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June 18 - July 1, 2026



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DSM-21699-A-E-AD EXP 31 MAR 2027 © 2026 EDWARD J. JONES & CO., L.P. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. AECSPAD Edward Jones - Member SIPC

# Youth Art Month showcases Anderson's best young artists at Carolina Wren Park

Each year, some of Anderson County's brightest young artists earn a special place in the spotlight through the Anderson Arts Center's annual Youth Art Month Exhibit, a county-wide celebration showcasing outstanding artwork from public, private, and homeschool students.

Following the exhibit, City of Anderson staff select several exceptional pieces to be featured in the Carolina Wren Park Pavilion in downtown Anderson. Unveiled during The Soirée each April, the artwork remains on display throughout the year, transforming the pavilion into an

outdoor gallery where thousands of residents and visitors can experience the creativity and talent of local students.

Tri-County Technical College also joins in recognizing these young artists by selecting artwork from the exhibit for display at its Anderson campus for a full year.

"Youth Art Month gives students the opportunity to see their creativity celebrated beyond the classroom," said Erin Spainhour, Director of the Anderson Arts Center. "When young artists see their work displayed in public spaces

throughout the community, it builds confidence and reminds them that their ideas, perspectives, and talents matter."

The program not only celebrates artistic achievement but also highlights the creativity, imagination, and hard work of Anderson students. The next time you're enjoying downtown Anderson, take a moment to visit the pavilion and see firsthand how local young artists are helping color our community.

For more info about Youth Art Month and the Anderson Arts Center, visit [andersonarts.org](http://andersonarts.org).

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FROM THE SHELF

# ON MY FIRST 100ISH BOOKS OF 2026

I'll start with a friendly reminder that no one, and I mean no one, should ever compare their reading habits to me. I read A LOT. Mostly audiobooks, rarely played under 1.5x speed. I also don't always "read" for serious analysis, rather I'm listening for the general gist of a book, so I'm able to give a basic review to people.



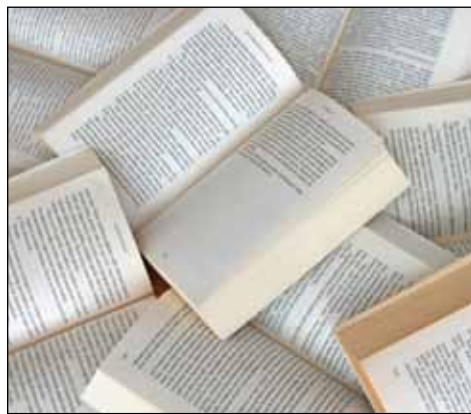
Sara Leady

All that said, here are some books that have really stuck with me so far.

Honeysuckle by Bar Fridman-Tell – Fridman-Tell's Gothic debut is atmospheric and haunting as the horror slowly builds

with Day's gradual realization of how little autonomy she has as a Blodeuwedd. There're so many layers to this Welsh mythology retelling. The descriptions and writing are gorgeous and as much as it's listed as "horror," it's actually a prime example of 'gothic fiction.' This book made me want to paint it.

The Zorg by Siddharth Kara – Kara is new to me as an author, but I'll be reading all his work. The Zorg is a 'narrative non-fiction' account of the infamous slave ship that sparked the abolitionist movement in England. In a court case exposing insurance fraud, the evil of slavery was put before judge and jury, forcing society to acknowledge the heinous acts their economy and way of living were built upon. Kara goes deep with his research, pulling



every kernel together to show the map leading to the monumental case.

Dinner with King Tut by Sam Kean – Sam Kean is another new to me author. He reminds me a lot of Mary Roach (a fav) in that his stuff is kind of oddball and kooky too. Dinner with King Tut looks at "rogue" archeologists who are "experimental" because they take things beyond collecting facts and making hypotheses into trying to figure out how stuff was actually done. My favorite example was trying to figure out how some frozen guy from 100s of years ago got his tattoos. Kean actually goes and gets/gives a tattoo using the poke method as part of his research (I'm always here for the commitment to the bit).

The Reformatory by Tananarive Due – Set in Jim Crow Florida, twelve-year-old Robbie is sentenced to six months in the Gracetown School for Boys (a.k.a. 'The Reformatory') as punishment for kick-

ing a white boy and defending his older sister. While in Gracetown, Robbie sees the ghosts of past boys and slowly pieces the school and town's horrific history together as he tries to survive his time there. Inspired by true events of a family member who was sentenced to time at the infamous Dozier School, Due shines light on a yet another dark aspect of American history. The book is intense as you get Robbie's narration while in the school with all the ghosts and his sister's race to try and find a lawyer to get justice for Robbie before it's too late. What makes it even more haunting and horrific is how much Due bases the story and experiences on real events.

On a lighter note, I've also discovered the author Rufaro Faith Mazarura. Mazarura writes sports romances and what makes them stand out is that they are more specifically Olympics based

romances. Mazarura is newer on the scene, debuting with Let the Games Begin, a Summer Olympics romance. Her second book, Skate It Till You Make It, came out in January right ahead of the Winter Olympics. What made it really fun is that it's also set in a fictional 2026 Winter Olympics, so it was cool to read alongside watching the actual real Olympics. It was also extra fun because Ari is an Olympic hockey player and obviously women's hockey as a sport had quite the Olympics this year. Featuring Olympic athletes is a fun twist on the typical 'sports romance' given that they traditionally feature men's hockey/baseball/football players and not an Olympic sprinter, nor female athletes.

There's definitely been some other great reads, but again, these have stood out from the others (and that I hadn't reviewed).



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# Anderson Summer

Our Anderson Winters are laughed at by Northerners when they hear us complaining about 2 inches of snow and three days of below-freezing weather, but there is no laughing when they experience an Anderson Summer.



Neal Parnell

Summer hits fast here; one day it's seventy-two and pleasant, the next day you walk out, your glasses fog up, you trip but don't fall because the humidity is holding you up. We are glad to have

Northern friends, but they should be aware that we know some things about Anderson Summers that they don't know. They think they'll make it through Summer by standing under a tree, but what they don't know is that our mosquitoes pay property tax on all the shade, and anything in it is fair game. They all

say, "I'm not scared of snakes", then jump six feet back when they turn the corner on a garden hose. Before you decide to move to Anderson, you should know that most of our neighborhoods contain at least one pyromaniac who keeps a fire going 24/7 and shoots fireworks whenever the mood strikes. One lawn perfectionist who mows twice a week on random days, and one dog that has not stopped barking since 1999. Some of the newer neighborhoods have one person who's forever pressure washing something, one guy who keeps a table saw running, and one old man who never wears a shirt. Also, you should

know that when the weatherman says, "A chance of rain", that means, Sunny, Sunny, Apocalypse, then Sunny again, and that when you do yard work at 2 pm, you'll need a shower, a nap, and probably life counseling. And one more thing, if you leave your brand-new size 11 flip-flops in the sun for 2 hours, they'll be size 8 when



you come back.

