



# Historic Franconia Legacies

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Franconia Museum Inc.

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## Growing Up In Franconia in the '50's and '60's by Dan Brown

I left Franconia in 1974, but somehow, it's a time and a place that never left me. I lived the first sixteen years of my life in the same house – Route 6, Box 795 (later Tilbury Road) in Valley View, and except for college in Baltimore, lived in Franconia the first 24 years of my life. After reading Volumes I and II of Franconia history, I know a lot more about the people, and places surrounding me all those years.

Of course, I can only speak to the Franconia of 1950 and after. The firehouse was already there, and Franconia School was an institution. Franconia was still rural but beginning to get suburban. Here are some of the things I remember about growing up in Franconia in the 1950's and 1960's.

Both my mom (Virginia, "Ginny" Huffman) and my dad (Warren Brown) spent part of their growing up years in Franconia – the rural, farming Franconia I read about in Volumes I and II. The Browns and the Huffmans were neighbors on "the lane" in Alexandria. It's just a few blocks from the train station below the Masonic Temple. The houses are no longer there—just a warehouse.

The Browns moved to a small house with several acres of land off Beulah Road and Steinway Drive in the 1930's, I think. There they raised my



Dan Brown (far right)

dad and his sisters and brothers – Alice, Earl, Shirley, and Diane.

Around the same time, the Huffman's first moved off the lane to a spot on Telegraph Road. Later, they moved to a house near the intersection of Franconia Road and Beulah Road. It's now a vacant lot right next to the "new" firehouse on Beulah. There they raised my mother and my two uncles – Sonny (Marion, Jr.) and Dinkey (Larry).

I don't know when these moves happened, because I wasn't around at the time. For all my life, though, my grandparents always lived a few miles apart on Beulah Road in these Franconia homes. I do know that my dad attended Franconia Elementary and both parents attended Beulah Baptist Church I grew up with these three institutions, the firehouse, Fitzgerald's Grocery, and Franconia Hardware as constants in my life.

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*Presidents Message ...*



I want to thank each of you for your continued support to Franconia Museum. It is because of you and your many contributions that we are able to capture the history of Franconia. We had our ribbon cutting in March of this year and are continuing to work to place artifacts and build cases for display. Several months ago we came to you with an appeal for donations to help us furnish our space. I am happy to report that as a result of your donations, we have been able to have a large display case built to properly display several artifacts which you have given us and we have purchased tables for our table top pictorial displays. The Board Members and I cannot thank you enough for your contributions.

We hope by the end of the year we can announce hours that we will be open for tours on a regular basis. Our goal is to provide hours that will accommodate school students, community groups and day time visitors as well as weekend visitors.

Many of you have heard from Jac Walker this year as she calls to ask you to write "your" Franconia Story. Through Jac's hard work of interviewing and story collecting and the help of Jim Cox scanning pictures and editing and Don Hakenson editing and formatting for printing, Volume III of "Franconia Remembers" has gone to press. Jac, Jim and Don have spent many hours of work and you'll see this is the **biggest** and the **best** yet! Copies will go on sale September 30 at the Story Swap at John Marshall Library.

Have a great Fall and we look forward to seeing you at Franconia History Day, October 28, 2006 at Franconia Elementary School.

*Sincerely,*  
Phyllis Walker Ford

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## ***Fifth Annual Franconia History Day***

***Mark your calendars ...***

**Saturday, October 28, 2006  
11:00 to 3:00**



**Franconia Elementary School  
6043 Franconia Road  
(intersection of Franconia and Beulah Street)**



You will be able to purchase Franconia baseball caps (see picture) and a 2007 Franconia Museum calendar. We will also have copies of Franconia Remembers, Vol. I, Vol. II and the just released Vol. III for sale. You will not have to leave for lunch because we will have a concession stand and you can have lunch with us. So please join us and be a part of this festive event.

If you would like to be a sponsor or learn more about our sponsorship program, contact Steve Sherman (Sherman Properties) at (703) 971-7700. Steve has been a sponsor in the past and can answer any questions you might have.

We will need volunteers for various duties. If you are willing to help us out on that day please call Jac Walker at 703-971-2463.

We thank you and look forward to seeing you!

The History Day Committee  
Delores Comer - Andy Highman - Jim Cox



*Ninety-one Years Ago In Franconia ... by G. M. Humphreys*

Now that spring is approaching, Col. Kyarter, of Kyarterville, will begin to devise ways and means to cut down the out-put of his mint bed for the crop of 1916.

The man who mistakes his pomposity for dignity may often wonder at the significant glances of his so-called friends.

"We get back our mete as we measure;  
We cannot do wrong and feel right;  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight."

Mr. John Martin, whose house was destroyed by fire a year or more ago, is putting the finishing touches on his new barn, which is a great improvement over the old one.

Field Captain F. Beattie, whose early activities helped to make John Mosby famous, said to have retired, has opened an office in Alexandria and may be seen most any fine day with a load of real estate on his shoulders, hustling around town like a youngster.

Now that the Providence people have endorsed a bond issue, it is to be hoped that they will profit by the mistakes of Mt. Vernon and have better roads this time next year than we have here. The poor men who are working on these roads are earning every cent they are getting, and more besides, but, when the ground is open, we are in the mire, and, when it is closed, we are on bumps and bumps; while, around Accotink, we are told that they are absolutely dangerous. That nine-tenths of the original promoters and supporters of the scheme are not only disappointed, but thoroughly disgusted, is as plain as the proceedings of the "Diet of Worms," or, plainer still, the case of Esau kissing Kate, to -wit:

"I saw Esau kissing Kate;  
The fact is, all saw, for  
I saw Esau, he saw me,  
And she saw I saw Esau."

Mr. E. M. West, whose barn was blown to pieces, last spring, has completed its repair.

Ignorance and misery, when coupled together, form a terrible affliction; add jealousy and revenge and it becomes dangerous.

Mr. W. Powell Triplett, of Round Hill farm, who has been in business in New York for many years, has returned to Virginia, accompanied by his sister, Miss Sallie Triplett, and taken quarters in Alexandria for the winter.

The candidates are showing their heads all along the line, as the Englishman would say, from "Lands end to John O'Groats." Capt. George K. Pickett, after practically capturing Mt. Vernon, is pushing back his opponents all along the line. He believes in the paraphrase, "Thrice is he armed that hatch his quarrel just, but four times he that gets his blow in first." The writer has been urged to stand for Revenue Commissioner for Mt. Vernon, but has not yet made a public announcement.

We are sorry to learn that our old friend, Mr. James Bowling, does not improve much. He has been confined to his bed for some time and his age is against him. His grand daughter, Miss Elton Bowling, a trained nurse with considerable experience, has come to stay with him.

We have had several inquiries and messages of sympathy among the readers of the Herald for Justice August Henning. They all wish him a speedy recovery and an early return to his post.

