

THE ALLEN HISTORIAN

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ALLEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Box 31, Allen, MD 21810

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August, 1999

George Shivers, Editor

Historical Society Purchases the Mills-Phippin House

The Allen Historical Society now has a home! Purchase of the Mills-Phippin House for use as a community museum and as a meeting place for the Society was completed in June. We are grateful to all those members and friends whose generous contributions made it possible for us to take this important. Suitable memorial and donation plaques will be placed in the house in the fall. Because of your support we were able to pay over \$50,000, but the job is not done yet, since we had to assume an existing mortgage for the remaining \$33,000. Assuming the mortgage kept settlement costs low for which we are grateful. In taking this step the officers and directors recognized that we were taking a real leap of faith. Given the already high level of giving, however, we felt there was strong support for the museum project and that this house represented the best option for such a facility. Not knowing how much longer the Mills-Phippin house would be available, we felt it best to act now. We hope with your continuing support to be able to pay off the remaining debt as early as possible. In the meantime, we must meet the monthly mortgage

payments of \$430 and the ongoing expenses of the house.

New Membership Category: Become a Sustaining Member in 2000!

Until our debt for the Mills-Phippin house is liquidated, the Society will require a monthly income of at least \$500. As mentioned in the previous article, we hope to rent a room with kitchen privileges to a college student to cover part of this monthly expense. Such an arrangement will enable us to use the first floor of the house for our functions and to begin assembling our exhibits. Additional support will be necessary, however, and so we are adding a new membership category for those who might be willing to increase the level of their support on an annual basis. We hope that many of you will consider becoming "Sustaining Members" of the Society next year by contributing \$250. However, your presence in the Society is the most important thing to us, and we welcome your membership at whatever dues level you feel you can manage!

Dedication and Open House

The Society invites all its members and friends to come to our new

home on Sunday, October 24 between 2:00pm and 4:30 pm for an open house. We will also dedicate the facility in a brief ceremony at 2:30pm. We are having our party on the same Sunday as the Homecoming service of Asbury United Methodist Church in Allen with the hope that some of our out-of-town members who come for that event can also take advantage of the opportunity to see our new home. It is also a great occasion to invite your friends who are not members now, but might, with a little encouragement, consider joining us. The more the merrier!

We will plan for this event at our September 7 meeting and volunteers will be needed to prepare for the open house.

Search Your Attic!

Now that we have a home, the Society also welcomes items related to the history of Allen and its environs for inclusion in our museum and archives. Photographs, letters, diaries, family histories, Bibles, books associated with the Allen School, furnishings associated with life in Allen or representative of the 19th or early 20th centuries are most welcome. Items may be donated or simply placed on loan for a specified period of time. Please contact the Society at our P.O. box number or phone George Shivers (410-778-3696), Casey Parsons (410-742-1026), or Florence Byrd Cooper

(410-749-5858) if you have items you would like to place in the museum.

Society Financial Support- July 31, 1999 - Provided by our Secretary-Treasurer, Casey Parsons

Editor's Note: I am pleased to report that Casey's health has improved greatly and he has agreed to continue as Secretary-treasurer for the remainder of this term of office (with the able assistance of John Shahan).

June 30:

Savings Account: \$2249.87
Checking Account: \$4193.49
Funds rec'd July: \$30.00 (book sale)
Total funds available: \$6473.36

Expenses in July:

Mortgage payment: \$429.17
Insurance (for year): \$882.00
Gannon Plumbing: \$68.89
Conectiv Elect.: \$4.91
Printing books: \$339.85
Suburban Gas Co.: \$426.00
Postage: \$33.00

Total expenses for July: \$1757.82

Present balance (both accounts):
\$4715.54

Pemberton Colonial Festival, Saturday, September 25

The Allen Historical Society will once again have a booth at the Pemberton Colonial Festival at Pemberton Hall this year on

September 25. We hope that many of you will try your hand at making Maryland beaten biscuits or sweet potato biscuits to be sold at our booth to raise funds for our museum fund. If you cannot make biscuits, but are willing to work at the booth, either demonstrating biscuit making or just helping with the sales, your support will be most appreciated. We usually set up the booth by 9:00 am, and we will need volunteers until about 4:00 pm. We look forward to seeing you there!

The Mills-Phippin House-A History

by George Shivers

The *Historian* published a brief history of the Mills-Phippin House in Vol. 3, no. 4 in October, 1997. It seems appropriate, in view of our purchase of the property, to repeat and to some extent to expand upon that history in this volume.

