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Couple makes farm a new business in Anderson

BY MARY HALEY THOMPSON PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATIE JAYNES Nestled on 10 acres off of Highway 81 in Anderson, Philwood Farms features an oasis of beautiful flowers and fresh produce. Jacob and Allie Long started their farming venture in 2017 to provide Andersonians with a product and service that is truly homegrown.

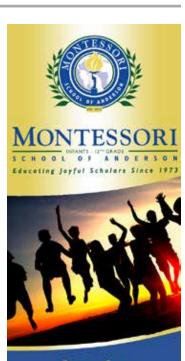
Jacob and Allie both grew up in Anderson and graduated from T.L Hanna as high school sweethearts. Jacob's interest in agriculture started at a young age as he would plant food plots for deer hunting with his dad and brothers. He also visited his neighbor, Mrs. Dot Murray, every day after school to pick flowers for his mom and sister. Allie remembers opening her stocking one Christmas morning to find a bag of tulip bulbs, a present she was hoping for all season. After high school, Jacob played college baseball and gradu-



Jacob and Allie Long

ated with a degree in economics from Clemson University. He now works as a full-time business industry consultant for AT&T. Allie also graduated from Clemson University with a degree in elementary education. She is now a 5th grade teacher at Ellen Woodside Elementary. She is currently pursuing her master's degree in educational administration from Grand Canyon University. Although workweeks are dedicated to their fulltime jobs, Jacob and Allie retire to the farm

SEE FARM ON PAGE 2



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Mountain or a molehill?

BY RICH OTTER

Whether it was a mountain drummed up by The Tribune, an Anderson newspaper, or a molehill brought on by an indifferent implementation of Prohibition that was repealed six years later, Anderson hosted a heated conflict in 1924 involving the judiciary, the grand jury, the city police and a considerable factual controversy.

It all began on Friday evening, February 8, 1924. Special Judge Charles Carroll Simms of Barnwell had been holding General Sessions Court in Anderson and the Judge, attorney Kurtz P. Smith and court stenographer Clyde V. Smith decided to take a ride down toward Iva.

At the time the judge and friends were returning from their sojourn, Anderson restaurant operator Bill Cristall and his wife were on their way to Lowndesville. As they approached each other Cristall claimed a car coming toward him was zigzagging with its headlights blinding him. He said he blinked his lights and pulled almost into a ditch. Kurtz P. Smith, driver of the approaching car, said he was being blinded by Cristall's headlights and that Judge Simms told him to stop. They bumped.

After what Cristall described as a heated conversation the others left and Cristall called the Anderson police chief and said there were some drunks headed to Anderson and described the car. Kurtz Smith said that Cristall, who he repeatedly and erroneously called Konduraras, (Bill Konduraras had left town six months previously) had been unreasonable. He also referred to Cristall repeatedly as the Greek.

Anderson Police Chief Driskell sent officers Jim Williams, Jim Norris and Jim S. Aiken out beyond University Hill to intercept the incoming vehicle. When they spotted the car, they followed it and reported it was running in a zigzag manner. It stopped near the Plaza

Hotel on the square. All three of the officers later testified to the manner the three occupants were staggering and that each had the smell of alcohol on his breath. A charge was made against the driver, Kurtz P. Smith. It was also mentioned that Judge Simms was talking incoherently. Two other officers who were downtown and came to the scene also stated their observation was that the three were intoxicated.

No charge was made against Judge Simms or Smith.

The county grand jury had been functioning during the court term and foreman John H. Tate rounded up thirteen of the eighteen members and they developed a presentment that Judge Simms had been reported to have been under the influence on the bench and that he and the other parties were in an intoxicated condition when involved in a collision. The Clerk of Court refused to publish the document until the Court (being Judge Simms) received it on the bench. The chairman released the presentment to The Tribune. When the grand jury attempted to present it to Judge Simms he declared the grand jury was without authority as the body had been discharged and The Tribune reported "Judge Charles Carroll Simms today branded such charges as false and without foundation." (Certainly he should have known, being the subject of the charge.)

The Tribune reported that after a five and a half hour trial in Anderson's Recorder's Court on February 24, 1924 (involving the city drunken driving charge), it took only ten minutes for the

jury to bring back a verdict holding Kurtz P. Smith guilty of the charge of driving an automobile under the influence of liquor. The Tribune article claimed both K.P. Smith and Clyde V. Smith attempted to protect Judge Simms. The Smiths admitted having had some alcohol but claimed it was long before the incident and that the judge had not indulged to their knowledge.

The defense produced two outside witnesses who came to the accident scene. One said he did

not hear any cursing but that Cristall wanted compensation for the damage. The other, Starr Mayor Joe Jones, said he asked Cristall if anyone was hurt and Cristall said there was "nothing but a young man drunk."

Judge C.C. Simms

State Senator Rufus Fant, Jr. requested that Governor Thomas G. McLeod recall the special judge and appoint another judge to complete the term. The Governor was not available and the last week of the term was completed by Judge Simms with his special appointment then ending along with any further known investigation.

