

We learned how to get a tree to fall in the right direction (provided it was nearly straight up) by sawing part way through, then driving a wedge in behind the saw. (I mean we boys learned-Papa already knew). We didn't have any power tools at all. We sawed the firewood into fireplace length and split it by driving wedges in with what we called a maul, which was a wooden mallet made from hickory log about 6 inches in diameter and about 4 feet long. About a little over a foot was used for the head of the maul, and the rest was trimmed down to make the handle.

Of course the stove wood had to be cut shorter and split into smaller pieces to fit in the cook stove. Mostly pine was used for that, and it really needed to be dried out to burn satisfactorily. Some people I noticed would have larger piles of stove wood than we did, and once or more over the years Mama had to remind Papa that she needed some stovewood, but I don't think it ever got as bad as one couple we heard about. It seems the wife was always having to remind her husband that she needed stovewood, so finally one day when he came to the house to eat, she said she had dinner on the stove, but didn't have any wood to cook it. As the story goes, she didn't have to beg for stovewood after that.

Our transportation for several years (I don't know how many) was a used one-horse surrey (a buggy with 2 seats and a flat top overhead) that had fringe around the top. Papa removed the fringe in later years when it got worn. I don't know when or where Papa got the surrey, but he had someone make snap-on oilcloth-like curtains for bad weather. We also had a really heavy laprobe

for cold weather. When we went to church we tied the horse or mule to a hitching post or tree in the church yard.

On the west side of the house was a "wheathouse", for storing wheat. This was a room size "box" with no doors, with the inside walls and floor made of smooth (planed) boards with no cracks, and I suppose "rat proof". There was a flat sloping roof hinged along the lower side wall, with a long strong pole fastened to the top of the roof and extending several feet from the edge of the roof. The only way to get inside was to pull down the end of the pole and fasten it to hold the roof open. I have always thought that was definitely not a job that should be done by one person, getting inside that "box" that was higher than your head, as I recall it. A ladder must have been used for that, but I don't recall that.

Also on the west side of the house was a "cottonhouse", which was divided in the middle. One side was used for storing cotton after picking and before hauling to the gin. The other side was somewhat like a carpenter shop, with workbench, some tools, and some lumber. There were also several sheet metal stencils with letters cut out for painting names and addresses on boxes for shipping. At least some of them had names and addresses of produce companies in Atlanta. The produce was shipped by express, which was carried in the express car of the passenger train. I don't know all the things that Grandpa grew, but I have ^{heard} Papa say that when Grandpa hired people to pick strawberries he would tell them to eat all they wanted before they started, so they wouldn't be stopping the picking to eat strawberries.

I have wondered in later years how Grandpa learned to grow some different crops from