

MODERATOR: Our speaker today will be Mr. Jim Anderson, who's been doing business in Decatur for a long time, doing—involved with a lot of the more exciting projects in Decatur, DeKalb County, known to just about everybody who is anybody here for the last twenty-five or thirty or more years. So, without any further introduction, Mr. Jim Anderson.

(Audience applause)

JIM ANDERSON: Thank you. When I was first approached about this appearance here two or three years ago, I was very reluctant to accept the invitation. I felt that this hour should be reserved for those people who have a long family history in DeKalb County, who have real roots here, which I don't. But as time has gone on, they tell me that many of those people have preceded me and said, "After all, you've been here over forty years. And at your age, you get sort of historical yourself [*audience laughter*]. So, it's about time that you come on and do it." So, I'm delighted to be here. I appreciate the invitation and am delighted to be here this afternoon.

I am a Decaturite and a DeKalb Countian by choice and not by birth. I was born on a small farm in Pike County, Georgia, about ten miles west of Griffin. When I was nine years old, my father was elected by—selected, elected—by farmers in the surrounding counties to manage a Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company that was headquartered in Griffin. So, we moved to Griffin, and I grew up there; so, I consider Griffin my hometown. When anybody asks me where I'm from, I'm from Griffin. But I had some connection in DeKalb County pretty early on. Beginning in 1928 I spent the better part of three years in DeKalb County while I was a student at Oglethorpe University. That's kind of remote to be a DeKalb Countian, but there I was. And so, I had some other association, though, with the county not long after.

But I've got to go back to Griffin to get that one started. In 1926 the North Georgia Methodist Conference sent the Reverend Horace S. Smith to Griffin as pastor of the Griffin First Methodist Church. And he brought along a daughter named Elizabeth, who was just the cutest little thing I'd ever seen. And I let her and everybody else I knew know that was how I felt about her. Well, in 1929 the Methodist Conference moved Mr. Smith to Decatur as pastor of the church here. And so, we—Lib by this time was a student down there at Georgia State College for Women in Milledgeville. But when she had to come for vacations, weekends, vacations, holidays, she had to come to Decatur. And when she was in Decatur, I came to Decatur. So, we were married here in 1933 at the Methodist parsonage down on East Ponce de Leon at the corner of what is now Commerce Drive. By then I'd been out of school two years, and I was working for Dun & Bradstreet. They moved me around considerably, but we finally wound up in Columbia, South Carolina. And while I was there, I changed occupations; and I became an

agent and salesman for an insurance company. And that company in late 1945 offered me the sales territory here headquartered in Decatur.

Well, we were just delighted by that, because it would give us an opportunity to move to a small town that we already knew something about. The school system here was so excellent; it would be a wonderful place for our two children, and it had the advantages of being near--the cultural advantages of being near the big city. So, we jumped at the opportunity. But it was going to be nine years before we ever got to live in the city of Decatur. I bought a house here, but we developed title trouble and were never able to close. And so, we began to look for a place that we might could rent. And we found an apartment development under construction out at the corner of Clairmont Road and North Decatur Road and were promised an apartment there when it was completed. So, in February of 1946 we moved into the Montclair Apartments.

That corner was a very remote place in those days. The actual corner--the northwest corner there next to the apartments--was a ballfield and a playground for the children in the apartments. Across the street it was still all wooded; eventually they built the Emory Woods apartments over there, but it was a wooded area. On the corner where the Gulf station is now there was a home there, and there was a Texaco filling station on the other corner; and that's all that was there. But the people who lived in those apartments, all of us, I guess every one of us were living there waiting for the time that we could find and buy our own home. It might interest a little--fifty units in the Montclair Apartments, and it might be of interest to know a few of the people who were living there temporarily. George Dillard, who later became--who is today--later became county attorney and a very prominent attorney here--George Dillard, he was still an agent with the FBI; he was living there. Henry Sopkin, who was the first conductor for the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, lived there. Bill Whitaker, who is Dr. Bill Whitaker, a very well-known surgeon in Atlanta. He was doing his residency at Grady at that time. Ben Gilmer, who was with Southern Bell Telephone--he later became president of AT&T--was there. Dillard Mumford was out there. Dillard was trying to get his Mumford do-it-yourself stores started about that time. He'd never heard of Majik Market in those days. Frank Warnock, a treasurer at Rich's, was our nextdoor neighbor. And a man who turned out to be a dear friend and our family physician for many years, Dr. T. E. McGaughey [spelling?], was temporarily there.