Farm CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

afterhours. As first-generation farmers, they acknowledge many mentors, friends and family members that have helped them establish their roots. In 2017, they began with a foundation of produce, including collards, okra, zucchini, squash, tomatoes, corn, green beans and cucumbers. They sold their products to local produce stands and farmer's markets. One of their most popular services is the produce box, a collection of homegrown produce boxed and delivered right to your door. Last year, they began experimenting with flowers. They now have a field full of fresh zinnias, dahlias, cosmos, lemon basil,



celosia, gomphrena, amaranth and sunflowers. Philwood Farms is also registered as one of South Carolina's hemp farms, and one of sixteen total in Upstate, SC.

Customers can order flower bouquets and seasonal produce by contacting Allie directly, or by submitting an online order form posted weekly on the Philwood Farms' Facebook Page. Enjoy home-delivery service or pickup each Wednesday. This week, customers can add on a pound of okra and/or fresh baked chocolate chip zucchini bread to their order. For those who want the full farm experience, book a day trip to Philwood Farms and BYOB "Bring your own Bucket" and fill it full with flowers of your choice. Each bucket yields 5-10 arrangements.

For more information, visit Philwood Farms on Facebook or contact Allie Long at (864) 712-5710 or by email at allielong01@ gmail.com.

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The story of Shannon Faulkner

BY SHANNON FAULKNER August 18, 2020 was the 25th anniversary of the hardest day of my life. It was the day I walked away from being a cadet, the day I walked away from graduating from The Citadel, the day I walked away from wearing the ring. The decision was not an easy one. It took me three and a half days to make. In some ways, it has taken me twenty-five years to come to terms with it. I have done so with the help of my friends, my family, and my community. The number of prayers that were said on my behalf, the number of letters I have received, and the number of messages written on social media have been overwhelming. Your support and words of encouragement can never be repaid. For that, I thank you all.

I also must thank the many women and men of The Citadel that have become my friends over the years. Discussions with them have helped me find closure and acceptance where I didn't expect it. I have always said I have no regrets, but I finally identified one a couple of months ago. Two men in my chain of command at The Citadel both expressed they felt a sense of failure when I left. They didn't celebrate as I left campus; they questioned what could they have done better so that I would have succeeded. I regret I was unable to release them from carrying that burden until this year. The respect I had for them twenty-five years ago grew exponentially in my heart with their words. What they didn't know at the time, because I had not come to terms with it myself, is nothing they did or didn't do could have helped me. The enemy I faced was not one on campus, but a force that had come before us and had more power and reach than one person could possibly fight.

Some have tried to wipe my name from the history of The Citadel, not wanting to give my time there any credit. I did not attend the college for four days and quit; I attended classes with cadets for a year and a half. I battled for two and a half years for the right to be there. The Constitution gave me that right. Some blame me for not being prepared, for gaining weight. How does a teenager prepare to lose friends, have her home vandalized, receive death threats through the mail and over the phone, be verbally attacked in public by strangers or to have a mentor refuse to speak to her? How does a college student prepare to start each semester of her college career not knowing where she will sit in class because an appeal was filed to the Supreme Court? How does one lone girl prepare to walk onto campus guarded by federal marshals while the heat of the national spotlight shows every moment of everything she attempts and every flaw pointed out and scrutinized? How does a daughter tell her parents she gave up her dream because a crazy man threatened to take their lives? How do you prepare for that? Physically, I could do anything I was asked to do until the stress of the situation forced my body to revolt against my mind and my heart. For those who thought I was faking heat exhaustion, just know that in three and a half days in

the infirmary where the nurses took great care of me, I dealt with dehydration, collapsed veins, and an inability to hold down any food. In three and a half days, I lost fourteen pounds and was considered within an acceptable weight range. Twenty-five

years ago, I looked out a

> small bathroom window and watched a swarm of reporters and cameramen grow when someone announced I was leaving. I remember the tone of administrator's voice as he offered the car running outside the backdoor and a quiet exit no one would see. I did not take the easy way out. I refused to dishonor myself or the college by taking the coward's way out. I ran out the front door to the barracks with my father and brother. I stood in the middle of a thunderstorm and faced the press as the rain hid my tears, but not my heartbreak. When it was deemed too dangerous by school officials to be outside anymore, I climbed in the college's vehicle and was driven off campus and patrol cars blocked intersections giving me an unobstructed path out of the city of Charleston. As I crossed the Ashley River, I realized the storm had finally passed. I rode home in my parents' van with my dad, my brother, and my lawyer, Suzanne Coe. During the ride, I listened to the radio. There was no music on any station. Instead, I endured two hundred and fifty miles of callers giving radio hosts their opinions of me. The majority branded me a failure. Even some who supported me, lashed out against me.

The responses I have received in the last two decades have varied, but for the most part, they have been full of both support and gratitude. One female graduate thanked me for fighting for her before she ever even knew about the college. One male graduate thanked me for giving his wife the opportunity to succeed at the college. Another female graduate thanked me for taking the hard road, where nothing was fair, and the magnitude of the victory is still yet unknown. The parents of a female graduate thanked me for speaking with their daughter when she was still a senior in high school. I encouraged the strong, confident young girl to be sure of her decision and know that I would be her biggest cheerleader. Later, I held her mother's hand and told her to call me if she ever needed me. I couldn't tell her about the horrors I faced. All I could do was smile through the tears that threatened to fall for both of us. Years



after that young lady flourished and graduated from The Citadel, I held her hand and her husband's hand in mine, both adorned with Citadel rings. I held my dream in their two hands. They both thanked me for my sacrifice and my grit. I told them that I would gladly relive every moment of my battle as long as I also got to



have that moment with the two of them again.

