

Electric City News

Your Connection to Local News, Sports, People and Happenings

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May 8-21, 2025

MOTHER'S DAY

SUNDAY, MAY 11

ALL WOMEN ARE LITTLE WOMEN

BY KIM VON KELLER

One of America's best-loved novels is "Little Women" by Louisa May Alcott. "Little Women" tells the story of the March family, including four daughters, as they navigate the Civil War era and its aftermath. There have been eight film versions of the novel, as well as numerous television miniseries. When it was first published in 1868, it was ahead of its time as it described the sibling relationships, dreams, and goals of American girls. And as we approach Mother's Day, it's a good story to think about as I believe all women daughters, sisters, or mothers - are Little Women.

The characters are iconic. Mrs. March, or Marmee, as she's affectionately called, holds her family together while her husband is serving as a military chaplain. Meg, the oldest daughter, is dutiful and



responsible, longing for marriage and family. Jo dreams of adventure and a life as a writer. Beth is quiet and shy, loving and giving. Amy, the baby of the family, is artistic and outgoing and mischievous as she pursues a life removed from the deprivation the Marches faced during wartime.

"Little Women" was a favorite of my mother, Barbara, who passed away recently at age 91. My dad may have been the head of the household, but as a mother, she was Marmee, the center of our family. We grew up modestly, but Mama made sure we had everything we needed, budgeting and saving and doing without to set us on our best paths. She could move money like a Medici, and if we had an interest in or enthusiasm for something, she figured out a way for us to explore it. How we went to college with no student loans, I'll never know. If my sister, Lisa, or I had an Amy day, we were corrected. On Jo days, we were applauded. And on Meg days, we were quietly welcomed into the roles of wives and mothers.

As a person, though, Mama was a Beth, happiest at home, always putting herself last, interested in

the adventures of her daughters but never wanting her own. Before dementia, she loved books and antique china and every animal God ever created. When I say she wouldn't hurt a fly, I mean it. I have seen her gather any number of creepy crawlies and gently carry them outside. Each November, she insisted on turning on the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. But as Lisa and I watched it, with all its marching bands and dancers and floats and balloons, she only listened to it as she prepared the holiday dinner. As an adult, when I would offer to take her to New York to actually see it, she'd just laugh and say, "You can take me when I am 100."

Not all of us are sisters. Not all of us are mothers. But all women are Little Women, entering the

SEE WOMEN ON PAGE 2



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National Cancer Survivors Day is going country

Cancer fighters, survivors and supporters are invited to join AnMed on National Cancer Survivors Day, June 1, for a free celebration of life where cancer is kicked country-style. Music, dancing, photo opportunities, survivor recognitions, mobile mammography services and more are planned 1-3 p.m. at the Anderson Institute of Technology, 315 Pearman Dairy

Road. Gussy up in country and western duds,



chow some grub, yee-haw and see if the mood strikes you to cut a rug during the hoedown, because we're #GoingCountry. Last year's event, #The80sAreBack, was totally tubular.

The annual affair honors all who've been touched by cancer, and it gives community members opportunity to show support and compassion. Roughly 40% of people will be diagnosed with cancer at some point in their lives.

"I look forward to this event every year because it's such a fun way to celebrate and support," said Samantha Carter, assistant vice president of oncology services at AnMed. "The support our community provides those who fight cancer is inspiring."

Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

world as daughters. If we are lucky enough, we have Marmees who guide us through it, whether we're Megs, Jos, Beths, Amys, or a mix of all four. As our mothers grow older, we sometimes reverse roles, and this is especially true when a parent has dementia. My sister became a Marmee to Mama when she moved to a memory care home near her in Alpharetta, Georgia.

So visit your mom on Mother's Day if you can and plan a long phone chat if you can't. Ask her questions: Which March girl were you most like? Which one am I most like? What did you dream of when you were a girl? And if, like me, your mom is gone, look at photo albums or home movies, remembering funny stories and happy times. That's what I'll be doing, laughing and crying and just missing my Marmee.



NEW COUNTY MUSEUM EXHIBIT COMMEMORATES MEDICAL HISTORY

A new exhibit featuring comprehensive and moving documentation of local medical history has opened at the Anderson County Museum. It's titled The Medical History of Anderson County, Presented by AnMed in Honor of President Emeritus John A. Miller Jr.

It covers AnMed's long, proud history, of course, as well as that of early health care

leaders throughout the local area.

Admission to the entire museum is free, though donations are accepted.

MUSEUM GALLERY HOURS:

Tuesday: 10 a.m. - 7 p.m. Wednesday – Saturday 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Closed to the public Sunday and Monday

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TOP 10 EVENTS YOU MUST SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Spring Craft Market Handmade Local Goods

Where: Anderson County Farmer's Market, 402 N. Murray Ave.



Ainsley McCarthy

When: Every Saturday in May, 10 am-2 pm

Why you should go: Shop a selection of meats, baked treats,

honey, jewelry and crafts from 40+ local vendors, and hum along to live music with your friends.

Something Rotten! | A Live Production at The Market Theatre Where: The Market Theatre,

110 Federal St. Suite 6

When: Remaining dates include May 9, 10, 11, 12

Why you should go: "Something

Rotten!" is a wacky production that tells the story of the creation of the world's first musical, set in the 17th Century. Meant to make you laugh, the play boasts 10 Tony nominations. Visit the website for further details.

Anderson City Council Meeting Where: the first floor of City Hall, 401 S. Main St.

