Will New Bridge Build Better Connections?

By Sally Sears

Carol Long lives a block off Briarcliff Road. She is a nurse practitioner in an office less than two miles away on Briarcliff Road. Walk to work? Ride a bicycle? Not a chance. She drives to work because she says she has to. She blames increasing traffic and the absence of safe sidewalks or bicycle lanes on Briarcliff.

“It will only get worse unless we push for better solutions,” she told a committee of neighbors meeting since January to find ways to improve neighborhood connections.

Carol fears Briarcliff Road traffic will worsen when the Georgia Department of Transportation begins the process of replacing the aging bridge over the South Fork of Peachtree Creek starting in 15 months in late fall of 2020.

Plans to make better connectivity part of the G-DOT bridge project won support from a collection of neighborhood groups meeting monthly since January 2019. The South Fork Conservancy led the brainstorming with representatives from DHCA, Emory Village, Victoria Estates and the Briar Hills neighborhood.

Carol Long went house to house, finding people unaware of the bridge project and eager for trails and sidewalks linking them to Sage Hill shopping center, Emory, Peavine Creek and the CDC. Over a hundred homes surveyed on Anita Place, Carol Lane, Briar Hills Drive and Poplar Grove Drive were enthusiastic about safer connections and off-road trails to Emory and downstream to Herbert Taylor Park. Six months of meetings led the group to adopt these three ideas:

1. Create an attractive and safe surface storm water retention area which can be used as a green space park and trail, similar to the Old Fourth Ward park in Atlanta. Commissioner Jeff Rader is asking DeKalb Parks to move this project forward.

2. Build access from the bridge corners to the new park and trails along the South Fork of Peachtree Creek. G-DOT consultants say they are considering how to connect at least one corner of the bridge to trails underneath.

3. Build sidewalks and cycle lanes along Briarcliff Road, from North Decatur Road to Johnson Road. DeKalb County traffic engineers say this project is included in the current T-SPLOST funding.

Druid Hills Civic Association’s Board of Directors voted unanimously in favor of the proposals in May.

Sally Sears is the founding executive director of South Fork Conservancy.
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Our Mission.

Decatur

804 Clairemont Avenue
4 BD | 3 BA
$800,000

Druid Hills

1354 The By Way
6 BD | 5.5 BA
$1,150,500

Morningside

1265 Mclynn Avenue
5 BD | 4 BA
$899,000

Virginia Highland

1320 Briarwood Drive
4 BD | 3 BA
$675,000

Natalie Gregory & Co.
m. 404.373.0076
o. 404.668.6621
natalie.gregory@compass.com
f | @nataliegregoryandco
NatalieGregory.com
President’s Corner
By Kit Eisterhold

It was the middle of the night on a Sunday, a little over a week before the 4th of July. And like the Grinch that Stole Christmas, a duo caught on a homeowner’s grainy security camera footage came along and yanked up virtually all of the hundreds of American flags I had set out along the route for the neighborhood 4th of July Parade. Some were found in garbage cans or dumped on the side of the road. Most were just gone.

WSB sent out a news crew and briefly interviewed myself and Phil and Caroline Moise, the parade’s organizers for the last 30 years or so. As I stood on the side of Oakdale and thanked the TV crew for coming, a big burley guy in a jacked up SUV drove by yelling profanity at the media crew as he peeled off down the street.

It reminded me of that old saying: “No good deed goes unpunished.” Despite my sagging morale, I set about setting up the flags all along the parade route for a second time — like Sisyphus, only sweatier. Occasionally a driver would slow down to thank me, ask me for a flag, or tell me he was proud of what I was doing.

Thanks in no small part to the WSB story running on the local news, we had a record turnout for the parade this year. And the news crew returned to cover the parade, which added to the excitement provided by the fire engine, the police, the band, and all the kids decked out in their 4th of July regalia. The flags flapping in the breeze lining the parade route added a nice touch too.

It was a great 4th of July, finished off with beer and barbecue with friends and fireworks just after sunset. It was one of the best I can remember.

But it all made me think about the polarizing times we live in marked by permanently hacked-off partisanship and declining standards of political expression. Maybe these modern day Grinches had taken down my flags as a political statement. Maybe they see it as a symbol of oppression or they view it as a symbol that has been exploited for partisan reasons.

Continued on page 5
President’s Column ...continued from page 3

purposes.

I still love the flag and have a deep seated upwelling of positive emotions when I see it waving. I still see it is a symbol of all that is good in America. A symbol of Freedom. The freedom of speech. The freedom of religion. The freedom to dissent.

When I think of freedom, I always think of Justice Jackson, and his landmark opinion in Barnette, in which the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the Constitutional right of a persecuted religious minority to refuse to stand for the Pledge of Allegiance. He wrote: “If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein.”

