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Editors Foreword

In June or July 1987, while he was still doing some consulting work in agriculture, Thomas had a serious automobile accident because of his failing eyesight. He suffered a subdural hematoma that went initially undetected by the medical establishment. Lib and Virginia and Susannah knew that something was amiss but the docs just thought he was drunk. When he didn't sober up they got suspicious and finally sent him to Columbia where surgery was performed to relieve the pressure, but by then, damage had been done. He suffered a long period of physical and mental rehabilitation. Then at some point probably in 1988, he undertook these writings.

Susannah has said; "... the brain injury did not affect his memory or ability to focus - .. it made him much more emotional about everything - he became worried about his children".

He wrote this in his cursive hand on yellow legal pads. I have changed not a word of his writing in this document. I have added headings, and notes and comments in the form of footnotes. The notes will draw attention to information in my possession that was not available to him, or that he did not include in his writing.

The comments are purely the opinion of the editor.
- Thomas T. Traywick, Jr, May 28, 2015

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JOSEPH BASCOMBE TRAYWICK

Joseph Bascombe Traywick¹ was born November 27, 1860 near Fountain Hill Methodist Church, which was and is located in Anson County near to the county line between Anson and Union counties in North Carolina, not far above Peachland.² His father was Thomas Didymus Traywick (born Feb. 10, 1840; died Aug. 5, 1862³ in Little Rock while in the Army), son of Asa and Delilah Helms Traywick. His mother was Susannah Jane Barkley (born March 22, 1838; died June 13, 1865 in Anson County, N. C.), daughter of Micaiah and Nancy Mitchum Barkley. Shortly after Joseph's birth his parents moved (early 1861) to Arkansas along with his mother's brother, Jeremiah Barkley and his father's sister, Jeremiah's wife, Mary Ann Traywick Barkley. Joseph's sister, Sophronia, a little more than a year older than he, was also with them, as well as several Barkley children. They settled in Union County, Arkansas, near the town of El Dorado.

The ancestry of Asa Traywick may be found in the booklet, *The Tra(y)wick Family in America*, a copy of which is in my papers. Briefly, the first known Traywick was Robert, in Virginia in the late 1600's of early 1700's. Then there is another Robert, probably his son, who appeared in Wake County, North Carolina in the 1700's. One of his (Robert II) younger sons, Berryman, settled in Anson County, N. C. in the late 1700's, having married one Dorcas Hyatt, from Baltimore, I think. Their son Asa was my father's grandfather.

There are Traywicks in Northumberland and in Cornwall, England.

Some time in 1861 Thomas D. Traywick and Jeremiah Barkley enlisted in the militia at the beginning of the Confederate War. In less than a year from his enlistment Thomas died from complications following measles or some such disease. This information was discovered by Meredith Ford (Mrs. William C.) Lewis, of El Dorado, a great grand daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Ann Traywick Barkley.

¹ Thomas' father. In this document he spells his father's middle name both with and "e" and without.

² The Fountain Hill Methodist Church community straddles the county line, and the community and the church cemetery are full of Traywicks, all descended from Berryman Traywick. The home site and family cemetery of Asa Traywick are located within a mile of the Church.

³ According to pay records of the 37th Arkansas Infantry "Pleasant's Regiment" CSA, Thomas Didymus Traywick enlisted at Hillsboro, Arkansas April 26, 1862, "in hospital from June 17", and "Died July 30, 1862 Little Rock". On January 5, 1864 a claim (for back pay?) was filed by "Susan J. Traywick widow".

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Mrs. Lewis also discovered, in a family Bible in the possession of a son of Sophronia Traywick (who married a Rushing originally from Anson-Union County, N. C.) that Susannah Barkley Traywick died in 1864 or 1865 at the home of her parents in North Carolina. I had thought that she had died in Arkansas. The census of 1870 shows Joseph Bascombe living with his grandfather, Micaiah Barkley in Arkansas. Sophronia was with one of the other Barkley families, according to Mrs. Lewis. The Micaiah Barkleys must have left N. C. shortly after Susannah's death. In a note published in the Methodist Advocate at the time of my father's death, Uncle Joe (The Rev. Joseph Benjamin Traywick) then stationed in Denmark, states that my father and his sister were in N. C. with their mother at the time of her death. Their grandparents, the Micaiah Barkley's moved to Arkansas shortly thereafter and were in Arkansas at the Census of 1870. That Mrs. Barkley was Susannah's stepmother, her mother having previously died.

In 1875 Sophronia married J. Tom Rushing, a man about twice her age, who had come out from N. C. after the Civil War. Shortly after her marriage, Joseph left Arkansas and made his way to his uncle, the Rev. Joseph Benjamin Traywick, then stationed as a Methodist minister at Laurens, S. C. As I heard the story, Joseph made his way to Atlanta, where the Methodist Church South was then in Conference. His uncle may or may not have been at Conference, but Joseph found out where he was and transportation to Laurens was arranged. There is also a story I was told about Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Traywick looking out and seeing the forlorn boy trudging up the street. He remained with the J. B. Traywicks till he was an adult and always spoke of Mrs. Traywick as "Auntie". I always called the younger Traywicks (sons or daughters of the Rev. and Mrs. J. B.) "Uncle" or "Aunt".

My father died of typhoid in 1911 when I was two years old. I knew from my mother that he left a sister in Arkansas, but I never heard of them communicating. I don't have any idea how close they were in childhood. The Census of 1870 places them in separate households. Joseph was with his grandfather, Micaiah Barkley. Meredith Ford Lewis discovered that Sophronia was with some of the Jeremiah Barkley connections. I felt, from my mother's stories, that Joseph felt some degree of resentment toward his sister, although I don't remember Mother's saying so, and I don't know what the reason was. It may well have been because of her marriage when he was 15, to a man near twice their age.

He evidently left Arkansas shortly after her marriage, if that was really the case. I also received from my mother the impression that Uncle Jeremiah was a stern individual (borne out in the letters to Dr. A. P. Traywick from his (Jeremiah's) daughter; and that there was friction between Joseph and his cousins. I don't have any details however.

I heard from members of the Rev. J. B. Traywick family that Joseph first worked (as soon as he was old enough) for a Mr. John B. Humbert who lived near Honea Path and farmed (see the Rev. J. B. Traywick's piece from the Methodist Advocate). Mr. Humbert later became a cotton mill owner in Seneca. His son stopped by Magnolia Lane in the 1930's and visited with me a short while.

There were in the 1870's or 1880's family connections in Laurens of the Pooser family of Orangeburg. Through that connection Joseph was engaged to come to

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Orangeburg and work for the Poosers (in 1882 according to his "Uncle Joe", the Rev. J. B. Traywick). I don't know the date.

It appears, from data I discovered in the Clerk of Court's office in Orangeburg and in the Orangeburg Archives that there were connections between the Humberts and the Poosers, so I suppose that is the reason for his move to Orangeburg County. I have attached some documentation for the Pooser-Humbert connection.

The next thing that I know of my father, Joseph, was related by my mother's brother, William Otis Tatum (Uncle Bubber). Uncle Bubber was, in 1886 or thereabouts, farming (renting or managing) the fourth of the Donald Rowe property remaining in the family. These lands belonged to the Simmons family, who were descendants of Rowe. According to Uncle Bubber, the Donald Rowe tract was at the time of the Civil War "a league of land from Cooper Swamp to the river". The "river" is the South Fork of the Edisto. The Simmons property lay West of the Orangeburg-Bamberg road, from Cooper Swamp to the river. Uncle Bubber took my father on as a sharecropper and my father and one black man raised 60 acres of cotton. That was with one horse (mule) equipment. I understand that the approximate location of the 60 acres was where the Atlantic Coastline Railroad later came through the Simmons property (about where the auction yard is now).