By the death, in Alexandria, of Mr. William Rogers, one of the most widely known business men in Alexandria and Fairfax counties passed to the land of the unknown, from which no traveler returns. Mr. Rogers was born in this neighborhood. He went to Alexandria just after the war, a poor boy, and entered into the grocery business in a small way. Being a natural trader, he succeeded from the start. About thirty years ago he purchased the old Mellen farm on Telegraph Road, then part of the Windsor estate. The house near the road had served as the first relay, south of Alexandria, on the old pony express and mail route between Washington and Richmond. For thirty years, Mr. Rogers made trips to the farm three times a week, and, during harvest, every day. He made it one of the most profitable farms in this section. He leaves a widow, two sons, Eugene and Everett; one daughter, recently married, two brothers, Levi and John Rogers, several grandchildren and a host of relatives, both young and old a majority of whom reside in this neighborhood.

*Fairfax Herald*  
*February 5, 1915*

### ***The Sarcasm of Mr. E. H. Allen Of Potter's Hill and Accotink***

*One of the Franconia Museum's current projects involves obtaining a historical marker for the Potter's Hill area. Potter's Hill was a small community in the area where Beulah Street and Telegraph Road intersect. The community included a school that at one point included high school students. In researching old newspapers at the Virginia Room of the Fairfax County Library, I came across columns written by Mr. E. H. Allen, President of the Potter's Hill Civic League. Mr. Allen not only used the column to report news about the community, but also used it as a soapbox to deliver social/political commentary. I have extracted some of his more entertaining comments:*

The regular meeting of Potter's Hill League will be held Tuesday, the 13<sup>th</sup>. Don't forget the spelling match. It is rumored that the S. U. Tel. Co. will submit a proposition to the League to purchase the cellar which it had constructed for the High School. The W. U. Co. is building a new line and would utilize this cellar as post holes. The League might get out of the hole by selling its hole for holes, but it seems unfortunate that a hole dug to hold a high school should become just holes. This is a modern, up-to-date hole constructed to hold a gymnasium, modern heating plant (hot air), and a few other things. School board please note.

Fairfax Herald, June 9, 1916

Mr. M. D. Hall, county superintendent of schools, was present and conducted the spelling match. Mr. Hall also favored us with an address in his usual happy manner, and assured us the school house would be built, and at an early date. In fact the money to build it with was not in sight; that the school board's second sight would be more efficient than its first sight, and that the money would not prove a mirage and optical illusion as the money the board had in sight did last year. Mr. Wm. Newman was appointed to represent the league in the selection of plans, etc., pertaining to the early erection of the building. We decided not

to sell the cellar, since we may need the whole hole.

Fairfax Herald, June 23, 1916

It is suggested that the preparedness propaganda should appeal to our road supervisors, and cause them to prepare to work our roads in the summer, for it is written, 'Blessed is he who worketh his roads in the good old summer time when one load of gravel goeth as far as two.'

Fairfax Herald, June 23, 1916

Mr. H. W. Higham, Jr. has been taking his vacation the past week, and has been putting in most of his time learning Buddy to ride the bike. Buddy has the bike blood in him alright since his granddad was champion of the world at one time, and his father claimed to have entered this mundane sphere riding a wheel.

Fairfax Herald, July 28, 1916

The lawn party at Springman's grove given by the ladies of the Episcopal church, we largely attended and a nice sum realized. We are asked to deny the rumor that Mr. Allen and Mrs. Wiley were appointed as lemonade committee in consideration of experience obtained from having drawn lemons in the matrimonial lottery.

Fairfax Herald, July 28, 1916

Potter's Hill Civic League met at League Headquarters, Tuesday evening, August 15. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and considerable business transacted. Mr. Newman, league representative, reported that the plans for the new school building were now ready, and bids for its erection would be asked for at once. Mr. Newman was given a vote of thanks for his interest in this matter. Our school superintendent, as well as our school board, are very clearly demonstrating the truth of the policy of preparedness, since they certainly can do things when ready. Evidently while we were kicking up a fog they were saying nothing and sawing wood.

Fairfax Herald, August 25, 1916

*Continued on Page 6*

***The Sarcasm of Mr. E.H. Allen Of Potter's Hill and Accotink ... continued***

The time is about due for our road doctors to begin cutting rag weeds and chewing the rag about fixing our roads. Most of the rocks in the roads, however, must remain, since to take them out would desecrate the memory of George Washington, being the self-same rocks bumped over by that illustrious son of Virginia. Landstreet's hill is in an especially fine condition for flying machines, but hardly passable for any other methods of travel. There has been much talk about cutting it down, but it has, so far, only reached the cut up state. The time-honored "rocky road to Dublin" hasn't a thing on the rocky road to Accotink.

*Fairfax Herald, September 1, 1916*

The Labor Day picnic held in Accotink grove was well attended and splendid order maintained. Mr. Dove, our efficient deputy sheriff, is most appropriately named, since, like the bird of similar name, he inspires thoughts of peace. Mr. Dove attended the picnic all day.

*Fairfax Herald, September 8, 1916*

There seems to be a general laydown on the part of our road officials, relative to the keeping up of our cross roads, some of which are fully as important and as much traveled as the roads built by the recent bond issue. We were led to believe then that the money expended in repairs on the bonded roads could be used on the cross roads, and these roads would be much improved. This has not been done; in fact, nothing at all has been done, and, apparently, will not be done for some time to come. Our officials seem much interested in the roads in their own immediate locality and are working them on the plan of "every fellow for himself" and old nick gets the other fellow. One of the most important roads in the district is the one leading from Accotink Station to the village, and this road, for year, has been practically impassable in places. Landstreet's hill is now in such a bad condition that people actually go to Alexandria rather than to the station over this road, but where an antiquarian, who has been delving among the rocks and gullies of Landstreet's hill, claims to have found considerable evidence that, at some early

period, a road ran about along the line of our present aero speedway, and is of the opinion that the early local tribes of Indians used this location as a storage place for flint from which to construct weapons of war. Peace, however, was evidently soon restored, judging from the large supply of rocks left on hand. Another authority, who came up Landstreet's hill in an automobile, remarked that it was simply h---, which we rather doubt, since we are reliably informed that the realm of his satanic majesty is paved with good intentions, and, if this is true, the gentleman is mistaken or good intentions make very poor roads. Mr. Reid, please read this and mix a little gravel with the good intentions.

*Fairfax Herald, September 8, 1916*

Considerable excitement was caused in this community this week by the discovery of an ancient looking bucket by the antiquarian working on Landstreet's' hill. From a G engraved on the side, it was thought to have belonged to Washington, or possibly Geo. Mason, of Gunston, but careful research proved it to have been the instrument used so effectively in baling out mud holes by Gordon, an ebony assistant of Mr. Jno. Taylor, some years ago, when that gentleman had charge of the roads. Gordon has returned to the dust from whence he came. His bucket has moldered to dust, but the same old mud holes remain.

*Fairfax Herald, September 15, 1916*

Mr. Herbert Allen, who is attending High School in Alexandria, will play tackle on the football team this fall. We sincerely hope that his coach succeeds in developing in him a greater desire to tackle his opponent than his daddy ever has in him to tackle the wood pile.