Written in the midst of a World War that would take the lives of hundreds of thousands of Americans, at a time when Europe, Asia, and the Middle East were overrun by America’s enemies, and at a time when the national security of United States was threatened in a manner scarcely comparable to what we face today, I find the opinion remarkable. It restores my faith in our country’s commitment to freedom every time I think of it.

I keep that fixed star firmly in mind, even when I stand for the flag. If you don’t stand for the flag, I respect that too. It’s a free country. It’s your right. But if you are out there, (the Grinch I mean) please don’t tear down my flags. I work hard to display them. They mean a lot to me.

I hope, someday, you will find that meaning too.

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DEADLINES

The Druid Hills News is mailed to be received in homes during the second week of the month of the issue. The following are the deadlines for each of the next year’s Druid Hills News issues:

December 2019 Issue
Articles deadline – November 1, 2019.

March 2020 issue
Articles deadline - February 1, 2020

June 2020 issue
Articles deadline – May 1, 2020

September 2020 issue
August 1, 2020

CONTRIBUTORS

Editor: Jennifer J. Richardson
Managing Editor: Fran Putney

We gratefully acknowledge the writers and contributors for this issue.

WRITERS/CONTRIBUTORS:
Angela Cassidy, Anne Dukes, Kit Eisterhold, Andrew Keenan, Ellen Meshnick, Jennifer Richardson, Thea Roeser, Sally Sears, Alida Silverman, Lynn Speno, Anne Wallace and Emily Webb

YARD SALE

SEPTEMBER 21, 2019 • 9 AM - 2 PM

Shop or sell your stuff with the community yard sale on Saturday, Sept. 21 9 am – 2 pm. Sellers’ $25 registration fee. For more information: https://druidhills.org/events
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Teaching to the Goodness Within Every Child
PreK3 - 8th Grade

The Friends School of Atlanta (FSA), nearby in Decatur, offers an exceptional academic program with individualized instruction every step of the way. Joyful learners come together in small, diverse classes where they gain the confidence to become their best selves as students and engaged citizens.

FSA is still accepting applications for the 2019-2020 school year; class space permitting. To learn more about the values-based education that supports student success visit our website – friendschoolatlanta.org. Or to schedule a tour, contact Alvanita Hope-Negron, Director of Admissions, at anegron@friendsschoolatlanta.org; 404-373-8746 x8132.

The Friends School
of Atlanta

862 Columbia Drive, Decatur, GA 30030
404-373-8746 • friendsschoolatlanta.org
Druid Hills Parent Network Update

By Emily Webb

When we re-started the Parent Network after it had been dormant for a number of years, we weren’t sure what form the group would take. We wanted a way to connect with other families in the neighborhood while exploring the spaces and activities our community has to offer. After a year of talking to parents and planning events, we have decided to create age-specific playgroups for families with children under 3 years (and expectant parents!), while gathering the whole network together for two bigger events each year: in the fall and in the spring.

The playgroups will allow parents and children in similar phases to plan events that suit their needs and capabilities, as the members of each group can determine the timing, frequency and location of their gatherings. The twice-a-year, all-network events will enable us to focus our time and resources on larger and more inclusive events for neighborhood families.

To sign up for a playgroup (or multiple groups if you have more than one kiddo), please visit http://bit.ly/dhplaygroup.

We welcome your feedback on this change and ideas for the playgroups and all-network events. Please email us (Ginger Ann Hughes and Emily Webb, Parent Network co-leads) at parents@druidhills.org to sign up for our distribution list. Stay tuned for details about our fall event!

A reminder from DHCA Public Safety Committee:

Please remember to clear out your cars and remind visitors to do the same. Advise landscaping services and contractors to secure their tools and equipment. Make arrangements to have your packages delivered when you’re home or to a secure location.

In summary--don’t leave bait for crooks!
The Power of the Sun

By Lynn Speno

The power available in the sun is immense. Think of all the different ways that the sun heats and lights our world. It dries our clothes if we hang them outside; it helps plants grow; it can heat water; it can power a car; it provides natural light to go about our daily tasks; if collected with solar panels, it can provide electricity to a home. Did you know it can also cook food?

This past June, in Glenn Memorial’s Vacation Bible School (VBS), the children explored To Mars and Beyond: Explore Where God’s Power Can Take You! With this outer space theme, money raised at VBS, just over $2500, helped fund a United Methodist solar ovens project. There was a cooking demonstration with a solar oven and a youth-written script and a play highlighting the importance of solar ovens to those in third-world countries.

