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A century of family and farming

Farming is a volatile business, and success is never guaranteed. So, when sisters Catherine



Kim von Keller

Garrison Davis, Lee Garrison Smith, and Elizabeth Garrison Rasor go about the business of running his-
toric Denver Downs Farm, they do so knowing that they shoulder a great legacy. Denver Downs is a Century Farm, meaning that it has been in the same family for a hundred years or more. And for the Garrison sisters, "family" is key in running the family farm.

Denver Downs has been a working farm since 1869, when William and Essie Reid Garrison acquired the Sandy Springs land. The farm passed to Thomas and Nettie McPhail Garrison and then to Thomas Edmond "T. Ed."

Garrison Jr. He and his wife, Juanita Bartlett Garrison, were parents of six children – Gaye, Tom, Bart, Catherine, Lee, and Elizabeth.

"As a child, I don't know that I ever thought about running the farm," says Catherine, who acts as Denver Downs' special event coordinator. "But a few years ago, I found a picture that I had drawn of a farm festival when I was in the third grade, so maybe it was always in the back of my mind."

Festivals are a large part of the Denver Downs operation, but that wasn't always the case. Until 1994, Denver Downs was a dairy farm, but the death of their brother Bart in a farm accident, and, later on, the falling price of milk, meant that dairy was no longer profitable. The Garrison family did what all farm families did and shifted their focus to beef

SEE FAMILY ON PAGE 2



Together, sisters Elizabeth Garrison Rasor, Lee Garrison Smith and Catherine Garrison Davis are honoring their family's past while cultivating Denver Downs Farm for future generations.

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Family

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

cattle, crops, and agritourism, something that Juanita Garrison began in the 1960s when she gave tours to school groups. Today, Lee, who acts as retail manager and field trip coordinator, continues what her mother started.

"It's fabulous to do the same thing that my mom did way back when. I've been doing field trips for 15-plus years, and we get groups from Anderson, Greenville, Simpsonville, northeast Georgia, Spartanburg, and Greenwood. It's so great to see kids excited and running around. They enjoy being outdoors and seeing the farm animals, some for the first time."

School children aren't the only visitors to Denver Downs. The farm hosts several festivals throughout the year which are open to the public. The year starts with Spring Season, which features an egg hunt, a visit from the Easter Bunny, and more.

"It is so much fun to see children gathering eggs and how excited they get when they find them," Lee says. "The little girls are always dressed up so cute! We also have a candy cannon that the children love."

When summer arrives, it's time for the Sunflower Festival, which will have its second weekend on July 18 and 19. In addition to food and fun, the festival is a colorful backdrop for family photos, with acres of sunflower varieties. Catherine sees the Sunflower Festival as a nod to their mother.

"Mom used to grow flowers on the farm. She also wrote books and newspaper columns about gardening. During the Sunflower Festival, we offer U-Pick sunflowers, and during the Fall Festival, we sell thousands of mums."

The Fall Festival is one of the biggest events in the Upstate. Both the corn maze and the pumpkin patch have been featured as top-ten events in "USA Today." There are bonfires, farm animals, delicious food, and a Pumpkin Lights Forest trail where memories – and photos – are made. There's also live music. Past performers for big concerts have been Scotty McCreary, Lee Brice, Laine Hardy, Brett Michaels, Aaron Tippen, and Ashley McBride.

"Having young families visit a farm for the first time is such a great and happy thing," says Catherine. "Years ago, everybody had a grandparent with a farm to visit, but it's not like that anymore, even in Anderson. Today, everybody is looking to make memories at a farm. We have

bonfires during the Fall Festival, and people sit and listen to music. We've put up maps for visitors to mark at our events, and we've had visitors from all 48 states in the Continental United States. We've had visitors from all over the world as well. I think what draws people here is that you're active, you're out in nature, and you're surrounded by the smells of a farm: the bonfires, the animals, and the kettle corn."

While the events are fun, Denver Downs is still a working farm. There are farm buildings and fences to maintain, cattle and crops to manage, and soil and water to manage. It's a lot of responsibility to keep the farm relevant and to keep focus on agriculture and agritourism, especially when there are big shoes to fill. Elizabeth, who helps with planning and public relations, thinks about their parents as she works with her sisters throughout the year.

"Mama would especially love it that we're doing horticulture and flowers as she was a master gardener. Daddy would love that we are so involved with the community, and he would also be proud that what we're doing is a continuation of what our great-grandfather started in 1869. As sisters, we all work together to make this happen, bringing our individual abilities and doing what needs to be done, and Lee's

husband, Ron, plays such an important role as operations manager. It's just fun to have a common goal as a family because we all share this passion for the land and want the farm to be enjoyed not just by us but by the community as well, benefitting all of us along the way. We're just so blessed that our parents taught us to have a strong work ethic and work hard and get along with each other as we're doing it."

To learn more about Denver Downs Farm, visit denverdownsfarm.com, where you can read the Garrison family history, learn about the farm's annual events, or subscribe to the farm newsletter.



A working farm since 1869 when William and Essie Reid Garrison acquired the Sandy Springs land, Denver Downs combines agriculture and family tradition in the heart of Anderson County.

RED ROCKET PUBLISHING OF ANDERSON, LLC PUBLISHERS

Julie Bailes Johnson

864-221-9269

julie@theelectriccitynews.com

Ginny Bailes Fretwell

864-934-1477

ginny@theelectriccitynews.com

ADVERTISING SALES

Becky Pruitt

864-367-2102

beckypru@aol.com

LAYOUT/DESIGN

ART DIRECTORS

Zack Mauldin

Bru Nimmons

GRAPHIC DESIGN

Nate Thomason

signal43@live.com

WRITERS

Neal Parnell

dnparn@gmail.com

Rich Otter

richotter29621@yahoo.com

GARDEN & FLORAL

Susan Temple

gardningirl@yahoo.com

MENTAL HEALTH

Mary-Catherine McClain Riner

drmarycatherine@riner counseling.com

FASHION

Kristine March

SPORTS

Brian Hodges

COLUMNISTS

Kim Acker Von Keller

Katie Laughridge

Ann K. Bailes

Sara Leady

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COTTONMOUTH

Anderson would never have become The Electric City had it not been for one thing: Cotton. I also would never have lived in Anderson had it not been for one thing: Cotton.



