Recording begins with classical music in background and display of white script on a black background: "The DeKalb Historical Society presents 'I Remember Hour' 'DeKalb's Rural Roots' September 22, 2002, Decatur First United Methodist Church"

Scene changes to Betty Jo Williams, addressing a group of people seated in a semicircle; and the recording begins mid-sentence:

BETTY JO WILLIAMS: . . . and Wilma Hipps is the cochairman, and I'm Betty Jo Williams, and I want to welcome you. This is going to be an extremely wonderful program, and I'm going to turn it over to Ms. Hipps, who contacted all these wonderful speakers today. [*Moves off-camera*.]

WILMA HIPPS: It was my pleasure to contact these speakers, because I have known all of them for many, many years. I know a little bit about some of their history, and I'm sure that you'll be very interested and fascinated, actually, by some of the things that they're going to talk about today. Clyde Shepherd is going to talk about things that he specifically remembers about the central part of the county, when it was mostly rural. Harold Johnson and Pat Mathis are going to talk about the southern part of the county, when it was mostly truck farms and dairy farms. And Dave Chesnutt, who I think is the fifth generation of his family to live out in the Dunwoody and Doraville area, is going to share his memories of that era. So why don't we start of maybe start north and move central and end up south. And any of you are welcome to chime in with any of your recollections.

But Dave, why don't you kick it off? Dave told me, when I called him, and he says, "Well, I used to plow a mule where I-85 is today." [*Laughter*] And I have been in meetings with him when he would always toss out a little gem like that, just at the right moment; so I'm eager to hear all about that.

DAVID CHESNUTT: Well, that's kind of easy to do when you're dealing with all those Yankees that are up there in Dunwoody. [*Laughter*] But, no, my family came to DeKalb County in the early—well, around 1833 and have been here ever since. Started out down Newton and Rockdale County and migrated up to the Tucker area, and we've--in about a hundred years we've moved from Tucker to Dunwoody. I'm not sure that's been moving up [*laughter*], but at any rate—but when I was—I was born just prior to World War II. My first memory is on December 7, 1941, when Chamblee High School burned. I was too young to realize that the war had started, but I do remember the great fire that they had at Chamblee High School.

But at that time--I was walking with Pat and Harold--we had four major dairies in the north end of the county. You had W. O. Pierce, P. E. Pierce, the Morrisons—I don't remember

who had Hilltop Dairy. I just remember the name of the dairy. At that time, there was maybe six or eight families in Dunwoody. There was more people, but there were just six or eight families. And my best friend's grandparents lived where Dunwoody High School is—the Martins. We used to go up there and play. Mr. Martin did a lot of truck farming, grew a lot of corn and beans in particular. My granddad at that point had the hauling franchise from DeKalb County, and it was somewhat of a political plum, I suppose you would say, because the county didn't have any trucks, and they would call up in the morning and tell Papa they needed so much stone or sand at one place or the other, and he'd go to Davidson's quarry out in Lithonia and haul it, and he got paid based on the tickets that came from Davidson's quarry. But at that time our particular family owned all the land on both sides of Chamblee-Tucker Road all the way from about 300 yards west of 85 over past Embry Hills. Now, this would have been my granddaddy; his father-in-law, my great-granddaddy, J. W. Warren; and Glenville Henderson. Some of you may know some of the Henderson boys. Marc owns and has developed Tucker Concrete. Walter was the ag teacher at Tucker High School for many years. And then there were a number of others. Those were probably the two that you knew best.

WH, *off-camera*: Let me ask a question: He was an ag teacher at Tucker High School. Until how recently did they have agriculture as a subject in the high school, Dave, do you know?

DC: I'm not sure. I graduated from Chamblee in 1955 [sic], and there was—agriculture was a major subject there until sometime in the '60s, when Mr. Harold Smith quit teaching—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: The last year they had agriculture at Tucker was 1958. Then Walter Henderson went from ag teacher at Tucker to Director of Transportation for the school district in 1958.

DC: For the school system, right.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: He started at Tucker about 1940.

WH, *off-camera*: Started at Tucker about 1940, this gentleman says. I know when I went to work at the DeKalb Chamber [of Commerce] as a bride in 1958, the chamber had an agriculture committee. So there was still that focus that late.

DC: Well, I know that we still had the ag department at Chamblee when I graduated in '57 [sic]. It wasn't long after that that Mr. Harold Smith quit teaching agriculture and became a counselor, which he had been most of the years, anyway.

The story that Wilma—I don't know how many of you all remember, you know, when you had an ag department, you also had Future Farmers [of America] department. As a member of the FFA, you always had to have a project. And one year I chose corn as a project, and the cornfield that Papa delegated for me to plant and work is in the middle of what is now I-85, right

north of Chamblee-Tucker Road. And we plowed it with tractors; we laid it by and planted it with mules. And that was—so I literally have plowed a mule in the middle of what is now I-85. At that time we lived over in Chamblee, and when school was out, I'd go catch my pony, hook him to a wagon, put my clothes in it, and drive to my grandparents' and didn't come back until it was time to go back to school. But pretty much everybody had large gardens. There was a lot of corn. This was before we even had the advent of soybeans. But there was pretty much everybody had a plot of land had some row crops on it. And that's about it. I'll put these other fellows—any other questions, I'll be glad to answer them.

WH: I also remember you stating in a meeting one time that you used to hut rabbits in the vicinity of Ashford-Dunwoody Road and something about you maybe getting lost and having to spend the night out there?

DC: Well, the—that story—we now live in the old Donaldson house on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road at Vermack. But Earl Donaldson and I cut school one afternoon about 3:00 and went and got the beagles from my house and his house, and we went by another buddy's house and got two more beagles, and we went back over along the swamps on Peachtree Creek. That's now where Murphey-Candler Park is. Well, we had followed this buck rabbit we'd been trying to kill, because the dogs'd get down in the swamps, and we decided we were going to go kill that rabbit so that he wouldn't keep leading the dogs into the swamps. Well, we got over about where the lake is on the left side of the lake, and it got dark, and we knew that there was some—a number of old houses and wells over there, and we didn't want to lose a dog, much less one of us fall in it. So we called the dogs in, piled up a big pile of straw, both of us took our coats off, put them on—we got back-to-back and laid down and went to sleep. About 2:30 that morning, I heard a siren going off, and my daddy had driven through Red Spruill's corn field, trying to find us. And, of course, everybody knows about the Spruills and all their truck farming, but I got up, shot off a round, Daddy heard it, and that's when he drove through the cornfield. But, well, they found us. Had the whole DeKalb County police department out, I think, looking for us that night [*laughter*]. But we weren't, you know—we decided when Daniel Boone got lost, he just got up the next morning when it was light and came home. There was no thing for us to do.

WH, *off-camera [addressing Clyde Shepherd*]: Well, Clyde, you told me that you used to stand on the front porch of your grandmother's farmhouse, and you could see it on LaVista Road, and you could see all the way to Stone Mountain because there were no trees.

CLYDE SHEPHERD: There weren't many trees. It's on LaVista Road. It's where St. Bartholomew's Church is now, that's where my grandmother lived. And as a little boy, I'd be

there, and you could look down—stand in the middle of LaVista Road—and you could see Stone Mountain out there. That was—you want me to tell my family—starting off with—or you just want me to talk about that?

WH, *off-camera*: Absolutely

CS: OK, my first ancestor in the DeKalb County census was a man named Silas Butler. He was born in 1850 [sic]. He lived down around somewhere around down Klondike. But after the Civil War—the Civil War hit them hard—they were burned out, and they took all their stuff and all that stuff—but somewhere around then Atlanta began to grow, so I guess they decided living down that way was too hard, so they came on into Atlanta, where they could sell fresh produce and chickens and eggs and all those things. And they went out on LaVista Road.

My first--James Madison Butler was born in 1832, buried over there on Piedmont Road in the Presbyterian cemetery. He was my great-grandfather, Silas Butler's my great-great grandfather. They all came to Atlanta, I guess, to try to make a living. Because Atlanta was growing, they needed fresh vegetables and chickens and eggs and all that sort of thing. So they came in. And don't really know how James Madison Butler—I guess he ran some kind of little farm out there on LaVista Road, and he had one daughter that married a man named Mason. The family owned Mason Mill; he'd be a great-uncle to Tullie Smith. My Great-Aunt Jenny, she had two children born in Tullie Smith's house. And they lived on LaVista Road, and there was this little community there.

One of the reasons that the truck farms were close, they got as close to town as you could, was the situation of ice. There was no electricity, not much, no, any kind of running water. Any kind of water you had, it had to be a little gasoline pump. So the people lived close to Atlanta. My grandfather—my mother's father—they had forty acres there on LaVista Road. They come up here from the Klondike area, and they bought it on credit. They paid $400 for forty acres, and they bought it on credit. And I always heard my grandmother say that the last year that they had to make the payment, they didn't buy any clothes, because they wanted to be sure that they could make the payment at the end of that year. [*Laughs*] I don't know if he had—he never—you know, if they foreclose you now, you're sunk. But anyway, they [inaudible] they didn't want to lose the farm. They just didn't buy any clothes.

And my grandfather had—they made a living. They raised five kids and sent them all to a little better than high school, got some form of higher education. My grandmother had ninety hives of bees, and she raised chickens. And my grandfather had a little cart kind of thing; he hauled a little horse. An he would pack that full of eggs, fresh vegetables, figs—he had a fruit orchard there. And Grandmother raised chickens and—coops of chickens. And he had a route,

he went around the Virginia-Highland area and around Little Five Points. And he knew all the people there, he had a little route. And twice a week he went to the people he knew, and he'd sell them fresh butter and eggs.

