

# The Allen Historian

Volume 21, No. 1

February, 2015

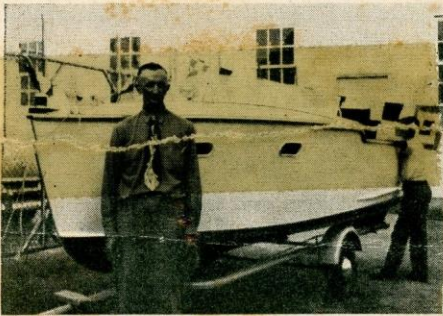
## Part II

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JAY SHIVERS, with brother & nephew, Allen—

“Try to reduce your operating risks as much as possible—one way is by irrigation. If you think of going into irrigation, be sure you have sufficient water, otherwise you’ve taken a poor risk. Supply ponds and pits may be alright, but a dollar invested in a well and well pump for a guaranteed water supply might be better than a cheaper pond where the water supply will fall with a drought. However, irrigation has certainly paid off for me.”



LUTHER PAYNE, Allen—

“Irrigation might be one answer to increased profits but it is easy to under estimate the additional costs, especially on the labor it takes to move a system from plot to plot. It’s best to get an adequate pump the first year and then feel your way along to get your profit and cost picture.”



Allen Boy Scout Troop 181

Left to right: 1. Unidentified; 2. Gilbert Disharoon, scoutmaster; 4. Bill Carey; 5. Lee Disharoon; 6. Noah White; 7. Jimmy Malone; 8. David White; 9. Scotty Hitch; 10. George Shivers



JAYNE SHIVERS

Jayne Shivers, 17  
Has Farm Queen  
Title for 1955



**A Gathering of the Elzey-Whayland Families**

**Standing:** William Elzey, James Elzey, Louise Whayland Elzey, Herbert Elzey, Lena Whayland, Robert Whayland, Peggy Harrington, Pauline Harrington, Mildred Whayland, Charlotte Whayland, Dick Whayland, Ruth Whayland  
**Seated:** Louis Whayland, Alonza Whayland, Margaret Whayland Banks, Gordon Banks.  
 Picture taken at the home of Alonza Whayland in Allen, Christmas, 1939 or 1940



**Allen Girls 4-H Club, Organized in 1948**  
 Leader: Murrell Simms

**The girls pictures (left to right):**  
**Back:** Nancy Banks & Faye White; **Front:** Vera Kluge & Rosalie Fields; Barbara Stevenson; Jean Cooper, Jean Murray, Jayne Shivers, Joy Bounds  
 (From the collection of the late Rosalie Fields)

## A Celebration in Allen



This invitation to the 25th wedding celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S.C.

Allen was among items donated by the late Mrs. Lillian Malone, and was probably sent to her mother, Annie Rachel Mills Phippin or her grandmother, Martha Phillips Mills, both of whom once lived in what is now Passerdyke Cottage.

Joseph Stewart Cottman Allen and his brother William ran a general merchandise store from the 1840s to the 1890s on the property that is next door to the Huffington-Pollitt house. He was born on February 12, 1828 to Mary Whittington and William Whittington Allen. He died on February 11, 1912. He and his wife and family lived in the house built for his mother in 1860 and later known as Whittington Hall. His wife was Mary Cecilia Phoebus, who was born on October 5, 1844 and died August 26, 1913. Her parents were Thorington Covington Phoebus (1821-1885) and Mary E. Wilson (1823-1884).

The children of Joseph S. C. and Mary Allen were:

Raymond (born 1872)  
 Lindley (born 1874)  
 Verona (born 1876)  
 Mary W. (born 1879)

(The dates of birth are according to the 1880 census and probably incorrect. For example, the gravestone of Lindley Allen indicates he was born in 1876.)

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## Good Old Times in Allen

*What follows comes from a letter written to Ruth Wilkins in 1950 or 1951. It is signed "Nettie," but I don't have a last name.*

I guess you have thought of the Box Socials we used to have at the School House mostly, when everyone would try to fix their basket the prettiest and then they would be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Everything nice was put in them.

We used to have Christmas entertainments at the church and would have a beautiful tree trimmed with popcorn and tinsel and sometimes other things and someone around there would be Santa Claus. We were always scared of him. For what reason I don't know, but anyway when he would give us our candy we were afraid to get too close. I remember one Christmas we were on our way home and I believe we were walking that time, when George, I believe it was, dropped his candy and you know that was a catastrophe.

They used to cut ice from the pond in the winter and pack it in sawdust in the old ice house and then in the summer we would go get it and make ice cream.

The first time we ever saw a movie it was at church. We had never seen one and thought it was the most wonderful thing we had ever seen. They had pieces like "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight" and "He Carved His Mother's Name Upon a Tree." We thought they were sad.

We used to have picnics in the Summer time for the Sunday School in front of the church, also several times we would drive to Salisbury and hitch the horses and then go on the train to Ocean City.

We used to have very big snows. The winter my Grandmother Hitch died Christmas Day and Aunt Alexine Turner came down to stay with Mother and died about February, the snow was so deep my

father had to go meet him (I say him - I mean Uncle Herman Bothum, Aunt Alexine's brother) on horseback. Father always carried the mail, I believe - at least most of the time from Eden to Allen.