We lived there ten and a half years before we bought a house on Conway Road, off of Columbia Drive--and there again, we were outside the city limits of Decatur. We were in the Hooper Alexander Elementary School district and the Avondale High School district out there. We still hadn't gotten to these good schools in Decatur. Our son Bill and our daughter Mary both went to Hooper Alexander and finished there. Bill went on and finished at Hooper Alexander

[sic]. But we did, though, get to move into Decatur in time for Mary to go to Decatur High School. We moved the summer before she entered the high school.

About that time, I decided—I was looking around, and I decided that it must be room in Decatur for another insurance agency. I looked, the place was growing, and it looked to me like those who were here had about all the business they wanted to handle. So, I set out to go into business for myself. And Mr. Jim [last name inaudible; starts with a B?] rented me the first office that I had in Decatur. That was upstairs, on the second floor—it was just a two-story building, of course—of the Decatur Building & Loan. Now, bear in mind, it was Decatur Building & Loan in those days. It became Decatur Federal later. Well, this little office, it was less than a hundred square feet, but it was right at the top of the steps, and the rent was \$17.50 a month [*audience laughter*]. I had a brother-in-law who had just gotten home from the Army and [inaudible] kinfolks helped me get some Army surplus stuff to start my office. I bought—let's see, I got two desks, three chairs, and a filing cabinet all for \$42.50 [*audience laughter*]. I already had a typewriter; I had an old Underwood. I already had my typewriter.

But that was a wonderful location. There was a lot going on around there in those days. Up on that floor there was another lawyer—lawyers up there. At the back end of the hall was Julius McCurdy's office. At that time Julius was the attorney for Decatur Building & Loan, he was the county attorney, he was the school board attorney, and he attracted a very quality clientele that was coming up and down those steps. And every one of them had to pass my door [*audience laughter*]. And I made it my business to be very cordial to them as they came by. I got acquainted with a lot of people there. I've been told that Decatur—they say Decatur's a cold place, and it's going to be very hard—it's clannish, clannish. It's going to be hard for you to break in out there. But I had an idea that if I tried to convince people that I wanted to become a part of this community, work in and be part of it, contribute to it, that they would eventually recognize me and then take me in. In the meantime, I wasn't taking any chances, though. I was calling on all these newcomers out on the outside of town. They didn't know these old agents around Decatur. So, I was building my business in that respect.

But about that time, I realized that every other insurance agency in Decatur was down on the street level, down on the ground floor somewhere. So, I decided if I was going to be a factor in things around here, I had to get down on the street level or the ground floor myself. So, about this time DeKalb County was building a new office building down on the corner of what was Herring Street at Herring and South McDonough—North McDonough. And I knew that the Water Works Department was there—they had an office here on the Court Square was going to move in there, so I thought that would just be an ideal spot for me if I could get it and to be there

right on the ground floor on the Courthouse Square, right in the middle of where things were going on in downtown Decatur. But there was a problem about that. In the first place, I didn't know the man who owned the building. And in the second place, he was in jail on a murder charge [*audience reaction*]. So, I wanted that place so bad, though, I just went over there and introduced myself to him, and I said, "I want that office over there. I'd love to have that place." Well, in due time the Water Works moved out, and I moved in. The landlord was acquitted [*audience laughter*], and we moved on with it. I had a little problem, though. The rent over there was \$110 a month, and bridging the gap from \$17.50 to \$110 was considerable. But I had the good fortune to find a contractor who paid me \$55 a month for space I didn't need anyway. And, of course, that helped out a whole lot.