We have not been able to determine the exact date of construction of the house. It clearly, however, dates to the first third of the 19th century. While it has been remodeled many times over the decades, there are still significant reminders of its antiquity, such as the half-tree sleepers under it with the bark still attached to the lower side and the handmade nails evident in its construction.

The house originally consisted of a story-and-a-half wing, with one room over and one under. The existing staircase in that wing, which is quite narrow and steep, is probably original as it is very much like those found in other early 19th century dwellings in the village of Allen. The fireplace is on the

south wall of that wing. Attached to the southern end of that wing was a one-story wing. In the early years of the 20th century the Phippin family lifted the roof of that wing, thus adding an additional space on the second floor. Later in the 20th century the Bounds family added a room to the south end of the structure and remodeled the interior. Further changes in recent years include the addition of vinyl siding and of porches on both the front and the back. The most recent owner, Judith Peterson, installed central air conditioning, as well as new water and septic systems. Thus the house has been completely modernized, yet manages to retain its historic charm.

The house stands on property which formed part of a land patent known as "Monsham" or "Mountsham", deeded to John Christopher on July 3, 1683. Indeed, most of the village properties along Allen Rd. were part of that 95-acre grant. We have not been able to determine exactly where John Christopher's dwelling stood, but his descendants continued to live in the village of Trappe or Upper Trappe, as Allen was then known, until at least the early 19th century.

The earliest recorded land transaction involving the property that I have been able to find occurred on April 7, 1855, when Robert S. Stewart purchased the property from Lemuel Malone for \$35. That deed indicates that previous owners were Levin D. Porter and his wife, and prior to that William T. G. Polk.

At the time of the publication of the 1877 *Atlas of Wicomico, Somerset and Worcester Counties* the property belonged to Benjamin Franklin Messick, although he did not live there. On June 11, 1887 Mr. Messick conveyed the

property to Martha Phillips Mills, wife of William Mills. The purchase price was \$250. In that deed the property is described as being part of the Porter lot or part of Isaac D. Jones's lot.

Martha Phillips Mills was born on September 15, near what is now Mardela Springs. She was a third cousin of George M. Phillips, also from that area of Somerset (now Wicomico) County, who settled in Allen later (in the 1880's). Both were descendants of Roger Phillips and Dorothy Clarke, who came to Somerset County as indentured servants and were married in 1672. Martha Phillips descended from their oldest son, Roger Phillips, Jr., while George M. Phillips was a descendant of a younger son, Richard Phillips. Martha's parents were Elisha Phillips (1769-1841) and Rachael Hubbard (died 1854).

William Mills was the son of Benjamin Mills and Polly English, who were married on Aug. 17, 1808. He was born on July 15, 1811. William Mills and Martha (Patty) Phillips were married on January 8, 1845. We do not know exactly when they moved to the Allen area, but they were certainly there by 1850, when they appear in the census list with a three-year old son. Their granddaughter, Lillian Malone, remembers that they lived on the Paul Jones farm (formerly Dashiell's Lot) on Collins Wharf Road in the brick manor house that had been built by Colonel George Dashiell in 1733.

The name of Martha Phillips Mills appears as "Mattie" Phillips on the membership roll of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with an indication that she joined by vows on April 4, 1905. As early as 1878, however, the names of William and

Pattie Mills appear as members of the Morris School House Class #3 of Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, South in Allen.

William Mills died on Oct. 26, 1891. Martha Mills lived until 1903, when she may have resided in the house in Allen, which they had purchased from Mr. Messick in 1887.

Their daughter Annie Rachael Mills married Elihu Phippin on April 16, 1896. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend C. H. Galloway, according to the records of Asbury Methodist Church in Allen. The Phippins inherited the house in Allen from her mother, and it remained in the family for many years. Elihu and Annie Phippin lived on their farm about a mile from the village on Collins Wharf Rd. until his death in 1928. Following his death, Mrs. Phippin moved to the house in Allen, where she lived until shortly before her death.

In the period between 1903 and 1928 the Phippins rented the house. Samuel Williams, known locally by all as "Uncle Sammy" lived there for many years. Mrs. Lillian Malone recalls that her mother rented the house to Uncle Sammy for \$4 a month!

