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Allis-Chalmers, 1953: A Photo-Essay

Editor's note: The photographs in this article were taken in 2014 and 2015 by James S. Owens.

When I arrived in Milledgeville in 2013, Andalusia captivated me because, growing up in Alabama, I had always wanted a tractor and land. I came to middle Georgia to study creative writing, and I started going to Andalusia because it is beautiful land that was once a farm. Although it doesn't run, a tractor is at Andalusia. As I read Flannery O'Connor, my time in her hometown and at her family's farm became, for me, being near her characters, her settings, and Mary Flannery herself. There at Andalusia, Mary Flannery's writing lives in the smallest of details. Although it doesn't run, Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers tractor is far more than a small detail. The tractor is a major character. It might be alive.

In early May of 1979, Georgia's National Register of Historic Places contacted Regina Cline O'Connor, proposing that Andalusia be considered an Historic Place. Sometime later that May, Regina Cline O'Connor must have written back and accepted. After some field research in 1979, Steve Henson, a researcher for Georgia's Department of Natural Resources, wrote a proposal to the National Register of Historic Places including a *statement of significance*:

[Andalusia] should be considered for the National Register at this time due to its overriding national significance in American literature. It was for her short story [writing] that [Mary Flannery O'Connor] is best remembered and for which she won national awards, financial grants, and critical acclaim. Andalusia is cited in many guides to landmarks of literature and students are often taken there for the rare opportunity to see the setting for many of O'Connor's stories, as well as where she spent her productive years. This opportunity is rare for anyone studying the legendary writer. (para. 2)

Andalusia provided for [Mary Flannery] not only a place to live and write, but a functional landscape in which to set her fiction. For example, her short story, "The Displaced Person," which was filmed at Andalusia for PBS in 1976, is set on a dairy farm much like Andalusia, which in 1960 her mother was running as a dairy farm with the help of a displaced Polish family. Of course, one cannot reduce O'Connor's fiction to the external landscape, but the link between Andalusia and her productive career is profoundly apparent in her work. (para. 4)

So with Regina Cline O'Connor's acceptance, the nomination was approved, citing the "Areas of Significance" as "Literature" and the "Significant Year" as 1951-1964, as noted by the Georgia Department of Natural Resources. 1953 was the last year Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers WD could have been produced. After 1953, production commenced on the more powerful WD45, which Andalusia's model WD is not; however, Andalusia's

model WD Allis-Chalmers began to help Andalusia's productivity. The tractor's set of serial numbers suggests Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers was produced early in 1953. The model WD's purchase came within Mary Flannery's and Andalusia's most "significant" years.

Although I missed her by nearly fifty years, Mary Flannery can be found almost everywhere in Milledgeville, and especially Andalusia, as visitors may feel when they get the chance to visit. I also found that Andalusia remains a rare opportunity. I was five years old when Henson made that argument, and as the years pass, opportunities to visit Andalusia are more rare.

At thirty-nine, I moved to Milledgeville to write nonfiction on a scholarship from Georgia College's MFA program. I didn't come to study O'Connor, but since arriving in Milledgeville, I've sought the nonfiction behind Mary Flannery's fiction, sometimes despite cognizant will. Flannery O'Connor died when she was thirty-nine, in Milledgeville, and something happened, for me, at that age toward the way I view the life and work of O'Connor (whom I often call Mary Flannery, in reverence). I'd only read *Wise Blood* as an undergraduate at Auburn University. I'd read a few short stories but failed to feel their power. In Milledgeville, though, I became bitten. Studying Flannery O'Connor changed my life for the better. I may have even been shown grace; but, so far, I'm fortunate grace hasn't visited me as violently as it visits many of Mary Flannery's characters.

Andalusia is a nonfictional environment where fiction interweaves with the real. Visiting Andalusia is like walking onto a fictional set. Graces abound, as do devils, and I'm not the only writer or visitor to sense this about Andalusia. Padgett Powell writes, "There is a kind of haunted feeling here that if you could just turn something over you could find a literary snake under it" (32). Literal and *literary* snakes slither at Andalusia. Flannery's stories live in grayed cedar fence posts, the often-bright sun, "[t]he fortress line of trees" (CW 247), empty haylofts, and turkey tracks. Walking the Andalusia woods, I once found a bobcat skull—a wildcat. I've found peace there, yet I've found friction between varying forces with their own versions of what Andalusia should be. I've seen snakes, reptilian and metaphorical. I've found a brass stirrup in the woods with the leather long rotted away as if one of the boys from "A Circle in the Fire" hid it there when Mary Flannery imagined them stealing into the woods, far away from the tack room where the horses' harnesses had hung.