You got to remember, there was no grocery stores in those days. People—you couldn't—I remember the first A&P, which was a little store about as big as this room, on Highland Avenue in about 1920. Well, people had to get their groceries from somebody in from the farm. The [inaudible—could be "Kempers"?] had a grocery store a little later on Peachtree, and people would call up in the morning, and they'd send the fresh vegetables out on—they had little wagons, too—but some of them, they'd send some of them on bicycles. And that's they way the ladies got their fresh meat and chickens and all in Atlanta in those times. Then when my grandfather would make his route of selling this stuff, he had to go by the ice house, and he bought a 300-pound chunk of ice, because ice was a big deal. You had to have the ice to have the milk to do that, you know, when you brought the stuff in. And he had a great big chest, about as big as this [*gestures*], and he made it himself—I've still got it down at the farm. It was packed with sawdust insulation, and he put that big chunk of 300 pounds of ice in there, and he had a little pulley. It was too heavy for him to lift from the wagon up to the back porch, and he'd get that little pulley, and he'd get that ice, and he'd put it in that big chunk, and that would be what had to last him till the next time that they went to town to sell the produce that they had.

And people in the neighborhood used to say—I've heard some of the old-timers say that my grandfather'd load that truck down—that little—they called it a truck; it was a wagon—and the big deal was getting up [inaudible—sounds like "Tidward"?] Hill. [Inaudible—sounds like "Tidward"?] Hill was across Peachtree Creek, down there below Wallace Station, you know it? Wallace Station used to be the station before you went to Emory on the Seaboard, and there's a hill there, coming up from Peachtree Creek up to Emory Road. And if—he'd have that thing so packed, he'd have to get off and help push [*laughter*]—help get the truck up, the little wagon up to the top of the hill, because they had—they sold fresh butter and [inaudible] they had those ninety hives of bees, and they—oh, and Christmastime they had wreathes and holly and that kind of—mistletoe, I remember they used to have some mistletoe. They'd bring it in and all. And he did that and raised five kids. And, let me see—I remember him. He died in about—I was born in '14, and he died in about 1921. And I remember him well. I remember seeing all these people. And that's about the crop. I don't—

WH, *off-camera*: What do you remember about the schools?

CS: The schools?

WH, *off-camera*: Yeah

CS: Well, I went to school to start with—I started off over in the Atlanta—what's now known as Samuel Inman School, but I went to Druid Hills—what was Emory School in those days, on the Emory campus. And the Emory professors were—wanted a place to send their kids, and they had a basement of a building they called the Fishburne Building. And it's right down on the corner—they've torn it down now. It was on the corner of North Decatur and Clairmont [sic; means Clifton], and [inaudible] was turned over to the--there were six or eight rooms there, and we all went to school there, and we all had to pay something, I don't remember how much. And then the county furnished something. And we all went to school there, and then later they had a bond issue in about 19—I guess it'd be about 1928 or '29, they had a bond issue to build a new Druid Hills High School and grammar school and two—one was W. D. Thompson School and then there was a Black school, all in the same bond issue. Mr. W. D. Thompson was one of the trustees, and Mr. Asa Candler—Mr. Walter Candler and Mr. Mason, they were the three trustees for this bond issue they had, and put the bond issue in, and they built the school. And then we moved over in—about 1930 we moved over to the present place where Druid Hills High School is, and I graduated there in 1931. Wasn't the first graduating classes from high school. There was about one ahead of us. The kids in the school were mostly kids--their parents taught at Emory, the dean—all the deans and President Cox and all those people, their kids went to school there. And then they had a group of kids that came from out of the LaVista-Briarcliff area, and they rode the school bus. And this school bus, you should have seen. I mean, it was loaded down with kids sitting in the top, half-hanging off the back [*laughter*], like those movies you see. And there's an old man drove it named Pop Jones. And he—his son later drove—ran that filling station down there at the end of Briarcliff, down at North Decatur and Oxford Road. It was a filling station they ran for a long—I can't think of that fellow, Jones was his name, anyway. But they came in, and kids came in from the country every day. And, of course, they couldn't be kept in after school like the rest of us, because they had to catch the school bus [*laughter*]. It was quite—

BJW, *off-camera*: So you didn't get to play football?

CS: They didn't have a football field, because they didn't have a football, and didn't have a football field, but this [inaudible] [*laughter*]. But I'll tell you this one, parenthetically, the Depression was on. Man, it was Depression like you've never seen. Some of you may remember that Depression. It started after the market crash in '29. So my daddy had all these teams. He had a hundred teams.

WH, *off-camera*: Teams of mules? Or horses

CS: Well, they were mules. Teams were—a team is two. Well, he had a hundred mules. I guess that'd be fifty teams, or whatever. But the Depression was on, and they had these work—make-work projects, and they'd give grants to people who would put people to work at thirty cents an hour, and you couldn't work them but thirty hours, and so the people would have nine dollars cash, and they could probably buy some food with that. So Mr. Thompson and Mr. Candler rented teams from my father, and these people that were unemployed would come and load—dig the dirt and load these wagons, which was a very inefficient way to move dirt—load the wagons, and then the mules would haul it down, and that's how they built the Druid Hills athletic field. This was built in about 19—I guess '34 or 5. Then after that they had a football field, and they could have a football team. They didn't have a team in my day. They did in my brother's day, which was a couple of years later.

DS: When did the county school system—because I know my granddaddy was a trustee of the Chamblee School, and--because at that time all the schools were local, like Clyde was saying about the Emory School. When did the county school system take over?

RENNIE HALFORD [spelling?], *off-camera*: I think it was about 1949 when they consolidated the local districts into the--what is now the DeKalb County school district, right after, during the time that Jim Cherry came to [inaudible].

DS: Well, I knew that they were local schools that had the local trustees like Clyde was talking about, because bonds were issued. It wasn't county bonds; it was just the bonds of that school district. And, depending on whether or not you lived in the wealthy part of the county, which was over at Druid Hills [*laughter*], you had a good school. You had all the Emory money over there.

BJW, *off-camera*: And in case you don't know who our speaker is that gives us the information, it's Rennie Halford, who is now retired but was chairman—superintendent of DeKalb Schools for many years. We thank him for his input.

WH: Yes, absolutely, Rennie. Well, Harold and Pat. I'm going to sort of let you tag team, however you want to do this, because you're both from the same area, and both of their families were in the dairy business.

PAT MATHIS: Harold's a lot older than I am, so— [*laughter*]

HAROLD JOHNSON: Well, I am a little bit older, but the schools' area was just like what Mr. Shepherd was talking about. Southwest DeKalb District was—the Southwest DeKalb School was built in 1928. And my Uncle Gus, who was a bachelor, helped get the bond issue passed. They had one bond issue that didn't pass. Uncle Gus never learned to drive. He rode a horse over the farm. He was a very distinguished-looking gentleman, but he had an older brother who

was driving around getting all the people to vote for the bond issue where they could build a school. And they got up enough bond money to build a Southwest DeKalb school, and they built one at Bouldercrest and Wesley Chapel. It was east side, west side, and Southwest DeKalb High School. Well, in the center area where we lived, close to the Southwest DeKalb district, I think our farm joined it, but the grammar school was, from the fourth grade on, was at the high school building, and we had a little red school house, we called it, up at there south DeKalb.

WH, *off-camera*: Now, Harold brought a picture of that, which is in the rear of the room, and you'll be interested, I'm sure, to see it.

HJ: Well, before Southwest DeKalb was built, that school was built in 1912, and all the students went through nine grades there. And if they wanted to go further, they had to go to a different school. Now, Nina Cobb, Bo Cobb's mother, and wife, Bo Cobb's mother went to Monroe A&M and finished her tenth and eleventh grade there to finish her high school education. A lot of kids did that. They had to go to a different school. Some of them came to Decatur and went to school. They had to pay, but they had to do that if they wanted to finish any more than nine grades.

But before that, my family came into—well, it was really around Snellville. My first ancestor was in Wilkes—Oglethorpe County, fought in the Revolutionary War, and buried somewhere around Athens. And then his son, Nathan Johnson—which my older brother's Nathan—there's about five Nathans in the family—they came to around Snellville and Centerville and from there on to Lithonia. And I've got cousins there: Martha and Ben Johnson live right in the heart of Lithonia now. If you go there, and see the house right across from the shopping area, that's Martha and Ben. Martha—I'm going to get off on tangents, because I don't know how to get into this—but Martha taught me in high school, botany. I didn't know she was my cousin at the time, you know. And then I went on up to Georgia State, it was the University of Georgia division then. I went with Richard and Bob Mathis and Charlie Bloodworth and I forgot how many more around the community—Sonny Collier. Bunch of us from the South DeKalb area. And she was teaching human biology up there, and I finally, I told her that she taught me twice—human biology one time and biology the other time, and I had a hard time passing both times. I said it looked like she would've given me an A in it since we were cousins [*laughter*]. But anyway, she was a very interesting person. She wound up as a doctor at Georgia State and has since retired. She's much older than I am.

