

\$1.00

50th
Festival



Edition

April 2022

Inman Park Advocate



50th Anniversary of Festival Edition of the Inman Park Advocate

This is a special Festival edition of our monthly newsletter, *The Inman Park Advocate*. Our committee was charged with finding ways to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of Festival.

We were inspired by a special Festival edition created by Tom and Martha Smith in 1979. We felt this was one way to commemorate the 50th Anniversary. We also have created two short films about the first Festivals from 1972–1975. These Festival Flicks are being shown at The Pioneer Tent located in the courtyard behind the Trolley Barn. Please join us for a viewing.

We are actively collecting memories and photos of Festivals and Inman Park. If you care to share your memories or photos go to <https://ipna.memberclicks.net/inman-park-festival-memories> We hope you enjoy our collection of memories in this Advocate commemorating the 50th Anniversary of Inman Park Festival.

Cristy Lenz and Sally Dorn
Co-Chairs 50th Anniversary of Festival Committee



50th Anniversary Advocate Editors:
Janet Sowers, Molly Malone Cowles



50th Anniversary History Sub-committee Members: Pat Westrick, Sally Dorn, (Back) Jan Keith, Lynn Koehnemann, Marnie McMurry, Cathy Bradshaw, Molly Malone Cowles. Not pictured: Fran Burst-Terranella.

Welcome! In 1972, Inman Park wasn't the much-loved, well-kept neighborhood it is today. Over past decades, Inman Park had fallen victim to neglect and disrepair and then to redlining. That's when a small group of new Inman Park homeowners came together to plan the very first Inman Park Festival and Tour of Homes. The current Inman Park Festival takes months of planning, over 700 volunteers, and thousands of hours of hard work. Festival is completely run by volunteers, making it one of the largest volunteer-run festivals in the Southeast! We invite you to stroll through our Festival, our homes, and our neighborhood to experience the magic for yourself! Happy Festival!

Jane Bradshaw Burnette
Chair, 2022 Inman Park Festival Committee

*How naïve we all were,
who knew it would be a 50 year celebration?*
-Marydith Chase



Robert Griggs Recounts His Special Madness

Adapted from an article by former neighbor Judy Hotchkiss
in the April 1979 Festival Edition Inman Park Advocate

In 1968, while Robert Griggs, owner of design business Griggs, Van Horn & Associates, was living in a small apartment on Juniper Street, he happened to come to Inman Park to appraise some stained glass for Judge Durwood T. Pye, an Inman Park resident whose house [was soon to be] destroyed by the Georgia Department of Transportation. While here, he spotted the elaborate, run-down Queen Anne Victorian at 866 Euclid Avenue. "When I saw this house," he said, "I did the same thing people do today—came to a screeching halt in the street. And stared.

"I had decided it was time I bought a house," he recalls. "I wanted to have a big, impressive house. It was important to me to be different and for the house to be unique—something with style." He looked all over the city—from Club Drive and Buckhead to Fairview Road and Druid Hills. He couldn't afford the asking price for "charm."

The Euclid Avenue house, built in 1885 for a Yankee bride whose British husband promised her the best house in Atlanta, had sunk quite low. "It had five apartments. The front door was nailed open, and the foyer served as a public hallway. About 32 tenants were throwing garbage out the windows. Winos were on the lawn. No shrubs. No furnace. Five bathrooms and five kitchens. Nothing worked. I didn't care. By damn, I wanted this house." The price set by the "slumlord" was \$22,500. Friends said he was a fool to pay it. Nothing sold for that much in this area in late 1968. Four mortgages and \$2,000 cash scraped together from an assortment of sources bought the place. "It took every cent I had, so when I moved in, I was broke. But all I wanted was to move in, put a fence around it and live there. I was positive I would have a service station on either side. Everyone was sure Euclid Avenue would go commercial."

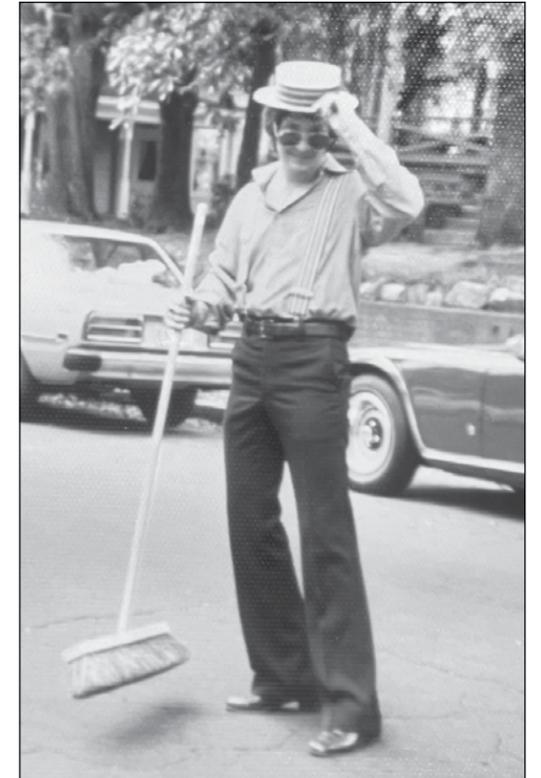
Griggs hadn't considered the quality of the neighborhood, resale values, or restoration costs. Having his dream house was all that mattered—at first. That wild desire to possess a house in Inman Park (or be possessed by it, some residents will tell you) was soon replaced by a desire to fix it . . . a desire to fix not only his house but the entire neighborhood . . . and not single-handedly, either.

"During the first year, I met a few people who would stop to talk when I was working in the yard. These five or six interested souls wanted to live in the neighborhood. They became the beginnings of Inman Park Restoration; it was born in my living room. Of course, the minute one fool moved in, people jumped on the band wagon and the houses started to sell," he laughs.

Getting people back into an area abandoned by their parents' generation and known as a slum isn't easy. Publicity helps. Former Atlanta Journal Women's Editor Edith Hills Coogler was an early supporter in print. "Mrs. Coogler's 19th-century-Christmas article about us in the society section in 1970 really got restoration going in Inman Park." Griggs prepped his house for a holiday photo shoot in July. "Then, to coincide with publication of the article, we sent invitations to an open house to everyone we could think of—friends, relatives, politicians, bankers. Anyone that might be interested in helping the neighborhood." About 800 people showed up. This [one could argue], was the first Inman Park tour of homes.

Two years later, the first neighborhood festival here was unique in combining arts and crafts, a walking tour, and a house tour in a comprehensive event. "At the time," recalls Griggs, "the only house tour in Atlanta was the Egleston one to benefit Scottish Rite Hospital. Lenox-Morningside, Cabbagetown, Midtown, West End, Grant Park—none of them was organized (let alone putting on tours)." Pam Eaton . . . was VIP hospitality chairman; her event was a box lunch and tour to convince local financiers Inman Park was worth investing in. The event metamorphosed into Butterfly Ball, IPR's [now IPNA] sort-of-formal social event preceding Festival Weekend. [For the first Spring Cleanup], "neighbors arranged with the city to pick up all garbage—things the garbagemen ordinarily wouldn't take. That included old stoves, refrigerators, mattresses, parts of porches, and junked car parts.

"Our first parade was really pathetic," he continues. Celestine Sibley, an Atlanta Constitution columnist, wrote in 1972 that "it may not have been the most spectacular parade I've ever seen . . . but it was easily the most moving."



If These Walls Could Talk...



814 Edgewood Avenue

Susan Bridges

Susan and Glenn Bridges purchased 814 Edgewood Avenue for \$30,000 in 1971, making them one of the first five Urban Pioneer families to move into Inman Park. Susan, who worked downtown, returned home from work one day and found a truck backed up to their front porch with people loading her furniture into it. She quickly asked what they were doing and was told, "The nice guy in the rocking chair on the front porch said we could take all of the furniture." It turns out the "nice guy on the porch" was actually an unhomed man who often took up residence on the front porch while Susan and Glenn were away at work.