Neal Parnell

My great-grandfather moved his family from Georgia to work in the electric cotton mills of Anderson. My grandfather started work at Orr Mill when he was 12 and stayed for 57 years. He knew every-

thing about the workings of that cotton mill and never missed a day being there.

You'd think that with all of this cotton mill heritage, cotton would be in my blood. As a kid and as a teenager, I took advantage of having a family member who worked at Orr Mill. I swam in the Orr pool all summer long, and got Christmas presents the mill gave out each year, but in all that time, I never set foot

inside of Orr Mill.

Fast-forward to 1972, when I found myself in need of work. By then, I'd had a couple of teen-kid-type jobs, but I wanted a car, and three dollars an hour wasn't going to cut it. I had no skills unless you count riding a bike with no hands or making milkshakes. It happens that I had an uncle Wendel, who was the third-shift supervisor at Wellington Mill.

My Dad dropped me off at the office at midnight and said he'd pick me up at 8 am. I knew then that the brothers had spoken about me. This made me anxious because I also knew my Dad was always trying to 'toughen me up' for some unknown thing he knew about life.

I walked into an office filled with fresh cigarette smoke that co-mingled with smoke that had been there for a hundred years. My uncle was visible through the fog, and he spun around in an office chair that had more creaks than a haunted mansion and said, "Hey Neal, ready to work?"



Instead of answering YES, I inquired what I'd be doing. Well, sonny boy, since your Dad is my brother, you'll be in charge of Floor Level Management, c'mon, I'll show you your office.

When he opened the large wooden door, I was overwhelmed by the noise, heat, and cotton lint that I'd already begun to breathe in and swallow. Red, sweaty faces stared at me with fake happiness that welcomed me to their hell. My uncle was gone and in his place stepped a large

wet man with a cigar, who handed me the only tool I'd need... a four-foot-wide dust broom. I could not hear what he said as he pointed from one end to the other, but I knew that I was the new "Lint Relocation Specialist".

I was pushing that broom and spitting out lint when a man waved and yelled, "Hey! Cottonmouth! C'mere!" Everyone yells inside the mill, but only those within two feet can make out a few words. I get a little closer, and he

blares out, "It's a good idea to keep your mouth closed as long as you can! I agreed, and then he yelled again, "They give every new person that broom on the first night!" He goes on, "Sweeping lint is useless, but we have fun watching you try!"

I knew then that my lint-chasing days were over. When the lunch whistle blew at 3 am, I slipped out into the night, never to step into a cotton mill again.

I realized that it was easy for my grandparents to give up 18-hour days on the farm for 8-hour days in the mill, but I'd never worked on or in either, and now knew that any job I accepted from here on out would be a breeze.

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Inside the world of fire ants

BY RICH OTTER

Unless you are an entomologist, you would probably be baffled if you were asked to identify your favorite ant. But you could probably readily identify the only ant you may know by name. It would likely not be your favorite—the fire ant. It had usually been encountered unhappily as a youngster in bare feet or when rolling around in the grass. And there are also those ugly mounds in your lawn.

But have compassion for those nasty critters. They were just looking for a comfortable home in a pleasant residential area. They are ruled by a female who has a number of helpers and some consorts. That's not a bad situation for a gal. Humans can only achieve something like that through extreme wealth or politics.

These neighbors don't hide their homes. They obviously find the domed structure attractive and it is not an easy thing to construct taking many, many ant-hours. They are generally in sunny open areas, but it is hard to see how they get in and out—no welcome mat is visible. The mound is actually excavated soil, removed in construction from the extensive underground tunnels and rooms for their home. If uninvited, and you mess with their home, they certainly get angry and emerge in mass—can't really blame them for that.

They are most active in the evening hours in order to provide a good meal for Her Highness, the queen, as well as for all the workers who need proper sustenance and a good night's sleep. The mound contains a very complex system of tunnels and chambers with temperature-controlled nurseries. The youngsters are vitally necessary to protect because they will grow to serve and protect the queen. Underground, the home may go down as far as six feet. It is a massive undertaking, a very complex engineering accomplishment.

The worker ant staff consists of highly-specialized sterile female workers. They function in a caste system and they differ in size based upon the task to which they are assigned. They must feed and protect the facility and its inhabitants.

Male fire ants are good for only one thing, and, after a flight some evening that hopefully encounters the queen, they do not return to the colony. The queen may produce 20 to 5,000 eggs. That is quite a feat.

Who becomes a queen depends upon a number of factors including upbringing,



and competition. Sometimes more than one queen may inhabit a mound. Becoming a queen depends upon diet, environment and reproductive behavior during nuptial flights. During such flights, the queen returns and usually surrenders her wings. The queens are by far the largest inhabitants by size in the mound, but quite alluring on the evening flights.

A queen may live between two to seven years in upstate South Carolina. An adult worker fire ant will normally live for thirty to one hundred and eighty days. It is reported that colonies in our area may consist of 100,000 to 500,000 workers. The soil is moved up to build the mound in the worker's mandibles—not wheelbarrows. That is one reason it takes so many workers. Imagine managing that number of laborers.

A restless queen in waiting may impatiently venture off to form a new colony. She would carefully examine the environment before claiming an appropriate site that suits her taste. She will particularly appreciate a well irrigated lawn.

As mentioned, and you may well know, fire ants are quite aggressive. They attack when their home is faced with a threat. They will sting repeatedly and inject venom. They don't actually bite. They sting. The sting is inflicted with a barbed weapon, equipped with venom. The fire ant's stinger is located at the end of their abdomen. It does not present a pleasant "hello."

While it may be possible to admire the fire ant's industry, the fact is that it poses a danger to pets, livestock and the environment. Although pain from its sting is best known to humans, it can cause an allergic reaction. It is harmful to crops and they can invade your home in search of sustenance. It is a destructive invader that arrived from South America without a visa.

The fire ant is not likely to be your favorite ant, but it is a pretty amazing creature.



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A look back at T.L. Hanna's state champions

T.L. Hanna's baseball team lost in the state finals recently, which produced anguish among some local fans.

Has Hanna EVER won a state championship in football, basketball or baseball, a Facebook friend asked. The answer is ... yes.



Brian Hodges

Those with gray in their hair might remember the Hanna boys basketball team that won state championships in 1965-66 and 1966-67.

The Yellow Jackets shredded the competition, using a relentless defense that coach Gilly Simmons demanded.

