

# THE ALLEN HISTORIAN

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ALLEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Box 31, Allen, MD 21810

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George Shivers, Editor

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## ASBURY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, FALL BAZAAR

**Yes, the Asbury UMC Fall Bazaar will happen this year, but because of the ongoing threat of Covid 19, it will be done in a different way.**

It will be Sat., Nov. 7<sup>th</sup>, 10:00am til 2:00pm. It will be a pre-order, drive-by format, no indoor seating nor activities. There will be chicken salad by the pint or quart, and probably three soups, vegetable beef, chicken noodle, and bean, also by the pint or quart, and served cold. Costs: Soups, \$7.00 Qt., \$4.00 Pt. Chicken Salad, \$13.00 Qt., \$7.00 Pt. Pre-orders may be called in: 410-546-2043, and the deadline for pre-ordering will be Oct. 31<sup>st</sup>. They will have some quantities available to order on the day, but the bulk will be pre-ordered. Weather permitting, they will also have an outside bake table and book table.

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## ALLEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY FUND RAISE

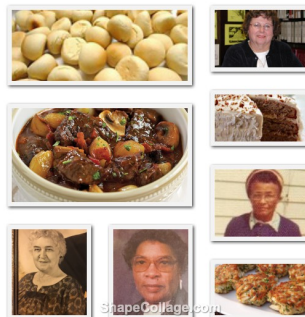
**Question: When is a cookbook more than a cookbook?**

**Answer: When it includes not only the recipes for many delicious dishes but also insights into the lives of the cooks who prepared them.**

That's what you get when you purchase the new Allen Historical Society cookbook, available this fall in time for Christmas!

## OUR HERITAGE, OUR FOOD

*Served with love by the  
Allen Historical Society*



**To reserve your copy or copies, send your check for \$25 per book made out to the Allen Historical Society, Inc. to the address in the heading at the top of this page. Be sure to indicate whether you will pick them up or want them mailed to you.**

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## Join the Allen Historical Society

**Individual dues: \$15**  
**Family: \$20**  
**Patron: \$40**  
**Sustaining \$250**

**Mail check to Allen Historical Society,  
P.O. Box 31, Allen, MD 21810**

## The Virginia Cottage



### David (“Butch”) Kolb, Jr.

*The Editor thanks Aggie Culp for making this article by her late brother available to the Historian.*

The “Virginia Cottage” was for many years the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor. It was an odd-looking L-shaped affair of three separate one and a half story structures connected by little, one-story hyphens. It was also very close to the road. Mrs. Bell bought it to protect her property next door, but left it vacant. When my grandfather, Jesse Pollitt, retired from the office of Sheriff of Wicomico County, he had more collections than space. He filled all his own structures, borrowed space from a friend, rented the Sadie Waller house right next to the church and bought the Taylor house from Mrs. Bell. She sold it to him for just what she had paid on the condition that he preserve the house, not tear it down.

A man from the Washington, DC area, Mr. John Uline, who had a highly paid artistic job arranging major movies and plays and had many wealthy and famous friends asked to buy the house for a country place. My grandfather sold it to him for just what he had paid on condition that

he fix the house, not tear it down. Mr. Uline figured the present configuration, built a scale model of it, and moved the principal sections back from the edge of the road to the present location. He brought some “fancy folk” to see his project (according to him, including Maureen McCormick in her silver Rolls Royce, but he was transferred to the west coast and he sold it to his friend, Mr. Magruder for just what he had invested in the place.

Mr. Magruder was a retired landscape architect who had been chief gardener at the White House and who had a hobby of remodeling houses. He had some in the Washington area and at the time he bought the house from Mr. Uline already had two houses in Princess Anne. He lived in the big house across from Teakle Mansion and also redid the house across from the old jail. He found three to be too many and put them all on the market. The two in Princess Anne sold quickly and he had to rent the old Phillips store (by that time, in terrible condition) to live in, while he finished Virginia Cottage. He bought another old house for materials, added an entrance porch (enclosed by later owners), and insisted that things be done his way. He hired two men to dig up the soil and sift it to get out weeds and impurities. He then filled the place with fantastic antiques, including an ancient lacquered wood Chinese box for a coffee table and a 16<sup>th</sup> century English tavern table of heavy, dark oak that he bought right out of the tavern and used for a dining table. He lived there a few years until he died. He left it to the University of Virginia, which offered it for sale immediately. It was bought by Taylor Harvey, a professional organist/musician and then later by the Dolches who live there yet

