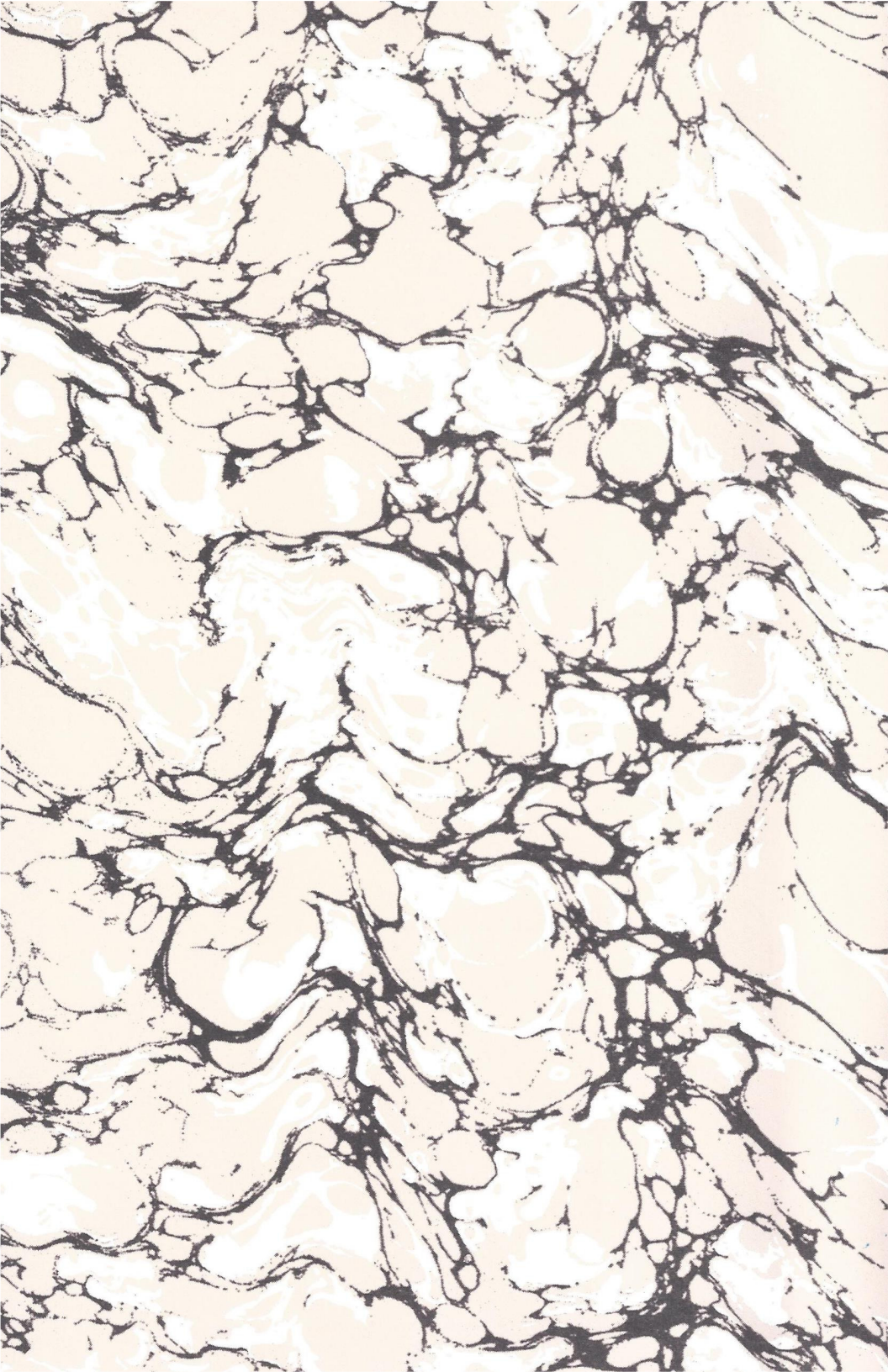
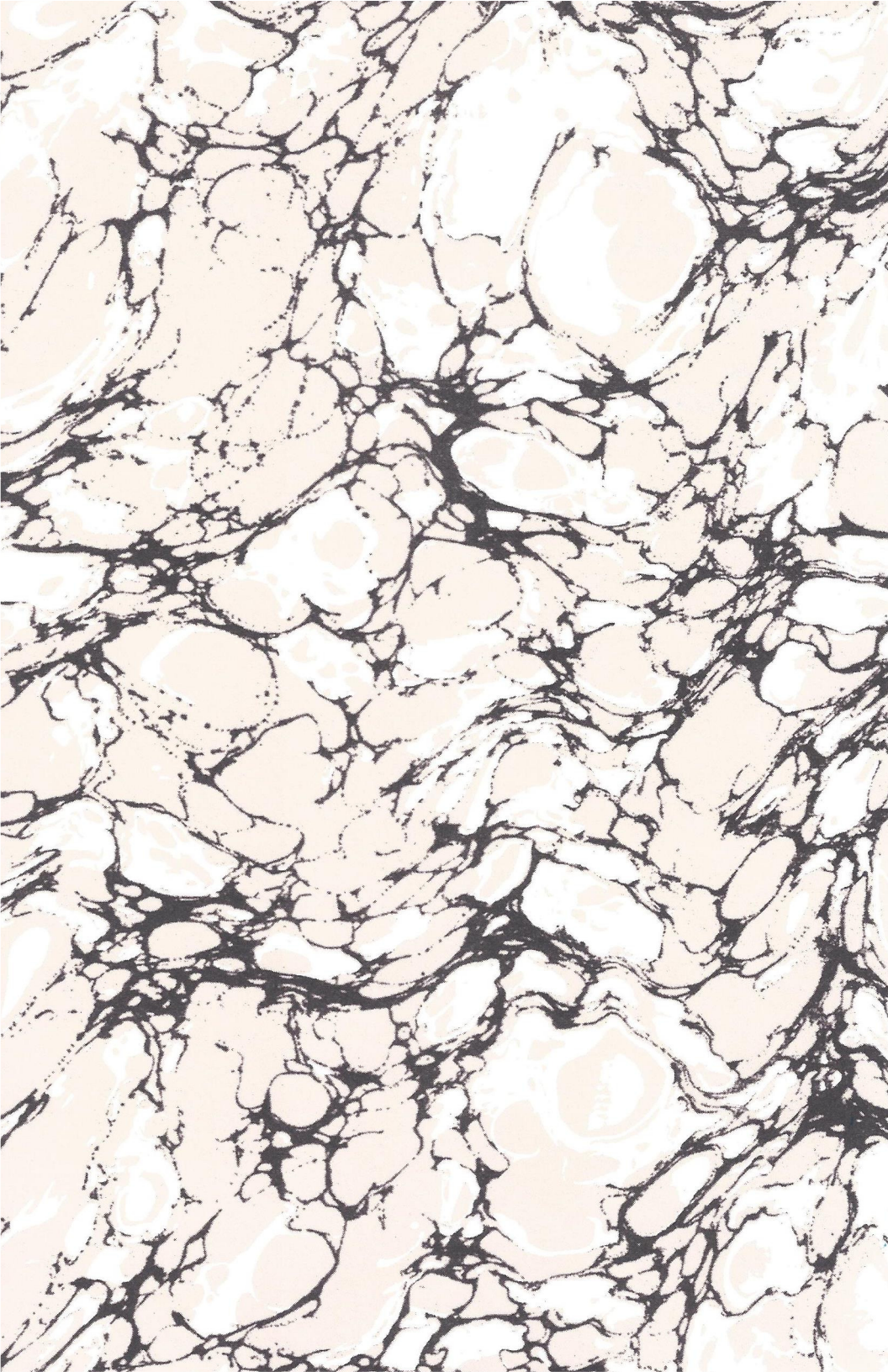
A Unique Partnership

Walter and Emilie Spivey

Elizabeth Hulsey Marshall





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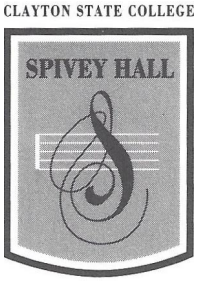

The Walter and Emilie Spivey Foundation, Inc.

Jonesboro, Georgia

The Walter and Emilie Spivey Foundation, Inc.
c/o Clayton State College
Morrow, Georgia 30260

Contents

Foreword

A *Unique Partnership* is written as a tribute to Walter Boone and Emilie Parmalee Spivey who magnanimously endowed Clayton College with a recital hall of European splendor that they trusted would become in time the centerpiece of a distinguished school of music. Nevertheless, the supporting philosophy in recording the story of their lives is that the facts speak for themselves. It has been my strong desire to avoid the trappings of hagiography- "the chronicling of the lives of saints." The purpose here is to give photographically accurate impressions of a man and woman who over the decades grew into what they became. Yet it must be stressed that to an unusual degree they were ambitious, determined, persistent, energetic, and hard working. Herein lies the thesis of *A Unique Partnership:* Walter and Emilie Spivey set their eyes on the heights and chiseled out paths around the roadblocks as they continued, almost to the days of their deaths, to climb.

Although I was merely acquainted with Walter Spivey while he lived, I have come to know him well during these months of researching, interviewing, and writing. A one-sentence description would be that with little qualification he was the exemplar of the self-made man. But he was not the stereotype of the ruthless entrepreneur. Without question it was more profitable to be his partner than to be his adversary; nonetheless, circumstances showed that on occasion he himself was vulnerable to exploitation. As a dentist he was a pushover for patients who pled that they had no money to pay the bill, and he was known for taking portable dental equipment into the homes of poorer individuals who could

hardly have driven to his office in Atlanta.

The character of Walter Spivey appeared in the stories of his brother and sister and dental hygienist, in the words of his daughter-in-law who spoke of the love of his grandchildren for him, in the gratitude of patients for whom he went the second mile, and in the affectionate remembrances of friends. As Thomas Spivey, Walter's youngest brother, and his wife, Ann, drove me from the airport in Norfolk, Virginia, to Ahoskie, North Carolina, and later back to Norfolk through an ice storm, I sensed resemblances between these two brothers. Thomas's quiet graciousness and certain speech patterns made me feel in subtle ways that I was also conversing with Walter. Moreover, those days in Ahoskie with Hazel Brett Spivey, the youngest sister of Walter, convinced me that Walter and Hazel held in common a direct approach to a task and a fearlessness of work. Searching for the history of Walter's progenitors, savoring the setting in which he was reared, attempting to hammer into words his personality, and coming to feel that Thomas Spivey and Hazel Brett are old friends have all added a dimension to my own outlook.

Our friendship-Emilie Spivey's and mine-was one of quality and not quantity. As time passed, it became a matter of mutual regret that we had not come to know each other in earlier years. But after my husband, our youngest child, and I moved to Lake Jodeco, we were enmeshed in the demands of our careers and in the rearing and schooling of our son. Walter and Emilie Spivey were equally busy with dentistry, music, and business. Fortunately our shared interest in Clayton College, where I taught history, brought us together. Eventually fate altered each of our lives in ways that made the relationship seem perfectly timed and uniquely meaningful.

When Walter Spivey died, I was in a position to empathize with the costs of a husband's death. Occasionally when Virginia Callaway, a friend who regularly spent nights with Emilie, had a conflicting engagement, I filled in. Moreover, Emilie disliked eating alone and often called me to come the short distance to her house. A ritual grew up around Sunday nights as we viewed

Masterpiece Theatre's "Upstairs, Downstairs" and warmed up the food Emilie's housekeeper, Annie Lightfoot, had cooked before she left for the weekend.

Together we had a variety of experiences. As long as she managed to keep her malady in abeyance, we frequently attended social and musical affairs in Atlanta. Late one night, following an after-concert supper with friends, we rode home along a virtually empty expressway. She contrasted the expanse of multiple lanes, completely lighted, with the dark, narrower road she had traversed year after year, returning from Friday-night services at The Temple, where she had been organist and music director. Inevitably, as we crossed the causeway between Lake Jodeco and Lake Spivey in darkness, she marveled at the beauty of the soft twinkling lights on the waters, an almost magical illumination emanating from homes encircling lakes that had been swamplands until she and her husband engineered the transformation.

A nightmare once came alive for us when the electronic system of her car failed and left us stranded in the middle lane of Interstate-285, the perimeter highway around Atlanta, at five **O'** clock in the afternoon, engulfed by tidal waves of speeding automobiles. The episode became a conversation piece for us. In fact, although we did a great deal of talking throughout the years of our association, I did not fully comprehend the richness of her life until I immersed myself in writing her biography. Yet I was keenly aware of her sense of humor. A telling feature of our friendship was that we found the same things funny. As I write these words, I suddenly realize that since she died, I have laughed a little less.

Her life ended two days before I was scheduled to leave for a trip to Russia and a voyage on the Volga River. Although she could barely speak during the last weeks of her life, we were able to communicate after a fashion. One evening as I sat by her bedside, I said to her, "I can hardly bear to think of leaving you." She whispered, "You must go ahead." I replied, "Please be here when I get back." She promised, "I will try." But it did not work out that way. I departed with a heavy heart and a divided mind. Once

on Russian soil, my spirit lodged in North Avenue Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, the scene of the funeral service she herself had meticulously planned, rather than in Saint Basil's Cathedral in Red Square. Upon my return home, I found a yawning emptiness.

Virtually every day since that time I have been living through stage after stage of her life. I have learned, for instance, more about her ancestors than she herself knew, as I gathered essential data from frayed clippings that had probably been sleeping unread among her grandmother's loose memorabilia for almost a hundred years. At times-waking before dawn or staying up after midnight-I have despairingly told myself, "You lead the host of Emilie Spivey's charmed recruits." She possessed the magnetism of a guru-attracting, converting, enlightening, and leaving her adherents the better for the encounter. Particularly since she explicitly stated that she wanted me to write the story of her life and her unique partnership with Walter Spivey, I hope she would approve the results of this work. But after delving into all the corners, as any biographer must do to draw accurate portraits, I am personally convinced of the wisdom of John Arbuthnot, Scottish physician and pamphleteer, who three centuries ago asserted, "Biography is one of the new terrors of death. "

I am under obligation to the large number of associates of the Spiveys who graciously and generously shared memories that helped to flesh out skeletal facts. Yet in several cases other individuals, equally close to Walter and Emilie Spivey, did not answer their telephones despite repeated efforts to reach them, and a fractional number simply failed to return calls. Unfortunately, these circumstances closed the door on the use of their recollections. Those persons who did contribute to the substance of *A Unique Partnership* are named with gratitude in the acknowledgments, and all others who listened, responded, and conveyed impressions are remembered with appreciation.

Dr. Harry S. Downs, president of Clayton State College, and Clayton County Probate Judge Eugene E. Lawson, both members of the Spivey Foundation, sponsor of this work, were enthusiastic

innovators of my writing *A Unique Partnership.* Barbara S. Young, personal secretary to Emilie Spivey and currently secretary of the Spivey estate and the Spivey Foundation, cooperated in every way in making available scrapbooks, documents, and photographs; reached into her memory for facts; and conferred regularly on the chronology of events.

The journal of Hazel Spivey Brett provided the backbone of the chapter "The Saga of the Spiveys." She willingly remained on call throughout the writing of this book to take questions and search for answers if she happened not to have the information at hand. Without the readiness of Dorothy Spivey Fish to share her experiences as a member of the Spivey family and to probe her remarkable memory for details large and small, portions of the adult life of Walter Lee Spivey, the son of Walter Boone Spivey, would have been lost. The Lake Spivey scrapbook, the main source of data on Lake Spivey Park, seemed sterile until through hours of interviews Jim Boyd and Jake Freeman, coworkers with the Spiveys, breathed life into that enterprise and helped to resurrect a colorful era in the joint career of Walter and Emilie Spivey.

The contributions of Jerry Atkins, director of public relations at Clayton State College, and his wife, Rosie, a computer specialist, call for marked attention. Jerry rendered valuable service as a photographer, and Rosie typed the manuscript. Both of them saved my time with their legwork, and as the first readers of the manuscript, they gave me indispensable encouragement. Dr. Bradley R. Rice, assistant vice-president for academic affairs and professor of history at Clayton State College, freely offered valuable guidance and acted as an intermediary in the technicalities of producing this work. *A Unique Partnership* would have suffered immeasurably without the tactful and expert editing of Jane Powers Weldon, who made working with her a pleasure. She and Jerry Atkins also assumed the responsibility of overseeing the final stages of the publication of the Spivey biography. Personnel of Clayton State College who gave hours to the transcription of taped interviews are Dianne D. Jordan and Valerie Lancaster, secretaries to President Harry S. Downs. In addition, Joan Johnson deserves

special mention for her time-consuming services as compositor.

Finally, living with Walter and Emilie Spivey for these two years has enlarged the peripheries of my mind and my days.

-Elizabeth Hulsey Marshall
Professor Emerita of History
Clayton State College
September 1990

Acknowledgments

The following persons who have contributed to the content of *A Unique Partnership* live in the metropolitan area of Atlanta unless the place of residence is noted. Profound appreciation is expressed to them for supplying facts that helped to give body to this biography of Walter and Emilie Spivey:

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CHAPTER ONE

ROOTS: THE P ARMALEES AND THE BEWLEYS

THE PARMALEES

As late as the twentieth century, an old tugboat, the *John Parmelee,* was still plying the waters of the Great Lakes.

THE BEWLEYS

There were times when he felt more of the power of God than at other times but he had a constant peace of mind.

With the passing of the years Emilie Parmalee Spivey came to possess a mystique that set her apart from the ordinary. But it did not, like Athena, spring into life full grown. It evolved, forming and being formed, fed by elements both inherent and acquired. To a degree remarkable in the history of a human being, the talents she inherited fell into fertile soil and were painstakingly tended and cultivated in an advantageous climate relatively free of harshness. Although the powerful drive and the mesmerizing charm of her personality, for instance, could hardly be traced to particular sources, glimpsing her ancestors through the fragmentary records of their characters adds understanding to what she became.

A person asked to characterize Emilie Spivey might well have replied, "She was the epitome of a southern lady." But that answer would be incomplete and only partially true. While she possessed the manners and morals of Melanie in *Gone with the Wind,* she was in fact an amalgam of the idealistic, and idealized, Melanie and the pragmatic Scarlett, and her charisma was equal to the potency of their combined charms. In addition, her roots were not southern-they were not implanted in the dominantly agricultural South-although she herself grew up in Georgia and bore every earmark of a thoroughbred southern woman.

The Parmalees were fortunate that Frederick John Parmalee, the brother of Emilie Parmalee Spivey's father, determined that his son Maddox would not remain ignorant of family history. "Ancestors of Frederick Maddox Parmalee, compiled and taken from the record by Frederick John Parmalee, Louisville, Kentucky, 1932" was the product of extensive research and an orderly mind. According to his genealogical data, the European roots of the Parmelee family-one of the early spellings being Parmelee rather than Parmalee-lay in Belgium. But being Protestant in Catholic territory, the Parmelees in time fell victim to persecution. During the upheavals of the Protestant Revolution, they fled into the sanctuary of Holland and eventually moved on to England. Then in the early seventeenth century, they emigrated and settled in Connecticut. The communities of Goshen and Guilford are mentioned frequently in the listing of the generations of Parmelees

growing up in New England.

The branch of the family from which Emilie Parmalee sprang moved from Connecticut to Point Pleasant, Racine County, Wisconsin. Here Luman Parmelee, the great-grandfather of Emilie Parmalee, was born on July 11, 1807. When he was twenty-three years old, he married Jane Anne Lockwood on her twentieth birthday, October 18, 1830. Family records in a remarkable old Bible, published in London in 1706, written in Old English, and brought by the Lockwoods from England to America, show that they emigrated from Peterboro in North Hampton.

Twelve years after their marriage Luman and Jane Anne Parmelee moved from Wisconsin to Cleveland, Ohio, where Parmelee, with entrepreneurial instincts he might well have passed on to his great-granddaughter Emilie, established a foundry and a shipbuilding business. As late as the twentieth century, an old tugboat, the *John Parmelee,* named for one of Luman Parmelee's sons, was still plying the waters of the Great Lakes.

Evidence of one source of Emilie Parmalee's compulsion for music appeared in the talent of her grandfather, Henry Conklin Parmalee, the son of Luman and Jane Anne Parmelee. Born at Point Pleasant on May 22, 1841, before his parents moved to Cleveland, Henry Conklin Parmalee, perhaps as a young adult and certainly for an unknown reason, changed the spelling of his name from Parmelee to Parmalee. At the age of nineteen in the face of the impending Civil War, he enlisted in the Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In 1865 he was mustered out at Prospect, Tennessee, as the "principal musician" of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment of the Ohio Volunteers, U.S.A.

How Parmalee, a former Union soldier, happened to marry a southern girl from the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia three years after the war ended remains a mystery. But on January 8, 1868, Parmalee and Martha Ann Urie were wed. From this grandmother, Emilie Martha Parmalee apparently derived her middle name. The Parmalees made their home near the banks of the Ohio River in the town of Wellsville, Ohio, where Parmalee worked in some capacity for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Here their four children were born. The first, a baby boy named Luman for his grandfather, arrived on March 24, 1869, but lived less than two years, dying on November 14, 1870. Four months after his death, on March 17, 1871, Catherine Elizabeth-called Lizzie as she was growing up-made her appearance. She became in time Emilie Parmalee's cherished Aunt Beth. On December 21, 1872, the future father of Emilie Parmalee-Charles Lawrence-was born. To intimates he came to be known as Jack and to others as Charlie. The youngest child of Henry Conklin and Martha Ann Parmalee was Frederick John, the future Uncle Fred to Emilie, who after an interval of four childless years for his parents-if the record is complete-was born on February 4, 1877, rounding out a family relatively small for that day and age.

During the decade of the 1880s the Parmalees made several significant moves. Economic reasons no doubt prompted Henry Conklin Parmalee to leave the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1880 and "go into business" of an unspecified nature in Wellsville. But five years later-when Lizzie was approximately fourteen; Charlie, twelve or thirteen; and Fred, eight years old-Parmalee uprooted his family and traveled hundreds of miles southward to Winchester in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, where from the distance the grass must have appeared greener. A chance remark of Emilie Parmalee Spivey- "My father grew up ice-skating on the Ohio River and loved it" -led to the speculation that the Parmalee children must have rued leaving the enticing banks of the Ohio for the remote hills of Tennessee. After three years Parmalee decided that the "hardware, tin, and crockery" business, which he had founded in Winchester, would do better in northwest Georgia. Hence in 1888 the family moved to Dalton, where Parmalee opened a hardware store that he operated until his retirement.

The Parmalee family experienced sorrows and joys as the twentieth century with its momentous changes dawned. After they had lived in Dalton as a family for thirteen years, death struck a telling blow in the demise of Martha Ann Parmalee on August 17, 1901. By this time, however, her children were verging on their

own independent courses. On July 10, 1902, the summer after his mother died, Charlie Parmalee married Juliette Brown, a native of Chillocothe, Missouri, who had come south as a performing elocutionist with circuit Chautauqua and had remained in Dalton as a member of the faculty of Dalton Female College. Two weeks later, on July 23, Elizabeth Parmalee and Charles Dysart Clifton, associated with the Pittsburgh Glass Company, spoke their vows. Unfortunately their life together was aborted by the death of Clifton on September 8, 1903, only fourteen months after their wedding.

After the marriages of his brother and sister, three summers passed before Fred Parmalee married Elizabeth McAfee Maddox, also known as Lizzie, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Samuel Parrot Maddox of Dalton. The ceremony took place on May 4, 1905. Before his marriage, working for the Western & Atlantic Railroad, Fred Parmalee laid the foundation of his career. In 1902 he was based in Atlanta as traveling passenger agent for the Cincinnati, Hamilton, Dayton Railway Company that was later absorbed by the Baltimore and Ohio. Continuing his career with this system, Parmalee was transferred in 1919 to Cincinnati, Ohio. A year later, promoted to division passenger agent, he moved to Louisville, Kentucky, which for many years remained home to him, his wife, and his son.

The Parmalees were not prolific: Elizabeth bore no children; Charlie and Juliette Parmalee had only their daughter, Emilie, born in Atlanta on January 3, 1908; Fred and Lizzie Parmalee had only a son, Maddox, also born in Atlanta less than four months later, on April 24. During the earlier years of their childhoods, before the Fred Parmalees moved to Louisville, Emilie and Maddox had the opportunity to become well acquainted. But it was in Louisville that Maddox received most of his formal education, completed college and law school, and became a practicing attorney. Emilie Spivey's memorabilia contain numerous photographs of him at various ages-by himself, with his parents, "Uncle Fred and Aunt Lizzie," and with his own children. On one picture of Maddox alone, Emilie Spivey wrote: "Maddox was

my only cousin. He died years ago." The Lockwood Bible contained a terse entry: "Died 1951."

The history of Emilie Parmalee's maternal ancestors-the Bewleys and the Browns-is more difficult to piece together than that of the Parmalees. Lean genealogical outlines link Charlie Parmalee's progenitors, generation by generation, giving bare-boned data on births, marriages, children, and deaths, a record containing no vignettes of personality, no portraitures of character. On the other hand, scattered, disparate clippings, weathered and falling apart with age, breathe life into some of Juliette Brown Parmalee's forefathers, though the failure of other ancestors to get into print leaves gaps in the story.

Miraculously surviving passage from generation to generation among loose memorabilia, an obituary dated November 20, 1846, almost a century and a half ago, gives profound insight into the character of George Washington Bewley, maternal grandfather of Juliette Brown Parmalee and great-grandfather of Emilie Parmalee. This vintage clipping is headed "Death of a Minister," and the opening sentences encapsulate the story of his life: "The Rev. George Washington Bewley, a superannuated member of the Missouri Annual Conference is no more. He died of a pulmonary affection of long standing at his late residence in the city of Hannibal, Mo., on Thursday the 5th of Nov. in the thirty-seventh year of his age and the twenty-first of his ministry."

Bewley, in short, was a so-called "circuit rider," an itinerant Methodist minister. Although he was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, on May 2, 1810, and taken as an infant to Greene County, Tennessee, he actually grew up in Jackson County, Alabama, where his parents established a permanent home. Farms being distant from towns during the early nineteenth century in the South, educational opportunities, aside from what parents could create for their children, were virtually nonexistent. **In** his own words, he "was educated as far as he was able to get an education." But at a camp meeting in the neighborhood of Bellefonte, he "was happily converted to God at the early age of sixteen, and soon

afterwards connected himself with the M.E. Church." Three months after his conversion he was licensed to "preach the Gospel."

The Methodist conferences, which handed out pastoral assignments, were held in towns that sounded familiar-Huntsville, Alabama; Nashville and Murfreesboro, Tennessee; and Saint Louis, Missouri. But the circuits to which Bewley was sent were notable for their picturesque nomenclature-Point Rock, Alabama; Roaring River in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee; Fishing River and Arrow Rock, Missouri. Although Bewley continued to be moved about on an almost yearly basis, after 1829 he was destined to spend his remaining years in one state. The Huntsville Conference of that year transferred Bewley permanently to Missouri. After serving Cape Girardeau Circuit, one of the oldest in that part of the country, he was ordained an elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church. "He was then in fine health, constitution apparently firm, voice stentorian, and zeal not quenched by many waters." Later in Palmyra he laid the foundation for a new church, but in 1833 on the Bowling Green circuit, "his health failed and at one time life was almost despaired of."

Without any question Bewley had set his mind and his heart on a strenuous and stressful career, ill rewarding in pay and threatening to his frail physique. But his obituary indicated that he never swerved from nor rued his commitment, never counted the costs, and never failed to find a sense of fulfillment in his calling. Although separated by a hundred years-Bewley born in 1810 and Emilie Parmalee in 1908-Bewley's refusal to be thwarted from the cause to which he had dedicated himself until death itself decreed, intimated that his genes, unadulterated, were transmitted over the generations to his great-granddaughter Emilie Parmalee Spivey.

Fortunately Bewley's health improved in 1834, although for the remainder of his days he waged a continuing battle with what must have been consumption, a severe form of tuberculosis. Assigned now to the Saint Charles Circuit near Saint Louis, he was well

enough "to enter upon his labors." Moreover, the loneliness of days in the saddle as a circuit rider was in part alleviated by his marriage, at the age of twenty-four, to Emily Brady, a young woman
of Saint Charles. Three children were born to the Bewleys- Eliza on October 21, 1840; George Washington on May 4, 1843; and Emma, the future mother of Juliette Brown Parmalee and the grandmother of Emilie Parmalee, on January 19, 1846. Juliette Brown Parmalee obviously named her daughter for Emily Brady Bewley but changed the spelling to *Emilie*.

The relentless demands the conference made on itinerant Methodist ministers appeared in the many circuits Bewley served between 1835 and 1843: Saint Louis, Arrow Rock, Fayette, Lexington, Danville, Hannibal, and Palmyra. Following the Bewleys' move to Hannibal in the autumn of 1842, his labors were rewarded by "a year of prosperity to the infant church" as "the numbers were almost doubled." Perhaps still living in Hannibal, he worked with the nearby Palmyra station, where he "was instrumental in delivering the Church from heavy pecuniary liabilities."

The breakdown in health he suffered about 1843 was not another hiatus: It marked the end of "his active labors in the itinerancy." Although forced to accept superannuated status, he managed to preach occasional sermons until February 1846. But from that time until his death on November 5, at the age of thirty-six, he was "compelled to take himself to his room ... frequently afflicted with hemorrhage of the lungs." His confinement to his bedroom in Hannibal, suffering from a fatal lung disease, seemed ironically prescient of the last days of his great-granddaughter, Emilie Parmalee Spivey.

The elaborately detailed obituary in quaint vernacular graphically recreated the atmosphere of the household during Bewley's final days and hours:

> There were times when he felt more of the power of God than at other times but he had a constant peace of mind. . . . He quoted verse after verse of scripture

and poetry . . . . Finally the solemn hour arrived.

The house was almost crowded with Christian friends met to see a good man die . . . . There sat on the bedside with her hand grasped in his one who was soon to be left a widow and yonder three sweet little children soon to be fatherless . . . . Thus died our dear brother Bewley.

His remains were followed the next day by the Masonic fraternity and a respectable body of citizens to the Methodist Cemetery, where they will rest in solitude and silence until the resurrection morn . . . .

J. Lanius

Emily Bewley was indeed left with children who were very young: At the time of their father's death, Eliza was six years old; George Washington, three; and Emma, only nine months old. Six years later tragedy again struck-Emily Bewley herself died on March 26, 1852, leaving three orphans.

Here the story seems to stop with no clues to bridge the years between the deaths of George Washington and Emily Bewley and the coming into the world of their granddaughter Juliette Brown, who became the wife of Charlie Parmalee. Yet one hint exists in a story Emilie Spivey relished telling in essentially these words: "Grandmother's father died while he was preaching. Then his wife died, leaving two little girls. They were adopted by a prosperous, childless couple who owned a plantation and had slaves-so well treated they did not want to be freed. These adoptive parents took pains to rear Eliza and Emma like ladies and to see that they were taught to tat and embroider." But the real point of Emilie Spivey's tale was to point out the poor judgment of her aunt who might have brought fame and fortune to the family: "On the adjoining farm lived Mark Twain-then only Samuel Langhorne Clemens-who was crazy about Eliza, my great-aunt, and used to come over and sit by the hour. But he was fat and freckled-faced and she wanted to run with a different crowd. Sadly, she ended up marrying a dude with a drinking problem and having five children. I could

just kill her!"

Despite the vagaries of this family anecdote, it contained sufficient elements of truth to make apparent the value of the internal evidence within another loose, weathered clipping without date-the last will and testament of an obviously wealthy Joshua Mitchell of Hannibal, whose deceased wife was named Juliet. Mitchell owned properties in three states- Missouri, Illinois, and Wisconsin-and, according to his monetary bequests, a sizable accumulation of cash.

But the significant passages of the will, in clarifying Emilie Parmalee's maternal lineage, are those that name Eliza Bewley Short and the two children of Emma Bewley Brown as beneficiaries. Here is indisputable proof that Joshua and Juliet Mitchell were the surrogate parents of the formerly orphaned Eliza and Emma Bewley. To Eliza, Mitchell left $500 "in her own right" -perhaps to protect her against possible rapacity on the part of her husband. To the older child of Emma Bewley and Bishop Brown, Joshua Mitchell Brown, Mitchell left $1500. To the younger child, Juliette Mitchell Brown, he willed $1000. Whatever his thinking, Mitchell left nothing to Emma herself. Perhaps he reasoned that her husband was well able to take care of her. But the names of Emma Bewley Brown's children-Joshua Mitchell and Juliette Mitchell-furnished further evidence that the Mitchells had indeed adopted and reared these girls after the death of their mother.

A query that naturally arises concerns the fate of Eliza and Emma's brother, George Washington Bewley, the namesake of his father. Clearly someone other than Joshua Mitchell adopted him since Mitchell made no mention of him in the will. Loose pages torn from a Bible contain the entry: "George W. Bewley and Jennie Hughs were married on November 19, 1870." Since Bewley would have been exactly the right age to fight in the Civil War, he no doubt took part in the conflict. One other sentence in the same source relates to Bewley: "George W. Bewley died in McComb City, Miss., Nov. 7, 1878." Dying at the age of thirty, he lived an even shorter life than his father, the Methodist circuit rider.

By way of contrast, Eliza lived to be eighty-four, and Emma, eighty-six years old.

Family records show that Emma Bewley married William Bishop Brown on December 12, 1867, when she was not quite twenty-two years old. Brown remained an obscure figure in the history of Emilie Parmalee's family, although it was known that he fought for the Confederacy during the Civil War. The Browns made their home in Chillocothe, Missouri, where according to family lore he had a jewelry business. Two children were born to them, Joshua Mitchell on June 18, 1871, and almost five years later Juliette Mitchell on October 19, 1876.

Emilie Spivey related that one evening as her grandparents were preparing to attend a social gathering, her grandfather Bishop Brown suddenly without warning dropped dead. His death was attributed to the hardships he had suffered as a Confederate soldier, forced to live outside during harsh winter months. At the time of her husband's death, July 12, 1883, Emma was only thirty-seven years old. Her son, Mitchell, was twelve, and her daughter, Juliette, only seven. When Emma Brown herself passed away in Atlanta on January 20, 1932, her body was returned to Chillocothe for interment, to lie by the side of her husband who had been dead for forty-nine years.

Juliette Mitchell Brown

Charles Lawrence Parmalee .

CHAPTER TWO

CHARLIE, JULIETTE, AND EMILIE P ARMALEE

"Remember that you are a love child
and that you will always be loved,"
Emilie said. Then she added, "But they
felt that one child was enough."

The early years of Juliette Brown remained hidden in obscurity. Whatever the circumstances of the lives of Emma Bewley Brown and her children, Mitchell and Juliette, after the death of Bishop Brown, Juliette obviously grew up with a strong personality, an ability to stretch a dollar, and the talent and training to merit employment with a circuit Chautauqua company as a performing elocutionist. A faded draft of a letter browning at the edges dated January 28, 1900, which Juliette wrote to the president of LaGrange College, LaGrange, Georgia, applying for a position on the faculty, gives insight into her education and experience:

> I hereby file my application for the position of teacher of Elocution in the college of which you are President.
>
> I have had six years experience in work of this kind, having been very successful. My first training was from the State Normal of Chillocothe, Mo. My last . . . the Scott Saxton Method of Denver, Colo., and I use this in my work. . . .
>
> Yours most respectfully
> Juliette Mitchell Brown

The outcome does not appear. Perhaps she was not offered the job, or perhaps she declined the position in favor of accepting another opening.

At any rate, memorabilia in abundance show that at the turn of the century Juliette Brown was pursuing a burgeoning career as an elocutionist, monologist, and impersonator with circuit Chautauqua. That is, she was a career woman before that role became the vogue for American women. She might have been motivated by a need for psychic satisfaction as well as a livelihood. Printed programs, advertisements, newspaper articles, and critiques suggest that she was talented and that in the interest of her profession she traveled widely for a young woman of her era. Some of the towns she visited were Chattanooga, Tennessee; McHenry, Illinois; Corning, Kirksville, and Piggott, Arkansas; and

Dalton, Ringgold, Adairsville, and Eastman, Georgia.

The most fateful trip Juliette Brown made with Chautauqua was to Dalton, accompanied by a violinist and a singer. Here she met Charlie Parmalee, the son of local hardware dealer Henry Conklin Parmalee. Charlie Parmalee played the trombone in the local band that more than likely provided the musical accompaniment for the Chautauqua performances. Juliette Brown in her appearances here probably gave her interpretation of an excerpt from Shakespeare's *Othello,* "impersonating the Moor and Desdemona in the tragedy caused by jealousy." Possibly she included excerpts from *Naughty Girl, Hiawatha, Grandma's Visit,* and *Lord Fauntleroy.*

Circuit Chautauqua was an offspring of a formalized program of adult education originating at Lake Chautauqua, New York. Before radio, movies, automobiles, and increasing sophistication marked its demise, traveling Chautauqua visited thousands of communities and attracted millions of patrons. Chautauqua was quite popular throughout Georgia. The usual procedure was to have a tent set up on the campus of a public school and schedule a full week of performances. Afternoon and evening offerings included humorous and serious lectures, musical programs, and melodramas. Parents gladly purchased season tickets for themselves and their children, as Chautauqua was considered to be entirely respectable as well as educational and entertaining.

In addition to what must have been a talent for histrionics, Juliette Brown was keenly intelligent. **In** conversation Emilie Spivey frequently spoke of her mother and inevitably mentioned her unique memory: "She could literally memorize whole chapters of the Bible." Furthermore, Juliette Brown Parmalee had a remarkable facility for making rhymes and composing lyrics, often laced with piquant humor. Decades after her marriage she was still writing and arranging plays she herself directed as benefits for her church, Saint John Methodist in Atlanta.

Perhaps on this visit to Dalton Juliette Brown secured a position as head of the departments of elocution and physical culture at Dalton Female College, where she taught for at least three years-

two before her marriage and for an unknown period of time afterwards. The fact that her father's brother, Edward Everett Brown, and his wife, Mary Sherman Brown, lived in Dalton must have given her additional identity and recommendation. A collection of clippings, yellowed with age and pasted inside an old-fashioned, hard-backed accounting book, contains an article she wrote on physical culture. It is surprisingly explicit in view of the straitlaced attitudes of the age and her own strong sense of propriety, which in time she drove into the thinking of her daughter: "A girl has no more right to destroy her health and then palm herself off on a man as a helpmate than a man has to corrupt his morals to the shame of his wife. I do not wonder that some men think women are angels, and if every man had to wear a corset and two or three heavy skirts every day, they would all agree that she was a most angelic martyr." Then she spoke of proper breathing and exercise: "Not one woman in a hundred knows how to breathe .... Don't rob the little girl of that which is most needed for physical perfection. Vigorous exercise prepares one in time of danger to act with presence of mind . . . . Stand up erect! Thou has the form and likeness of thy God!"

The wedding announcement of Charles Parmalee and Juliette Brown appeared in a Chillocothe newspaper on July 10, 1902, the day of their marriage:

> Miss Juliette Brown, until about two years ago one of Chillocothe' s most talented and accomplished young women, will he married this (Thursday) evening at 8 o'clock at Dalton, Ga., to Mr. Charles Parmalee, superintendent of the electric light and gas plant of that city .... Miss Brown has been teaching elocution in a college at Dalton for two years. Few of her intimate friends here were aware of the happy culmination of the courtship. Her mother, Mrs. Bish Brown, is at present visiting in Chillocothe. The wedding of Miss Brown and Mr. Parmalee will be a quiet affair, as the former expects to continue her

> work in the college until next fall when she and her husband will visit in this city.

The reference to Juliette's mother as a visitor to Chillocothe suggests that perhaps Emma Brown had been living with her daughter in Dalton.

Interestingly, many of the guests who were invited to the home of Juliette Brown's uncle and aunt, Edward Everett and Mary Brown, on the evening of July 10, 1902, thought that they were coming for a reception-not a wedding. The nature of the gathering dawned when the attendants, a "Dr. Yowell" of Chattanooga and Juliette's first cousin Clara Brown, stepped into the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, followed closely by the bride and groom. The reporter from the *Citizen,* the Dalton newspaper, described them as "the contracting couple . . . two souls with but a single thought and two hearts that beat as one . . . met to enter into the holiest bond known to man." Among the wedding guests listed were H. C. Parmalee, father of Charlie Parmalee; "Mr. Fred and Miss Lizzie Parmalee," brother and sister of the groom; and Don Drukenmiller, whose family through the years continued to be close friends of the couple. The immediate plans of Charlie and Juliette Parmalee appear in the account of the wedding ceremony: "Mr. and Mrs. Parmalee will spend the month of July at the home of Mr. Brown, after which they will take up their residence at the home of the groom's father. The bride is a well known and accomplished elocutionist at the Dalton Female College and is loved and honored by all who know her. Mr. Parmalee has the friendship and esteem of everybody here. *The Citizen* offers them its best wishes."

The use of "Mr. Brown" rather than "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" seems inaccurate. Inscriptions on photographs made in Dalton, found among Juliette Parmalee's memorabilia, connote that "Cousin Mary," Mrs. E. E. Brown, was very much alive and that their household was made up of the Brown children-Mary, George, and Charlie, Juliette's first cousins and contemporaries. But the reference to the groom's father, H. C. Parmalee alone,

was correct, since Henry Conklin Parmalee had been left a widower the previous summer when his wife, Martha Ann, died on August 17, 1901.

Charlie and Juliette Parmalee in time moved from Dalton to Atlanta, where with the exception of one interlude they lived the remainder of their lives. A news item, without date, clipped from a Corning, Arkansas, newspaper, states that they had lived there: "C. L. Parmalee last Monday sold his half interest in the Corning Telephone Co. back to W. O. Beard, and will return to Atlanta, Ga. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Parmalee will regret to see them leave as they have greatly popularized themselves during their brief residence here."

In Corning Juliette Parmalee continued to use her professional training. A recital at the Corning Methodist Church "brought out some of the very best of Corning's local talent" -children, adults, and the "home orchestra" in which Charlie Parmalee played the trombone. In addition, from a financial point of view the recital was a success, "the amount netted being $19.75." The proceeds went for the purchase of "an invalid's chair for Miss Mattie Craig Holloway." Playbills show that admission fees for benefit entertainments were ordinarily ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents.

Juliette Parmalee actively pursued a career after she and her husband moved to Atlanta, as a brochure advertising her skills indicates: "If your church, school, lodge or club needs funds, secure the services of Juliette B. Parmalee in her monologue plays." Her studio was located in Wesley Memorial Church, then at Auburn and Ivy streets, and her residence was listed as 453 Central Avenue. Apparently Charlie and Juliette Parmalee lived at this address until they moved into a large, three-bedroom, upper-level apartment in a duplex at what was then 29 East Georgia Avenue. This house with a large veranda stood on the southeast corner of the intersection of Georgia and Central avenues, diagonally opposite then-Saint John Methodist Church on the northwest corner. Letters addressed to Emilie Parmalee suggest that later the street number was changed, but the Parmalees lived here in the same house until 1932.

All traces of this pleasant Georgia-Avenue neighborhood have disappeared. Stripped of the beauty of its trees and the warmth of houses with commodious front porches, lying bare in the harshness of the blazing sun and standing near the roar of the expressway, it has lost its character to the ravages of creeping commercialization. A childhood friend and neighbor of Emilie Parmalee Spivey noted that here once stood friendly and often spacious frame houses with picket fences and backyards large enough for vegetable gardens. Nearby was exclusive Washington Street, where huge oaks touched branches across an avenue lined with the mansions of affluent Atlantans, some of whom left their marks on history. And not far away, directly eastward of Georgia Avenue, lay the mecca for Atlantans-beautiful Grant Park.

Emilie Martha Parmalee was born on Friday, January 3, 1908, at Wesley Memorial Hospital, an institution founded and owned by the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Church and a forerunner of Emory University Hospital. The facility was then housed in the large, antebellum, former dwelling of Marcus A. Bell, “long known as the Calico House” and located on the southeast corner of Courtland Street and Auburn Avenue, according to Atlanta historian Franklin Garrett. With the addition of a third floor, hospital equipment, and fifty beds, it opened its doors on August 16, 1905, almost three years before the birth of Emilie Parmalee.

The Parmalees had been married five-and-a-half years when Emilie arrived. Charlie Parmalee was then thirty-six and Juliette, thirty-two years old. Emilie remained an only child and without question the focus of her parents' adulation. On a birthday card, probably written after Charlie Parmalee's death, Juliette wrote to her daughter:

To Emilie - the dearest one on earth -
Who has been my love since her day of birth.

Juliette Parmalee inscribed jingles in an album of early photographs of Emilie, made from the time she was a few months

old until she finished grammar school. Beside pictures of Emilie at four-and-one-half months, Juliette wrote:

> When "Daddy" took my picture
> 1 put on my nicest dress.
> 'Cause Mother wore it when a baby
> And it's bound to be my best.

Beside a professional photograph of Emilie at eighteen months, standing in a chair near her father, Juliette wrote:

> When Daddy and 1 had our pictures made
> 1 was worried for a while.
> But this picture man made the monkey dance
> And that is why 1 smiled.

The visage of Emilie Parmalee is that of a chubby, round-faced baby and little girl, dressed in charming outfits. Small swirls of Emilie's hair, preserved by Juliette and tied with tiny pieces of ribbon, show a gradation in shading from a very light to a somewhat darker brown. At the age of ten she looked rather tall and scrawny but retained her beauty. Her spiraled, cork-screw curls and her beruffled dresses indicate that Juliette Parmalee had not spared herself in making Emilie's clothes and in getting her dressed for the photographer. Emilie Spivey once stated, "Mother was always painstaking about hair and clothes." Juliette Parmalee had no doubt acquired her skill in sewing at the hands of her own mother, Emma Bewley Brown, who "had been reared like a lady" and taught to sew a fine seam.

Emilie Spivey commented in later years: "I had an interesting, wonderful life even if 1 was an only child." Perhaps it was her good fortune to be the sole recipient of the creative energies of her parents. More than likely the feeling of being unquestionably loved and of being desirable gave her a confidence that helped her achieve her destiny. At no point in her career was center stage new to her-she had occupied it at home all her life.

Charles Parmalee with his daughter, Emilie

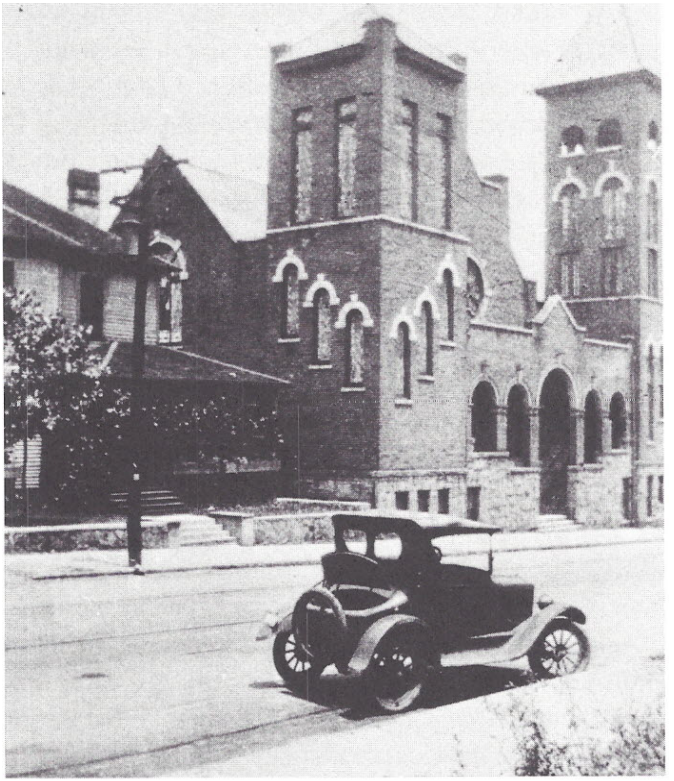
Juliette Parmalee was remembered by all who knew her as a strong-minded woman-attractive, outgoing, artistic, and intelligent. She possessed a strict code of values-religious, moral, and social-which she passed on to Emilie, for whom she had exceedingly high ambitions. These aspirations were not merely amorphous goals, since Juliette Parmalee worked all of Emilie Parmalee's earlier life to build foundations under them. But Juliette's sense of humor was a characteristic which no doubt lightened her intensity.

In large measure Juliette Parmalee was the spiritual heir of her circuit-riding grandfather, George Washington Bewley. His legacy

appeared to have been passed full-bodied to his granddaughter. Since religious values can hardly be transmitted through the genes, Juliette's character proved that the thinking of her mother, Emma, even as a child had become imbued with the ambiance created by her own parents, the Bewleys, who had died young, and that the values of the Bewleys had been reinforced through the influences of Emma's adoptive parents, the Mitchells. The progression continued as Emma Brown in turn transmitted them to Juliette, where they found expression, for instance, in her service to Saint John Methodist Church. Here she built a reputation as a dynamic Bible teacher, a worker with young people, and the writer and director of plays and pageants. Juliette remarked facetiously, "I went to so many different meetings giving devotionals that Emilie might well have been born in a prayer meeting."

On a photograph of Saint John Methodist Church taken on July 1, 1922, Juliette inscribed: "St. John Church where Baby attended Sunday School every Sabbath." Records show that Emilie was baptized on January 3, 1909, her first birthday, by the Rev. S. B. Ledbetter and that she united with Saint John Church on October 31, 1915, during the ministry of the Reverend C. M. Eakes. Emilie's religious education in the years to come must have given a profundity of meaning to her interpretation of the masterpieces of organ music. And it certainly sustained her Sunday after Sunday throughout four decades of ministry to Atlanta congregations as their organist and choirmaster.

Although Charlie Parmalee was a less extroverted personality than his wife, his influence on Emilie's impressionable mind was marked. Parmalee was active in the affairs of Saint John Church, where he served as a steward, and he was Juliette's right-hand man in her elaborate endeavors. Interestingly, a scrapbook of mementos of Emilie's early years contains two temperance cards, one signed by Charlie Parmalee and the other by Emilie. Emilie's pledge reads, "I hereby solemnly pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, wines and cider included, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of the same." As the years



Saint John Methodist Church in 1923

passed, Emilie Parmalee Spivey might not have recalled a temperance pledge she endorsed at the age of eight. Yet she remained abstemious all her life, having no appetite for alcoholic beverages, even as a fun-loving and sociable adult who enjoyed and scintillated at parties.

Speaking of her father, Emilie Parmalee Spivey stated that as a youth he had wanted to be a chemist but had been sidetracked into the hardware business. As an accountant, he was "excellent with figures." A shining memory for Emilie was her father's readiness to come to her rescue when he found her dissolved in tears over a particularly difficult problem in mathematics. His mastery as a wood craftsman he applied to the fullest in the

Parmalee home. His adeptness with his hands remained visible in the sturdy, round pine table with a lazy susan, which he constructed and where the Spiveys ate their daily meals.