The oven project is based in the Dakotas Conference of the United Methodist Church. Volunteers build the components of solar ovens that will be shipped to the Dominican Republic. Volunteers then travel overseas, assemble the ovens on site, and teach the recipients how to use them. These ovens have proved invaluable in providing clean “free” fuel to cook with, thus eliminating further deforestation in those countries where land erosion causes mudslides. The ovens are also a health benefit as women no longer have to inhale wood smoke on a daily basis. An environmental win for all involved!

For more information on this mission, visit solaroventpartnersumc.org. $150 covers the entire cost of the oven from building materials to shipping and training! All donations go directly to the program and puts the United Methodist Church on the ground as God’s hands and feet, serving and caring for others.

Druid Hills Civitan Takes Note

By Jennifer J. Richardson

In July, the Druid Hills Civitan Club invited me to attend a piano recital they were sponsoring at Druid Hills Golf Club. I was told the pianist was a young man of exceptional skill. During a delicious luncheon, I looked around the room to see if I could spot the new artist. Someone pointed out a Chinese youngster who I observed alternately squirming in his chair, playing with an iPhone, eating his lunch and stacking up several cookies.

Soon, William Zhang was introduced by his parents. As they spoke, William darted around the room, filled with enthusiasm and excitement—seeming like a carefree youngster exploring the large space. He wore shorts and a striped golf shirt, knee socks and dark shoes. He was small and looked too diminutive to even reach the pedals of the nearby grand piano.

Then he sat down to play. Suddenly, he was still and quiet. He lifted his hands above the keys with a flourish, hesitated a moment and then played Mozart, Schubert, Bach and Chopin. The pieces were ones I did not learn until in my 20s.

William won the First Winner of Judges’ Distinction Award across age groups 5 up to 56 at the American Protégé International Piano and String Competition in 2019. This year on March 31, William made his Carnegie Hall debut and his Emory University debut on April 4. William is seven years old.

I thought William might sit at the keyboard and pound out Bach Inventions and the Minute Waltz with great speed, but without the subtle nuances of retardandos, dynamics, and phrasing. I felt him too young to fill his music with passion, pathos and joy. I was wrong. He performed as if he’d had miles of lessons and competitions behind him. As a professional musician, I was dumbstruck by William’s performance.

William began his interest in piano at the age of one year. He began serious study at the age of four and a half. William has an incredible gift, which cannot be explained. Neither of his parents is musical. William told me he doesn’t have perfect pitch. He has no interest in learning a string or wind instrument. “The piano is it for me,” he told me with enthusiasm. He told me he looks at his hands and plays the patterns he’s memorized. He loves piano, but he also likes his iPhone, playing games with friends, correcting his Chinese parents’ English, composing music and writing books.

Standing and chatting with William, I felt I was witnessing the early blossoming of a musical giant. I was honored. Remember the name William Zhang, because you will hear about him again.
Sixty years ago, Flora Glenn Candler moved out of her 27,000-square-foot home situated on 30 acres in Druid Hills, two years after her husband, Charles Howard Candler, passed away. The Candlers raised two children in the house and their daughter, Mary, later raised her family of three children in the house as well.

It’s no surprise that the “house” Flora’s family all lived in for 39 years is now known as Callanwolde Fine Arts Center. As we prepare for the Callanwolde’s 100th anniversary next year, we have been collecting old photos and other artifacts to display. The display will include some very interesting things we recently found tucked away in the attic.

We’ve also put a lot of effort into sprucing up the estate. Thanks to recent donations, the interior of the mansion has been carefully painted (imagine removing 99 years of paint!). Our Formal Gardens, which lead to the outdoor Amphitheater, also look particularly beautiful, courtesy of our wonderful Master Gardeners. They even gave our wolde (woods) some much needed love and replaced English ivy with wildflowers.

It’s nice to know that even though the Candler family may no longer live at Callanwolde, their descendants and thousands of new families are still able to enjoy the estate. If you’ve never ventured over or it’s been awhile, consider taking a class. We also have several sure to be “memorable” special events coming up that you will not want to miss.

We are preparing for Callanwolde’s 100th Anniversary

By Andrew Keenan

Emory as Place

Emory University historian, Dr. Gary S. Hauk has a new book that is now available. *Emory as Place* is a history of the land, buildings, programs, culture and students at Emory throughout the years. Published by the University of Georgia Press, the book is filled with photos of the university. Emory University President Dr. Claire Sterk wrote the foreword to Dr. Hauk’s book. It is available at the Emory Village Barnes and Noble Bookstore and other fine book sellers, on Amazon and via UGA Press (ugapress.com). Congratulations to Dr. Hauk for this accomplishment.
I’ve become accustomed to seeing deer killed on the highways of North Georgia, but a deer in one link of the Olmsted Park was both highly unusual and very sad. In June, a White Tailed buck was struck by a car and found dead in Dellwood. DeKalb Commissioner Jeff Rader helped OLPA Director Sandra Kruger by having someone in the county remove the buck’s body.