Twenty-five years ago, I did not fail. I survived. Women have survived and thrive at The Citadel. Close to 600 women have graduated from The Citadel. I am proud of those women. I take no credit for what they have achieved. Their accomplishments are their own. I fought for the right for each of us to apply to a publicly supported school and to be accepted on our merits. I won. No one can take that away from me.



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YOUR DENTIST CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

Inflammation ... a ticking health time bomb Part 2

Inflammation is often associated with oral or gum health. But there is more to it. Chronic inflammation in our bodies is about how and why we age. It is a slow process that contributes to health problems from diabetes, cancer, and heart disease to arthritis, depression, and Alzheimer's.

Over time it not only affects our quality of life, it can shorten it.

Fortunately, we live in a time when we are learning more and more about how to maintain our health and quality of life. There is a term for it, Healthspan. While Lifespan refers to the years we live, Healthspan is how many years of our lives we are healthy. It is estimated most of us live about 20% of our lives -- unhealthy! But it doesn't have to be this way. Consider what would happen if we focused ourselves and our families around the concept of prevention. Rather than confronting health problems after they occur, we focus on things that help promote a long, healthy, and fulfilling life. Good for us individually.



F. Cannick

Good for our healthcare system. And good for society.

We are understanding more and more

about chronic inflammation and how to not only fight it but even reverse its progression by making a few simple life choices.

Let's start with what we eat. This will likely sound familiar. You want to drive that pain away in

your joints? Start today building your diet around leafy vegetables;

fish like salmon, mackerel, tuna and sardines; fruits like strawberries, blueberries, apples, grapes, oranges and cherries; nuts like almonds and walnuts; and olive oil. This is basically a high-fiber diet rich in elements that have anti-inflammatory effects. Note: Coffee and tea are also anti-inflammatory. Here's what can make inflammation worse. Refined carbs like white bread, white rice and pastries; sugary beverages; deepfried foods; and processed meats. These foods are also linked to obesity, itself a risk factor for inflammation.

Of course, exercise. You need 30 minutes a day 5 days a week walking or riding a bike. We can all find that much time for ourselves to stay healthy! Add a little strength training. Being overweight increases your body's inflammatory burden. Do not neglect regular dental cleanings This controls bleeding gums, a source of chronic inflammation associated with heart disease.

Stress also contributes to inflammation. It comes with modern life, but we can learn to manage it better. Poor sleep habits can fuel chronic inflammation. Be judicious in your use of antibiotics, antacids and anti-inflammatory drugs.

I have long advocated making good life choices when it comes to our health. I have also stressed that good decisions have a positive, cumulative effect. Start today. In our dental practice we know the health risks associated with inflammation. And we help our patients overcome it. Call us. We are here to help. Think of us as your hometown resource for guidance and support.

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

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

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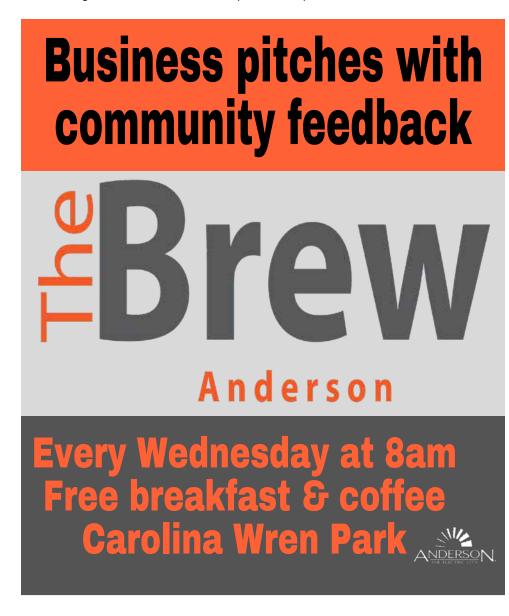
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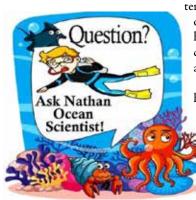
Do corals have feelings?

BY NATHAN GREENSLIT This is a cool question! Despite there being a species of coral known as brain coral (Diploria lab-

yrinthiformis), they do not in fact have brains, and therefore lack the ability to 'feel' or 'think' like we do. Feelings (or emotions) are psychological products of our brains interpreting physical signals from external stimuli. In other words, I touch a hot stove, nerves in my hand send a message to my brain saying "OW WHAT ARE YOU DOING??? STOP!" and the message goes back to my hand muscles to jerk my hand back. After that, my

brain processes what just happened and I feel silly for being so careless.

We humans (I am assuming you are human if you're reading this) have a central and autonomic nervous system that consists of a series of tightly packed nerves that go to our brain. Cnidaria (i.e. corals, jellyfish, and sea anemones) have something called a nerve net. With this spread out and interconnected system, they are able to sense things around them like food.



