

Uncle Wylie Pierson (Paw) Johnson Remembers:

The home place and farm of my Papa and Mama, Seth and Neva Kate Carmichael Johnson, was called Carol Villa long before 1919, the year in which I was born. Carol Villa was located on the south side of the Mt. Meigs Road, six miles east of Court Square, the center of Montgomery, Alabama. The name of the Mt. Meigs Road, or rather just the portion of it east of the end of Madison Avenue where Carol Villa was located, was changed to Atlanta Highway about 1940.

Caroline was the given name of Papa and Mama's first daughter. Caroline was also one of his mother's given names. This was no doubt a factor in Mama's selection of the name Carol Villa. Papa and Mama were living at Milstead in Macon County, Alabama when they got married on 3 July 1900. Papa told me they moved to Carol Villa in December of 1901. I remember Papa saying that there were 938 acres in the Carol Villa farm. From the title abstracts I found my grandfather, Philip Paddleford Johnson, in 1891, paid Jenny Smith twenty six dollars per acre for the first tract that later became a part of Carol Villa. This tract included the Manor house and 270 acres of the old Caffey estate.

About 1898 my father's brother Dave acquired another 200 acres that became a part of Carol Villa from the Heirs of the A.T. George estate. In 1919 my father and his brother Dave jointly acquired another 452 acres that came from the Roman estate for twenty-five dollars per acre. In 1921 my father paid one hundred and twenty five dollars per acre for a sixteen acre tract off the east side of the Bethel College property. This tract, four chains (264 feet) wide, extended from the south line of section twelve to the Mt. Meigs Road. Said south line of section twelve was about two hundred feet north of the Manor house. The road from the Manor house to the Mt. Meigs Road prior to this purchase was adjacent to the east side of the Bethel College property.

Phillip Paddleford Johnson died in 1893. His wife Caroline Adelia Dixon Johnson died in 1905. Papa and his brother Dave acquired all of their siblings' interest in their parents' estates and were thus joint owners. Dave and his wife Myrt lived at The Laurels, the Ware plantation Manor house in Elmore County about thirteen miles from Carol Villa. They moved from Iowa to The Laurels in 1891 when Phillip Paddleford Johnson bought the Ware plantation. At the behest of Myrt that they dissolve their joint ownership, Papa and his brother Dave agreed on deeding to each other their interest in specific tracts of land. I was only five years old at the time but I can remember Papa taking me with him to meet Uncle Dave and the survey party that laid out a strip of land that Papa got for access from the Rifle Range Road to the land he got in the Bingham Bend. Papa had a black four-door Mitchell Touring car and told me to stay in the car while he went into the woods with Uncle Dave and the survey party. I did not think they would ever come back.

While they were gone I had a call from nature to do number two. There was no toilet paper available. I went out into the broom sedge that

covered the strip from Rifle Range Road to the woods and learned how to wipe with straw. Of course I did not fully understand what was taking place at that time, but passing by and seeing the location many, many times, while I was growing up, and learning that it was my father's, I never forgot that occasion. Many years later, however, when I prepared a deed land tie description for Papa, deeding land that included that strip to my sister Caroline, I realized why the survey was made. In 1924 when the deeds dissolving the joint ownership were presented to Aunt Myrt to sign, she objected saying Seth and Neva were getting more than she and Dave. I have been told by members on both side of the family that in response to her objection Papa told her something like: "Well Myrt, if you think you and Dave are getting less than Neva and I, you and Dave can have what Neva and I were to get and Neva and I will take what you and Dave were to get. You and Dave can move your things from The Laurels to Carol Villa and Neva and I will move our things from Carol Villa to The Laurels." Aunt Myrt signed the deeds. The heirs of Dave and Seth should be forever grateful to Aunt Myrt for all future transactions involving the formerly jointly owned properties became less complicated and much less costly.

I was told that Mama's brother-in-law, Brick Pomeroy Scruggs, installed the plumbing in the Manor house at Carol Villa in 1916. I remember a dirt filled, concrete double sump, in the clothes line yard behind Papa's garage. This dirt filled sump was all that was left of the old outhouse used before 1916. There was only one bathroom. It had a bath tub on short legs and a commode with a window between them by the outside wall and a small shelf with a mirror over it on the inside wall. There was a lavatory with a mirror over it in the dark hall between Mama and Papa's bedroom and the bath room. I guess it was called the dark hall because it had no windows. The dark hall also provided access from the back hall to the pantry. A large wooden box with a hinged top in the dark hall was used to collect our dirty clothes. When I was small it made a good place to hide when we played hide and seek.

There was a small single basin sink and a wooden drain board in the kitchen between the two kitchen windows. There was a hot water tank in the kitchen behind the wood burning kitchen stove. To heat the water it was connected to the back half of the stove's fire box. A cold water line was installed under the house to the front yard to water the flowers. A four-inch terra cotta sewer line ran from the kitchen along the south side of the house that picked up the bathroom sewer drain and continued on across the chicken yard and emptied into a ditch in the pasture. A septic tank and field lines were installed in the late 1920s. The roots of several pecan trees in the chicken yard were a constant source of trouble to the sewer line. The roots would enter the sewer line through small cracks in the pipe joints and stop up the line. As a teenager I remember having to rod through the sewer to break up the root clusters. I also remember dipping out the grease solids that accumulated in the septic tank with a rope and bucket every other year or so.

I'm not sure when the cypress water tank was installed. Perhaps it was installed in 1916 along with the plumbing which required a source of water. It was a round tank about eight feet in diameter and about six or seven feet

high, held together by round rod bands spaced about two feet apart on the outside of the tank. The tank sat on a platform about twenty feet above the ground supported by four large cross braced posts. Water was piped to the livestock watering trough (it was just called the horse trough) and the house through under ground lines. No attempt was ever made to insulate the water lines between the ground and the floor of the house. When we knew it was going to freeze the water was shut off and the pipes drained so they would not freeze and burst. Water was pumped into the tank by a one cylinder gasoline engine. An attempt was made to keep the tank covered but occasionally, somehow, a sparrow seeking water or a place to nest or roost would drown in the tank. The water would start to smell and taste bad. I recall several times before I was ten years old draining the tank and going down into it to remove the dead birds and cleaning the inside of the tank.

The large iron farm bell was mounted on the corner of the water tank platform nearest to the back porch of the house. The bell was rung at day break, at noon in the winter months but at eleven thirty in the summer months and at one PM. The farm hands knew to leave the fields when the sun went down. When the wind was blowing from the northwest we could rely on the loud whistle at Kilby Prison which blew at the same times. The Atlanta and West Point steam engine train left Montgomery about eleven thirty each morning and we could hear it as it blew for the road crossings. The Seaboard had a short diesel engine combination baggage-passenger car that left Montgomery about seven in the mornings for Americus, Georgia and returned about seven PM the same day. Its track was closer to Carol Villa than the A&WP but its schedule was much more erratic. We called it the Dummy. I don't recall ever riding on it, but my brother Spencer told me he rode it to Hardaway and back several times.

I started to school in September 1925. I rode Montgomery County school bus number 21 to the Capitol Heights Elementary School with my siblings Philip and Dot. Emily and Neva went to Cloverdale. Dave and Pete had a Model T Ford car and went to Edgars, a private school. Seth and Spencer were in college at Auburn. I'm not sure about Caroline but I think that was her last year at Woman's College of Alabama, now named Huntingdon.

Walking the half mile to the Big Rock Road (that's what we called the Mt. Meigs Road before it was paved in 1929) to catch the bus was not bad during good weather. On cold mornings walking into that north wind was no fun. Walking home in the afternoon was not too bad even on a cold day with the north wind at your back. During the spring months we enjoyed picking dew berries and plums in the afternoon. It was always great to get home from school on days Mama had cooked dew berry rolls.

My brother Seth came home from Auburn in January 1926 and left in 1932 when he got married. He had a Model A Ford car. During that period I recall him taking us to the bus on lots of rainy mornings. There were also a few times on rainy days when we were the only ones left on the bus that the driver would take us up to the house. On the cold 1925 winter nights and the next winter too I remember studying in my parents' bedroom by a fire in an open fire place. Light for reading was provided by a Coleman kerosene

lamp; it had a tungsten mantle that gave out a very bright light. It was the warmest room in the house.

In 1927 a thirty-two volt direct current Delco home light system was installed and the Manor house was wired for electric lights. A small building was built to house the gasoline engine powered electric generator and sixteen glass jar batteries. This building later was used to smoke meat. Still later my brother Mac stored miscellaneous stuff in it and called it the junk shop. About 1927 a Heatrola stove was installed in my parents' bedroom. It burned short small pieces of wood or coal. The open fire place was covered with a piece of sheet metal with a six inch round hole in it. The Heatrola was about two feet from the fire place. It had four short legs that rested on a square insulating pad. Smoke from the Heatrola was piped to the hole in the fire place cover.