When: Monday, May 12 at 6 pm Why you should go: Stay informed and up-to-date on the important decisions being made that directly impact you and the rest of the city.

Pig in the Park BBQ Festival Free General Admission!

Where: Williamston Mineral Spring Park, 121 W. Main St.

When: Friday, May 16 at 8 am & Saturday, May 17 at 7:30 am

Why you should go: Join the BBQ Cookoff, sample tasty food, participate in the raffle and stay for live music from The Combo Kings.

Westy's Spring Vintage Market Fun for the Whole Family

Where: Westy's Antiques and Vintage Heirlooms, 28 Main St. W.

When: Saturday, May 17 from 9

Why you should go: Support local vendors and explore the shop's hidden gems

Free Live Rock Band Concert & Cookout | The Peanut Butter Whiskey Band

Where: North Anderson Community Church-Presbyterian, 4200 Liberty Hwy

When: Saturday, May 17 from

Why you should go: North Anderson Presbyterian Church promises a fun afternoon filled with music, food and friends. Everyone is welcome!

Young Philanthropists Present Boots, Brews & BBQ: Step Up for Anderson | United Way

Where: Lee Hancock's Homestead, 204 Virginia Circle

When: Saturday, May 17 at 6 pm Why you should go: The United Way of Anderson County's Young Philanthropists Affinity Group will raise money to promote good health, accessible education, etc. in Anderson County. Everyone is welcome, and attendees are sure to enjoy a night of good food and entertainment.

Anderson County Council

Where: Anderson County Historic Courthouse, 101 S. Main

When: Tuesday, May 20 from 6:30-8 pm

Why you should go: Stay informed and up-to-date on the important decisions being made that directly impact you and the rest of the county.

Mac Arnold & Plate Full O' Blues | Downtown Sounds Block

Where: Carolina Wren Park, 111 E. Whitner St.

When: Thursday, May 22 from

Why you should go: Put on your dancing shoes and head on down to the park for a night of Blues tunes. The best part? It's free!

Collectors Vehicle Show | Jeeps, Classic Cars, Motorcycles and

Where: 212 McGee Rd. When: Saturday, June 21 from 9

Why you should go: Music, burgers/hot dogs and a raffle

FROM THE SHELF

On Tom Lake and how we classify romance

Recently I've been thinking about how we talk about books and reading, more specifically thinking in terms of romance or other "fluffy" type books. I have mixed feelings about BookTok but I give it points for getting so many people back into reading and how it's given romance readers permission to actually admit they read romance. There's a very broad spectrum of books tagged as romance, but most often you aren't hearing them discussed alongside literary or "serious reader" types of

I think there's a lot of reasons for this. Namely, romance is usually tagged as "books for women." For whatever reason, we seem to think if it's too emotional, too love focused, too domestic - these have to be for women. I think there's also an anxiety around any sort of sexual content in books, even for adult books. I think there's an assumption that adult romance titles are either very chaste, Hallmark love stories, or they're 'smut' and thus "trash," and couldn't possibly have any real meat to

This came up in a convo with a friend who reads vastly differently than I, and he always leaves me with a lot to think about. He and

I were discussing 'smut' and Book Tok, asking why a book can't be 'smut' and literary at the same time. I think some of this is the attitude that romance can't be literary, but if you think



about it, we don't have a

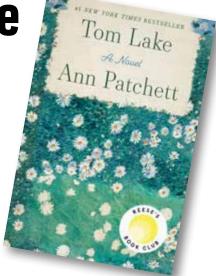
ton of 'literary' authors that are women. We have Atwood, Toni Morrison, Louise Erdrich, etc. but even they almost always come with an added tag to their serious literary fiction. Erdrich represents the American Indian or Indigenous

voice, Atwood is seen as a feminist writer, Morisson is a Black writer - they all have a caveat to their literary greatness.

These are all important components to their greatness, however we don't add other identifiers to authors like Ron Rash, Cormac McCarthy, or even Stephen King. These dudes are literary greats without an addendum. These dudes are writing DRAMA at its highest with tragic love stories, but they aren't considered 'fluff' or 'chick lit. These dudes and other male literary giants have sexual content, but again, they aren't literary with a side of 'fill in the blank.'

I just read Tom Lake by Ann Patchett, and it's a perfect novel to examine and look at some of the wavs we view women's stories and how we talk about them. Tom Lake is most often tagged as literary, historical, family, and last but not least, romance gets tagged on. Tom Lake is a love story. It has all the elements of a romance novel. It is also beautifully written literary fiction in all the glory of that definition. Both can be true at the same time; we just seem to be so hesitant to let them both exist together. Without Patchett's back catalog of literary titles, Tom Lake would likely be classified as 'domestic' or 'women's fiction.'

It starts with Lara telling her three daughters about her summer at Tom Lake, where she starred in a showing of Our Town and dated famous Hollywood heartthrob Peter Duke (think like Brad Pitt). The family runs a cherry farm, so this is quite the tasty gossip for Lara's three daughters, who are in their 20s, while the family is quarantined for Covid. Lara tells the story of her hot and short summer romance. Patchett doesn't go into the details of the heat of the romance but it's a swoony one. We get two love stories, starting



with Peter Duke, but we also learn about how Joe, the cherry farmer, came into her life. Beyond the fact that I usually hate Patchett's fiction, it was an interesting thought exercise for me to think about how different adding 'spice' into Tom Lake would and wouldn't make it. It'd read like an Abby Jimenez, Emily Henry, or a Tia Williams with the family history in context of the romance. The thing is though, we'll never call any of those three powerhouse romance writers literary and to me it's really a shame.