Samuel Williams was sextant for many years at Asbury Methodist Church. Florence Byrd Cooper notes in her history of Allen that Mr. Williams came to Allen from Sharps Point to work at Mr. Harry Messick's canning factory. Before that he had been a cook on Chesapeake Bay sailing vessels. An injury incurred when a cargo of lumber shifted left him with a deformed back. As sextant, Uncle Sammy rang the bell for all services and funerals, dug all the graves, and cared for the cemetery. He

also fired up the stoves in the winter and in general kept the church facilities in order. Florence Byrd Cooper also notes that he “took care of the noisy boys on the back row so that the rest of the congregation could hear the sermon”! (Cooper, p. 6) Mr. William’s grave in the Allen cemetery is marked by a stone which says simply “Uncle Sammy Williams”.

In 1949 the Mills-Phippin house returned to the Messick family, when it was purchased by Mr. Will Messick, a son of Benjamin Franklin Messick. He sold it to Richard S. Bounds and Harold Bounds in 1956. Richard S. Bounds and his wife Louise Insley Bounds acquired sole ownership in 1964. It remained in that family until Mrs. Bounds’ death; and was then purchased by Ephraim Adkins (1988). The last owner prior to its purchase by the Allen Historical Society was Judith Peterson.

Update on Nomination of Asbury Methodist Church to the National Register

After waiting patiently to hear from the National Register, the editor finally called the Maryland Trust for Historic Preservation and learned that due to a snafu, our nomination had never left their office! So we can’t blame the federal government for this one. They assured me that it would go forward immediately and that by the end of the summer the church should be on the National Register. Even as I am preparing this newsletter for printing, I have received official notice that the State office has forwarded our nomination to the National office. I

hope that by the next newsletter I can report that the Church is on the National Register!

“My Testimony” by Catherine Price Fletcher

Editor’s Note: In March Terry Fletcher Cherry forwarded to me the following account of her grandmother’s Christian testimony. Mrs. Cherry wrote eloquently in her letter about the event. What follows is first her letter, and then the text of Mrs. Fletcher’s testimony. My thanks to Mrs. Cherry for sharing this story with the readers of *The Historian*.

Letter

I trust things are going well with you and that you are having success with your historical research. I am sending you my grandmother’s, Catharine Price Fletcher’s Christian testimony. In it, Allen and some Allenites are mentioned, specifically, the Prices, Porters, and Jones. Please allow me to indulge in some Allen history, albeit personal, through the eyes of this testimony. It let me see inside, past the physical walls of your area’s buildings and back into time.

Inside a farmhouse near Allen, somewhere in Loretto, Maggie Porter Price sat and rocked her daughter Catharine to sleep with a hymn.

Inside the Porter’s house, Alphaeus and Letitia Fooks sat in their rocking chairs. Beside them were tables that held Bibles, which they read everyday. In the house, Alphaeus and Letitia had a devotional time. Sometimes their granddaughter, Catharine, joined them for it. She lived just a hop, skip, and a jump around the corner, in the Price home, which was across the street from the town’s church.

How Catharine loved to visit the two-story Porter house, where her Grandmother Porter would quote scripture to her and would tell her Bible stories. Six of Alphaeus and Letitia's seven children died. Somehow the Porters found comfort from the words they read in their Bibles.

Inside Roscoe and Kate Price Jones' house, Kate, the president of the Women's Missionary Society, sat and wrote her own programs telling how Christians should have love and concern for others, even those in lands far away off from her little town.

Inside the Asbury Methodist Church, Letitia Porter sat through one of the first services, as she was a charter member. Alphaeus Porter probably sat in there through many a church business meeting, as he was a member of the Official Board. On benches where today's pews are, Catharine Price sat, possibly next to her Grandmother Porter who often brought her to the Missionary Society meetings. Catharine could see and hear her Aunt Kate presiding over the meetings. (This must have had an impact on her, for in later years, she also served as a Missionary Society president in her church in Va.) As a growing girl she sat and soaked in the words of her pastors and the influences of other church members. At 14, inside that white church, she sat at a revival, confessing her sins, inviting Christ into her life, and purposing to live for him.

My grandmother's love and faith was part of what led me to become a Christian. So her Christian heritage from Allen is in a way mine too. Forgive my historical musing, but consider it all just another way that the

past connects to the present and perhaps . . . to the future.

Testimony (Presented to Ocean View Baptist Church, Norfolk, Va. before her solo as part of a Gaither Musical Program.)

All of my life, I have known about Jesus. I first met him as an infant, when my mother, who liked to sing, always rocked me to sleep with one hymn: "There's not a friend like the lovely Jesus, no not one, no not one." At the age of two, so they tell me, I was singing it too, saying all the words I remembered.

