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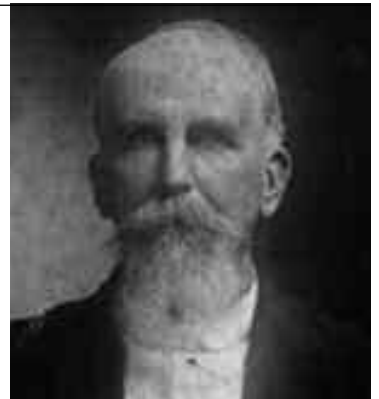
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THE FAMILY OF FRANCIS MARION
SHAW
AND RACHEL MOORE ALLEN



T H E G R A N D C H I L D R E N

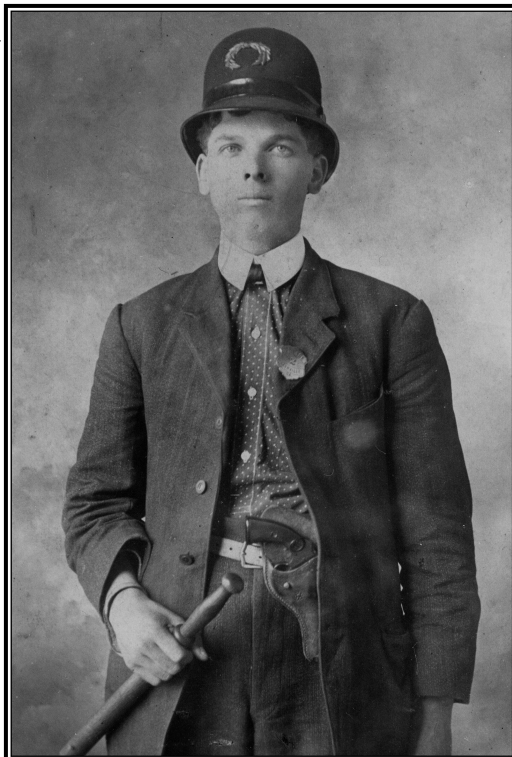
**LITTLE FRANK
ALLEN**
Small Town Peace Officer

In 1906 two young Ray City men, William Franklin "Frank" Shaw and Ben

Giddens, had wandered into a South Georgia swamp. When it got late in the evening and the skies turned stormy, the Shaw family, many of whom lived and worked in the Ray City vicinity, mobilized to search for the boys.

In the June 23, 1906 issue of the Valdosta Times, the following account of the event was reported as follows:

Cat Creek, Ga., June 20 – Last Tuesday afternoon Frank Shaw, aged 15, son of Mr. B. F. Shaw, and Ben Giddens, another boy about the same age left their homes to go to the swamp nearby to gather huckleberries. The dogs that followed the boys treed a rabbit in the swamps,



which is a bad place and the boys decided to go in the swamp and get the rabbit, when to their great surprise they found themselves lost. The night was a dark and stormy one and the trees and limbs were falling in every direction. The boy's parents became alarmed by the boys failing to show up and they decided to go in search of them.

Messrs. B. F. Shaw and two sons, F. M. Shaw, Bobbie Taylor, John Shaw, W. B. Parrish, Frank Allen, J. S. Shaw, Brodie and Bruner Shaw, all

went in search of the missing boys, some going in every direction. The dogs that accompanied the boys did not come home, which brought great relief to the boy's parents who realized that if the boys were either drowned or killed the dogs would have returned home.

Frank Allen was just 19 years old at the time and though the lost boys eventually

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The Family of Francis Marion Shaw is a non-profit newsletter published semi-annually, or more frequently, for the benefit of the descendants of Francis Marion Shaw and his wife, Rachel Moore Allen Shaw.

Historical contributions are requested. Your family histories including character traits, religious affiliations, professional pursuits and vital information such as birth dates and places, marriage dates and places, and death dates and places, are all welcome. Photographs help make the newsletter come alive. If you have some special photos of your ancestors which you would like to share with all of the family, please make a copy print of it and send it on to the address below. If original photos are sent, they will be carefully handled and returned, but editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage. Send your manuscripts and photo submissions to:

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Earliest photo of Little Frank Allen probably about the time he was hired on by the City of Nashville as night marshal. Note his tall stature in the upper right photo.

A young Pearlle Lee Allen, above, probably taken about the age of 30. Unusual that Frank does not appear to have his photo taken at that time as well.



found their way out of the swamp and back home by 11:00 that night, the occasion of the search may have influenced not only young Frank Allen to pursue his life-long occupation in law enforcement, but his cousin and closest friend, Bruner Shaw, as well.

Little Frank Allen, son of John Levi and Minerva Futch Allen, was born at the home of his grandparents, Reuben and Sarah Futch on July 24, 1886. He was educated at the Pleasantvale school in the Allenville community, and Pine Grove, a two-room school just west of his parents home on the north side of Possum Branch in the Lois community just west of Ray City. Upon completion of his rural schooling, he attended Norman Business College at Norman Park.

He was raised as most young men of the day, in the way of a farmer. However, he found an interest in wearing the uniform of City Marshal (a tall keystone bowler hat with clusters and a badge on the lapel of his too-small suit coat) at the early age of 20. The duties of a night marshal in 1905 consisted of filling the four street lanterns with oil on each corner of the square and seeing that they were lit by dusk, and snuffed out at dawn.