YOUR DENTIST CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

Are we taking obesity seriously? — part 2

As we discussed in our last feature, obesity continues to be a subject of concern when it comes to our health -- to the point where it is now recognized by the medical community as a common chronic disease, one that touches many adults today. And even our children are at risk.

How is our society affected? According to the CDC's most recent statistics, more than 100 million adults have obesity, and more than 22 million adults have severe obesity. But these are dry numbers. They don't tell the human story. Put in the simplest terms, excess fat tissue changes your body. The more weight you carry, the greater your health risk.

Obesity is complicated. It is a condition with differing levels that put people at greater risk of negative health effects. And it can be a tough challenge. One that cannot and should not be ignored. Obesity increases our risk of diabetes, cardiovascular issues, and it is now linked to some forms of cancer! Then there

are issues of mobility, severe joint pain and sleep apnea that erode day to day quality of life. In addition, it can be argued that obesity



Dr. Gabrielle F. Cannick

increases emotional stress. Think of the peer pressures young people face.

But let's be clear. There is obesity – in which case sufferers should seek medical attention for dietary guidance and possible medical care – and then there is being

overweight. Being overweight means having more weight than is considered

healthy for your height. Most of us fall in this category. And the good news is – yes, we can overcome weight challenges through lifestyle changes.

Hardly a day passes in our practice when I

am asked, "You look more fit. How do you do it? How can I lose weight?" They may simply need to shed pounds. They want to look and feel better. They want to PROTECT their health. It's frustrating, I know because there are not any "for sure" ways to safely and effectively go about it. We're all different.

Nevertheless, for those who may benefit I will share a little of my personal experience. I was not obese, but I was overweight several years ago. So, I began eating whole foods, staying active, and engaging in a "self-care lifestyle" to reduce stress, better sleep, and live each day as fully as I could (mindfulness). Your body will adapt quickly and reward you, if you are disciplined.

Since then, I've lost 15 pounds and maintained my weight. Although I started out alone my husband and children soon joined me in my health journey. We support one another. The result? A happier, healthier family! You too can do this. Reach out if you

would like to discuss. Consider us your hometown resource for guidance and support.

Dr. Gabrielle F. Cannick is the owner of Grand Oaks Dental, located at 3905 Liberty Highway in Anderson. A strong believer that dental fear and anxiety should not prevent any patient from receiving the highest quality dental care, Dr. Cannick has received extensive training in Sedation Dentistry and is a certified member of the Dental Organization for Conscious Sedation. She is also a member of the South Carolina Dental Association, the American Dental Association, the Academy of General Dentistry, and the American Academy of Dental Sleep Medicine.

For more information about Grand Oaks Dental and the services provided, please call 864-224-0809, or click to grandoaksdental.com or visit us on Facebook at https://www.facebook.com/GrandOaksDental.



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Held on the 3rd Thursday of every month from Noon-1:30pm at 102 North Murray Avenue. Lunch is free but registration is required.



A 50th high school reunion — the memories that last a lifetime

BY SHEILA FINLEY HILTON

My first kiss was in the two-story building in a seldom used stairwell on the former T. L. Hanna campus, where McCants Middle School now stands. It was unexpected and life-changing. Moments after, I could not remember to which class I was going. It is indeed a core memory for me, one of many that I experienced from 1972-1975 at Hanna.

The end of the Vietnam era came with the fall of Saigon in April of 1975. Four years earlier in 1971, the schools were integrated in Anderson School District Five, and much of the country was in turmoil. Ironically, I never felt it inside the halls of my high school Alma Mater. Other than one racial altercation in the cafeteria (on a day that soup was being served), I felt safe and content getting to know and becoming friends with my minority classmates. They, too, found themselves in new surroundings, being asked to come together and create a student body amidst national protests and political unrest. Granted, the fight that took place, left most students covered in vegetable soup as we ran from the cafeteria. School was dismissed and when we returned to school a few days later, there were armed SLED agents at each door. My sixteen-year-old mind could not understand how one fight could warrant such a reaction. To this day, vegetable soup brings flashbacks of that fateful day. I did not feel that our school during those years was a microcosm of the outside world. Our little brick and mortar educational institution provided me with a safety net that sheltered me from the history taking place outside. We survived, and thrived, when the world around us seemed in hopeless disarray. Friendships were forged that last until this day.

I lived for Friday night football games. My attire varied, but my favorite outfit was the black and gold sequin uniform with black boots. I, along with fellow majorettes (and lifelong friends), marched into the stadium with the band, keeping the beat to the drumline, who always drowned out all other instruments. As we performed on the sidelines, it was not uncommon for Radio to join our kick-line. He would be a majorette for a little while, then a cheerleader, after which he would return to coaching or go to the concession stand for yet another hotdog. His one piece of coaching advice to all the players was to "get the quarterback." If they only did this one thing, we would always win. I have always marveled at Radio's life and how a little love and attention perhaps made him the most famous person in our little town. I was always proud that our school embraced him and allowed him to become an integral part of it. It is another life lesson that I learned at Hanna.