Just before I was six we moved to a small village on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, called Allen. My dad bought the old family home, just across the road from the only church in the village. I thank God for this little church, for it was there I met Jesus again as a growing child. It was in that church that I was under the influence of some very fine Christians, some of them, real Saints of God. My grandmother was a charter member of the church and my grandfather a member of the Official Board, also my aunt and uncle, my uncle later on entering the ministry, and some very fine and dedicated pastors.

We did not have a family altar in my home, but my grandparents did. Oh My! How I did enjoy visiting them at this time. They both had their Bibles on tables beside their rocking chairs and read them every day. My grandmother oft quoted scriptures to me and told me Bible stories. They had had many sad experiences in their lifetime, among them, the loss of six of their seven children before they were 21 years old. They had a faith that was beautiful, and they always had a way of turning to their

Bibles for words of comfort. My aunt was president of the Missionary Society. I often attended with my grandmother. She wrote her own program material and they were always filled with love and concern for others, even to the ends of the earth.

At age 14, I decided if I was going to be a part of God's Kingdom, I must do something about my own life, so during a great revival we had in our church, I confessed my sins and invited Christ into my life, and dedicated my life to Him.

I thank God for the many wonderful opportunities He has given me for service, but I thank Him most of all for the "song He gave me", and for the many times I have used it for singing His praises of love and comfort.

I have served Him by singing in the choir, teaching youth and adults, and in His wonderful missions, giving me many opportunities for witnessing.

At 26 years I married a good Baptist and we had two lovely sons and four sweet grandchildren and one adopted one.

We have had many ups and downs, and a great deal of responsibility, but through it all, our faith in Christ has helped us meet all of our needs. He has been sufficient, and we have enjoyed many blessings.

Now after 63 years in His service, I can testify to you, that the longer I serve Him, the sweeter He grows. (Transcribed by Terry Fletcher Cherry, 2/17/98)

The Hitch Family of Allen

Editor's Note: The *Historian* always enjoys hearing from readers, and last

October a letter arrived from member Henry Hitch. His kind words of praise for the newsletter are most appreciated. More importantly, I thought other readers might enjoy the information he provided about the Hitch family and about his own life experiences.

I was born in Salisbury in 1923 and named Henry Atwood Hitch, Jr. I can remember my Grandmother Hitch taking me along, when she visited Uncle Beverly and Aunt Laura Hitch in the early thirties. We must have been there more than once, as I still remember the attractive white home on the beautiful pond in Allen.

My father, Henry Atwood Hitch, was born in Allen or near there in 1896. His father, Robert Thornton Phoebus Hitch had two brothers, Beverly and Kirby (?). My Grandmother Hitch's maiden name was Edith Bounds.

Edith Bounds had many brothers and sisters. A few names I recall – C.C. [Carol], Preston, Milton, Ethel, Maydell, Nettie and Nellie (?). There could have been more. I remember my great-grandfather Bounds very well. He lived with Grandmother (Edith) Hitch in his later years.

My wife Rosalie, who was raised in Denver, Colorado, and I were married in 1947. We first lived in Richmond, Va. until my desire to live in the South West moved us, in 1950, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. The land of enchantment and it really is. Our next move, in 1955, took us to Casper, Wyoming – where the antelope play. We sold our home there in 1987, as we had built a home, in 1976, on a lake in Wyoming. We spend 3 months on the lake each summer. The elevation is 6000 ft., which provides

beautiful, cool, dry weather most of the time. It's different in the winter – Temperatures can go down to 40 below and the wind blows harder and harder. We spend 9 months in the Phoenix area and thoroughly enjoy it. Next March will be our 15th year in Arizona.

An anecdote, if you don't mind. I worked for the First Interstate Bank of Caspar, Wyoming for almost 30 years. I retired 7-1-85. I enjoyed being president of the bank, the last 11 years of my tenure.

C.N. King founded the bank in 1889. He had one son, Leslie King, a non-performer. He married and had a son, Leslie King, Jr. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska. Why I don't know as they lived in Wyoming. Leslie and his wife were divorced. Mrs. King married a Mr. Ford. Mr. Ford took his new bride and Leslie King, Jr. to Michigan. He adopted the boy and named him Gerald. Today we address Gerald as President Gerald Ford.

Best Regards,
Henry Hitch

The Phillips Sisters Grow Up, Part III

by Pauline Phillips Best

Editor's Note: Part III concludes Mrs. Best's reminiscences of growing up with her sister Lillian in Allen. Unfortunately, she passed away before completing the story.