In 1929 the Delco system was replaced by a Fairbanks Morse combination gasoline powered electric generator, water and air pump system. The air pump pumped air along with water into the water system. The cypress water tank and its supporting structure were removed. An iron water tank about five feet in diameter and about twenty feet long was installed. A new building was built to house the water tank and the combination water pump-electric generator system and its sixteen glass jar batteries. This building was called the pump house.

A few days after the new system was started up a strange thing happened. I was by the pasture gate about six hundred feet east of the Manor house. Coming from the direction of the Manor house I heard a loud bang and someone scream. I knew Bessie, Fanny Barrywell's daughter, was at the house. The first thought that flashed through my mind was, Oh NO, somebody shot Bessie. I rushed up the hill to the house to find out what had happened. The north end of the new water tank had been blown off and almost torn out the north end of the pump house, next to the Manor house. Fortunately no one was hurt. Bessie was on the back porch when the explosion happened. The water tank and the end that was blown off were hauled to Montgomery so the end could be welded back on. When the water tank was reinstalled a pressure relief (pop-off) valve was installed. The gasoline engine that pumped the water had to be shut down manually. The pop-off valve saved the system from damage many times.

There were two chicken houses at Carol Villa. The one west of the Manor house was not used much. It was between the scuppernong arbor and the garden. I only recall just a few chickens being in it for a short time one year in the early 1920s. In 1938 my brother Philip decided to raise turkeys and moved it several hundred feet west to the northwest corner of the peach orchard. The one east of the Manor house had a concrete floor. The ashes from the wood cook stove in the kitchen were always spread over the concrete floor to make it easier to clean up the chicken droppings. This was a weekly chore that included spreading the ash laden droppings in the garden. At night (except for the hens setting on nests) the chickens would roost on a horizontal lattice of two inch wide boards about six feet above the floor. The chickens entered the roost area through a one foot square hole in the corner of the building about six feet above the ground, after walking up

an inclined board with one inch cross pieces on it spaced about six inches apart.

The building's walk-in door was closed at night in an effort to keep predatory varmints away from the chickens. Every once in a while though an opossum or a pole cat would crawl up the inclined board to the roost. There was an addition on the east end of this building. It just had a dirt floor and was used mostly to house nests for the laying and setting hens. There was one row of about ten nests along the north side of the main hen house. They were not under the roost area. I remember setting many a hen. I'd write the date in ink on each egg and put twelve eggs in each nest. Sometimes for several days the laying hens would lay fresh eggs in the nest that had to be removed so writing the date on the eggs served two purposes. The biddies would hatch in 21 days. The date on the eggs let you know when this would happen.

Biddies and the mother hen were placed in coops in the yard. The coops were slatted for ventilation and looked like small miniature gabled roof tops that confined the hen but there was enough clearance from the ground for the biddies to go in and out of the coop. The biddies always came a running to the hen when she cluck to them. At night and in rainy weather sacks were placed over the coops. Feed and water were kept in the coops. After the biddies grew feathers the hen was released so she could train the chicks to climb up to the roost in the house. It took about six to eight weeks for the biddies to reach fryer size (one and a half to two pounds). As a teenager I helped raise, ring the neck and dress lots of fryers. There was nothing better than Mama's fried chicken.

The closest building to the Manor house was the pump house. Its north end was about thirty feet from the Manor house. The water storage tank, the thirty two volt direct current bank of electric batteries, one cycle Fairbank Morse gasoline engine along with the combination electric generator water and air pump were housed in this building. The building was under a large cedar tree, but a veneer of bricks was put on the outside of it to help keep the inside warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer. As a teenager I helped maintain and operate the system. The pop off valve was set to operate when the water pressure reached forty five pound pressure. In the Delco system two of the sixteen battery jars had little floating balls in them to indicate the condition of the batteries. When the little balls dropped down in the site glass, the batteries needed charging. When they were at the top of the site glass the battery was fully charged. The batteries in the Fairbanks Morse system did not have a floating ball in any of the batteries. The charge condition in them was checked with a syringe type hydrometer. As the batteries aged the generator had to be run longer and more often.

Electric service from the Alabama Power Company was connected to the Manor house in late November of 1939. I started working for Alabama Power in September 1939. Mr. Kimbrough, the sales manager (who liked my father and was especially complimentary of the black string bow ties Papa wore) explained a five-year contract plan to me. The company would build the half mile power line from the Mt. Meigs Road to the Manor house at its expense. The plan allowed for establishing a base of small usage for one year, then for the remaining four years twice as much power could be used

for the same cost. I explained the plan to Papa and he signed the contract. The thirty two volt electric system was retired.

Papa had an electric motor installed to pump water along with a pressure control switch that would automatically start it when the water pressure dropped to 20 pounds and stop it when the water pressure reached 45 pounds. Using my employee discount, I bought an electric refrigerator from the power company. The thirty two volt light bulbs were replaced with 110 volt light bulbs. During the first year the water pump, refrigerator, a small radio and lights established the base. As I recall the average monthly power bill was a little over ten dollars during the first year. Again using my employee discount, I bought Mama an electric stove from the power company. They kept the wood stove for a while; however, because it kept the kitchen warmer and heated the hot water. Later a hot water heater was added along other small appliances.

Papa seemed pleased with the new electric system and told me that he could not hire someone to cut the stove wood for what the electricity to operate the electric stove cost. The building between the pump house and the big barn was called the ironing house. Spicy "Chicken" Orum, who washed and ironed our clothes, ironed the clothes in this house. It was about forty feet south of the pump house and about twelve feet by twenty feet in size with a window and a door on the side facing the pump house. The inside walls and ceiling were made of tongue and grooved lumber. Tommy Freeman lived in it during 1929 when he was our cook. During the 1930s I can remember corn and oats being stored in it.

In the 1950s my brother Mac had the ironing house torn down. Using the lumber salvaged from the ironing house he had a small tenant house built east of the fertilizer house. Crawling under the ironing house is one of my earliest memories. I can remember finding hen eggs under it. Some of those eggs had double yokes. But most of all, I remember the floor joist were so close to the ground I could only get to the eggs by crawling between the floor joist to get the egg and then backing out. I get a claustrophobic feeling when I think about crawling under there to get the eggs. Attached to the south side of the ironing house was a twenty foot wide shed. It was called the Ford shed. Dave, Pete and Seth parked the Fords they drove in this shed. I can recall hay being stored there in the middle 1930s when there were no Fords at Carol Villa.

Solomon Levi Davis was one of the farm workers at Carol Villa. We just called him Sol. Sol had a guitar and he liked to sing as he played his guitar. I can remember one occasion when Sol was sitting on a bale of hay in the Ford shed singing and playing his guitar. My cousin Wylie Dixson Poundstone was visiting at Carol Villa. The two of us watched and listened as Sol sang and played. Two of the songs I remember were: "Stagger Lee" and a song about Governor Henderson. I've heard several versions of Stagger Lee but that was the only song I ever heard about Governor Henderson. One of the lyrics I remember went Something like: "Governor Henderson said in nineteen hundred and twelve, if I get elected, I'll give 'ole' Alabama hell." Thirty feet away from the Ford shed was the big barn.

"Stagger Lee"

Sung by Sol Davis

The night was clear, and the moon was yellow
And the leaves came tumblin' down. . .

I was standin' on the corner
When I heard my bull dog bark.
He was barkin' at the two men
Who were gamblin' in the dark.

It was Stagger Lee and Billy,
Two men who gambled late.
Stagger lee threw a seven,
Billy swore that he threw eight.

"Stagger Lee," said Billy,
"I can't let you go with that.
"You have won all my money,
"And my brand-new Stetson hat."

Stagger Lee went home
And he got his .44.
He said, "I'm goin' to the ballroom
"Just to pay that debt I owe."

(bridge)

Go, Stagger Lee

Stagger Lee went to the ballroom
And he strolled across the ballroom floor.
He said "You did me wrong, Billy."

And he pulled his .44.
"Stagger Lee," said Billy,
"Oh, please don't take my life!
"I've got three hungry children,
"And a very sickly wife."

Stagger Lee shot Billy
Oh, he shot that poor boy so hard
That a bullet went through Billy
And broke the bartender's bar.

Go, Stagger Lee, go, Stagger Lee!
Go, Stagger Lee, go, Stagger Lee!

The big barn had a large high atrium center with a small door up high on the north side and a large door several feet below the small door. On the east side of the barn there four mule stables that could accommodate eight mules. Each stable had an outside door and two small troughs in the corners with a hay rack in between them on the back wall. The gear room with only one door on the north side was between the atrium and the north two mule stables. In this room bridles, saddles, collars, hames, trace chains, back bands, plow line rope and miscellaneous other small farm items were stored. The area above the gear room was floored and hay was usually stored there. There was a door to this area in the north wall of the barn but there was no wall between it and the atrium.

