

MILTON SCOTT

JAMES MACKAY: [Recording begins mid-introduction] . . . and I said, “Those of us who have been in politics decline [or “are inclined”?] to do that.” But he [Milton Scott] wanted to talk about his grandfather, George Washington Scott. But he has an hour to fill; and I hope that, in addition to talking--[to Mr. Scott, in response to Mr. Scott’s inaudible remark to Mr. Mackay] I mean it, an hour—that when he finishes talking about George Washington Scott and anyone else he wants to talk about, he’ll give you a chance to ask him questions. And there’s been tremendous interest and enthusiasm, Mr. Scott, that you’re willing to be our personality of the day. You don’t have to worry about the camera or the microphone. He said he’d like to stand up. But I think y’all will agree when you look at the array of distinguished people in this county that he’s pretty close to the President of the United States, and you don’t have to tell people who he is. So I’m just going to present to you our speaker for the day, Mr. Milton Scott. [applause]

MILTON SCOTT: [Voice very faint, competing with air-conditioning unit; Mr. Scott doesn’t speak into the microphone. Reads from prepared speech.] Jim [Mackay] said he went to the [inaudible—sounds like “pump”?]. [First portion of sentence inaudible] . . . because I’m ninety years old, and [inaudible] . . . [sounds like “along that line”].

VOICE OFF CAMERA, FROM AUDIENCE MEMBER TO UNIDENTIFIED GENTLEMAN: Tell him to talk into the microphone. [The air-conditioner is turned off; Mr. Scott still speaks away from microphone, but his voice is slightly more audible.]

MR. SCOTT: Jim [Mackay] said to you, he asked me to speak about the—my growing up in Decatur, some of my youthful experiences, and some of the situations connected with Decatur at that time. I didn’t think Jim had a good subject, so I farmed him off and got him to let me speak on my grandfather and his contributions to DeKalb County.

Just a word about the village of Decatur about that time: The public educational facility at that time was an old plastered building—these old-time plastered buildings, I don’t see many of them now, but you used to see a good deal of them. It was located on the—just about where the Decatur Federal & Loan building was. That was the

general school for the community. Of course, there was the Donald Fraser School and Agnes Scott, which I'll say a little bit more about later. But the philosophy of education was a little different from what it is now. It was not, "Class would you like to do that?" or "It would not be nice to engage in this activity." It was all presided over by Professor Treadwell, and there was pretty much the threat of corporal punishment if things didn't go right in those days. But anyhow, the routine was pretty strict; but it was a good school. And a lot of us got what little learning we had there. There was also the Donald Fraser School. I suppose most of you know of the Donald Fraser School. It was located over across from the Baptist church there, right across Clairemont there. It was established by Mr. G. Holman Gardner, who was the father of Susan Gardner; and also associated with it was Mr. Charles D. McKinney, the father of Charles. Is Charles not here? [Looks around audience; shrugs] Well, you tell him he missed his chance. [audience laughter] They—it was quite a prominent preparatory school in the old days. And boys outside of the state and outside of Decatur and outside of the state attended the school. I think the—I guess the most famous pupil that they had was a boy by the name of Jackson Christian. He was Stonewall Jackson's grandson, and so you can see that the school was not localized, in view of attracting people from Virginia [?] and such a type of people as it did attract.

I remember quite well I like to have got into a good deal of trouble, more or less, at Donald Fraser. In the old days you didn't have so many classrooms. And when the younger boys—well, there were nothing but boys over there—the younger children, the young folks recited, they moved up to the front; and the older boys would move back and let the young ones recite. I can remember, one day we had class, I suppose it was on geography. And we had one of the younger boys up in the front, and I happened to be sitting right behind him. And there was a Professor Buccholz [spelling?]—I don't guess any of you remember him; he was a teacher then—and he asked this boy what was the capital of Australia. Well, the boy "Hmmm"ed a little bit and didn't seem to get it, and so I whispered him an answer; and I told him it was "Beelzebub." [audience laughter] He triumphantly gave the teacher his answer for the capital, and the teacher immediately discontinued it, the locality, and changed the locality to another locality [inaudible].