Sunday afternoons were often a time for everyone to gather around the piano for a song fest. I never heard Mother sing, she was just content to be a good listener. Anna Bell Cooper, Lil's girl friend, was at our house almost every Sunday and she had a beautiful voice. She, Lil, and I

used to try to harmonize, with Lil singing the alto though she would never sing very loud. When she had recitations at church or school, she always spoke rapidly and softly – didn't become a big talker until she was much older.

Hog killing time was a busy, exciting day at our house. Every year my father raised four hogs which he butchered, usually in December. If at all possible, I managed to be home from school that day. In the early morning, I would watch from my bedroom window as the men prepared for the butchering. By the time the meat was brought to the kitchen to be cut up and ground into sausage, I liked to be there. The intestines were cleaned and stuffed for link sausage, and some was put into bags to be sliced when cooked. Three or four colored women would be helping in the kitchen. Some would be at the stove cooking the head and liver used to make scrapple. Sometimes I was allowed to help cut meat or to feed or turn the sausage grinder. At lunch time there would be at least two tables to be fed. The white people ate at the first table, and the colored at the second. I ate at the second table as I thought the colored folks were more fun. I also liked them because they treated me like a "little queen". It was several days before all the work was completed. Mother usually canned some of the sausage, and some of the pork tenderloin for a special treat in the spring. Daddy was in charge of curing the hams and shoulders. He had his own special recipe which no one has ever been able to duplicate.

To supplement his income from the store, and to provide food for the table, Daddy had a big garden and sometimes rented additional land. For several years he rented the lot from Uncle Parker.

Three houses are on that lot now and one of them is where Mary Hope (Editor's Note: Harcum) lives when she is in Allen. My father planted it in string beans for the market. Once in a while, Lil and I would help pick beans. For his sweet potatoes, he rented land from Mr. John Murray as he felt that was the best land in the area for growing good sweet potatoes. My father didn't think there was anything better to eat than a good sweet potato, unless it was sweet potato pie. When he dug the potatoes, he buried them in the ground, covering them with lots of straw. That way they lasted all winter. In the garden at home Daddy planted rape (greens). Bill Tull did the plowing and helped with the planting, and Lizzie Dennis did the harvesting and selling. She would take the greens to Salisbury on the days my father went for groceries, and with a big bag of greens on her head she went from door-to-door selling. She and my father did all right with this arrangement, for my father saved his gardening money for special uses like buying a new car. I don't know how many years he had to save.

When we were children, Mother wasn't too eager to teach us to cook as she was always in a hurry, and didn't want the extra mess she was sure we would make. Once when Mother was away, before I was old enough to read a recipe, I teased my father into letting me try to bake a cake. I made it from memory, and he baked it in the coal oil stove. I remember that it tasted terrible, but Daddy bragged on it and ate it anyway. Later mother taught us to make delicious cake. She made two every Friday, and I think she was glad to have us do the beating. Mother usually did the baking and icing. I built a reputation for angel food cake, and when we had a church

social, many people would request my angel food cake. The cake Mary Hope and I liked best was yellow cake with chocolate icing. We liked it so well that we would cut it while it was still hot, thus we coined the name "hot cake" to indicate our favorite.

In the summertime, ice cream socials were our means of making money for the church or Epworth League. We would canvas the countryside requesting donations of milk, eggs, and so forth. On the day of the social, we talked our mothers into preparing the mixture, and we turned the freezers. Mrs. Disharoon's banana was always a hit, but I preferred my mother's chocolate. In season strawberry or peach were also popular. We not only made money for our Epworth League delegates to go to Blackstone, but one year we earned enough money to buy a piano for the church.

Lil and I both helped in the store from the time we were small. We didn't mind if we didn't have something better to do. What we didn't like was getting up early for the bean pickers. We would keep a house coat and slippers by the bed and when we heard the first truck stop, we were out of bed and in the store as quick as a flash. Sometimes the first truck would arrive by four o'clock in the morning. Everyone wanted to be waited on at once, and sometimes it was bedlam trying to remember who you were waiting on. They purchased such things as ten cents worth of cheese and ten cents worth of baloney, canned beans, bread, cookies, and soft drinks.