When we played Westside, the majorettes always twirled fire. I always left those games with patches of burnt bald spots on my head, but no one ever noticed. At the end of games with our cross-town rival, we would sing, "Na Na Na, Na Na Na, Hey Hey, Goodbye" and shake our car keys in the air if we won. If we lost, we went quietly home. The night was not over, however. After home football games, local churches, like St. John's and St. Joseph's, held dances for us. Local bands would play the top hits of the day, and we continued our day-long celebration into the night. The band August comes to mind, with their ever-popular rendition of Sweet Home Alabama. We would arrive at these "socials" after each home game and stand around staring at each other until someone was courageous enough to dance first. Once this first dance occurred, then the flood gates would open, and everyone ran to the dance floor. I remember smiling at boys with whom I wanted to dance and hiding behind the crowd of spectators or retreating to the restroom to hide from a couple

of guys who had no chance of dancing with me. It was both exciting and stressful.

I never got up before noon on Saturdays. I was on top of the world and could not envision my future life coming close to the joy I experienced on those fields, surrounded by thousands of fans clapping and cheering for me. Well, at least that's what I pretended. In reality, the spectators came to watch the game, and the only people there watching me were my parents. Not even my younger brother could be convinced to attend.

Our senior year, the Yellow Jackets were a phenomenal football team. After losing the first game to Northwestern, they won every game until the state championship. I have never seen the Anderson community come together to support a hometown team as they did our senior year. A pep rally on the square in downtown Anderson was a highlight of the season as the team prepared to play in the state championship vs. Spring Valley in Columbia. Thousands filled the streets in front of the old courthouse. The team sat in chairs on a flatbed truck. Our batons and poms-poms took on a life their own as we marched, danced and screamed until we had no voices left. I still get goosebumps.

One night after we defeated Spartanburg (with quarterback Steve Fuller) on their home turf, blue lights appeared behind the band bus as we travelled down I-85 towards the school. Oh my gosh...are we being pulled over by the highway patrol? What did we do? I was totally innocent of any misdemeanors or felonies. As the 99-year old bus driver pulled over, the law enforcement officer pulled in front of the bus and walked towards us. The bus driver opened the door, nervously awaiting the accusations that were sure to come. "Sir," the officer said, "we've been listening to the game on the radio and thought you all deserved a police escort back to the school. Every game thereafter, they were waiting at the county line to take us home. That night, I hung out the window of that bus and waved my pom-poms in the wind. Fans returning home were honking their horns as they passed by. All was right with the world.

At the end of junior year, I met someone special. My first love was a football player and hurdler on the track team. I got to know him in second year Spanish. He sat behind me and twirled his pencil in my hair. I tried hard to focus my eyes on Mrs. McCraw as she taught the subjunctive tense, but that pencil in my hair somehow interrupted my cognitive abilities. I made a C that semester in Spanish, and I had NEVER made a C before (or after).

We would lose to Spring Valley (21-19) in the state championship. I was inconsolable on the trip back home. On the following Monday morning, we realized that we had to carry on amidst our heartache. Disappointment melded into the realization that there was much for which we should be thankful. We learned humility and perseverance by leaning on each other. That senior year, I dressed up for homecoming and danced the night away at prom with my love. Four years later in our senior year at Clemson, he died of leukemia. My teenage naivety gave way to the reality of the world. Along with the joy would come suffering. Who showed up at the funeral home and gravesite? My classmates, my friends, my teachers. Those bonds forged in the classrooms and on those playing fields would prove unbreakable. It was also through this suffering that I came to know God. I never ceased longing to return to the place that had fired my irresolute clay - so I did.

Four years later, with an English Education degree in hand (thank you, Mrs. Emery), I arrived to Room 201, which would be my classroom for the next ten years. It was there that I attempted to replicate my high school experiences for the new T. L. Hanna students who entered

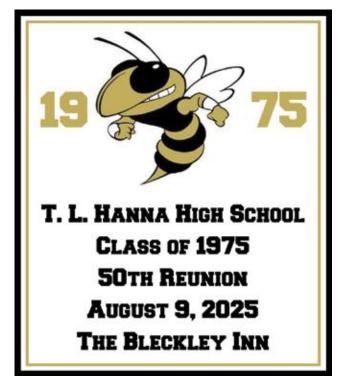
my room. Though I realized that not everyone found joy as I did in high school, it was worth a try to show them what the brief three years of high school could do for them. Though my marching boots and pom-poms were gone, a love of teaching was born. My skirts were longer; my blouses covered all the necessary parts, Espadrille shoes in every color from Caton's on the square replaced the clogs, and scarves sneaked back into my more professional wardrobe. I was given a second chance at love - with the one who became my husband and father to our two children. He helped me love life again. With each of life's inevitable heartaches, we grew in strength and resilience. Each time we survived, we found perseverance and confidence. I hesitantly moved from my classroom to the administrative office, where I spent the rest of my career. For 37 years, I was still in high school, the place I longed to be.

Though fifty years have passed, I have watched my classmates thrive. So many of them went on to have successful careers and move away to other cities and states. Some stayed here in Anderson, as I did, not being courageous enough

to leave my home. I also have watched my classmates suffer through life's inevitable sorrows - the loss of parents, of spouses, of children, and their own health. Thirty-four of our classmates are no longer here. On August 9, 2025, those of us who are left will come together once more, perhaps for the last time. Nostalgia fills me to the brim. I have a longing for those days when the world made sense and our innocence was pure. In the last few days, I have embraced these classmates - these lifelong friends - some with whom I had lost touch. I hold them a little tighter and a little longer this time. Though we need not live in the past, much of it helped to lay the foundation upon which we built our lives.

