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September 24- October 7, 2026



Murray Mill redevelopment breaks ground in downtown Anderson

ANDERSON — The City of Anderson and Southeast Partners held a groundbreaking celebration Thursday, September 17, for the Murray Mill redevelopment, a \$44 million private investment that will transform the property into a new residential community anchoring the west end of downtown Anderson.

Located along Murray Avenue, the development will include 156 studio, one-bedroom and two-bedroom apartments across eight buildings. Seven new three-story buildings will be constructed, while an existing mill warehouse will be restored as part of the project.

Tied to the former Anderson Cotton Mills—the city’s first textile plant and later a division of Abney Mills—the restored structure will include 18 loft-style apartments fea-



turing preserved brick masonry and 10-foot ceilings.

“Murray Mill represents the kind of thoughtful growth our community has worked toward for many years,” said City Manager David McCuen. “This project preserves an important



part of Anderson’s history while creating new opportunities for people to live, work and invest in our downtown. It also reflects the momentum we are experiencing across the city and what can be accomplished when a strong community vision is paired

SEE MILL ON PAGE 2



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

with the right partners.”

The redevelopment builds upon years of strategic public and private investment that have helped usher in one of the most significant periods of growth in downtown Anderson’s recent history. New businesses, jobs and investment have transformed the downtown district, while consistently strong residential occupancy has demonstrated a clear and growing demand for additional housing.

The vision for the west end of downtown was defined through the City’s 2018 Shock This Block planning initiative, which identified the Murray Avenue area as an important gateway and opportunity for future redevelopment. City leaders have worked with project partners since 2021 to move the Murray Mill property toward redevelopment.

The project is being developed by Southeast Partners, led by Principal Brandon Linden. Linden Construction will serve as the contractor, with architectural



services provided by SGA|NWDesign. Restoration of the former mill warehouse is expected to be completed during the first year of construction, with the full development targeted for completion in less than two years.

The groundbreaking brought together City officials, project partners and commu-

nity members to celebrate a milestone years in the making. With the potential to catalyze future investment

throughout downtown’s west end, Murray Mill marks not only the beginning of a major development, but what could become a defining new chapter for Anderson.

Countybank recognized as one of the best places to work in SC for the second straight year

Countybank has been named one of the Best Places to Work in South Carolina by SC Biz News, ranking 8th in the mid-sized business category for organizations with 50 to 249 employees. This is the second consecutive year Countybank has received the award.

Presented annually, the Best Places to Work in South Carolina award recognizes organizations that are dedicated to fostering positive workplace cultures and exceptional employee experiences. Winners are determined through an independent, comprehensive evaluation of company practices and confidential employee feedback.

The recognition reflects Countybank’s commitment to supporting employee growth through professional development opportunities including ongoing training and education, enrollment in courses and schools for career development, a robust employee orientation program, and an internal leadership academy. The bank also strongly encourages its employees to actively serve their communities through



From left: Countybank Insurance Division Manager Jennifer Hincapie, Mortgage Division Manager JD Nelson, General Counsel/CHRO Jamie Hedgepath, Human Resource Director Amber Price, Marketing Project Manager Kenzie Ashley, Human Resource Generalist Shelli Futch, Human Resource Manager Shannon Freeman, and Countybank President Wells Dunlap.

participation in local chambers of commerce and philanthropic boards.

The organization encourages community involvement, with employees contributing thousands of volunteer hours each year in support of local nonprofits, schools, and community organizations

throughout the Upstate, making a positive impact on the communities the bank serves.

“We’re honored to be recognized as one of the Best Places to Work in South Carolina for the second consecutive year,” said Amber Price, Human Resource Director at Countybank. “This recognition is especially meaningful because it reflects the voices and experiences of our employees. It speaks to the culture created across Countybank each day, one built on teamwork, support, pride in our work, and a shared commitment to serving our customers and communities.”

Countybank employs more than 170 people across the Upstate and serves individuals, families, and businesses through a full range of banking, mortgage, trust, insurance, and investment services.

For more information on Countybank and its commitment to serving the Upstate of South Carolina since 1933, visit www.ecountybank.com or follow Countybank on Facebook, Instagram, or LinkedIn.

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MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME

Well. I think we've seen it all now. Little Miss was visiting, sitting at the kitchen counter enjoying yet another snack. (I think she enjoys the novelty of eating at our house.) She and her papa were talking, when Mike glanced out the window to see something that was an astonishment--a total surprise for our property.



Ann K. Bailes

Two Canada geese were walking down the driveway. Strolling is a better word for the way they were moving. They showed no fear and were not the slightest bit spooked. They were meandering onto our land, with their characteristic pigeon-toed waddle, as if they owned the place and were inspecting all the hard work that Mike has done in the yard. And then they checked out the quality of the work



on the recently poured sidewalk. In short, they made themselves at home—as if they held the deed to the property!

We have never seen anything like that

at our house and have no idea where they came from. But Mike had noticed some unusual scat (sorry, no gracious way to say that) a few days earlier and wondered what it was from. Now he knows. Obviously this was not the first time those geese felt at home here.

Canada geese used to be somewhat unusual in these parts. I remember noting years ago that seeing one on a South Carolina pond was a fairly rare occurrence. They made their way through here as transients, seen overhead winging their way to points further south. And though the Mississippi flyway is their most common migration route, they've also traveled via the east coast as well.

But now they have also taken up residence in the Upstate and are much more commonly seen. Agricultural fields, especially those that have recently been harvested, are often gathering places. Just this week we saw a group of about 75 to 100 feeding in a field off Whitehall

Road. But they can be spotted just about anywhere. One morning we were taking a walk with both our grandchildren near their home about five miles away, when we heard the familiar "Honk, honk" sound, and looked up to see two huge Canadas soaring overhead, like planes getting ready to land.

Anyone driving in town around dusk may see groups of geese flying information to their nighttime roosts: local ponds or the land surrounding them. And in the morning, these same groups of geese fly to different fields and water sources. Apparently they don't like to spend their days in the same places where they sleep.

