

**INTERVIEW WITH MARJORIE SMITH LANGFORD AND LUCILLE  
HASSELL CULP ON SPRING ISLAND, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1994.**

Marjorie Smith Langford  
Born: December 22nd, 1913

Lucille Hasell Culp  
Born: September 30th, 1921

Place: St Helena's Island,  
Beaufort

Place: Denver,  
Colorado.

Father: George Franklin Smith

Father: Andrew George Hasell

Mother: Minola Arlene Pritcher  
Died when Marjorie was 2 y.o.,  
Father married Mother's sister,  
Anna Maude.

Mother: Hazel Middleton

Q: Would you please start with your earliest memories of Spring Island.

**MARJORIE** : I don't know what time of the year it was but it was in 1919 that my Father moved over here with his whole family to build the house for Mr. Copp and we lived over here for three years and when Daddy finished the job then we moved back. I was six when we moved over here and we moved back when I was nine so that I would be ready to go to school in September. My step-mother (who was also her aunt, see note at the beginning under Mother) had been able to teach me so that I was able to go into the third grade in the public school when we moved back. She was not a teacher, she just coached me, there were no other children over here except all the Pinckney children and I don't know what arrangements they made for them. I know that Leonora would come over for Beaufort. They were a big family of boys but there was never any school or even a tutor in the home that I knew about. The other white family was with the girl named Agnes and they lived down the road a piece. I don't know what they did with her about education, she was a young teenager. I think her parents name was Ward.

As well as I can figure from that map we lived right down there on the corner, the curve on the big river between Spring Island and Callawassie.

I was the only girl and I had two little brothers, the youngest was a year old and the other one a year older. We played games in the yard, we played with the ball, we played hide-and -seek just regular childrens games and once in a while, Devant who

was the youngest one of the Pinckney boys - he was a couple of years older than I was - and he would come down and play with us and we climbed the trees and we went swimming, just regular childhood, we read we had story books and things like that. I think my step-mother taught me some sewing and embroidery and things like that.

In my memory now, the black people didn't live in our little community, I don't know what part they lived on but I cannot remember how my step-sister came over from Pritchardville when she got sick and needed help. We did not have black people working in our house at that time and I cannot remember ever having seen any black people, but remember now, it was many years ago and I was a child.

I can't ever remember being bored after anything and I know we didn't have a radio then, we didn't even have a victrola at that time but we certainly had plenty to do. I can remember being just as happy as I have ever been. I wasn't old enough to be questioning. We had magazines that came in, and the big boat, the "Maryland" would leave from Pinckney Place, I want to say Friday morning, anybody who wanted to go over to the mainland or Beaufort why they could ride over and some of the people in charge would take any grocery list or if the people themselves didn't want to go they would take a grocery list and bring the groceries back or whatever the people needed and they would come back that afternoon.

Nobody got sick except when my Stepmother was expecting the baby and when she knew she was in labor my Father carried her over to his sister's house at Cherry Point and of course they got a doctor out of Ridgeland who came out there.

I don't remember anything about the Copps house except that Daddy was building it, that it was the topic of conversation, how much they had done that day how much they had accomplished and I remember him letting me ride down there with him, I think maybe I saw it once.

Now, I don't remember if it were after the second or third child, my step-mother was pregnant I think it was after the third child who jumped in the river. She went into labor and of course there wasn't even a midwife here, the baby came and Daddy got her sister to come over here and stay thinking she wasn't able to make a trip. The sister had gone home and the baby was two weeks old and they realized the baby wasn't well so Daddy put the other children in and my step-mother and she of course held the baby and his brother was supposed to meet us over there. We had hardly gotten out anywhere when the baby died and Daddy had to just go right on and so he went on to meet him which was at the Baileys and we went to their home there and buried the baby there and stayed on a few days and to my knowledge that was the only death which occurred while we were here.

There is nothing more that I can think of, it was a happy time, children then didn't go as much as today because today you have to plan for entertainment and like I say we had our toys and our balls and we had average toys and I seem to remember we had a little wagon and most of the time when the sun was shining we would go out in the yard and play and there were trees and shrubberies around and we would go and entertain ourselves and my stepmother taught me to do the alphabet and count. Looking back we had a good life.

**LUCILLE :** My early memories are mostly what my Aunt Nellie told me. When she died I inherited her estate and so I have ended up with all this Fripp Material and Ellis Material and Hasell Material and Aunt Nellie's diary from when she graduated from Confederate College, in Charleston and started teaching school over here.

I have never been to Spring Island , this is my first trip over here.

Looking through her diary - (Lucille Culp would not allow me to see the diary, she also obviously suffered from claustrophobia as she requested that I keep the door open) I know she had a boat , see they lived over on the mainland with the Baileys and the Hasell properties and the Ellis properties. Aunt Nellie called it a sailboat but it must have been a bateau with a sail on it. It tells in her diary lots of little incidence about her trips over to the island, something about Leonora Pinckney and Sadie. I have all of that then I also have something else that was interesting.

The Fripps people wrote these journals, I have lots of them, some are in the Beaufort Museum and some are in Columbia and I recently learned that one of them wrote about the 1893 hurricane from the journals up in Columbia written by the Fripps. The journals that go back about the War Between the States, they are up in North Carolina at Davidson College.

At this point in the interview Lucille Culp was rambling on about her own family history but mentioned at one point that AuntNellie was married in the Grace Episcopal Church which burned about 1937.

Lucille got into talking about many things from Colorado to Beaufort but very little of her information was relevant to Spring Island. It dealt mainly with the Ellis and Hasell Families.

When asked again whether she had ever been to Spring Island, she replied that this was her first trip to Spring Island but that her Daddy used to talk about Spring Island when he used to go fishing near Spring Island. I asked whether he hunted over here and she replied that her Daddy never was much of a hunter. He moved up to North

Carolina first and then he went out to Colorado as a young man and stayed out there 25 years but her Mother was from Colorado.

My Aunt Nellie died in 1962 but I loved my Aunt Nellie dearly she was so good with children, they used to love to bring her flowers and she would make a big fuss over them and do anything, tell them stories. My Mother was so serious because I think things were pretty rough during the thirties, during the depression.

Q: Is there anything else you can think of that would relate to Spring Island?

**LUCILLE :** Oh yes, one thing she said in her diary, and she mentioned this to me one time. She said she heard this awful noise and those drums and wondered, what in the world was happening. They said, don't worry about that, it's just the Negroes, somebody died and they were signaling each other by drum from one island to the other.

Q - Did you get the feeling that she was happy here?

Oh, yes she loved coming here.

Interviewed by Beryl LaMotte