The White Tailed deer (*Odocoileus virginianus*) is native to North America. The name “White Tailed” comes from the white fur underneath the species’ tail—which can be seen when the deer runs.

It would have been impossible for a deer to be in Olmsted’s Linear Park when it was being built—around 1890-1905. That’s because the last White Tailed deer in north Georgia was killed in Fannin County in 1895 by a hunter named Abe Woody. Deer had been eliminated from Georgia by hunters. Arthur Woody was 10 when he claimed to have seen his father kill the last deer in north Georgia. It made a profound impression on the boy.

Arthur Woody, born in 1884 in Suches, Georgia, got an early start working for what became the U.S. Forest Service. Woody rose through the ranks and became a District Manager and one of only two rangers in the woods of north Georgia. Woody was a conservationist who felt that forests needed to be managed and preserved by the Federal Government. He constantly asked the Feds to purchase more forest land. In 1927, Woody bought a herd of White Tailed deer, using his own money, and re-introduced them to north Georgia. He also used his own money to purchase 175 acres near Georgia 180 known as Sosebee Cove. Today, an interpretive sign at the cove tells the story of Ranger Woody.

By 1940, the population of White Tail deer was so large that Georgia authorized the first hunting season since 1900. Ranger Woody was happy that his herds of deer had increased enough to once again allow hunting, but he was saddened each time an animal came in to the registration station, for he knew many deer by sight and even gave names to some of them.

Woodo was an iconoclast. He refused to wear the government-issued ranger uniform—opting instead for unbuttoned pants held up by suspenders and a half-buttoned shirt. He often went barefoot. He finagled ways to extract money from the Government to build structures and roads in the Chattahoochee National Forest. He helped lay out the portion of the Appalachian Trail between Blood and Black Mountains. He built four lakes around Suches and cleaned up the streams which were filled with debris and silt after extensive logging in the 1920s. He began a program to stock native brook trout, and introduced rainbow and brown trout into Georgia’s streams. He organized a fire prevention plan and even fought forest fires when they occurred. One of his many sayings was, “Do what needs to be done and get permission later.” Throughout it all, he remained a conservationist and protector of our natural resources, just as OLPA remains conservationists of the Linear Park. Woody died in Suches in 1946. The White Tailed deer he reintroduced to north Georgia have outlived him by over 90 years. I’d like to think that the unfortunate buck in Dellwood was a distant relative of Woody’s first herd back in 1927. In any event, Woody remains a role model for those of us who honor, preserve, maintain and protect the Olmsted Linear Park and the plants and wildlife that reside within.

Notes: Since the White Tail deer is now in Druid Hills, be mindful that this creature is host to the black-legged tick, which causes Lyme disease.

Black Mountain is located at Woody Gap on highway 60. Blood Mountain is located at Neal’s Gap, also known as Walasi-Yi on highway 19. Both are north of Dahlonega. Suches is 16 miles north of Dahlonega on highway 60. Sosebee Cove is on highway 180 that runs between Suches and US 19.
By Jennifer J. Richardson

Though he may not have known it at the time, Gary Smith was the right man at the right time to lead the Druid Hills Civic Association, for which he served as president. An attorney by profession and law professor at Emory, Gary had recently moved to Druid Hills with his wife Janie. Gary was young, energetic and no-nonsense, had the intellect and desire to be of community service. Civic Association stalwarts such as Woody Perry and Col. Hogan had been involved in DHCA for years and were getting old and tired. Gary represented new blood, a new vision, and a new perspective on problem-solving. And that last attribute would be needed and sorely tested.

When Gary became president of DHCA, the neighborhood was under siege. Not only was the DOT proposing the Presidential Parkway, but developers were circling around Ponce de Leon like vultures, hoping to cash in on Ponce's Apartment-Limited (high rise) zoning. In addition, Fernbank Museum was on its way, the Great Park was being planned and Paideia School was being expanded. There was no historic zoning, and Olmsted Linear Park Alliance couldn’t help, because it didn’t yet exist. The Olmsted Parks Society of Atlanta was just beginning its long fight to save the parks and to stop the road. Some even said that the DHCA itself couldn’t help because some of its members were willing to “sell out” everything south of Ponce if the rest of Druid Hills could be preserved.

