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Electric City News

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September 26-October 9, 2024



BY ROBERT M GALLANT

After retiring recently, I found that my new life of leisure was starting to boil down to a few fishing trips, a lot of yard work, fixing things around the house and an occasional vacation.

While sitting at the kitchen table with my wife Anne, I made the dreaded and rookie mistake that only a newly married man should make. Anne works as an interior decorator and was sitting across from me researching furniture and fluffy pillows for a client on her iPad and I said, "I'm bored".

I instantly realized my fatal mistake, as I cringed, I knew I couldn't take it back. There was no way that she didn't hear me and within a nanosecond her eyes met mine. I tried to look away, but it was too late. Before she even had time to speak, I had already visualized myself painting a bedroom, moving furniture, or if I was lucky maybe just a trip to Charleston to pick up some unknown client's new king mattresses. Without even taking time to think, she said "Why don't





you get rid of that old motorcycle that has been rusting away in the garage for the last 15 years. Give it away, throw it away, or fix it, but get it out of the garage!"

She had nailed it. I had put this project off year after year. I parked the 2007 Suzuki DR650 about 12 years earlier in my garage. I live on the coast in Beaufort South Carolina and the salt air had been hard on it. It had also been half submerged in two hurricanes. The salt water had seized the bearings in the wheels, rusted the brake pads to the brake discs and the tires were flat and dry rotted. My son Miller and I managed to

drag it into my shop where I could get a better look at what I had on my hands. I couldn't make myself give it away and it wasn't worth selling and I didn't want to take it to the dump, so my only remaining option was to restore it.

While ordering parts off Amazon and watching You Tube videos on how to restore a motorcycle, I ran across something I had never heard of, the Trans America Trail. The trail, also known as the TAT, is a 6,400-mile series of dirt road and single track trails that cross America from the Atlantic Ocean at the Outer Banks of North Carolina, to the Pacific Ocean in Oregon. GPS

tracks can be cheaply purchased from the original rider who started splicing these trails and dirt roads together in the 1980's. I also discovered that my motorcycle, nicknamed "The Bush Pig" by the Australians, was the all-around best bike for this adventure.

After a few weeks of working on the motorcycle and trying my best to be the perfect husband, I brought up the idea of a solo dirt bike trip across America to my wife. Not surprisingly she was on board with me going and her only question was,

SEE ROADS ON PAGE 2

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Roads

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"How long will you be gone?" This changed the whole dynamic of how I was to restore and build the bike. I needed to get serious and study all the information available on the internet and build the bike so that it would hold up to the rigors of crossing every mountain range from the Blue Ridge and Ozark mountains in the East to the San Juan Mountains and Cascades in the West, and everything in between.

I would be traversing the plains of Oklahoma and New Mexico, to the snowcapped mountain passes of Colorado and into the red canyons of Mohab and the Great Salt Lakes of Utah. I'd hit the trails of Idaho and into the wilderness of Oregon to my final destination, a little-known beach on the Pacific Ocean.

I found that I needed a long-range gas tank because some of the trails were 200 plus miles between fuel stops. I needed a new suspension to take the potholes and rocks, ruts, and mountain passes. The seat had to be replaced because the DR650 has the most uncomfortable seat ever put between two wheels; it was more akin to sitting on a 2×4 . I had to order knobby tires, a new chain and lower geared sprockets for the steep grades I would be climbing. I ordered a new clutch, brakes and cables, spare inner tubes and other necessary spare parts.

I was going to do the trip solo because every time I would start to tell someone of my plan they would say, "You are crazy" or just laugh and tell me I was too old to make this kind of trip.

I was at a funeral for a slightly younger friend of mine that had recently passed when I ran across my friend Steve Tully. As I was giving him the lowdown on what I was about to do, someone walked up and the conversation ended almost before it even got started, but I said enough to get his attention. Before leaving he came back up to me and said, "I'll call you tomorrow" to which I replied, "You are going to go, aren't you?" He called me at about 6:30 am the next morning and said he had a kitchen pass and was in for the trip. "What kind of motorcycle do I need"?

Within 36 hours he had found and picked up a shiny used Suzuki from Atlanta just like mine,

only about 15 years newer. He started modifying his as I continued to order parts for mine. Soon we were overwhelmed with the clothing options available. Armored pants, armored jackets, hot weather apparel, cold weather apparel, more motocross boot options than I ever knew existed. Expensive gear, cheap gear, wool socks, long underwear, rain suits, helmets with communications, GPS's, inflatable sleeping pads, gloves, gas stoves, pots, pans and food. The list went on and on. It was soon apparent that we simply could not carry everything we needed. Although fifty pounds of gear was our goal, we took around seventy. This put our loaded bikes at five hundred plus pounds each, still too heavy for old men to pick up solo in case of a spill or drop, and impossible to pull out of a deep ditch or back up off the side of a mountain pass or even out of the thick Mississippi mud, which we did.

June 1st was our goal for leaving as the snow would be melted from the Colorado passes and the desert heat would be tolerable. In trying to come up with an agenda or daily plan, I researched the stories of other TAT riders that had completed the trans continental trail and quickly realized that there was nothing to really plan as each day would be different and schedules impossible to keep. We just needed to go.