Except for staying overnight at Ocean City on the Fourth of July, our family had very few trips. Our one big trip that I remember when we were children was when we all went to Norfolk to attend

the Methodist Conference. Daddy had wanted to go for a long time to hear the preaching and see former preachers. Conference was held in the fall and meant that Lil and I would be permitted to miss school. Mother and Dad worked for months planning the trip. The Bells (Editor's Note: the Rev. C.C. Bell was pastor of Asbury Methodist Church in Allen from 1913 to 1916.) made our hotel reservation in the same hotel with them. Our dressmaker, Mrs. Sadie Malone, worked feverishly to finish making our new clothes. Lil had the most beautiful blue taffeta dress with a cordon pleated skirt. My dress was brown taffeta with an embroidered yoke. We also had new coats and hats, and Mother and Dad bought new clothes for themselves, which didn't happen very often. We took the train to Cape Charles, then went by boat. It was rough crossing the Bay and Mother and Lil didn't like it. I thought it was fun. I was thrilled to see Helen Bell again, but wasn't too happy about spending so much time in church. As we walked from the hotel to the church, I remember Mother couldn't stop looking up at the tall buildings. It was her first trip to the big city - even before we went to Baltimore to take me to the specialist. One night we rode the trolley car to Virginia Beach to have dinner with Mr. Bell's parents. Dad and Mother had known them when they visited in Allen.

I can't remember ever hearing Mother and Daddy quarrel, though I know they didn't always agree on everything. If they couldn't decide about giving us permission for something they would keep us going back and forth. Mother would say, "Go ask your father," and Father would say, "Go ask your Mother." Once, when I was working hard for a "yes" answer to my request, I

thought I just about had it made, when Daddy's sister, Aunt Will, who was visiting us, spoke up and said, "Well, if she was my child, she wouldn't go." That settled it, and I hated her for interfering. Some things our father had very definite ideas about and it seemed nothing in the world would get him to change his mind, once he had said "no". Lil had a harder time in this respect than I did, because she was older. I remember two very difficult problems Lil had when she was in high school. The first was that she didn't want to wear high top shoes, when all her peers were wearing oxfords. Our father felt that low-cut shoes should not be worn in cold weather. It took a while, but Mother finally persuaded him to agree after Lil threatened to quit school. The other big problem was her hair. She wanted it cut. Daddy could not stand the thought of cutting off her beautiful curls. No amount of persuasion would get him to change his mind. Finally after several months, Tante and Mr. White came for a visit. Mother explained the problem to them, and they could see how unhappy Lil was. As they were leaving, Tante White asked my father to let Lil cut her hair. That did it. After they left, Daddy said, "I'll say no more, go get her hair cut."

. . .
Christmas was a special time at our house. George Furniss, our father's colored friend, always brought us a beautiful Christmas tree each year. In return, Lil and I stuffed his pockets with cigars and chewing tobacco and whatever other goodies we could find in the store. After we opened our gifts on Christmas morning, we joined with the neighbor children in going from house to house to see what Santa had brought them. We didn't have our turkey dinner on Christmas Day, but later in the week

when there would be lots of invited guests to help eat the turkey, fried oysters and other holiday treats.

In high school Lil and I had lots of girl friends. Lil was fortunate in having Mildred Mitchell as a friend before she started high school. Mildred lived in a big, brick house on Camden Ave. in Salisbury and her father was half-owner of Kennerly and Mitchell's Department Store. Mildred was a niece of Aunt Sue Griffith (not our real aunt) and came often to play whenever she was in Allen. All of Mildred's friends from the Salisbury elementary school accepted Lil as their friend. Many of them had younger sisters whom I got to know before I started high school, which made it easier for me too. Sleepovers were in vogue then as now, the only difference being that there were no sleeping bags, and they weren't called "sleep-overs." We usually went for the entire weekend, and three girls would share a bed. Sometimes there would be six or more girls at one time. To say that we were noisy would be an understatement. One time when Lil had a house full of girls, three of them locked the parlor chamber door to keep the others out. They weren't to be outdone, so they took the screen out of the window, climbed out on the porch roof, and went in a window in the parlor chamber. How our parents ever put up with all our pranks, I'll never know. Once when I had a group down, Paul Huffington had the honor of taking us to Siloam Camp Meeting. He was a college student then, so you can imagine how a wild bunch of kids seemed to him. He was glad when he got us home.

Allen school and church were known for their entertainments, and I was always given the longest recitation. At Christmas I usually got one of the leads

in the Christmas pageant. Even when I was in college, they would save a part for me. I'd be home in time for one or two rehearsals. It wasn't that I was that good, but there was no one else willing to do it. When I was about sixteen and a Junior in high school, I had the lead in a play directed by Miss Irene Smith. Joseph Smith played opposite me. (He was some fifteen years older.) We must have done all right as we took the play to several small towns to help them raise money for local churches. In high school I never had the nerve to try out for a play.