No one in Anderson uses their oven from May until November, so an outdoor grill is a must-have. Be aware that there are those of us who will complain about the heat while standing next to a smoker full of ribs for nine hours. Our Anderson Summer humidity can create the illusion of two people fighting when it's just one person trying to take off their sweaty t-shirt. At every cookout, there will be one guy guarding the grill like a federal agent, one uncle talking about Clemson football,

and one kid running wild while holding a popsicle.

In June, we get tanned and love sunshine until 8:30, but by September, we've learned why old people sit still. I have one Northy friend who barely survived the last Anderson summer and described it as like being in a microwave with a wet towel.

People in Anderson say, "Let's go to the lake", like Lake Hartwell is the only one in existence. There are lake people who spend \$50,000 on a boat and sit in a 7 dollar lawn chair all day. If you do take a boat to the lake, allow plenty of time for that one guy who is backing down the ramp like he's defusing a bomb, and know that every dad there thinks he's a Coast Guard Captain. You can count on a few things during a day at the lake: someone will drop their phone in the water, someone will lose their flip-flops, and someone will lose their dignity and sunglasses while being pulled on a tube.

Be safe out there and be aware that before you get in your truck, the steering wheel can remove fingerprints and the first 5 minutes will feel like driving a crock pot.

HAPPY SUMMER Y'ALL

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THE GARDEN SHOP

# DAINTY BUT STRONG



**SUSAN TEMPLE**  
master gardener

Several years ago a concrete head planter caught my eye on an antiquing trip. It would make a great addition to the collection of garden faces but I suspected nothing would grow successfully in it. It doesn't hold but about four or five cups of soil, if that much. How would I keep something that small watered? What would I do with it in the winter? The part of the head planter is also sloped, making it a bit tricky to keep soil from washing out the back.

Then I remembered a pot at Mama's front door that has had wire vine (Muehlenbeckia axillaris) in it for years. It's a decent size pot but she rarely has to water it and it's in full sun. Wire vine would make a good version of hair too. I filled concrete head lady with potting soil that has moisture holding stuff in it. Beware when using this type. It can rot things rather easily. Trial and error has taught me that mixing it with regular potting soil is usually best unless using it in full, broiling hot sun. I put a couple of pieces of rocks at the back to help hold the soil and put a four inch pot of wire vine in it. Success! It has worked perfectly...until the very cold days last winter. The plant did not make it. But another container has wire vine so I pulled some of it out, stuck it in concrete head lady, and we're off again.

When our dog, Cadet, died in 2023, a camellia was planted in his memory in a large container beside the swing. Wire vine was put in it too. It has not missed a beat since April, 2023. The cold days last winter did not faze it.

While looking up the botanical name of wire vine, NC State's website says wire vine is in the knotweed family. Knotweeds can be horribly invasive plants. The site also has several species listed. None of which means a thing to me. I suppose in more tropical zones, it may have the potential to be a problem. I've not seen it growing in the ground in our area and NC State's site says some can reach at least 30 feet climbing up trees. Hard to think of this dainty little thing doing that. So far, what is in Cadet's memorial container has not rooted and



started growing on the ground. I may let that be a trial, should it start growing that way. A few times a year, I have to pull it out from climbing the camellia in Cadet's memorial container. The common name wire vine comes from the wiry type stems. NC State's site says all varieties bloom in colors from white, yellow, and/or green. I've never seen one bloom. Sometimes it sets fruit. Wonder if birds would spread it.

Jim Putnam, a horticulturist in Raleigh, grows a patch in the ground. Each year, he divides some to put in pots. In one of his videos, he did state he runs over it with the lawnmower to keep it from spreading further than he wants. Thus far, wire vine is no trouble. No blooms for birds to potentially spread. It is a very drought tolerant, easy to grow evergreen for containers in full sun to shade. I may try it in another pot to see if deer eat it.



# CAROLINA DAY

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## BICENTENNIAL HAPPENINGS

2 0 2 6

**July 1<sup>st</sup> - 7 PM - 9:30 PM**  
Pendleton Fireworks and Bicentennial Celebration | Veterans Park

**July 7<sup>th</sup> - Anderson County Museum's new exhibit,**  
*1826: Celebrating Anderson County's Bicentennial*  
andersoncountymuseum.sc.gov

**September 6<sup>th</sup>**  
Celebrate Anderson | Music and Fireworks Spectacular

**October 4<sup>th</sup> - 3 PM**  
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# The Native American perspective

BY RICH OTTER

It had been their country for as long as they could remember although there had been stories passed down that they had come from another place. But it had everything they needed for food, living and comfort. Their villages were just far enough apart to usually avoid conflict.

But there had been strangers coming in, some riding on animals they had never seen before. They had weapons far superior to their bows and arrows and spears that could hurl an object from far away and kill a man or animal. They treated their people with disdain. And, there had been fighting, but the best the people could do was to run and hide as their villages were burned. They had to respond with arrows from hidden locations.

Those new people talked with a strange language but they sometimes did try to communicate with hand signs and some words had been learned. Some of the newcomers had been looking for colored rocks and some were seeking to find the big river beyond the mountains.

Their soldiers had been easy to avoid as they made much noise as they approached and even herded with them animals they would eat. They beat drums and had pipes they blew. When they came, they were usually just on their way to someplace else, so they could be avoided unless they attacked their towns.

What constituted their primary problem were the individuals and their families known as homesteaders. There hadn't been many in the area initially, but they had been gradually increasing.

The new inhabitants were very sparsely scattered throughout the area but the native Americans already felt challenged, knowing what was happening in the area near the great water and expanding. Their isolation was cherished. They depended on the land to furnish them sustenance and freedom. They did not like those who were already intruding in their area although they could be dealt with or avoided, but they could not tolerate a mass intrusion with conflicting ideologies and habits that disrespected and interfered with their way of life and the land.

Their people were known to those outsiders as Cherokees. Now, it also appeared there was the possibility of conflict between those who were coming into their area with each other. There already had been disagreement



between those known as English and others from other distant lands. Now, even those who spoke the same tongue were in conflict with each other. It was spoken of as being a revolution.

The English had made allies with some of the other tribes and the Cherokees were caught in the middle. It appeared the English were more comfortable in staying in the coastal area with farms worked by dark skinned foreigners furnishing labor, so the English seemed to be less threatening for bringing more people into their area. Cherokee leaders had visited England as early as 1730. They had been treated well.

There had been certain benefits that had come with the English newcomers. They had goods that were new and very useful. In exchange for deer skins, their people had been able to acquire metal knives, axes, garden implements and rum. They had also been able to acquire guns, ammunition and even horses, some by purchase and some by theft.