These local resident geese, the ones seen repeatedly, are the birds that tend to lose their wariness of people. Hence two geese ambling down our driveway and getting comfortable in our yard. We might enjoy seeing them out there from time to time. However, we don't plan to turn the house keys over anytime soon.

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AN ODE TO UNCLES EVERYWHERE

The uncle who became a father

BY MICHELE TAYLOR

What do you say about a man who had such a profound impact on your life?

For me, that man was my Uncle Wendell Brush.

He wasn't my father, but in so many ways, he became the father I needed.

When my parents divorced when we were young, my mother was left to raise us. There was no father around to teach me the lessons that a young girl longs to learn or to be there for the moments that become treasured memories. But I was blessed with an uncle who stepped into that place with a love that I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

Uncle Wendell was a kind and loving man. When he wasn't working, he spent his time with me. He never seemed to consider it an obligation. He simply showed up, again and again because that was who he was.

He took us to baseball games, Six Flags, the mountains, and the beach. Some of my fondest childhood memories are tied to those adventures and to the man who made them possible. I knew I could always count on him.

As I grew older, his influence continued. He taught me how to drive, patiently helping me learn a skill that would become an important part of growing up. He even helped me buy my first car.

But it wasn't the big things alone that showed me how much he loved me. Sometimes, it was the smallest moments.

I remember one Christmas when we were at the mall. I saw a pair of boots that I really wanted, but money was tight. I knew they probably weren't something we could afford.

On Christmas morning, Uncle Wendell called me into another room. He had a surprise for me.

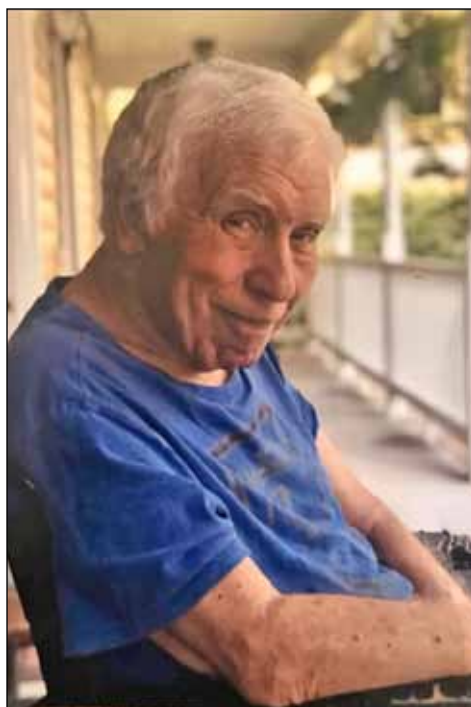
There were the boots.

The boots I had wanted.

That moment has stayed with me all these years, not because of the boots themselves, but because of what they represented. Uncle Wendell paid attention. He knew what would make me happy, and somehow, even when money was tight, he found a way to make that Christmas special.

That was the kind of man he was.

He gave of himself. He gave his time. He



WENDELL BRUSH

gave his love. And he gave me something that can never be measured in dollars or possessions, but the feeling of knowing that someone believed I was worth showing up for.

Uncle Wendell lived his faith through the way he loved others. His kindness, generosity, and quiet presence taught me lessons that went far beyond anything he ever said.

He was my uncle by blood, but he was so much more than that. He was my guide, my teacher, my protector, and my friend.

Most of all, he was the father I didn't have.

I will always cherish the memories we made, but more than the memories, I will cherish the lessons he left behind.

He taught me what it means to love someone by being there for them. He taught me that family isn't always defined by a title. Sometimes, a person becomes family simply by choosing to show up, love you, and walk beside you through life.

I am forever grateful that Uncle Wendell chose to do that for me.

Some people pass through our lives and leave memories behind.

Others leave a part of themselves in our hearts.

Uncle Wendell did both.

And no matter how many years pass, I will always be grateful to the man who wasn't my father but became my father in all the ways that mattered most.

The gift of an uncle

BY WILLIAM MEREDITH

I know from personal experience that an uncle can make all the difference in the world in a child's life.

I never knew my father, who died 22 days before I was born -- But I had an uncle who was the next best thing.

I was referring to my much-loved Uncle James Meredith, J.J., my father's older brother, and quite a character and man.

He worked me like a dog from my earliest grade school days on around his old Full Service fillin' station, or down at "the Tractor Place", or out in his trailer park, or washing, gassing up, and driving the absolute HELL out of rental cars over at his Avis Rent A Car office.

And I learned, among many other things, how to check and change the oil and filter and grease a car, fix a flat, and occasionally run that place all by myself sometimes when he'd go off rambling in his beat up old blue '64 Chevrolet

truck.

I idolized him.

Suffice it to say, for a poor kid with no father and a deeply troubled mother, in a tough neighborhood and a cruel world seemingly filled with "normal" families, and boys and girls with moms and dads, he and my sweet Aunt Mary were the best I could have hoped for.

Thanks to three special uncles

BY JOHN DU PRE

Saluting Uncle Bill and Uncle George!

And, if I may, adding my tribute to my Uncle Jimmie, who stepped in when our father stepped out, and who helped me find his brother when I decided to search. Shouting out thanks to James Ronnie DuPre, Susie DuPre Humphrey, and Vickie for sharing their fantastic Dad.

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The importance of college football on marriages in the South

BY SHEILA HILTON

I learned early in my adult life that college football holds a sacred place in Southern relationships — somewhere between church and blood kin.

My education began on the shores of Lake Hartwell, where friends had arranged a meeting because they'd decided I needed a push toward matrimony. Billy Hilton was there helping his parents clear land for their retirement home. He was 6'5", fully bearded, and wearing a plaid shirt that made him look like a lumberjack on a syrup bottle. We both knew exactly what was going on, and we both played along with zero interest. He glanced up, then went right back to studying the dirt he was shoveling. I rolled my eyes at my friend to communicate that I was perturbed, embarrassed, and would be discussing this with her later.

Then my friend said, "Sheila has season tickets to Clemson football games."