Corals also have the ability to respond to certain environmental stimuli such as warmer ocean temperatures. When they experience fluctuations in

temperature, they will actually get rid of their symbiotic plant cells that help them gain nutrients during the day (this is what bleaching is, and is a whole other topic).

So while corals may not feel happy or sad, they are still able to react to the environment around them.

Nathan is an aspiring marine biologist and is specifically interested in coral reefs and their response to climate change. He works with Dr.

Kelly Diamond on her website "Ask An Animal Scientist". Nathan is currently finishing his degree at Clemson University and is looking for a lab to start his graduate studies! Broadly, he loves all animals and wants to understand how they interact with each other and their environments and what we can do to help them! Go to Kelly's website (AskAnAnimalScientist.com) to ask a question and see answered questions! Follow Nathan (@GreenslitNathan) and Kelly (@DiamondKMG) on Twitter to learn more.

Why should I write about robins?

BY ANN BAILES

"I think you ought to write about robins," Mike said randomly one day. Robins! Why in the world would he think robins! Robins are just--there. They are one of the most common birds around Anderson and across the entire country - just look at a range map in a field guide or on the internet. Everywhere.

While thinking about robins, I contacted a bird photographer acquaintance to see if he had a robin photo. He doesn't have one, because "I guess I took them too much for granted." Exactly. Why should I write about robins, when other people are unimpressed, and many other species are so much more unusual and interesting?

Maybe I've never been too excited about robins because their appearance is somewhat nondescript--just dark grey and dull orange. However, at least one robin color could simply be personal prejudice. At the risk of alienating some readers -- Mike and I are not too crazy about the color orange, if you get my drift. I remember as a child of four or five looking out our front window at a robin on our lawn, and my mother explaining to me that they were one of the first birds of spring in our Illinois yard. Even though in more northern states they're considered to be harbingers of warmer weather, here in South Carolina we see them year round. January robins don't exactly impress us that spring is about to arrive.

Robins do have a pretty song, which like most birds is most often heard in the spring. Their song is similar to a bluebird's, because both are thrushes, a bird family known for melodic singing. They are familiar sights in urban yards, running short distances and then stopping to look and listen for worms. We all have a mental picture from childhood storybooks of a robin pulling up a worm from the ground--even if it's not something that we actually observe very often.

Which leads me back to the question: "Why should I write about robins?" I asked Mike. "Well look at them" he said a

"Well, look at them," he said as



he glanced over our rain-soaked yard. Robins were everywhere, spread out over the lawn. Each was intently working its area, watching and listening for dinner. "They're perfect to write about

now. They're great examples." I looked at him through unconvinced eyes, wondering again what kind of crazy idea was going through his mind. "And in

what possible way are robins good examples?!" I asked. "They're smarter than you

think. They're great at social distancing."

And sure enough, they were perfectly spaced out, at least six feet apart, as if they were following the rules. Socially correct birds - a perfect topic for these COVID days. I think I'll write about robins.

The stunning sound of silence

I like children, and, with the exception of a difficult babysitting charge who once climbed into a cabinet and threw Tupperware at me, I have always been drawn to them.



I have hosted nephews and nieces for weeks at a time in the summer. I taught preschool and elementary school. I have cleaned jelly out of a 4-year-

old's hair, rocks out of my dryer, and the entire contents of a child's Easter basket, consumed and then "ejected," out of the backseat of my car; none of it bothered me. For as long I can remember, I have always enjoyed being around kids.

Except in movie theaters. Even the best-behaved child can ask a lot of questions in a Regal Cinema: Why can that dog talk? Can our dog talk? I wanna bring our dog to the movie. Can I get some more popcorn? Look how fast my seat can rock! No, I don't have to go to the bathroom. Can I change my pants later?

Is it too much to ask to hear the film?

Needless to say, I was a little concerned at a movie Ted and I went to see a couple of years ago. We had just gotten comfortable in our seats when the theater was flooded with families with children. It was pretty noisy throughout the previews and the Coke commercials and the short film about the outer space concession stand. I was sure we had chosen the wrong movie/theater/showing when the film began and the auditorium became absolutely silent. It was like that for two hours and 14 minutes, and when the movie ended. there was thunderous cheering and applause.

The movie was "Black Panther." The kids' rapt attention made sense. If you've not seen "Black Panther," it is the story of Prince T'Challa of the fictional nation of Wakanda. Over the course of the film, we see him assume the throne as king, engage in battle with a surprise usurper, and ponder his nation's duty to the African diaspora. In the hands of a lesser actor, the character might have been nothing but superhero bravado. But with Anderson's Chadwick Boseman as T'Challa, we saw a king who struggled between the desire to protect his people and to right the wrongs of his ancestors. Boseman's T'Challa was proud, unsure, dignified, afraid, loving, angry, and forgiving. It was the most nuanced performance the Marvel universe has ever seen, and by the time the film was over, the kids in the audience weren't just rooting for T'Challa. They wanted to BE T'Challa.

And who could blame them? By the time Boseman died, too soon, at age 43, he had also shown us Jackie Robinson's courage, James Brown's swagger, and Thurgood Marshall's resolve. Many of his performances, we have since learned, were filmed as he was undergoing cancer treatment. And as hard as that must have been, he still took time to visit young cancer patients at St. Jude's Hospital, encouraging them to be brave, like T'Challa.