Gary would have none of it. And one reason was because he lived south of Ponce in a home that had been abandoned and left in ruins as it awaited development of condos on the site. With the help of close neighbors on South Ponce and Hardendorf Avenue (which was to have been run from its dead-end through where the house stood and onto S. Ponce), the condos were defeated, and Gary and Janie moved into a home which they lovingly restored. Along the way, they were joined by son George (Lanny) Smith.

In addition to his work at Emory and on torts, medical malpractice, legal liability associated with vaccines, and confidentiality, Gary served on several advisory panels at the local and national level—especially with the Public Health Service, National Institutes of Health and the CDC. With DHCA, Gary faced and solved problems of land use, zoning, construction of Lullwater Estates Condominiums, Fernbank Museum rezoning and construction, a proposed pedestrian bridge between one of the links of the linear park and Fernbank, expansion of the University Inn, many issues impacting Druid Hills by Emory University, a proposed Ronald McDonald house at the corner of North Decatur and Oakdale, and perhaps most important: saving the historic Olmsted Linear Park and Historic Druid Hills from unnecessary destruction by an expressway.

In addition to being an exemplary husband, father, teacher and mentor, Gary was a preservationist. Along with a handful of others, Druid Hills and the DHCA can thank Gary and those like him for standing up to needless destruction of historic property, the lunacy of cutting too many trees and building too many condos, and of paving as much as possible. Druid Hills would not exist as it does today without the work of Gary Smith.

Last year, at a meeting about safety at the intersection of Clifton and Ponce, a suggestion was made that “we” might have to sacrifice some of the linear park in order to widen and improve the intersection. Trying to stay calm, I said, “People went to jail to save this park from destruction. And if they try to mess with it again, I will be the first in line to go to jail.” Behind me, I heard Gary’s mellifluous voice, “I’m willing to go to jail, too, and Jennie and I can be in the same cell.”

I long for the days when the conviction, courage and even audacity of leaders drew a line in the sand as they stood up to forces who wished to denude Druid Hills of its trees and dilute its historic beauty. Gary was such a leader. He was my neighbor, friend, and colleague at arms in protecting the neighborhood we both love. Gary died peacefully in hospice near his second home on Jekyll Island. Janie and Lanny (who had become his father’s law partner) were at his side. A Druid Hills lion is now at rest.
Remembering Jari and Doug Grimm
By Jennifer J. Richardson

Jari Bennett Grimm died on June 13, 2019. Douglas Montgomery Grimm died on June 20, 2019. Jari, from Texas, met Doug, who moved to Druid Hills when he was six years old, when Doug was in the Army stationed at Fort Bliss. The couple married in 1967. Both Doug and Jari were exemplary and active citizens of Druid Hills.

Jari attended the University of Texas and George Washington University. Her career included working for Neiman Marcus and jobs in sales and real estate. Her last position was with Emory University. Other important roles for Jari included being a mother to son Bennett and a homemaker. In retirement, Jari loved to travel—especially to explore other cultures—and she volunteered at animal sanctuaries and on Indian Reservations.

Doug formed an early attachment to jazz music, and he and his brother listened to it frequently on the radio—a foreshadowing of Doug’s later career. After graduation, Doug served on the Olmsted Linear Park board for a number of years and was an enthusiastic supporter of the linear park. In 2013, Jari and Doug donated a bench in Deepdene Park in honor of their family. Having lived in Druid Hills for so long, Doug was generous in sharing his many memories and stories, both in the Druid Hills film produced by David Winston and in the new history book about Druid Hills.

At the time of their deaths, they had been married for 52 years. They are survived by their son, Dr. Bennett Grimm, and his wife Kristy McDonald and two grandchildren, Georgia and Fiona Grimm. The Druid Hills News offers condolences to their survivors.

Applying For A Type I COA
By Alida Silverman

Across the atrium from the east stairwell and elevators, the office looked like one belonging to a real city. A broad window wall revealed an open, well-lit space with lots of activity: staff members seated behind a long, curved counter talking with citizens over spread-out plans and individuals entering carrying rolled up plans. Three TV screens were running, one tuned to CNN and two showing HGTV.

I had come to the Office of Zoning and Development on the third floor of Atlanta City Hall to turn in my application for a Type I Certificate of Appropriateness (COA). Type I COAs are for repair of windows, roofs, certain kinds of paving, and exterior doors. A COA for repairs? Really? Yes. Windows are a critical, significant feature of a home’s architecture. Windows are like the eyes of human beings, said to be “windows on the soul.” Similarly, the roof of a house is a critical, significant feature. The purpose of having a Type I COA is to ensure that repairs are appropriate.