Uncle Bubber told me that Mr. Martin Cope was by this time in possession of the western fourth of the Donald Rowe land on which the town of Cope lies. I understand that he acquired these lands for salary as overseer during the war while the Rowes were in the Confederate Army. Mr. Cope came by and asked Uncle Bubber if he knew of anyone he could get to run his daughter-in-law's place. His son, the first Frank Cope, had just died. Uncle Bubber told him he had just the man, and referred him to Joseph, my father. My father was engaged and, in 1890, he bought the first tracts of about 160 acres that were the nucleus of Magnolia Lane Farm. They adjoined the Frank Cope property, which he was overseeing. That property, at Mrs. Frank Cope, Sr.'s death, was divided among her children Frank Cope, Walter Cope, Mrs. Burton Ashe (St. Clair), and Mrs. E. C. Rhoden (Julia). I will catalog in due course the tracts of land that made up Magnolia Lane Farm when it was sold in 1984. All of the land was originally a part of the John M. McMichael property, which was broken up and sold in 1870, as so many ante-bellum plantations were. Mrs. Rosa Felder (who was a Wolfe from Wolfston) and whose husband, John (Jack) Felder was a grandson of John M. (Jack) McMichael, told me that 5000 acres extending along the Orangeburg-Bamberg road (now U. S. 301) from Cooper Swamp to the vicinity of Zion Church was "MaMa's (Mrs. Jack McMichael's) dower". She said the McMichael property extended to Great Branch, which is above Bolen.

Joe Traywick must have begun almost immediately to improve his property. There are early photos showing the house that I knew in my childhood, with almost no trees or shrubbery surrounding it. Later photos and my earliest memories 25 years later show large trees and shrubbery, so he must have built early and started planting. The avenue was planted at first to the county road and then thereafter extended to the Bamberg Road. He had to buy a right-of-way either

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from Horace Hughes (Uncle of Judge Jerry Hughes) or Jim Green (father of Jim Green, Lucia's husband) to get out to the Bamberg Road. Later he bought the Hughes property and Mother bought the Green property, which we called the Muck Place from the name of the people who were long time tenants before Mother bought it.

As soon as Joe Traywick built a house the cousins from the family of the Rev. J. B. Traywick began to visit him and it became a second home to them. The Marion Green (brother of aforementioned Jim Green) family then lived at the place later owned and occupied by J. C. Hayden, Jr. There was a large number of daughters in that family. I have seen a picture of six of them as in the well-known Flora Dora Sextette of turn of the century fame. Miss Janie Crute of Farmville, Virginia became a governess in that household and it was there that Dr. A. P. (Uncle Paul) Traywick met and courted her. She became his wife and I knew her as "Aunt Janie". Dr. Traywick spoke to me often of his sojourns with my father, but I don't recall much about the stories. I do remember his saying that Joe would be at Magnolia Lane (which my father called Magnolia Center) all day and then get on his horse and ride to Norway, where he operated a saw mill. I later learned that he was thought to have stopped along the way and to have fathered at least two children in the St. George Church neighborhood.

During all this time Mr. Traywick was associated with a group of young people that included W. O. Tatum, Jake Thomas and Nathan Thomas (the latter married my Aunt Janie Tatum). I recall being told that Mr. Traywick was a member of Oakland Methodist Church, which was located where the cemetery is on the county road that lies between the Frank Cope place and the Nathan Thomas place (later owned by James Wilkes). I believe that the Branchville road used to go through there. Oakland and Union (towards Norway) Methodist Churches later united to form Union church in Cope. Mr. Traywick was Sunday School Superintendent in one or both of these churches.

I heard it said that Mr. Traywick courted all of the Tatum girls and finally settled on the youngest, Edna, my mother. It took him, or her, quite a spell to decide, however, for she was 32 when they were married in 1907. Prior to that she taught school at a number of places. Burton Ashe told of going to school under her in the Frog Level neighborhood, possibly at Dry Swamp. There was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Miss Vergie Dantzler, who had been a pupil of hers in the Holly Hill-Eutawville area.

My father died in 1911 of typhoid fever. I have a very distinct memory of him on his death bed, I think, with other members of the family (Aunt Mag, etc.) present. Not a sad scene. I always heard that he was run down from overwork. I understood that Mother paid up a good bit of indebtedness that he left. I believe he had some insurance.

After the death of Joseph Bascomb Traywick in 1911, his widow, Edna Tatum Traywick operated the farm. She engaged J. Burton Ashe as farm manager, a position he held until his untimely death in 1928.

MAGNOLIA LANE FARM***

Mother bought the Muck Place from Jim Green in 1918 at the unprecedented price of \$200 per acre and paid \$10,000 cash for it. Cotton was bringing 40 cents per pound. Many people bought land in that post war time, mortgaged every thing they had to pay for it and then lost it all in the farm depression of the 1920's.

Within a year or so of my father's death, Mother hired Burton Ashe to run her farm. He married St. Clair Cope, youngest of the Frank Cope, Sr., offspring. Burton was like a parent to me.

I grew up as a rather typical only child; in this case having as additional parents my two maiden aunts: Aunt Mag (Margaret Elizabeth Tatum) and Aunt Loulie (Laura Tallulah Tatum) who, although they lived in Cope, were practically members of our household. I should say we had joint households.

A very important segment of our extended family was the Barton family. My mother's sister, Aunt Leta, was married to Dr. H. M. (Uncle Harry) Barton. Uncle Harry's mother was Cornelia Izlar, first cousin of Mary Washington Smith, "Grandma Tatum" (Aunt Leta's mother). They lived in Cope and Uncle Harry practiced medicine and ran a drug store (Mr. D. Barton Fogle was named Dr. Barton for him I believe) until after their daughters (Mary Cornelia, Kathleen, and Margaret: "Sister", "Honey" and "Peg") were born. They later moved to Walhalla, but the girls spent a lot of time with Aunt Mag and Aunt Loulie in Cope and with us at Magnolia Lane. We frequently visited them in Walhalla. They seemed closer to me than just cousins and they eventually looked on my children as their grand children. This relationship continued through the Barton girls' retirement at Carolina Village in Hendersonville, N. C. During my college years and until their retirement, Honey's and Sister's home in Greenville was a second home to me, Lib and our children.

I led a rather secluded childhood and read continuously, although I frequently visited my cousins, the W. O. Tatum (Uncle Bubber) children (James and Ed Tatum were nearer my age), Dick Thomas, and the Herbert Zeigler children. The Herbert Zeiglers lived across Cooper Swamp on what is now the Henry Whisenhunt Place across the road from the barn in front of Ray's house. Herbert was Tatum Zeigler's brother and my first cousin. He had two daughters, Juliana and Alberta. I enjoyed these visits.

I rode Princess, my father's old black mare, to visit the Zieglers across the creek, following the road just about as it is now. On one of these visits Cousin Florence, Herbert's wife, sent my mother an elephant earplant and Princess was so afraid of it that she ran home at full speed, finally coming to a sudden stop at the lot gate and I went over her head. I was not seriously injured, though I thought I was killed.

Burton sometimes let me operate the reaper and binder⁴, which was used to harvest oats, rye, and wheat. It was drawn by a team of four mules, driven by a black man, Wes Blair as I recall, who rode one of them.⁵ A central [sic].

*** Editors Heading

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I sometimes helped shock the grain after it was cut. The binder left the grain in 10 or 12-inch bundles. "Shocking" was arranging the bundles in "shocks" of four or more, placed with stems down and grain up, leaning against each other so that they would cure and shed rain. Sometimes a bundle or two was placed on top of the larger shocks to protect them from rain.

I also on occasion operated the sawmill or the gin, which replaced father's gin that burned in 1915. I always had helpers that knew as much or more than I did and was not left at these tasks long without relief or assistance by Burton. I was by no means a regular farm hand, but I was not isolated from farm work.