*Fairfax Herald, September 22, 1916*

*(This comment was about his son)*

The Accotink School closed with a nice entertainment May 22d. A few young men possessed with evil spirits, the sheriff, our Dove

*Continued on Page 7*

***The Sarcasm ... continued***

of Peace, had to ask them outside. Although our State is dry, some of the boys manage to get wet on special occasions.

*Fairfax Herald, July 15, 1917*

*The museum is seeking any and all information (pictures/documents/artifacts) about the Potter's Hill Community and School. Please contact Jim Cox at 703-971-7943, if you have anything to share. We need to obtain a historical marker to recognize this important early community and the people that lived there.*

***Not on our newsletter mailing list?***

*Contact Jim Cox at 703-971-7943 to find out how you can become a friend or business sponsor of the museum.*



***The First Franconia Public School Building Was In the Beulah Baptist Church***

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ogden and daughter, Miss Emma; Mrs. John Rogers, wife of Mr. John Rogers, section boss of Franconia section, and son and Mrs. Irving Tyler, of Lorton, paid a visit to Richmond, recently, and all seemed to enjoy their trip.

We are pleased to note the near completion of the new Beulah Baptist church, which is erected on a piece of land adjoining the old Beulah church lot, on which stood the old church, which, for some cause unknown to us, took fire on the night of May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1909, and was totally destroyed, with all its contents, on which there was no insurance. The old church had stood thirty-nine years and was the first house of worship I had the honor of helping to built, after the close of the Civil war. *It was also used for a public school house for five years, or until the Franconia public school house was finished.*

The new Beulah church has cost, up to the present time, about twelve hundred dollars, all of which has been paid, including a coat of paint on the outside.. The church still needs painting and finishing up on the inside, which we shall try and help out on. We feel

confident that our friends will help out in this matter. Mrs. Sadie Ogden has presented the church with a handsome pulpit, at a cost of twenty five dollars, as a memorial to Rev. B. P. Dulin, who, at one time was pastor of the old Beulah church, who baptized Mrs. Ogden in Backlick run on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November, 1894.

We are pleased to note the wonderful improvements made on our county roads under their present management. The road leading from Simms' corner to the Bone mill, which we shall name Magnolia avenue, when finished, will be the finest road in the district, notwithstanding the bond issue and the great amount of money being expended in other portions of the district for the benefit of the roads.

We may chronicle some few sales real estate: Mr. Jack Moore has sold his farm, back of the old Broders homestead, to Mr. Wm. Grehen. Mr. Lee Gorham has sold his lot and house to Mr. "Doc" Simms. Miss Carrie Talbott purchased of Mr. Rian a tract of land containing about thirty acres, on which she is erecting a fine residence.

Fairfax Herald  
December 4, 1914

*Dan Brown Story .... continued from cover page*

My dad had some funny sayings that tied into some Franconia institutions. If I said or did something dumb (a frequent occurrence) he'd say, "You must have gone to Franconia." When we'd leave the front door open in the winter, he'd say. "What are you trying to do, heat all of Franconia?" I said the same thing to my daughters when they were growing up. We lived in Columbia Maryland, not Franconia, but they got the point.

I was born in 1950 and right around that time, my parents bought their first house -- on Tilbury road. It was newly built, but my dad wasn't there on move-in day. He had been called up serve in the Korean "police action", so it was just my Mom and me at first. I lived there until I was sixteen, so that was the slice of Franconia that I knew like the back of my hand.

The Steidels, the Grovers, the Beaches and the Wells lived on our street. . Later on the Fenimores built a house cattycornered across from the Steidels. The limits of my early world continued across Cobbs Road to the Averys and a little down Cobbs Road to the Dennis'. Everyone had kids either just a little older or younger than me who were either my best friends or sworn enemies, depending on the day of the week.

We'd fill our days exploring the surrounding woods, following the creeks through places like the "hidden wells" (wetlands behind the Steidels), or following abandoned roads through the woods. Our roaming territory was bounded by the railroad tracks to the west, Van Dorn Street to the east, the beltway to the north (just being built in the 60's), and Franconia Road on the south.

My roaming started as early as age three or four. My mom tells me that one day my neighbor, Sherry Steidel, also three or four, and I were both missing. Somehow we had decided to walk up through the woods to see the carnival at the firehouse (it must have been Labor Day).

When I started school, we walked through the woods on an old dirt road. We came out by the Simm's house. Behind the Simm's, in separate fields, were the twin temptations of an apple tree with very sour apples and a horse. I only tried the tree apples once, but I would save an apple for the horse from my lunch. The horse was smarter than a first grader, though. I bit off a piece of my apple and held it out flat in my hand for the horse to eat and hid the rest of the apple behind my back for me. The horse reached behind me and took my apple. He left me with the sliver.

A walk home sometimes meant a stop at the Franconia Hardware store, not for hardware, but for penny candy. You really still could get candy for a penny in the 1950's. We would drool at the candy in the glass case under the pay register before shelling out seven cents or so for seven pieces of red licorice.

Another adventure, I fondly remember (and my brother, probably less fondly) is going sledding after school one cold day. We used to sled on a hill in the woods behind the Steidel's. Dodging the trees was part of the fun. But I guess it got to be too routine. So, I talked my brother, Dennis, into breaking in a new sledding hill in the woods. The planned trail was going to go over a log, which, in my primitive knowledge of physics, I predicted would become a jump. What actually happened is the log became a brake. We built up a good head of speed approaching the mid-hill jump, but then the front of the sled jammed into the log and bent the metal up. Dennis slid down the sled cutting his bottom. There's nothing scarier than bright red blood on snow. But Dennis was indestructible -- I know, I tried. After a few stitches (again) he was as good as new (except he couldn't sit down until the stitches came out). Reverend Reamy at Beulah Baptist just had him stand in the front of the church as his "helper" for the service that Sunday.

After the first year, we got a bus to take us to school. It was driven by Mr. Flinchum, who lived right at the bend on Valley View Drive that

*Continued on Page 9*



*Dan Brown Story .... continued from page 8*

teenagers would work at straightening out on Saturday nights. The bus was something like No. 3, which I think must have meant it was the third bus purchased by the county. It was old and would have problems backing up and navigating the hills of Valley View. But it beat walking!

The main thing I remember about going to Franconia Elementary was taking the milk money to the cafeteria. I'd always take the long way around so I could walk in the old wooden halls, and listen to my loud footsteps on the wooden hallway floors of the old section of the school. Our Principal, Mr. Driver, outlawed shoe taps, I think because of the extra noise they made. But he had them on his shoes, which I still think was not fair!

On Saturdays, my mom would give my brother and me money to take a bus into Alexandria and go to the Mt. Vernon Theatre for a movie. I think the fare was 15 or 25 cents and the movie was a quarter. We'd walk through the woods, and catch the bus (as my grandma used to say) "into town." This was a different time and place. I couldn't imagine allowing my elementary – aged daughters to do this. But in that time, the bus driver and everyone else seemed to look out for you.