My repair was in-kind replacement of window sills where the wood was rotten. New wooden sills had to be custom made (it’s a 1910 mansion), installed, sanded, primed and painted. I downloaded the forms from the Urban Design Commission (UDC) website and followed directions. In addition to a summary of the work to be done, I had to provide 3 sets of photos. The fee: $10. Type I is an administrative process. No hearing as in the other Types which require Staff Reports and cost $100. Result in 5 business days.

If I had wanted to replace windows with something different rather than repair them with an in-kind replacement, I would have had to apply for a Type II COA. Same if I had wanted to replace my roof with a different material. Years before Druid Hills in the City got protection as a Landmark District, a home might have had a tile roof replaced with asphalt tiles. Very different look for the ‘classic’ Druid Hills house with a reddish or green tile roof. Recently, a homeowner on Oakdale Road replaced the asphalt tile roof of his home by going back to the tile roof that had been there originally. (He did the historical research.) Hurrah for that homeowner! But he would not have had to do that if the Landmark District and Type I COA had been in place earlier.

My application was approved so I went back down to City Hall to pick it up. Then a walk across the hall to the Office of Buildings where a form for a building permit had to be filled out (briefly because I had the COA approval). In my case, I received a form stating my work was exempt from a building permit. But, I was within Code. If my application had not been approved, I would have had to address the reasons for non-approval. Protection for Druid Hills. It’s worth it.

Note: Druid Hills is one of three City-designated landmark neighborhood districts along with Cabbagetown, MLK, Jr. and Castleberry Hill. (Landmark designation means that a greater number of criteria for designation have been met.) The Type I caption reads “Type I certificates of appropriateness shall be reviewed and decided by the Director of the Commission and are required for the following: In-kind repair or replacement of roofing material, and in-kind repair of driveways, walkways, other similar paving, windows, and exterior doors.” Check out the DHCA website (druidhills.org) Historic Preservation section.
The Druid Hills News
September 2019

School Calendar
Ben Franklin Academy

Senior Luncheon
October 4

Fall Play
October 5, 6, 7

Founders’ Day
November 11

Open House for Prospective Parents
November 14, 5:00-6:30 pm

Paideia School

Pumpkin Sale
October 4, 10-5 pm

Art Visions
Nov. 9-10, Nov. 9 from 10-5, Nov. 10 from 12-5 pm

Slither
Nov. 16, 9 am

Springdale Park Elementary

STEAM Night
October 10, 2019

Color Run
November 7, 2019

Book Fair
November 19-22, 2019

50 Years Later:
Druid Hills High Class of 1969 Reunion
By Jennifer J. Richardson

The Druid Hills High School class of 1969 held its 50th reunion in June with events at the Emory Conference Center and a dinner at the Druid Hills Golf Club. A committee of classmates worked hard to plan for the occasion, and everything was perfect.

There were several “firsts” for the class of 1969. It was the last “all white” one at Druid Hills, as the school merged with Hamilton High in Scottdale for the 1970 school year. It was also the largest class ever to graduate from Druid Hills because after 1970 new high schools were built.

There is something quite sobering about a 50th anniversary of anything—especially when the person attending still feels 17. However, when surrounded by classmates who’ve demonstrably aged, it’s hard to keep up a fantasy of youth. Because, yes, we’re all 67 now and 50 years of friends, spouses, education, work, joys and sorrows have taken place. Fate has dealt with each individual differently—some receiving a generous measure of fairness; and others an equally generous measure of unfairness.

Those whom you expected to succeed—did so, or not. One of the smartest girls in the class ended up raising chickens in Peru. A boy whom most of us thought would end up in jail became a beloved doctor—as did some of the girls in our class—a choice not so available to women who were in earlier classes. There is no truth to the rumor that the class of ’69’s men are all fat and bald. Many of the beautiful girls stayed beautiful (and no one asked about plastic surgery) and others did not age well. There is truth to the statement that a cheerleader outfit gets you more dates than a baggy black wool band uniform.

Many of us back in late 1960s didn’t know about GLBTQIA, because it wasn’t openly talked about. At the reunion, one openly lesbian woman danced with one of the straight majorettes, proving that attitudes can change. Unbeknownst to me, there was a lesbian teacher and a gay teacher at the school in 1969. In subsequent years, I often heard how these two were role models for the closeted students. Several said, “He/she saved my life.”

There was another question that was surely on the minds of some. On a large poster at the rear of the ballroom, a fellow classmate had listed all our “fallen” students. Class of 1969 had Viet Nam, vehicular wrecks, alcohol, drugs, suicide, and later, HIV. It wasn’t hard to understand why many of our peers had passed on. Several classmates had died the year after graduation—while the rest of us went on for decades. We were saddened to hear about some who are now living with dementia or other ailments. Others have survived surgeries, cancer successes, mental illnesses controlled by drugs, or drugs and alcohol problems addressed by rehab, worn out body parts exchanged for titanium ones, too many marriages and divorces, too many or no children. (Of our classmates is a great-great grandfather. We didn’t ask then, so we won’t tell now.)

