

JACK MATHIS for MATHIS DAIRY and R. L. MATHIS FAMILY

Recording begins with JAMES MACKAY's opening remarks, already in progress.

MR. MACKAY: . . . We've got our ace over here, Fran [videographer, last name unknown], who is going to get this down on videotape; and we're going to present your family with a copy of this videotape. And we're going to have our little refreshments after [inaudible]. But you've got a solid hour, so just relax and tell it like it was and tell it like it is. And I guess Jack Mathis over here is the emcee. I'll yield the floor to you, Jack. [MR. MACKAY moves off-camera.]

JACK MATHIS: Thank you. Appreciate that. I'm the baby of this family [audience laughter]. I'm Jack, and this is my sister. [Camera pans to show Mathis family members seated on front row of chairs. JACK MATHIS introduces each in turn.] This is my sister, Betty Mathis Sullins. And then next is my father, Mr. R. L. Mathis, Sr., then my mother, Mrs. R. L. Mathis—better known as Cookie. When I was coming along, I didn't call her Mama; I always called her Cookie. And I do not call Betty "Betty"; I call her Chickie. So this is Chickie and Betty [means Cookie?], and this is Mr. Lloyd.

What I'd like for us to do—we're glad to be here. We're really excited about this. But I put some slides together. And the first are a little bit of something maybe you didn't know about the dairy business, in the beginning. I'd like to run through some of them pretty quickly, and then we'll get to some of the dairy. And then, when I hit something that these three [indicating Mr. and Mrs. Mathis and Mrs. Sullins] can talk about, we'll do that. Y'all let me turn this [the projector] on. [JACK MATHIS turns on projector, which displays an old illustration on the screen; he returns to his position on-camera.]

SLIDE: From *Harper's Weekly*, 1882: Pen-and-ink illustration of nineteenth-century man with a wooden yoke across his shoulders, from which are hanging two milk cans, each suspended from either side. The man also holds the cans by the handles to distribute the weight more evenly.

JACK MATHIS: You know, in the beginning—and I'm not old enough to remember any of this [audience laughter]—milk, in the summertime, would sour within a matter of two or three hours. You had to deliver milk after each milking. And they call it—what they call it was—[Changes slides] "new milk."

SLIDE: From *Harper's Weekly*, 1882: Printed excerpt from unknown literary text, which refers to new milk.

SLIDE: From *Harper's Weekly*, 1882: Pen-and-ink illustration of man holding a long pole or staff, standing over a frame that is filled with round objects. The man appears to be stirring or pushing the objects with the staff. Mr. Mathis could not offer an explanation for the man's activity, but it may be a depiction of cheese-making.

JACK MATHIS: And this is fascinating. I found the *Harper's Weekly*, eighteen-something—what, 1882—and was telling about the history of the dairy industry in 1882. And that's where I took these slides from. [*Points to slide of man standing over frame.*] And I really don't know what they were doing here in this slide. I asked Paul [no last name given] if he knew, and I—but this was what the dairy was back then.

SLIDE: Illustration of man standing behind a long bench, on which are resting three large metal buckets.

JACK MATHIS: But they only used butter. I mean, they didn't use the skim milk for anything. Before a gal could be eligible to be married, she had to be really good at making butter, or she just stayed single.

SLIDE: Illustration of sheep-driven butter churn.

JACK MATHIS, *pointing to image on slide*: But see, this is the churn. Look at the sheep that'll be turning the wheel over there on that.

SLIDE: Photograph of empty glass jar surrounded by metal clamp, which holds metal lid in place with screw-down mechanism

JACK MATHIS: This was the first milk bottle, or the jar. The first one they came out with so we have today.

SLIDE: Photograph of several small milk bottles, filled with milk and sealed with corks

JACK MATHIS: And then this was corks. Can you imagine—back then they didn't know about sanitation when all this was going on. So they were using corks.

SLIDE: Photograph of Holstein cows in a pasture; one of the cows is being milked by hand by a woman on a milking stool.

JACK MATHIS: And this is the way it was done. They just went out and milked the cows in the pasture and poured the milk in the containers and then shared it with the neighbors and other folks, till they started hauling this type of milk to town.

SLIDE: Photograph of large metal bucket suspended over two large milk cans standing on the bed of a horse-drawn wagon. A stream of milk is pouring from the bucket into one of the milk cans.

JACK MATHIS: This is straining it through the cheesecloth. All of you remember doing that—that's what they're doing here. Then--

JACK MATHIS quickly displays two slides without comment. These include a photograph of a milk can (with blurred surrounding and background details) and another photograph of a worker in the barn engaged in unknown activity (bottom third of the slide is obscured).

SLIDE: Person pulling sled, stacked with crates of full milk bottles, through the snow

JACK MATHIS: --peddling their milk. In the wintertime, this was—

SLIDE: Photograph of uniformed milkman, lifting metal caddy of full milk bottles from milk vehicle (unclear if it's motorized or horse-driven; only the back is visible).

JACK MATHIS: --this was in England. I found this slide [inaudible] where the bombs had fallen [during World War II]. He couldn't run his route, because everybody asked him, "Where did the bombs fall?"

SLIDE: Smiling woman in suit standing beside horse, which is hitched up to a milk wagon.

JACK MATHIS: And then the ladies had to do a lot of the delivering when the— during the war.

SLIDE: Photograph of milkman on motorcycle, customized for milk delivery, with sign that reads "Special Delivery."

JACK MATHIS: "Special delivery" with the motorcycle.

SLIDE: Photograph of several women on milk-delivery motorcycles.

JACK MATHIS: And here again was the ladies delivering the milk during the war.

SLIDE: Photograph unclear; man driving milk wagon being drawn by oxen or mules or horses; milk cans in back of open wagon.

JACK MATHIS: I don't remember any of this. [*Audience laughter*] None of it. None of it. But I'm sure Dad does. And COOKIE.

SLIDE: Photograph of motorized milk wagon or truck; milk wagons standing on open bed; side panel reads "Hage's."

SLIDE: Grainy photograph of Holstein nursing a pig; several pigs rooting in the background

JACK MATHIS: This is a pig nursing a cow. A man's going out to milk the cow, and they had the pigs running with the cows back then. Here again, they didn't know anything about the sanitation at all.

SLIDE: Grainy, blurred photograph of man pushing open-bed milk truck uphill on boards laid over ruts in muddy road

JACK MATHIS: And I heard this story so many times about Rainbow Drive [in south DeKalb County, between Candler Road and Wesley Chapel Road], as Daddy was saying they had to push the truck downhill [uphill?], they'd get so much mud.

SLIDE: Horse-drawn white milk wagon

JACK MATHIS: This was a Firestone—talking about having rubber tires for the milk wagon.

SLIDE: Pale photograph of man atop mule-drawn, open-bed milk wagon

JACK MATHIS: And, here again, do you know—somebody asked us about our raw milk. And we're one of only just a few dairies in the United States can sell raw milk. In the early 1900s—I'm going to tell y'all something. It wasn't because of tuberculosis or ungulate fever when we had 26 million dairy cattle. Over sixty-five percent of them were infected with tuberculosis; and another fifteen percent of them were infected with brucellosis, which humans would get ungulate fever. It was not because of those two organisms that they wanted to pasteurize milk [inaudible]. The reason they wanted pasteurized milk was because of lack of refrigeration. There was no way to keep the milk cold. And what they'd do in the winter time, you'd have only—I mean, the summer time, milk would sour within a few hours back then. But during the winter time it could last you seven, eight, or nine hours and then go bad because of the filthy conditions it was milked under. And there was no refrigeration, and that was the reason the need for pasteurized milk was lack of refrigeration. And the culprit, I found out, was a fellow named [inaudible—could be Gail or Gale Borden]; he owned the pasteurizer [*audience laughter*].

SLIDE: Photograph of farmer standing in milking barn between two rows of cows being milked by milking machines.

JACK MATHIS, *after skipping through several slides*: But this was some of the earlier—[*stopping on slide of Covington, Georgia, dairy farmer*] Now this was a

Georgia farm in Covington that I ran across this man that I show here. What was his name? Stockwell.

SLIDE: Photograph of African-American family (parents and about nine children—part of picture cut off), seated in chairs on front row and three or four people standing behind, in front of a house's front porch.

JACK MATHIS: This was his [sic] black family. They was a happy black family that was milking his [Stockwell's] cows for him.

SLIDE: Photograph of milk room: large metal tank in back and wooden frame shelving on right.

JACK MATHIS: This was a milk room. And so this was--

SLIDE: Photograph of injured horse standing with rope or halter apparatus for support.