But their hunting lands, their ancestral home lands, were now being invaded. The English, with whom they had sometimes fought against and sometimes fought with, were now in conflict with those called Americans who were becoming a greater threat to their land. It was necessary to choose sides.

The Americans were encroaching on their land and way of life. The English were trading partners and seemed generally interested in staying near the big water except for some large farms, called plantations.

The English sought help and made promises that were more appealing than the Americans and also had a trained and disciplined army. There is no question that the ancestral people did not trust the English, but the English seemed more likely to stay in their own place. In the face of conflict, their decision was made to side with the English.

They could always change sides, if necessary. It wouldn't be the first time.

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# Leadership Anderson Class 41 builds hope through transitional housing project

Leadership Anderson, a 10-month leadership development program devoted to strengthening and dedicating Anderson's community leaders, recently celebrated its 40th anniversary. Each year, leadership classes take on a community project, and this year, Leadership Anderson Class 41



Kim von Keller

is building a home that will serve as transitional housing in the Alphabet Streets neighborhood. But community improvement takes the entire community, and Class 41 is asking for donations of money, building material, labor, appliances, landscaping, and other elements that turn a house into a home.

Class 41 is working in conjunction with The LOT Project, a local nonprofit whose mission is to support those in need and connect them with the greater community. Previous Leadership Anderson classes have built transitional homes in the LOT Project's Village Homes, and this one will have four bedrooms, two baths, and a shared kitchen space.

"This project means so much to us as upon its completion, it will serve as our fifth Village Home," says Nate Knox, Executive Director of The LOT Project. "Village Homes provides transitional housing for individuals exiting homelessness for up to 12 months. During their time in the program, they meet regularly with a case manager, maintain sobriety, get their finances in order, and build the skills needed in order to sustain independent long term living. Since 2019 this program has provided safe, affordable housing for 19 individuals. We have an 82% success rate in graduating our residents from homelessness to stable housing of their own through Village Homes. The LOT Project has its sights set on increasing transitional housing capacity while increasing our case management efforts so that more of our neighbors exit homelessness in Anderson."

In 2025, multiple local organizations produced the "Homelessness White Paper: A Collective Approach to Reduce



Homelessness and Protect Economic Health and Safety in Anderson County." According to the white paper, because of a limited number of shelter beds in Anderson, individuals or families exit homelessness at the same rate that new individuals or families become homeless, meaning that numbers never decrease. And even though the county spends money on homelessness, expenses are focused primarily on "an increased law enforcement presence, incarceration, and greater-than-necessary utilization of AnMed's emergency room and hospital services. Statistics show that 78% of Anderson's homeless population is unsheltered. Median rent in Anderson is \$1,272 per month, and the eviction rate in Anderson County is 20.3%. Pairing housing with individual case management is key to independence in the future and reduced costs to the community.

"This transitional house is designed for a family or group of individuals who are ready for more independence, typically after completion of a residential rehab program or shelter program," says Kourtney Williams, representative of Class 41. "While in the program, residents will receive intentional and focused case management services while surrounded by a supportive community, preparing them to be more financially, emotionally, and spiritually healthy at the end of the program."

The total project will cost approximately \$150,000, and Class 41's goal is to have construction completed in three

months, once the funding is in place. Contributions to the project can be made through the Foothills Community

Foundation at [foothillscommunity-foundation.org](http://foothillscommunity-foundation.org). Under the Donors tab, choose Give to an Existing Fund and find Leadership Anderson Class 41. To donate time or materials, message the Leadership Anderson Class 41 Facebook page.

"It is an honor to be a part of the Village Homes community and have the opportunity to see our residents grow and even thrive as they experience what it is like to have a stable home and support system, some for the first time," says Knox. "This program is a stepping stone that makes long-term stability possible for families who need it most. I am so proud of our residents, current and past, and I am grateful that God has blessed The LOT Project with Leadership Anderson's partnership in making Anderson better."

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## OBITUARY

# CDR. ROBERT S. FANT, JR.

Cdr. Robert S. Fant Jr. (Bob), 87, US Navy Retired of Clemson, SC, died June 1, 2026.



lakeside cottage in Maine, Bob and Becky took advantage of the best of both worlds. In later years, they moved

Born in Anderson, Bob was the son of the late Robert S. Fant and Jeanne Gandy Fant. Bob was a graduate of Anderson Boys High School. He was a distinguished Eagle Scout. Bob graduated from Clemson University with the class of 1960, where he majored in Forestry and was a football manager. After graduation, Bob was briefly employed by the US Forest Service in Wyoming, before entering the US Navy. His naval career included destroyer and aviation duty. In 1968, Lt. Fant was assigned to a fighter squadron aboard the USS America, which deployed to Vietnam. His plane was shot down, and he was held as a prisoner of war for nearly 5 years.

Upon release in 1973, he married his fiancée Rebecca Otts of Virginia Beach, VA. Cdr. Fant then resumed his career in the Navy, retiring from active duty in 1980. He then became a survival training specialist for the Navy in Brunswick, ME, drawing on his experiences, until 1998. At that time, he and Becky moved to Clemson, SC, where they enjoyed university events. With a

to Clemson Downs Retirement Community.

Bob was a member of Fort Hill Presbyterian Church, The Clemson Alumni Assn., Tiger Letterwinners Assn., Assn. of Baptists for Scouting, and the Military Officers Assn. of America.

Bob is survived by his wife Becky, his children Chris Fant of Los Angeles, CA, Emily Fant-Nelson of Topsham, ME, David Fant of Nashville, TN, and grandson Coan Fant-Nelson.

The service will be held on Saturday, July 11, 2026, at 2:00 pm at Fort Hill Presbyterian Church. The family will speak with guests immediately following the service until 3:30 pm.

In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the Boy Scouts of America - Blue Ridge Council, <https://www.blueridgecouncil.org/donate/>, Fort Hill Presbyterian Church, <https://forthillchurch.org/>, or Brunswick Naval Aviation Museum, <https://bnamuseum.org/donate/>.

Condolences may be left for the family by visiting [mcdougaldfuneralhome.com](https://mcdougaldfuneralhome.com).

## REMEMBERING BOB FANT

BY RICH OTTER

Robert S. (Bob) Fant was born August 19, 1938, in Anderson, South Carolina, the son of Robert S. Fant and Jeanne Gandy Fant. His great-grandfather George C. Fant was an early postmaster in Anderson and later established Fant's Book Store. His grandfather, Theodore Fant, founded Fant's Drug Store.

Bob attended Kennedy Street Elementary School, McCants Junior High and Boys High School. He studied forestry at Clemson and, after graduation, applied for, but was not accepted for, a commission in the Navy. "I wore glasses and they didn't like that." He went to work for the U. S. Forest Service in Cody Wyoming. When he was about to be drafted, he was acceptable for the Army but wanted to follow his father in the Navy. He applied for officer training in the Navy but was refused because they said he had a functional heart murmur.