In the fall of 1915, when I was six years old I started to school at Bryan (or Bryant's) Academy, which was located in front of the Frank Cope (now Godowns) home about where the "County Road" joins the Godowns avenue (south of that juncture). My Aunt Loulie (Miss L. T. Tatum) was principal of the school at the time. It was the equivalent of grammar school and junior high, although I think some went from it to college. Bryan Academy served the Fogle community, about as far as St. George Church, the area between Cooper and Snake Swamps north of the railroad, the people on the Bamberg road toward Orangeburg as far as the Funderburk (the Woodrow Gray) place, and towards Bamberg as far as the railroad, as well as the Lorings, from Frog Level and one or two of Uncle Bubber's children (Lillian is the only one I recall) from near Cope, sent, no doubt because of Aunt Loulie.

Aunt Loulie's health failed (Parkinson's) after I had been in school five or six years and she taught me a year as a sort of tapering off for her, but definitely not for me. I went to her home in Cope, sometimes on horseback, for that year. There was also a spell in late spring of one of these late grammar school, early high school years when Rosalie Walter (daughter of Mr. R. A. "Bob" Walter who lived in the Arthur Gibson house out on "301") and I went to Poplar Springs near Zion Church but on the Norway-Orangeburg road to finish out the year when Bryan Academy closed early because of finances. The principal at Poplar Springs was Miss Dessie Dean, who had taught at Bryan Academy several years before and boarded at the Walter's. Mr. Walter was a trustee of Bryan Academy, as was I think Mr. J. C. "Calvin" Hayden, Sr. There was also, I believe, usually a trustee from the Fogle neighborhood.

Bryan Academy ceased operations after my sixth year in school and the next year I went to Cope to take the eighth grade. That was, I think, the 1921-22 school year. I recall that as being the first year I drove a car. The rest of my high school experience was at Orangeburg. Herbert Zeigler's daughters, Juliana and Alberta went to school in Orangeburg along with Rosalie Walter and me. Rosalie and I supplied the cars.

My high school experience at Orangeburg was pleasant but uneventful. I never felt that the Zeigler girls and I were completely accepted in the Orangeburg social set, although Rosalie Walter was. Her uncle, Dr. George Walter, lived

⁴ For a detailed brochure explaining the 1903 McCormick Binder see <http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1467&context=tractormuseumlit>

⁵ The next two words are not clear and dangle without punctuation in the cursive manuscript, but appear to be "A central" and are reproduced here as such.

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in Orangeburg. However, it was not a traumatic experience and there were few if any scars. All the same, I felt closer to people who grew up later in Orangeburg than I did to most of my own age group.

When I went to Wofford that opened a new era in my life. Yet there is not a whole lot I think of recalling about those four years. The burning of my father's house, in November 1925 is probably the outstanding event of my college years. That happened my freshman year before I came home for the holidays. The fire was discovered in the sitting room closet, which was a sort of catch-all for family and farm. It was thought to have been some form of spontaneous combustion or an electrical short. We never knew.

Perhaps the reason my Wofford College days are not highlighted by any particular experience is that they were really a stage of development from childhood (I became 15 years old after I got on campus my freshman year) to near adulthood. I didn't really start dating girls much until my Junior year. It may not have been till my Senior year. I started going to dances when I was at military camp at Anniston, Alabama the summer after my Junior year. I took a Model T Ford roadster (single seat with rumble seat) to camp with me. Legrand Jones, Belton Culler and I went to New Orleans after camp. While in that area, we dropped in on the John Tatums who lived at Baton Rouge, and the Herbert Zeiglers who had moved in the late 20's and lived west of the Mississippi at Lottle perhaps. We crossed the river by ferry at Donaldsonville, I think. Later that summer I went to Camp Perry, Ohio (on Lake Erie between Cleveland and Toledo) to take part in the rifle matches as a member of the Fourth Corps Area rifle team. I was really an alternate, having made Marksman (210-220) at Anniston. Most who made the team shot Expert. I made the trip because someone who actually made the team couldn't go. I made the trip alone in the Model T, up U. S. 21 to Cleveland. The Model T and I covered some miles that summer! I had to come right back as soon as I got there because of Burton Ashe's death. I came back U. S. 25 Cincinnati-Asheville.

Burton's death was traumatic for Mother, for she had come to look on him as almost another son. While it wasn't as traumatic for me, for so many developments were taking place in my life, it certainly removed someone of whom I was very fond who would have been a great support to me in my farming years. Losing first my father and then Burton removed two people who would have been great factors in my life.

On reflection, I think the reason why my Wofford experience isn't highlighted more in my memory, is that it was really an extension of my home experience; incomparably richer and more intense, to be sure, but a continuation and development of what began at home. Probably the most important result of my Wofford experience was my friendship with Walter Herbert. That really came to fruition as a result of our being the two people from Wofford who took an International Relations Club trip to Europe the summer after we graduated. Perhaps our relationship would have reopened anyhow as I matured, but I don't recall our having been so very close at Wofford, though we surely had many common interests, particularly Greek, Glee Club and rifle. In due course I shall give more of my impressions of my college and high school teachers.

While I was on the European trip I finally decided definitely to come home and farm. I had already applied to and been accepted at Stanford for a post

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graduate browsing course. When I was in Europe I realized that I was the same distance from home that I would have been at Stanford and I was sort of turned off by the Stanford graduate who was a member of our group. Home and the farm began to look good to me, so I wrote Mother to get me a catalog for the school of agriculture at the University of Georgia.

I was attracted to Georgia rather than Clemson because it was called a university, while Clemson was a military school.

I entered Georgia, soon joined the ATO fraternity, but fairly soon decided that I should have attended agriculture school in my home state, since I was going to farm there. However, I could not transfer till the end of the year, for Clemson was on the semester system and Georgia on the quarter system. I enjoyed my year at Georgia, but I spent almost every weekend in Spartanburg.

In 1930-31 I was at Clemson, and got my B. S. in Agriculture there in June, 1931, using lots of my Wofford credits for certain basic courses. My impression at the time was that Clemson was a little sounder academically than Georgia, but not greatly different.

During the summer or early fall after I got the Clemson degree I went to Charleston to try to get aboard a merchant ship as a seaman. I was not successful in this for that was in the depression and no places were available. I had a pleasant stay in Charleston, however, for about a week as a guest of _____ Nash, who was a day student at Clemson along with me and also an ATO. While in Charleston I renewed some old acquaintances and formed a few new ones. Burnet Maybank's first race for the mayoralty of Charleston was then in progress and that was an education in itself.

In 1932 I took over the management of the farm. A number of people have expressed amazement at Mother's turning it over to me as completely as she did. She was a strong-minded lady and had been an authoritarian parent. In some ways it may parallel my position when Tom came home. In each case there may have been a feeling of relief in the person who had been in charge. The 60's were vastly more complicated than the 30's however.

When I started farming I had just completed a B. S. in Animal Husbandry at Georgia and Clemson. The main influence this had on my farming was to center my interest in soils. The other influence was to make me put in a 20 sow (approximately) commercial hog operation, using mostly grade Duroc females and purebred Berkshire males. I used one-sow shed-type farrowing houses on skids, followed by shed-type, straw roofed, growing sheds on some form of grazing. I also began to grade up the common cattle that I found on the farm (a half dozen or so mostly kept as milk cows) by bringing in Angus bulls.

My soil building and maintenance program centered around re-terracing the whole place (my father had terraced it with level terraces, but these were in disrepair). I also started a three-year rotation of cotton, corn and small grain (oats, wheat and sometimes rye). The small grain was followed by cowpeas as a green manure. I attempted to return all crop residues to the soil. Burning of crop residues, particularly after small grain was a common practice then. In the 40's the peas gave way to soybeans for grain.

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At first land preparation was by two horse turn plows, followed by double disk harrows. These were followed by drag harrows with teeth if needed for smoothing. All implements were mule drawn at first, but soon a tractor replaced the mules in preparation. A disk tiller replaced the turn plows. Corn was planted in what was known as the Williamson method (from Darlington County), in "middle buster" or lister furrows about 6 feet apart (1 to 2 feet in the drill). Peas were planted in the middles at lay-by time, for soil building. Occasionally velvet beans⁶ were planted in the middles to be eaten by cattle turned directly on them after corn harvest. Corn was "broken" (slip shucked off the stalk) and put in heap rows or thrown directly into wagon bodies.⁷ "Slip shucking" was taking the ear from the outer shuck but leaving the inner shuck on the ear. The goal in corn production was about 40 bushels per acre. A good wheat yield was 20 bushels per acre and oats was 50 bushels plus.