"He was a maniac on conditioning," said Jack "Louie" Ross, a standout on that team. "He pushed us hard and knew stamina was important."

In '67, Hanna defeated Rock Hill 118-82 for its second straight AAA state title. The Jackets also beat Rock Hill for the title the previous season in a low-scoring game, Ross said.

The high school newspaper, the Yellow Jacket, reported that Hanna finished 25-1 in '67 and had a two-year record of 51-2. The two losses were to AA champion Daniel High and their sharp-shooting guard John Coakley.

That Jackets team broke a school scoring record when they scored 124 points against Florence.

How good was Hanna?

They played Newberry College's junior varsity and whipped them. They also played Clemson's junior varsity at the Tigers' Fieldhouse and won the exhibition game, although the winner is disputed.

"Their official scorer and our scorer didn't agree with the totals," Ross wryly noted.

"We were very good at man-to-man pressure," remembered Randy Wright, who was a reliable sixth man on those hoops teams.

"We could force turnovers and then go to a fast-break offense," Wright said. "Gilly ran us hard in practice, but we were in outstanding shape."

There were six seniors on that '67 team and they had played together for a long time.

"We were ranked No. 1 in the state that whole season," said Ross. "That really brought in big crowds (to the musty old

McCants Junior High gymnasium). The seats were very close to the court and the fans were loud. My gosh, the noise ..."

"In fact, one school in Greenville refused to play us at McCants because the balcony on one end slightly hung over the court. It made inbounds passes tricky."

And Hanna's full-court pressure didn't hurt.

The absolute star of the Hanna team was Lanny Taylor, a 6-0 guard who was a skilled shooter. He averaged 28.8 points per game.

"Lanny really made us play harder," Ross said. "He was such a talent shooting and reading the floor that everyone on the court stayed focused."

Taylor was named a preseason prep All-American and was the S.C. player of the year in '65-'66.

He is in the Hanna Hall of Fame, and went on to play collegiately at the University of Georgia.

But there were plenty of standouts.

The Yellow Jacket newspaper reported that John Campbell averaged 18.5 points per game and 7.8 rebounds that season, Ross averaged 14.6 points and 13 rebounds, Greg Jones 10.1 points and 10.8 rebounds, Mike Whitfield 10.9 points and 8.8 rebounds and Wright averaged 4 points and 3.5 rebounds per game.

Ronnie Yates was a star on the 1966 title team, but graduated. He went on to play at Clemson.

"Ronnie was the best athlete of any of us," Ross said.

It should be noted that Wright and Ross also played on the football team. The Jackets football season didn't end until Thanksgiving when they played Greenwood in the annual rivalry game.

"That was a tough transition," Wright said. "You'd be sore from football practice and then head to the gym for basketball practice."

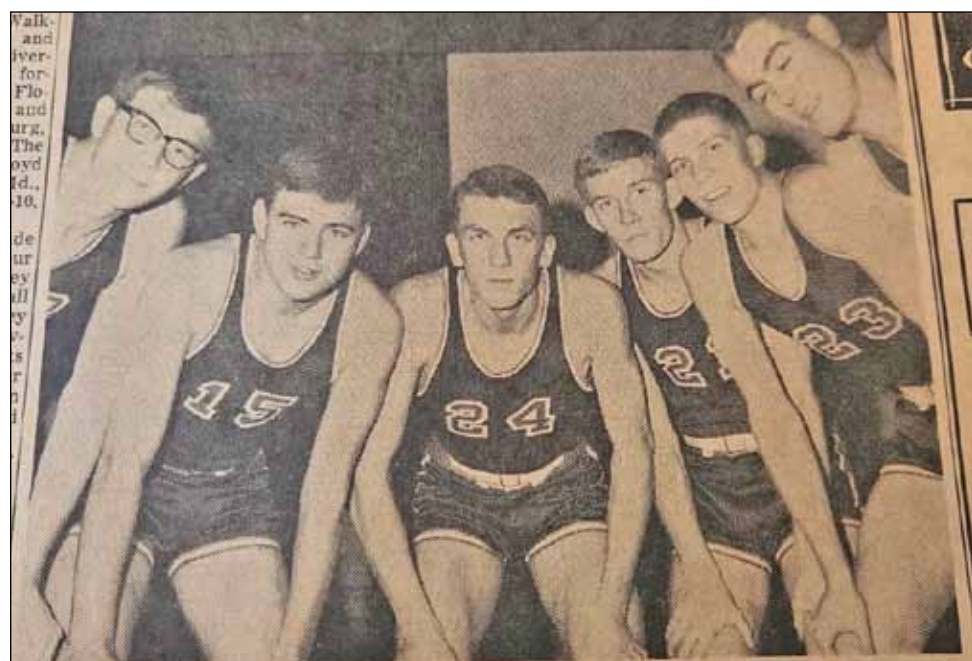
Ross said it wasn't that tough.

"Gilly gave us a break until we got in basketball shape."

Wright played on the baseball team, too.

"High school was a whirlwind time for me," Wright said. "Playing sports all the time. I was dating Pat Butler, a cheerleader, who became my wife I had to find time for studies."

Wright played baseball and basketball at Anderson College and Ross played hoops at AC and Clemson.



THESE SIX ANDERSON Yellow Jacket players are expected to see most of the action tonight when the Jackets host the Newberry College junior varsity at 8 p. m. at the McCants Gym. L-R, Jack Ross, Randy Wright, Greg Jones, Lanny Taylor, John Campbell, and Mike Whitfield. (Independent Sports Photo by Jack Hurley)

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FROM THE SHELF

IN DEFENSE OF “TRASH” BOOKS

I want to start with emphasizing the quotation marks around the word trash. I’m using “trash” as a sort of colloquialism for books (or TV, etc.) that we’ve deemed



Sara Leady

‘lesser than’ for whatever reason. Most often it ties to the “quality” of the story, but quality is incredibly subjective— we all have different standards for “quality storytelling.” For example, how often

do we actually like or even enjoy the majority of Oscar nominees (at least in my biased opinion). The films are always beautifully executed in terms of the craft of the writing/acting, down to the literal choice of font for the ending credits. However, quality of craft does not mean quality of enjoyment or experience. This is where I think the real argument for reading “trash” should be waged: execution versus content, or rather, actual enjoyment.