June 1st finally rolled around and we were as ready as we were ever going to be. The bikes were loaded and it was time to get on the trail! We left Beaufort, SC at sunup and, as would be the case for the entire trip, our only plan was to go west. We hit the back roads of the SC Lowcountry, through the bomb plant near Augusta Ga, and then along the Savannah River and in to Anderson for our first night. And yes, I did stop by and see my mother when I got there. The next day we found our way to Maggie Valley, NC to officially get on the Trans America Trail. Because of the great work of the founding rider of the TAT, we were able to "follow the blue line" that the pioneer rider Sam Correro had been putting together on paper maps and GPS tracks for the

We found ourselves staying in more hotels than secluded stealth campsites. The pillow top beds beat our sleeping mats and hitting the indoor swimming pool and hot tub was more refreshing than a cold bath in a stream. The continental breakfast and coffee would be ready by 6am. To justify staying in hotels rather than roughing it,

we decided that because there were two of us, and we took turns paying, that every other night was free. We called it "credit card camping". Every section of trail would start and end near a town with a gas station and at least one restaurant. Sometimes the only restaurant would be in the gas station. I had lost 40 pounds to do this trip and I figured I would lose another 10 or 15 pounds. It didn't take long to find that this adventure was actually a gastrointestinal journey stringing together endless Mexican restaurants and more than a few small-town beer joints with great bar food. I gained 10 lbs.

We made it all the way across Oklahoma without getting caught up in any rain, almost. The rain turns the panhandle trail into an impassable grease pit where the front wheel is impossible to steer and will quit turning once packed with mud and gravel. About 30 miles from the New Mexico border the rain came and would not stop. Luckily, we had bedded down in the small cowtown of Boise City at "the good hotel" and it wasn't rented by the hour like the one across the street. For twenty-four hours it rained. The parking lots flooded, bridges and roads were washed out. It was officially a 1,000 year rain. I was not a fan of gettin off the dirt but we were left no choice but to take the black top the rest of the way to the New Mexico State line. We took a county road out of town and for the next 150 miles we only passed one vehicle and some buffalo and big white tail deer. The trail dried and we pointed our handlebars toward Colorado where we would get new tires and an oil change.

Eastern Colorado is a vast desert and not the snow-capped mountains that you have pictured in your mind. But the mountains soon appear in the distance, snow-capped, daunting and immense. As the hours roll by and I catch glimpses of the obstacles ahead, my mind wonders to the early settlers who traversed these same trails on foot and in wagons. My sore butt was nothing compared the toil and

SEE ROADS ON PAGE 5

DESPERATELY WANTED: YOUR MEMORIES

The last passenger trains ran from Anderson about 1945. They included the Southern Railway (the old Blue Ridge Railway) from the station under the bridge on North Main Street downtown; the P&N (Piedmont and Northern) with the passenger depot on North Main Street, the present Jones Law Firm Building; and the C&W.C. (Charleston and Western Carolina) with a passenger depot across South Main Street from City Hall.

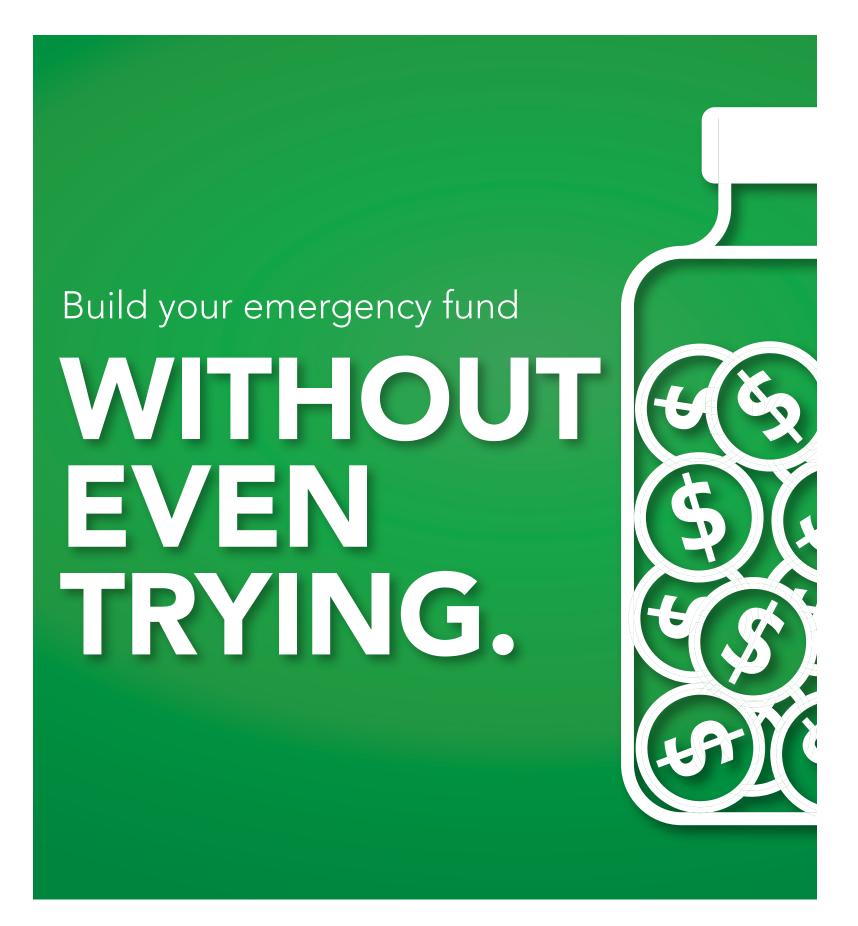
If you have any personal memories of any of these stations, pictures, or stories passed down to you about the stations or trains, we need them to help preserve their historical record. We want both physical descriptions and personal experiences of people and happenings involving the passenger and freight depots and trains. Please help us before these memories are lost.