There were, among the people on the place, those who knew how to plant and cultivate the field crops. Among these I found Clinton "Big Son" Sharperson (Rinie's brother) especially helpful. He, and others made up for my lack of know-how.

I haven't mentioned the cotton third of the rotation. It was the main money crop besides hogs and my personal favorite along with hogs. Cotton was planted at first on beds 36 inches apart thrown up by one-horse turn plows or by middle busters and then blocked off just before planting. My average cotton yield, recorded at the AAA office was about 625 pounds of lint per acre, which was very good. 500 pounds (1 bale) per acre was the goal. In later years the goal moved up to 1000 pounds and our average was, I believe, better than 900 pounds per acre.

I probably, with all my lack of experience, was never a better farmer, comparatively speaking, than I was in my first decade. I heard some members of the Extension Service say that my name was suggested as a Master Farmer, but was rejected because I wasn't married and the emphasis was on the farm family. Be that as it may, in later years we were given the opportunity to join a program, which could have resulted in our being named a Master Farm Family, and I quixotically perhaps declined to join.

I did, however, in 1937 participate in the formation of the Edisto Soil Conservation District which at first was made up of Aiken, Barnwell and Allendale Counties and the western halves of Orangeburg and Bamberg Counties. Soils being one of my main interests, this work was my most important public activity for some 15 years.

The year 1939, of course, was the most important year of my life, for it marked the merger of my life with that of Mary Elisabeth Deaver, my beloved partner for the rest of my life and the mother of our great family. From my point of view ours was a story-book relationship, both from the stand point of personal attraction and a strong belief in family. Lib, from the beginning took me to meet her wide family relationship and that strengthened my attraction to her.

⁶ Velvet beans produced large amounts of green manure and forage.
<http://www.ag.auburn.edu/comm/news/1997/velvetbean.php>

⁷ The corn was hauled by horse drawn wagon to the barn or to the tractor powered Corn Sheller which was a smaller version of the Thresher

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Our fine children bear out that we each made a good choice. She brought into my life and my family an emphasis on things of the heart, and emphasis that was to strengthen as years passed.

Our marriage began the decade of the 40's, which was different in that and many other respects from the 30's. Domestically, married life and the births of the three boys dominated the picture. My being an only son and the head of a farming business kept me out of the war, which began in Europe with the invasion of Poland shortly after our wedding. It is hard to conceive the way that a beloved wife and three beloved young sons changed my life.

Shortly after Jody's birth we rejoined Union Methodist Church in Cope, so that we would be attending church in the same community where our children went to school.

Farming underwent a big change in the 40's. In an attempt to forestall motorized mechanization, I bought a few work horses, with the idea of raising mule colts from them and I put in two horse walking cultivators to spread out the manpower. By the mid 40's however, I saw that motorized mechanization was necessary and I bought a set of cultivators for one of our Farmall tractors. By the end of the decade we were fully mechanized. Our next cultivating tractor was an Oliver 60. In retrospect, the 40's decade seems a low point in my farming career, although it obviously was not as low as the late 70's and early 80's which preceded our giving up and selling out.

In the 40's I began a quest for a white man or two as either a general assistant with an emphasis on mechanical know-how or a livestock herdsman. There were Floyd Crawford, Fred Sheram, Henry Quinn(?), Harry Rast and a Mr. Dantzler, not necessarily in that order. Sheram, Quinn and Rast were hog herdsman. Crawford and Dantzler were supervisory and mechanical. Each lasted about a year. Mr. T. D. Horton came after the others in a supervisory and mechanical capacity and stayed until Tom came home in 1964.

During the 40's I also tried some share cropping with Booker T. Green, Rufus Spell and others but that didn't work out either. In that decade cotton became less important because of labor difficulties. In the 50's we went to mechanical cotton-pickers and cotton resumed its place as our main money crop along with hogs.

Farming in the 50's I recall as being in a more or less satisfactory routine, but I began then to see the inevitability of doom for the family farm as I had known it. At that time I warned the boys to look elsewhere before they decided to farm and I did graduate work in the early 60's with a view of fitting myself for teaching. I did the course work for a Masters in History but never did the thesis.

So far as I know Jim never considered anything else but farming. Tom followed my advice to the extent of doing graduate work in accounting at the University of Florida for six months after finishing Wofford. After that he called to say he wanted to come home and farm. I never heard of Jody's considering farming as a livelihood. As long as he was at home he performed his chores but his main attraction to the countryside was to find a grassy slope on which to "meditate". When he finished high school he went into the Army for six months at Fort Jackson and at Fort Polk, Louisiana, getting that obligation out of the

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way except for Army Reserve duty. Then he did a year or so at Wofford, but didn't find the academic life to his taste. Meanwhile he had gotten his pilot's license. From that time on he worked for various firms, either as a pilot or as an attendant in the flying end of such firms. Meanwhile, he and Donna Wise, of Orangeburg were married. In June 1973 he was engaged by Spartan Foods Co. to buy their first airplane and take charge of their flying. These duties he executed, to quote Jerry Richardson, with class. This quality he exhibited, along with his brothers and his sister. It became more evident with them all, after they left Magnolia Lane. I guess that was because at home we were accustomed to class, but outsiders weren't.

The 50's were notable for two important developments in my life. First and foremost was the appearance of our daughter, Susannah. Before we were married, Lib, on learning that my father's mother was named Susannah Barkley, had decided that we would have a daughter with that name. For a long while it seemed that we wouldn't get to use the name, but on October 9, 1953, less than a year after our moving into our new house, Susannah joined us. Our cup was truly overflowing. The boys, then and ever after gave us great joy, but to quote Rogers and Hammerstein "there's nothing like a dame". Susannah is a worthy member of the group of remarkable women in my life.

I have mentioned our new house. We had looked forward, ever since our wedding to being able some day to build a replacement for my father's house, which burned in 1925. After a decade had passed, during which we pulled first one and then a second "tenant house" up and hitched them together, we saw that it was unlikely that we'd ever accumulate the funds to build, so we decided to borrow the money. We wanted, among other things, to have a nice home in which to bring up our children. Lib combined her great ideas with those of the architect to produce a design eminently suited to the setting. We moved into the new house in November, 1952, just 32 years before we sold out. It was then, and still is (in 1988) a landmark. The setting, of course, was my father's.

The second of the two aforementioned developments in the 50's was my connection with Wofford College. I had not been back to Wofford since 1933 when I went back to Homecoming. There was a campaign in the 40's when Dr. Green, then President visited Orangeburg, and I made a pledge of \$1000 which I paid in due course, and which was for many years the largest contribution to Wofford made from this area. \$1000 was a large sum in those days.

In the early 50's I was delegate to Methodist District Conference from Union Church at Cope, and there at Conference I met Philip Covington, who was Wofford's representative. He was, I believe, an assistant Dean. As always he charmed me and I started going back to Wofford at once; probably at Homecoming that year. I was chosen for the Board of Trustees in 1955 and the Council of Associates in 1966 when I went off of the Board. It seems to me that Wofford has been a greater factor in my life during these years than when I was a student. In addition, our three sons were students there from 1959 through 1967.

As I've mentioned before I did graduate work in history at the University of South Carolina 1960-64, thinking I might supplement my farming income by teaching in some one of the branch universities then springing up in the state. I enjoyed that experience very much, but I soon realized that my indebtedness was too heavy to allow me to take any time away from farming.