The old tractor and scattered, rusting farm implements seem to wait to be found. At Andalusia, the old tractor often looks new, its tires dusty with red clay from working the land. The hay baler, or grain blower, is attached, and the tractor's engine and gears, the rubberized pulleys, and the belts appear set to systematically operate together to drop square bales onto the fields or blow grain into the grain trailer. Though the grain blower is broken with saw briars growing through its complicated conveyor system, my imagination often takes over, and they're bright Allis-Chalmers Red and new and useful.



Now tangled among briars and privet hedge in a seeming heap of scrap, Andalusia's combine, with its long lift-up rubberized conveyor and 9" pipe, once handled forage and grain.

Something haunts old farm equipment. It is as if the vast energy and hard time once spent on the equipment remains locked to it. The energy hovers like spirits above the metal heaps, and the time and spirits are unable to let go of their intense dealings with dirt. I wished to learn about Andalusia's tractor and its implements, for I wished them to be in working condition to move fallen trees, disk gardens for visitors, clear fields, and do work that would help Andalusia be more like the place Mary Flannery had watched and listened to as her mother operated the dairy farm.

I began volunteering at Andalusia because it is a beautiful place and much work needed to be done there. I never considered myself a volunteer and never will. The attachment feels closer—more like a responsibility that I didn't know would be expected of me—a surprise responsibility for the land and the legacy. I longed for a working tractor that was new. I longed for 1953 when Andalusia's tractor was one of the more advanced tractors in progressive farming. As with other farms, a lot of work needs to be done at Andalusia, and any tractor can do the work of many humans; however, the rusting 1953 Allis-Chalmers model WD with two flat tires doesn't crank or roll. In 1953, though, it rolled. It was strong, and it could help sustain the family and farm. It could help pay Mary Flannery's medical bills.

"There seems to be some equipment that's spread out in front of the equipment shed," Ms. Louise Florencourt recalls. "I go out so rarely; I don't know what's there. I remember that there was a hay baler out there in Regina's time" (Florencourt). Although Ms. Louise hasn't laid eyes on the equipment in a while, most of Andalusia's equipment is to the right side of the equipment shed, or what she, Regina Cline O'Connor,

or Dr. Bernard Cline, and Louis Cline might've called *the south side*. The “manure spreader” (CW296) is to the right of the equipment shed. The silage cutter, though, is to the shed's left side with a sweet gum tree growing through it as if it's an installed piece of natural art. Several implements wait and rust in fields that over time have become woods, which is the only way I can see them now.

Louise Florencourt has devoted her life to her cousin's work and legacy at the behest of her aunt, Regina Cline O'Connor. Ms. Louise loves stray cats, and she feeds them and misses them when they stop coming around. Ms. Louise cares for stray cats like Mary Flannery cared for birds.



Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers model WD with an after-market homemade screen, attached by farm workers to the factory grill, which aided in preventing dust and debris from clogging the radiator.



Louise Florencourt and the writer Padgett Powell visited Andalusia around 2003. Powell writes, “We stop on the way out and Louise Florencourt takes Cheerios to Flossie in her barn. Hayfields to the south on the drive out prompt her to say, ‘Mr. Ivey has mowed these fields for decades and decades.’ She pronounces ‘decades’ ‘dekkuds’” (35). Ms. Florencourt is referring to the “dekkuds” after Flannery’s death when one of Mr. Ivey’s tractors cleared the Andalusia fields as Regina Cline O’Connor would, over the years, move Andalusia’s dairy cattle to beef cattle and then move from Andalusia to retire at the Greene Street house. Flossie and Equinox would stay behind. By “dekkuds,” Ms. Louise emphasizes and pays respect to Tiny Ivey’s work. In 1977, Mr. Ivey’s International Harvester tractor starred in the film adaptation of “The Displaced Person.” In the film, Mr. Ivey’s International Harvester looks almost identical to the Allis-Chalmers model WD at Andalusia, but it’s not the same tractor. It does, however, have the tricycle front tires, and it was bright red.