JACK MATHIS: --here was a sick horse in the milk room, where they were actually—

SLIDE: Photograph of Eleanor Roosevelt, reaching out to infant sitting up in carrier

JACK MATHIS: And this was Mrs. Roosevelt going to a bank for babies. I didn't know that mothers that were breastfeeding that had milk left over, they would take the milk to a milk bank for babies, and this is what she was supporting.

SLIDE: Concrete slab on [barn or milk house?] floor with large hole cut out in corner, with pipes leading out of it. A narrow slit, leading from the hole to the edge of the slab, has been cut through the concrete.

JACK MATHIS: But if you go back, dairies used to be built by a spring. That's what—the cows [inaudible—would have? would drink?] the spring water and then to keep the milk cold. And that's what this was. The spring outside and they'd bring the water up through the milk house.

SLIDE: Photograph of man pouring milk out of a large bucket

JACK MATHIS: And then they'd pour it up. But you can imagine, and some of you remember, the flies and everything else, the straw and the hay and y'all know what-all was getting into the milk.

SLIDE: Faded, blurred photograph of men in white uniforms and white hats, standing along background, with about a dozen milk buckets in foreground

JACK MATHIS: This was the first certified dairy. Dr. Coit was the man that started certified milk. And he was a—he had a two-year-old son that died, and that's

when he started trying to find out and try to get some real safe milk; and he started the certified association [Certified Milk Producers' Association of America]. And this was the beginning.

SLIDE: Man in white coat standing behind countertops covered filled milk bottles; hoses are hanging looped from the ceiling; part of bottling process.

JACK MATHIS: And still they didn't know about sanitation even as much then. I was reading back where they said you needed to sanitize your milk room equipment at least twice a week. They didn't use the word "sanitize"; they said you had to have a good washing at least twice a week. So they didn't know that. But can you imagine bottling milk like this, and I think about in the summer time the flies and everything else you would have? But this was—

SLIDE: Unclear photograph; appears to be man in long white coat and hat leaning over metal panel of bright lights (or perhaps just faded area on photograph).

JACK MATHIS: And they had lights, at least, trying to get into the bottles.

SLIDE: Photograph of man in white uniform, filling bottles from metal pitcher

JACK MATHIS: I like him, filling this bottle. Look where his thumb is, over the top. But they did not know about it [sanitation].

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: What year were these made?

JACK MATHIS: This was around 1912, 1914. [*Recognizing another question from audience, off-camera*] Yes, sir.

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: Where was this first certified dairy?

JACK MATHIS: It was in New York. In New York was the first certified dairy.

SLIDE: Man in blazer and bowtie using long tube with brush attachment connected to large metal cylinder to clean Holstein

JACK MATHIS: But this was a vacuum cleaner for cows. Especially in the North, when it was cold, they had a vacuum cleaner to try to keep the cows clean.

SLIDE: Man in back of truck, stacking crates of full milk bottles; lettering on the crates partially legible, includes the words "Guernsey Farms."

JACK MATHIS: Now, this was— Who boxed [Jack] Dempsey? I found this out. Gene Tunney? Tunney. [*Points to screen*] They had Guernsey—certified Guernsey milk—they locked it and had it delivered to the boxers before their match they had.

SLIDE: Unclear photograph of two people standing behind crate of milk

JACK MATHIS: And I thought that was— they had to lock it up.

SLIDE: Milk wagon with "Flynn's" painted on the side

JACK MATHIS: This was a—

SLIDE: Open-sided shed with milk cans strewn on ground

JACK MATHIS: They had a lady—this is true. I was reading about it, where if a dairy had a low bacteria count, the health department would go out and check the milk, because they found out they was putting formaldehyde in milk to get a low count. And so they had one dairy that had this low count—low bacteria count; but they couldn't find any formaldehyde in this milk. And then they found out that his wife was washing the dairy equipment—the milking equipment and buckets—and she was drying them on the pot-belly stove. So she was sanitizing them. But they still didn't realize it, that that was what the problem was.

SLIDE: Text from newspaper clipping titled “New Cow”

JACK MATHIS: Henry Ford wanted to come up with an artificial cow. When was this—I found the date on this one. This in was 1930-something that he was going to have artificial milk.

SLIDE: Poster or chart from local newspaper representing proliferation of dairies in DeKalb County

JACK MATHIS: We're fixing to get to something Mathis Dairy now. This was—I've heard Dad [R. L. Mathis] tell this, and I'm going to let him tell about how many dairies there were between Panthersville Road and Decatur. And this was out of the paper that said it was 57 milk peddlers serving 363 homes. Now, I think this might have been up north. And that's just an idea of what was going on.

SLIDE: Photograph of mustachioed older man and infant

JACK MATHIS *to family, off-camera*: Now, who's that?

FAMILY MEMBERS: That's Grandpop and Bob.

JACK MATHIS, *walking off camera*: I got to go do something. Y'all talk about it.

COOKIE MATHIS: That's T. W. Cleveland. That was Lloyd's grandfather. And that's Bob, our oldest child.

MR. MACKAY: Three boys and girls?

COOKIE MATHIS: Three boys and one girl. Three boys.

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: [Inaudible phrase] business?

COOKIE MATHIS: No, uh-uh. But Lloyd bought the farm from him [Cleveland]. He lived out there where we are now. He [LLOYD MATHIS] bought the farm from him [Cleveland].

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: Were there cows on there that provided your milk personally? [Second question inaudible]

COOKIE MATHIS: They probably had—[to LLOYD MATHIS] did they have a few cows?

LLOYD MATHIS: They had a few cows and [inaudible] up on Edgewood Avenue, Decatur Street, with buttermilk and plums, peaches, [*laughing*] anything you could get, scuppernongs.

COOKIE MATHIS: And Lloyd bought five cows from his uncle that had there on the farm, and that's how he started the dairy.

JAMES MACKAY: When did the Mathis[es] first come to DeKalb County? Approximately.

COOKIE MATHIS: Approximately—just before 1920, I believe. I tried to find that out, and he [R. L. MATHIS] or his two sisters—

LLOYD MATHIS, *to* COOKIE MATHIS: What'd he ask?

COOKIE MATHIS, *to* LLOYD MATHIS: Wondered when you first came to DeKalb County, the Mathis[es]. [*To* MR. MACKAY]: His father died in 1917.

LLOYD MATHIS: About '20, '22.

COOKIE MATHIS, *to* LLOYD MATHIS: It was before 1922, I believe. [Inaudible]

JACK MATHIS *returns and displays next photograph on the screen.*

SLIDE: A blurred image of several dozen people; they seem to be standing on a hillside among a few trees. Some appear to be grouped near the top on what may be the balcony or porch of a building. Most of those in the foreground appear to be boys and young men in uniform.

JACK MATHIS, *aside, to* COOKIE MATHIS: Who's that?

COOKIE MATHIS: Your great-grandfather is in that picture, but I don't know which one he is. That something—old soldiers.

SLIDE: Milk truck (motorized), ca. 1920

JACK MATHIS, *to* parents, COOKIE and LLOYD MATHIS: Now, that's one of your first trucks right there. Remember that one?

LLOYD MATHIS: Yep. [*Laughter*] Tore the wheel down one time and hit the curb. It was wooden spokes.

JACK MATHIS: Wood spokes?

LLOYD MATHIS, *laughing*: Yeah.

CHICKIE MATHIS: But they're tires—they're blown-up tires on there.

SLIDE: A young LLOYD MATHIS sitting on hood, feet on fender and running-board, of black delivery vehicle with lettering on the door. The lettering is almost illegible in the photograph but appears to read "R. L. MATHIS/ [illegible]/DECATUR, GA."

JACK MATHIS, *pointing to screen*: Well, that's him [LLOYD MATHIS], the bark on the tree, that's him, right there. [*Laughter*] He always wore a tie.

COOKIE MATHIS: Nobody ever sees him yet without a tie.

SLIDE: Later model, dark-painted delivery truck with "R. L. MATHIS" lettered on the side, along with four additional lines of lettering illegible in photograph. Two men (one in white uniform, one in street clothes) stand in front of the truck. In the background is a building, which COOKIE MATHIS identifies.

COOKIE MATHIS: That's the first milking parlor there, over here.

SLIDE: Young man [identified as LLOYD MATHIS] dressed in light-colored clothing and a cap, along with a young woman (partially obscured by JACK MATHIS, standing in front of the screen) in front of (in?) what appears to be an open-sided vehicle of some sort. An older man stands behind LLOYD MATHIS.

JACK MATHIS, *to COOKIE MATHIS*: Is that him [LLOYD MATHIS] there?

COOKIE MATHIS: Mm-hmm. I guess that's him.