A tall, thin man, Charlie Parmalee suffered from poor health during his adult years. Allegedly he worked for the Ford Motor Company after he and Juliette settled in Atlanta. But at an undesignated date, as he rode his motorcycle, perhaps at that time his principal mode of transportation, through a major intersection of the city, he was struck and "almost killed." According to a family member, "his kidneys had to be held up by platinum wires." For over a year he remained an invalid, unable to return to work. Upon his recovery he embarked on a career as an accountant with the Atlanta Water Works and with an office in the city hall, where he worked for at least twenty years.

Juliette Parmalee must have had her hands full during the slow recovery of her husband from his injuries. A childhood friend and neighbor of Emilie declared,"Mrs. Parmalee was a stout-hearted woman. She sewed, turned fabrics, and to bring in income, gave elocution lessons ... and she had no household help as did many of the neighbors." Perhaps Emma Bewley Brown, a Confederate widow with a pension, who lived with the Parmalees, was a help to her daughter. Nevertheless, nursing her husband, keeping house, looking after Emilie, and teaching speech lessons inevitably crowded the hours of Juliette Parmalee's days. But as someone who knew her remarked, "She was a survivor."

Like a torch roving in the darkness, creating scattered patches of illumination, the mind of Emilie Spivey during her last years periodically focused on random memories. More than once she remarked, "Mother *never* allowed the Civil War to be discussed at the table." Emilie herself could not have remembered her grandfather Henry Conklin Parmalee, who had fought for the United States in the Civil War. At some point during the early twentieth century, Parmalee had retired from his hardware business in Dalton and moved to Atlanta, where he died on January 31, 1909, when Emilie was only a year old. But it is easy to imagine Parmalee, a Union veteran, and Emma Brown, a Confederate widow, eyeing

each other across the dinner table during the years before the "bloody shirt" was buried and the Civil War ceased to divide.

There were other memories that made indelible impressions-days that could have been better as well as words that continued to bless. With poignancy Emilie Spivey declared, "My parents had so many illnesses." Yet Juliette Parmalee's health in comparison with that of her husband must have seemed robust. Emilie frequently repeated words of her mother which she treasured like precious gems: "Remember that you are a love child and that you will always be loved." Emilie added, "But they felt that one child was enough."

Although certain events of these years remain nebulous, the education of Emilie Parmalee is well documented, in skeletal form, through report cards placed side by side in a scrapbook, showing the schools she attended, the signatures of her teachers, and the academic grades she received from grammar-school days through her graduation from Washington Seminary. She attended Georgia Avenue Grammar School, a short walk up the street from her house, during the first seven years of her formal education. Juliette Parmalee noted that "Emilie started to school September 14, 1914." And she glued beside the report cards the Atlanta School System's printed price list of first-grade texts and supplies. The most expensive item was Freed and Treadwell's *First Reader,* which cost thirty-six cents retail and eighteen cents in exchange. The price was five cents each for paste, waxed crayons, foot ruler, desk pencil, and scratch pad.

Throughout grammar school Emilie Parmalee was clearly an A student. For the first three years she made straights As. But in the fourth grade her six days' absences might have caused a slight drop to Bs in spelling, history-civics, and physiology-hygiene. Again in the fifth grade she was absent, perhaps through illness, and a few Bs appeared. But she rebounded in the sixth and seventh grades with an A average.

After being promoted at the age of thirteen from Georgia Avenue Grammar School, Emilie entered Girls' High School, where she remained for one-and-one-half years. It was then located at 47

Washington Street, the present site of the city hall of Atlanta. Here are the only missing links in Emilie's academic record-for Girls' High there is a report card for only a half-year in 1922. The academic demands were obviously stringent, since in algebra Emilie's grade fell to a high C. In English and physical training she made B, but in general science and Latin she retained her A average.

While she was attending Girls' High late in 1922, she was awarded a two-and-one-half-year grant to attend Washington Seminary as the recipient of an alumnae scholarship, which extended from the opening of the term in January 1923 until her graduation in 1925. Vague references in conversations have implied that a neighbor of the Parmalees with connections had exerted her influence in Emilie's behalf. The assertion that this scholarship marked a decisive turn in Emilie Parmalee's life might be an overstatement. But doubtlessly in the exposure to the life styles of wealthy families-through friendships with her classmates-her ambitions coalesced, her inherent drives were accentuated, her tastes directed, and her sense of the amenities further trained. In retrospect the powerful flow of these influences tended to reduce to relative insignificance the importance of academic scores.

Yet Emilie Parmalee was an exemplary student. For the first half-year at Washington Seminary, she made not a single grade below 90, her score in algebra. Other marks were 96 in spelling, 94 in history, 92 in French, and 91 in chemistry. A 90 in domestic science suggests that the course was based on etiquette rather than cooking. The art of food preparation was one she never mastered and fortunately never seemed to need. Perhaps the sparsity of academic subjects listed on her later report cards at Washington Seminary indicates that she earned some credits for music lessons. Interestingly, she made one B in deportment, perhaps for talking. But she herself said that she was a shy person at this time, although she played the piano for chapel. Without question she was a serious-minded young woman, whom her fellow students named the most intellectual girl in the class of 1925.

CHAPTER THREE

THE COMPULSION OF MUSIC

"Music is the language of the inner self expressed through the fingers," and, in the case of organist Emilie Parmalee, also the feet.

The promise of economic opportunity must have lured Charlie and Juliette Parmalee from Dalton to Atlanta, the commercial hub of the Southeast. But what made all the difference in the life of their daughter, Emilie, was that Atlanta despite its mercenary heart was the cultural center of the Deep South. Without question the advantages of her academic training dwarfed offerings available to her contemporaries in rural Georgia. From the time she was a little girl, as a childhood friend remarked, "music was always the big thing with Emilie." Here again she was fortunate to grow up in Atlanta.

Emilie Parmalee's inherent musical talent, like soft, shapeless clay, was first elicited by an imaginative mind and molded by sensitive hands. Certainly that was the implication conveyed in the brochure of the Martha E. Smith School of Music at 11 Druid Place. The exact date when Emilie began taking piano lessons is not known, but a hint appears in a photograph of nine small children gathered for a class lesson in Miss Smith's studio in Inman Park. Seated in their midst is Emilie Parmalee, with long corkscrew curls hanging over her shoulders-a young girl about ten years old.

Martha Smith was a certified normal teacher of the Effa Ellis Perfield System. Here music was defined as "the language of the inner-self expressed through the fingers." For younger children in particular it was taught as the language of birds, animals, and flowers. The school color was green, "the growing color," and the aim set before each student was "to work with heart, head, and mind." Miss Smith's method stressed "inner-feeling, reasoning, and drills through ear, eye, and touch." On the face of the brochure Thomas Star King was quoted: "There could be a heaven without light but not without music."

A harbinger of Emilie Parmalee's later prominence as a musician appeared in two sizable photographs covering half of the front page of the *Atlanta Georgian* on June 19, 1919, and in a bold caption not notable for restraint: "Eleven-Year-Old Girl Musical Prodigy." Interestingly the lead headline in the newspaper on that day was "Illinois Leads in Ratifying Suffrage Amendment." Underneath one of the photographs of Emilie are the words,

Emilie Parmalee at the age of ten

"Emilie Parmalee has a jolly smile, like any other little girl; but at her piano, as in the lower picture, she is very earnest as becomes a prodigy." What Emilie had done was to set a record in the Effa Ellis Perfield competition in harmony by constructing eighty-four chords in fifty-five seconds, outdistancing the previous champion, a young man from New Jersey, whose time for this musical feat was twice that of Emilie Parmalee.

Recital programs preserved by Juliette Parmalee graph the maturing of Emilie's musical skills as a pianist. A year following her well-publicized victory in the harmony competition, on May 20, 1920, at the age of twelve, she performed in an imaginative program, "An Interpretive Musicale-The Seasons of Life." Martha Smith divided this recital of her students into four parts: "Babyhood and Childhood (Spring)," "Maidenhood (Summer),"

"Manhood and Womanhood (Autumn)," and "Happy Old Age (Winter)." In the third segment, "Manhood and Womanhood (Autumn)," Emilie performed Nevin's "Visions and Memories"; and in the fourth, "Happy Old Age (Winter)," Rischoff's "Echoes of an Old Song."

A year later, on April 23, 1921, the spring recital of Martha Smith's pupils took place in the concert hall of the Cable Piano Company at 82 North Broad Street. In a program consisting of thirty-two numbers, Emilie was the twenty-seventh student to perform, playing Sinding's "Rustle of Spring." Concluding the recital, she and three other students performed a two-piano arrangement of three movements of Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite*- "Morning," "Ase's Death," and "Anitra's Dance."

When Emilie Parmalee was fifteen years old, she performed on a program Martha Smith billed as "An Evening of Music by Piano Pupils and Choir of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Under the Direction of Miss Martha E. Smith," which took place on May 11, 1923. One can imagine how awesome the beauty of this sanctuary on Peachtree Street must have seemed on that evening to young musicians. During the second half of the program, Emilie Parmalee, one of the more advanced students, performed Leschstizsky's arrangement of "Sextet from *Lucia* for Left Hand Alone" and Verdi's triumphal march from *Aida.* Immediately preceding the climactic close of this evening of music, Emilie and fellow student Creighton Meixell played four movements from the *Peer Gynt Suite.* Accompanied by Martha Smith at the organ, the choir of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer concluded the program with the resounding "King All Glorious," by Barby. Emilie Parmalee was now a high-school student striving to adjust to her first half-year of schooling in the new environment of Washington Seminary. But six decades later the memory of this particular night lingered-perhaps it marked her baptism as a performer.

Standing side-by-side with Juliette Parmalee in sculpting the mind and the talents of Emilie Parmalee, from 1924, was Eda Bartholomew. A prospectus of the Atlanta Conservatory of

Music-housed on the two upper floors of the five-story Cable Piano Building where Miss Eda headed the organ department-touted her as "an outstanding figure in musical circles ... and the greatest woman organist in America." Her credentials were indeed impressive. Allegedly her family at one time lived "across the street" from Franz Liszt in Germany. And on one occasion Liszt actually joined Eda Bartholomew's mother in performing a piano duet before an audience. In the United States Eda Bartholomew studied with Wilhelm Middelschulte in Chicago

Eda E. Bartholomew

before she embarked upon four years of intensive training at the Royal Conservatory in Leipzig, Germany. She related to William Manley, an organ builder who became an intimate friend of Miss Eda, that she herself was the female who broke the all-male barrier at the conservatory. Reputedly the first woman to be admitted, she was forced to hazard the resentment and disgust of instructors "who would not even look at her." Yet she was graduated with honors.

Back in the United States, Eda Bartholomew taught piano and organ at LaGrange College and then at Brenau College. Nothing is known of her arrangements at LaGrange, but while serving on the faculty of Brenau, she spent her weekdays in Gainesville, the location of the college, and returned to Atlanta by train on weekends to play the organ for Saint Mark Methodist Church. Eventually she concentrated her artistic endeavors in Atlanta, simultaneously heading the organ department at the Atlanta Conservatory and the piano department at Agnes Scott College, teaching in her studio in Westminster Presbyterian Church, and serving as an organist and choir director at Saint Mark Methodist Church. Newspaper clippings showed that she also shared her time and talent unstintingly with the musical community of Atlanta.

Eda Bartholomew was a vigorous, strong-minded, and stout-hearted German woman who left her stamp ineradicably on the minds of her students. Frank Willingham, a former pupil and now an organist living in College Park, has vivid memories of her-dogmatic, loquacious, but possessing a sense of humor. He remembers in particular how markedly her intonations differed from the predominantly southern accent, largely unadulterated at that time by an influx of outsiders into Atlanta. With his mind traveling back over the years, he reminisces in graphic detail of her teaching arrangements.

The studio of Eda Bartholomew was located in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, then on the corner of Ponce de Leon Avenue and North Boulevard, a street that is now Monroe Drive. Within its sanctuary was a three-manual Hall pipe organ which Miss Eda herself had purchased, had had installed, and continued to

maintain at her own expense. For instance, the electrical costs, for which she was billed, were computed on a separate meter. As compensation for using Miss Eda's organ for its services, Westminster Church provided her with a studio in its educational building. Adhering to the philosophy that organ students must also study piano in order to read music with expertise, she taught piano in her studio and organ in the sanctuary.

Within the walls of her studio stood two grand pianos, one of which was a gift from Mrs. Benjamin Elsas. Underneath each piano was a wooden platform, built at Eda Bartholomew's expense, to blunt the adverse interaction of the concrete floor and the tonal qualities of the Steinways. Miss Eda charged three dollars a lesson plus thirty-five cents an hour for practicing on the organ. Here in this setting the strategic kinship of Eda Bartholomew and Emilie Parmalee began about 1924-when Emilie was a junior at Washington Seminary-and continued for years.

Eda Bartholomew must have straightaway recognized the talents of Emilie Parmalee and "simply could not do enough for her." Emilie in time was frequently and accurately called "Miss Eda's protégé." Miss Eda's generosity reputedly extended to appreciable financial considerations during costly illnesses of the Parmalees. Certainly she gave Emilie full use of her musical library. With keen discernment she realized that in Emilie Parmalee she had a boon any teacher would have envied: the combination of inherent talent, sound training to that point, an inclination to lose herself in her absorption with music, and a burning zeal to work and to succeed. In addition, Emilie's charm-a dominant trait that in time grew into nothing short of charisma-must have been clearly visible. In later years Eda Bartholomew declared that Emilie Parmalee was a person who refused to recognize obstacles in her path. She determinedly turned "stumbling blocks into stepping stones."

Eda Bartholomew had much to give Emilie Parmalee. Obviously she had already carved out for herself a niche within the musical circles of the city; she was acquainted with wealthy and influential
patrons of the arts in Atlanta; and her teaching and performing

skills as an organist could hardly be matched in the South. Yet in later years her name was occasionally omitted when journalists cited, as mentors of Emilie Parmalee Spivey, nationally recognized organists from Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York with whom Emilie studied for short periods. Perhaps without exaggeration, Miss Eda was the mainspring of Emilie Parmalee Spivey's career as an impeccable and prestigious organist and as an innovative and determined arbiter of the cultural growth of Atlanta. During the last months of Emilie Spivey's life, when cancer of the lungs was taking its deadly toll and turning her body into a wraith of its former self, she whispered, in reference to a biography of herself, "Be sure to remember-do not forget-Miss Eda." On a photograph of herself, a gift to her student, Miss Eda inscribed, "To Emilie in memory of every happy hour. Eda E. Bartholomew."

Emilie Parmalee Spivey's scrapbooks-covering the sweep of what almost anyone would call an eminently fulfilling life-differ little from other such collections. That is, here are cuttings of triumphs large and small but newsworthy enough to find their way into print. As the years passed, the chain of her successes was intersticed with disappointment, loss, and even tragedy. But in her youth-as was typical of all youth but possibly more so in one with her buoyant and sensitive nature-the small experiences must have sent her emotions, in cyclical fashion, plunging into the depths or racing to the heights.

Darkness and rain created the ambiance for one of Emilie Spivey's favorite stories of her girlhood-an experience that caused her spirit to plummet. Emilie must have been a student at Washington Seminary at the time and would have been studying with Miss Eda long enough for her to take Emilie under her wing. Eda Bartholomew had wangled an invitation for Emilie to accompany her to a musicale in one of the handsomer residences of Atlanta, a glamorous social affair with a limited guest list. During the careful planning of Emilie's outfit for the evening, the next-door neighbor had insisted upon lending Emilie an expensive embroidered and fringed Spanish shawl, then in vogue, as a finishing touch.

When Miss Eda parked her car in front of the Parmalees' house, Emilie was not quite ready. Juliette Parmalee hurried to the front door to call down to Miss Eda that Emilie would be along in a moment. But in the darkness Mrs. Parmalee slipped on a rain-drenched step and suffered what turned out to be a severe injury, reported to be either a broken leg or two broken ankles, that kept her confined to a wheelchair for months. Not knowing the extent of the damage, she urged Emilie to go on to the party, insisting that she would be all right. But Eda Bartholomew demurred. "No, Emilie, you stay at home with your mother." Then she added presciently, "For you there will be other nights." She was correct. At a later musicale in the same home, Emilie Parmalee was not merely an invited guest-she was the performer.

A few months after Emilie Parmalee was graduated from Washington Seminary, she experienced a taste of what it was to be a church organist. A friend and fellow student of Eda Bartholomew, Elizabeth Abbott, the regular organist at Central Congregational Church, then on the corner of Carnegie Way and Ellis Street, asked Emilie to take her place on September 20, 1925. This church building was flamboyantly Gothic, roughly circular in shape, and resembled a miniature castle. The picture on the front of the church bulletin looked as if it had been torn from the pages of a romantic legend. The minister, Dr. D. Witherspoon Dodge, commented in the bulletin: "Today is 'Go-To-Church Sunday' in Atlanta. Many of you have noticed some of the splendid advertising . . . in newspaper and street car. Many of you have made a special effort to be here . . . . Perhaps it is the first time some of you have been to church in a moon's age." As a prelude Emilie played Boëllman's Suite Gothique; for the offertory, Johnston's "Evensong"; and for the postlude, Silver's "Jubilate Deo."

Emilie Parmalee might well have learned from Eda Bartholomew the basic principles of the art of publicity, a skill in which Emilie herself became a consummate master. Inevitably Miss Eda was responsible for all the advance notices of Emilie's solo recital on April 13, 1926. In the rotogravure section of the Sunday

Emilie Parmalee, graduate of Washington Seminary

newspaper-pages filled with nothing but pictures and inscriptions-Emilie Parmalee's photograph appears with the words, "Young Organist to Give Recital. Miss Emilie Parmalee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Parmalee will be presented by Miss Eda Bartholomew in a graduation recital on April 13 at the Westminster Presbyterian Church." On the day of the concert the daily paper carried the same picture with the comment that this talented musician would be assisted by Solon Drukenmiller, tenor and director of the First Baptist Church choir. Journalists described Emilie as the recipient of the Washington Seminary Alumnae Scholarship and the student named the most intellectual member of her graduating class. "Her remarkable advancement at such an early age gives a unique appeal to this concert."

The seriousness of the young woman in Emilie Parmalee's photograph, upon her debut as a performing organist, contradicts the madcap spirit of the Jazz Age, as did her outlook and her life style. But Emilie's coiffure, short, somewhat straight hair pulled diagonally across the forehead, and her attire, a white, shortened, sleeveless, and waistless formal gown, characterize the styles of the 1920s. This likeness of Emilie Parmalee appears to be a photograph taken at the time of her graduation from Washington Seminary. She looks as if she had picked up her diploma-a long scroll-in her right hand, seated herself, and placed a large bouquet of roses in her lap as she gazed into the camera.

For her recital program Emilie performed Bach's Toccata in D Minor and Frysinger's "Canzonetta" and "Benediction Nuptiale." Solon Drukenmiller sang Buzzi-Peccia's "Faith." Continuing, Emilie played Guilmant's Scherzo from Sonata No. Sand Grieg's "To Spring" and March from *Siguard Jorsalfar.* Drukenmiller then used as his solo Meyer-Helmund's "The Magic Song," which was followed by Emilie's renditions of MacFarland's "Evening Bells and Cradle Song" and Schubert's "By the Sea." The concluding composition on the organ was a number Emilie frequently used thereafter as an effective finale-Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance."

In addition to being choir director at the First Baptist Church

of Atlanta, Solon Drukenmiller was a popular vocalist. His assisting Emilie Parmalee in a recital that was a milestone for her was more than a casual artistic arrangement. **In** fact, the relationship of the Drukenmillers and the Parmalees antedated the birth of Emilie. Don Drukenmiller, the brother of Solon, was a guest at the wedding of Charlie and Juliete Parmalee in Dalton. These brothers were slightly younger contemporaries of Emilie's parents. Letters from Solon to Juliette indicated that they were close friends and that Solon was exceedingly interested in Emilie's musical career.

During the summer months of 1926 Emilie Parmalee more than likely gained valuable experience in a kind of apprenticeship as she replaced vacationing church organists. An undated clipping shows that on one Sunday she performed at West End Presbyterian Church. Throughout August she served on three consecutive Sabbaths at the Second Baptist Church at Washington and Mitchell, directly across the street from the state capitol. A few months later Miss Eda singled out Emilie to take her place on January 2, 1927, at the evening service of Saint Mark Methodist Church. Miss Eda was "leaving town to go to Plant City, Florida . . . to open a new Austin organ in the Baptist Church." But Emilie Parmalee's days of substituting were almost over. Two days later her own career was launched.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE "SWEET MUSIC" OF EMILIE P ARMALEE

May you win the hearts of the North Avenue Presbyterian people as you have the hearts of "us old St. John friends."
Lots of love to you.
-Lee Fry

Emilie Parmalee became organist and choir director of Saint John Methodist Church, diagonally across the street from her home on Georgia Avenue, the day after she turned nineteen years old. Exultant with this boon that was better than any packaged gift, she wired a friend and fellow organ student Joy Bailey, who was then in Hendersonville, North Carolina. The terse telegram, dated January 4, 1927, stated, "Got position as organist. Come at once. Emilie." Before Joy had left town, she and Emilie had obviously discussed the possibility of this happy eventuality and planned that Joy would be the soprano soloist in the volunteer choir Emilie hoped to create at Saint John.

Figuring out how Emilie Parmalee secured the position at Saint John was not difficult. If she had been a complete stranger to the church, her character, talent, and training would have spoken for themselves. But in her case Charlie and Juliette Parmalee knew the entire congregation, and all of the members who were old enough had watched Emilie grow, almost within the walls of the church, from a baby into a young woman. An occurrence of the previous summer demonstrated the regard the board of trustees felt for her. Moreover, it threw light on the direction of Emilie's career as a teacher and significantly highlighted her characteristic ingenuity.

What Emilie had in mind, she had written the board of trustees of Saint John in August 1926, was a swap-the exchange of her "Keller Brothers upright piano ... in perfect condition, recently tuned, tightened, and gone over" for the "dilapidated old grand piano" standing in a Sunday School room and "going to ruin very fast." The piano tuner D. B. Evans had determined that the grand piano needed a new keyboard, pedals, tuning, and minor repairs. The cost would be about $150. Emilie continued in her letter:

> I am going to open a studio in my home. I have fifteen piano pupils. For recitals and public demonstrations, I need a grand piano on account of its shape. It can be placed in the middle of the

room while an audience can be seated on both sides or at the back and see and hear the performers . . . . An upright piano is . . . not suitable for recitals.

Will you exchange the old grand for my upright . . . ? I believe the exchange will be beneficial to both parties. I will then spend the necessary money on the grand to put it in good condition.

Chairman of the board Joe M. Bosworth ostensibly agreed with Emilie that her piano "met the needs" of the church much better than the grand piano "going to ruin very fast." Acting with dispatch, he circumvented the delay of a called meeting by writing each member of the board, sending a verbatim copy of Emilie's letter and asking for a vote by mail. Along with the copy of Bosworth's letter in Emilie's memorabilia is a short, typed note on a sliver of brown paper: "This copy sent you as information. Will have this matter settled in a few days, it is hoped, and believe in your favor." Joy Bailey Haley remembered the trade: "It was a beautiful old grand. A man restrung it and remade the sounding board which was perfect, although the action was a bit stiff for me. That old upright was about worn out."

But the acquisition of a grand piano and the setting up of a studio in the living room of the Parmalee home on Georgia Avenue did not mark the beginning of Emilie Parmalee's career as a piano teacher. According to William-Bill-Manley, even as a "high-schooler," meaning in her case a student at Washington Seminary, Emilie was building a reputation as a teacher- "She was tops." At that time she was not teaching at home but traveling by street-car to the homes of her students.

In the case of the Manleys, even though the distance was not great, Emilie might have had to transfer from the Georgia Avenue street car to one traversing Stewart Avenue and then walk to their home on Hugh Street, off Stewart. Interestingly the Manley house was the first one in the neighborhood to have electric lights. Before Emilie arrived to teach Bill's sister, Mrs. Manley would place a fifty-cent piece on the top corner of the piano to pay Emilie for

the lesson. Bill himself, with an inherent affinity for music, remained glued in a living-room chair while Emilie taught. The minute she left, his sister ran outdoors to play. But Bill sat down at the piano and practiced all the principles Emilie had tried to impart. He observed that even in her immaturity she was striking in appearance.

As an early step in organizing her studio, Emilie Parmalee placed an order with a printer for brochures advertising her services. On the front of the small blue folder are the words "Creative and Preparatory Music Classes, Miss Emilie Parmalee, 29 East Georgia Avenue, Atlanta, Ga." Inside is a statement from Martha E. Smith's philosophy of music: "Music is the language of the inner-self expressed through the fingers." Individual lessons cost fifty cents; free class lessons of one hour were offered once a month; and demonstration recitals were to be given by pupils. "For further information, call Miss Parmalee, Main 2763-1." Several recital programs, all without dates, appear in scrapbooks. One is captioned "Piano Recital by Pupils from Miss Emilie Parmalee's Class, Assisted by Pupils from Mrs. Juliette B. Parmalee's Expression Class."

Unquestionably Emilie Parmalee began devising a master plan for building a strong volunteer choir at Saint John before she actually received the final word of acceptance from the board of trustees. Seeking as many singers with professional training as possible-certainly more than Saint John could yield-she worked through Atlanta voice teachers. They in turn urged their students to participate in Emilie's choir to gain experience. In this way she gathered about herself promising young vocalists from throughout the metropolitan area.

Practicing with them, Joy Bailey Haley stated, Emilie listened to their personal problems, sympathized with their woes, empathized with their frustrations, and above all convinced them that "they were potential Schumann-Heinks and Carusos." They "loved it," faithfully showed up for Saturday night rehearsals, and learned and practiced four anthems a week-two for the Sunday morning service and two for the evening hour. Charming

recruits was a technique that came easily for Emilie Parmalee; she perfected and utilized her talent to the end of her life. A fellow organist and former student of Eda Bartholomew declared, "Emilie could charm anyone into doing anything."

The memories of Joy Bailey Haley resurrect segments of the lives of the Parmalees during these years. Emilie Parmalee and Joy Bailey met in the sanctuary of Westminster Presbyterian Church at a moment when Emilie had completed an organ lesson and had swung around on the bench with her back to the organ. At the time Emilie had already graduated from Washington Seminary. Joy Bailey, who was not a native of Atlanta, was living in a rented room with kitchen privileges, "in the house of a hunch-back spinster" on Bass Street. The Parmalees often invited Joy to visit them on weekends. She has vivid recollections of their household, the days and nights she spent there, and the delicious family meals they ate together at the large table in the kitchen. She has remarked, "I feel terrible when I think that I never did pay Mrs. Parmalee a single dollar for all the food late."

As if she were looking at a blueprint, Joy Bailey Haley depicted the layout of the home where Emilie Parmalee had lived all her life. On one side were the living room, dining room, and kitchen; on the other side, the three bedrooms and the bathroom; and on the front and the back, porches. This upper-level flat was spacious and attractive with large, well-furnished rooms. Although Joy Haley made no reference to it, a painting of Saint Cecilia, the patron saint of the organ, was hanging on one of the walls. Emilie Spivey once remarked that this picture had exerted an influence on her as she was growing up and added, "I need to try to find it."

Although Emilie's grandmother Emma Bewley Brown made little impression on Joy Bailey, as she usually retired to her bedroom while they practiced and rehearsed in the living room, Juliette Parmalee remained a living being, a woman for whom Joy had great admiration. She was "so dramatic in her manner in the home and in everything she did. Her theatricality rubbed off on Emilie and influenced her personality." Apparently Joy attended Mrs. Parmalee's Sunday School class, since she stated, "She was a

brilliant woman . . . . I have never known a better Bible teacher." Moreover, Mrs. Parmalee the Bible scholar brought her teachings home-there were scripture readings at mealtimes and family prayers.

Juliette Parmalee was also "secretary, adviser, seamstress, and confidante to Emilie." It was her practice to bring Emilie the juice of two oranges to drink when she waked up in the mornings. She told Joy, "When you have a little girl, give her plenty of orange juice and vitamins, and she will give them back to you in smiles." Moreover, Mrs. Parmalee was a fastidious housekeeper. Joy remembered her coming into Emilie's room, after they had carefully-they thought-made the bed and smoothing out with a broom handle any remaining wrinkles.

Six months after Emilie Parmalee became organist and choir director at Saint John Methodist Church, she gave an organ recital in the sanctuary on June 6, assisted by Solon Drukenmiller, who was accompanied by Eda Bartholomew at the piano. In the newspaper photograph publicizing the concert, Emilie looks more than two years older than in her graduation picture. She wears a black velvet dress, which Juliette Parmalee had made, accessorized with a lace collar and cuffs. Her heavy dark hair is marcelled into flat waves sculpted to the contour of her head. But perhaps more than her coiffure and attire, her intensely serious expression gives her an air of maturity, which indeed accurately portrays her character but not the sparkle of her personality. On the other hand, perhaps its full incandescence had not yet surfaced.

Apparently geared toward popular tastes, the program opened with Emilie's playing Truette's "Offertoire on Two Familiar Hymns" and continuing, for example, with Gillette's "From the South," Kinder's "In Moonlight," and Shelley's "Fanfare." Interspersing his solos among Emilie's renditions, Drukenmiller sang Frosti's "My Dreams" and Danza's "A May Morning." Emilie concluded the program with "Pomp and Circumstance."

Two days later Drukenmiller wrote to Juliette, explaining his hasty departure after the recital:

> Am so ashamed to be full of *complaints* but felt so bum after a most strenuous week beginning Friday, singing for Jeff Davis exercises at the Capitol. Then special services at the Temple making in all ten counting Monday night . . . with little sleep. This wild "city life" gets me.
>
> That's why I took the 9:40 as the next was *midnight.* I would so love to have seen all the folks and especially to have congratulated dear Miss Emilie. I must confess her program made a great hit with me, so beautiful and the organ has such lovely stops . . . . Miss Eda is a marvel and a joy as an accompanist. So happy over the splendid offering . . . .
>
> What a compensation to a father and mother Emilie is-watching her beautiful character unfold like a lovely flower, for it shows in her playing as elsewhere. Always she and you all have my heartfelt wishes for success and happiness.

Solon Drukenmiller lived in Griffin with his wife, who interestingly had been one of his grammar-school teachers. He apparently commuted by train to his duties at the First Baptist Church and to his other numerous commitments in Atlanta.

Another gratifying feedback for Emilie was a note from Dorothy M. Bollwinkle, organist at Saint Philip's Episcopal Church in Charleston, South Carolina, who was visiting her aunt in Atlanta on the evening of the recital: "Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed your recital last night at St. John's Church. I am a visiting organist here and read in the paper about the organ recital. . . . I thought your music was marvelous . . . . I particularly like the Fanfare by Shelley . . . . At Saint Philip's Church we have a vested choir of thirty-five voices and The Crucifixion . . . and The Messiah are given annually." Dorothy Bollwinkle asked for an appointment with Emilie as she wanted to talk with her. Without question Emilie Parmalee would have taken advantage of this opportunity.

The reaction of the congregation of Saint John to Emilie Parmalee's services as music director left few tangible traces. A note written on a Christmas card she received from W. T. Rice, chairman of the music committee, conveyed his gratitude: "We appreciate your faithful service and splendid success with the choir." On April 2, 1929, Florence C. Sale of Shellman, Georgia, wrote with warmth: "Way down in a little southwest Georgia town, a group of friends, relatives and the parents of one on your radio program ... listened ... with very deep interest. I, the mother of James Sale, wish to take this opportunity of expressing ... my gratitude for the compliment you have bestowed upon him by having him sing with you in your church and for any encouragement you may give him to stay in close touch with the best things of life-our church and its spiritual influence." This letter proved that as early as her tenure at Saint John, Emilie Parmalee was utilizing every opportunity to be heard, even over the airwaves of the radio stations of Atlanta.

Playing the organ and directing the choir at Saint John and teaching piano in her own studio were not Emilie's only endeavors. A small first step toward her future leadership role in Atlanta's musical community was joining the American Guild of Organists in 1926 and accepting the office of treasurer the following year when Eda Bartholomew served as dean. Then in 1929 she was honored with an invitation to become a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, the honorary musical society, which a half-century later paid her the tribute of a concert in her honor. But what must have consumed the hours more greedily than any other activity was practicing to perform. Emilie declared, "I simply never got through practicing." A fellow musician and a close friend of Emilie said, "Playing the organ was too easy for me. It made me lazy. But that was not true with Emilie. She worked zealously and continuously to perfect her musicianship."

And Emilie continued to perform. Moreover, she was obviously still taking seriously her study of the piano. For instance, on August 14, 1927, only two months after the organ recital at Saint John, she and two other students of Eda Bartholomew-Grace Elsas and

Clara Morrison-gave a piano recital at Westminster Church. Emilie played six movements of Schutt's *Carnival Mignon.*

One year later, as an additional example of the pace of her life, she gave another organ concert at Saint John, this time carrying the" full load with no assistance from Solon Drukenmiller and Eda Bartholomew. The selections seem heavier, beginning with Guilmant's "Grand Chorus," including Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-sharp Minor, and concluding again with "Pomp and Circumstance." On this evening the freewill offering was earmarked for "the organ debt." Perhaps Emilie was able to engineer an upgrading of the organ at Saint John as she would in other sanctuaries of Atlanta.

Emilie Spivey once remarked that upon her graduation from Washington Seminary, she was offered a scholarship to Agnes Scott. But she declined, putting on blinders to the academic route- "the road not taken" -and opting for a purely musical education. At exactly what point she enrolled at the Atlanta Conservatory of Music is not known nor whether her numerous performances were earning required credits.

A feature of May 26, 1929, in the *Atlanta Journal* was headed: "Emilie Parmalee Sells Anthem to Publishing House." Mabelle S. Wall, editor of the "Music, Art, and Drama Section," hailed this achievement by writing a lengthy biography of Emilie, beginning with her first piano lessons at the age of ten and continuing into the present. Wall stated that as one of the requirements for a certificate in organ from the Atlanta Conservatory, Emilie Parmalee had composed an anthem based on the hymn "Fairest Lord Jesus," which she had secretly entered in a contest conducted by the Lorenz Publishing Company. Although she did not win the prize, the publishers purchased her work for publication. (Actually two years passed before the anthem appeared in the *Choir Herald* of May 1931.) Two weeks after this virtual blast of publicity, Emilie Parmalee on June 6 received a certificate in organ from the Atlanta Conservatory. Among the thirty-nine students, she was the only organ major.

A letter of November 12, 1929, conveyed to Emilie Parmalee

the welcome news that she was in the running for the position of organist at North Avenue Presbyterian Church. J. T. Stephenson, chairman of the music committee, stated that in response to her application, director of music Joseph Ragan was arranging an appointment. She should be ready at that time to play several anthems for the committee and the choir. Less than a month later, on December 3, Stephenson again wrote to Emilie: "Acting for the Music Committee and the Session of North Avenue Presbyterian Church, it is my pleasure to inform you that out of ten applicants for the position of Organist, you were unanimously elected to that position, the term beginning January 1, 1930."

On that same day Lee Fry of Saint John Methodist Church wrote a letter fraught with the warmth of his feeling for Emilie:

> . . . in every game of life, one's loss is another's gain . . . and believe me in this instance North Avenue Presbyterian Church is certainly the winner. We shall miss you at our church, miss your sweet music, but still I say I am glad for you.
>
> As one of your old-time friends, allow me to extend ·. . . sincerest hopes that you may more than fulfill Mr. Ragan's marvelous recommendation . . . .
>
> May you enjoy your new work and may you win the hearts of the North Avenue Presbyterian people as you have the hearts of "us old St. John friends." Lots of love to you. . . .

The heartiness of the congratulations that poured in denoted that being named organist of North Avenue Presbyterian Church on Peachtree Street was no small victory in the thinking of Emilie's friends and in her own mind. From Providence, Rhode Island, came a letter saying, "I am ever so glad to know of your success and I am sure your Mother and Miss Bartholomew are very proud of you. Miss Bartholomew has always extolled your praises . . . . I am always wanting her to be pleased, and I am glad indeed for such a capable, hardworking person as you are to have success. . . . " Marion Mathews, a student of Emilie, wrote, "When

I am middle-aged, I shall boast that the famous Miss Parmalee once listened to my musical efforts."

Without the slightest doubt Emilie had laid the groundwork-studying, practicing, performing-and she possessed all the qualifications North Avenue Presbyterian Church sought. But Joseph Ragan, retiring director of music, also played a role. Lee Fry in his letter had intimated that fact. Frances Felder, a colleague in the musical community of Atlanta, declared: "Joe Ragan, an organist older than Emilie, influenced her being selected." And Emilie herself once remarked that Joe Ragan, who "was old enough to be my uncle," had advised her to go to the interview' 'wearing my prettiest hat and putting my best foot forward." For Emilie Parmalee, moving to North Avenue marked the turning of a corner that afforded a widening vista. The change might not have altered her tastes and values, but it certainly accentuated them and brought about a quick-ening of paces.

Joseph Ragan

The *North Avenue Presbyterian Church News* of January 5, 1930, stated that Joseph Ragan, after having given twenty years of efficient service, had accepted a call from All Saints Episcopal Church to become its director of music. North Avenue Church was fortunate in securing as organist Miss Emilie Parmalee who would be working with Miss Margaret Battle, choir director. Miss Parmalee was an experienced church organist, the bulletin continued, who had given evidence of unusual musical ability and of a fine, consistent Christian life.

Memorabilia show that at least two events of the spring and early summer of 1930 stood apart as being particularly meaningful to Emilie Parmalee. On May 11 she performed the concluding number of the first study-course program of the Atlanta Music

Club, using the allegro movement from Widor's Sixth Symphony. The music critic of the *Atlanta Journal* wrote enthusiastically: "With a finger technique that is agile and a pedal technique that is almost unbelievable," Miss Parmalee gave "a brilliant and finished performance." Then on the evening of June 9 in the auditorium of the Atlanta Woman's Club, Emilie-clad in a satin evening gown and carrying a bouquet of red roses-received her diploma in organ from the Atlanta Conservatory of Music. The occasion marked the twenty-second commencement exercises of that institution, then headed by Georg Lindner.

Perhaps the congregation at North Avenue Church was beginning to appreciate the services of Emilie Parmalee as was Margaret Battle, the choir director. After Emilie's departure on a vacation in July, Margaret Battle wrote: "After you have started on your trip I want you to have this little message .... We are going to miss you so much ... and I'm going to take this opportunity to tell you how pleased I am with the work you are doing-your playing, your accompaniments, and most of all your attitude. You are hardworking and thorough and when I look back over the past six months, I think it about the happiest of my experience."

As the months passed, Emilie Parmalee somehow balanced the tasks and stretched the hours to cover the demands of serving as organist at North Avenue, teaching her own pupils, participating in musical organizations of Atlanta, studying organ with Eda Bartholomew, and giving performances. On May 21, 1931, under the auspices of the American Guild of Organists, in the sanctuary of North Avenue Church, she gave the final organ concert under the deanship of Joe Ragan. The music critic of the *Atlanta Journal* stated, "From the massive opening chords of the Bach 'Prelude and Fugue in C Minor' to the brilliant climax in Bonnet's 'Variations de Concert,' Miss Parmalee's playing . . . sparkled with rhythmic vitality, youthful freshness and sincerity. That Miss Parmalee has a technique, both digital and pedal, that is unquestionably remarkable was clearly revealed. Musicianship, keen conception, and orchestral color combined to make Widor's

'Symphonie No. 6 Op. 432' an outstanding number of the program."

Changes were taking place in the lives of all the Parmalees during these years. Canceled notes showed that on November 21, 1931, C. 1. Parmalee signed a contract with J. Russell Jordan and Son to build a brick-veneer bungalow at 1749 Pelham Road in Morningside for $7,500. During the building boom of the 1920s, according to Franklin Garrett, Morningside Park, east of Ansley Park, had been carved out of the woods and had given its name to the new neighborhood growing up around it. The Parmalees' plans called for a structure with living room, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, two baths, porches, and a double garage.

The Parmalees-particularly Charlie and Juliette-must have had slightly mixed feelings about leaving the house where they had lived for a quarter of a century and where Emilie had grown up. But the tentacles of industry were reaching out from downtown Atlanta and destroying the beauty and the appeal of Georgia Avenue and its environs, uprooting trees and usurping residences. As the Parmalees were making preparations to join the general exodus of their neighbors, Emilie's grandmother, Emma Bewley Brown, died on January 21, 1932. Juliette Parmalee would certainly have accompanied her mother's body to their old home in Chillocothe, Missouri, for the burial. And Emilie must have experienced her first close encounter with death.

Two months later-in March-the Parmalees were settled into their new home. Although Joy Bailey had moved from Atlanta, she returned for a visit. Emilie, always a good manager of money, had by this time purchased her first automobile and no longer needed to use the streetcar for her frequent trips to North Avenue and to Westminster Presbyterian Church for organ lessons. Joy recalled the house on Pelham Road, standing on an incline above the street. "It was a charming place. The furnishings from Georgia Avenue showed up to advantage." But the porch particularly impressed her. Here Mrs. Parmalee kept her canaries. "She loved those birds. On Easter she took them to church and they sang their hearts out."

The music critic for the *Northside Press,* Ruth Dabney Smith, reported that one of the most congenial groups to visit the Windy City during the heyday of the Chicago World's Fair-the Century of Progress-in the summer of 1933 was made up of nine prominent Georgia organists and choir directors: Mrs. Victor Clark, Margaret Battle, Emilie Parmalee, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sheldon, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur H. Rowan of Shorter College, Joseph Ragan, and George Lee Hamrick. They combined work with pleasure in attending a seminar at Northwestern University from July 24 through 28. A receipt shows that Emilie paid a ten-dollar registration fee for the church music session.

According to the *Northside Press,* these musicians gained new inspiration from the seminar and new impressions from the fair, in addition to having a good time. An outstanding experience for Emilie Parmalee-the reporter called it "thrilling" -was playing for Leroy Wetzel, well-known organist and composer, on the organ of the First Methodist Church in Evanston. His praise "was gratifying to both Miss Parmalee and her Georgia friends." During the course of Emilie Parmalee Spivey's musical career, traveling to northern cities-Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York-ceased to be a rarity. But evidence suggests that this trip was one of her early treks.

Early in November Emilie Parmalee found herself *hors de combat*-disabled and sidelined by an injury resulting from a fall-as a letter of November 6 from a choir member reveals. At this time it was the custom at North Avenue to hold choir practice on Saturday night. John T. Mattison wrote:

> I hope you will not object to having an old married man write you ... to tell you how much we missed you Saturday night and Sunday. Understand I am not finding fault with our substitute ... but things did seem a little "sour." The new anthem Sunday morning would have been none too good even with you waiting at our elbows to bolster up the weak spots with an extra toot now and then and to bob your head

and wave that finger for the basses. . . .

We do hope that you will soon be able to get around under your own power. Be a good girl and do what the doctor tells you . . . . Insist on the very best things to eat, as becomes an invalid, and don't worry. I can't image you getting down in the mouth, but if you are tempted ... just remember Jonah-he was certainly down in the mouth and he came out all right.

Piecing together bits of evidence, each of itself seemingly meaningless, gives a concept of Emilie Parmalee's days during these earlier years at North Avenue Presbyterian Church. For example, an advertisement shows that she was now teaching piano and organ in headquarters located in the Studio Arts Building at 1191 Peachtree Street. Publicity listing instructors and courses indicates that under this one roof a person could study not only piano and organ but also photography, dancing, art, violin, cello, creative writing, interior design, and lip reading.

A copy of the tentative budget of North Avenue Presbyterian Church between April 1, 1933, and March 31, 1934, found among memorabilia, throws light on the monetary values of the times and Emilie's income as organist. The pastor's annual salary was $5,000; the young people's director, $480; and the music salaries-which would have included both Emilie's and Margaret Battle's compensations-were $2,100. Perhaps Emilie's earnings from teaching piano and organ equaled her salary from the church. Joy Bailey Haley indicated that Patterson's often called upon Emilie to play the organ for funerals and that she readily accepted. The payments more than offset the inconvenience of rearranging her schedule.

That Emilie Parmalee was earning her pay at North Avenue appeared in a letter Dr. Robert Orrne Flinn, minister of the church, wrote in the possibility that Cox College in College Park might reopen its doors and need an instructor in organ. Nothing came of the venture. But the unanimity of opinion among Dr. Flinn, Eda Bartholomew, and Joe Ragan in their recommendations of

April 1933 seemed significant in charting Emilie's musicianship. Dr. Flinn stated, "Miss Parmalee is a brilliant performer and a thorough master of the technique of this instrument. Beside her musical ability, Miss Parmalee has a charming personality, is easy to live and labor with, and is remarkably free from the temperamental handicaps of many musicians . . . . Her character is beyond reproach and she has won the admiration and confidence of our entire congregation during her nearly four years with us."

Eda Bartholomew sounded more matter-of-fact, but her sponsorship of Emilie proclaimed her sincerity: "Miss Emilie Parmalee . . . completed the certificate and diploma courses in organ at the Atlanta Conservatory of Music, giving several splendid public recitals. . . . Her work is at all times 'par excellence.' . . . She is fully qualified to teach organ, and aside from her musicianship, her personality and fine character are of the highest order. . . ." Joe Ragan wrote: "It gives me pleasure to speak highly of the organ work of Miss Emilie Parmalee. She is a brilliant young player who knows no technical difficulties and who stands high in the profession in Atlanta . . . . She was chosen . . . as my successor at North Avenue Presbyterian Church . . . . It is my understanding that she is giving eminent satisfaction there."

The concert of organist Emilie Parmalee and pianist Ardis Colby was certainly an artistic success. Ardis Colby had recently returned from Berlin, where she had studied for three years at the Stern Conservatory under Rudolph Maria Breithaupt, whom the music critic of the *Atlanta Journal* called' 'the most famous teacher since Leschetizsky." Moreover, this recital on the evening of April 12, 1934, at Wesley Memorial Auditorium was notable as a benefit performance "for the children of one of Atlanta's best known orphan homes that the tiny occupants might have new spring clothing and their nurseries redecorated." But the uniqueness of the recital was the blending of the music of two instruments-the organ and the piano. A music critic declared that such a combination "had seldom been heard in the South and indeed in the whole music world." Only recently had composers realized "the beauty of their combined tones and utilized them to achieve new, strange, and lovely effects."

CHAPTER FIVE

EMILIE PARMALEE: ASSOCIATE OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS

> The other day a very fine musician remarked that of all the organists in Atlanta, you are absolutely the clearest-cut and the most letter-perfect. . . . In addition I think your work is poised and mature. . . .
>
> -George Lee Hamrick

Achieving an associateship in the American Guild of Organists left Emilie Parmalee with a sense of distinction that she savored until the end of her days. Back at the fork of the road the decision to embark upon a purely musical education rather than an academic degree had apparently required no soul-searching-her compulsion for music spoke. And throughout these several years, the frenetic pace of her involvement with music had been geared not merely toward the practicalities of earning a living and reaching for an amorphous prestige but toward the specific goal of attaining an associateship no matter how rocky and uphill the narrow, confining path.

A receipt dated April 30, 1934, shows that Emilie Parmalee paid a fifteen-dollar fee for the A.G.O. examinations. From this same slip of paper she learned that the two tests-one at the organ and the other on paper-would be held on May 31 and June 1 at locations designated by Dean Charles Sheldon, Jr. Three weeks after the examinations another brief notice gave her the glad tidings that she had been "duly elected an Associate."

These succinct announcements give no intimations of the intellectual, physical, and emotional costs Emilie Parmalee had paid in preparing herself for the stringent examinations that came from national headquarters. The sound training of Eda Bartholomew stood her in good stead at the organ, where she was required to perform two prepared pieces. Other skills she had to prove at the organ were sight reading, transposing, harmonizing, and improvising. Although a newspaper article credited Georg Lindner of the Atlanta Conservatory of Music as having been her instructor in theory-and at one time she no doubt studied with him-she herself consistently referred to Christian W. Dieckmann, fellow of the A.G.O. and head of the music department at Agnes Scott College, as her tutor for the written test. Interestingly, the exact sets of requirements for the degrees of associate and fellow, as prescribed in 1934, the year Emilie Parmalee became an associate, appeared in the pictorial history of the Atlanta Chapter of the A.G.O, a work compiled by Don C. Robinson, then music director of Central Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, in celebration

of the chapter's seventy-fifth anniversary, September 10, 1989.

Arriving at this milestone in her career brought considerable publicity to Emilie Parmalee, with a detailed article in the *Atlanta Journal* accompanied by a photograph of the successful candidate in cap and gown. Particulars in the *Diapason,* the newsletter of the A.G.O., demonstrated that not all who entered the race reached the finish line. Of the sixty-seven candidates for the degree of associate, nation-wide, only thirty-one made sufficient scores to pass; of the twenty candidates for fellow, only twelve survived.

Three Georgians were successful. Joseph Ragan made the third-highest score in the nation on the examination for a fellowship; Wilbur Rowan of Shorter College also earned the degree of fellow; and Emilie Parmalee became an associate. At home in North Avenue Presbyterian Church, as well as in the newspapers, she was applauded: "We are happy to announce that our organist Miss Emilie Parmalee, has successfully passed her examinations and has received the degree of 'Associate of the American Guild of Organists.' This is an honor and a distinction for Miss Parmalee as she is one of the youngest to receive the degree."

Letters from Joe Ragan to Emilie Parmalee routinely mirrored his sense of humor and his admiration for her. Inevitably these compatriots conferred during their months of preparation for the A.G.O. examinations and after their ordeals. Nevertheless he saw fit to write a letter: "I recently saw in the newspapers several notices together with a large picture of yourself, to the effect that you have just passed the Associateship Examination . . . . This was no surprise to me . . . . You deserve credit for sticking it out. . . . However, I want to warn you against becoming too academic. There are others . . . who have recently evolved progressions that rival Debussy. By working twenty-five years real hard perhaps you can emulate their examples." Emilie replied: "I, too, would like to congratulate you. . . . Of course, at the age of seventeen, I had mastered the work you have just finished. . . . It has been a great pleasure for me to coach you this year . . . and now I class you with my other personal associates-Couperin, Bonnet and Dupre . . . . "

Wilbur Rowan wrote in a different vein. Apparently he had been one of the judges of Emilie's organ performance for the associateship. His message conveyed the truth that the reward for a job well done was another job: "Congratulations again on your success . . . . 1 thought your playing was very good but refrained from commenting at the time because 1 am very strongly in favor of abiding by the rules ... for conducting the exam." Then Rowan, upcoming dean of the Georgia chapter of the A.G.O., stated that he was in the process of planning a series of radio programs to be sponsored by the guild and outlined in understatement the role he proposed for Emilie: "There is a little work in connection with carrying out this series. Someone must handle the arranging of continuity ... and must get the program to WSB in advance, must see that the parties concerned are at the studio or church and that everything goes off in smooth order. You're elected . . . . Please OK this as soon as possible."

Obviously Emilie's organizational ability was beginning to crystallize and become visible to her colleagues. Later in life she elaborated on the endless efforts she expended on countless occasions in working out coordination, looking for possible pitfalls, and polishing all the details essential to perfecting finished performances, especially those involving large numbers of persons.

