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SPECIAL MEMORIES OF FRANKFORD

I requested that each member of the group who worked on the Memories of Frankford book submit a paragraph on their "special memories of Frankford." Many of them had more memories that are not listed. They have been so full of events and stories (many that couldn't be printed) and happy memories of the town. I wish everyone could have the opportunity to talk with each of them.

MRS. EVELYN TRUITT BAKER – My childhood was filled with the love of my wonderful parents, Will and Ella Truitt. I especially recall the times spent at my father's store (across from our home on Main Street). They were good times. I remember going to school in the Old Frankford School building for elementary, then the Taylor School, then the Lockwood school and finally back to the Old Frankford School, which then was being used as a high school. I graduated from Frankford High School. I met my husband, Jim and married him after dating for 14 months. We were married in my parent's home and had a beautiful forty-six years together. Vividly remember a joyous event for us, the birth of our son, Dean. My parent's home was always filled with our school friends. It was a happy place, with lots of laughter. I have lived in Frankford all of my life. It is a wonderful place to call home. One of my little things that I have always done, even as a child, is to lock my doors.... especially my bedroom door.

MR. JEFFREY BANKS – I was born in 1940 near the end of the war in my mother's home place, just outside of Frankford. My mother told me that Dr. Virgil Wood only charged \$25.00 to deliver me. I have the receipt that he gave my parents for the delivery. Some of the things which I recall as a very young boy around town was the tapping of Mr. Crocker's cane as he walked around town; helping or felt I was helping my Dad serve as a "spotter for planes" during the War; recalling that one of our military planes crashed on what is now the Eldred Cress Farm and another crashing near the swamp area; and seeing Captain Chandler walk through town or sitting on his porch. Another memory recalled is of the Kiwanis meeting at the Frankford Fire Hall. It was their custom to sing a song at the beginning of the meeting. Mr. Charlie Franklin had ponies and fox hounds in the area behind the fire hall. Every time the members sang, the foxhounds chimed in with their howls. I recall the German prisoners were interred at Georgetown, Bear Trap and possibly Millsboro. I did not realize it at the time, but these men were classified as skilled, unskilled, etc. The prisoners, which worked at Eagle Poultry, were skilled in machinery and carpentry. They were also excellent landscape painters. They painted several paintings and gave them to my parents (I have some in my home today). When my parents began building our house on DuPont Highway, several of the men helped do the carpentry work. They even made objects with which I could play. I graduated from John M. Clayton School, and later married my wife, Barbara. Barbara was from the Ocean City area and graduated from Stephen Decatur High School. I worked in our family business, "The Banks Company". We

have one daughter, Mrs. Elbridge Murray (Dana) and two wonderful grandchildren, Ridge and Riley.

MR. GEORGE BECKETT – Recalls being a young boy and having my mother, Emma Beckett, give me a nickel. I bought chocolate drops (3 for a penny) from Will Truitt's Store, and counted each one as I ate them. I dreaded the moment of eating the last one. Mom also bought mild yellow cheese from his store and I enjoyed it and Hobo buns. I remember buying 5c comic books from Joe and Sally Hall as well as Mary Janes and Gum Drop candies from Frank Dukes' store. As a boy attending Frankford #206 we carried our sleds to school during long, hard winters and sledded down the hill toward the bridge in the road, even if we had winters with plenty of snow.... better not try that now. How can I forget those wonderful carnivals on the grounds of Eagle Poultry --- merry-go-round, ferris wheel and various game booths! I attended Antioch Camp Meetings from a baby to present day...74 years without missing year. Antioch just celebrated its 111th anniversary in 2003. My grandfather McCray operated a barbershop on Mill Street. My mother always made us get our haircut by him. As we got older I did not always want to have him cut my hair (his clippers were sometimes dull). I recall squinching up and he would tell me to "Keep Still." I recall working at Eagle Poultry for several years and walking a picket line to have salaries increased. At the poultry plant, I recall catching chickens in the field on the chicken farms, feeding chickens, unloading chickens and working in the cooling area. My grandfather, John McCray, made wooden barrels at Eagle Poultry. Chickens were processed and shipped in wooden barrels to the city at that time. When my father, Ed Beckett, would come to Will Truitt's store, I remember sitting in the car with my mother. We would have to wait a long time because Dad would get into conversations with the men in the store and forget the time. I recall taking a sightseeing trip with the Mrs. Carrie Frame's second grade class to Wilmington, and then taking a boat (The Wilson Liner) to Philadelphia. One of memories was that my grandfather McCray, was the first custodian at #206 and used to put used oil (from automobiles) on the mops to keep the dust down on the wooden floors. Another memory was that we brought our lunch to school. I recall that once a week one item was brought in from somewhere...it might have been peaches, dried beans, or rice pudding with raisins. This was probably the beginning of the school lunch program on a smaller scale, of course.