But I just couldn't wait to advertise that I was right in the middle of things here, you know. So, I ran an ad in the paper: "Our new location, 110 Atlanta Avenue." But I'd seen this expression, and I used it: "On the Square in Decatur." Two or three days later Harold Smith, who owned Smith Hardware, called me up and said, "Well! I see you're on the Square over there!" So, I got really excited—you know, man, this is working. It is working. He said, "About the only way most of them folks over there can get on the Square is to move on it" [*audience laughter*]. I never used that expression again. He broke me from that that one time. I never, ever used it again.

Well, a year or two later I got a real break: they made traffic around the Courthouse Square in Decatur one way. And everybody that came down West Court Square had to look right in my office. I had about a fifteen-foot sign across the top of the building that gave me exactly what I wanted, name recognition. But the problem was that some of the older families around here kind of began to wonder about my background, what kind of Anderson are you? There was a man here in Decatur who was well-known and well-liked, affectionately known as "Uncle Tom" Anderson. And he owned a swimming pool down at the pool at Church Street, which is now Glen Lake Park. And some of the people around here, I heard later, said that they thought I was related to him. Then there was a Frank Anderson, and Frank was the registrar and the baseball coach out at Oglethorpe University. And he had five boys, five sons, every one of whom was a good athlete. They were extremely well-known, so I heard that people said, "Well, he must be one of Frank's boys." Well, both of these families were well-known, had a good reputation, and I just never went out of my way to tell anybody any different [*audience laughter*]. If anybody asked me, I'd say, "No, I'm not related." But I took some advice from my father-in-law that he gave to a young Methodist preacher one time. He said, "You must always tell the truth, always tell the truth. But you don't always have to tell it all" [*audience laughter*].

So, in those days, in the later '40s and the early '50s, Decatur was really, truly a bedroom community. Most of the people out here worked in Atlanta and rode the five-cent streetcar. But there was a lot of community pride, civic pride. The civic clubs, all but one out here, met at night. And I was real pleased and delighted to be invited to join the Lions Club, which was a nighttime club and had already contributed a great deal to this community. They were the first people who later sponsored the first schoolboy safety patrol in the state of Georgia. Now, if you hear me say "schoolboy safety patrol," in those days little girls were busy being little girls. They were not trying to get on the safety patrol. But then the Lions Club, they'd also bought the first uniforms for the Decatur High School marching band. I was delighted to be involved with them, an organization like that.

One of my early memories of being in the Lions Club was when the club as a whole was sponsoring a movement for the city of Decatur to surrender the ninety-nine-year contract they had with the Georgia Power Company to supply a five-cent-fare streetcar out here. Georgia Power Company says, "If you will release us from that contract, we will supply you with—we will put out here the new trackless trolleys." They were quieter, more comfortable, and so forth. And so, the Lions Club involved in that and trying to sponsor the movement and all, and it was eventually accomplished. But in the following years, I guess I got involved in many affairs like that. Anything that I thought was for the well-being and improvement of the community, I always had the feeling that if the community would grow and prosper, so would I. And it was not like the president of General Motors. You may recall some years ago the president of General Motors made the statement, "What's good for General Motors is good for the United States." Well, he was then criticized for that, and rightly so. I think it's the other way around. And so that was the attitude that I had about the community work.

One of the first things I did when I started out here was to join the Chamber of Commerce. I thought everybody in business ought to belong to the Chamber of Commerce. So, I marched off down to 124 Atlanta Avenue and paid my ten dollars annual fees and joined the Chamber of Commerce. Well, the chamber obviously couldn't prosper too long under that rate structure in those days. So as the county began to grow and it became evident that it was going to be more of a business-oriented organization, it was decided for the chamber to launch a membership drive and fundraising campaign. And Art Austin, who was president of [inaudible—sounds like "Sotheby"??] Parks Corporation, with offices here in Decatur, he and I were named cochairmen of that drive. And we found a man up in north Fulton County who was a professional in these membership drives and fundraising activities, and he agreed to come and do it for us. We wanted to raise—at that time the chamber budget was \$12,000. Well, we