Emilie Parmalee's prestige as a rising star on the musical scene in Atlanta was further enhanced by another innovation of Dean Rowan-an organ contest in April 1935 to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Georgia Chapter of the A.G.O. Competing organists in the advanced category, which Emilie entered, came from Alabama, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, and Georgia and were all required to play Bach's Choral Prelude in D Minor and Leo Sowerby's "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart." The judges-Merrill Hutchinson from Atlanta; Paul McConnell from Suwanee, Tennessee; and Virgil Fox, concert organist in Atlanta for a performance-declared Emilie Parmalee the winner. Congratulations came from many quarters. For instance, a friend and former fellow organ student now from Dahlonega, Janie Howard, wrote, "I was so thrilled when I heard about your winning

the organ contest . . . . I know Miss Eda is proud of her protégé."

As a result of the contest, Emilie Parmalee won the forty-dollar prize offered by the Pilcher Organ Company of Louisville, Kentucky, and gained stature as an organist. Perhaps even more significantly, she met Virgil Fox. Certainly at the time neither recognized that the chemistry of their personalities would lead to a binding friendship, lasting throughout Fox's life and thereafter coloring Emilie's memories.

Organist George Hamrick of the First Baptist Church wrote to Emilie on March 17, 1936, to thank her profusely for her' 'visible gift of appreciation," which he did not identify. Nor did he make clear the occasion of Emilie's performance to which he referred. Nevertheless, one passage in his message was meaningful in giving still another organist's assessment of Emilie's musicianship at this time: "In a discussion the other day, a very fine organist remarked that of all the organists in Atlanta you were absolutely the clearest-cut and most letter-perfect of all. In addition to this, I think your work is poised and mature. The ease with which you played your difficult numbers and the manner in which they were interpreted bears out these opinions."

During the summer of 1937 Mozelle Horton Young featured Emilie Parmalee in the *Atlanta Constitution's* "Atlanta Music Notes":

> Emilie Parmalee, organist of North Avenue Presbyterian Church and recently elected dean of the Georgia chapter of the Organ Guild for next year, is enjoying the rare privilege of studying organ with Alexander McCurdy in Philadelphia.
>
> Mr. McCurdy, who heads the organ department at Curtis Institute, takes only eight pupils during the winter season, and this summer he has only Miss Parmalee studying with him; it was only because of her merit and talent that he agreed to teach her.

There are no clues to the exact dates or the duration of Emilie Parmalee's sojourn to Philadelphia. But late in life she often

related what happened late one afternoon as she finished practicing in preparation for a lesson with Alexander McCurdy. "I had attended the Guild Convention in Chicago. Then I went on alone to Philadelphia. This trip was the first one I had made strictly by myself." The fact that her parents were far from comfortable about her solitary venture created for her an additional sense of uneasiness. "Everything always was-and had to be-so proper. Also to them I was still a child." Besides, she continued, "I was lonesome-so lonesome-in Philadelphia." All in all, what she was feeling created a fitting mood for meeting a ghost. Emilie Spivey told of her experience as follows:

> Guess I was born scary. My grandmother never retired without looking under every bed. I was practicing for Dr. McCurdy and had been told to leave fairly early. It was a large Philadelphia church-frightening after dark. I had to go through the organ chambers to get to the console and had to return the same way. Now the sanctuary was getting darker and was filled with shadows. I had lingered too long.
>
> All my life I continued to think, "If I can just practice this piece one more time-always one more time." But I had locked the organ and started out.
>
> Eerily-I heard my piece . . . . I thought, "What have I done?" It scared the life out of me. It was being played perfectly. I unlocked the organ-there was nothing there.
>
> The composition was a real show-off piece. I was proud I could play it. Then I heard it again-exactly like I had played it. I was shaking in my boots. It was spooky. Then-I heard a voice say, "Hi, there."
>
> Another student was playing the same piece on another console in the church-there was one in the back and another at the front. ... And you know, the other day, after all these years, I had a card from him.

Emilie Parmalee embarked on her apprenticeship as a recognized leader of Atlanta's musical community when she accepted the deanship of the state A.G.O. for the 1937-38 term. North Avenue Presbyterian Church voiced its pride: "Miss Emilie Parmalee, A.A.G.O., has been elected Dean of the Georgia Chapter of the American Guild of Organists for the coming year. It is an outstanding honor. We are proud of our organist."

The outcomes of the ventures she undertook as dean showed that she performed not with the approach of a novice but with the art of a master. The calendar of events opened on October 4 with Mrs. Clarence Dickinson's lecture, "Integration of Music in the Church Service." Working well in advance, Emilie Parmalee left to chance neither advertising, financing, nor attendance. Sounding a tone of spirited recruitment in a letter of September 18, she cited Mrs. Dickinson's credentials: a faculty member of the School of Sacred Music of Union Theological Seminary in New York City, an organist who had made a name for herself on the lecture circuit, and the wife of organist and composer Clarence Dickinson. Perhaps that explained her being billed as Mrs. Clarence Dickinson rather than Helen Dickinson.

Attendance at the lecture was vital, the dean insisted in her letter. But other matters also demanded the cooperation of all members. Paying for Mrs. Dickinson's travel expenses, the reception in her honor, and newspaper advertisements would deplete the treasury. To ward off such an eventuality, each person was asked to bring one dollar to the A.G.O. meeting at Miss Eda Bartholomew's house, 1147 Emory Road, or if absent, to mail the dollar. In addition, each member must arrange for the lecture to be publicized in his or her church bulletin and announced from the pulpit. Emilie Parmalee's tactics had more than face value. Members now had such a stake in the event that they could hardly fail to attend.

Emilie Parmalee's concerted efforts paid off-more than five hundred ministers, organists, choir directors, and lay musicians crowded the pews and filled to overflowing the sanctuary of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church on the evening of October 4. A music critic commented that Mrs. Dickinson "amused and

instructed the rapt audience." Interspersing anecdotes of ministers and music directors, she stressed the philosophy that music must set the mood and create the spirit for worship. An essential element was the compatibility of the music and the sermon: The content of the music should fit the text and the thrust of the minister's words.

During her visit to Atlanta, Mrs. Dickinson was the house guest of the Parmalees at 1749 Pelham Road. On October 17 she wrote Emilie from the Dickinsons' residence at 99 Claremont Avenue, New York City. The letter gave a close look at the lives of the Parmalees in 1937:

> Dear Miss Parmalee:
>
> How dear of your to write me that nice letter! I was so happy if everything went well, as I wanted it so very much both for the sake of Church Music which is so close to both our hearts, and for your sake, as the opening event of your "Dean-ship."
>
> It was so delightful to be with you in your home and your mother and father were so kind to me . . . . Please tell your mother that Dr. Dickinson enjoyed the figs very much; he had never had any like them . . . .
>
> I am glad your father is all right again; I hope he will regain real strength now; he certainly has been under a terrible strain with all those carbuncles. I hope this "snappy" Fall weather will renew his vigor . . . .
>
> Cordially yours,
> Helen A. Dickinson

A hallmark of Emilie Parmalee Spivey's personality was her capacity for warm hospitality. But unlike her mother, she never-with her own hands-had to bother with the logistics of cleaning house, changing sheets on beds, and cooking meals. Before Emilie's marriage, Juliette Parmalee obviously encouraged her

daughter to concentrate her energies on her career while she, Juliette, doubtlessly with considerable help from Charlie Parmalee who "could do anything with his hands," ran the household with almost military efficiency. After her marriage Emilie held to the same high standards inculcated through her upbringing, but she had the means to employ assistants-servants, decorators, and caterers. She also possessed the wisdom to marry a man who on occasion genuinely enjoyed cooking.

Entertaining distinguished musicians overnight in her home became habitual after Emilie Parmalee's marriage. Perhaps the practice began with the visit of Helen Dickinson with the Parmalees. Whether or not it was a facet of Emilie Parmalee's seemingly infallible formula for moving ahead toward goals written in stone, her generous acts of hospitality were mutually advantageous. The treasury of the sponsoring organization was spared the costs of hotel accommodations; the visiting artists became acquainted with southern hospitality par excellence; and Emilie herself gained identity and ideas that helped her, musically speaking, to march with the times. Knowing and being known by virtuosos opened doors to opportunities beyond the confines of Atlanta. But over the years Emilie Parmalee Spivey paid her dues. Blessed with innate talents far above the average, she nevertheless worked for all her gains.

Through the nurture of letters and visits the Dickinsons and the Spiveys in time became close friends. A letter written seventeen years after Helen Dickinson's lecture-on October 26, 1954, from 7 Gracie Square, New York City-gave a prime example of the type of enrichment that sometimes emanated from the Spiveys' hospitality to visiting musicians:

> Dear Friend-we received your delightful letter on our return home and felt it was a lovely "Welcome Home!" We sailed from Southampton-a very interesting trip indeed, as we were following in the footsteps of the Great French Reformers, a plan which took us into all sorts of places we had never seen, many

of them beautiful and most unusual. . . .

My dear, we loved your personal message to us; it gave us new courage and enthusiasm to go on. You are very dear. We both send our love to both of you. . . . Ever lovingly your friends, Helen and Clarence Dickinson

The recital of Alexander McCurdy on January 18, 1938, was planned and indeed turned out to be the highlight of Emilie Parmalee's term as dean of the A.G.O. Perhaps Emilie had made final arrangements the previous summer while she was studying with him in Philadelphia. McCurdy was not only head of the organ department of the prestigious Curtis Institute of Music but also choirmaster of the Second Presbyterian Church, conductor of oratorios with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and a composer.

A barrage of publicity beginning in December heralded his coming to Atlanta. Newspaper readers had every opportunity to become acquainted with this thirty-three-year-old organist who had been a musically precocious child and was now a teacher with a unique philosophy. A native Californian, he began studying with his mother almost as soon as he could walk. At the age of nine years he was playing for church services, at fifteen he took over the duties of organist at a large church in Oakland, and one year later he moved to Saint Luke's Episcopal Church in San Francisco. As time passed, he trained with Wallace Sabin of San Francisco, Lynwood Farman of New York City, and Sir Walter G. Alcock of the Salisbury Cathedral in England. A quick-moving, energetic man, business-like in appearance, McCurdy pursued his philosophy of trying to prepare each student to make a living as an organist. He stated that too many excellent musicians were walking the streets and starving. Then he asserted, "There is certainly a market for organ music. **In** fact the public is now more appreciative than it has ever been."

Emilie Parmalee went the third mile in rallying Atlanta musicians to support and drum up a sizable audience for the

McCurdy concert. On January 4, she mailed a letter to each member of the A.G.O.: "Programs are being printed in advance. Twenty programs will be set aside for each member ... to distribute to twenty interested persons or groups." Each package was individually marked with the member's name and was to be picked up at the Cable Piano Company on Saturday, January 8, ten days before the recital. "If for any reason you cannot pick up your programs by Tuesday, January 11, call me and I will get them to you." She urged upon members the ploy used successfully with the Dickinson lecture-advertise McCurdy's recital in church bulletins and from pulpits. "We are counting on you to do your part to make this concert one of the most important musical events in Atlanta history."

A critique appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* the morning after McCurdy's concert. Mozelle Horton Young wrote: "It was the largest crowd that I remember seeing at an organ recital in Atlanta, and every member of the audience seemed to enjoy to the utmost the . . . best in organ literature, which McCurdy played." Helen Knox Spain estimated that twelve hundred persons filled the sanctuary of the First Baptist Church and that McCurdy gave "quite a lilt to the program with his intriguing conversational annotations."

Four days after his concert, McCurdy wrote to thank Emilie Parmalee for his reception: "I have written to the Sheldons, Mr. Hamrick and Mr. Ragan. If you happen to think of anything else 1 should do, please let me know." Then he continued: "It certainly was a pleasure to be in Atlanta. I enjoyed it all so much. You were so very kind to me and 1 want you to know that 1 appreciate it more than 1 can say . . . . Flora Bruce was thrilled to get the figs."

The tactics Emilie Parmalee used in leading the A.G.O. would be repeated later on a larger stage. But during this term as dean, she had displayed remarkable versatility, serving as recruiter, cheerleader, and financier. Appreciative of her accomplishments, treasurer George Hamrick sized up what she had done, declaring that it had been worthwhile being a member under her deanship. For every dollar paid out by the guild, fifteen had come in from

donations and free-will offerings. But finances were mundane compared to the aesthetic values of an "interesting, varied, and successful program." He cited the McCurdy concert as an illustration of what he was saying. Aside from its quality, it was "the first one in many seasons that had paid its own way without having to call upon the treasury for the deficit."

During these years Emilie Parmalee continued to bask in the glow of Eda Bartholomew's sponsorship. Proof that she was still her teacher's touted protégé appeared in a letter of March 7, 1938, from Margaret Whitney Dow, fellow of the American Guild of Organists and dean of the Florida chapter. She wrote that Eda Bartholomew had been forced to withdraw from her commitment to perform at the A.G.O. Southeastern Convention in Tallahassee in May, because of the serious illness of her mother following a stroke. She had recommended that Emilie Parmalee be invited to take her place in representing Georgia by playing a twenty-minute recital. Margaret Dow added that Miss Bartholomew had been planning to use all Bach compositions. But Emilie was free to use "all Bach, some Bach, or no Bach." Emilie opted to use compositions from Bonnet, Dupré, and Karg-Elert-that is, "no Bach."

In customary fashion Emilie Parmalee thoroughly prepared for her performance in Tallahassee, even seeking the technical advice of Alexander McCurdy. In her letter to him, she enclosed a set of questions written by hand in which she left a space for each of his answers. For instance, regarding Bonnet's "Variations de Concert," she asked: "On the 4th variation after pedal cadenza, should the following run be played staccato and should the rest of the piece be detached? I played it legato for you last summer." His typed answer was "Keep it non-legato." Another question related to Dupré's "In dulci jubilo": "Should I hesitate slightly in the right hand after staccato chords and after phrase lines?" He replied, "Do not hesitate-just hold it back a bit."

McCurdy conveyed his encouragement to Emilie in his letter of April 24 in which he dispatched his answers to her questions: "I know that you will make a hit at the Southeastern Convention.

I wish it were possible for me to help you a bit. However, I know that you will distinguish yourself. Your program looks interesting. I know the organists will like it."

McCurdy made a telling statement in his letter in regard to Emilie Parmalee's career: "Am glad to hear that you now have the choir to yourself. I am sure that you will develop the music in your church in great style." An obscure reference in a newspaper article states that the reason for Margaret Battle's resignation as choir director at North Avenue Church was her marriage. Apparently she moved from Atlanta. Emilie now in the spring of 1938 assumed the duties of choir director in addition to those of organist. Her field of operations was enlarged, and she would use the opportunity to produce, in the words of Dr. Vernon S. Broyles, Jr., who became minister of the church in 1941, "the finest church music I have ever known."

Perhaps the rebuilding of the organ at North Avenue Presbyterian Church was progressing as Emilie Parmalee finished out her term as dean of the A.G.O. The history of this venture appeared in 1943 in a newspaper biography Helen Knox Spain wrote of Emilie Parmalee as one of Atlanta's outstanding organists. The original organ-an Austin-had been installed in the sanctuary in 1901, two years after the founding of North Avenue Presbyterian Church. During the late 1930s William Hammond and Emilie Parmalee worked out the specifications for updating the outmoded instrument. The Austin organ was electrified, and a new console, three manuals, a pedal keyboard, and stops were installed. Thirty-five sets of pipes, forty-two combination pistons, and other modern accessories were added. Fittingly, at the dedicatory recital in 1939, Emilie Parmalee gave the first performance on the new organ.

Emilie Spivey once laughingly said, "Dr. Broyles used to say, 'If Miss Emilie asks for anything, you just might as well go ahead and give it to her. She will figure out a way to get what she wants.' "Although Dr. Broyles had not yet come to North Avenue Church in 1939 when the organ was being revamped, his perceptive remark was relevant to the entire sweep of Emilie Parmalee

Spivey's goals, actions, and achievements. Certainly she must have exulted as she touched the rebuilt instrument and felt with her fingers and her feet the reality of her accomplishments as organist of North Avenue Presbyterian Church.

The year 1939 marked the watershed of Emilie Parmalee's life, the line of demarcation between all that had been and all that was to be. Several years earlier a precursor of sorts appeared in a clipping from an unidentified paper: "Dame Rumor has been whispering interesting things . . . . Recently a very prominent and very charming young Atlanta organist (of the feminine sex) attended the June convention of the American Guild of Organists in New York." The article continued, stating that in New York she met "a charming young man who is also a prominent southern organist." They were seen together at many of the concerts and since then he had visited Atlanta. "Now all the friends of the Atlanta organist are speculating . . . whether she can be induced to give up her career for romance!" Typically reaching outward and upward for the whole world, Emilie Parmalee made no such choice. She elected for and came to possess, to the end of her life, both career and marriage.

CHAPTER SIX

THE SAGA OF THE SPIVEYS

In the long, long thoughts of a young boy, it was a good place to escape from, particularly if one wanted to make something of himself as did Walter Spivey.

The house where Walter Boone Spivey was born stands empty and forlorn amid flat cotton fields stretching expansively along lonely Potecasi Road, perpendicular to the highway that moves northward from Rich Square in Northampton County, North Carolina. About six miles westward from the homestead, Potecasi Road-once tellingly called Pollock's Ferry Road-runs into the Roanoke River, whose waters bless the land with fertility save for seasons of flooding that ravages the crops. Across the road from the house and beyond the trees, southward from the front yard where the Spivey children played on long summer evenings, sleeps the Urahah Swamp whose richness creeps into the fields along its borders.

The U-shaped swatch of northeastern North Carolina between the Chowan and Roanoke rivers-encompassing Northampton County-is the eastern edge of the richest agricultural region in the state. Yet no cities took root. Today the villages and towns of Weldon, Winston, Woodland, Ahoskie, Conway, Lasker, and Rich Square seem close neighbors. But when Walter Spivey was born on October 19, 1899, into a dominantly agrarian society, settlers remained locked on the land; transportation was as fast as the pace of a horse; and hamlets-as well as schools-were remote from farms. In the long, long thoughts of a young boy, it was a good place to escape from, particularly if one wanted to make something of himself, as did Walter Spivey.

The dwelling place of the Spiveys looks like two houses from two different periods-pushed together, side by side. And that is exactly what it is. The vintage structure on the left, as one faces the house, consists of two stories topped with a high-pitched roof, originally covered with split shingles. The bricks of the chimney are fashioned in Flemish-bond design, and near the edge of the roof, a double ornamental strip runs across the face of the house-a row of circular indentations imposed above modified dentils.

Experts have estimated that this older wing of the Spivey home was built between 1790 and 1810, according to Richard Vaughan, who now owns the property. Inside the house the lower floor consists of two bedrooms and a living room with a large fireplace,

Crossroads near birthplace of Walter Boone Spivey, Northampton County, North Carolina

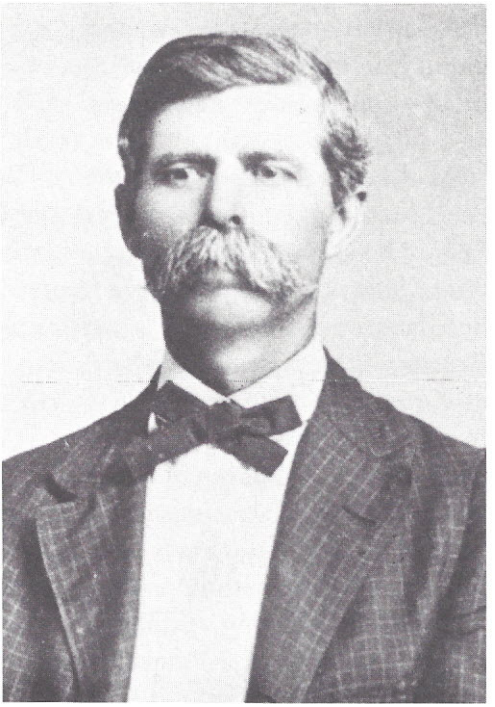
Author at the birthplace of Walter Boone Spivey near Rich Square, North Carolina

where the enclosed stairway, still in sound condition, begins its ascent into the two upstairs bedrooms, close to the eaves. Perhaps as a young boy Walter Spivey slept here since he later recalled awakening on cold winter mornings to find small driftings of snow on the quilt. All of these walls and floors are built of heart pine that has proudly defied the elements for almost two hundred years.

At the rear of this wing is the downstairs back bedroom that looks from the outside as if it were a one-story attachment, a kind of lean-to appended as an afterthought. But the exact opposite may be more accurate. If the original settlers were typical, they first erected this room and then when the crops were good added more spacious quarters. This room could have been built not long after the forty-year span, 1729-69, when the Virginians who settled this part of North Carolina migrated southward in large numbers.

Its appearance tells the story of the right-hand side of Walter Spivey's birthplace, which early in the twentieth century was constructed not with aesthetics in mind but as a purely utilitarian measure to shelter a sizable family that must have seemed to grow larger as the children grew older. Within this elongated rectangle, purely pedestrian in style, are two bedrooms, a dining room, and a kitchen standing side by side, from left to right, beneath a low-pitched roof, fronted by a porch, extending across the breadth of the shoebox-shaped appendage. On this wide front porch are two doors, one leading into the dining room and the other into the kitchen. Today the left corner of the half-pitched roof over the porch is sagging as if an old man were trying to pull his hat down across one eye.

If the walls of this house could talk, they would tell tales of Charlie Lee Spivey, his two wives (both of whom he survived), his thirteen children, and his later years of solitude, which he chose to spend alone in this place of memories. A resounding refrain of the chronicle would be the financial strictures of farmers, the virtual absence of hard cash, the hardships and the backbreaking toil of farm life for parents and children, but also, in this case, of survival-physical and spiritual-and of achievement touched with elements of triumph. All of the Spivey children grew into



Charlie Lee Spivey, father of Walter Boone Spivey

healthy adulthood, soundly schooled for life, imbued with love of family, fearless of hard work, and even endowed with a penchant for humor. But the most inherently and aggressively ambitious of this large brood was Walter.

Tracing the events of Walter Spivey's formative years seemed impossible in the failure to find sources of information. Unfortunately, generation after generation, the Spivey family produced no aspiring genealogists to record dates of births, marriages, and deaths. The knowledge simply perished with the demise of family members. Moreover, vignettes of Walter's days-what he did and what he said-as he grew up on the farm have faded into the dimness. Of his brothers and sisters, only two are both living and active-his youngest sister, Hazel, and his youngest brother, Thomas. Since Hazel was little more than a baby and Thomas was not yet born when Walter left the farm to make his way in the world, their memories date back only to his return visits, bringing gifts in proportion to his prosperity. They remember a

stalk of bananas, boxes of candy, a battery-operated first radio, and a ride in the rumble seat of a handsome automobile. In time he brought portable equipment, set up a makeshift dental office, and filled the cavities in their teeth.

As the search for impressions of Walter Spivey's earlier years continued, a ray of light appeared in the form of a journal Hazel Spivey Brett composed during a hiatus in her busy life, when she found herself snowbound at her home in Ahoskie. Complying with her daughter's desire for a written record of the family, Hazel Brett-without a trace of false pride-created a graphic portrayal of farm life in northeastern North Carolina during the early twentieth century, giving impressions of the personalities, marriages, and children of her brothers and sisters. What she wrote about Walter related essentially to events that took place in his life after he had launched his career. But without stretching the imagination and without veering from truth, one could transpose young Walter Spivey into Hazel's experiences on the farm before she moved away from Potecasi Road and sense the influences that shaped his character.

Through available data and family lore, the Spivey lineage can be traced back to about 1835, when Francis Marion Spivey, the grandfather of Walter Spivey, was born. Tradition alleges that he was the teacher at a one-room school standing somewhere between Jackson, the seat of Northampton County, and Rich Square. Yet farming must have been his main source of livelihood. Known facts are that Francis Marion married Martha-Mitt-Williams and that on September 17, 1864, during the Civil War, their son, Charlie Lee, was born. Their years together were destined to be short. Francis Marion Spivey died at the age of thirty-seven, leaving a young widow and an eight-year-old son. Charlie Lee-and presumably his mother-moved into the home of Martha Spivey's relatives, perhaps her brother and sister-in-law, in Woodland. Charlie Lee might have continued to reside there even after his mother married again and had other children.

During the course of whatever formal education was available to Charlie Lee Spivey at that time and in that area, one teacher

in particular, perhaps a tutor, made an indelible impression upon the mind of this young man, who was reputedly a good student. In conversations with his own children he perpetuated the memory of this man-a Captain Pigot. Hazel Brett recalls that her father especially liked mathematics. "I can remember his working problems for ... neighborhood boys and girls and for his own children. He would have liked to have studied civil engineering. But he got married and started farming for himself."

Reared by his uncle and aunt, if indeed that was the case, Charlie Lee Spivey would have grown up with their daughter and his first cousin, Willie Sue Williams. As the years passed, they realized that they loved each other and wanted to marry. The wedding took place in Sue Williams's home in Woodland on March 7, 1888, when he was twenty-three and she was eighteen. They began their married life in the house on Potecasi Road and continued to live there, surrounded by fifty-four acres, all of which belonged to the Williams family. Hence it was through his mother, who was a Williams, and his wife that Charlie Lee Spivey came to own the house and the farm where Walter Spivey was born.

For two years Charlie Lee and Sue Spivey lived together without having any children. After the arrival of Lewis Marion on May 5, 1890, another son; Paul Harrell, followed the next year on September 11, 1891. Their only daughter, Fannie Camelia, was born one-and-one-half years later on April 3, 1893. Again death had little respect for relative youth: Soon after Fannie's first birthday, Sue Spivey, afflicted with kidney complications, died on August 23, 1894, leaving her husband with three young children and no wife.

Four months later Charlie Lee Spivey married Mary Mariah Harris. On their wedding day, January 2, 1895, Mariah, who was born on May 8, 1876, was not quite nineteen and Charlie Lee Spivey was thirty years old. Mariah was the daughter of William Dudley and Annie Elizabeth Fish Harris of Warrenton, North Carolina. She and Charlie Lee met during Mariah's visit to her half-sister Belle Knight who lived on Potecasi Road, not far from the Williams-Spivey homeplace.

Mary Mariah Harris Spivey, mother of Walter Boone Spivey

As a married couple, Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey were never without children in their home. Although Charlie Lee, in the words of a family member, "gave away" his baby daughter Fannie, Charlie Lee and Mariah reared Lewis and Paul. Hazel Brett recorded in her journal that after Sue Spivey died, there was no one to look after a little girl. "Uncle Pete Spivey and his wife-both blood kin to Fannie-wanted her." Apparently they had cared for her immediately following Sue Spivey's death and after Charlie Lee's second marriage asked to adopt and rear her as their own child.

In retrospect the first two years of Mariah Spivey's married life must have seemed months of relative ease with only the household and farm chores and the needs of two little boys to attend. Certainly they were a time of absolute freedom from the staggering demands of bearing and tending a steady succession of babies. Between 1897 and 1917 Mariah bore her husband ten children, three sons and seven daughters: Ruth was born on August 31,1897; Walter Boone, October 19, 1899; Russell Jones, April 29, 1901; Willie Lee, March 20, 1903; Blanche, May 16, 1904; Annie Elizabeth, July 30, 1906; Lillie North, March 16, 1910; Daisy Mary, February 12, 1912; Hazel Louise, December 22, 1914; and Charles Thomas, June 15, 1917.

Mariah Spivey with slight variation had a baby every two years for two decades. The longest interval occurred between the births of Annie and Lillie-three years and eight months. The two youngest children, Hazel and Thomas, were separated by two-and-one-half years. But Willie Lee, the fourth child, was only fourteen months old when Blanche was born. Walter was positioned in every way to learn responsibility at an early age: He was the first son in his father's second family and had the privilege of being the baby for only eighteen months before Russell joined the Spivey clan.

The saga of the Spiveys is a chronicle of strong parenting, disciplined work habits, mutuality of love, centrality of religion, and the blessings of fate. An anomaly for the times was that all ten of the babies lived; Charlie Lee and Mariah were spared the sorrow of trips to the cemetery to dig tiny graves in the wake of stillbirth and deadly disease. Furthermore, all the children grew to maturity without being felled by killing maladies and fatal accidents. In later years, despite what often seemed insurmountable obstacles, all but three of the Spivey offspring acquired vocational training or an academic education on the college level.

A matter of quickening concern to Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey must have been the necessity of additional income to support their family, increasing in number almost year by year. Children developing day by day in mind and body needed more than the good food that grew in the garden. Perhaps it was a hard decision for the Spiveys-one they made with lingering regret-to pack their belongings and move a short distance northward from Potecasi Road, with its Rich Square address, to a larger farm but a lesser house almost within sight of Lasker, also in Northampton County.

The Spivey residence in Lasker was surrounded on all sides by fields that lay within the curve of the arm of Lasker Road. A narrow roadway led nine hundred feet from this highway to the front porch of the house from which-leftward and northward-the trees and the buildings of Lasker were dimly visible. Hidden from sight was the schoolhouse, within walking distance but not an easy trudge

on freezing mornings. Stretching southward from the village, Lasker Road made a bend and turned westward as it bordered the Spivey farm. From their side windows, across an unbroken vista of eighteen hundred feet of cotton fields and the road itself, the Spiveys could see New Hope Church standing like a lighthouse.

Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey had bettered their overall situation. The farm on Potecasi Road was rented to tenants who worked it on halves. The yield Charlie Lee and his children could produce for market was vastly increased on the three hundred acres he rented at Lasker. Even without the necessity of hitching up the horse and buggy on school mornings, the educational opportunities for the children were multiplied. *Footprints in Northampton,* published in 1976 by the Northampton County Bicentennial Committee, contains a photograph of the student body of the Lasker Graded School, gathered at an undesignated date, in front of the building. The accompanying statement indicates that "Lasker Graded School (l885?-1944) . . . was at one time the largest in the county with grades one through eleven available. . . . "

The milieu Hazel created in her journal could have been centered, years earlier, around Walter, Russell, and her older sisters as well as Thomas and herself. For instance, Walter himself could have spoken the words of Hazel as she described the trip on foot to school: "I remember walking to Lasker Graded School ... and how cold 1 got on winter mornings. . . . My hands, my feet, and my whole body were about frozen." But Walter more than likely did not have the same conversation with his first-grade teacher, who tactlessly asked Hazel if she had any sense. The little girl replied: "Yes, they are at home in the machine drawer where we keep our pennies."

Lasker offered other advantages, yet for the lack of hard cash one of these might not have been utilized to any degree by the Spivey women. *Footprints in Northampton* noted that at one time Lasker "was the epitome of the shopping world in this part of the country." The J. J. Parker Store had everything a person would want or need, including "a much prided Millinery

Department where a lady could choose a basic hat" as well as "the accessories . . . for decorating it." The other compensation was New Hope Methodist Church, a beacon in their lives, where they were already members. For the young Spiveys it was now little more than a hop and a skip along the path that ran through the cotton fields and only a walk of several minutes for their parents.

Farm life was austere and arduous no matter where they lived. Some chores came with the season, and others were perennial. Every task was made more difficult by the total absence of mechanical equipment for planting, tilling, and reaping the crops and by the total absence of conveniences inside the home-no running water, no indoor plumbing, no electric lights. For instance, water had to be pumped outside in the yard and carried into the house for cooking and bathing; wood had to be hauled indoors to fire the wood stove where the meals were cooked and to keep fires going in the fireplaces that heated parts of the house.

Animals required more than seasonal attention. Twice a day, in most cases, cows, chickens, pigs, hogs, mules, horses, and even cats had to be fed. A tedious assignment Hazel Spivey particularly disliked, but usually fell victim to, was holding the cow with a rope while the animal searched out and ate high grass and clover. When the cow was left alone, it was apt to get its legs tied up in the leash and cripple itself.

Clothes presented problems-making, washing, and mending them. On the weekly washday, water was pumped and poured into a big black pot, a fire was built under it, and the clothes-already scrubbed on a washboard-were dumped into the water and boiled with homemade lye soap, good for bleaching but deadly to hands. When it came to sewing, the older girls helped their mother, but Mariah herself did most of the mending-a challenge with so large a household of children.

Cooking meals-as well as straightening and cleaning the house-came under the heading of daily demands. Mariah Spivey herself did most of the cooking, according to Hazel Brett, noting that her family bought flour by the barrel. Every day Mariah baked

cornbread, made a large pan of biscuits, and cooked whatever vegetables were on hand. "We ate pork and chicken. We hardly ever had beef as we didn't raise beef cows," she recorded in her journal. "We had cows for milk and butter." During the summer, long hours went into canning fruits and vegetables, although apples were usually dried and "later used for applejacks."

Hazel Brett-fifteen years younger than her older brother-possibly never saw Walter standing at his mother's side in the kitchen, helping her prepare vegetables and cook meals. But evidence appeared decades later when his down-to-earth culinary skills caught the attention of a feature writer for the *Atlanta Constitution.* By then a middle-aged professional man, he was pictured wearing an apron as he cooked in his own modern kitchen. In one large photograph he was working up a batch of dough in a bowl, and in another he was peering intently into an oversized cooking vessel as he stirred its contents.

The caption read, "A Bragging Mother Spurred Dr. Spivey to Cooking Fame." A piece of his advice appeared in the opening words: "If you want someone to do something for you, just brag on him." Then he traced the origins of his expertise: "It all started when I was about nine years old. When my mother needed someone to help in the kitchen, I was always the one to volunteer, so she would brag on me." Then he added with a laugh: "I guess I just never caught on." Dr. Spivey shared with newspaper readers directions for his specialties, which without question were Mariah's recipes for homemade vegetable soup and drop biscuits.

Summertime meant not only canning, preserving, and drying-after gathering all the vegetables and fruits-but also preparing and storing fodder. Late in the season, Charlie Lee Spivey, assisted by Walter and Russell at a young age, pulled the blades off the cornstalks and tied them into bundles to dry. Later the fodder was carefully stored in the barn as food for the cattle, mules, and horses during the coming winter. The threat of a rainstorm that came with the darkening of the sky on a late summer afternoon created a crisis Hazel Brett could not forget. A mandate summoned all the Spivey children into action-the fodder must not get wet.

Racing like a well-trained team, which indeed they were, they picked up and carried several bundles at a time on their shoulders by clinging to a few blades of each bundle and scurried into the safety of the barn. The edges of the cornstalks, Hazel Brett well remembered, scratched their bare necks and arms, causing them to itch and burn. As for herself, the sense of panic only increased her fear of storms.

With the fall came the harvest-the sine qua non of all seasons. Without the harvest there was no income, and without the arduous, backbreaking effort of picking cotton, digging and stacking peanuts on poles, there was no harvest. So vital was the completion of these tasks to the livelihood of the Spiveys that, in the absence of hired help and mechanical equipment, the children were usually kept out of school until the crops were gathered.

Whether the Spiveys lived in Lasker, where New Hope Methodist
Church was visible as they worked in the fields, or on Potecasi Road, it was a presence rooted into their lives. Charlie Lee was a steward, Mariah was an active member, and here all the children received their religious training and joined the church. As regularly as the Sabbath rolled around, the Spiveys trooped across the side fields to the portals of the church to attend Sunday School classes and, on the first and the third Sundays of each month, worship-or "preaching" -services. Lacking the means to pay the salary of a full-time minister, New Hope shared a preacher with other rural congregations. But revival meetings took place every night during the third week in August, the slack season for farmers when crops were already "laid by": That is, they no longer needed to be plowed and chopped but were not yet ready for harvesting.

Without question New Hope Methodist Church offered religious guidance and spiritual sustenance. But there was more. Here was surcease from care-the opportunity to push aside momentarily the bonds of daily chores, to socialize and relax with friends, neighbors, and relatives. As for emotionally charged revivals, social historians have agreed that for isolated farm families, wherever in America they lived, these meetings were an escape hatch from the mind-boggling monotony of seemingly changeless days.

As a young boy, squirming in a pew of New Hope Methodist Church, Walter Spivey could not have conjured up the apparition of himself a half century later. As an older man, he would find himself sitting in that same sanctuary, mind and heart flooded with memories, listening to strains of classical music and familiar hymns his wife played on an organ he himself had given to New Hope Church and dedicated to the memory of his father, mother, and brother-Charlie Lee, Mariah, and Russell Spivey.

Walter Spivey grew into a man whose strengths set him apart to the degree that the runner outdistances the pedestrian. Although the seasonal and the perennial chores demanded of him as a young boy were highly formative in what he ultimately made of himself, there were subtle psychological influences more difficult to trace but interesting to ponder. Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey both deserved credit for Walter's fearlessness of work as well as his positive, confident philosophy of life.

Although the record of Mariah may not be as graphic as that of Charlie Lee Spivey, the facts speak for themselves. Mariah Spivey survived the travail of bearing ten children and rearing twelve; she suffered the onus of having to mete out punishments; and with the skill of a majordomo, she coordinated the multitudinous details of keeping a coterie of children fed, clothed, and schooled. Apparently the vicissitudes took their toll of her health, since at a comparatively early age she fought but lost the bout with a fatal malady. Throughout all these stages of life, her religion must have been as stabilizing a factor for her as it was for her husband.

In the quality of Charlie Lee Spivey's manner of life, no divide separated the preachments of Sunday from his conduct on weekdays. The rare brand of Christianity he practiced had a compelling consistency that went beyond being a pillar of New Hope Methodist Church. The validity of his faith was that it seemed to penetrate the inner core of his being, his mind and heart, shaping his outlook and his dealings at home and in the marketplace. Hazel Brett conveyed that impression when she recalled her father's singing and laughing as clearly as his reading

the Bible and praying. "Before every meal he asked the blessing, even if he had only a piece of cold cornbread and a glass of buttermilk. Every night he knelt by the homemade cane-bottomed chair and prayed. I can see him now. He was a good, honest Christian and had a great influence on my life and on his other children." A unique trait of Charlie Lee was waking up singing. Usually he arose and started his chores before sunrise, building a fire in the wood stove in the kitchen and feeding the livestock. And he continued to sing as he worked-usually "Amazing Grace," his favorite hymn.

Perhaps his quiet joie de vivre emanated from a clear conscience. Charlie Lee Spivey's generosity, honesty, and fair-mindedness did not escape the notice of Hazel and Thomas Spivey. Hazel Brett wrote, "Papa was always so generous with whatever he had." Thomas Spivey concurs, adding that Mariah Spivey's practicality, abetted by necessity, was occasionally needed to temper her husband's liberality. Moreover, Charlie Lee Spivey was so zealously honest that he insisted on buyers' double-checking the quality of the produce he meted out in overflowingly good measure.

At home he was evenhanded in dealing with his children. Hazel Brett observed that Blanche was probably his favorite child, since she resembled his mother, but he displayed no partiality. Another example appears in her journal: "When Thomas and I were the only ones left at home-because Daisy had gotten married-Papa gave Thomas and me some money after the crops were sold in the fall. He gave us the same amount. I always remembered that."

Laughter enhanced the quality of their lives and influenced their personalities. Diagonally across the road lived Marvin Williams, the brother of Charlie Lee Spivey's first wife, Sue. To all the Spivey children he was Uncle Marvin, although only Lewis and Paul Spivey
were actually his nephews. After the Spiveys moved from Lasker back to their home on Potecasi Road, on long summer evenings, Marvin walked over to visit. As Marvin, Charlie Lee, and others who joined them rocked on the front porch, they told and retold the same old anecdotes, laughing as uproariously as if the tales were new. Often they made up stories for the children, creating

ghosts so real that Hazel Spivey could hardly find the courage to go to bed.

Quite obviously the pattern of life for the Spiveys as a family was determined by the demands of the seasons-the cycle of planting, plowing, chopping, reaping, bartering, and selling. No diaries exist to pinpoint days particularly meaningful to Water Spivey and to chart what he was thinking about the direction of his own life. Yet a record of what happened on the farm on December 22, 1914-the day of Hazel Spivey's birth-appears in her journal, and Walter would have been a participant unless he had already left home.

On this bitterly cold afternoon the young Spiveys went out into the fields to gather the "scrap cotton" the earlier pickers had overlooked. Since Lillie and Daisy, then the youngest children, were only four and two years old, they would hardly have been allowed outside to join their brothers and sisters. Ruth was now seventeen; Walter, fifteen; Russell, thirteen; Willie Lee, eleven; Blanche, ten; and Annie, eight years old. The weather was so severe that they pulled whole bolls from the stalks and took them inside the house. By the warmth of the open fire, they separated the cotton from the bolls and then threw the bolls into the flames. Hazel Brett wrote, "They were going to sell the cotton the next day and have a little Christmas money. That was told to me after I was old enough to remember it." Perhaps during the years to come Walter Spivey thought of this day-or others like it-as he packaged gifts to send home to brighten Christmas for his brothers and sisters.

The inherent drive of Walter Spivey "to make something of himself" must have intensified with the increasing awareness that no matter how slavishly a farm family worked, the remuneration-unless one longed to live on the land-was despairingly meager. And as the days passed, his determination not to follow in his father's footsteps, as a farmer, hardened.

Perhaps the outbreak of World War I in Europe set the stage for his irrevocable decision to leave the farm. A calculated guess is that the sinking of the British Cunard liner, the *Lusitania,* off the coast of Ireland on May 7, 1915, was the spur that prodded

him to make the break. The tidal wave of shock and indignation that swept the country in the wake of the drownings of 128 American passengers-and the talk of war-touched farms far more remote than those in Northampton County, less than one hundred miles from the naval base at Norfolk, Virginia. For Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey and for Walter himself, who had not yet finished high school, the leavetaking, whenever it was, must have been wrenching. His sister Annie Spivey Thomas stated, "Walter was the apple of our mother's eye."

Another theory was that Walter Spivey simply ran away at an age younger than fifteen. That was the impression he left on his daughter-in-law decades ago in telling her the story of his early years. Her recollection of his version was that he was so very young that recruiters in all branches of the service in Norfolk "laughed and showed him the door." Lee Spivey, one of Walter Spivey's grandchildren, said that as he, his brother Bill, and his sister Ann were growing up, their grandfather attempted to conceal from them that he had left home without even finishing high school. Walter Spivey was fearful that his example would influence them to take the same manifestly foolish step.

Long years after her youth on Potecasi Road, Hazel Brett wrote, "Walter Spivey, my oldest brother, was so very ambitious. He left home early to go to work and to school." Then she continued: "Papa had no money to help with his education. Farmers didn't make a lot ... and with a large family it took all he could make to pay bills and support the family." Unquestionably Walter was ambitious, but an academic education was not his immediate goal. His plan was to head for Norfolk and to enlist in the navy or some other branch of the service.

In Norfolk, according to his widow's recollections of his reminiscences, the naval recruiting officer looked at Walter Spivey and inquired, "Son, how old are you?" Although he was probably no more than fifteen-and perhaps younger-he replied, "Sixteen." The recruiter responded, "Then you will have to go home and get your father to verify your age." Actually, naval regulations stipulated that eighteen was the minimum age of

enlistment but that seventeen-year-olds could enroll with parental consent. Naval history shows, however, that as the war progressed even younger men were accepted under certain conditions. But Walter Spivey was not one of them.

One version of Walter Spivey's attempt to join the navy was that two companions from Lasker, similarly motivated, accompanied him to Norfolk and that they were successful. Only Walter was rejected. Thwarted in his plan to chart a naval career, he took a job-allegedly as a "scab," or strikebreaker-hauling water to vessels anchored in the harbor, probably pushing a four-wheeled hand truck loaded with heavy kegs. As he labored, he observed that men disembarking from their ships often needed transportation into Norfolk. Allegedly, he somehow acquired a vehicle of some kind and began chauffeuring stranded sailors. One day a policeman stopped him and inquired about his age. After the officer informed him that he was too young to be driving a taxi, he employed an older person as the driver and established a fairly successful jitney service.

In time he himself sensed that he needed a formal education. Unfortunately, reminiscences seldom have dates, but a fact that can be verified is that for two academic years, 1921-23, Walter Spivey attended Trinity College in Durham, North Carolina, an institution with antebellum origins, around which Duke University was built in 1924. Yet the question that arose related to the means a young man with some high-school credits but no diploma used to gain admission to Trinity College. The answer came in a letter from the office of the registrar at Duke University. Walter Boone Spivey registered on September 14, 1921, having been admitted from Trinity Park School in Durham. Then another clue surfaced in a conversation with Walter Spivey's sister, Annie Spivey Thomas, who stated that Belle Knight, the half-sister of Mariah Spivey, lived in Durham and helped Walter get into Trinity College.

The implication that can be drawn is that Walter Spivey might have lived temporarily with his aunt in Durham and that she gave him the sponsorship-perhaps moral and financial boosts-to

resume his formal education. Before moving to Durham, Belle Knight had lived on Potecasi Road and introduced Mariah and Charlie Lee to each other during those dark days after his first wife died. Reputedly she had always been particularly generous to the Spivey children, sewing for them and giving them little gifts.

Concerning Trinity Park School, archivist William E. King provided generous assistance in sending information from the archives of Duke University. The school was founded in Durham in 1898 to meet "a great need" -the preparation of students otherwise unable to gain entrance into Trinity College. According to the catalog for 1920-21, one of the strengths of the school was "the strong personal sympathy between students and masters." In a school atmosphere resembling "home life," the teacher was "a friend and a helper rather than a taskmaster." In summary, the catalog named the overall goals of Trinity Park School: "to nourish character, to stimulate and properly train intellect, and to promote good manners."

Each year the Trinity Park catalog listed the names of the previous year's students. The Duke Archives has catalogs for 1919-20 and 1921-22, but the one for 1920-21 is missing. Walter Spivey's name appears in both of these catalogs, indicating that he probably attended for three years, 1918-19, 1919-20, and 1920-21 when he was classified as a senior. Expenses for 1921-22, after he had completed his studies at Trinity Park, give some indication of what his expenses had been. For the fall term, beginning on September 14 and ending December 21, tuition and other fees, including room rent, were $57.50; for the spring term, beginning on January 4 and ending May 5, fees and room rent were $55.50. Board cost $22.00 a month.

Walter Spivey lacked a month of being twenty-two years old when he registered as a freshman at Trinity College. The record from the registrar's office at Duke University shows that during the two years he attended, 1921-23, his course work included English I, German I, math IA and IB, biology I and II, chemistry I, II, and III, physics I, and physical training. The 1923 *Chanticleer,* the yearbook of Trinity College, lists under Walter B. Spivey's

Walter Boone Spivey as a young man

name: Trinity Park School Club, Chemistry Club, Hesperian Literary Society, Class Football (2).

Among the fifty-five men in the group picture of the Hesperian Literary Society, Walter Spivey is clearly recognizable, as well as in photographs of the twenty-six members of the Trinity Park Club, most of whom look slightly older than the average college student. Interestingly, above the picture of the Trinity Park School Club, appear a photograph and words that give insight into the student mind of 1923-"the Hades Club, an organization of Ministers' sons and daughters as yet uncaught." The titles of the officers of this organization are "His Satanic Majesty, Pitchfork Custodian, Brimstone Dispenser, Chain Rattler, Master Fire Builder, and Leading Representative in Hot Regions."

Whatever the circumstances of Walter Spivey's life during these years he was attending Trinity Park School and Trinity College, one element of truth stood out-he possessed courage, ingenuity, and endurance as he worked ceaselessly to earn a livelihood and pay the costs of schooling. Hazel Brett wrote, "Walter worked in restaurants washing dishes, driving street cars, and at any other

honest job he could find to make money to go to school." His wife recalled that he had told her of firing furnaces and securing a position in a haberdashery. There he worked out an agreement to sell men's clothing if the owner of the business would give him a suit, "and Walter was the best-dressed one." Indeed, his appearance in the group pictures at Trinity seems to verify that claim.

The individual photographs made during these years convey the impression that he was a handsome young man with brown eyes and well-coiffed dark hair. Hazel Brett indicated that although he was taller than their mother, he inherited her large bones rather than the slender frame of Charlie Lee Spivey. His attractive appearance must have helped in still another job which he reputedly held down during summers-selling maps and jewelry as he traveled about the countryside.

Another span of years in Walter Spivey's life that remains blanketed in obscurity is the interval between 1923 and 1925, the two years between Trinity College and his entering Atlanta Southern Dental College. Allegedly, he spent a large portion of this time in Buffalo, New York, earning money to attend dental school, if indeed that plan had crystallized. His early experiences in the North were misadventures; for instance, he spent the first night on a park bench. His employment as a waiter began disastrously-"he straightaway spilled all the dishes." Moreover, the weather was severely cold, and all the houses looked alike. Before he got his bearings, he failed to get off the streetcar at the right stop and headed into the wrong apartment. Perhaps it was in Buffalo that he was employed as Hazel Brett mentioned, as a streetcar conductor.

What motivated Walter Spivey to aspire to become a dentist and to apply to Atlanta Southern Dental College remains a question without answer. But his course work at Trinity College, heavy in the sciences rather than the arts, gives the appearance of being planned to meet the prerequisites of dental school. Annuals from the Atlanta Southern Dental College, the *Asodecoan,* showed that he attended for four consecutive years, graduating with his degree

in 1928. Later-in 1944-this institution was absorbed by Emory University.

Generalized impressions are that he continued to be pressed for money. But he was obviously a good manager of his time and means. For instance, his living quarters were not far from the dental school on Ivy Street, where he had classes; from Grady Hospital, where the clinic for indigent patients was located; and from the sandwich shop in the Cable Piano Building at 82 Broad Street, where he worked. Walking and running from place to place were not aimed at physical fitness-they saved streetcar fare.

The handsome graduate in a tuxedo pictured in the *Asodecoan* of 1928 could have been the scion of an affluent capitalist rather than a man with the hardihood to have invested more than a dozen years in toiling under his own power to reach the threshold of a professional career as a dentist. The words under Walter Spivey's photograph characterize his personality, cite a momentous change in his life, and accurately predict his future prosperity:

WALTER B. SPIVEY
"Walter"
Rich Square, North Carolina

> Masonic Club; Cotillion Club; Duke University Club; North Carolina Club; Married Men's Club; Associate Business Manager Asodecoan, '25.
>
> It is sure that this man's wit and delightful humor has won for him the friendship of the entire class. The quality of his work can be attested by his many patients. Ask a certain someone, whom Walter married in his Junior year, and she will agree with us that he is always to the good. We are confident of his success, and take opportunity here to wish him many happy, prosperous years.

Walter Spivey and Helen Louise Potter were married in a simple ceremony in Clearwater, Pinellas County, Florida, on Saturday,

Walter Spivey, senior year of dental school
(Emory University School of Medicine Health Sciences Center Library)

February 19, 1927. Besides the bride and groom, three persons were present-Bertha Potter, the mother of the bride, whose husband, Helen's father, was deceased; and the two attendants, attorney William Wimberley and his wife, Ruby, of Atlanta, close friends of Walter and Helen. Residing now in Hiawassee with her

husband, Ruby Wimberley reminisced affectionately of Walter Spivey and spoke admiringly of Helen Potter Spivey, "a lovely, tall brunette with a somewhat reserved disposition." A photograph in Mrs. Wimberley's possession attests that she was indeed a young woman of remarkable beauty.

Records from Oglethorpe University show that after graduating from Saint Petersburg, Florida, High School in 1924, Helen Potter enrolled at Oglethorpe in September and attended for one year. Moreover, her grades were well above average. But when Ruby Wimberley met and knew her, she was a secretary for West Publishing Company in Atlanta. During these years Walter Spivey was "working more than one job-even jerking sodas" to earn money for dental school. Facetiously Ruby Wimberley referred to what became a marked propensity of Walter Spivey: "He could smell a dollar a mile away."