It's been fifty years since that first kiss. All the life that has been lived in between then and now has brought us to this reunion day. To the Class of 1975 – I love you. I miss you. I thank God for you.

(The T. L. Hanna Class of 1975 will have its 50th Reunion on Saturday, August 9, 2025, at the Bleckley Inn Carriage House. Contact Jane Farnswork@att.net or Sheila Finley Hilton at sheilafhilton@gmail.com for more).



RIGHT TO DRY

Maybe you haven't heard, but a conspiracy is happening just outside your door. As a Southerner, I feel it is my duty to inform you of potential changes that may inhibit your



Neal Parnell

serene way of life. I'm all for growth, jobs and education, but when certain entities decide that they are going to ban clotheslines, well, "They've done dropped a rusty bucket down my well". They claim that hanging out your laundry to dry is unsightly and poses a

safety hazard. I do agree that flying oversized, neon bright unmentionables for all to view is a sight I don't care for, and a little too much information that can't be unseen. Still, I've never viewed an evening newscast of someone in breathing distress over a hanging pair of hot-pink Granny-Panties. Wet laundry hanging from clotheslines has become a symbol of poverty and community blight when in all actuality it should be a sign of energy conser-

vation and a planet-friendly option.

I live in the sticks and can hang out my clothes and build a fire under them if I want, but it bothers me a little when I see these new housing developments whacking down all the trees and then their H.O.A is not allowing the homeowners to use the only free things left... Sunshine and Air.

It used to be that when I saw my grandmother washing clothes, I knew it was going to be a sunny day.

Oh, she had an electric money-gobbling dryer that she sometimes used for wearables only, but when it came to towels, bedsheets, shams and pillowcases, those were going on the line. Her clothesline was three rows deep and thirty feet long and she would fill every foot. I remember back when I was a kid and can see her chasing me in between the rows of sheets and I'd look back to see she'd disappeared, then she'd suddenly pop out in front of me like magic. Sewing before she could walk and marrying a Lint-Head, Grandmother knew that the clothes dryer would wear out her sheets and scrub away that outer fine soft cotton; unlike the sun, that



never would. If you think clean sheets from the dryer feel and smell good, I'm here to tell you that you've been scammed by a container with a printed flower and a Springtime Fresh label. I won't get into the short-lived feelings and smells that are better, but if you want eight hours of the best feeling and smelling sleep you'll ever have, then get yourself a clothesline, some clothespins, a hot sunny day and let those bed linens bask for a few hours in the great

outdoors. Sure, there are drawbacks to using the sun's rays to dry your clothes that happen occasionally. A disgruntled bird may take aim at your pillowcase, a muddy kid or dog may run through your yard, or your neighbor may be smoking a rack of baby- back ribs. It may be a little work, but in the end, you're going to save money, save your sheets, save the planet and possibly save a Home Owners Associate from the suffocation of Granny's Panties.

ADMISSION





GIRLS 10:00am • BOYS 12:00pm

June 14th @ T.L. Hanna High School

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ECN SUMMER CAMP GUIDE



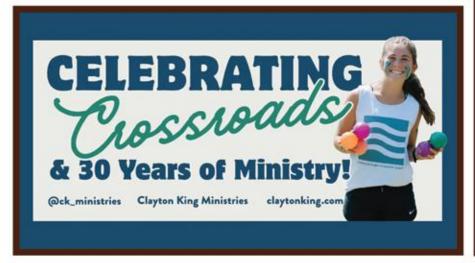
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A MATHEMATICALLY IMPROBABLE MOM

BY ANN BAILES

A happy chaos exists at Ezra and Tamara Greene's home. Evelyn, age five, is playing a board game at the kitchen counter, talking to herself as she moves all the pieces. Titus and Stephen, the two middle boys, are wrestling over a metal walking cane. And Tamara pats one-month-old Xavier, who has hiccups, while presiding over the generalized commotion.

So far this story appears fairly normal for many families. However, in addition to keeping a handle on the mild mayhem, Tamara holds an unusual record that very few mothers have ever had.

Tamara's birthday is March 28. Since

every person alive has a 1 in 365.25 chance of being born on any certain day of the year, so far she's as typical as us all. Then Evelyn was born in 2020, without any prior scheduling, on Tamara's birthday. The chances of this happening? One in 133407.5625, or .0074%. Even that happens occasionally. Following that, Titus and Stephen came along in late 2022 and late 2023, which didn't affect this statistic. However, this year, baby Xavier made his appearance. And his birthdate? March 28. Again, this was unplanned, unscheduled, and uninduced. Now we're really getting into the unusual numbers. The chances of a mother having two children, in separate years,

on her own birthday, are one in 48727112.203125, or .00000205%. Tamara is indeed one of a kind.

Ezra and Tamara knew when they got married in 2019 that they wanted a large family. They purchased a fixer-upper on the west side of Anderson and have already made great progress in turning it into a comfortable home with plenty of bedrooms and space. Their plan is to fill that house up with children. When asked how many they would like to have, Tamara responded, "We don't want to put a

number on it. God says babies are a blessing, so the real question is how much do we want God to bless us." Though unusual these days, that philosophy is worth pondering. And through the years, they will make wise decisions as they do what is best for their family.

Ezra and Tamara are busy. They're building the headquarters for Ezra's construction fram-



ing business on the property. And they often invite people to their home, mostly college and career young people that attend the Sunday school class they help teach at their church. But Tamara keeps everything going well without getting too stressed out."I usually meal plan at the beginning of the week so that I'm not running around trying to figure out what to make for dinner right before Ezra gets home. I also do at least one load of laundry a day. That way we aren't drowning in mountainous piles of laundry

if I were to only do it once a week."