I can remember [inaudible] there with these older boys, but I can remember my brother telling me about going to school or walking to school [inaudible], and they used to carry their books in straps in those days. I don't know if they still do that or not. And he said that he and some other boys, among them was Scott Candler—Scott put his books down on the ground and stepped over them, “So I can tell Mr. McKinney I've been over my lessons.” [audience laughter] Scott wouldn't do a thing like that—we're just making fun. [chuckles]

In addition to Donald Fraser, of course, there was Agnes Scott College. At this time, though, Decatur was quite a village. If there was any streets paved much—there was very little paving. I don't know where there was any paving or not. May have been a little out Clairemont, possibly a little out Candler. But the mud was terrific. I can remember the mud around the courthouse here and wagons, old-time wagons, up to the rim and getting stuck there. And also it was awfully bad down there where the present fire station is on Trinity. That was one of the sinkholes of the day. But the—my subject, though, is not so much Decatur but my grandfather, Colonel George W. Scott. I will, however, tell you one incident before I get on my subject. In those days we had not discontinued grinding corn at the corn mill. Colonel Houston—Major Houston, I believe it was—[TO AUDIENCE] Any of Major Houston's descendants around here? Well, I don't see them, but there's some of them: Lula Sams Bond is one of them, and Katie Lucia Travis, she's one of them. I don't know how many there was; but Colonel Houston used to run a mill out here, which place is still there. And people would have corn ground there for their use. And I can remember, as a boy, my father sent me out to the mill to have some corn ground. And, of course, I had the corn ground. And I wasn't familiar with the toll system by them taking out some [of the corn] to pay for your grinding; and he asked me when I got back, “How'd you get along?” And I said, “I got along all right, but that man took some of our meal out after he ground it.” And I told him, “But when he wasn't looking, I put it back.” [audience laughter] [Continues speaking, inaudibly, through audience's laughter]

My grandfather, Colonel George W. Scott, was a Pennsylvanian by birth, having been born in Alexandria, Pennsylvania, in 1829. His father, John Scott, was also a native of Pennsylvania; but his mother, Agnes Irvine Scott, was born in Ireland in 1799 and came with her mother to America in 1916 [sic; means 1816]. She married John

Scott in 1821; and their fourth son, George W. Scott, is the subject of our consideration. Their home was a pious one, and he joined Alexandria Church while a boy. He had been, from early boyhood, instructed in the scripture and was taught to believe that they constituted the only infallible rule of faith and practice and received and adopted the confession of faith and catechism of the church containing the doctrine taught by Holy Scripture.

His exodus from Pennsylvania south was on account of health reasons. Seeking a climate of a milder nature, he left Alexandria, Pennsylvania, on October 4, 1850, for the South. He had a habit of keeping a diary and writing his activities in his diary. And according to the entry in his diary, he arrived in Decatur on October 30, 1850. As I said, it was his usual practice to record in the diary his daily scripture reading; and he recorded that, on that night, he read the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah. The next day he visited Atlanta and records, "This is the most stirring place of the size that I have ever seen. I suppose I saw between two hundred and three hundred wagons in town today, principally hauling cotton. Some were driven by horses, some by mules, and a great many by oxen." Colonel Scott continued his journey southward; and after about a year spent in Quincy, Florida, he moved on to Tallahassee, where he established a mercantile business in 1852.

At the beginning of the War Between the States, in the language of the Tallahassee, Florida, newspaper dated October 9, 1903, and I quote from that, "Colonel Scott shouldered his musket with a saddened heart, but with a resolute front, and went with the Tallahassee Guards to the battle line. He was a soldier without fear, as he had been a citizen without reproach. He rose over every battlefield to a higher rank, and at Olustee"—there was somewhat of a substantial battle there at Olustee, Florida—"he wore a full colonel's uniform, commanded his regiment side by side with Colquitt and Finley, and shared in full the honor and the credit of that famous field." [Looks up from notes to address audience] If I'm not mistaken—I wouldn't want to say this part [inaudible] to this group of well-versed and learned historians--but I think Tallahassee, Florida, was the only [state] capital of the Confederacy that didn't fall to the Yankees. [TO MR. MACKAY] That right, Jim?