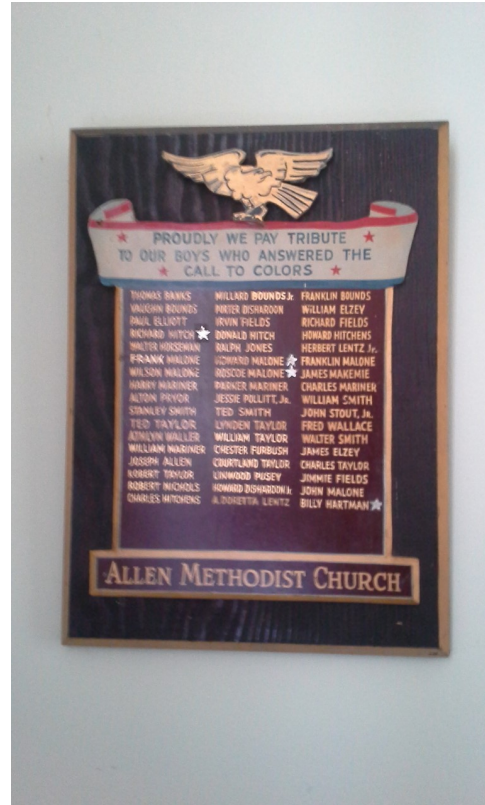
and are active in the community\*. The Dolches made a fantastic addition, including garage and another bedroom. Although it looks nothing like the original house, it is a decided improvement, and looks like it has always been there – and in some ways it has.

### The 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the End of World War II

World War II in the European Theater ended in May of 1945 with the unconditional surrender of Germany. The official document ending the war in the Pacific Theater was signed by the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mamoru Shigemitsu on September 2 after the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and August 9 respectively.

While the United States did not suffer the extreme destruction experienced in Europe and Asia, few families did not experience the loss of a friend or family member in the combat, and the village of Allen was no exemption.

A plaque at Asbury United Methodist Church here memorializes those members who fought and those who died.



### A Memorial Day Address by Greg Malone at Asbury United Methodist Church

Good morning. My name is Greg Malone. I want to thank Reverend Stookey for graciously allowing me to address the congregation during this Memorial Day service. It is a leap of faith for him and I am deeply grateful. As I look out, I see many old and dear friends; I also see faces that are unfamiliar to me. Let me introduce myself.

My mother is Bettie Sue Malone. For sixty years she has been a good and faithful servant of this church. My grandmother was Mary Griffith Payne. At the time of her passing in 2006, I believe she was the oldest parishioner this church has ever had. She died a few days shy of her 104<sup>th</sup> birthday. My great-grandmother was Sue Messick

Griffith. She lost both of her parents at a very young age. When she was nine years old, she planted the boxwood that stands closest to the sidewalk in the cemetery.

My father was Jack Malone. For many years he was one of the mainstays of our choir along with cousins Dick Pollitt, Mary Lee Kolb, and Kay Carey. Dad also served many years as our Sunday School Superintendent. He stepped into this role when his father, Twilley Malone, retired from that position after many years of devoted service. Twilley was also the director of the choir for many years. He built this communion table and the hymn-number holders. My great-grandfather, Peter Malone, helped build the steeple on the church.

I have deep and abiding roots in this community. Allen will always be my home, and this will always be my church

This plaque has hung in the vestibule my entire life. It's easy for it to just blend into the background; easy to pass it by and never notice it. It is a role of all those from Allen who served in the Second World War. There are 51 names on this plaque. 4 of these names have a gold stars next to them. These are the young men who did not survive the war. To people of my parent's and grandparent's generation, being a Gold Star Mother or Wife signified terrible tragedy and unbearable loss. The war was hard on Allen

All of the names on this plaque have a story that cries out to be told, each and every one. I struggled with whether to include this next quote because of who it's attributed to: Joseph Stalin. It may very well be the most profoundly

cynical statement I have ever come across. It is also profoundly true: "The death of one man is a tragedy, the death of millions, a statistic."

I'd like to tell the story of the death of one man.