I remember two mama cats at Carol Villa. They were called Pretty Face and Ugly Face. Pretty Face was a light grey colored cat with a white face. Ugly Face was a dark grayish orange and black cat with a similar colored face. Ugly Face had a litter of kittens in the hay of the big barn. The kittens were the first ones I ever saw before their eyes were open. Behind the gear room were two more stables.

The stable next to the back of the gear room was where Papa stabled his horse Dupony. Along the south wall of the atrium there was a feed trough and eight cow stanchions or racks. There was a small door to the atrium above this feed trough. This door could not be used when the feed supply in the atrium was way above the door. The racks consisted of two vertical bars that were curved on each end. The bars were hinged at the bottom and could be opened, then closed and secured at the top. With feed in the trough the cows would put their heads through the open racks. The racks could then be closed to hold the cows while they are being milked.

On the west side of the atrium were two stables with a hay storage area over them similar to the one over the gear room. These two stalls had concrete feed troughs by the wall next to the atrium. The passage to the milking area was through these two stables or stalls. West of these two stalls there were three more stalls. Access to them was through the doors on the north and south ends. To use the middle stall you had to go through one of the outside stalls.

About forty feet north of the west side of the big barn was a three-unit building. The south unit was called the long crib because it extended several feet further back than the rest of the building. The middle unit was called the middle crib. Miscellaneous feeds produced on the farm such as corn, oats, peas and velvet beans (and sacks of purchased feed) were stored in the cribs. Cotton seed, for planting the next year's crop, were brought back from the gin and stored in the long crib. I remember one year when there was a bumper crop of Irish potatoes, the potatoes were spread out on the floor of the middle crib. A metal hoop from a barrel was nailed to the side of the middle crib and used for basketball practice. There was no net, just the iron hoop.

As a teenager I remember issuing corn to the sharecroppers from the middle crib and hay from the big barn. I counted out seventy two ears of corn for a bushel. Usually two or three nubbins (small ears) depending on the size of the nubbins were counted as an ear. If my memory is correct

during each week of the cultivation period the sharecropper got a bushel of corn and three bales of hay for each mule.

On weekends the sharecroppers would hobble and turn the mule into the pasture to eat grass. The hobble was a short piece of rope that tied the front legs together loosely so they could walk taking short steps but not run. The hobble made it easy to catch the mule after the weekend was over. The Wilson family was the only one that had two mules.

The north unit was Papa's garage. I was told his first car was a Model T Ford. He probably had more than one Ford. I know he had two Mitchells and a Rickenbacker; all three were four door rag tops with Eisinglass curtains. I think he bought both of the Mitchells and the Rickenbacker from his niece May Johnson Poundstone's husband, Emmet. Papa never drove after he had undulant fever. In 1929 he gave the last car he owned, the 1926 Rickenbacker, to his son-in-law Walter Albritton. My brother Spencer told me Papa bought a second-hand Dodge for Seth, Dave and him to drive to Edgars. The Dodge must have worn out or was traded. Pete and Dave drove a Ford to Edgars while Seth and Spencer were at Auburn.

Spencer told me he was with Papa on a trip to Milstead, in 1918, when they came up behind a long slow moving army convoy that had the road blocked. Rather than poke along behind the slow moving convoy Papa decided he knew a way around the convoy and drove off on an old field road. It was not long before the car hit a stump that bent the tie rod causing the front wheels to turn in different directions. Papa was able to drive back to a blacksmith shop at Mt. Meigs. The blacksmith was a big strong fellow who lay down on the ground and straightened the tie rod with his hands. By that time it was too late to go on to Milstead so they went on back to Carol Villa.

On the north side of Papa's garage was a hand-pumped gravity flow gasoline pump and a underground gasoline storage tank. My brother Mac painted the words Junk Shop on the door of the Delco house sometime in the late 1950s. This was a small twelve foot square building that was about forty feet north of the gas pump. Coal and/or coke that was burned in the Heatrola was stored on the south side of this building. After the Delco system was removed from the building it was used for a smoke house. I can recall smoking hams, shoulders, and pork sides of bacon in it during the 1930s. On a few occasions link sausages were also smoked in it. The wood pile storage area for the wood that was burned in the cook stove and the fire places, started about ten feet north of the Junk Shop. It was west of the driveway and about sixty feet west of the Manor house. At times, after the wood pile had just been restocked, with wood for the coming winter, it extended up to a hundred feet to the north.

There were four tall cedar trees by the Manor house that must have been planted when the house was built. Two were west of the house. One at each end of the fire wood storage area. There was a pecan tree between them. The other two were south of the Manor house. One of these was in the big lot east of the main barn. It was on the north side of the lot near the gate to the Manor house backyard. Starting on Monday (unless it was raining) Chicken washed our clothes in number three wash tubs that sat on a bench under this tree. The wash pot she boiled clothes in was also in the big

lot about forty feet southeast of the wash tub bench. The horse trough was about twenty feet southwest of the wash tub bench.

After washing the clothes Chicken took them to the clothes line yard, which was west of Papa's garage, and hung them out to dry. The clothes line yard was where Philip, Luke, Mac and I played football with some rags sewn together for a football. Sometimes Pete and visiting friends joined us. I recall putting some of the sheep in this yard occasionally to keep the weeds eaten down. The other cedar tree south of the Manor house was on the west side of the pump house.

When I was about three years old, using some of the burning wood from the wash pot fire, I started myself a little fire near the wash pot in an old discarded half of a fire box that came out of the Manor house cook stove. I will always be glad Chicken was keeping an eye on me. She was taking clothes out the wash pot, when all of a sudden she slapped one of the hot wet garment she had taken out of the wash pot on my chest. I do not think I was aware that my clothes were on fire when she slapped the hot wet garments on my chest. I do not remember about the shirt I had on but I recall, vividly, the underwear union suit that I was wearing. After the incident I wore it lots of times. To the right of the row of buttons down the middle of the union suit there was a two inch hole that was charred around the edges. The right side of my chest was slightly scared and hair never grew that side of my chest.

There were five lots at Carol Villa which were used for holding livestock. The big lot was east of the big barn. The Manor house backyard fence and the chicken yard south fence were its north edge. On its south edge was a fence that lined up with the south fence of the big barn lot. The farm wagons were parked under a large oak tree on the east side of the lot. This lot was the holding pen for the mules during the week. The gate was left open during the weekends so the mules could graze in the pasture. The cattle and horses used this lot to get to the water trough. On one occasion it was used as a feed lot for a small herd of steers. The big barn lot was south of the big barn. It was the only lot where all its fences were board fences. The big barn lot was one muddy mess during extended periods of rain. The upper lot was on the west side of the big barn lot. The chute where the cattle were held while being inoculated, castrated, de-horned, branded, ear-tagged, etc, was in this lot.

Papa had about sixty head of brood cows. The cows were mixed breeds and called grade cattle. Bulls were purebred Herford and Black Angus. I remember two Herford bulls: one named Winfrey he got from Mr. T.W. Oliver and the other one named McNeil he got from a Mr. McNeil. The two Black Angus bulls he got from Bell Fain were Tobe and Jim. When the large calves were ready to sell they were corralled in the upper lot. The south end of the clothes line yard was adjacent to the upper lot and about three feet higher than the upper lot. From this elevated vantage point buyers from the stockyards would view the group of calves corralled and make an offer for them.

In 1938 my brother Philip fenced off the south thirty feet of the clothes line yard for a hog pen. South of the big barn lot, the upper lot and the garden was a much larger grass lot with a net wire fence around it. Weak or

injured cows, horses and mules being held temporarily for observation or treatment, such as for screw worms were kept in this lot instead of turning them out into the pasture. There was a tall pole type hay barn that also housed a threshing machine in the pasture near the southwest corner of the large temporary holding lot. The barn and the threshing machine were destroyed by a wind storm in the early 1920's. The threshing machine was jointly owned by my father and Mr. Tom Oliver. The threshing machine had iron spoke wheels. My brother Seth used the wheels and axles to make a two mule wagon. Mr. Oliver had a tractor with big pulley on it. A wide belt between the tractor pulley and the threshing machine pulley provided the power to thresh the oats, the only time that I can remember seeing it operate. The oats were grown in the field west of the pole barn.