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1962 was marked by the passing of my mother. She was a great lady and I regret that I never made her realize what a great lady I thought she was. That is the old story; when you're young you can't appreciate your elders and when you do appreciate them, they're gone. However I truly think that Lib and I are blessed with the esteem of our children. Mother held my father's property and his business together in a time when women weren't supposed to have that kind of ability. Of course, she had the able assistance of Burton Ashe but she was the "head man". She then turned the business completely over to me, with just a guiding word now and then. That may not have been such a good idea, but, at least it wasn't immediately disastrous.

The 60's were a fairly good farming experience. Tom, Jr., joined the business in 1964 and Jim part time in 1965 and full time in 1969, after Viet Nam. My pleasure in having them at home was modified by my feeling that our existence as a family farm was doomed. Mr. Horton departed after Tom came home, but I'll have to say I couldn't have done my work at Carolina if I hadn't had him.

I recall that in 1966 we made an average of over 1100 pounds of lint per acre on a rather large acreage of cotton stretching from Cope to Cordova.

The early part of the 70's was one of those rare periods when yields and prices were relatively good and we made a little money on the farm. Disaster struck, however, in the first drought year of 1977 and after that, I recall only about two good years in the next 10, one of them the last year we farmed, 1984. That year, the closing down of our business had already been set in motion because of our indebtedness and the relatively good year was not enough to turn it around.

We did considerable "no-till" farming in the 70's and 80's. That involved planting corn or soybeans without prior preparation using a planter mounted on subsoilers. It was most dramatic when planting soybeans direct in grain stubble. We also began irrigating extensively in the mid 70's from a pond we constructed on Cooper Swamp.

By the end of the 70's it was evident that Jim was not happy not running his own farm. At my suggestion he withdrew, and he bought the Tatum Zeigler farm which the Marrett's were then selling. This farm included the old Tatum property, which Aunt Mag had sold to Tatum Zeigler.

Susannah came back to the farm in the early 80's after her and Chauncey's divorce and the sale of their business in Columbia. She at first was Tom's office assistant and then became hog herdsman as well. Had the business not already been moribund she would have no doubt have become a major partner in it.

After the 1977 debacle, Tom decided not to plant cotton and we didn't plant it again until 1984 which was understood to be our last year in farming. The cotton crop was given to me that year which was to be my most active year on the farm since the mid 70's. After the small grain was harvested Tom began to turn his attention toward making a living elsewhere and the farm was left more less to me. I really enjoyed making that cotton crop and it was a good one, around 2 bales per acre.

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The liquidation of the farm was accomplished in November 1, 1984. Mr. Al Engle of New Jersey purchased the real estate and the machinery was sold at auction.

There have been various opinions expressed as to why we failed. The land was some of the best in the Coastal Plain and we had the best of education and background. Many others failed in those years and many others did not. By and large, I think those who didn't fail were those who followed the policy of pay as you go: not running on borrowed money. Our doom was really sealed when I borrowed the money in 1952 to build the "Big House". However, I had always borrowed money each year to make a crop and I believe that policy would have been fatal in the long run. However, Jim and Cile appear to be successfully struggling out from under a similar handicap in perhaps more adverse conditions.

I believe that cotton under irrigation might have been a solution, but I surely don't know. I destroyed a promising cotton crop in the orchard field by irrigating it at the wrong stage the last year we planted it before 1984. That was 1977, I believe.

Our selling as well as we did seems to be due to Jim Keyes finding a man who wanted a tract of Upper Coastal Plain soil like ours to buy in a move from New Jersey to the Southeast. He had been interested in the Fort Motte area some years before.

(1-3-89)

In retrospect, I believe I simply lacked the drive and the aptitude to succeed at farming in the mid 1900's. When I finished Wofford I toyed with the idea of browsing academically for a while before deciding what to do. Continuing the academic life as a student and teacher was definitely a consideration. Others in my class, especially Walter Herbert were doing that. I had not done a whole lot of farm work, nor taken an active interest in the farm in recent years. However, I was the only heir to the farm, and it was a going enterprise. I really would have had to have a strong urge to have left the farm and my mother. The urge was really to stay.

The final decision was made when I was in Europe in the summer of 1929, after graduation from Wofford. I don't recall being homesick on that trip, but it came home to me that I was no farther from home than I would be at Stanford University, where I was to go that fall. Bill Balbis, the Stanford student on our trip sort of turned me off, and he obviously couldn't understand why I was going to Stanford. So I wrote Mother to get me a catalog to the University of Georgia school of agriculture and that I was planning to farm. I chose Georgia rather than Clemson because it was a university and Clemson was military. And I guess Clemson was too well known and too close home after considering Stanford (actually Clemson was about as far away but Athens, Georgia was out of the state).

I enjoyed my Georgia experience, but I had been there only a short while when I realized I should have gone to Clemson, since I was going to farm in S. C. Besides, Clemson was closer to Spartanburg! However, Clemson was on the semester system and Georgia on the quarter system, so I couldn't transfer in mid-year without losing time towards graduation. So I completed the year at Georgia and transferred to Clemson in the fall of 1930, getting my

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B. S. in Agriculture (Animal Husbandry) in 1931. I used a lot of my Wofford credits towards that degree and had to get them to excuse me from a course in Vegetable Gardening because I couldn't schedule it.

I was actually a successful farmer in my first decade by the standards of that time. My emphasis on soil conservation and livestock fitted right into the old system and, since we had some of the best cotton land in the Coastal Plain, I did well with cotton also. As I have said, I was mentioned by some of the Clemson people as being a worthy nominee for the Master Farmer award, but my not being married and, I dare say, my youth, were given as objections. The award was to a Master Farm Family.

Things seemed to pick up in the early 40's and then taper off, although after complete row crop mechanization in the 50's there was a period of relative prosperity, ending with the drought of '77. Just prior to that we put in irrigation, just about doubling our indebtedness, and that, I think proved to be unwarranted. Maybe "badly timed" would be nearer the truth.

It seems strange to conclude that our irrigation investment was the wrong move since drought was the main weather feature in the 1975-1985 decade. However, we installed irrigation to combat the seasonal droughts of a few weeks in extent and corn was the crop we had in mind. However, in that decade we sometimes had to irrigate for several months on end and extreme heat was just as much a factor as drought, so irrigation alone could not save the corn crop. Besides the expense of prolonged irrigation was not repaid by increased yields or prices. I believe cotton might have repaid the investment better than corn since it is more tolerant of heat. However, irrigation is a practice that requires management and judgment.

Credit was our undoing and the "Big House" and irrigation are two steps that proved ill-advised. We made money through the mid-70's and the dry weather of the next decade was unprecedented. However, there were others who came through those years and remained solvent.

One of the questions that was raised during those years was whether or not it was wise for our sons to come back and join the business. I think now that it would probably have worked out in the 30's, 40's and perhaps in the 50's, but was not a good idea in the 60's and 70's. I'm not implying that I would have survived the 70's as a farmer if Tom and Jim hadn't been in the business; but that our family relationships would have been smoother in those early years. As it turned out, Jim soon gave evidence that he would be happier running his own business. After much thought and concern by him, me and Tom, he pulled out in 1979 and bought the Tatum Zeigler place, which just happened to become available at that time. That place, incidentally, includes my grandfather's, John S. C. Tatum's place, which Tatum bought from Aunt Mag about 1940. Jim and Cile have done a great job there in most difficult times.

Tom's relationship with me and the business was altogether different from Jim's. I was not really aware until after Jim left that there was a problem. His role had become that of general manager, with complete charge of the hogs. In the years after Jim left, which were difficult ones on the farm, it became apparent that Tom and I were not communicating very well. I think at least part of the problem was that I was not forceful enough in my leadership. I was probably more organized and forceful in my direction of field work, which is

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where Jim and I clashed. Had I been equally so in general management, it is likely that Tom and I would have come to an impasse, also. I still think it wiser for sons, in a case like ours, to work for someone else first and then later to work for a father. In that way their early experience may serve as a measure against which to judge the father's policies. Be that as it may, I accept full responsibility for the policies that caused our downfall.