wanted to raise a \$25,000 budget. The only problem was the man wanted \$18,000 to do the job [audience laughter]. But we said, "Well, so what? We raise it, that's fine. If we don't, we won't. What we've got now is not working too well." So, we just kind of shot the works, and we wound up increasing our membership to something, I think, 350 or 400 members and more than a \$25,000 budget. I know I was looking at some figures the other day, and five years from then the chamber's budget was \$58,000; and I don't guess it's ever been any less since.

One day in 1958 Cliff Morgan, who owned the [inaudible] Dry Cleaning plant here and was on the city commission, came by my office and told me that Dr. Redding, who was amazed—Redding, who owned the drugstore at East Lake—that Dr. Redding, [inaudible first name or title? Sounds like "Mayor"?] Redding, wanted to appoint me to the Decatur Housing Authority. Well, as far as I knew, the only thing the Housing Authority did in those days was look after the two hundred-unit public housing project down here. It was managed by a CPA, so I couldn't imagine there being anything, any problem, there. So was glad to accept one more place, one more job. But it wasn't long before I discovered how naïve I had been. Unbeknownst to me, several months before that, the city had already made an application to the Federal Government for the funds to get the money for a—get these words—"general neighborhood redevelopment plan." Now, that's what you and I call Urban Renewal. So, there they were. And they said that, if they got the money, the plan would be administered by the Decatur Housing Authority. So, there we were in the Urban Renewal business.

Well, Urban Renewal was important [inaudible; audience member sneezes]. The central business district here was just about to dry up and blow away. The residential area over on Beacon Hill was—well, just to be blunt about it, it was mostly a slum. And it needed renewing. It needed to be cleared out. So, I got enthused over that. Well, last September I retired as chairman of the Decatur Housing Authority after serving on it for thirty years. But in the meantime, I'm sure that what we did in those days, what we accomplished, had a whole lot to do—I know it did—laying the groundwork for this building activity expansion that you see around Decatur today.

Let me give you this—I'm not going to bore you with figures, but I want to give you four, four figures. The way you do this Urban Renewal is you buy the property from the owners. Of course, you have the power of condemnation, but we didn't condemn the [inaudible] property. Most people voluntarily sold it to us. You buy the property, you clear all the buildings, you do whatever you need to do—new streets, new sewerage and water and whatever utilities—you do all of that. Then you sell it to somebody to redevelop. And they had a lot of strings tied to the redevelopment. So here are the figures of what we did in those years. We acquired 315 parcels

of property. We relocated 395 families. We relocated eighty-one businesses. And we demolished 411 structures. Now, all the property that we took over under Urban Renewal was paying the city of Decatur \$60,049 a year in taxes. Now, today, we've got the new courthouse, we've got the parking deck in back of it. We've got the new county administration building—the red-brick building that they bought down there. The Decatur High School campus was enlarged by about six or seven acres. And all those things don't—none of those pay any taxes. And even with that, the other property that went into Urban Renewal, in 1989 will pay the city of Decatur \$487,965 in taxes—in other words, ten times over. And when Swanton Hill development is completed, that'll pay at least another \$100,000. So, what we're talking about is \$600,000 in taxes that formerly produced sixty [sic—means “sixty thousand”?], and not only that, all the good things that we have to go with it.

I want to talk a little bit about how it was to be living in Decatur in those days. The pace was slow. Just about everybody knew everybody. There wasn't any crime of consequence in Decatur. Decatur and DeKalb County both had a reputation of being pretty tough on violators. I remember one time Clarence Beaver told me when he was assistant solicitor, they called him from down at the Fulton County solicitor's office and said that they had arrested a man down there who'd been burglarizing houses up and down Moreland Avenue. But whether you know it or not, half of—the west of Moreland Avenue is in Fulton County; the east side is in DeKalb County. So, this fellow had confessed to burglarizing a house, and he was working both sides of the street. So, Clarence went down to see, to talk to him, and the fellow said, “What are you doing in here? I've already talked to this crowd down here.”