80 Spruce Street

Hal Norris & Wayne Smith

Hal Norris feels that one person who deserves a statue in the park is Mary Singleton. "I did not buy my house in Inman Park – Mary sold it to me, as she did so many other Inman Park Urban Pioneers." Mary was THE Inman Park Real Estate agent of the 1970s.

Hal remembered her saying, "The wallpaper will come off without much work," or "the woodwork can be cleaned with a simple concoction of linseed oil, etc. and will look as good as new without a lot of effort."

Wayne and Pat Smith also bought their home from Mary. Mary had taken the Smith family to many houses that were in bad shape in Inman Park before showing them 80 Spruce Street in 1973, which Wayne recalls was a disaster! Mary raved about the marvelous potential of the house and how great the neighborhood was going to be. At the closing for 80 Spruce Street, Mary gave the Smiths two tickets to the Butterfly Ball, where they met some of the original Inman Park pioneers. It was that night that Wayne realized that Mary was right; Inman Park was truly a very special neighborhood.



185 Elizabeth Street

Gale Mull

Holly and Gale Mull purchased 185 Elizabeth Street in 1970. Soon after moving in, Holly's sister came to see the house with her friend, Tom Tuten. To the surprise of the Mulls, Tom asked if he could rent the second floor of the home for \$50 a month. Tom, who became well-known in the neighborhood, also became a lifelong friend of the Mulls. On July 4, 1972, Tom decided the nation's birthday was a little too quiet in Inman Park and lit a number of firecrackers in the backyard of the home. What Tom didn't know was that the Atlanta police were also nearby searching for a robbery suspect. The backyard (and Tom) was quickly illuminated by the bright lights of the police helicopter with officers descending on him with weapons drawn from all directions. Tom went to the city jail for his "patriotic antics," but the Mulls bailed him out.



1053 Euclid Avenue

Bill McMurry

After a late night out, Jack and Cherie Owens made their way home to 1053 Euclid Avenue, on the corner of Euclid and Austin. Upon entering their bedroom, they found a man sleeping in their bed – a 1970s Goldilocks! The police were called and their Goldilocks was actually a frequent visitor of Inman Park who had just gotten back to Atlanta. For years he rented rooms by the night in Inman Park, with this home being one of his favorites. He let himself into the home with his own key, left money on the kitchen counter and went to sleep in the room he frequently rented. While he was certainly pleased with Jack and Cherie's upgrades, he was quite stunned when the police showed up to take him away.

1886

Joel Hurt buys land in future Inman Park



1890 - 1905

Victorian mansions built across Inman Park



1971

Ken Thompson designed the iconic butterfly logo



1972

First Inman Park Festival and Tour of Homes (3000 attended)

1889

First Inman Park lots auctioned; Trolley Barn constructed

1910

Original land use restrictions expired, beginning an exodus of founding families

1950

Fill dirt from interstate construction on Euclid Avenue divides Springvale Park

1964

Georgia Highway Department announced plans to build I-485 through Inman Park

1969

Robert Griggs purchased the Beath-Dickey house at 866 Euclid Ave for \$22,000, sparking the restoration movement in Inman Park



1971

Inman Park Restoration (IPR) was formed, later replaced by Inman Park Neighborhood Association (IPNA)





122 Hurt Street

Matching the variety of food offered at Ma Hull's Boarding House in the 1970s was the variety of people: Inman Park urban pioneers, musicians, boarders, politicians, working families, students, police. The bands Little Feat and Atlanta Rhythm Section were frequent guests (Little Feat even wrote a song about it), and Huey Lewis recalled his time eating at Ma Hull's as one of his favorite Atlanta experiences. In 1971, then Gov. Jimmy Carter gave Ma (real name: Mrs. Vernon Daisy Hull) a plaque that proclaimed her an "honorary lieutenant colonel and aide de camp to the governor's staff." Ma, who suffered from diabetes and heart disease, rented the home from a variety of landlords over the years and sublet the rooms to boarders. After not being able to resolve problems with her landlord in 1978, she moved to Grant Park and passed away nine months later in May 1979.



897 Edgewood Avenue

Bonnie Dees

When Jeff and Bonnie Dees bought their house at 897 Edgewood Avenue for \$25,000 in 1972, it came "fully furnished." The only problem was, not even the Salvation Army wanted the furniture! Of the 35 tenants that moved out when the Dees family moved in, the majority were big race fans from Talladega, Alabama. There were several cars on blocks in the yard and enough car parts (engine, transmission, tires) in the reception hall to build another car. There were also no light fixtures in the home, just bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Bonnie purchased some light fixtures at antique auctions around Atlanta and even restrung crystals on one chandelier she found that was from a theatre in New York City. That chandelier is still in the home today.



889 Edgewood Avenue

Bonnie Dees

Ms. Metzler lived at 889 Edgewood Avenue and occasionally rented rooms to some of the winos in the neighborhood. One night, the home caught fire and Bonnie and Jeff Dees (next door at 897 Edgewood) were awakened by the sounds of firetrucks. Bonnie spotted a fireman, axe in hand, heading for the side door, which had a gorgeous Victorian design. Bonnie shouted to the fireman, "Don't hurt that door! The front door is open!" and he headed away from the door. The fire was put out and the beautiful side door was saved and is still there today.



145 Elizabeth Street

Kerry Austin

As Kerry Austin was decorating 145 Elizabeth Street for its new owner, she recalled hearing that the original stairwell ceiling had been painted with beautiful designs when the home was built for Asa Candler in 1903. Upon closer examination, it was discovered that the ceiling had been covered in a 12-foot-long canvas that had started to come loose and sag. The canvas was removed from the ceiling and brought to the basement where Kerry and her husband, Jon, worked for what seemed like hundreds of hours gently scraping off the many layers of paint to get to the original hand-painted ceiling canvas. The beautifully restored canvas now hangs again where it was originally installed in Callan Castle.



1973

Inman Park listed on the National Register of Historic Places

1981

First Inman Park walking tour created through Atlanta Preservation Center



1982

CAUTION formed by nine neighborhoods to preserve parks and historic districts from the impending threat of a freeway



2006

Inman Park Walking Arboretum established in partnership with Trees Atlanta



19 22 INMAN PARK FESTIVAL • TOUR • HOMES 20 22

1974

I-485 Expressway defeated after 100 houses and 2 churches were demolished



1981

Inman Park Cooperative Preschool (IPCP) established



1999

Inman Park Pool opened

2022

50th Anniversary of Inman Park Festival



203 Hurt Street

Cathy Bradshaw

The neighbors at 203 Hurt Street were quite interesting. Their son, Bobby, was a troublemaker, endlessly driving his motorcycle and hot rod around the block and getting in trouble with the law. He finally ended up in prison. When his sentence was completed, Bobby must have thought it was completely normal when he surprised his mom by riding his motorcycle up the front steps of the porch, down the hall to the kitchen in the rear of the house. His mom was certainly surprised!



127 Elizabeth Street

Kerry Austin

The first order of business after the Austin family purchased the vacant lot at 127 Elizabeth Street was hauling away 22 dump truck loads of junk car parts, trees and trash that cluttered the land. Next, they built a carriage house on the lot that the Austins lived in with their two children until 1979. They then moved a condemned 1881 Victorian cottage from the corner of Fulton and Windsor Streets to their lot and it instantly became the oldest, newest house in the neighborhood!



90 Elizabeth St.

Bonnie Dees

Bonnie and Jeff Dees not only purchased a home on Edgewood Avenue, but also purchased the 12-unit Elizabeth Terrace at the corner of Edgewood and Elizabeth. Prior to purchasing it, the apartment was weekly rentals that was notorious for fights and drunken shootouts. Bonnie and Jeff started renting the apartments for \$112 a month to young, single professionals that were given the challenge of restoring their apartment. The Dees supplied them with the paint and stripper and the tenants supplied the labor. When the work was done, the Dees would redo their work.



846 Ashland Avenue

Clare White Sahling

In 1971, you could smell 846 Ashland from the street. Prior to Clare White Sahling purchasing the home, there had been 38 fighting roosters, cages and all the accouterments to host cockfights each Friday evening in the backyard. When the leaders of the cockfighting ring moved away, they gave freedom to their surviving champions by letting them loose in Inman Park. It was months before anyone needed an alarm clock in Inman Park!