JACK and CHICKIE MATHIS, in unison: He's got that tie on! Only one [inaudible].

COOKIE MATHIS: That's Mr. Edge over here [in photograph].

JACK MATHIS: Mr. Edge?

COOKIE MATHIS: Uh-huh.

SLIDE: Formal photograph of COOKIE and LLOYD MATHIS from several years ago; both have dark hair. He is dressed in a suit and tie; she wears black sheath and stole.

SLIDE: Earlier photograph of a smiling COOKIE MATHIS, wearing a dark cloche hat, dark jacket, and V-neck blouse; she holds a baby dressed in light-colored outfit.

JACK MATHIS, *to COOKIE MATHIS*: You like that picture?

COOKIE MATHIS: No. [*Laughter*] I don't like any of my pictures.

JACK MATHIS, *referring to infant in photograph, to COOKIE MATHIS*: Well, who's that?

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, that's Bob.

JACK MATHIS: I left out—Bob's the one I was talking about. Bob passed away, I believe, eleven years ago [*COOKIE MATHIS confirms*]. And then Pat, he couldn't be here. He's working this afternoon and couldn't be here.

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, that was a bad picture you book that [slide] from, because I didn't have that—

SLIDE: Older photograph of COOKIE MATHIS, dressed in dark outfit and corsage. An infant, dressed in white, is lying in her lap; a little boy is seated at her right.

COOKIE MATHIS: --and that's Bob [inaudible].

SLIDE: Two children, a boy and a girl (preschool age) sitting side-by-side.

COOKIE MATHIS: That's Bob and [inaudible].

SLIDE: Four elderly ladies in dresses, standing in front of curtain

COOKIE MATHIS: This is Lloyd's mother—that second one there. And that is my mother over there and my aunt. My aunt was visiting here from Texas.

QUESTION FROM AUDIENCE: What was your mother's name?

COOKIE MATHIS: Ada Walker Cook. And that's how I got the name of Cookie; it's not because cook a lot, it's because my maiden name was Cook [*laughter*].

SLIDE: Photograph of seated young woman with three boys, one standing beside her, one kneeling beside her, and one on her lap.

JACK MATHIS: Now, you see me, that good-looking kid over here. [*Points to youngest child, on MRS. MATHIS's lap*] [*laughter*] [*To someone off-camera*] Like that, Regina?

SLIDE: Family picture featuring LLOYD and COOKIE MATHIS seated on sofa with two boys kneeling in front of them. A young man and a young woman are behind LLOYD and COOKIE MATHIS.

JACK MATHIS: There we are. That's all four of us. [Since there are six individuals in the photograph, it is unclear who "the four of us" are, except for LLOYD, COOKIE, and presumably JACK MATHIS. He may be referring to the four siblings; if so, the individual identities of the three sons/brothers is not stated. CHICKIE would, by default, be the only female in the photo besides COOKIE MATHIS.]

SLIDE: Elderly lady in center, flanked by a young woman on her left and a much younger woman on her right; possibly three generations of MATHIS women?

JACK MATHIS: And the story that they tell, Dad used to do a lot of bird hunting, and he had that favorite bird dog out there. Boy, he loved that bird dog. And the

dog's name was Kate. And they tell the story about this Yankee came down and ran over the dog, killed Kate. So he stopped and went up to the door, knocked on the door, and Cookie come to the door, and he told us, said, "I think I ran over your dog." She looked out, and she said, "Oh, my goodness. Boy, you did. That's my husband's favorite dog. He's going to be really upset."

And he said, "Well, I feel like I at least ought to tell him."

She said, "Well, he's going to be very upset."

He said, "Well, where is he?"

She said, "Well, he's out at the dairy, but," she said, "you better get him prepared for it. Be easy when you start off." She said, "Why don't you tell him that you run over one of his kids?" *[Audience laughter]*

SLIDE: Preschool-age boy, dressed in jeans and T-shirt, holding baseball glove, standing next to an elementary-school-age boy, dressed in Mount Carmel Christian Church baseball uniform, with baseball bat on his shoulder; the letters "MT CAR" are visible on the front of the uniform (the rest of "Carmel" obscured from view)

COOKIE MATHIS: That's Bob and Pat [Mathis].

JACK MATHIS: That's Bob and Pat, and I notice the Mount Carmel team that's playing there at the church.

SLIDE: Group of four or five men (one adult, four about high-school age) gathered around various household metal objects. BOB MATHIS, lower right, holds what appears to be a large metal can. One young man wears a military-style or Boy Scout cap; the oldest man wears a Fedora-type hat and a suit. The younger men are casually dressed.

JACK MATHIS: This was Bob collecting—he's on the right, here on my right. He's collecting metal for Southwest DeKalb [High School] for the war [World War II].

COOKIE MATHIS: Mr. Lang [spelling?] might remember that.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE VOICE, *off-camera*: That's Mr. Jones [an agriculture teacher at Southwest DeKalb High School].

JACK MATHIS: Yeah, R. N. Jones.

Inaudible conversation among family members, off-camera

SLIDE: Blurred image of snowy yard; in the foreground is a woman in dark clothing and hat standing next to a mound of snow with a large hole in front.

JACK MATHIS, *to family*: Tell them about the snow we had.

COOKIE MATHIS: Yeah, that was made during—when we had the terrible ice storm, I think it was, in 19— New Year’s, 1935 and ’36. That was Lloyd’s aunt, and Bob and his little cousin had made this igloo. That [slide] doesn’t show it too well. But they had that igloo there where they could crawl up in it.

SLIDE: Group of children (mostly adolescents) in and around early-model, open-top automobile; one perched on hood, a few seated inside, a few standing beside. All are Caucasian except for a young African-American male on the left, standing beside the car.

COOKIE MATHIS: I don’t know what they were doing—no, there’s Bob at the wheel. And this the colored man there worked for us for over fifty years.

SLIDE: Text, centered line by line, reading:

Prepared by
The DeKALB COUNTY
CHAMBER of AGRICULTURE
and
COMMERCE
DECATUR, GEORGIA

JACK MATHIS: Now, I didn’t know this. I didn’t know that we were known as DeKalb County Chamber of Agriculture AND Commerce. And so I ran across this bulletin, and I was not aware of this, but—

SLIDE: Images and text from DeKalb Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce bulletin

JACK MATHIS: --but it talked about the dairying in the county.

SLIDE: Page titled “Practical Prosperity,” featuring text and photographs from DeKalb Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce bulletin

JACK MATHIS, *referring to photographs on page in slide*: That’s our farm up on the top and then the pasture scene. And then they talk about—

SLIDE: Text from DeKalb Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce bulletin, beginning, “The Agricultural Building was . . . ,” and making reference to Scott Candler and the Works Progress Administration (WPA)

JACK MATHIS: --no, that’s later on on that one.

SLIDE: Photograph of a printed page, featuring a photograph of Stone Mountain at the top of the page, followed by a printed paragraph and a photograph of a flock of white chickens in a large outdoor pen.

JACK MATHIS: But they talk about the chickens in the county—Stone Mountain. And I was not aware of it.

SLIDE: Aerial view of Southwest DeKalb High School in the 1930s (on Panthersville Road, no longer in use as a school) (relocated to Kelley Chapel Road in the late 1960s)

JACK MATHIS: This is what I enjoyed looking at. Now, this is Southwest DeKalb. Now, what year was that? This was in—

FIRST UNIDENTIFIED VOICE [sounds like Andy Robertson?], *off-camera*: '36 or '37.

SECOND UNIDENTIFIED VOICE, *off-camera*: 1930, I think.

JACK MATHIS: Good. [*Points to areas of photograph on screen*] You know, if you look at it now, I couldn't imagine going out toward the Honor Farm, there was nothing over there. Then evidently there was a carnival going on or the [DeKalb County] Fair when this picture was taken.

SECOND UNIDENTIFIED VOICE, *off-camera*: That was much later than 1930. Just the building [inaudible] was the only thing that was there in 1930. This building on the left was not there.

JACK MATHIS, *pointing to area of photograph on screen*: Well, this was the football field and then the fairgrounds and then the racetrack that you had.

FIRST UNIDENTIFIED VOICE [sounds like Andy Robertson?], *off-camera*: I believe that was 1936 or '37. That's when the fair—festival, the Harvest Festival, as we called it, started, the county fair. And those buildings back there were the exhibition building; and that, what you said, "carnival," was the sideshow, which all fairs have.

