
MEMORIAL RESOLUTION
UPON THE DEATH OF
ALLEN SHAFFER, ESQUIRE

December 7, 1925 to September 10, 2010

Perhaps many of you knew Allen Shaffer. He reminded me that "one often learns more by listening than by speaking." He was an iconic fixture in the "Upper End" for many years. He was born in Augustaville, Pennsylvania, on December 7, 1925, Pearl Harbor Day, but that was before Pearl Harbor. He was born of a rural farming family. His mother died when he was three, and his father followed her to the grave when Allen was just nine. While most students his age were asleep, Allen worked three jobs to earn a little money. Then, while still in high school, Allen saw an opportunity to join the Army.

It was World War II, and post Pearl Harbor, Allen was heading to the Asian Theater. As a paratrooper with the 11th Airborne, he would earn a purple heart and two bronze stars. He also earned his ticket out of farming. Through the GI Bill, he was able to go to school and eventually become an attorney. He worked nights in a shoe factory to help pay for his food, clothes and shelter. The Army helped him pay for college. An extravagance that an orphan from Augustaville could have never afforded on his own. Graduating from Dickenson College and then Dickinson Law School, he was admitted to the Bar in 1952. Allen went on to practice for over fifty years. There are probably a few attorneys in the room who practiced with him. Less who practiced for as long as he. And fewer still, like myself, practiced for him. While the first thirteen years of his career were spent in service of the public sector, the remaining thirty-seven plus years have been in private practice.

For those of you who did not know Allen Shaffer, let me say that I knew Allen first as the lawyer for whom I worked my summers during law school, he seemed old to me even then. He had me spend my summer after my first year in law school in the Recorder of Deeds office doing title searches. There I got to know the dankness of "the dungeon" (basement at the Recorder's Office) and the sheer magnitude and scale of all that went into locating a piece of mountain land. I know now why those old 25 lb. books have been computerized. My back still aches occasionally. He loved performing these searches I am told by the older support staff. A bit of a masochist he must have truly been! He knew that a general understanding of title procedures, grantor and grantee indexes, UCC filings, judgment and lien searches would serve me well. It certainly has.

After 15 more years of practicing with him (off and on for the first 5), he didn't seem to age. Allen, or "Mr. Shaffer" as his support staff would call him (they never

dared call him by his first name), had a quiet, reserved way about him. On many occasions I sat in with him on important meetings with clients. While they spoke and gyrated their hands fervently about their legal issues or concerns, he sat in virtual stillness. Perhaps a nod or a nearly inaudible grunt to acknowledge that he understood their concern or heard their question. Many times, the meeting would end after several minutes, sometimes an hour or more, with Allen stating in a conclusory fashion, "well, alright then." As if to say, *I've heard enough*. The client always seemed to be relieved, as if sitting with his or her favorite therapist for a session, despite Allen's laconic nature. He always knew what to do or how to fix things. Guess that's what practicing law of a half century gets you. A sort of "Jedi Mastery" of the law, if I can steal a quote from George Lucas.

I became his partner in 2001. I worked hard and stayed late each night. I always wanted to please him. I think he saw the work and dedication I was delivering and it did, even though he never spoke those words. Like many things with Allen, it was unspoken. I began calling him "Allen" in 2001. The first time I did it was in November of 2001. I recall that he was leaving for the night and walked by my office around 7 pm. I said "good night, *Allen*" unlike the many nights prior when it was "Mr. Shaffer." He hesitated for a brief second, smiled and said "well, alright then." As if to say, you go ahead and *call me Allen* now, you've earned it. Some of the greatest moments between he and I were those that were unspoken. We never had a cross word spoken between us. I'm not sure if that was a function of him being over twice my age or because he was not in the mood for an argument. Or, perhaps, it's because he knew you learned more from listening than by speaking.

THEREFORE, be it resolved that this resolution be tendered on behalf of Allen Shaffer, a good and descent man and lawyer;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that sympathies be forwarded to his family and friends; and

WHEREAS, this resolution to be respectfully submitted to the Dauphin County Court to be entered into the record of the Prothonotary's Office.

May 19, 2010

Jeffrey B. Engle
Jeffrey B. Engle, Esquire

May 19, 2010

Dale K. Ketner
Dale K. Ketner, Esquire

May 19, 2010

Alexis M. Miloszewski
Alexis M. Miloszewski, Esquire