Robert Roscoe Malone (known to his family and friends as Roscoe) was born on July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1918 to W. Twilley and Beatrice Jones Malone. He was the third of four brothers. There were James Twilley (Jimmy), William Frank (Frank), Roscoe, and John Alonza (Jack). Twilley and Beatrice evidently had their hands full. The Malone boys were, to say the least, high-spirited. Stories abound of overturned outhouses, dismantled carriages, a 12-gauge shotgun, lassoing mailboxes from a moving pickup truck, at least one near-disastrous trip to Deal Island, and assorted other childhood misdeeds and general all-around rambunctiousness. And Roscoe always seemed to be in the middle of it.

As a side note, Rick Pollitt has heard Dad tell the outhouse tale many times. While Dad always denied being there, Ricky has observed that Dad did an awfully credible imitation of Ms. Mildred Whayland, who was in the outhouse that Halloween night, going, "Oh, Papa! Oh, Papa!" as the outhouse went over. He has also speculated, somewhat unfairly in my view, that Dad was less than forthcoming about how he was able to recreate in such exquisite and realistic detail the events of that evening.

As Roscoe grew into a young man, he could evidently light up a room. He was tall, rugged, charismatic, charming, full of life, and, if the photographic record is

to be believed, markedly handsome. Roscoe married Mary Belle Smith, also an Allen native, in August of 1940. He was working as an accountant for the Eastern Shore Public Service Company when the war broke out. He enlisted in the Marine Corps early spring of 1943. Although I don't know this as a certainty, I believe he and his cousin, Jesse Pollitt, Melissa Bright's father, enlisted together. I do know they were in boot camp at the same time.

After completing basic training and Officer's Candidate School, he was assigned to the 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Division and shipped out to the Pacific in December of 1944. Roscoe and Mary Belle had one child, Ellen (now Ellen Hitch), who was born on December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1944. In a terribly sad story that was to repeat itself many times during the war, Roscoe never got to hold their newborn daughter.

I don't want to get too deep into the historical weeds here, but I think it is important to understand the maelstrom into which Lt. Robert Roscoe Malone was thrown.

The Allied invasion force landed on Okinawa on April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1945. The compound irony of this date—it was both April Fool's day and Easter Sunday—was not lost on the men assaulting the beaches. Their initial experience was both shocking and unnerving. Instead of encountering intense fire and a fiercely contested beachhead, the landings went virtually unopposed. The American troops advanced standing up.

There was a reason for this. Driven by a variety of pressures, the Japanese

devised a new battle plan for Okinawa: allow the Allied troops to land and advance to the interior of the island, destroy the invasion fleet through waves of coordinated kamikaze attacks, and then annihilate the now isolated troops. To this end, they turned the southern third of Okinawa into a killing field.

It was a defense in depth: fields of fire were interlocking; machine guns, mortars, howitzers, and heavy artillery were pre-registered so that killing fire could be concentrated rapidly and to devastating effect. To attack one position meant coming under fire from other positions not under direct assault. In the words of George Fieffer, writing in *Tenozan*:

Okinawa's southern landscape was studded with hill turrets that repelled like the posts of a pinball machine. There was the Chocolate Drop—Wart Hill—Flattop complex; the Tiger—Charlie—Oboe Hill complex; there were Hen, Hector, Conical, Oboe, Nan, Mabel, William, How and Dick Hills; Rocky Craggs, Kakazu West, Hill 60, Hill 178, Skyline Ridge, Ryan's Ridge, Gaja Ridge; Hundreds of ridges and rises festooned with hidden gun emplacements; scores of escarpments where the Japanese positions, although less effective in their aggregate, were just

as murderous to those hit by a howitzer shell or machine gun bullet.

These defenses spanned the width of the island. The Japanese lines were anchored in the west by the port of Naha, in the center by the castle at Shuri, and in the east by the town of Yonabaru. The American troops had no choice but to assault these positions head-on. This was a deadly ordeal. Allan Millet writes:

Marine battalions took, lost, and retook hill after hill as rifle companies shrank until they reached platoon-sized remnants of dazed survivors. Every hill became a battleground of flying grenades and raking machine gun fire, and movement forward or backward for the Marines sent casualties soaring. On many days progress was measured in yards, and on some days there was no advance at all.

The exact circumstances of Uncle Roscoe's death are uncertain, but here is what we do know. The 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of the 1<sup>st</sup> Marines was placed into regimental reserve on May 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup>. During this time, they received 116 replacements. Lt. Malone was among these men. He was assigned to Company B. On May 9, the 1-1 went back to the line.