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MEAT CURING

The following is the procedure followed by me, Tom Traywick, Sr., in curing hams and shoulders at Magnolia Lane Farm. I usually used Berkshire-Duroc cross animals, to have lean meat type animals. Ideally I tried to use first litter gilts. This gave me an animal that had been grown out more slowly on a breeding ration that was high in oats and low in corn. When just smoothed out in good flesh after weaning, but not too fat - still being fed the breeding ration, they were usually just right to butcher, weighing 300 to 350 lbs.

After butchering I sprinkled salt liberally on the hams and shoulders over night or until all body heat was gone. Then I buried them in salt, being sure that each piece was surrounded by salt and was not touching another or the trough. Before doing this I rubbed salt into exposed flesh and bone ends. After 1 to 2 months I took them out of the salt, brushing excess salt off, and hung them for smoking. I originally washed them in a solution of a product called "anti-skipper" compound which was, I think, high in borax. Skippers were the larvae of a small fly. The larvae were called skippers because of their activity. I used green hickory for smoking and for years used a brick furnace behind the smoke house, connected to the house by an underground pipe. Toward the last however, I built the fire in an old iron wash pot in the house under the meat. I liked this latter much better, but had to be careful not to accumulate too much heat. The meat should become a golden brown, which takes two to ten days, depending on how intensively it is smoked.⁸

THE PEOPLE⁹

Susannah, on reading what I have previously written about the Traywick family and Magnolia Lane Farm, remarked that I should have told about the other people besides the Traywicks who lived and worked on the farm. I agree and so, here goes.

I will first try to list the families that I think were most significant. They were: the Sharpersons, the Franklins, the Clemenses, the Spells. There are others I may mention later, but these are the ones whose association with the Traywicks was the earliest and the longest lasting in my memory.

The Sharpersons

The Sharpersons were at Magnolia Lane in my earliest memories. The first ones were Joe and Rivanna ("Coon"). Mary ("Rinie") their youngest daughter says Coon's name was Myers and that her mother was a Johnson, a family with land holdings on both sides of Snake Swamp, in the vicinity of Fogle's Mill Pond.¹⁰

⁸ This section appears to be incomplete because a period of aging would have begun upon completion of the smoking phase. Virginia Sharperson can provide more information.

⁹ Dated 1-27-1990

¹⁰ On S.C Highway 70.

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Their children were, as I recall, Clinton ("Son"), Josephine ("Missie"), Lottie ("Gyp")¹¹, Annie May [Belle¹²] ("Phenie"), Edna¹³, Mary ("Rinie").

Son was a mainstay of mine during his whole life. He was highly intelligent and, in common with most of the Sharpersons that I knew, he had a sense of humor. They could usually appreciate a play on word meanings, such as puns, which was not usual among blacks in my experience. Son could, most tactfully, make suggestions that I always found to be worth my attention. Considering my great ignorance, he was a great help to me. He was the hog feeder and herdsman. I don't have any unpleasant memories of my association with Son. I wish I thought he could have said the same about me! Son died in 1947. I hadn't realized our association was so short.

Missie was married to Jerome Harrison ("Diggie") when I first knew her. They were long time residents of the place. Diggie was one of the people who milked the cows that supplied milk for the Big House (or its equivalent). He was an easy going gentle person and thoroughly under Missie's domination. Their only child, Mamie, was the one for whom Missie wanted a "swing tail" skirt.

Lottie ("Gyp") was never very close to our family. She first married Cornelias Carmichael, who had a grown son, Parker, at the time. Rinie says there were[sic] a succession of later husbands, but I don't recall any of them.

Annie Belle ("Phenie") was next although she was considerably younger than Gyp, I think. There may have been a boy, who died in childhood in between. Phenie's first husband was Rogers Clemons, a member of another of the important families on the place. She and Rogers had, I think, two children, a boy, known as "Gruff" and one other before Rogers departed for parts unknown. After that she, too, had a succession of "husbands", only one of whom, Elliott (don't remember his last name) sticks in my memory. He was around only a few years. Phenie served some years as a household servant.

Edna was next to Phenie. She married Marion (Mack) Clemons, younger brother of Rogers and close to my age. They had two sons, Tom and Sonny Boy. Edna died a relatively young woman. There was some talk at the time that one of Mack's girl friends had worked a "root" on her. The doctor who attended her (possibly Dr. Malcolm Stuckey) couldn't find anything wrong with her.

Mary ("Rinie") the youngest of the Sharpersons and the most important because not only she, but her daughters Connie ("Sing") and Virginia ("Shot") were very close to us and Virginia continues to be. Rinie began to help mother sometime in the mid 30's. Phenie had been helping her a while before that. When Lib and I were married in 1939 we moved in with Mother, and Rinie continued to help, although she says Rhoda Franklin James continued to do the washing. Then in the spring of 1941 just before Tom, Jr. was born, we pulled up the house Mother had built for Mr. Croft when Burton Ashe died, placed it on the site where my father's house had stood later occupied by the Big House, and Lib and I moved in. Rhoda became our household servant. Along about 1947 Sing began to help Lib, first with the children and later with household work. In those days Rinie's children along with others on the place used to herd cattle and do

¹¹ A one word blank space in the manuscript.

¹² Written above the name "May" in different ink.

¹³ A one word blank space in the manuscript.

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other farm work. In 1954 Sing went to Washington and Shot took her place with only a short interval for training. She was with us until the farm was sold and we moved to Orangeburg in 1985. Sing went to Williamson High in Orangeburg a few years before she left and Virginia eventually finished at Edisto. All of Rinie's children were smart in school. Shirley, a younger daughter, finished at Claflin while her (Shirley's) son was a student there.

Rinie was somewhat different from her brothers and sisters, in appearance at least. They were all rather light complexioned, while Rinie was dark. She certainly had the family intelligence and sense of humour[sic], though my impression is that her personality was a little more bubbly than most of theirs. She was reported to be going with Mack Clemens when Sing and Shot were born. When Joe was born she was going with Eugene ("Buster") Johnson, a son of Glenn, Son's wife, by an earlier liaison. I heard no rumors about the paternity of Shirley or Philip.

When Sing left, it was like we had lost a member of the family, but Virginia soon filled her place, and after 35 years, she is a member of the family.

The Franklins

The Franklins soon began to be a factor in my life. I remember when I was a child Alex Franklin used to live on Miss Carrie¹⁴ Cope's place just where the road¹⁵ turned West off our County road towards Cope. We used to call that the back road to Cope. Alex was the father of William Franklin, Rhoda Franklin James, Blanche Franklin Spell, Rufus Spell's wife. He had another son, Wes who usually lived close by and whose wife, Catherine, helped some of our family from time to time. There was also another Franklin woman, Rae¹⁶ (Queen Esther), a cousin, who lived on the Whisenhunt place¹⁷, but who helped some of our families from time to time.

William Franklin was one of the first people to move on the place after I took charge. William's wife, Leila, was an Odum, but I didn't know her family. Emma, their daughter, helped with our children some; later married Dootsie Hilliard and several of her sons worked for us at intervals when Tom was farm manager. William was on the farm until the late 40's, when there were a lot of changes made. He moved to the Clarence Fogle place(?) [sic].

¹⁴ Not Carrie (Mrs. Martin) Cope who taught in Bamberg Schools.

¹⁵ The roads then were not where they are now. In the 1940's the back road to Cope headed West at Bryan's (or Bryant's) Academy under the Frank Cope (now Godowns) Pecan trees and curved around behind the Cope (now Godowns) house and headed for Cope. The current intersection of the Shillings Bridge Road (our County road) and Deerfield Road (the back road to Cope) was placed when the roads were paved (c. 1970). So the Johnson house, as described, could have been anywhere for about a quarter mile on or under the Shillings Bridge Road between what was the Magnolia Lane Farm "Front Orchard" and the Frank Cope-Godowns Pecan tree lane.

¹⁶ Rae is a contemporary of Virginia Sharperson.

¹⁷ The Henry Whisenhunt place is located on the other side of Cooper Swamp from Magnolia Lane Farm.

