

# THE ANDERSON RECORD

***We pray that everyone is staying safe during this Covid-19 Pandemic. You and your families are in our prayers.***

## **What happened in 2020? by Shirley Phillips**

We started out good, did not get the flu. Got my flu shot.

Opened the Carolyn Duncan Research Center. Stayed open until about the middle of March. Sue Brewer and I were in the Center working as we usually do. And we began to listen to the news, people were getting sick and they are not making it through alive with this Corona virus.

We heard people were cleaning off the shelves of food and of all things, paper towels and bath tissue. Maybe we needed to close and get ourselves to the store, too. But for us being over 60 and older, we needed to be at home and staying there. The virus had taken the lives of older people. But it was the shortages of various types of food that affected almost everyone on a daily basis.

Many of the grocery stores had posted signs placing limits on certain food and commodity items. I happened to be in the check out line at a local grocery store and a lady in front of me had 4 cans of beef stew and 4 ears of fresh corn along with her other grocery items. I was trying to maintain my social distance but I still overheard the cashier tell the customer she could only purchase 2 cans of meat products and 2 ears of corn. The lady asked why. The cashier explained the store has a sign posted at the front of the store limiting certain items. The cashier then took back the items that were over the allowed limit.

During World War II, my dad was in the Navy, and was not yet married. But my mom would tell me how hard it was during the war, as I was not yet born.

Mom and her parents were issued Rationing Stamps by the U. S. Government's office to purchase certain ration items, like sugar, meat, cooking oil and canned goods. A person could not purchase a rationed item without giving the right ration stamp. Once their ration stamps were used up for the month, they could not buy any more of that particular item. Food was in short supply, for a variety of reasons, including much of the processed and canned foods were reserved for shipping overseas to our military. Transportation of fresh foods was limited by gasoline and tire rationing.

My grandparents and my mother were farmers and they planted all kinds of crops. What they planted and

did not use, sell or share with other family, they canned. Some things that they had could be dried and put in cloth bags. Butter beans were one thing that could be done in that manner and would keep for months.

Even after the war, my mother would can vegetables. And when we had a lot of apples, she would sit for hours and peel them and place them in the sun to dry for a few days. Then she would either place them in jars or make a big cloth bag and hang it in the pantry.

My mother would say her dad would share with neighbors. There was one time there was a family next door who ran out of food. They had four small children. So my grandfather made biscuits. He was well known for making big biscuits. He sent them some with a jar of syrup that he had also made. He shared other meals with this family until they got more food stamps.

If we share today and we wear our masks and stay 6 foot apart, I am hopeful that we will get past this, too.

In today's world, we are blessed that our school system has stepped up to providing lunches to our young students while they are out of school and done mobile wi-fi so they can download their school work. There are some food banks who are helping provide food to our needy families during this crisis, but they are running out of food. We pray this virus will soon pass and life will return to normal.

I hope it will be soon and that we will have people back to working in the research center. I cannot wait to see Sue Sears and Sue Brewer back and that we can hear children down the hallway, back in art class.

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## **Why Genealogy is Important**

Genealogy can certainly mean different things to different people. However, there are some common threads that all people share when looking towards the past. The first part of the article discusses the many practical reasons why people get involved with genealogy. Often, these practical aspects are caused by a specific trigger. The second part of the article focuses on the philosophical aspects of human curiosity and how it motivates people to research their family tree.

## **The Practical Side of Genealogy**

Below are some of the main practical triggers as to why people search for their ancestors:

Validate Family Stories

Famous People

Historical Event

Trace Medical Conditions

Trace a Family Inheritance

Trace Land Ownership

Trace a Family Portrait

Find Birth Parents

Proof of Paternity

Religious Tenet

Community History

Historic Studies

Heritage Societies

Preserve a Close Relative's Legacy

Preserving Family Traditions

Preserve Family Culture

Resolving Family Trees in Bibles

Understand Family Letters/Diaries

Understand a Namesake

Settle Ownership of a Heirloom

Reconnect with Family

Family Legacy – to fulfill a desire to pass on a legacy to future generations.