JACK MATHIS: But it looked like it was in front. [*Pointing*] See, it was up here This is where I was looking at the farm. Look at all the cars. [*Points along narrow, perhaps dirt, roadway.*]

FIRST UNIDENTIFIED VOICE [sounds like Andy Robertson?], *off-camera*: Well, the Southwest DeKalb School building was on the—on South Candler, Candler Road [Candler Road's name changes to Panthersville Road at the intersection of Flat Shoals and Candler Roads, about a block above the buildings that formerly housed Southwest DeKalb High School]. That was the entrance to it [the school or the fair or both?]. You went back down in there.

JACK MATHIS: See, our farm, my land is back over here. We would come in back over here.

THIRD UNIDENTIFIED VOICE, *off-camera*: And I remember it being [inaudible comment about location].

JACK MATHIS, *to family*: Where was the little red schoolhouse from here? It was up the road? And did they tear it down? It would've been gone by the time this was—

FEMALE MATHIS FAMILY MEMBER, *off-camera*: Oh, yeah.

SLIDE: High-school football team posing on football field

JACK MATHIS: This was the six-man football team. Bob [Mathis] used to tell that the only reason he got to play was that he owned the football [*audience laughter*].

SLIDE: Appears to be photograph of a few dozen high-school-aged young people standing in front of a brick building, possibly a school building, church, or private home.

JACK MATHIS: And I don't know what this one was. This was something—

LLOYD MATHIS, *off-camera*: [Inaudible comment]

JACK MATHIS: --one of the Parkers is in there.

COOKIE MATHIS: That's Jack Parker there. That's Amy Blackwell.

SLIDE: Screen divided into four quarters—three photographs and one block of text. The photographs are of a long, white, one-story building with several windows; two men standing next to a horse (or a mule?); and a small group of people standing to the left of the photograph, with a small building to the right.

JACK MATHIS: This was the canning plant [apparently the larger building in the slide].

SLIDE: Group of several photographs of groups and of individuals; JACK MATHIS skips it without comment.

SLIDE: Cartoon of farmer and wife sitting at table; at the back of the room, cows have stuck their heads through the windows, and one is standing in the doorway; all are looking at the couple.

JACK MATHIS: I threw that one in [*audience laughter*]. He said he forgot to do something. He couldn't remember what it was [*audience laughter*]. [Apparently the farmer forgot to milk the cows, and they've come to remind him.]

SLIDE: Man in overalls and hat, standing next to Holstein calf.

JACK MATHIS: Mr. Stanfield [spelling?] and Bob's—maybe we cut Bob off [out of photo]. He got a pulling lawnmower and letting a little steer, a little bull, pull the pushing--pulling lawnmower.

SLIDE: Page from a magazine about Mathis Dairy, featuring a photograph of cows and a metal-frame apparatus

JACK MATHIS: But here—now, Dad, you can talk some now. This is a—this was in a steel-valve milking machine magazine. It talked about the first milking machine—what was it? When was it--

R. L. MATHIS: South of Ohio and east of the Mississippi. That's going from cow to bottle, right there. I don't know what kind of picture you're using, but the automatic milker milks it, weighs it, and transfers it to the plant, where two of those jars like that above the bottle-filler. And then one fills while one runs out in the stainless steel tank in the bottom, and then it goes from there to the bottle. Hand never hit it. There's a scale, and we have a five-way valve. When you're milking, those little holes there—you put it in the milker, and then turn it on and then turn it the other way, and then take it out from the bottom. That hose, and then you pictures of [inaudible]—?

JACK MATHIS [*Pointing to yellow-highlighted text on screen*]: Yeah, I was reading that first paragraph—[it was] the first time I'd really read that. It was talking about when he [?] came up and his mother and two sisters and invalid grandfather.

COOKIE MATHIS: His grandmother.

JACK MATHIS: His grandmother? Depending upon [inaudible].

SLIDE: One-room building with large window in front and arbor out to left, landscaped with flowers and shrubs

COOKIE MATHIS: There's the first office.

R.L. MATHIS: That's a pergola there. It [inaudible] long time before I knew what a trellis like that was. And everything you got flowers walked under was a pergola. [*Laughter*] And [inaudible] fill that up. It wasn't just posts around there. And that office burned. [Inaudible] power line there, and something would happen, and the telephone people and the oak tree [inaudible] and got the telephone crew and the office out there. And lightning hit the tree and burnt [sic] my office up.

CHICKIE MATHIS: And you put on your tie before you went out there. [*Laughter*]

JACK MATHIS: Did y'all hear that? This was the first office. It burned, and Chickie said he put on his tie before he went out to check on his office.

CHICKIE MATHIS: It was at night, and I was watching him.

COOKIE MATHIS: It was the night before the first of the month, and those statements had to be delivered the next day; and the statements were in the office. So we had to call in for extra help. The drivers had to have the books—carried them home with them to figure them, and then we were supposed to figure the bills at home. It was quite a day, the next day after that little office burned.

JACK MATHIS: But tell them about the—you didn't have a phone. Tell them about how you got your calls.

R. L. MATHIS: I got all my phone from the man out at the federal prison [sic; means Honor Farm on Panthersville Road, DeKalb County]. And they called me out there, and I didn't know the man; I'd never been to a prison like that before in my life. He said, "Don't pay any attention to those fellows with guns that they use" [inaudible] come up to the top of the steps. I was afraid of getting shot any minute. And then he opened them bars and steel doors and pulled it back and his office was in there, and he says, "R.L., I'm putting a phone down at the Honor Farm. And I'll let you have the posts and the wire and everything and then I'll charge you for that." But I had to build a phone over there, and if a jaybird was to light on the telephone wires, well, it sounded like a buzzer.

JACK MATHIS: He got the phone from the Honor Farm. They were having a [phone] line ran down to the Honor Farm prison—

R. L. MATHIS: Yeah, that's the main one. He told—he let me hook onto the pole over there, let me have the pole, but he wasn't going to set them. He charged me for them.

JACK MATHIS: So you had to set the poles on here on Candler Road to tie into the Honor Farm's phone; and he said if a jaybird landed on the line, you couldn't even talk.

COOKIE MATHIS: And before that, though, we had a phone put in a friend's house up on Candler Road. And we had the name in the telephone book, and she would answer the phone. And if there was a message that had to be carried to the dairy, her son would ride an old black horse over there and bring it to us. About a couple of miles, he'd bring the messages to us. That went on for a year or two.

SLIDE: Several Holsteins lined up for milking

JACK MATHIS: This is back in that milking parlor he [R. L. MATHIS] was talking about a while ago.

QUESTION FROM THE AUDIENCE: How large was the first milking parlor y'all had? How many cows would it accommodate?

R. L. MATHIS: Well, they had forty cows on the left-hand side that came in and then went down the lane to the back. It went back in the barn. And that lever you see up there, there was a gate in front of every cow. And when I got the Jerseys and Holsteins, I had forty cows but [inaudible] and mixed them up. Get the milk and the cream behind the same, you see. Holsteins didn't give as much milk--cream as the Jerseys.

COOKIE MATHIS, *to R. L. MATHIS*: But she—her question was, how many cows could you milk at one time? Do you remember?

R. L. MATHIS, *counting cows in the slide*: Twelve—four, five six, seven, eight—yeah, there's twelve. A dozen cows in there.

JACK MATHIS: This was one of the first milking parlors that was put in like that at that time just to produce the Certified Milk. And that was in—you became certified in 1928.

R. L. MATHIS: '28.

JACK MATHIS, *to R. L. MATHIS, referring to image on slide*: And when was this? When was this put in?

R. L. MATHIS: I can't remember.

JACK MATHIS: That was in 1930-something, [inaudible].

COOKIE MATHIS: It was being built in 1928, because [inaudible].

JACK MATHIS: Will y'all speak up so we can hear? It was being built in 1928.

COOKIE MATHIS: I know it was being built in 1928, but that's when Bob [Mathis] was born, in 1928. And it was at that time it was—it was certified about that time.

SLIDE: Back of Holstein in milking parlor, with white-uniformed man standing next to it

JACK MATHIS: To have a certified dairy, they had to have uniforms. And that's what he had, what you see here.

SLIDE: Three white-uniformed dairy employees kneeling behind Holsteins in milking parlor

R. L. MATHIS: Here's a picture of every one of those cows and the men, and they had white suits all the time, every day [inaudible].

COOKIE MATHIS: The boy on the right is Herman Parker. He passed away just a few months ago. And he was still working for us, and he'd been there since he was just a teenager. He was seventy-something.