MRS. EDNA HUDSON BUNTING – I recall my memories of the town as being a "special place" in which to live. When the post office was on Reed Street and Clarence Esham was the postmaster, my grandfather, Gordy Hudson, picked up the mail and took it to the railroad station. After my grandfather's death, my father, George, took over the job of picking up the mail and taking it to the station. In the early 1900's my father delivered eggs and mail to the station in a horse and wagon. I am always proud to say that I have lived in Frankford all my life, and now reside within one house of my birthplace on Frankford Avenue. One of my favorite things

was going to the movies on Saturday night. The movies were silent movies at the Jones Opera House building. Several people played the piano. My sister, Dorothy Carmen was one of those people. I remember going to school in the 1st and 2nd grade in the present funeral home, 3rd and 4th grade in the old post office Reed Street, 5th in the Taylor Building, 6th, 7th, and 8th grade in the Lockwood building, and Grades 9 to 12 in Frankford High School (in the funeral home). In 1933 graduation exercises were held in the JMC building. There were eleven students in my graduating class. 9 girls and 2 boys. We did not, however, attend school in the JMC building. In the early 1900's streets were dirt and there were no electric streetlights. My father worked for Uncle Asher Godfrey in the general store on Main Street. I always looked forward to Christmas. Harley Ryan, a salesman from Georgetown, always left two dolls at the store, one for Viola Godfrey and one for me.

MRS. IDA BUNTING - My childhood days in Frankford were very happy. I had one sister and several friends. Bettye Tingle McCabe was my best friend. We were born within a month of each other. At that time there was no formula, and my mother was unable to nurse me. Betty's mother was my "wet nurse" and provided my milk, probably saving my life. It created a special bond between Bettye and me. My father Clinton Watson, was the funeral director, and I spent many days in the mortuary (playing games with my friends.) My husband, George Bunting, was a Frankford native. Our sons played around town and knew most of the other children in town. Another of my vivid memories is that my mother had a very large, wind-up clock. When the clock ran down, she would send me to a neighbor to get the correct time. Our neighbor, Morgan T. Gum, would give me the time. He always added a few minutes (whatever time he thought it would take for me to run home). This was his way of making sure Mom had the correct time.

MR. WILLIAM (BILL) BUNTING - I have always thought Frankford was a great place to live. It has a lot of great memories for me. I was born on Reed Street. My mother, Olive Evans Bunting, raised six sons. She was widowed in 1939 when my father, Howard, died of double pneumonia. My father always worked on the railroad. He was on what was called the Franklin City to Wilmington-Philadelphia Run. All of his brothers were railroad men. I met my lovely wife-to-be, Dolores Pepper, during my high school years. My brother, Richard, dated her first. After we both decided to have her as a "girl friend," things got complicated. Once we even showed up at her grandparent's home at the same time. We later married and spent some of our honeymoon in Florida and some of it in her grandparents' home on Main Street. I recall the room having a large featherbed, and that the bed fell down. I remember the sound of rain falling on the tin roof. I worked at the DuPont Company for a time, and then went to work for Atlantic Richfield Company on an oil tanker out of the port of Philadelphia. I went around the world several times while working for the company, retiring with 35 years of service. One of the funny

things I recall was that my younger brother, Richard, was a sleepwalker. It was not unheard of to find him sound asleep on a bench outside of Will Truitt's Store on Main Street (about three houses from our home on Reed Street.) I always had good memories of my boyhood in Frankford --- of Babe Gum driving his pickup truck down the streets of Frankford in the snows of winter with our sleds tied behind, going "bullfrogging" and "squirrel hunting" with Mr. Charlie Franklin and good times with Mr. Charlie Lockwood. Mr. Franklin tried to teach me to be a barber when I was around 14 or 15 years of age. It just did not work out. All of my memories of Frankford and the people of Frankford were good.

MRS. ALVANA DOLBY CAMPBELL - I had lived in Ocean View until I married Rodney Campbell. One of my favorite memories was of Mrs. Pearsine Truitt, who lived on Main Street, having "Quilting Parties." I went with my mother-in-law, and that is where I learned to quilt. It was fascinating to see Mrs. Truitt put all the squares on her frame. We all enjoyed getting together at these parties. I recall all of the friends that Rodney and I made at "Campbell's Store" on Frankford Avenue. I especially love the Frankford Methodist Church and the people there - past and present.

MR. SHERLY DeMOTT - I recall living in the Frankford area and operating the Service Station on Main Street. He said that he heard many stories from the men who sat on the bench outside of the station. Some of them could not be repeated. He recalled having just closed the station and going home, when the fire siren went off. He came back and that was a very cold, winter night. Mr. Sirman McAllister had almost put out the fire, when the water wagon ran out of water. The hydrant was also frozen. The fire rekindled and by the time they got back with water, the store had burned down. He recalled the trains were run by steam and in the early 50's the diesel engines were utilized. I met my wife, Alice Hudson, at the station. We have three children: Bennie, Mrs. Ronnie Gray (Diane) and Brian. I recall "hitchhiking" home to Frankford when I was in the service. My father, Mr. Powell, purchased the small "spotter" building from the top of the Frankford Fire Company for \$25 after the war. He made a doghouse of it.