Trash Queen Earned Her Title

This article was originally printed in the Atlanta Constitution on May 2, 1972. Atlanta Constitution columnist Celestine Sibley's interest in Inman Park goes back to the early 1970s when her daughter Susan and family moved into a house on Spruce Street. The article was also reprinted in the 1979 Special Edition of the Advocate. It has been slightly edited in this version.

By: Celestine Sibley

The first Inman Park festival, with its parade, tour of homes and flea market, has come and gone and it was obviously a resounding success.

The old settlers, who have stayed in the neighborhood and watched despairingly as it deteriorated, and expatriates who moved to more stylish areas, looked at it this past weekend with wonderment and awe. Even with the painters and carpenters' scaffolds up and restoration underway, and just a gleam in new owners' eyes, Inman Park looked better than it has in years.

The reason was due in large measure to the efforts of the most marvelous "queen" I've ever heard of - "Miss Inman Park Trash."

The trash queen, unanimously elected by members of Inman Park Restoration, Inc., is a bouncy blonde girl named Beverly Hensley who headed the garbage pick-up detail the weekend preceding the festival when the neighborhood turned out for a gigantic clean-up campaign.

Beverly, who works for the city recreation department, lined up her buddies in the garbage collection department and under the direction of Herman Smith, the area supervisor, they did great service, hauling off old refrigerators and stoves, bloated and bursting sofas and chairs and enough beer and wine bottles to sink the Queen Elizabeth. With that much accomplished it was relatively easy for residents to hang up porch baskets, pretty up their front rooms, slap a coat of paint on the old car barn and turn it into festival headquarters.

The parade at noon on Saturday may not have been the most spectacular parade I've ever seen. (After all, I grew up in Mobile where the Mardi Gras parades engross artisans and artists full-time each year.) But it was easily the most moving.

The Atlanta Bagpipers headed it and if bagpipers don't choke you up, how about the Salvation Army Band? When they marched along playing hymns, several of us stopped applauding and groped for our handkerchiefs. The wonderful ROTC drill unit from Howard High brought cheers. Parents and grandparents among us beamed and clapped at the children's unit - a Pied Piper wave of little ones led by architect Dock Harrell, dressed (I think) in a Gargantua costume, and his helpers, Raggedy Ann and Andy and Mickey Mouse. There were antique cars, a Grady hospital ambulance and, best of all, moving along in stately splendor - the trash queen, lolling voluptuously on the prow of a mighty street sweeping machine! After the ceremonies with speeches by the Inman Park Restoration president, Robert Griggs, and Atlanta aldermen, Queen Beverly, flirting her borrowed velvet train about and handing somebody her scepter to hold, officially opened the festival by cutting a ribbon across Edgewood Avenue appropriately enough with hedge clippers.

It was a fine two days. I had a small part in it, helping my daughters and friends run a table at the flea market. The children all loved it, and I think it may launch our girl, Tib, in the commercial world. She snipped bouquets of mint and catnip at Sweet Apple and made signs saying, "Mint 35 cents" and "Catnip 35 cents." When I suggested that the price seemed a trifle steep, she replied with what may be budding business genius, "Well, 'Tine, the more you charge the more money you get."



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KEN THOMPSON AND THE BUTTERFLY

This article was originally printed in the special edition of the Inman Park Advocate, April 1979. Ken Thompson was a prolific artist and designer who passed away in September 2009. His black and yellow butterfly, a symbol of renewal that references both the past and the future, can still be seen proudly displayed all around the Inman Park neighborhood.

By: Tom Smith

The black and yellow butterfly, flying on a "flag" identifying members of Inman Park Restoration, has done as much (or more) than anything else to give Inman Park its special identity.

It is the creation of Atlanta artist and creative director Ken Thompson, who was living in the neighborhood in 1971 when he conceived the design.

Hot Rats!, the first Inman Park newspaper and predecessor to The Advocate, had the following comments on Thompson and the butterfly in its April 29, 1972, edition: "In a recent Hot Rats! exclusive, Ken discussed the flag, the product of nearly a year's thought and planning. Ken says he chose the butterfly as a symbol for the metamorphosis of Inman Park, which he sees occurring in many levels. The butterfly silhouette is that of a Southern swallowtail, a characteristic shape (chosen) because it is easily recognized and because the swallowtail is indigenous to the Southeast.

"Outlined in the butterfly silhouette are the profiles of two faces, meant to signify what Ken calls the 'human metamorphosis' he sees occurring simultaneously with the physical changes in the residences of the area.

"Ken says he chose the colors black, white and yellow for the flag 'because I like them.' As a side advantage, however, he noted that the three colors go with any of the myriad shades chosen for the exteriors of renovated homes and that the white field gives a high contrast against any background."

His most widely viewed project was his first parade float, which was the Theme Float for the 1977 Presidential Inauguration. Thompson designed a dimensional interpretation of the letters USA in mirror plexiglass. The idea, he says, was for parade-watchers to see themselves in the letters and realize that they, the people, are the USA. Ken Thompson's butterfly now is widely recognized in Atlanta as Inman Park's symbol and to graphic artists nationally as Thompson's work. A 1975 edition of Print magazine featured him, and the butterfly was displayed prominently.

"I've been concerned with some of the things that have happened with the butterfly," says Thompson, who now lives and works in Grant Park. "I don't like to see the shape boxed in." He refers to various appearances of the graphic on T-shirts, posters and other items produced in the interim.

(In fairness to Inman Park Restoration, it should be noted that the State of Georgia would not register the butterfly as a "service mark" unless it was surrounded by something, and IPR wanted the protection.)

Thompson's projects have been many and varied as he continues to gain graphic arts influence not usually found outside New York and Los Angeles. He is proud of his "Money Museum" design at the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta, and somewhere along the way he designed the now-familiar rising (or setting) sun logo for Richway Stores.

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Kitty Dare

1029 Edgewood Ave NE, Atlanta, GA 30307



The Atlanta Journal April 21, 1974

ANTIQUÉ DISCOVERED, and returned to original site in Inman Park

This article was originally printed in the Atlanta Journal on April 21, 1974.

By Yolande Gwin, Atlanta Journal Society Editor

Being locked up for jail purposes, isn't good anytime. Yet, under present conditions, you've never had it so good. If it was, say back around 1890-1905, you'd be in a lock-up box minus windows. And the lock-up box? Why it would be on a corner out in Inman Park.

During the current hoop-la of restoring Inman Park to its once glamorous and beautiful past, one lock-up box used in the area has been rescued from its dusty hiding place. It has been spruced up a bit and replaced at its original site to add a bit of the past and the authenticity to this old section of the city.

This is just a part of the goings-on in preparation for the upcoming third annual Inman Park Festival scheduled April 27-28.

Now about the police lock-up box. The picture of the one accompanying this story was used Circa, 1899-1905. Persons arrested in various sections of Atlanta were confined in these boxes pending regular rounds of horse-drawn police patrol wagons. When there was no human occupancy, the boxes were used as temporary storage places for police gear, helmets, raincoats, night sticks, etc.

This particular box, after a long sojourn in the collection of antiques owned by the late Atlanta banker, John K. Otley, and subsequently on display in the basement of the Cyclorama at Grant Park, has been moved to its original location on Edgewood Avenue at Delta Place just east of the intersection of Euclid Avenue. It was moved under the auspices of the Department of Parks and Recreation of the City of Atlanta; the Inman Park Restoration, Inc, and the Atlanta Historical Society.

"Celebrate the Year of the Butterfly" is the theme for this third annual Inman Park Festival. Inaugurating the weekend festivities will be the Butterfly Ball Friday evening with the members of the Inman Park Restoration as hosts. There will be a hot buffet dinner preceding the affair and there will be a three-piece band to play for dancing.

The ball will be held in a large tent at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Waverly Way, and will serve as festival headquarters Saturday and Sunday. The black and yellow butterfly, familiar logo of Inman Park Restoration, symbolizes the area's resurgence from inner city slum to an exciting and convenient place to live. This year the residents of Inman Park have a lot to celebrate.