But then my father—grandfather—came to South DeKalb in about 1860. He married a Turner. There was a Nathan Turner there that the land that we owned was Turner land, not Johnson land. And they owned most of the land from Cobb Creek all the way up to South

DeKalb. He had two daughters, and one of them was my grandmother, and the other one married a J. J. Hulsey. Nathan Turner is buried in a cemetery at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He fought in the War of Northern Aggression [*laughter*]. And we never did refer to it as the Civil War or the War Between the States, it was always the War of Northern Aggression. My grandfather was Cleveland, and he fought with an Alabama regiment. He joined when he was sixteen years old. And he's buried there in Panthersville.

But to go back farther on the school issue, there was what was called the South River Academy, which was—you know where the Paulks' cathedral and all that is right there at Flakes Mill Road? And that was probably in 18—oh, probably 1880. Daddy was born in '83, so it would've been right about '90, I guess, 1890, along in there. I don't know how long the school lasted, but I know Daddy was a trustee of it before the school that we were talking about it, the little red school, in 1912, so it must've—but a lot of the churches, Ousley had a school, and I didn't know that, and I've been a member of Ousley, and my family, through the history there, right there at Tilson Road and Candler Road. But then Cedar Grove—I got some information when Wilma called me, and, when talking to some of the Clarks over there, they had school there at the Cedar Grove Methodist Church. There was a school there—another school there I'm missing, somewhere, I can't remember where it was. But most of the churches around that community, if you got any education at that time, that's where you got it. They would hire a teacher, and you probably have nine or ten grades or as many grades as they had. I know the school that Daddy went to there, the South River Academy, they taught Latin. Well, we never did teach Latin at Southwest DeKalb that I know of at any time [sic]. But they would—they got a pretty good education, considering the time, I guess.

Then coming on up until World War II—I graduated from Southwest in '46, and back then, you was talking about football, the only school that had lights or a football field was Tucker. And back then you played six-man football, and if you played—we'd go up and play Tucker, usually Friday night, and if you lost—or if you beat Tucker, you usually had to fight your way out, you know [*laughter*], [inaudible] the neighborhood. But it was, you know, it was a very competitive-type situation. And, of course, you played Stone Mountain and Chamblee or Tucker, Druid Hills and—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Clarkston

HJ: --Clarkston—missing another one, aren't I?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Stone Mountain

HJ: Stone Mountain, yeah, Stone Mountain. Built a gym—it was a wooden gym, but—and then in 1937, the WPA and when Roosevelt was in there on the New Deal, they built a

grammar school, and that's when we left the little red school. I went to the fourth grade in the new grammar school at Panthersville.

Well, back in the war years, there wasn't any—the [inaudible] of roads—the pavements start right there at the Honor Farm road, which is Panthersville Road.

WH, *off-camera*: Harold?

HJ: Yeah

WH, *off-camera*: Excuse me, explain about the Honor Farm.

HJ: Well, the government bought—there's—they had about 1200 acres there—in 1920. They came out, and Dr. Keller—he was Keller Cobb's granddaddy—and Scott from Scottdale Mills, some of that family owned a 600-acre tract there, and they bought that 1200 acres, and they paid $180,000 for it in 1920, which was one big chunk of money. And Dr. Keller had a check, and old Oscar Mitchell saw that check, and he just couldn't imagine anybody having that much money, is $90,000. And he, Dr. Keller, moved and bought my grandmother's sister's place over there, the Hulsey place, so they lived across the road from us. And we had grown up, you know, together all that time. You was talking about the Spruills. When I [inaudible] university in '46, one of the fellows I roomed there with was Jake Spruill from the Dunwoody area. Haven't seen Jake in a long time. But then when my oldest brother graduated in the second class at Southwest DeKalb, which was 1929, and he went on to the university and graduated '32, I guess or '33, well, his friend [inaudible] C. C. Tuggle and the Tuggle dairy out there on—that's North Decatur and Briarcliff, I believe, they stayed friends until they—of course, my brother's still living. He's 89; be 90 in March. But they all, so many of the families, when you go back, were connected.

Of course, I got in the dairy business; my dairy was Puritan Dairy. And then we saw all these fellows. You know, we were just making a living. I saw all these fellows in the development business and building houses, and they were wearing suits, and I was wearing overalls [*laughter*]. So I decided I'd maybe try to put in a [inaudible—sounds like "sideways"], and put one in over at Cedar Grove. And Mr. Clark came over, J. W., and he said, "You don't know it, but," said, "your daddy and I used to double-date in a buggy." And I've got a picture of Mother and Daddy before they married in front of the Cedar Grove Methodist Church, and you can see the buggy well in the background.

And then Daddy's brother was a dentist. He practiced dentistry in what I guess they call a rough-and-ready, didn't they, Mr.—was it in--Forest Park? I believe he did. Anyway, I know when Mother said that she—when Nathan was born—he was born in '13, and she said she

hooked up the buggy and went over to Forest Park to see Uncle Nathan Monroe was his name—[inaudible], rather. But he died early in life.

And see, going back to the war years, what I want to get back to is when we—you talking about agriculture, we had a fellow named R. N. Jones. He was agriculture teacher there [Southwest DeKalb] for many years. He came from the Monroe A&M School. And Pop Jones had gone to Cornell. He lettered in free sports at Cornell. He was a little squatty fellow, sort of like a lot of Yankees are, you know. But, man, he was a man. Well, we had—you was talking about athletes—we had projects, and [inaudible] his project was corn. Well, Billy Leathers—we called him "Goot"—he decided he had a pig for his project. Well, the pig got out, and he got back down in the swamps back there on the Honor Farm property, and, of course, it was getting time for the end of the year, and he didn't have his project back up there, but the prisoners found him down there and brought him back up there. And Goot had raised that pig all year and didn't cost him a penny. He made more money than any of the rest of them in the class [*laughter*].

Well, we was going in about 1943, and, of course, Bob, Pat's older brother, and my brother Roy and Goot and Bobby Gower and Charlie Bloodworth—probably some of y'all have heard of the Bloodworths—but Charlie was, Charlie was raised on Rogers Street right there at Kirkwood, but he didn't like going to Murphy, so he'd walk over to Memorial Drive and catch a bus going to Southwest DeKalb. Well, back then, South DeKalb district was all the way to Moreland Avenue, Memorial Drive, into Avondale over there to where Belvedere is. So he'd walk over to Memorial Drive, he'd catch a bus and come on south, and he'd stay with Bob over there at the dairy or come or and stay with us down there at our place or stay with Goot or stay with somebody. He never—but he was just that-a-away all his years and the last three years of school. Charlie was a pretty good athlete, and he did well in agriculture. Well, we'd go down to Macon to the fair and show cows and all; we'd have a ball, you know. And Charlie, here, I was talking about, he wanted to go. We didn't have a coach, and Bobby Gower coached the thing. R. N. said he'd be the acting coach if Bobby would coach it. So Charlie said, to Pop Jones, said, "If I make five touchdowns, will you let me go to Macon with—to the fair when they're showing cows?" He said, "Charlie, if you can get five touchdowns, you can go." Well, they got out to Tucker, and they'd get the ball about to the five-yard line and give it to Charlie, he'd run it in. Well, he got his five touchdowns, and we're going on to Macon. We get down there, we get into the Lanier Hotel. Pop Jones said, "Now, boys, I'm going to tell you right now, I don't want to catch you down there in those girlie shows. Tell you right now, I don't want to catch you down there." So as soon as we get in the hotel, we'd head down the midway and first thing go in the

girlie shows. And back then they had some pretty good girlie shows, you know [*laughter*]. So first thing we did, we caught Pop Jones in it. "Uh-huh," said, "I caught you!" Said, "Well, we might as well just go on and see them all" [*laughter*].

So the last year we went, because of the war, I think, was '43. It wasn't anybody but Bob and Roy and myself and Dink Scott. Well, Dink had had a hunting accident. And he'd lost an eye, and he had a glass eye. And we got down to the Lanier Hotel, and, you know, you didn't have air-conditioning in '43 in a hotel; and we were all in one room. Well, I was a little bitty scrawny thing, although I'm no that now. Who was going to sleep with me? Well, Pop Jones slept in a night hat—I mean he had a gown and a hat, you know what I mean? Nobody wanted to get in bed with him [*laughter*]. He said, well, he just grabbed me up and threw me over in the bed. So, well, we was sitting there, and Dink had to take that eye out and put it up on the bureau, you know, in a glass of water over there [*laughter*]. That eye was over there on the bureau, and moonbeams coming in the window, you know, and he says, Scott says, "Get that eye and put it in a drawer. That thing is staring at me." He said, "I can't go to sleep" [*laughter*]. But we had some really good times going through school. He was an exceptionally good teacher. He taught you about life, he taught you about a lot of things, other than just agriculture. He wasn't just an agriculture teacher; he was a fine man.