The trip to Florida that February in 1927 served a dual purpose. Bertha Potter acquired a son-in-law and on the same weekend sold "one of the most valuable pieces of real estate" in Saint Petersburg, where a bank Mrs. Wimberley could not identify now stands. As a wedding gift, Mrs. Potter gave Walter and Helen" an open, green Pierce-Arrow with a rumble seat," which the two young couples flaunted all the way back to Atlanta. The Spiveys began their married life in the Pershing Point Apartments.

Four years passed before Walter Lee Spivey was born on March 29, 1931. Because of a breakdown in the health of his wife, Walter Spivey in time assumed "sole care, custody, and control" of their son when he was about eighteen months old. Eventually the marriage was dissolved.

Other changes were taking place in the lives of the Spiveys during these years. On the thirty-third birthday of Walter Spivey, October 19, 1932, his mother died and was buried in Rich Square Cemetery. Hazel Brett wrote, "Mama had a goiter. An over active thyroid gland affected her heart and caused her death." By this time most of Mariah Spivey's children were well established in their own homes and careers. Of the Spivey offspring all but three pursued an education beyond high school. Ruth opted to marry;

Russell wanted to become a farmer; and Lillie fell in love during her one semester at Eastern Carolina College and married. Blanche and Daisy became nurses; Willie Lee, Annie, and Hazel taught school. Thomas, the youngest of the family, still in high school when his mother died, was remembered for his attentiveness to her during her illnesses. After completing his degree at Louisburg College in Louisburg, North Carolina, he embarked on a career in utilities in Norfolk. But Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey had done their work well. All their children shaped for themselves commendable lives, married, and had children who in remarkable number became professional men and women.

Hazel Spivey Brett, Thomas Spivey, and Elizabeth Marshall in Ahoskie, North Carolina, 1989

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF W ALTER AND EMILIE SPIVEY

Everyone says how much Walter has
done for me, but no one talks about
what I have done for Walter!

Emilie Parmalee was a walking example of the power of music to shape an intellect. Music was the warp and the woof of the fabric of her mind. It had lured her as a child to the piano more often than to the playground; it directed her toward an A.G.O. associateship rather than into academia. For over a decade the organ had mesmerized her into service at Saint John Methodist and then at North Avenue Presbyterian churches. Its spellbinding power impelled her to carve out a niche for herself as a pacesetter in Atlanta's cultural circles, and it spurred her in a quest to learn from virtuosos of the "king of instruments." Music also brought into her life Walter Boone Spivey.

Music played no part in molding Walter Spivey's thinking and in what he had made of himself. The events of his life had left no room for anything so esoteric as the arts. Becoming a virtuoso of the self-made man had crowded out everything but the basics-the essentials of eking out living expenses and tuition fees. During these years of working and attending school at his own expense, the hardihood he had developed, from the regimen of farm life and from the positive philosophy he had imbibed from his parents, stood him in good stead. And now he was a professional man with a Peachtree Street office address and a prospering dental practice. Although he might have been somewhat delayed in completing a formal education, he was ahead of the times in another regard: For about six years he had been a single-parent father of a young child, now eight years old, and for some reason he wanted his son to have music lessons.

Through the years Emilie Parmalee's reputation as a teacher par excellence of piano and organ had grown until her more mature students crowded out beginners. But through a mutual friend, Dr. Walter Spivey heard of her expertise and determined that he wanted his son, Walter, known as Buddy, to take piano lessons from Miss Parmalee, and he was not deterred by her initial refusal. After repeated telephone calls from Dr. Spivey's receptionist and his housekeeper, Emilie Parmalee relented and worked Buddy into her busy schedule.

Later, in her wedding book Emilie Parmalee Spivey wrote,

"Walter and Buddy came over one Sunday afternoon (1939) to arrange for Buddy's music lessons." Years later she supplied other details. Dr. Spivey impressed her as a tall, handsome man with brown eyes and dark hair, who on that afternoon was wearing a white sharkskin jacket and tan shoes. Buddy had on short pants and white shoes. Emilie reminisced, "I knew I liked Walter the minute I saw him." But at the time she was dating another man.

Versions of the circumstances varied; some acquaintances theorized that Walter Lee Spivey-Buddy-first fell in love with Emilie Parmalee and wanted his father to become involved. Others have said that Dr. Spivey was less interested in music lessons for Buddy than he was in Emilie. Perhaps there were elements of truth in both interpretations. Nevertheless, after Emilie Parmalee and Buddy-who remained a sensitive, idealistic person-had had time to develop a close teacher-student rapport, Dr. Spivey's housekeeper called one evening. A crisis had arisen. Unable to complete his homework to his satisfaction, Buddy was sobbing; the housekeeper could not help with the assignment; and Dr. Spivey had not yet come home.

But the proprieties were at stake. Emilie recalled: "It was nine o'clock at night. It would have been a terrible thing for me to go over there by myself." As an illustration of Mrs. Parmalee's training, Emilie said that as a child she had been forbidden even to look into a barbershop she might chance to pass. "And 1 didn't. 1 was afraid to." But that evening Mrs. Parmalee went along with Emilie the short distance to Dr. Spivey's house, which was also in the Morningside neighborhood. After they had solved Buddy's problems, Emilie sat down at the piano and ran her fingers across the keyboard. Dr. Spivey arrived and urged, "Please go on, Miss Parmalee. 1 want to hear you play."

Soon Walter Spivey began telephoning Emilie Parmalee, asking her to go to ball games with him. She declined, fabricating that she had choir practice on Saturday afternoons. "I was so busy and had other beaus." Dr. Spivey, according to a family member, stopped calling. He reasoned that if a girl refused three invitations, she was not interested. But later Emilie learned that her date for

a party at her house was sick with ulcers. She suggested to her mother that they invite Dr. Spivey. He accepted and virtually every night from that time on was a regular visitor. A family member stated that Buddy usually accompanied them on their outings.

When Walter Spivey arrived for the first date after the evening of the party, he was on foot, although he had a strong affinity for high-powered cars. He explained that on the previous day, someone had plowed into the side of his Lincoln Zephyr and totaled it. But he added with a typical twinge of humor, "You told me that you loved to walk." Emilie later wrote on a photograph of the Parmalees' dog, a white terrier with a black mask-like spot on its face, "Scherzo was my bodyguard. Stayed at the front door every night when Walter came to see me."

Clearly, music-centered activities no longer monopolized all of Emilie Parmalee's days, and under certain circumstances athletics even took on an appeal. A snapshot in her wedding book shows Walter and Emilie standing side by side on what must have been a moving boat. A broad, laughing smile transforms Walter Spivey's countenance, giving him a boyishly handsome appearance. With one hand he braces the two of them by holding to the canopy, and with the other arm he grasps around the waist an obviously happy Emilie. Beside the picture she inscribed, "Went to Dr. Hurt's house in Florida to houseparty, Dec. 29, 1940. Spent New Year's Day at football game in Miami. Wonderful trip."

In her wedding book on the page headed "Engagement," Emilie Parmalee Spivey wrote, "We became engaged February 8, 1941. Walter bought ring that afternoon and gave it to me on Ivy Street. We told Mother about it at 11 :30." Almost seven months later, on August 31, the formal announcement appeared in the *Constitution* and the *Journal.* Beautiful professional photographs of Emilie Parmalee-a different pose in each paper-accompanied articles giving biographical sketches of the future bride and groom. The accounts in part stated:

> Wide social interest centers today in the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. Charles

> Lawrence Parmalee of the engagement of their only daughter Miss Emilie Martha Parmalee, to Dr. Walter B. Spivey, the marriage to take place in the fall. . . .
>
> Miss Parmalee is a beautiful brunette and possesses a charming personality and has a wide circle of admiring friends, not only here but in sections of the country where she has visited.

On the same page Emilie inscribed: "Walter told me of buying a house at 14th and West Peachtree." Perhaps he made his purchase only for investment purposes-an early manifestation of his proclivity-and not for a residence since no future reference appeared. But some months before their wedding on September 20, he acquired a home in Buckhead where the Spiveys lived for sixteen years. On the Sunday following their marriage a photograph of their home appeared in the newspaper with a description: "Handsome residence at 430 Argonne Drive was bought by Dr. Walter B. Spivey .... Constructed of hollow tile and stucco, the two-story house contains four bedrooms and two baths and is on a lot 100 by 500 feet. Dr. and Mrs. Spivey will take immediate possession of the home."

During the summer of 1941 Walter and Buddy Spivey apparently went ahead and moved from Morningside to Argonne Drive, even though Emilie and Juliette Parmalee, decorators, painters, wallpaperers, and landscapers were busy working their magic, for it was here the wedding was to take place. Lending advice and assistance no doubt was Emilie's Aunt Beth, formerly Elizabeth Parmalee Clifton, now married to her second husband, a manufacturer, William Oscar Steele, and living at 1139 Springdale Road, a second home to Emilie. Years later the tasteful decor of the Spivey home was featured in the Sunday newspaper of October 18, 1953. Emilie was quoted as saying, "When I first glimpsed the drabness of the interior, I felt that I was walking into a tomb on a rainy day." Yet without question she was enchanted by the stateliness of its architectural style and the beauty and desirability of the neighborhood.

Home of Walter and Emilie Spivey, 430 Argonne Drive

More than one florist truck must have moved up the inclined driveway at 430 Argonne Drive on Saturday, September 20, transporting the palms and white flowers-dahlias and gladioli-that were banked around the fireplace. At the appointed hour Emilie and her father descended the stairway together and entered the living room, where Charles Parmalee gave his daughter in marriage. Facing the fireplace, Walter Spivey and Emilie Parmalee spoke their vows. Dr. Vernon Broyles, pastor of North Avenue Presbyterian Church, officiated, and George Hamrick played the organ, the use of which was the wedding gift of the Cable Piano Company.

Although Emilie had chosen to have a home ceremony with no attendants, her bridal attire would have been suitable for a cathedral. She wore a gown of white silk mousseline, with long sleeves, fitted at the waist and ending in a train bordered with lace-edged ruffles. Completing her outfit was a veil of illusion tulle, a prayer book ornamented with gardenias, and a handmade lace handkerchief that had been used by Emilie's Aunt Beth at her own wedding.

Emilie Parmalee on her wedding day (Thurston Hatcher)

No record exists of what Walter Spivey wore at his wedding, but an envelope in Emilie Spivey's wedding book, marked "Walter's boutonniere-gardenia," contains a dried gardenia with five leaves, crumbling at the edges but intact after half a century. A winding, tree-shrouded driveway literally lined with gardenia bushes at the first house the Spiveys built on Lake Jodeco in Clayton County attests that gardenias were indeed Dr. Walter Spivey's favorite flower.

A clipping without identification calls attention to a newsworthy incident at the wedding.

> He Kissed the Bride!
>
> Right in the living room of their new home where Emilie Parmalee and Dr. Walter Spivey plan to spend much of their time, they were married Saturday . . . at a quiet home wedding. The close friends were charmed with the new house on Argonne,

Dr. Walter Boone Spivey

and delighted with the way the bridegroom kissed the bride after the ceremony.

The funny thing-right after they were married-the doctor pulled back the bride's veil, kissed her, and then put the veil back in its place.

He didn't want anybody else kissing his bride!

After the service Mr. and Mrs. Parmalee entertained at a reception. Although the invitations had been limited to relatives and close friends, Emilie's wedding book contains the signatures of almost a hundred guests. Assisting the Parmalees in feting Emilie and Walter were Mr. and Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Fred John Parmalee of Louisville, Kentucky, the former Elizabeth Maddox of Dalton, who was Aunt Lizzie to Emilie.

Early in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Spivey departed for a motor trip to the mountains of North Carolina. Their immediate destination was the Grove Park Inn in Asheville where they spent their honeymoon. For traveling Emilie Spivey wore a suit of grey wool and a hat of Austrian velour in the color-tone of California claret. An intimate friend commented years afterwards that the metamorphosis of Emilie seemed to begin with the donning of her handsome going-away ensemble. The changes that were to transpire within the life of Walter Spivey were less visible but no less real.

Vignettes of the Spiveys appeared in sparsely worded jottings in Emilie's wedding book. Here for a number of years-until the onset of a long silence-her abbreviated notes give a skeletal history of their personal lives. After their first anniversary, September 20, 1942, she wrote, "Walter gave me a silver tray. Buddy-gold and pink salt-and-pepper shakers. Mother and Daddy ate dinner with us. Also Miss Eda." Later in the year she commented, without dates, "Walter took Buddy, Mother, Daddy, and me to Charleston Gardens. Grand trip."

After they had been married a year and a half, Emilie made one of her occasional trips north to study with virtuosi organists. The records-dates, duration, and results-of these forays to

upgrade her own skills as a performer are disappointingly absent in her memorabilia. But in this case she noted, "1943- Went to N.Y. to study with Bonnet. Walter came up later. *Wonderful trip."* The top portion of the hotel bill, which she had cut off and pasted in the book, showed that Dr. and Mrs. Spivey spent the nights of March 26 and 27 at the Waldorf-Astoria and that the total charge was $20.11.

The metamorphosis of Emilie Parmalee Spivey's life consisted of changes too subtle to be caught by the eye and of others clearly visible. Becoming Mrs. Walter Spivey of 430 Argonne Drive, the wife of a successful professional man, brought with it a status hardly accessible to even a prominent single organist whose star was clearly rising. One door that swung open was membership in the Young Matrons' Circle for the Tallulah Falls School, founded to educate disadvantaged boys and girls from remote regions of the North Georgia mountains. Typically assuming a leadership role after joining an organization, Emilie Spivey soon became chairman of the arts committee and a year later a director of the Tallulah Falls Circle. And more than once she found herself pictured in the newspaper with other stylishly dressed Atlanta matrons.

Walter Spivey was a man who eschewed rather than sought the limelight. Yet for the 1944-45 term, he accepted the office of program chairman of the Fifth District Dental Society. A letter of September 12, 1944, announced that the first meeting of the year would take place at the Piedmont Hotel on September 19. The speaker was Dr. Sumpter S. Arnim, a Texan educated at Rice Institute, Northwestern University School of Dentistry, and Yale School of Medicine. His talk was entitled" New Methods of Value to the Dentist in the Control and Prevention of Dental Caries." An announcement urged, "Mark this date on your appointment book . . . . Walter deserves our wholehearted support. Let's back him 100%." As the lecture topic implied, a principal purpose of the Fifth District Dental Society was education. Five years later, in 1949, Walter Spivey accepted the presidency of the organization. But after that date he suffered an illness and then became so

immersed in business matters that he must have asked to be relieved of further office holding.

That he was also throwing his weight behind his musical wife's commitments appeared in an unidentified newspaper clipping headed "Doctor's Dilemma." Obviously Emilie Spivey found the incident amusing since she carefully preserved the published account:

> A talented and popular matron who has few, if any, peers in the city's musical circles, literally lassoed her doctor-husband one evening not so long ago and whisked him away from his medical duties to a concert which promised to be an unusually fine one. As her husband's trend was along lines other than music, she thought it wise to recite a few preliminary details, such as the name of the artist, where she came from, and a bit about her technique and background. Dr. X listened attentively to his wife as they drove toward the theater.
>
> When the concert was over and Dr. and Mrs. X were attending the reception which followed, they became separated. Mrs. X was enthusiastically talking to one group of friends while her husband stood in the midst of another. Then came a lull ... in the conversations of both groups . . . . Imagine Mrs. X's surprise ... when she saw her husband turn politely to the charming lady at his left, and just to break the embarrassing silence ask: "Did you enjoy the concert?"
>
> "Indeed I did," the lady replied with a gracious smile. "You see, I'm the artist."

With the passing of the years designer outfits became staples in Emilie Spivey's wardrobe-clothes that did nothing to camouflage her naturally stylish bearing. As early as their third anniversary, her husband gave her a suit or a dress as a gift-

"my first Hattie Carnegie." Beside the detached tag, showing that it came from the Leon Froshin Shoppe, is a clipping from the *Constitution* of March 27, 1946, "Passing Parade." Highlighted are prominent Atlanta women whose gowns had caught the eye of a newspaper reporter at a Lotte Lehmann concert. Emilie Spivey made the grade: "Mrs. Walter Spivey ... a symphony in grey." Occasionally on their anniversaries Walter and Emilie Spivey celebrated by having dinner guests at home. But in 1947, their sixth, they took friends to a French restaurant. Emilie commented, "I wore a new beige satin dress and feather hat. Also ... Hattie Carnegie necklace, bracelet, and earrings Walter gave me for anniversary present. Was 1 thrilled over that!"

In photographs of these years, Emilie Spivey appeared to reverse the aging process, becoming with time more striking in appearance and luminous in personality. Without question her handsome clothes and accessories added an aura of glamour, but her capacities for living a full-to-overflowing life were growing with the enrichment that came with her marriage. And Walter Spivey was obviously taking pride in his wife and his home and sensing a contentment he had not previously known.

The proclivity of Walter Spivey to value and acquire land at virtually every opportunity became more pronounced with the years. Without question the shades of Northampton County had left their mark. His love of land seemed inbred. Emilie noted in 1943: "Bought a house and farm on Wieuca Road. Built barn and dug well." The absence of additional references implied that they eventually disposed of this property. Then in 1944 she wrote: "Bought 800 acre farm near Jonesboro-80 head of cattle, mules, a riding horse, 6 houses." At the time the Spiveys could not have envisioned the impact of this purchase in redirecting their lives. But coming events were imperceptibly casting their shadows. To her description of the farm in Jonesboro, she added, in apparent seriousness, a comment so out of context with her ordinary mode of life as to be utterly ludicrous: "Had our first hog killing." Somewhat less out of character were her words, "Took a few days' fishing trip in the summer with the Blanchards. Mother and Daddy

Emilie Spivey with her parents, Charles and Juliette Parmalee

went too." She did not say how many fish she caught. Snapshots portray various scenes at the farm. In one picture Emilie, Mr. and Mrs. Parmalee, Buddy-now taller than Emilie-and Buddy's "first girl" are standing in the woods, holding branches of what appear to be wild azaleas in full bloom. In another photograph Emilie is riding horseback. But admittedly the feat was not daring-the animal looks tired as well as overweight and lethargic.

Poles apart from the urbane world of fashion was country life. If indeed Walter Spivey was trying to convert his wife into "the Annie Oakley of Clayton County," he began at this point in their marriage. And with zest in their outings, many of which were simple

hamburger cookouts with the family, she fell into step. In 1945 she commented in her wedding book: "Made chairman of Church Music for Music Club and Guild," referring to the Atlanta Music Club and the American Guild of Organists. Then, non sequitur, she stated, "Had barbecue at farm on July 4th for 100 guests." Although it would have been more typical for her to decorate and then entertain, the reverse appeared to have occurred: "Decorated the 'little house' in the country. In July had living room, hall, and dining room redecorated. Chinese scenic paper in dining room. Beautiful blue in other rooms. It is all so lovely!" This house was one of the original structures on the farm and in time was razed to make way for a new one constructed on the site.

Perhaps no aspects of Emilie Spivey's marriage brought more compelling change than immediate motherhood. Yet she was fortunate in not having to suffer a sudden enforced acquaintance with the ten-year-old Walter Lee Spivey. Since he was eight, Emilie and Buddy had been coming to know each other in the one-on-one rapprochement of teacher and pupil. A loose clipping in her wedding book-" Portraits," by James 1. Metcalfe-suggested Emilie Spivey's sensitivity to the delicacy of her new role. At that time in a daily short feature in the newspaper, Metcalfe, writing in broken sentences, tapped into facets of human emotions. Here he addressed himself to the role of the surrogate mother, stating in part, "There is no mother who is more . . . deserving of our praise . . . than she who takes another's child . . . to comfort and to raise . . . Her child belongs to her not by . . . the grace of nature's art . . . but by the choice made freely from . . . her heart."

A family story alleged that when Dr. Spivey took the first steps to assume the guardianship of his son, he asked the young child, less than two years old, "Won't you come and live with me and be my little buddy?" To family members and fellow students at E. Rivers School and North Fulton High School, Walter Lee Spivey continued to be known as Buddy. But later his adult peers and his wife called him Walt. The general impression of Walter Lee Spivey was that he was mild-mannered, sensitive, idealistic, and perhaps a bit shy, and that he must not have been a difficult young

Emilie and Walter Lee Spivey

man to rear.

Without doubt he lacked the tough-mindedness of his father. Thomas Spivey, youngest brother of Dr. Spivey, relates an incident that occurred on one of his visits to Atlanta before Walter Spivey and Emilie Parmalee were married. Buddy, then a student at Morningside Elementary School, had deviated from his usual route in walking home in order to avoid some bullies who lived along the way. Dr. Spivey reproved his son, threatening him with punishment if he failed to confront them. What Dr. Spivey did not take into consideration was that young Walter Spivey had not grown up with a houseful of brothers and sisters to do battle with and that he had not been plowing a team of mules from the time he entered the first grade.

The events of Buddy Spivey's life showed that he and Emilie lived together under the same roof, on a day-to-day basis, for only

six years. Buddy was ten when his father married Emilie Parmalee, and he was sixteen when he graduated from North Fulton High School and left home in the fall to continue his education. But photographs and comments in Emilie Spivey's wedding book indicate that however complex any stepmother-stepson relationship and however busy a life she led, she found time for outings and vacations with her acquired son.

One snapshot shows Buddy and Emilie in front of the house on Argonne Drive, standing close and smiling at each other. Emilie was wearing a hat and a fur piece, and Buddy was clad in a Boy Scout uniform. His head reached only to Emilie's shoulder. Another photograph pictures Walter, Emilie, and Buddy riding bicycles at the beach. Underneath the heading 1945-46 in the wedding book, Emilie wrote: "Buddy and I spent the week at Daytona Beach." Here she was referring to the summer of 1946, after Buddy had finished his junior year at North Fulton High School. In another notation she commented that on July 15 she and Walter went to Highlands, North Carolina, with three other couples. She added, "Came back and picked up Buddy and Evelyn. Went to Florida, over to St. George Island."

Evelyn Stubbs was a member of Emilie Spivey's youth choir at North Avenue Presbyterian Church, having joined in 1941 after Emilie entered a meeting room and informed the young people gathered together that they needed only to be able to hold a hymnal to qualify for membership in the choir. In time Evelyn Stubbs virtually joined the Spivey household, spending countless days and nights there before she married Richard Pitman and moved from Atlanta. Years later Evelyn Stubbs Pitman recalled the trip of 1946 to Saint George Island, an isolated spot accessible only by boat from Tallahassee, Florida, and offering nothing but sun, stars, sand, and sea. The purpose of their jaunt was to give Walter Spivey the opportunity to acquaint himself with the island and decide if he wished to enter into a proposal for buying and developing it. On that visit-not too long after World War II-its remoteness and emptiness seemed to hold bleak promise of a prosperous operation.

The single Christmas card pasted into Emilie Spivey's wedding book is inscribed on the front with the words "To Honey, 1946." The appellation Honey was Buddy's name for Emilie, one which her husband adopted and which in time Buddy Spivey's wife and children also used. On this particular Christmas not only Buddy's affection but also his poetic instinct appear on the inside fold of the card in a message Emilie clearly cherished:

> To the dearest mother in the world!
> (And even though my table manners are bad),
> Here's wishing you the Merriest Christmas
> You ever, ever had.

Above his expression of love he wrote, "(Guess who?)."

Without question the years of the involvement of the United States in World War II, 1941-45, were memorable for Walter and Emilie Spivey. Their wedding antedated Pearl Harbor by less than three months, and their early married life coincided with the span of the war. Yet they were unscathed by experiences all too common to Americans-separation of husbands and wives, shipment of draft-age sons to battlefields, and deaths of family members in combat zones. Walter Spivey probably had nothing to fear from the draft board, and Buddy Spivey was too young for service. But one event which Emilie headed was credited with giving hope to war-weary spirits-the Harvest Hymn Festival.

Essentially the wedding book of Emilie Spivey contains only notations that related to the personal affairs of her family. Yet she pridefully inserted in 1944, "Made chairman of church music for Music Club and Guild." As her first endeavor, she planned a mammoth undertaking that involved thousands of Atlantans-a Harvest Hymn Festival. In promoting this venture, she mailed out announcements: "Congregational hymn singing has always been an integral part of our worship and today the movement to organize hymn festivals is spreading rapidly over the country . . . . The Atlanta Music Club and the Georgia Chapter of the American Guild of organists with the support of the Atlanta

Christian Council will hold fifteen festivals throughout Atlanta on Monday evening, November 13 . . . . Come, lend your voices . . . and rejoice in singing and giving thanksgiving." The system of organization called for churches to be zoned. Congregations and choirs within that area were to join together in the most centrally located church to sing hymns identically programmed for all of metropolitan Atlanta.

The *Atlanta Journal* gave its lead editorial on Sunday, November 12, to the upcoming hymn festival, declaring that it was "the most inspiring of the many fine things the churches have done since the war started. Their other war efforts have been more practical perhaps, but here is a simple act of worship with no other motive than just 'to make a joyful noise unto the Lord.' " Then it continued, "In tense times like these there is comfort in the mere emotional outlet of raising the voice and swelling the chest in song directed toward the omnipotent sky. But there is even more comfort in . . . such immortal hymns as 'Abide with Me.' " After paying tribute to Mrs. Walter Spivey, festival chairman, the *Journal* concluded, "The municipal singing may possibly give spiritual strength to last out the war to many who are despairing."

Covering the hymn festival in her review in the *Journal,* Helen Knox Spain stated that "her own pilgrimage to several of the host churches" convinced her that this event was "the most forceful civic endeavor ever achieved by its sponsors" - Mrs. Walter Spivey, "the dynamic power behind the festival"; the American Guild of Organists headed by its dean, Mrs. John B. Felder; and the Atlanta Music Club, whose president was Mrs. James O'H. Sanders. Spain wrote that as church chimes rang out the hour of eight o'clock, ten thousand citizens of Atlanta sang "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart" in one mighty voice. Then she continued:

> From northeast on Peachtree Road to southwest on Capitol View, from Park Street in West End to northeast in Druid Hills, from College Park to Decatur, congregations assembled in twelve appointed host churches . . . to sing the same hymns . . . .

> Impressive . . . with sacred emotion, vested choirs, men and women, aged and young, small boys and girls, and men and women of the United States armed forces sang lustily in fervent invocation for peace and thanksgiving . . . .

The dimensions of Emilie Spivey's world-joys, sorrows, pleasures, and pressures-expanded after her marriage to Walter Spivey. But no matter how many other demands came to bear upon her energies, the quality of her performance as music director-organist and now also choir director-of North Avenue Presbyterian Church never suffered. Indeed the richness of her life seemed to overflow into the caliber of her music, which apparently was affecting an increasing number of persons. Dr. Broyles, who came to North Avenue eight months before he

Emilie Spivey and the Young People's Choir, North Avenue Presbyterian Church (Marlyn Studio)

officiated at the Spiveys' wedding, consistently wrote to Emilie to express his appreciation for the beauty of her Easter and Christmas cantatas. Years later, long after his retirement, he stated without qualification: "Emilie Spivey directed the finest church music 1 have ever known. Under her leadership, North Avenue came to be known for the excellence of its music."

These letters of Dr. Broyles made up a running commentary on Emilie Spivey's career at North Avenue during the years of his ministry. On August 21, 1941, a month before her marriage in September, he expressed his gratitude for all she had done to make the beginnings of his pastorate so happy: "I can only join the whole congregation in appreciation of the ministry of music which you lead." Then he continued: "I know of no church where technical ability and consecration to service are so happily blended. The result is evident to all."

Often Emilie Spivey received letters from visitors in the congregation at North Avenue. For instance, Helen Roper, an Agnes Scott student, took time on February 4, 1944, to send her a note:

> For a long time I've planned to write you and compliment your organ and choral direction. The first Sunday 1 was at college last year 1 went to North Avenue, and was so impressed with your music and Dr. Broyles' sermon that I've missed few services since. To me yours is the finest church choir I've ever heard and the manner in which you play the organ is most unusual. You are one of the few church organists who puts such feeling in playing and who is not afraid to be different in interpreting and harmony.

Four months later, on June 19, a serviceman, Sgt. Griff Perry, wrote, "As an organist to an organist please accept my sincere appreciation for your exquisite music at North Avenue on yesterday morning. Although a stranger to you, 1 have lived in nearby

Fayetteville . . . and then in Macon and have heard of the high standards of your music for several years." He explained that although he was on bivouac, he had persuaded his commanding officer to give him Sunday off to come to North Avenue Church. Then he continued: "Martha my wife and I have visited a few of the Atlanta churches ... and we were utterly amazed at what low standards prevail generally. How happy we were yesterday to hear such beautiful music."

On December 27 clerk of the session L. P. Rosser, Jr., wrote for himself and the officers of the North Avenue Church:

> Your work with the young people's choirs has been outstanding and has made a real contribution to the spiritual atmosphere of the Christmas service . . . and also at other times. Comment has been widespread in the congregation, and I wish you could have heard the many nice things which were said about you in the last joint meeting of officers . . . . They appreciate you so much that they have asked me to tell you so and to thank you sincerely for your consecration in your leadership of the musical program at North Avenue.

A year later, on December 18, 1945, a letter from A. L. Ethridge, written under the letterhead "Judges of the Superior Court of the Atlanta Circuit," echoed these other paeans: "Please let me tell you, the Choral Club and the Young People's Choir . . . gave us a magnificent treat last Sunday night. ... We are mindful and appreciative of the hard work, patience, and skill ... required in the . . . rendition of such a program. Please let me thank you for your marvelous leadership."

Within her wedding book Emilie Spivey pasted a one-sentence clipping without date: "Mrs. Walter B. Spivey and son, Buddy, left Thursday for New Orleans, Cuba, Guatemala on a three weeks' tour." On the same page, headed 1946-47, Emilie wrote: "Buddy and I left June 20 for trip to Cuba and Guatemala-returned

July 10. Had the trip of a lifetime." Perhaps this journey of the summer of 1947 was a graduation gift for Buddy, who had earned a diploma from North Fulton High School a few weeks before the two embarked from New Orleans.

Certainly his record merited a reward. Throughout his high-school career he had made As on student traits-responsibility, inquiring mind, social concern, and work habits; and his general academic average for all his high-school courses was 87.407S-a B +. During his senior year he had played in the band. But because Buddy Spivey was only sixteen when he finished high school, the decision was made that he would spend a postgraduate year at McCallie School in Chattanooga, Tennessee, before continuing his education at Davidson College.

A loose-leaf notebook found among the Spivey memorabilia contains an obviously polished-certainly not a spur-of-the-moment-eleven-page, typed essay, without date, identification of author, or names of travelers, entitled "Guatemala." Its content showed that this jaunt to Central America demanded a rather high degree of hardihood. Certain passages clearly indicate that Buddy Spivey rather than Emilie was the author:

> There are several ways to reach this immutable country but a stone's throw from our front yard. We chose the cargo-liner, "Quirique" operated by the United Fruit Company . . . . It can ride out the severest kind of sea disturbance. Coming back we ran into hectic weather, only 15 people ate one evening . . . .
>
> Our visit to Cuba, was most pleasant but not as eventful and colorful as Guatemala. We arrived at Puerto Barrios, Honduras, early one morning. After the immigration officers came aboard, it was almost 9 o'clock before we boarded the train for our 200 mile ride into this interesting, jungle-infested Honduran interior . . . .
>
> At noon, our Clark Tour Director told us we were

> to have lunch at Azcapa. Everything was in readiness and we only had 15 minutes in which to appease our ravenious [sic] appetites ....

Walter Spivey's absence on this excursion might have meant that he was prevented from going by reasons other than the demands of crowning teeth. Without doubt he had begged to be allowed to stay in Atlanta. **In** later years Emilie Spivey recalled instances of what might have been attacks of claustrophobia that Walter, surrounded by fellow travelers, suffered in the middle of lengthy sight-seeing tours. More than once Walter and Emilie aborted trips after Walter beseeched, "Honey, can't we just 1$0 home?" And they did. The metamorphosis of their lives was well under way.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE CONTINUATION OF THE MELODY

You at the organ are like David at
the harp, whose fingers swept ... away
the thoughts that broke one's peace.
. . . I am sure the melody will go on
mingled with the harmonies that make
Heaven musical forever.

-Charles 1. Williamson

Ten years had passed since Emilie Parmalee gained stature as a leader within musical circles in Atlanta in the office of dean of the Georgia A.G.O. Again in 1947 she donned that mantle, demonstrating that no matter how great the alterations in her life, her absorption in creating and elevating musical opportunities in Atlanta-a city she herself personified-was a thread that linked her days. The history of her success as dean of the A.G.O. during 1947-48 appeared in the handsome yearbook, replete with listings of programs, officers, and past deans; in an informal newsletter, *Undertones,* written with levity but deadly serious purpose and signed by an editor who called herself the Organ Grinder; and in letters from members who expressed gratitude for her leadership and accomplishments as dean.

The opening meeting itself symbolized an aspect of the metamorphosis of Emilie Spivey: These organists with whom she had worked for years met in her own handsome home on the evening of September 16, 1947, instead of at a club room. Afterward a member wrote, mentioning Walter's graciousness as a host, a theme not unusual in thank-you notes to Emilie: "I can't help but realize that we all owe you a great deal for the lovely meeting .... The year is off to a wonderful start. Thank you and Walter for your generous hospitality in having us meet in your home." Walter Spivey was standing by the side of his wife in all of her undertakings.

Robert Baker was one of two virtuosos who came to Atlanta to give concerts during Emilie Spivey's deanship. Organist of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, New York, and of the Temple Emanu-El of New York City, he made his appearance at The Temple on the evening of November 18. Perhaps Helen Knox Spain spoke for Atlantans when she declared that listening to Baker was" a rare experience." His remarkable technical skill and his "warm, beautiful tone" seemed particularly apparent in Liszt's Fantasie and Fugue on B-a-c-h and the adagio from Vivaldi's Concerto in D Minor, as well as in "An Ancient Jewish Melody." But Baker's impressions of Atlanta might have been largely determined by Walter and Emilie Spivey, as Baker's letter of

November 23 implied:

Sunday night

Dear Emilie Spivey-

How can I begin to tell you what a good time I had in Atlanta? You are the most perfect "recital" hostess I've ever had! You let me practice as much as I wanted to. You knew when I'd want to rest, and you didn't get mad when we got lost in the wilds of outer Atlanta and came in so late!

I'm so glad everyone seemed to like my program. Miss Spain was most gracious and I appreciate it.

But most of all-I enjoyed my stay with you and Walter.

Count me your friend from now on!

Cordially,

Robert Baker

P.S. The picture will be on its way soon.

For musicians, casual listeners, and Emilie Spivey in particular, the pinnacle experience of the year was the recital of Virgil Fox on February 2, 1948, at Agnes Scott College. The appeal of this artist, destined for international fame, filled the auditorium at Presser Hall even though Jeanette MacDonald was performing at the same time in downtown Atlanta. The tickets, at only $1.20 each, pulled the A.G.O. treasury out of the doldrums and gave an overflow of funds.

At this time Virgil Fox was only thirty-six years old, four years younger than Emilie Spivey. Two decades would pass before his revolutionary decision to sell Bach to the masses by giving that master" a psychedelic transfusion," adding" a ton and a half of prisms, lenses, wire, plastic, glass and crystal," and attaching a light show to his Rodgers Touring Organ- "a 4000-lb monster with 56 stops and 144 speakers." Before that conversion of 1970, when he was fifty-eight years old, "his most conspicuous eccentricity," in the words of *Time,* January 7, 1974, "was a

Virgil Fox
(Bruno)

fondness for walking the streets in a toreador's black cape-that and a rapidly emerging, unorthodox approach to Bach." At Agnes Scott College on this evening in 1948, Fox certainly was not wearing his rhinestone-studded shoes, and perhaps he was not yet vocally dismissing "musicological purists as barnacles on the ship of music."

At the time of his appearance in Atlanta, he was heading the organ department at Peabody Conservatory, serving as organist at Riverside Church in New York City, and accepting engagements throughout the United States and Europe. But he was probably not yet charging what became his standard fee of five or six thousand dollars for a single recital. Yet his affection for Walter and Emilie Spivey, as expressed in his letters, might have been a sufficiently strong inducement to lure him to Atlanta.

Two years later when Fox again came to Atlanta and appeared at Agnes Scott, Emilie Spivey had the honor of performing with

him on the antiphonal organ. But for now Walter and Emilie Spivey were satisfied to enjoy the virtuosity of Fox as an organist and his ebullience as their house guest. Probably when they came downstairs to breakfast on the morning of the recital-to the culinary classic of country ham and homemade hot biscuits their housekeeper Annie Henson (later, Annie Lightfoot) often prepared-they found the following note, written with pencil on a piece of notebook paper:

You dear Kids!

I really can't tell you how grateful I am for the way you're letting me "have my way" (wrecking your home life!) Listen-it occurred to me while bathing-perhaps I should make you a *list* so you could do some planning of your own.

If Annie could fix us lunch here for 12 **O'**clock noon, that would be perfect. Actually I guess I'd better count on that as the solid meal of the day. If you have a steak in the house, I'd love it at noon . . . .

Can we depart for Agnes Scott by 1 P.M.? Then the evening meal, you fellows must just *go right ahead* as if I weren't around.

I'll just float down and back up again and eat pretty lightly. Emilie honey-We will leave Agnes Scott at 5 P.M.

Another bath for me here	5:30 - 6
In the bed, asleep	6 - 6:45
Supper for me only	6:50 - 7:15 (or 20)
Shave and dress	7:20 - 8:00
Drive to concert	8 - 8:30

Some hot soup for supper would start me off perfectly and then a little bit of whatever you are having.

I hope to Heaven you have both slept *long* and *loud.*

Oceans of love
Virgil

Everyone who heard Fox seemed rhapsodic in praise. The Organ Grinder, Mrs. Robert F. Cunningham, Jr., wrote before the recital: "Let's all pull together and try to sell ... the Virgil Fox program." And now the treasury was replenished. In the aftermath she commented on Fox's "breath-taking and humanly impossible feats on the organ." C. W. Dieckmann of Agnes Scott College termed Fox "as fine a recitalist as there is in this country" and characterized his work as "both brilliant and thoughtful." Helen Knox Spain was hyperbolic, calling Fox a "musical phenomenon" and comparing his "mighty tones" to "majestic cathedral arches" and his quiet and soft contrasts to "distant stars." His" amazing technique" was especially apparent in encores notable for the pedals alone. As usual, on this evening Fox used his former teacher Middelschulte's "Perpetual Motion," a kind of benchmark at each of his recitals.

The scintillation of Virgil Fox outshone other musical events of Emilie Spivey's second deanship. Yet the act of reviving a community chorus that had fallen victim to the war bore fruit for generations to come. As a result, she was often called the founder of what became the Choral Guild of Atlanta. Perhaps a more accurate statement would be that she and Haskell Boyter, outstanding choral director of Atlanta, with the sponsorship of the A.G.O. and the Atlanta Music Club, were its parents.

Believing that the city needed a community chorus, Boyter in 1940 organized singers from all walks of life into the Civic Chorus, which was created as a unit of the Young Artists Division of the Atlanta Music Club. After practicing for months, the group gave its first major performance on the evening of Pearl Harbor, December 7,1941. But during the coming season, the continuous loss of male members to the draft spelled its doom, according to an article in the *Atlanta Times* on July 12, 1964. Then in 1947 "with the help of Mrs. Walter Spivey, the Dean of the A.G.O., the Choral Guild of Atlanta was reorganized with Haskell Boyter as its director."

One week after the recital of Virgil Fox, the Civic Chorus, now resurrected, made its debut on February 10 in Glenn Memorial

Auditorium on the campus of Emory University. Henry Sopkin, conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, was director of the evening for the seventy voices-doctors, students, merchants, lawyers, choristers, office workers, housewives, and professional musicians all lending their talents. At the conclusion of the program, the fifteen hundred people who made up the enthusiastic audience, in the words of the review, "sprang to their feet in applause." This concert was a feature of the Emory University Lecture Series as well as the February program of the Atlanta Music Club's Informal Series and one of the two February offerings of the A.G.O.

According to the *Journal* of May 11, 1949, the Civic Chorus in its second year of life, 1948, became an independent organization with officers to govern its policies and presentations and was named the Choral Guild of Atlanta. Mrs. Walter Spivey was elected to the presidency and served until 1950. The Organ Grinder observed that "the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Spivey's dashing costumes was the greatest thrill of each rehearsal of the Choral Guild."

The Organ Grinder frequently passed on perceptive quips that offered insight into the minds of organists, such as her words, "Recent observations lead us to recommend that Organists put on a campaign to evangelize the Preachers." But *Undertones* was particularly useful in giving a perspective into Emilie Spivey's personal life as well as her deanship. During the earlier months of her term, the editor of the newsletter wrote, "Our Dean sows the seed and as we look back over the many rows planted . . . we begin to see that a great harvest is ready for reaping .... She is a far-seeing sower and every uncultivated field is a challenge to her. . . ."

While Emilie Spivey was serving as dean, she was also becoming heavily involved with the development of portions of the farm the Spiveys had purchased in Clayton County. A promising residential community known as Lake Jodeco was in the making with the building of a lake, the sale of lots, and the construction of houses. The Organ Grinder commented: "If it isn't our Emilie with her

picture in the paper in a real estate deal! She seems to be as efficient in business as she is at the console. A well-rounded personality, we call her!"

One issue of *Undertones* showed that before the month of February 1948 ended, Emilie Spivey's family duties temporarily eclipsed the pressures of serving as dean. Using the title "The Pitch as Given by Our Dean," the Organ Grinder wrote:

> Due to the unforeseen responsibilities which have come to our Dean . . . we are taking advantage of this opportunity to present an orchid to her-for the superb leadership she has given this year.
>
> Dean Spivey is an executive of rare ability and we are all agreed that to work with her is not only stimulating and interesting but gives us a vision of the really big things our Guild is capable of doing . . . THE PITCH IS HIGH BUT WE CAN REACH IT. Our love and sympathy to Emilie on the death of her uncle. We hope that her mother will soon be on the convalescent list.

The nature of Juliette Parmalee's illness is not known, but two weeks after the debut of the Civic Chorus, William O. Steele, the husband of Elizabeth Parmalee Steele-Emilie's Aunt Beth-died on February 22 and was buried two days later at Westview Cemetery. Elizabeth Steele survived her spouse by less than six months, her funeral taking place on August 17. These times must have been troubling to Charlie and Juliette Parmalee and to Emilie.

Almost as if the deaths of the Steeles had set in motion a cycle, Frederick John Parmalee-Emilie's Uncle Fred who had compiled the family genealogy-died on August 11, 1949, one year after the demise of his sister. Then Maddox Parmalee, the son of Fred Parmalee and the only cousin of Emilie, passed away sometime in 1951. The family Bible listed only the year of the death of this man who was a few months younger than Emilie Spivey.

Before the death of Emilie's aunt, Mrs. Paul Bryan,

corresponding secretary of the A.G.O., addressed a letter to Dr. Walter Spivey on July 6, 1948:

> Dear Walter:
>
> Even though we had always known that you were one of the most loyal of Guild husbands, the handsome gavel will be an ever-present reminder of your thoughtfulness of the Georgia chapter. Its beauty and usefulness will long be appreciated by members of the Guild, and we all thank you sincerely for this wonderful present!
>
> Cordially,
> Isabel Bryan

In a newspaper photograph, clipped without the date, Mrs. Walter Spivey and Mrs. Charles Chalmers were pictured together, as Emilie Spivey relinquished the gavel to the newly elected dean. Made of mahogany, it was hand carved by Douglas Walker. A wide silver band bore the names of all the deans who had served during the Georgia chapter's thirty-four years.

During her last years Emilie Spivey made increasingly frequent reference to the compellingly beautiful singing of the All-Star Quartet, for a time her adult choir at North Avenue Presbyterian Church and for about a year touring vocalists, whom she directed and accompanied at the piano. Judged by photographs, picturing them in evening clothes, by Emilie Spivey's measurement of their personalities and musicianship, and by the responses they elicited from audiences, they must indeed have been "lovely to look at, delightful to know, and heaven to hear."

Yet their itinerant career was meteoric-brilliant but brief, beginning in earnest in 1949 and fading out in late 1950 and early 1951. Although there were other frustrations such as illnesses, one basic cause for the demise might have been the popularity of the group. Musicians already besieged with heavy local commitments could hardly continue the pace of touring several southeastern states during the week and singing in church on Sunday. Lem

Edmundson, the only living member, has stated that Emilie Spivey herself was not enthusiastic about leaving town on overnight trips. That must have been particularly true after Walter Spivey suffered a serious illness in 1950. Nevertheless the quality of their rather short-lived association as quartet and director so impacted upon the memory of Emilie Spivey that time itself could not dull the keenness of the remembered pleasure.

The members of the All-Star Quartet were Frances Hughes, soprano; Alice Tomlinson, contralto; Lem Edmundson, tenor; and Walter Herbert, baritone. Certain photographs indicate that on occasion Douglas Moore replaced Herbert. They sang to every conceivable type of gathering in the metropolitan area-Kiwanis

All-Star Quartet-(left to right) Alice Tomlinson, Frances Hughes, Lem Edmundson, Douglas Moore-with Emilie Spivey at the organ

Club conventions, Women in the Oil Industry, and alumni associations, to say nothing of music clubs, civic organizations, and teachers' groups. They traveled from Gordon County, Georgia, to Mountain Lake, Florida. They visited college campuses as widely separated as Agnes Scott in Decatur, Auburn in Alabama, and Abraham Baldwin in Tifton, Georgia. Moreover, their carol services on Christmas mornings literally packed the pews in the sanctuary of North Avenue Presbyterian Church. But two performances that must have seemed particularly meaningful to even seasoned professionals, accustomed to adulation, took place at the Piedmont Driving Club and in Glenn Memorial Auditorium.

Without question the evening of April 26, 1950, was unique for Emilie Spivey and her All-Star Quartet. After the curtain fell at the Fox Theatre on the last act of *Rigoletto,* the final seasonal performance of the Metropolitan Opera Company in Atlanta, Emilie Spivey, Frances Hughes, Alice Tomlinson, Lem Edmundson, and Walter Herbert joined other Atlantans, visitors, and opera stars at the Piedmont Driving Club. Although the stars themselves ordinarily monopolized this traditional supper party with their singing and clowning, James Dunlap, president of the Driving Club, in effect "turned the tables on the Met" by interspersing some local talent-the All-Star Quartet. "And they came to the fore in a manner to make Atlanta proud," even though they were singing for such operatic nobility as Robert Merrill, Patrice Munsel, Jerome Hines, and Leonard Warren.

Less than three months later, the All-Star Quartet performed in Glenn Memorial Auditorium, on July 17, as one of the three Emory University Summer Concerts. Advanced billing stated that although the quartet sang regularly at North Avenue Presbyterian Church and had appeared before numerous groups within the vicinity, its appearance at Emory would be "the first full concert given in the Atlanta community." A letter addressed to Emilie Spivey on July 20 from John A. Griffin stated, "Once again let me congratulate you and the Quartet on the very fine performance that you gave at Emory on Monday night. There is no need to tell you that you gave much pleasure for it was obvious enough

from the audience's enthusiastic response. Incidentally, the audience was the largest for any concert during the four seasons of Emory Summer Concerts."

Helen Knox Spain was more explicit, stating that Glenn Memorial Auditorium was filled to its capacity of fifteen hundred seats. "The stairway leading to the balcony was packed. Standees filled the foyer. Several hundred were turned away." The program ranged from Bach, Mendelssohn, and Gounod to Rodgers and Herbert and included operatic arias, excerpts from musical comedy, art songs, spirituals, and folk songs. "It was indeed an enchanting evening of lilting music." Pointing to individual members of the quartet, she stated, "Mrs. Hughes sang a Puccini aria and a Victor Herbert duet with Mr. Edmundson. Her exquisite voice was never so lovely. He drew a standing ovation for his solo 'Mattinata' by Leoncavallo. Mrs. Tomlinson displayed her rich, sonorous contralto in a spiritual and then sang again in a duet with Mr. Moore. His solo contribution was 'Some Enchanted Evening.' Both artists were accorded furious applause. Popular type encores were given."

A clipping from the *Journal-Constitution* of Sunday, July 22, 1951-one year later-indicated that the All-Star Quartet would again be singing in Glenn Memorial on the following evening. The appearance of these vocalists the previous summer had been "such an overwhelming success" that the Emory Summer Series Committee voted unanimously to invite them to return for a repeat performance. George Hamrick was named as the accompanist. Perhaps Emilie Spivey had a conflicting commitment on that evening or had been forced by sheer necessity to phase out directing the quartet.

On the evening of April 9, 1950, Emilie Spivey probably had no premonition of the moving tribute to be paid her following the special Easter music. But she could never have forgotten the words of Nathan Moore, chairman of the Church Services Committee of North Avenue Presbyterian Church. The record of her life seemed to show that no other encomium quite touched the loftiness of his words:

God has no more graphic way of assuring us that His guiding hand is on the life of this church than to send to us someone who is so distinctively of his own choosing. . . .

The beautiful service ... this evening and the two decades of our musical life which precede it, attest and pay tribute to ... such a person. Twenty years ago Mrs. Spivey, then Miss Parmalee, became organist ... of this church. Today we have a quartet, a Choral Club of boys and girls, and a Young People's Choir of young men and women which for beauty of music and devotion of spirit are unsurpassed . . . .

You and I are impressed by the immense expenditure of musical talent, effort and devotion which this musical worship demands . . . . I am sure that all these young folks will bear forever the marks of gracious influences emanating from Mrs. Spivey's life and nature.

. . . Music can penetrate where spoken words cannot go; speech must reach the heart by way of the intellect, while music acts directly on the emotions. We remember that on the Day of Pentecost every man heard the word of God in his own language. I believe that God-offered music possesses the same property . . . .

It is unusual to find rare gifts of talent, of personality and energy combined in one person. It is a cause for profound thanksgiving when we find such gifts dedicated so wholeheartedly to the glory of God.

Then Moore added that North Avenue had been blessed throughout Emilie Spivey's ministry and was happy to acknowledge it with a silver tray bearing the inscription:

In appreciation of Emilie Parmalee Spivey in the twentieth year of her service . . . at North Avenue Presbyterian Church.

April 9, 1950

For her Christian faith and spirit evident in all her work.
For her unexcelled contribution in the ministry of music.
For her untiring work with the children and young people of this church.

North Avenue Presbyterian Church makes this record of its deep appreciation and affection.

A few weeks later, obviously responding to her request, he mailed to her a copy of his tribute and attached a handwritten message: "I am sorry I have delayed ... in sending this thing to you. It is the truth, but not the whole truth. The knowledge of yours and Walter's friendship means an awful lot to me. My best regards to you both-Nathan"

The *Diapason,* newsletter of the A.G.O., contained in its issue of June 1, 1950, an article on Emilie Spivey, as well as a photograph, calling attention to North Avenue's recognition of her two decades of service as organist and choir director. Moreover, in May "Mrs. Walter Spivey took office as president of the Atlanta Music Club." What it did not mention was that on March 27, she had also been elected a member of the board of directors of the Atlanta Symphony Guild. Yet along with this acceleration of her career, Emilie Spivey was now experiencing heavier domestic responsibilities than she had ever known.