MR. ROLAND DUKES & MRS. JEAN CAUDELL DUKES - I grew up in Frankford as a boy and lived here most of my childhood. I graduated from John M. Clayton School in 1948 and was drafted into the service in 1950. I was sent to Alabama for training and then to Korea for thirteen months. I am a veteran of the Korean War. After returning from the service, I went to work at Wayne Pump in Salisbury, Maryland. The job was a shift work position. I found that I did not care for shift work. I then went to work as a mechanic for Bunting Pontiac in 1954 working in that capacity for fifteen years until the company went out of business. I took a similar position at H. & H. GMC in Selbyville until they sold the business. The new owner later built the H. & H. Auto Sales building (Seaside Center). I worked as service manager and shop foreman until 1990 when the business closed. I

did not work anywhere for about a year; however, I took a position with Rogers Graphics in Georgetown doing their deliveries and other odd jobs for four years until retiring with a disability. I recall living in various places in Frankford – McNeal Hotel on Main Street and a home on Reed Street. When we lived on Reed Street I was amazed to see Mr. Crocker (who lived next door) being able to do so many things being blind. One of the memorable things I recall as a child was that Mr. Joe and Ms. Sally Hall kept RC Colas in their refrigerator. We were able to purchase them on Sunday. At that time stores were closed on Sunday. We also bought candy and comic books from the Hall's. Most stores closed early and the only store, which I recall being open as late as 8 p.m. was Lewis' store on U.S. 113. My mother, Bertha Dukes, would not let the children go out on the highway in the late afternoon or early evening. Mr. Norman McCabe, who lived a few houses from us, would walk with us to Lewis' store. I recall going to the railroad station and watch people loading strawberries on the freight train. Gardner Thomas was the stationmaster. He would allow us to sit on the old, long, wooden benches; however, children were not permitted to play around in the station house.

Roland and I met after he returned from the service. I worked as a waitress for my brother, Asbell "Rabbit" Caudell's Restaurant on Railroad Avenue. My brother had lost his legs in the service. I met Roland when I was working in the restaurant. We married in 1956. We have two lovely daughters, Tina and Sandy. Tina graduated from John M. Clayton and Sandy from Indian River. Both of our daughters went to work for the Delmarva News after graduation. Presently, Sandy works as a Computer Programmer for Rogers' Graphics in Georgetown, and Tina works as an Ad Designer for the Annapolis Capitol Gazette. I worked for thirty-five years for Bunting's Nursery in the strawberry plant division, and was the foreman of the packing crew. Roland and I purchased an acre of land, built our home on it, and have lived on Pepper's Creek Road (formerly Swamp Road) near Dagsboro for the past forty years.

MRS. IRENE HUDSON BANKS ELLIOTT – I grew up outside of town. My father was a farmer and I was born on the farm. (It is where Parker Road is now located) My family was very close, and I am still close to the remaining members of the family. I met my future husband, Arthur Banks of Bishopville, Maryland at the Frankford Firemen's Carnival in 1937. Everyone in town and surrounding area enjoyed coming to the carnivals. Arthur and I married in 1939. I was just out of high school. I recall my first job working in the school office for Major Short, Principal at John M. Clayton School. I made holly wreaths when we were first married to be able to purchase a reclining chair. Our daughter, Marla, presently has the chair at the Chandler Bed and Breakfast. I remember paying \$75 for a bedroom suite, which I still have today. It is just as beautiful as when I first got it. We built our home on the DuPont Highway (U.S. 113) a little at a time. We lived with both my parents and Arthur's parents while it was being built. We had three children, Jeffrey, Gerald and Marla. I especially recall Jeffrey's birth. I was young and foolish, but it was my wish to have my child born in the same house, same room and same bed in which I had been born. Jeffrey was born on the farm as I had

wished; however, my other two children were born in a hospital. Arthur said that if he had gone through what I did, we would have probably only had one child. Arthur built many of the Eagle Poultry buildings. He was to go into the service, but received a deferment due to the fact that they needed the chickens during wartime. We have owned several properties in town – Chandler House, Fooks property, and Tingle's Boarding House on Main Street. I now reside in Laurel and have made many wonderful friends. I was especially fond of the people in Frankford and lovingly recall my memories of Ella Evans and Francis Booth. Frankford is and will always be considered my hometown.

MR. ALBERT FRANKLIN – I recall being born on Knox Street in Frankford and living here all of my life. At that time, Knox Street was paved with oyster shells. I have fond memories of swimming and fishing in the canal. I recall Mr. Jim Hastings, who ran the store on the corner of Knox & Thatcher Streets. He would ask me to shave him and then he would say, "I could eat some ice cream---couldn't you?" I always took payment in ice cream. I recalled Mr. Vaughn Holloway delivering ice through the town. There were many memories of townspeople and of the good times in my father's, Charlie Franklin, barbershop.

MRS. BARBARA JEAN MURRAY FRANKLIN recalls having fond memories of the Betty Del Shop at the corner of Main and Frankford Avenue; of talking with Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Truitt at their store. I especially enjoyed watching Mrs. Booth make clothing for Barbie Dolls.

MRS. BARBARA ANNE RICKARDS GODWIN – My favorite memory was being able to visit my three grandfathers (all of whom lived within a block of each other) when I visited Frankford. Later my mother, Virginia McCabe Rickards and I lived with PopE when he became ill at the age of 98. My maternal great grandfather, Ebe Chandler (PopE) lived at the Chandler House Mansion at the corner of Main & Reed Streets; my maternal grandfather, Austin McCabe, lived on the corner of Main & Thatcher; and my paternal grandparents, Everett and Virginia Rickards lived on Main Street. My mother's brother, Norman, also lived at Main & Thatcher. One of my saddest memories is that in 1956 all of my grandfathers died within a period of six months...Austin, in June at Milford Hospital; Captain Chandler in October, at Beebe Hospital; and in November, Everett Rickards was found on the grounds behind his home near a stable (probably while caring for his race horse.) For years before I moved back to the Chandler House, I visited every week and was able to visit each grandfather by walking just one block. What a wonderful place to live, the threat of kidnapping or injury by townspeople was non-existent.