He raised his eyes like a man hearing his name called at the pearly gates. He gave me a slow, affectionate, unmistakably interested smile and held eye contact until I had no choice but to smile back.

A few weeks later he called to ask me out — to a football game, for which I would be providing the tickets.

Our spectating styles differed. When Clemson scored, I clapped politely and roasted in the August sun in my cute orange tiger-bedazzled dress. Billy left the ground entirely, came down hollering, and pumped his fist as though he'd personally called the play. I maintained the composure of a genuine Southern lady. He made a spectacle of himself. This is how we met — a relationship born out of college football.

Then came engagement, marriage, and a calendar that revolved around Saturdays in Death Valley. Billy held the firm theological position that no God-fearing person would schedule a wedding on a football Saturday, and he informed all interested parties that he would not be in attendance if they tried it. Birthdays, elective surgeries, and funerals could be moved to the Friday before or the Sunday after.

Which brings us to October of 1984.

I woke up in labor on the morning of the Clemson–Duke game. Contractions started at seven, five minutes apart. I prayed for a delay until after the fourth quarter. I rehearsed my announcement for an hour before I delivered it.

"Billy. I think I'm in labor."

He stared at me for a solid thirty seconds. "Are you sure?"

I could see him working the problem. His strategy was to talk me out of it. "Don't you remember Lamaze class? A lot of women have false labor. You go all the way to the hospital, they send you right back home, and they charge you seventy-five dollars."

How tragic, I thought. Then came a contraction that made all the others feel benign, and I began seriously considering driving myself.

He came around. He accepted that he would miss Clemson–Duke on a beautiful fall Saturday with the leaves glowing yellow and orange. He grieved. He got in the car. And then he opened his door and started to get back out.

I asked where he was going. He said he'd forgotten to feed the dog.

That is the moment my alter ego arrived — the one my mother called "the wildly angry and scary mill-hill personality." It had always served me well as a young girl raised on "the alphabet streets of mill town Anderson." I explained to Billy how the rest of the day was going to go and the level of cooperation it would require. He complied immediately. I offered one final word I will not repeat in a family newspaper as he took the Fant Street railroad tracks at full speed, advancing me from five centimeters to ten.

At the hospital I was installed in the brand-new birthing room, which had drapes, framed artwork, and a large television. Billy looked at the television. Then at his watch. Then at the television.

I asked a nurse about pain medication. She said she'd be right with me — as soon as she and two colleagues finished helping my Lamaze coach find the game.

I got his attention with one sentence: "Sweetie, I'm going to divorce you after I have this baby. You love football more than me."

He sat down in his chair. He called out my contractions, one by one, exactly as trained. And when he looked into Ashley's face, one tear rolled down his cheek, and I forgave him for the entire day.

Forty-some years later, if you ask Billy what game he missed the day Ashley was born, he will tell you, "Clemson–Duke, in October of 1984." If you ask him the score, he will tell you Clemson won 54–21 in front of 80,617 people, and then tell you what William Perry and Mike Eppley did that afternoon.

If you wait five minutes and ask him Ashley's birthday, he will say, "Sometime in October."

I rest my case.

THE Electric City News

Kids Corner

How I made my home a better place

By Dawson, 2nd grade

It was nice day outside. Me and my family were cleaning the house until we noticed a problem. Our house was full of toys I didn't play with. There were kids that didn't have toys to play with. How did they have fun? So, we sorted our toys and we went to goodwill to donate our toys. Now the kids that didn't have toys now they can have fun playing with there new toys. I hope they have fun playing

with there new toys. Now a lot more people have toys to play with. So they could have fun and that's the story of how I made my world a better place for a lot of people.

POOL

By Toby, 3rd grade

Have you bin to the pool? I have. The pool is 5 feet tall. I ride the dolfín, but the dolfín dose not like me. Next I cach the sinkers. We have 4 rings and 3 sea crechers. "Time to jump in," I say. When I jump

in I see so meny bubls, and some times I swimm. The water is cold, but it is worm win you get yooos to it. In the car we sit on are tawl. When we git home we take a shaer. Mom axs, "Was it fun." "Yes," I say. It was the best day ever!

Going to the pool

By Olivia, 3rd grade

Come on! My mom yelled. Hurry up! She yelled again. I'm hurrying! I yelled back. I came out of the bathroom wearing my green dress as a cover up for my bathing suit. Wait for me! My dad yelled. Ugh fine! I said playfully as if I didn't want to wait for him. We were all ready to go to...THE POOL! I was so excited!

We hadn't gone in what felt like forever! Finally we all got in the car and drove to the pool. As soon as we got there I wanted to jump in but my mom called me to put sunscreen on. As soon as she said I could go I sprinted to the

deep end of the pool. Splash! I heard as I came up. It was my dad jumping in with me! As soon as he came up I swam as fast as I could to him. Then I asked if he wanted to do a handstand contest of who could stay under in a handstand longer with me and guess what? He said yes! So I counted down. Five, four, three, two, and...ONE! I tried to count how long I was under in my head but I lost track after about five seconds. I came up but my dad was still under. He came up about two seconds later. We did about twenty more and once we were finished we floated on the water until it was time to go home.

We got out stuff packed up and hoped in the car home here we come!

WHAT IF?

By Jeffrey

If I had a ship I would sail to Hawaii, and sit down and have a cup of Kool-Aid.

The Day Amelia Earhart landed in Anderson

BY RICH OTTER

It was an amazing treat for the people of Anderson. Amelia Earhart flew into Anderson in an autogiro. Her coming at all was exciting, but an autogiro, they'd never seen one of those things. It was a forerunner of the helicopter. It was piloted by a woman!

She landed at Anderson's first airfield, a bumpy piece of rough ground across from the county home, not far from the current sheriff's office, and beyond the Civic Center. It is said there once was a sign marking her approximate landing location that is now among trees adjacent to the Center's parking lot, surrounded by an iron fence with a spotlight pointing toward a very tall pole, symbolically stretching toward the sky. It was 1931 and she was on a promotional tour for Beechnut Gum.