Getting back to the schools and so forth, when I was, I guess six—I started school in '35, well, the pavement ended right there at Southwest DeKalb School. The U.S. government had paved Flat Shoals Road to Panthersville because they built the Honor Farm over there. Well, the road from there on to our house was dirt, and Daddy was in the dairy business, and he delivered milk all in Decatur and Highland-Virginia area and East Atlanta. And he had a telephone, but the line stopped at Southwest DeKalb School. I guess the Honor Farm had got the line brought that far. So we had two aluminum wires and a cedar post; it was a mile down to our house from where the line ended. Of course, if the wind blew, the lines would get crossed. You'd have to go up there and find out where they were crossed and get a cane and separate them, because all you got was static, you know. You couldn't hear anybody talking. And they also—the power line, Georgia Power, stopped right there. And they ran the power down there, Daddy had a Delco system. And they'd put all the light fixtures in the homeplace, if he would sign up with Georgia Power, and they run the power down it, and the power'd stop there. And there wasn't any telephones in South DeKalb until after the war. DeKalb County had about one or two police cars back then. If anything happened below the house, they'd come up and use the phone and call back to Decatur to find out what was going on or tell them to send some more help. They had problems down there. There was always something going on in the south

end of the county. And the bridge down at the—on 155, which would be the Decatur-McDonough Road, we called it back then—was the old covered bridge. And it was all the way across there until you got into Henry County. I remember going across it when I was a kid. I don't ever remember not knowing how to drive. We'd--do you know I learned how to drive milk trucks, and we'd get up hay, loose hay, and we had a hay-loader, and they'd put it on wagons and trucks and bring it out there to the sleeping barn, and had a big loose place—place for loose hay, wasn't baled, and they had big forks to come down and grab the hay, and I'd get in the truck and on a rope and pull it out until somebody hollered, and then they'd release it into the barn.

Another tale went along about that line, we had a—the overseer there was Mr. Smith. And we used to get shavings from Williams Brothers in East Atlanta and have a shaving pen there. You'd put all the shavings in and bed the cows down in the winter in the sleeping barn. We had a bullpen out there with about four bulls in it—two Jerseys, a Holstein, and a Guernsey bull. And it was up on a big two-by-six up about six feet high, where the bull stood up there and all that. Well, one of those Jersey bulls was mean. I'm telling you, he was mean. Had a white truck—[inaudible] white gas, one of those solid-tire trucks, you know. It wasn't chain-driven, but it was about that era. Well, my brother Brooks was my number-two brother, and he was out there, and he was in that white truck, and this bull got out and was trying to get him to back up. Well, Mr. Smith was out there between the back of the milking barn and that shaving pen. And the shaving pen was built with slats—you know, like a ladder, you know. And I was up in the hayloft in the milking barn and watching them. And I guess I was about six or seven years old, and that bull came down and got Mr. Smith and got him down on that concrete there, fixing to kill him, while the colored fellows there took a pitchfork and stuck him in the side, and when he did, he backed off, and Mr. Smith ran out the side of the shaving pen. Well, then he comes over there, and he gets in and gets his head up on the front of that big white truck—of course, it wasn't all that big, but it was big at that time—and just picked it up and pushed it back. So it, mean, you know, and they'd always be something going on like that all the time.

We used to do a lot of hide-and-seek and fighting with rubber guns. You know, you'd take an innertube and make a rubber gun? I'm sure a lot of y'all did that. We had a horse barn down there, and, of course, I was always the youngest. And you know, they'd want to take my strike—the last strike they chose me. So Bob, he was the only one that could catch. And we had two different teams, and everybody who lived on Rainbow was on Bob's team, and everybody who lived south of Rainbow was on our team. But Bob had to catch for both teams, because nobody else could catch [*inaudible*]. And if they'd choose me, they'd always choose me last and

wanted to take my last strike. That always irritated me. But that was for good reason. But anyway, we was down there fighting with the rubber guns, and I went out the back of the horse barn and fell down and broke my leg. And Keller—a lot of y'all know Keller Cobb and my brother—I [inaudible], so I walked onto the house—I mean, it was completely broken. Well, Dr. Ansley was our doctor. He was, you know, the old man, and then, of course, Hamilton and Robert. So they go to Decatur, and then he patches me up here at Clairemont, and I guess, you know, this—so many tales you could tell about Dr.—the Ansley family.

They were such fine people, and so close to us. And I know I'm getting off on a lot of tangents, but when Mother died in '62, Robert came out. He was sitting with us, and I said, "You know, Dr. Ansley, I've been thinking about suing you."

He said, "For what?"

I said, "Well, when I was born, Mother said you had to use a forceps on me, and," I said, "you got my head all out of shape."

He said, "Well, you's just so damn stubborn, you wouldn't come out." [*Laughter*]

Well, I'm going to turn it over to you, Pat, with that.

BJW, *off-camera*: Harold, one question. What is now located at your farm when you were growing up?

HJ: Well, the QuikTrip, just about two months ago, they tore down the homeplace, the barn, and silo, and all that getting back to that, Macon Turner came into DeKalb County about 1822. He was a [inaudible] [rest of sentence inaudible]. And a lot of the Johnsons would be three generations back. One of the Masons at Snellville married one of the Johnson girls, and they—the tale goes that he was at George Washington's camp. [Inaudible] of them named George Washington. My father was Christopher Columbus, his father was Christopher Columbus. Julius Caesar was [inaudible] Martha's daddy in Lithonia. Julius Caesar got shot at Chancellorsville right here. And it didn't kill him--they took a silver dollar and put it in his head. We've got a picture of him with an indention right here where they put the silver dollar. Uh-huh. But anyway, he was [inaudible] Johnson, and one of the Johnson girls and this Mason fellow eloped, and that's where we married into that family there. And then the Snells, [inaudible] Johnson—I don't know all the details of that, but [rest of sentence inaudible].

WH: The home that was torn down by QuikTrip recently, Harold brought a picture of that. It's a lovely place. It really is a shame. You said about two months ago?

HJ: Mm-hm

WH: All right, Pat. Tell us what you remember about those years.

PAT MATHIS: Well, my dad came to DeKalb County, I think, around 1917. He had—his dad died when he was in the sixth grade, and he quit school to go to work to support his mother and two sisters at the time. And he was working for this guy, and this man told him, said, "Lloyd, you're making me money working for me." Said, "You need to work for yourself." So he came to DeKalb County in 1917, bought the land. It was five cows and the horse and wagon at the farm. And he said three of the cows were bad when he bought the farm and had to sell them. So he started milking cows and delivering milk, and you talk about hard times. I don't see how they made it back then, but the people wanted to work, and he worked real hard, and he raised his mother, took care of his mother and raised his two sisters. And talking about school, he was a trustee at Southwest DeKalb High School. And he just went to the sixth grade. I never could figure that out. Of course, he was the smartest man I've ever met in my life. But he worked, and everything went back into the dairy. He wouldn't—anything for himself was always for his mother, sisters, or back to the dairy. He'd tell me, said, we'd be working on something, he said, "Son, if it's in the house, and you need it, you take it out and use it at the dairy." But he built a real successful dairy.

Now, there was—all that dairy out there was dairy farms. I remember when Rainbow Drive was dirt, and they—my first remembrance of Rainbow Drive was when the WPA came out to pave it. They had a scrape that they pulled with a horse or mule or whatever. And I can remember walking barefoot on that red clay. There's no feeling like it. It was something. But Dad told them—came in one day, and WPA was out there working, and they had a—they had built an outhouse out there for the men to use. Dad came in and said, "You're not going to believe this." Said, "There's a line out there, about seven waiting to get in the outhouse." And he said one guy came up behind him, and he tapped the guy on the front, and said, "Can I go in front of you?" So he got in front of him. And he kept going on until he got to the door, you know, and he waited a few minutes, and the guy behind him said, "Oh, go on. There ain't nobody in there" [*laughter*].

I remember that, and I was—oh, when they built road and paved it and then, like Harold, when the Honor Farm—that was one beautiful farm down there. And they—and the people that worked it were the bootleggers, all the—you know, you put somebody in prison, and these bootleggers were farmers, so they'd send them out to the Honor Farm to work. And they had a beautiful farm. And when they closed it was when they quit arresting bootleggers, because they didn't have anybody to work the farm [*laughter*]. But Dad ran a cedar pole and wire to Candler Road to hook onto the phone. And I remember that and people would call there and Dad would take messages down to people that lived out, you know, out further than we did.

But some of the things that I remember, most of them, were the people that worked for us, and one of them was Oscar Mitchell, Judge Mitchell. And he was a character then, too [*laughter*]. He cut hair, drove a milk truck for us, and he went to law school at the same time, doing that the whole time. And we had quite a few people like that, and I was fortunate to come up in the time that I did, you know, in the '40s and the '50s. Of course, the war scared me to death. When I was, you know, five or six years old, listening to that on the radio. That's all, you know, Dad'd come in and turn the news on and listen. You know, I remember that vividly. And then I remember where I was when Roosevelt died. I was riding a mule back from the garden for the day, and somebody ran over and said, "Roosevelt died." But I really didn't know who Roosevelt was, but I still remember that.

But Harold mentioned R. N. Jones, the ag teacher at Southwest DeKalb. He was one of the best teachers I ever had. He was a brilliant man, and he taught us everything. I mean, he—we had him for five years in high school. They started the twelfth grade, and you took FFA and agriculture. Everybody wanted to be in his class, because he really was a good teacher. And—but my mother, bless her heart, [*Voice cracks*.] she just died. Excuse me. She was the hardest worker. Excuse me—

WH: His mother—she was known by everybody as Cookie Mathis—I know Mr. Lloyd was real smart and all that, but Cookie ran the show. [*Laughter*] If Cookie wasn't happy, wasn't nobody happy. And she cooked lunch every single day for all of y'all, didn't she?

PM: She could feed twelve to fifteen and maybe one eat, but she'd cook—she never knew how many was coming in.

BJW, *off-camera*: Except on Tuesdays.

WH: Except on Tuesdays?