Planned as one of the country's first "garden suburbs" in the 1890s, Inman Park in 1973 achieved listing on the National Register of Historic Places. A directory of nationally recognized historic sites, it includes districts in such Southern cities as Savannah and Charleston and, in Atlanta, the Wren's Nest, home of the Uncle Remus creator, Joel Chandler Harris. The Inman Park area was completely rezoned last year.

"Last year we were a slum. This year we are a historic district," is the way one resident spoke of the restoration. Included in the festival plans will be a tour of 20 homes Saturday and Sunday. Tour tickets are good for both days. Proceeds go to the Restoration. There will be an arts and crafts show with some 100 artists competing for three prizes of \$200 each, and a flea market with 20 area antique dealers taking part. A parade is scheduled for Saturday afternoon at 3 p.m.

So, if you are a newcomer to the city or one of the natives (whose mind has lost track of this area) go out Edgewood Avenue, turn left on Euclid Avenue and there will be a big tent at the Intersection of Waverly Way. From then on, you are on your own and in for an interesting, delightful, as well as nostalgic happening.



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Festival Flashbacks

These memories have been abridged because of space constraints.

The full memories can be viewed at

<https://ipna.memberclicks.net/inman-park-festival-memories>



Photo taken for The Atlanta Constitution for Inman Park's first Festival, 1972, with many IPR members on Jeff and Bonnie Dees' porch at 897 Edgewood Avenue

June Thompson

Ken and I had been planning to build or buy a home. One day as he drove through a blighted neighborhood of gorgeous old, rundown houses a sign caught his attention. The sign read, "Inman Park Restoration". He took me to see the area and the rest is history. The house we chose was divided into 12 small apartments. Like most houses in the neighborhood, it had been full of tenants who paid rent by the week. Ken and I bought our large house at 176 Elizabeth Street for \$21,500 and moved into Inman Park on April 1st, 1971. Within days of moving into our house, Ken and I met with Bob Griggs, Marydith Chase and a couple of other new Inman Park residents at Bob's beautiful mansion on Edgewood Avenue. We found out we were the fifth couple to purchase a house with plans to restore it and we were the first family to move into the neighborhood with children. We chose 176 Elizabeth Street because of its stately Craftsman style and because our backyard opened directly into Springvale Park. Perfect for sons, 5 year-old Kenny Kay and 18 month old Bryan. The first Festival in 1972 was intended to show off our neighborhood, to celebrate what we had accomplished, and to attract people who would want to buy and restore the houses in Inman Park. The first several Festivals didn't cost very much because we pooled all of our resources and volunteered our time. The first parade was just for fun and to let visitors see what a good time we were having together, working on our homes and creating our unique neighborhood. The first parades included bands like the Salvation Army, Kelly's Seed and Feed Band and lots of people dressed as Disney characters, parents pulling their children in wagons, children wearing their Halloween costumes and dog owners with their dressed-up dogs. The whole neighborhood took part in the parade. I was Donald Duck one year and Goofy another.



Pat Westrick

We closed on our first house at 418 Sinclair Avenue in July of 1975, so we had no idea about Festival. Kathi Sanders, who, with her husband Doug, lived around the corner at 1104 Colquitt at that time, was the one who encouraged us to volunteer in April 1976. My husband, Richard, was drafted for what turned out to be his career position of Trash Duty, and I, being great with child (Jenny) by that point, was recruited to work at Inman Park Restoration's flea market. As an aside, one should note that Jenny was our third child, she was due in mid-May, and so "great with child" was actually a descriptive term for how I looked while I volunteered. I remember that most of my two-hour shift was spent explaining that no, I wasn't due that afternoon, that I was only 8 months pregnant, and wasn't in active labor, no matter how big I looked. The 1997 Festival is another fond memory. Not because of its success - it rained the entire weekend - but because of the cleanup afterwards at our house at 177 Elizabeth Street. We had agreed to chair Festival that year as "place holders." Connie Weatherby and Bob Bodimer had chaired the two previous years, and Rick and Melissa Gore had agreed to succeed them, but weren't quite ready, so we volunteered to fill in for a year. It didn't just rain all weekend, it poured. The biggest washout I can ever remember happening, and clean up was no different. We ordered pizza to be delivered at our house for the after-cleanup party, and the spirit and camaraderie were absolutely amazing! Wet and exhausted, but smiling faces were everywhere and we all agreed that we really have Festival just because of the way we feel about our neighbors and our neighborhood every year when it is done. The money is just an added bonus. And now we are in the "married-children-and-grandchildren" phase of Festival. When your son-in-law says, "Of course we're coming for Festival. That's not optional!" And your grandchildren race up the street to watch the tent going up. It seems like it has all come full circle.

Sally Dorn

The first year I was the chair of the Tour of Homes (I think that was 1994 or 95), someone asked me when were the tickets going to be available from the printer. I said, "I don't know. Check with the person in charge of printing." I quickly discovered at that time, House Tour Committee was in charge of printing the tickets. Only because of the kindness and incredible talent of Terry Sagedy who came to my rescue, did we have a printed ticket before Festival that year.

Cathy Bradshaw

My job for the inaugural Inman Park Festival in April 1972 was to provide cold beverages. We optimistically hoped that 300 people would show up. I had no idea that 1972 would be the beginning of a festival, parade, tour of homes, artists' market, music, and lots of food vendors that will celebrate its 50th Anniversary in 2022. I did not dream of a life in Inman Park, marrying the guy who bought the house across the street or having a daughter who would one day be the chair of the 50th Festival!

To the surprise of our small committee of volunteers, who were diligently working to pull off Atlanta's first outdoor festival with a parade and tour of homes, at least 3,000 people showed up. The weather was glorious, with bright blue skies and warm temperatures.



The idea behind the first festival was to show off our derelict, but promising historic neighborhood. We could not get loans. We could not get insurance because of redlining due to houses being subdivided into weekly rentals. We certainly had no clout politically in the city or state.

The first festival was held on Edgewood Avenue in front of the Trolley Barn. Volunteers had painted the street-facing side of the Trolley Barn to make the deteriorated facility appear better than it was. The first parade was led by parade leaders wearing red and white striped jackets and straw hats, and a rag-tag ensemble of a unicycle, a huge Earth ball, the Keystone Cops, the Salvation Army band, a high school ROTC band, our first Trash Queen riding a street sweeper and a few people in funny costumes. There was a small gathering of people along the street.

A few tables set up for neighbors to sell art, crafts and various yard sale items. Tour tickets to see 25 homes cost \$1. Members of the neighborhood church sold hot dogs. There was a popcorn machine. And there were no beer booths!

Thank You!
to Fletcher Holmes
for his valuable assistance
with the Festival Flicks

Marge Hays

Shortly after I moved to Georgia, the Atlanta newspaper carried a story on Inman Park's first (?) Tour of Homes, including a color photograph of Jane Kourkoulis' former home on Druid Circle. I made my way in from OTP and was astounded that people were voluntarily living in houses that were in...less than pristine condition...even with young children! It was an amazing experience.

Fast forward about ten years when I decided to buy my own home in Inman Park. Clearly, the earlier exposure had worked its magic on me, as I had not returned to this part of the city in the interim and knew no one here. Thus, in about 1981 my cat Moss and I moved into the "Lake House". The roach population was healthy, including in the bathtub and refrigerator. I didn't eat in the house for a few weeks. My mother visited once and spent days cleaning the kitchen cabinets. My father gave me a pistol (which I knew how to use). Moss was not a guard cat! My eastern neighbor, whom I dubbed Hugh Baby the Redneck, was a long-time resident with family on Virgil St. Hugh was not much of a housekeeper. My western neighbor was the Little Store (now Juliannas). The owner wore a pistol and kept a shotgun under the counter. Across the street, Reeves Plumbing featured previously used toilets and urinals on display outside in the point between Lake and West Ashland.

One day, I met Steve who was walking a friend's dog while I was in my front yard. We married in 1987, joining forces in the Hurt Street house that was slowly being turned into the wonderful home that it is today with some of the best neighbors in the world!