It is said there once was a sign marking her approximate landing location that is now among trees adjacent to the Center's parking lot

Parents grabbed their children and raced their old jalopies up the hill to the site. John Gates, recalled there was a welcoming committee that included Anderson leaders such as Bonner Kid, J. H. Mitchell, Mayor G. T. McGregor, Mrs. Forest Suggs, Pete Thornton, Lon Sullivan, Tom Speer and Bill Garrison.

Speer and Garrison, who ran Piedmont Candy and Cigar Company, were responsible for getting her to come to Anderson. John Gates, eleven years old at the time, said the community talked about it for weeks. It was an exciting adventure for the kids and adults alike. Gates admitted, what he enjoyed the most, were free samples of Beeches.

Amelia Earhart had become part of Anderson. Her adventures were then followed closely as

she literally soared throughout the world.

Earhart had her first flying experience with a ten-minute flight at an ariel



show. She knew immediately she wanted to learn to fly. She worked a number of different jobs to acquire the funds for training, including photography, as a truck driver and as a stenographer. She bought a used plane in 1921 and in 1922 flew to 14,000 feet, setting a world's altitude record for a female pilot. In 1923 she became the 16th woman in the United States to be issued a pilot's license.

She was the first female passenger to cross the Atlantic in a plane, and the first woman to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross. She was also the first female vice president of the National Aeronautics Association.

Among other notable flights, she was the first person ever to fly solo from Honolulu to the United States. She flew alone in 1935 in a single engine monoplane that had been shipped to Honolulu by boat with seats stripped out to make room for four extra fuel tanks. It was a distance of about 2,400 miles and took 18 hours.

Earhart aspired to be the first woman pilot to circle the globe. A trip was laid out with multiple stops for fuel, crossing the United States from Oakland to Miami, then to South America and across the Atlantic Ocean to Africa. From there the route went to India, and eventually to New Guinea. She was accompanied by Fred Noonan serving as navigator.

From New Guinea they were faced with the huge jump across the Pacific Ocean. They were to land at Howland Island where a Coast Guard cutter was stationed with fuel, and then proceed on to the Hawaiian Islands and back to

California.

With crude instruments then available, the search for the tiny Howland Island was the greatest challenge of the trip. It was 1937 and produced a mystery that has existed for almost 90 years. The biggest challenge was making landfall with what would be highly depleted fuel in their Lockheed Electra aircraft. They disappeared.

There followed an extensive search and speculation as to what happened. Throughout the years investigations have continued and possible routes have been charted and followed. Being in the prelude period to World War II, it was even wondered if they had been captured by the Japanese thinking them spies.

There was great concern in Anderson as to what had happened. She had been a cherished part of the community's history. It is possible, in October of this year, there may be a final answer.

Nikumaroro is a tiny uninhabited coral atoll in the Phoenix Islands about halfway between Australia and the Hawaiian Islands. There is what is referred to as a Taraia object that was spotted by a 2020 satellite in a lagoon. It looks suspiciously like parts of an aircraft. In 1940 there had been a skeleton of a female found there of Earhart's appropriate size and also some personal items that suggested they could have been hers.

A joint effort is being launched by the Purdue Research Foundation and the Archeological Legacy Institute. They are sending a 16-person team to visit the site.

It is possible the Amelia Earhart mystery may finally be put to rest.



ASK THE DOGTOR

Why I'm stepping away from general practice

Over the past several months, many people have asked me the same question: Why are you stepping away from general veterinary practice?

The simplest answer is that it is time for a change.

I have spent most of my teenage and adult life caring for animals, especially dogs, and the people who love them. My family and I built Walker Canine Care from the ground up, and for many years that practice became an enormous part of my life.



Jackson Walker

I am proud of what we built. I am proud of the medicine and surgery we practiced, the relationships we developed, and the generations of dogs families entrusted to us.

But over time, I came to realize that being the sole veterinarian responsible for a busy practice had grown beyond what one person could reasonably carry.

When you own a veterinary hospital, the responsibility does not end when the last appointment leaves. There are patients, employees, business decisions, emergencies, phone calls, finances, equipment, regulations, and countless other responsibilities that most people never see.

Eventually, I reached a point where I had to make a decision: continue simply because I could, or recognize that it was time to make a change while I could still feel proud of the career I had built and excited about what might come next.

I chose the latter.

This was not a sudden decision, and it certainly was not an easy one. After a great deal of thought and prayer, however, I believe it is the right decision for me and my family.

I do not view it as an ending. I view it as a change in direction.

A New Chapter for the Practice

There was also something very important to me about how Walker Canine Care transitioned to its next chapter.

Veterinary medicine has changed considerably during my career. Across the country, many independently owned veterinary hospitals have been purchased by large corporate organizations. Often the

original hospital name remains, and sometimes very little appears to change from the outside.

I wanted something different.

Walker Canine Care was something my family and I built, and when my time as its owner was finished, I wanted that transition to be clear and honest.

The practice is transitioning to a small, locally based veterinary group whose veterinarians I have known professionally through referrals for many years. The practice will become Anderson Vet, and the new team will have the opportunity to build something of their own.

I believe that is healthy for the practice, healthy for the veterinarians who will lead it, and ultimately good for the people and animals they serve.

It will also allow the hospital to grow beyond the limitations of having a single veterinarian responsible for nearly everything. With multiple veterinarians, there can be broader availability, different areas of experience, and more flexibility for patients and clients.

Anderson Is Fortunate to Have Good Veterinarians

One thing I want to make very clear is that this transition should not be interpreted as an endorsement of one veterinarian at the expense of another.

Anderson and the surrounding Upstate are fortunate to have many excellent veterinarians.

There are talented general practitioners, emergency veterinarians, surgeons, specialists, and veterinary teams throughout our area doing very good work every day.

Veterinary medicine is also deeply personal. The veterinarian who is the perfect fit for one family may not be the right fit for another. Communication style, philosophy, availability, location, cost, and the needs of an individual animal all matter.