On the grinding lead edge of combat in the Pacific, the life expectancy of Marine Corps junior officers was

horrendously short; it often numbered in minutes. The learning curve was steep; the price for a mistake catastrophic; and no mistake at all was needed to have something horrible happen. Replacement officers often joined an outfit and were killed before the men they led ever knew their names. When Lt. Colonel Frank Malone learned that Roscoe had gone into combat, he could only pray that his brother would receive a survivable wound. It was too much to hope that Roscoe would escape the battle unscathed.

About a mile to the northwest of Shuri was what the historians Belote and Belote called "an unimpressive hummock of coral." It was designated as Hill 60. The 1<sup>st</sup> Marine battalion was ordered to secure this hill. The assault started at 12:05 pm May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1945. It was initially assigned to Company C. When they encountered fierce resistance, Company B was sent in on their right. It was during this action that Lt. Robert Roscoe Malone was killed. You can almost hear a runner reporting to the battalion commander: "Skipper, the new lieutenant is dead."

When I saw *Saving Private Ryan*, there was a scene where my throat closed up, tears filled my eyes, and I didn't know if I could stay in the theater. This didn't happen in any of the scenes where you might expect, but early on in the movie. A mother is washing dishes and she sees what is clearly a military vehicle coming down the long dirt lane to her home. She collapses because she knows they are bringing her shattering news. However powerful that scene is, Steven Spielberg used dramatic license here: almost everyone was notified about the death of a loved one by telegram.

My grandfather received one of those dreaded telegrams. As soon as it was in his hands, before he ever opened it, he knew his heart was broken. He just didn't know which son had been taken. You see, three of the four Malone boys were in uniform: one in training, one in harm's way in Europe, and one in the Pacific. It then fell on him to inform the surviving brothers of Roscoe's death. One of these letters survives.

10 P.M. May 28, 1945

Dear John,

This is a letter I had prayed I would never have to write, but God has ruled otherwise. We have lost Roscoe...I am writing under difficulties. As though my tears were not enough, I am writing by candle light while a storm rages outside. It just doesn't seem real. I have prayed, so earnestly, that if it be God's will, my boys be returned to me. But it was not to be. We are not alone in our grief. Many are the homes that are suffering as we are.

I thank God so often that he gave me 4 sons of whom any dad could be proud and though he has seen fit to take one, I can say "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

My heart goes out to Mary Belle. She is visiting her Aunt in Baltimore. They will go for her tomorrow.

Take care of yourself son. We can only pray that you and Frank will be kept safe.

May God's richest blessing

and protecting care be with you.

So, what are we to make of this? How are we to make sense of this if there is a loving and involved God? Why didn't God save them all?

I don't know. To my ear, patriotic platitudes sound woefully inadequate and ring hollow given the great, great losses so many people suffered. If ever there was a war to save the world from darkness, it was the Second World War. I believe it was the brilliant writer William Styron who called it "The last just war." But I'm not certain this is adequate to answer the question. Every side believes their cause is just. Every side believes that God is on their side and that this sanctifies the awful violence they inflict on others. This is just as true today in as it was WWII. For, make no mistake about it, Uncle Roscoe died a violent death among strangers with every intention of inflicting violent harm upon others.

The songwriter and wonderful guitarist Ricky Skaggs struggled to come to grips with this in his song, *Seven Hillsides*. Set in World War II, he describes the turmoil of a young preacher who must bury 7 soldiers all returning to their small Appalachian village

All night I wrestled Jacob's  
angel, and prayed with Mathew,  
Luke, and John

Struggling to find the words to  
face the task that comes upon  
the blood red dawn

I've buried men before their  
time, alcohol and blackened  
lung

But how to bury seven of these  
Appalachian miners' sons

Who stormed the beaches wave  
on wave and sailed home to  
these rocky graves  
and family plots that bear their  
names

To tell the truth I never thought  
much about the will of God  
before

When called to preach at  
seventeen I was in love with  
fiery words and not much more  
The time has come to keep the  
faith for others shattered by their  
loss

Remind them of the loving God  
whose Son like theirs paid the  
cost

To save a sad and wicked world,  
through sacrifice our love is  
heard

and pray that I believe those  
words

Perhaps what we are left with is our  
belief in God's grace; our belief that  
God can and will somehow, in a way  
that is not now comprehensible,  
reconcile us not only to each other, but  
to ourselves; that God can and will  
reconcile that wildest of all human  
paradoxes: that we are capable of both  
inflicting great violence and harm on  
others and capable of demonstrating  
great courage and sacrifice, sometimes  
in a single act.