R. L. MATHIS: That fellow there over by himself, he's washing the cow.

JACK MATHIS: We tried to find out our oldest customer, so we had Herman Parker, who was in the first graduating class from Southwest DeKalb High School, came over and went to work for the dairy. Now, he'd been working for us fifty years. So Dr. Louie Newton had been taking [milk] from us for like fifty years, because Herman Parker started. And so I decided, well, that's a good thing to do; we'll just say Dr. Newton is the oldest customer. So I'll get them all to come down and have lunch and meet Rosebud [the cow]. So they get them down; and we have Herman, Dr. Newton, and my dad. So we took a picture, and we sent it out to one of our newsletters; and that was a mistake [*laughter*]. You talk about trouble. I had little old ladies calling me and saying, "I've been taking sixty years" [*laughter*]. That was a mistake when we did that.

But now, I don't know if it's true or not, but Herman Parker and my dad told us that they worked for seven years, seven days a week. They both would milk the cows, deliver the milk; and they worked for seven years and never had a day off. Now, I don't know if that's true. They did tell us boys that every time we wanted to go fishing or something [*laughter*]. They'd remind us of that story.

SLIDE: Three milking machines hanging on wall next to a window

SLIDE: White-uniformed man standing beside a bottle-filler with about a dozen bottles of milk; a Mathis Dairy sign, possibly on a delivery truck, is visible through a window

COOKIE MATHIS: That's Herman Parker there again.

JACK MATHIS: That's Herman again, Parker. And what is that?

R. L. MATHIS: That's where the milk's coming through the glass-lined tank. Glass-lined tank. And then it goes through the bottle-filler.

COOKIE MATHIS: And those were double-capped bottles. They had a little stopper and then another cap that went on top of it to protect the pouring lip of the bottle.

JACK MATHIS: Was that one of your first fillers? That your first bottle-filler there?

R. L. MATHIS: Uh-huh.

COOKIE MATHIS *makes inaudible comment to R. L. MATHIS.*

JACK MATHIS: You did it by hand.

R. L. MATHIS: [Inaudible] that little place up there off of Decatur Street [inaudible].

JACK MATHIS: Tell about the first time you had batteries for light. The first time—no, no you had candles or lanterns.

R. L. MATHIS: I had candles, and then I had [inaudible—sounds like “Dodge”?] twelve-volt batteries, and I took an extra battery and hooked it up to the truck. Had it on the side to hook it up, and I was one of the first one around Atlanta to use electric lights.

JACK MATHIS: On your truck?

R. L. MATHIS: No, in the dairy. In the [inaudible] room. [Inaudible] had a twelve-volt battery and a twelve-volt bulb—

JACK MATHIS: His sister—

R. L. MATHIS: --then they got [inaudible] Delco.

JACK MATHIS: His sister—Dad’s sister—they were telling me his two sisters, telling me, they left one day when he was putting the batteries in to have lights. When they came back, it was dark; and they actually thought the barn was on fire. It was lit up. And normally, you know, with lanterns, you didn’t think about it, and all of a sudden this thing was lit up.

Briefly, several people speak at once; their comments are inaudible.

R. L. MATHIS: When they came over the hill, they thought they were running into New York City! [Laughter]

JACK MATHIS: Dad says that when they came over the hill, they thought they were running into New York City.

R. L. MATHIS: That night that whole hill was lit up.

SLIDE: Long, low building with closely spaced rectangular windows

COOKIE MATHIS: That’s the first barn.

R. L. MATHIS: No, that’s the second.

COOKIE MATHIS: That’s the second one?

R. L. MATHIS: That was on the right-hand side. The back’s open [inaudible] back of the other one. The milking parlor’s in front of it.

COOKIE MATHIS: Uh-huh. I see.

JACK MATHIS: There was an article in the paper— What'd that first barn cost you, like, eighteen hundred dollars or twenty-five—

R. L. MATHIS: No, I couldn't tell you.

JACK MATHIS: There was an article in the paper that had the value of the first barn. And he [R. L. MATHIS] was only twenty-five. The article in the Atlanta newspaper said he was a successful dairyman—a young, successful dairyman. Twenty-five years old, built this modern barn, and the cost was something like eighteen hundred or twenty-one hundred dollars.

R. L. MATHIS: It cost more than that.

JACK MATHIS: [Inaudible] the newspapers lie, anyway. [*Laughter*]

COOKIE MATHIS: See, the shrubs along there--

R. L. MATHIS: [Inaudible] by the time we got through paying Mr. Berg [spelling?] over here at the First National Bank [inaudible], it was twice that much.

COOKIE MATHIS, *referring to shrubbery along the front of the barn, below the windows*: See the shrubs along the dairy there, I had—we lived in an old house—

R. L. MATHIS: That was the other barn, right there.

COOKIE MATHIS: I thought the porch was about to tear--come down, so I thought it would help to have a few shrubs. So I went up to this man in East Atlanta at a certain place, and I bought—oh, I don't know--about five or six pieces of shrubbery, or I was wanting to. But he [R. L. MATHIS] went up there and had the man come out to put some out at the dairy, so the man came out and asked me—Lloyd was gone—he said, "Now, where do these shrubs go?"

And I said, "Well, you just put them where you think they belong."

He was at the front door. And he said, "[Inaudible—maybe name of shrub] there, and so-and-so there."

And I said, "Well, you just put them where you think they ought to go."

So when Lloyd got in that night, I said, "The shrubbery man came out today."

And he said, "Well, how does things look?"

I said, "Well, they look good. Go out front and look."

And his cussword was "conjam" [?]. And he'd say, "Conjam my shrubbery! Conjam my shrubbery!"

And I said, "Well, I didn't know. I just told him to put it where he thought it ought to go. That's why he put it at the house." But it were supposed to go at the

dairy. [*Laughter*] But he got more later. He got more to put at the dairy than he did at the house, than I had at the house.

SLIDE: One-story white frame building with low-roofed extension off the back; in the yard is what appears to be a large piece of farm equipment.

JACK MATHIS, *to his family*: What was that?

R. L. MATHIS: That's where I loaded it out first. That's where the [inaudible—sounds like "Parkers"?] all worked, right inside the plant and in the left right there.

COOKIE MATHIS: He drives a truck [inaudible].

R. L. MATHIS: That's the barn on the left side, the first one. And they had steps down, they go down from the dairy down there, and they washed the cows and cleaned them up.

JACK MATHIS: Well, tell them about when you first met COOKIE, what was going on, what happened there.

R. L. MATHIS, *to COOKIE, laughing*: You tell them. [Inaudible] Bill White, you know [inaudible].

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, a lot of you in here remember Preacher Kelly [Kelley?]. He would hold revivals at the little country church that I went to up near Canton, and he'd always stay with us. So his daughter had been up with him several times, so a friend and I came down to visit her. And they had a watermelon-cutting; and they invited Lloyd and another young man, Bill White, over. And, well, we both had dates—really, she had a real date that night, and I just had—I was with a boy that was a friend of her date.

JAMES MACKAY: You don't call him a real date?

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, I didn't have a date with him then. No, that was—I didn't have a date—

R. L. MATHIS: [Inaudible] and they left.

COOKIE MATHIS: They didn't stay very long. They left. But then he [R. L. MATHIS] came up. Some of the men from down here were going up by this side of Canton to go hunting at Thanksgiving. *To R. L. MATHIS*: Didn't you come up with—my daddy was sick, so Preacher Kelly [Kelley?] came up one Sunday afternoon to visit Daddy, and Lloyd came with him. So we rode around a little bit. And then a group of the men down here was coming up to go hunting, and so the lady where they were going to have lunch invited me out. So I went, but I wanted to leave early; and Lloyd took me home. So then I got a letter from him, but he addressed it to Cannon,

Georgia—C-a-n-n-o-n. And, of course, I lived at C-a-n-t-o-n; and it was two weeks before the letter finally got to me. And he was asking to come up that Sunday, and I got the letter on Saturday. So Preacher Kelly [Kelley?] came up, and he said, “I know a young man who’s disappointed he didn’t hear from you.” And I said, “Well, you tell a certain young man the way you spell Canton is C-a-n-t-o-n and not C-a-n-n-o-n.” And I don’t know, but we finally got back together.

QUESTION OFF-CAMERA: How long ago was that?

COOKIE MATHIS: Sixty years ago. Well, let’s say sixty-one years ago; we’ve been married sixty years in the first of September, sixth day of September.

JACK MATHIS: How long did it take you to get to Canton? How many hours?

R. L. MATHIS: It’s according to which road was paved. When I got to Marietta, I had to go to the bus station to see which way he was going, to go all the way around. If he couldn’t travel one road, he’d pick another one.

COOKIE MATHIS: He knows all the country roads up there, because they were paving the main highway--No. 5—at that time. But he’d get up there several times a week, because he’d get through with his work and then drive up. [*To R. L. MATHIS*] What time’d you have to leave? Ten o’clock? I couldn’t—my mama didn’t allow me to have a date any later, I think, than ten o’clock; so he had to leave early.