Papa had a McCormick binder that cut the oats on the stem tied the stems in small bundles and dropped the bundles on the ground. I remember helping pick up the bundles and stacking them in shocks to dry. I told this story to my daughter Melanie Fay and when I put my hands together to illustrate how the shocks looked. She said, "Oh the shocks look like the fingers of large hands placed together praying." After drying a few days the bundles were hauled to the threshing machine where they were threshed. The binder and destroyed threshing machine were replaced with a combine a few years later. The combine was a little larger than the binder and separated the oats from the stems, scattered the straw behind and had a bin that collected the oats as it moved across the field.

Another barn that was east of the temporary holding lot and south of the big lot was built about 1927. It had a high twenty foot wide, one hundred foot long center section with sheds on each side. Hay was stored in the center section. The north shed was about twelve feet wide. It was used for storing farm machines and equipment. The south shed, on the down hill side of the sloping terrain the barn was built on, was about twenty feet wide. It was used for sheltering livestock. The sheep were quartered here for shearing the wool, birthing lambs and in the late winter months for feeding. I was in school at Auburn in 1938 when this barn burned. I was told it was struck by lightning that set it on fire.

I remember that in the 1920s there was an old deteriorated log crib that was several hundred east of the southeast corner of the big lot. It had a wood shingle roof with lots of holes in it. The only thing I recall seeing in it was some trashy looking junk on the floor. I was told my brothers Dave and Pete built a "Shute the Shute" that started on the crib's east roof and extended to the east down into the pasture. The log crib was removed during the middle 1920s.

My brothers Phillip, Luke, Mac and I built a "Shute the Shute" west of the Manor house that started with a short elevated section attached to a walnut tree and extended over a hundred feet down hill toward the catalpa trees. We used a lot of Papa's two by fours and nails. But he never said anything to us about it. The two by fours were installed as runners on which a small sled that we sat on would slide down the incline. Papa's farm machinery grease was locked up so we used some of Mama's lard to grease the top of the two by fours trying to make the sled go faster. It was fun going down but carrying the sled and walking back up the incline soon got

tiresome. Our 'Shute the Shute' lasted only one season. We voluntarily took it down, removed the nails, put the two by fours back on the lumber stack and the scrap on the fire wood pile.

The fertilizer house was in the pasture several hundred feet north of the log crib and several hundred feet east of the chicken yard. It was built long before I was born. It burned about 1945 when I was in the Navy. The fire was said to have been caused by some grandchildren who were smoking rabbit tobacco. It was a two story building. The first story had a concrete floor that extended back into a sloping hillside with concrete walls on three sides. The only entrance and door for first floor was at ground level on the east side. The fertilizer was stored on this floor.

I can recall as a teenager helping haul, by mule team and wagon, two hundred pound sacks of Chilean nitrate of soda from a railroad boxcar on the railroad siding, three miles away at Mitylene and storing them in the fertilizer house. The floor of the boxcar was about the same level as the wagon bed so dragging the two hundred pound sacks out of the boxcar and placing them on wagon was not too difficult. However, moving these two hundred pound sacks from the wagon to back of the fertilizer house was much more difficult. I was able with my back to the wagon, to reach back over my shoulders and grab the ears of a sack placed by the edge of the wagon. By holding on to the ears of the sack and leaning forward I was able to get the sack on my back. I was then able to stagger the forty feet to the back of the fertilizer house.

The access to the second floor level was about two and a half feet above ground level on the west side of the building. At various times I recall cotton waiting to be ginned, cotton seed, corn, velvet beans, and miscellaneous farm commodities being stored here. After the big barn burned in 1938 hay was stored on the second floor of the fertilizer house.

There were twenty Tennant houses on the place. The ten closest to the Manor house were in what was called the first quarters. The other ten were in the second quarters. In the first quarters John and Sally Ryan lived in the one about a hundred feet east of the Fertilizer house. My brother Spencer told me Papa brought John Ryan to Carol Villa from Milstead. John Ryan was a reddish colored person. He was the straw boss for the field hands who worked for Papa.

I remember a steer being slaughtered under a big oak tree near the farm road in front of this house when I was about four or five years old. Jule Springs, one of the field hands, hit the steer on the top of its head with an axe. A single tree was attached the steer hind legs and using a block and tackle fence stretcher the steer was hung upside down from a limb of the big oak tree. Jule cut the steer's throat, as the blood was draining out of the steer, he caught a cup of blood and drank it.

In the middle 1920s John started wearing a holster and pistol to the fields. John and Jule were caught making moonshine whiskey in an old vacant house on a place adjacent to Carol Villa. They both moved away from Carol Villa shortly afterward. Jimmy Jones, his wife and two sons, Charlie and Bill, moved into this house after John Ryan moved out. Jimmie Jones was a sharecropper. He farmed land west of the peach orchard. He planted

cotton on 10 March one year in the late 1920s. That was the earliest date I can recall cotton being planted at Carol Villa.

Charlie Jones was my age. I remember wrestling and boxing with him. I don't think I ever threw him wrestling. I had a little longer reach and could beat him boxing. We did not have boxing gloves. We boxed with our bare fists. After I chopped him up one time, we continued to wrestle occasionally; but he would not box with me. We played sand lot baseball in the area south of this house.

Another activity I recall was fireball tossing. Some rags were wrapped or tied together into a four inch ball. After the balls were soaked in kerosene the balls were set on fire. We tossed the flaming balls at each other. No one got hurt. You could not hold the burning ball in your hand long enough to toss it accurately.

Abe and Fanny Barneywell lived in the house, across the ditch, about sixty feet east of John Ryan. They moved into this house from a house several hundred feet to the east that burned down. My brothers Phillip and Pete, about twenty years later, built houses on the hill where the house burned. The Barneywells had four children, George, Jack, Bessie and John. Fannie was Mama's nanny and housekeeper. Abe, George, Jack and Bessie were field hands. I was told Bessie worked for Mama in the house after I went to Auburn. The son John was about seven or eight years younger than Bessie. John and Sally Ryan had no children. The Barneywells gave John to the Ryans when he was born.

My brother Seth worked on the farm after he left Auburn in January 1926. One day an axe turned up missing. George told Seth who had the axe. I don't remember his name now but the man who had the axe shot George with a pistol. George died a day or two later. I went into the house and saw George before he died. He was unconscious. A pan was under the bed to catch the blood that was slowly dripping through the mattress. What upset me most though was seeing several bedbugs crawling on George as he lay there unconscious. The man who shot George was tried. He said he shot George in self-defense and was acquitted.

Lindy Orum, her daughter Spicy, also called Chicken, and her granddaughter Ruthie Lee lived in a house several hundred feet southeast of the Barneywells. I don't know when she started but Lindy was our cook until 1929 when Tommy Freeman started. I was told that Lindy was part Indian. Chicken washed and ironed our clothes. Ruthie Lee was almost white. The story circulated that her father was a Caucasian. She was about my sister Dot's age. I heard that after they left Carol Villa Ruthie Lee married a dentist and lived in Montgomery. Lindy was a "stomp-down" good cook. I can recall in the middle 1920s going into her house. She was cooking corn bread in an iron frying pan. The edge of the pan sat on bricks over a fire in an open fire place. The corn bread smelled and looked so good I ask her give me a piece of it. It was the best corn bread I ever tasted.

There was an open well about a hundred feet west of the house. The well was cleaned out during the middle 1920s. This was only time I can remember seeing a man working down in a well. The well was not lined with brick; loose dirt from the sides continued to fall and the well was abandoned. Syrup was produced about two hundred feet west of the abandoned well. My

favorite syrup was made from the ribbon cane variety of sugar cane, which was blue with small white streaks. I also remember a green sugar cane which produced a larger diameter stalk and syrup not quite as dark.

One of my chores as a boy in the middle 1920s was to keep the mule moving that pulled the long pole attached to the mill gears that turned the rollers that squeezed the juice out of the stalks of sugar cane. Yes, I drank some of the juice but it did not taste as good as the juice you get when you peel the cane and chew the center part. I also stoked the fire under the cooking pan and from time to time skimmed the unsavory looking, foamy residue from the cooking pan. The black man (I don't remember his name) decided when syrup had been cooked enough. When the syrup was ready it was put in bright round one gallon syrup cans. Some sorghum cane syrup was also made. Some people like sorghum syrup but it is not my favorite.

I remember several different families living in the house about four hundred feet up the hill, south of the syrup mill. Jule Springs, then Wash Thompson, both field hands, lived in it. Then Mary Taylor, our wash woman after Chicken moved away in 1929, lived in it. Mary Taylor's son Sammy was a year older than me. Bessie Barneywell married a man named Felder and they lived in this house in the middle 1940s.

On the crest of the hill about five hundred feet east of Lindy Orum's house, Gentle Yelder, a sharecropper lived. Gentle had a big garden, as well as chickens, hogs, and a milk cow. He farmed the area near his house. He was active in the New Canaan Baptist Church and one of its deacons for many years. He was over a hundred years old when he died.