A read from this year that was beautifully executed (but I about died reading it), would be Trust by Hernan Diaz. It’s the epitome of a Pulitzer Prize winner— stunning prose and structure, but... also a slog of a read. I get similar feelings about a lot of Ann Patchett’s stuff where I appreciate the insane level of craft that’s exhibited, but also, ew (though I admittedly loved Tom Lake). These are the books that make my rusty English major brain tingle with excitement, but that excitement also means work because I have to think. Sometimes I



just want entertainment, aka “trash.” I want enjoyment for enjoyment’s sake and I don’t want to have to work too hard for it.

I’m not saying a book can’t be beautifully executed and wildly entertaining, far from that. Authors like Leigh Bardugo, T. Kingfisher, Grady Hendrix, Stephen Graham Jones, etc. clearly prove this is possible. There are times however when the world building or characters are really rich, but the actual execution of writing isn’t great. There’s also the case of getting “enjoyment,” or rather entertainment, from seeing exactly how terrible a thing can get. Think like the Stockholm syndrome we suffer from reality TV; we know it’s bad, but man is it hard to pull the eyeballs away from the giant fiery trash heap.

As an audiobook reader, if I notice that the writing is bad, it’s then really really bad. Audio can be incredibly forgiving of poor writing. Take for instance, The Secret Life of Maggie Grey by Granger, which has been making the rounds on all the “great” romantasy lists. Y’all. My elevator pitch for it would be Harry Potter and True Blood had a baby, but it was incubated in mid-2000s fan-fiction. It’s set in underground Atlanta at a magical HBCU with magic, werewolves, vampires, crazy sporting events, and general college shenanigans. I’ve learned a ton of interesting real history and fallen in love with the sisterhood of the main female characters, but the word “rewinded” has also been used. I have immensely enjoyed the series and while it has a lot of merit, writing might not be one of them. I am, however, desperate for book five already.

The Lightlarkseries by Alex Aster turned into a “hate read.” Aster is all over the book

world and people are raving about her work (for some reason). The characters are eh and the writing is subpar. The love triangle is excruciating even by love triangle standards. The world and magic system are mildly interesting, but I don’t think they make up for the rest of it. It’s about a dying world (sorta) and different realms have different magic strengths, and their rulers have to battle to the death to break a curse... but just kidding! The curse isn’t what you think it is, oh— and amnesia. Each book adds more nonsense. It really should have just been a duology and stuck to the original bones of the book one; that would have been incredible.

As rough as these two series were, I was still highly entertained (even if in the latter case I kept reading just to see how much more I could hate it. The joke was on me though— after 30+ hours of listening, book four of Lightlark ended on a cliffhanger.

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While temperatures are not fit for man nor beast, I could not help but buy some plants. And influence a friend to join me. Ironically, I was going to Habitat Restore to look for an outdoor table to use in my garden shop area. Most plant shelves are makeshift concoctions of some sort. Everything functions but it sure would be nice if it looked better. In my big dreams, I would love to have a concrete pad, or a steppingstone patio of sorts. But with so many tree roots, that doesn't seem to be practical.

I did not notice the plants out front

of Restore when driving by. Even as I approached the door, they didn't exactly catch my eye. Then I saw roses. A friend is becoming quite the rosarian and has shared pictures of her beautiful roses she's growing in containers. I had to go look for her (right, of course). All the plants were in two-quart containers, and any plant was five dollars. Then, Everillo carex (*Carex oshimensis* 'Everillo') said "Hello! Don't you see me here?" I had just spent more than double that for the exact same size plant a couple of weeks earlier. Yes, it was too hot then to be buying plants. But I have a plan.

Nothing at my place has landscaped borders. The front garden has paths edged with broken steppingstones; the front wall is made from stacked rocks found on the land, and any other place is simply edged with a strip of dirt, maybe a few rocks or pieces of concrete edging. I hate a weed eater!! I've been thinking about adding more ornamental grasses for a

couple of years now. The shady area behind the house seems perfect to add chartreuse grasses, such as Everillo or Japanese Forest Grass (*Hakonechloa*).

The Everillo plants from big box store were put in one area where two favorite azaleas, Abbey's Re-View, are with a sweet bay magnolia. The azaleas have sort of maroon tinged foliage, lavender blooms, and will be beautiful with everillo in front of them. What I had to be sure of though is to plant the grass far out enough so that in a few years, the azaleas won't grow over them. That meant bringing the edge of the bed out some. That gets tricky because I'm doing my best to leave room to get to the drive through gate of the fence, should that ever be needed. It hasn't in 20 years, however.

After the Restore find, there are enough grasses to line practically the whole bed. The

area slopes down and stays damp with rain. After spacing the grasses along, I backed up and studied the placement. Giving thought to the damp areas, and how the sun travels, it occurred to me having a line is probably not going to end up looking like my mind's eye is dreaming of. The other end of this area has a Susan magnolia, a deciduous magnolia tree. Digging holes around the roots is not the easiest spot. Again, if the bed is expanded, I could dig a hole easier. As in the picture, if the bed is expanded out in front of the magnolia, all should come together in this spot.

Therefore, the idea of the whole area being lined with Everillo has changed to planting in sections. Plants will be spaced closer together in smaller sections. One spot, in particular, may be too wet in the winter. I will work around that area, I think. Or maybe just put one to see how it works.





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STYLE SMARTER, NOT HARDER

There are so many fun little things that you can do to upgrade your space, your wardrobe and even yourself for that matter. For example, I was scrolling through Instagram and I found this influencer that had an old pillow on her sofa. It was really



Kristine March

comfortable and really nice, but starting to get a little faded and worn out looking. Pillows are really expensive and she didn't want to throw it away. The next thing she did I thought was absolutely genius. She took a silk scarf

out of her closet and put the pillow on top of it in a diamond shape and then she began to take each piece and fold it in and tied little bows around it. And just like that she had a brand new, beautiful pillow. I had one on my sofa that I was getting a little tired of, that has honestly had its day, so I did the same thing and it looked so much better and super fresh in my space. You don't always have to buy "new".