My hope is simply that people find a veterinarian they trust, establish a good relationship with that practice, and continue providing their animals with consistent veterinary care.

For the families who remain with Anderson Vet, I hope they will give the new veterinarians a fair opportunity to earn that trust.

Things will undoubtedly be different.

Different doctors may recommend different approaches. Protocols may change. The way appointments are scheduled or patients are managed may evolve.

That is normal.

Different does not automatically mean worse, and different does not automatically mean better. What matters is whether the medicine is thoughtful, the communication is clear, and the veterinarian and client are working toward the same goal.

What Comes Next

As for me, I do not know exactly what my relationship with veterinary medicine will look like in the years ahead.

For the first time in a long time, I am comfortable not having that answer.

I know I want more time with my family.

I want more time with my dogs, more time outdoors, and more time to think, create, speak, teach, and pursue some of the interests I have kept on the back burner for years.

I also expect veterinary medicine will remain part of my life in some capacity. It has shaped nearly every part of my adult life, and that does not disappear simply because I am stepping away from owning and operating a general practice.

I am leaving general practice with gratitude rather than waiting until I have nothing left to give it.

That distinction matters to me.

If you trusted me with one dog, thank you.

If you trusted me with generations of dogs, thank you.

You allowed me to build a career doing something I once dreamed about doing.

You trusted me during routine puppy visits and complicated surgeries. You trusted me on some of your happiest days and, occasionally, on some of your hardest.

I have never taken that responsibility lightly.

Walker Canine Care was an important chapter of my life, and I will always be proud of what my family, my staff, my clients, and I built together.

But chapters are supposed to end.

And sometimes the best thing you can do is be grateful for the one you just finished—and turn the page.

As I begin this next chapter, I am also looking forward to remaining part of the Electric City News family and continuing to bring practical, honest information about canine health to our community.

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THE GARDEN SHOP

SUCSESSES, FAILURES AND DEER



**SUSAN
TEMPLE**
master
gardener

As early morning fog rolls across the pasture, there are silhouettes of deer. Spider webs glisten in the grass and trees as the sun begins to shine brighter. It's a favorite view. Two bucks regularly come into the yard these days, and this reminds me, Labor Day marks the time to get busy putting fence around plants I don't want rubbed.

This morning, deer are having beautyberry (*Callicarpa americana*) for breakfast. This native shrub can be a tad weedy as birds scatter the seeds. Maybe deer help too. Purple berries in the fall are very pretty and make it worth the bit of trouble. I think I'll take some seeds and scatter on the hill; feed deer away from the flower garden. A deer stood on its hind legs to eat the scarlett euonymus (*Euonymus sachalinensis*), not to be confused with invasive euonymus burning bush. Scarlett is somewhat non-descript most of the year, until brilliant red seed pods show up in late fall. It's been limbed up, and I suppose that worked out well because deer would have eaten the bottom anyway.

An easy success in the garden is cleome, or cat's whiskers or spider flower (*Cleome spinosa*). This reseeding annual will thrive most all summer, until frost, with no care. Cleomes are sort of stinky, maybe that's why deer pass them by. Pink and white flowers bounce around on long stems. Seed pods add interest too. Seeds are easily gathered and scattered wherever one might want to grow another patch. One of the coolest things about Cleome is the hummingbird hawk moths that visit them in the evenings. I would like to add

solid white Cleome to the garden but haven't found seeds yet. They may cross pollinate with mixed colored though. Maybe I'll find out some day.

Cockscombs are another very easy to grow reseeding annual, if deer will let them bloom. Wheat cockscombs (*Celosia spicata*) are a bubble bee favorite. Each year, I gather seeds and scatter them in other places in the front garden. It seems they wash down to the sidewalk. This year, along a path near the sidewalk, one has to push the cockscombs back to get through. Some are almost head high. And boy, are they busy with bees. Pink/magenta-colored blooms can take anything summer heat and storms throw at them. They rarely ever flop, bloom in hundred-degree heat, and provide plenty of seeds for next year, and enough to share with deer.

Speaking of storms, Heavy Metal switchgrass (*Panicum virgatum* 'Heavy Metal') has flopped open. After a very windy gully washer, it flopped down and has barely recovered. Another patch further out in the yard is standing tall. My guess is the soil is a bit too rich in the garden, but this has never happened before. It is not in as much sun either as the other patch. I hate to cut it back, but it's on other plants and blocking two paths. It is still a favorite though, with its sort of steel blue foliage.

A big disappointment, and speaking of too rich soil, a big patch of big rattlesnake Master (*Eryngium yuccifolium*) appears to be rotting. I've tried several times to grow this plant without success, until two years ago. The first plant was doing great. Last year it was covered in pollinators. It bloomed this year, but nothing seemed to visit. Then the plant started turning brown. I pulled some of the foliage and it came right up. Rotted! Maybe the other three plants in different parts of the garden will be okay. They will be closely watched, and moved, if they start to fade.



PICKLEBALL MALL?

As we all know, the Mall has been on life support for a while. It opened in 1972 with Meyers Arnold and J.C. Penney; then it added the Food Court, Sears, and Belk, but it has been hanging on ever since.



Neal Parnell

I've taken a random survey of Anderson residents and asked them one question: "What would make the Anderson Mall come alive again?" Here are

some of the responses.

Anita Bath: I'd turn it into an indoor Pickleball / Youth Sports complex. Imagine 30 air-conditioned pickleball courts with stores that serve healthy-ish food. Towns within 40 miles would book it.

Gene Poole: I'd remove all the kiosks, add benches, plants, and mile markers to create a climate-controlled walking park. Oh, they're already doing most of that, but the Pickleball Mall would work.

Paige Turner: I don't have ideas for the whole mall, but I do have a couple of ideas for stores. One is called PUTT, PUTT and BUTT; it's Golf simulator meets BBQ where a hole-in-one gets you a plate of burnt ends and fries. The other is inside the Old Sears auto shop called WELD and HOLLER. It's a muffler shop with karaoke where you get a new straight pipe installed and sing a Merle Haggard song to test it.