Please call Dustin Norris, Curator, Anderson County Museum at 864-964-6557 or email: rdnorris@andersoncountysc.org.

The collected information will be maintained by the Anderson County Museum and may be utilized in putting together a book for the county.





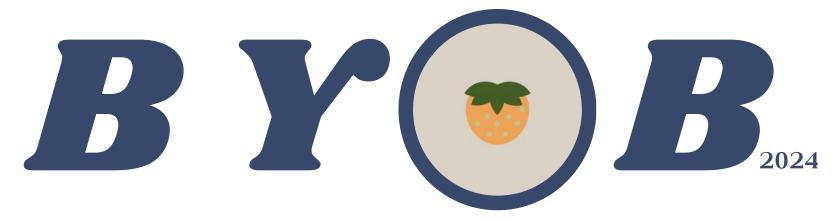


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Roads

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

hardships that they faced every day for months on end. Being that my riding partner was kind of old and scrawny and we were getting along well, I tried not to think of the Donner Party who were lost in a blizzard in the Sierra Nevada in 1847 and had to eat the dead to survive. But we made it across the continental divide and only were blocked by snow on one mountain pass where we had to turn around and take a lower trail. Another trail was just too dangerous for our adventure bikes and riding skill so we found an alternate route to our next destination.

Moab Utah was the first place that I found myself in over my head with no way out. We left the cozy town of Moab at sunup and head into the primitive canyon lands and arches of the vast Canyonlands National Reserve. It would be over a hundred degrees this day and over 185 miles to our next stop for water and gas. The gas range for my bike is about 200 miles. As in every other day, we did not expect to pass another rider and mile after mile the trail got worse. We were dropping down natural rock stairs and dry creek beds that we would never be able to go back up. Forward was our only option. The route kept getting worse, the rocks bigger, the sand deeper and the canyon walls higher. My main concern was not being able to get up the other side, wherever that was. I saw on our GPS map that about 50 miles ahead of us was an interstate and somehow, I was going to get on that highway and out of the

canyon. The vision of getting on that road eased my mind for the next 3 or 4 hours until we finally came to where the interstate crossed the canyon; appropriately named The Devils Graveyard. The road was at the top of the canyon and hundreds of feet above us. We couldn't climb out, much less ride out. We rested in its shadow and laughed at ourselves and drank the two cold beers that Steve had on ice. Life was good and we eventually made it across the Great Salt Lakes and into Nevada where our next fuel stop was the State Line Casino, Truck Stop and Hotel. After an excellent meal of Quesadillas with Wagyu Beef and a couple more cold beers, we thought it best to refuel and head to an actual town with a hotel that our wives would approve of.

As we finished the south-west and started nearing the Western states, the trail split. We could continue on through Nevada and head south, south-west to the California coast near Los Angeles or we could go north, north-west to the little beach in Oregon. The afternoon temperatures were getting steadily hotter by the day and we really didn't want anything to do with the Los Angeles area, we decided to head north into the cooler temperatures and what we thought were the green tree covered hills of Idaho. We soon found it to be high plain desert much like the south-west, but like everything else, still different. The scenery, no matter where we were, changed every 200 miles or less. The smells changed in the air, the dust tasted different, the rocks and sand a different color. There were trees I had never seen and cactus of every kind. Even the animals changed. We were now seeing mule deer and antelope instead of buffalo, elk and the occasional moose. The trail went on, and we had at least

1,400 more miles on the trail ahead of us.

The rain caught us again in Idaho and luckily, as we were traveling mostly through national parks, the gravel roads were in fine shape and we made good time. As we got closer to the awe-inspiring Cascade Mountains, crossing countless trout filled streams and vistas beyond anything I have ever seen, I now spent my hours of riding thinking about the conclusion of our trip and how I did not want it to end. I made up my mind that once we reached our destination, I was going to continue on up the coast and across Canada and into Alaska. But that dream was short lived as Oregon started to wear me out. The trails of Oregon are where the advanced adventure riders go, and not so easy on a rider who just thought he was.

Port Orford, Oregon was our final track and as we rounded the last curve and the mighty Pacific Ocean came into view, I had very mixed emotions. I wanted to whoop and holler for our huge safe and successful ride, but I also wanted to lay down and cry. There was a desire to keep going and a desire to stop. I missed my wife and I missed my children. I missed my cats. So, with heavy hearts and a ride into Northern California to see some redwoods, we put our bikes in storage and Ubered to the nearest airport. Our adventure was 36 long hard glorious days. It took 6 hours to get home.