Melissa Gore

Our years in Inman Park were quite special; being part of the neighborhood and all the people is hard to capture with words. My husband, Rick, and I moved into Inman Park in 1993 after purchasing a buildable lot on Euclid Avenue. Since Rick was a builder/contractor, it would be our first of three homes over the course of our 13 years spent in Inman Park.

While we were in the construction phase of our first home, we rented an apartment in the home of Bob and Nancy Morrison. Nancy added one stipulation to our rental agreement: I had to join her Inman Park Festival committee which arranged and handled all the food vendors. I happily volunteered without knowing that would be the notable beginning to our future in Inman Park.

Involvement in Festival was as much social as civic. It was very impressive to watch neighbors and friends embark each year to put together one of the most beloved Atlanta springtime events. Through the years, Rick and I both worked on various committees and always volunteered during Festival weekend. And because Rick rarely says "no," we became Festival chairs 1998-99.

We have so many fond memories of our years living in Inman Park and especially each and every Festival. It seems appropriate to conclude with the Sunday clean-ups followed by a wrap-up party. This being the final event, after the teams of volunteers and neighbors worked tirelessly cleaning up the streets of anything "Festival." It was attended by anyone still standing after the active and exhilarating weekend. And it never failed, the Sunday night closing of Festival was much like a magic trick - now you see it, now you don't. And after the neighborhood quiets, a calm would settle in along with a bit of post-event withdrawal. Then it begins again... all the planning and anticipation, while setting sights on the next year's Festival.



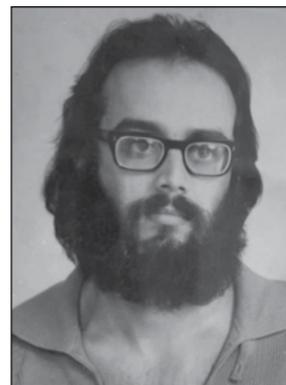
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Susan Bazemore

Oral memory shared with Sally Dorn, 2022

For the second Inman Park Festival, Susan volunteered to organize the parade. It was not the parade you see today at Festival. Susan was struggling to find music for the parade and decided she would have to create her own band. She recruited fellow Inman Parkers to join a recorder band and learn to play a few songs. A good number of neighbors joined the band, but the downside was that each new member meant one less spectator for the parade!

Susan's mother, Celestine Sibley, had a popular recurring column in the Atlanta Constitution and had lots of thoughts about Susan's move to Inman Park and the rebirth of the neighborhood. Celestine had provided wonderful coverage of the first Festival including an article about Inman Park's first Trash Queen (a reprint of which appears in this Advocate). Celestine was chosen as the first Grand Marshall of the Inman Park Parade. She agreed to be in the parade but wasn't excited about riding in a convertible. As an alternative, she borrowed a costume to honor one of the pesky rodents many Inman Park residents were encountering in their new, old homes. Celestine pranced along the parade route dressed as a rat and no one knew who she was!



Harry Kuniansky

Looking for an unusual pastime in the spring of 1972, Diane (my wife) discovered the Inman Park Festival advertised in the AJC and we decided to attend. The weather was perfect for an outdoor festival as I recall, with partly overcast skies, a slight breeze and moderate temperature. I never pass up an opportunity to see someone else's home and while my first thought was why homeowners would risk letting potential criminals in, after viewing a few of the houses, I completely understood - removing anything would probably be an improvement!

I remember Bob Griggs' painted lady as being the quintessential example of what a labor of love could do to a damsel in distress. I remember Gale and Holly Mull's grand home on Elizabeth, Mike Hoover's house on Edgewood, Ross Barnett's house on Dixie, Glenn and Susan Bridges' house on Edgewood, Stephen Foster's house on Waverly, John Sweets' house on Elizabeth and the Kourkoulis home on Druid Circle. There is no doubt that there are many more than I have forgotten, but by the time we left the houses, the street food, the exhibits and the general street party atmosphere, my starter wife and I decided we needed a starter home in Inman Park.



Wayne and Pat Smith

Pat and Wayne Smith were given tickets to the Butterfly Ball at the closing of their home at 80 Spruce Street. They attended before even moving into their home and by the end of that evening, they were already signed up to volunteer at the next Inman Park Festival.

Pat and Wayne went on to spend years as chairs of the parade and entertainment committees, serving on the clean-up committee and doing whatever else they could for the event. The Smith Family opened their home for tour three times and there was one tour date that Wayne will never forget. Pat and Wayne forgot to tell their children, Dan, Michele and Maureen, that the tours did not start until the afternoon, so their children started letting guests in while Wayne was in the shower!

Somewhere along the way during their time in Inman Park, Wayne and Pat started inviting those who had their house on tour to their home for brunch the Sunday of Festival. The tradition grew and it became one of their most cherished memories of their 40+ years spent in Inman Park.

Susan Abramson

On a Saturday afternoon in 1972, my father and I were driving down Edgewood Avenue when we noticed a street fair outside the old trolley barn. Tables were set up with "antiques" and collectables, and refreshments were being served. We had such a good time. By 1973, my then boyfriend and now husband was living on Hurt Street, and that summer we moved in together to an apartment on Waverly Way.

From 1972 to 1973 the Inman Park Festival had become more organized and was more of a celebration and festival of intown living. The house tour started on Saturday morning and a roving calliope wound through the neighborhood streets playing fanciful music and adding an air of carnival to the festivities. The antiques were more, shall we say, sophisticated and a lot more antiques and crafts were available to peruse. In the next two years that we lived in the neighborhood, the Festival grew by leaps and bounds!

It was painful for us to leave the neighborhood in 1976. We tried desperately to find a house of our liking in our price range. But alas, we moved away.

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Urban Pioneers

These memories have been abridged because of space constraints. The full memories can also be viewed at <https://ipna.memberclicks.net/inman-park-festival-memories>

Pam Eaton

The early days of Inman Park were wonderful. Rod lived in 872 Edgewood in 1970. He then purchased 876 Edgewood and I moved in. In 1972, we were married in the Inman Park United Methodist Church which had been filled with daisies by our neighbor and volunteer wedding coordinator, Robert Griggs. Our reception was at the Dees' house (897 Edgewood) and Robert Griggs transformed their parlor and dining room into a festive place.

When Rod and I bought it, 47 Delta Place had four kitchens [filled with bugs]. We used a spacious one downstairs, but we didn't eat when it rained, because every pot or pan we owned was used to catch leaks. There were winos in our backyard, on the lot beside us, and in the house, along with a Dempsey-dumpster in the side front yard. There was one bathroom upstairs and one downstairs that all the tenants used, with only one toilet downstairs working (and no showers). We didn't care. We were young and adventurous.

We were robbed seven times at 47 Delta Place, and Rod's car was stolen. Our only TV was stolen twice. Once we came home from work through the front door while the thieves were going out the back. Another time we opened the front door to a wino on his knees praying to the mantel in the parlor.

In 1975, we were having babies and hanging sheet rock at the same time. One of our favorite winos was crazy Louise, who would watch Ulysses, our son, in our front yard, while I worked somewhere in the house. Ulysses (along with a few other babies) was known as an Inman Park baby and he learned how to handle a hammer at a very early age.

We [pioneers] learned quickly how to gut crumbling plaster and hang sheet rock, strip woodwork, sand floors, wire, and plumb. [Neighbors] borrowed each other's tools and helped each other with different projects. Every spare moment . . . was devoted to working on our houses at night and on weekends after working at a real job all day. This was just how it was, and we loved it. We let nothing stop us.



Bonnie Dees

The first festival occurred only a month after Jeff and I moved into our home at 897 Edgewood Avenue. It was mostly thought of as a celebration for ourselves, and we hoped a few people would show up.

After we decided to have a Festival every year, I declared that we would own the last weekend in April, and I brazenly said the time would come when others would plan around us. And so it has.

My husband, Jeff, was the second festival treasurer. He rode around on a bike and collected money from the booths and brought it back and stuffed it in the freezer. That evening he totaled the cash, and we drove to the C&S Bank in downtown Atlanta where he opened the night deposit only to find that the bag was too fat to fit inside. I was sure someone was going to hold us up at gun point while he struggled to jam it in. Finally, we brought it back home and stuffed it under our mattress until Monday morning.