When his death was announced, my sister called me, crying. I was crying too. Neither of us knew Chadwick Boseman, but I think we were grieving the roles he would never play, the performances we would never see. We were also proud just to be where he was from, a place that could help produce such a good man. I don't think I'll ever again tell people, "Chadwick Boseman is from my hometown." Instead, I'll say, "I'm from Chadwick Boseman's hometown."

Since Boseman's death, I've read and reread the story of how Denzel Washington stepped in to provide a scholarship so that he could attend a prestigious summer theater program at Oxford University. I've also read of how his alma mater and mine, T. L. Hanna High School, is attempting to create a sustainable scholarship in his name. I, for one, will be making a donation. I have seen the effect Chadwick Boseman had on young people, not just in movie theaters, but around the world. I want his memory to live on in the life on another student who might go on to inspire the world as well.

Donations may be sent to Chadwick Boseman Memorial Scholarship Fund, T. L. Hanna High School, 2600 Highway 81 North, Anderson, S. C. 29621. Donations can also be made by visiting https://tl-hanna-high-school. square.site/.

Meet the **press** Electric City News

MARY-CATHERINE MCCLAIN RINER

Columnist

I am a licensed psychologist, specializing in OCD, trauma and eating disorders. I also conduct LD/ADHD evaluations for students as well as PTSD evaluations



for combat veterans I have been writing for ECN since I completed my post-doctoral fellowship at the University of Georgia and moved to Macon, GA in

2015. I have been married to my husband, Michael, since April 2016. We met while I was

in Baltimore, and began dating when I moved to Athens, GA in 2014. We met using Match.com and knew pretty quickly we were each other's match for eternity. We moved to Greenville, SC in 2017 to be closer to family. My husband and I have a 16 month old daughter, Catherine, and 2 dogs, Gracie and Addie.

When I'm not seeing clients or spending time with family and friends, I love running, playing tennis, and doing CrossFit. I always have a camera ready for pictures and enjoy watching the sunrise and reading my daily devotional. We love to take our dogs for car rides and to the dog park, and going to football games.

ZACK MAULDIN Production Manager

Zack has been in the newspaper business in various capacities for 20 years. He worked on a campus newspaper at Clemson University and after graduation went into a full-time job working on a weekly newspaper in Pickens. Along

with his position as production manager at The Electric City News, Zack also works as an editor for two other Upstate newspapers and has won dozens of South Carolina Press Association awards for his writing, design, editing and special sections.

Zack enjoys being able to help

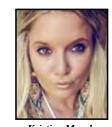
tell stories of people in the community and keep them informed about what's going on. "It's great to be a part of a team working together to provide a quality product," he says

Zack graduated from Daniel High School and earned his degree at Clemson University in communication studies with a minor in journalism. Zack and his wife Jenny have two children, Lily and Max. They enjoy spending time outside hiking, fishing and traveling to national parks. They also enjoy playing board games and video games

We appreciate all the hard work and dedication Zack puts into his job and we certainly couldn't do it without him.

Fall fashions

It's still warm outside but it's time to start winding down the summer. When it comes to our clothing, we can start incorporating some fall color palette into our fashion. The colors on trend this year are sensational. I personally can't wait to start wearing my blazers and slouchy sweaters and faux fur coats.



Think cobalt blue, tan, red, orange and lime green in your wardrobe. How beautiful would a cobalt oversized blue sweater dress and tan suede knee high boots look? I think fall fashion just appears to be more expensive looking. I love summer clothes but Autumn looks are just so posh.

Kristine March

Accessories are a must while settling into fall. I just bought my first bucket hat which is amazing on those rainy days and it's per-

fect for that mild temperature we still have for a while, here in the south. I bought a leopard printed one. They basically can go with everything. Another great jewelery accessory is going to be layering chains. A big chunky gold one then other smaller ones that cascade down the neck and chest. Pair it with a creamy colored satin blouse and you're fresh off the runway.

The easiest thing to include going into fall is a scarf. Try a bold one in any of the shades I mentioned above or in mustard or rust to get you going. Over the knee boots and mid calf booties are still going strong. The Minnetonka company is a personal favorite of mine. I recently got the five layer fringe boot that I'm so excited to wear with skirts. They make lovely moccasins and just incredible shoes that last a lifetime. Also if you're daring, try a platform shoe with knit tights on cooler evenings. Mary Jane flats are making a comeback for those of you that don't enjoy suffering in heels. Canvas sneakers with a little wedge and a funky print are on trend. Try snakeskin. Comfortable and fashion forward. Try wearing a pumpkin red lipstick with your looks. It's more of an orange red that looks great on everyone.

All of these options should slowly start to move you into that beautiful crisp feeling this year that makes us all want to sip a spiked cider and frolic in the leaves. My most favorite time of the year. So make the apple orchard your runway and remember to be kind and treat everybody like a somebody. Happy almost fall y'all.

Choose happiness, and joy will follow

"If things start happening, don't worry, don't stew, just go right along and you'll start happening too!'