He ultimately was accepted in the Naval officer's training school. Glasses and heart murmur were ignored during a later time of need. He became a first lieutenant while serving on a destroyer and then applied for aviation training. After flight training, he became a radar intercept officer in F-4 Phantom jets.

He was stationed in Virginia where he met Rebecca Otts. Becky became his fiancé in November of 1967, but, on April 1, 1968, he was shipped off to Vietnam. It would be a long time before he again saw Becky and they were married.

"Our job was to shoot down MIGs and to protect the attack aircraft that were carrying bombs." He said: "We would accelerate ahead of the bombers and roll in on the flack sites dropping bombs on them. The idea was that we would go in and suppress the flack (we would say absorb the flack)."

They "absorbed the flak" and were shot down when on a Rolling Thunder mission to bomb railroad tracks just north of Vin City. When hit, he grabbed the ejection handle between his legs. They were going about 450 miles an hour about 1,000 feet above the ground. He landed in a rice paddy with a broken and dislocated leg and broken arm. He was immediately beaten. He couldn't walk; he couldn't crawl. He had to curl up in a ball for protection. The only

reason he wasn't killed was a local militia man intervened, thinking he could be interrogated.

He was carried on a makeshift stretcher from village to village, receiving a beating at each one and virtually no treatment.

After three days he was joined by a few other prisoners, and received some rudimentary treatment and help by the other POWs. They were then transported by truck but could only travel at night because of the bombing. They finally arrived at Hanoi and were boarded at an old French prison built in 1899 where he was poorly doctored but thoroughly interrogated. Fortunately, in training they had been given comprehensive instruction on how to deal with interrogation and how to respond. The sessions were both verbal and physical.

Three POWs were in his cell at what they called Heartbreak Hotel. He said: "This was a political prison environment. It was not a typical POW compound. Isolation was in solitary or one-to-four-man cells. We defeated the isolation with a widespread communication." He recalled: "When I was released, I had the names of 238 other POWs. I could only visually identify about 70 of those POWs." Through the communication system they were able "to organize as a group and resist as a group."

Up until much later, the only information they could receive from the outside was when new prisoners were brought in. As time went on, however, the treatment was slightly improved, particularly in later years allowing greater circulation with other prisoners. Bob Fant was then able to associate with John McCain (later Senator) and Ev Alvarez. Alvarez had been in there for eight years. Alvarez was one of the first released and "He called Becky to give her news of me."

They began to permit mail to come in to the prisoners and some to go out. When "peace" negotiations were going



Photo Courtesy Clemson University

Bob Fant (left, seated) is pictured alongside other former Vietnam POWs behind Clemson University's POW/MIA Chair of Honor.

on in Paris, the decision was made to embarrass the Vietnamese. All of the prisoners stopped writing letters home. That caused an uproar as it was assumed the Vietnamese had forbidden the mail to go out.

When the war was finally over, and the POWs were home, after their 4½ year engagement Becky and Bob were married. A "Bob Fant Day" was celebrated and "I received of a beautiful silver coffee service from the people of Anderson."

Bob returned to duty and attended the Armed Forces Staff College and went to Brunswick Maine where he was a survival training officer and then to the Armed Forces Staff College as a faculty member where he retired after 20 years of service. He had been training others to be prepared to survive.

As for surviving, there had also been 4½ years endured by Becky, Bob's family and all those who had faced similar situations.

Bob Fant passed away June 1, 2026. He was survived by his wife Becky, children Chris Fant of Los Angeles, CA, Emily Fant Nelson of Topsham, ME, David Fant of Nashville, TN, and grandson Coan Fant-Nelson.

Bob was a member of the Fort Hill Presbyterian Church, the Clemson Alumni Association, the Tiger Letterwinners Association, Association for Baptists for Scouting and the Military Officers Association of America.

Services will be held on Saturday, July 11, 2026, at 2:00 pm at Fort Hill Presbyterian Church. The family will speak with guests immediately following the service until 3:30 PM.

# SENSORY OVERLOAD

My senses felt almost overloaded during a recent trip to the farm. Several sweet occurrences all seemed to come together, almost at the same time.



Ann K. Bailes

First of all, when we got there, we were surprised to see that the blueberries on one of our seven bushes had not only gotten really ripe since our last trip, but were absolutely swollen. Huge (for blueberries anyway) round globes were clustered tightly together, dark purple, sweet, and ready to be picked and enjoyed. At one point I got eight berries off of the bush in one sin-

gle motion, with one hand. I easily picked a gallon without even trying very hard. They felt luxurious to the fingers, and tasted even better. Senses of touch and taste!

As I picked I could look out over the field and watch Mike running his bush hog – all that recent rain really made the grasses spring up quickly. And--there was another Mississippi kite, traveling behind the bush hog for over an hour, swooping low and catching bugs that were thrown up by the bushhog. That's a rare sight. I've written about the kites before, but thought it unusual that another experience like that happened again so soon.

Because of the cloudiness of the day, I could see the colors on that Mississippi kite

more clearly than when he's viewed with the sun obscuring him. Those kites are white, both above and below, with pearl gray wings. This one might have been an immature, because some of its pattern was a little mottled – typical for young birds. And for the first time ever, I saw the kite perch in a tree—almost all of the time they are only viewed when in flight. Only a few stray tree branches kept me from getting a nice pic. Sense of sight!

Other birds were singing in the nearby trees—white-eyed vireos, house finches, and others. The purple martins were putting on their usual show, flying around the gourds and making their distinctive sounds. And the yellow-billed cuckoos have arrived for

the summer. They are hard to spot as they are very secretive, but they have a unique call—hollow and clucking. That loud call is not pretty at all, but it is very distinctive: “Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk” and then slowing down at the end, a little like a sputtering car engine slowing down. Sense of sound!

And finally, the gardenia bushes were blooming. They were covered with fragrant blooms that outnumbered the foliage – and the gorgeous scent of all those gardenia blossoms was like a lightweight blanket thrown over all the other experiences. Sense of smell!

Sometimes a sensory overload can be jarring and unsettling. This was exactly the opposite. Listening, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling the beauties of nature in a quiet country place, not camouflaged by the distractions of city life, is a sensory load that is calming and lovely. We highly recommend the experience.

## Helping children and teens regulate big emotions



MARY-CATHERINE  
McCLAIN  
RINER

Parents today are raising children in a world filled with constant stimulation, high expectations, social pressures, and increasing rates of anxiety and stress. It's no surprise that many families find themselves struggling with emotional outbursts, anger, defiance, and frequent conflict. While these moments can feel overwhelming, understanding what is happening beneath the surface can help both children and parents respond more effectively.

When a child or teen is emotionally dysregulated, they are not simply choosing to be difficult. Dysregulation occurs when the brain's emotional system becomes overwhelmed, making it difficult to think clearly, problem-solve, or control behavior.