Perhaps it is our belief that in the  
fullness of time, God will heal all  
wounds, soothe all bitter hatreds, and  
make whole all of that which is now  
broken.

This is the hope and the promise of the  
Cross.

Until that time arrives:

They shall not grow old, as we  
that are left grow old,  
Age shall not weary them, nor  
the years condemn,  
At the going down of the sun,  
and in the morning,  
We will remember them.  
(Laurence Binyon)

Always faithful

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### **Richard Hitch**

Among those who sacrificed their lives  
was also Richard Hitch.

The following articles appeared in the  
*Salisbury Daily Times*, regarding the  
disappearance and death of Richard  
Hitch, who was the son of Beverly Hitch  
and Laura Richardson Hitch. Mr. Hitch  
was the last miller of Allen, when the  
local grist mill closed down and was  
razed in 1919.

#### **Allen Sailor is Missing in Action (1944)**

Richard B. Hitch, son of Mr. and Mrs.  
Beverly Hitch, Allen, has been reported  
missing in action in the Pacific.

Entering the Navy in March 1939, he  
was trained as an electrician's mate and  
assigned to submarine duty.

He is a native of Allen and was  
graduated from Wicomico High School.

A brother, Donald Lee Hitch, is in the  
Army Air Force.

On March 27, 1945 the following article  
appeared in the *Daily Times*:



## **Bronze Star Awarded Missing County Man**

For heroic service as a member of the crew of a United States submarine, Richard Beverly Hitch, 29, of Allen, Wicomico County, has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal.

Hitch, an electrician's mate first class, USN, is listed as missing in action, according to a report of the award received by the Fifth Naval District, Norfolk. He is the son of Beverly T. Hitch of Allen.

Accompanying the medal is a citation which says:

“Skillful and tireless in the performance of duty, Hitch supervised the upkeep and repairs of the essential electrical equipment and was largely responsible for the consistently high state of efficiency maintained throughout a period of hazardous operations, thereby contributing materially to the success of the vessel in sinking an important amount of Japanese shipping.

His cool courage and efficient service under extremely perilous conditions were in keeping with the highest traditions of the U.S. Naval Service.”

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### **Two Other Asbury Members Who Died in the War**

Billy Hartman and Howard Malone also gave their all for their country in World War II.

Howard J. Malone is buried in the Asbury cemetery. His marker reads:

Staff Sgt. 743 Tank BN  
World War II  
August 24, 1917 –Dec. 18, 1943

He was son of Frank and Lida Malone of Trinity. He also left a wife and infant son, James E. Malone.

William Stanley Hartman was born on Sept. 5, 1919 and died on Sept. 23, 1944 in Namur, Belgium. He is buried in the John W. Taylor Cemetery in Temperanceville, Accomack County, VA. He was the son of James Hartman and Mary (Mae) Twilley Hartman. His mother was the only child of William James Twilley, a Methodist pastor, of Allen.

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### **Allen's African American Veterans**

Members of Allen's African American community also fought for our nation's freedom. The next article features one of those men, Louis Frazier Martin, who celebrated his 103<sup>rd</sup> birthday on July 2, 2020. Mr. Frazier currently lives with his daughter, Mrs. Sheila Brown in Petersburg, VA. The community celebrated his birthday with a large motorcade driving past their house as he watched from the front yard! We are grateful to Mrs. Brown for providing the article, which was written for his 103<sup>rd</sup> birthday, to the *Historian*. Your editor has abbreviated the article in order not to be repetitious, since it is followed by a speech that Lt. Col. Frazier gave 2 years earlier.

### **Louis Frazier Martin**

Louis Frazier Martin, born in Princess Anne, Maryland, has seen and experienced a lot over his 103 years of

life. He was born during World War I, escaped illness as an infant during the “Spanish Flu” epidemic of 1918, served in World War II as an enlisted man and officer, and is now shocked to experience another global pandemic due to COVID-19. Martin, and his twin sister Lourene, were born July 3, 1917 and were the eldest of 12 siblings. His parents were college-educated, having met at Hampton Institute in Virginia. *(Editor’s Note: His father was a professor at Maryland State College in Princess Anne and the family home was located on Allen Road, north of the village of Allen. His mother was a member of the Polk family of Allen*



Martin attended Hampton for three years, majoring in Agriculture. However, his father’s salary and their own part-time jobs could not cover the tuition costs of 3 young Martins in college at the same time so he transferred to Princess Anne College, now known as University of Maryland Eastern Shore. While there, he helped charter a chapter of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity, Inc. on that campus. He graduated in 1940 with a B.S. degree in Agriculture Education and then became the only male teacher at Cooksville High School (the first public high school for Blacks in Howard County, MD.