Many Atlantans came to the house tour every year, walking in the door and asking, "So what have you done since last year?" Some people admitted they came to see if we were still alive and standing. My favorite question came the first year from a lovely Buckhead lady who was completing her tour of our home: "How long do you think it will be until you can move in?" What a look of shock when I told her we were already living there!

We weren't only restoring our homes; we were restoring the neighborhood and the parks; fighting the proposed highway and crime; rezoning the homes from multi-family back to single family; and saving the church and schools. We fought to have the MARTA station named the Inman Park/Reynoldstown when the MARTA planners didn't know what or where Inman Park was. At that time, Inman Park no longer existed on city maps. *The above photo is the backyard of 897 Edgewood Avenue in 1972.*

Chris Moses

My husband, Earl, and I were in our mid-20s in 1970 when we purchased our first home at 213 Elizabeth for \$25,000. With a lot of sweat equity and help from friends and neighbors we replastered, rewired, and replumbed. In the meantime, our new neighbors were doing the same thing across Inman Park. All of us had more youthful energy than money so we helped each other to make it work. A community formed.

The scene wasn't always pretty though. Black soot drifted over from the factory on Austin Avenue. The yards across Elizabeth Street were dirt with old cars that sat up on blocks in the front yards. I recall shootouts on the street. A bewildered man rang our doorbell at 2:00 a.m. saying he was being pursued by bad guys. I found our early tenant lying on the sidewalk, totally drunk, not knowing where she was. One day smoke came billowing out of the basement apartment where the tenant had fallen asleep forgetting about the potatoes cooking on the stove.



Brenda Williams

The year we bought our house on Elizabeth Street in 1971 was a very active year for us. A flipper bought our house a few months before and painted with latex paint everything that had not been painted: unpainted trim, pocket doors, and over the old wallpaper. We quickly learned latex paint is pretty miserable to remove or strip off. The kitchen had been completely torn out except for an industrial three-compartment sink. Tom borrowed money for our down payment from my mother assuming we would be able to get loans after we got it on a cash sale. Unfortunately, we knew nothing about "red lining" of neighborhoods at the time. We were young and stupid.

We worked on the house for months making some progress while Tom tried to get a construction loan. We finally found out that banks were not lending money on old houses in Inman Park. With it being a redlined area, it was too risky. I read that Mills B. Lane, the chief executive at Citizen and Southern National Bank, had an interest in historic homes and neighborhoods. I called the bank about getting a loan to redo our house and was shocked that Mr. Lane answered the phone himself! I talked to him about the problem we were having trying to get a loan and what we were trying to do. He was very kind and he gave us a very good loan. We were the only ones in the neighborhood that had been able to get a building loan for our house. Tom was impressed!

Susanne Fincher (Allstrom)

The early 1970s were a rich chapter in my life. I'm struck by what a remarkable group we were in those early Inman Park days, and no doubt still are. After the death of a child and a divorce from Eric Allstrom, I found myself alone in the great big old house on Ashland Avenue that we had been renovating. It was there and then that I discovered my vocation as an art therapist. I invited Katie Yelverton (now Wolfman), Judy Harrell (now Cohen), and Pat Burns to join me and form a women's consciousness raising group.

The neighbors were an interesting mixture of young professionals and Appalachian immigrants. I remember scraping paint on the front of the house as a wino walked down the street singing "Okie From Muskogee" (a stinging indictment of hippy trash). I watched the man next door, a sweet, white haired old man, steal the battery from Gene's old VW bus parked down the street. I remember learning from Clare that the way to water hanging baskets without drips was to use ice cubes. And I remember Bob Griggs saying as an explanation of why he pushed to get IPR started, that all he wanted were some neighbors where he could drop by and borrow a cup of mushrooms.

I remember the first time I laid eyes on Pat Fincher, standing on a ladder at Sam Shouse's house. And I remember marching with Pat and his two little children followed by our parents, brothers and sisters, and nieces and nephews from Pat's house on Lake Avenue up to Euclid Avenue to be married by Charlie Helms in his living room. Helen served us cool drinks on that hot July day almost 46 years ago.

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Steve Hays

In 1975 I moved into one of Rod and Pam Eaton’s bungalows across from them on the Edgewood Avenue mesa. While moving in, I was carrying a load with a cigar boxful of pennies on top which slid off and fell onto the living room floor. Pennies went everywhere. When I finished putting the other items in the bedroom and returned for another load, “Crazy Louise” and a male friend whose name I never knew were picking up the pennies. I asked them to please leave, and they did so, picking up pennies the whole way. Louise was an Inman Park fixture.

I bought our Hurt Street house in 1976. Shortly after purchasing it, I was visited by an inspector from the City’s Code Compliance Department. He told me he was there to inspect the house for violations. He also told me that generally when he inspected the rental property next door, there was a \$20 bill on the front seat of his VW Beetle when he was finished. (Of course, everything next door was a violation.) When he finished, he went to his car and then walked over to me and said, “There is nothing on my front seat.” I told him that was exactly right and there never would be. He left in a huff and a week or so later I received from the City a nine page list of things which had to be corrected in 90 days. Yikes. I called a friend and neighbor Holly Mull who worked in the Maynard Jackson Administration and asked her what to do. She said not to worry about it and, in a couple of days, the inspector returned and told me that we had had a misunderstanding, and to take all the time I needed to correct the numerous violations. Thank you, Holly and rest in peace.



Clare Sahling

I bought 846 Ashland Avenue as a single woman in 1971. Gently put, it was kinda crappy. It had serious gas leaks, roof leaks, plumbing leaks, and wall-to-wall roaches. The stove would not turn off at all. The sinks were hanging with regrettable stuff growing up nearby walls, and the floor (where there was a floor) had holes where I could see the dirt below. There was a certain aroma that was the Inman Park smell, and the distinct house smell reached you from the street before you got out of the car. Almost all the homes had it. It took me five years to eliminate it.

My house had two apartments, about 30 tenants in five rooms, several abandoned dogs, and a full complement of fighting cocks in the back. There was nothing unique about the condition of this house in Inman Park in the early seventies. It had two pages of outstanding housing and zoning code violations when I bought it. Almost everyone who bought then was in the same situation. No one had much money, but we did have a serious willingness to work.

The early owners helped one another. I remember being so grateful for the number of times a neighbor would come to my aid. Robert Jones (840 Ashland Avenue) left his back door open for three weeks until I finally got a working toilet. And Judy and Doc Harrell (99 Druid Circle) arranged a clean-up of my house before I hosted the first Halloween party. The whole neighborhood showed up. I’d had to work overtime and came home to shiny windows and a tidy house. I cried.

That mutual support was most wonderfully displayed in the annual cleanups. That first neighborhood cleanup was amazing. With the city providing dump trucks and front-end loaders, we became marauding packs taking on one horrible, unmentionable pile after another. We kept at it for hours. We fed the guys from the city to keep them there as long as we could. The men said they had never seen a neighborhood work like we had.

This was the week before the first Festival. We thought that would be a Festival mostly for ourselves. Who in the world would come down to a nasty, smelly little place like ours to look at our broken houses?

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BILL HALLMAN
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Sewing Circle makes Early Flags

In 1971 a red and white striped flag was created to identify which houses in Inman Park had been purchased by people interested in restoring their houses and the neighborhood. These flags were homemade by neighbors who gathered at the home of Chris and Earl Moses, led by June Thompson and Chris, and were proudly flown until Ken Thompson created the butterfly logo. See first Inman Park flag in circle, pictured right.



Gale Mull

My wife Holly and I came to know the neighborhood in 1970. Holly worked for the mayor’s office and learned that a fellow named Robert Griggs was having a party to showcase his Inman Park antique house that he fondly referred to as “Belle Wretch.” We attended, as did many others, and Holly was taken with the neighborhood. We immediately looked for a house and Holly was enthralled with 185 Elizabeth Street. I was not because there were many choices at that time and a good number of those other houses appeared to be solid and stood up straight; 185 Elizabeth did not. It was decaying, the seven layers of roofing were molded, the chimneys were falling in (as was most everything else), trees were growing out of the roof, there was no central heating system and it sagged between every porch post. Holly loved it because, as she said, it looked like it was curtseying.