MRS. BLANCHE DAISEY GRAY HITCHENS – I recall that my father and mother, Louis and Della Daisy, lived out in the country (Omar) when I was a child. I was a “girl of action” and spent from 2 to 3 nights a week with my grandparents in the town of Frankford. Frankford was a much livelier town than Omar. I met my husband, Vollie, at the Sound Camp Ground. I recall, “promenading all around the grounds with Vollie”. We went to stay with Vollie’s father, Captain Gray, after we were married. Captain Gray was the lighthouse keeper of the Fenwick Island Light. Vollie and I went into the funeral services business with Clinton Watson of Frankford. We did not have any children of our own, but the children of Frankford became our children. I enjoyed meeting all of the people throughout the years, and have wonderful memories of my time in Frankford.

MRS. EUNICE PENUEL HOLLOWAY - I was born in the Brooks House which was across the street from the United Methodist Church on Main Street, Frankford and have lived in the town all of my 77 years. After living in three other houses in town, at age four (in 1929) my parents moved to our home on “Silk Stocking Avenue” now #83 Clayton Avenue. At that time the concrete road and sidewalk ended about 200 feet down the street from Mr. Charlie Lockwood’s house. Therefore, we had a dirt road and dirt path all the way to Dagsboro. The road was paved before John M. Clayton School was built. The sidewalk was laid later. Being the only child in my neighborhood was wonderful. Each day I visited all the neighbors, who were all older than my parents. I learned many things and enjoyed many treats that made for great memories today. Frankford was a progressive small town and had some farsighted residents that were interested in having the town’s own water system, a library, a volunteer fire company and an ambulance. The latter two serviced several of our neighboring towns for many years. There was little violence or crime in the area, and we were not afraid to leave our doors and cars unlocked. Home is where the heart is and mine is still in Frankford.

MRS. BLANCHE HUDSON – I was born near Cambridge, Maryland (in Golden Hill). My parents were John and Gertrude Burton. My parents had two farms; we had a switchboard in our house for placing all calls in the area; and our teacher and minister boarded with us. Our family was very close and consisted of ten children: John, Julian, Benjamin, Goldie, Purnell, Mary, Blanche, Nettie, Marion and Dorothy. I recall visiting my sister, Mary, (Mrs. Jack Marshall) on Delaware Avenue. Jack was a member of the fire company (1936). Their son, Billy, is deceased. I remember visiting my brother, Bennie Burton and his wife Daisey, who lived on the corner of Daisey Street and U.S. 113. Bennie and my future husband were good friends and often came to visit Golden Hill. My sister, Nettie, lived in Frankford with the Marshall’s. Nettie attended John M. Clayton School for a year, where she met Frank Edward Hudson (my future husband). I became acquainted with him when he was dating my sister. Their romance soon fizzled. Frank went into the merchant marines after high school and then we began dating. We married in December 24, 1941. I lived in Cambridge with my sister, Nettie, while Frank was traveling during World War II. Our first child, Phyllis (deceased)

was born in Cambridge. We returned to Frankford after the death of Mr. Hudson's father. We moved into his parent's house, which became our home for the rest of our married life. Mr. Frank Edward Hudson was born and died in the home on Thatcher Street. My husband, Frank worked for the Dupont Company in Seaford from which he retired. Mrs. Hudson recalls taking the children to Ocean City, when they were young. My sister-in-law, Daisey, owned a property on the boardwalk in Ocean City. It was felt the property was later sold to Trimper's.

ROLLIN HUDSON, JR. – I was born in Millville on the James Tunnell farm; however, we moved to Frankford when I was nine months of age. We lived in the Parker house on Delaware Avenue Extended at that time. A fire consumed the house when we were at the Selbyville Theatre. When I was 4 or 5 years old, my father took a building (which had previously been used to house strawberry pickers), remodeled it, and made it our family home place on DuPont Highway (U.S. 113). Later my parents moved to Clayton Avenue in town. I recall my father farming and doing carpentry work. He constructed the building for the old post office on Main Street. Joe and Sally Hall put up funds for it to be built. They then leased it to the government for use as a post office. As a small boy I sold produce from an express wagon. My aunt, Gertrude Hickman, also made two freezers of ice cream (chocolate and vanilla), which I put into a wagon, tied with a rope to my bicycle and pulled around. I sold ice cream cones in front of George Hudson's house on Frankford Avenue (a vehicle inspection station was near the present Carey's Cemetery). I vividly recall the wagon overturning on the side of the road (oyster shell shoulders below road level) at one time. Another of my after school jobs when I was 14 or 15, was picking up items weekly to be dry-cleaned. I took the items to Bill and Mary Williams who had a dry cleaning business in the old Lockwood Building (Tally Ho Restaurant Building). After the items were cleaned, I then delivered them back to the homes. I eventually picked up and delivered the items to the customers in my 1934 Chevrolet automobile. I recall in 1931 when I was in first grade, I attended Lockwood School on Frankford Avenue. Children lined up outside and as kids will be kids, there was pushing and shoving, just as Mr. John Clogg's bus pulled up. One of the girls was pushed under the wheels of the moving bus and was crushed. She either died immediately or shortly after being taken into the building. It was a traumatic experience for all of the children. I attended the next eleven years of school at John M. Clayton School. I was drafted into the service in 1944 just out of high school and sent to Fort Bragg, then to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. It was on a blind date (arranged by one of my army buddies) that I met Mary Lee. I rode in an open cattle truck 45 miles to make that date. I remember to this day, it was very, very cold. I served with the 3rd Army, under General George S. Patton. I went overseas and to five countries – sailed over on the Queen Elizabeth and returned on a United Fruit Lines banana boat during a severe storm in the North Sea. During the war, Mary Lee and I had corresponded by mail. I carried her picture through five countries. When I finally arrived home there was a terrible snowstorm, just before Christmas. My dad took me to the station to meet a train to St. Louis. The storm became worse and the train schedule was delayed. I