MR. MACKAY: I'll grant you that. [audience laughter]

MR. SCOTT: That's my impression, anyhow. I just didn't want to get into a big argument with some of these expert historians. [audience laughter] [Continues reading from newspaper quotation] "He entered the military service in the state of Florida in May 1861, determined to give his full allegiance to his adopted state in the South, even though he was born and reared in the North, with strong ties of kinship binding him to that section. At the end of the war Colonel Scott was unanimously nominated, despite his protest, as Democratic nominee for the governor of Florida. This was in 1868 during the Reconstruction Era when such turbulence obtained [?] throughout the South. Election conducted under military rule extended throughout a period of three days. The Negroes, now enfranchised, voted a Republican ticket, and Colonel Scott was defeated. He was never again willing to run for public office, a tremendous loss for his state." That's the end of the quotation.

A Mr. Clifton Paisley, at the time of writing, the research editor of Office of the Graduate Dean and director of research, Florida State University, has published an article in which he quotes from a letter from Colonel Scott to his wife, giving detailed instructions in the event the family had to forsake Tallahassee on account of invasion. [Looks up from notes] He evidently thought that the federal troops were going to invade Tallahassee and that his family was going to have to move; and so he wrote to his wife, giving her rather detailed and [inaudible] possibly think a little funny instructions. [Returns to notes] His letter indicates his detailed instructions and shows his thoughtfulness in caring for his family: "You will have to take sufficient cooking utensils with you. Don't forget your sifter. Take the flour, about one hundred pounds of sugar, and a can of [inaudible—sounds like "Bill's syrup"]"--I don't know what [inaudible—sounds like "bill of syrup"] is--"and as many hams as you can well take. You will have to see that the Negroes do not pile up the wagons with their stuff. Let them only take their clothes."

While the western part of Florida was still prostrated in [sic] the effects of war, he moved to Savannah in 1870, dealing there in cotton factories and commission business. According to my understanding he had a rather unfortunate occurrence in Savannah. His business partner was not a man of strict integrity, and through unfavorable dealings Colonel Scott got quite heavily in debt. While these debts could have been legally set aside, after again prospering, he returned to Savannah and paid

off all his debts with interest. Many years after, one of his grandsons, while visiting Savannah on business, was told of Colonel Scott's favorable business activity in the city and the good name which he obtained through his strict integrity. [Looks up from notes] The old gentleman had his ups and downs in business; and this was one I mention, where, through unfaithful dealings, he was quite in bad shape.

I might mention a little interest—incident—that I was told during my—I heard it before from my family, but Mr.—[TO AUDIENCE] I don't know whether any of you remember Mr. Nathaniel Pratt or not. [Several affirmative answers scattered throughout audience] He was one of the old citizens of Decatur, and he lived out there at Sams Crossing, right where that store is. [TO AUDIENCE] What's the name of that store up there?

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER: Majik Market.

MR. SCOTT: Hm?

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER: Majik Market now. [Additional inaudible responses from other audience members]

[NOTE: Milton Scott tells the following anecdote about his grandfather, G. W. Scott; but at the end, he changes the focus of the story to Colonel Scott's son, Bucher Scott, as Bucher Scott recounts the story to G. W. Scott.]

MR. SCOTT: Around out there. And he told me this story himself. My grandfather was in the fertilizer business when he came to Atlanta, and I'll mention later on by—take this up and inject this here. And in the old days fertilizer was sold to farmers by the manufacturers putting out the fertilizer [inaudible] where it could make the crop. And then they would take the note, and the note would not be due until they had gathered the crop and had an opportunity to cash in on it and pay the note. Well, evidently my grandfather had gotten in a little tight financially, and he borrowed, I believe, the sum of \$20,000. Twenty thousand dollars in those days was a good deal of money. It's a good deal right now for some of us. [audience laughter] Anyhow, it was quite a sum in those days; and his friend had promised him faithfully that he wouldn't put the note in the bank for collection until after he had had time to gather—the farmers had had time to harvest the crops and pay him for the fertilizer. But out of

the clear blue sky one day—I don't guess it's any harm to call the names now, it's been so long ago. [audience laughter] [Continues speaking, inaudibly, through audience's laughter]

Old Colonel Lowery—old Colonel Lowery ran the Lowery National Bank. I guess that's before any of you's day. It was located there where the Trust Company of Georgia was before they moved. And old Colonel Lowery called him to come down to the bank. Well, he went down there, and the old colonel produced this note and said, "Colonel [Scott], I want you to pay this note." And he told old Colonel, said, "Colonel [Lowery], well, you would embarrass me now if you called on me to pay that note"; and he explained the situation to him, about his funds, capital had been put out for fertilizer, and a good while before farmers were going to collect, "And do you think you could wait?" No, Colonel Lower was hard-boiled. "No, you got to pay that. You got to pay that note."