### **The Philosophical Side of Genealogy**

Genealogy is not a new activity and it is not isolated to any one culture. It bridges across all cultures and all eras. At its root, genealogy satisfies basic human curiosity. These needs can be summed up in three fundamental questions: the past, present and future.

Interestingly enough, the three fundamental questions that underpin genealogy are also the three questions that form the basis of all the major religions of the world.

People have a basic desire to know where they came from and how they got to where they are today. Thus, in some ways the there is a philosophical connection between genealogy and religion.

Another way to look at the issue is to take a family tree and flip it on its head. In other words, invert the timeline of a family tree and look at it from the perspective of one of your ancestors. From their point of view, you would represent the future. Such a simple exercise produces a profound truth; you are the final end product of the many generations that came before you.

Chances are many of your ancestors had to overcome considerable personal hardship in their lives. The knowledge that your ancestors had great inner strength can be a powerful motivator for anyone trying to understand their place in the world. If it were not for them, you would not be here today reading these words.

### **Final Thoughts**

Genealogy is history on a personal scale. It helps satisfy a deep need to understand how we fit into the broader world around us. Genealogy is more than just a collection of single family threads passing through time. It truly is a journey of many lifetimes woven together from the past, the present and (from our perspective) the future.

Genealogy is popular pastime. It is also important because it lies at the heart of the human condition. Now that we have discussed why genealogy is important, are you ready to find out who you really are?

*Article taken from Genealogy in Time Newsletter, which allows its use for free. You can subscribe for free at [www.genealogyintime.com](http://www.genealogyintime.com)*

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### **DNA - by Linda Rogers**

DNA is a great new way to help you with your Family Tree. But you need to know how to use it. We are starting a column to help you with that!

First step is to have a DNA test taken at Ancestry, 23andMe, Family Tree or My Heritage. When your results come back, you will want to know what to do with it.

Autosomal DNA is the 22 pairs of non-sex chromosomes found within the nucleus of every cell. Every person has two family trees. The first is your genealogical family tree, containing every ancestor that led to you. The second tree is you genetic family tree, which contains only those ancestors that contributed to your DNA. A parent contributes 50% of their DNA to their child. You get 50% from each parent. Your siblings will get 50% also, but they get a different 50%, perhaps getting some of the same genes as you and some that are different. It's possible that they get the entire 50% that you did not get! Therefore, some DNA gets dropped in each generation. Somewhere between 5 and 7 generations back, your genetic family tree starts to lose ancestors from your genealogical family tree.

You can estimate how much DNA you should share with a relative. DNA matches are made in centimorgans (cM's). The amount of cM's indicates your connection with your match, i.e. sibling, cousin, 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin, etc. (a cM Match chart for sale in the Carolyn Duncan Research Center for \$10). Each testing company gives you a list of all your matches from their databases, along with their estimates of your relationship based on the numbers of centimorgans. The centimorgan ranges overlap, so it is not a completely clear indicator of your relationship. It requires further investigation.

A cousin is a relative with whom a person shares one or more common ancestors. First, second, third, etc. indicates how many generations are between you and your common ancestor. One time, two times, etc. removed indicates the difference in the generation of the

match. If you are the same generation, you are a cousin. If the match is a generation younger or older, they are a cousin once removed.

Please send in your questions to [acgsresearch@gmail.com](mailto:acgsresearch@gmail.com). Next time we'll talk about how to determine the identity of a match.

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*The following was taken from "Traditions and History of Anderson County" by Louise Ayer Vandiver*

## **Chapter II: Formation of Anderson County and the Beginning of the City.**

The county seat of the new district of Pendleton, called by the same name, early became a popular summer resort of the low country people, and the little town of Pendleton was one of the most cultured and charming places in the South.