Barb Dwyer: The old Belk store would become a coffee shop called "Fixin' to get Caffinated" to attract new transplants from the big city who want to fit in. The barista who serves \$14 lattes is an eighteen-year-old from Charleston with a man bun named Skylar, and calls everyone Shooger.

Hugh Jass: If y'all are serious, I'll help you out. Promote a "Shop with your Dog Day" and program AI robots to follow with a mop

and a scooper.

Will Power: Bring back the center fountain, add benches around it, fill it with catfish, and give away free cans of corn if you drive in on a zero-turn mower.

Iona Ford: As you enter, there will be a business on the right called "Watch My Husband." For only \$25 an hour, they will dress him in shorts and a T-shirt, place him in a recliner facing an 85" screen playing ESPN, and bring him a beer served with Hot-Wings every 20 minutes while you shop.

Al Beback: To get Teens to return to the mall, open a store called "The Dead Phone Morgue"—50 plush bean-bags with fast-charging stations and free Wi-Fi. Charge \$20 to sit. They'll happily pay it while ordering DoorDash to the mall.

Earl E. Bird: Bring out the old GNC sign and, instead of General Nutrition Center, call it Guns, Noodles, and Copenhagen. Protein Powder, Deer Sausage Seasonings, and those energy drinks that make your heart sound like a Briggs and Stratton with old gas.

Eileen Dover: "Git'er Dun, Ink and Gun" specializing in Shotgun Bling and inking a line through your old girlfriend's name. FREE Clemson Glow Bow with ankle tat that says, Blessed.

The Anderson Mall is not dead, but it's getting close to retirement age at 53 years; that's 106 in business years. Let's face it, Anderson will never have a skyscraper with working, living, and shopping all in the same place. The tallest thing we have is a cell phone tower. Even Greenville's new Gateway project will only be 29 stories. We now have Prime accounts and have decided we don't want to walk 670,000 sq. feet to buy socks. The Mall had a good run of first-day-of-school outfits, bad food-court Chinese, walking laps, and lots of cherished memories, but now it's just a massive air-conditioned building waiting on a great idea. What's Yours?



Campbell honored

Anderson friends celebrate Mary Campbell being inducted into the T.L. Hanna Hall of Fame as a trailblazer for women's sports, excelling in basketball, tennis, and track.

Pictured are Wendy Moon Birchfield, Kathy King Berryhill, Sharon Jeffcoat Allen, Gloria Gambrel Elrod, and Mary Campbell, who is seated.

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Wellness doesn't have to be complicated

These days, all we hear about is the latest wellness advice—eat more protein, take supplements, do yoga, take ice baths. Then the advice completely flips: ice is bad for your nervous system, stick to heat, limit your protein, and swap yoga for Pilates.



Kristine March

It has become far too confusing to keep up with all the conflicting trends. I'm at the point where I'm just tuning out

the noise and doing what works best for me. There are going to be days where I will have a glass of wine, maybe a cheeseburger and I'm going to eat that piece of chocolate. Then there's going to be days where I don't. Life is all about balance and moderation, but I'm never going to restrict myself with the things that I love, because life is too short.

There are a lot of ways that I like to keep myself grounded and feeling good, but I've modified it and made it pretty simple. The key word here is stability. I do take vitamins every morning, but I drink really good coffee with creamer in it. I used to drink it black with maybe a dash of honey, but now I don't. I treat myself. I do a lot more skin care than I used to, but I'm not obsessed over a new wrinkle that I've earned. It's called ageing and it's definitely a privilege that not everyone gets. I try to work out as much as I can. My favorite work out is simply walking around my neighborhood. I've noticed that I sleep really well at bedtime after I've done a long walk. I make sure to get my hair done and highlighted and trimmed and I actually like getting my teeth cleaned now, I force myself to go the dentist, but after it's over, I feel accomplished and proud of myself. It's also really good for your overall health. Just go. If I'm ever feeling anxious or depressed, I try to get my mind off of myself. I hug my cat. Call my mother or have a good cry. There's nothing wrong with crying, by the way. It helps us activate feel good chemicals. We don't do it enough. It's actually so good for us. Holding it in can physically hurt you. Have that good cry, and yes if you're a man reading this you better do it too. Sometimes buying a new outfit or a pair of shoes will boost my mood. I've cut down my shopping to where I don't just buy anything because it's wasteful, but on occasion I love the feeling of getting something new because it activates my brain's



reward system, feels like a fresh start and gives an instant boost of confidence. There's nothing wrong with a little bit of retail therapy. Fashion is fun.

A gratitude list is extremely helpful. It trains our brain. Sometimes I forget to do it, but every morning, try to write down three things that you're grateful for. For example, I woke up today and I had clean water which is more precious than gold, I have a family that loves me, and I'm healthy. Those are three things that some people don't have, and we certainly take it for granted.

Music is definitely the cure all. My Spotify playlist is very important to me. I have curated it, and I'm truly really proud of it. Dancing just 15 minutes a day will boost your serotonin and lowers that annoying word called stress.

Presentability is actually very important. Putting on pretty makeup and doing your hair, getting dressed in a nice outfit will definitely get you out of a slump. I don't mean you have to go full glam everyday, but adding this to your routine will make you feel more put together and polished.

Planting flowers or just setting up Fall mums in the yard is so rewarding. Starting a small garden is one of the best things you can do. Planting flowers is medicinal. In fact, some of the blooms can be used for all kinds of things like making creative tinctures. Just having a tomato plant will keep you busy and bring a sense of contentment.

Embracing some of these practices can contribute to increased happiness and improved health, helping you feel motivated to move forward in life. Remember to make the sidewalk your runway and kindness always matters. Don't worry. Be happy y'all.