And he said, “Did you burglarize House number so-and-so?”

He said, “Yeah.”

He said, “Well, those houses are in DeKalb County. And I'm from the DeKalb Solicitor's office. That's why I'm here.”

He said this fellow said, “Oh, God, boss. I didn't mean to get in DeKalb County!”
[audience laughter].

Decatur was some nice place to live. There were two movie theaters here in the '40s. Any idea? Two movies. Was one over here by where Buck's Restaurant is now, the restaurant over there. There was another one over there next to the Decatur Building and Loan Building on McDonough. There were three drugstores right here on the square. The one that I knew the best was next to that office over there; it was Scott's Drugstore. And Scott's Drugstore was a wonderful gathering place every morning for the lawyers who had offices in the two-story buildings that were down on McDonough. They would come in there every morning for coffee

and the gossip. And you didn't need a newspaper; you could learn everything that was going on by going to Scott's Drugstore. I know, I see Richard [inaudible—sounds like "Babb"?]. And I remember Richard used to be one of those regular attendees at coffee at Scott's Drugstore every morning.

And in the '50s we had a radio station here in Decatur—WGLS. It was upstairs over Scott's Drugstore and my office over there. WGLS, "the world's greatest little station" [*audience laughter*]. And it produced some pretty good little stars. Do you remember—some of you I know remember Ruth Kent, who later had a women's program on Channel 2, the television. Ruth was on the staff at WGLS. [Inaudible—sounds like "Alison Baldo"?], who's been a very prominent sportscaster and the voice of Georgia Tech for lo, these many years, he was at this station. They also had some hillbilly bands. You know, you couldn't tape shows in those days. And when anybody that came out of radio—they were live. And so, there were several hillbilly country music bands around here that traveled out, would come back in and do live shows over WGLS. Now, I guess that's where our son Bill got his first taste of the radio business and country music. I know when he was a little boy, he'd go up there, and they'd let him sit over in the corner. Didn't have a chair, he just sat on the floor over in the corner, and he listened to Cowboy Jack and Dwayne [spelling?] Sheriff and his Deputies and all those hillbilly folks; and he was absolutely mesmerized. He just couldn't imagine anything any more wonderful than being there around all those pickers and singers.

Well, Decatur—Mary finally got to Decatur High after all those years I've been talking about. Decatur High School was a wonderful school. Over eighty percent of the boys and girls graduated there and went on to college. They had a great football team, basketball team. They had a swimming team; Mary got involved in it, and it turned out to be a great thing for her. She went around over the Southeast in swimming meets all over the area and accumulated lots of medals and ribbons and trophies and so forth. But it was just great being part of a small town. And I think the children in the high school, they felt a part of the community.

They had a very famous court trial here, right here in this building, in those days. Some of you may remember Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Gray worked for some doctors here, and she had embezzled some money. And she had made the front page and the headlines of the Atlanta papers for days. When she finally realized that they were closing in on her, she gathered up all the money she could get, and she had been buying, with some of this money she'd been enjoying, she'd been buying show dogs. And she had dogs that she would carry to these shows and get them to win ribbons and all that, you know. So, she gathered up her show dogs—a truckload of them, and took her pink Cadillac, and she took off up what is now Interstate 85 up

toward Charlotte, North Carolina, up in there. But they eventually caught her and brought her back and tried her. And it was a very extremely well-publicized trial.

And Mary and some of her friends down at Decatur High School, they just couldn't stand it. They knew that trial was going on up here at the courthouse, and there they were down there at school. So, one day between classes Mary and one of her other friends just snuck out down at the high school and came up here and sat in the courthouse listening to that trial. Well, somebody saw them leave, and the next morning they were called in to the principal's office. And I know they didn't punish them severely, I know—I don't know what they did with them, it wasn't much. But I've always appreciated Carl Renfro, what he did. And I told Carl later, I said, "I appreciate the fact that you wasn't so severe with Mary and her little friend."