Speaking of scarves, did you know you could take a silk scarf and make a little blouse or shirt out of it? Seven different ways? You can take a strapless bra and make it into a halter. You can even take a ring and tie it up around your neck. So many cute ideas with just one silk scarf. That would also be a great option for travel because it would be easy to stick in your suitcase and then you'd have seven different shirts to wear. I think there's a saying that says work smarter, not harder. I need to really apply attention to that one myself. Europeans wear the same outfit styled different ways over and over again. They just wear a plain outfit and put different pieces and accessories with it. I personally feel like I always have to have something new and really, I don't. If only I just got a little more creative and started styling my wardrobe better. Anytime I go on a trip or to a party or to a dinner out, I feel like I always need to buy a brand-new outfit. I wonder why we feel that way?

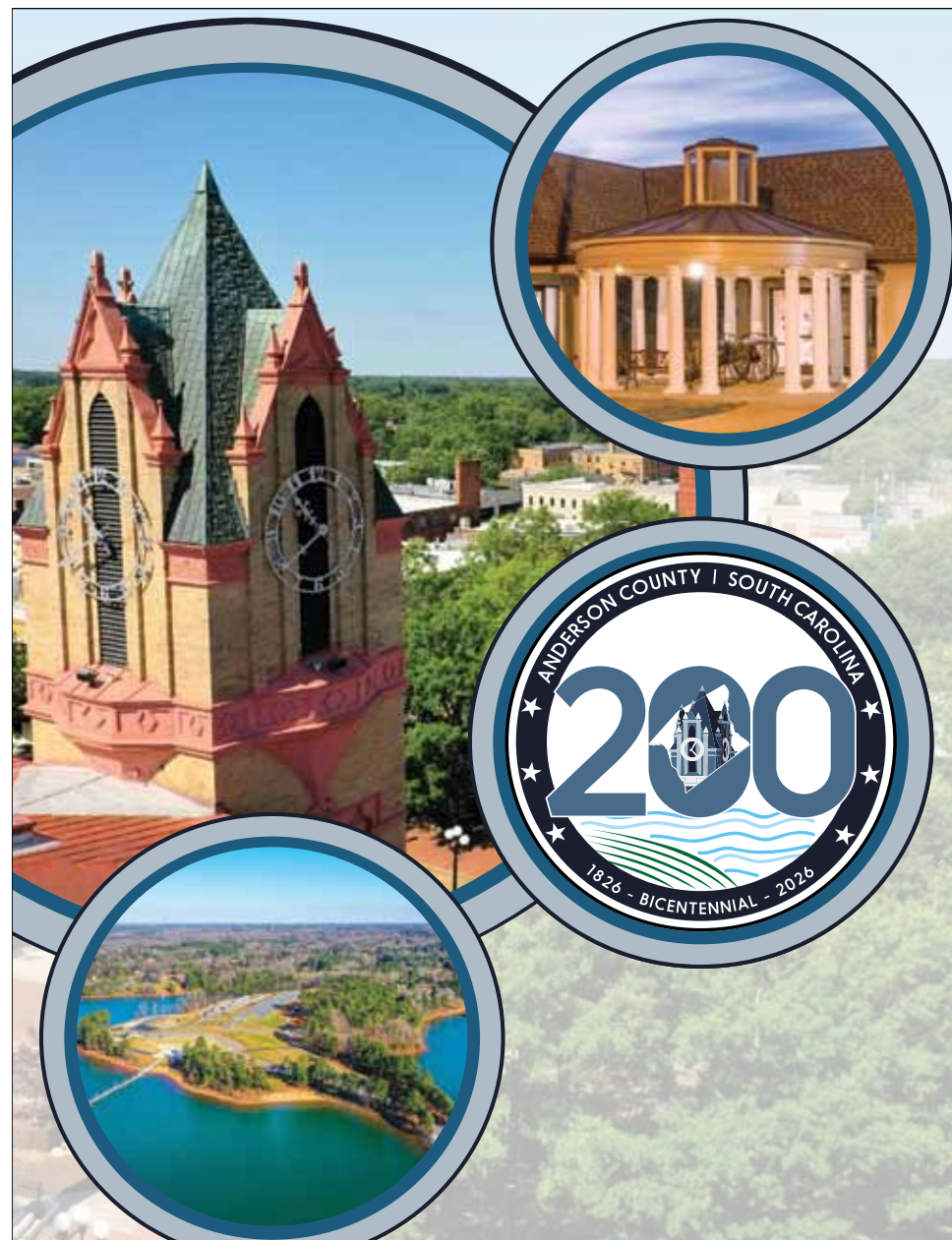
Another really cool and thrifty idea I saw for jewelry was on Pinterest. A woman took some spoons that she didn't use anymore in her china cabinet and she made spoon rings out them. With only two tools that we probably all have in our



homes or garage. She took needle nose pliers and clipped the spoon in half where she wanted it and sand papered the rough edges and then started shaping it around her thumb with the pliers. She kept shaping it around a bolt and then took a mallet and lightly tapped it out. To make it shiny, she took some toothpaste from her bathroom and cleaned it. The ring was absolutely gorgeous. It was just as pretty, without having used all the fancy jewelry making tools. I'm definitely going to try that idea. Maybe in my dad's shop where he keeps all of his tools. It looked so fun and simple.

Lastly, is an idea on how to make a good summer scent at home. If you don't have these items, you can quickly order them on Amazon, next day. All you need is your favorite body lotion and an oil called vanilla oleoresin. My favorite body lotion at the moment is so affordable, and it's by EOS. It's called cashmere vanilla so that particular lotion with this oil would smell incredible. Combine and add three or four drops to the lotion with the vanilla oil, and you will literally smell like an ice cream cone or a vanilla frosting.

So easy, and so lovely. Edens Garden makes a really good affordable one. All of these ideas are things that you have on hand or you can simply do without even leaving the comforts of home. Uncomplicated, effortless and fun. What ideas are you going to come up with and create? Remember to make the sidewalk your runway and kindness always matters. Happy do it yourself, y'all!



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WHEN COOLER WEATHER CALLS

BY MIKE BAILES

Spring had left abruptly, giving way to the humid and steamy days which all of us who live in the South are all too familiar. Some folks like it, such as the beachgoers and those whose internal thermostat has been calibrated to enjoy this type of misery. I cannot identify with either of those. Yes, there was an era of life when things were different. When I was a young boy, air conditioning was not a necessity like it is now. And yes, I did enjoy swimming in the ocean, playing for hours outdoors, and remaining oblivious to the effects of the sun, at least until nightfall came and I lay in bed sizzling like a piece of sausage in a frying pan. In those days we were acclimated to the heat because air conditioning was not a common thing. Little did we know that we would become as dependent on it as we now are to having Siri tell us when to turn into our driveway.