A dysregulated child may: Have frequent meltdowns or tantrums, yell, scream, or become aggressive, withdraw or shut down, cry easily, refuse directions and become highly anxious or overwhelmed

Teens often look different when dysregulated. They may become argumentative, isolate themselves, slam doors, or react with intense irritability. In these moments, the thinking part of the brain takes a back seat while the emotional and survival systems take over. This

is why lectures, punishments, or lengthy discussions often fail long term during emotional outbursts.

One of the most effective parenting principles is simple: Connect before you correct. When a child is upset, their nervous system needs help calming down before they can learn from the situation.

Instead of immediately saying: “Stop crying,” “Calm down,” or “You're overreacting.”

Try to say: “I can see you're really upset,” “This is hard right now” and “I'm here with you” instead.

Validation does not mean agreeing with inappropriate behavior. It means acknowledging the emotion underneath it.

A child can hear: “I understand you're angry. It's okay to be angry. It's not okay to hit.”

Children learn emotional regulation through relationships. Before they can regulate themselves, they need adults who help regulate them. This process is called co-regulation. Children borrow calm from the adults around them. When parents remain steady during difficult moments, they send a powerful message to a child's nervous system: “You are safe. We can handle this together.”

Helpful co-regulation strategies include: Speaking slowly and calmly, lowering your voice rather than raising it, sitting nearby without demanding conversation, offering a hug if welcomed, taking slow breaths together and helping name emotions

Remember: a calm adult can often calm a child faster than any consequence.

Anger itself is not the problem. Anger is often a signal that something else is happening underneath (e.g., hurt, anxious, powerlessness, lonely, disappointed, overstimulated). When parents become curious about the source of the anger, they can address the real issue rather than simply the behavior.

Questions that may help include, “What happened right before you got upset?” “What were you hoping would happen?” and “What does your anger want me to know?”

Teaching children to recognize early signs (e.g., fists, jaw tightness, heart racing) of anger is equally important.

Parenting can be emotionally demanding. Many parents carry work stress, financial pressure, sleep deprivation, and the daily demands of family life. Even the most patient parent will occasionally lose their cool. The goal is not perfection. The goal is repair. When parents become dysregulated, children often mirror that emotional intensity. A child's outburst can trigger a parent's frustration, which then escalates the child's distress even further.

When you notice your own anger rising, pause. Give yourself permission to slow down. A brief pause is often more effective than responding immediately. Breathe. Slow, deep breaths help signal safety to your nervous system.

It can also be helpful to notice your triggers by asking yourself, “Am I responding to this situation or something deeper?” and “Am I exhausted, stressed, or overwhelmed?” When appropriate, model healthy emotional

awareness by saying things like, “I'm feeling frustrated right now,” “I need a minute to calm down,” or “Let's both take a break.”

Every family experiences conflict. Healthy families are not those who never argue. They are families who know how to repair after difficult moments.

After emotions settle: Apologize when needed, reconnect through conversation, discuss what each person was feeling and problem-solve together.

Children learn resilience when they see that relationships can recover from mistakes.

A parent saying, “I'm sorry I raised my voice. I was frustrated, but I should have handled it differently,” teaches accountability, humility, and emotional intelligence.

Children and teens are not born knowing how to manage frustration, disappointment, anxiety, or anger. These skills develop through supportive relationships, practice, and guidance from caring adults. When we shift our perspective from asking, “What's wrong with this child?” to “What is this child experiencing?” we create opportunities for growth, connection, and healing. Likewise, when parents extend themselves grace and focus on progress rather than perfection, families become safer places for everyone to experience and manage life's big emotions.

The goal is not raising children who never get angry. The goal is raising children who learn that emotions are manageable, relationships can recover, and difficult feelings do not have to control their lives.

# THE POWER OF MAKEUP

Makeup has been around for thousands of years dating back to 4000 BC and even earlier. Mesopotamians and ancient Egyptians used little pots of red paint for their lips



Kristine March

and Khol eyeliner to enhance their eyes. Mineral based face cream was discovered in Slovenia, but more likely for camouflage so they could hunt. Archaeologists have discovered that they used vegetable oil and waxes

that are similar in what we use today. That's really fascinating.

We've come a long way with makeup today. There are so many different ways to enhance your looks now, it's off the charts. I was recently watching a makeup artist do bridal makeup on a bride on her wedding day and she transformed her so much that she didn't even look like the same person. It was gorgeous, but absolutely wild how certain products can transform you and morph you into a better version of yourself.

We all have unique features and if you just know how to highlight them, it can make us much more confident. The good thing about makeup is if you mess it up you can always start over. You just simply take a makeup wipe and wipe it off. It's not that serious and it's supposed to be fun.

Most of us are in a routine already. Most likely since we've been in high school or whenever we first started wearing makeup, so we sort of know the ropes, but it's gratifying to explore new trends and try different shades and colors.

I love to put on makeup. I also love to take

it off at the end of the day. There's nothing better than doing skin care and just putting your hair up in a top knot and feeling free. I think people look beautiful without it, but it definitely makes me feel more self-assured.

Lip kits are everywhere now and lip liner has made a huge comeback. It's a natural amplifier. No lip injections required. Especially if you go over the line a bit. It makes your lips so full and so beautiful. I love the Charlotte Tilbury lip kit in the shade pillow talk. It's looks good on everyone. It's very natural, yet glamorous at the same time.

If your skin is beginning to mature, try to keep in mind that heavy foundations aren't really necessary anymore. It can actually make us look or appear older if you cake it on. It can tend to settle in fine lines. The goal is to appear more dewy and youthful. There are some really great ones that still deliver with excellent coverage, but don't create a crease.

Bobbi Brown has been an impressive makeup artist for decades, catering specifically to women of all ages, but who want a more natural approach. She created the Jones Road line, and her makeup looks fantastic on skin over forty. While her base and foundations are a bit on the pricey side, it's definitely worth the investment. It goes on smooth and effortless and leaves your skin nourished at the same time.

Mascara has always been tricky for me. I love it, but it tends to dry out quickly. I have tried everything under the sun. If anyone reading this has a favorite, please email me. Tarte mascara is supposedly the best on the market. It's flake free and volumizing.

I have been using a cheap, but goody by ELF. It's their lash and roll, and I actually really like it. I think it's about seven dollars,

but it works. Expensive products are not always the best. Sometimes you're simply paying for the name, so be very mindful and vigilant.

We've all been naive a time or two to the game. If you're just buying products for their labels and big names it can be disheartening when you get ripped off. If you have a tried and true, just use that instead.

Lastly, is a good blush. If you want a more natural look, go with the Nars ultimate blush kit. If you want a more bold pink shade, go with the Anastasia Beverly Hills blush trio. They're both beautiful products, but you definitely need a good blush brush to apply it properly on your cheek bones.