Not far away, on the crest of the hill about six hundred feet south of Gentle, was the first house on the place that Sol Davis lived in. Sol was a field hand, and I think he came with Ella his common-law wife. Ella was our cook after Tommy Freeman. This was the only house on the land that I inherited at Carol Villa. The rest of the houses in the first quarters were on land my brother Pete inherited. All of the houses in the second quarters were on land that my brother Luke inherited.

The Jim Holt family lived about four hundred feet west of Ella. Holt and his two sons were field hands. There was an old cemetery about a hundred feet southeast of Holt's house. I never saw a grave marker but the county map indicated a cemetery was there. About a year after Sol came to Carol Villa, Rosa, Holt's daughter, became Sol's common-law wife. Ella left and moved back to the Mt. Meigs area where she came from.

Sol had pet nicknames for lots of people. He called Holt "Hop Up." Sol said Holt always told the mule, "hop up", instead of "git up." Sol's pet nickname for my sister Emily's first husband was "Mr. Will You." Sol said that Etheridge, after asking him to do something, always followed the request by saying "will you." Sol and Rosa set up house keeping in a house about three hundred feet west of Holt's house. This house was beside the farm road we called the road to the prairie. The south part of Carol Villa was called the prairie.

On the road to the prairie about three hundred feet south of Sol and Rosa was the tenth and last house in the first quarters. Eli and his family lived there. I remember Eli had a small wire cage he kept opossums in and fed them sweet potatoes for a few days, to clean them out, before he killed

them to eat. I've read about people eating rats during long sieges in the Civil War, but during the 1930's Eli killed rats to eat. He had one when I saw him trying to kill more in a large brush pile not far from the old log crib. Mose and Janie Taylor lived in this house after Eli. They were field hands. Mose could pick more cotton in a day than any other person on the farm. I recall several days when he picked over 600 pounds per day.

In the flat field northeast of the Manor house the cotton rows were a quarter of a mile long. There Mose would use two sacks, one on each side of him and pick two rows at a time. My brother Mac said "Mose did not pick it; he snatched it - cotton, burs and all." The most I ever picked was thirty-seven pounds one morning.

The Taylors must have liked my brother Philip. They named one of their sons Philip and a daughter Musette. The road to the prairie ran along the north-south half section line of section thirteen to the south line of the section. The two acre tract deeded to the Canaan Baptist Church trustees by Roman was on the east side of this road at the south line of the section. The church was relocated to its present location, a five acre tract on the Atlanta Highway, in 1925. The church then was called New Canaan Baptist Church. Many of the Negroes who lived at Carol Villa are buried in the cemetery by the new church. My brother Luke bought the two acres site from the church trustees.

The road to the prairie was also used by several Negro families that lived south of Carol Villa. Some of them owned land south of Carol Villa. The ten acre Turner Holmes tract was on the east side of the road starting about four hundred feet south of the house where Eli and Mose lived. The road to the prairie branched into three roads at the southwest corner of the Holmes tract. One branch continued south along the half section line and then continued on south for another one and a half miles to the Vaughn Road. One branch turned east on to Carol Villa land and went east along the south side of the Holmes tract to five of the ten houses in the second quarters.

Jim Rhodes lived in one of these and I think he was a sharecropper. Rhodes had a one horse wagon and collected garbage from houses in Dalraida. Papa let him dump it in an old washed out roadbed south of where Rhodes lived. Lumus Oliver lived in one of these houses. David Harris' wife "Honey Bee" is Lumus' daughter. My brother Mac told me he bought Lumus a single barrel 12 gauge shotgun to hunt rabbits. Lumus' wife shot Lumus, killing him with the gun. I do not remember the reason she gave for shooting Lumus.

Jim Marks and his wife Elizabeth lived in the house by the well that furnished water for the people who lived in these five houses. Marks was a sharecropper. He had a one horse wagon, a small crib, a stall for his mule, and a lot for his cow and pigs by the house. He also had a garden and chickens. Elizabeth had a small fenced flower yard in front of the house. Papa told me cotton was selling at a good price and Marks had a good crop one year during WW I and received over 1500 dollars after settling up. Marks went to Detroit for a visit. On January first, he asked for the twenty dollar monthly advance on his next crop. Marks lived there in the same house until he died.

The middle branch of the road to the prairie angled southeasterly through a thicket of crabapple trees on its way to three of the remaining five houses in the second quarters. I recall gathering crabapples from these trees lots of times for Mama to make her delicious crabapple jelly. The people who lived in these three houses were sharecroppers. They all had gardens, small cribs, mule stalls, milk cows, pigs and chickens. They all raised sweet potatoes to eat and banked them to eat during the winter. Of the three houses I do not recall the name of any family that lived in the house on the west side of the group. Jim Wilson lived in the middle house. Tom Jackson lived in the house to the east. The houses were several hundred feet apart. One of the Wilson boys, Nathaniel, drowned while swimming in the gravel pit at Mitylene.

Tom Jackson was the old timer. Like Jim Marks he was living here in my earliest memory and died here. Water for these three houses came from a bored well east of Tom Jackson's house. The fourth of these five houses was west of the road, several hundred feet south of the crabapple thicket. The fifth and last house was about four hundred feet south of the Tom Jackson house, just inside the pasture, by the road which continued on through the pasture to the hay field. I can only remember the fourth and fifth houses being occupied for very short periods during the middle 1920s.

There were 240 acres in the pasture. The pasture was in the soil type on the north edge of the black belt that extends across Alabama. There was a concrete water trough by the well east of the Tom Jackson's house. There was a one-cycle gasoline engine in a small building by the well. As a teenager I recall many times taking a gallon can of gas on a horse from the Manor house to pump the trough full of water. To provide water for the cattle a small pond was built in the northeast corner of the pasture with mule-drawn slip-scrapes about 1928. The cows wading in the pond kept it so muddy papa continued to have water pumped for the cows. About 1948 the pond was enlarged and deepened using bulldozers. This solved the muddy water problem and eliminated the water pumping.

Pine trees were on about twenty acres in northeast corner of the pasture. Two other small groups of pines were on higher areas in the pasture. The grass areas of the pasture were mowed with the mule-drawn sickle-bar mowers that were used to cut hay. On the west edge of the pasture there were a few acres, with bushes too big to cut with the sickle-bar mowers that had to be cut every year with axes. The old abandoned house where John Ryan and Jule Springs were caught making moonshine whiskey was just across the pasture fence from this area.

I recall riding in the pasture with Papa and his brother (my uncle Dave) to look at the cows. I mentioned to them that the bush stumps just suckered out and the bushes grew back every year. Uncle Dave said "Cut the bushes in August and they will die." We tried this but bushes still suckered out from the stumps. The area was in a swale. In the 1950's My brother Mac built a pond there to provide water for the cattle and a pond for fishing. The pond solved the bush problem. Later the pond became a part of the recreation area of the Woodmere Subdivision.

The road to the prairie continued south, past the last house in the second quarters and across the pasture for half a mile, to the hay field. The hay field was the south eighty acres of the land that came from the A.B. George estate. There was a pole type hay barn in the hay field about one hundred feet south of the pasture fence. It was destroyed by a wind storm. The dirt here was all true black belt soil - except for the hill tops. There, strangely, just below the top soil, the soil was whitish and chalky. It produced good Johnson grass hay crops year after year. The hill tops had a lot of sweet clover on them. Sweet clover is a legume and replenishes nitrogen in the soil. Sweet clover will grow several feet tall and makes good hay, if cut before the plant gets old and tough.

I stopped for gas, at a small New Mexico town in 1964, while crossing the northeast corner of the state, and overheard two elderly men talking. One man asked the other which sweet clover he thought was the best; the white or the yellow. The other man said he thought they were about the same.

The grass was cut with the sickle bar mower. After drying, the grass was raked into windrows. Grass in the windrows was collected by a sweep rake which moved the grass across the field to the baler. The grass was pressed and tied into bales by the baler. The bales were then hauled by wagon to the barn and stored.

Gentle Yelder was hauling the baled hay to the barn at the Manor house. I was operating the sweep rake. I knew Gentle was a deacon in New Canaan Baptist Church. One hot summer day in the middle 1930s while working in the hay field I asked Gentle how he knew there was a God. It was about noon that day and we just happened to arrived at the baler at the same time. I decided to take a break and walked over and started talking with Gentle.

My question was out of curiosity but I suspect I may have been trying to test or needle him. He answered by saying "You have to have faith. If your father told you there was a mule behind those trees (as he pointed to a hedgerow several hundred feet to the southwest), and to go down there and get him, you would go."