PM: Yeah, she went to town on Tuesday. [*Laughter*]

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Smart lady

HJ: Talking about Cookie, though, Betty, Pat's sister, was in my first-grade class, and Betty dropped out because she had to go to Eggleston. She had an operation there at Eggleston. It was on Forrest Boulevard then. Well, Betty was calling for Cookie, and the nurse said, "We haven't got any cookies. We'll bring you some soda crackers" [*Laughter*].

PM: But talking about Charlie Bloodworth, he's—Charlie would drive a milk truck for us. And Clyde was talking about the 300 pounds of ice. When you loaded the truck, you left room in the back to put—to take your tongs and put four 300-pound blocks of ice in the back of the truck. It was a panel truck, and the doors opened like that. When Charlie left, about 4:00 one morning, going down the hill, and he was going up the hill at Rainbow, and the back door came

open, and all that ice came out and went down to the bottom of the hill there at Rainbow. Now, Charlie's brilliant. He pulls his truck over. Instead of backing down, he goes down there and gets his tongs and pulls that ice all the way up to his truck [*laughter*]. Somebody said, "Charlie, why didn't you back down?" And he said, "I didn't think about it" [*laughter*]. Now, I can remember delivering milk to Winnona Park and these Decatur schools in the morning before I went to school, and we had the half-pint glass bottles, and we'd take the milk in, take the milk out of the case. put it in the cooler, and then we'd have to chip up ice over the top of the milk--that was before—we didn't have any refrigeration. We'd have to do that every morning before school.

The best thing we ever did was when we had the tours at the dairy. We'd have as many as 250 children a day come out. We had this cow named Rosebud, and people asked me how did, what PR named that cow Rosebud. Well, it's a funny story. I was at Georgia in Dairy School, and I came—the Dairy School would visit dairies, and we came to our dairy. And a friend of mine was named Rosebud, and he was with me. And said, "Rosebud, I want you to meet Bob, my brother." So we went up to the office, and Bob, we were talking to Bob, and the phone rang and the lady booked a tour, and she said, "By the way, what's the cow's name?" And Bob said, "Rosebud." And it stuck. And Rosebud is retiring this year. He's a Superior Court judge down in Thomason District, and that's how—some lady asked me one day not long ago, "What'd y'all do with Rosebud?" And I said, "We ate her" [*laughter*]. She didn't like that too much. We had about forty or fifty of them.

WH, *off-camera*: Wasn't there a fairgrounds down in the southern part of the county?

PM: Oh, yes. We used—there was a fairground between Harold's farm and ours, right behind Southwest DeKalb High School there. And we used to show cows there, and it was really quite a deal. Lot of people went to the fair back then.

WH, *off-camera*: Dave, did you ever—

DS: I've showed beef cows down there. Never won anything for the beef cows, but I always kind of got into the showmanship part of it. One of the funny stories about that was my grandmother's sister, Eva Warren, was working for the County Extension Office at the same time Ms. Tullie Smith worked over there. That was another year that I had sweet potatoes as a FFA project. So I picked—well, she said, "Just get a—" and I wanted to enter them in the fair. So she said, "Just go out there and try to get me a bushel of the uniform-size sweet potatoes." So I [sic] said, "I'll take them to Decatur, and we'll enter them for you." Well, lo and behold, to me, she and Ms. Tullie Smith went through that bushel of sweet potatoes and pulled out a peck of them, and they put the peck in the fair, and I won a blue ribbon for it. Still got it. But Ms. Tullie, not only did she select the potatoes, she was the judge [*laughter*]. I don't know how many

people knew Ms. Tullie Smith. She scared the hell out of me. She was a great big woman, red-headed, and—

WH, *off-camera*: Loud

DS: Loud. Swore—

WH, *off-camera*: Quite a vocabulary

DS: Had—whoa! One heck of a vocabulary. I think—

CS, *off-camera*: She told me dirty jokes when I was a teen-ager.

WH, *off-camera*: Miss Tullie did?

DS: Yeah!

CS, *off-camera*: She'd tell me dirty jokes, and I'd blush, I guess. [*Laughter*]

WH, *off-camera*: Well, Clyde, what were you doing, hanging around with an older woman? [*Laughter*]

CS: We knew Ms. Tullie forever. Like I told you, she was—I guess she was an aunt of my mother's first cousins, I suppose. And she was always around, everywhere you went. She [inaudible]. We were all [inaudible].

DS: You know, I get real tickled about the Tullie Smith house over there at the Atlanta Historical Society, with all those highfaluting people. If there's anybody that I ever knew that was not highfaluting, it was Ms. Tullie Smith [*laughter*].

CS: Mr. Scott Candler was county commissioner for many years, and he [inaudible] had a plaque [inaudible] people that was upstanding citizens and, you know, represented the community and all of them was Ms. Tullie and the Cannons and people like that, so you'd see Ms. Tullie everywhere. She was running everything. More or less anything Mr. Candler appointed, Ms. Smith [inaudible].

DS: That's right. You talk about—the other part of that, Pat's talking about, I guess in the '40s and '50s, just north of where [Interstate] 285 goes through Doraville, right next to the railroad, there was a place called Pelfry's [spelling?] Mill, and I remember—Clyde's talking about his granddaddy that was—we would have to go out to the corn crib on a rainy day and shell corn. And if you got two sacks of corn, Papa would tie them together and throw them over the mule, and I'd ride the mule from the homeplace there on Chamblee-Tucker Road right at where at 85 crosses or goes under Chamblee-Tucker now, all the way to Doraville. Mr. Pelfry'd take it off, he'd grind the corn into meal, take his—what'd they call it? Whatever share.

CS, *off-camera*: They shared it, like you said, they got a portion of it.

DS: They got a portion of the meal for grinding it, and he put the meal back across the horses' withers, mules' withers, throw me back up on the mule, and I'd go back home. Or else

we'd go back up in the mule and wagon to get—because you got meal ground for—and there was always at least three or four families that lived on the farm there that either drove the trucks or did the farming. So when you got meal, you got meal for everybody. It wasn't just for our family, it was for every family on the farm.

CS: Well, one of the things that he's talking about, grinding meal for people, you know back then, let's say, from the Civil War on, till somebody invented the gasoline engine, there was really no power. So all along Peachtree Creek, which is not [inaudible] Peachtree Creek, but it was Peachtree Creek, DeKalb County, and everywhere somebody could dam it up for a while and accumulate a little water, they had a mill. You had Mason Mill, you had the Wise [White's?] Mills, you had Houston Mill—all those mills along that creek there. And that ground--everybody from around everywhere brought their meal in there to be ground because nobody else had any power. And they had a little lumber mill down there, I think the Wallace Mill, somebody dammed it pretty fast, had some kind of thing they could saw—not everywhere that had a creek, and not everywhere there was a creek you could dam up and get a little. That's the reason there's all these places along the creek that's such-and-such a mill.

BJW, *off-camera*: So that's how they got the names like Houston Mill, because there was a mill there?

[*Several people answer in agreement*.]

WH, *off-camera*: Did you start to say something, Pat?

PM: Yeah, when I-20 came through, I remember, you talk about changing South DeKalb, that really changed it. I-20, then when 285 came around, it was really—because it used to take us to go from the dairy to downtown, thirty or forty-five minutes, you know, to go up and go down Memorial Drive. But that really changed that area out there. And then, but—Dad never farmed. He raised the cows and always bought his feed, and I sort of wondered about that, and I used to have to cut the pastures with the tractors that had a sickle mower. And I was out cutting one time, and I hit something, and you—and the blade stopped, and I got out, and it looked like a handlebar was sticking up out of the ground. I asked dad, when I got through it, and I said, "What is that sticking up out there?" And he said, "Let me tell you a story." He said, "Everybody was raising alfalfa hay, trying to, and it was real hard, it was hard to do. And I planted that field out there in alfalfa hay, beautiful hay. Came up, rained after I cut it, rained on it, and ruined it, and that's where I buried that mower, right there" [*laughter*]. It was the handle on the mowing machine. And he never—he'd always buy his feed from then on. He said, "I just couldn't take that chance."

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: When did pasteurization of milk—homogenized milk—come into being?

PM: We were vat pasteurizing, what I remember now. Homogenization, I would say, in the '50s. Now, pasteurization, Hal, you maybe can answer that one.

HJ: Well, we had sort of a strange thing, you know. Georgia's always been sort of strange, with the County Unit System and everything. If you had a plant inside the city of Atlanta, you could pasteurize milk. But if you was outside the city of Atlanta, the city of Atlanta had the inspection department for all the dairies that delivered in the Atlanta market, which Decatur didn't have an inspection system or any other little municipalities. So Atlanta—the health department in Atlanta was the one that you—and the state, there were only two that you contended with at that time. And it wasn't until about 1946 that they passed the regulation that you could pasteurize on the farm. Pat's father had certified milk, and he was smart enough to get around that by having certified milk. And he could pasteurize certified milk because of the stipulations that they had in the bylaws of the certification, I think. But the rest of the dairies, if they wasn't certified, could not until '46, and that's about the time that homogenized milk came on the market at the same time. And then you had more dairies with more modern refrigeration. Pat was talking about ice. Daddy had built a plant in 1925, and he put in an ammonia system. And in the country back then, that was unheard of. And he also made his own ice. He had—he had a plant where he could make his own ice. He had a hundred-pound—it wasn't a 300-pound thing, but he had a little thing that dropped down into brine water, and you could pull out a hundred-pound block of ice out of those. And he made his own ice.