In February of that year Walter Spivey was stricken with sudden illness in his dental office on the seventh floor of the Doctors Building on Peachtree Street. Later, after his death, Emilie reminisced about that particular morning, which she remembered

in vivid detail. "Walter looked so handsome when he left for work . . . and I had told him so." A few hours later, as she talked on the phone, she was fretting that she was tardy for an appointment. "I was constantly running late to a music meeting. But after I finished that conversation, the phone rang again." Walter's office was calling to tell Emilie that he was not well. In fact, he had suffered a heart attack and been taken to Emory Hospital. Emilie Spivey described the rearrangements within the house: The solarium was converted into a downstairs bedroom for Walter. As he spent long weeks recuperating, he impressed upon her mind his philosophy. "Remember that no matter how many problems come along, you have to pass the test because the next ones will probably be harder." Emilie commented: "And they were .... But Walter was not a loser. He possessed determination and no matter what the situation, he kept his sense of humor."

Walter and Emilie Spivey were both fortunate in that Winnette Cantrell Rooks, dental assistant to Walter, was able to shoulder heavy responsibility. In fact, she worked with Dr. Spivey from 1948 until his retirement in 1978. She stated that his heart attack kept him away from the office for three whole months. Emilie described her own dilemma as being torn among office, music, and home duties. "One morning when I went into the office, the dentist who was substituting for Walter came out with blood all over his white jacket- Walter was always so immaculate. I was horrified-he looked like a butcher." She did not understand that this man himself had probably been confronting an emergency in the dental chair.

Emilie Spivey picked up the reins as president of the Atlanta Music Club in its thirty-fifth year. The "Music and Art" section of the Sunday *Journal-Constitution* on May 21, 1950, gave a leading position to the news: "Music Club in the Pink as Mrs. Spivey Takes Over." Under the guidance of Mrs. Edward F. Danforth, the past president, the club had strengthened its financial position and broadened the base of its educational and cultural endeavors. But an additional truth was that Emilie Spivey herself was in prime condition to serve in this office, which must have monopolized

endless days and nights between June 1, 1950, and May 31, 1952.

The history of the Atlanta Music Club, the complexity of its organizational arms and diverse activities, and its prestigious accomplishments were no mystery to her. Seven years old at the time of its birth, she had literally grown up under its wing. During earlier years, she had been affiliated with the Young Artists League, an arm of the club, and as an adult she had served an apprenticeship for the presidency in the offices of treasurer and vice-president. Familiar to her was the fact that the music club had organized and sponsored the Atlanta Youth Symphony from which grew the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, and she well knew that to date the Imogene Hatcher and the Marvin McDonald Scholarships had disbursed to burgeoning musicians perhaps as much as $20,000.

The scope of Emilie Spivey's new responsibility was implied by the extensive membership of the Atlanta Music Club, which was limited only by the 650-seat capacity of the auditorium of the Atlanta Woman's Club, to which by popular demand the concert series would return. The sheer size of the music club made the new president's ambition for a "more intimate relationship" among members seem farfetched. But a characteristic of Emilie Spivey was setting cosmic goals, and her uniqueness was that she usually attained her ends. Not only morning coffees with lectures were planned but also an innovation of Emilie Spivey's term, the Salon Series-evening musicales in the homes of "the foremost patrons of art in the city."

The spotlight again fell on Emilie Spivey with Yolande Gwin's comprehensive biography on October 16 in the *Constitution:* "Music Club President to Lead 35th Season Opener Monday." Gwin was referring to the initial offering of the music club's concert series-a duo-piano recital by Lillian Rogers Gilbreath and Irene Leftwich Harris in the Woman's Club Auditorium on that evening. But an interesting segment of the article was her version of Emilie Spivey's mode of life:

> All these plans, plus more than fifteen engagements

> throughout Georgia and Florida, meeting with the one hundred board members of the club, serving as organist and director of three choirs at the church; playing for weddings; attending choir practice; taking part in the Clay Hills Garden Club; entertaining informally at her home on Argonne Drive, and enjoying many hours of relaxation at her country place with her doctor husband and young son Walter are just a few of the many choruses in her song of life.

Here was a hard core of truth coated with some straining of reality. On certain days Emilie Spivey's life must have been an endurance contest. Her "many hours of relaxation" in the country were probably nonexistent. Her days there were usually invested in business matters except for brief afternoon or early evening excursions. Thomas Clonts, who purchased and continues to live in the first house the Spiveys built in the lakeside community, recalls that they seldom spent nights there- "it was too far from the doctor." Without question, after Walter's heart attack, Emilie was beset with concern for his health, although by the fall of 1950 he had probably resumed his dental practice at full speed. The Spiveys' "young son," Walter Lee Spivey, now Walt to his classmates, was nineteen years old and a junior at Davidson College. Gwin's reference to Emilie Spivey's fifteen engagements throughout Georgia and Florida seemed quite accurate since she obviously had in mind the itinerary of the All-Star Quartet. Daily life for the new president of the Atlanta Music Club was hardly as melodious as Gwin, with a heavy play on musical terms, made it sound.

Emilie Spivey embarked on her presidency with customary élan-a press breakfast at the Piedmont Driving Club on the morning of October 11. A more innovative and expeditious opening event could hardly have been devised. Moreover, every single detail of the affair had been honed to perfection by talents she had mesmerized into action. The *Constitution* stated that "contrary to the usual order of things, members of 'working press' were

central figures" at this fete. A newspaper photograph showed Mrs. Walter Spivey, president, chatting with George Biggers, president of the Atlanta Newspapers. Seated with them were Mrs. Harold Cooledge, former club president and chairman of the breakfast, and Ralph McGill, editor of the *Constitution.* The picture of Emilie Spivey was particularly attractive, conveying an impression of style, warmth, and charm.

At another special table were Clark Howell, vice-president of Atlanta Newspapers; Jack Tarver, assistant to Biggers; Wright Bryan, editor of the *Atlanta Journal;* Bruce Woodward, president of the Atlanta Symphony Guild; Henry Sop kin, conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra; Haskell Boyter, director of the Atlanta Choral Guild; Richard Valente, director of the Atlanta Opera Company; Joseph Ragan, dean of the A.G.O.; Jackson Dick, president of the Atlanta Music Club Festival Association; Marvin McDonald, manager of the Atlanta Music Club All Star series; and Helen Knox Spain, music critic of the *Journal.* All of the living past presidents of the club were seated at still another table. Guests representing the various branches of the press were placed with the chairwomen of the committees of the music club. **In** short, gathered for this unique fete were the "Who's Who" of the Atlanta press corps and the city's musical elite.

After Dr. Wallace Alston gave the invocation and Mrs. Harold Cooledge introduced the guests of honor, Emilie Spivey delivered "A Salute to the *Atlanta Journal* and the *Atlanta Constitution."* She stated in part:

> Truly it would be much easier for me to "SAY IT WITH MUSIC". . . .
>
> Nevertheless, orchids are the order of the day for you who have always been the most valuable friends of this organization. Ever since the notice of the Club's first meeting, which appeared in the Atlanta Constitution of September 12, 1915, . . . all of the Atlanta papers have been most generous. . . .
>
> The publicity given our programs in your columns

> over the years could not be calculated in dollars and cents. Never have you turned a deaf ear. . . . I would like to pay special tribute . . . . to the Matriarch of the Music editors, Miss Helen Knox Spain . . . the music critic for the *Atlanta Journal* . . . [and] a valuable member of the board of the Atlanta Music Club.
>
> The Music Club is not only indebted to the music editors but to the many other departments represented here today: Editorial, News, Society, Picture, Radio, and Television . . . .

Perhaps the press breakfast had a direct bearing on the media blitz that later greeted the climactic event of Emilie Spivey's presidency.

The surprise favors at the breakfast were facsimiles of a newspaper. Appearing on the front page were the names of all the honored guests and the program of the press breakfast. The two inside pages had been divided into columns, with the left-hand one for dates and each of the others headed by a musical organization-All Star Series, Atlanta Symphony, Atlanta Music Club, A.G.O. Organ Recitals, or Atlanta Opera Company. The grid so produced became a complete calendar of musical events, with dates and places, for the entire 1950-51 season.

Doris Lockerman, associate editor of the *Constitution* whose column "Let's See Now" was a regular feature of the editorial page, wrote in response to the press breakfast:

> The Atlanta Music Club's salute to the working press this week gives us very good chance to bow back deeply in returning the compliment. Atlanta's cultural atmosphere, pervasive enough to fill the Auditorium or even Grant Field on occasions, undeniably owes much to the dogged work and inspiration of these women who have weathered good times and bad to bring the best in music to the city . . . . MUCH OF WHAT

IS PLEASANT IN ATLANT A'S CLIMATE DERIVES FROM THE ATLANTA MUSIC CLUB AND THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO SAY SO.

Emilie Spivey was the tautly organized, hard-driving former dean of the A.G.O., the current imaginative and pragmatic president of the Atlanta Music Club, and the long-beloved and inspired music director of North Avenue Presbyterian Church. Yet two events of 1951 demonstrated that she was still an artist of recognized talent. On February 18 she played a recital at All Saints Church in Atlanta, and on October 21 she gave a performance that marked the pinnacle of her experiences as an organist-she gave a concert in the celebrated Riverside Church of New York City.

Joseph Ragan wrote to Emilie Spivey on January 27, 1951, regarding her upcoming recital at All Saints Church:

> Announcement has been made that you will face the firing squad at 4:30 P.M. Sunday, February 18; and that Wilbur Rowan will be rolled over Niagara Falls on Sunday March 4 *in a barrel.*
>
> Due to the conditions about which we talked, mine is called off for February 11 - I was ill last night, and just "can't take it." . . . Am most grateful to you for coming to my assistance.
>
> Do, please, learn the fingering of "Tu es Petra," so you can bowl 'em over. *Am betting on you* . . . .
>
> Hurriedly
> Jokey Joe

Helen Knox Spain's critique of Emilie Spivey's recital appeared in the *Journal* under the heading "Mrs. Spivey in Organ Concert. Plays Varied, Contrasting Music. "The opening numbers were four chorales by Bach, in which the organist gave the full power of "her musicianly taste and sensitiveness. "In the closing composition, Sowerby's "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart," she "soared to heights of organistic artistry." Her other selections included Mulet's "Tu es Petra," Barnaby's "A Toye," and Clokey's

"Canyon Walls." Here Spain seemed less enthusiastic: "The listener had much to ponder upon as to a liking for the odd-sounding pieces but a complete satisfaction in the poetry of the contrasting numbers."

But Joseph Ragan expressed unadulterated enthusiasm: "I wish I could adequately express my thanks for the ... recital, signalizing the Lenten season, which you recently played on the All Saints' newly renovated organ . . . . It was impeccably, sensitively, and artistically played." Then Ragan implied that he had been instrumental in Emilie's having been named organist of North Avenue Presbyterian Church back in 1930:

> I have always felt fully vindicated in the judgment which 1 officially pronounced upon you when you were
> a girl of sixteen (?), and my predictions about your talent and ability have come true. Certainly there is no finer player in these parts, and I am willing to put it in writing . . . .
>
> Quite seriously . . . I am grateful for what you mean to music in this community; and 1 trust that your father, your mother, and Walter will permit me to share some of their pride in you.
>
> You may some day-fifty years from now-have to have your *face* lifted but you will never have to have your *playing* lifted. It is as fresh and delightful today as it was when you went to N.A.P.C.-how many years ago?

The recital at All Saints Church was in a sense a polished dress rehearsal for the performance that marked the zenith of Emilie Spivey's career as a performing organist-a concert on the magnificent five-manual instrument in Riverside Church at the invitation of Virgil Fox, a musician of gathering fame. On the afternoon of October 18 in that awesome sanctuary, she played a program identical to the one she had used at All Saints Church with one exception-she substituted Seth Bingham's "Voice of

the Tempest" for Mulet's "Tu es Petra."

A letter of April 24, 1945, showed that Emilie Spivey was acquainted with Seth Bingham. From the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City he had written to her, "I greatly appreciate your including my music in your programs . . . . Your little visit gave us both much pleasure and 1 ... enjoyed your playing of the "Tempest." I'm glad you and Dr. Spivey could have this outing together. I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing you someday in Atlanta." Without question it was in deference to Bingham that she used "The Voice of the Tempest" on her program at Riverside Church.

Roberta Bailey, concert manager for Virgil Fox, wrote to Emilie Spivey on September 20 regarding plans for her visit:

> Everything is arranged ... and we are working up publicity to get a big crowd for your recital. Certainly am glad so many will be here from Atlanta.
>
> Thank you for sending the program. I am glad you remembered because Virgil would not have thought of it until the last minute . . . . After the afternoon service on October 14, the organ will be all yours for as much practicing as you wish.
>
> Virgil will be flying all over the country playing recitals that week and won't arrive back in town until Saturday night . . . . We'll see you in another three weeks. Better get lots of rest before you come. We'll keep you busy up here.

News items in Atlanta papers noted that Mrs. Walter Spivey and Mrs. Everett Strupper would be leaving on Sunday, October 14, for New York, where Mrs. Spivey would be the guest artist of Virgil Fox at the Riverside Church, "a distinctive honor for 'our Atlanta organist.' " Mrs. Spivey and Mrs. Strupper would be guests at the St. Moritz. Although Mrs. Strupper planned to remain in New York throughout the month, Mrs. Spivey would be returning to Atlanta immediately after her concert.

Two days after her arrival in New York, well in advance of her performance, Emilie, using St. Moritz stationery, wrote home to Walter:

> Dearest Pappy,
>
> We arrived safe and sound-not one bump-a wonderful trip.
>
> Florence's friend had the biggest, shiniest Cadillac-a Philippine chauffeur-right at the plane when we stepped out . . . .People all but fell out of their cars looking at us . . . . Never have I ridden in such style. Annie should have seen me.
>
> The weather is simply wonderful. I'm practicing hard and surely hope I play well. Virgil is like a flea. He finally got around to helping me for forty-five minutes. He works very hard.
>
> Florence's friends took me to dinner tonight and it was wonderful. She goes her way and I go mine. Bring the camera for sure. Also your top coat. It's late and I've practiced six hours and am dead tired. I miss you, darling, and love you so very much. Take care of yourself. Can't wait to see you.
>
> All my ove,
> Honey

Evidently Florence Strupper did not go her own way all the time. A lasting impression was her own sense of trepidation in complying with the request of Emilie, as she practiced, that Florence go to the upper reaches of the vast emptiness of the sanctuary at Riverside Church to test the acoustics. After gingerly boarding the elevator, traveling as high as it would go, and listening from a remote balcony, she returned to assure Emilie that her music wafted melodiously to the ceiling.

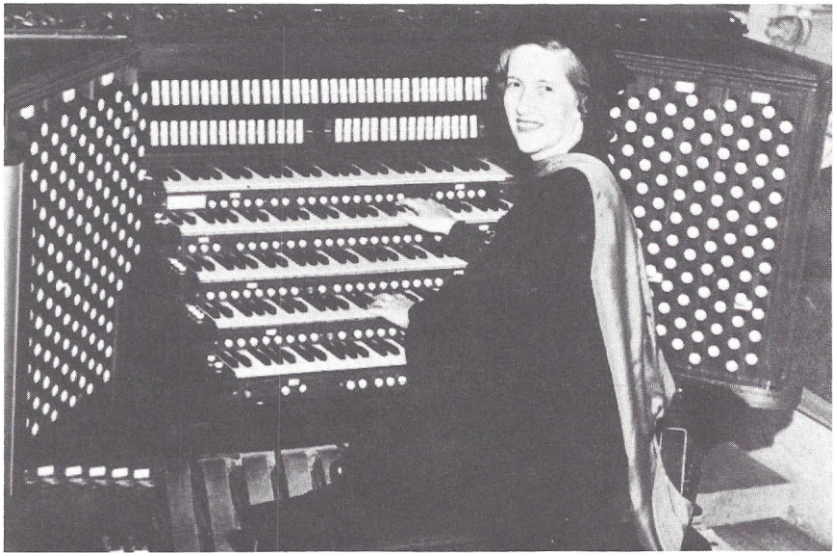
In New York, Western Union was kept busy delivering telegrams to Emilie. The Georgia Chapter of the A.G.O. wired: "We all feel a thrill of pride in thinking of your recital today and the lovely

compliment paid by Virgil and Riverside." Her choirs sent messages: "The choir is your ardent admirer and fan .... Congratulations. We are very proud we belong to you." A friend urged: "Stay right in there and show them what a rebel can do." Another telegraphed: "Am applauding from afar. All your friends are bursting with pride. Tell Walter I wish I could be there to hold his hand."

But the message that must have been particularly meaningful to Emilie Spivey is scrawled in large letters, with a purple pencil, diagonally across the program of her recital, printed inside the bulletin of the Riverside Church: "Emilie, you're a *sweetheart.* I can't tell you how grandly I think you have done this whole thing! We are all grateful to you and remember-you always have my love - Virgil"

One letter of congratulations is addressed to Walter, Emilie, and Buddy Spivey. The contents suggest that it was from friends- or relatives-who had formerly lived in Atlanta. They now lived in New Jersey and had a daughter named Patsy who was an organ student: "We certainly want to thank you, Emilie, for taking time . . . to drop us a line giving us the date and time. We wouldn't have missed the recital for anything. Patsy was so thrilled. The organ was so large that she was speechless . . . . I think Buddy is one of the best looking young men I have seen in a long time. Sorry I didn't have a chance to talk to him more."

Two friends who had vivid memories of Emilie Spivey's recital at Riverside Church were Lem Edmundson-a member of the All-Star Quartet-and his wife Jerrene. By this time they had moved to New York, where they lived for twelve years. Jerrene Edmundson said that "the concert was lovely ... and the sanctuary was almost full." A number of Atlantans had gone to New York for the recital, and many members of Riverside Church attended- "Emilie was quite well known there." After the performance, as they were leaving the church together to go out for dinner, Emilie remarked, "Well if you want it better, you will never get it. That was the very best I could possibly do." Obviously she was satisfied with her performance.



Emilie Spivey at Riverside Church, New York City

The climactic event of Emilie Spivey's presidency of the Atlanta Music Club was the performance by the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra on April 1, 1952, of a symphonic suite in six movements, *Atlanta,* which had been commissioned by the club. The composer was the Missouri-born Don Gillis, music production manager of the National Broadcasting Company and the director of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Gillis was credited with having "a facile pen reaching the heart of the man in the street as well as the symphonic-minded." Perhaps no other musical event in the history of the city had commanded such widespread publicity as *Atlanta.* It is difficult to imagine how any citizen from any walk of life could have escaped the promotion that flowed from all quarters-lead editorials and daily columns in the newspapers, centerpieces in advertisements of designer clothes from J. P. Allen and Leon Frohsin, and manikined displays in Davison-Paxon's windows along Peachtree Street. The Chamber of Commerce even declared that *Atlanta* was more than a symphonic work-it was a civic event.

To negotiate the commission with Gillis, Emilie Spivey and a committee from the music club had traveled to New York in 1951.

Unquestionably they assumed that he would attend the performance of his composition. Yet on March 6, about three weeks before the concert, Emilie Spivey received the following letter from Gillis:

> Thank you very much for your invitation to attend the premiere of "Atlanta." . . . Even though 1 shall be anxious about the music (not the performance) . . . I do not think I will be able to come.
>
> For you see, the cost of production on the score and the parts ran far beyond my original concept . . . . I have spent most of the commission money in getting it ready. For example, even though I personally copied about two hundred pages of orchestral parts, it was necessary to hire the rest of it done and that, with the printing of the parts in blueprint, ran something like three hundred and fifty dollars. Thus, 1 must decline and wait to hear the score at some future date.

A quick telephone call from Emilie Spivey evidently remedied matters since Gillis's letter of March 25 concerns in part what he should wear for the gala:

> According to the Southern's schedule, 1 shall arrive in Atlanta next Monday morning on the Crescent and will look forward to seeing you and hearing" Atlanta." (I hope there will be a rehearsal that day!)
>
> I had meant to write you . . . about dress for the occasion. I'm bringing full dress if that will be satisfactory-if it is not seasonable, would you please wire me collect and I'll bring tux instead?
>
> So until next Monday morning, I'll keep looking at the score (hoping not to find any mistakes) and will look forward very much to the occasion of "Atlanta's" choreographic debut.

On March 30 Celestine Sibley used her column in the Sunday newspaper to elaborate upon what she called "The Soul of Atlanta in Six Movements." The suite *Atlanta,* she explained, was a symphonic work but not a symphony; it was a choreographic work without choreography. "Our Fair City" set the mood for the entire suite by intoning a high-spirited, fast-moving motif with kaleidoscopic musical impressions of Peachtree Street, Decatur Street, and the Chattahoochee River. The second movement, "Stone Mountain," conveyed the timelessness and placelessness of the spirit-that is, the melody of the soul. Here the symbolism of the rock as the source of strength was derived from the Bible. By way of contrast, "Piedmont Park" was a fairy tale for children-dreams and laughter, wind in the trees, sun on the lake.

Gillis himself intended the fourth movement, "Plantation Song," a kind of spiritual, as the heart of the composition. It was a nocturne, a lullaby, a memory of olden days, with serene summers and winters without harshness, but there was also a strain of melancholy, a prescience of impending sorrow. "Peachtree Promenade," however, was gay, light, and happy with a joy belonging to a carefree youth. Then in the closing movement, "City of Atlanta," Gillis defined Atlanta as a city that from the time of being a crossroads village had never looked back but had moved forward into the limitless boundaries of the future. Here were confidence, assurance, strength, and triumph.

The most compelling piece was the front page of the Society section of the Sunday paper. Arranged around a blazoning caption, "LISTEN, YOU'LL HEAR ATLANTA," are six large photographs corresponding to the themes of the movements of Gillis's composition. One is especially eye-catching. Here Mayor William B. Hartsfield and Emilie Spivey are sitting back-to-back atop a large facsimile of the seal of Atlanta, *Atlanta Resurgens, 1845-1865.* Hartsfield is doffing and waving his hat with his left hand, and Emilie Spivey-hatted and gloved-is moving her right hand in a Queen-of-England manner. Otherwise her pose is utterly casual. Her broad smile, as well as that of Hartsfield, seems to denote assurance and triumph. Perhaps no other single photograph so

Mayor William B. Hartsfield, Mrs. Walter Spivey, and Don Gillis, composer of the Atlanta *suite (Ted F. Leigh, M.D.)*

symbolized the metamorphosis in her life, and few individuals so personified the "Forward Atlanta" spirit as did Emilie Spivey.

The hoopla heralding the upcoming premiere of *Atlanta* on April 1 seemed somewhat inflated for a work that filled only half the evening's program. Yet it was a unique event for the music club, for Atlanta itself, and indeed for Emilie Spivey, who stood before the vast audience in the cavernous municipal auditorium to introduce Gillis. Mayor Hartsfield acknowledged the dimension Gillis had added to the cultural life of Atlanta; with graceful wit Gillis praised the orchestra for its reading of his composition; and organist Bob Van Camp of Fox Theatre fame served as unseen

narrator of the symphonic suite. For the remainder of the evening, Henry Sopkin conducted the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra in its performance of the allegro from Beethoven's String Quartet in B Flat, offered in commemoration of the 125th anniversary of Beethoven's death; Tchaikovsky's Symphony in B Minor, the *Pathétique;* and Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody.

Music critics were equivocal in their praise of *Atlanta.* In her critique in the *Journal,* Helen Knox Spain stated that Gillis had captured the atmosphere of the city in his work and had given impressions of landmarks in a dynamic style characterized by a brilliant use of the modern idiom of composing. Of the six movements, she felt that "Plantation Song" marked the central beauty of the symphonic suite. Unfortunately, the "March Forward" movement, the finale, in her opinion, bordered "on the fringe of being trite." Paul Jones of the *Constitution* characterized Gillis's work as a "listenable, choreographic suite," bringing together varied themes "depicting the old and the new South." But in his thinking, "Plantation Song" lacked depth. "We caught a touch of Gershwin in "Peachtree Promenade," which was light-hearted and melodic. But the closing set was disappointing-it had too much of a circus flavor."

Although the critics hardly agreed in their interpretations of "Plantation Song," they were both impressed by what happened after the members of the orchestra had fully immersed themselves in Roumanian Rhapsody. Without warning the stage lights blinked and went out. Lightning flashed outside, and the street lights failed. The orchestra faltered and then completely faded. Sop kin was preparing to leave the stage as the electricity returned. The musicians flawlessly picked up their notes, and the concert continued.

Although Gillis might not have been satisfied with the reviews of his composition, he obviously enjoyed being feted at luncheons, dinners, and parties during his visit to Atlanta. He remarked: "It's going to be hard to go back to New York and be one of those unknown subway riders again." On being reminded that the White House would soon be without a Missouri musician, Gillis agreed

to give the matter some thought with "Harry out of the way."

Gillis must have written Emilie Spivey immediately after returning to New York. His letter of April 2 conveyed his enthusiastic appreciation for the warm reception in Atlanta:

> Dear Dr. and Mrs. Spivey:
>
> I wish my typewriter had a southern accent, for if it did, these words would be graced with a scent of magnolia or at least wisteria. But . . . it is filled with sincere thanks to you both for your hospitality .... I am still overcome by the generous gestures. . . . (Brahms never had it so good!)
>
> ... Your home is lovely . . . . The food was superb, and both of you are the quintessence of hospitality and charm. And, Doctor, even though the tuxedo wasn't really necessary, I'm glad you consented!
>
> ... But mainly, I appreciate "Atlanta," for if you all hadn't asked me to write it, I would have missed the pleasure of getting to be with you and enjoying your hospitality.

Then on April 3 Don Gillis wrote another letter: "Herewith is rendered, as per your request the statement of expenses involved in my invasion of the South. Or as Jerome Kern wrote it so beautifully, 'My Bill.' " Then he added that he was enclosing "a fistful of affidavits" for the records. It goes like this:

Transportation	$116.04
Redcaps	2.50
Tips	3.25
Meals	8.75
Sundries	0.00
Mondries	0.00
Total	$130.54

> P.S. Seriously, you can knock off the meals if you like because now that I think of it, I would have had to eat anyway.

Shortly before Emilie Spivey's birthday on January 3, 1950, Dr. Vernon Broyles sent his good wishes: "May the coming year bring you continuing happiness in your useful life." Then in a tribute that must have been for her a cherished gift, he added: "It has been one of my chief joys to work with you in the worship service at North Avenue. You have a rare ability . . . . I covet for North Avenue your continuing leadership through the coming years."

But that was not to be. In a letter of May 13, 1952, Dr. F. McFerran Crowe, now pastor of the church, informed members of the congregation of his regret in having to pass on the following information:

> Mrs. Walter Spivey, for nearly twenty-two years the organist and choir director of North Avenue Church, has submitted her resignation to the Session. . . .
>
> Her many friends will want to know her reasons. . . . She felt that she should have some position which would allow her to spend her Sundays with her family. When the opportunity came to succeed Dr. Charles Sheldon as organist and choir director at the Jewish Temple, she felt constrained to accept. It is her purpose to remain in North Avenue as the loyal and devoted member she has always been. . . .

Six weeks later on June 30, the day following Emilie Spivey's last Sunday as music director at North Avenue, Dr. Crowe wrote to relay the profound regret of the session in accepting her resignation. He continued in part, "You have been a great blessing to us .... Through your talent God has spoken to us in rich and stirring ways. Therefore the Pastor and Session desire to express our love for you and appreciation of your faithful, steadfast, beautiful, and loving service to the Lord through North Avenue Church . . . . "

A letter which arrived a few days later must have typified the feelings of all other members who had also worked side by side with her for over two decades:

> The realization that you are no longer our organist just has not sunk in yet. You know we all feel that you belong to us and especially those of us who have been fortunate to have been members . . . throughout all your ministry. . . .
>
> We have not only watched your musical talents progress to their present high quality, but we have seen you grow from a charming young lady into one of the most tactful and winsome women we know.
>
> The work you have done with the young people's chorus has had, I am sure, a great influence on their lives.

During later years Emilie Spivey remarked that although her skills as a performing organist continued to improve, the period of her greatest service to youth took place at North Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Months before Emilie Spivey's resignation, Charles J. Williamson, signing his name "Uncle Charles," wrote with an extraordinary dimension of feeling: "I want to thank you for . . . the lovely music . . . . Of course, you at the organ are like David with the harp, whose fingers swept from its chords celestial harmonies whose rhythm charmed away the thoughts that broke one's peace. I am sure the melody ... will go on ... mingled with the harmonies of celestial joy that make Heaven musical forever." Such words as these must have carried weight in convincing Emilie Spivey that the investment of her hours and her talents-week after week and month after month for twenty-two years-had yielded profoundly rich dividends.

But now the end of an era had come. The melody would indeed go on, but the harmonies would be disrupted. The motif of the compulsion of music would never again hold complete sway over her being.

CHAPTER NINE

MENORAHS, WINDMILLS, AND MODEL HOMES

As for my brother Walter and his wife Emilie ... they were both lovers and business partners.

-Hazel Spivey Brett

The Temple stands apart in neoclassical stateliness on Peachtree Street. Adorning an incline along the busy thoroughfare, its facade is impressive for the relative simplicity of its Ionic decor. But a close scanning reveals an opulence of ornamentation, on the exterior and the interior, that tells the story of the Hebrew people as shepherds in an ancient land and of a few Israelites of German extraction who-two years after the Civil War in a devastated town-founded the first Jewish congregation in Atlanta.

The Jewish population of Atlanta has played a strategic role in what the city has become. Although Jews began settling in this raw upland town as early as 1844, with Jacob Haas and his family leading the vanguard, the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation, also known as The Temple, was not organized until 1867 when ten men-members being counted by heads of households-pooled their resources and energies. Yet they and their coreligionists did more. Implanting their religious, economic, and cultural roots in the ashes of destruction, they stood tall among the activators of the rise of a town at the terminus of the railroads. The businesses they and their children founded often grew into industries that helped to make Atlanta, in the words of Janice O. Rothschild in the centennial history of The Temple, *As but a Day: The First Hundred Years,* 1867-1967, "the biggest place of its size in America." For instance, this city became headquarters of national corporations, an insurance center of the nation, the axis of the publications industry in the South, and a nexus of educational institutions.

Certain bonds already existed between Emilie Spivey and the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation. As a child and a young woman, she had grown up near its second house of worship, located on the southwest corner of Pryor and Richardson streets. Here many neighbors, whom the Parmalees had known well, were wealthy Jewish families who were members of this synagogue. Now, in 1952,
as the newly elected director of music at The Temple on Peachtree Street, Emilie Spivey had reason to feel that she stood on common ground with its congregants in the spirit of enterprise that characterized them as individuals and as entrepreneurs. Her own

mind had long functioned within the framework of setting and achieving goals. In addition, Walter and Emilie Spivey were both keenly aware of the rewards of wealth, and Juliette Parmalee felt certain that nowhere else could her daughter hear such profound sermons on the Old Testament as at The Temple.

From a religious point of view, the Old Testament, in the Christian conviction of Emilie Spivey, was the foundation upon which rested the New Testament, the mainspring of her faith. From her education at home and at church and from her study of the masterpieces of organ literature based on the Bible, the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as well as Joseph and Moses, were living beings in her consciousness. But as to the intricacies of Jewish law, ritual, liturgy, holy days, and festivals, to say nothing of Jewish music, she felt abysmally ignorant.

In her early exposure to the resplendent fabric of Judaism, Emilie Spivey was fortunate, as music director, to have as mentors Jacob M. Rothschild, who became rabbi in 1946, and Rabbi Emeritus David Marx, a virtual exemplar within himself of the history of the Hebrew Benevolent Congregation. At the age of twenty-three, in 1895, Marx accepted the office of rabbi, served until Rothschild arrived, and then remained at The Temple in an emeritus status until his death in 1962, midway in the ministry of Emilie Spivey.

The dominating feature of the auditorium was the massive Ark of the Covenant, containing the Torah and standing in gold-leafed splendor, flanked by tall seven-branched menorahs. Both the ark and the candelabras rose from the carved feet of lions, symbols of strength. The doors of the ark were ornamented with palm leaves and pomegranates, the versatile fruit of the East used for refreshing juice, medicine, and tanning dye and signifying fertility and eternal life. The Holy of Holies, within which the ark stood, was separated from the pulpit by an imaginary line and on the rear by gold-toned curtains, typifying the walls of the tabernacle. Behind this fluid screen were the organ and seats for the choir. From now on, as Emilie Spivey played for services on Friday night and Saturday morning-the Sabbath Day-as well as for festivals and holy days,

she would remain hidden from the worshipers.

Weeks before she bade farewell to the North Avenue Church as its music director, on June 29, 1952, *The Temple Bulletin* of May 22 announced that after careful consideration the music committee had recommended the election of Mrs. Walter Spivey, A.A.G.O., as organist and director of music. The article continued, "Our organist is a leading musician, having studied with the outstanding organists of the day-Norman Coke Jephcott, David McK. Williams, Alexander McCurdy, and Joseph Bonnet." Missing was the name of the person who should have headed the list in recognition of years of teaching and sponsoring her protégé Emilie Parmalee-Eda Bartholomew.

Often Emilie Spivey remarked that she protested to the music committee that she was utterly unprepared to assume the responsibilities of music director of a Jewish synagogue. But obviously a compromise was struck, as the *Bulletin* stated that during the summer she would study with Dr. Robert Baker, organist at the Temple Emanu-EI in New York City, and at the New Y or k School of Jewish Music in order to prepare herself for the position. Evidently Baker meant what he had written to Emilie Spivey in 1948: "Count me as your friend from now on."

The summer after Emilie Spivey committed herself to The Temple, she spent the peach season in Clayton County. She later remarked, "I was selling peaches with one hand and clutching the Jewish prayer book in the other, hoping to study between customers." Months later, on December 20, Alex Ditler, president of the congregation of The Temple, strongly implied that Emilie Spivey's ponderings in the peach orchard and her lessons in New York had paid off:

> You have made me very happy and caused me to receive congratulations on something 1 had nothing to do with. The service on last evening was the finest 1 have ever attended and 1 felt very proud to be President of an organization that could furnish such a service.

> Your music was wonderful, the children's choir was excellent, and everything was perfect. I hope you and Rabbi Rothschild will get together during the coming season and plan other services like this because after the word gets around, I am quite sure that we will be unable to seat all who want admission .
>
> . . . I hope that you will continue with us many years and that like old wine you will get better with age. I cannot praise you too highly on the support that you have given us and, believe me, it is appreciated by the Congregation, the Board, and the President.

Emilie Spivey's life was fragmented during the years she served as director of music at The Temple. Not only was she joining her husband in a unique partnership as they worked shoulder to shoulder in creating lakes, selling lots, building houses, and growing peaches, but she and Walter Spivey found their personal lives saddened, changed, and enriched by deaths of loved ones and the arrival of a new generation. Yet the musical presentations she directed at The Temple were marked with the perfection that had characterized her work at North Avenue during decades when she seemed to have been able to give music an almost exclusive right-of-way.

An event that caught the attention of music-minded Atlantans was the performance of Ernest Bloch's *Sacred Service* at The Temple on Friday evening, March 27, 1953, less than a year after Emilie Spivey became music director. The use of this work denoted her knowledge of Jewish music, her sensitivity to the appropriateness of Bloch's composition for this congregation, and her awareness of the compatibility of his music with the symbolic ornamentation of The Temple. A Swiss-American composer still living in 1955, Bloch aimed in *Sacred Service* not only to reconstruct Jewish music but also to embody the aspirations of the Jewish people. Although the Robert Shaw Chorale had used a part of *Sacred Service* in Atlanta in December, this performance marked the first time it had ever been presented in its entirety

in Atlanta.

Haskell Boyter, baritone soloist and director of the Atlanta Choral Guild, conducted The Temple quartet and the sixty members of his Choral Guild in rendering *Sacred Service.* Emilie Spivey was the accompanist on the organ. Music critics declared that Boyter's "resonant baritone voice was never heard at better advantage" and that Mrs. Spivey "gave solemnity to her performance." Wallace Zimmerman, music director of The Temple, recalled hearing that Suzanne Bloch, the daughter of Ernest Bloch, happened to be in town on the day of a rehearsal, attended, and "was moved." A friend of Emilie Spivey who was not a member of The Temple wrote, "Your Torah music was just what I expected-beautiful and unusual. Through every note sung I could appreciate the hard work of the organist. I realized who was back of such a program and how much of yourself had been given to its perfection." She added that she saw within the audience as many visitors as members of The Temple.

After purchasing the eight-hundred-acre farm in Clayton County, a few miles east of Jonesboro, a town made famous by Sherman's visit, Walter and Emilie Spivey became business partners, involving themselves with increasing intensity in economic enterprises related to the uses they made of this land. Developments they themselves engineered during the late 1940s foreshadowed a redirecting of their lives. Events of the late 1950s and all of the 1960s added an appendage to the continuing career of Walter Spivey as a dentist but literally revolutionized and enmeshed the days of Emilie Spivey. Of these decades Hazel Spivey Brett spoke when-in plain talk typical of her straightforward honesty-she characterized the relationship of her brother Walter and his wife Emilie as that of "lovers and business partners."

Allegedly Sheriff W. Loy Dickson of Clayton County was a patient of Walter Spivey and knew of Dr. Spivey's insatiable appetite for land. Or perhaps the Spiveys simply read in the paper the advertisement Emilie Spivey later pasted in her wedding book:

WITHIN 20 miles of Atlanta, divided by prominent

> county highway, 3 miles from . . . county seat, with electric and phone connections, we offer approximately 800 acres of exceptionally good farm land . . . . Approximately 250 acres in cultivation, 500 acres under 3- and 4-strand new wire fence. Ample water, buildings, livestock and equipment for general or stock farming . . . . No encumbrance. Very attractive price and terms.

A warranty deed dated September 29, 1943, showed that Walter B. Spivey purchased from W. Loy Dickson two portions of the Betts Farm, one tract containing 414.1 and another 372.6 acres. The price indicated on this legal paper was $18,500. The land lay east of Jonesboro, the county seat of Clayton County, and close to the Henry County line. The rough boundaries were Walt Stephens Road on the north, Blackhall Road on the east, Camp Road on the west, and Noah's Ark and Carnes roads on the south.

The building of Lake Jodeco probably began in 1946 and was completed in 1947 as a considerable enlargement of the small pond on the Betts Farm. Although the word *Jodeco* might sound like the memorializing of a Creek Indian tribe, it was prosaically coined from the first two letters of three words-Jonesboro Development Company.

About 1970 Emilie Spivey made a notation, found among her memorabilia, stating that the Jonesboro Development Company was organized in 1947 by Dr. Walter B. Spivey and his associates. Then she added: "Lake Jodeco was developed first as a highly restricted residential area. Over 200 beautiful homes . . . have been built there." Legal documents related to the Jonesboro Development Company were usually signed by Dr. Spivey as its president, but occasionally Emilie Spivey's name, as its secretary-treasurer, also appears. Certainly in partnership with her husband Emilie Spivey took a leading role in planning and supervising the construction of many houses that were built on these waters that sparkle in sunlight and turn red with the sinking of the sun.

The moods of Lake Jodeco are as evanescent as the mist and

the fog. But for those who "in the love of nature hold communion" with its waters, Jodeco indeed speaks "a various language-for his gayer hours, a voice of gladness . . . and in his darker musings . . . healing sympathy." Smaller and more intimate than the larger but younger Lake Spivey, across the causeway, its hues alter with the clouds, the sun, and the moon, but its beauty-four decades after its creation-continues to reach out in the early hours of the dawn and in the evening with the coming of shadows, spring,

Early days at the Betts Farm- Walter and Emilie Spivey

summer, winter, and fall. And to those who know its history, Lake Jodeco with its undulating shoreline, encompassing eighty-seven acres of water-and originally only a farm pond-symbolizes the transformation Walter and Emilie Spivey wrought in Clayton County.

Several residents of Lake Jodeco might be considered founding fathers of the community, persons whose memories of earlier days helped to chart its.growth. Asked what brought him to Lake Jodeco, Robert Thrower answered without hesitation: "Fish." Intrigued by the advertisement of a lake stocked with bream, bass, and crappie and offering lots for sale, Robert and Mary Thrower drove from their home in Atlanta on July 4, 1950. The last lap of their journey carried them over a narrow dirt road, then called Flippen Road, which ran from Jonesboro to the community of Flippen. Touring Lake Jodeco in an old cypress boat with Dr. Spivey's real estate agent, Henry Lassiter, the Throwers saw that there were five houses on the shores of the lake. The Jonesboro Development Company-that is, Walter and Emilie Spivey-had built the first of these houses, having imported from Clarkesville, Georgia, Dennis R. Barron to head up the construction work. Its present address is 3198 Lake Jodeco Drive. Within the same general vicinity were two others at the current addresses of 3202 and 3190 Lake Jodeco Drive. Another-3106-was situated around a nearby cove, and the fifth, about a mile away at present 3070, sat in isolation surrounded by woods and water.

For the Throwers the appeal of Lake Jodeco was immediate. On that Independence Day afternoon, they purchased a lot not far from the three houses built by the Jonesboro Development Company. By November a vacation home, where they started spending weekends, was finished. But for a time they maintained their residence in Atlanta. After additional lots were carved out of the woods on the north shore of the lake in 1952, the Throwers, their children, and their grandchildren migrated in the mode of the Children of Israel-Robert and Betty Thrower Boehmig, John and Barbara Thrower Segner, and both sets of children, building houses close together and taking deep root. Four years later the

Throwers decided to build a third house, patterned after a Frank Lloyd Wright design, a residence which gives a sweeping panoramic view of Lake Jodeco and has remained their permanent home.

Thomas and Katharyn Clonts-Tommy and Kitty-were also early settlers of the Lake Jodeco community. A neighbor in East Point who knew that the Clontses wanted space for rearing their three sons told them about Lake Jodeco, where he himself had purchased a lot. Like the Throwers, Tommy Clonts arrived by cypress boat piloted by Lassiter for his meeting with the Spiveys at what is now 3198 Lake Jodeco Drive, the house the Clontses later purchased on July 31, 1951.

Tommy Clonts retains vivid memories of the meeting in July and of the ambiance of the lake. On that afternoon Emilie Spivey's parents had accompanied the Spiveys to Lake Jodeco, Charlie Parmalee looking "very, very old" but both of them "lovely older persons." The road from Jonesboro to Jodeco, paralleling the lake on the northeast, was now paved to the point where Clayton and Henry counties touched, but Floyd Road, contiguous with the eastern waters, was still all dirt. Yet the bridge over the dam on the paved road continued to rattle so loudly that after the Clontses moved its clatter announced dinner guests before they actually arrived.

The Spiveys had been using this particular house for their Jodeco outings and parties since the Jonesboro Development Company built it. The builder the Jonesboro Development Company consistently used was Dennis R. Barron. Later he constructed the Spiveys' Clayton County home. Charming in its rustic style, it followed an elongated line that gave virtually every room a view of the lake. The interior walls were paneled in cypress from the West Coast; a screened porch fronted the central portion of the house. Resting on a foundation of native rocks, it sat atop a sharp incline with an advantageous vista. Gardenia bushes, bearing Dr. Spivey's favorite flower, lined the winding driveway in the rear of the house.

Tommy Clonts had the distinct impression that the Spiveys were

First house constructed on Lake Jodeco-3198 Lake Jodeco Drive Lane Bros., Special Collections Department, Georgia State University)

eager to dispose of this house, since the bottom had virtually dropped out of real estate in 1951: "Nothing much was selling." In buying the house Clonts assumed a loan of $15,000 which Dr. Spivey had secured only a few days earlier from the bank. Unquestionably Jonesboro Development Company needed the money to pour back into other large-scale projects. In fact, the Spiveys seemed to be of one mind in doing virtually nothing on a small scale. Apparently selling lots-even lots with houses on them-was not enough. Emilie Spivey now added a new concept to the real-estate business. With her genius for publicity, she caught the attention of the unnamed columnist-probably a personal

acquaintance-who wrote "Today on Peachtree." In an intimate, folksy tone, on October 21, 1952, he wrote:

> Seems the more hectic and crowded life gets in a big city, the more folks yearn to get away from it all. That probably accounted for the heavy traffic on Highways 41 and 54 last Sunday, when most everybody drove down to see the new model house on Lake Jodeco.
>
> Just 20 miles and 30 minutes-plus from Five Points they found a paradise in the piney woods ... fresh, bracing country air, a crystal-clean ISO-acre lake and a dream-of-a-house that practically wiggles its toes in the lake and looks as if it just grew out of the landscape.

The new model "Lake House" at the present address of 2626 Lake Jodeco Drive did grow out of the "dreams of three close friends" -Mrs. Walter Spivey, who built it; architect Harold Cooledge, Jr., who designed it; and Davison's Jimmie Edwards, who furnished and decorated it. "The sea-green clapboard-with old brick-house merges magically with the woodland .... The magnificent lake view comes right through the glass-roofed patio and the floor-to-ceiling windows." The writer stated that the table was set, the beds were made, and everything was complete even to towels on the racks-ready for the owners to move right in. All the furnishings, "with Jimmie's decorating genius thrown in," could be bought with the house, for a modest price. Then he added: "P.S. It's plain to see the 'Lake House' has got us under a spell. Darned if we haven't gone and filled up this entire column telling about it."

Perhaps the first serious agricultural endeavor Walter Spivey undertook after buying the Betts farm was growing peaches. The trees were planted about 1945, and the last advertisement found for Jodeco-Spivey peaches was dated 1967. Although figures varied, the orchard at its widest extent covered about 120 acres. Emilie

Spivey's urban rearing and her musical education had done nothing to prepare her for agrarian chores, yet she was clearly an equal partner with her husband and mastered well the art of selling peaches. On a folder labeled "Peach Promotion-Paper and Radio," Emilie Spivey wrote out directions for busy Sundays: "Double line-up in driveway-at entrance first person gets money; one directs traffic; one pushes traffic along. Opposite side: first person gets money; other one gets names and addresses." Apparently cards were mailed each year to announce the opening of the season. Averaged out over the years, the operation of the peach orchard must have been profitable despite vicissitudes of weather and fluctuations of the market.

The history of the Spivey orchard illustrates Dr. Spivey's daring approach to whatever he attempted to accomplish or to overcome. Its story can be pieced together from a number of articles in newspapers featuring photographs of Dr. and Mrs. Spivey standing among the fruit-laden trees. Usually Emilie Spivey is wearing a becoming broad-brimmed sun hat and going through the motions of picking peaches. According to these accounts, the fickleness of the weather was a hurdle Dr. Spivey strove to thwart. Responding to the severe droughts of 1952 and 1953, he installed an elaborate system of irrigation. But the availability of water was no answer to the spring frost of 1955 that destroyed the entire crop.

The remedy for frostbite-whether or not it worked in the long run-was the erection of huge windmills to blow in so much warm air that frost could not form on the infant peaches. After Emilie Spivey read about a defrosting method used by California fruit growers, Dr. Spivey sent one of the managers of the orchard, H. M. (Chick) Arnold, "a jack-of-all-mechanical-trades," to California to investigate. Armed with a drawing, Arnold and orchard superintendent J. E. (Peck) Matthews built six thirty-foot rotating towers topped with automobile engines and airplane propellers. The *Journal-Constitution* of March 18, 1956, gave full-page coverage with photographs and an article: "South's First Man-made Wind Keeping Frost off Peaches." Dr. Spivey was quoted, "While the bills are not all in yet, one tower costs about

Emilie Spivey
"picking peaches"

$2,000, making the total expense $12,000. But one good peach season will take care of that." With irrigation and frost-control systems in place, he added, the outlook was good for bumper crops.

But it was back in 1953 that the Spiveys devised what was then a unique system of marketing, letting the customers pick their own peaches. It was a response to another style of frustration-a price decline that made unprofitable the shipping of fruit to eastern markets. Arnold declared that now during an ordinary season, buyers would actually pick most of the peaches. He speculated that people traveled by the carload from as far away as 150 miles to try their hands at peach picking. On busy days three to four hundred customers visited the orchards. The truth was that persons who knew nothing of Walter Spivey as a dentist or Emilie Spivey as an organist were familiar with the delicious peaches that grew

there-Dixie Gems, Halehavens, Georgia Belles, and Elbertas. In fact, the mention of Jodeco Road-old Flippen Road-often evokes memories: "I used to go there and pick peaches."

Perhaps no one took more pride in the Jodeco orchards than Charlie Lee Spivey, who must have felt keen satisfaction that his son Walter as a farm boy had imbibed a strong love of land and the skill to grow fruits of extraordinary quality. In fact, there were plum as well as peach orchards at Jodeco. With customary thoughtfulness of his family, Walter Spivey shipped peaches to his brothers and sisters and to his father who still resided on Potecasi Road outside of Rich Square.

Although Walter and Emilie Spivey were living incredibly busy lives, they always found time to drive-and later to fly-to North Carolina for Spivey reunions. Carolyn Brett Mitchell, the daughter of Hazel Spivey Brett, recorded with nostalgia her memories of a reunion that took place during the 1940s, when Charlie Lee Spivey-Papa-was still living and she herself was a young girl less than ten years old. The minute the Bretts-Hayes, Hazel, and their children Carolyn and Monty-arrived, she raced to find cousins who were her own age. In fact, Spivey children were so plentiful that every young person could find a congenial clique to play with. A loose newspaper clipping, with the date July 24 but no indication of the year, might well have been a record of this particular day. If so, Walter Lee Spivey-perhaps still in high school-accompanied his parents to the gathering on Potecasi Road. The format of a Spivey reunion, especially at the Spivey homeplace, appears in Carolyn Mitchell's reflections:

> As I scanned the yard, I noticed all the special preparations-stiff lawn chairs in circles, a long table awaiting the food everyone had brought, adult Spiveys standing around in groups of three and four, laughing and talking . . . . In the hot kitchen Sis, Papa's housekeeper, was taking hot dishes from the warming oven of the wood stove and stirring vegetables on the stove. Some of the Spivey sisters were helping . . . .

> . . . After papa's blessing we children sat together to eat, giving the Spivey brothers and sisters a chance to reminisce with Papa. Everything was quiet, and then all of a sudden loud laughter broke out. Uncle Thomas or Uncle Walter was entertaining everyone with a story from the past.
>
> After lunch was cleared away, it was picture-making time . . . . Uncle Walter brought out a movie camera. . . . To set us at ease and to assure some action, he filmed us as we ate watermelon.
>
> . . . Finally Papa, with his children gathered around him, sat for the camera. They were indeed a handsome set of brothers and sisters with dark complexions, dark hair, and laughing eyes. Uncle Walter always looked dashing in his ice-cream-colored pants and his two-toned brown and white wingtips. And, of course, Aunt Emilie looking beautiful in her bright-colored print from Atlanta.