The summer before Lil's sixteenth birthday, Daddy decided that she should learn to drive the car. We still had a Model-T Ford, but a different one from his first car. As he didn't want to teach her himself, he asked Ruth Bounds, who was a couple of years older, to do it. We went out on country roads for the lessons. I say "we" because I always went with them and demanded my turn at the wheel. In due time Lil got her license and Daddy was pleased that he had someone to help him with the driving. One Sunday morning I surprised him by going down to the garage and bringing the car to the kitchen door ready for church. That was the first he knew that I had learned to drive. He didn't scold me, in fact, he seemed pleased.

By that time we were a two-car family and in the summer I was allowed to have a car to take Mary Hope to see her grandparents and her Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Clifford. We made the loop almost every day. One day when we were in our teens, we had a flat tire directly in front of the Cooper farmhouse. We felt sure that Billy or Levin would come to help us, but that

didn't happen. We decided we had better do it ourselves, and we did. That evening the boys came to Allen and we proceeded to brag about changing the tire. They started to laugh, and we discovered they had watched us from behind the barn, but they were surprised that we didn't have to go to the house looking for help.

When they weren't going somewhere, Lil and Martha (Editor's Note: Messick) used to knit. In a letter Martha wrote me in 1985 she said: "Do you remember us knitting sweaters, unravelling them in the summer, and exchanging the yarn? Or going to the strawberry festivals? Lil and I sat on the cans so we could eat the ice cream from the dashers. I also remember Wilson's old mule that he rode. . ."

Mary Hope and I spent a lot of time embroidering. We worked feverishly by lamp light on the hottest nights when everyone else was sitting on the front porch trying to keep cool. Sometimes when we ran out of one color of thread, we'd make a quick trip to Salisbury in the afternoon just for that one purchase.

In the spring and fall, Lil and I rode to high school with Cousin Helen Porter, but in the winter months we rode the school bus, as Cousin Helen boarded in Salisbury. After Lil graduated from high school, she went back another year to take a postgraduate course learning shorthand, typing and bookkeeping. Mother and Daddy wanted her to go to college or at least to business college, but by that time she and Wilson were "going steady" and she did not want to leave home. When she completed her business course, she got an office job with the W.E. Sheppard Co. Sheppard's was the wholesale firm where Daddy

bought most of his groceries for the store. It was also a father-and-son business and we used to refer to them as Mr. Willy, Mr. Billy, Mr. Walter, and Mr. Raymond. Mr. Raymond was a nephew who worked for the father and sons.

After Lil went to work, Dad let her drive the Ford sedan to work. I dropped her off, and took the car on to school. Not many high school kids had cars in those days, so I always had lots of friends willing to ride around with me after school while I waited for Lil to get out of work.

(Editor's Note: The account ends here.)

The Malone Family

Editor's Note: Elliott Wilkins sent the following account published in a Salisbury newspaper on January 23, 1885 dealing with the Malone family of Allen.

Mr. Editor: The death of Simeon Malone, a worthy citizen of our county, suggests a few facts in the Biography of the Malone family or that branch of it who settled in Somerset County about two hundred years ago. The grandfather of George Malone (who was the father of Simeon), was Robert Malone, who came with his brother John from near Dublin, Ireland. They were educated in London and admitted to the Bar as English barmasters, and were descendants of Edmond, brother of Richard (Lord Sunderlin), and uncles to Edmond Malone, Editor of several Editions of Shakespeare, known to history as the great Shakespearian critic. This branch of the Malone family were Protestants. Mr. Charles O'Conner of Balanagar, the most recondite of