Ann and I had been contemplating how we would celebrate our 40th anniversary for a year after the date had come and gone. We finally decided that we must do it before it was time for our 41st. It took little convincing from either side that we should head north to a place we both love, which was also showing temperatures in the 50s at night and daytime highs in the 70s – the New England states. So, with no itinerary and little preparation we took off in search of the unique beauty and fall-like weather, as compared to the South Carolina sauna.

One of the high interests of my life has been all about old clocks. I inherited this illness from my dad who had been bitten by the same bug that later bit me. I thought it could be classified as an obsession until I witnessed the definition of the word in an old clock shop in West Townsend,



Massachusetts run by the Delaney brothers, John and Sean, and John's son Declan. The brothers had inherited the business from their father, John Delaney ("the Elder" as he was known) who had passed on less than a year before we arrived. What I would experience over the next two days while visiting the Delaneys was nothing short of breathtaking. I had only read about some 18th century clockmakers named Willard, the most notable of which was the eldest brother, Simon. Brothers to Simon were Aaron, Ephraim and Benjamin. Rounding out the dynasty of clockmakers was Aaron's son, Aaron Jr. There were also apprentices, one of them named Elnathan Taber. Although my dad had in his collection of clocks a wall clock called a "banjo clock" by Simon Willard (who held the patent for some time), long case clocks, which many people refer to as grandfather clocks, held my interest. And I had

never seen a Willard long case clock. That is..... until I walked through the door of the Delaney Clock Shop, situated just behind their Federal period New England home. To say that I gasped at the sight I beheld would certainly be an understatement.

The first room held hundreds of old clocks, so many that I had to pass right by dozens of them to spend the time Ann and I had by focusing on the long case specimens. While mostly American made clocks adorned the walls of the shop, there were others by European makers. One did not have to sift through any "uninteresting" clocks since they all represented the best of the best. And I couldn't guess how many from the famous Willard makers left me spellbound. There were representative clocks from each of the Willard brothers as well as a magnificent example by apprentice, Elnathan Taber. Every combination of the Willard imagination could be seen, from calendars on the clock face of several descriptions, to those with second hands, moon phase wheels, time & strike mechanisms, painted scenes on the dials, intricate wood and brass inlays and open fretwork. A few even sported an orig-

inal clock setup label produced by the same Paul Revere that warned of the approach of the British soldiers. Revere was not only a silversmith but produced instructional labels which are a work of art in themselves. The absolute beauty of these timepieces defies adequate description. I hope one day we can return to dedicate the needed time to take in more of the astonishing display of what a clock enthusiast can only imagine.

An article dedicated to the Delaneys would be appropriate, albeit there is not space in this one to do them justice. But I would like to mention that John and Sean often appear on the PBS program, Antiques Roadshow as expert evaluators for people bringing old clocks wanting to know more of the history behind them as well as valuations. So, as Ann and I watch the show, we will be looking for our new friends, John and Sean Delaney. And we will certainly reminisce about the weather that drew us to the area of our country which is rich in history, not the least of which is a gold mine of antique time keepers, especially by the Willard brothers.

THE ECN'S ANNUAL FISHY FISHY CONTEST IS BACK!

BEST FISH PHOTO TO REEL IN TOP WINNER!

We are looking for the best fish photos and tales out there. We are looking for a variety of submissions, including freshwater species and saltwater. And not just the big, large-mouth bass, but any size fish, large or small. Anyone and everyone is welcome to submit their catch. You can enter a maximum of three photos along with your fish tale describing the adventure. This will help our judges decide whose photos are the best of the best.



Email your submission to ElectricCityNews@gmail.com. Photos will be accepted through July 24th. Fish tales should be no longer than 3 paragraphs.

The winner, along with other great photos, will be published in our last issue in July. The winner will receive a grand prize courtesy of The Electric City News. So grab your tackle box, untangle those lines, and open that can of worms. Your fish story could be a winner!

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LOONS IN NEW ENGLAND

This Southern girl and husband Mike got to go to New England a couple of weeks ago, and getting away to the cooler temperatures for a few days was great. (Full



Ann K. Bailes

disclosure for the sake of the purists: I wasn't born in the south, but did get here as fast as I possibly could.) And on the third day of the trip, I finally got the opportunity to see something long

desired: a pair of common loons in breeding plumage.

Although the views are brief, we find loons on Lake Hartwell almost every winter. We see them from the double bridges on Highway 24, and must catch quick glimpses while passing bridge dividers and foliage at traveling speed. But winter loons aren't very interesting. Their plumage is drab and dull, and seeing them from a fast-moving car means it's impossible to hear their sounds—

which in winter are short hoots rather than the long, haunting summer calls that has made them famous over the years.

A summer loon, however, is striking in both appearance and sounds. It has a solid black head and a checkered black and white back, with a large white "necklace." It also has red eyes. Furthermore, the summer sounds of a common loon are mysterious and unmistakable. They have a plaintive quality to them, as if they are searching for something lost. Google "loon sounds" and you'll enjoy the unusual and eerie call of this unique bird.

We pulled into our hotel in Bennington, Vermont (at the southern edge of loons' summer range), and one of the first things I did was look up eBird.com to see if any loons had been seen in the area. Sure enough, several sightings had been reported at a state park lake close by.

The next morning we charted a route across southern Vermont, through Brattleboro to New Hampshire. This state

park was right on the way. So Mike and I decided to stop and see what we could find. We knew it was a roll of the dice to see anything.

We paid the users' fee, drove to the lake, and sat on a bench at the edge. The cool breezes in Vermont were enjoyable even before seeing anything. Nothing happened for several minutes, as I scanned the edges of the lake with binoculars. And then — from a cove far off in the distance, I saw through binoculars two loons slowly swimming out into the main part of the lake. In summer plumage and beautiful! And following that, here came the mournful and mysterious call of the summer loon—memorable and unforgettable.

We watched the loons for a few minutes and got a couple of pictures — not in great



focus because of the distance, but documenting what we had come to see. Several people had commented on eBird that the loon pair had at least one chick with them, but I did not see the baby. That's OK. I got to see two summer loons and hear their call. That was enough. The trip was a success for me.