Dr. Seuss

It's hard to argue that "2020" has unequivocally earned its place in the annals of history- albeit not in a favorable light. If you are resident of planet earth, the Covid-19 pandemic has likely touched your life in some unwelcome and unexpected way. For most of us, the events of the past year have created a significant level of anxiety, distress and confusion-leaving us uncertain of how our future will unfold.

No one understands this sentiment better than parents, students and teachers. As a new school year begins, we are faced with many challenges and a great deal of uneasiness. For the first time in modern history, the "school classroom" will take on a different and unique look. While some parents have chosen traditional" face-to-face instruction for

their student, others have opted to continue "virtual learning" at home. Regardless of our individual decisions,



tainties, and struggle with the same basic question: "What is the

right thing to do for my child?". The truth is, there is no single "right answer". We all have unique situations, and hence must make the best decision we can based on what is before us.

Because so much is unknown about the nature and virulence of the Covid-19 virus, experts cannot provide us with advice that is absolute and accurate. While staying home and isolated is not a viable long-term option, knowing the safest and most prudent way

to venture back to our "normal" lives is still unclear. For many of us, this paradox has created a high-level fear and anxiety, robbing us of the joy and happiness we once had. Because we are human and vulnerable to emotional distress, these feelings of anxiety are natural and unavoidable- as it is difficult to find joy and happiness when we don't really "feel happy".

To that end, I would like to offer a few words of encouragement that have helped me recapture joy and happiness for my life. While I do not claim to have a solution for every problem you may be facing, I do believe that the degree of joy and happiness we experience is intricately connected to the "frame of mind" we choose to have, and the way we "decide" to look at things.

Have attitude of gratitude. Be thankful for what you do have in your life. In this way, you will view the world and your place in it in a more positive way.

Embrace the simple experiences and pleasures. It's easy to take things for granted when we're moving through life at 100 mph. The little things that happen day-to-day are often the very things that give us feelings of joy. When we are more present, the simple things become joyful; the food you eat, the air you breathe, the sounds of nature.

Carry a smile. Studies show that making an emotion-filled face carries influence over the feelings processed by the brain. You can actually "program" yourself to experience happiness by "choosing" to smile.

Choose Happiness, and Joy will follow. "Happiness" is a choice. By making a conscious decision to "choose" happiness every day, joy will follow in great abundance. Let us all choose to be happy and to seek joy in the days ahead!

Wishing you and your family a wonderful school year! May your lives be filled with joy and happiness! Katie

Nursing a red maple



SUSAN TEMPLE master gardener

If you looked at the picture first and thought what in world, yes, that is a bit of a mud hole and some roots. In the winter of 2014, I planted an autumn blaze maple (Acer x freemanii) to replace a bad invasive tree I planted before knowing better. A fast growing tree was needed because azaleas, ferns, and lenton roses went from thriving in deep shade to being in all day sun. The ferns were dead within weeks. Five or six azaleas died in the next two years. Lenton roses, burnt and black, were cut down towards the first summer's end. They all came back and bloomed. I've repeated cutting them down several summers weather and rain considered. They come back and bloom consistently every time.

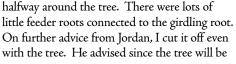
Autumn blaze is a hybrid between red maple (Acer rubrum) and silver maple (Acer

saccarinum). Since a problem tree is mentioned above, it might be good to steer clear of planting a straight silver maple. Even though a southeastern native, they can be weedy, have weak wood, are known for roots getting in sewer lines, and tearing up sidewalks and foundations. Plus, they are prone to disease. But it's that fast growing part that makes a nice trait to mix with other things we love about maple trees.

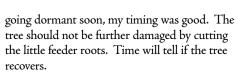
I tended the maple, much more so than is normal for me. Last summer, I noticed one side of the tree was dying. It was the sunnier side of the tree so I figured it was all those 100 degree days. This year, new growth looked like it had been burnt on the same side of the tree. I pruned out what was dead and thought "Hmm, it's not the weather from last summer". Almost half of the tree obviously had something wrong. My guess was fire blight even though to my knowledge this is not a problem with maple trees. I sent pictures to Greenville County Extension agent, Jordan Franklin, who works with Greenville Master Gardeners. Jordan guessed possibly anthracnose but said it looked to him like roots were girdling the tree. So I went back and looked down at the base of the

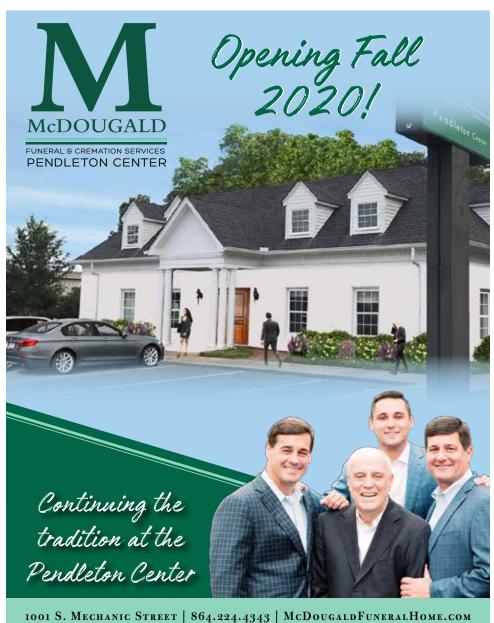
tree. There was a place on the sick side of the tree that looked like I could have whacked it with the mower deck. But I don't remember doing that. Plus, I would have had to really whacked an azalea to do it.