basically hitch hiked a ride (by driving someone's car for them) to Oklahoma City. I cleaned up at Union Station and met Mary Lee. We were married December 30th in her home on her parent's ranch outside Oklahoma City. We returned to Frankford, and had five beautiful daughters. When asked any favorite memories of people, I recalled squirreling in a favorite spot near the railroad on Delaware Avenue. As I sat backed up against a tree in the heavily wooded area...at Daybreak, I heard, "Good Morning." On the other side of the same tree was Mr. Willie Gum (who lived on Thatcher Street). He had heard me come in and sit behind the tree where he was sitting. He scared me to death, as I had no idea he was there. I remember Brooks Snyder laid the bricks for the present firehouse. He could lay two rows of bricks to one row laid by any of the other workers. Frankford was and is a wonderful town in which to live and raise children. The Delmarva Peninsula is the most beautiful place in the world.

MRS. PAT HUMMER – When I moved to Frankford after marrying James L. Hummer, Jr. we rented a home on Main Street. I had grown up in a small town and found Frankford a wonderful place to live. Some of the people who impressed me were two ministers and their wives: Reverend Frank and Betty Baynard and Rev. Bill and Thelma Smith. When living on Main Street, I recall inviting Charles Ellis and C. G. Crocker to have Christmas Dinner with us. We all enjoyed each other's company.

MRS. BONNIE CAMPBELL JARVIS - Frankford was a nice, quiet town in which to grow up. Everyone was friendly and our families all knew each other. They exchanged dinners, made ice cream, played cards and other games together. I have many happy memories of Frankford. I was married to Junior Jarvis in the Frankford United Methodist Church and two of our sons were baptized there. My father and grandparents are buried in Frankford. My mother, Alvana Campbell, stills lives on Green Street in Frankford. I have returned to my roots, and once again attend the Frankford United Methodist Church.

MRS. MARGARET LONG – When asked about my memories of Frankford, I recall moving here in 1952 from Newark with my husband, William Long. Bill was a native Frankfordian. Things have changed quite a bit since that time. Much of the change in the surrounding area has affected changes in Frankford. When Delmarva Power & Light Company built the Indian River Power Plant, it brought jobs with good salaries and a future. Several new people came to make Frankford their home. In 1952 the town was so peaceful and quiet. It was a great place to raise children. We could go to the beach with no crowds, parking meters or worries about something happening to our children. There was friendly competition between townspeople in their backyards to see who could grow the best or largest vegetables in their garden or flowers in their yards. I worked and retired from the Indian River School District with 20 years of service as a language arts assistant,

and loved every minute of it. I had previously worked as a substitute teacher at John M. Clayton and Indian River Schools. In the '50's we did not have Delaware Technical & Community College. Many young adults went to college in other towns, took jobs and never returned to live in their hometown. Many did return. All enjoy coming back to Frankford to re-live when life's pace was not as hectic. We are lucky to live here.

MRS. BETTY HUDSON LYNCH - It was nice growing up in Frankford. It was quiet, without the noise which we have today. Lonesome, at times, because there was nothing to entertain us, but we lived through it. One of the things to which we all looked forward was the annual Frankford Firemen's Carnival. The parade was a big event, a drum and bugle corp. Band came from Philadelphia. The families of the Frankford firemen invited the band members into their homes to stay during that time. The first carnival grounds were behind the old Eagle Poultry Plant off Frankford Avenue. Would I like to be a teenager now? I don't know for sure....
NO!

MRS. ANNA HUDSON McALLISTER - I recall many happy memories of my childhood in Frankford. My father was a farmer and we lived outside of town. My mother worked in the home raising my two brothers and two sisters and myself. The church and school activities occupied all of us at that time. I attended Lockwood School, Taylor Building School, Frankford High School, and graduated from John M. Clayton High School. I met my husband, Sirman McAllister, at school. We moved away from Frankford for a while to Baltimore, Maryland, where my husband worked. Frankford memories include: church, school, circus, carnival and all the "special people" of Frankford, and the people I have met during my lifetime. My husband and I traveled to every state in the United States. With the exception of our trip to Hawaii, our trips were made by car or in our motor home. We had three motor homes for these travels, and went five times to Mexico. Frankford was a wonderful place to live as child, and Frankford is still a great place to live.