Mr. Tiny Ivey was the one who told me that it was his tractor that was used for *The Displaced Person*. Mr. Tiny told me that the tractor was later stolen from his place after the film had been completed. I think he said he got it back that time, but that it was stolen again. I remember that he said it was stolen the second time from one of his farms where it was stored. (Florencourt)

The movie isn’t the short story. The tractor that inspired Mary Flannery was never stolen.



Ill in her 30s, Mary Flannery O'Connor gleaned writing material from Milledgeville in nowhere Georgia. That's where Milledgeville still is after Reconstruction moved the capitol to Atlanta under Federal orders and Reconstruction. Later, when the Interstates were built, they'd be forty miles from Milledgeville in any direction, which, in my opinion, is to ensure the arresting of the city's development. The longer I live in Milledgeville, the more the remoteness that Flannery might have felt from the rest of the world—while her condition often kept her confined not only to Andalusia but to the downstairs—becomes palpable. *Sick* wasn't a word her family believed in to denote illness. *Sick* meant something different in Milledgeville, and it still does. Milledgeville was once synonymous with insane, which is a word not used now as it was once used. I gather that sick meant one should be committed. In the South, meaning is often in accordance with place, nuance, pronunciation, conjecture, or details—like a rusty red Allis-Chalmers tractor under a tool shed at Andalusia or the “letz mill” (*CW* 292) from “The Displaced Person” that was retrieved from under a fallen roof in back of the equipment shed that baked under the summer sun and was covered in frost in winter. Dr. Bernard McHugh Cline likely purchased the orange-red Letz mill that Mr. Guizac operates so well, which is currently rusting since it was taken out of the shed.



Andalusia's Letz mill is mentioned in O'Connor's "The Displaced Person."

Forgotten old tractors and implements are not foreign on farms, and Andalusia is no different from most other farms in this respect. Old tractors are expected to be on old farms, and most of the time they're right where they stopped running and rolling; however, Andalusia's rusty tractor isn't just another old tractor. It's a main character in "The Displaced Person." The tractor waits as if a loving bull still waits in one of Andalusia's rolling backfields. The tractor waits to manipulate the land and alter it as

machines do in “A View of the Woods” and “A Circle in the Fire.” Trying to release the land from encroaching modernity, as I see it, “. . . the boys let the oil out of the three tractors and then [disappear] again into the woods” (*CW* 245). The boys were trying to set the land free and ruin anything that raped it. The tractor’s significance in Mary Flannery’s stories is often present, so when I see just one old tractor at Andalusia, I want to ascertain the likelihood that it isn’t just any other old tractor on a farm in middle Georgia.



The purchase of the Allis-Chalmers and its implements is one of the moments when fiction meets nonfiction for Mary Flannery. Someone had to know how to utilize the new-fangled 1953 Allis-Chalmers on the land to justify owning it. Paying the note on a machine originally priced at \$1,830 would have been crucial to a savvy businesswoman such as Regina Cline O’Connor. This was a significant investment in the dairy farm. In ’53, it might as well have been a mystery machine or a bright-red spaceship when it came to Andalusia, and it meant hope. The Allis-Chalmers would have brought with it the promise of greater productivity for Andalusia, and, like most machines, it would replace the need for many workers; however, someone would have had to know how to “operate it” (*CW* 292). An able and efficient operator for the machine would have been hard to find. A specialized worker was needed for the investment, and the global effects of WWII were perfect to deliver that person to the South. As Nancy Davis Bray notes, “It is my understanding that the Guizac family was based on a family that worked at Andalusia—the Matysiaks” (Bray). In some respects, the operator for the tractor would have been a figure of salvation for the farm just as the new tractor was a certain salvation.



Allis-Chalmers model WD equipped with a two-clutch power control. The dual clutch featured a foot-operated dry clutch capable of disconnecting the PTO driveline from the engine. A hand-operated wet clutch permitted PTO operation when the tractor was stopped.