Kabuki brushes make it go on effortlessly and smooth. They're also really easy to use. Anyone can do it and you don't have to be a professional make-up artist to make these



products look good. Tutorials are always super helpful if you're just sort of basic with makeup applications.

The most important thing is that we try to love and embrace the skin that we're in. The flaws and all. Wrinkles and scars tell stories and they're proof that we're living and not just existing.

What makeup trends are you going to try? In closing, I really love this little quote, "My mascara may be waterproof, but my feelings aren't", so remember to make the sidewalk your runway and kindness always matters. Be sweet, y'all!

## PUBLIC MEDIA RELEASE COMMUNITY ELIGIBILITY PROVISION

EFFECTIVE JULY 1, 2026 THROUGH JUNE 30, 2027

**Anderson School Districts 1,2,3,4 and 5** will be participating in the Community Eligibility Provision (CEP) for the 2026-27 school year as follows: Section 104(a) of the Healthy, Hunger Free Kids Act of 2010 amended section 11(a)(1) of the Richard B. Russell National School Lunch Act (42 U.S.C. 1759a(a)(1))(the law) to provide an alternative to household applications for free and reduced-price meals in local educational agencies (LEAs) and schools with increased levels of low-income students. This alternative is referred to as the Community Eligibility Provision. **The CEP program provides breakfast and lunch programs at no charge to families.**

**Anderson District 1 CEP Schools:** Palmetto Elementary, Palmetto Middle, Palmetto High, Cedar Grove Elementary, West Pelzer Elementary, Spearman Elementary, and Wren Elementary. **CEP schools require no application. Non-CEP schools will require a meal application.**

**Anderson School Districts 2, 3, 4, and 5** – all schools are participating in the Community Eligibility Provision (CEP). **Families will not need to fill out a meal application.**

Breakfast and lunch meals follow the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) guidelines for healthy school meals. Please encourage students to participate in the school meal programs.

Parents or guardians who do not want their child/children to participate in CEP may wish to discuss this matter or appeal the decision with the following:

- District 1 Dr. Kyle Whitfield 847-7344 or mail 801 N. Main Street Williamston, SC 29697
- District 1 – Jeff Dopkins 847-7344 or email dopkins@apps.anderson1.org
- District 2 Jason Johns 369-7364 or mail 10990 Belton Honea Path Hwy, Honea Path, SC 29697
- District 2 – Pam McDowell 369-7364 or email pmcdowell@asd2.org
- District 3 Kathy Hipp 348-6196 or mail P.O. Box 118 Iva, SC 2965
- District 3 – Robin Horne 348-6196 or email horner@acsd3.org
- District 4 M. Dee Christopher 403-2000 or mail P.O. Box 545 Pendleton, SC 29670

- District 4 – Tammy Cheek 403-2062 or email TCheek@anderson4.org
- District 5 Wess Grant 260-5000 or mail 400 Pearman Dairy Rd, P.O. Box 439 Anderson, SC 29622
- District 5 – William Richey 260-5000 or email williamrichey@anderson5.net

This release was sent to the following newspapers. Anderson Independent-Mail

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Persons with disabilities who require alternative means of communication for program information (e.g., Braille, large print, audiotape, American Sign Language, etc.) should contact the State or local Agency that administers the program or contact USDA through the Telecommunications Relay Service at 711 (voice and TTY). Additionally, program information may be made available in languages other than English.

To file a program discrimination complaint, complete the USDA Program Discrimination Complaint Form, AD-3027, found online at How to File a Program Discrimination Complaint and at any USDA office or write a letter addressed to USDA and provide in the letter all of the information requested in the form. To request a copy of the complaint form, call (866) 632-9992. Submit your completed form or letter to USDA by:  
 (1) mail: U.S. Department of Agriculture, Office of the Assistant Secretary for Civil Rights, 1400 Independence Avenue, SW, Mail Stop 9410, Washington, D.C. 20250-9410;  
 (2) fax: (202) 690-7442; or  
 (3) email: program.intake@usda.gov.

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*Event Information*

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Social Gathering and Cocktail Hour

Dinner will follow at 7:00 PM  
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Drink Bands  
\$10.00 - Beer and Wine  
\$15.00 - Beer, Wine, and Liquor  
Bands may be purchased at the door the night of the event with cash only.

RSVP to tlhannaclassof76@gmail.com

Please remit payment before July 8th to:  
Kathleen McAllister  
1815 Lindale Road  
Anderson, SC 29621

# ANDERSON: A TOWN SHAPED BY TENNIS

BY MICHAEL SPAKE

Anderson, South Carolina is a town celebrated as the Electric City. Yet for me, Anderson has always been a tennis town, producing state champions, collegiate athletes, and lifelong fans.

At the center of this legacy stands the Cardinal Racquet Club, which opened in 1972. Here, on warm summer evenings, families gathered around their four hard courts and three Rubico courts, creating a culture that centered on both competition and camaraderie. Guiding that culture from its early days was a young tennis professional named Jim Boykin.

Boykin introduced countless young players to the game and guided many through successful junior and collegiate careers. In doing so, he helped transform Anderson into a premier tennis community.

I first arrived at Cardinal Racquet Club at the age of eight, clutching a wooden Dunlop Maxply almost as large as I was. Under Coach Boykin's watchful eye, I learned how to hit solid groundstrokes and crisp volleys. More importantly, his lessons taught discipline, sportsmanship, preparation, and personal accountability. Some of those lessons stuck with me better than others.

As a young boy, I remember countless



**Front: Jake Crosson and John Wakefield  
Back: Coach Sandy Thompson, Michael Spake, Joey Eskridge, Scott Parsons, Bill Yarborough, Brian Playford, and John Crosson.**

hours sitting at the club, watching the older players who represented the standard to which the rest of us aspired. Players such as Van Merchant, Tony Gilreath, Todd Fant, Jimmy Heintz, David Fant, Scott Schiato, and Andy Trammell helped establish Anderson's reputation throughout tennis tournaments in the South. Their success was mirrored at T.L. Hanna High School. There, Coach Duane Loftis, another Cardinal Racquet Club member and player, led the Yellow Jackets to five consecutive 4A State Championships from 1974 through 1979, cementing the school's place among the state's tennis powers.

Years later, I became part of that tradition myself. Under Coach Sandy Thompson, alongside John Crosson, T.L. Hanna captured three consecutive 3A State Championships from 1986 through 1988.

While we competed across the South, Coach Boykin moved to Anderson College. There, he built one of the most successful junior-college tennis programs in the nation. During his tenure, the Trojans compiled an extraordinary 251-77 record and captured national championships in 1986 and 1987. Today, Joey Eskridge, another product of Cardinal Racquet Club and T.L. Hanna High School, is now in his eighteenth season directing the tennis program at Anderson University. Joey and I were doubles partners in the 1988 state championship, where, together, we won the deciding point that secured the title.