Of course, the other institution on Franconia Road was Fitzgerald's Grocery Store. My dad would make me go in and buy two El Producto Bouquets while he kept the motor running. I think I always told Mr. Fitzgerald that they were for my dad – I was so afraid that he would think they were for me – an elementary schooler smoking cigars – and he'd "send me up the river." But he never gave me any trouble.

I seemed to be on the vanguard of the population explosion – they kept building new schools for me! So, after Franconia, I moved to Mark Twain for two years and then on to Edison in its second year.

My band director at Mark Twain, Mr. Duman, I later found out, had been a tuba player and had gone to Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. He started me on the tuba which pretty much defined the next twenty years of my life.

The biggest thing you have to worry about when you build a high school is what the mascot is going to be. My mom said the new high school would be called Edison and they were considering calling us the Edison Light Bulbs. Yuck! (I don't think that really got too much consideration.)

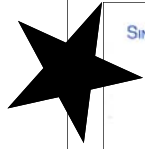
At Edison, I think I majored in music and didn't pay too much attention to other topics, as my report card will attest. But Mr. Duman was my mentor. He encouraged me to audition for the Ted Mack Amateur Hour (I won four shows), and had me apply to Interlocken Music Camp. He got me lessons with Dave Bragunier of the National Symphony, and ultimately to apply to Peabody Conservatory where I majored in music. Edison was a nurturing place with a great faculty. I think, as a new school, it attracted the best.

After four years of college in Baltimore, I came back to Franconia for a little while. During that time I got to work with Lynn Fitzgerald at Sam Land Real Estate. Lynn was amazing. I don't think there was anyone in Franconia or Springfield he didn't know. He seemed to be friends with everyone, too.

After two years back home, I returned to Baltimore and played tuba in the Baltimore Symphony for nine seasons. When I left the BSO, it was to change fields to human resources management. For the last eight years, I've been working in human resources with real estate companies, so the experience with Lynn Fitzgerald and Sam Land has come in handy.

Although I left Franconia in 1974, I frequently fantasized about coming back and living off of Valley View Drive. While that never happened, as I built a house in Baltimore County, Maryland, I think I've brought a little bit of Franconia with me. The house sits at the top of a wooded hill that reminds me of the Steidel's sledding hill. And the driveway reminds me of Valley View Drive – especially in February.

*Continued on Page 10*



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**Dan Brown Story .... continued from page 9**

Like me, I know my classmates and friends have fond memories of growing up in Franconia. I'd certainly like to read about them! I think we will all agree, though, that Franconia was a nurturing place to grow up. And I, for one, am thankful for the folks who came before me and made it that way.

From a news clipping dated 1967: ALL AMERICAN BANDSMAN—Chosen from among thousands of nominations for the All-American Band to march in Macy's recent parade in New York City was a Fairfax County student, Dan Brown. The parade, seen over NBC and CBS television, featured the band made up of 100 high school musicians from every state, and honored the musicians much as American athletes are honored. Dan was chosen to play tuba by Maestro Paul Lavalle, who chose the players from the thousands of names submitted by high school band directors. Dan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Brown, has played the tuba since seventh grade, takes private lessons from the National Symphony Orchestra's Dave Draguiner. George Duman is band director at Edison High School where Dan is a senior.

Clipping dated 1982: W. DANIEL BROWN—TUBA With only 30 major orchestras in the U.S. and one tuba player in each, openings are scarce, but Mr. Brown has been with B.S.O. (Baltimore Symphony Orchestra) since 1974 as a Principal. Recently he completed his Masters in Business Administration.



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Many employers will match part or all of your donation to a 501 (c) (3) organization like the Franconia Museum. Amounts of Matching Gifts can vary from \$25 and up. Last year a Friend of the Franconia Museum had their \$500 donation more than matched with double the amount, \$1000, given by their employer.

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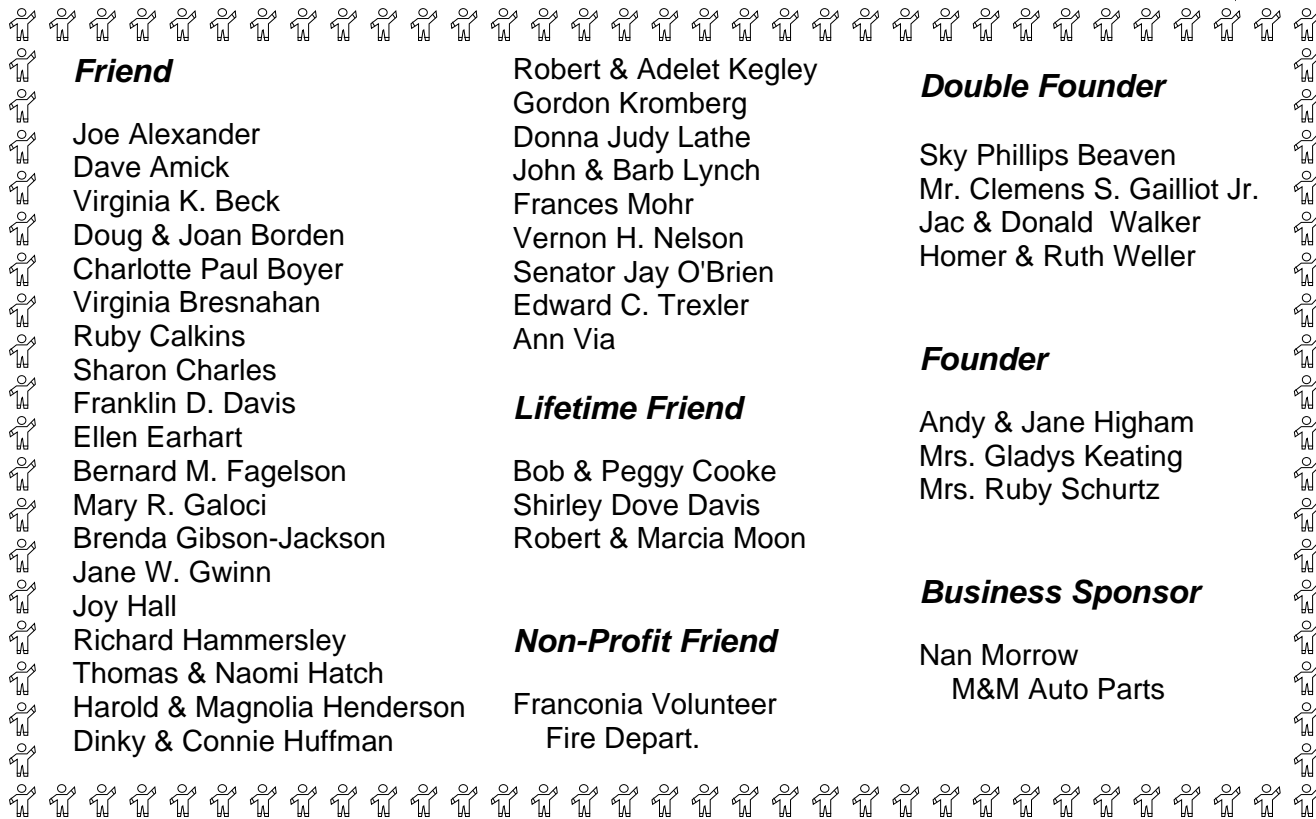
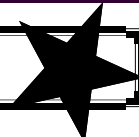



**Mosby Civil War Tours**

**Don Hakenson**  
**Gregg Dudding**

**www.hakenson.com**  
**703.971.4984**

***New 2006 Friends ...***



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***A note from a Franconia Friend, Mildred Dorsen***

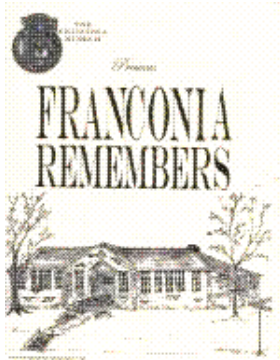
Congratulations on your successful project. I enjoyed Franconia for 45 years. I like Virginia Beach and the views of the Ocean and Lake Holly; however, I miss my home and friends there.