MRS. BETTE TINGLE McCABE - I remember my father's love for his grocery store and of his tremendous sadness when the old wooden store burned. I also recall my sadness when his last store was demolished. I did not have any brothers or sisters, but Ida Watson Bunting was and is like a sister to me. I would go up and down Thatcher and Main Streets when I was about eleven years of age, and take grocery orders for some of the people who lived in town. I went back to the store with the orders and helped my dad get the orders together. He would personally deliver the orders to their home. Each of the people would invite me in, offer me many treats and I had wonderful, happy conversations with them. My grandfather had operated a small butcher shop where the firehouse stands presently. It was fascinating to me as a young child to see the open containers of dried beans. They

were separated in containers. When no one was looking, except my Pop-Pop I would mix the beans together. He and I were probably were the only ones that felt this was funny. My dad's faithful dog, Bo-Bo, followed him from his home on Thatcher to the store on Main Street. I have vivid memories of Dr. Murray, the dentist. He pulled one of my teeth when I was about six years of age. After it was over, I sat on the curb of Daisey Street and cried for a long time. I recalled the controversy of where John M. Clayton School should be built. ...between the two towns.....I seemed to remember they might have held an election to decide where it should be built.

MRS. MARION MURRAY MOORE - It is hard to choose a favorite memory of living in Frankford. Most of them are wonderful. I lived on Thatcher Street and later on Thatcher Street Extended. I recall people liking one another and enjoying being together. They were all very friendly. You knew most of the people in the town. They were all like family and looked out for each other. If someone was ill, people pitched in to help out. When people married they usually brought their spouse home to Frankford or very close to the Frankford area to live closer to their families.

MRS. HELEN HUDSON MURRAY - Memories of my childhood in Frankford include: Having a large, loving family; walking to and from school with friends; high school play practices; picking tea berries behind Carey's Cemetery; going with friends to the New York City World's Fair in 1939 on a "Special Excursion Train" from Frankford; sledding in winter on a "shuck sleigh"; being able to walk anywhere in town and feel safe, even at night.

MR. CLIFFORD I. MURRAY, SR. - I was not born in Frankford, but have lived here most of my married life. I was born in the nearby town of Selbyville. I recall my mother saying that my grandmother's sister was Rella Grabner. Mrs. Grabner owned and operated the Old Hotel on Railroad Avenue. Mother described the stables at the hotel where the horses could be cared. Mother told me that grandmother recalled the stagecoach coming to the Hotel to bring visitors. In 1934, I married my wife (Lucy - deceased) who was from Frankford. At one time we lived in a small, tenant house. We have four children: Clifford, Jr. (wife - Glenda); Mrs. Harry Smith (Janet); Robert (wife - Kathy); Mrs. David Proudfoot (Neva). Our fifth child, Thomas Casher, died in a farm accident when he was three years of age. I recall that Lucy and I lived with my parents before setting up housekeeping on our own. I will always have wonderful memories of Russell and Dorothy Hudson. We were not related; however, they believed in me and I was able to purchase an 89-acre farm on Swamp Road with their help. They were such good people to help us out. We started with 12 hens and 1 rooster. I had worked driving a truck for Murray Feed Company for over ten years. My boss, Bill Murray, mentioned that I should build a chicken house. I was able to secure the money for the materials for the chicken house. My sons, Clifford, Jr. and Robert helped me

built it. I did farming and any type of labor to be able to make the money needed to pay for it. I can remember going on the "excursion trains" in Sussex County. My memories can go back to clam and oyster shell roads, no electricity, lighting by kerosene lamps, no running water, no indoor plumbing, trains, silent movies and other things which people now take for granted. We traded eggs, strawberries and tomatoes for other items of food, killed hogs near Christmas (colder weather), made and sold holly wreaths for extra spending money. I recall that Mr. Hod Hickman (farm on the back road to Selbyville) had six pair of mules to till his farm. It was one of the largest farms in Sussex County at that time. I have always had a special place in my heart for the town of Frankford and the people in it. I am thankful that we have always had two wonderful Churches in town.

MR. GARY RYAN - I recall being told that I was born in the Massey Gum house on Clayton Avenue. Leroy, Sr. and Christine were his parents. Their two sons were Gene Gary and Leroy, Jr. The family then moved to the Barker House on Main Street in 1935, living next door to Asa and Ivy Bennett and children, Hope and Hail. Asa had a poultry feed business across the street from where the Bennett's lived in the old McNeal Store. Mr. Asa's feed distributorship was for Kasco Feeds. Mr. Asa took me over to the store as a child. It was there that I learned to "swear" from the workers. Phil Morris (listed on Clayton Avenue) also permitted me to smoke his pipe. It is not easy to forget the memory of "getting sick" from smoking a pipe when you are small. His mother told him that he was a light color of green. He recalled the Barker House being moved (two houses one small and one larger) across the back street --- down Mill Street to Frankford Avenue. It was in the small house that Leroy, Sr. repaired radios when it was on Main Street. The Ryans then moved next door to the Priney Townsend house, next to where Uncle Asa (no relation, but we always call Asa and Ivy, aunt and uncle as they were good friends with my parents) was building his new feed house. Clinton Watson and wife, Irene (Reeney), were close friends of my parents. Mr. Clinton taught me to thumb my nose at people. Not such a good idea! I recall Mr. Clinton telling the story about one of his funeral processions was passing in front of the firehouse; I was sitting on my bike and "thumbing my nose" at the entire procession. Mr. Clinton was totally embarrassed. My first playmates were Dickey Mumford and Delores Pepper Bunting. My parents later built a home on Omar Road next to my grandparents, Everett and Elizabeth Stokes. I started first grade at John M. Clayton School in 1938. It was wonderful growing up in Frankford.