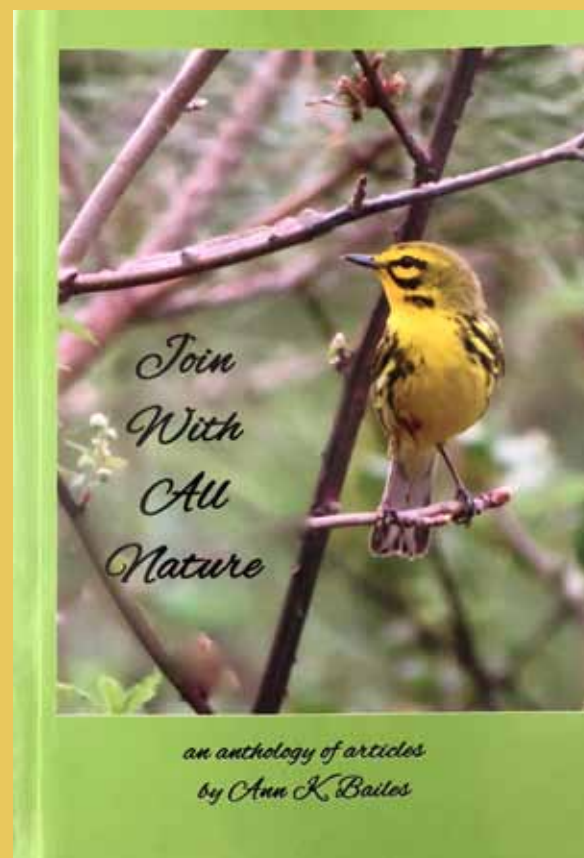
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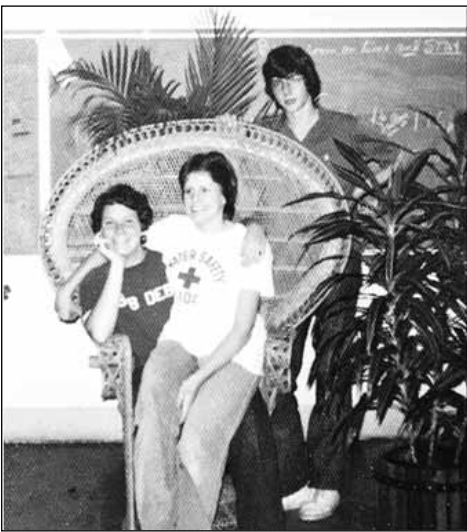
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For more information, contact Anne K. Bailes at annbailes@bellsouth.net

Memories of the T.L. Hanna Class of 1976

Members of the T.L. Hanna High School Class of 1976 spoke about their time at the school as they prepare to celebrate their 50th class reunion next month

MEMORIES OF T.L. HANNA
BY KEVIN WILLIAMS KESLER
We were the class of 1976, the bicentennial year of our country. The Anderson Arts Council, at the time, was celebrating this event by painting fire hydrants all around the city. Art students were allowed to choose which prominent figures of the Revolutionary War they wanted to paint on their hydrant and its location. My high school bestie and I chose Light Horse Harry (father of Robert E Lee) as our patriot. The fire hydrant was located on E. Greenville Street behind the high school. It was a fun time and I still seek out that fire hydrant whenever I am in Anderson.



Left: T.L. Hanna art students paint fire hydrants for the 1976 Bicentennial. Above: Hanna juniors turned the gym into a tropical paradise for the 1975 Junior-Senior prom.

Junior-Senior Prom 1975
Back in the day, the juniors would decorate the school gymnasium for the Jr./Sr. prom. The whole area would be transformed into a wonderland of murals, chicken wired structures formed into Tiki statues and volcanoes for a tropical paradise themed night. Many hours were spent painting and constructing what we thought was the most beautiful night of all. The

gym was full of sweaty bodies swaying to the music playing. We had a grand time.

Teachers I won't forget
I had several teachers that shaped my life for the better. They had a passion for teaching and they had a respect for their craft. I had Mr. Jarrett as a chorus teacher during high school. I loved to sing

despite having an alto voice that couldn't find its way around a musical score. So, what does a girl do, but align herself with a rowdy, upper classman with a musical background and follow her lead. Another impressionable memory of chorus was a fellow classmate who could look at any musical piece and just play it! 15 years old and could follow Mr. Jarrett's lead and play for us like magic. (thanks, SPT). Learning music from Mr. Jarrett has lasted a lifetime. I have since joined many church choirs and local chorale groups. I still sit beside the best alto so I can sing along.

Always interested in biology, Mr. Thompson's Biology II class was a wonder-

ful learning experience. Remember dissecting a cat?! I had a cat by myself and was able to bring her home to "work" on her. Of course, I did well in his class since I had "someone's" notebook from the year before who took dynamic notes. After graduating and going to college, a friend and I wanted to go and visit Mr. Thompson. Sadly he had left academia and passed away a few years later. I accredit my love of anatomy to "Morticia" the cat and Mr. Thompson as I later became a nurse in my second career.

Last memory - Musical Theater
Ann Bond and her love for theater will always remain a great chapter in my life.

SEE MEMORIES ON PAGE 13



The Class of 1975 cast of Sweet Charity showcased the musical talents of T.L. Hanna High School students under the direction of Ann Bond.



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Memories

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Each year Ms. Bond would direct a musical made up of mostly senior students. The Class of '75 production was Sweet Charity. We had a talented group of students that belted out "If My Friends Could See Me Now", "Big Spender" and other memorable songs that I still belt out today. (And the same 15 year-old from chorus played the piano score for us). Sadly the Class of 76 lacked musical talent. All Hail, "The Mouse that Roared" with the lead, Nandel Hiott.

LOOKING BACK BY CORDELL MADDOX

If you had asked any of us in June of 1976 to write a few words to describe our graduating class and experience as a TL Hanna senior, I am positive we would have written about people we loved (some more than others) some we didn't, some people who filled us with awe and inspired us. More importantly those people who had shaped us as the new adults. We were absolutely certain we were the unique generation who was prepared to go and write our Universe altering stories on the great blank pages that would be our futures.

We would have mentioned the Tidings Staff, the prom, the tennis team, the football team and the teachers. Finally, we would have, again, produced some inane plather about our futures and how we expected to change the world.

Oh, how young we were.

And in a way scarily idealistic, brilliant and naive.

From today's perspective I think less of the grand and monumental plans we had in store for the future.