Frank Allen was endowed with a musical talent, and started playing a violin at the early age of 13. Back then the rural families would often gather at different

homes and have "frolics" or dances. "If I stayed out til midnight, seemed my dad would get up earlier the next morning than any other time," he quipped in an interview in years later.

According to Frank, there were only four Hopf violins in the county at that time, including his. It started to become unglued, so he had it refinished and glued back together. But due to a lot of use, it eventually came unglued for good.

The small wage earned in his official capacities seems meager by today's standard, But it was not a hinderance to the desires of the heart when he asked Pearlle Lee Taylor for her hand in marriage.

"Back then you didn't need a lot to start housekeeping on; most important necessity was a good partner," Frank later stated. "I felt like I found one." The couple was married on July 14, 1907 by Elder A. A. Knight, a Primitive Baptist preacher, at the home of the bride's parents, Mitchell Moses Taylor and Sarah Alice Shaw Taylor.

The couple took up housekeeping at a cottage on East Marion Avenue in Nashville, and shortly thereafter Frank went to work as a sales clerk at the S. T. Tygart hardware store in town, temporarily giving up his brief career in law enforcement.

After they married, Frank would play his violin and Pearlle would play the piano and they would have a big time after supper.

The following year, on April 29, 1908 they started their family with the birth of their daughter, Irma Lee, and moved into their home at 303 West Dennis Avenue in Nashville. Frank continued to work at the hardware store until about 1910.

That year, Frank returned to his boyhood home near Ray City, and picked up the tools of a farmer once again, helping his father work the family farm.

On April 13, 1912, Irma gave birth to their second and last child, Buren Little "Dark" Allen. Their children attended school at Pine Grove until they moved back to Nashville, about 1918, where Frank was engaged in carpentry.

In 1924, Dr. J. V. Tally was elected mayor of Nashville, and with his election came an opening for a night marshal. With Frank's previous background and a recommendation from Jon P. Knight, he was hired to fill the position. It would be at least his part-time occupation for the remainder of his life.

His role as night policeman was not



filled with tracking or capturing wild desperados. Quite the contrary. He never used his revolver in 32 years, only used his night stick two times and his handcuffs once. (See Shaw Newsletter Vol. 7 No. 1) But his stature was an imposing deterrent to most law-breakers that he encountered.

In speaking of his days as a policeman, Frank said, "I had a 'good' blackjack and carried a gun which I never had to use. I only used the blackjack two times. One time I had a knife pulled on me. Another time I used a pair of 'nippers' (handcuffs). The reason for the chain nippers was because the fellow I was dealing with was bigger than me."

Another time he was called to the

"quarters" about a man cutting up from drinking too much. While walking him back to town to put him in jail, the drunkard turned and went the other way. Frank asked him where he was going, and the man retorted, "Home!" With that, Frank stepped up and popped him once with the blackjack. "That one pop is all it took for the fellow to turn around and head back to the jail."

Over the years Frank held a number of jobs to supplement his work as a policeman, mostly carpentry. He also worked about four months with the Georgia-Florida Railroad as a bookkeeper. Even after he handed in his badge, Frank would occasionally ride along with Sheriff Newt Hughes on calls to



Erma Lee Allen



Buren Little "Dark" Allen

Little Frank and Pearlle Lee Allen in this formal studio photo, left, shortly after Frank went to work for the Tygart Hardware Company. Frank was almost 21 years-old, and Pearlle was just 18.

The Allens started their family with the birth of Erma Lee, top, then Buren Little afterwards. Editor is unaware of how "Dark" acquired his nick name, however it appears he acquired it early in his schooling years.



The Frank and Pearlie Allen home at 303 West Dennis Avenue in Nashville, above was the only home that the couple ever owned and resided in most of their life.

Pictured on the left are four generations of the Allen family: Seated are Minerva Futch Allen and John Levi Allen, with their great-grandson, Lee Franklin Davis. Standing are Little Frank Allen, Pearlie Lee Taylor Allen, and their daughter, Erma Lee Davis Nix. The photo was taken about 1936.



Alapaha or Ray City.

Finally, Frank quit working all together and spent his time tending his garden behind their home on Dennis Avenue, sharing his vegetable harvest with his neighbors.

He spent his last years visiting old friends, a familiar figure strolling the streets in his shirt, bib overalls and cane. After a short illness he passed away on December 21, 1977.

Pearlie, his life-long companion was not to be separated from him long, passing away just 23 days later on January 13, 1978. They were buried side-by-side at the Westview Cemetery in Nashville.

21ST ANNUAL SHAW-ALLEN REUNION

September 21, 2014, 10:00 A.M.
Nashville Community Center



Celebrating the lives of Mary Idell Shaw Ennis and Burie Webster Clements, Jr.

The 21st Annual Shaw-Allen Reunion will be held Sunday, September 21 this year. We will be celebrating the lives of two wonderful family members who recently passed away. A special musical salute to them by Jo Clements will highlight the event.

Sign-in and visiting will start at 10:00 a.m. followed by the special program at 11:00, so be sure and arrive early. Then there will be the One-armed Cornhusking contest, so get the youngsters prepared and the older folks may be called into action as well.

And finally the now-famous Shaw-Allen potluck luncheon buffet will be served. A full, wonderful day of family tradition. Make plans now to bringing the whole family .