MRS. HELEN PARSONS CAMPBELL SOUDER - In recalling my memories of growing up in Frankford, I vividly recall my father, Russ Parsons helping organize the first JMC Band. He took the JMC Band instruments in his old 1929 panel truck to the various parades, carnivals and other events in order to make money to purchase new band uniforms. He would take out the seats, clean it out and away we would go. He talked several organizers of the events into giving monetary awards to the band. He would bill them as "the smallest band" in the state so that they would

be able to have a category in which they would participate.... and they would WIN. The money received from these events was used to purchase a cape and hat. It took approximately two years to earn enough money for the uniforms. The uniforms consisted of white blouse or shirt, small tie, slacks or skirt and a cape and hat. I was "Miss Frankford" in the first Delmarva Poultry pageant and a girl from Berlin won the contest that year. I feel certain that it was held in Georgetown, and the year was 1948. Horace Daisey was the bass drummer in the John M. Clayton Band. He damaged the drum before one parade. The drum was taped and the band and Horace played on. Since transportation was a problem in those days, she remembered that her grandmother, Addie Parsons, would take her to Philadelphia to see her aunt. They hitched a ride with Mr. Ward Long, who drove the egg truck to Philadelphia. They rode in the back of the truck and in winter they had a kerosene heater in the back to keep warm. Another memory was that her mother, Mildred Parsons, made "holly wreaths" for Rollin Hudson, Sr. Mildred Parsons, Gertrude Hickman and Katherine Lecates were put in charge of making the large wreaths for the big plate glass windows in the Wanamaker store.

MRS. MARY ELLEN TERRELL – Even though I grew up near Bayard, our family always came to Frankford for groceries. My mother did not drive; however, I recall my father driving her after he came home from work to Ms. Jennie Bryan's Hat Shop on Clayton Avenue. It always stuck in my memory about my mother going to purchase her hats from this small shop.

MRS. JACQUELINE HUDSON RICKARDS TINGLE - Growing up in Frankford was a wonderful time. Everyone knew each other. It was a small, close-knit community. School and church were the places around which most activities took place. I recall it as being a safe community where children or parents did not have to worry about problems that plague many communities today. I feel Frankford still maintains that small town atmosphere, and I am proud to say that I grew up in Frankford.

MR. PRESTON WILLIAMS, JR. - My special memories are of my parents and grandparents, all of whom were Frankford residents. I loved to visit my maternal grandparents, Lem and Sally Tingle, who lived on Main Street. Oscar Lockwood gave my grandmother a parrot as a gift. The parrot was of the talking variety and could say a few words and phrases. At that time the roads were dirt or clam/oyster shells and the parrot could distinguish my grandfather's wagon from others traveling past the house. When he heard my grandfather's wagon.... he would say, "Here comes Lem.....here comes Lem". I recall being high school sweethearts with my future wife, the former Vina Lee Steelman, at John M. Clayton School. Something that he could recall specifically was that when he was a small boy he said that he would NEVER leave Frankford. It was such a wonderful place to live.

REMEMBERING.....

In interviewing some of the townspeople on the following subjects, I made the following notations:

THE DEPRESSION

Everyone was so poor that no one really gave much thought to the depression when they were children. It was better living in a rural area than living in a city. Farmers and townspeople (most had small gardens on their properties) traded food items for food and other staples they needed with friends, neighbors and family.

WAR MEMORIES

Savings Bonds -- Many people purchased savings bonds to show support of their government to help finance the war effort. If you were of school age, children brought money to school to purchase single stamps (about 10c each.) The teacher set aside a certain day for collection of money for stamps and passed out the books (which had the name of the student written on it.) It was a special time to get to lick the stamp and affix it in the book. When the book was full, it would be exchanged for a "Savings Bond."

VICTORY GARDENS

It was remembered that several people grew vegetables and fruit. The items were eaten, canned, preserved, or given to other needy families. It was a way of saving money to support the war.

GOLD STARS

It was recalled that if a member of your family was in the service, a small flag with a gold star on a blue background was placed in your front window. This was to let people know they were proud of their relative's who were serving their country. It was similar to the Yellow Ribbons placed on doors or trees recently.

AIR RAIDS

During WWII small towns had assigned volunteers to watch for enemy planes. Mr. Bill Powell was recalled as one of the people selected to make the assignments in town. Atop the roof of the Frankford Fire Company was a small building from which the "Spotters", as they were called, would stand watch for hours at a time. He made a nice doghouse from the building. A siren would be sounded to give an "all clear" signal when the "air raid drill" was over. Schools also had drills. Students would go into the hallways to get away from the windows...sometimes they were told to get under the desk.