Before 1953, horse-drawn implements were still used at Andalusia from time to time unless tractor work was hired-out, or Uncle Bernard or Uncle Louis purchased other tractors and hired operators. Tractors might've been at Andalusia, coming and going like workers. Horse-drawn implements can be found in the encroaching woods to the northern side of the equipment shed near the overgrown hay baler, manure spreader, and grain blower, but the Allis-Chalmers WD was protected from the weather for decades by the equipment shed. Considering the equipment shed's height, one sees that a tractor

larger than the Allis-Chalmers WD would not fit under the low roof of the shed, so it must be the “large tractor” that “warmed” Mr. Shortley before “. . . he braked it on a slight incline and jumped off and turned back toward the shed” (CW 325). In Mary Flannery’s imagination, the tractor becomes a device for freedom, redemption, correction, and eternal salvation, and it becomes a central character in “The Displaced Person.” She used the few things that came into her life in Milledgeville, and even a newly purchased tractor was fodder for her longest short story.



Along with implements to complement tractors, older implements capable of being horse-drawn, such as the one shown above, are scattered about the encroaching woods at Andalusia. The manure spreader found in O’Connor’s fiction rests in the background.

Like Regina Cline O'Connor, Mary Flannery worked with the material and resources she could find in Milledgeville; therefore, Mary Flannery's body of work grew from rural Georgia while she was kept alive by science and the medical advancement of ACTH (adrenocorticotrophic hormone) to help against the lupus that fought her body while her mother fought to run a farm as a woman in the South in the '50s, the difficulty of which cannot be overstated. The O'Connors watched their small corner of Georgia develop and change through a certain isolation as impending modernity and technological advances crept into rural Georgia and into Milledgeville. 1953 was a crucial year for both Mary Flannery's material and technological progress in Milledgeville, Georgia.

It was the bright red metal machine that came to Andalusia that brought material for "The Displaced Person" and perhaps other stories. Research into the online files of the Allis-Chalmers Corporation indicates the tractor was produced no later than 1953, and the tractor remains at Andalusia sheltered under the rebuilt tool shed, mostly built by Bobby Huellemeier. During the early '50s, Allis-Chalmers was one of the more available, advanced tractors in Milledgeville according to advertisements in the local paper assuring a place to purchase an Allis-Chalmers tractor in Milledgeville on West McIntosh Street in downtown.

Today, the tractor's bright red is rust red. Some see the color as orange, not unlike fire. Once upon a time, the tractor was Allis-Chalmers Red—a trademark tractor color to denote the manufacturer like John Deere Green, Ford Blue, and International Harvester Red. Allis-Chalmers Red is the color of orange-red flame as Mary Flannery's fictional suns often are. Suns often suggest the presence of God in O'Connor's works. Brightness redeems or persecutes, and the eyes' heightened sensitivity to the sun is a consequence of lupus. Allis-Chalmers Red is red-orange like the sun. With the purchase of the tractor in 1953, Allis-Chalmers Red came to Andalusia. Somewhat like the bright red Letz mill, the bright tractor color is the color of the sun embodied as machine. Mary Flannery saw, through her bedroom windows, the bright red machines, and they would pass her as she fed her birds in the afternoons. Another consequence of the ACTH Mary Flannery took for lupus was the sun's elevated harshness to her skin. At the beginning of January 1953 from Milledgeville, she writes, "Now that I know I have [ACTH] I can take care of myself a lot better. I stay strictly out of the sun . . ." (25 Jan. 1953, *HB* 55). For Mary Flannery by 1953, the sun became something to fear and be in awe of—something like God. I suspect machinery painted the color of the sun was impossible to ignore or avoid.

Steve Henson's *statement of significance* to the National Register proposed, "It is commonly suggested that Southern fiction is marked by the importance given to a sense of place, that landscape becomes a major force in shaping of the action. Certainly, this is true in Flannery O'Connor's work" (para. 4). Mary Flannery saw a working farm when she descended the low steps of the back door of Andalusia to her aviary in the backyard where her big birds were, around a small garage known as the nail house. The removal of the nail house's rotted remains began in the winter of 2015. The nail house is where Uncle Louis Cline stored hardware samples because he was a traveling hardware salesman. Atop the nail house and the surrounding crepe myrtles, the peafowl would roost and call loudly in the night and early mornings right outside Regina and Mary Flannery's adjacent bedrooms. Mary Flannery would sit on the back steps often and watch the peafowl, yet Regina wasn't a fan of the calls of peafowl or of the fact that they ate her flowers. In "The Displaced Person," Mrs. McIntyre wasn't a fan of peafowl either, which is another place where fiction meets nonfiction in Mary Flannery's works.