I have been home a couple of months now and our bikes have been shipped back to Beaufort. I have cleaned mine up and serviced "Old Salty" and she is ready for another trip. Just so happens, I recently heard about The Smoky Mountain 500 or maybe the Hatfield and McCoy Trail in West Virginia!

My biggest takeaway from the trip was my renewed faith in America and the American people. Across the 5,000 miles of back roads and small towns, I never ran across an angry person. We didn't watch any TV or listen to the radio. We never talked politics. As we would pull into a campground or hotel, always dusty and sometimes muddy, people would see us and want to know our story. "Where are you from? Where you headed? Where you been, where you going?

The trip was not without its pitfalls. Steve got stuck in the mud in Mississippi, I broke down in Arkansas, flat tires in Colorado and Utah. We were lost in more than one state, but no matter what the situation we could count on perfect strangers to eagerly help us out. We also had some mighty good luck.

If you decide to ride the Trans America Trail, make sure to do it soon because you can't be too young but you can be too old. Facebook has a great private group with over 50,000 members. If you are thinking about riding the TAT you should join this FB group:Trans-America Trail (TAT). The group will go out of their way to help you find the info that you need. They will even bring you parts if you break down on the trail. If you just want to see what the TAT is all about there are hundreds of videos on YouTube from riders that tackled it in whole or in part. You can make your adventure on the trail anything you want it to be. Ride it all, or in part. Some riders take several years to ride it, while others complete it in months. A few have done it in weeks, but this is not my recommendation. If you go too fast you miss too much. I wish I had taken three months.

Come on, do it!

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AnMed recognized for commitment to exceptional stroke & heart care

AnMed has won five quality achievement awards from the American Heart Association's Get With The Guidelines program, headlined by the Stroke Gold Award, the Heart Failure Gold Award and the Resuscitation Gold Award.

The Get With The Guidelines - Stroke Gold Award was bestowed for commitment to ensuring stroke patients receive the most appropriate treatment according to nationally recognized, research-based guidelines. That ultimately leads to more lives saved and less disability.

This marks the eighth time that AnMed has won the award for stroke care.

Chuck Horton, nurse manager of AnMed's 7 North Stroke Unit for 25 years, pointed out that AnMed was the second hospital in the state to become a primary stroke center.

He said it's exciting to receive awards that validate AnMed's continuing effort to provide exceptional care.

AnMed also received the American Heart Association's Target: Stroke Honor Roll Award. To qualify for this recognition, hospitals must meet specific criteria that reduce the time between an eligible patient's arrival at the hospital and treatment with thrombolytic therapy.

Stroke is the No. 5 cause of death and a leading cause of disability in the U.S. It occurs when a blood vessel that carries oxygen and nutrients to the brain is either blocked by a clot or bursts. When that happens, part of the brain cannot get the blood and oxygen it needs, so brain cells die.

Early stroke detection and treatment are key to improving survival, minimizing disability and accelerating recovery times.

GET WITH THE GUIDELINES - HEART FAIL-URE GOLD AWARD

The Get With The Guidelines - Heart Failure Gold Award was bestowed to AnMed



for commitment to improving outcomes for patients with heart failure, meaning reduced readmissions and more healthy days at home. That honor has come 10 times.

AnMed also won the Target: Type 2 Diabetes Honor Roll Award for ensuring patients with Type 2 diabetes, who might be at higher risk for complications, receive the most up-to-date, evidence-based care when hospitalized due to heart disease or stroke.

Heart failure affects about 6 million U.S. adults, and that number that is expected to increase to more than 8 million by 2030. It is a condition where the heart has a hard time pumping blood and oxygen throughout the body.

While there's no cure for it, patients can live a quality life by working with their health care team to create and stick with a plan that may include medication, symptom monitoring and lifestyle changes.

GET WITH THE GUIDELINES - RESUSCITATION GOLD AWARD

The Get With The Guidelines -

Resuscitation Gold Award was bestowed to AnMed by the American Heart Association for commitment to appropriate treatment of in-hospital cardiac arrest, ultimately helping to improve survival rates. This marks the second consecutive year AnMed has won that award.

Nearly 300,000 people experience an in-hospital cardiac arrest annually in the U.S.,

research shows. Survival largely depends on timely medical-emergency-team response and effective CPR.

The Get With The Guidelines program puts the expertise of the American Heart Association and American Stroke Association to work for hospitals nationwide, helping ensure patient care is aligned with the latest research and evidence-based guidelines.

Dr. Steven Messe, volunteer chairperson of the American Heart Association Stroke System of Care Advisory Group and professor of neurology and director of fellowships of neurology at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Sabra Lewsey, chair of the American Heart Association Heart Failure System of Care Advisory Group and assistant professor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, were among those who praised AnMed for the efforts of its team.

"Participation in Get With The Guidelines is associated with improved patient outcomes, fewer readmissions and lower mortality rates – a win for health care systems, families and communities." Messe said.