Well, you could not see a mule; but, I knew there was a mule behind the hedgerow. The baler was on a hill northeast of the hedgerow. I saw the mule grazing along the hedgerow as I gathered grass southeast of the hedgerow to bring to the baler. Gentle came to the baler from the north so I don't think he could have seen the mule. About fifty years later I told Gentle this story and that his answer had strengthened my faith in God. He did not remember the incident but seemed pleased by the story.

The Manor house had eight twenty foot by twenty foot rooms and two, sixteen foot by twenty foot rooms. Four of the larger rooms and a sixteen foot by forty foot hall were upstairs. The other six rooms and a sixteen foot by fifty six foot hall were downstairs. There were four tall chimneys that served open fireplaces in each of the twenty foot by twenty foot rooms and a fifth chimney served the kitchen.

The concrete porch across the front of the house wrapped around the northeast corner of the house to a chimney. The back porch with steps on its west end provided access between the back hall and the backyard. There

was a dipper and ten-quart cedar bucket always full of fresh drinking water on a shelf on the back porch. The dipper was shared by everyone.

Mama had a rose trellis, for climbing roses, on the south side of the porch. The names of the two roses were Paul Neyron and Etoile de Hollande. The third porch was on the west side of the house. It was screened and was by the outside dining room door and close to the kitchen/dining room door. The dining room had a door on the east to the hall and a door on the north to the sitting room. When we were sick we stayed in this room. I remember staying in it when I had the red measles and having to drink hot sassafras tea. The northeast room across the front hall from the sitting room was the parlor. The southeast room was my parents' bedroom.

On December 31, 1933, my sister Neva was married in the front hall by Judge Walter Burgwin Jones. She came down the stairs to begin the ceremony. Many guests filled the sitting room, the parlor and the rest of the downstairs hall.

I remember crawling under the Manor house many times looking for eggs. The concrete front porch was supported by several concrete wall bents. The space between the bents was only accessible from the crawl space under the house. I found eggs in these spaces quite often.

Two lambs were bottle-fed after their mothers died. One, a little ram, was named Slim; the other one, a little ewe, was named Montezuma. While looking for eggs I found Slim under the house dead. A few days later I was confronted by a snake in the deep space under the wrap around end of the porch. The snake was coiled with its head spread and raised, like a Cobra. I had heard that snakes that spread their heads were poisonous. I assumed it killed Slim, thought it was a poison Adder and retreated. I had only a flashlight with me and was glad it did not attack me. I took a stick with me when I went back under the house but never saw the snake again. After Montezuma started eating grass she joined the flock.

Walter Albritton and his wife, my sister Caroline, occupied their home at Bingham in the spring of 1930. In the fall of 1930 and for the next couple of years Papa sent part of his herd of cows to Elmore County to winter in the Bingham Bend. These cattle drives were quite an adventure. A wagon with several bales of hay on it led the way. There were several of us on horses making the cattle follow the wagon, move in line and not stray away.

On our first cattle drive we used the Wares Ferry Road and crossed the Tallapoosa River on the Johnson toll bridge. The toll bridge was never profitable. Since we could not afford to replace the rotting bridge floor timbers, the toll bridge was closed. For the next couple of years the cows were driven over a farm road through the Todd place to Madison Park, then along the Wetumpka Highway and across the Tallapoosa River on the Yancy Bridge to the Rifle Range Road, then on to the Bingham Bend.

Increased traffic on the Wetumpka Highway caused using this route to be hazardous so the cattle drives were abandoned. On the last drive in 1932 my horse, Spain, was caring her first colt. I was not aware of her condition. For some reason, I don't know why now, I was anxious to get back to Carol Villa and made her gallop all the way back. The next morning I found a dead, well developed, small colt she had aborted.

After Ella left in 1931, I do not remember there being a full time employed cook at Carol Villa. Several members of the family got involved in the cooking. My mother became the main cook. My sisters Neva, Emily and Dot helped out with the cooking until they married and left Carol Villa. Papa liked hot oatmeal with wheat bran on it for breakfast. I remember him fixing it many times. Even my brother Luke and I cooked breakfast. My sister Emily taught me how to make drop biscuits. I do not remember Luke cooking breakfast, but I was told he did. I think Luke must have done his cooking at Carol Villa after I started college at Auburn in the fall of 1937.

Fanny Barneywell, the housekeeper, was gone by the late 1930s. I think Mary Taylor may have been there until the early 1940s when the first electric washing machine was purchased.

About 1931 Papa stopped planting cotton on the one hundred sixty acres north of the Manor house. He had a net wire fence installed around it and bought fifty head of ewe sheep and two rams to graze it. About fifteen years later I asked him why he stopped planting cotton in the fields north of the Manor house. He said that for every three dollars he was putting down there he was only getting two dollars back. He still had the sharecroppers and cattle in the pasture in the prairie.

I remember dressing lambs during the depression years. Mama baked many delicious lamb roasts in the oven of the wood burning stove. We used the lamb hides for rugs. It sure was nice to step out of bed on to a wool rug instead of the cold wood floor on a winter morning. We never learned to tan the hides. The rugs deteriorated and started to disintegrate and had to be discarded after a year or two.

I helped with the shearing of the sheep. There was a hand cranked clipper similar to, but larger than the clippers barbers use. This thing took two people to operate. One person used the clipper while another turned the crank to power the clipper. We also used the hand operated mule shears. We had to be careful to keep from nicking the sheep with the mule shears.

There were lots of cockle burrs that grew in the old corn field across the ditch from the walnut tree cut. The sheep's wool picked up the cockle burrs. It was a time consuming job to remove the cockle burrs so we did not try. The price for the wool was docked heavily because of the cockle burrs. Papa split the sheep herd up and gave them to his son-in-law Walter Albritton and his sons Seth, Jr. and Dave in the late 1930s.

In June 1930 my brother Dave graduated from the University of Nebraska, married and started farming at Hardaway. In 1932 my brother Seth, Jr. married and moved to Elmore County and started farming there.

About 1936 Julian Bassett decided he would try his hand farming at Carol Villa. He had worked as a butcher at a Jitney Jungle grocery store since his marriage to my sister Neva in December 1933. He gave up farming in 1938. My brother Phillip tried farming at Carol Villa about 1938. He gave it up after two or three years. Papa asked the draft board not to draft my brother Mac during WW II so Mac could help him run the farm at Carol Villa.

I joined the Navy early in 1942 during my senior year at Auburn. The Navy wanted me to graduate before calling me up for active duty. I graduated in August, but the Navy did not have me scheduled to report for

active duty until December of 1942. I was an Alabama Power Company co-op student so I just went back to work for them.

When I came home from Auburn in August I told Papa if he would provide the materials I would paint the Manor house. He got half a fifty-five gallon drum of black roofing paint from the Mutual Warehouse. So I started by putting two coats of roofing paint on the sheet metal roof. The roof was in good shape except for what looked like a bullet hole in the roof. I covered the hole with two layers of heavy cloth and several coats of the roofing paint before, between and after applying the layers of cloth. Papa borrowed a forty-foot wooden extension ladder. He bought Dutch Boy white lead paste in five gallon wood buckets and linseed oil in one gallon metal cans. I mixed the paint as I needed it.

As I painted I had to do some repair work on the house. Most of the window blinds were in sad shape. All the windows had operable blinds in past years. The tall blinds under the front were in good shape. I was able to put together enough good blinds using the blinds from the sides and the back of the house to keep blinds on the five windows above the front porch. Thus only the front of the house wound up with blinds.

I replaced the rotted and missing pieces of novelty trim by the front porch gutters and replaced several pieces of defective siding boards. It was all I could do to handle the forty foot wooden ladder by myself. I started out just working on the house on weekends. The good fall weather helped but I had to take leave from the Power Company job, hoping I could finish before having to go on active duty with the Navy. I apologized to Papa for how slow the job was going. He told me I was doing fine, that Ed Ryan, a professional painter who had painted the house several times, took about as long to paint it. I put one coat on all four sides of the house and a second coat on the front before having to report to the Navy. Papa hired a painter to paint the other three sides.

I have tried to keep my memories chronological, and only included something out of sync that tied in with what I was writing about. But now I'm going to skip about to cover a few other memories.

About February in 1928 Papa told me to go get three of his cows that Jack Abercrombie had penned up. Riding my horse bareback (I never used a saddle when I was that age) I went to get them. Abercrombie had a truck farm two miles west of Carol Villa. He said the cows had damaged his winter vegetables and that I had to pay him fifteen dollars before I could get the cows. I went home, reported this to Papa and he gave me the fifteen dollars. I went back, gave the fifteen dollars to Abercrombie and brought the cows back to Carol Villa.