As immigration increased and people settled the forests, the huge district was found cumbersome, and another division became necessary. In 1828 Pendleton District disappeared, and was replaced by Anderson and Pickens, named in honor of two most distinguished and popular Revolutionary soldiers of the section, Colonel Robert Anderson and General Andrew Pickens. The commissioners to divide the county were J. C. Kilpatrick, Major Lewis and Thomas Garvin.

The town of Pendleton being too near the edge of the new district for the county seat, a new locality had to be chosen. Commissioners were appointed to select a site for the new town. They were James Harrison, Robert Norris, M. Gambrell, John C. Griffin and William Sherard.

The great highway running from the Cherokee country to Long Cane, a settlement in Abbeville county, was called "The General's Road," because it started near the home of General Pickens and was frequently traveled by him. On that road the new town was to be located, and placed about the middle of the district.

"White Hall" was a residence and store almost opposite the site of the Green home just above North Anderson. The old house under three fine trees still bears the name. The buildings of that earlier day stood close to the road, and either the dwelling or the adjacent store, or perhaps both, were whitewashed or painted, something unusual in that time and locality. One of the buildings had a cellar in which it was said a murdered man was once buried. Of course it was "haunted" or rather "hanted," and the children of that day scurried by the place with bated breath. The original buildings were blown away in a hurricane so severe that it carried into

Spartanburg county a plank which had been built into the gable end of one of the houses, which had painted on it the name of the owner, which was Lipscomb.

White Hall was considered by some of the commissioners a suitable place for the new town. Others preferred a point about two miles further south, where the Orr Mill is now located. A Baptist church, Mt. Tabor, with its graveyard, was located there, and it was a popular gathering place.

Arguing the respective merits of the two sites the commissioners rode back and forth between them, until, becoming weary, they stopped at a backwoods bar which was about half way between the two. There they obtained stimulating refreshment, and watered their thirsty horses. The bar stood about where the Masonic Temple is now, and the spring from which they got water was very near the middle of the street between that place and Fleishman's store. Sitting around the door of the tavern discussing the matter on which they were engaged, all at once Mr. "Bobby" Norris got up, and walking some few feet away planted his heavy walking stick under a towering walnut tree, and exclaimed: "There shall be the southeast corner of the courthouse, and who says no, has got me to whip!" None of the gentlemen felt disposed to whip Mr. Norris, so on the spot of his selection stood the first courthouse, and those built subsequently have occupied almost the same place. The commissioners bought from Wm. Magee, Z. Chamblee, Manning Poole and H. Rice. The price paid was at the rate of \$4.62<sup>1/2</sup> per acre. One hundred and thirty acres were bought and fifty lots immediately sold for \$8,145.00. The town was laid off by James Thompson, S. J. Hammond, J. E. Norris, Alexander Moorhead and L. L. Goode. A square for business was marked out, and on that same square much of Anderson's business is still transacted. Beyond, about three city blocks, they laid off four boundary streets, thinking they had given their embryo town plenty of room for growth. The contract for building the court house was given to Mr. Benjamin Denham, of the Brushy Creek section, and by him sublet to Mr. Robert Wilson, a brickmason of Greenville. Mr. Wilson moved his family to Anderson, and built a log house about where the Presbyterian manse is now; there he ran the first hotel in the place. Later he built on River street, where his family lived until recent years.

With Mr. Wilson when he came to Anderson was a son ten years old, Jephtha, who lived to become the oldest resident of the town of his time. He had seen Anderson in the making, and to his stories told to the younger generation is due much of the garnered lore of the community. Of the



Wilson family so long identified with Anderson, Mrs. George Broyles alone remains now in the place.

The first courthouse was square log building. Behind it was erected a high fence, which extended around and beyond the jail, which was located where Woolworth's Ten-Cent Store is now. Other space within the enclosure was occupied by stables, gardens, etc. The jail, also of logs, was a two-story structure. The sheriff lived on the first floor, and the prisoners were kept above.

The first court held in Anderson was on the third Monday in October, 1828. Hon. John S. Richardson presided; J. T. Lewis was clerk of the court, Theodore Gailliard foreman of the grand jury, John Reeves foreman of the petit jury No. 1, Walter C. Dickson foreman of jury No. 2. The first case tried was the State vs. William Eaton for assault and battery; verdict, guilty. Baylis J. Earle, later Judge Earle, was the solicitor.