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TOURING A FRIEND'S GARDEN



Let your imagination tour through Dianne Hollingworth's garden. Dianne hosted Anderson Garden Club's opening meeting for our 2024/2025 season. When I asked could her garden be the inspiration for this issue of Garden Shop, she did not hesitate with a yes, and when the meeting was over, I went wandering.

Views from the back of her home overlook a swimming pool and gardens. On my previous visit, Yogi was with me. He and Dianne's dog, Annie, were running and playing. I never gave the covered pool a thought. Annie knows not to run across the cover – Yogi did not. It was a startling moment for Yogi, Dianne and me. But Dianne nonchalantly said "Well, they say it's supposed to hold an elephant". This time seeing the blue pool amongst the mix of plantings made a very pretty contrast. One side of the patio railing is lined with window boxes, filled with pale orange million bells petunias (Calibrachoa). Part of her property is lined with tea olives so imagine the wonderful smell as I came out the back door.

Looking out over the yard, patches of silver artemisia edge an area centering the end of the pool. Behind those, some of the biggest holly ferns (Cyrtomium falcatum) I've ever seen are in a half circle with a crepe myrtle in the middle. Opposite the walkway around one side of the pool is a raised brick

lined bed filled with white vinca. Dianne said it had grown so much she had to weed out some of it. Chartreuse Angelina sedum is mixed in with the vinca. Across the brick path is a small island bed, between two gates, lined with liriope. This little spot also has Angelia sedum completely covering the ground. A reddish, coral color new guinea impatiens in a metal plant stand is in front of climbing aster covering the fence. I bet when the aster is blooming, it makes a wonderful show.

This spot is where one can go into the sunny area where Dianne's greenhouse is or continue along the path further into her shady area. Just inside the fence of what I'll call the greenhouse garden, a big clump of autumn joy sedum was covered with pollinators. Thinking sometimes I wish more area in my back-



Greenhouse and dahlias

yard had been fenced in, Dianne's yard gave inspiration on how to do that. Her yard is fenced in different sections – the main part behind the house, and the other section where the greenhouse is. Simple....I could create another fenced area. As Dianne has landscaped around the perimeters, it all flows wonderfully together. A highlight of the green-

house garden are dahlias. Dianne had cut several and brought in. An arrangement on a side table just inside the front door stopped me in my tracks. Simply elegant, in a clear square glass container, were two hosta leaves, one pink dahlia, and one cream colored dahlia. It was outstanding!

The shade garden is a mix of evergreen and native azaleas, hydrangeas, hosta, caladiums in pots, and other perennials. Deer do occasionally jump the fence into her yard but not so much that she can't grow deer favorites. Two big magnolia grandiflora have successfully been limbed up. Often times, it is difficult to grow them that way. Japanese maples, along the edge of Dianne's shade garden, have also been limbed up to provide focal points for more shade loving perennials. Containers are placed around her yard with various plantings. Statues, and a bench, add extra flair. It truly is a peaceful, pretty place in Dianne's garden.



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NEVERMORE!

BY ANN BAILES

Why are ravens so fascinating – and even human-like?

An old tale says that the ravens at the Tower of London will cause the downfall of the British Empire if they ever leave. The Native Americans of the Pacific Northwest think that ravens bring fire to people by stealing it from the sun, and steal salmon to drop in rivers around the world. And Edgar Allan Poe obviously had a thing about them: "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!"

They cause trouble for people too: "They've been implicated in causing power outages by contaminating insulators on power lines, fouling satellite dishes at the Goldstone Deep Space Site, peeling radar absorbent material off buildings at the China Lake Naval Weapons center, pecking holes in airplane wings, stealing golf balls, opening campers' tents, and raiding cars left open at parks." (allaboutbirds.org)

The Common Raven is an acrobatic flier, often doing rolls and somersaults in the air. One bird was seen flying upside down for more than a half-mile. Young birds are fond of playing games with sticks, repeatedly dropping them, then diving to catch them in midair. They have personalities that sometimes makes them seem almost human. That's because they are mimids – they can mimic the calls of other bird species and sometimes even



Photo by Rita Brown

human words. One common raven raised from birth was actually taught to say the word "Nevermore."

They are huge - at least 6" larger than common crows, which are in the same bird family and which they most closely resemble. Both are coal black. But ravens have much bigger beaks, and they also have large wedge-shaped tails – a giveaway that the bird is a raven and not a crow.

Though they are primarily a western bird, ravens are also found in the mountains of North Carolina and at the very northern edge of our state. A range map shows them just peaking their way into the upper mountains of Oconee, Pickens, and Greenville counties, and wanderers are coming our way more and more often. Some have recently been seen here in Anderson county.

In mountainous areas, look for ravens anywhere from the outskirts of towns (particularly landfills) to foothill forests or scrub, and out to the deep woods of mountains and national parks. If they're around you're likely to hear deep gurgling croaks from far overhead: look for a long, wedge-tailed black bird flying on long wings and easy wingbeats. When driving in higher elevations, keep an eye out for them on the roadsides, gathered at roadkill. We saw many ravens in Arizona – and after awhile, the differences between crows and ravens become very easy to tell.