Remarkably some of the class was still with their original spouse. Many others had already lost a spouse to death. So that question on the minds of some becomes “what names will be on the fallen list at the 55th reunion and the 60th? Having gone back through 50 years of memories and events, and seeing folks I hadn’t seen in years, and seeing friends I still see regularly, the question becomes: “what constitutes a life well lived—or success—or freedom—or failure—or peace?” So perhaps the best advice to the aging class of 1969 is to make good use of every moment left to us.

As some of the words to our (old) alma mater stated: “Let my life if short or long, Show thy traces, Druid Hills.” (Words by Dr. Charles Danforth Saggus. Music: “Gaudeamus Igitur” from Academic Festival Overture by Johannes Brahms.)

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My Neighborhood Route 4 miles Around Druid Hills

By Honora Handley

We bought our home as the result of a Kindergarten birthday party— that’s how my husband discovered it for sale. There was a pale blue and white sign in the yard, with scrolled lettering. But, the home looked, well, neglected. It was dark, a mothy kind of damp, the yard was overgrown. Yet, I loved the feel of the house—the way the doors closed, the Petticoat drawers, the solid brass pulls, the layout and flow. I loved the staircase and had imagined children running down Christmas morning and teens posing for prom pictures, their festooned boutonnières smiling on the steps. This was a well-loved, family home. We also loved the neighborhood.

I wanted to live in a neighborhood I could still run in— with enough hills, scenery, safe sidewalks, shade, nature and a proximity to parks to make each route varied and interesting. When we moved in, I ran through the neighborhood. Often, I would stop and talk to people, just to say hello and introduce myself. I learned more about this amazing and protected Historic District and met some truly wonderful people who live here. I learned about some neighborhood traditions, struggles and triumphs of families, met tons of dogs, know where all the potholes and construction sit and branches leaning over the road to create a canopy of ice storms, this road particularly scenic and quiet—with icicles hanging Santa Claus’ and stork signs signifying the births of each new little life on the street. Then, I start to reflect on the struggles— for we are all human. The tears over lost pets, the 8 year old with a cancerous brain tumor whose parents exhibited strength beyond measure, the 5 year old with severe epilepsy who is undergoing treatments and donated all his birthday toys to other children, and, the more private stories of survival. I think of these families who support one another— watching each other’s children when a parent suffered a stroke, donating items to the postal worker who fosters 6 children so the holidays are less burdensome, who run and walk for each other’s causes and who show up when it counts. These are our neighbors.

Keep going past Oakdale and Springdale on Fairview. It’s at the one mile mark that there is a Tudor house with eyes like a cat at Halloween! This is also the place where I think about the Halloween parade on Fairview that started with a few homes and has grown to more than 40 children! I think of the gingerbread house making that rotates and the woman who hails from Russia with baking skills that exceed Martha Stewart. I think of the movies filmed on these streets and the day “the sorority girls” showed up for filming of Neighbors. I think of the Christmas parties here with authentic looking Santa Claus’ and stork signs signifying the births of each new little life on the street. Then, I start to reflect on the struggles— for we are all human. The tears over lost pets, the 8 year old with a cancerous brain tumor whose parents exhibited strength beyond measure, the 5 year old with severe epilepsy who is undergoing treatments and donated all his birthday toys to other children, and, the more private stories of survival. I think of these families who support one another— watching each other’s children when a parent suffered a stroke, donating items to the postal worker who fosters 6 children so the holidays are less burdensome, who run and walk for each other’s causes and who show up when it counts. These are our neighbors.

Keep going and make a right on Moreland, crossing Ponce. As you round the corner of Springdale, on your right will be an array of tulips in the spring or festive reindeer and sleigh combination of lights in winter (side note: Springdale and Oakdale both have great holiday lights). Continue down Springdale and you may pass a few homes being updated, all within keeping of the Historic District guidelines. I notice here the proportions and styles of homes, how they set back yet welcome and beckon. I pass a house where I was invited to the most amazing holiday party/cookie exchange! People brought two dozen cookies and exchanged them for a variety of the others, plus there were a variety of local artists present selling their wares— everything from colorful fascinators for Derby parties and custom gingerbread houses to embroi- dered pillow cases to jewelry and art! Keep running down Springdale, watching the sidewalks for gaps, unevenness and tree roots. You will pass one large construction site, so just run in the road for that non-existent driveway. Cross The By Way and proceed for 2 houses and look downward. There, in the sidewalk is the name “Caroline.”