Well, he went out of the bank and happened to run in to old man Jake Elsas. You probably don't know who Old Man Jake Elsas is, but Fulton Bag and Cotton Mill—it was Elsas May Bag Company. There were there off—well, about where they've been when they closed up. And they—and the fertilizer business, they bought a lot of bags from Elsas May and Company, it was called then, from them. So they were a very good customer of the Elsas May Company. And it happened, as my grandfather came walking out of the bank, after old Colonel Lowery kind of put the screws on him, that he passed by a man, old man Jake Elsas, passed the door as he was coming out of the bank. And Old Man Jake says, "Colonel, what's the matter? You look worried." And he told him his experience in there with the bank. And he [Elsas] knew him [Scott] well, and he said, "Ah, I'll let you have the money." And so he let him have the money, this \$20,000 to pay off this note that had been pushed.

Well, it happened that he gave—Mr. Elsas gave my grandfather a check on Lowery National Bank, and that was in the days when banks didn't like to put out cash too much, before they had the Federal Reserve, you know, and everybody was conserving their cash more. Well, my grandfather gave the check on the Lowery National Bank to my father, expecting him to take the check on the Lowery National Bank and pay up the note. Well, my father wasn't so benevolent-minded. And he took the check over and deposited it into the Atlanta National Bank and took the check that

Colonel Lowery gave him and deposited it into the Atlanta Bank—no, wait, I'm running ahead of myself. He took the check to Colonel Lowery and said, "Colonel Lowery, I want to get this check cashed." And that was the—I mentioned it, that they didn't like to put out cash so much in those days before the Federal [Reserve] Bank was operating and the banks were reinforced. Well, after he went in to get his cash, old Colonel Lowery came up to him and said, "Mr. Scott, we'll arrange to have that note for you." He [Scott] said, "No, I want the cash." [audience laughter]

And he got the cash, and he carried \$20,000 from the Lowery National Bank over to the Atlanta National Bank, put the \$20,000 cash in the Atlanta National Bank, wrote a check on the Atlanta National Bank, and took it over and paid old Colonel Lowery with a check on the Atlanta National Bank. He came home and told my grandfather what he'd done. My grandfather, he said—my father's name was Bucher—he said, "Bucher, you did 'em a mean trick. [Inaudible] you did it." [audience laughter]

Now, let's see where I ran off. [Reads from notes] While the western part of Florida was still prostrated by the effects of war, he [George W. Scott] moved to Savannah, dealing there in cotton factories and commission business. [Looks up from notes; locates his place] I believe I've already mentioned that, about his business partner not being a man of strict integrity, and [inaudible] debt. [Returns to notes]

They left Savannah on account of the yellow fever epidemic of 1876. Leaving Savannah, he came to Atlanta and entered the manufacture and selling of commercial fertilizer. With the exception of the Virginia-Carolina Fertilizer Company, his plant at Edgewood [?] was probably one of the foremost manufacturing fertilizer plants in the South. It might be of interest to some—and to one especially here—that Mr. Allen (Alan?) Ripley, father of Francis [Frances?] Ripley, a resident here at that time, was superintendent of the fertilizer works for a number of years. As Colonel Scott later indicated at the time of [inaudible—founding?] Agnes Scott, the Lord had greatly blessed his endeavors in the manufacture of commercial fertilizer. His discontinuance of the fertilizer operation was probably influenced by the rapid growth of the Virginia-Carolina Company and the possibility of monopoly on their part by [sic] certain phases of the manufacturing process. During his career his office was located in a building known as the Norcross Building-- [Looks up from his notes] It was a wooden building, I think; and I think it later burned. [Returns to notes] --which I believe stood at the

present site of the First National Bank building near Five Points. He later sold this building and built the Century Building. [Looks up from notes] I don't know whether any of you remember the Century Building or not; but the Century Building was, I think, perhaps the first skyscraper in Atlanta and located on the corner of Whitehall and Alabama Streets. He built this building in conjunction with the Atlanta National Bank, and he later sold out his interest to the Atlanta National Bank.