The really serious business came after the dessert and the picture-taking-the swapping of stories. Perhaps Carolyn Mitchell exaggerated little in saying that throughout Northampton County ears were probably burning. Yet if some failed to sense sudden flushes, those in the vicinity of the Spivey homeplace that summer afternoon heard the guffaws that resonated along Potecasi Road. Then the shadows grew long and another happy reunion came to a close. Carolyn continued her account:

> As we said our good-byes, I always had the warmest feeling of family unity. For some special reason, the Spiveys were so close, so wonderfully one in spirit, one in mind. We hugged and kissed and whispered our good-byes to everyone, including Papa. Then Monty and I crawled into the back seat and settled down to listen to Mama and Daddy share the latest family news . . . . We were asleep before reaching the Ahoskie city limits.

Hazel Brett also wrote an extensive account of Spivey gatherings, stating that they "took place at Papa's house for many years." After his death and the sale of the Spivey homeplace and farm, Willie Lee Spivey Shoulars, the second-oldest daughter, usually took the initiative in organizing reunions and inviting her brothers and sisters and their families to her house, the spacious Shoulars home place in Rich Square. Walter and Emilie Spivey made it a practice to stay at Willie Lee's house whenever they were in North Carolina. (After the death of Willie Lee's husband Allen Shoulars, she married William Mason, but they continued to live in the Shoulars residence.) On one occasion the Spiveys all traveled to Rocky Mount, North Carolina, where Ruth Spivey Brown, the oldest daughter, lived. But this time no one had to bring any food, since they met at the country club. Toward the end of the meal, someone asked facetiously, "Who is going to pay for all this food?" Thomas quickly quipped, "The last one out."

Charlie Lee Spivey died on November 19, 1950, at a time when Walter and Emilie Spivey were beginning to immerse themselves in developing the Lake Jodeco community and when Emilie was embarking on her presidency of the Atlanta Music Club. He was eighty-seven years old and except for one relatively serious illness, according to Hazel Brett, had been suffering from little other than feebleness. During the summer of 1950 he experienced a malady that took him to the Roanoke-Chowan Hospital in Ahoskie for two weeks. Yet he was able to spend the last several months of his life on Potecasi Road, where he had lived alone for the eighteen years that had passed since his wife Mariah died on their son Walter's thirty-third birthday, October 19, 1932.

All of Charlie Lee Spivey's children whom he had reared, except one-Lewis, the son of Charlie Lee and Sue Williams Spivey-survived their father. The baby daughter Fannie Camelia, whom he had allowed to be adopted after the loss of her mother, had died years before in childbirth. Charlie Lee Spivey's survivors numbered four sons, seven daughters, thirty-two grandchildren, and twenty great-grandchildren. Walter and Emilie Spivey traveled to North Carolina to attend the funeral services in New Hope

Methodist Church and the burial beside Mariah Spivey in the Rich Square Cemetery, rites marking the passage of the man who had kept alive the Spivey heritage on Potecasi Road.

Five years later Emilie Spivey experienced a loss similar to that her husband suffered with the death of Charlie Lee Spivey. Her father, Charles Lawrence Parmalee, died at home on September 15, 1955, after a long illness. The obituary that appeared in the *Atlanta Journal* stated that Mr. Parmalee was an auditor who before his retirement had been affiliated with the Atlanta Water Works for more than twenty years. The Parmalees were not a prolific family as were the Spiveys. Despite his chronically poor health, Charlie Parmalee for six years had been the only remaining member of his generation of Parmalees, his sister Elizabeth Parmalee-Beth-Steele having died in 1948 and his brother Fred in 1949. Beth had no children; Charlie had only his daughter, Emilie; Fred had only his son, Maddox. In 1951 Maddox Parmalee died, leaving only Emilie Parmalee Spivey of her generation. The funeral of Charlie Parmalee took place on September 16 at one o'clock at Patterson's Spring Hill Funeral Home, with interment at Westview Cemetery. For most of the remaining fourteen years of her life, Juliette Parmalee continued to live on Pelham Road in Morningside.

A tribute to Charlie Parmalee was that he had been a meaningful figure in the life of his acquired grandson, Walter Lee Spivey. To Buddy Spivey Charlie Parmalee was "Popski" and Juliette was "Momski." At one time Buddy and his grandfather labored together in building a boat that turned out to be so large that it could not be moved through the doors of the workroom. Apparently it had to be at least partly disassembled.

Death struck again in less than one month after Charlie Parmalee's passing. On October 11 at Spring Hill, Emilie Spivey played the organ for the funeral service of Eda Bartholomew Hardaway. Entombment took place at Crest Lawn Cemetery on Marietta Boulevard. Among her pallbearers were William Manley, Joseph Ragan, and Frank Willingham, according to an obituary from Patterson Funeral Home. The name *Hardaway* is explained

by a loose clipping without date, among Emilie Spivey's memorabilia, indicating that Eda E. Bartholomew married Col. Frank B. Hardaway at high noon on Thanksgiving Day at her home on Emory Road in the presence of eighteen close friends. Immediately after the ceremony the newlywed couple "left by plane for their winter home at 460 Vista Avenue, Sarasota, Florida." Colonel Hardaway was identified as a retired army officer, a scholar of Spanish, and an extensive traveler. "A number of years ago he was stationed at Fort McPherson. That was the starting of Miss Eda's and the Colonel's romance."

The editor of *Undertones,* A.C.O. newsletter, in January 1949 stated, "That proverbial little bird told us that one of our officers is taking those fatal steps down the middle aisle-Miss Eda's influence and example, no doubt." If this can be taken as a clue to the date of the ceremony, Miss Eda married on Thanksgiving Day 1948. A close friend alleged that before the wedding, Colonel Hardaway virtually camped on her doorstep and threatened not to leave until she consented to marry him.

A milestone in the career of Emilie Spivey at The Temple was the rebuilding of the organ, a tour de force traceable without question to her inspiration, diplomacy, and diligence. A note in her handwriting conveyed her enthusiasm: "My interest *now* is in the new organ at the Temple. It is so marvelous! As soon as the console arrives, we will dedicate it. Truly, it is one of the outstanding installations in the country." An article in the *Metropolitan Herald* of October 26, 1955, which was headed "Music Lovers Invited to Dedicatory Service on New Temple Organ," contained a description of this instrument: "The organ, a four-manual Aeolian-Skinner of 60 ranks of pipes, was primarily designed for the music of The Temple service, but is capable of playing music of all periods. The specifications were drawn up by C. Donald Harrison, president of Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company in collaboration with Virgil Fox of New York and Mrs. Walter Spivey of The Temple. The English draw-knob style console is a true example of the American classic organ of which Mr. Henry Harrison is founder."

The *Metropolitan Herald* threw light on the nature of the service on Sunday afternoon, October 30, to dedicate the new organ. Here was an opportunity to hear music rarely played, since orchestras "do not habitually frequent Temples, nor are good organs found in concert halls." Good solo music for the organ was well known, but "the long tradition of organ use in concerted music with other instruments" was less familiar. The program Emilie Spivey arranged included two movements from "Baal Shem (Jewish life)" by Ernest Bloch, performed by violinist Robert Harrison, concert-master of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. Assisted by a group of musicians from the Atlanta Symphony, Emilie Spivey performed Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Tympani. Rabbi Rothschild epitomized the meaning of the service with his words: "We are here to dedicate the organ to the service of God and to become, through the medium of music, a part of the world of beauty which He created."

During these years as death was taking its toll, the burgeoning of new life was exercising a counter force. Walter Lee Spivey was graduated from Davidson College with a bachelor of science degree in 1952, although he actually completed his course work in 1951. He entered officer candidate school at Newport, Rhode Island, in January 1952 and in July was commissioned an ensign in the United States Navy. More significantly during 1951, he met Dorothy J ones- Dottie-of Statesville, North Carolina, whose close friend was dating Walter Spivey's roommate at Davidson. Walter Spivey and Dorothy Jones were married on May 30, 1952, at Jamestown, Rhode Island, while he was attending officer candidate school.

Ensign Spivey first served as a gunnery officer on an oil tanker the U.S.S. *Nantahala,* based in Norfolk, Virginia. Then in January 1954 he entered submarine school in New London, Connecticut, but soon requested a transfer and was assigned to the U .S.S. *Noxubee,* a gasoline tanker based in Newport. Here he was second in command, having been promoted on October 1, 1953, to the rank of lieutenant (junior grade).

During these years navy assignments meant that the married

Walter Lee Spivey (U.S. Navy)

life of Walter and Dottie Spivey followed a cycle of being able to live together for weeks or months and then being separated for months. Following their marriage in May 1952, they were able to spend the entire summer together in Norfolk in the home of a couple who continued to rent them rooms whenever Walter Spivey found that he could live on shore. Dottie Spivey was also able to accompany her husband to Connecticut during his tenure in submarine school.

A momentous turning point in the lives of all the Spiveys took place with the arrival of Walter Lee Spivey, J r., who was born in Newport on July 29, 1954. Subsequently, with the pending departure of Lieutenant Spivey for a six-month tour of the Mediterranean, Dottie Spivey and Baby Lee flew to Statesville, North Carolina, to live. Later Walter Spivey's duties allowed Dottie and Lee to spend six months with him in Newport.

Quite soon after Dottie and Lee arrived in Statesville, Walter and Emilie Spivey drove to Charlotte, North Carolina, spent the night with their friends Richard and Evelyn Pitman, and the

following day went with them to Statesville to meet Lee Spivey. Being a large baby at birth, Lee had escaped the redness and the other inhibitions to beauty that characterize most newborn infants. Walter and Emilie Spivey were charmed with their first grandchild and delighted that Lee was so handsome.

After being separated from the navy in July 1955, Walter Lee Spivey returned to Georgia, settled his family into an apartment in Decatur, and enrolled in Emory University Dental School. At the time William Lindsey Spivey was on the way and was born on February 3. Walt and Dottie had attempted to prepare Walter and Emilie Spivey for the reality that Bill looked more like the average newborn infant than had Lee at his birth. But Dr. Spivey exclaimed, after he and Emilie had arrived at Emory Hospital, "What do you mean-ugly? Why, he's cute!"

Two years later Emilie Spivey received what might be considered the outstanding honor of her career: She was named "Atlanta Woman of the Year in the Arts for 1957." In citing "the wonderful work she had done in helping Atlanta develop a greater appreciation of good music," the all-male Woman of the Year in the Arts Committee put together a microcosm of her career in music:

> Her pioneering spirit, unselfish devotion, her leadership and her ability to give freely of herself to others have enabled her to achieve her primary aim "to advance the cause of music." The number of her former pupils who hold important positions attests to her success in teaching. The number of musical groups she has organized attests to her abiding interest in music for all in Atlanta.
>
> Mrs. Spivey, a native Atlantan, is one of three women in Georgia who hold the degree of associateship given by the American Guild of Organists. She has taught piano and organ for the past twenty-five years, was organist and choir director of North Avenue Presbyterian Church for twenty-two

years, and is now organist at The Temple.

Mrs. Spivey has served two terms as Dean of the American Guild of organists and also as president of the Atlanta Music Club. She organized the Choral Guild of Atlanta, the All-Star Quartet, and the Salon Series of the Atlanta Music Club . . . .

The committee added that Mrs. Spivey had arranged church music institutes, where choir directors from all over the South could be instructed by eminent musicians. She herself had performed at conventions of the American Guild of Organists and as guest organist at New York's Riverside Church. As president of the Atlanta Music Club, she had commissioned Don Gillis to compose the *Atlanta* suite, which Toscanini's National Broadcasting Company Orchestra later performed. Currently she was a member of Mu Phi Epsilon, honorary music society, and the boards of the Atlanta Music Club and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. As music director of The Temple, she had presented in its entirety Ernest Bloch's difficult composition *Sacred Service.*

The climactic hours of Emilie Spivey's nomination came on January 21, 1958, when she and four others were officially honored as the outstanding women of Atlanta for 1957. The dinner and the awards ceremony took place at the Piedmont Driving Club with Mayor William B. Hartsfield serving as master of ceremonies. The categories and nominees were Arts, Mrs. Walter B. Spivey; Business, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Sterling; Civic Service, Mrs. Dan Byrd, Jr.; Education, Miss Nora Belle Emerson; and Professions, Miss Katharine C. Bleckley. Unfortunately, no personal recollections, which could have brought this rare evening to life, ever surfaced in conversation or memorabilia. Dr. Spivey, who had recently been hospitalized, attended and savored his wife's glory-a just reward for almost a lifelong singlemindedness to the cause of music.

Naturally Emilie Spivey would have liked to be named Woman of the Year. But since that did not happen, she must have been glad that another musician won the title. Nora Belle Emerson, a former kindergarten teacher, through "the magic of music" had

developed a system of musical therapy for disabled children-among them victims of cerebral palsy-which had spread to every state in the nation and to seventeen countries abroad. Riding home through the darkness, Emilie Spivey might also have been thinking that the next day was Friday, when she would be playing the organ for the evening service at The Temple. A harbinger that the years ahead would eclipse her former mode of life appeared in the direction they drove-not toward Argonne Drive but a new house overlooking the future Lake Spivey.

CHAPTER TEN

LAKE SPIVEY: ATLANTA'S FABULOUS PLAYGROUND

Lake Spivey is designed for clean family fun and alcoholic beverages of any kind are prohibited, as well as firearms, pets, and private boats. But there is always plenty to eat

The genesis of Lake Spivey Park remains nebulous since only Walter and Emilie Spivey knew exactly where the idea for a recreation center came from and how it happened to explode into a reality of such magnitude. Allegedly, to soak up ambiance and gain knowledge, the Spiveys traveled to Callaway Gardens, Georgia, and Lake Arrowhead, California. But what prompted them to make these trips is not known. As for the Lake Spivey residential community, the logical assumption is that it simply evolved from the successful experiment of Lake Jodeco, enticing homeowners to pull up stakes and move into lakeside residences. Yet that is not true. In a rare written account, Emilie Spivey dispels the notion with a terse statement: "During the time Lake Jodeco was being developed, plans were formulated for the creation of Lake Spivey." Other bits of evidence indicate that the Spiveys, in collaboration with other investors, from the beginning envisioned building two lakes rather than one.

Hugh Park in the *Atlanta Journal* of August 10, 1947, threw some light on the original design: "An 800-acre lake, fed by waters of 26 clear-water springs and built solely for recreation next summer will call Atlantans to its shores. Projected as the country club of the average citizen, the development will ultimately offer an estimated catch of 250,000 pounds of fish annually, tennis courts, shuffle-board, and a 600-foot long swimming pool. Approximately 2000 building lots, with an average frontage of 100 feet, will provide sites for summer cottages and permanent homes." Park did not call Lake Jodeco by name but clearly referred to that body of water when he continued, "Two dams will hold the lake's clear waters. One 600-feet long, will block off 175 acres. Around this private, smaller body of water will be constructed homes in the $10,000 class. A paved road will cross the dam and a spillway will connect with the larger lake, whose dam of concrete and earth will stretch for 1250 feet."

Park's article lacks the statistical accuracy of a title searcher's report, but it gives insight into the existence of a master plan from which Lake Jodeco was growing and from which Lake Spivey would emerge. Park recounted that Dr. Spivey, during a dental

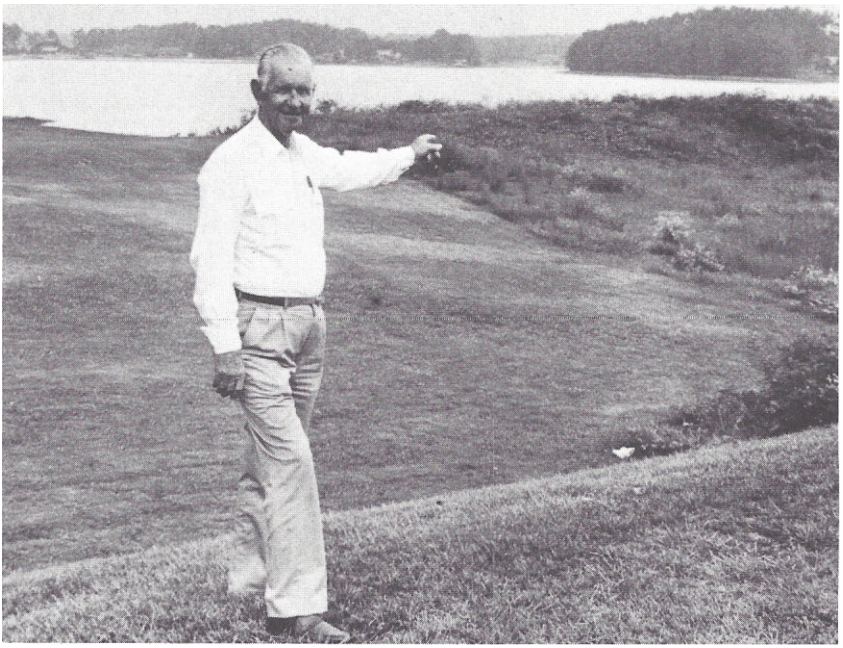
Walter Boone Spivey, dentist and entrepreneur (Kislek)

appointment, sought the advice of H. E. Corry, the "Cason Callaway of Florida," on how to cut losses on a farm he owned near Jonesboro. The Floridian asked to look over the land, and the idea for the development emerged.

Hugh Park's informant miscalculated: More than a decade elapsed between the building of Lake Jodeco and the completion of Lake Spivey. According to engineer William Jordan-Jake-Freeman, a massive delay resulted from the difficulty of acquiring the land essential to the construction of the 2,600-foot dam of Lake Spivey. Then the actual building of the dam and the lake bed required almost two years. When the gates of Lake Spivey Park finally swung open in June 1959, a "family playground" stood in place that boasted far more in the way of recreation than "fishing, shuffle-board, tennis, and swimming." The vision had expanded with the passage of the years.

With a remarkable facility for remembering and describing events in exact detail, Freeman paraphrased the words of Harold Lyles, a retired army engineer who had worked in India, Burma, and China. Lyles had stated to Dr. Spivey, "There isn't but one man that I'd get to build it, Doc, and that's Jake Freeman. He's built enough of them to know . . . . We're fooling with a big dam here. If you got it full and it broke, it would wash Macon, Georgia, away . . . . Lake Spivey is a huge development."

The building of the dam itself consumed months, but actually less time than it took to prepare the lake bed for the waters of what became allegedly "the largest private lake in the nation." Jake Freeman and his crew began work on the dam December 14, 1956, and nine months later on September 9, 1957, grassed over the huge retaining wall. Then Claude Munson, who had been



Jake Freeman overlooking Lake Spivey dam (Jerry Atkins)

Claude Munson at Spivey home, atop the hillside sloping into Lake Spivey (Jerry Atkins)

working for Dr. Spivey since he was an adolescent, and his brother Jay Munson, "and a whole bunch of other people-fifteen or twenty-with power tools started sawing down the 480 acres of the lake bed." Claude Munson remembers well that after they finished the arduous work of removing trees and swamp growth, the actual construction of the lake bed began. The step-by-step process appeared in the words of Freeman: "We put down four inches of stone dust and then turned around and graded that down and rolled it. Then we put a foot of white sand on top of that. . . . The sand alone ran right at $500,000."

Citing examples of some of the others costs of creating the park, Freeman said that the buildings-bathhouses, comfort stations, pavilions, cafeteria, and others-cost $250,000; the riverboat *Spivey Queen,* $30,000; Coronado speedboat, $25,000; train, tracks, crossties, $20,000; and equipment, $60,000. The estimate that $1,500,000 was invested was probably no exaggeration. But dollars were not the only costs. Freeman's version of erecting the cafeteria, with accommodations for seven hundred persons, gave insight into

the laboriousness of the work demanded of the builders themselves: "I poured the concrete and we built the trusses and put up the building. We were serving barbecue out of there two weeks before we opened the park, but we worked day and night. Lord, we worked until twelve and one o'clock every night."

Perhaps as soon as the Spiveys familiarized themselves with the land within the Betts Farm back in the 1940s, they staked out for themselves a large tract graced with a hilltop that gave a view of the future lakes and virtually the entirety of the "Spivey manor." When Freeman, Munson, and the other workmen finished building Lake Spivey dam in early September 1957, they moved heavy equipment to the top of that hill and leveled it for a house. Then through the woods as far as the power line they began cutting a roadway, Emerald Drive, running along the western shores of Lake Spivey and lying perpendicular to Lake Jodeco Road, formerly Flippen Road. According to Jake Freeman, South Bay Drive, another of the older residential areas on Lake Spivey, was not drawn out until the following March. Yet during the early fall of 1957, the air within the environs must have been filled with a cacophony of noises-carpenters hammering on the framework of the Spiveys' house, bulldozers groaning their way up Emerald Drive, and workmen sawing out the undergrowth in the bed of Lake Spivey.

Built between early September and Christmas Eve, when the Spiveys spent their first night on Emerald Drive, the house bespoke Emilie Spivey's energy and ingenuity, as well as the expertise she had gained from building homes on Lake Jodeco. Freeman stated that Dr. Spivey had insisted that she must not invest more money in the new residence than the sale price of their dwelling on Argonne Drive, since he needed all the money he could raise to develop Lake Spivey Park. Jake Freeman and Emilie Spivey, acting as her own contractor and garbed in work clothes, made countless trips to Cooper Street in Atlanta. Here they both clambered over piles of materials-window frames, lumber, fireplaces-salvaged from beautiful old homes razed on Capitol Avenue and Washington and Pulliam streets and hauled everything they could possibly use

back to Emerald Drive. The figures Freeman quoted were corroborated by a family member: The Spiveys sold the house on Argonne Drive for $44,000, built what must have been about a $90,000 house for $40,000, and came out $4,000 ahead. For everyone involved, except the architect who designed the house on a percentage basis, it was a tour de force.

Long after Lake Spivey Park had vanished as completely as if it had been the Land of Oz, this dwelling continued to offer hospitality and music for friends, sustenance for the daily needs of the Spiveys, and sanctuary in their many joys and sorrows. Here in fulfillment of their profound hope, they would spend the remainder of their lives. The master plan of the new residence differed from the two-story house on Argonne Drive. Clinging to the hilltop, close to the ground, athwart Emerald Drive, and overlooking Lake Jodeco Road, the elongated one-story structure, essentially one room deep except for corridors, with ceiling-to-floor windows and glass doorways, captured the sweep of the pastureland and the lakes. Double front doors, positioned in the center of the house, opened into a long corridor paralleling the spacious room that dominated the middle section of the building-the drawing room, or as Emilie Spivey called it, the music room. From the front entrance, it was possible to cross the corridor, descend three steps, and enter the music room. At the right end of the corridor was the bedroom wing and at the left, the dining room. A door on its left wall opened into the den, the nucleus for the kitchen on the rear of the house, an office on the front, and the extended garden room with a pierced brick wall concealing the carport.

"Dixie Living," a section within the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* on Sunday, January 17, 1960, carried the banner headline, "A French Country House on a Georgia Hill." Appearing in two large illustrations covering the entire front page were the Spivey residence on Lake Spivey and "the elegant and picturesque drawing room" where Dr. and Mrs. Spivey "sat chatting" in front of the "French mantel." Susan Jones Medlock, who wrote the article, called attention to a handpainted trumeau-an overdoor painting-above the front entrance; taffeta swags that topped the

Home of Walter and Emilie Spivey on Lake Spivey

windows; "living room" resplendent in soft velvets, brocades, and damask; and an elaborate Grecian scene on the wall of the "French Regency" garden room. Then she added: "All this-and the *first thing* the man of the house shows a visitor is in the kitchen-a plain slab of stainless steel. The busy dentist's *hobby* is *cooking*. And he likes to take the oversized pots of vegetable soup (his specialty) right off the burner and place them on the countertop alongside the surface unit. Because the material ordinarily used on these tops can't take such heat, he had a special piece of *stainless steel* built in ... to be ready for his *soup pots."* Another feature impressed Medlock, who alleged that Mrs. Spivey took a look at the lake and declared: "It's just a shame for this room not to have its own terrace." Now virtually every room had its own patio, and the house boasted, by Medlock's count, fourteen outside doors.

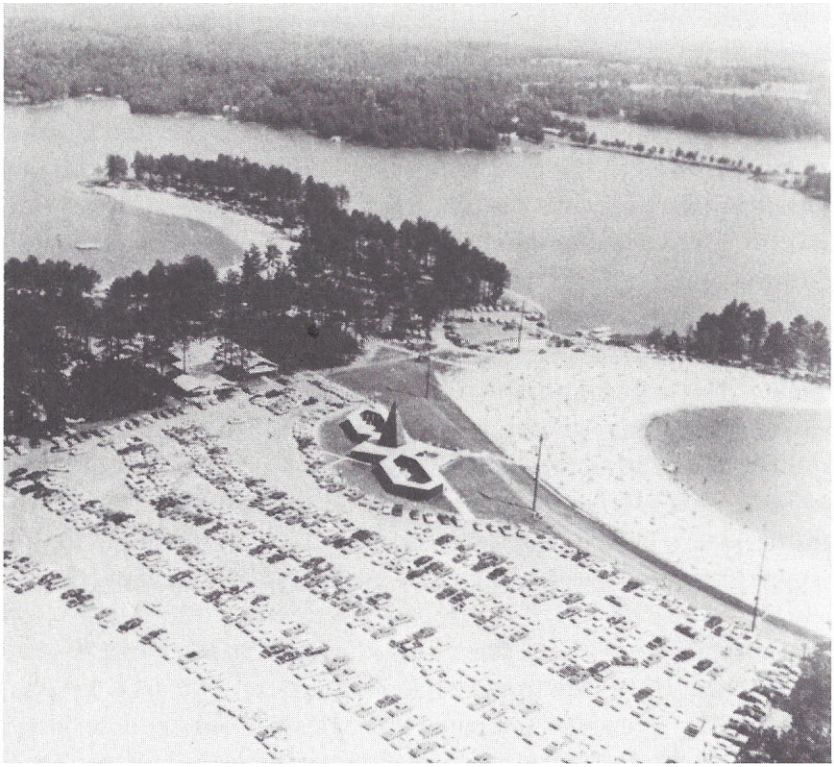
An undated clipping in the scrapbook, "Walter and Emilie Spivey, Marriage, September 20, 1941," showed that the Spivey house continued to be good newspaper copy. It was not surprising that their own interior designer, James-Jimmie-Edwards should feature the home of his clients in an article entitled "French Chateau? Tres Bien!" He stated: "My favorite house? . . . It is

a small French chateau in the Atlanta environs. It was a dream come true when my clients built it a few years ago .... Luckily they had thirty acres and a lake to provide the proper pastoral setting."

Edwards gave insight into the extensive planning that Emilie Spivey invested in the creation of this house: "I worked with my clients for weeks before the architect was called in and thus I was able to influence the exterior as well as the interior design." Edwards indulged in a slight exaggeration when he added, "The result was that every room had a lake view and its own patio." But he was quite accurate in describing features of the drawing room: "The drawing room decor-the room being 20 x 50 feet-was built around a prize possession, a large School of Van Dyck painting done in rich reds and golds, the basis for a regal color scheme. This five by seven painting had to hang above a concert grand piano, which necessitated a twelve-foot ceiling. So we dropped the floor three feet for this area where frequent musicales are held."

Steering clear of giving the names of his clients, who were clearly the Spiveys, Edwards apparently felt that he had free rein to indulge in an amusing example of journalistic license in describing them: "A couple who have traveled extensively on the Continent and are great Francophiles, they chose for their home a French theme." During an off-season at Lake Spivey Park in 1966, nine years after building the house, Emilie Spivey found time for an in-depth sojourn in Europe. But Walter Spivey appeared to have a pronounced aversion to any jaunt that called for extensive touring. In fact he was known for quipping, "Why don't we give them the rest of this trip as a tip?"

The Lake Spivey scrapbook is embossed with a handsome inscribed metallic plate: "Lake Spivey, Atlanta's Fabulous Playground, Owned and Operated by Emilie and Walter Spivey, 1959-1969." Measuring almost twenty by twenty-five inches and containing articles, photographs, and advertisements spanning a decade, this collection of memorabilia is almost too heavy to lift with ease. Its size symbolizes the dimensions of Lake Spivey



Aerial view of Lake Spivey Park

Park-the physical size, the scope of its facilities and services, . the varieties of its amusements at its birth and during its growth, and the demands, rewards, and punishments it brought to bear upon Walter and Emilie Spivey. In retrospect, Lake Spivey Park seemed-like Camelot-too inflated to have been a reality except to those who themselves experienced the pleasures and witnessed the overwhelming response of the tens of thousands of patrons from all over Georgia and to those who knew the minds of Walter and Emilie Spivey.

The *Forest Park Free Press-News and Farmer* on April 19, 1959, circulated the news that "colorful Lake Spivey" would open in May. Developed at a cost of $1,500,000, this spring-fed lake was

"twice the size of downtown Atlanta," was staffed with seventy-five employees, and boasted facilities adequate to handle twenty-thousand people on a daily basis. The editor of this paper, a consistently staunch promoter of Lake Spivey Park, declared that it "made Callaway Gardens look like a pea-patch by comparison."

But the grand opening failed to take place in May and was scheduled for Saturday, June 7. Unfortunately on Friday night heavy rains began to fall, boding ill for Lake Spivey Park. On Saturday morning, with the sun shining brightly, hundreds of cars streamed through Jonesboro and headed out Highway 138. But at its juncture with Walt Stephens Road, the main thoroughfare to the entrance of the park, officials turned back customers, who could never have driven "through the slick and slippery sea of red mud, stubborn and treacherous enough to stop any car."

The *Atlanta Journal* on Friday, June 26, 1959, carried a full-page advertisement declaring that the gates of Lake Spivey Park would positively swing open on June 27: "We deeply regret that our original opening had to be postponed when excessive rains made the new highway construction impassable. All roads to Lake Spivey are now in excellent condition. The grand opening will take place rain or shine."

A more graphic account of the launching of Lake Spivey Park than a straight journalistic report appeared in the *Forest Park News* on July 1:

> As we were thumbing through last week's copy of the *Forest Park News,* my husband and I noticed a large ad from the Lake Spivey people declaring that . . . "OUR LAST GRAND OPENING CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY JUNE 27,"
>
> Now my husband Edgar is one of those people who likes to know about everything that goes on in our county. . . . Saturday morning he says sort of casual-like, "Why don't we run out to Jonesboro and take a look at this Lake Spivey place .... Besides, the sun will do you good . . . . "

Well, I dug up my red bermuda shorts and we . . . took off down Highway 54, following the Lake Spivey arrows all the way. Gee, that sure is a well marked place. Even Edgar couldn't miss it.

. . . At a little toll house . . . this young fellow . . . told us we owed 75 cents for admission (35 cents for children under twelve) . . . . At another little house we handed our tickets to a boy just before we got to the biggest parking lot I ever saw in my life. Honey, that place would hold more cars than the Sears and Roebuck parking lot in Atlanta sees in a week. .·. . . I noticed cars with license tags from as far away as Arkansas and Oklahoma. I wondered if those people read the *Forest Park News* too.

Well, the lake was just lovely. There was water reaching out as far to the right hand and as far to the left as you can see . . . . At the dock there was an old-timey looking boat with a roof on it filling up with people who wanted to take a water tour of the lake. This boat was called the "Spivey Queen."

Governor Vandiver made a real nice speech about the lake and introduced movie star Susan Hayward. Then what does she do but lose her petticoat. . . . But she took it right gamely and christened the boat like nothing had happened.

Then something else happened. Just about the time that Miss Hayward let loose with a champagne bottle, a pier, where a whole bunch of people were crowding around to get a better look at things, collapsed. Nobody got hurt . . . but around 200 people got wet when the 12-foot section gave way. Funny thing, the pretty red head had just said, "It's a hot day so everyone should go jump in the lake."

After the ceremonies and the Bobby Hall Water Thrill Show . . . Edgar and I were pretty worn out. .·. . But we're going back out there real soon because

> Lake Spivey is quite a place. You could spend the whole day and not run out of things to do.

Lake Spivey Park utilized advertising effectively, luring the public with the vision of the "sparkling waters" of its 550-acre lake. "Nestled among the beautifully rolling hills of historic Clayton County near Jonesboro, Lake Spivey is a paradise for swimming, sailing, water-skiing, boating, fishing and picnicking . . . only thirty minutes from Atlanta's Five Points." The artistic designs of the bathhouses were created by the architectural firm of Richard Aeck and Associates. Woodlands and beaches were dotted with chairs, umbrellas, picnic tables, grills, and comfort stations. A miniature train, powered by a steam locomotive and meandering along a scenic route, gave panoramic views of the lake and the beaches. But the sentence that ran like a refrain through all types of promotion stated: "Lake Spivey Is Designed for Clean Family Fun and Alcoholic Beverages of Any Kind Are Strictly Prohibited." There was also a ban on firearms, pets, and private boats. But there was always plenty to eat.

Almost at elbow distance stood concession stands serving hot dogs, hamburgers, snacks, and drinks. The cook would grill at no charge any catfish, bream, bass, or crappie a fisherman reeled in. Then side dishes could be purchased to complete the meal. On the other hand, a person could order a full meal in the Lakeside Cafeteria. Advertisements assured the public that facilities were adequate to accommodate comfortably and efficiently gatherings ranging in number from only a few persons to hundreds-' 'fifty to five thousand" -church organizations, whole congregations, civic and social clubs, and family reunions. Three menus were available for group parties: fried chicken and potato salad, $2.50 a person; barbecued pork and Brunswick stew, $2.50; or a "lavish buffet" for $3.50-fried chicken, barbecued pork, Brunswick stew, baked beans, relish trays, and sliced tomatoes. Served with each menu were rolls, coleslaw, iced tea or pink lemonade, and dessert. In addition, quantities were not limited; at the time of the meal, picnickers could opt for all they could eat.

Although Emilie Spivey was no longer music director at North Avenue Presbyterian Church, Dr. Vernon Broyles remained a close friend of the Spiveys and was invited to give the invocation on opening day. On July 18 he wrote to the Spiveys, "Thank you for the pass to Lake Spivey. It was a real privilege to have a part in its opening. As I looked across the lake, I thought of the horseback rides I had with Walter so many years ago. It is the wonderful culmination of long years of dreaming . . . . My prayers and interest shall follow as it becomes an established part of the Atlanta scene. It gave me a thrill to see Buddy working up there in the office . . . . My prayers and interest will follow you . . . . "

Walter Lee Spivey was now entering into a new phase of his life-a career as a dentist, having graduated on June 5 from Emory Dental School. Seven months later Dorothy Ann, the only daughter of Walter and Dottie Spivey, was born on January 28, 1960. After practicing with his father for a year, the younger Dr. Spivey had a building constructed on Main Street in Jonesboro and opened his own office. When Ann was a year old, in 1961, the family-Walt; Dottie; Lee, now seven; Bill, five; and Ann-moved into a new brick bungalow with a swimming pool at what is now 2625 Lake Jodeco Drive. With the passing of time, Walter Lee Spivey acquired a reputation as a talented dentist with skills commensurate to those of his father. And Walter Boone Spivey's pride in his grandchildren grew. After his death, Emilie Spivey often remarked that he had never gone to bed at night without talking about them.

The Labor Day weekend of 1959 brought the season to a close with a climactic event-the first Lake Spivey Beauty Contest. Entrants were required to be between eighteen and twenty-three years old and have parental consent to become eligible. Figure, poise, and personality were the criteria for judging. The winner was to serve as queen in presiding over the festivities of the upcoming season of 1960. Events were arranged to lure the Sunday crowds back on Monday-Labor Day-with the preliminary judging scheduled for Sunday afternoon and the finals for Monday. But the entire weekend held promise of concerts by the bands

Walter and Emilie Spivey with grandchildren-Lee, Ann, and Bill, 1960

Twenty years later-Lee, Ann, Walter, Emilie, and Bill, 1980

of Forest Park and Jonesboro high schools, gospel singing on Sunday, and barbecue at one's own whim for only $1.25. A handsome photograph of Dr. Spivey smiling broadly as he was kissed on the cheek by the first Miss Lake Spivey, Charlene Van Auken of Fairburn, bespoke satisfaction with "Atlanta's Fabulous Playground." And he made film history by placing the tiara upside down on the head of the queen, a matter quickly set aright.

During the fall, winter, and early spring months before Lake Spivey Park threw open its gates for the 1960 season, highway crews, architects, carpenters, landscape designers, and all other types of workmen had their hands full. Without question Walter Spivey was quietly but firmly prodding, and Emilie was exercising relentless scrutiny. The results spoke for themselves. The road to the park would never again be muddy: All roads between Atlanta and Lake Spivey, an ad proudly proclaimed, were now paved. Within the park extensive landscaping met the eye. Acres had been cleared for new picnic grounds and walks installed to wind among the trees. The smaller of the two beaches, West Beach, had been enlarged and the bottom of the shallow part rebuilt so that, according to Claude Munson, smaller parties could be held in relative privacy. A gift shop was a new feature. And now, in addition to Lakeview Cafeteria, a beach buffet stood in place as head-quarters for the popular catering service. Here during the second season 350 groups would feast.

Facilities for new types of entertainment had not been ignored. An area named Playland boasted miniature automobiles, roller coaster, race track, and golf course, as well as what Lake Spivey claimed was the largest Ferris wheel in Georgia. A merry-go-round and another type of ride, the helicopter, completed the picture. Standing "majestically" on a hill overlooking the lake was "Hilltop Pavilion ... another spectacular structure" of Richard Aeck and Associates. In this circular building, llO feet in diameter and ultracontemporary in design, "teen hops" took place every Wednesday night from seven to ten-thirty, with the affair being broadcast over Atlanta radio station WGST. Those who could not attend could listen-perhaps in pain-but it must have been good

for business.

Along with those of Jake Freeman and Claude Munson, James Edward-Jim-Boyd's life for a number of years after 1960 was virtually synonymous with the history of Lake Spivey Park, so closely did he affiliate himself with the operations. After James Barnett, manager of the park during the early months, saw a photograph of Jim Boyd, a performer at Cypress Gardens, Florida, in a barefoot waterskiing pose, Barnett acted as an intermediary in arranging a meeting between Boyd and the Spiveys. Jim Boyd stated in a recent conversation, "I think it was in February of 1960 . . . . We met at Dr. and Mrs. Spivey's home. The first thing we did was to sit down to one of Dr. Spivey's chicken-and-drop-biscuit dinners. Immediately I fell in love with them-Dr. Spivey's cooking and charm and Emilie Spivey's graciousness. It just LL26blew me over ... and we immediately had a rapport." What the Spiveys had in mind was a weekend of water-ski shows, but the ultimate outcome was that Boyd was employed as ski director of Lake Spivey Park.

A compelling advertisement, printed on beige-pink paper, gave the appearance of being the front page of a section of the *Atlanta Journal.* The three-inch headline in blue ink blazoned, "Lake Spivey News." Then in a slightly smaller caption appeared the words "Fabulous Lake Spivey Open." Four "dazzling performances of a spectacular ski show" directed by Jim Boyd, Cypress Gardens star, would be staged as opening events of the season of 1960. Boyd, "a twenty-two-year-old Sarasota, Florida, lad" was a top-flight water skier who had also made movie shorts and television commercials. Appearing with Boyd would be an all-American water-ski jumping champion, the "Citrus Queen" of 1960, and aquaballerinas from Cypress Gardens. All who attended were promised "thrills, spills, and pageantry."

Slightly over a month later, on June 20, the *Journal-Constitution* used a half page to tout the effectiveness of advertising on its pages. As proof of its claim, a letter from Dr. Walter B. Spivey was printed. A natural query might be, "Who paid whom in this case?" Perhaps it was a trade-off, since this ploy was equally beneficial to Atlanta

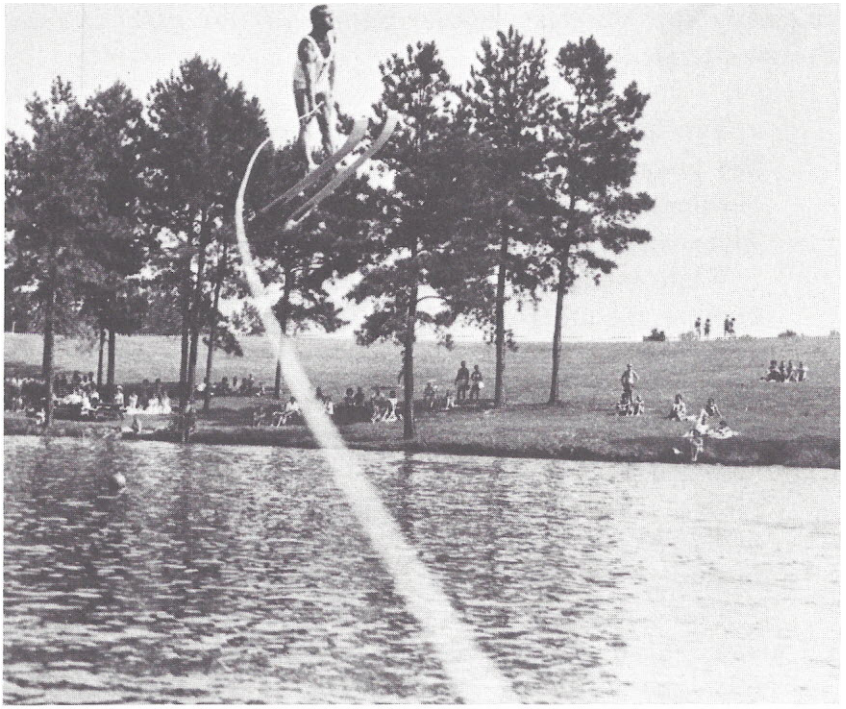
Newspapers and to Lake Spivey Park. Dr. Spivey wrote in part:

> We have relied heavily on newspaper advertising since we opened Lake Spivey. This week, however, upon advice of our advertising agency we tried a full-page two-color ad just before our opening.
>
> The result was astounding! On our opening Sunday we had an avalanche of people. In fact, we were caught
> so by surprise that we had to press friends into service on the gate, in the concession stands, and at other points in the park.
>
> Our gate was so barraged that we immediately redesigned our . . . set-up to accommodate the increased flow of traffic.
>
> We know that newspaper advertising played a dominant role in our increased business because we saw many, many copies of our ad in the hands of people as they came through the gate . . . .

The graphics in this piece of publicity showed a hand grasping a partially crumpled copy of "Lake Spivey News," accompanied by the message, "Lake Spivey's two-color ad had them battering down the door."

Without the samplings of advertisement in the Lake Spivey scrapbook, the history of Lake Spivey Park could hardly have been documented. And without advertisements Lake Spivey's attendance might not have peaked into the thousands who sunned, swam, skied, sailed, boated, and marveled at the shows on weekends. Although the Spiveys became valued customers of the advertising departments of newspapers, promotion of the park also came voluntarily from journalists and photographers who recorded its beauty and its bustle simply because it was good copy.

The techniques of Emilie Spivey could not be overlooked. Through well-honed methods she had perfected as dean of the A.G.O. and as president of the Atlanta Music Club, she possessed not only extraordinary skills but also personal acquaintance with



Jim Boyd at Lake Spivey Park (Charles R. Pugh, Ir.)

members of the press corps. The press breakfast in 1950 in a sense epitomized the tip of the iceberg of her expertise. Jake Freeman stated, "She could get free publicity for Lake Spivey when nobody else could. She knew all those people."

Jim Boyd made particular mention of Charlie Pugh of the Atlanta papers, a photographer who came out several times a week and was especially generous with his skills. Boyd also noted that at least three or four times a year, Lake Spivey was featured on the front of the Sunday magazine section. Preserved in the scrapbook was an especially eye-catching cover featuring a young, slender, brunette woman, moving at full speed, wearing a long, billowing skirt over her flowered bathing suit and completing her outfit with a six-strand necklace of large pearls-in short, dressed as if she were headed, on skis, for a garden party.

In addition, Emilie Spivey devised publicity schemes that were singularly appropriate to bolster business at the park, as Jake Freeman related:

> Two little boys put bumper stickers on cars . . . . We bought stacks of them . . . . They brought in customers from South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee, to say nothing of Georgia.
>
> While one little boy was putting the sticker on the bumper, the other one was taking down the number of the tag . . . . DeKalb was 2, Fulton, 1 and Clayton, 34 . . . . Now when the boys brought in the tablets with the tag numbers, Mrs. Spivey had them typed up. Then she knew exactly how may cars came from each place . . . . She would send aerial pictures of the park and photographs of parties ... and the newspapers in those places would give her free publicity.
>
> That's how her brain worked. She was thinking away ahead of everybody else . . . . She'd get us all in there . . . . Sitting down, talking, laughing, she'd say, "That's the way to do it, isn't it, honey?" I said, "You're on the right track."

After the successful launching of Lake Spivey Park, Emilie Spivey in time assumed the duties of general manager, heavily involving herself in the day-to-day and even the hour-to-hour operations. The same type of perfection she strove for in her musicianship she tried to create in this unique endeavor of a husband and a wife who were by profession a dentist and an organist. Jake Freeman's recollections threw light on the roles Dr. and Mrs. Spivey played as well as his own indispensability:

> When it came to maintenance work . . . sometimes we'd work all night. Getting a transformer in or getting the pump going, getting the water system going, and you had to watch it. Of course, Doc knew

he could go on home, go to bed, and go to sleep' cause I'd get it done.

One time the water pump went out and we had to pull it out of the well 300 feet deep. Put in a new one and put it back in the well. Screw all those pipes in. We got done at 4:00 that Saturday morning and I didn't have a drop of water in the tank and at 11 :00 my tank was running over 80,000 gallons. So Doc didn't worry . . . .

Now Mrs. Spivey, she'd watch, you know. She had eyes like a hawk. If somebody was not doing what they were supposed to do, she'd let me know. I'd get on them or either get rid of them.

She was wonderful to work with. We worked together . . . Jim Boyd will tell you. You never had a problem with Mrs. Spivey if you did your job. . . . She depended on me because she didn't know anything about what all we were doing.

The reminiscences of Jim Boyd, who cherishes his years of association with Walter and Emilie Spivey, throw light on their days and nights:

Emilie would normally get to the Lake around nine **O'** clock on weekdays, and she would always come in her white Ford station wagon, and it would always be loaded down with the work she'd labored over until midnight the night before. And every morning, whoever was in the office ... would help her unload her car.

When our day ended at six or seven at night, she went home and worked most of the night. And she was up early the next morning getting Dr. Spivey off-he was in his office by eight o'clock and had to drive into Atlanta to get there . . . .

> We did what was necessary each day. My initial duties were water skiing, but I was immediately pulled in after big days on the week-ends and sometimes on the weekdays to help count money. We didn't have any money-counting machines. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Spivey, everybody in the office, plus myself and later my wife, would sit there for two or three hours ... and count money until about nine **O'** clock. And then we would all go out and eat a steak at Wisteria Steak House in Jonesboro and Dr. Spivey would treat us. That was our reward for working late.

Opportunities to learn the skills of skiing, sailing, and in time swimming added to the allure of Lake Spivey. During the summer of 1960 ski lessons under the tutelage of Jim Boyd became available. A series of photographs illustrated the salient principles and the telling results of Boyd's pedagogical methods. An attractive young woman speeding over the waters demonstrated smooth skiing and simultaneous waving; in another Boyd parallel-skied with a less expert female who reached out for assistance; and the third featured a woman sitting on the dock, knees touching chest, grasping a ski rope. The moral was "You, too, can be a Ski Champ." The punchline was Boyd's assurance, "After the dry-land step is mastered, water take-off is easy-practically anyone can learn in about ten minutes."

The photograph of a father, mother, and son conveyed another message: "Families find sailing an ideal sport for either togetherness or solitude." Sailing coach Jack Shephard declared that it was one of the easiest skills to learn. In fact, he had turned his own wife and three youngsters as well as several dozen landlocked Atlantans, from eight to eighty years old, into "old salts" after a short training session on Lake Spivey. The closing appeal also promised that it was" great for courting couples." He summed it up, "If you can duck, you can sail."

During the summer of 1961 a skill less esoteric than waterskiing and sailing became available for learners. Responding to hundreds

of requests from parents, the Spiveys arranged for free swimming lessons under the auspices of the American Red Cross, beginning on July 29. The time was right since fourteen lifeguards were now employed, two lifeguard towers stood in place within the lake itself, and a "bathing crib" had been cordoned off within the shallow waters of the West Beach.

The history of Lake Spivey Park indicates that an attempt was made to open each new season with a spectacle of irresistible appeal. The calendar of events shows that throughout the years the Spiveys and the staff met the challenge of providing a diversity of activities aimed at luring back its regular customers, attracting new ones, and in some cases simply giving pleasure. The range included horse shows, fishing rodeos, and ski championship tournaments as well as placing Lake Spivey on the Star Student Tour of Georgia, entertaining the entire staff of the educational system of Clayton County, sponsoring an outing for children afflicted with muscular dystrophy, and entertaining "the unfortunate men" of the Atlanta Union Mission with a gift of a hundred pounds of fried chicken, forty pounds of coleslaw, and thirty pounds of potato salad.

During the summer of 1960 the annual beauty pageant to select Miss Lake Spivey took place on August 8 rather than on Labor Day. The judges were Patricia La Hatte, promotion director of Atlanta Newspapers; Dave Benton, fashion coordinator of Davison's; and Don Stewart, staff announcer at radio station WSB. Through the years one of the prizes for winning the title continued to be the privilege of joining the team of Jim Boyd's Ski Scapades, a troop of aqua ballerinas. In 1960 an eighteen-year-old graduate of Russell High School, who planned to continue her education in journalism at the University of Georgia, was crowned-June Orr of East Point, who three years later became the wife of Jim Boyd.

Newspaper articles telling about annual picnics at Lake Spivey gave subtle but effective encouragement to other churches, corporations, and organizations to establish the tradition. Party packages for groups of twenty-five or more persons included

Jim and June Boyd, Lake Spivey Park

swimming, picnicking, use of dressing rooms, a limited number of rides, and a trip on the riverboat *Spivey Queen.* The price of the package depended upon the cost of the meal the group reserved. Ski shows were already free with the purchase of an admission ticket to the park.

The types of groups that took advantage of the offer ran the gamut. The homecoming gathering of Georgians who were deaf took place on a Sunday with the message of "God is love," the sermon, and other proceedings being given in sign language. Another category was a luau, which a tongue-in-cheek reporter described as a "storybook kind of thing with beautiful girls in grass skirts dancing to the soft music of steel guitars and ukeleles, and gentle breezes wafting through the tops of palm trees." Although Lake Spivey was not equipped with all these accouterments, two thousand employees of Eastern Airlines and their friends attended. But the Spiveys were disappointed that the park was not attracting a larger number of school groups.

Jim Boyd's duties-teaching, performing, staging ski shows-expanded in time to encompass public relations. He himself

explained, "I started out as Water Ski Director-that was my title. But the third year I was there, the Spiveys put me in charge of advertising and promotions. We formed the 'Three Dimensional Advertising Agency' to get a fifteen per cent discount on all ads." As part of his job, he made regular appearances on every radio and television show in Atlanta. And for three years he did not miss participating on Channel 11's Friday-night sports program. In his opinion, however his most successful ploy was aimed at countering the shortage of school groups at Lake Spivey Park.