Still a bright orange-red in 2014, the Letz mill as it had rested (for years) protected from the elements by the rear roof of Andalusia's tool shed prior to the rebuilding that began in 2015.

Mary Flannery and Regina Cline O'Connor never went tractor shopping. "However the purchases of equipment were made, Uncle Louis was the one who made it possible" (Florecourt). As Ms. Louise states, I also doubt Regina ever researched heavy equipment besides, perhaps, seeing Allis-Chalmers advertisements. Uncle Louis probably told his sister, Regina, how a new machine and its implements would benefit the farm and revolutionize the farm's production. After all, Uncle Louis was a salesman. Uncle Louis probably got a good deal on the tractor package and maybe even paid wholesale for the Allis-Chalmers through his connections in the hardware business. Before 1947, when Uncle Bernard was still alive, much of the other farm equipment was purchased, perhaps implements such as the "letz mill" or the "silage cutter" or other machinery from "The Displaced Person."

Mrs. McIntyre had just bought [the silage cutter] because she said, for the first time, she had somebody who could operate it. Mr. Guizac could drive a tractor, use the rotary hay-baler, the silage cutter, the combine, the letz mill, or any other machine she had on the place. (CW 292)



Andalusia's Letz mill is equipped with a series of conveyors and pulleys powered by a tractor's PTO that ran a belt of sharpened blades leading from a hopper. The Letz was used to make feeds like sweet feed for horses and cracked corn for peafowl. To the right, a gray whetstone can be used to sharpen the long, thin blades.

Despite Mrs. McIntyre's fictional purchase, it was Regina Cline O'Connor's brothers who had the implements and tractor delivered to Andalusia, which was, legally, half her brother Louis's house and land and practically his home. Andalusia was left to Louis and Regina by Uncle Bernard when he passed away 26 Jan. 1947, but his will wasn't proven in solemn form until 13 Aug. 1962, meaning that Andalusia wasn't securely Regina and Louis's until Bernard's will was secured in 1962. Nonetheless, perhaps Regina paid cash for the 1953 Allis-Chalmers. Farm records indicate that the 1953 harvester was purchased at a depreciated \$1,006.50.

Uncle Louis was a major presence at Andalusia as he came and went to his bedroom in the north wing of the big house opposite the side of the house where Regina and Flannery slept; however, as of late, the bedroom of Uncle Louis has been painted various colors, his bed removed, and his bedroom made a sitting area where art is displayed. Where the nail house was, a new Georgia pine deck was installed, to serve as a stage for readings and performances.

Although the farm that is Andalusia was also Louis Cline's until his death in 1973, his male presence has been de-emphasized, if not ignored, to put the focus on the lives of the women who lived at Andalusia. The nail house, also once painted red, held Uncle Louis's hardware samples that he'd sell to rural hardware stores, bringing modernity from the city of Atlanta into Georgia's small towns while using his and his sister's rural farm as a base of operation.

An upstairs room at Andalusia was cleaned out not too long ago and sorted through. Much of the contents went to storage units that Ms. Louise pays the rent on until she finds time to decide what to keep and what to let go. In the upstairs room at Andalusia, several brand-new monogrammed shirts of Uncle Louis's were still folded in their packaging although they were at least forty years old. Ms. Louise tells me Uncle Louis never bought one of anything.

The dairy farm was a major operation to many people needing work as Mary Flannery wrote her fiction. People of many races and backgrounds came and went while she watched and wrote. The Model WD 1953 Allis-Chalmers tractor that visitors could even sit on outside in the summer of 2015 at Andalusia with its tricycle front-end is the tractor that drives through "The Displaced Person" when she envisioned it.





Rebuildable magneto from Andalusia's model WD Allis-Chalmers. The magneto sends the spark to fire the Allis-Chalmers's engine.