Their "spooky" history and their smart qualities make crows seem very much human-like. They would be fun birds to see more often in the Upstate, but since they love mountainous areas, that may or may not happen. Even the ravens would have an answer to that. "Nevermore!"

Fall nails

There are some really pretty nail colors for the season this year and I have some fun ways to tell your manicurist or nail tech how



Kristine March

to combine tones to give you that extra pizzazz for the holidays. As we're fast approaching Autumn this color combination I discovered is magical.

The next time you go to your nail salon ask for brown jelly nails. It's a beautiful brown shade and it looks sublime

on the fingertips. Ask for one coat gel Apres cedar stain and two coats Apres gel caramel. It almost looks like a tortoise shell and gives off a very swanky finish. Especially if you incorporate gold accessories and jewelry with it.

If you don't like brown and want something a little bit brighter ask for OPI nails polish in the colors Spare Me A French Quarter and Big Apple Red. These will give you that candied apple look. The first color is a jewel tone magenta and is the perfect Fall hot pink. It's especially lovely if you're not ready to give up Summer quite yet. And I firmly believe that you can never go wrong with red. You can also carry that into November and December. Next on my list is the micro-French manicure. Although it's steering away from the typical white tip with a neutral base, if you're in the mood to be adventurous go for a black French manicure instead. It's super opulent looking and gives you that instant ultramodern vibe.

Another great color is green. It's elevated and



not your typical hue and by green I'm talking forest or hunter. It will go with all of your fall wardrobe and would be perfect look for a cabin getaway or even Thanksgiving. I still like to get a pedicure in the cooler months just because it's my treat to myself. So, for the toes that color would be really beautiful as well. OPI is definitely outdoing themselves this year with their shades called Stay off my lawn and Things I've seen in Aber- Green. Plus, their high colored quality will stay in for weeks. You can always do your own manicure if you want. It's saved money and you can stay in the comfort of your own home. It all depends on your mood really. If I don't feel like going to the nail salon, I will use the Kiss Nails that you actually glue on and believe it or not they're really awesome. You can order tons of color combinations on Amazon and it won't break your bank. Would you believe it that they even have glue on acrylic toenails now. What a wild time to be alive. What are some of your favorite nail colors and are you going to try any of these? Remember to make the sidewalk your runway and kindness always matters. And remember you're only helpless when your nails are drying. Go get your nails done y'all!



MOVIE HIGHT IN WREN PARK

FRIDAY, MAY 17 - SUPER MARIO BROS @ 8:35PM

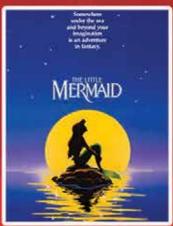
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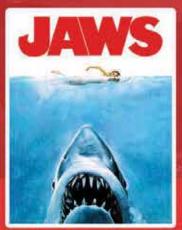
FRIDAY, JULY 12 - JAWS @ 8:55PM

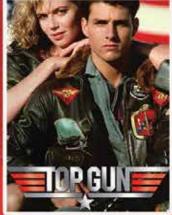
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FROM THE SHELF

ON LIBRARIES, PT. 3: THE CREATIVE FRONTIER

Closing out September and Library Card Sign Up month, I'm opting to be a bit selfish and focus on a very specific area of library offerings, because it's a large part of my job



Sara Leady

focus (it's also awesome). So, let's talk about maker-spaces! What is a 'maker-space,' you ask? Well, my terrible canned response is, "it's a space that you can make stuff in." Insert wink and annoying elbow nudge because what a clever answer. But in actuality that is a pretty

basic explanation of what makerspaces are. The ultimate question with makerspaces is what can you make in that specific space.

Makerspaces are a thing that a lot of libraries have started adding to their services. Initially, they were more geared in a STEM direction, but these days they're definitely adding in the A, i.e. arts, and becoming more STEAM-oriented. I'll admit to ours, The Electric City Creative, having more of an emphasis on the 'arts,' and crafts. That's largely

due to our craft programs being some of our best attended and reviewed programs, especially when it comes to adults. But Sara, I'm not artsy or crafty so what can the makerspace do for me? Well my friend, that all depends on what you might need.

Do you want to make some matching shirts for you and your bestie to wear? Come to the makerspace and use one of our Circuits to cut the vinyl for a custom made by you t-shirt. Do you have a presentation and you need to print stuff, but the stuff you need to print is poster sized and you're on a budget? We have a large format printer that can print 36" by several feet. While you do have to come in and take the time to print (we don't do pickups), you'll save a decent amount of money printing with us. Do you want to put vinyl on your car's rear window to advertise your business (or maybe your social media handle)? You can make that vinyl decal or sticker in the makerspace too!

Beyond really specific things, you can also just test out and play with our equipment. Circuits aren't small and they aren't cheap, so buying one for yourself is a big commitment if you aren't confident that you're going to use

it heavily. You might also have an interest, but not know how to use it. We can also show you the basics and share best practices so you won't feel as intimidated by this computerized cutting machine (in case you didn't know what a Cricut is). We also have Photoshop, specialized printing, all sorts of paper craft supplies, fine art materials, heat guns, and sewing machines.