And he had a pasteurizer—he made cultured buttermilk. They couldn't—there wasn't anything against the law making cultured buttermilk. Cultured buttermilk is a product that you make by putting skim milk in a vat and heating it up to kill all the bacteria in it, and then you inoculate it with the flavor that you want with buttermilk. With buttermilk you get all kinds of flavors. When you buy a culture or you grow a culture, to get the right flavor of buttermilk—you go in the grocery store sometimes, you get weird-tasting buttermilk, and it's the culture. It's not necessarily anything wrong with the buttermilk, some of it's just better than others.

But he started in the business in 1910, and they built that plant in 1925. I started in the dairy business when I got out of the Korean War and with my partner, my brother-in-law, in 1954. And, of course, Dad was a help to me. And, of course, people like Ernest Gladden—E. Gladden Dairy—a lot of others who had been family friends and the Stubbses over—that started Atlanta Dairies, all these people are related or in so many ways—Dr. Henderson over at the University has gotten the history up. It's not published, about the dairy industry in the state of

Georgia, and Cookie [Mathis] had sense enough [inaudible phrase] information about the dairy industry in the state of Georgia. And I told Pat I'd get a copy—my niece has got a copy of that. It wasn't a published history, but it's real interesting, you know, to know what went on. There was a lot of dairies in the Atlanta market. I think there was at one time about three hundred all over. And that's you know, all the way over from Cobb County all the way out to the west side of Atlanta and everywhere else. A lot of these dairies just sold buttermilk, and they didn't sell sweet milk. They came under a different law and different standards, too.

So, you know, you look at the changes that have been made. And, of course, one thing that helped us go out of business was Jimmy Carter with his embargo with the wheat and things and when gas—we was buying gas for twenty-five cents a gallon, and it went to a dollar. We had routes going to Peachtree City and Woodstock, and you can't pay a dollar for a gallon gas and sell milk for a dollar-and-a-half. You know, it just don't fit. So and then the supermarkets came on and changed the way the market was conceived totally.

WH, *off-camera*: Harold, speaking of supermarkets, you brought a picture of what you said was the first shopping center in the Atlanta area.

HJ: Yes, well, Herbert Alexander and Butrill--Marc Butrill's dad—and Marc and I started in the first grade together—there were about ten or fifteen of us that went all the way through first grade through high school together—but anyway, Mr. Butrill and mainly Herbert had bought the corner there at Candler and Glenwood. He had originally been up there at [Alston? Austin?] Drive. He had rolled his store down Candler Road to the intersection of Glenwood and Candler there and was there, had a Pure station there for many years and built his house there. Well, then the war—after the war, they came out and they built a—I believe it was Echols grocery store there, and it later became a Colonial store. They also had a movie theater, a hardware store, grocery store, drugstore—and that was one of the first one, it was about 1946—and the trolleys came out there. We got some pictures of when the first trolleys came out. And we've also got pictures of--WSB had an old station out there at that location with a tower. They also had one out here at LaVista, if you remember that tower out there at LaVista? And, of course, the one on top of the Biltmore. But Herbert bought that old station, and they tore it down, and I believe Dan Bonner built the first strip center across the street from where Herbert had. And Herbert on his side of the street, he built several stores there on his side. And I think that was the first strip center that was built in the Atlanta area. Of course, you had places like in Inman Park and places like that, where they had little [inaudible], the Plaza and places like that. But after the war, that was the first one that was built, I think, in the greater Atlanta area, really.

WH, *off-camera*: I see several hands. This lady first, and then you, sir.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Mr. Shepherd, we can't leave W. D. Thompson School without mentioning Margaret Harris, who was the principal, a very dominant figure at Thompson School. She lived in Stone Mountain, and every day she brought the workers who worked in the cafeteria with her from Stone Mountain, and furthermore, to feed those workers canned vegetables and other goodies and brought them to the school. And that's what they fed those children for lunch, the canned vegetables they brought from Stone Mountain. And as I recall, her husband was the mayor of Stone Mountain, am I right?

CS: [Inaudible] later the county commissioner.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Oh, county—

CS: Later. But I knew them all. Mrs. Harris looked me straight in the eye one time and told me, "I'm going to kill you." [*Laughter*] This is true. I was fixing to put a Sinclair station at the corner of LaVista and Briarcliff—LaVista and North Decatur Road [sic; means North Druid Hills Road], right across the street from the school. This agitated her greatly, and she [inaudible] a campaign to stop me from doing it. Of course, she's the best friend I ever had in my life, because I had a lease with Sinclair that lasted forty or fifty years at $300 a month, or something like that. [Inaudible] still been there at $300 a month. She raised so much Cain that—long story, if you want to hear it all—but she raised so much Cain, two or three years there, I couldn't put the filling station there. Later I put some lot of other stuff, which brings in a lot more than $300 a month [*laughter*]. She was so exercised and very emotional. And she said, "I'll kill you!" And she meant it [*laughter*].

DS: But you talk about the schools, M. E. Smith was principal of Chamblee School for the longest time. My daddy graduated when he was principal, and I was graduated the last year he was principal. The help that was in that school was all people that Mr. Smith went back to—[inaudible] went back to Social Circle and moved up here to work for him at the school. He had—well, we won't get into some of the stories. They need to be died with the people.

PM: You talking about zoning, Walt Toney was going to put a filling station at Candler and McAfee, and man, people out there fought it [*laughs*].

He was telling the crowd up there, he said, "You know, what's that zoned for?"

And they said, "Agriculture."

And he said, "All right. I always did want a goat farm. I'm going to put it right here." [*Laughter*] He [inaudible] that filling station [inaudible].

WH: Yes, sir. You had a question.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I have three or two questions. That's in honor of Justin Wilson, three or two. One of them is to Mr. Clyde Shepherd. Where were you when Mr. Kennedy died in '63?

CS: Where was I? I think I was on Briarcliff Road. You may know something I don't remember, but I think I was on Briarcliff Road.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: I just know where I was, because I was going to your asphalt plant in Lithonia [*laughter*]. I worked thirty-four years with the DOT. And I've been retired [inaudible]. But that's a memory I have.

CS: Oh, great. And I hope you've got as good a retirement as Tom Moreland [*laughter*].

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: [Inaudible] That's probably true. But anyway, I was going to ask another question. Have any of you read *The Atlanta Journal* or *Constitution* today? Here's a quote. I want you to tell me who this is. Mr. Clyde is getting all the answers here. "I have not failed. I have just found 10,000 ways that don't work."

CS: I don't know who said that.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: [Inaudible] said he knows.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Thomas Edison

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Because you mentioned electricity, I figured you might know that.

CS: Thomas Edison said that?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: "I have not failed. I have just found 10,000 ways that don't work."

CS: That's a good thing to remember, isn't it?

WH: Another hand went up.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: Let me ask one more. I had three or two. This is [inaudible] three. Mr. Johnson—

DC: This is Mr. Johnson right here [*Points to HJ*.]

?: Chester

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER: OK, well, you mentioned the Atlanta History Center. I'm a member there. It's a funny thing, we got these hats two years ago, and they don't tell you where it's at. But that's their logo. I don't know if you have one in the DeKalb Society, a hat or something, but it might a good suggestion to have some kind of hat with the name on it. That threw me when they give it to me.

WH: All right, back there. Mr. Patillo.

MR. PATILLO: Clyde, what year was Shepherd Construction Company started? And the reason I'm asking that question, I can remember a Shepherd bulldozer when they were working on the Covington Highway at what is now Memorial Highway [sic], and it wasn't paved at that time. What year was that, do you think? Paving the road—

CS: That was, I think—across from Covington Highway, when we were—when we made Memorial Drive. Is that what you're talking about?

MR. PATILLO: Yeah

CS: I think that's it. I'm pretty sure it's—gosh, it was before—it's certainly before World War II—[*Inaudible background discussion*] We got some pictures out. When she asked me, I can't—[*Inaudible background comment*] It must've been '36 or '37, right in there. And the first deal of Memorial Drive, as you know, the way you used to go to Stone Mountain was down through Clarkston.

DC: It had to been along that time, because my dad, who was an Amoco distributor, got his start with filling up the tractors at night or in the morning before they got there, and he was selling gas to Shepherd Construction Company. And I remember him telling me that he was doing that, hauling five-gallon cans to fill up those tractors, before I was born.

CS: And to tell you something about his daddy, because of this friendship between his father and my father, he kept my father supplied all during the war with cigars [*laughter*]. His daddy had certain allotments [inaudible] always keep Daddy in cigars [*laughs*].

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Well, I wanted to ask Harold a question. You mentioned Marc Butrill? Is that the same Marc Butrill that was on the school board for many years?

HJ: Mm-hm

WH, *off-camera*: Was it Judy?

JUDY: This is for Mr. Johnson also. Do you know how Panthersville got its name?

HJ: Well, the tale was that, you know, in the early 1800s—DeKalb County was formed in 1822. And about 1818 they traded with the Indians, the Creek Indians, I think, was signed, and the land was allotted. You [inaudible] Henry, but Henry was just Henry for about a year, something like that. But anyway, at that time, it was pretty raw country, and there were panthers in that area. And the panthers had attacked somebody, and that's where it got its name, was from that tale. [*Inaudible audience comment, off-camera*] Mm-hm. That's what I've read, anyway.