She has learned how to keep her family running smoothly. And she's definitely figured out one way to keep things simple. Tamara can pull off three of the family's birthday parties together each year on a single date, March 28. That's one advantage to being a mathematically improbable mom.

Making a mood board

This year I dedicated some time and created a super fun mood board. It consists of all of the things I love and the things I am fond of. It includes things I want to try and the places I



Kristine March

want to try and the places I want to go. It seems a bit elementary, but it's really an entertaining project to focus on. You can make it virtual or physical. I'm very visual so I found it fun to make into a craft. If you have a free day, get a poster board or even a cork board and pins. Gather up some old

magazines laying around your house and make a collage. Or you can simply use your digital tools and create one on Pinterest.

To get started, think of what your goals are for 2025. Think of something you want to bake or cook that week. Think of something that you've been saving up to buy, like a really fancy pair of shoes or a really fun vacation that you want to go on. Maybe you want to paint a room in your house or do a remodel. Add the home goods you need to the board. Whatever you fancy you can get as creative as you want and you can dream big. It's just something to hold space in your mind and a layout for you to have. You can add to it every day.

Are you a minimalist, are you a farmhouse type, are you boho or are you swanky? The list goes on. Add your favorite drinks, jewelry, nail polish colors, perfume, makeup, vinyl record collection and so on. It's such a cute little hobby. It's also really interesting to look at when it starts to fill up and it says a lot about who you are, that you probably didn't know even about yourself. Add textures and fun colors and don't forget to add your favorite quotes that inspire



and motivate you. You don't even have to be a good artist, I promise! It's just a wonderful tool for you to communicate with and you have thoughts and ideas that come to life. You can even add pieces of fabric to it. Anything that stimulates and enhances your purpose for this year. And it honestly made me really happy and excited about the future. Start with some key words to really drive your vision and go from there. My particular mood board is filled with fashion, wild colors, cats, travel, music, vintage cars and all of my favorite things. The objects that I truly adore. What does your mood board say about you? Try this fun little project and get imaginative. Remember to make the sidewalk your runway and kindness always matters.

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Hanna girls' lacrosse team falls in Upper State championship

BY BRIAN HODGES

Fort Mill High School splashed some cold water on the T.L. Hanna girls' lacrosse team's hopes, beating the Yellow Jackets 18-8 in the Upper State 5A championship game on April 28.

Sisters Olivia Wallach and Evelyn Wallach scored three goals each for the host Yellow Jackets and Caelyn Little added two.

But Hanna's 16-1 season is still an achievement.

"Fort Mill is a perennial state championship-caliber team," said Hanna coach Jason Stiles. "They are very fast and very athletic."

Hanna and Fort Mill were knotted at 5-5 late in the second quarter before Fort Mill scored the final three goals of the half for an 8-5 advantage.

In the second half, Fort Mill scored four consecutive goals to blow out to a 12-5 advantage and Hanna couldn't regain the momentum.

"We had one of our better players sit out with a penalty, which meant we were at a man disadvantage, and that hurt us," Stiles said.

Hanna's Little showed great determination with a second-half goal when she retrieved

a loose ball, scooted down the middle of the field and scored to interrupt the Fort Mill scoring barrage.

"Yea, she was getting frustrated," Stiles said. "They were all getting tired. We don't have a lot of depth."

For what it's worth, Cece Shia (7 goals) and Molly Bennett (6 goals) were standouts for Fort Mill.

"No. 23 (Shia) is outstanding. Their whole offense runs through her," Stiles said. "We debated about using a special defense to faceguard her. But hey, their whole team is fast.

"It gives us something to shoot for next season. We've got to find a way to beat them," said Stiles, who also lost to Fort Mill 13-3 two years ago in the playoffs.

Stiles said Fort Mill plays some of the top prep-school teams in the country (in the Charlotte, N.C., area) during the season. "It's a whole different level of competition," Stiles said.

Hanna had defeated Catawba Ridge 9-4 on April 25 for its first-ever playoff victory.

Stiles knows he's losing some key talent. Olivia and Evelyn Wallach were outstanding scorers and Little was a national leader in assists.

Evelyn is technically a junior but she will graduate next fall, Stiles said. Those three will now move on to college competition.

Stiles said he's already received a ball signed by the seniors on the team.

"It's something to remember them," he said. "It's a special one."



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The Coleman Recreation Center

BY RICH OTTER

The Coleman Recreation
Center served the city of Anderson
for many years. It was located on
Murray Avenue just north of where
the current Anderson Recreation
Center is now situated. In fact, the
new center was originally named the
Coleman Center, but the name was
changed when it was reported city
councilmen said no one knew who
Dan Coleman was.

The center building was a World War II aircraft hangar from Shaw Airforce Base that had been acquired in1950, bricked in, and equipped with a full basketball court and folding stands. In addition there were work rooms and a stage for performances and demonstrations.

Dan Coleman and his wife Hazel constituted the center's first employees in the 1950's. Dan was the original director and Hazel handled administration matters. She had been teaching junior high classes and he was teaching physical education prior to their engagement at the center. Dan was one of seven children and the first to attend college, being on a Clemson football scholarship. They went back to teaching after Hazel experienced some health issues and could not then handle the schedule.

After several years, the director of the center left and Dan and Hazel returned with Dan again as Director and Hazel with administration, but her duties stretched far



Ceramics program

beyond purely administrative.