JACK MATHIS: I was looking on the birth certificate [for] when Bob was born, he [R. L. MATHIS] told them in the hospital that he was twenty-eight; and then two years later, when Chickie was born, he told them he was twenty-six [*laughter*]. So what he says is it’s nobody’s business how old he is.

COOKIE MATHIS: And he still tells them that. And then when we were expecting Pat, I told him, I said, “Now, let’s get together before this baby comes, because that date now has got to correspond with one of the others—we’ve got to have that right” [*laughter*].

SLIDE: Twenty or so cows in a fenced-in area; trees in the background outside the barbed-wire fence

JACK MATHIS: This was the “beauty spot.” I like that. I don’t see any grass out there, but they call that the beauty spot in the brochure that [inaudible] put together.

SLIDE: One-story building divided into two main sections with distinctive window design; several old-model vehicles are parked out front.

JACK MATHIS, *to R. L. MATHIS*: But that was the front, Dad. What’s that? [*Indicates right wing of building*]

COOKIE MATHIS: That was [inaudible—sounds like “1928”?].

R. L. MATHIS: That’s the milking parlor there, on the right, that barn with all the windows on it, down on this side. And they put the Jersey cows over there and the Holsteins, forty on this side and forty over there. And then they kind of took [inaudible] out of the milking parlor. One thing about it, when they found out I had that system from cow to bottle and a hand never touched it, and I put a place for them to be and watch them bottles filled, watch it leave the cows, watch them—there was glass jars up at the top, and then the man [inaudible] bottled it and rolled it in the cold room, and so many kids after that, advertised that, and the doctors started taking milk, that big tank in there, that’s what made the dairy. You take a bunch of cows to the barn, you milk them by hand, and they won’t [inaudible] to the same place; you have to mix them all up. One day a lady buyed a quart of milk from my dairy and all the rest of them, and some days it was just the buttermilk—the cream lying on the quart of milk about that way, and then the next time she gets one in hot weather. And Dr. Roberts certified, and I [inaudible] him out there, and I picked the tank and put it all in there and give him the cream out the same way. I told him that’s what I was going to do. And the next week he came out there, and he said, “R. L., this week they didn’t even get a cold.” They’d spit up the milk, you know.

JACK MATHIS: That’s [Dr. Roberts] the pediatrician. He started mixing all the milk together.

SLIDE: Milk cans being filled with milk [only briefly on screen]

R. L. MATHIS: I give him the cream rind every day on every bottle, and then the baby, in hot weather, well, if they give them a quart of milk with the cream two-thirds of the way down from the top, well, then she’s just drinking cream. And when they filled up the milk next time [inaudible] they’re going to call and get him out of bed.

SLIDE: Printed form with columns and rows, some spaces filled in with typed script, some filled in by hand in ink [only briefly on screen]

SLIDE: Group of children (some in Boy Scout uniforms) grouped around fountain with two adult males, one in a white uniform and cap, in front of two-story building with large letters reading “R. L. MATHIS DAIRY” across the front of second story

JACK MATHIS: Something that you used to say about delivering milk— [inaudible; could be “herdsmen”?] would milk the cows and then bottle the milk, and then they would go deliver it, and they had the customer’s number. You know, now we know everything about you—grandkids, where you bank, where you go to church, and

everything else. But back then, we just had a lot of—you just had a number. And then, if you had a real good customer, if there was another dairyman on that street, he wouldn't go up. He'd just ride right on by that good customer, because if that other dairy saw him taking a lot of milk up, he'd go by and try and take him away, try to take it [the customer's business] away from him [Mathis Dairy deliveryman]. So he'd circle the block and wait till he was no longer there on that street, and then he'd go catch that good customer.

[Referring to slide] There's something a lot of you—now, this was Bob, and the man in the white was Mr. Wade, J. K. Wade; and he was our herdsman. And actually, this is where Rosebud got started. Some of you might not know the story of what happened, but this was—the Boy Scouts used to get one of their badges or something they had to visit a dairy and I think maybe milk the cow or something. And Mr. Wade was the herdsman; he would take these kids, Boy Scout kids, through the dairy. And we had just a Guernsey cow there who was real gentle, so he would let the Boy Scouts milk the cow. And that's how it started. And so when these kids would get back and tell folks that they'd milked the cow named Rosebud, we had—we started taking tours, and this has been over thirty-something years ago—but she didn't have a name. She was just a Mathis cow at the dairy. And so we started tours practically every day, coming out and seeing this cow. And one day Bob was there at his desk. *The Atlanta Journal* called, and they were doing a story on the Mathis cow and tours through the dairy. And they asked Bob, "What's the name of your cow?" Well, she didn't have a name. But about that time, Pat walked in his office with a fraternity brother of his from the University of Georgia; and his nickname was Rosebud. So Bob looked up at the time this boy walked in the door and he told the reporter, "Rosebud" [laughter]. And that's how she got her name, and she's kept it through all these years.

SLIDE: Man in dark suit, holding a milking stool in his hands

JACK MATHIS: We honored Mr. Wade. We gave him a mink-covered milking stool [laughter]. And that's what we gave him.

SLIDE: Bob Mathis assisting a little girl as she milks Rosebud

JACK MATHIS: But that was Bob with a little girl milking Rosebud.

COOKIE MATHIS: [Inaudible] when he was with the March of Dimes.

SLIDE: Bob Mathis smiling, with his arm around a tearful little boy, as they stand next to Rosebud

JACK MATHIS: Now he's squirting [milk at the little boy].

SLIDE: Several people at outdoor event, gathered around table with banner across front, which reads "Climb for"; rest of sign is obscured by milk can standing in front of table [on screen only briefly].

JACK MATHIS: I put some stuff in here about Ro--

SLIDE: Cattle trailer with Rosebud inside

JACK MATHIS: --this is when she [Rosebud] raised—we put Rosebud on top of Stone Mountain, and she raised money for cancer research for children. And you'd climb the mountain and be paid for the steps up the mountain. And to take her up there we put her in this trailer, and we had about a thousand-foot cable, and we had a pulley, and we had one truck coming down while we [were] pulling the other truck up with Rosebud.

SLIDE: Open back of the trailer, showing one of the Mathises and two Mathis Dairy employees standing inside; a cloth apparatus protects Rosebud's udder.

JACK MATHIS: What got more publicity than anything else, ladies, is that Rosebud has a bra for that rough ride. And you can—we-I got Cookie to put pink lace on it, and we did it up right; but she had her a nice bra for that rough ride that we took her up the mountain.

SLIDE: Red truck pulling Rosebud's trailer

SLIDE: People standing under awning tents on top of Stone Mountain, shown only briefly

JACK MATHIS: That was when we were getting ready.

SLIDE: People standing under awning tents (possibly on top of Stone Mountain?), shown only briefly

SLIDE: Man standing on front of sign, only partially visible, reading in part, "You Made It" and partial altitude reading of 280 feet, shown only briefly

JACK MATHIS: And that was on top. Five thousand-and-something feet.

SLIDE: Appears to be inside a stadium: men in light-blue athletic uniforms milking Rosebud

SLIDE: Man in jeans and cowboy hat holding dark object, which is identified as dried cow manure

COOKIE MATHIS: Tell us what—

JACK MATHIS: That's Ernie Johnson with a cow chip. She sponsored a lot of cow-chip-throwing contests.

COOKIE MATHIS: Tell about when you took her up on the Henry Grady Hotel, wasn't it?

SLIDE: Several people standing behind Rosebud, who wears a red blanket embroidered with, "R. L. Mathis Dairy: Home of Rosebud." The blue dome of the Hyatt Regency is prominent in the background.

JACK MATHIS: Now, this is on top of the Merchandise Mart, you see where that is? And that's the Wits' End Players, who just happened to be eating there and saw her and came out and took the picture with her.

SLIDE: Photograph of two women and a man in suit and tie, possibly taken in the 1960s; apparently Mathis family members.

JACK MATHIS: Y'all recognize them.

SLIDE: Rosebud on parade float with banner on side reading, in part, "Symbol of Health"

JACK MATHIS: But in the parades--

SLIDE: Close-up of Rosebud on a different parade float, behind fencing or scaffolding

SLIDE: Parade float with banner on side reading, "Home of Half Pint"; Mathis grandchildren in front and another granddaughter sitting on hay with Holstein calf

JACK MATHIS: --always put some grandkids in it. We got Rosebud. We got a little baby calf pulling up the rear behind her.

SLIDE: Horse-drawn milk wagon in parade

SLIDE: Photograph of large Holstein bull looking out of a door or window of a barn; sign above reads, "Bull Lounge."