And he said, "Well, I expect what they saw and heard up there would do them more good than anything [rest inaudible because of *audience laughter*]."

Well, Mary was telling me the other day about thumbing a ride with a police car, one day, several of them on a hot day like today, maybe a little hotter. They were walking home from Decatur High School. A police car was coming down the street, and they just got out and thumbed them, and the police stopped and asked them where they were going, talked to them a little bit, and carried every one of them home. Now, can you imagine that going on? No way that could happen today, as you well know.

Well, the final thing I want to talk about is politics. My first experience in politics in DeKalb County was one day when John Wesley Weeks, an attorney here, came to my office and asked me if I would go and help them open a reelection campaign office for Congressman James C. Davis. He was the longest [sic—longest-serving?] judge and always was the longest [sic] judge, even though he was in Congress. So, he said, "I tell you, they got office over there on Ponce de Leon over there on the south side of the court square. If you'll go over there and put in a couple of hours a day, it'll be a big help." Well, anybody that's ever been in a political campaign knows you don't work two hours a day; you work ten hours a day and fourteen hours a day, and I was pretty soon just up to my eyeballs in that campaign. And I could sneak back over to my office at night and do my insurance paperwork over there.

But I enjoyed it, and I got involved in politics around here. The judge was a very interesting man. He was ultra-ultra conservative. And I've heard him described as having been to the right of Genghis Khan and all kinds of things that they've called him and said about him. But some of his friends used to say, "I think the judge cherishes some of his enemies." He had a lot of them, but his campaigns were always exciting and interesting anyway. Well, not long after that somebody asked me to be treasurer of that campaign. And I remember who it was pretty

much, one, because pretty soon I got another invitation to be campaign treasurer for somebody. And before I knew it, over the years I was handling campaign funds for several candidates from time to time.

We had some very interesting personalities in politics here in those days, some of them that I remember very distinctly. Of course, the two strong leaders in DeKalb County in those days—in the late '40s and the '50s, were Scott Candler, who was a one-man county government, and Jim Cherry, who was superintendent of schools. Scott had a knack for getting other people to sort of propose and ask for things that he thought should be done. And when a group would finally go to him and ask him to do it, he agreed to do what he wanted to do in the beginning. He was very crafty at that. Jim didn't quite do it that way. He had his school board, and he could work through his school board. He'd get his school board to propose plans sometimes, and they would get it done. He was a wonderful administrator, and I hope that one of these days, before too long, when this foundation for this building is complete for this Historical Society, I hope we are going to have a Jim Cherry Room here to display his memorabilia, artifacts, and all that went with it [rest inaudible].

Another person we had here who created a little disturbance in politics—interest, rather, was Jim Mackay. Jim was in the Legislature. He and Richard [last name inaudible—could be Babb?], Mel Turner, Pierre Howard, and others served as members of the House of Representatives from DeKalb County. Jim a lot of times was ahead of his time, but most of the things that he proposed in those days have finally become a reality. And I remember one time he introduced a bill to change the way you vote. Up to this time, when you went to the polls to vote, they'd list an office for whatever the office was, like sheriff, and they'd list the names of the people under there that were candidates. And you'd take a pencil, and you'd scratch out every name except the one you wanted to vote for. Well, Jim introduced a bill that you would--to rearrange it; you would vote for somebody. I remember Ernest Johnson, who spent many years around the courthouse here. He said that's the craziest bill he ever heard of. He said, "People don't go to the polls to vote for somebody. They vote to vote against somebody" [*audience laughter*].

Another one of our political characters around here that attracted me a lot was Mel Turner, the undertaker. Mel ran against Jim Mackay one time and defeated him. And I remember one morning over at the Decatur Building and Loan building [inaudible—sounds like "Doe"?] Cobb, one of the Cobb brothers, lawyers here, was leaning up against the building in the shade, puffing on his pipe over there, and somebody says, "You know, I'm worried about old Mel. I'm afraid he's going to get beat."