Originally, programs had largely been for things like professional wrestling, gospel sings and other programs that could utilize the stage. It would be packed. They could seat about 2,250 people. When the Coleman's returned in the mid-1960s, athletics took a major jump.

When Dan and Hazel Coleman retired, in athletics alone, there were some 99 teams served. They were not just a venue for teams. They trained the teams. They also had church teams organized, coached and managed by church volunteers. Their busiest season was for baseball where they had boys T-league, 10 and under, 12 and under and 14 and under. The girls' softball was for 10, 12 and 14 and under. With the basketball court in the center, they maintained a vigorous program. On land between Murray Avenue and Main Street were tennis courts.

They even had professional

boxing. One notable who acted as referee and would occasionally be in town was Jack Dempsey. The Colemans' daughter, Dannis, said one time when Dempsey was in town, he came to dinner at their home and gave Dannis a dollar bill signed to Dannis: "From your Uncle Jack." Louie Armstrong also was a family favorite who had appeared at the center.

The center had something for all ages. There were ceramics programs, and lessons for girls in ballet, tap dancing and baton. Originally there was a swimming pool at the center and one at one of the then Black segregated schools. They were shut down in the mid-1960s when the one at the center had verified plumbing problems. As far back as Dannis could remember, at least back to the 60's, the athletic teams and other programs had been integrated.

Dan was the athletic director and for a period of time had been assisted by Bill Fuller as assistant director. Brown Williams and Ernest Martin were dedicated assistants. Roger Evans also served for a few years.

Dannis said her mother never worried about her when she went anywhere with Brown Williams and Earnest Martin. She knew if there was ever a problem, they both would have fought to the death for her.

Dan proposed and was in charge of developing the Anderson City Park that was later named for



Dan and Hazel Coleman

Mayor Darwin Wright. He also developed several other parks, including Cater Park.

Twice the Jaycees held, in addition to the annual Anderson Miss. Anderson Beauty Pageant, an Anderson Progress Exposition with booths representing local business and industry. At one, Carolina Aero service disassembled a Cessna aircraft and reassembled it on the floor of the center.

The Coleman recreation center was the only location in Anderson at the time that could meet all of such needs in the area, including

religious and political speaking's. The first speaker at the center was the Reverend Billy Graham. Sponsored by the Jaycees, George Wallace spoke there when he was running for president. Other candidates at that time did not respond.

When Ronald Reagan spoke, his wife Nancy attended with him. It happened to be her birthday. A young fellow by the name of Dale who was a regular at the center, sang happy birthday for her. After he finished, she bent down and gave him a little kiss. He responded: "Lady, you sure do smell good."

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THE GARDEN SHOP

A NEW GARDEN FAVORITE



There is a new favorite in the garden, catmint (Nepeta spp), not to be confused with catnip, also Nepeta. It has taken these plants a couple of years to make a pretty show, but they are a standout now. Purple is one of my favorite colors, so any purple flower catches my eye. In some light, the flowers seem to be a bit bluer. Walker's Low is the variety putting on the show but there are several other varieties.

According to NC State's plant website, there is Blue Wonder that has copious blue flowers. Hhmm, will have to be on the lookout for this one. Monrovia's website gave quite a description: "Sensational periwinkle blue flower spikes adorn the fragrant, compact mound of finely textured, gray-green foliage".

Catmint, as its name states, is in the mint family. One article stated it can seed around. Maybe mine is too young for such but it has not seeded, and Walker's Low is supposedly a sterile variety. Along the lines of be careful what you wish for, it seems this might be a good thing in my garden if it did seed. For now, it is nice clumps, about two and a half feet tall, with the biggest clumps being about three feet around. Walker's Low has mingled in with other plants around it but seems nowhere near choking any out. It is amongst iris, peonies, and rue, along the edge of the paths. Nothing ill-behaved is allowed to grow

around the peonies. There are seven clumps throughout one section. Now that it's a favorite, maybe it is time to add it throughout the whole garden.

On a recent garden tour in Athens, GA, one garden had a steep terraced front yard. Catmint was a star of the garden. Even though the garden was cottage style, plants were separated into clumps, without much mingling together. I asked the homeowner did she find her catmint seeded around. She said no. I did not ask about the variety.

As Mama and I were making our spring nursery trips, a variety 'Cat's Pajamas' was offered almost everywhere we went. Tags said it grows to about a foot tall and almost two feet around. Flowers are indigo blue. I guess I passed because it is shorter and may be too short for most areas of my garden. I would like to see it bloom to see how blue it actually is. An online description said it has rosy purple calyxes after it blooms, providing a second show. In layman's terms, calyx is a leave like part of the plant. These do extend interest in many plants after blooms fade.

Catmint is drought tolerant and not finicky about soil types, as long as it is well drained. It seems some plants rot in my front garden in winter. This seems to have decreased though since I stopped mulching. Years ago, voles had taken up homemaking in the front garden, so I stopped mulching. That, or for whatever reason, thankfully, they went to homes elsewhere. Plants requiring well drained soil are always carefully placed though to decrease winter rot. Catmint does not need fertilizing either as too much can make it flop and split.

Catmint flowers do not have any fragrance, but the leaves smell like mint. Hence,

deer pass it by. It also repels some insects, such as aphids and squash bugs. Butterflies like it and I see bees visiting it too. This might make it a good vegetable garden companion. It can also help repel mosquitoes, ticks, spiders, and mice. Good to know if voles decide to move back in. Cats supposedly don't like catmint as much as catnip, since catmint has lower levels of the chemical in catnip. If you have outdoor cats, they may enjoy catmint too though.