To be certain, many in our class achieved magnificent, brilliant, life altering accomplishments. Many lived their daily lives quietly working and dedicating every minute to others and changed countless lives for the better, without ever asking for attention or recognition.

Many literally risked their lives to protect us and paid dearly because of that sacred choice.

Many raised families and dealt with the ecstasy and agony of parenthood.

But truthfully, most of us spent our days trying and often failing to appreciate the magnificent beauty of the life, friendships and world that God gave us.

So, if you asked us today to write about our Class of 1976, I would write how thankful I was to have known each one of

that group. I would write that I missed those who were no longer with us. I would write that we didn't appreciate the teachers and staff who gave their thankless careers to make our lives better. I would write that my best friends are the friends I met at Hanna.

And I would write that I think, on most days, that there is still a bright unwritten future waiting for us to write.

We may be old, but we ain't that old yet.

CLASS OF '76 MEMORIES BY BRIAN JARRETT

During our senior year a group of us joined forces to enter the Anderson Battle of the Bands at the old Rec Center. David Sartain and myself had been playing music together and somehow we decided to join up with another group of guys that were playing together. That union produced the group "Avalanche". Not sure who came up with that name. This new band consisted of myself, David Sartain, Brent Copeland, Scotty Terry, Carlos Perez, and Jamey McCollum. We rehearsed for only 2 weeks prior to the competition and finished in 2nd place behind the group "Rock Creek". That band consisted of 3 of the Makison brothers (Eric, Jeff and Joel), George Fennington and Mark Simmons. All of the members of those two bands were current or former Hanna students! That was our first and last time playing together but it is still one of my favorite memories from high school. The love of music brought together an otherwise unlikely grouping of guys and we all had a blast!

Our song selections were Battle of New Orleans, Lyin Eyes and Mommas Got A Squeeze Box. David Sartain won best musician of the entire competition!

T.L. HANNA CLASS OF 1976 BY DAVID COLE

In 1976, T.L. Hanna students were the first users of the new City of Anderson voting machines, used in the election of class and student body officers' election.

This is the back story.

In the spring of 1976, David C Cole, student body president, addressed the City of Anderson City Council and made a request to be able to use the new voting machines in the student body officer elections. The request was approved and two machines were permitted to be used for the school elections.

So, arrangements had to be made to pick up the machines and deliver them to the school. (I don't recall but believe a city employee set up the selections on the machines.)

This was also the first year that



18-year-olds were allowed to vote in all elections in the country. This was the Bicentennial year for the USA. The Presidential election was Gerald A. Ford vs. Jimmy Carter.

So, in order to get these machines to the school, David Sartain volunteered the use of his pick-up truck for transport. Now, these machines were larger than a modern two door refrigerator and very heavy. It might have blown out the shock absorbers on his truck and he also used this truck to return the machines. (No voting security officials involved in the transport, which is interesting in these days of alleged voting machine security claims). David had a couple of other students help with the load and transporting of these machines. The voting machines were on wheels so that helped make for easier movement once inside the school. On election day, the students voted and new officers for the

upcoming year were elected.

The machines were analog type, once you stepped inside of the machine voting area, you would pull a lever and a curtain would close behind you. Selections were made by sliding a manual switch for the person you were voting for. After voting, you pulled a lever and the ballot was cast. Then the curtain opened for the next voter.

So, in this election year of 1976, T.L. Hanna students were the very first to use the new voting machines for elections in Anderson. This took the place of hand marked ballots that had been used before, then hand counted. It was a big deal to use a voting machine at this time, but due to the nature of the machines, lots of dials and settings, weighing a few hundred pounds each, the machines were eventually discarded and a return to hand marked ballots before the age of digital, electronic voting devices.

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THE Electric City News

Kids Corner

THE BEST PLAYGROUND EVER!

BY JULIE COUVILLON

Do you like hills and plenty of space to play? If so, Unity Park is the perfect place for you! It's in Greeneville, right by the Swamp Rabbit Trail. It is the perfect place for kids to play when they are bored. Here's why:

Unity Park has a lot of hills to roll on. I mean, who doesn't love to roll down some hills? I know I certainly do! The hills also make Unity Park unique. It's not just your usual park! If you don't want to climb all the way to the top, some of the hills have steps.

The hills also make the perfect place for some awesome slides! I just love going down the slides at Unity Park. They are built on the side of the hills and make another fun way to go down the hills. The slides are also curly, instead of straight, boring slides!

If you are an adult, you can walk through Unity Park on the sidewalk. You can also ride your scooter or bike there. Or maybe even roller skates! When you are done, there

are bike racks to put your bike on.

You don't need to worry about getting hungry because there is a restaurant there! It's called The Commons. It has a variety of food, not just boring cheeseburgers and French fries. They have spaghetti, avocado toast, tacos, and so much more!

There are not just hills and slides, but also actual playgrounds. There is a wooden area with something to balance on, a spider web, and rocks to climb on. The playgrounds have nets to climb up on, wooden poles, and so much more! They also have slides connected to them.

The last thing is that Unity Park is for everyone! Adults, kids, little kids, all of them. It has a big kid playground and a little kid playground. It also has a splash pad for the kids. It also has those sidewalks I mentioned. This is proof that Unity Park is for everyone!

This is why I think Unity Park is the best playground ever!



The Beach

BY SARAH CRIBB

Have you ever been to the beach before? If you have not, then today you can learn all about it. I used to live near the beach, Pawleys Island. Every year since we moved we return for at least one week. We always stay on the marsh, and you can always smell the marsh water and sand.

I step on to the beach and immediately see surfers, and the sand is the softest thing I have ever felt. Sometimes you can go on a good day and the water will be so clear that you can see exactly what is in the water.

One of my favorite activities is looking for shells while I go on a quick walk.

Another one of my favorite activities is making a sand castle. The next activity I love doing is trying to always jump the waves or dive under them. It is so much fun.

I love boogie-boarding. It is one of my favorite activities. I have to go pretty deep so you can get the perfect wave. Sometimes I get washed up under the waves. But there is a line that has a strap to connect to your ankle so you do not get thrown off. So it is okay if that happens.

We get to see so many of our old friends when we go back every summer. I love hanging out with my old friends. My family and a family friend always meet up at one point on our trip back, and we have a fun tradition. She always brings drum sticks and Capri-Suns. They are so good! This is why we go to the beach every year.



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