Anderson used to punish her petty criminals by putting them in the pillory. One stood for years on the north side of the courthouse. Probably the last time that it was used was an occasion recollected by an old gentleman who died several years ago over ninety years of age. He said he remembered when he was a boy seeing a notorious drunkard and town nuisance pilloried. "Steve" mounted the platform with a grin, and after his head and hands were adjusted he called repeatedly to the jeering crowd below to throw him a "chaw o' backer." Before his release, however, he had become meek and quiet.

The first store in the new town stood on the extreme north end of the west side of the square, long known as "Brick Range." It was a general merchandise store owned by Mr. Samuel Earle, of "Evergreen," and managed by Mr. J. C. Griffin, who slept in the store. The building was a two-story wooden structure with a piazza all across the front. From the piazza the store was reached by several steps. Next in line was a one-story building occupied by Dr. Edmund Webb as a drug and book store, to which later was added the business of the postoffice. After that came the onestory printing office where Mr. J. P. Reed published Anderson's first newspaper. Next, the store, also one-story, kept by Cater and Rice. It stood about opposite the place occupied by the Confederate monument. Then came a gap of about twenty-five feet. On the south corner of the row stood another big two-story structure. It was also a general merchandise store kept by Mr. B. F. Mauldin, and later by his nephew who had been his clerk, Mr. Baylis F. Crayton. Horse racks in front of the stores, and horse blocks for the use of horseback riders in

mounting and dismounting were indispensable adjuncts to every business house....

*For additional information, check out "Traditions and History of Anderson County" by Louise Ayer Vandiver. Copies are located, and for sale, in the Carolyn Duncan Research Center.*

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#### 400<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Mayflower

The Mayflower first left England in July 1620. The Pilgrim fathers knelt on the seashore at Delfshaven and received a blessing. All the emigrants, who were leaving loved ones behind, had need of their courage. Some of the Pilgrims were William Brewster, William Bradford, John Carver, Edward Winslow, Isaac Allerton, Samuel Fuller and John Howland, all "pious and godly men", and Miles Standish, who was not a member of the church but was a valiant soldier. They boarded the *Speedwell*. The British cheered them and a volley was fired as a salute as they left the harbor.

They arrived in Southampton, where they joined with the *Mayflower*. They remained in Southampton for many days. With ninety people in the *Mayflower* and thirty people in the *Speedwell*, they left Southampton on August 15<sup>th</sup>. Almost immediately, the *Speedwell* began to leak badly and they came into harbor at Dartmouth for repairs. After eight days, the ships again went out to sea. When almost three hundred miles past Land's End, the *Speedwell* reported that it was still leaking badly and had to turn back. Both vessels put in at Plymouth. The *Speedwell* was abandoned and sent back to London, along with eighteen people who decided not to make the trip. The Pilgrims were treated to hospitality and kindness by the people of Plymouth. They all crowded aboard the *Mayflower* with 102 passengers and a crew of about 30, and left on September 16, 1620. The trip was hazardous, with the small ship crowded, heavily submerged, and making a voyage in winter on stormy seas. Half way across, they were met with winter storms and tossed about by winds, like a toy on the waves. One of the storms detached a large beam in the body of the ship, but the Pilgrims managed to replace it. One Pilgrim, John Howland, was washed overboard but he caught a coil of rope trailing over the ship and was hauled back aboard. On November 21<sup>st</sup>, 67 days after their departure from Plymouth, the *Mayflower* arrived and dropped anchor in Provincetown Harbor.