Leaves can be used like mint leaves as well. Shearing spent flowers will make it bloom again. It has a long bloom season regardless. I may pay closer attention when the flowers fade and look for seeds, also help verify if it is sterile. Sources say it can be propagated by cuttings taken in the spring. I am going to give it a try, if there are stems without blooms. When rooting a cutting, never take one with a bloom. It will most likely fail.



Catmint mingling with others



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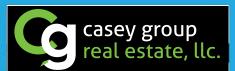
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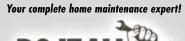


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NEIL DUNLAP

You lived in NYC for quite a while. How'd you end up there?

"When I went to Europe, I kept meeting people from New York. I was checking into a hotel in Paris. and this lawyer was also checking in so we went out, had a great meal together and became fast friends. And he said, "If you ever move to New York, let me know." I was in Charleston staying with my cousin. I went looking for an apartment, and I walked around Mt Pleasant and Sullivans



Lisa Wilson

Island, and I said "Nope. I'm going to New York". I stayed with Michael the first night then lucked up on an apartment, because somebody probably died. It was a tiny place but who cares- I was in NYC. I painted a buffalo on the plaster wall. My friend,

Chris, was up from SC and took a picture of it so I gave that to my daughter, Sarah, to remember her cool dad in New York.

My place was above the Pageant bookstore, which was in the film Hannah and Her Sisters. And Woody Allen was actually downstairs when I was upstairs."

How did you support yourself while you were there?

"My first job was at the Strand bookstore, but they were paying me four dollars an hour. I knew that wasn't gonna work. But I had a connection through my parents; a Mr. Ron Bern, who happened to need a writer, and we hit it off. He'd written a novel, and he was from here, but moved to NYC. And so I worked as a writer for a while, and then I quit to write the great American novel. I got into substitute teaching for a while, and eventually sold books on the street for a while."

So, I'm guessing you've always loved books. "Yeah, when I was a little boy, I can remember going into the Colonial Grocery where White Jones is now, and there was a Civil War book, and I said "I want that", and mother bought it for me. So I had about four or five little Civil War history books and Mom and Dad took me on a tour of the Southern battle sites, and that fueled my interest in history.

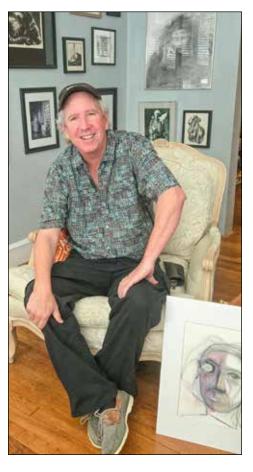
I ended up getting a degree at Clemson in literature and history. There I took a writing course taught by Mark Steadman. Ron Rash was the graduate assistant. Mark wrote me a letter saying he thought I wrote the best stories in the class, certainly among the undergrad students, which meant that, yeah, Ron's

pretty good too. So that was cool, and then I went to Carolina and studied with William Price Fox. After reading a story to the class, he told me "You can make a lot of money if you can write like this." But I wasn't after money; I wanted to be an artist. But it was still a nice compliment."

What's left on your bucket list that you haven't done, because you've had a pretty interesting life?

"Well, I haven't made it to it Stonehenge but I'm very happy. I have a beautiful daughter, Sarah who is the third member of our extended family to receive an engineering degree from Clemson. There were two brothers, and they sold a little property and one took the money and went to Clemson in 1905 and got an engineering degree. The other one, my grandfather, didn't, but he had a great garden! My great uncle Kirk ended up in Hartsville and Mr. Coker wanted an engineer because he thought that textiles might be a big thing. When Kirk retired, he was chief engineer of Sunoco.

My dad got sick with cancer, and we were there taking care of him and the phone rings. We're all sitting around eating. "Is this Fred's residence?" "Yes, sir, it is", and not much more. Then two minutes later, the phone rings again. It was Kirk's son, Buddy and he said, "I heard



your dad's sick and Neil, I don't mean to be rude or anything but how are your parents' finances?" I said, they're doing okay, right now, Buddy" and he said, "Well, if you ever need anything, we won't let you down." Back in the dining room, my brother said, "Damn. You

should have said, "we're broke. Send us a million dollars."

You buy and sell books. What has been the most thrilling find?

"Not too long ago, I came home from an auction in Knoxville. They had advertised a lot of guitars and there was paper ephemera all over the place, and it turned out that the family was related to Judge Reed here in Anderson. He had a daughter, Emmala, and she kept a journal all of her life. They were little bitty things and written in this cramped style, and there must have been about a yard of them. About three people grabbed sections. My lot was left over. It had antebellum, bellum and post-bellum material, and what attracted me was that some of the pages showed cross hatching. That was done after the paper factory burned in Aiken in 1863, and they thought they could save paper by writing like that. There were some heavy hitters there at the auction, but they missed the cross hatching. So in transcribing some paragraphs, I found Emmala describing the mustering of Orr's Rifles in Sandy Springs. I had four great uncles there- so it was a great find and I'm hoping to live long enough to see the entire journal published- about a third has been published by USC press.

One last story about life and bookselling: A young man once asked me if there is good money in selling books and I said, "I can make a living and only have to answer to one jerk and you're looking at him. What's that worth to you?"





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