[Returns to notes] In connection with the manufacturing of fertilizer Colonel Scott was one of the first prospectors and investors in Florida phosphate fields and received at his works was the first carload of crude phosphate ever shipped from Florida. In recent years I have visited Peace River. [Looks up from notes] Peace River was where they found a lot of phosphate deposits, and it was found that they could get them out of the river much more economically than the processes that had been used. [Returns to notes] In recent years I have visited Peace River, from which the phosphate was taken, and the side tracks were still extended along the river [inaudible—sounds like “where the sign of Scott siding”]. That was just a few years ago, where they loaded fertilizer for many years.

After liquidating his interests in fertilizer plants in 1900, Colonel Scott turned to the manufacture [sic] of cotton. This year [1900] Scottdale Mill was built on the North Georgia Railroad two and a half miles east of the DeKalb Courthouse. There had been small manufacturing plants throughout the county, but to the writer's knowledge this was perhaps the largest manufacturing plant in existence in the county in 1900. The cotton consumed, which grows largely within wagon-hauling distance, and the gin was located on the [inaudible—possibly “premises”]. I can remember in my early days at the mill farmers would begin bringing in their cotton to the gin from around two o'clock in the morning so as to get a good place in line and not have to wait so long for service. Scottdale Mill village was one of the old-type maternal character. The houses were owned by the company, and the rent was twenty-five cents per room per week. I am informed that early records show that if the mill ran short time or an employee had a serious illness in his family, rent was excused for that time. The company-owned store was also part of the organization, where employees could obtain necessities and have accounts deducted from their payroll earnings. I remember an incident at that payroll store, not very nice; but they used to have an old man that ran

that store, Mr. H. J. Williams. [Looks up from notes] He lived up here on the corner of Sycamore and Candler. And the boys—y'all pardon this—but the boys would get a Coca-Cola, and they would drink the Coca-Cola—this is the story now—till they have about that much [indicates finger-tip depth] in the bottle. And then they'd catch a fly and put it in the Coca-Cola and say, "Mr. Williams, this thing had a fly in it!" [laughs; audience laughter] [Continues speaking, inaudibly, through audience's laughter]

[Returns to notes] At this period in the history of the county there was no public health activity and [inaudible] carried on [inaudible] in a limited way with a company nurse and a dental clinic. Also land was provided for a school building, educational, and participation in teacher recruitment was also an activity, which, of course, has been taken up to the county. In addition to a wide range of fabrics and apparel and domestic items, Scottdale's production of tent duck and uniform material served our country in major wars. My nephew David Scott has figured that the mill has spun thread and woven enough cloth each year, four and a half feet wide, to stretch from the North Pole to the South Pole, twelve thousand miles. [Looks up from notes] I didn't check up on those figures. [audience laughter] He went to Georgia Tech, so he must have had a slide rule; at the University of Georgia we didn't know what those things were. [audience laughter] So I'll accept the accuracy in it.

[Returns to notes] The mill was in operation for about eighty years. [Looks up from notes] The [inaudible] countries like Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea, and China would put their goods over here and sell it for ten to twenty cents a pound under domestic [inaudible—sounds like "place"]. And that's pretty hard to compete on a situation like that. And so we probably saw the handwriting on the wall, more or less, [inaudible] and decided to liquidate the property. It's interesting to note that perhaps there's in excess of three hundred mills like that that have been forced out of business on account of that situation. We used to work about six hundred people there about that time; of course, in high times, I think they have worked as many as seven hundred or eight hundred. But you can see, with three hundred mills throwing six hundred people out of business, what effect that would have on the country and our economy and the general business situation.

[Returns to notes] Another facility in operation today whose existence may largely be attributed to Colonel Scott's capital is the [inaudible—sounds like "George

Dunn”?) corn mill. Products of this mill touched life in a large and practical way. This contact is formed by [inaudible] belting of belts. I’ve asked one of our technical men to give me a report on this field. He advises that everything from chewing gum to coal or lumber may be brought to you on [inaudible] belts. Even Morton salt and sugar, on their journey to your table, may ride on a [inaudible] belt.