CS: In the bootleg days, if anybody had a still—and up the creek somewhere, they always put out the rumor that there's a "pant'er" up there [*laughter]*.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I was going to ask Pat, if I may. You know, Rosebud was the most famous cow that ever was in DeKalb County, maybe in Georgia or the Southeast. But did y'all use any—was there any specific criteria you used to select your successive Rosebuds?

PM: They first had to be Guernsey cows. They had to be gentle so the children could crawl all over them and around them, so they wouldn't hurt them. We tried to get them all to, you know, look similar or alike.

One time *Candid Camera* came out and did a program on children milking Rosebud. And we had a pen out there that they cut a hole in and put a camera in, and they had—children came out from a kindergarten. They were four- or five-, six-year-old children. And these children never had seen a cow, and they would stand there, and then they'd tell one, "Go milk that cow." And that was the funniest thing—[*laughter*]. They were pulling the tail, and [*laughter*] [inaudible].

WH: So you did have to have a gentle cow.

PM: Yes, [inaudible].

[Inaudible exchange between one of the moderators and an audience member]

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: [Inaudible] could either one of you or any of you tell me who owned the land where Toco Hills [sic] shopping center is? [*Audience laughter*]

WH: Who owned the land where Toco Hill shopping center is?

CS, *off-camera*: Originally, I don't know who owned it. My uncle, Swanton Ivy, bought it in 1928 at an auction. He paid $2,000 for it. And my daddy bought the lower part that goes all the way backed up to where the picture show and all that is for two-thousand-something dollars. And some man—one of these people—you know, whenever you go to an auction, there's always people standing there, and then somebody else bids it off and then they confirms the judgment—so this guy wanted it, and he came up to my daddy after, and my daddy hadn't even paid for it—says, "I'll give you $500 profit." So my daddy sold him the lower end, my uncle bought the upper end for $2,000, and later sold it to me in 19—he bought it in '28 for $2,000 and sold it to me in about 1940-something for $2,800 [*laughs*]. So Pierce Chatham and Brince Manning got possession of the rest of it, and they sold—God, they had offered to sell me all I wanted for $10,000 an acre—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Where does Mr. Arnold come in, Clyde?

CS: It's a long story to Mr. Arnold. He—the Arnolds owned that land, and they had moved in there in 19—Harry was—they moved in there in 1912. Harry was born there in '14, one month after I was born. And they owned that whole forty, fifty acres in there. And—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Who owned the house that they—

CS: The house that was just torn down was—long story—do you want me to tell it?

[*Several people speak at once, asking him to tell the story*.]

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: We want to hear it.

CS: They owned it, and it—there was Louise, his sister, who never married; there was Harry, who never married; and Mrs. Arnold. And Mrs. Arnold was a fine, gracious Southern lady who came from down around Moreland, Georgia. Harry went to Druid Hills High School and graduated, I guess, it was about '31. And Louise never married but worked for Retail Credit Company and did some kind of credit work. And Harry never worked a day in his life; never worked a day in his life [*laughs*]. The long story to that—you don't want to get into—but they'd inherited some money from an aunt, who had married a man from New York, who inherited three fortunes, ran through two of them, and the last go-round they got the money, and they never really had to work much. But Louise worked because she wanted to get out of the community, and that was the story. He [Harry] never did a thing; he just sat around the house and—was a friend of mine. He and I and Blake Perry, we walked every night and that all that kind of thing. And he used to say—it's a long story—we walked every night. Finally he leased me the other land, and then he wouldn't walk with me anymore. And I always joked with him that he walked with me till he leased me the land, [*laughter*]—

WH: He didn't need to do that anymore.

CS: --but anyway, the long story, Louise died—but Mrs. Arnold first died. She died about 101 in Piedmont. She stayed there the last two or three days--years of her life. And then Louise went in the hospital, Piedmont; she stayed there two or three years. In fact, Harry finally went in the hospital; [*laughs*] and he stayed in there two or three years. But the house—every aunt that they had—they had several aunts that had—I don't want to tell y'all all this stuff, but—their grandmother was buried in a mausoleum down in—one of the houses was in *White Columns of Georgia*, one of the grandfather's houses, in Savannah. They had people who had—some of these aunts had had good furniture and good, you know, paintings and all that stuff. And every aunt that ever died, they brought all the stuff in the house, and they put it somewhere in the house. The attic was packed, every room was packed. I don't see how anybody could have even lived in there. And there's one after another, they went to the hospital. Harry died in the hospital without a will with $4,000,000 cash money in the bank [*murmuring among audience*]. Then his cousin—we always knew the cousin was down there, a man in a nursing down around LaGrange—I don't if this machine's on. I don't know— [*laughter*]

WH: Go ahead, Clyde.

CS, *laughing*: This man, Grover, his first cousin, died—Grover didn't die. He's still living. He's in a nursing home down at somewhere around LaGrange. And he has some children and a wife, and they're getting their half of the money. But here's an interesting thing for you people in real estate. They had a grandfather who had a second marriage. He had married a younger lady that they didn't quite know, and had gone off with this younger lady and had another family. But they didn't exactly recognize this second marriage of Grandpaw's, and so when Harry died, the descendants who were only half-first cousins by marriage, they came up, found it out through the Mormon Church that they were related to him—wouldn't they think they knew it, but they were asked for this money, because he hadn't left a will. But they got half—well, the Mormon Church got that share of the money, and then the other—the two families split the other money. But one of the people who bought it now and torn down the old house, and it's not zoned, and when the—so only--the people started cutting down the trees, they called us and accused us of cutting down trees. And we ran up there to see, but we didn't cut them down. They'd hired somebody to cut them down. And they called the police and everybody. And they cut down more trees—you're not supposed to cut down but three trees; they cut down some more, so I don't know what's going to happen. There's one huge tree there that's a couple hundred years old, and that's—I don't know what's going to happen to it. It's not zoned. It's residential. It's—I don't know. That's about all I know—if I answered your question, [*laughs*] it took ten minutes. I'm sorry.

WH: Anybody else have a question?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: That answered my question.

WH: Have you all remembered anything?

PM: She brought up Panthersville. I think, to my memory, there was about four stores in Panthersville. There's Abe White's barbecue, and there's a Gulf station—Moore—little bitty service station, and Judge Mitchell's dad, Pop Mitchell, had a store there, that was about as big as this room. And I can remember going in that store. I can still smell that store, and I can still see stuff. You had the keg of nails, the hoop cheese, and just a great country little store to go in. And I was in there one day, and this—a cat had had kittens. The mother cat died, and this chicken was sitting on top of her kittens. [*Laughter*] And there's a colored boy came in, and Pop Mitchell said, "Pick that chicken up, Willie." So Willie picked that chicken up and put it back down and just started walking out of the store. And Pop Mitchell said, "Willie, what do you think of that?" And he said, "Pop Mitchell, I ate my last egg." [*Laughter*]

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: When did Panthersville School become Southwest DeKalb?

PM: I went all the way from grammar school through Southwest DeKalb, so I don't know, unless [inaudible].

HJ: I think it—

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: When I was at school at Tucker, I was on the first football team at Tucker. We played Panthersville, it was never Southwest DeKalb.

HJ: Well, it was both names was used. It was really Southwest DeKalb. They started calling it Central, I think, in the history of the school. I've got a book here somewhere that goes with the history of it, telling about school. But I think originally it was started as Southwest DeKalb, but they did call it Panthersville School or the Panthers. We used panthers as our emblem and all that on all our sports stuff, and all that was a panther.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Well, I had never heard it called Southwest DeKalb until today [*murmuring among audience*].

HJ: No, it was Southwest DeKalb.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: When we were in school, it was Panthersville.

[*Inaudible background discussions*]

HJ: But along what Pat was talking about, Mitchell's store, Oscar, like he said, cut hair there. He cut my hair when I was about three or four years old. My older brothers carried me up there, and he just had a little barber's chair in the back of the store in a little room back there. Of course, three or four years old, you's always nervous, and Oscar was always gruff, and you know, how he talked, if you remember him as a judge. He said, "Boy, if you don't be still, I'm going to cut your damn ear off." And you know, you wouldn't move anymore. I can still remember him cutting your hair, but he was quite a character.

WH: Clyde, this lady wants to know where the name "Toco Hill" came from.

CS: Well, you don't want to hear all this. [*Audience responds collectively that they want to hear*.]

WH: Someone [inaudible]?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I know that's [inaudible]

CS: Well, it's a long story. I was once [inaudible] in Brazil, and during World War II, we had a Indian lady from somewhere way up the Amazon, she was a cook. And there was a bunch of us living in the house, and we—the war was going on and one thing—and old Maria used to have this expression, "Toco, toco." I asked, "What the heck is she talking about?" And [inaudible] said, "Well, I don't know what language she's talking, but what she means is, 'Good luck. Good luck today.'" So I started out—we'd been up in north Brazil a long time, and we'd heard what a wonderful place Rio was. And we had this opportunity—going to build this air base

down in Rio. We thought, "Gosh, this'd be great." But we didn't think we had a chance in God's green earth of going down there, just the idea of going to Rio and get to build an air field in there and staying in there and all that kind of stuff. Well, we started out, and old Maria kept saying, "Toco! Toco!" And it means good luck. So it means good luck, apparently from her concept, it means—and I don't know what language she's talking [*laughter*]—but I just remember it, because we went down there and got the air field, and it was just a great—

WH: So you had toco.