Yet what truly distinguishes Anderson as a tennis town is not the trophies or records, but the people.

Many left a lasting impression on me. Men such as John Crosson, George Christopher, and Jimmy Heintz taught me that experience and intelligence often prevail over speed and power. No matter how hard I hit the ball, or how fast I ran, they always outsmarted me in the end.

There were others—Ben Parker, Rick

Dyer, and Paul Hunt—whose competitive spirit and love for the game made every match worthwhile. And then there was Everette Newman, whose wisdom extended beyond tennis. Everette loved the game, but he was equally generous with advice on life and career. The most memorable counsel he ever gave me was simple: "You can never go wrong being an English major and learning how to communicate." I am forever thankful for taking his advice.

Today, tennis in Anderson remains vibrant. T.L. Hanna captured the Class 5A State Championship in 2021. The Cardinal Racquet Club has grown from its modest beginnings into an eighteen-court facility. It will host its 51st annual Cardinal Classic this June.

Tennis racquets may have changed, making the game faster and more powerful. Yet, its essence remains remarkably unchanged.

On any given afternoon, one can still hear the familiar pop of a tennis ball striking strings, see young players chasing dreams beneath the Anderson sun, and watch families gathered together around a sport that has shaped the city for more than half a century.

In Anderson, tennis is not simply a sport.

It is part of the town's story.

## The fight was different, the lesson was the same

When I was a youngster, a neighborhood kid named George and I decided to try boxing. Things we would do on a boring summer day.

Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier were the big stars back in the 1960s.



Brian Hodges

I owned some boxing gloves and we decided to spar.

George was left-handed, which means his strongest punch, his left hand, comes at you at an unexpected angle.

We were 10 or 11 so it was not exactly a heavyweight slugfest, but soon enough, he tagged me on the nose.

I saw red. Pure anger.

I charged at him like the proverbial bull. Our boxing "ring" was our small backyard, but

I couldn't catch him. Soon he was dancing all over. Front yard, side yard and backyard. "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," Ali used to say. That's what George was doing.

I chased but I couldn't catch him. Oh, the joys of summertime.

Flash forward about 45 years.

I took a martial arts class while living in Jacksonville, Fla. It was basic punching and kicking and lots of cardio. We did some sparring and I found out later most of the guys were police officers. The instructors were careful, and always said, "Go 50 percent in sparring, not 100 percent." It was exhilarating but exhausting.

Years later, I had retired, moved back to Anderson, S.C., and was looking for a workout class.

I found a place on Pearman Dairy Road that offered jiu jitsu and krav maga. (The business later took on new ownership and I'm

not sure it's even open now.) Jiu jitsu wasn't my thing but I liked punching the big bag. It's such a stress reliever. Krav maga is punching and kicking.

So .... I joined a class at 68.

I had been doing burpees and ran quite a bit so I was in OK shape. That day, the instructor decided we would spar. Two-minute boxing rounds, then switch to your next partner.

The first guy I was matched up with was probably 25. I don't know him and I can't prove it, but I suspect he's sparred or been in his share of fights. I'd seen him spar in class with a former Clemson football player.

"Take it easy," I muttered to him.

Sparring can be intense (even with headgear and gloves). There was no 50 percent effort here. This was pretty hardcore. You get amped up, but I told myself to breathe.

The bell rings and you are off. I came

out fast (big mistake since he was probably 43 years younger).

The guy was strong so I kept an eye on his right hand. We jabbed lightly and moved.

After a minute I realized his game. I'd throw combinations and chase him (just like my backyard experience nearly 60 years ago). It was fun, but soon --- very soon, -- I was completely gassed. He tagged me on the head and stomach but he usually kept his distance. Great gameplan.

He was barely sweating.

After two minutes, I was done.

Completely done.

When you are that exhausted, your arms and legs are heavy. I told the instructor I'd watch the young bucks the rest of the night.

It's funny how life lessons can repeat themselves.

I slept really well that night.



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Nora Hooper



Ashley Burke

# The Sound of Silence: An ode to one of Anderson's greatest radio legends, Rick Driver

BY BILL THOMPSON

As I sit in my old beat-up truck with the A/C on and the radio volume up, all that comes through my worn-out speakers is the hot crackle of a now-no-longer Anderson, South Carolina, radio station.

Newstalk 1230 WAIM went off the air today for the final time, and with it went the voice of one of local radio's greatest legends: Rick Driver. I, for one, will dearly miss Rick's voice, along with the steady presence of his show against the backdrop of daily life.

I have loved talk radio since I was 13 years old. I can distinctly remember riding through town in the passenger seat of my Granddaddy Bull's Cadillac, listening to Rush Limbaugh or some other personality who came pouring into the cabin of the car via local stations. I used to love to watch the smoke drift from Bull's nose as he laughed and snorted at something Rush would say. I didn't particularly understand the politics, but I smiled anyway because Bull was smiling.

I don't remember when I started listening to Rick Driver. His show just sort of appeared somewhere down the line of my faded memory. Though I can't pinpoint the start, I can remember listening to The Rick Driver Show on many a morning.

For the same reason I drink coffee, Rick's show had a way of tuning me up to the day ahead. As a morning person, I relished the opportunity to dial into something local, informative, and entertaining. I also enjoyed the sound and feel of spinning the radio knob through the channels until I landed on 1230 AM.

If you never had the pleasure of listening, The Rick Driver Show was radio gold. This was especially true if you are from Anderson. The show was as wild as it was organized, and Rick's voice was as smooth as it was textured with all the necessary variations in pitch needed to keep the listener's mind active and engaged.

Rick's show would normally start with him telling the time and day of the week and maybe a word or two about it being muggy, rainy, cold or a dreaded Monday.

"We don't perspire in the South. We sweat," Rick would say when it was hot.

Rick would soon after ask for a report from the "pokey" by having someone from the county jail give a rundown, live on air, about



how many inmates were currently being housed, what types of arrests were made over the past 24 hours, and what would be served for lunch that day at the jail.

Rick would then introduce a local, state, or national news story to the show. He would remind folks of the station's phone number (225-1230) and then put the first caller on the air.

Rick's willingness to put anyone on the air was not to be mistaken for neutrality. Though Rick did not use call screeners, and even though he let callers say enough to get their point across, Rick did not tolerate radio trolls and would speak his mind, as he had every right to do.

"What say you?" Rick would ask the audience after giving his own opinion.

"Everyone's entitled to their opinion," Rick would say, followed by another, "What say you? Hmm?" to the listeners all across radio land.

Those words echoed through Anderson for many years.

It could be said that the open-line nature of The Rick Driver Show was its greatest asset, except for the fact that Rick Driver was the host. Some callers were dull and long-winded, while others would say anything and became legendary in their own right. Rambo comes to mind, though there were many other greats.

