

Do You Remember? The Cricks ~

Don't know if there are any folks who have lived in Pinopolis since 1923 who will smile when the name "Crick" is mentioned, and rightly so. Regardless, the Cricks were a very unusual couple, and to know them was a treat. Mrs. Alma Crick came from Saginaw, Michigan and Mr. Sidney Crick came from Devonshire, England. They met in Canada, where both worked in a medical institution. They first came to Berkeley County in 1903 and lived on a tract of land given to Mr. Crick by one of his patients for payment covering care Mr. Crick had rendered. The property was way back in the woods. The living conditions were so primitive that they moved away for twenty years, and returned to Pinopolis in 1923, living out the remainder of their lives there.

Mrs. Crick was vigorous, hardworking, very positive in views, and would tell it like it was. Mr. Crick was very low-key and went about his duties in a humble way. When ladies in the village were probably taking their afternoon siesta, Mrs. Crick was busy picking blackberries along the roadway or any place she might find fruit to preserve or can. The middle of the hot day did not phase her, nor did anything else; if she wanted to do something, she did it.

They had a chicken farm to begin with and worked hard at it for ten years, then they decided to go into the dairy business with three or four cows to milk, delivering the fresh milk to customers in Pinopolis and Moncks Corner. They farmed the ten acres with no modern machinery and did all the work by hand. (It was a good thing there was no DHEC in those days, or they would have starved.)

In 1947, both Cricks started to have failing health, so they sold all but two or three acres of land. They built a small cottage on it and, not being ready to completely retire, they turned to planting and selling flowers. Mrs. Crick had many, many truck loads of dirt hauled in, and with their usual hard work, soon had beautiful flowers ready to sell. She had a list of regular customers every week. You could see her loading up her little car with cans of beautiful jonquils and freshly cut flowers and off to town she would go. They were not only hard working, but very frugal. Mrs. Crick made all her clothes (including underwear) from pretty floral feed sacks. It was not unusual to see Mr. Crick wearing a shirt of the same design.

Their diet was mostly from food raised on the farm, and many were the times she would sit down to a sandwich made with homemade bread, onion, and mayonnaise. They had strawberries, raspberries, figs, pears, and vegetables, plus good rick milk, cream and butter. Two things always come to mind when I think of

Mrs. Crick, who was my neighbor for all the years they lived in Pinopolis. One was when she wasn't able to pick figs from her fig tree, she would tell us we could have them if we picked the tree clean and not break any limbs. We appreciated the figs though it was certainly a challenge to comply with the strict rules. One other thing was the way she would "spank" her chickens if one accidentally got over into our yard. It was most amusing, and I will always remember those special times. Some people barely make a track when going down life's highway . . . others leave deep ruts. Such was the life of the Cricks.

And One More Thing . . .

Talking about Pinopolis, and remembering all the childhood days spent in the old homeplace, doing fun things that are now non-existent. We would play for hours on large Mulberry tree limbs, swinging back and forth and jumping up and down on the joggling board. The joggling board was a great attraction to many people in the village. We always had friends coming and going (so far different from today). The joggling board was a board about twenty-five to thirty feet long, and two or maybe three feet wide. The ends would fit into slotted end stands that left the board without any support in the middle. It was a special kind of wood that could give easily, so that the more you jumped up and down on it, the higher in the air you could go. Oh, what fun to see who could out jump the others.

"Oh, how it was back then."

And then there was one other story . . . about the old mule that fell down.

I always enjoyed riding horseback in my younger days. One pretty afternoon as I was getting ready to ride, I asked a friend if she would like to go riding with me. My uncle had only one horse and an old mule. I was too embarrassed to ride the old mule to town, but my friend agreed, "okay." We mounted our animals and off we went to town. Then coming home, about where Dial-Murray Funeral Home is now, the old mule fell down right in the middle of the road. We were so embarrassed, especially my friend; we wanted to just ride off into the sunset! Finally, we got him up and made it home with a limping mule and a guilty conscience. We never told my uncle how his mule got such bad knees. My friend never forgets to remind me I should have had the mule and she the horse.

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