There was no topsoil or grass cover in the front yard. A chain hung from a limb of the oak tree where car and truck engines had been repaired. The red clay of our front yard rushed down Elizabeth Street during each rainstorm. The backyard, in the hollow, consisted of weed growth that was more than thigh high. We uncovered two Chevrolet car bodies when the undergrowth was removed.

Crime was so significant at the time that Grady Hospital would often station an ambulance on weekend nights at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Druid Circle. One of our early pioneers, Susan Bridges, was pregnant with her first child while restoring her home. She wore a pistol in a holster strapped around her baby bump while scraping paint, patching walls and sanding floors. But during all the restoration, the new residents never ceased to recognize the needs of and provide help for the families of the weekly rental apartments. The Urban Pioneers hired local workers and helped find a child care and lunch program that was managed by Louise Rivers in the basement of Inman Park Methodist Church.



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Eileen Segrest Brown

When I became chair of the 4th Inman Park Festival, I didn’t raise my hand to do the job – I was informed that I would be chair! “I have an infant son at home,” I pleaded, but it did not work. Being a Festival trailblazer was hard work, but it was FUN.

While I was Festival chair, we had many “Festival Firsts.” We had our first Festival t-shirts, which Jack Cooper hand silkscreened yellow and black butterflies on white tees. For our house tour, Don Jordan designed the shape and size of the tickets that would set the precedent for future Festival tickets. In our first three Festivals, the primary goal was to publicize Inman Park, thereby attracting likeminded free spirits to join our cause and buy a home in our neighborhood. For the 4th Festival, we added fundraising as one of our goals. We proudly raised \$9087.17!

Festival Fun

From children raised in Inman Park

These memories have been abridged because of space constraints.

The full memories can also be viewed at <https://ipna.memberclicks.net/inman-park-festival-memories>



Megan Cramer

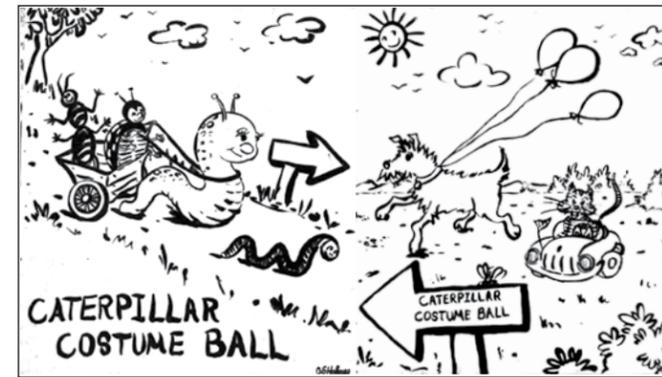
I will always remember the Festival where Wil (my brother) and I portrayed Bill and Hillary Clinton in the parade. I believe Wil was about 7, I was about 13 (my parents can verify the exact dates). We wore our parents' suits and headbands and Wil put some baby powder in his hair to "gray it up". Neighbor Jennie Keith joined us as Chelsea and Al Caproni was our Secret Service agent. We rode in a convertible as The Clintons!! It was absurd and wonderful - as all Inman Park Festival Parades are!!!!



Amy Ferguson

One year at Caterpillar Ball, some of our friends and my cousin decided we wanted to be in the parade. This included my friend and neighbor, Meghan Grist, and my cousin, Fletcher Holmes, along with his crew. We had always been avid parade watchers and my older sister, Michelle, had even been in the parade one year (riding in a convertible with the lovely Margie Venezia and neighbor, Anne Miller). It was my turn!

My mom, Sally Dorn, had a genius idea to make our parade dreams come true. She dreamed up a way for all of us and more neighborhood kids to be in the parade: The Little Little Five Points Punk Rockers. We gathered about 15 kids in our crew and dressed up as punk rockers, inspired by the ones we'd seen hanging out in L5P. We even had a couple boomboxes so we could play music. I think we only had one or two songs, and if memory serves correctly, they weren't in line with the punk style we were trying to emulate. We looked amazing when the parade kicked off, and I felt on top of the world. But the boomboxes were heavy and the parade route was long! I distinctly remember Cooper Holmes struggling with one that probably weighed about as much as he did. I think only a few of us made it to the end and some bailed during the parade. After that, I decided it was much more fun to watch the parade.



Fletcher Holmes

The Festival was always in my memories. Caterpillar Ball. Costumes. Cupcakes. Kids. The IPCP "Punks" float, walking the parade with spiked hair and ripped clothes. A man on stilts juggling. Face paint. Butterfly lady. Funnel cakes. Loud music. The Cocoon Ball. Music, a girl asked me to dance. Snap-n-Pops and Silly String; a bond that lasted forever with the family car. Bonsai trees that died too soon. Hanging out with friends. Babysitting for Butterfly Ball. And then, returning years later. Old friends, family and food. Gigantic parade with the old vibe. Home tours with my mother, really appreciating the houses in the neighborhood. Beer and live music. Lots of golf carts. My daughter riding in the parade on the IPCP float as a bumble bee. The neighborhood festival of my youth is intact and flourishing. Generations get to experience the wonderful spectacle and community.

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Kenny Thompson

We moved into 176 Elizabeth Street in 1971 when I was five years old. We called it the "Big House." I was there through age 20 when I left for college. Those were formidable years. I remember my father, Ken Thompson, creating the Inman Park Butterfly design in his art studio in the basement of the house. He also designed and handmade several of the home address markers that are still around the neighborhood. That house and Inman Park have shaped my life in innumerable ways. I still have dreams of 176 Elizabeth Street and my family does as well. There was an air of mystery and discovery living in those homes. We were still finding new sections of the house when I was in my teens (we found a crawl space where workers from the 1920s left bottles and newspapers for example). When it was time for me to buy my first house in San Antonio, I looked for another diamond in the rough and bought a house built in 1920. I stayed there for 25 years before selling it when it was 99 years old. As a child, we always loved the Inman Park Festival. It was the best time of the year. It was made even better by being able to simply walk out of your house and be surrounded by Festival itself. As a family, we would say that we lived in the best house, on the best street, in the best neighborhood, in the best city! Clearly, we were biased, and every home in Inman Park is the best in its own way. Yet, that is how we felt and truly how we still feel even today. We are seeking to recapture that magic. I remember every crack of the sidewalk, every tree, every house from that time. It is wonderful to know that the neighborhood is still in such loving hands.



Cooper Holmes

There would be Christmas type anticipation as the power poles first went up down Euclid Avenue. The excitement grew as the streets got blocked off, watching all the vendors unloading their goods into evening under the white tarps, wondering which wrapped booth would be of interest to me when they were unveiled Saturday morning. Word spread quickly through the kid grapevine where the "toy" booth was so you could load up on the ammunition of Snap-n-Pops, stink bombs, Silly String or other disposable flying projectiles. We would then roam the Festival in small packs laying traps and creating harmless mischief for unwitting adult Festival goers, an endless source of amusement and thrill.



Next, there was the afternoon break of sitting on the curb on the outskirts of the big tent and watching the phalanx of cloggers who seemed to be from a completely mysterious and alien world other than my own. Being mesmerized by the man with no arms who would (seemingly) effortlessly draw realistic pencil portraits with his feet. Festival was a wonderful time that always seemed much longer than just a weekend. It was very magical as a child to freely wander around the neighborhood, stopping in various houses seeing familiar faces, music washing around in the background, feeling free and safe.