. . .

He is proud to have been inducted as an Honorary Member of Buffalo Soldiers in 2019. He finds this particularly gratifying since his maternal great-uncle, Thomas Elzey Polk, Sr., was one of the original Buffalo Soldiers.

Mr. Martin is the Elder Emeritus of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Petersburg. He is a past president and member of Beaux Twenty Club, Inc. and still attends meetings of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity, Inc. He is also an Elections Officer in Chesterfield County. Colonel Martin was one of the regular “morning walkers” at South Park Mall for many years. He is always available for saltwater fishing trips since fishing has been his lifelong passion.

He was married to the late Maria Rhue Martin who served the children of the Commonwealth of Virginia as a first-grade teacher in Petersburg. Their only child, Sheila Martin Brown, graduated from Hampton Institute like her mother and paternal grandparents. After spending most of her adult life in Atlanta where she served eight years on the Atlanta City Council, she now resides with her father in South Chesterfield, describing herself as his housekeeper, social secretary, and long-distance chauffeur.

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**My Life**  
**by Louis Frazier Martin**

*(Editor’s Note: What follows is a talk that Mr. Martin gave at Second Elam Baptist Church in his 101<sup>st</sup> year.)*

My father built a cubicle in our home for his Bible study. He took the family to church and sang in the choir. He was a leader at home and in his profession. I can't sing, but I never miss church or Bible study if I am in town.

My twin sister and I were born on July 3, 1917, in Princess Anne, MD. We were the eldest of 12 siblings, six of whom have since passed away. Our parents met at Hampton Institute where our father majored in Agriculture Education and our mother majored in Home Economics. My father was raised in a Quaker orphanage and was sent to college by the Quakers who encouraged minorities to improve themselves through education. My mother, the oldest of 12 children, wanted a college education so she would not be a domestic like her mother.

Daddy was the first Black Agriculture Extension Agent in Maryland. Mother used her Home Economics training to raise 12 healthy children. She had a part-time job typing her husband's year-end reports.

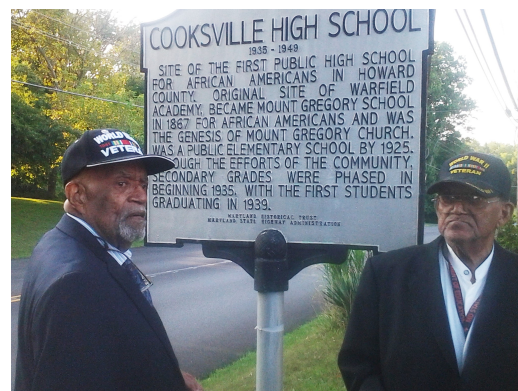
Raising a large family on one salary was not easy. We children pitched in to earn money as soon as we were old enough. We worked as "domestic migrants" in 2 counties, harvesting crops by the bushel or by the hour. We walked the fields by day and hulled beans at night.

In 1935 my twin sister and I went to college at Hampton Institute where I started a five-year work-study program. Like my father, I chose agriculture – one of the few college majors available to black males.

At Hampton, I drove a wagon around campus selling fruit, vegetables and peanuts to students and faculty. I made 15 cents an hour during the school year and worked through summer break making 25 cents an hour, which was actually a lot of money at that time. You had to work if you wanted to eat.

My brother Walter came to Hampton a year after me. At the end of my third year the college treasurer told us if we did not have the \$150 each for the fall semester, not to come back. We then transferred to Princess Anne College near home so we could finish college and then help our younger siblings go to college.

In 1940, I graduated from Princess Anne College, now known as the University of Maryland Eastern Shore, and took a job at Cooksville High School, the first public high school for African Americans in Howard County, MD. I taught vocational agriculture. One woman taught home economics. The other woman taught English, math and social studies. As the only man in the school, I was also the Dean of Men.