Several months later I found Bethel College's big black Jersey bull in our corn field. I drove the bull out of the corn field and put him in a stall in the big barn. I reported this to Papa and told him that now he could get some of his money back. He told me no, just go tell the College you got the bull out of our corn field. Tell them the bull is in our barn and to come get him. It took me a few years to realize this was a wise decision. While I was painting the Manor house I replaced a broken brass hinge on the front door. The hinge only cost a few dollars; but, without saying anything to Papa, I got the hinge at Loeb Hardware and had it charged to his account. When

Papa got the bill he told me not to charge anything without clearing it with him. I was miffed at first but finally realized, with 13 children and a wife charging things without his consent, he could lose control of the account.

In the early 1930s my brother Philip and I decided we wanted some pigeons. Philip's friend Dan Carmichael had pigeons. We made a deal to swap Dan a grown chicken hen for a pair of pigeons. Dan lived on Ann Street in Montgomery which was about four miles from Carol Villa. One bright moon light night we took three of Mama's White Wyandotte hens off the roost in the hen house. We put them in three Croker sacks and rode off on our horses to Ann Street. We took the back route by starting out south on the road to the prairie and turned west by Turner Holmes place onto a farm road that continued west to Harrison Road. We continued on Harrison road to its intersection with Ann Street. Dan lived three blocks north of this intersection.

We gave Dan the three hens and put a pair of pigeons in each of the croaker sacks. We came back over the back route avoiding the traffic and paved roads. Our horses were not shod. The route we used was practically all dirt roads. The dirt roads were easier on the horse's hooves. I remember Philip's horse Dad being shod one time. Philip was riding home from the blacksmith shop when Dad slipped on the sloping concrete drive at Haigler's garage. One of Philip's legs was skinned up by the fall.

We knew the pigeons would fly back to Dan's if we did not keep them penned up so we fixed up a small room for them in the hay loft over the south stall on the west side of the big barn. We built wooden frames for nests and put hay in them. We kept them fed and watered, even took them some green grass once in a while. They laid eggs in the nests. After the eggs hatched we opened a hole in the outside wall of the room they were in so they go outside.

Pigeons will raise several pair of squabs a year. I dressed a few of them for Mama to cook. I was looking forward to eating my first squab. I had heard squab was a real delicacy, served at Montgomery's finest restaurant, the Pickwick. I was disappointed. Papa's only comment when I told him about the pigeons was that they would destroy our garden. Some time later I saw the flock in the garden dining on a row of young lettuce. I told Philip the pigeons had to go. He agreed. A few days later they were gone.

At the urging of my brother Dave, I sold several subscriptions to the *Progressive Farmer* magazine in the early 1930s. That qualified me to receive 25 White Plymouth Rock biddies. That venture taught me that I did not want to become a salesman. I raised 20 of the biddies. Dave agreed to swap me two Poland China piglets after they were weaned for the 20 Rocks. I remember feeding those pigs in the lot behind the big barn but I do not remember them after that. They may have become some of the hams, shoulders, bacon and sausage I smoked in the old Delco house.

I saved over fifty dollars working for my brother-in-law Walter Albritton during the summer of 1936. Papa had some beautiful red white face heifer calves. I offered him fifty dollars for two of them. He told me to pick out the two I wanted. I gave him the fifty dollars.

That fall I was a senior in high school. My brother-in-law Julian Bassett was living at Carol Villa. Julian owned the only car at Carol Villa, a 1936 four-door Chevrolet. I offered Julian the two heifers for the use of his car from time to time when he did not have to have it.

Late that fall I invited several of my classmates to shoot doves at Carol Villa. I have a couple of sad memories of that shoot. I had three of the hunters in the car with me and the road to the prairie was wet. The car slipped into a ditch, bending the left rear fender slightly. At the dove shoot, several hunters were on each side of the field, under trees. The groups were about four hundred feet apart. Walton Thomas, the hunter on the opposite side of the field from me, shot at a dove flying from his side of the field. The dove had already passed over me. Fortunately I had turned around to shoot the same bird. Two of the lead bird pellets (number eight) hit me in the back of my neck. I scratched one pellet out with my finger nail. It stung but bled very little. I cautioned Thomas about shooting low birds and we keep on trying to hit a dove. I did not know the second pellet was in the back of my neck until forty years later when it showed up in a cat scan.

Mama came to my rescue and paid the six dollars it cost to fix the bent fender. The only time I recall not being able to use the car when I asked for it was when Julian's son Billy Randall was born on the 23 day of May 1937. I had to find other transportation to attend a high school graduation function.

One bright moonlit night during the summer of 1938, I saddled up four horses. Richard Bigger, his date Jule Sellers, my date Dorothy Purser and I took the back route to a restaurant on the Atlanta Highway at Hillside Drive. The restaurant specialty was meat balls and spaghetti. The song "A Tiskit A Taskit" was the hit song at the time. At our fiftieth high school class reunion Purser reminded me that I gave her a box of Dentine chewing gum and said she went horseback riding with me. I remembered dating her and giving her the chewing gum but could not recall her riding horses with me. Several days later it came back to me that she was my date on that night in the summer of 1938. Richard and I became friends when we were in engineering school as freshmen at Auburn. He was a groomsman in my wedding.

Billy was the gentlest horse I remember at Carol Villa. When I was only three or maybe four years old Billy would let me walk up to him in the pasture. I would straddle his neck while his head was lowered eating grass. Then I would pat him on the shoulder and he would raise his head. At this point I would be on his neck facing backwards. Holding on to his mane I could flip around and face forward. Pulling on a horse's mane must not hurt like it does when my hair is pulled. Billy would then head for the big barn. I always gave him a few ears of corn before putting the bridle on him and going for a ride. About 1925 Billy was crated up and shipped by rail to College Park, GA to Joe Conley. Joe was the youngest son of Mama's sister Othello (we called her Auntie).

The Conleys shipped a Billy goat with long horns, a wagon and harness to Carol Villa to my youngest brother Mac. Mac was four years old at the time. The big Billy goat hooked Mac in the thigh with one of his horns. Papa told John Ryan to do away with the goat. John Ryan butchered and ate the goat. My brother Spencer told me that Papa's brother Dave (Uncle Dave) gave him a Billy goat, wagon and harness when he was a boy.

My first cousin Ray Johnson also told me Uncle Dave gave him a Billy goat, wagon and harness when he was a boy. Ray told me on the way back to Milstead, he, his father (my Uncle Dan), and my father crossed the Tallapoosa River on the old Wares Ferry. Ray said as they were crossing the river Papa said, "That goat stinks; let's throw him in the river." I asked Ray if the goat was thrown into the river. Ray said, "No, my father would not let him throw the goat in the river."

A severe hail storm broke or badly cracked over forty panes in the widows at the Carol Villa, Manor house one summer day in the mid 1930s. The hail apparently came from the west and northwest. The hail was as large as any I have ever seen. Some of the clumps were as large as turkey eggs. The northwest upstairs bedroom windows and the west windows in the sitting room below had the most damaged panes. There were a few damaged panes in the west windows of the southwest upstairs bedroom and the dining room window. I volunteered to replace the damaged panes. I told Papa if he would buy the glass and putty I would do the job. I measured all the broken panes and worked up a bill of the material needed. Removing the old putty without damaging the widow sashes turned out to be quite a laborious job. The repair took much longer than I thought it would.

My brother Seth was proud of the garden and the peach orchard at Carol Villa. They were maintained better during the years he lived at Carol Villa after he came home from Auburn than any other time I remember. My brother Phillip and I dug a hole under the fence between the peach orchard and the garden big enough for us to crawl through. The chicken house by the garden gate was in the line of site from the Manor to the hole under the fence. The garden gate could be seen from the Manor house. The hole was dug under the fence so we could go into the garden and get fresh young tender carrots and radishes without being seen. Seth found Phillip out there first. He was punishing Phillip with a folded strand of hay bailing wire when I came upon the scene. Maybe he had vented his wrath on Phillip by the time I showed up. All I got was a lecture that rabbits could use the hole and destroy the garden. I told Seth we would go fill the hole back up and we did. I did not tell Seth but Phillip took the punishment that should have been meted out to me. It was my idea to dig the hole.

Seth tried to discipline his younger brothers. He stayed in the southeast bedroom upstairs by himself. Pete, Phillip, Luke, Mac and I stayed in the southwest bedroom. I guess the five of us finally got tired of Seth bossing us around. One cold winter morning, probably about 1930, Seth came into the room pulling off the covers and hitting any of us still in bed. We reacted spontaneously (we had not plotted ahead to take Seth on) and all five of us jumped on Seth. I don't know who made the first move. It was probably Pete or Phillip. Luke and I joined in and even Mac was holding on to one of Seth's legs by the time we put Seth on the floor. Papa heard the ruckus and came all the way up the stairs into the room. We let Seth go. When we told Papa what happened, he told Seth, "Those are my children and I'll discipline them." After that Seth never bothered us again.