A plan was formulated to take a water-safety film into all the schools of metropolitan Atlanta, follow "it with a question-and-answer session, and then, with the permission of the principal, use the remainder of the class period in showing a commercial film of Lake Spivey Park. The first hurdle was photographing water-safety procedures in the dead of winter. "We made a fifteen-minute film that did everything from saying, 'Don't go swimming alone' to showing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation." Then Boyd added, "We did the photographing on a very cold February day as if it were as hot as July. Everybody was freezing." Boyd wrote the script, memorized it, and started calling on schools. He stated:

> I did nothing for three months but visit four to five schools a day, Monday through Friday . . . . The eighteen-minute commercial film was very entertaining . . . . Everyone now understood what Lake Spivey was all about. ... At the school, the principal would always say, "That's probably a good place to bring our senior class." And I said, "Well, as a matter of fact, it's probably the best place for your senior class and your junior class." . . . From that point on the school buses lined up at the gate of the park.

Jim Boyd declared that it was "probably the best promotional thing we did in the whole history of Lake Spivey." Then he continued, "That little water-safety film cost $250 and the Spiveys probably paid me all of $500 to travel around those three months.

They got their money's worth on that. I also learned to do public speaking for the first time. It was great for me. The safety film was shown on television and got written up in the papers. We got hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of promotion out of a $250 film. It was incredible." History shows that for a number of years Lake Spivey Park remained the mecca for Georgia students embarking on annual picnics.

Far removed from such prosaic matters as devising advertisements and scheduling class picnics was the service that took place at Lake Spivey on Easter morning, April 22, 1961. Dr. W. W. Long, pastor of "the beautiful new Baptist Church" in Jonesboro, was in charge of the ceremony, and director Marvin King and his Jonesboro High School Band furnished the music. Obviously moved by the occasion, Jack Troy wrote for the *Forest Park Free Press-News and Farmer* of April 24 an article that recreated the ambiance:

> As mist curled up from Lake Spivey on the shore of the East Beach, in the majestic effect of the Sea of Galilee, Easter sunrise services were held with more than 1000 worshipers on a chilly Sunday morning.
>
> . . . At the hour of six ... the fine Jonesboro band played softly and up the road leading to the East Beach, worshipers came on tiptoe . . . . Through the lace branches of the majestic pine trees, a full moon shone dimly . . . . The sun was not visible for the first half of the service ... but came up above the cloud bank . . . highlighting the old rugged cross . . . the ministers and the band . . . . It seemed a halo supplied by nature . . . .

Dr. and Mrs. Spivey stood off in the crowd, "choked by the beauty of the inspiring moment."

Although the competition of August 4, 1962, no doubt followed the routine of past and future beauty pageants, the young woman who won the title Miss Lake Spivey differed from all other queens

in nationality-she was Japanese, Chacomi Ueda, a name meaning "brilliant brain." A seventeen-year-old student at Grady High School, called "Chickie," she was a dancer with the Atlanta Civic Ballet, the daughter of a librarian at Georgia Tech, and had lived in the United States only five years. Her numerous photographs in the Lake Spivey scrapbook indicate that she must have made her mark with the Spiveys. But particularly memorable was the ceremony that followed her coronation.

Emilie Spivey and Jim Boyd had poured their powers of creativity and sense of theater into the Parade of the Fireflies and the Flaming Torch Ski Show, spectacles that took place on the waters of Lake Spivey after darkness fell on the day of the beauty pageant. The Parade of the Fireflies was a caravan of boats led by the *Spivey Queen,* converted into a royal barge, aglow with twinkling lights, and bearing the new Miss Lake Spivey. In its wake followed smaller lighted boats transporting the bevy of young ladies who made up the queen's court. Surprising the audience, Jim Boyd in a one-hundred-foot leap vaulted over the train of boats to join the Water Sprites-aqua ballerinas carrying torches. Together they performed the choreography of the Flaming Torch Ski Show. Then the songs of Frances Hughes Richardson, a member of the former All-Star Quartet, an intimate friend of Emilie Spivey, and a vocalist known for her beautiful soprano voice, filled the night with music. Fireworks brought the ceremony to a close.

The water ski program at Lake Spivey began to expand beyond ski lessons for beginners and shows with dramatic appeal. Rainbow Bay, created exclusively for skiing, was becoming recognized as one of the nation's coveted water stages, according to Jim Boyd, writing for the magazine *TRUX.* Two successful water-ski tournaments in 1962 attracted the southern regional director of the American Water Ski Association, who awarded to Lake Spivey the 1963 Southern Regional Water Ski Championship. Jim Minter in the *Atlanta Journal* of July 28, 1963, stated:

> A few years ago you could take Georgia 138 out of Jonesboro in the direction of Stockbridge and the

only thing you'd see along the way would be a pair of burr-tail mules leaning to the traces and poking their way through the cotton patches.

You can still take Georgia 138 out of Jonesboro in the direction of Stockbridge, but what you're liable to run up on is something else. Right there in the neighborhood where Miss Scarlett O'Hara grubbed for turnips, you'll see a sight which might be mistaken for the Allied Fleet taking off for Normandy.

Huge outboards, propelled by twin IOO-horsepower jobs, dash to and fro on the placid waters of Lake Spivey, towing along the cream of the South's water skiing society. The Southern Water Ski Tournament is under way, and it's the doggonest sight you'll ever see in an ex-cotton patch.

Lake Spivey experienced its first exposure to national television in the fall of 1963. The cameras of Columbia Broadcasting Company focused their lenses on the World Outboard Championships, which took place on these Georgia waters September 4-8. Over five hundred drivers from the United States, Germany, Austria, Canada, and Mexico came to compete in six runabout and seven hydroplane classes for a seven-thousand-dollar purse. Columnists wrote about the twinkling lights of the trailers parked around Lake Spivey at night. During the day "the runabouts took off like a flight of angry hornets ... with the hydroplanes singing bass to the runabouts' tenor."

The *Clayton County Journal* stated on September **11** that the National Outboard Association planned to bring the races back to Lake Spivey in 1964. Executive director Claude Fox declared, "Lake Spivey has the finest overall facilities I have ever seen for outboard racing. I hope someday it will become home for the World Outboard Championships." The Spiveys' personal touch came to light in a letter of appreciation from a couple as impressed with their hospitality as with Lake Spivey itself:

> Again Harold and I want to thank you for making our visit to Lake Spivey such a delightful one. In all our years of racing we have never been treated so wonderfully by so many.
>
> You have such a lovely place there and so much to offer the public. That alone is rewarding for all your many, many hours and efforts.
>
> We were talking last night-rehashing the races-and we could come up with nothing that you folks could have done for drivers or officials to have made for a better stay there . . . .

The *Atlanta Journal* of September 10 headed its coverage of the opening day of the 1964 World' Championships with the caption "Dora Revs Outboards for an Early Start. Races Attract the Best in the World." The number of entrants was essentially the same as the year before, as were the classes of competition and the purse, but the menacing spirit of Hurricane Dora was ruffling the usually tranquil waters of Lake Spivey. Jim Boyd declared, "The folks tell us that this is the finest and fastest field for the world races." Then in a tone of apprehension, he added, "Now if old Dora will leave us alone, we ought to have a whale of a show." Four days later the newspapers reported that the races were run through choppy waters, no new records were set, and one serious accident sent a driver to the hospital. Perhaps Hurricane Dora deserved blame for a season that seemed to generate less excitement although CBS again televised the races. Still, no one could deny that Lake Spivey had made a name for itself in landing for two successive years the World Outboard Championships.

The hootenanny at Lake Spivey in 1963 was a harbinger of things to come-the veering of the "family playground" into a more overtly commercial operation. Ironically, the *North Side News,* which through the years had kept the reading public posted on the doings of classical organist Emilie Spivey, carried a photograph of two of the "hooters," who in the "groundswell of hootenanny mania" would be coming to Lake Spivey on August

17 and 18. By dictionary definition, a hootenanny was staged by folk singers who typically aroused audience participation. The advertisements that filled the newspapers indicated that free watermelon came with the price of the ticket-$l.50 for adults and $1.00 for children.

And indeed the character of Lake Spivey Park took its quantum leap with the opening of the season of 1964. Representing what must have been an enormous financial outlay, Fort Spivey-"a realistic frontier town" covering twenty-five acres-stood in place. According to Jake Freeman, Fort Spivey was a replica of Walt Disney's Frontier Town in Disneyland, which Walter and Emilie Spivey and later Freeman and his family had visited on separate trips to California. Promising to carry one straight back into yesteryear, Fort Spivey consisted of city hall, marshal's office, Wells Fargo Bank, Silver Dollar Saloon (Coca-Cola and Fanta only), pioneer general store, gem shop, and Lee Wan's laundry. Nearby was an Indian village with its own trading post. The stage coach at Fort Spivey was an accessory of genuine museum quality.

Although drinks, food, and trinkets were sold there, Fort Spivey was an impressive prop for daily melodramas touted as "well researched and highly educational." The opener was "Gun Fight at the OK Corral." Shows were free with the gate ticket, raised now to ninety and fifty cents. A rapid turnover of marshals, who headed the troups of actors, appeared to take place. Allegedly one was so incompetent that Emilie Spivey had him on the garbage truck within a month. The Cherokee Indians who were employed were often inanimate fixtures whose work ethic was not compatible with that of Emilie Spivey.

These tests of patience must have been mere intimations of the trials she shouldered in the multifaceted operation of Lake Spivey Park. It was not surprising that midway in its history, she temporarily showed signs of what Jake Freeman diagnosed as "battle fatigue." Without her continuing ability to attract a core of competent "charmed recruits," her condition might have become chronic.

Apparently Emilie Spivey sought professional guidance in the

running of the park as consistently as she did in improving her skills as an organist. Jake Freeman indicated that she regularly attended the conventions of the International Association of Amusement Parks, which met twice a year, usually in Dallas and Chicago. At times both Dr. Spivey and Jake Freeman accompanied her. Frequently during these conventions she was interviewed on radio and television shows.

On October 16, 1965, at the convention in Texas, the *Dallas Morning News* carried a photograph of the only known examples of a rare breed-Mrs. L. C. Rhodes and Mrs. Walter Spivey, female amusement-park executives. The feature article contained the statement that although "each one would look right in a limousine, both knew their way around a carousel" Mrs. Rhodes in a sense had grown up in the business her grandfather had founded, Lake Winnepesaukah, outside Chattanooga, and had taken charge of the park after her graduation from college.

Mrs. Spivey had a different story to tell-the organist of a large Jewish synagogue, the wife of a dentist, the mother of another, she nevertheless spent her days in running the park. Yet in an accurate statement, she said that her husband made the big policy decisions, particularly those involving large sums of money. She continued, saying that she and her husband had "started from scratch, real scratch over twenty years ago." They bought some "swampy land for planting watermelons and cantaloupes. But one thing led to another-a real estate deal here and there, the building of a dam, and finally the park itself, now seven years old." Both women agreed that no book had been written to prepare a novice for this type of business.

Season after season all of the attractions of Lake Spivey Park-swimming, skiing, sailing, fishing, group picnics, dancing-continued unabated, but advertisements heralding upcoming appearances of country-music singers and stars of television western shows monopolized the pages of the Lake Spivey scrap-book for the years between 1966 and 1969. Perhaps the overwhelmingly successful show of Randy Boone on July 4, 1965, helped to determine the cast of future seasons. Boone, "looking

like a wandering folk singer from the backwoods of America" (he was actually from Fayetteville, North Carolina) was the star of *The Virginian,* NBC-TV's series then in its fourth year.

Randy Boone "kept coming back to Lake Spivey," according to Jim Boyd, sometimes staying for two weeks at the time. Young, good-looking, he played the guitar, sang, acted, and taught Jim Boyd and other actors in the Fort Spivey shows all kinds of special-effects tricks to use in their staging. Not only did Boone have the "girls screaming" as if he were Elvis Presley, but he himself managed to fall in love with an aqua ballerina. Evidently Lake Spivey appealed to him in the same degree he appealed to patrons of the park.

The season of 1966 was the most successful in the history of Lake Spivey. The weather was clear, the crowds large, and the cash receipts gratifying. During these weeks country-music singers and stars of popular television shows appeared in abundance. The Country Music Spectacular on Father's Day, June 13, brought out enormous crowds. Eight singers were booked-Don Gibson, Connie Smith, Webb Pierce, Little Jimmy Dickens, The Stonemans, Faron Young, Bill Carlisle, and Tex Ritter.

But the festivities of July 2-4 centered around Michael Landon, "Little Joe" of NBC's *Bonanza* series, then at the height of its popularity. Booking Landon was a coup on the part of Jim Boyd, whom the Spiveys sent to California, perhaps during the winter months of 1965-66, to contact a talent agency handling personal-appearance stars. The timing could not have been better: "Bonanza fever," in the words of Boyd, "was raging." When WSB-TV learned that Landon was coming to Lake Spivey, a deal was struck whereby Landon would serve as grand marshal of the Salute to America parade in downtown Atlanta, and WSB-TV would mention Landon's appearances at Lake Spivey in every advertisement of the parade.

Although Landon's three daily shows at Lake Spivey consisted of only a few jokes and an "attempt to sing," followed by the heavy action of the melodramas in Fort Spivey, the response was astounding. His popularity, personal appeal as an individual,

generosity with signed photographs-even making his way to a girl in a wheelchair who could not get to him-combined with effective publicity, were all credited with luring a high percentage of the alleged 60,000 (20,000 per day) customers attracted to the park during Landon's visit.

The grizzly-faced Ken Curtis, who played the role of Festus Haggen on CBS-TV's *Gunsmoke* and boasted that he had not had a clean shave in three years, brought the season of 1966 to a rousing close with his performances over the Labor-Day weekend. Jim Boyd testified that appearances deceived in the case of Curtis. His credentials showed that he was a parachutist, movie producer, actor, and singer. Jim Boyd, who was particularly impressed with his talents, added that he was college educated, spoke with sophisticated enunciation, and possessed a beautiful singing voice. But in the twinkling of an eye Curtis could revert to a country bumpkin. The fame of Curtis, Landon, Boone, and other such performers among the thousands of people whose tastes ran to country music and western movies-and the barrage of publicity-meant that the season of 1966 was the high-water mark in the popularity of Lake Spivey Park.

During the last months of Emilie Spivey's life, Jim Boyd made it a point to ask a question that had been nagging at his mind: "What did you and Dr. Spivey plan-ultimately-for Lake Spivey? Did you want it to continue as a recreational area?" The answer came quickly: "Oh, honey, we intended it to remain a park-always." Yet her response did not necessarily mean that the Spiveys had envisioned that they themselves could indefinitely go on operating such a massive and demanding enterprise.

The *Atlanta Journal* on April 1, 1965, carried an interview with Dr. Spivey concerning the persistent rumor that Walt Disney Enterprises was interested in buying Lake Spivey Park and developing it into a Disneyland of the South. Neatly sidestepping, not divulging specific details but nevertheless making a statement, Dr. Spivey said, "Yes, an official with Walt Disney Enterprises came to see me three or four times last summer. But I have not heard from him in months." Reliable sources had seen aerial

photographers taking pictures of Lake Spivey for Walt Disney, the reporter asserted, and had alleged that a sale had been consummated at a price slightly over $3 million. Dr. Spivey replied, "I wish 1 could confirm it."

Jake Freeman and Jim Boyd both verified that representatives of Walt Disney Enterprises visited Lake Spivey Park and were dinner guests of the Spiveys on several occasions. But the two men put different interpretations on the seriousness of the negotiations. Boyd felt that Clayton and Henry counties did not offer enough raw land at sufficiently low prices and that the climate was not quite mild enough for satisfactory year-round operations. But Freeman declared that Dr. Spivey created the drawback by raising the price too high. He himself stated to Dr. Spivey, "Disney would be quite a catch, but remember-big fish don't get big by being stupid."

Two and one-half years later an article in the *Atlanta Journal,* on November 5, 1967, was headed, "Developer Seeking to Sell Lake Spivey." Eugene C. Stone, Atlanta real estate broker, stated that the popular recreational facility in Clayton County was now on the market, and advertisements had been published in the *Wall Street Journal.* The owner and developer was Dr. Walter B. Spivey, an Atlanta dentist, who had started the project ten years earlier and had opened the park in 1959. Then a description of the Lake Spivey Park in 1967 appeared:

> Only a portion of the eleven miles of shoreline around the 600-acre lake is developed; the resort area consists of three miles of sand beaches ("our nearest competition is the Atlantic Ocean," says a brochure); an old-timey railroad; Fort Spivey, a mock-up of an old West outpost; a pavilion; amusement park; and other bathing, boating and restaurant facilities.
>
> The crystal-clear lake is fed by springs and has been the scene of a nationally televised world skiing championship and . . . was the site of world championship outboard motorboat races. Television

> and movie stars have made personal appearances at the lake . . . and beauty contests and water shows are . . . annual events.

An independent survey of the lake's potential, the article continued, showed that the amusement park and the recreational facilities should be maintained and apartments and single-family residences constructed. According to projections, a motel, golf course, and convention facilities would annually gross $1.5 million from food and sales.

As the years passed, Walter and Emilie Spivey must have seen the handwriting on the wall. After the most successful season in the operation of the park, 1966, Jim and June Boyd left Lake Spivey to return to the University of Georgia to spend the next two years, 1967 and 1968, in completing work on their college degrees. Boyd did consent, in response to Dr. Spivey's request, to return for the one season of 1969. During 1968 Jake Freeman felt compelled to invest the months in building another lake, although he was available in emergencies to assist his trainees at Lake Spivey. As for employees in general, the knowledge that the park had been put on the market for sale did nothing to boost morale.

Perhaps Walter and Emilie Spivey themselves began to suffer bouts of "battle fatigue." Competition from other quarters did nothing to help. For years Lake Spivey Park had been unique: It was the sole answer to the needs of metropolitan Atlanta for a beautifully clean, well-equipped, and respectable recreational park. But in 1959, the year Lake Spivey opened, the carving on Stone Mountain was completed, and under the watchful eyes of Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Stonewall Jackson, a park began to evolve. Then in 1967 Six Flags opened.

All these adverse circumstances could have been counterpoised if the operation of the park had continued to be economically feasible. But the resistance of patrons to the integration of Lake Spivey in compliance with the Civil Rights Act of 1964 expressed itself in costly form-not in overt acts of aggression but in

absenteeism. As patronage melted, profits evaporated. The sale of Lake Spivey Park to Atlanta Lakes, Incorporated, a group of New York businessmen, took place on August 1, 1969. **In** a masterpiece of understatement Emilie Spivey recorded, "The Park was unfortunately closed September 15, 1969."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
- W. E. Henley

Walter and Emilie Spivey were two entirely different human bugs, yet their common attributes made them a remarkably compatible team. Despite the contrasting environments into which they were born, they both had the capacity to dream on a grand scale, the spirit of venturesomeness, and the creative energy, inordinate charm, and iron-willed persistence to translate dreams into realities. Those realities were never slight in quality or quantity, whether they involved making vegetable soup, filling teeth, playing sonatas, growing peaches, building houses, constructing lakes, or, as if by magic, whipping a recreation park out of swamps and pine thickets. But also in their lives adversity, malady, and tragedy were almost as cosmic as their triumphs. One can imagine guardian spirits prophesying, "Whatever your abilities, whatever your dreams, whatever your actions, whatever your possessions, they will be weighed out to you in larger measure, but when your sorrows and your griefs come, they too will be of extraordinary size."

Although there were no notations in Emilie Spivey's wedding book between 1947 and 1966, the blank pages spoke volumes. These had been overwhelmingly busy years with kaleidoscopic changes. Between 1947 and 1952 Emilie Spivey was serving as dean of the Georgia chapter of the A.G.O. and then as president of the Atlanta Music Club. Walter Spivey was continuing apace with his dental practice, but both of them were becoming increasingly involved with developing Lake Jodeco and opening Lake Spivey Park. For years they astounded friends with their ability to juggle that mammoth operation in conjunction with careers at the Doctors Building and The Temple.

In 1966 Emilie Spivey noted in her wedding book that they celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary with "a quiet dinner at the Capital City Club. Invited Vernon Broyles and his fiancée Eloise Darby." Here she was obviously referring to the son of Dr. Broyles. "Walter had orchids for Eloise and me .... Walter gave me a 1967 Continental! The last word in cars-also twelve beautiful pieces of luggage."

The gratification Emilie Spivey felt in what appeared to be the

Walter and Emilie Spivey in formal attire

successful sale of Lake Spivey Park and its environs to Atlanta Lakes in August 1969 must have been overcast in September and early October by the illness and death of Juliette Parmalee. During the early 1960s Emilie Spivey had moved her mother and a hired companion into the duplex the Spiveys had built about 1955 at the current address of 3208 Lake Jodeco Road, on the shores of Lake Spivey and the distance of the causeway from the Spiveys' home. In the versatile and useful building, the lower apartment at one time served as their real estate office; both downstairs and upstairs apartments had been home to the Spiveys while their house on Emerald Drive was being built. After leaving her own home on Pelham Road, Juliette Parmalee lived downstairs while Jim and June Boyd occupied the upstairs apartment. Eventually an illness, allegedly Parkinson's Disease, worsened and precipitated the painful decision to place Juliette Parmalee in a nursing home.

Decades had passed since Juliette Parmalee had been a pillar of Saint John Methodist Church-in fact, she had been an active member of Haygood Methodist Church in Morningside for the past thirty years. But on the morning of her graveside service in Westview Cemetery, October 4, 1969, two days after her death, Dr. Vernon Broyles might well have memorialized her by reading an article taken from the *Witness,* the bulletin of Saint John Church, dated July 29, 1916, when Emilie Parmalee was eight years old and medical science was also young:

> Our church was very much alarmed last Sunday over the sudden critical illness of Mrs. C. L. Parmalee from appendicitis. She was taken with acute symptoms Saturday night, and all day Sunday was desperately ill. . . . At Wesley Memorial Hospital . . . a successful operation was performed in the last moments of a chance for her life.
>
> Her life means so much to the community and the church, especially to the children whom she has so faithfully gathered about her on Sunday afternoons and taught the good ways of life, that if we had lost

her, we should be today in a very forlorn state of mind. We give thanks to the Good Father that . . . He saved her life for further years of usefulness.

Having been born on October 19, 1876-twenty-three years before Walter Spivey arrived in the world on the same day of the same month in 1899-she was almost ninety-three years old when she died. The earlier prayers for her had been answered, for indeed she had been granted a long, useful, and meaningful life. But perhaps her prime achievement was serving as the mainstay in her daughter's attainments. Obviously Juliette Parmalee had found the touchstone of good parenting, striking a balance as she disciplined, trained, taught, indulged, prodded, and profoundly loved her only child, in whom admittedly she had good material with which to work. Emilie Spivey must have had the common experience of daughters, and perhaps sons, who lose their mothers: Never again would she feel quite so young as she did before her mother's death.

Possibly the Spiveys timed their reunion in 1970 to coincide with the service of June 14 at New Hope Methodist Church, across the road and fields from the house where they had lived during the years of their schooling at Lasker. What brought them together was the dedication of the organ Walter and Emilie Spivey were giving in memory of Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey and Russell Jones Spivey. Although Mariah Spivey had been dead for thirty-eight years, her children-now adults with their own children and grandchildren-continued to speak of her sacrifices for them, never having been without a baby during her child-bearing years, wearing high-necked blouses to conceal a goiter, and through it all having "precious little" in material possessions. As for Charlie Lee, now dead for eighteen years, his ebullient Christian spirit, generosity, and keen love of life remained to inspire them. Walter must have pondered also the fact that Russell, his younger brother, had been dead for eight years.

The expertise of Emilie Spivey seems apparent in the planning of the service-Bach's "Now Thank We All Our God" for the

organ prelude, a meditation rather than a formal sermon, and the presentation of the organ by Walter Spivey in memory of his loved ones. The minister and the congregation read responsively the ritual dedicating the organ "to hymns of radiant praise that the love of devoted hearts may find joyous expression" and "to the music of the masters, that we may feel with them the flowing tides of Christian emotion." After Emilie Spivey had performed "dedicatory organ music," not named, William E.-Billy-Fulford, Jr., sang "Amazing Grace," Charlie Lee Spivey's favorite hymn. Billy was the son of Daisy Spivey Fulford and her lawyer husband of Norfolk. A young man afflicted with blindness, he had trained to be a historian but, unable to find a teaching position, had turned to a career as a professional musician.

The pages in Emilie Spivey's wedding book between 1966 and 1970 were blank. These years were a time of running the park, traveling back and forth to the nursing home, suffering the loss of Juliette Parmalee, selling Lake Spivey, and dedicating the organ at New Hope Church. Although neither Walter nor Emilie Spivey was the kind of person to look longingly at rocking chairs, their anniversary on September 20, 1970, must have found them more relaxed than they had been in years. Emilie wrote in her wedding book, "1970-29th anniversary-Sunday. Went to church with Dottie, Ann, and Bill. Had lunch together at Morrison's. Walter gave me beautiful Dresden compote for coffee table-Louise Hastings bought it from the Rainwater Estate in Highlands. I gave Walter an all-weather sport coat. We are both well and happy."

The thirtieth anniversary must have been meaningful to Emilie Spivey since she filled the whole page with notes. She wrote "I played the morning Rosh Hashanna service at The Temple . . . . The Temple choir sang Happy Anniversary to me before the service." Then she noted that, along with family members, "Donald and Louise Hastings had dinner with us at the Capital City Club. I gave Walter portable color TV. Walter gave me money *and* a Bay Window for drawing room *and* an organ!" Then she added the last sentence she ever wrote in the wedding book: "Walter and I are both well, happy, and thankful."

The gift of the organ came with strings attached: If she would retire from her position as music director of The Temple, her husband would finance the installation of an organ at home. According to Sue Walker Goddard, associate organist with Emilie for many years of her tenure, and Wallace Zimmerman, her successor as music director, Dr. Spivey was becoming obsessively worried for her safety as she drove home alone from Friday-night services at The Temple. Hence he held out a lure he knew she would find difficult to resist.

True to her pledge, Emilie Spivey tendered her resignation as director of music at The Temple, to the dismay of Rabbi Rothschild and the congregants. Wallace Zimmerman picked up the reins in January 1972 and contributed heavily to the staging in April of "A Tribute to Emilie Spivey." The invitation that was mailed to the congregants was a musical score, with words, entitled "Sing Praises":

Come to The Temple Friday Evening April 28
Add your voice in praise of
EMILIE SPIVEY
Our beloved Organist and Music Director
Who has resigned after 20 years of devoted service.

The president of the congregation, J. Kurt Holland, extended greetings; Rabbi Rothschild delivered "A Tribute"; Alex Ditler, president of the congregation when Emilie Spivey first accepted the position, spoke on the topic "Twenty Years Ago." Then the choir sang an anthem Zimmerman composed for the occasion and dedicated to Emilie Spivey, "Shiru Ladonia-the 98th Psalm-Sing Unto the Lord a New Song." During the reception that followed the service, Walter and Emilie Spivey, the Rothschilds and their children, Holland, Ditler, Zimmerman, and others were photographed around a lavish birthday cake. Atop the cake was a piano worthy of Liberace, and the cake itself was embossed with random musical notes and a score with the words: "Thank You Emilie Spivey, Twenty Wonderful Years."

Unfortunately, the words Rothschild, Holland, and Ditler spoke on that evening were not preserved. But a letter from Frances Hughes Richardson, who with her son Ridge spent the weekend with the Spiveys, caught the mood of the service and of their lives. She wrote on May 4 from her home in Macon:

> After such a stimulating and happy week-end, it has taken all week for me to get off of "cloud nine." . . . Ridge and I enjoyed every minute of it. We want to thank you for letting us share the excitement and happiness of the occasion with you and your family. I t was all wonderful. ... I hope the memory of that night will continue to glow . . . .
>
> Yours and Walter's enthusiasm for life and living is contagious, and we went away feeling inspired and recharged. You see how good you are for us . . . . I can never thank you enough. Just know that I do love and appreciate you both.

Lama S. Campbell, the mother of Frances Richardson, also was moved to express her congratulations. On May 3 she wrote from Chimney Rock, North Carolina:

> ... Congratulations for your beautiful coronation service as "most gracious, beautiful, talented and efficient lady of the Church" (all of which I agree with heartily . . . .)
>
> I think the public recognition service honoring the many years you gave of your best to the Church was a well deserved token of appreciation and I really believe they meant it from the heart. Thank you for letting Frances share it with you . . . .
>
> Most of all she enjoyed being in your home and enjoying your hospitality, especially your husband's cooking. You had better "stick around" or she might try to hire him right away from you.

Reception honoring Emilie Spivey upon her resignation from The Temple (Charles M. Rafshoon)

Memorabilia regarding the installation of the organ in the home of the Spiveys and the dedication recitals is scant. Bits of evidence suggest that the remodeling of the music room to create a glassed alcove for the instrument and the installation itself took place in 1972. The arrangement allowed Emilie Spivey, as she sat at the organ, to face the sloping hillside that merged with the waters of Lake Spivey. Particularly in the springtime with the bountiful dogwoods and azaleas in bloom, the sight was magnificent.

An undated page from a publication of the Rodgers Organ Company features Emilie Spivey and her new instrument, allegedly an innovation in the realm of home organs. According to the article, "she had long dreamed of owning a quality instrument which could negotiate any kind of organ literature." After having used for years the large Aeolian-Skinner pipe organ at The Temple, she was unwilling to accept one that was purely electronic. Yet as she listened to the Rodgers and the Ruffatti instruments, Mrs. Spivey was impressed by "Ruffatti's quality and by Rodgers' authenticity of sound." The decision was made to construct a combination

instrument. Sue Goddard gave an organist's impression of the outcome: "effective and stunning." While home organs as a rule dwarfed and distorted the decor of a room, designing an alcove and housing the pipes on the opposite wall behind door-like frames with sound cloths-used to conceal pipes but release sound-simply added elegance to an already beautiful room.

Walter Spivey's real estate purchases fill countless pages in the record room of the Clayton County Courthouse, and his name continues to be synonymous with opening and developing eastern portions of Clayton County. But he also involved himself in civic causes. In writing an editorial memorializing Dr. Spivey in September 1984, James W.-Jim-Wood, Jr., Georgia journalist, traced the role Spivey played in bringing to the community a daily newspaper. In 1964 five investors-Walter Spivey, George Kilpatrick, Grady Lindsey, Edwin S. Kemp, and Needham Bateman-in the words of Wood, "talked me into coming from the Fayette County Newspaper to manage the operation of the defunct *Clayton County Journal* and to turn it into a daily paper." They put up the original funds to get the paper off the ground and continued to give it their wholehearted support. As the next step, these men in 1969 purchased from Jack Troy the competing *Forest Park Weekly,* "and it was only a matter of time, just two years, before the *Clayton County News-Daily* was born, in August, 1971." But Jim Wood credited Dr. Spivey with charting the financial course to raise the money to launch the *News-Daily,* "since he knew I did not have the money to match my majority stock. It was a magnanimous gesture."

From the beginning, Dr. Spivey had been the president of the operation, but he stated to Wood, "With the majority of the stock in your hands, don't you want me to step down as president?" Wood replied, "No, I want you to step up as chairman." "For twenty years, until Millard Grimes purchased the *News-Daily* in 1981," Wood continued, "Dr. Spivey never wavered in support of my efforts to better the newspaper." And during those years, "we watched a lot of red ink going through the monthly profit-and-loss statements . . . . But we all felt that the daily newspaper

was a definite step toward progress for the community-our goal from the beginning." Wood added that he looked forward to the monthly directors' meetings. Dr. Spivey "always had some stories to share and a hearty laugh to offer before he called our meetings to order."

Walter Spivey had become an investor in the daily newspaper in 1964 when Lake Spivey Park was in full operation. Five years later, approximately a month before the sale of the park, he was elected a director of the Bank of Jonesboro. Charles S. Conklin, chairman of the board and president of the bank, announced to the press on July 24, 1969, that the bank was fortunate to obtain the advice and counsel of Dr. Spivey, a leading citizen of the community and a person of wide-ranging business experience. With the development of Lake Spivey, as much as any other one individual, he had aroused interest in Jonesboro and Clayton County and had attracted numbers of people to the community. At the time of his election Spivey was president of the *Clayton County Journal,* the Spi-Da Realty Company, Jonesboro Development Company, and Lake Spivey Park, Inc.

Bank records show that Dr. Spivey continued to serve as an active director until 1978 and then remained on the board as an advisory member until his death. During these years the Bank of Jonesboro changed its name to Central Bank and Trust Company and then became the Trust Company Bank of Clayton County, with its holdings growing from $9.3 million to $73.4 million.

The lives of the Spiveys during the early 1970s seemed to be punctuated with the installation and dedication of organs-at New Hope Church near Rich Square in 1970, in their own home about 1972, and now in 1974 at North Avenue Presbyterian Church. Concurrent with a renovation of the church building, Flinn Chapel had been redecorated. As a capstone, Walter and Emilie Spivey donated a two-manual Rodgers Electronic organ in memory of Emilie's parents, Charles and Juliette Parmalee. The dedicatory service took place at five **O'** clock Sunday afternoon, February 10. Following the litany of dedication, organists Margaret Craig and

Emilie Spivey-in the strange role of guest organist in this familiar place-gave a short recital. At the conclusion the congregation, not a soloist as at New Hope, sang "Amazing Grace." After the program North Avenue Church honored the Spiveys with a reception. Throughout her life this congregation cherished Emilie Spivey.

Looking back over the years, they must have felt that in spite of bright moments, the seventies were for them a decade of misfortune-almost as if fate had been storing it up to concentrate into a few powerful blows. Stress came in a form and in a proportion they had never before known, like an avalanche poised for a massively destructive sweep. Legalities related to sales and taxation created complexities that made the transfer of their property to Atlanta Lakes not only less than profitable but also costly. Then, as the months passed, Atlanta Lakes faced a roadblock in implementing the corporation's original concept for Lake Spivey and its environs, a planned residential community. Thomas C. Smith of Atlanta Lakes stated in the *Constitution* of September 15, 1971, "We're phasing out the amusement park. We have zoning for 3,000 garden apartments, townhouses, and condominiums." Then he continued: "We're talking about an investment in excess of $100 million over the next ten years. . . . We plan a trunk-line sewer system hooked to Clayton and Henry counties." But as the months passed, matters took an entirely different turn. The conception faltered, and the blueprints for a lakeside community grew worthless with the realization that connecting a sewage system with county installations was prohibitively expensive. As an alternative, Atlanta Lakes prepared to put the property on the market for sale.

With the fixation of a pioneer for lands he had staked out, cultivated, and watched over, as forests and fields gave way to prime residential neighborhoods, Dr. Spivey felt a growing anxiety for what might happen under careless ownership. He made the decision to buyout Atlanta Lakes, despite the difficulty of finding purchasing funds and the necessity of augmenting pressures already weighing heavily upon his wife and himself. The

reacquisition of this land turned out to be an essential step in accumulating the means to build a Spivey Memorial on the campus of a college that was opening its doors the same year the Spiveys were locking the gates and turning over the keys of Lake Spivey Park to Atlanta Lakes. In the early 1970s when he burdened himself with this debt, the outlook was dismal. Lake Spivey Park was a beautiful giant balloon that had been punctured and could never again be inflated; real estate was plummeting in value; and the future lay hidden. Happily, as time passed, the new residential property the Spiveys developed sold well as the allure of living on Lake Spivey attracted homeowners for whom Clayton County was providing a bountiful living.

The tragedy of their lives came in 1977 during the early morning hours of November 4. Ordinarily the Spiveys took extreme precautions before answering the doorbell in the middle of the night. But this time, perhaps with a kind of premonition, Dr. Spivey quickly turned off the alarm system, a relatively recent installation, and opened the front doors. A policeman had the difficult task of delivering a painful message: Walter Lee Spivey was dead, having taken his own life. In the death of Dr. Spivey's only child and the young man Emilie had reared as her own offspring, they must have experienced the emotions the poet Byron expressed: "My breath came gaspingly and thick, and my crushed heart felt blind and sick."

As Walter Spivey's brother and sisters grieved with him and spoke of their memories of Buddy Spivey, they might have thought back to the summer Annie Spivey, a teacher, had to forego summer-school training to take Buddy to Potecasi Road and care for him throughout the weeks of her vacation. Perhaps Hazel Brett was recalling that year when she wrote, "I remember when he came to Papa's house one summer when he was two or three years old. He liked to sing and to be sung to. We'd ask him what he wanted to sing and he would say, 'Old to Dream.' That meant 'When I Grow Too Old to Dream I'll Have You to Remember.' "

Funeral services took place at three **O'** clock on the afternoon of November 5 at Patterson's Spring Hill. Then the cortege made

its way to Westview Cemetery for the interment. Life for the Spiveys would never again be quite the same. In 1978 Walter Spivey closed his office doors and retired from practicing dentistry.

Early in 1982 Walter Spivey invited his family to come to Jonesboro for the annual reunion, urging them to be there in the springtime when the dogwoods and the azaleas were in bloom. Hazel Brett recorded, "All the sisters were there except Ruth who was sick .... Thomas and his wife Anne, and Blanche and her husband Peter Carnesale, a retired orthopedic surgeon, came. . . . The pictures were dated April 12, 13, and 14." Despite protests, Walter was adamant that he pay for all the airline tickets. "We will always remember the good time. Walter drove us around the lake, showed us all the beautiful homes that had been built there and the land he was still developing." Emilie Spivey took her sisters-in-law shopping in Atlanta and in the evenings played the organ for all the house guests. Insisting that he himself cook breakfast, Walter Spivey arose early in the morning, made biscuits, fried bacon, scrambled eggs, fixed the coffee, and poured the orange juice. "Walter and Emilie were a good host and hostess. '" As usual, the reunion was fun, with Walter's jokes and stories and Thomas' memories of all the funny things that happened at home as we grew up."

As the vicissitudes of life multiplied and the years slipped by, W alter and Emilie Spivey experienced the basic human need to leave behind markings of themselves. In fact a glimmer of this desire had appeared in former years when the park was in operation. Acting as a guide as he drove around Lake Spivey's residential neighborhoods-Emerald Drive, South Bay, Bay View, North Shore, Forest Estates, the Landings, and Lost Valley-and pointing out from his memories "what used to be," Claude Munson, in the Landings, remarked, "Right there, where that house stands, there used to be a huge dogwood tree. That's where Mrs. Spivey was always talking about building a chapel." Less amorphous were specifications the Spiveys worked out in 1982 for a cemetery and chapel on a stretch of acres where the peach orchard once flourished.

The plan meant that Walter and Emilie Spivey would never have to leave this spot of earth they had grown to love; here along with other Clayton Countians they would be buried. The Spiveys intended to replicate in Lake Spivey Memorial Park the beauty of Forest Lawn Memorial Park in California. But the reaction of nearby residents was not what they had anticipated. The objectors lacked the perspective of a man who for years had lived next to a burial ground: "You cannot imagine what a good neighbor a cemetery makes." Saddened, the Spiveys withdrew their petition for a rezoning of this property even before the commission held its November meeting. At the time they were denied the comfort of knowing that they would perpetuate themselves in a memorial that would not serve the dead but continue to enhance life for the living.

The financial plunge of Walter and Emilie Spivey in purchasing eight hundred acres of land in Clayton County and then over the years developing it in unique style was a milestone in Clayton County history. Twenty years later during the 1960s an occurrence took place that had more to do with the intellectual growth of thousands of minds than any other event in the chronicle of the county-Clayton Junior College was born, but at the time of its creation there was no convergence of these two developments.

When Carl Sanders became governor of Georgia in 1963, Walter and Emilie Spivey were literally immersed in their successful endeavor to make Lake Spivey Park the "fabulous playground" of Georgians. Sanders in his own sphere was equally determined to upgrade higher education in Georgia. He declared, "I tipped my hat t~ the past but took off my coat to the future." He met with unique success. Undergirding the Junior College Act, passed in 1968, the state legislature allocated $176 million, a sum greater than the total amount of money the University System had received during its entire past history. The survey authorized by the Board of Regents one year later-to determine areas in need of junior colleges-gave priority to the southern area of metropolitan Atlanta. Leaders of Fulton County, excited over the prospect, moved to secure the college. Clayton County, poorer and less

populous than at present, felt that it could not compete. As it turned out, however, Fulton County, too close to the limit of its bonded indebtedness, could not raise the necessary funds.

At that point Clayton County superintendent John Everette Edmonds, deputy superintendent Ernest Lee Stroud, state senator Terrell A. Starr, and state representative William J.-Bill-Lee met, shared their vision of a college for the county, and went into action. The Board of Education was designated as the local branch of government responsible for meeting the two conditions of the Junior College Act-to provide a fully developed campus and to furnish funds for constructing and equipping the initial buildings. Appointed chairman of the Junior College Project, Stroud was charged with three tasks-to overcome opposition and whip up enthusiasm for a bond issue of $4.9 million, to select a site suitable to the Board of Regents, and to work with the county commissioners. From the beginning the commissioners stated that they could not underwrite the college, but they promised to donate all the necessary roadwork.

Stroud did not work alone in the crusade. He was assisted by community-minded activists like Jim Wood who wrote editorials arguing for a community college and volunteered hours of his own time. Clayton County educators put their shoulders to the wheel, and the council of the Parent-Teacher Association gave organized backing. **In** the referendum of October IS, 1966, over 60 percent of the voters favored the bond issue. The sum of $3.3 million was earmarked for transmission to the Board of Regents for six equipped buildings. The remainder of the money-$1.6 million-stayed at home to be used for purchasing land and developing it into a campus.

Before the actual polling took place, a site for the campus had to be found and then approved by the regents, who felt that the college needed to be close to the most densely populated areas-that is, the northern segment of the county. The land where Southlake Mall now stands was considered but discounted; it was too expensive and lacked aesthetic appeal since the trees had already been razed and the landscape cleared for industrial

development. But the gently rolling acreage on which Clayton College rests had natural beauty, hardwood and pine trees, and even lakes. It lay in the right location, and the price was reasonable. There were problems, however: A family lived on twenty acres, a tract essential to the larger purchase, and the regents were bothered by poor access facilities and a power line that seemed troublesome. At last the owner decided to sell, the county commissioners promised a two-lane road and additional entrances, and the Southern Railroad donated nine acres. **In** the end, the Board of Education acquired 154 acres that could hardly have been surpassed.

Throughout all these months, Dr. Harry S. Downs, then coordinator of junior colleges for the Board of Regents, was working side by side with local officials. Experienced in his job, he had already helped to breathe life into Kennesaw, Gainesville, Albany, and Macon junior colleges, where unfortunately vast acres of trees had been bulldozed. He was determined that here in Morrow, the location of the future campus, the lush woodlands would not be scalped. The trunks of countless trees wore yellow ribbons, meaning "spare and protect." **In** addition, four thousand shrubs and two thousand trees were planted, contributing to the beauty of one of the most picturesque campuses in the South. **In** September 1969 the doors of the school were opened to students of all ages. As a capstone in the creation of Clayton Junior College, which became a four-year institution on July 1, 1986, Dr. Downs, already acquainted with the community and respected for character and competence, was named the president of this new branch of the University System of Georgia.

The infinite power of an idea is immeasurable. On the evening of November 1, 1983, a year after the plan for a memorial park on Lake Jodeco Road was foiled, Walter and Emilie Spivey attended the Foundation Dinner at Clayton Junior College, now fourteen years old. The thrust of this annual gathering was to apprise patrons of recent developments and to encourage them to lend support with their means and influence. Since the new aviation maintenance technology program had been recently

inaugurated, the featured speaker was especially appropriate- David C. Garrett, Ir., president and chief executive officer of Delta Air Lines. Garrett called attention to the resources the college was feeding into the community-students prepared to make a living and upgrade life within their own spheres. Then he made the statement that no one completing the requirements for the degree in aviation maintenance technology would graduate without having a job waiting. To Dr. Spivey in particular Garrett's words made good sense, and for him Clayton College came alive.

Three weeks later on November 22 Walter and Emilie Spivey received the devastating diagnosis that Emilie, hospitalized at Crawford Long with pneumonia, had shadows on both lungs and was afflicted with inoperable cancer. Although Dr. Spivey probably attempted to conceal from Emilie the depth of his shock and sorrow, he made no such pretense with Jake and Belle Freeman, coworkers with the Spiveys throughout the operation of the park and faithful friends. At their house as he told them about Emilie's

Walter, Emilie, and Pierre III at home

condition, he wept. Walter Spivey was now convinced that his wife, who had leaned over backward all these years to safeguard his health, would precede him in death. Both Probate Judge Eugene E. Lawson, close friend and formerly the Spiveys' lawyer, and Barbara S. Young, personal secretary to Emilie Spivey, perceived that Dr. Spivey felt a latent sense of guilt that he had been responsible for interruptions in Emilie's musical career. He was therefore all the more determined to memorialize her in a music-oriented cause. Without question his quickened consciousness of the merits of Clayton Junior College and his intense concern for Emilie helped to shape the basic concept of Spivey Recital Hall.

For three years-November 22, 1983, through November 29, 1986- Emilie Spivey made concise annotations in a copy of John Baillie's devotional classic, *A Diary of Private Prayer,* a volume of morning and evening prayers with blank pages for the reader's own musings. Through friends she had learned of the reputation of oncologist Dr. Stanley Winokur and had made an appointment. But on the evening of December 28, she wrote in greater length than usual:

> This is the night before December 29 (the day I will have my consultation with Dr. Winokur.) I am not afraid for I truly feel that I have made progress these last four weeks-all because of the hundreds of prayers that have been said for me and *my two-way prayer with God!* I have kept Dr. Schuller's wonderful "sayings" in my mind constantly and the many Bible verses that have given me strength.
>
> This Christmas has been the *best ever.* Walter and I have felt well-the prayers-the gifts-the flowers and my beautiful friends have surrounded me. My *wonderful,* wonderful husband has been so caring. What do you say when you have the most *wonderful husband in the world!*
>
> I feel confident that I will get well and believe that I have the faith-with God's will-to do it.

On the morning of December 29 she wrote: "I must admit that I am down." On a kind of summary page, written later and with a different pen, she gave insight into her first visit with Dr. Winokur: "Vital signs so good-no medication." During the years to follow Emilie Spivey declined to use the word *cancer,* always saying, "that six-letter word."

Early in 1984 Emilie Spivey resumed a relatively normal, active life although she was inevitably restricted by her physical condition. Yet Dr. Winokur's large doses of psychic therapy kept reinflating her spirit, as her record implies: "Looking great"; or "I wish I could put you on display." Although she was apprehensive over having fallen victim to a malignancy, she busied herself with probing for ideas and forging links with Clayton College, as she and Dr. Spivey began to formulate plans for their latest undertaking.

Impressed with the credentials of Jeannine Romer Morrison, professor of music at Clayton College as well as a master teacher and concert pianist, Emilie Spivey made an overture by arranging to meet Jeannine for lunch. The conversation, as Jeannine related, cast light onto the earlier stages of an idea with an endless potential for the future of the music program at the college. Emilie observed that she and her husband had been residents of Clayton County for twenty-five years. Here they had implanted deep roots and prospered, and now they wanted to reinvest in the lives of Clayton Countians a large portion of what they had gleaned. What they had in mind-and Emilie Spivey was determined that it would memorialize Walter Spivey as well as herself-was the donation of money for a handsome recital hall that could become the nucleus of a distinguished school of music. She wanted to see the expansion of the already excellent music faculty coordinated by Professor Doris Holloway, an accomplished violist well known in the metropolitan area. Moreover, Emilie was ambitious for Clayton College to become the means of stimulating within the community a strong interest in music.

Emilie Spivey lost no time in initiating steps to create a firmer rapport with Clayton College. **In** April she invited

Morrison and her duo-piano partner Joanne Rogers, wife of "Mr. Rogers" of television fame, to perform at a musicale at the Spiveys' home. The guests were members of the college community, music lovers, and leaders of Clayton County. The beguiling music and the gracious hospitality were raisons d' être of themselves for a unique Sunday afternoon. Moreover, the first tentative threads of a strong liaison were being woven-a liaison between forces, the college and Emilie Spivey, that would not only enrich Clayton College but help to fill a vacuum to be left in Emilie Spivey's heart.

The journal she kept over the months in a stream-of-consciousness style showed that she clung to Dr. Winokur's words and was determined to make her mind-in a spirit of thankfulness-rule her body. On May 3 she wrote, "Attributes my improvement to my attitude" and the fact "that the Lord is watching over me." On the last day of the month she added, "Doing great . . . chemo is used only when necessary. X-rays have Improved. . . . I am so grateful and thankful." On June 28 Dr. Winokur showed her that day's x-rays, comparing them with those taken in May. According to Emilie, he said, "The shadow has faded to a lighter color . . . . I am so excited. I want you to see the improvement-and I don't know the answer." She added: "It is wonderful-to hear-and to see the x-rays. I am so thankful to God for His blessings." Three weeks later on July 23 Walter Spivey accompanied Emilie on her visit to Dr. Winokur, who declared, "You both look great . . . . I would like to have your picture." Emilie added in her notes, "But I still must go every month. That's OK by me."

Then she inserted additional information: "We went from the house to find a poodle-since Pierre had to be put to sleep. Do we miss him! Had lunch at the Varsity at 4:30." Apparently Walter and Emilie Spivey had had a dog throughout their married life. The deceased Pierre **III** had gained celebrity with a parlor trick that at Emilie's behest he never failed to perform. Whenever-and as long as-Emilie played Frederick Delius's "Sleigh Bells" on the organ, Pierre **III** sat upright on his hind legs and sang with "hums, moans, and emphasized howls." Emilie learned that

no other composition, not even a piece that called for bells, elicited such a response. Although the successor, Pierre IV, had no apparent musical aptitude, this keenly intelligent apricot French poodle attached himself to Emilie so faithfully that for the remainder of her life, he seemed a virtual alter ego.

Emilie with Pierre IV, 1986 *(Richard J. Moore)*

Early in August 1984 the Spiveys gathered for their last reunion in Jonesboro, although at the time they were not burdened with that knowledge. Hazel Brett wrote, "We were all back at Walter's . . . having such a good time when we got the message that Ruth had died." Ruth Spivey Brown, the first born of Charlie Lee and Mariah Spivey and two years older than Walter, died on August 4. Hazel Brett continued, "We had to leave the next day to go home for Ruth's service. Six weeks later we were back in Jonesboro for Walter's funeral."

In her diary Emilie had not mentioned that Walter Spivey was also suffering from cancer of the lungs. According to the memories of Virginia Callaway, close friend of the Spiveys and later an overnight companion for Emilie, Dr. Spivey suffered a hemorrhage in late December 1983 as Emilie was beginning to improve after the crushing news of her malignancy. Reputedly while Dr. Spivey was hospitalized, his condition was diagnosed. During the months that transpired Emilie Spivey might have made herself think of her husband's illness as a continuation of the emphysema that had plagued him for years. Associates attested that throughout the summer of 1984 he appeared quite active as he checked on the progress of the roads being built in Lost Valley, an upcoming subdivision on Lake Spivey.