In Mary Flannery's time, the O'Connors weren't southern plantation owners sipping mint juleps while watching their farmhands work. Regina Cline O'Connor was making a go of it on the dairy farm that the much older Bernard began so she could make money that she and her ill daughter rather desperately needed. Regina's answer was a dairy farm on land her family had owned since Bernard bought it along with many of the surrounding acres. They called it Sorrel Farm. When Mary Flannery returned to Milledgeville, Georgia, from the Fitzgerald home in Ridgefield, Connecticut, she returned home to a mother trying to make a living as a dairywoman to not only survive but, now, also to pay doctor bills to keep her ill daughter as comfortable as possible, despite how many times Mary Flannery's fiction kills Regina.



Dilac, still in production today, is a phosphoric, nitric acid blend descaler that removes calcium and magnesium, protecting milking equipment from calcium and magnesium (milkstone) deposits caused by the milking process and hard water. These cardboard boxes were cleaned from Andalusia's milking parlor in 2014. Andalusia's milking stations and trough are in the background.



Day-to-day reality on a middle Georgia dairy farm: various livestock sprays, flycord, and rusting chemical containers, among other records deemed disposable, were discarded from Andalusia beginning in 2014.

When I helped clean out the milking parlor that is attached to the north side of the main barn, I saw a date etched into a slab of concrete. The date appeared after a powerful orange commercial blower made by Stihl blew dust out of the back barn door when the feed trough was cleaned. The etched year was 1945—a few years before Uncle Bernard’s death when he still operated Andalusia as a dairy farm from his medical practice in Atlanta and used his land as hunting land before his sister Regina became the primary operator of the farm. On weekends, Uncle Bernard was a consistent presence at his farm he called Sorrel Farm, as Dr. Bernard also practiced medicine in Milledgeville. He was still alive when his niece Mary Flannery left for Iowa. In 1945, he had the milking parlor built to the latest and most modern specifications just as the Greenleafs’ barn is built in Mary Flannery’s “Greenleaf”:

[Mrs. May] had not seen [the Greenleaf barn] before but Mr. Greenleaf had described it in detail for it had been built according to the latest specifications. It was a milking parlor arrangement where the cows are milked from below. The milk ran in pipes from the machines to the milk house and was never carried in no bucket, Mr. Greenleaf said, by no human hand. (CW 514)

It appears that the “latest” feed trough was built before Mary Flannery left Milledgeville for Iowa. The automatic milkers and Surge pipes to carry the milk may come later. Nonetheless, “One of the improvements was the purchase of automatic milkers. That saved a lot of time” (Florencourt).



For modern dairy production through the 1950s, Andalusia's Surge milking system with nozzle and air compressor (in the photo's background) would have worked with a system of pipes, hoses, and black rubber milkers attached to the teats of cows to create suction for deriving milk.



Andalusia's milking parlor, completed in 1945. Note the pipework among the silver cattle harness stations through which the milk may have been extracted—never touching a human hand.

On any farm, production is vital. For example, a dairy farm has lots of cows that must graze, mate, and feed to be profitable. Mary Flannery found herself encompassed by cows, and a few bulls, after returning to Milledgeville and Andalusia. Or as Asbury Fox notes in “The Enduring Chill,”

On the point of death, [Asbury] found himself existing in a state of illumination that was totally out of keeping with the kind of talk he had to listen to from his mother. This was largely about cows with names like Daisy and Bessie Button and their intimate functions—like their mastitis and their screwworms and their abortions. (CW 557)

At Georgia College's Special Collections, Regina Cline O'Connor's list of dairy cattle has entries for both a “Daisy” and a “Bess” (Andalusia Farm Records).

Livestock must be fed and maintained, and the more necessary material that can be derived from the farm itself, the lower the feed bills and the lower the overhead.