About 1940 a couple of my brothers and I were loading materials to go work on a fence. Papa was standing in the yard watching. Just as we finished loading the materials for the job he turned to walk back in the

house. As he was turning I asked him, "Aren't you going to go with us and help?" He replied, "I think I have done my part" and walked away. I have thought about his reply many times since and I think I understand what he meant. He had put together ten and a half sections of land. The only encumbrance on it was the annual ad valorem tax.

Papa told me he had read the Bible from cover to cover four times. Mama said she had read the Bible from cover to cover three times. Mama gave me my first Bible, the King James version, when I was nine years old. I still have it, but I must confess I have not read it from cover to cover. My wife gave me a copy of the New American Standard version of the Bible in the 1980s. I made an attempt to read it from cover to cover. I read the New Testament then started on the Old Testament. I still have about twelve chapters left to read. I guess over the years the way my Sunday school lessons skipped around through the Bible influenced my desire to read the Bible from cover to cover.

Mama's brother, my Uncle Glenn, lived at Carol Villa in 1928 and 1929. I am not sure what his role on the farm was but I know he had a watermelon patch in the walnut tree cut. He was turning the watermelon vines out of the way as one of the farmhands plowed the field. My brother Phillip and I walked up while he was doing this. I started helping him turn the vines. Philip walked on by. Uncle Glen told Philip, "When the watermelons get ripe, Wylie is going get some of them but you are not." Philip just kept on walking.

I enjoyed listening to Uncle Glenn tell about his stay at Carol Villa during WW I. One of the things he told me was that Papa had a herd of feeder steers in the field across the ditch east of the walnut tree cut in 1919.

In May of 1947 my wife, Lurene, and I took Mama and Papa to Ford City, PA for a visit with Papa's sister, my Aunt Mary, who was living with her daughter Hazel Brockway Fisher. Papa had prostate trouble, but he made the trip without any serious problem. About the middle of 1949 Papa was diagnosed with prostate cancer. He received treatment available at that time and seemed to be coping with the problem.

Papa did not have a will disposing his estate. He decided to have his will prepared by his attorney, Inge Hill. Inge recommended that Papa deed a tract of his land to each of his children and leave the residual to Mama in his will. I was asked to prepare the land descriptions for Inge to use in preparing the deeds. I had prepared deeds for Papa to convey several tracts including one to me on Narrow Lane Road. Papa asked me if I would like to have a tract on the Narrow Lane Road south of Seibels Road. I told him I would be grateful for whatever he wanted me to have. At Papa's direction I prepared the land descriptions for deeds to fourteen tracts - one for each of his thirteen living children. The fourteenth was a tract for Betty Ann Johnson. Betty Ann was the daughter of his oldest son Spencer. He said he wanted to do a little something extra for Spencer since Spencer had been on his own since he finished school and he had not done anything for him.

Based on property valuation on Papa's tax assessment sheets the thirteen tracts were reasonably close to being of equal value except for Caroline's tract. I commented on this and Papa told me he had already done a lot for Caroline. He did not explain. I was not aware of what he had done

for Caroline until several years later. In a conversation with her husband Walter Albritton, Walter told me how Papa had helped them acquire land next to where they lived from Papa's brother, my Uncle Dave.

Only two of the tracts Papa deeded his children, at this time, were at Carol Villa. My brother Luke was a pilot in the Army Air Corps during WW II. About 1947, Luke talked his father-in-law, Jack Roach, into buying an airplane. Luke talked his brother Mac into keeping the pasture well mowed south of the Tom Jackson house so he could land the plane there. The landing strip was on the west eighty acres of the big pasture. Luke even sent Mac a wind sock. Mac installed the wind sock on a twenty-foot pole, so Luke could compensate for the wind during landings and takeoffs. Luke flew over from Houston several times. Papa wanted Luke to have this landing strip so Luke's deed included the west eighty acres of the big pasture and the eighty-acre hayfield. Papa deeded the east one hundred and sixty acres in the big pasture to Mac.

Mama decided to make a will after Papa died. Again I was tapped to prepare the land descriptions for Inge Hill. I tried to promote the idea that Mama should receive the income produced by the tracts Papa deeded us as long as she lived. Pete and Luke went along with the idea. My brother, Seth, Jr. was the first person I heard suggest the idea of dividing the one hundred sixty acres in section twelve, north of the Manor house, into four north-south strips. This sounded like a good idea to me with the strips extended south across the north half of section thirteen. Mama agreed with this idea.

Mama wanted Mac to have the Manor house so Mac got that part of Carol Villa in sections twelve and thirteen, west of the north-south half section line, plus eighty acres north of the big pasture tract that Papa deeded him. Pete got the strip next to Mac plus land not in Carol Villa. The two-acre tract, deeded to Pete several years earlier by Papa, on which Pete built his house, was in this strip. I got the strip next to Pete plus twenty acres in section thirteen, east of the strip Luke got. The two-acre tract, deeded to Philip several years earlier by Papa, on which Philip built a small house, was in this strip. Luke got the fourth strip plus the southeast quarter of section thirteen. The two-acre Canaan Baptist Church tract was in the southwest corner of said quarter section. Mama deeded Pete, Luke, and me the tracts at Carol Villa described above but since she still lived in the Manor house she included what Mac got in her will.

The demise of Carol Villa as I knew it when I was growing up began about 1960. The first projection for East Boulevard (called Eastern Bypass at first) crossed the Atlanta Highway (US-80) about three quarters of a mile west of Carol Villa. People affected by that route objected to it. The next projection was east of the Manor house along the property line between my brothers Mac and Pete. Pete was the first person to tell me about it. I was Superintendent of Transmission for Alabama Power Company. The company was already acquiring right of way for a high voltage transmission line along this route. I called my highway contact and told him this. He agreed to shift the highway projection.

The third projection went down the middle of my strip of Carol Villa. I did not raise any objection to this route; but the final route was shifted to the east, about six hundred feet, to the west side of the strip of Carol Villa

that my brother Luke inherited. The route for Interstate Highway 85 crossed Carol Villa three quarters of a mile south of the Manor house. Most of the interchange was on Carol Villa land Luke inherited. The State of Alabama acquired ninety-seven acres of Carol Villa land for the two projects: eighty from Luke, nine from Mac and eight from me.

Mac rented the Carol Villa land that Pete, Luke and I inherited. He continued this, erecting fences along East Boulevard. The highway department built fences along I-85. The completion of East Boulevard and I-85 accelerated the eastward growth of Montgomery. Pete leased a site on US-80 to Kayo Oil Company. Luke sold a tract in the northeast quadrant of the interchange to Holiday Inn. He flew to Birmingham from Houston and I took him to Montgomery for the closing of the sale. He asked me if I remembered the two of us planting a garden, when we were teenagers, close to the tract he was selling. A Howard Johnson Motel was built where Luke and I had the garden. About 2006 it was razed and a seven-story hotel was built on the site.

In 1966 Engel Mortgage Company, a Birmingham company, wanted to establish a mortgage market in Montgomery. Mac sold them the Manor house and his entire tract there except the north six hundred feet next to US-80 and built a house on Carmichael Road. This was a new service road the State built south of I-85. His new house was on the north side of the Carol Villa big pasture land that he inherited. There are about six hundred houses in the Carol Villa Subdivision including those built on the adjacent Dave Green property.

Capitol Chevrolet was pleased with the success of a dealership they had near the interstate bypass north of Pensacola and decided to leave downtown Montgomery. They purchased land on East Boulevard from Luke plus an additional tract east of it from me. There are nine car dealerships along East Boulevard between I-85 and US-80 today (2009). Ballard Realty built two three-story office buildings and the Atlanta Crossing shopping center. Mac and Luke sold the Carol Villa big pasture and hayfield to Ballard.

Mac moved further east to Cecil, AL where he had acquired land and built a house. The Woodmere Subdivision was built on the big pasture land. The Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts was built in the northeast corner of the Carol Villa hayfield. The entrance to the Shakespeare Festival Theatre is on the northwest corner of said hayfield. Pete and I leased land on the Atlanta Highway for the Eastgate Mall. Pete swapped the rest of his Carol Villa tract to Engel for a farm in Bullock County, AL. He kept his house. It was included in one of the Carol Villa subdivision lots. Philip's two-acre lot became his daughter Miriam's lot. It was divided up into smaller lots and became part of the Carol Villa Subdivision.

In the above paragraphs I have shared many of my memories. Carol Villa to me includes the Manor house, its land, buildings, people, things and events that make Carol Villa seem alive in my memories. I must say that one of the most pleasant memories I have of Carol Villa is the time my sister-in-law, Musette, told me about seeing Eula at the grocery store. Four months later Eula Lurene became my wife. ☺ (26 June 2009)