Mary Catherine (Westrick) Husney, MD

The first hint was the flags, waving from the poles when we came home from school. It meant that within a week, one of the best weekends of the year would begin. Each day when we came home, there was something new, magically produced by a festival committee volunteer using precious vacation time to work on preparations that day. Next would be the "No Parking" signs, then the power poles, and finally the penultimate - the tent. Mom would pick us up at school, and we'd pile into the car with the questioning of, "Is it up? Is it up?" We wouldn't even go home, first driving over to Euclid and Elizabeth to see the tent in place. That night, we'd watch our parents get ready, putting on the tuxedos and fancy dresses and leaving in a cloud of perfume for Butterfly Ball. We would then wake on Saturday morning, butterflies in our stomachs and our head full of plans for the day. We would empty our Festival envelopes, full of a portion of our allowances we saved through the year, and walk/run to meet our friends. The weekend passed in a blur of constant movement, the parade, ice cream and funnel cakes. We got our faces painted and pulled grimy quarters out of our pockets to pay for yet another jar of colored sand from the Sand Man. While we were always banned from Butterfly Ball, as we got older, we were sometimes allowed to come (briefly) to the Saturday Night Street Dance (a tradition I truly wish would return). Then, finally, Sunday afternoon would arrive. When we were little, we helped pick up chairs and sweep, and then would return home with Grandma, yawning and filthy, for a bath and bed. Getting to stay later was a rite of passage and getting to



ride in a trash truck meant we were truly grown. We would drive around with our crew, sitting in the bed or perched on the side of the truck, picking up trash barrels, street signs, and barricades. We would climb into the dumpsters to jump on the trash, smashing it down so we could empty yet another barrel. The night would finish on someone's porch for pizza, sodas and beer. Plans were informally hatched for the next year and the next festival chair was chosen (often under the influence of the aforementioned beer). I can count on one hand the number of Festivals I missed due to med school and residency. I think I said it best when the 2020 Festival was canceled: "Festival is a celebration of a community, a triumph of local activism, a ginormous party, and something that I have looked forward to every year since I was six years old."

Taylor Segrest

My parents were among the scrappy crop of baby-towing pioneers who were naïve and adventurous enough to move into the fringe neighborhood that was Inman Park in the early 1970s. I grew up amid drop cloths and scaffolds, splinters and paint splatter, Carter and Reagan, parades, preservation, parties, and politics. I was often on my bike exploring the wooded urban wonderland that was the shadow of an old Atlanta neighborhood in the process of making itself new. As houses came together, marriages fell apart – not all, to be sure, some thrived and still thrive – but by the time my car-pool was done carpooling, we were all children of divorces. Yet what they built remains and still peaks magnificently every year at Festival.





We are actively collecting memories and photos of Festivals and Inman Park. If you care to share your memories or photos go to: <https://ipna.memberclicks.net/inman-park-festival-memories>



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IP Festival Chairpersons

| | |
|---------------------------|--|
| 1972 | Rod Eaton |
| 1973 | Bonnie Dees |
| 1974 | Pam Eaton |
| 1975 | Eileen Rhea Brown (Segrest) |
| 1976 | Marydith Chase, Alecia Dyer, Bill McMurry |
| 1977; 1978 | Joe Webb |
| 1979; 1980 | Bob Bodimer |
| 1981 | Bill McMurry |
| 1982; 1983; 1984 | Steve Blades |
| 1985 | Diane Floyd |
| 1986 | Richard Westrick |
| 1987 | Jerry Thomas |
| 1988 | Ann King |
| 1989 | Susan Chase |
| 1990 | Pam White |
| 1991 | Bill McMurry |
| 1992 | Steve Hays |
| 1993; 1994 | John Floyd |
| 1995; 1996 | Connie Weatherby, Bob Bodimer |
| 1997 | Pat & Richard Westrick |
| 1998; 1999 | Melissa & Rick Gore |
| 2000; 2001 | Joanie & Wayne Mitchell |
| 2002; 2003 | Susan Crawley, John Floyd |
| 2004; 2005 | Linda Dunham, Alexandra Coffman |
| 2006; 2007 | Lisa Burnette, Ruth Caproni |
| 2008; 2009 | Danny Feig-Sandoval |
| 2010; 2011 | Nick Franz |
| 2012; 2013 | Melissa Miller, Thom Abelew |
| 2014; 2015 | Christel Sundin, Rob Craig |
| 2016; 2017 | Karin & Jacques Mebius |
| 2018; 2019 | Robbie Whyte-Pierce, Cooper Pierce |
| 2020 (Un-Festival, COVID) | Samantha Bailey, Jane Bradshaw Burnette |
| 2021 Tour of Gardens | Samantha Bailey, Jane Bradshaw Burnette |
| 2022 | Jane Bradshaw Burnette |



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Can you find the photo of Inman Park baby, now Senator Jon Ossoff, in this 50th Festival Edition Advocate?



Inman Park Tour of Homes Facts

By: Pat Westrick

Many of us live in a house or residence that has been open once or twice for the Inman Park Tour of Homes during the last 50 eventful years in our beloved 'hood. But for some, their house has been on tour four, six, even 10 times! But which ones are they?

From the Inman Park House Tour Spreadsheet, encompassing 50 years or so of frantic renovations, midnight paint jobs, and last-minute cleaning and planting frenzy: Statistics!

Houses/Structures/Points of Interest on the Inman Park Tour of Homes Since 1972: 846

Streets Represented: 31 (There are 41 streets in Inman Park)

Most times on tour (47): Inman Park United Methodist Church

Runner-up (26): The Trolley Barn, which has also been an integral part of Festival since 1972

Street with the most frequent houses on tour: Elizabeth (11 houses that have been on tour four or more times!)

There is a three-way tie for the homes that have been on tour the most at 10 each! We have also included Inman Park houses that have been on tour seven or more times. The year listed is the last year the house was on tour.

10 times:

185 Elizabeth (1998)

944 Euclid (2017)

167 Elizabeth (2021)

9 times:

897 Edgewood (2007)

766 Dixie (2016)

8 times:

804 Edgewood (2021)

866 Euclid (2004)

7 times:

857 Ashland (2011)

1131 Austin (1997)

814 Edgewood (2021)

242 Elizabeth (2017)

882 Euclid (1983)

1062 Euclid (2011)

162 Hurt (2001)

If it has been a few years since your house was last on tour, consider contacting next year's House Tour Committee (who are already hard at work) and volunteer to be on the 2023 or 2024 Inman Park Tour of Homes.

Or say "Yes!" when they call you!



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Diane's Chocolate Raspberry Brownies

In 2003, the AJC had a weekly feature in the Food section "Kitchen with ...". As you probably remember, Diane Floyd sometimes used to bring her chocolate raspberry brownies to IPNA meetings which probably increased the turnout. On a lark, I sent the story of her brownies to the AJC, and they chose it as one of their articles. And we had voted her brownies the official dessert of Inman Park at an IPNA meeting. Steve Hays.

Chocolate-Black Raspberry Brownies

Makes 20 servings

Preparation time: 30 minutes, plus 1 hour to chill

Cooking time: 25 minutes

Steve Hays nominated Diane H. Floyd as one of Georgia's best home cooks for our In the Kitchen With...feature, writing that "her delicious raspberry-chocolate brownies were declared the 'official dessert of Inman Park' some years ago at a neighborhood event." We, too, found them to be a standout.

4 ounces unsweetened chocolate

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ sticks) butter

2 cups granulated sugar

3 eggs, lightly beaten

1 teaspoon vanilla

1 cup all-purpose flour

1 cup semisweet chocolate chips, divided

10 ounces black raspberry jam, preferably seedless, at

room temperature (don't substitute red raspberry or blackberry)

2 teaspoons vegetable oil

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lightly grease a 13 X 9 in. pan. In the microwave or double boiler set over simmering water, melt chocolate and butter together and stir until the mixture is smooth. By hand, stir in sugar, eggs, vanilla and flour until well-combined. Spread in pan. Sprinkle evenly with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of the chocolate chips. Bake for 25 min, or until slightly firm when touched lightly. Do not overbake. Let cool at least 15 min.

Spread the jam evenly over the brownies. Melt the remaining $\frac{2}{3}$ cup chocolate chips with the 2 teaspoons vegetable oil. Stir until smooth. Pour melted chocolate over the jam. Using a knife, spread the melted chocolate over the jam in as even a layer as possible. Chill thoroughly and cut into small squares. Serve chilled.