Nevertheless, a few weeks after the death of his sister Ruth Brown, Walter Spivey became quite ill and was taken to Crawford Long Hospital. Here he was confined for about twelve days before being moved into the intensive care unit. According to the death certificate, he died at 4:25 on the afternoon of September 11 from a massive pulmonary embolism of twenty-four-hour duration; carcinoma of the lungs, a condition of six months; and chronic obstructive lung disease. The data also indicates that he was significantly affected by coronary arteriosclerosis. Emilie Spivey recorded in retrospect, "Walter so sick-just couldn't make a come back. Doctors . . . so caring . . . . He went to heaven at five **O'**clock. . . . I had an hour with him . . . until the undertakers came. . . . It is so painful for me to write any more. I loved him more than I can say-for 43 years. Gene Lawson was with me. Lee came

quickly. What would I do without them? *I loved Walter with all my heart."*

The reference here was to Lee Spivey who fortunately had moved into his grandparents' home during the late summer between the expiration of a lease and the availability of an apartment he planned to rent. In addition to her already strong fear of being alone at night, Emilie Spivey now faced the most searing adjustment of her entire life. Lee's living under her roof at the time of Walter Spivey's death and now consenting to forego his own arrangements and remain with her for a year seemed providential.

Dr. Spivey's funeral took place on Friday morning, September 14, at eleven **O'**clock in the familiar setting of North Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he had been a member throughout his married life. After a prelude of Bach compositions performed by organist Oscar Rodriguez, Beverly Wolff, renowned mezzo-soprano who had worked with Emilie at The Temple and was a close friend of the Spiveys, sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd" and, near the end of the service, "Amazing Grace." Dr. Thomas Roddy of the North Avenue Church and Dr. Charles Q. Carter of the First Baptist Church of Jonesboro officiated. Interment was at Westview Cemetery near the resting places of Walter Lee Spivey and Charles and Juliette Parmalee. For the remaining months that Emilie kept her journal, the closing lines of virtually every entry were a lament for the loss of her husband and a paean of love and gratitude.

Emilie Spivey suffered the bereaved spouse's syndrome-" half of me trying to be whole" -and her jottings betrayed the depth of her sense of loss. But she attempted to move on with her life, almost as if Walter were alive. In October, a month after his death, she wrote, "Dr. Winokur wants me 'to put myself first.' What does that mean? He wants me to take some trips, keep busy." Then she continued, "I am taking a short trip with Jeannine Morrison to Valdosta- Waycross-Jacksonville. She will play there-we will check out Fine Arts buildings in Valdosta and Waycross."

The diary contained no entry for December. Then on January

9, 1985, Emilie recorded: "Walter has been gone four months. I feel that he is still in this house and I am so thankful. What can I say-he was the most wonderful husband in *all* the world-so good *to me.* I miss him more and more. Thank you, God, that he is with you and not suffering. He was with me at that beautiful Christmas party. . . . *Walter was there."* Throughout the years Christmas to Emilie Spivey was the season to have the house lavishly decorated and to plan a party. Outwardly December of 1984 was no different. After a seated black-tie dinner, the renowned wizard of the organ, Hector Olivera, entertained the guests with an awesome concert. And Jim Boyd, disguised as Santa Claus, walked in with a bag of toys, individualized gifts selected, wrapped, and tagged for each guest.

Continuing with her musings of January 9, she wrote, "Went to Dr. Winokur today. It was six weeks this time. I was a little nervous but Dr. W. said I was younger now than a year ago. Each x-ray has improved. Thank you, God. I must stay *very* busy now and I am busy .... I plan to go to the Crystal Cathedral in California at Easter. Spent four days in Palm Beach with Cora Mayne at Christmas-a lovely time but how I miss Walter!"

Lee Spivey appeared in more than one entry in Emilie Spivey's journal. On February 14, aware that it was Valentine's Day and that Walter was absent, she observed, "Lee is still with me and I am so thankful. He is a good, sweet, and wonderful grandson. I couldn't have gone through these last months without him. He seems truly like *my child.* Kevin Sparger (Jonesboro lawyer) spent three hours with me tonight. We are studying my will-a dinner in honor of Walter-and the college gift. Thank you, God, for your gifts-especially my health." On June 15 she again referred to her grandson: "Lee is my confidant-a sweet and very fine young man. I couldn't have made it without him. He is very thoughtful and I truly love him."

The month of May and indeed the entire year of 1985 were made notable by a gala black-tie dinner in memory of Dr. Walter Spivey, "dentist, developer, and community booster." Sponsored by the Clayton Junior College Foundation and publicized by the *Clayton*

News-Daily, it attracted more than three hundred guests on the evening of May 2 to the Piedmont Driving Club in Atlanta. On the steering committee were Truett Cathy, founder and president of Chick-fil-A; C. S. Conklin II, chairman of the board of the Trust Company Bank of Clayton County; Dr. Harry S. Downs, president of Clayton Junior College; Eugene E. Lawson, probate judge; Carl Rhodenizer, senior vice-president of the National Bank of Georgia; and Jim Wood, former publisher of the *Clayton News-Daily.*

The closing paragraphs of an editorial in the *Clayton News-Daily,* "Recalling Faithful, Committed Friend," which Jim Wood wrote at the time of Dr. Spivey's death in September 1984, indicated that a dinner to honor the Spiveys had long been in the planning stage:

> My last visit with him, at his small office in the real estate development was memorable. "Doc," 1 called to him, "I just wanted to visit you one time without any problems to talk about!" He gave me that laugh . . . .
>
> I wanted his permission to proceed with a testimonial dinner, honoring the Spiveys for all their contributions to our community. He was somewhat reluctant, but he agreed and 1 could tell he was pleased.
>
> The Spiveys deserve this recognition. Unfortunately, some of us had not moved fast enough to show Doc our formal appreciation before his death. But I'm glad he knew it was in the works.

Juliette Parmalee with her strong sense of theater, which indeed she had passed on to her daughter, would have relished the ambiance. The quality of the music was readily apparent in the songs of Beverly Wolff, accompanied by Jeannine Morrison, whom Emilie Spivey introduced as musicians par excellence. The mood of the dinner was appropriate for the announcement made by Jim Boyd, president of Boyd Properties, that Emilie Spivey was making

a gift of $1 million to Clayton Junior College for a recital hall in memory of her husband. Chairman of the Board of Regents Sidney O. Smith, Jr., of Gainesville, Georgia, speaking for Clayton Junior College, accepted the gift with gratitude. In conclusion Dr. Downs paid tribute to Emilie Spivey: "The generous gift of Emilie Spivey will bring to the college and to all of metropolitan Atlanta a recital hall of superb quality. It will enrich the lives of present and future generations, just as Walter and Emilie Spivey have enriched the lives of all of us who have been privileged to know them. How fortunate we are to have among us a person of great talent, sensitivity, compassion, and generosity."

Spivey dinner at Piedmont Driving Club-(left to right) Jim Boyd, Emilie Spivey, Melba Downs, Harry Downs (Jerry Atkins)

Without question Emilie Spivey was brooding over her health even more than she admitted to herself in her journal. During these years she was striving to practice Dr. Robert Schuller's philosophy of the power of the mind to which, in combination with her religious faith, she looked for healing. In response to Dr. Winokur's praising her for her attitude, she wrote on August 1, "I pray that I will always be enthusiastic and will be a positive thinker. With God's help I'm trying. One year and seven months." Here she was referring to the nineteen months of life she had been granted since the fateful pronouncement of her impairment. Three weeks later she wrote, "Dr. Winokur said, 'You are fantastic.' " But he added that there was no change in the x-rays. "I so want him to tell me that the shadows have disappeared. He said he couldn't. ... But I feel good and am so busy. The road in Lost Valley is not finished yet .... I'm so disappointed." After Dr. Winokur stated on October 21 that her "lungs were perfect," she added in a realistic vein, "That means of course that I'm holding my own. I am grateful. ... I know Walter ... is ... thinking of me."

During these months she was leading a remarkably active life, although birthdays and anniversaries gave her pause. She commented that September 20 marked her forty-fourth wedding anniversary. "Walter is still with me. I'm remembering all the good times we had together." On October 19 she wrote: "Mother's and Walter's birthday. How I miss celebrating them. I miss then both so much. Also ... my loving father. I've had such a 'good' life." On October 11, as a benefactor of the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, she traveled to New York for festivities commemorating Schweitzer and stayed until October 16. Perhaps it was here that she conceived the idea of naming the Ruffatti organ in the Spivey Recital Hall at Clayton College for Albert Schweitzer. Later she sought and received enthusiastic permission from Schweitzer's daughter, Rhena Schweitzer Miller, who at the time sent Emilie a package of books on her father's life and works. Regarding her sojourn in New York, Emilie wrote: "I had a *wonderful* trip. Barbara Young came up for several days-she enjoyed it."

And then the holiday season arrived. Annie Henson Lightfoot

had cooked Thanksgiving dinner for Emilie, Lee Spivey and his future wife Pam Sinicki, Richard and Ann Spivey Bruce, and Ben and Dottie Spivey Fish. For years Annie had worked for the Spiveys in Atlanta. On May 13, 1956, a year and a half before they moved to Clayton County, she married Freddie Lightfoot, a Baptist minister. The ceremony took place at the home of Freddie's aunt with Dr. Spivey giving the bride in marriage. Now the Lightfoots lived on Walt Stephens Road, near Emerald Drive, in a brick house that Emilie purchased for them. During the days before Christmas Emilie noted, "Had my Christmas party-fifty guests. I'm very tired but the party was fun." The black-tie dinner followed the

Walter and Emilie Spivey at the wedding of Freddie and Annie Lightfoot

usual format, but on this evening Peter and Irene Harrower, widely known singers and voice teachers in Atlanta, and Jeannine Morrison performed. Santa Claus returned with his gifts. On Christmas Day Emilie commented: "Had the children for Christmas dinner."

On the evening of New Year's Day 1986, she entertained four dinner guests who represented facets of her multilayered life-two younger friends and two contemporaries. The mutual bond of affection between Emilie Spivey on the one hand and pianist Steven Worley and artist Paul Tankersley, now of New York, denoted a quality of agelessness in her personality. Mabel Cunningham, the clever Organ Grinder, had imbued *Undertones,* the A.G.O. bulletin during Emilie's deanship, with her talent for whimsy, and the memories of Frances Felder spanned a large part of Emilie Spivey's life. During a telephone conversation Frances Felder remarked that on an afternoon ride out to Clayton County during the early 1940s, Emilie had pointed out a stretch of swampy bottomland and casually remarked, "That's where Walter wants to build a lake."

The exertions of the past months took their toll of Emilie Spivey's strength. "Have been in the hospital," she wrote on January 31. "Worked too hard. Have lost too much weight. . . . 1 want to stay well *so much.'* Later that day she added, "Dr. Winokur has been worried about me. 1 must not be under stress. 1 must eat and take in more calories." One month later, on February 27, she stated: "1 am going to see Dr. Winokur every two weeks. Am improving but have a long way to go." But on May 15 her outlook was brighter: "1 am better-the sinus is gone-still do not have good appetite and have gained a few pounds. I am trying not to rush any more. Am still 'out of breath' some, but much better."

Developments must have encouraged her that the plans for the recital hall were not merely sleeping. During the fall of 1985 an advisory committee was appointed and charged specifically to develop and recommend educational specifications, evaluate and rank acoustical and architectural firms, and review and visit recital

halls and discuss merits and flaws with the users of those facilities.

Members of the committee, in addition to Emilie Spivey, were Jim Boyd; C. S. Conklin II; Allen 1. Harrah, former president of Rodgers Organ Company; Peter Harrower, professor of music at Georgia State University; and three faculty members of Clayton Junior College-Dr. Elliott W. McElroy, chairman of the Humanities Division, and professors of music Doris Holloway and Jeannine Morrison. Emilie Spivey herself met members of this group at the airport on two different mornings at five o'clock, "looking as if she were headed for a fashion show." The destinations on these days were the University of Louisville, in Kentucky, on October 23; and Tarleton State University, Stephenville, Texas, on November 11. In her journal she gave a terse description of the recital hall in Louisville-"Beautiful."

With the arrival of spring 1986, Jerry Atkins, director of public relations at Clayton Junior College, on March 13 announced to the press that the Board of Regents had approved the proposed recital hall, a welcome addition to the college inspired by the magnanimous gift of $1 million. He also said that members of the advisory committee had been traveling for months, studying prime examples of recital halls, and were now formulating specifications for the Clayton College facility. In addition, they were reviewing the credentials of acoustical and architectural firms.

Although the legalities had not been finalized, the committee had already made a decision regarding an acoustician. The lead came from Dr. Joyce Jones, close friend of Emilie Spivey, virtuoso organist, professor of organ and artist-in-residence at Baylor University, Waco, Texas, who pointed out the superior quality of the hall at Ricks College, Rexford, Idaho. Burdened with the task of drafting a compilation of specifications-ultimately to be agreed upon by the committee-Dr. Elliott McElroy telephoned the director of the recital hall at Rexford and sounded his plaint: "I am a philosopher, and here I am charged with building a recital hall! Where do I start?" The quick response was "An acoustician." He advised McElroy that after taking the initial step of selecting a qualified acoustician, they should find an architect to implement

the acoustician's schematics. The outcome was that Rein Pirn of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had designed the acoustical systems at Ricks College and the University of Louisville, met the committee on October 23, 1985, when they visited the School of Music in Louisville. Here through mutual agreement, after conversation around a conference table, Pirn, Emilie Spivey, and the remainder of the delegation from Clayton College entered preliminary negotiations for his engineering services.

Choosing an architect involved a more convoluted process. During the early months of 1986, advisory committee members studied the preliminary draft of educational specifications compiled by Dr. McElroy from observations of members on their travels. The final version, with modifications and additions reached through successive meetings, was used in the call for proposals from architects. The thirty-three firms that responded were screened and narrowed to four finalists. Emilie Spivey participated fully in the strenuous, virtually all-day challenge on June 24 of listening and interviewing in turn architects from these four firms. During July the contract was awarded to Gardner Spencer Smith and Associates of Atlanta.

Weeks before, as the advisory committee carried out its duties and moved to complete its charges, the Walter and Emilie Spivey Foundation, a tax-exempt, nonprofit corporation, came into existence. The original trustees were Emilie Spivey, Dr. Harry S. Downs, Judge Eugene E. Lawson, and Allen 1. Harrah. At an organizational meeting on April 22, 1986, Emilie Spivey was named chair; Downs and Lawson, vice-chairs; and Harrah, secretary-treasurer. One year later, on April 1, 1987, Harrah resigned as secretary-treasurer and as trustee. Kevin W. Sparger was elected a trustee to replace Harrah. Barbara S. Young, personal secretary to Emilie Spivey, was named to perform the duties of secretary and assistant treasurer to the foundation, with Jamie B. Gross, certified public accountant but not a trustee, acting as treasurer. An additional member was added to the foundation on August 26, 1987, with the election of attorney Robert G. Edge as a trustee. Not strictly relevant to the functioning of the foundation but

Barbara Young, secretary to Emilie Spivey (Jerry Atkins)

certainly significant was the fact that on July 1 Clayton Junior College became a four-year institution renamed Clayton State College. That advancement in status and the facilities of Spivey Hall laid the groundwork for the Board of Regents' endorsement in 1990 of a four-year music degree program-a step toward Emilie Spivey's dream of an outstanding school of music at the college.

During the fall months of 1986 Emilie Spivey's chartings of her condition indicated that she was optimistic. On September 18 she recorded that her "x-rays were great" but that she had lost three pounds. "I'm trying to eat, but just don't eat enough . . . . The twentieth is our forty-fifth wedding anniversary." Then in November she wrote at greater length: "I went for my monthly check-up yesterday. Dr. Winokur thinks I am doing fine. Am trying to gain-weigh 110 pounds. . . . Three years ago . . . I paid my first visit to Dr. Winokur . . . . My report today, 'Your x-rays have improved.' It is a miracle and I am *so* thankful and grateful.

. . . Today we have spent with auditor and lawyers. . . . Please, Father, help me to make the right decisions. How I miss Walter. . . . I loved him so much." And then with the familiar refrain- "How fortunate I am to have had wonderful parents and a wonderful husband" -the musings of Emilie Spivey, covering three years of her life, end.

Again in December the Christmas spirit filled the Spivey home. Fletcher Wolfe, director of the Atlanta Boy Choir, brought from his chorus a group of singers who brightened the evening for the dinner guests with the appeal of their youth and melodies. To discerning eyes the demands of arranging this party debilitated Emilie Spivey's slender reserve of strength more than they had in previous years. As time passed her recovery from any extraordinary exertion became haltingly slow.

Immediately after its inception in April 1986, the Spivey Foundation began meeting at the college with Emilie Spivey presiding. Between April and November, the business centered around discussions of architectural designs and means of financing the balance of the costs beyond the $1 million. Members explored employing a firm for a fund-raising feasibility study. Emilie Spivey was avidly engaged in every aspect of this undertaking that consumed her mind and dominated her conversation for the remainder of her years. The malady that continued to eat away at her strength did nothing to diminish her zest for creating an aesthetically beautiful and functionally efficient recital hall for student performers and world-famous artists.

The Spivey Foundation held no meetings between November and May. Feeling that she was sufficiently strong, Emilie Spivey flew to Dallas, Texas, with Barbara Young. Here they rented a car and with Barbara chauffeuring drove the additional two hundred miles to Waco, where they planned to attend the recitals of Joyce Jones on the two following evenings, February 16 and 17. But the arrangements had to be canceled. By the time they finally reached the hotel room, Emilie was too ill for them to consider any alternative but the quickest possible return to Atlanta. For the remainder of February and the first few days of March

she was confined to Northside Hospital. The members of the foundation suspended their gatherings until May. From this time until the end of her life, they met at her house rather than the college.

The month of September brought both gratification and grief to Emilie Spivey. The Atlanta alumni of Mu Phi Epsilon, to which she had belonged for a half century, planned to honor her in a celebration concert. The thought of being singled out for admiration and adulation brought pleasure. Nonetheless, a sense of sadness crept in as she faced the harsh reality that she lacked the strength to cope with the emotional and physical demands of making the trip to The Temple, seeing and trying to talk with old friends with whom she had labored in the cause of music, hearing Beverly Wolff's songs, and listening to tributes. Sharing the spotlight with her on this occasion were Herbert Taylor (1895-1987), "A Builder and a Philanthropist," and Gertrude McFarland, pianist and voice coach, whose talents had found fluent expression in the renown of her student Beverly Wolff. Fletcher Wolfe spoke on "Emilie Spivey-The Musician, the Last Fifty Years," and Harry S. Downs on "Emilie Spivey-The Community Promoter, the Next Fifty Years." What Emilie Spivey failed to say to friends gathered around her at home was that this Sunday, September 20, was also her forty-sixth wedding anniversary. Through the videotape Jim Boyd made of the concert and the reception, Emilie Spivey, moved to tears, experienced vicariously an afternoon fraught with meaning and listened over and over to her friends' summing up of her life.

The vision of Spivey Recital Hall became Emilie Spivey's energizing cause. She wanted to live until she could see with her own eyes the ground broken and the memorial to Walter Spivey and herself rise to its splendid completion. Yet the odds seemed to be against her. Finding it impossible to eat, she weighed only eighty-nine pounds and was growing weaker by the day. Something had to be done. The expedient her doctor chose was hyperalimentation-concentrated feeding through a vascular access system. On October 5 she entered Northside Hospital to

undergo the insertion of a catheter into an artery in the lower neck. After leaving the hospital on October 15, she went home to face an altered life-style and a household augmented by three shifts of nurses, skilled in using and monitoring intravenous feeding, beginning for her at eight in the evening and continuing until eight o'clock the following morning. As days and weeks passed, Emilie Spivey grew stronger, gained weight, and best of all experienced a rekindling of hope.

Then Christmas 1987 came around. She compromised her tradition by having only an afternoon musicale and tea instead of the usual black-tie dinner party. Consistent with her unflagging mindfulness of Spivey Recital Hall, she shaped the guest list around those who would be involved in creating and using her masterpiece-administrators and musicians from Clayton College, architects and their wives, trustees of the Spivey Foundation, and others who were compatible. Appropriately Richard Morris was invited to be the artist of the afternoon.

Through the years Emilie Spivey had often related how she had discerned the extraordinary musical talent of Richard Morris, after he had virtually committed himself to another calling, and persuaded him, as only she could, to turn his mind toward a career as a concert organist. In addition, Richard Morris and Joyce Jones had conferred with Emilie Spivey on a number of occasions and, with some long-distance consultation with organist John Weaver of New York, had worked on specifications for the Italian-made Ruffatti organ that in time would grace Spivey Hall. Immediately before Richard Morris played the opening note on that December afternoon, it appeared that Emilie Spivey would not be strong enough-in body and voice-to introduce Morris to her guests. Yet with typical determination, she summoned all of her energies and carried the event off like a trooper.

A talent was her ability to find masters of any art she needed to accomplish her ends. In the grooming of her pet Pierre she took almost as much pride as in her own appearance. The reputation of Allen Sloan, "all-breed dog groomer," led her to his apartment in the home of Louise Clem in Morningside.

Although Jonesboro lay outside the periphery of Sloan's services, he was drawn to her and decided to travel out to Lake Spivey to groom her dog. Soon he found himself increasingly intrigued by her charm and her conversation-as well as the fish in Lake Spivey-and in his words inevitably returned home "feeling enriched from the visits." **In** time a friend, Brad Freeman, also an avid fisherman, and occasionally Mrs. Clem accompanied him. When Emilie Spivey's health began to deteriorate, Brad Freeman, a skilled chef, and Allen Sloan took pleasure on their periodic trips to groom Pierre in preparing Sunday-night suppers that would tempt her appetite.

Learning of her upcoming birthday on January 3, 1988, they made elaborate preparations for a gala dinner-fresh flowers and candles ready for lighting on the handsome round dining-room table set with Emilie Spivey's finest china and crystal, colorful balloons and paper hats as favors, food as delectable in eye appeal as in taste, and Strauss waltzes for mood music. The four-course menu consisted of salad; shrimp; rib-eye steak, baked potatoes, asparagus; and Mrs. Clem's specialty, an almond pound cake with ice cream. During the preparations Emilie Spivey learned that inflated balloons were to be tied to her fragile wine glasses. Envisioning their rise to the ceiling and then their sudden explosive descent, she decreed the use of a sturdier stemware.

Largely it was an in-house party with a few additions: Delia Williams, a nurse who lived in Emilie Spivey's bonus apartment; Maxine Cunningham, the nurse whose shift was ending; Theresa Vogler, who was coming on duty; Barbara Young; Lee Spivey; and Elizabeth Marshall, neighbor and friend whom Emilie had made a virtual member of her household. Riding out from Atlanta with Brad Freeman, Allen Sloan, and Louise Clem was Phillip Rimmer, friend through the years, hair stylist, and wardrobe consultant whose affection Emilie Spivey fully reciprocated. Throughout her confinement, Rimmer coiffed her hair and boosted her morale. During the dreary weeks ahead, surely Emilie Spivey relived in memory the ambiance of that evening-the rare, light-hearted happiness of her eightieth birthday, a fitting swan song.

Last photograph of Emilie Spivey, with Elizabeth Marshall, at Emilie's eightieth birthday party

The Spivey Foundation met each month between January and May 1988. Being rolled in a wheelchair into the den and presiding with a gradually failing voice over meetings of the trustees, seated around the table Charlie Parmalee had long ago built, was a physical challenge and in time a monumental feat. Business matters focused on the campaign to raise money to build the recital hall. Before 1987 had ended, entrepreneur and philanthropist Truett Cathy had accepted the honorary chairmanship of the fund drive and backed his commitment with a pledge of $150,000. Carl Rhodenizer, a Clayton County banker and civic leader, assumed the heavy responsibility of being active chairman, with the assistance of a Southern Crescent committee made up of Guy L. Benefield, Thomas B. Clonts, and Allan Vigil, all trustees of the Clayton College Foundation. The Southern Crescent is the southern metropolitan area of Atlanta, consisting of Clayton, Fayette, and Henry counties. Dr. McElroy continued to be chairman of the Spivey Recital Hall planning committee.

Along the way signs of community interest in Spivey Recital Hall surfaced. Mu Phi Epsilon, Atlanta Alumni, on August 18, 1986,
recognized Emilie Spivey for "outstanding leadership" in the creation of a music building at Clayton College. On January 26, 1988, Arts Clayton presented a handsomely framed set of resolutions stating in part, "no other individual has contributed so much to the growth of the Arts in our community, both financially and spiritually." In time 95 percent of the faculty and staff of Clayton College made pledges and contributions, and the student government at the college launched a unique "buy-a-brick" drive.

Plagued by an awareness that she might be losing the fight against a powerful adversary and focusing her mind during all her waking hours on building plans, Emilie Spivey deplored what seemed to her a snail's pace in raising funds. Realistically appraising the circumstances, she made a hard decision-she added $1.5 million to her original gift. On April 4 Dr. McElroy passed along to the advisory committee the good news:

> I am pleased to report that steady progress is being made in our work on Spivey Hall. The architects have submitted the final specifications and drawings to the Board of Regents for review . . . .
>
> As a result of Emilie's generosity, $2.5 million of the $4 million needed to build the hall is on hand. A campaign to raise the remaining $1.5 million is underway . . . . I am enclosing a copy of the campaign brochure and other materials developed for the campaign.

In late May Emilie Spivey found herself back in Northside Hospital as a result of arrhythmia after unusually severe bouts of coughing. Her visits to the doctor had become rare during the past months: She could travel only by ambulance, a mode of transportation both uncomfortable and distasteful. **In** fact there had been little point in her making the effort. Once in the hospital she made it known that although special nurses had been engaged, she needed additional support. As a result, Barbara Young spent the night of May 27 in her room; Mildred Lawson, the wife of Judge Lawson, May 28; and Elizabeth Marshall, May 29. Gratefully she returned to the sanctuary of her own bedroom on Memorial Day.

Never again did she speak of getting well-the fight was over. She seemed to concede that she was now pledged to "a rendezvous with death," to which she would be true. As it turned out, the summons came at ten-thirty on Sunday evening, June 19, 1988. Ironically the last few months of her life closely resembled those of her great-grandfather George Washington Bewley, confined to his bedroom by a lethal disease of the lungs, and the atmosphere in her home on the day of her death was a modified version of the last hours of Bewley. The words of the poet Landor, however, were far more appropriate for Emilie Spivey than for the abbreviated years of her ancestor:

> I warmed both my hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks and I am ready to depart.

Jake Freeman spoke a fitting epitaph when he said, "She did it all. And nobody ever had more fun-doing it all-than she did. Emily Spivey loved life."

The funeral service, which she herself had planned, took place on Wednesday afternoon, June 22, at two o' clock in the sanctuary of North Avenue Presbyterian Church. As a prelude, Richard Morris performed Emilie Spivey's favorite piece of organ literature, one long familiar to her mind and fingers-Julius Reubke's "Ninety-Fourth Psalm, Sonata for the Organ." Representing North Avenue Church were Dr. Leslie Holmes who offered prayers and Oscar Rodriguez who directed the choral music. Dr. Downs gave the eulogy, and Dr. Carter, who had officiated at the final rites for Walter Spivey, delivered the message. Interment took place at Westview Cemetery. But Emilie Spivey was not dead.

The spirits of Walter and Emilie Spivey linger beside the waters of Lake Jodeco and Lake Spivey and live on in the music generated on the campus of Clayton College. Months after the death of her husband in the fall of 1984, she began laying the groundwork for the Spivey memorial. In time she set to work in earnest, perfecting a master plan for a recital hall-a functional facility for performing musicians and an architectural structure of classical beauty. During the last two years of her life she frequently conferred with a team of three architects-principal designer Randy Smith, Joseph Gardner, and Renee Hensley-and with interior decorator and artist Gerald Underwood. These meetings took place at the college and then, as she became increasingly debilitated, in her home.

Shortly after the architectural firm had been designated, Renee Hensley recalls, Emilie Spivey mailed to the architects a Christmas card she had kept for reference. The scene the artist portrayed was that of festively garbed folk milling about on a lower floor, socializing in a milieu of warm congeniality. Here was "the feeling" Emilie Spivey wished the architects to conceptualize and translate into drawings. Throughout their association, according to Hensley, she and her colleagues remained sensitive to all the ideas that flowed through the fertile mind of Emilie Spivey. "It was not a burden but an inspiration to tailor every feature of the

building to her vision."

Gerald Underwood was no stranger to Emilie Spivey. For years they had collaborated in designing and decorating rooms in her own house. Her words remain with him: "Jerry, I plan to leave an endowment to Clayton College, and I want to know if I can depend on you to work with me on every facet of the recital hall I have in mind." She stressed that she wanted nothing harsh or contemporary. It was important that the European look be carried out in every detail. Underwood stated, "It was not difficult for me since she and I had compatible tastes." They agreed that throughout the building Venetian colors would be used, giving warmth and beauty as well as an artistic backdrop for the essentially French and Italian furnishings of the Spivey residence that would find a new home in Spivey Hall.

Consequently her imprint is visible even in the tear-drop shape of the driveway leading to the entrance inscribed with the words "Spivey Hall," in the scheme of the passenger elevator, and in the marble flooring and fixtures within the restrooms. From the foyer on the upper level, where one comes into the building, a suspended "monumental" stairway curves downward into the lobby. Its ornamental railing is wrought iron and wooden molding capped with marble. Commanding attention is the tree-bordered lake nestling close and visible from all points along the semi-oval line of the ceiling-to-floor stacked windows that make up the outer wall of the lobby. Here black marble floors, a massive brass chandelier, pilasters painted *infaux marbre* design with gold-leafed Corinthian capitals, and portraits of Walter and Emilie Spivey make up the decor.

The auditorium area itself, entered from the lobby, bespeaks Emilie Spivey's knowledge of music halls and her awareness of the needs of performers, learned through her own varied experiences as a performing organist. Her collective competencies, an aggregation of the decades, in the opinion of Dr. Downs could hardly be matched by any set of specialists. Here within the hall will be found no drabness but a vibrancy of color symbolic of her personality. The 387 spacious seats, upholstered in Venetian blue-a blue-green

Spivey Foundation Trustees at groundbreaking ceremony for Spivey Hall, November 15, 1988: *(left to right) Harry Downs, Kevin Sparger, Eugene Lawson, and Robert Edge (Jerry Atkins)*

hue-are arranged in the continental mode without a central aisle. Arched doorways along the sides of the hall, decorated in *faux marbre,* give ready access. The stage, where the magnificent Ruffati pipe organ will grace the back wall, is flanked by boxes for seating honored guests. Overhead draperies of salmon-colored damask, lined with heavy velour, serve not merely for enhancement but also for acoustical effect. Concealed from sight is the array of state-of-the-art technical equipment, including a hydraulic lift in the orchestra pit, that makes the hall as functionally efficient

as it is aesthetically appealing. The architects concur that the generosity of Walter Spivey and the creativity of Emilie Spivey have perpetuated themselves in the uniqueness of Spivey Hall- "a world-class facility that is absolutely one of a kind."

Speaking from a depth of feeling, Dr. Downs declares that Emilie Spivey offered Clayton College more than an endowment of monetary means: She gave the boon of her mind, her heart, and indeed herself. Working side by side with her as she drew on the keenness of her faculties was one of the rare experiences of his life. He asserts that whenever anyone asks him about Emilie Spivey-who and what she was-he will answer, "Look at Spivey Hall and you will know. They are synonymous-Emilie Spivey and Spivey Hall." In addition, Spivey Hall stands as a fitting adornment of a unique partnership, that of Walter Spivey and his wife Emilie.

The mystical mind will sense Emilie Spivey's presence as the music sounds forth in the acoustical perfection of Spivey Hall, but she will not be alone. By her side will be Walter Spivey. Then to the perceptive ear the laughter of Walter and Emilie and all the Spiveys- "telling stories" -may be heard in the springtime among the dogwoods and azaleas on the hillside overlooking Lake Spivey.

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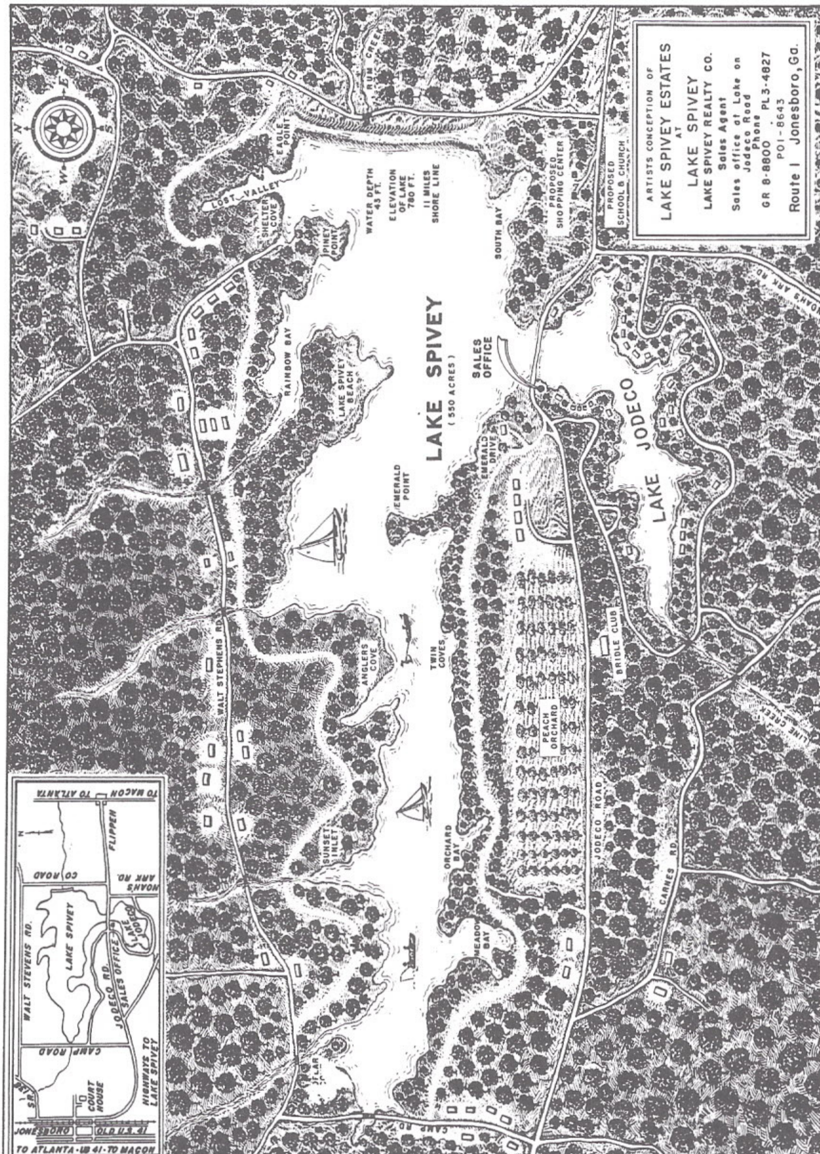
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LAKE SPIVEY REALTY CO.
Sales Agent
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Phone
GR 8-8800 · PL3-4827
POI-8643
Route I Jonesboro, Ga.
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PROPOSED SHOPPING CENTER
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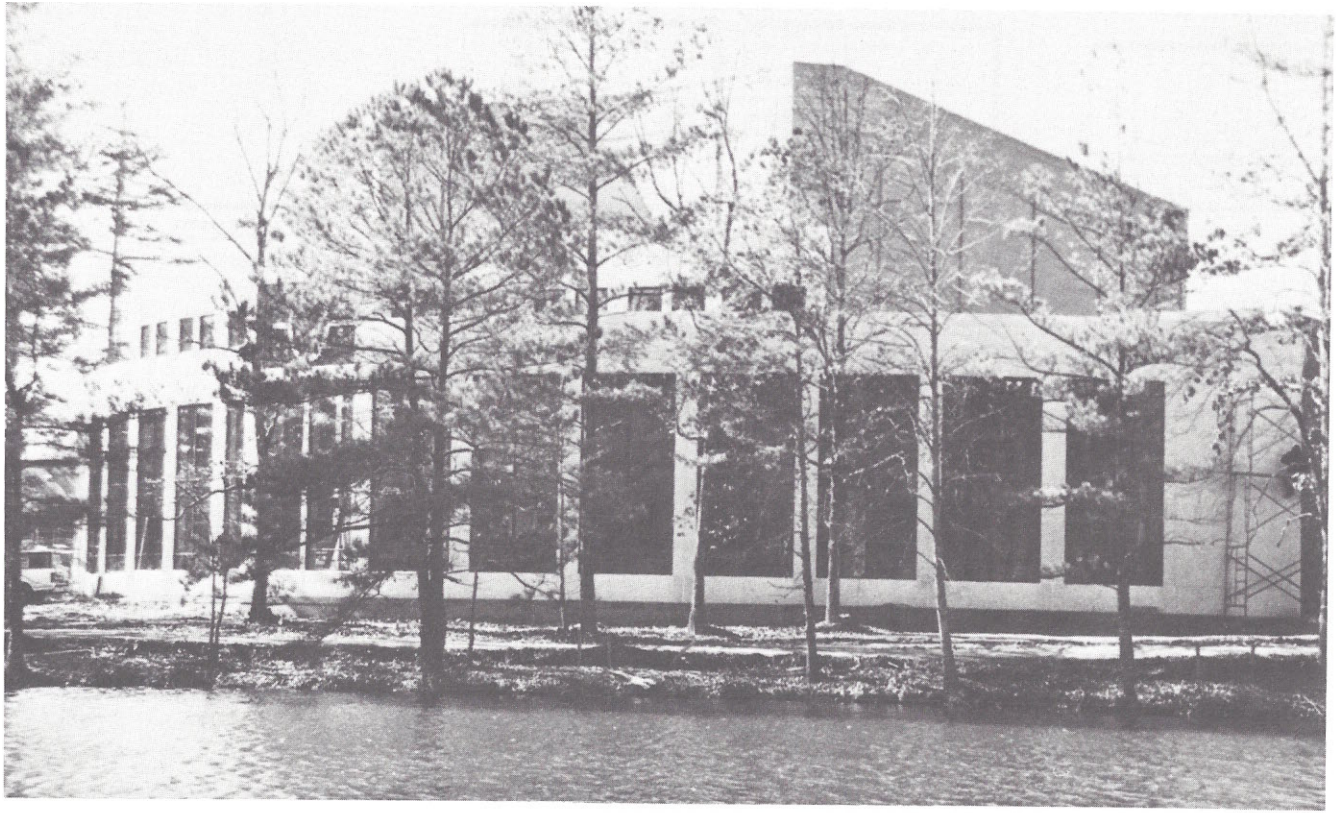
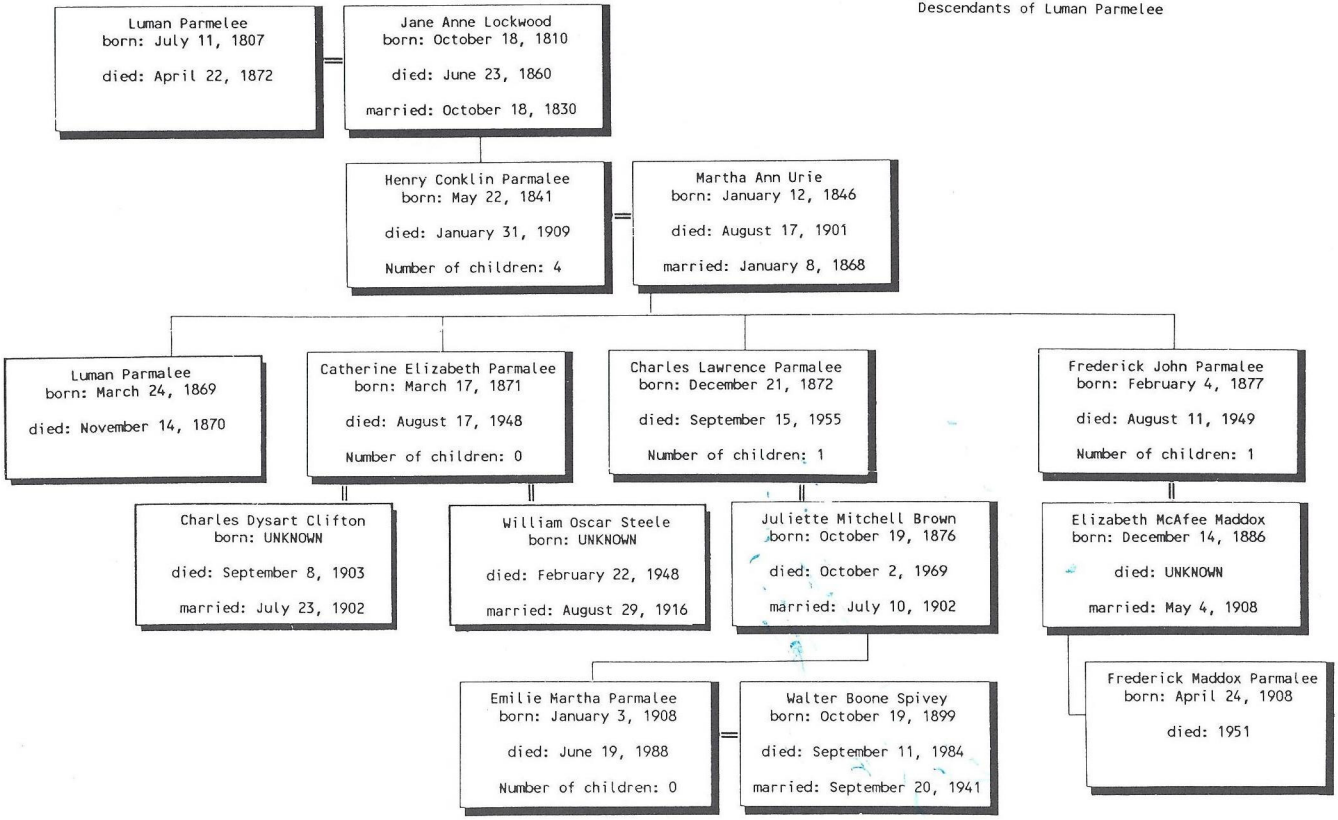
WATER DEPTH 43 FT.
ELEVATION OF LAKE 780 FT.
11 MILES SHORE LINE
EAGLE POINT
LOST VALLEY
SHELTER COVE
PINEY POINT
RAINBOW BAY
LAKE SPIVEY BEACH
EMERALD POINT
EMERALD DRIVE
TWIN COVES
ANGLERS COVE
WALT STEPHENS RD.
BRIDLE CLUB
PEACH ORCHARD
JODECO ROAD
CARNES RD.
SUNSET INLET
ORCHARD BAY
MEADOW BAY
CAMP RD.
NOAHS ARK RD.
TO ATLANTA
TO MACON
FLIPPEN
CO ROAD
NOAHS ARK RD.
WALT STEVENS RD.
LAKE SPIVEY
LAKE JODECO
JODECO RD.
SALES OFFICE
CAMP ROAD
COURT HOUSE
HIGHWAYS TO LAKE SPIVEY
JONESBORO
OLD U.S. 41
TO ATLANTA - US 41 - TO MACON

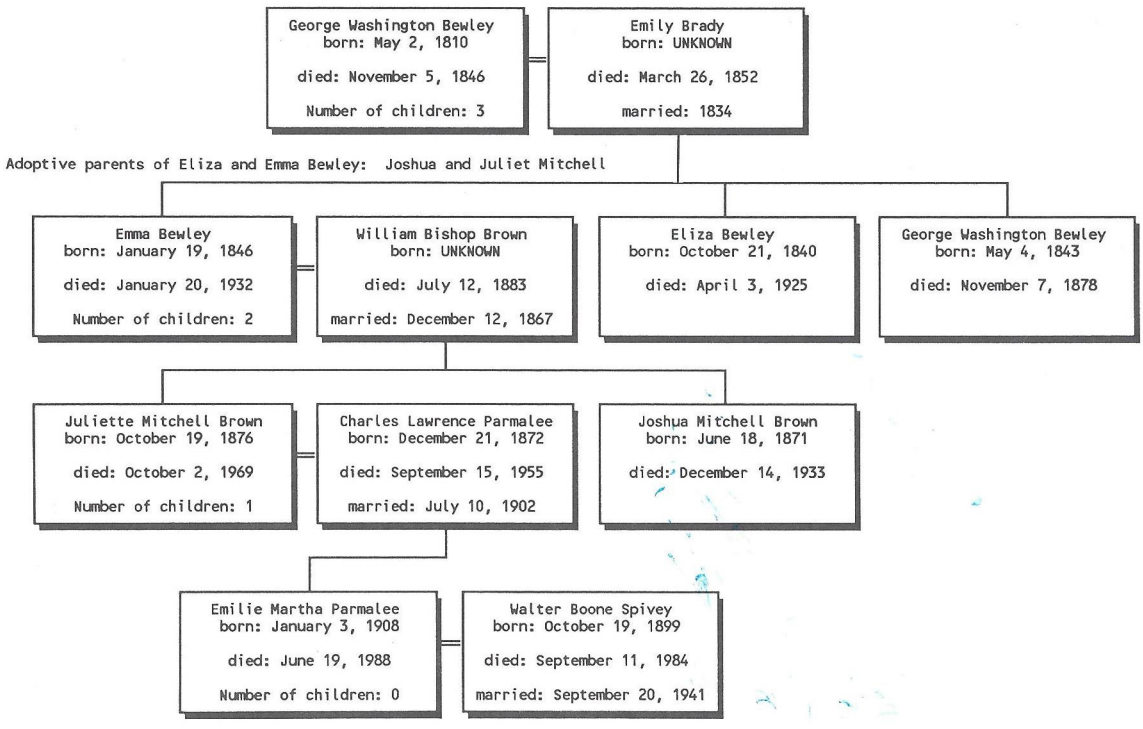


Spivey Hall—January 1991

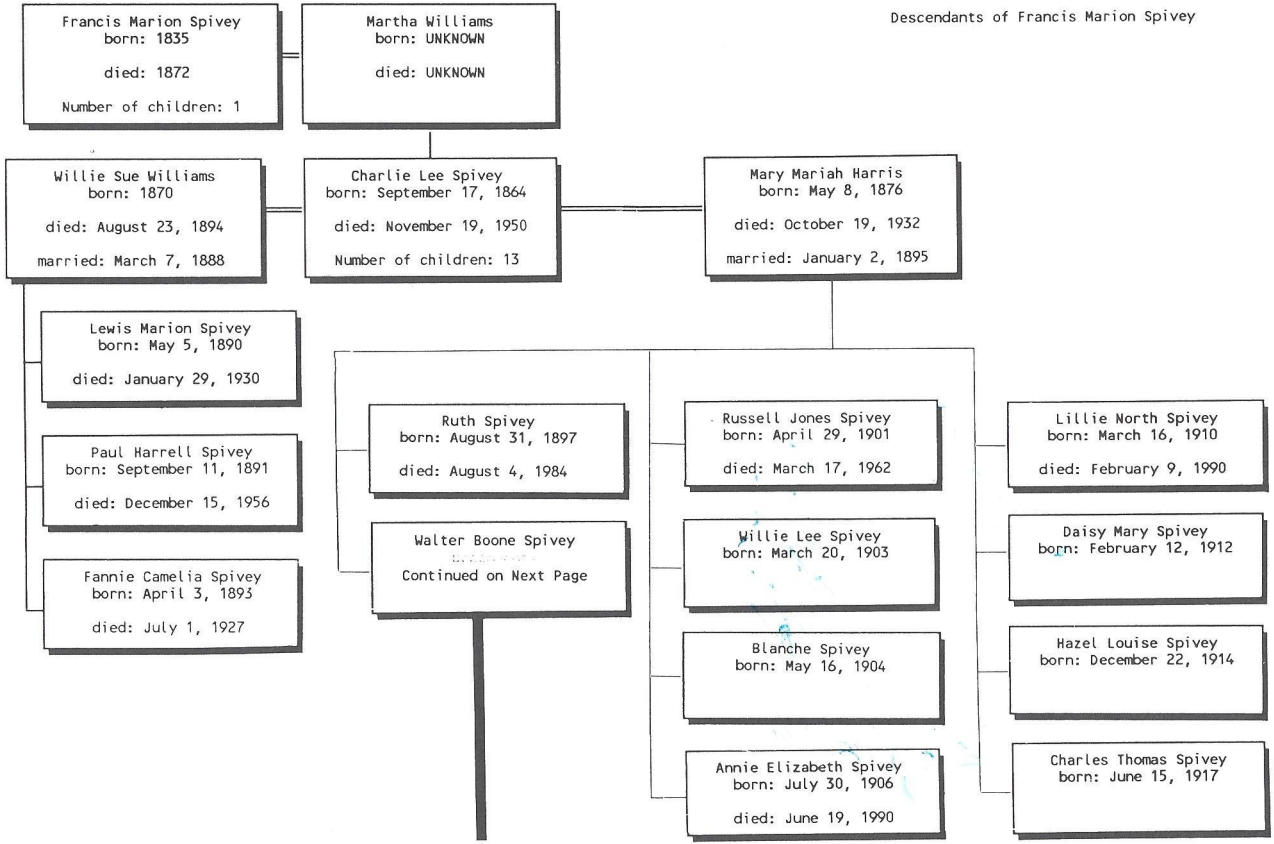
Descendants of Luman Parmelee

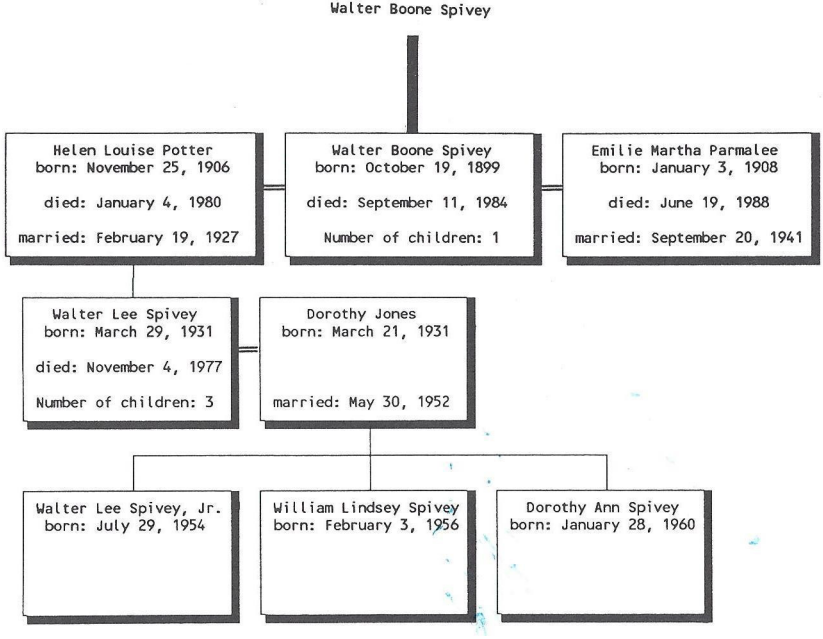


Descendants of George Washington Bewley



Descendants of Francis Marion Spivey




Walter Boone Spivey
Helen Louise Potter
born: November 25, 1906
died: January 4, 1980
married: February 19, 1927
Walter Boone Spivey
born: October 19, 1899
died: September 11, 1984
Number of children: 1
Emilie Martha Parmalee
born: January 3, 1908
died: June 19, 1988
married: September 20, 1941
Walter Lee Spivey
born: March 29, 1931
died: November 4, 1977
Number of children: 3
Dorothy Jones
born: March 21, 1931
married: May 30, 1952
Walter Lee Spivey, Jr.
born: July 29, 1954
William Lindsey Spivey
born: February 3, 1956
Dorothy Ann Spivey
born: January 28, 1960

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