If you're worried about not having a ton of knowledge for how to use any of the things I listed, there's staff always present to help. We also provide a variety of classes and programs that feature a lot of the different things we provide access to. Our classes and programs can also give you a place to start, since there's a ton of things you can do and it's easy to get decision paralysis. If a class feels like too much for you, we also have the Craft Cafe where you can pop in any time we're open and do our monthly, highlighted project.

I've talked about the library as a community center, and I'm not sure what exhibits that more than the Makerspace. There is



so much to learn, share, and come together over once you add creativity to the mix. I'm a firm believer that everyone can be an artist or crafty when they're given the opportunity. The library, and the staff in the Electric City Creative, take a lot of pride in our being able to provide both the opportunity and access to get creative, maybe even for the first time.

GOOD TO KNOW

Just reach back

BY MELISSA BROWN

Sometimes, to get what you want, you just need to reach back.

Lately, I have found this to be true in multiple areas of my life.

For example, recently, my 19 month old grandson spent the night with me and very quickly he lost interest in the few toys that I keep at my house for him, Then something on a bookshelf caught his eye -an old Russian lacquered box. I pulled it down and he sat on the floor mesmerized by it....the beautiful colors, the smoothness on the resin, the bright red interior. For the rest of the night, that box was the only thing he was interested in.

The next time he came to

my house, I pulled out the rest of my collection of Russian boxes (probably a dozen or so). I'd never seen him so enthralled by any other objects. He played with those boxes for hours Stacking, arranging, trading tops, studying them from every angle. He began to notice the differences in the scenes painted on the lids of each one and I tried to tell him the stories behind them in a way that a less-than-two year old might comprehend.

Needless to say, the Legos and building blocks have since been replaced by these older shapes, these vintage boxes that had belonged to my father many years ago. I love the fact that my grandson is (for now) interested in



something other than what is flashy, noisy and popular; something that connects him to his great grandfather; something that might one day give me the opportunity to teach him more about Russian history and culture; and something more about his great grandfather who loved collecting the little boxes and was just as fascinated by them as he is.

Sometimes to get what you want, just reach back.....





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WESTSIDE RAMS

Rams win heavyweight battle

BY BRIAN HODGES

Westside High School football coach Brian Lane knew his team had been in a heavyweight battle.

And the Rams won. But barely. Westside outlasted Prince Avenue Christian of Athens, Ga., 49-41 last Friday night. The game ended with the Wolverines inside the Westside 20 but the clock ran out.

"Oh man, that's a good team we played," Lane said. "They've won three state titles in four years in Georgia."

Lane's Rams, defending AAAA champs in South Carolina, are now 4-0. The Wolverines, now 2-3, have been a Class A power in Georgia but moved to 2A this

"They've got some good players. No. 5 running back (Andrew Beard) is a 10th grader and he's already got an offer from Georgia. No. 55 (Christian Garrett, a defensive lineman) has an offer from Alabama."

The Wolverines never led but clawed within one at 42-41 on a touchdown with 4:49 to play, but their 2-point try failed.

Then Westside marched 65 yards in 7 plays with running back Sharode Richardson leading the way. Cutter Woods' 17-yard scoring pass to Charmarryus Bomar with 1:49 left provided the final margin.

"It was a hard-fought game," Lane said. "Our team will always fight back."

Woods completed 24 of 31 passes and had four touchdown throws but most final team statistics were not yet available.

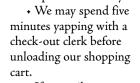
The game was a scorcher from the start. The Rams opened with a nine-play, 65-yard scoring drive, capped by a 17-yard TD pass from Woods to Bomar. Prince Avenue quickly tied it.

Westside took control in the second quarter and opened a 35-21 halftime lead on an interception return for a score. Westside built a 42-28 lead in the third quarter on a 19-yard TD pass to Dreson Evans. But Prince Avenue kept rallying. They scored a TD at the end of the third quarter to make it 42-35. After a time-consuming Rams drive was stopped on a QB sack, Prince Avenue scored again but it was not enough.

Welcome to ANDERSON

If you've never visited Anderson or are considering residing here, let me inform you of a few things that may help you transition into our way of life.

- We don't know what to do at four-way stop signs. Either direct us with a wave or ignore us and floor it.
- · We often use our turn signals on sharp
 - We believe Fire Lanes are painted with yellow stripes so we can see to park there easily.



• If you tailgate us, we

Neal Parnell will slow down and abide by the speed limit; you should have left earlier.

• We only allow our kids into stores and restaurants if they promise to scream and run

- Our County residents will only burn yard waste on the clearest and prettiest days of the
- Only buy Duke's mayonnaise; if seen with any other brand, we will avoid you like the plague.
- · We never speak to the managers. We prefer to complain anonymously on Facebook.
- · No, we do not know a good mechanic. We all rebuild our own engines and replace our own brake pads.
- Beware of signs that read "Free Radiator Check." Inside there's a guy with an icepick in his pocket.
- Don't be fooled; Homemade cornbread is not Square.
- · Never shake your head when offered Bacon; we know where you live.