I put the hose dripping on it as it was getting dry anyway. Several hours later, I started cautiously digging with my hands around the tree. Well! What do you know? There was a rather large root growing on the sick side of the tree, right up against the trunk. I traced it back to where it started,



<image>











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MUSINGS OF AN OLE BALL COACH

A player and his coach

These musings are about two guys that played vital rules in my beloved T.L. Hanna. One because of 38 years he invested in it and another because he was the biggest star in Hollywood. Their paths intertwined from 1991-1995 when Coach Wayne Jones coached Chadwick Boseman in Yellow Jacket Basketball.

I never knew Chadwick personally. His portrayal of Jackie Robinson made me familiar with a profoundly gifted baseball player whose career I raptly followed as it was happening in 1948. I would have been 16 years old.

Wayne and I have been fast friends since we started coaching together at Aiken High in 1967. He has been my first line of defense for stalled cars, recalcitrant tv sets and at times, he and Dallas conveying me home from my many hospital admissions. He's also helped me win a good many football games.

Chadwick played basketball at T.L. Hanna from 1991-1995, he proved to be an ideal role player - a guy who

could start or come off the bench, or be a hero starter anything, that would contribute to his team winning. It was like, preparing to go from playing

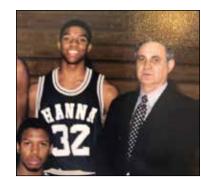
James Brown to Thurgood Marshall, or be the super heros like Jackie Robinson or the Black Panther. Coach Jones



his legacy at

Hanna as a classroom teacher whose psychology classes were packed with approving students, Chadwick by participating in Hanna fine arts, even writing and winning the competition for Mr. T.L. Hanna.

T.L. Hanna was nationally known before Chadwick came on the scene. An astronaut, a Hall of Fame baseball player, and a Lt. Governor had walked it=s hallowed halls. It has spawned legions of doctors, lawyers, mill executive, college coaches, board of



trustees= and teachers. In addition to a bevy of school superintendents And lest we forget the myriad of artisans, shop keeps, ministers, housewives, etc.

It was making America great again long before the Hannitys, Lambaughs, Ingrahams and present politicians were showing us how. The 1970 school integration showed the nation how to bring the races together, and have it still viable in 1995 as Wayne Jones and Chadwick Boseman will attest to.

How could we ever forget the internationally known blockbuster



Front Row: Leon Frazier, Sharif Cooley, Rod Smith, Chad Skelton, Billy Rhoe, Rico Mattison. Back: Kawain Harrison, Nathan Hyde, Michael Jones, Lenardo Scott, James Butler, Mark Peek, Chad Boseman, Coach Jones.

movie about a special needs guys who everyone knew as Radio, and who endeared himself to the nation and the world. Visualize Chadwick and Radio hanging out on Blockbuster Boulevard in heaven as they did on basketball trips and the T.L. Hanna lunch room. How many high schools have turned out Hollywood icons like James Robert ARadio@ Kennedy and Chadwick Boseman.

Coach Jones finished 38 years of teaching and coaching at T.L. Hanna in 2008. Chadwick became a worldwide celebrity, whose courageous battle with the tumor that took his life will always be a part of Hollywood lore.

Both these men mare significant contributions to mankind and T.L. Hanna both equally important

Jim Fraser was the athletic director

and head football coach at T.L. Hanna High School from 1968-1985. He was also a full time member of the faculty who taught U.S. History.







The broom straw

It may be hard for you to believe, but the first memory I have of my Grandmother is her holding me and touching my nose and saying," coochie, coochie, coo", and laughing. I must have laughed back at her because she kept doing it for the next 20 years.

Janet Sanders was a homemaker. She never learned



Neal Parnell

to drive, and never flew in a plane, but people would drive and fly for miles hoping to get one slice of her strawberry four layer cake on Thanksgiving.

The inside of her home was so immaculate and clean that a needle and thread left on a table-top was considered a mess. The wood was so polished that even sub-atomic

dust particles that tried to land

would slip and fall to their death. The living room, or parlor, as she called it, was reserved for special guests, and actually had some kind of invisible alarm system that alerted her when I would try to enter. No matter where she was in the house, she knew when I'd attempt to enter the forbidden zone.

Now I didn't know it at the time, but she knew all the tricks to keep a kid like me occupied while she watched her stories; that's what she called her t.v. soap operas. Love of Life, The Secret Storm, As the World Turns, The Guiding Light, General Hospital,Search for Tomorrow. When her stories were about to start she would find a way to keep me quiet. I now know they were "Bribe Games".

I recall one that worked quite well. She would break off a straw from the broom and hide it with just a little sticking out. She'd say, "You can see the straw somewhere in the house,(not the parlor), and when you find it, you'll get a treat. She'd start her stories and I would wander the house looking for the elusive broom straw." I can't find it, where is it?", "Keep looking, you'll see it". I'd finally find it between two books, or surprisingly in my shirt pocket. Then I'd get a piece of hard candy or a mini tootsie-roll that continued to keep me quiet till it was gone, and we'd play the game again.