When the callers' voices were someone you recognized, or when town gossip was

spewing out all over the local airwaves, that was when the quiet smile crept across your face and the nervous energy made you excited about the show. We never knew who would call or what they would say, and so the show was the perfect concoction: a mix of the sure and steady Rick Driver along with the unpredictability and excitement of an Andersonian on an open line.

The show would run from 7-10, and at the top of the 9 o'clock hour would come the well-hyped "Trading Post" segment. This was a time when folks could call in for sale listings or wanted ads live on the radio. "It's free to you, the listener, but no businesses please," Rick's voice would say in a prerecorded message before the segment.

Rick was always particularly patient with folks during this segment and reminded them to share their phone numbers with the listeners so they could get in touch if interested. Some listings were boring and mundane, while others were unique or outrageous. Sometimes Rick would buy an item on the spot, and other times he would help market the item by saying something was "a heckuva deal." When an item was obviously overpriced, Rick wouldn't say so out of respect or restraint.

Local politics, weather reports, jail reports, national news stories, election outcomes, open lines, great music, the "Trading Post," and a master presenter were what we all showed up to Rick's show for every day. Days when Rick was gone just didn't feel the same and the supplemental programming was never as good as what Rick himself could deliver.

Anderson, SC, is a special place. You don't have to be from here to know and appreciate that. Those who are from here, however, can remember an even more special version of Anderson from years gone by that is gone and will never return.

Rick Driver, I think, sort of kept alive the echoes of earlier times through his stories and recollections. If you rode down the right road at the right time, with the windows down and 1230 AM on the dial, you almost felt like Rick was pouring the past itself out all around you.

"Theater of the mind," he told me once when I came to the radio station to record an ad. Those who listened to Rick know why the word "mind" above has three "d's" at

the end. They can hear Rick saying it and will never forget his voice or intonation. He is/was a master of radio and will never be duplicated.

The last ten years or so have been hard on all of us. The news is like a story that never ends, and the story has been dark a lot lately. It hasn't all been bad, and there is certainly a lot to be grateful for. So much of what we've been through locally has been shared on Rick's show, and it has been a great way for the community to hash things out and hang together as well.

Rick's paternal words of wisdom, often put forth in the form of phrases, never got old, no matter how many times he repeated them. For many of us, we needed a steady voice and steady wisdom and I think Rick probably knew that.

Rick's show would often end with him having to cut off a long-winded caller. Open line lasted the whole show and he would even take calls up to the last moment.

"30 seconds." He would say as a warning to a rambling caller.

"15 seconds."

They still wouldn't stop talking.

"10 seconds"

Still talking.

"It's ten o'clock, I gotta go. Call me tomorrow."

"Be good say something nice about somebody. I'll be back (meaning tomorrow)." And the show would end.

"It is what it is," Rick said in his final show today acknowledging the end of his radio career.

Then, a bit quieter, he said it again knowing probably that he and his many listeners needed to hear it.

"It is what it is."

As my old truck radio continues to pop and spit the sort of silent static that only a real radio can produce, I just can't turn it off. I can't stop looking at the numbers on the dial. My mind runs wild with the memories, and I just don't want it to be over. The silence is profound.

I can't help but feel like Rick knew how the silence would sound.

I hope Rick knows how much his program meant to so many.

Thanks for the memories, Rick!

Today is Friday, May 29, 2026. Today marks the end of an era

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# THE Electric City News

## Kids Corner

### Father's day questions

#### WHAT MAKES YOUR DAD SPECIAL?

His relationship with Jesus. -Joel, 12  
He can fix everything and he always tucks me in at night. -Cora, 11

He coaches all the sports in our household- soccer to baseball! All the sports! - Luke, 10

He takes me fishing. -Jack, 6  
His beard. -Hudson, 10  
He's funny! -Emmy, 3  
How he loves me. -Ben, 8  
He always helps out, no matter what. -Talon, 9

He buys me a lot of things and cooks for me. -Emma, 8

He cuddles me. - Abby, 8  
He plays with me and cooks the best burgers! -Graham, 6

His humor, kindness, and friendliness. -Stella, 13

The way he's very supportive in everything we do and he's funny and he's just great! -BK, 12

How my daddy loves me. - James, 4

#### WHAT IS THE FUNNIEST THING YOUR DAD DOES?

When he plays dog with my brother. My dad is the owner and my brother is the dog and it's really funny. -Stella, 13

His loud sneeze. -Joel, 12  
The way he chases me. -Hudson, 10  
He acts like my sisters and pretends to be them. -Jack, 6

His funny voices. -Ben, 8  
Sideways Man. - James, 4

When he pretends to be someone else. -Talon, 9

When he slams me into bed at night like a wrestler! -Emma, 8

He tickles me! -Abby, 8  
He makes funny faces. -Emmy, 3 (when he raises his eyebrows, makes his eyes big, and makes his mouth a funny way!)

Makes silly faces and makes me laugh! -Graham, 6

He sings "Baby Shark" in a different tune than anybody else! - Luke, 10

When he plays "family" and pretends to be the kid and he talks in a funny voice. -Cora, 11

He jokes around with me and my siblings and makes us all laugh. -BK, 12

#### WHAT IS SOMETHING YOUR DAD ALWAYS SAYS?

To never give up and the one thing you can control is your attitude and effort. -BK, 12

Go outside! - Joel, 12  
When we are at my grandparent's house he says he will be back in one hour and he is back in like 3 hours. -Luke, 10

Goodnight, Boys. -Hudson, 10  
I love you a billion, fafillion, a million, kastrillion, and you are the best Cora that ever has lived and ever will live. -Cora, 11

Love you. -Ben, 8  
Not to let my mind power over me when I'm tumbling. - Stella, 13

I love you. - James, 4  
Emmy. -Emmy, 3  
Go long! -Talon, 9  
I love you, buddy. -Jack, 6  
Do you want to watch football with me? -Emma, 8

The tickle monster is coming! -Abby, 8  
I love you and I am proud of you! -Graham, 6

#### IF YOU COULD GIVE YOUR DAD ANY GIFT IN THE WORLD, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

A Mickey Mouse. - Emmy, 3  
A card and some cars to play with. -James, 4  
A new fishing net. -Jack, 6



Me and my dad by Graham Mitchell, age 8

A Mustang. -Joel, 12  
A chance to meet Victor Wembanyama. -Emma, 8

A trip to Disney. -Hudson, 10  
A new bike. -Abby, 8  
A trip to the World Series. -Ben, 8  
A mountain cabin. -Cora, 11



Me and my dad by Emma McCann, age 8

A new bakery. -Talon, 9  
A picture of me and him. - Graham, 6  
A brand new orange sharp truck. -Luke, 10

A lime green Lamborghini. -Stella, 13  
A big trip to somewhere he really wants to go. -BK, 12

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