moderns in such studies, says the name may be traced from a King of Connaught, Murray Mullathan, (Murray the longheaded), who died in 701. His descendants assumed various names. Thus a descendant of the house being tonsured in honor of St. John, received the name of Maol Eoin, which soon became Malone. The former signifying "bald", the latter "John". This branch had estates conquered for them out of the territory of Westmeath by their royal relation of the long head, not far from the modern town of Athlone, where they long continued to reside. In a work entitled "Brewers Beauties of Ireland," the following appears: "Baronstown, on the banks of Lough Iron, is the splendid seat of Richard Malone, Esq., inherited by this gentleman from his relative, the late Right Honorable Richard Malone, Lord Sunderlin, who died without issue. The estate was purchased of nangle Palatine, Earl of Navan, by Richard Malone, Esq., father of the celebrated forensic orator Anthony Malone, and of Edmond, the father of Lord Sunderlin." The last named Richard (for there were seven of the family bearing that name,) was the father of two persons, Robert and John, who settled in Somerset County, Maryland. The first named being the grandfather of George, who was the father of Simeon Malone. Sir James Prior, author of the life of Edmond Burke, says of Anthony Malone, after a very flattering reference to other members of the family, "Of these the most celebrated was Anthony, an orator, lawyer, and statesman of the first-class. His name is still mentioned with the reverence that belongs only to the great. To a commanding person, fine voice, and temper rarely to be ruffled by any opponent, were added powers of argument and persuasion so effective that it was once proposed to transfer him

from the Irish to the English House of Commons, in order to oppose Sir Robert Walpole." The [judgment] of [Lord] Grattan on this eminent person should not be forgotten: "Mr. Malone was a man of the finest intellect that any country ever produced. The three ablest men I have ever heard were Mr. Pitts (the father), Mr. Murray, and Mr. Malone. For a popular assembly I would choose Mr. Pitts; for a privy council, Murray; for twelve wise men, Malone." This was the opinion Lord ? gave of Mr. Malone: "He is a storm in a Calm." . . .

I have been thus particular in giving a short sketch of the ancestry of Simeon Malone, not for the purpose of exalting the man; for he would scorn to receive flattering compliments if living. But I do it to show that the man must have had good stock in him, or the pressure which was brought to bear upon him during a long, patient, and useful life would have borne him down. For it is a fact that a man cannot enrich his numerous friends, but if they will, they can do much to lighten his burdens through life. For the last 40 years, his hospitality has been the theme of hundreds, and indeed, I may say thousands of welcome guests, who have freely accepted, and sometimes abused his kindness. But Simeon Malone is dead, and it has been truly said by many this week when and where shall we find his like again.

Request for information:

I would like to write an account of the work of the Boy Scouts of America in the village of Allen, and in particular of Troop 181 for a future edition of *The Historian*. If any of you have any information, stories, or anecdotes, please forward them to me:

George Shivers
116 School Rd.
Chestertown, MD 21620

Book Sales

The Society still has copies of *Changing Times: Chronicle of Allen, MD, an Eastern Shore Village*, which may be purchased at a now reduced cost of \$35 per copy. We also have copies of *The Ancestors and Descendants of Jonathan Huffington and Henrietta Adams* available at a cost of \$30. Information about the following families can also be found in the Huffington volume: Weatherly, Gunby, Morris, Waller, Whayland, Malone, Pollitt, Parker, and numerous others. You may order books from Casey Parsons at our box number. Please include \$3.00 for shipping costs.

Photograph Request

The Society would like to maintain as complete a record as possible of Allen buildings and properties. We are particularly interested in acquiring photographs of buildings which no longer are standing. If your family has in its albums any pictures of Allen homes, please consider forwarding us a copy. We are particularly interested in the following buildings:

1. The old post office and store that belonged to the Wallace family in the early decades of this century and to Benjamin Franklin Messick in the last century.
2. The original Asbury Methodist Church building, which after its removal in 1848 served as a store and post office, belonging first to Caleb Twilley and his wife and later to the Malone family.

3. The Cottman mansion, located on Motherton Plantation, the home of Joseph Stewart Cottman, and later the property of the Allen family. (Cottman Rd.)

4. The James and Eliza Huffington farm house (originally belonging to the Morris family), and in this century to the Ira Waller family. (Cottman Rd.)

5. The William and Clara Huffington farm house (Cottman Rd.)

6. The Jesse Huffington house on Collins Wharf Rd., also the home of the Mariner family earlier in this century.

7. The Harold and Joy Bounds house on Allen Rd.

Fall Meeting

All members are invited to a meeting on Tuesday, September 7 at 7:30 pm at the Mills-Phippin house. Agenda:

1. Planning for fall events (the Pemberton Colonial Fair and our October Open House);
2. Discussion of plans for a new member drive
3. Fund-raising plans
4. Plans for furnishing of Mills-Phippin house and preparation of exhibits

January 1, 2000 will mark the beginning of a new dues period for the Society. We look forward to your continuing support.

Individual \$10.00

Family	\$15.00
Patron	\$35.00
Sustaining	\$250.00