CS: --yeah, and a lot of other things happened about that. It meant good luck to me, and she meant good luck, so then I put it--. When Mr. Candler and his last thing, going out of office, signed the deed to the property, make Toco zoned—make Toco—I'd had my problems with Ms. Harris and all—I'm the one going to get it zoned. The last thing he did as he went out of office was sign the papers that zoned Toco, [*laughing*] [inaudible].

WH: Any other questions?

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: I'd like to ask Clyde where the name Sage Hill came from.

WH: Sage Hill? [*Inaudible off-camera comments*]

CS: Well, there's a family named Sage that built the railroad, the Seaboard Railroad down there, and the man was a railroad contractor. And I don't know what year the railroad was built through there—I guess somebody knows—but when he built the railroad, he noticed this Peachtree Creek down there, and there was a big hill up there. On top of the hill, it was a big rock hill. And it was out—way out in the country, and there was a nice, babbling creek through there. So he built a summer place there. And they only came there--the Sages were apparently very wealthy people. This was a house that had about sixteen rooms in it. And my mother told us that she remembered they were building the house—[recording skips; family name inaudible] that had bought it from the Sages. They would simply just—since the name that--everybody called it was Sage Hill. So they named it Sage—just called it Sage Hill.

UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER, *off-camera*: Well, there was a hill at Sage Hill. Was there a hill at Toco Hill?

CS: Not much. [*Laughter*] But there was a—both of them got graded off. [*Laughter*] [*Inaudible audience comment*] These hills have a way of getting in the way of a bulldozer.

BJW: I just wanted to remind people here that don't know it, up until the early '60s, if my memory serves me correctly, the courtroom in the old DeKalb Historical Society building now, that was the old courthouse, and that was Judge Mitchell's courtroom, right? [*Several murmurs among audience members*.]

DC: No, Judge Mitchell was over in the DeKalb Building. Judge Hubert, Judge Dean, and Judge Guess were in the Superior Court, met in the old courthouse. The State Court met down at the—in the DeKalb Building, which was built—now, I'm not sure when it was built. It was sometime—because it had the jail in it, it had the county commission offices, it had the State Court, what all else? Richard, you probably know more about that than—

RICHARD [last name unknown], *off-camera*: You're right. The county building had the State Court, and the Superior Court was in the courthouse.

DC: Right

RICHARD [last name unknown], *off-camera*: And—what is it you want to know?

DC: When was that DeKalb building built?

RICHARD [last name unknown], *off-camera*: I have no idea.

DC: It's always been there in my lifetime. [*Inaudible murmuring among audience members*.]

BJW: There was only one courtroom?

DC: No, there was two.

BJW: Where was the other one?

DC: It was—they were all in the lower level down close to Decatur High School, because Hubert--Oscar Mitchell, Hubert Morgan, and then they had Jack Smith became the third State Court judge.

CS: Wasn't that all built after World War II? [*Several people speak at once; inaudible*.]

DC: I believe it was, Clyde.

CS: Yeah, I remember as a little boy, everything was in the courthouse, and the commissioner ran the county. And my daddy and your granddaddy would always be around there trying to get them—you know, let them build some roads somewhere.

DC: That's right.

CS: And on Saturday they had—the farmers brought the stuff in from the farms and tied the horses around the courthouse. And people came up there, had sort of a farmers' market up there. And the darnedest thing—every time I go in the courthouse, I think about this—when I was a little boy, we'd go in there, and one restroom—[*laughs*] probably this was the one restroom in downtown Decatur, and all these people used it—it was the worst-smelling place I've ever been in my life! [*Laughter*] And every time I go in that courthouse, [inaudible phrase] I think about that! [*Laughter*]

WH: Several of our guests brought pictures that even predate them, and they're in the back of the room. And we'd like to invite you to look at them and to ask questions of our

panelists about them. We'd like for you to join us for some refreshments if you can stay a little while. And I think, if that's—if no one else has any questions, we'll just adjourn this part of the program and let you all visit with each other. [*Audience applause*]

End of recording of meeting, followed by a series of photographs displayed on the screen:

Pictures from Mathis Dairy:

Barn

Rosebud in foreground, with members of the extended Mathis family (and possibly others) standing behind her

Rosebud and a man in a white uniform, possibly an employee or Mathis family member

Group of unidentified men and women, dressed in business or church attire

Group photo of Mathis Dairy employees in dark uniforms and caps (possibly milk truck delivery drivers)

Photo of what appears to be a milking barn with an office or living space on attached to one end

Pictures from Chesnutt Family:

VOICE OF DAVID CHESNUTT, *describing the photo displayed on the screen*: That's a 1911 family reunion picture that was made over on Evans Road. It's in--that picture's [inaudible] from Decatur. [Photo of large extended-family group]

VOICE OF DC: [*First name inaudible—could be John or Tom?*] Chesnutt, who was my great-grandfather that lived over in the Tucker area along Evans Road [Framed oval formal portrait]

VOICE OF DC: This is the same man, with his wife [Photo of elderly couple standing in front of house]

VOICE OF DC: This is my grandparents, David Gladney and Olivia Warren Chesnutt [Sideways-oval formal portrait of young couple]

[No audio]: Mid-twentieth-century formal portrait of elderly couple

VOICE OF DC: John Harvey Chesnutt, who was born in 1905. This must have been about 1910, 1912 when this picture was made. [Formal portrait of child]

VOICE OF DC: Group of the family. Looks like they were having a good time, because they were fixing to eat. [Extended-family group photo, mostly women, early 1900s?]

Pictures from Harold Johnson:

VOICE OF HJ: That's the Cedar Grove Methodist Church, which was formed in 1828. It's the oldest Methodist church in the county there. Its original name was probably Morris Chapel; I'm not sure of that. I'm not going to put that up. [Photo of white-frame church building]

VOICE OF HJ: [Name of homeowner inaudible—sounds like "Tom Moore"?]'s house. [Inaudible phrase] Moore, I found out, my father's older sister married into that family. I didn't know till I was [inaudible]. But that's an old family in Cedar Grove. They were instrumental in forming that church also. [Two-story, dark-wood house with people standing in front yard and on the front porch]

VOICE OF HJ: This was the community center. They had the first school there in Cedar Grove. They used it as a school, and [inaudible; drowned out by background conversations] about the same time in the 1800s. I'm not sure about the date. [Photo of white-frame building; looks very much like earlier photo of Cedar Grove Methodist Church; perhaps the same]

VOICE OF BJW [?]: Define for me what the Cedar Grove area was.

VOICE OF HJ: Cedar Grove was on Bouldercrest, Cedar Grove Road goes over to 42, and Panthersville Road runs into the south of that. It's right in the south, next to Henry County, Clayton County triangle.

VOICE OF HJ [*Showing next photo*]: This was J. W. [Croft? Crotts?] dairy in Cedar Grove. I'm not sure when he built that. Was it--it was built in 1926. [Photo of barn and delivery truck]

VOICE OF HJ: This is the [inaudible name] homeplace over there in Cedar Grove. It's still standing in Cedar Grove. [Photo of white frame house]

VOICE OF HJ: Now I'm going to switch to the little red schoolhouse we were talking about earlier. This picture was in 1922. That was the first year I think they had nine grades in that school. [Photo of frame schoolhouse with students gathered out front]

VOICE OF HJ: This is the graduating class of that school in 1922. Pat [Mathis] knows some of those people. He might not know it, but he does [*laughs*]. See, you know who those are right there? Those are Parkers, because you can tell that, yeah. [Photo of four rows of students in front of exterior wall and windows of the schoolhouse]

VOICE OF HJ: All right, we're going to switch to—this is Bo [Beau? spelling?] Cobb and Waymon [spelling?] Cobb. This is the Cobb place on Kelly Chapel Road. This is about 1915. This is Bo and Waymon right here, two attorneys. They went to school with Julius McCurdy at Emory. Both of them—all three of them graduated from Emory Law School. This is

Grandpa Cobb standing there at the front fender and Grandma sitting in the chair there. [Photo of early-model auto and several people in front of a white-frame house]

VOICE OF HJ: This is his barn in the back. [Inaudible] standing there, and you got two mules there, Blackie and Fox, I can only remember names. This is a hired man here. And Bo and Waymon [inaudible]. [Photo of several people, two mules, and an early-model auto in front of a barn]

VOICE OF HJ: This is my grandfather and my father. The picture was taken about 1887. He [father] was born in '83. Now I'm giving you—[Photo of man holding the hand of a small boy, along with a woman standing off to the side, in front of a fence, with a frame house in the background]

VOICE OF HJ: [Beginning of comment inaudible] that's the house in later years, just before it was torn down. [Inaudible] [Photo of white frame house with front porch]

VOICE OF HJ: Now, this is a picture of Daddy about 1915. That picture [inaudible] was in Tucker--you can see it on the wall there. [*Laughing*] I didn't know it was there till I saw it one day. That's Mr. Britt, one of his drivers. [Photo of two men standing in front of a milk delivery truck; faded lettering on the side]

VOICE OF HJ: [Inaudible] liked to have milking parties out there. He'd invite people out there. These are people from Decatur and DeKalb County, and they'd come out and sample milk. This is a group of dignitaries from Decatur, and this would have been about 1930 when that was taken. [Photo of people dressed for a party, standing in front of a building, drinking milk]

Recording ends with classical music in background and display of white script on a black background: "'DeKalb's Rural Roots' September 22, 2002, Decatur First United Methodist Church."

END OF RECORDING

Transcribed by cgs