I often wonder who Caroline is, how old she is, and the moment when her name was carved into the concrete with an imaginary stick. If you need a walking break, walk at “Car-oline” a few meters. Then, get back to running! You should be at the 2 mile mark.

Continue on Springdale, noticing the variety of architecture (still watch out for the uneven sidewalks!). Once you reach Briardale lane, the sidewalk stops, so cross the street (watch out for speeders) and run on the right side, towards N. Decatur. Many of these homes have beautiful gardens tended to by their owners. There is a bit of a hill, but head towards N Decatur and you will see a trampoline and wooden play set (often occupied by young children). You made it!

Make an immediate right on North Decatur. Here, there is a much louder sound of racing cars and there are often accident remnants at the intersections. Be watchful for glass, shattered and sharp pieces of plastic brake lights and the occasional askew bumper, left disregardd and as a stirring reminder of an unfortunate accident. Here, I think of all that the residents want—safer sidewalks and crossings, slower cars, less traffic. But I also think of the recent "Clifton Corridor Project" report with its recommendation to take the front yards of residents and make a multi-use trail. I wonder how many people know this? I know a lawyer whose own son dies of cancer and whose daughter sings beautifully who oppose this. I think of another family who have a beautiful pear tree that would likely be killed/removed in a trail project who oppose this. I know a man who walks his poodle in the morning and whose wife works at Emory who were surprised to

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Wow! Really? I didn't know that. I'll check them out.

Yes! Just use the advertisers in our neighborhood newsletter and directory. I've called several and they've been great.

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learn this (just recently) and are opposed. I think there are more, but I wonder... Do they even know there is a recommendation to take their front yards?

I continue down North Decatur (enjoy the downhill) and make a right on Lullwater Road, the last uphill of the run. You turn off the round-a-bout onto Lullwater Road, heading back to the garden. Here are some beautiful homes on estate lots. This is where some of my favorite neighbors live, too. There are the master gardeners who sometimes put a sign up inviting the public to visit their backyard garden oasis (look for this on spring weekends). It is full of hostas, native azaleas in every color and an astonishing array of native plants. I pass the home where the architect of our house lived, and the owners discovered the plans in the attic and donated them to Georgia Tech. I pass a home who holds an Alliance Theater Fundraiser, another who hosts the consulate of their home country and another who hosted a major Fernbank fundraiser last year. I pass a home with German Shepherds who always bark at me and another who has a headless horseman at Halloween. Another who has a wheelbarrow used to build the home in the yard as a permanent fixture and yet another who hosts the Lullwater Garden plant sale on occasion. I look at the vastness of this space and think it is a treasure. The curving of the roads and how each new rise and bend share another view and perspective. Be careful of the ‘Olmsted’ driveways, as these are often blind. You will pass another yellow brick situation high on the hillside and when the road flattens out a bit, a light blue house that reminds me of Cape Cod. I love running on Lullwater.

Cross The By Way and watch out for the drains if it’s raining. Continue past more homes high on hillsides, but be careful of the blind driveways. These are the fun neighbors - the consultant who is up at 5:30 running with a headlamp and who enters a room ready to be friends with everyone there, an ER doc with an immense sense of humor who will have you laughing in stitches within five minutes (and whose dogs are obsessed with lacrosse balls), and a professor of film who loves all music and whose 4 kids are talented swimmers. They have backyard BBQs, have chained up their Big Green Eggs (after the rash of thefts), and have been friends for over 18 years as their children grew up together. Return to the garden gate and look up at the “Driving Miss Daisy” film location. Tourists still come to admire this street and this home, preserved to this day. The residents of our neighborhood work to ensure that Druid Hills is preserved and protected every day. They abide by the regulations and seek to keep this special historical and environmental treasure. We want our homes and neighborhood feel to remain, so that the next generation can enjoy them in their mostly original state. There are sacrifices the owners make to keep it special – everything from slate roofs to keeping original glass windows. Working to protect it from PATH trails that would take trees and a champion tree preserve to stating that we want to be allowed to park in front of our homes and enjoy them.

You have reached 4 full miles, but before you go and stretch think about this... you probably didn't see more than a few cyclists. Most days, I see none. At present, there is a proposal and recommendation on file with DeKalb County that wants to have dual bike lanes down both sides of Lullwater, makes The By Way into a chicane that appears one way, and has North Decatur as having a multi-use trail in the front yards of homeowners. This proposal did not consider safety, take meaningful input from residents and was designed to engineer an outcome.

Our neighborhood has been under threat for development and change before. But I believe that residents deserve to be engaged and have a say in their own streets. If you want to learn more about this effort, visit https://hdhpa.org/

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