There are probably broom straws still hidden in that house, because after a while, I started breaking off my own, and I'm not sure if Grandmother knew how I found them so fast.

NIBBLE & SIP

Raise a glass for a good cause

While I enjoy curling up with a good book, I also enjoy getting comfy on the couch with Imbibe magazine. If you've never heard of it, it is a bimonthly publication read primarily by people in the hospitality industry. While I'm definitely not in its demographic, I subscribe because of its beautiful photographs, its articles about beverages from coffee to spirts, and its delicious cocktail recipes.

Another thing I like about Imbibe is its charitable nature. Each year, the magazine and the makers of Campari encourage bars and restaurants to participate in Negroni Week, named after the classic Italian cocktail of gin, Campari, and sweet vermouth. Since 2013, contributions have gone to charities around the world, raising nearly \$3 million.

Because of COVID-19 and the closure of so many



bars and restaurants, Negroni

Kim von Keller

year's recipients. Donations will go to workers in the hospitality industry, which has suffered devastating losses as a result of the global pandemic. So for this week's Nibble

this

So for this week's Nibble and Sip, I'd like to encourage you to mix up a variation on the Negroni and then visit negroniweek.com/donation/ to help bar and restaurant workers in need. After you've made your donation, the Negroni Sbagliato, or "broken" Negroni, will have you feeling like a casino extra in a James Bond film. To snack on as you channel your inner swanky person, try Crispy Fried Chickpeas. And while you're doing all that nibbling and sipping, raise your glass to better times for the hospitality workers who have served us so well for so long.

Negroni Sbagliato

- 1 oz. Campari
- 1 oz. sweet vermouth 1 oz. sparkling wine, such

as Prosecco, chilled In a cocktail shaker filled with ice, add the Campari and vermouth and stir until chilled. Strain into a Champagne flute and add the Prosecco, stirring gently to

combine. Serves 1.

Crispy Fried Chickpeas 3 c. vegetable oil 3 15-oz cans chickpeas, drained, rinsed, and dried with paper towels

1 ¹/₂ T. ground coriander

1 ½ T. ground cumin 1 c. all-purpose flour

salt, to taste

In a large saucepan or electric skillet, heat the oil to 350° F. Line a baking sheet with paper towels and set aside.

In a medium bowl, toss the chickpeas with the coriander and cumin. Add the flour and toss until the chickpeas are coated. Transfer the coated chickpeas to a sieve and gently tap off the excess flour.

When the oil has reached 350° add one-third of the chickpeas at a time and fry, stirring occasionally, until they are browned and crispy, about 8 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer the chickpeas to the paper towels to drain and sprinkle them with salt to taste. Let the oil temperature return to 350°F between batches. After the chickpeas have cooled, transfer them to a bowl and serve. Serves 8.

BODY ACCEPTANCE



Our bodies often become a scapegoat for other dissatisfactions and disappointments. While there is likely no "true change" in body composition from day to day, one often experiences a "bad body image day" when overwhelmed, feeling underappreciated, or navigating loss (e.g., job change, death, life transition). Your body is not the problem, and if you believe your body is the problem, you may be disconnected from your feelings. To work on strengthening your connection to your body and to cultivate more body acceptance, consider the following:

• Start with compassion. What does your body do and what does it give you daily? How does your body show up for you? What can you appreciate and find gratitude in your body?

• Ask yourself what unspoken and spoken messages exist regarding your body. What messages have the media given, and what have you observed in your family and friendships? In relationships, is the main focus on body shape and size? Do you ever hear your best friends worrying about weight and/or communicating the need to exercise in order to compensate for "eating too much?" Have you told yourself you are more valuable or lovable when you are "smaller/more toned?"

• What media outlets are you following? Do these users make it harder or easier to love yourself? For example, are the actors/actresses you watch on TV conform to the rigid body ideals? What magazines are you reading? Does the music you listen to focus on physical attributes of bodies? Could you engage in the opposite action—consuming media that is not based on unattainable body standards?

• Reality check your assumptions. Do you think being "thinner" leads to more happiness, success, love, etc? The path to happiness and success is not based on pounds, yet rather living based on authentic values and preferences. Live for today, not for tomorrow.

• Lean into the word "fat." This does

not have to be the ugly F word unless you make it that way. Fat is on every single human being. Foods with fat often taste better and maintain physical satisfaction longer. Fat allows women to carry children. Fat provides protection. Let go of what others need/want, and focus on what feels right for your body.

• Eliminate unnecessary fat talk. Let go of the personal insults and attacks. You can ask for a fat talk free zone with your family, or leave a situation if uncomfortable. Remember, when people complain about body image, it is likely coming from another feeling about another life aspect.

• Most importantly, stop dieting and stop the rigid food control. Let go of the strict rules. Obsessing about calories is unhelpful. Give yourself permission to donate clothes that do not feel comfortable or fit. Give yourself permission to wear and/or purchase clothes that feel good and allow you to move comfortably.

Mary-Catherine McClain Riner, Ph.D., Ed.S, M.S., is a Licensed Psychologist with Riner Counseling, LLC. Visit www.rinercounseling.com or call 864-608-0446.

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