While they were still onboard, the Pilgrims set up a civil government, the first American charter of self-government, the Mayflower Compact. John Carver was elected Governor for the first year. The Mayflower remained at anchor while three explorations were made to find a suitable place to settle. Captain Miles Standish led one of them and two were by water in a "shallop" which had been stowed in pieces between the decks during the voyage. On December 21<sup>st</sup>, an inlet of the bay was chosen for settlement, and on December 26<sup>th</sup>, the Pilgrims went ashore. The spot was named New

Plymouth, on a huge boulder of granite, we call the Pilgrim Stone or Rock. The story of their hardships both before and after the voyage, can be read in *The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims*, written by Albert Christopher Addison and published in 1911. It includes many illustrations that bring the whole history to life!

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*Submitted by Sue Dempsey Brewer*

The following are excerpts from *Third Kings* by Neva King Smith which was published in 1980. Mrs. Smith was born Oct 17, 1901.

She writes in the Introduction to her book, "In recording this story, I've done what I've dreamed of doing for many years. For more years than I can tell, I've written myself notes and stashed them away in a manila envelope marked: "For future use - - I hope, I hope, I hope!"

She begins her book with an account of how her parents, William Josiah King, born August 10, 1861 and Louella Mitchell King, born February 2, 1868, met and married.

"Once upon a Springtime - in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Five - a young man made a sentimental journey. And thereon hangs a long, long story extending even to this day. 'Twas on March 15th that young, handsome (yes, he was!) William Josiah King hitched up his horse and buggy and drove eight or ten miles for one special reason. To meet a girl! His mother had died a week before, March 8th and that left him living alone. His father had died in the War Between the States. He was the youngest child and his sister and three brothers had married and started their own homes. Willie was twenty four years old and left with a house and no housekeeper, he was fresh in the market for a wife. But not just any girl would do! He'd heard that Mr. George Washington Lafayette Mitchell reared a family of fine daughters and one was still unmarried and living with her parents. So this young man, destined to be my father, arranged to meet this young girl, Sarah Louella, destined to be my mother.

"Fate" Mitchell's family were members of Old Mount Bethel Baptist Church, and nothing short of sickness kept them from regular attendance. Like most country churches, they had preaching services once a month; their Sunday was "Third Sunday" which made it just right for him. Folks in those less harried day didn't fool with calendars as we do and so were not completely controlled by them. Their lives were marked by Sundays. Some churches with more affluent memberships had two "Preaching days" a month. This is true also: folks weren't tied to one church so far as attendance went and most who went to their own also went to some other church the other Sundays. Willie had a first cousin, Mary King, who knew Ella, or knew more about her than Willie did. At least she knew her enough to recognize her! Ella went to church that day

with her brother, Ben and this is the way she used to tell us about that most momentous occasion:

As she and Ben pulled up in the church yard, they just happened to "park" next to another buggy in which sat a young man and a young girl. Just HAPPENED! Oh no, not too her for she believed always the Lord had a hand in it! She asked Ben "who is that handsome young man in the next buggy?" and Ben said, "that's Willie King of Neals Creek." And in the next buggy, Willie said to Mary: "Who's that pretty girl in the next buggy?" "That is none other than Ella Mitchell, Fate's daughter." I never did think to ask who did the formal introductions but I'm sure it was quiet formal - everything concerning relationships between the sexes was.

So actually, Third Kings had its inception on the Third Sunday of March, 1885. Before his mother died, he had long wanted to go off to school and study dentistry but she was so opposed to his leaving her that he'd given up the idea and accepted the life of a farmer. The farm had about 85 acres, which he bought about ten years later from his sister and brother. OOOPS, I'm wrong by ten years! I looked it up in the Court House. He bought it less than two weeks after his mother died and paid the four of them \$1,000.00, less \$200.00 - evidently his share. It was located on "Hurricane Branch waters of Rocky River, land - bounded by J. E. Horton, K. C. McCoy, G. B. McCoy". So it was already his a year before he married. He sold 37-1/4 acres of it on Sept. 7, 1894, for \$558.00, when he was in school. Don't know when he sold the balance.

In fact, Willie was most ambitious to so much as consider dental school, remembering his background of schooling - rather lack of schooling. Up to this time, he'd been to what was called "Lay-by" for by that time they had finished working the cotton and what-have-you and now they had only to wait till the time came for harvesting. But he'd learned enough to be able to read, and write, and "figger" and with that ability, had continued his self-education.