And [Doe?] puffed away and said, “Aw, don’t worry about Mel. He’ll be all right. You know, everybody loves the undertaker” [*audience laughter*].

I told Jim Mackay that story one time. Just a few years ago, I told him about it. He said, “That’s the hardest thing I’ve ever had to compete with in my life. I remember a man came up to me one day and said, ‘Mackay, I like you, and I’ve always voted for you. But this time I can’t vote for you. I’m going to have to vote for Mel Turner. You know, he buried my father” [*audience laughter*].

Mel was a very difficult fellow to pin down. I guess that’s the reason he stayed in office so long. You go talk to Mel about something, a bill that was up in the Legislature or something—he was mayor of Decatur and then in the state Senate at the same time—but you go talk to him, and he’d talk all the way around what you wanted to talk about. And when you left, after you’d gone, all of sudden you realize well, what’d he say? You know, I was wondering what he was going to do. He was great at it. He kept out of conflicts and so forth. They used to tell a story around here about a lady, said, “I dreamed last night that Mel Turner had died. And I went down to the funeral home to pay my respects. There was a lady standing by the casket looking at him and said, ‘Don’t he look neutral?’” [*audience laughter*].

Clark Harrison was another I always admired tremendously. Clark did more from a wheelchair than a lot of good, able-bodied men do. He ran for office several times and was defeated a time or two and was elected a time or two, finally chairman of the DeKalb Commission. I remember at one of the races he was running with, we were out here at a political rally somewhere. And he was running for chairman, and he motioned and asked me to come over. And I went over there to him, and he says, “I want to ask you something. If I come in second, how much will that pay?” [*audience laughter*]. That’s the kind of humor that Clark had.

Charlie [spelling--Embry? Emery? Emory?] was probably the best administrator that DeKalb County government ever had. I was real close to Charlie. I was treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce when he was president of it. I was his campaign treasurer for both of his races—the one he won, and the one he lost. But he had plans for a second term, had he been elected. It was his intention to try to convert this county government to the county manager form. It would take two years to do it—get the legislation through and all—but he intended to resign. If they wanted to elect him county manager, all right; if they didn’t, that’s going to be all right, too. But that wasn’t to be, and he was not reelected. I think the thing that happened to Charlie was he got too busy doing big things and may have neglected the little things, and that seems to be what politics is [*inaudible*].

We had a lady handle our advertising and public relations in the [Emery?] campaigns who had one of the best political minds of anybody I ever met. She had a sixth sense about politics that is very rare. Her name was Helen Fuller. Helen handled all the campaigns for Bill Hartsfield, who was mayor, when he was mayor of Atlanta. She ran every one of his campaigns. She handled Ivan Allen's campaign. She was a real pro at that business. I think I'll close on a remark that Helen made one time. It was in the second [Emery?] campaign. And one afternoon things were not going well, and we knew it. And so, we had what you call it—politicians call--a strategy meeting, I guess, down at the Decatur Federal Building. And we'd been there, wringing our hands and pacing the floor in frustration, trying to determine what in the world could we do to get this thing off this. It wasn't moving. Well, after about two hours of that, nothing had really been settled. We broke up, and we started—and I walked with Helen to the elevator. As we were standing in the elevator lobby, she turned to me, and she said, "You know, Jim, saving the world is a full-time occupation" [*audience laughter*]. Well, she's right. One of us has been trying for a long time, and I don't know that any of us has succeeded. All we can do is just keep on trying [*audience applause*]. [*JA takes a sip of water and sits down.*]

MODERATOR, *rising*: We have a couple of minutes for questions.

JA: Yeah

MODERATOR: If you want to ask any questions. If not, we'll have some refreshments in the Superior Courtroom. I think probably we can go ahead and move into the big courtroom, if you'll lead the way. [*Audio and video recording stop, but recording continues for about three more minutes of onscreen static.*]

END OF RECORDING

Transcribed by Claudia Stucke