- We do not have Soda or Pop, only DRANKS.
- We believe our Fog Lights work best with our High Beams on too.
- + Dijon is where we go to the bathroom, not a Mustard or a city in France.
- Our shopping buggies are magnetically attracted to new cars, do not leave them unattended.
 - + We Wranch, we do not Rinse.
- We will mow our lawns or use our leaf blowers if we see you're having an outdoor get-together.
- + Our Schools close at the mention of the S-word, (snow).
- · Never let anyone know that you don't eat
- · Your dogs must be controlled inside a fence or on a leash, Kids and Cats are allowed
- + Pork Skins and Pork Rinds are the same thing: Delicious.
 - We salt our food before tasting it.
- The Anderson Mall is actually an indoor walking track for seniors.
- · Our farms and pastures have a distinct odor that we call Heaven.
- We believe Ketchup is a food group, not a condiment.
- Cow Tipping is a myth, Waitress Tipping is not.
- Snipe hunting is permitted during a full
- + Do not try to order sushi or sashimi at Longhorn Steakhouse.
- Those are not Lab Experiments; they are Pickled Pig's feet, Pickled Eggs, and Pickled Bologna.

We know you'll enjoy your stay or visit to THE ELECTRIC CITY, and we hope these tips will have you shuckin' corn and soppin' gravy in no time.

WELCOME TO ANDERSON

Where's the E?



Claire Blanton takes The ECN along on her trip to run the Paris Marathon. Merci, Claire!







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Where EVERYDAY is Independence Day









HISTORIC DOWNTOWN ANDERSON

BY RICH OTTER

If you mention Anderson's square now, you may receive a puzzled expression. What square? It may be difficult to explain. Well, roads ran all around the courthouse. That's true, but you have to explain they were bisected by Main Street. It would be easier to try to draw it for a head scratching listener.

On an 1890 Sanborn Insurance map, Anderson County's courthouse, replaced by what we now call the historic courthouse, stood toward the center of Main Street with streets running to its sides and rear. In front of it the rest of Main Street was a plaza area that had streets on each side and behind the plaza. If you ignore Main Street, the streets surrounding the courthouse and plaza constituted a square. Those streets were all decorated with businesses on their outside perimeters.

The courthouse constructed in 1898, now referred to as the "historic" courthouse, was tucked further back and around it where streets bordering the courthouse grounds. In the 1850s the first county jail, originally tucked behind the older courthouse, was moved from where it previously had been fenced. The enclosed area had contained a garden serviced by the prisoners to feed the sheriff's family and the prisoners. The sheriff's family lived on the jail's first floor with the prisoner's nestled above.

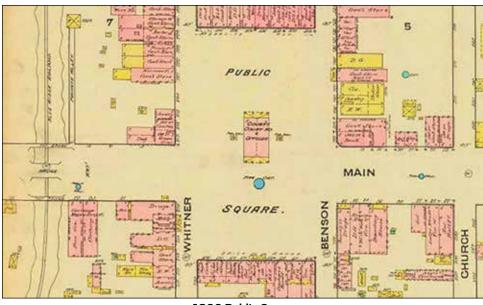
With the jail gone, it permitted a larger courthouse to be constructed accompanied by an attractive green area around the new, now historic, facility. But what happened to the square?

All the buildings behind the courthouse have now been removed as well as the short street that serviced them and bound the square together. The same occurred in front of the historic courthouse, removing the opposing plaza, street and buildings to make way for the construction of the 1991 courthouse.

Before the 1991 courthouse was constructed, the plaza stretched back to the short street in front of the buildings on the west side of the square. The plaza was a well-manicured green area. Marshall Fant recalled his grandfather, Rufus Fant, and his grandmother, tended to the landscape on the Square. In addition to other plants, they put banana plants out in the spring and took them up in the fall—protecting them over winter in the basement of Fant's Book Store.

You might be asked, where did the jail go? Well, it went to Jail Street. Jail Street? That became Peoples Street. Peoples Street? Time to change the subject (but it became Murray Avenue).

Going up Main Street was the wooden bridge that spanned the railroad cut dug by slaves to provide for the Blue Ridge Railway line. The bridge had a center area for horses and wagons with pedestrian sections on each



1890 Public Square

of its sides. A small wooden bridge on the east side (still there, but bricked over) allowed merchants to wheel their carts to the back of Main Street businesses.

On the 1911Sanborn map there are several blue circles. They represent access to wells. The one in front of the courthouse was for fire department use. Horses could be watered

at others. Kids probably drank there too if their parents weren't with them.

The town had been laid out on a hill. East Boundary Street is now Fant Street. West Boundary Street became Jail Street. To the North was First Boundary Street moving numerically down to Eleventh Street. Fourth Street became Whitner Street although for a while from Main Street to East Boundary Street it was identified as Depot Street due to its destination. Fifth Street became Benson Street, but an O. W. Gray & Son map, made between 1889 and 1890, shows the street to the East of Main as being Bleckley, Brown & Fretwell Street—possibly the avoiding an argument.

Going toward West Boundary Street was First West Street and toward East Boundary, somewhat logically after passing Main Street, becoming First East Street and then Second East Street. You may have noticed, their names have also changed.

Before long memories will fade as well as those of us who remember it, and no one will cause confusion by mentioning the square.







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