After the wedding, they went to his home, about eight miles away, and nearer Anderson. They lived there until they came to Anderson in 1895. And so Willie and Ella became, eventually my Papa and Mama.

Mama wasn't at housekeeping, just new at keeping her own house. But like all young brides, she made mistakes. Seems Papa didn't feed his chickens what she'd been feeding those at her home. Perhaps Aunt Senie (his aunt, Surena King Saylor) told her how to make up corn meal with water for chicken feed. Mama added salt - enough to drive every last one to the drinking trough. When Papa came home from the field, he saw all of them, drinking as though water was going outa style! And do you know every last chicken died as a result!

Like other farm wives, she made her husband's pants - work pants at least. She made the pockets so deep

Papa had to get near a tree stump, put his foot on the stump in order to reach whatever it was in his pocket he wanted in the first place!

Mama came down with a severe illness - typhoid fever. Dr. Harris, Papa's life-long friend came to care for her. He lived near. Dr. Harris ordered a barrel of ice from Charleston! It was packed in sawdust and I presume, was out from some frozen lake "up north" and shipped south. He probably had them sponge Mama with ice water! Wonder what it cost !!! As a result of fever, Mama never was very strong again, as she had been before. And that cast the die that caused Papa to become a dentist.

You remember I said he'd long wanted to study dentistry and his mother objected. She was left in his care, so he dismissed the idea. Now, he saw Mama would never have the health and strength a farmer's wife needed and he began making plans to go to Vanderbilt, in Nashville, Tenn. Of course, he'd have to borrow the money. To me he was an unusually brave man - or a very foolish one! I choose to believe the former. He was a man of determination always, and he had enough confidence in his innate ability to know he'd do what he set his heart and mind to do. I'm sure this decision was a mutual one and each knew the other would not falter. Papa left for Nashville in October, leaving Mama and four little children. Papa had arranged for his cousin, Worlie King, who lived nearby, to stay with Mama and run the farm while he was in school. I have several letters they exchanged during those long, lonesome years. School terms weren't as long as now and he came home in April or May each year. In one letter he wrote Mama the first year, he said: "the fellows here all say I'll make a good dentist because I am so particular". I truly doubt there ever was a better dentist, anywhere! Each summer, he'd load up his portable dental chair on a wagon and drive over the country side, stopping at country homes, and doing dental work. He probably got all the work he had time to do, for getting into town wasn't easy then. Then, come October, he'd take off for Nashville again.

Papa graduated in April and they came to Anderson, moving into a house which stood just below where we now live. (Note: 505 E. River St.) They wanted to live on River St. for this is the way both our parents had always come into Anderson from their country homes. Papa first started his practice of dentistry associated with Dr. Strickland, a distant cousin, I think.

One day Papa came home and said to Mama: "how would you like to have the Smith Place?" The Smith Place was the house next door, one lot nearer town than where they had lived. How would Mama like to have 505 East River! How!! With all her being, that's how. She had loved it when she lived next door. Papa had his office in the Masonic Temple, on E. Benson St. If his office was ever anywhere than on the second floor of the Masonic Temple, I don't know it. It was at the front of the building with long, narrow windows opening on the

street. Hanging over Papa's desk was his diploma from Vanderbilt University, and a big picture of his graduating class - 1895. I have no idea what happened to either but would dearly love to have the diploma at least. Under the left, front corner of the desk, Papa kept a little flat cardboard box, carefully hidden from view. We knew never to bother that box! Guess what was in it? Leaf gold! Sheets of it. We knew NEVER to bother that box. I never saw it except as Papa handled it in preparing to put in a gold filling, or make a gold inlay. His day was the golden age of dental gold work, and he was generally accepted as being the best dentist in that respect. All front teeth needing filling in those days were done with gold. Some dentist would pull a perfectly good front tooth and replace it with a gold one!