JACK MATHIS: And you can't have a—

SLIDE: Photograph of Rosebud and another cow standing beneath banner reading, "Rosebud and Mathis Dairy Welcome to Elsie, Borden's First Lady"

QUESTION FROM UNIDENTIFIED PERSON *off-camera*: When was the horse-drawn wagon? When was that picture?

JACK MATHIS: He had those, and we rebuilt that one, the horse-drawn wagon there, and we used it for parades. We still have it. We still have one of the 1930 real milk trucks out there, too.

COOKIE MATHIS: Tell about this [Elsie and Rosebud slide].

JACK MATHIS: This was a funny situation here. We had Borden's call us, and Elsie was going to be in town for something, and they wanted to know if Elsie could

stay with Rosebud a few days, so we worked it out and had the two leading ladies to get together, and Cookie always joined in with anything we did. But they got to see each other. And what was funny, after Daisy—Elsie left, the Pet—I think their cow's named Daisy, isn't it? Pet Dairies? So Rosebud wrote a letter to Daisy telling her about how many udder lifts that Elsie had. Real funny. It was terrible what Rosebud said about her after she left [*audience laughter*]

SLIDE: Picture of two cows on left of screen and a milk tank truck on the right side, with the title, "QUALITY MILK: Cow to Consumer"

COOKIE MATHIS: We had a party for Elsie. Rosebud gave Elsie a party. I had to have a white, starched tablecloth on the table. I hadn't ironed a tablecloth for some time, and I didn't have any wash-and-wear kind then. And I got one of these old banquet cloths and had to iron that thing by hand to put on the table. I had two big half-barrels of geraniums that were beautiful there in the back. And had I wanted those things moved, it would have taken an act of Congress, but no trouble at all. For some reason they thought those geraniums would be so pretty up by the tables, so they got moved. I don't know who moved them, but we had to have a party for the cow.

SLIDE: Aerial photograph of Mathis Dairy, including helicopter at top of screen, barns and other buildings, and cows grazing in surrounding pasture

JACK MATHIS: That was an aerial photo of the dairy. We had more cows than that there, but the airplane that was flying around taking the picture was scaring the cows to death. We had a time trying to get them out to pasture.

SLIDE: Unclear photograph; appears to be child's lace-trimmed pinafore or dress, shown only briefly

SLIDE: Large room with tiled floor, polished metal enclosures, and network of pipes

JACK MATHIS: But this is our plant now. You can tell from the very beginning milk needed to be kept cold and [in the] dark. People need to be educated on how to take care of milk. Every five degrees over forty degrees you lose fifty percent of your shelf-life. And when you get milk, go to the grocery store and shop; pick up your milk last. And don't stop by the cleaners on the way home. If the car is real hot, put it in your trunk; because it just will not last. You've got to keep milk cold and dark.

SLIDE: Mathis product display in foreground; cows grazing in background

JACK MATHIS: And Daddy started off with quality when he first started, and that's what we try to do.

SLIDE: Rosebud with Holstein calf; Rosebud wears a sign, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

JACK MATHIS: Rosebud says, "Merry Christmas and happy New Year." That starts early. Let me turn this [projector] off, and then [*Voice trails off as JACK MATHIS leaves recording area to turn on lights.*]

UNIDENTIFIED AUDIENCE MEMBER: Jack, get your daddy to tell about the process of getting the cow ready to milk [rest of question inaudible because of conversation—also inaudible—among Mathis family members].

JACK MATHIS, to R. L. MATHIS: Did you hear that? She wanted you to tell about the process as far as home delivery and getting the milk—cow prepared and fed and washed and so forth. [*To audience member who asked the question*] Is that what you're talking about?

R. L. MATHIS: How was that, now?

JACK MATHIS: As far as getting the cow ready for—ready to be milked, as far as getting her washed and cleaned and taken care of her and being gentle and—

R. L. MATHIS: How you get the milk to the dairy plant? What--? First thing you do, you give her a good shower bath with a hose. And the next thing you do, you dry her off, and then you get one stream—we have a little cup that you get one—first stream out of each quarter [of the udder], and that's where you get the bacteria report. And that's when the doctors get it; they—the Health Department analyzes it, get it. You got to be down there. I run high one time, and inspector came out there, said, "R. L., you going to be on top?" I was on top all the time or nearly about. He said, "You're going to have to turn it topsy-turvy this morning." But that was years ago.

JACK MATHIS: What he's talking about, they used to list the bacteria counts in the newspaper every Monday—

R. L. MATHIS: Every Sunday. Sunday morning.

JACK MATHIS: Sunday morning?

R. L. MATHIS: Yeah, every dairy. There was 213 dairies around Atlanta at that time. And the milk bacteria report was right there on that second page in that *Constitution and Journal* [sic]; and this one time, this one time that I run high—that's way back when the fellow, the inspector would stay up there—could catch it—you didn't know when he was going to be up there.

CHICKIE MATHIS: Well, after you gave them a bath, what did you do? And got the sample, what did you do?

R. L. MATHIS: Then they went in the milking parlor, see. They was in the barn down there. They would turn them ten at a time to go in the milking parlor. They're already clean, washed, health certificate and everything with them, the men. And then you let them out through the—that gate, you know. You push it over, then they go back and go back in the pasture. They go one at a time [inaudible], and we place them as they come up. They walk up there and go in the same place, every one of them.

CHICKIE MATHIS: Well, after the milk left that part, where did it go?

R. L. MATHIS: Well, then it went up to them jugs, and it went direct to the plant.

CHICKIE MATHIS: To the holding tanks?

R. L. MATHIS: Well, to that tank there hold three hundred gallons, glass-lined, and made ice out there, and they put brine, just like you make—freezing--ice cream. And then they had a white cover over it, and it come right to the jugs right in this tank. And it went from there to the bottle.

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, it went over a big—

R. L. MATHIS: It cooled inside.

COOKIE MATHIS: I got you. At one time you had something out there that the milk would run over going down to the tank.

R. L. MATHIS: Yeah. Inside that tank I had a pipe around. It all sprayed on the wall.

CHICKIE MATHIS: How many times a day did you milk the cows?

R. L. MATHIS: Twice.

COOKIE MATHIS: Same time every day.

CHICKIE MATHIS: And then you would bottle the milk and put it in—

R. L. MATHIS: On the truck or else put it in the refrigerator.

CHICKIE MATHIS: And then they hauled it out the next morning?

R. L. MATHIS: Yeah.

COOKIE MATHIS: Back years ago they delivered every day and Sunday, too.

CHICKIE MATHIS: The milk would be out the next morning after it was milked.

R. L. MATHIS: Uh-huh.

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, they would bottle the milk—the boys would, and a lot of times it was the drivers, would come in and do the milking. And then they would—the

milk would be milked and bottled and loaded out on the trucks that same morning. They'd get up at 1:00 sometimes to start milking.

R. L. MATHIS: [Inaudible] milk [inaudible] cows, and I've seen the times I'd give this right arm to sleep thirty more minutes [*laughter*].

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Out of those 213 dairies, how many were certified? Do you remember?

R. L. MATHIS: Well, Irvindale tried it repeatedly. I was Number One. [*Several people talk at once; comments inaudible.*]

COOKIE MATHIS: Cox and Pierce—

R. L. MATHIS: W. O. Pierce—

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: I remember C. J. Ross.

COOKIE MATHIS: Yeah, C. J. Ross. And who was the other one? There were five or six at one time.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Someone put up milk [rest of question inaudible].

COOKIE MATHIS, *to JACK MATHIS*: Jack, she was asking about the milk for arthritis.

JACK MATHIS: Mm-hmm. We won't go into that right now; we don't have enough time.

COOKIE MATHIS: We did [produce and market milk products to people with arthritis]. We did it.

JACK MATHIS: We did. The colostrum and antibodies. [*To R. L. MATHIS*] Well, tell them about going up to Ohio and buying replacement heifers and riding back on the train with them.

R. L. MATHIS: I rode with two or three carloads of cows from Waukesha, Wisconsin. And I had me a boxcar and a stock car, and they put that with a steam-fired, coal-fired engine. And they put the stock car next to the engine, and then I was in the boxcar there with the sliding doors. And they put three two-by-sixes across there and a barrel of water there and enough feed in there, and I had the bill of lading [inaudible] the man in charge, then they wouldn't stop you. Seventy-two hours, if you didn't have that [bill of lading], they'd put you off in the pine thicket down here with no lights, no nothing—they'd just run the cows off in there.

JACK MATHIS: Seventy-two hours?