While I’ve mentioned enough of Colonel Scott’s business activities and [how he] showed a large interest in varied activity, his first love, so to speak, in Atlanta deals with Agnes Scott College, born of a desire to honor his mother and establish an institution where young women would be subject to those character-forming influences [with] which he had been blessed. We hear him saying to his pastor, Dr. F. H. Gaines, the president [of Agnes Scott College] in the spring of 1890, and I quote: “Mr. Gaines, the Lord has greatly prospered me in my business and I don’t want it to harden my heart. I have decided to give \$40,000 to provide a home for our school.” [Looks up from notes] The Decatur Female Seminary was the school he was referring to, and that was already in operation. [Looks back at notes] And I quote further: “With typical [inaudible], Colonel Scott headed north to inspect the country’s finest school buildings. On his return, he said to Dr. Gaines, ‘I cannot provide the kind of home I want for the sum I originally proposed to give. Here are my architect [sic] plans for the building I want.’ Colonel Scott personally supervised the construction, and the total cost was over \$112,000, a tremendous sum for that day. In later years this sum would substantially increase.”

[Looks up from notes] It interests me, Mr. Chair and Mr. Cunningham, a number of years ago, to show the close relation that he had with the college and with Dr. Gaines—this was many years after his death. Agnes Scott, you know, used to have walks—I reckon they still do—of red brick put down. Mr. Cunningham wanted to change some of those red brick. Well, Dr. Gaines had, it seems, such a sentimental attachment to my grandfather, he said, “No, Mr. Cunningham, Colonel Scott put those brick down.” He didn’t want them taken up on account of their association and attachment.

[Looks back at notes] As I recall these remarks about my grandfather, George [should be W.; sounds like “F” or “S”] Scott, I am sure that he would want me to add that the blessing of God, my life, and work can be traced back to my mother, Agnes

Irvine, later Agnes Scott, who, over a century and a half ago, about the age of seventeen years, found her way to Pennsylvania from native Ireland. The harsh Pennsylvania winters certainly were not conducive to make the new home comfortable, then part of the rearing of her own family and perhaps assisted in caring for her husband's children, since he had been previously married. But she found time to inscribe upon her son George's heart the words of Proverbs 3:5 and 6: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path." The truth of these verses [inaudible] to take hold of her son George W. and gave him both [inaudible]. Around fifty years more or less after his death [inaudible]. In retrospect, "if we cannot see the hand of Providence, our vision is short." Note the setting: a small Pennsylvania town in a somewhat mountainous region and uninviting climate; perhaps a sorrowing widower with children raised without a help-meet; many, many miles away a small family group, standing on the docks of Warrenpoint, Ireland, waiting to embark for a new land. The reason for departure I cannot state with accuracy. Religious convictions may have been involved or cramped economic conditions affected by the Potato Famine; but the departure was made. And after a sad voyage, having to bury one member of the family at sea, the new land was reached; and the union mentioned was consummated. The life and work of their fourth son we have sought to review, and at least some of [inaudible] for the heritage passed on. Cannot we see here, in the words the Apostle James wrote out, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth"? [audience applause]

MR. MACKAY: Are you willing to submit yourself to questions from this—

MR. SCOTT: I'll try. [inaudible] [audience laughter]

MR. MACKAY: [To audience member] Fire away.

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER (off camera) [LATER IDENTIFIED AS JUSTICE BELL OF THE GEORGIA SUPREME COURT]: Mr. Scott, who owned the strawberry farm and who operated it?

[MR. MACKAY repeats the question for MR. SCOTT]

MR. SCOTT: Well, the strawberry farm was, of course, many years after. My brother operated it. It was operated on a farm that my father had owned. Colonel Scott was—but that was many years after.

JUSTICE BELL (off camera): The reason I asked is because I was one of the people that picked them. [Audience member closer to MR. SCOTT repeats response for MR. SCOTT.]

MR. SCOTT: You picked them?

JUSTICE BELL (off camera): I ate more than I picked.