I remember Phyllis through her relatives. Mamie (Phyllis' mother) was proud of her and talked about her politics.

I also remember Sue Patterson, Don Hakenson, Andy Higham, Johna, Jackie and Don Walker and the Appersons; friends Gladys Keating, Frances Staples, Debbi Wilson, the Goodhearts and Heittmans. I still keep in touch with the Tanneys and the candidates. Due to my age and heart, I keep a low profile. I am interested in what occurs even though I find it hard to visit.

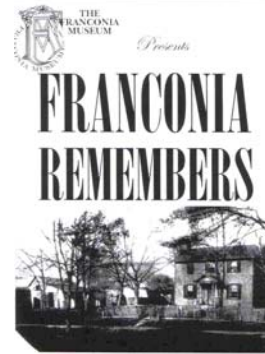
My hobbies now are watching the boats and the people. After ten years here, I still haven't gotten my feet wet or sand in my shoes. Keep in touch.

Sincerely,  
 Mildred Dorsen - Virginia Beach, VA.

**Franconia Remembers Volume I**

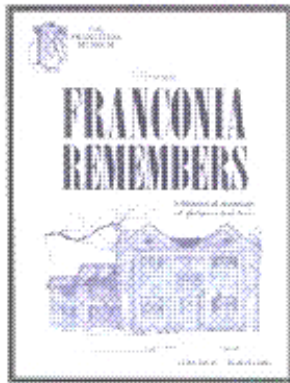
***Includes pictures and stories about:***  
Franconia Elementary School

***Families Mentioned in this book:***  
Apperson, Cooke, Cooper, Facchina,  
Glover, Lee, Nalls, Peverill, Staples,  
Sullenburger, Weller, and Wise

**Franconia Remembers Volume III**

***Includes pictures and stories about:***  
Golden Hill Dairy

***Families Mentioned in this book:***  
Davis, Javins, Devers, "Jenks" Walker,  
Lyles, Fenimore, Hall, Harper, Judy,  
Milstead, Simms, and Welch

**Franconia Remembers Volume II**

***Includes pictures***

***and stories about:***  
Ashland  
Old Franconia School  
Ward's Corner

***Families Mentioned in this book:***  
Broders, Fitzgerald, Goodheart,  
Higham, Schurtz, Smith, Starry  
and Tharpe

**Breaking News: Advanced Technology  
Rejected In Franconia**

A farm germ agent recently stopped at our neighbor's, Mr. Abner Struder's. Abner usually hauls many tons of manure from the city during the fall and winter months. After trying for some time to induce Mr. Struder to invest in a dollar's worth of germ material, looking at the manure pile the agent said, "I can sell you for one dollar this package of germs. It will fertilize half your farm and you can carry it in one hand." "That may be right," said Struder, "and I expect I can carry the crop in the other hand."

**By G. M. Humphreys**  
Fairfax Herald  
April 30, 1915

**Franconia Crime Report**

Mrs. Mollie Triplett has the sympathy of her neighbors. Thieves entered her chicken house last Saturday night and carried away thirty of her best hens.

**By G. M. Humphreys**  
Fairfax Herald  
April 30, 1915

### A History of Franconia Road ... by Jim Adams

There is evidence in the Fairfax County Archives that what is now Franconia Road was here in the 1760s. There is even a possible reference to it in 1750. It was definitely here in 1777 during the Revolution when it was called both the Alexandria Road and the Rolling Road.

That meant it was used to roll barrels of tobacco to the port in Alexandria, founded in 1749, as well as get to court established there in 1752 and to shop. Residents could go the other direction, rolling tobacco barrels down Back Lick Road toward the Pohick warehouse and port. Or they could go on to the now-gone Colchester tobacco port town, founded in 1753 at the mouth of the Occoquan, to sell their tobacco, shop and stop off at one of the several taverns there.

English colonists who lived in present Franconia then, most of whom had at least small tobacco cash crops, must have had roads or at least paths to get to those ports and towns. There were no closer stores, though Thomas Monroe ran a water-wheeled grist mill west of present South Van Dorn Street and north of present Franconia Road from about 1760.

In fact, there was a court order June 26, 1750, that at first

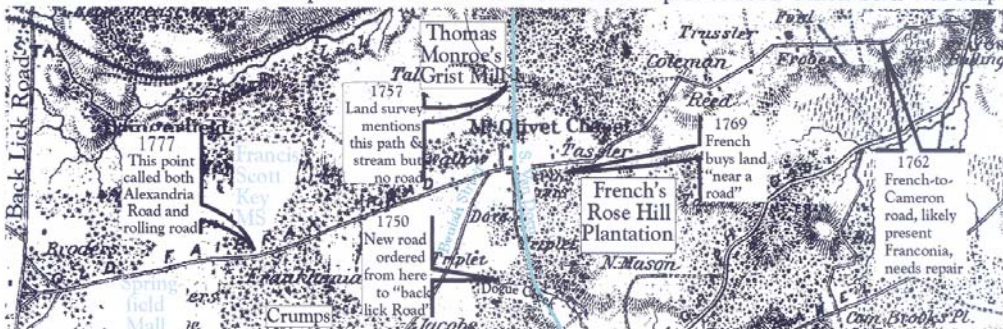
blush sounds like an order to clear what is now Franconia Road from about present South Van Dorn Street or Beulah Street to Backlick Road. But there are problems that make this only a possibility. "It is Ordered that the former Orders of this Court for clearing a Road from the head of Dogue Creek into the back lick Road is renewed," the court order book reads. The head of Dogue Creek is just north of present Kingstowne Town Center.

But no route is mentioned and no other record has been found to confirm this section of road existed so early. A 1757 survey of land west of present South Van Dorn Street and north of Dogue Creek notes there was a path then to Thomas Monroe's land but shows no road. A rolling road would not likely have run unnecessarily down into those ravines. That word "renewed" in the court order suggests earlier orders to clear such a road had not been carried out. The evidence for the 1760s starts with two court complaints in 1762 that a road or roads from Daniel French's plantation and from his quarters to Cameron Run were in poor condition. Odds are good that one or both of these

were present Franconia Road from Daniel French Jr.'s Rose Hill plantation, though they could have been from ancestral Daniel French land near present Telegraph Road and Cameron Run.