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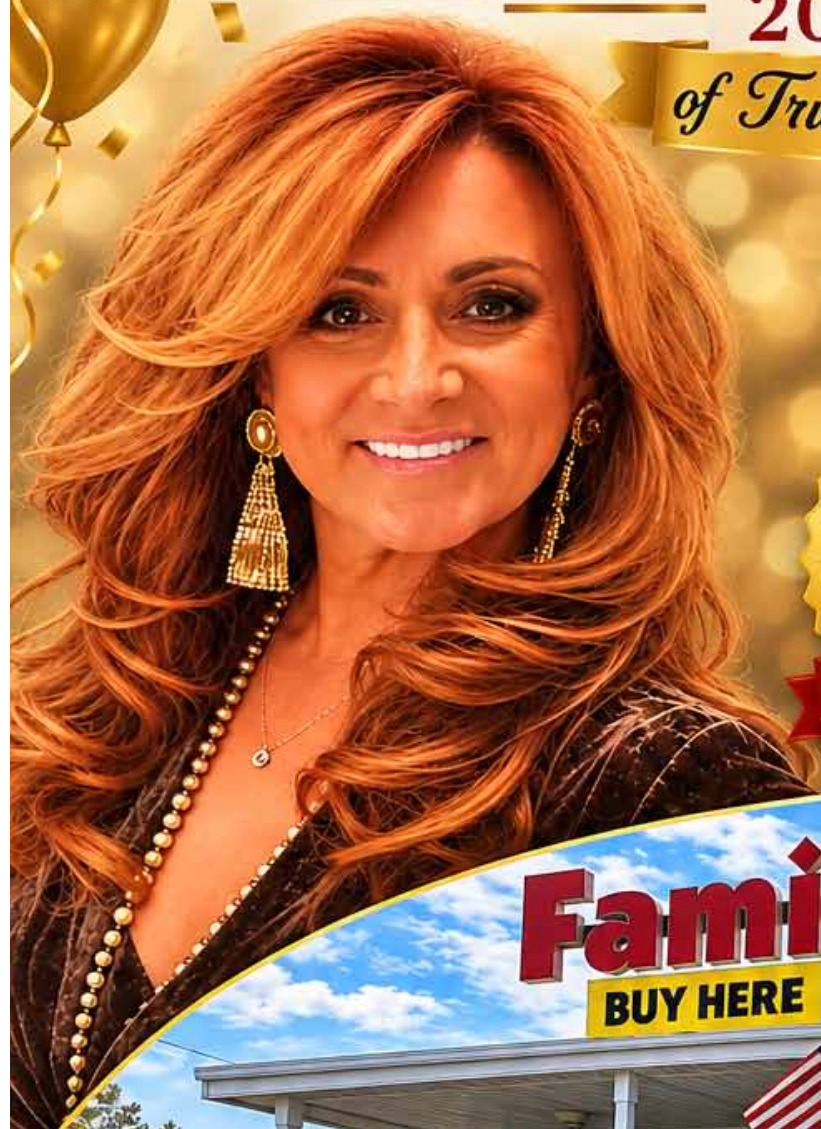


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Hanna beats Mauldin after weather interruption

From the beginning, the T.L. Hanna-Mauldin football game on Sept. 18 was a little unusual.



Brian Hodges

Hanna kicked off, and on Mauldin's first play from scrimmage, Ryland Walton ran 80 yards for a touchdown.

After that, Mauldin had zero first downs the rest of the first half. And the Jackets built a 20-7 lead.

Then the rain and lightning came and officials eventually decided to resume play on Monday, Sept. 21. It was a long weekend for the players.

Hanna came out Monday and scored on their first possession and wrapped up a 33-7 victory over Mauldin.

Myles Norris started at quarterback Monday. He completed an 11-yard TD pass to Zay Carroll, and the Jackets were in control. Norris is considered one of

Hanna's best pass defenders.

Was coach Jason Tone worried about Hanna's mentality coming out on Monday?

"You always worry about the mindset of 17-year-olds," Tone said. "What if somebody's girlfriend broke up with him? Or somebody said something on social media."

But the Jackets seemed determined.

Brock Cole rushed for 97 yards and rebounded after taking a hard-hit Monday that briefly knocked him out of the game.

"He's fine," Tone said.

Hanna's defense was outstanding. They limited Mauldin to 137 total yards, including the 80-yard burst at the start of the game.

The Jackets' Carroll blocked a punt on Friday that was recovered by Greg Tatum for a touchdown as Hanna built its lead.

The Hanna-Wren game on Sept. 11 had a statistical oddity.

The Jackets dictated time of possession (34:56 minutes to 13:04) but the Hurricanes eventually won 21-14.

Hanna put together an 11-play,

67-yard march but fumbled with 2:42 to play.

The Hurricanes responded with key passes from Jacob Owings, who passed for 216 yards. The clincher was a 26-yard touchdown pass to Jack Hughes with two minutes to go.

"We've had some real battles with Hanna in recent years," said Wren coach Anthony Frate, whose team is 4-1.

"Recently, we lost to them when our 1,600-yard rusher fumbled. This time, we came out on top. They (the Jackets) had a tough fumble and we made the big plays.

"Frankly, we had several guys playing both ways (offense and defense) near the end," Frate said. "We had to hang in there."

Hanna rushed for 264 yards against Wren, but several punts pinned them deep in their own territory.

"Our punter had a good day," Frate said.



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FROM THE SHELF

ON STRANGE READING HABITS

Recently some librarians and I were talking about “weird” reading habits, or sub-genres/niche interests in terms of books. Some of the discussion was about things that guarantee we’ll read a book, but we also got to talking about various patterns in our reading choices. This goes beyond basic things like being a ‘mystery reader,’ or even more specifically, a love for ‘unreliable narrators’ (or hate for them); this was going deep on our weirdest niche book fixations.

I love a good pattern recognition, so as we talked I really thought about different things that I know are absolute reads for me that maybe don’t make a ton of sense or certainly wouldn’t really count as a subgenre. One of my “weird” habits is a love for pink or neon book covers. I’m talking like fully pink/fluorescent colors – not just the title or an aspect, but the full cover. It doesn’t



Sara Leady

matter the genre — if it’s pink, I’m sold. I especially love horror novels that have solid pink covers (oddly these often tie to Sarah Gailey). Pink isn’t even my favorite color, but something about solid pink covers has me. I’m also guaranteed to read pretty much any book that stars a librarian; the weirder/more niche type of librarian the better. I also tend to love meta-fiction (a book within a book – a favorite example could be *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time* by Mark Haddon).