MR. SCOTT makes inaudible reply; audience laughs

MR. MACKAY: Are there other questions? [Acknowledges audience member, on camera but facing away, with hand up]

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER: Tell us about your first airplane experience.

MR. SCOTT: I'm a little deaf—I—

MR. MACKAY repeats question for MR. SCOTT.

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER [clarifying]: First time you saw one.

MR. SCOTT: First time I saw one?

MR. MACKAY: Yes.

MR. SCOTT: I'm not sure—I think-- In my youth my father took us—we had—I had several brothers—took us out to old Candler Field. It was known as—where the airport is—it was known as Candler Field then. Mr. Asa Candler had a boy—I think his name was Asa, too. Automobiles were just coming in, and he liked to race automobiles, and this field was a sort of public institution, so to speak, and I saw the Wright brothers fly—I don't know what they call them. What did they call them? Tomahawks? [audience discussion; someone suggests "Kittyhawk"] Kittyhawk? Anyhow, I saw them fly that thing over Atlanta. No, not over Atlanta—around on the field there. They came riding up to do the job on a, as I remember, tandem bicycle, two of them on the bicycle. And then they got the plane up. I don't know how high it

was, I expect if a fellow could throw a rock pretty hard, he might hit it. But it got up over the field and toured around over the field there, and flapped their wings a little bit—it was a great day when they mounted up there.

MR. MACKAY: I'd like to ask you about your recent trip to Africa, how you happened to go there and what you observed.

MR. SCOTT: I'm not sure now. I'll have to think a little bit. [audience laughter]

One reason we went there—our family had had a friend named Mark Martin, and he was a missionary in Africa. He went over in the early years; and, of course, I had known of him from my youth. He was, incidentally, the best storyteller I believe I've ever heard. He was still living, and my children used to love to hear him tell the stories—I did, too, for that matter. And I suppose it was his interest—on account of his interest—interest in the mission work over there—that we had, that we decided to make the trip. But it was a wonderful trip. And I remember at his grave—it was quite impressive. The grave is right out there with an iron fence around it and tablet on there mentioning him and so forth. And I was impressed, but there's a man by the name of John Pritchard—he's the secretary, some connection up here with the Presbyterian Church and missions—and John said when he got to that grave, he just stood and cried. It wasn't impressive—knowing the background and all that took place. So I guess that's one of the fundamental reasons we went.

MR. MACKAY: Are there other questions? [Pauses] [TO AUDIENCE] Now, is Dorothy here—are we going to--? Is Dorothy back there? Are we going to be retiring to the courtroom?

[UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER, OFF-CAMERA]: Yeah.

MR. MACKAY: Do you expect we'll have to go to the courtroom?

DOROTHY [LAST NAME UNKNOWN, FROM AUDIENCE, OFF-CAMERA]: Yes, and we definitely will have the next meeting [of the DeKalb Historical Society] in the courtroom. We see that we have outgrown this room. So do come back—

MR. MACKAY: We do have refreshments in the courtroom. It will be a chance to visit with our speaker. I'm not trying to cut off questions; we still have a little time. Are there any other questions? [Nods to audience member]

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER: Jim, I think you ought to introduce the daughters here.

MR. MACKAY [to Mr. Scott]: I wish you would present any members of your family that are here.

MR. SCOTT: Hm?

MR. MACKAY: Will you present any members of your family that are here? Any of the Scotts?

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER: The three daughters are here.

MR. SCOTT, rising and pointing: Well, there's David back there, next to Bill [last name inaudible—could be "Oberman" or "Overland"?].

MR. MACKAY: Stand up, David [inaudible]. [Camera pans to back of audience]

DAVID SCOTT: I'm not a daughter. [audience laughter]

MILTON SCOTT: I apologize for my daughter. [audience laughter] [Camera pans back to front of room] This is David's mother, Mrs. Julia Scott. This is Mary, David's brother [sic]. Stand up there, Mary. [audience laughter]

[Several audience members correct Mr. Scott's misidentification of Mary as a brother rather than a sister.]

MILTON SCOTT [pointing]: Yeah, but you're his sister. What'd I say?

[Several audience members tell him: "You said brother."]

MILTON SCOTT: You all notice how good I am on public speaking.