Better yet, in 1769 French bought land west of present Rose Hill "near a road" in the vicinity of present Franconia Road. In 1770 Daniel French asked that a road be altered. The proof that present Franconia Road existed by 1777 is in two land deeds in which Crump brothers sold off some of the last of what had once been their 1,000 acres of land here. John Bushrod Crump, who had moved to Montgomery County, N.C., and become a doctor, sold land April 9, 1777, with a corner near present Key Middle School. His deed said it was "on the North side of the Alexandria Road." His brother James Crump, who also moved to Montgomery County and commanded of its militia during the Revolution, sold adjoining land. His deed said that same corner was "near the rolling road." These Crumps must have had some road or path to Thomas Monroe's grist mill not long after they moved here about 1764 – James married Monroe's daughter Isabella.

The Earliest Known Detail Map of What is Now Franconia Road -- part of 1862 Union Civil War Map





### *Sports In Franconia by "Pearl" Watts*

Sports and community involvement in sports has a very strong tradition in the Franconia area. As the population greatly increased in the 1960's and 1970's, so did the number of subdivisions and elementary schools, helping to create plenty of friendly rivalries among age group teams from within various areas in baseball and football leagues around Franconia.

With the opening of Edison High School in the early '60's, the Franconia area had an even more sports solidarity as the Eagles quickly moved into the upper echelon in Northern Virginia high school sports, with football and boys basketball being in the forefront. In the early '70's Edison also added boys cross country along with track and field in having highly regarded squads. Leading the surge was Edison's George Watts, who according to former Eagles' athletic director Bob Carson, "was instrumental in putting distance running for Edison and Northern Virginia on the map. He was the first distance runner of national prominence from the area and made other parts of the country take notice of what this area could produce." Watts' first foray into running a long ways and actually enjoying it, may be traced back to afternoons after Rose Hill elementary school and Mark Twain junior high when quite a few of the youngsters would gather near the current Greendale golf course from homes on Haystack Road, Greendale Road, Carriage Drive and Split Rock Road. In the cold winter late afternoons of December, January and February following youth football season, ages from approximately 6 to 14 years would gather for an expanded version of a combination hide and seek and freeze tag. The Greendale golf course was not under construction until the early to mid '70's and their entire layout was the play area. It appears now much like it did before with the natural tree lines, but without the pond near the clubhouse and plenty of tall grass instead of fairways and putting greens. The game, which simply became known as "chase" usually, pitted a couple of the older kids in the

neighborhood against, "as many of you little kids as you can gather". The game started in what was approximately the middle of the course near an old, charred, and toppled over tree. This tree which sat at the top of a small hill beyond sticker bushes and the current tree line bordering the right side of the current 18th fairway. Of course the older kids got to hide first and if they were not caught before the early sunset hours of the winter following school, better luck next time. George Watts and others of his age headed the younger squad's pack and their determination in seeking out and tagging the older boys by running until they were out of breath...and then a little further, surely could not have hurt their endurance development once they got to high school.

Following is an article reprinted from the Northern Virginia Journal Newspapers from November 20, 1997 followed by an article reprinted from the Alexandria Gazette by reporter Bill McDowell from October 14, 1974 about Watts in what will be a continual look into sports involving the Franconia area in upcoming issues. **WATTS WAS A HIGH - VOLTAGE RUNNER:** Edison Grad a Great Sport, Top Performer at Burke Lake Edison's George Watts was perhaps the most dominant performer all-time at Burke Lake Park. In 1974, the first year the Burke Lake course stretched 2.98 miles, an increase from 2.4 miles, Watts won the Northern Region individual title by 30 seconds, the largest winning margin ever posted by a boy's runner on the course. "I was pleased with the time I ran," said Watts, who holds the 2.4 mile course record at 11 minutes, 43 seconds, set in 1973 at the Gunston District championships. "But maybe I would have run faster if we had been running 3 mile races for more than just my last year in high school." Watts is the oldest member of the Burke Lake all-time list. His time of 14:42 at the 1974 region championship makes him the fifth-fastest performer. It's nice to have the Burke

### *Sports ... continued*

Lake list so that you can compare times," said Watts. You don't get better unless you try to go after the good ones."

Watts, a 1975 Edison graduate, won eight state titles in cross country and track under Eagles coach John Cook, who was at the helm of the program there for 10 years before holding the same position for 20 years at George Mason University. "Coaching Watts was one of the highlights of my career, including anything and everything I've done at any level," said Cook, whose GMU squad won the 1996 NCAA indoor track and field title. "He was a talented, hardworking guy who never shirked away from anything. I don't think he ever missed a practice. We stay in contact and are still good friends to this day." Watts lives in Knoxville, Tennessee with his wife Karen and daughter Katie. He is head cross country coach and assistant track and field coach for the University of Tennessee.

The 1973 Group AAA cross country championship was Watts' most unforgettable competition. Watts won the race by 15 seconds, completing the 2.4 mile course at Dunbar Farms in Williamsburg in a record time of 11:57, or so he and everyone thought. Watts was disqualified when it was discovered that Cook entered an off limits area to coaches. On this cold afternoon, Cook walked into the restricted area to hand a warm-up jacket to Watts, who was standing in the finishing chute, awaiting the card that signified he had finished in first place. After giving Watts the jacket, Cook accidentally bumped into official Randy Hawthorne. The meet director saw the possible obstruction and then decided to not only disqualify Watts, but the entire Edison squad. The Eagles would have finished second in the team championship to Handley High of Winchester. Said Cook, "It was a judgment call by the officials and a strict interpretation of the rules as to the area I was in." Watts was just an innocent bystander. "The officials just told me to go," said Watts. "It seemed like I held up the line for 5 minutes while I tried to tell them that I wasn't competing as an individual, but that I was part of

the Edison team and needed a card." Moments before the awards ceremony, word began swirling around that Watts and teammates Charlie Rose and Brian Bradley would not receive their all-state medals, nor would Edison be presented the second place trophy. The meet director then presented medals to the top 15 individuals of the Group AAA race. Watts was not included in the presentation. The meet director then proceeded with the medal presentation for the Group AA race. As those results were being announced, 12 of the 15 medalists from the AAA race walked back, one by one, and returned their medals at the awards table. It was silent protests to the state meet officials' actions. Edison principal Emory Chesley even petitioned the Virginia High School League during its next meeting in an effort to have Watts' title reinstated, but to no avail. "It was a touching moment," said Watts about the protest by his peers. "It was initiated by [state meet entries] Mike Fields of Menchville and Dave Cannon of George C. Marshall, who finished 1-2 at the state meet the year before." "Their act shows that we have to have faith in younger people and their actions. To think that a bunch of 16 and 17 year olds could get organized and do something that adults wouldn't have thought they could do -- now that's sportsmanship," said Watts.