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The Clemens

Some time about the early 20's, Janie Clemens and her family moved on the place. (I've often wondered if that name should be Clements although we never put in the "t"). Rogers I've already mentioned as Phenies husband. He was probably old enough to be a field hand when they moved. Later he became a tractor operator (non-row crop). Marion ("Mack") was about my age and we were great friends. Later he married Edna Sharperson and became our main machinery operator. After Edna's death he married a girl from the Bamberg area and, about 1940 moved to Florida. Two of Janie's daughters, Eloise ("Teaser") and Kat ("Kack") remained in the community. Teaser's son, Clyde Govan, worked for Magnolia Lane or for Jim at intervals over ten or fifteen years.

Rufus Spell moved on the place soon after I took over. His wife was Blanche Franklin, sister of William and Rhoda. He was a very able person at just about anything. (One of the best cotton pickers I ever saw: 200 to 300 lbs. a day.) Just after the war (mid-40's) he moved to Mrs. Jones' place¹⁸ near Cope and started renting.

Busby, Connor, Green and Grant

Booker T. Green moved to the place about this time. His brother, Clay, had worked for us a year in the 30's, but went back to Frank Cope, whose foreman he was. I worked another brother, Thomas, for a short while and Booker's son Genie. They were all able people and good machinery operators, but liquor was their downfall.

Booker T.'s brother-in-law, Joe B. Grant was hog man for a good many years after Son's passing. Their wives were Kimbo Busby's daughters.

Lewis Connor was one of the first people on the farm before I even took over. His wife, Eleanora, was a sister of Kimbo's wife Minnie. Lewis' son, L. C. was supposed to have been a boy friend of Shot's.

Aaron Simmons

Aaron Simmons is a figure worthy of further enlightenment of which I am able to supply little. He was an African-American, who owned up to 150 acres of land across the Bamberg Road from the Traywick tract. Simon's Siding on the ACL¹⁹ railroad west of Carver School²⁰ really should have been Simmons Siding. I was told by Mr. Arthur Gibson that Mr. Simmons was Mr. John M. (Jack) McMichael's valet. I was also told by a member of his family that Mr. Simmons' father was a white man. No names were mentioned.

¹⁸ Mrs. Alvin Jones, located at the outskirts of Cope on the Bolentown Road.

¹⁹ Atlantic Coast Line

²⁰ The road east from Bamberg Road (U. S. 301) past Carver School was know as Simon's Siding Road until renamed Carver School Road.

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THE LAND

The Center Place

The first tract of land Joseph Bascomb Traywick bought was in November, 1890 and was seventy-eight (78) acres from Mrs. R. O. Hughes. This was the tract on which he built his home and on which Lib and I later built our home in 1952. It included the front and middle orchards and the avenue over halfway from the house to the Bamberg Road. Mrs. Hughes obtained it in 1888 from F. W. and Geo. A. Wagener of Charleston. It previously passed through the hands of Jane D. Jones and Nancy McMichael after the breakup of the John M. McMichael estate. The deed to Nancy McMichael says she is a "married woman", so she must have been the wife of one of the McMichaels. Mrs. R. O. Hughes was probably a McMichael.

See Deed Book #28, Page 348

See Deed Book #25, Page 545

See Deed Book #23, Page 187

The second tract Joe Traywick bought was really about the same date as the first. It was eighty (80) acres from Nancy J. Fogle and took in the back orchard and most of the Cooper Swamp land plus the area across Cooper Swamp.

See Deed Book #28, Page 739

Also Deed Book #28, Page 182

Also Deed Book #16, Page 487

This land passed through the hands of J. D. Jones, W. A. Johnson, the usual names that appear in these court actions before reaching Nancy J. Fogle, who may have been a McMichael.

The third land purchase of Joe Traywick was nineteen (19) acres from Samuel S. Felder on Dec. 8, 1893. It comprised the eastern half of what we used to call the South 40 and may have included some of the land on which some of the Traywick farm dwellings and buildings lay. The house Ma Ma²¹ built in the 1920's (the Hoorah's Nest²²) was probably on this tract, as well as the buggy house and the buildings west of the buggy house. Samuel Felder acquired it through a deed that his grandmother, Ann Keziah McMichael (widow of John M. McMichael) made in 1877 to her daughter, Mary O. Felder (wife of John M. Felder), and after her death to her children. The McMichael dwelling house stood near the western end of this tract and some of it was still there in my childhood. Some of its timbers which were heart pine and tongue and grooved and morticed[sic] were used in some of the farm buildings Ma Ma had built. It's a pity that house was not preserved.

See Deed Book 15, Page 672

See Deed Book 29, Page 643

See Deed Book 30, Page 673

The fourth tract purchased by Joe Traywick was 17 acres in Dec. 1896 from Adam Moody. This tract was west of the tract bought from Samuel Felder and formed the western half of our South 40. As mentioned above this was part of a tract, then called 35 acres deeded in 1877 by Ann Keziah McMichael to her daughter, Mary O. Felder and after her death to her children, containing her "dwelling house, yards and lots". In 1891 John F. Felder and Samuel S. Felder (sons, I believe of Mary O. Felder), "tenants in common" of 38 acres in this same location agree to divide this plot equally on a North-South Line. Samuel S. Felder later sold his portion to J.

²¹ Edna I. Tatum Traywick

²² Named by "The Barton Girls" who took it over as their retreat. They also knew it as Aunt Edna's House.

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B. Traywick. John F. Felder sold his to J. M. Green, he to Adam Moody and he to J. B. Traywick. The crossing on Cooper Swamp west of here, was known as the "Moody Crossing" in my childhood.

See Deed Book 34, Page 379

See Deed Book 35, Page 94

In May, 1897, Joe Traywick bought, for \$3500 from Henry H. Bowman, Judge of Probate, 287 acres of land which he later sold to Herbert Zeigler and still later became the property of Henry Whisenhunt. This same tract of land had been sold in March, 1879 by Jane M. Easterlin to Narcissa J. Smith for (\$1.00) one dollar in an apparent family deal. I always heard this place spoken of as the "Smith Place" and it was supposed to have belonged to Mrs. Wilhelmina Sandifer's father, "Dump" Smith.

See Deed Book 34, Page 713

See Deed Book 18, Pages 282-3

Later research leads me to believe that the Easterlin family had many land transactions in those days.

On Nov. 16, 1905, Joe Traywick paid \$1300 to J. D. Whisenhunt and W. B. Tyler for 65 acres known as the "[sic]Homestead Tract of R. V. McMichael. This tract lay to the North of the Samuel Felder and Adam Moody tracts and included our North 40, the south end of Honey's Creek²³, and the steep land south of the county road by the Davis place, as well as the bottom south of the Felder place. This tract was conveyed to R. V. McMichael in 1877 by his mother Ann Keziah McMichael. This R. V. McMichael was Mrs. Clarence Fogle's father or grandfather.

See Deed Book 15, Page 673

See Deed Book 43, Page 686

See Deed Book 43, Page 489

I don't know much about the Tyler and Whisenhunt who last owned this tract. As I recall Mrs. Felder told me they, Tyler and Whisenhunt, had a disagreement and decided to sell. I think this Tyler moved to the Ninety-Six Road²⁴ near the Salleys and was the ancestor of Tim Tyler, contemporary of our sons at Wofford.

The Hughes Place

In January, 1907, Joe Traywick bought 70 and a fraction acres from W. Horace Hughes. This tract had been conveyed in 1867 to Lavinia McMichael, wife of George McMichael, by George Bolivar, Receiver, in an action involving the estate of John M. McMichael. At this writing I don't know the relationship of George and John M. From Lavinia McMichael this tract passed to one W. S. Culp and, 1877, from him to the Hughes brothers, Miles and Horace. This Tract included our "Hughes Place", plus about five acres in a long narrow strip on the Northeast sold by Joe Traywick to Mr. Bob Walter shortly after Mr. Traywick bought it. I, Tom Traywick, Sr. sold a little over two acres of it, just north of the Walter purchase, to J. C. Hayden in the early 1940's at the time of the Rosa Felder Place deal.