Hay, for example, grows as tall grasses that must be cut, raked, dried, baled, and stored in the spring and summer to sustain livestock through the winter. One issue with hay is that it must be processed when the growth is right or rains will turn it rancid. The more hay that can be derived from the farm, the more nourishment for the livestock in winter; however, it's a difficult, hot, and time-sensitive process that is dependent upon weather conditions, which means heat and rain in middle Georgia in the late spring and summer. There's even a risk of fire if bound hay is not cured sufficiently to prevent the organic material from overheating in the barn lofts. The bright red tractor and its implements would help all of this. The 1953 Allis-Chalmers WD also came with a cutter and hopper trailer that, when disassembled, looks like pieces of random metal that might've been recycled when the tool shed was rebuilt. The hopper's trailer is still at Andalusia, but it doesn't look like part of the advertised tractor package that can be seen in Allis-Chalmers advertisements in 1953 editions of magazines such as *Progressive Farmer* and *Country Gentleman*. For the most part, all of the pieces are there and able to be reassembled with some work.



The trailer attachment to the Allis-Chalmers model WD (with its side panels since rotted and/or repurposed) served to collect grain, hay, and other forage the combine would have gathered and disbursed from fields into the paneled trailer. A Lamb mason jar that had once collected oil from an Andalusia machine rests on the trailer's front end.

Mary Flannery would first publish “The Displaced Person” in the *Sewanee Review* in Autumn 1954. In 1955, it’s re-published in the collection *A Good Man Is Hard to Find and Other Stories*. The Allis-Chalmers wasn’t two years old when the long story was republished in the 1955 collection; however, O’Connor had been watching the Allis-Chalmers operate on the farm since shortly after returning to Milledgeville in 1952-53 because of lupus. The bright Allis-Chalmers was a new machine that an imaginary Mr. Guizac could drive very well—almost too well. He could deftly utilize it and its implements better than anyone, but it cost him his life.

As machines replaced beasts of burden on farms and in agriculture, the natural process was that attachments of implements to tractors mimicked how animals had been harnessed to and pulled attachments and implements, which was via a drawbar rigged horizontally behind animals. This method became the logical transference as tractors developed, replacing beasts. Implements could be attached to the drawbar of a tractor, from discs to turn plows to rakes or anything else invented to work and alter the land. In this manner, tractors clumsily worked until the invention of the three-point hitch. The 1953 Allis-Chalmers tractor was powered by roughly forty-five horsepower, which is still how engine power is rated—by how many beasts an engine’s power is equivalent to.



Rear transmission case and dual clutch system of Andalusia’s Allis-Chalmers WD, showing the four forward gears and reverse gears in the operator’s console, as well as the seat and the feet bars.

Early tractors pulled plows and other implements behind them, seldom using the tractor's full power because of the inability of tires to pierce the soil as naturally as hooves can. Power wasn't the biggest problem with tractors—traction was. With a plow lodged in the ground, it was the inability to gain enough traction from the tractor to pull the implement from the earth that caused issues. Early tractors were heavy, and steel lugs were sometimes embedded into the tires, or tires were made of metal, in attempts to achieve maximum traction.





Operator's steering column of Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers WD.

Today, Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers WD is mostly safe for a Mr. Guizac or others visiting Andalusia because of its two dry-rotten rubber tires—tires that cannot roll downhill. It's tucked away in a newly rebuilt tool shed built with locally cut pine and the heaviest nails you'd ever want to drive one right after the other into wood under the middle Georgia summer sun. The Allis-Chalmers's brakes, however, are not frozen, and the parking brake could easily dislodge again if the tractor were parked on a rise. Although rusty, the 1953 Allis-Chalmers tractor's transmission is free; the motor isn't locked-up, but the battery is dead. It is in phenomenal

condition besides the paint and tires. It was stored with care and thoroughness as if a worker would return to it soon.

Someone put the Allis-Chalmers up for the season, believing he or she would return and drive it sooner than 2015, when I sat on the 1953 Allis-Chalmers, put the old gear box in reverse, and leaned back in its seat that sits like a driver's seat fully reclined. As I held to the steering wheel, a man and his two-and-a-half-ton truck with a chain pulled Andalusia's Allis-Chalmers from beneath the falling-in tool shed so a more stable shelter could be built for it.

It is with a hopeful patience that O'Connor scholars and pilgrims await the gate that has been locked since the University System of Georgia was gifted Andalusia. Too many have gone there of late only to find its gate locked to visitors as mysterious work is being done inside. It is hoped that that gate opens again soon, and those who come to know Andalusia see her as Mary Flannery saw her. 🍷



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