In March of 1941, I was drafted for a 12-month period. As a teacher, I was granted a deferment until the end of the school year and reported to the Army on June 19, 1941. My twin sister Lourene

and all five of my brothers later served in various branches of the U.S. Armed Services. Lourene was the only sibling to make a career in the military, serving 22 years as a Registered Nurse in the Army.

I reported to Camp Lee, VA for basic training where I was assigned to the all-Black 9<sup>th</sup> Regiment, where the drill master specialized in giving college students and teachers a hard time. Despite my education, the Army sent me to the 48<sup>th</sup> Truck Regiment at Fort Benning, GA, where I served as a file clerk.

One day at a meeting, a colonel asked if anyone wanted to go to Officer Candidate School. The people I worked with knew I wanted to go and mentioned my name. The colonel said, "have him put in the application," so I did. I thought I was finally going to make use of my college degree.

The dream was interrupted by a declaration of war on Dec. 7, 1941. Three weeks later our regiment was transferred to California with follow-on orders to the Pacific Theater. I was reassigned to a service unit at Camp Gruber, OK.

They gave us 200 laborers who had been in the Army for five days. You were supposed to go to basic for 13 weeks, but because of the war, they were trying to get them in quick. I had to help train them and give them their orders.

I had almost given up on OCS, but then there was an officer at Fort Muskogee that helped with my application. He sent me to town to ask this pretty lady to come to the Officer's Club for a dance. I

told the officer about my OCS package. During the dance, he spoke with a Personnel Officer about me. The next day, my OCS package was now on the top of the pile. Soon I was heading to Camp Lee for OCS.

Back at that time, 1943, the Quartermaster School here started a new class every two weeks. It always started out with about 750 but only graduated about 500. That was typical of most Army units because of buildup. During my time at OCS School, I continued to deal with segregation and not receiving the same treatment as the white officers.

After OCS, I and other Black officers were sent to the Air Service Command in Alabama, because they needed truck companies. We arrived by train, but no one bothered to arrange for us to be picked up from the train station. There was no transportation for us to get to Headquarters, so we had to walk to the local bus station carrying our bags and other belongings. On the road, some kids saw us Black officers and ran ahead knocking on doors, saying "Here come a bunch of monkeys." I was assigned as a Company commander and was excited to be given my first cadre. However, General Patton was moving so fast and grabbing everybody who came into Army, so I never got to serve as a Company Commander, because the unit never filled up. All the Black officers were floaters.

Most of my later assignments were at Air Force bases. I headed to England and worked for the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force hauling bombs, paratroopers, glider pilots, and supplies. Many of my drivers could not read, so I would coordinate readers to be staggered in convoys, so trucks could

find their way back to base, if they got separated from the convoy. I did that until the end of the war.

When World War II ended, I was sent to assist in the shut-down of Tuskegee Air Force Base in Alabama, home of the famous Tuskegee Airmen. While stationed there, I traveled to South Carolina numerous times to court Maria Rhue, a teacher and Hampton graduate I last saw before being stationed in England. On my 6<sup>th</sup> visit to SC we were married with 5 Black officers from Tuskegee serving as groomsmen.

After the war, there were 30,000 officers from three-star on down who were in the military for the convenience of the government. We were given a choice to stay one year or get out immediately. Many officers elected to stay in for the extra year, because they had no job experience on the outside. I wanted to get out, but where do you find an agricultural job in the month of November? Most of the jobs were already filled and I had just gotten married, so I opted to stay for the extra year, but my request was denied. I was relieved from active duty after six years in 1946. Maria and I lived with her parents in South Carolina.

Fortunately, I had 60 days of accumulated leave that gave me a paycheck for the next two months. I then directed a federal program, teaching agricultural skills to military veterans. My wife and I had our only child, Sheila, during that time. When my program ended, I decided to go to the University of Illinois for a master's degree. We left South Carolina and headed to Illinois, where I attended school on the GI Bill. Upon graduation, I accepted a faculty

position at Florida A & M University. In 1959, we moved to Virginia, when I accepted a position with Virginia State University.

Being in Virginia brought me back to Ft. Lee, where I continued my reserve duty, finally retiring as a Lt. Colonel in 1972 with credit for 6 years of active duty and 22 years of reserve duty.

I am proud to have served my country to the best of my ability. I salute all veterans and all who serve this country and its citizens in any way they can. Our worth should not be measured by how much we have. It should be measured by how much we contribute in service to others.

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