You can tell about the time the milldam broke, how the men worked all night, I believe, trying to save the mill and road, I guess. (*Editor's Note: this was due to a storm in 1919.*)

Also about the time they had Infantile Paralysis down there and Wilson and Ruth Malone and, I believe, one other, was stricken. It was at Halloween time, when we found that Wilson had it, for Iva, Jack Hitch, and myself had to go down to Dr. Long's to get him and we were afraid. They were having a surprise party that night on Lucille and Dr. Long went off without us- driving a horse and buggy - and when the folks came we hid under the tables and other places. When Zena and Iva saw us there they were so worried, that Zena undressed right before the crowd. Of course, she had on her own clothes with some of Father's clothes over them.

Mrs. Mary Malone used to make yeast cakes and Cousin Annie made yeast. We used to go buy it from her and I suppose others did too.

Guess you know where we used to go to vote - I say "WE" - I mean the men at that time. I remember Father used to be a clerk or registrar, and would get home sometime in the early morning. It was someplace near Trinity, or some place that way.

## **Mr. and Mrs. Price**

*The following article is by the late W. E. Wilkins and was published in the Eastern Shore News on April 8, 1995.*

One set of my great-grandparents, Levin B. and Mary Jane (Turner) Price, lived in the neighborhood of Allen, MD, all their lives. For 35 years he was the teacher in the local school, where a generation and a half of local boys and girls learned everything from the ABCs to Vergil (sic) and trigonometry.

Although "Squire" Price died in 1893, more than a decade before my mother was born, she heard many tales about him. For one thing, he apparently was not a good disciplinarian. A tale about him relates that one day he was working with the younger children when a big boy asked to be excused. He nodded yes. Then another, and another, and another. Finally Mr. Price noticed that all the older boys were out of the room. He knew where they were: they had constructed a lean-to against one of the trees in the schoolyard. He walked out to the tree and up the side of the lean-to. There was a scramble of arms and legs as the scuttled out of the ruins of their "fort," and they returned sheepishly to the classroom.

On another occasion he determined to paddle one of the older boys. He told the boy to lean over, and then he straddled him, paddle in hand. The boy rose to his full height, carrying the schoolmaster on his shoulders while the hapless man pleaded: "Put me down, Willie, put me down!"

*Editor's Note: Mr. Price may have been a poor disciplinarian, but the story that came down from my grandmother, Emma Huffington Phillips, is that her father, Jesse Huffington, hired a tutor for her at*

*home first and then sent her to board with a relative on the Upper Ferry Road, so that she could attend school at the Morris School there. The reason: he thought that Mr. Price was to prone to use the paddle!*

Despite the glitches, "Squire" Price turned out an amazing number of students who succeeded very well in many fields - including a Maryland State Superintendent of Schools, (*Editor's Note: J. Walter Huffington, 1877-1953, was State Superintendent of Negro Schools in Maryland for many years.*), several college professors, and a sprinkling of Methodist ministers, my grandfather, who married his daughter, among them.

There are a few stories of his domestic life. In those days, of course, nobody had indoor plumbing, and he rose in the middle of one night. Molly, as Mary Jane was called, asked him what he was doing. When he mumbled some euphemism, she called out in alarm: "Mr. Price, you're in the parlor!" "Dod blom it, Molly, I know where I am, and I tell you, it's the darkest night I ever seen." "Mr. Price, Mr. Price! Wait, you're in the parlor! Let me light the lamp. My new carpet!" "Dod blom it, Molly, do you think I'm a dod-bloomed fool? I know where I am, and I tell you, I've never seen such a dark night!" By this time Molly managed to strike a match and light the lamp so that he could see where he really was. The sequel has not survived on the record, but in any case, the new carpet was rescued in the nick of time.

My grandmother, Kate Price Jones, was the youngest of six or eight children, born when her parents had been married 19 years. Her oldest brothers were more like uncles than brothers and babied her. She



was indulged probably more than most children born in the 1870s, and one day when she was about six she swung on the door of the china cabinet. Someone told her to stop, but she paid no attention. "It'll be all right." Suddenly the cabinet came over in a crash, breaking almost every dish and plate but sparing Kate. Her mother had to send someone to the store to buy enough plates to put supper on the table.

Her only sister, Nan, was two years older than Kate, who often accompanied Nan to the store. When they were about seven and five, Nan overheard someone charging groceries and asked whether she could charge something. Yes, she was told. She charged five cents worth of cinnamon sticks.

When she arrived home with them she was confronted by her mother, who sent her back with stern instructions never to do such a thing again. Those were times when a lot of people practiced cash and carry.

The days of such village life lasted in many parts of America until World War II and its aftermath. The corner store, the school and church within walking distance, the neighborhood doctor, lawyer, handyman, all went the way of the horse and buggy. Automobiles, telephones and paved roads, along with radio and television, elevated people's sights beyond the immediate community.

We have gained immeasurably in convenience and ease, but we have lost something of value also, something that will not come again.

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**In an effort to lower our costs, the Allen Historical Society is experimenting with sending the *Historian* via email to those members for whom we have email addresses. If you prefer continuing to receive the newsletter by regular land mail, please advise us by responding to either of the following addresses:**

**[jes-grs@verizon.net](mailto:jes-grs@verizon.net)**

**[gshivers2@washcoll.edu](mailto:gshivers2@washcoll.edu)**

**If you haven't yet renewed your membership in 2015, we hope you will do so. We need your support!**