When our baby teeth begin to be pushed out of their place by the ones coming under them, Papa had an ingenious way of pulling them. He'd tie a long string to the door knob - not too long either and have the other end tied to the tooth. He'd position us far enough away from the door to make the tooth jump out when he slammed the door

When he had patients living out of town, which was many, many times, he'd bring them home with him at night. I'm sure he'd call Mama and warn her! As automobiles became numerous, that happened less and less often. When I was a child, it was happening all the time. If they needed a lot of work and Papa couldn't finish in one day they stayed as long as it took. Of course they were never charged one cent. That was just a part of Southern Hospitality.

*(To be continued)*

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#### *Message from the Board of Directors*

Based on the age and health status of many of our members, and due to the increasing numbers of Covid-19 cases and the expected spikes from Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Eve, the following decisions have been made.

- All first Monday meetings have been suspended through the end of January, 2021.
- The Carolyn Duncan Research Center is open by appointment only through December, 2020. To schedule an appointment, please contact the Research Center by phone or email to ensure that a volunteer will be available to assist you. Contact information is on the last page.

We hope you had a good Thanksgiving and will have a great Christmas and New Year's.

Please continue to pray for our Country, its leaders both national and local, and the continuing recovery of those infected and for the families who have lost loved ones to this terrible virus.

## Membership Application

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you on Facebook? ☐ YES ☐ NO

First Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Is this a change of information? ☐ YES ☐ NO

Middle Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Maiden Name: \_\_\_\_\_

SC Genealogical Society – State Number \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone #: \_\_\_\_\_

Cell Phone #: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_

### ***Surnames being researched:***

Please list below the Family Surnames of those you are researching. Please include full names, known dates, and areas in Anderson and surrounding counties. *Use the back of this form if you need more space to add a surname.*

Surname, Given	Locations (City or County)	Dates

☐ **New Member**

☐ **Renewal**

☐ **ASSOCIATE** - \$15.00 - I am a primary member of another SCGS Chapter.

SCGS Chapter \_\_\_\_\_ SCGS Member # \_\_\_\_\_

☐ **INDIVIDUAL** - \$25.00 - Membership for one person.

☐ **FAMILY** - \$30.00 - Membership for 2 people, within the same household.

Name of 2<sup>nd</sup> person: \_\_\_\_\_

☐ **Donation** - \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Cash

☐ Check

Check # \_\_\_\_\_ Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Make checks payable to: ACGS**

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- THE ANDERSON RECORD
- VOLUME 34, ISSUE 2

ANDERSON COUNTY CHAPTER  
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### **CAROLYN DUNCAN RESEARCH CENTER**

**NORMAL RESEARCH HOURS: TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY—10 AM TO 4 PM**

***DUE TO COVID-19, CURRENTLY OPEN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY.***

***PLEASE CALL OR EMAIL SEVEN DAYS PRIOR TO WHEN YOU WANT TO USE THE CENTER  
TO ENSURE A VOLUNTEER WILL BE AVAILABLE TO MEET WITH YOU.***

**LOCATED: 110 FEDERAL STREET, AT THE ANDERSON COUNTY ARTS CENTER, BESIDE THE  
FARMERS MARKET—ENTER THE DOORS FOR “VISIT ANDERSON”**

**NOTE: DUE TO COVID-19 ALL MONTHLY MEETINGS ARE CANCELED  
THROUGH THE END OF JANUARY 2021**

MEETINGS—Monthly meetings are held the first Monday of each month at 7 pm at Senior Solutions, 3420 Clemson Blvd., Anderson, SC.

Programs are presented that are of interest to genealogy researchers. Check the website for program topics. Come early and discuss your family research with our members.

Refreshments are provided prior to the program, however Members are encouraged to bring food items.

All Regular Meetings are open to the public.

<http://www.andersoncounty.scgen.org>

Email: [acgsresearch@gmail.com](mailto:acgsresearch@gmail.com)

Telephone: 864-540-8300

President: Ted Burgess

Vice President: Shirley Phillips