These Hugheses, I believe, were not related to the other Orangeburg County Hugheses, but came from the Charleston area, having "rusticated" during or after the Civil War. I knew of Hugheses in the Charleston area in the 1920's and 30's.

²³ Tanne Brabham Traywick and Thomas T. Traywick, Jr., around 1975, began to call their house and land Honey's Creek. In the late 1940's, Traywick and his brothers "named" Cooper Swamp at "Moody's Crossing", "Honey's Creek", for Kathleen I. "Honey" Barton who took them fishing there.

²⁴ Near Great Branch.

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The Walters came from Charleston, too, I believe. The Greens and Copes came from the Colleton-Hampton²⁵ vicinity.

Horace Hughes bought, I believe at this time the place later owned and occupied by Wilmot Jennings. He had a son, Edwin and a daughter, Florence, whom I knew. So far as I know neither of them ever married.

Miles Hughes, brother of Horace, was the father of Judge Jerry Hughes, of Orangeburg. He at one time owned the tract across the dirt road from the east end of our Walter Place. I often heard J. C. Hayden speak of the "Miles Hughes Place" which he rented from Winfield Clark.

See Deed Book #48, Page 271

See Deed Book #21, Pages 223-4

See Deed Book #15, Pages 622-3

See Deed Book #15, Pages 26-7

See Deed Book #11, Pages 548-50

The Muck Place

In January, 1919 Mrs. Edna I. Traywick (Ma Ma) widow of Joseph B. Traywick bought from James M. Green fifty (50) acres south of the Hughes tract along the Bamberg Road as far as the County Road (the Simons Siding Road). She paid \$10,000 for this 50 acres, or \$200.00 per acre, a price not before seen, but due to the post World War I inflation. My understanding is that she paid for it out of the 1918 cotton crop which brought \$0.40 per lb., also an unprecedented price. Many people bought land in those times, mortgaged everything they had to pay for it and lost it all in the deflation of the early 20's. There was a fraction of an acre of land at the south of this tract that I later bought from Joe Vallentine. We always called this field the "Muck Place" from the name of the people who were long time tenants of it before Jim Green sold it. Queen Esther ("Ray") Franklin's mother was named Muck.

Jim Green bought about 15 acres of this land from Aaron Simmons in 1900 and another 40 acres or so from one Ben Middleton in 1889. The Simmons land was on the north end of the Muck Place and was a portion of the land acquired by Aaron Simmons in a court action involving the John M. McMichael estate at the time that Simmons bought the land he owned and Ed Bonnette farmed when it was owned by the Sandels. The Middleton tract likewise came from McMichael land through the hands of Caroline Palmer - Mrs. J. D. Palmer and George Cornelson. The latter name appears in many land transactions turn of the century and later.

The Cope Place

In 1934 [I] Thomas T. Traywick, Sr., son of Edna and Joe Traywick bought 62.7 acres of land south of Joe Traywick's original purchase along Cooper Swamp. This was a part of Walter D. Cope's inheritance from his father, John Franklin Cope and mother Mrs. Carrie Cope. We always spoke of this tract as the "Cope Place". I paid \$30.00 per acre for it and could have bought the whole Walter Cope tract for \$20.00 per acre, or some \$5000.00 but the Depression was in full sway then and I wouldn't risk it.

²⁵ For this sentence, it was necessary to "divine" the writer's intended word order. He may have intended to convey that the Greens were from Colleton County and the Copes from Hampton County. But that could not be done with the words he supplied.

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This tract was a part of a tract of 300 acres acquired by John Franklin Cope, the first Frank Cope, in 1881 from various people who had bought it in the breakup of the McMichael property.

The Felder Place

In 1929 Mrs. Edna Traywick acquired from Ed Mann, Master, 30 acres known as the "pond tract" of Mrs. Agnes Felder. This tract had been jointly owned by Wilmot Jennings, J. Burton Ashe, Henry L. Whisenhunt and Mrs. Traywick (for her son, Thomas T. Traywick).

In 1944, C. A. Cornelson, of Washington, D. C., deeded to Thomas T. Traywick, 24.5 acres adjoining the above mentioned "pond tract" on the south and east. I don't know the details of how Cornelson acquired it, but I suppose he loaned money to Mrs. Agnes Felder or her husband, Jim Felder, and took a mortgage on it.

These two tracts were a portion of 100 acres ("the remainder of the estate of John M. McMichael") deeded in 1871 to Henry G. McMichael and his wife, Mary Amanda, by Henry's mother, Ann Keziah McMichael, wife of John M. McMichael. Mrs. Ed Davis and Mrs. Agnes Felder were daughters of Henry G. McMichael. Burton Ashe bought about 30 acres of this land on the north end in the 1920's or 1930's²⁶. The remainder of the aforesaid 100 acres remained with the Davis estate and at this writing (June 1990) belongs, I believe to Mrs. ___ Corbett, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Davis.

The above mentioned Agnes Felder tracts became part of Thomas T. Traywick, Jr.'s property known as Honey's Creek.

I have a copy of the Henry McMichael tract that I traced from a plat in the Clerk of Court's office.

See Deed Book #12, Page 449

In March, 1941, [I] Thomas T. Traywick, Sr., bought at public auction from Judge John S. Bowman in an action brought by C. A. Cornelson, 44 acres, known as the tract of Rosa Felder, widow of John F. Felder. Cornelson had evidently loaned money on it and, for some reason it could not be foreclosed until Mrs. Rosa Felder's death. This tract was a portion of a tract of 50 acres, the east end of the McMichael Homestead tract, deeded in 1877 by Ann Keziah McMichael, widow of John M. McMichael, to her daughter, Caroline A. Palmer - Mrs. J. D. Palmer, who deeded it almost at once to John M. Felder, husband, I think, of Mary O. Felder, another McMichael daughter. Mary O. Felder was mother, I believe, of John F. Felder, husband of Rosa, whom I knew as a young man. John M. Felder, in Dec. 1879, sold five and five-eighths acres of land on the northeast to F. Marion Green in and evident adjust of land lines. In 1898 John M. and John F. Felder sold Joe Traywick a right of way between the Felder property and the Horace Hughes property which allowed Joe Traywick access to the Bamberg-Orangeburg Road. Mr. Traywick gained such access along the route of the present avenue when he bought the Hughes Place.

The Marion Green property later became the J. C. Hayden property and Thomas T. Traywick, Sr. sold Mr. Hayden ___ acres of the Felder tract plus ___ acres of the Horace Hughes tract in a line adjusting move²⁷.

See Deed Book #15, Page 571 (or 574)

²⁶ Jacob Burton Ashe died in 1928.

²⁷ I have seen this transaction on a plat and it involved only a few acres, probably less than five.

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See Deed Book #17, Page 211
See Deed Book #28, Page 596
See Deed Book #118, Page 911

The Walter Place

In 1977-8 Fisher C. Walter and his brother, E. R. Walter, Jr., conveyed to Thomas T. Traywick, Sr., Thomas T. Traywick, Jr., James D. Traywick, Joseph Bascomb Traywick, II, and Susannah Barkley Traywick 121.1 acres of land east of U. S. 301, opposite Magnolia Lane Farm. We had rented this land a number of years.

In my memory this land had belonged to R. A. Walter grandfather of Fisher C. and E. R. Walter, Jr., mentioned above. In 1870 a tract of 330 acres, apparently including the above tract was deeded by George Bolivar, receiver, to Olivia M. Kennerly (who was, I believe, a McMichael) in an action, involving the estate of John McMichael. Then about 1883, one Julia Tharin deeded to Eugene R. Walter, "trustee", 168 acres of this land, the rest going to F. Marion Green, evidently the tract later belonging to J. C. Hayden. I need to research the Tharin connection. She was a relative of the Walters, I believe, and the Eugene R. Walter, trustee, was the father of R. A. Walter. I believe Mrs. Tharin was a Rowe.