BLACKOUTS

Curtains were of the "room darkening" variety and always closed before dark. There was to be no light showing from the houses. If necessary to drive after dark, the top portion of the headlights had to be covered. Many people painted the top section with black paint and others used black tape or newspaper. Mrs. Anna McAllister brought a "black light" bulb to one of the meetings, which were used during this period of time.

RATIONING STAMPS

During the War there was a rationing of many of the items we now take for granted ---gasoline, sugar, shoes, and nylon stockings? People were given a certain amount of stamps for the purchase of these items. The rationing board for the area was on Reed Street in the Odd Fellows Building. Elias Tingle was recalled as being one of the supervisors of the board. People also purchased some of the items from the "Black Market." As with anything, there are always some people who made a profit from others.

CHURCH CAMPS

We are familiar with the Church Camp in Frankford.... Antioch. Since the people of this area are very religious, it was only natural that there were several church camps in the area. In fact, many of the beach areas had "tent meetings." Lamb's Camp was outside of Frankford across from Howard Bowden, Jr.'s home (formerly the home of Raymond Townsend, Sr.). It was located in the Triangle of Armory Road, Dukes Road and Lecates Road. The property is owned by Catherine Lecates. Mrs. Lecates is the sister of Mildred Parsons (deceased) of Frankford. In a brochure, which was donated to our library by H. Wayne Bowden, mention was made of Lamb's Camp. It stated that it was situated on a three cornered piece of land about six acres in size. The tents were privately owned and there was a tabernacle in the center. Daily services were held for about ten days every summer starting the first of August. Families attended together and those who owned tents stayed overnight while those who owned tents stayed overnight. Many just came on

a daily basis. As in many other camps, it had its share of pranksters. One favorite prank was pulled on those people who owned wagons. These wagons had larger wheels on the back. During services, young boys would sneak out and switch the wheels around so that the small wheels would be in the back. They also would switch the horses to different carriages resulting in utter chaos. Naturally, these pranks were carried out when they were not watching the young ladies promenade around the camp. Eventually, the church people decided to put up a fence and charge admission. The fence was finally cut in protest and this led to the end of Lamb's Camp. It was noted that ministers gave their sermons under the large structure, which was generally located in the center of the property. There is nothing there to day to let people know the camp meeting was at this location; however, a small cemetery is located very near. Many people of the area attended Carey's Camp outside of Millsboro. Several ministers from the church in Frankford held services at Carey's.

SANDY LANDING

Several recalled going to Sandy Landing on the 4th of July. Sandy Landing is located on the Indian River about a mile from Vines Creek Bridge. People from Frankford, Dagsboro and surrounding areas went to this celebration. There was swimming, food, vendors, boat rides, clamming, fireworks, and families getting together for a day of fun and relaxation. Many times ministers baptized people from their congregation in the river. Several recalled a "pitcher pump" at Sandy Landing. They remember one person pumping the pump for another person to washing the hands and feet after going into the water.

BIG THURSDAY

In an article given to me by Barbara Godwin, it was noted that Big Thursday began on the 2nd Thursday of August in 1852. The holiday was in Central and Southern Delaware. This was a celebration of the end of the seasonal probation on gathering oysters and the day became a highlight of summer. A small band of oyster enthusiasts grew to include virtually all of two counties and many others from Delaware and adjoining states.

Big Thursday was a symbol of a now almost vanished way of life. These people enjoyed a rural, hard-working satisfying existence. We always went to Riverdale and Oak Orchard to celebrate Big Thursday. Riverdale is outside of Millsboro and as the name indicates it is on the river. The event gradually died out. Mrs. Alice Hudson of Millsboro was instrumental in getting the event restarted. It is now held in the Town of Millsboro. There are several events, car shows, runs, beauty contest, other contests and music.

One of the most amusing comments that I have heard through my lifetime, is that years ago, farmers would say that they would not buy any of the land close to the beach. The soil was too sandy, and they couldn't grow good crops. If they had the

land now, they could sell it and make more than they would ever make in ten lifetimes as a farmer. As usual – “Hindsight is better than foresight.”

TAFFY PULLS & POP CORN BALLS

Taffy was not of the Dolle’s variety. It was usually made of vinegar, sugar and water. Sounds gross, but it was usually very good. The ingredients were boiled to a certain temperature, allowed to cool, pulled back and forth (usually between two people) and turned onto a buttered surface. Buttered hands rolled the taffy into long finger-sized pieces. The taffy was cut into small pieces and allowed to cool.

Many evenings and Sunday afternoons were spent making taffy candy and popping the corn to make the taffy balls. There was no Jiffy Popcorn. Corn had to be shaken all the time so that it did not burn. After the corn was popped a caramel mixture was made and drizzled through the popcorn. The children buttered their hands and mixed ingredients, formed the mixture into baseball-sized balls and placed on a buttered surface to cool.

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Thank you!

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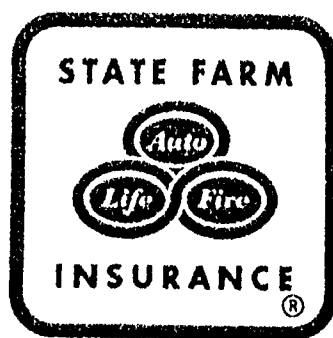
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