**Everyone has a story to tell and we want to hear yours! If you are interested in sharing your stories with us please call Jacqueline "Jac" Walker at 703-971-2463. The Franconia Museum is also looking for artifacts, photo's, and maps (gifts or loans) for future exhibits.**

### **Board Member Profile - Carol and Don Hakenson**

Don Hakenson was born in Washington DC, but lived practically his entire life in Franconia, Virginia. Don's parents built a house in Windsor Estates and raised seven boys and one girl. Don attended Franconia Elementary School, Mark Twain Intermediate and graduated from Edison High School. Don is a Vietnam era Air Force veteran and has worked for the Department of the Army for almost 35 years. Don is currently the Director for the U.S. Army & Joint Services Records Research Center since 1989. Don's agency is responsible for researching Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) claims, and Agent Orange inquiries for Air Force, Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps veterans.

Outside of the Army, Don has spent countless years researching obscure Civil War incidents and sites in Fairfax County, especially regarding the Confederate guerilla chieftain Colonel John S. Mosby and his rangers. Don currently conducts Mosby & Franconia Civil War bus tours with his partner Gregg Dudding for the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society and for the Franconia Museum.

Don is the President for the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society and is one of the History Commissioners for Lee District in Fairfax County. In addition, Don has published "*This Forgotten Land: A Tour of Civil War Sites and Other Historical Landmarks South of Alexandria, Virginia*" which was the recipient of the 2001 Nan Netherton award presented by the Fairfax County History Commission. Don also co-authored two books about Colonel John S. Mosby and his men.

Don is also a founder and a member on the board of directors for the Franconia Museum. Additionally, Don is a well sought out speaker and has given various history presentations to countless civil war, historical and civic organizations around the entire State of Virginia. Lastly, Don has published many articles on Mosby, and the Civil War history around Franconia.

Don has two children, Kathleen & Robert. Both live in the area, attended the same schools as their father, married locally and have children. Don is the grandfather of a future President and four sure fire Hall of Famers. Don is married to Carol Ann Dove.

Carol was born in Clifton, New Jersey and moved to Alexandria, Virginia when she was thirteen years old. She is the oldest of three daughters born to Beverly & Olga Dove. Carol initially missed New Jersey, but came to love Northern Virginia & eventually Don Hakenson. Carol and her two sisters graduated from Edison High School. All three sisters are very close and became professional hairdressers.

In 1990, Carol, went back to school, earned a scholarship, changed her career field and entered the Medical Billing business. Carol is now an office manager for *Anesthesia Resource Network Inc.*, located in Woodbridge. In July of this year, Carol completed all the mandatory requirements from the American Academy of Professional Coders and earned the title of Certified Professional Coder (CPC).

Carol has two children, Josh (age 24), who is a supervisor for a local construction company, owns his own condominium in Occoquan, and recently was baptized in the historic Rappahannock River. Katie, the youngest, is currently a senior International Baccalaureate student at Edison High School and is preparing for college. Katie works at the Kingstowne movie theatre, obtained her driver's license, saved her money and bought a car and is currently driving her mother crazy.

Carol purchased Don's book which mentioned many ancestors from her father's family. The Dove family has lived and has been in the Franconia area for over two hundred years. The manuscript must have been interesting because Carol and Don have been together ever since. Love was in the air when Don proposed to Carol at his house. Carol & Don were married over two years ago on the steps of the George Washington Masonic Temple, in old town Alexandria.

Carol loves to cook, keeps a very close eye on her daughter and keeps an even closer eye on Don. Furthermore, Carol truly has a love for all animals and can be frequently found hugging and petting every dog in the neighborhood.

Carol has volunteered for various events sponsored by the Franconia Museum, and other historical functions that Don is involved with. Based on Carol's enthusiasm, dependability and her "can do" attitude she was nominated and added to the board of directors of the Franconia Museum in early 2006.

*Like Will Rogers, Carol never met a person she didn't like.*



### **Governor Pierpont and Colonel Mosby ... By Don Hakenson**

During the War Between the States Gadsby's Tavern was known as the City Hotel. It was the City Hotel where the Lincoln appointed Union Governor Francis H. Pierpont made his quarters as the leader of the "Restored Government" of Virginia. Naming Pierpont the Governor of Virginia when Virginia had already seceded from the Union made many southerners steaming mad.

Guerilla Chieftain John S. Mosby called Pierpont the bogus governor and twice tried unsuccessfully to catch him. Mosby failed in his first attempt because Pierpont was called to Washington City by Lincoln, so he instead captured Pierpont's aid Colonel Daniel F. Dulany while he was residing at the Rose Hill plantation on Franconia Road on September 28, 1863. This was the raid where Ranger D. French Dulany helped Mosby capture his own father.

On his next attempt, Mosby failed again when he and approximately forty men made it as far as four miles outside of the city of Alexandria on the Telegraph Road on June 9, 1864. Unfortunately for Mosby, and fortunately for Pierpont a Yankee sympathizer discovered Mosby and his men camping in the woods, and notified the authorities in Alexandria that Mosby was in the area. Mosby found out about this, aborted his plan and went back to Fauquier County.

Governor Pierpont was not exactly ignorant of Mosby's desires. Pierpont realized that he was a target when he received a most unusual correspondence while staying at the City Hotel. The message read, *"You did not see the farmer who rode by your hotel on a hay wagon yesterday, did you Governor? My driver pointed out your window, and I marked it plain. It's just over the bay, and I'll get you some night, mighty easy."*

This bravado was signed by none other than the Gray Ghost himself. The famous partisan

leader had already captured Brigadier General Edwin Stoughton, in Fairfax City without a single shot being fired in the early morning hours of March 9, 1863. Mosby must have wanted Pierpont very badly to plan two such raids. It must have been one of Mosby's biggest regrets during the war in not snaring the pretend Governor of Virginia.

Pierpont only laughed at the insolence of Mosby's message, as he laughed at all the threats that came his way.

Francis H. Pierpont was born in Monongahela County, Virginia on January 25, 1814. After graduating from Alleghany (Pennsylvania) College in 1838, he taught in Mississippi, studied law, and finally came back to his birth state to practice at Fairmont, Marion County, Virginia. After his term of office as governor of Virginia expired in 1868 he returned to Fairmont (now West Virginia). In 1870 he was elected a member of the West Virginia Legislature, and later served as Federal Internal Revenue Collector. Although Pierpont is considered the "Father of West Virginia," he never served as governor of the State.



*Gadsby's Tavern*

*In Memoriam — 2006*

**We wish to express our condolences to family and friends of several Franconia friends who passed away this year ...**

**Donna Joy Beaty** on 10 August 2006, of Alexandria, Virginia. She is survived by son, Joseph Beaty and daughter-in-law, Lia Beaty of Greenville, South Carolina; daughter, Vikki Beaty of Alexandria, Virginia; sister, Phyllis Armintrout and brother-in-law Myron Armintrout of Lincoln, Nebraska; granddaughter, Donna Chivers and great-granddaughter, Paige Chivers of Fremont, California; granddaughter, Stephanie Beaty of San Jose, California; brother-in-law, Larry Beaty of Lincoln, Nebraska; and sister-in-law, Sharon Hunter of Thousand Oaks, California.