AGNES "NICKI" [spelling?] SCOTT WILLOCH, rising: I'll introduce my sisters.

MILTON SCOTT: There's my daughter.

MRS. WILLOCH: I'm Nicki [spelling?] Scott Willoch. I'm the youngest daughter. [Indicates ladies sitting near the front of the audience; camera follows her direction] This is my sister Betty Noble—

MR. MACKAY: Stand up, Betty. [Mrs. Noble stands]

MRS. WILLOCH: --and my sister Nellie Scott Pritchett. [Mrs. Pritchett stands]

And is Ann [Anne?] here? Where are you?

MRS. WILKINSON: Right here. [Camera pans to Anne Scott Wilkinson]

MRS. WILLOCH: Ann [Anne?] Wilkinson

BETTY SCOTT NOBLE, rising: This is Betty Daniel [spelling?]. This is my father's niece but also I could almost say a daughter—she does so much for him.

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER SITTING NEAR FRONT: And Nicki's name is Agnes.

MRS. NOBLE: And this is—I want to introduce, too, my mother's niece and her husband. This is Flora [spelling? Could be "Laura"?] and Clarence Irving [spelling?]. We appreciate their coming. [audience applause]

MRS. NOBLE: Nicki—oh, this is George Martin, Dr. Martin's son that we were talking about. [Mr. Martin, seated next to Nicki Scott, stands.] [applause]

MR. MACKAY: We have—the whole audience here is distinguished. The strawberry-picker back there is Mr. Justice Bell of the Supreme Court of Georgia. [audience laughter] [Camera pans back to Justice Bell]

JUSTICE BELL: I've been in his church for sixty-three years. He knows me. [audience laughter]

MR. MACKAY [to Milton Scott]: I've been—having graduated from Emory, we've never lost an intercollegiate football game [audience laughter; Emory does not have a football team], but I understand that you've followed the University of Georgia Bulldogs longer than most of us. Is it true that you have a thing about football? Do you make it to all the ball games over there?

MR. SCOTT: Most of them. [audience laughter]

MR. MACKAY: Have you got any advice for this crowd about football? Any comments about it? Did you ever expect to see it develop into the industry it's become?

MR. SCOTT [resuming position near microphone]: Here's what I don't like about football. Georgia Tech has practiced [inaudible], practiced and fooled around, and then goes over there and beats Georgia. [audience laughter] And something ought to be done to put an end to that. [audience laughter]

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER: To some of us carpet-baggers, who is Scott Boulevard named after?

MR. MACKAY, to Mr. Scott: Do you know who Scott Boulevard is named after?

MR. SCOTT: It's named for a different tribe. [audience laughter] They—I don't know whether you know them or not, but there was a Samuel Scott that lived about where—on the Lawrenceville road there [Lawrenceville Highway], back of where that Baptist Church is out there. I think it's named for them. I forget his first name, but it wasn't [inaudible].

MR. MACKAY: We're honored to have Scott Candler, Jr., here. Would you hold up your hand, Scott? [Camera pans but doesn't show any faces] Always glad to see you. Are there any other questions? If not, we have refreshments in the big—[Points, acknowledging question from the audience] Comment.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE AUDIENCE MEMBER: [Question inaudible]

MR. MACKAY [repeating for Mr. Scott]: Did your family furnish the ground on which the DeKalb Health Department is located?

MR. SCOTT, rising: Well, let me see.

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE: Winn Way.

MR. MACKAY: Winn Way. Was that Scott property?

MR. SCOTT: I don't know that the DeKalb—where the Health Department was, but the hospital [DeKalb General Hospital, later DeKalb Medical Center] was located on our property. I'm not sure whether our property ran down to where the Health Center— [Camera pans back to David Scott]

DAVID SCOTT: It was part of the property purchased by the hospital.

MR. MACKAY: You said it was part of the property purchased by the hospital? [David Scott nods.] The Health Department site. Well, it's rather close in here. I wish we could all follow the example of our speaker and live as well as he does and be as keen as he is. You've given us a great hour, and we are going to stand adjourned now, and we urge you to come into the courtroom and meet our speaker and visit with each other. Thank you very much. The meeting is adjourned. [audience applause]

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