R. L. MATHIS: Seventy-two hours, if you tried to run them anymore, unless you proved to them you had water, feed. And I had one accident. Coming back, the

mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and the man who bought the cows for me, and when I got through, I lacked one cow from filling the car up. And he called the mayor from Columbus, Ohio, and they bought some cows for him the day before, and they asked him what about—they bought two heifers—what about letting R. L. [Mathis] have it. He said, “Yeah, let’s let him have it.” And it wasn’t a heifer; it was really a milk cow--had to pay twice as much for it. And I put her in the stock car there, in the boxcar there were these two-by-sixes, and I had her right there [inaudible] milking [inaudible], and she fell over on me in an accident. And you know what happened? I milked the two quarters [of the udder] away from me, she gave so much milk, overbalanced and fell over on me [*laughter*]. [Inaudible].

COOKIE MATHIS: He got in, and he said, “[Inaudible], I can’t wait for you to see that pretty cow I’ve got. I’m going to build her a pedestal out in the front yard to just put her up there, she’s so pretty.” You know, by the time those poor cows had been in that boxcar all that time coming from Wisconsin, he never was able to pick out that prize cow to show her [*laughter*]. I never did--

R. L. MATHIS: I give her a good little bath!

JACK MATHIS: But he would go off and ride in a boxcar with those cows and bring them back.

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: What year was that?

COOKIE MATHIS: His first trip was in 1927, I think, because it was right after we—not too long after we married. You know, you and Mr. Tuggle went up. Wasn’t it Mr. Tuggle went up and got them?

R. L. MATHIS: Mm-hmm. Waukesha, Wisconsin.

COOKIE MATHIS: But you was the one—you were the youngest man in the group, so you had to ride back with the cows.

AUDIENCE MEMBER, *off-camera*: Was that C. C. Tuggle?

COOKIE MATHIS: Uh-huh.

JACK MATHIS: What’d you have to pay for the cows? Do you remember?

R. L. MATHIS: I don’t know [inaudible]. Three hundred dollars would be--Mr. Miller sold out, and he averaged five hundred dollars [a head] when he sold his herd.

COOKIE MATHIS, *to R. L. MATHIS*: But that was when you were [inaudible].

MR. MACKAY, *off-camera*: What did you do about [the milk cows grazing in wild] onions?

R. L. MATHIS: What’d he say?

COOKIE MATHIS, *laughing*: What did you do about onions? You poured out the milk [inaudible].

MR. MACKAY: Did y'all have a problem with onions?

R. L. MATHIS: Lady said her cow got out in the onions and bitterweed, and she cooked some biscuits, and she couldn't eat them. It was so bitter, she threw out to the dog, and the dog couldn't eat it, and he scratched a hole in the ground there and covered it up [inaudible] [*laughter*].

COOKIE MATHIS: Onions and bitterweed—when you got that, you poured it out. You were very careful. You could smell it was you were milking it, couldn't you?

R. L. MATHIS: Yes, you could smell the cow's breath. No use in selling it.

COOKIE MATHIS: Because you'd have to replace it.

JACK MATHIS: Tell them about the first—did you buy that milking machine from Sears? Where did you [inaudible]?

R. L. MATHIS: Well, I bought—ordered one. I looked in Sears--in the dairy catalog, and [it was] ninety-some-odd dollars. It was one milking machine, one [inaudible] milking machine to put the teats on, one little quarter-horse[*power*] motor that makes the vacuum, and [inaudible] get that thing [inaudible] there and hid it, see? Didn't never let nobody know that was on the farm. Let them all go. I told the boys helping me up there, there was three or four cows left, I said, "I'll take care of them." And I [inaudible], and I put the chain on the cow, and it said, "Wooo-wooo-wooo" [*laughter*]. [Inaudible] had milked two cows before they had one, and I [inaudible]. And nobody ever knew that I had a milking machine.

JACK MATHIS: That was the first milking machine he ordered; he let his men leave early, is what he's talking about. He was going to milk the last three or four cows with that milking machine. And he didn't [inaudible]—made a bottle washer [inaudible]. You know that brush I got?

R. L. MATHIS: [Inaudible sentence] And then you make a bottle washer with the stem out of [inaudible] on the shelf and the little motor turns. And then I had a wash-vat with a—that was when I first started. But I'd [inaudible] one way, and I'd wash them over that way, and the extra-fancy bottle was [inaudible]--

JACK MATHIS: Chlorine?

R. L. MATHIS: Chlorine.

COOKIE MATHIS: I remember that bottle washer.

R. L. MATHIS: Huh?

COOKIE MATHIS: I remember that brush sticking out of the wall.

R. L. MATHIS: You just stick them on down and wash them. It's good, soapy water over there, and wash them and put them over here.

JACK MATHIS: Well, tell them about the house that's in front of the dairy now. Tell them about how you were going to remodel that, and they started tearing it down.

COOKIE MATHIS: We were living in the house that he [R. L. MATHIS] bought from his grandfather, and it was an old, old two-story white house. And the porch was kind of falling down. And then we had all lived there together—his mother and his grandfather still lived there and his sister—and so after they moved out, after he was able to find another house for them, I was just so glad for us and the two children to be there by ourselves, I hadn't thought much about a new house. And he came in one day, and he said, "Let's build a new house or remodel this one."

I said, "I don't want a remodeled house."

So the plans that we looked at and selected, it would have cost five thousand dollars—this was in 1937—to have had the house that would have been three stories, a full-size basement, a main floor, and an upstairs. He said, "Well, we just don't have that kind of money."

So George Woods—a lot of y'all remember George—he came over, and he said, "Lloyd, you don't have anything to remodel." But they would try. And he said, "I guarantee you that when we get this house fixed up, you'll think it's a new house." I didn't think I would, but I would be so glad to get a better one, I didn't complain. So—

R. L. MATHIS: Well, let me finish it.

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, wait a minute [*laughter*]. Let me finish this, and then you can talk. I know what you're going to tell. Anyway, Lloyd was on the jury—well, George said—that was on Friday. And I said, "When you going to start?"

And he said, "I'm going to be over here early Monday morning to start tearing down."

We had four neighbors' children who'd been there for about a week. Someone in the family had died, and so those children were over there with us. And in that attic were things that belonged to Lloyd's grandmother. So I had them back a truck up to the window, and I threw out a lot of things; and I had his mother come up and go through some of them. And I said [to George], "There's no way you can be here. You can come after lunch Monday." So we had everything out. I sent some furniture to be refinished and put—stored some. And we moved. We had three children and a live-in

maid. We moved out next door in three rooms. Lloyd and I slept in the living room, the children in the bedroom, and the maid slept on a cot in the kitchen. And he [George] said we were going to be back in in two months. The house wasn't finished. but we moved back in in two months.

But they started tearing down. And I looked out one day, and there wasn't a thing standing. And Lloyd was on the jury. And I walked up there, and I said, "Well, it looks like I'm going to get a new house."

And George said, "Yeah, and it looks like I'm going to get the devil, because Lloyd Mathis said he couldn't build a new house." But they—he said there was no way they could get the floor level, because the house had been built onto any number of times. And under the house there had been two wells run and the cellar that had been rocked up, and it had caved in; and they had to get all of that out and get the house started. But the plan I decided on—[to R. L. MATHIS] I'll tell this for you—it had a steep roof, just beautiful—kind of an English Tudor top. Well, they had the studs, whatever you call them, up there. He [R. L. MATHIS] said, "I don't want a sharp-pointed house"; so he made them take those down and flatten it out. It ruined the looks of my house.

R. L. MATHIS: You see them now, stacked them up there to look like a barn [laughter]. And right now, we got one right close to us.

COOKIE MATHIS: Well, I still think it would have been pretty, but we still like the house.

R. L. MATHIS: [Inaudible], well, I'm going to quit. I was on the jury and was a little late coming—getting off up there. When I pulled up to the top of that hill, that house was just as flat as this right there [indicates tabletop]—the roof, everything gone. Wasn't a thing but the floor left.

COOKIE MATHIS: The only time in my life I've ever lost weight without going on a diet or being seriously ill, but I lost five pounds while we were building the house [laughter].

JACK MATHIS: And it cost you five thousand dollars?

COOKIE MATHIS: No, we didn't finish it. We just finished the main floor. And it was several years before—and it was several years; but then the war [World War II] come along, and we couldn't finish it up, so we just lived on the main floor.

JACK MATHIS: Our time's up. We certainly have enjoyed it. [Applause]

MR. MACKAY: We're going to have a reception in the courtroom and hope you can linger and have some refreshments and visit with the Mathis family.

JACK MATHIS: Mathis milk right after. [*Laughter*]

MR. MACKAY: Thank you. That was just great fun.

END OF RECORDING

Transcribed by CS