*She joined her husband Joe in the Hallowed Ground of Arlington Cemetery on August 29, 2006. Both were heroes. Joe served in three wars---WWII, Korea and Vietnam---while Donna served at home as a teacher, supported the war effort as a 'Rosie The Riveter' type job at Timken Roller Bearing Company and as a mother. They both are outstanding examples of what rightfully has been called this country's 'Greatest Generation'. After Joe's military service, the Beaty's settled in Rose Hill in 1968 and continued to served their god, family country and community. That same year, they joined Franconia United Methodist Church. They were active in church and community programs. Donna prepared and delivered meals for Meals on Wheels and both were active in the Rose Hill Civic Association. Joe and Donna helped start Rose Hill's Neighborhood Watch program and Donna was active as a recruiter for new 'watchers' until her death on August 10, 2006. Joe passed away in the late 1990s. If I close my eyes and think about it, I can still see Donna, while on a walk with her dog, greeting newcomers and asking 'Have you heard about our Neighborhood Watch'. She signed up most of the people she approached. Because of her efforts, Rose Hill has one of the most effective Neighborhood Watch programs in Fairfax County. All of us can rejoice in Donna's life and strive to emulate her legacy of service to her church, family, country and community.*

— Carl Sell

**Mary Virginia Javins** on March 11, 2006. She was the youngest of ten children and the last of her family at age 92. Her parents, Harry and Annie Stout Javins owned and operated the “Golden Hill Dairy Farm,” located on Franconia Road, where all of the children were born. The children attended Cameron Elementary School on Telegraph Road. Mary never married; she lived and worked on the farm until her parents' death. Then, she bought a home at 6015 Old Rolling Road in Franconia where two of her unmarried brothers, Tom and Willie, lived with her. Her last few years were spent in Ruxton Health Care Center. Mary leaves a loving niece, Shirley Dove Davis, who has written her memories of her favorite aunt and the farm. Shirley gave the museum Mary's albums of pictures and rosters of the Rose Bush Club in Franconia.

**Ralph “Tee” A. Phillips, Jr.**, 74, of St. Petersburg, died Saturday (March 18, 2006) at St. Anthony's Hospital. He was born in Alexandria, Va., and retired to St. Petersburg in 1995 from Virginia. He was an operating engineer for Local 77 in Washington, D.C., and worked as an encroachment inspector for the Park Authority in Fairfax, Va. He was an Army veteran of the Korean War. He was a member of Egypt Temple of Tampa, the Scottish Rites and a lifetime perpetuity Mason of Henry Knox Field Masonic Lodge 349 in Alexandria. Survivors include his wife of 54 years, Virginia; three sons, Ralph III and Tee, both of Alexandria, and Donald, Woodbridge, Va.; a daughter, Lori, Manassas, Va.; 10 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren. Veterans Funeral Care, Clearwater. St. Petersburg Times on March 25, 2006.

*In Memoriam — 2006 ... continued*

*What the obituary doesn't say is that Tee was a star football player at George Washington High School in Alexandria, Virginia in the late 1940's, a youth football coach with the Franconia Youth Association in the 1960-70's, and a Northern Virginia Football Referee. Tee spent most of his adult life in the Franconia area. My main recollection of him is a big gruff man, with a hard crusty personality, that would argue virtually any point about football rules with me, or anybody else. Only after you got to know him did you find out the hard crust covered a soft heart, and a person that liked to see people treated fairly.*

*-- Jim Cox*

*Tee and his wife Ginny became my close friends through our mutual interest in youth sports. Tee helped organize the Lee District Basketball Association and the Lee District Football Association, which later merged with the Franconia Youth Association. Their son, Donald, played on my baseball team and no coach could have more supportive parents. During the winter, he refereed youth basketball games. Tee worked in construction for Washington Gas and later became a maintenance supervisor for the Fairfax County Park Authority. It goes without saying that the playing fields in Lee District parks received Tee's personal attention. I have fond memories of sitting around the Phillips' kitchen table with Tee and Ginny, Jim and Barbara Kinzer, Dick and Kay Combs and Fred and Laura Landon to name a few, talking about and planning ways to improve youth sports in our community. Tee and Ginny touched hundreds of people's lives. All are better for it.*

*- - Carl Sell*

**Sylvia Plaughter Jones** on Sunday, June 4, 2006 of Springfield, VA. Beloved wife of the late Ward Plaughter and John Jones; mother of Betty Nalls, Gwendolyn A. Douglas and the late Gloria L. Anderson; sister of Lindy Neish. Silvia is also survived by 13 grandchildren, 31 great-grandchildren

**Mary Newbold Rittenhouse Gunnell Phillips** died peacefully at Goodwin House, Bailey's Crossroads, Falls Church, VA on April 13, 2006, at the age of 100. The daughter of Emily Nelson Gunnell and Leonard Colemam Gunnell, she was born in Washington, DC on October 5, 1905. Known at "Rit" by family and friends, Mrs. Phillips grew up at Bush Hill, an old family home near Alexandria, VA, and attended Gunston Hall and George Washington University. In 1928, she married Donald Boyer Phillips, a career officer in the US Army Air Corps. Following her husband's retirement, the couple resided in Alexandria, VA, where she was a member of the Garden Club of Alexandria for many years. She was preceded in death by her husband, their son Duncam Boyer Phillips, her sister, Amenie Gunnell Boatner, and her two bothers, Leonard Coleman Gunnell Jr. and Bruce Covington Gunnell. She is survived by the five remaining children of her family, Sky Phillips Beaven, Mary Rittenhouse Phillips Rainey, Bruce Covington Phillips, Natalie Phillips Hughes, and Amenie Nelson Phillips Schweizer, and also by most of her other descendents, 31 grandchildren, 40 great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren.



**Bush Hill**  
Alexandria, Virginia  
Beloved Family Home  
*Drawing by R.P. Tolman, 1931*

A Celebration of the Life  
of  
**Mary Newbold Rittenhouse Gunnell Phillips**  
October 5, 1905 – April 13, 2006

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[www.franconiamuseum.org](http://www.franconiamuseum.org)

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**Franconia Museum Inc.**  
**6121 Franconia Road**

**CALLING ALL VIPS!**

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VIP's help the Franconia Museum fulfill its mission to identify and protect the history of the Franconia area and to provide educational opportunities for students and the greater community.

**2006 VIPS are needed for the:**

**October 28, 2006 - 5<sup>th</sup> Annual History Day**

**Other events are on the drawing board and will include the Annual Donor Appreciation event and relocating to the new Franconia Museum next year.**

**THE BEST IS YET TO COME!**

**To volunteer or to get more information, contact  
[Franconiamuseum@yahoo.com](mailto:Franconiamuseum@yahoo.com)**

**We're looking for your articles,  
 pictures, and stories ...**

**Please call ...  
 Jacqueline "Jac" Walker  
 at 703-971-2463**