My biggest, and definitely weirdest, reading pattern obsession is mushrooms in fiction. More specifically mushrooms as either mildly sentient and consuming things, or mushrooms growing out of living creatures. Before this conversation I hadn’t even realized this was a thing for me, but it absolutely is. My realization of this started with my thinking about different covers that sold me without knowing anything about the book, and a lot of them featured mushrooms. From there I started to see the pattern that beyond just a presence on the cover, the mushrooms

or fungi playing a real role in the narrative was an even bigger plus for me.

I’ve always found mushrooms and fungi fascinating, and especially visually stimulating. I could examine growths on a tree for hours. The whole sentient or invasive growth on a living creature is not something I’d like in real life (can you imagine? *shivers*), but on page I am all in. While there are books where mushrooms/fungi feature more as fun elements (like Lewis Carroll’s *Wonderland*), some of my favorites are neutral presences at best. *Mexican Gothic* by Sylvia Moreno-Garcia doesn’t have mushrooms on the cover, but the presence of a fungal growth in the house plays a huge role in the notable gothic best-seller. *Mexican Gothic* was probably also my first foray into this weird little reading obsession.

What Moves the Dead by T. Kingfisher was my introduction to Kingfisher (love) and is easily one of my favorite book covers ever. It’s the kick-off to the *Sworn Soldier* series, and while it’s a Poe retelling, I’d describe the book as “cozy fantasy” with a touch of

gothic, as weird as that sounds (like a spooky Narnia). *Annihilation* by Jeff Vandermeer and *We Have Always Lived in the Castle* by Shirley Jackson are two classics featuring mushrooms/fungal growths. Recently I read *Wife Shaped Bodies* by Laura Cranehill which features women infested with mushrooms that grow out of their bodies. As gross as that sounds, I’d put Cranehill’s debut solidly in the literary fiction category – it was incredible in many different weird and uncomfortable ways. It, along with the niche reading discussion, has kicked off a deep dive into even more mushroom fiction.

There are some well-known titles like *The Girl with All the Gifts* by M.R. Carey and *Rosewater* by Tade Thompson that I’ve never read that are now lined up in my listening queue. I’m starting with *Spread Me* by Sarah Gailey though. While it doesn’t have a pink cover, it’s one of the few Gailey books I’ve yet to read. The cover is pretty haunting, though not obviously shroomy. Knowing it’s fungal — plus the home-like structure on the cover — has me very excited.

NIBBLE AND SIP

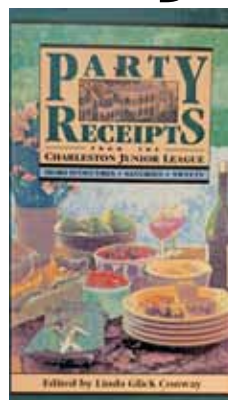
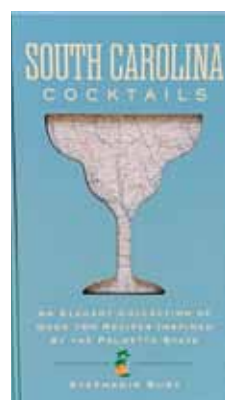
It’s never too early

It’s never too early to think about Christmas or 5:00 pm. Both the holiday and the cocktail hour are cause for celebration. They often require inspiration, too, and two of my favorite cookbooks – one new, one classic – make the perfect stocking stuffers and the perfect Nibble and Sip.



Kim von Keller

I received “*South Carolina Cocktails*” as a gift earlier in the year, and I’ve already guinea-pigged my friends with six of its recipes. This small workhorse of a book, written by Stephanie Burts and published by Harper Collins Focus, has over 100 recipes from bars and restaurants across the



state. My new go-to when company’s coming is Charleston Light Dragoon’s Punch, developed from a recipe dating back to 1792 and featuring darling rum and a black tea syrup. I make a batch in advance and refrigerate it in a 1-liter bottle. When it’s time to serve, I simply pour it over ice

and top it with a bit of club soda and a lemon slice. The book also features twists on classics, like the Old Fashioned and the Margarita, and a brief history of cocktail culture in our state dating back to the 17th century.

While it may nod to the past, “*South Carolina Cocktails*” is a thoroughly modern recipe book. T’Amaro Not Today highlights cachaça, a Brazilian spirit made from sugarcane. Toki-O Drifting mixes Japanese whisky and Cynar, an herbal liqueur made from, among other botanicals, artichokes. Red Wedding, blending bourbon and hibiscus, is sure to be a favorite if your favorite was “*Game of Thrones*.”

You’re going to need food to go with those drinks, and you will never, ever go wrong with “*Party Receipts from the Charleston Junior League*,” edited by Linda Glock Conway and published in 1993. [NOTE: Receipt is an older English word for recipe.] If you are only going to buy one book for cocktail nibbles, it should be this one.

“*Party Receipts*” is a companion to the classic cookbooks “*Charleston Receipts*” and “*Charleston Receipts Repeats*,” both compiled by the Charleston Junior League and published in 1950 and 1986, respectively. “*Party Receipts*” features hot and cold hors d’oeuvres, sit-down starters, a special section on seafood, and pick-up sweets. My personal favorites are the Golden Nut Crunch, a cereal-based snack mix made from Golden Grahams cereal; Crab Louis Dip; Goat Cheese Tortillas, tostados made with chorizo and jalapeno peppers; and Parsley Sandios, a parsley and bacon sandwich that I have been asked to make more times than I can count.

Both books are available for purchase online, and I plan to pair them as Christmas gifts for those friends who have everything. In the meantime, I’ll work my way through “*South Carolina Cocktails*” and revisit my favorites in “*Party Receipts from the Charleston Junior League*.” I hope you’ll find your own favorites in both books!



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