #3 for option #2. That motion was seconded by councilman Hamby. Under *Robert's Rules of Order*, when a motion to amend is made, it must be voted on before there can be a vote on the original motion. I was certainly not surprised that the amended motion failed on a vote of 2 to 3, with chairman Jennings and council members Banks and Brown dissenting, but was grateful that I was at least able to bring option #3 up for a vote. After considerable discussion regarding the original motion to adopt option #2 it was approved by a 3 to 2 vote that was the exact inverse of the member votes on option #3.

The aftermath of the results of these two motions was not something that any of the 5 council members encouraged, approved or condoned. There were a number of those in the audience who shouted protests at the outcomes and attempted to make statements of objection. Chairman Jennings appropriately called upon attending law enforcement officials from the Sheriff's Office to quell the brief disturbance. Whether this was necessary, given that most of the dissenters headed for the door following the vote, is debatable. But, following the departure of about half the public attendees, the remaining items on the agenda for the meeting were considered without the need for law enforcement assistance.

The arguments that I made at the meeting during the discussion on the redistricting motions were essentially those supporting option #3 that I made in Part VI of this series. In brief, I objected to option #2 because it concentrated both white and black voters in the county into 4 county council districts – with white voters in districts 2 and 3, and black voters in districts 4 and 5, respectively – and did not reflect the demographic changes that have completely reversed our county's racial population ratios during the past 15 to 20 years. In addition, I pointed out that gerrymandering council districts to render them less racially diverse, and concentrating both white and black voters in separate districts is inconsistent with lawsuits filed by the NAACP over congressional redistricting in our state.

I do, of course, recognize – as I did in Part VI of this series – that politics is politics. Even so, this is an exceedingly unfortunate redistricting decision that exacerbates the lack of diversity in 4 of our 5 existing county council districts; further polarizes the deliberation and consideration of critical county issues along racial lines; and sets the stage for continued public conflicts regarding the tendency of council – again, along racial lines – to waive its own rules of procedure when they are inconvenient or require public

reviews of proposals that may be very controversial.

The most telling implication of this decision, however, is confirmation of the attitudes of a majority of council that the members of one race or political party are incapable of being properly represented in county affairs by the members of another race or political party – black or white, Democrat or Republican. Nothing could be more divisive to the long-term integration and inclusiveness of McCormick county citizens than the widely shared perception that the unquestionably obsolete Jim Crow principle of "separate but equal" is somehow applicable to an environment of rapidly escalating demographic transformation. It didn't work during the first half of the 20th century and it won't work today.

Until we recognize that the critical issues facing our county – jobs, economic development, education, law enforcement and infrastructure – are and must be racially and politically neutral and inclusive endeavors, we will never be a county unified by our common interests instead of divided by our superficial and largely irrelevant differences.

Kitty's Korner

By Kittye Craig - Jackson

While I grew up in abject poverty, I have never experienced wealth and riches, except on a relative level. Compared to most of the people on this planet, I feel that the life I've led has been wealthy beyond measure. But relative to the other people in my own society, I've always lived closer to poverty than to wealth. And that's okay by me.

I would not say that poverty in itself is beneficial to us. Many people in poverty spend their lives with feelings of resentment, anger, and frustration, tending to blame others for their situations. But poverty in any form – not just monetary – can definitely help us to learn to appreciate anything that we may have, from the car in the driveway to the food on the table. I'm often surprised at how grateful I feel when I'm in the supermarket and I'm able to buy whatever we need for the week without counting pennies – it's an amazing feeling, and one that I never would have had if I had not gone through plenty of times of having nothing at all.

There are things in life that it's a bit surprising to be thankful for. But people who have been in prison often have a great appreciation for freedom when they get it. Someone who's lived in a terrible home has learned the value of home. Certain things in life that we see as deprivation actually are opportunities for us to learn value. You may be going through some trials right now, but those trials can help you to learn the value of appreciation in your lives. When we appreciate, our view of life grows brighter and our attitudes and character stronger.

RED ROOSTER EMPORIUM
SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE!



118 South Main Street McCormick

864-852-9244

Monday - Saturday

10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

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: mccmess@wctel.net