



Historic Franconia Legacies

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Volume 6 Issue 2

Franconia Museum Inc.

Fall 2007

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ACCOTINK ... by Marjorie E. Baggett Tharpe

Accotink United Methodist Church is located in the Village of Accotink, surrounded by the Fort Belvoir military base. Most of the property around the village was taken by the U.S. Government during World War I, and then even more in World War II. However, Accotink Village was spared.

Before I write about the church, I should tell a little bit of the history of Accotink Village. Long ago it was a quiet place, with families living there who were mostly related. I remember going there as a child with my parents and brother to visit my Uncle Jim and Aunt Etta Baggett. It seemed to us like going to a big city. Aunt Etta would always take my brother and me to her sister Lizzie France's store. There she would proudly show us off, and treat us to ice cream. It really was a treat for we didn't get ice cream then, as often as is the custom today.

At one time Accotink was a thriving little town with a Post Office, a blacksmith shop, a grist mill, and a little later a lumber mill. This was mostly due to the fact that a large Quaker group came from Philadelphia and New Jersey around 1847, to buy up lots of land in the Mount Vernon area. They built homes, and since there was lots of timber on the land, it was ideal to go into the lumber business. A lumber mill was built beside the grist mill in Accotink, to process the lumber.

Among family names of the Quakers familiar to many of us were Gillinghams, Troths, Waltons, Meros, Ballingers, and

many more. Jacob Troth was one of the main businessmen of the Quakers. He and Chalkey Gillingham bought over 2000 acres, including Woodlawn Plantation, and formed a partnership named "Gillingham-Troth." Jacob Troth then bought the Grist Mill in Accotink, repaired it, and built a lumber mill beside it. The lumber was to be used for shipbuilding.

Jacob Troth had a son, Paul Hillman Troth, who became a prominent resident of Accotink Village, after moving from the Woodlawn Mansion. At the time, there were no churches or schools in the village. People probably had church services in their homes in Accotink, and some possibly attended Pohick Episcopal Church. Paul Hillman Troth gave land to build a church, and establish a cemetery under the Methodist Conference. The deed was signed in February, 1880, and recorded in the Fairfax County Land Records.

Continued On Page 16



Confirming Mosby's Raid at the Broders on July 30, 1864 ...

By Don Hakenson

On the corner of Franconia Road and Frontier Drive (where the SUNRISE retirement home is located today) stood the John Broders house, which was also known as Oak Grove.

John Broders built the Oak Grove plantation house about 1820, on land that was once owned by the Fitzhugh and Dulany families. Approximately 176 years later, to the dismay of local Franconians and many Fairfax County historians, the house was torn down on June 15, 1996. The demolition of the historic structure only took about one hour. Franconia had lost one of its most treasured possessions.

The Broders house was one of the oldest dwellings in the Franconia area, and that home had some interesting history when it came to the War Between the States. According to the Broders family, Mosby's men attacked a Union force encamped between the family cemetery and Oak Grove, "where Forestdale Elementary School is now located." During the fighting the Broders family sought refuge in the house to evade the bullets. Several historians had tried to verify the family oral history, but had been unable to do so. After reading about the house, and being a Mosby aficionado, I decided to make a more exhaustive examination regarding this Mosby fight.

In my book, "This Forgotten Land", I stated that no one had previously been able to document this skirmish or fight at this site. However, I found an entry in the Union Operational Reports, stating Lieutenant Colonel H.H. Wells reported that a party of guerrillas attacked his cavalry picket near Springfield, on July 30, 1864. Lieutenant Colonel Wells sent out all available men to re-enforce his pickets and pursue the attackers. I also stated that I was unable to find any other documentation verifying an attack at the Broders place, or in Springfield. Unfortunately, I concluded there was nothing else reported on this incident.

I also concluded there was no way of knowing for sure if this guerilla engagement was the same incident as told by the Broders family. We were able to verify that fighting did occur in the Springfield area. I also reported that John Berfield, a person who had relic hunted in the area, stated he found bullets on the Forestdale Elementary School property, and across the street from the school in the mid 1970's. What I didn't report in my book, but I should have, was what John told me about the bullets he found. He said they were spent sharp bullets fired in anger. This at least added some credibility to the Broders story.

It is also important to note that there were only two guerilla units that operated behind enemy lines in the Springfield, Franconia and Alexandria areas during the war. One unit was Company H, 15th Virginia Cavalry (which was also known as the Chincapin Rangers). This unit was made up of residents living in the Fairfax and Prince William County areas. The other unit was the 43rd Battalion Virginia Cavalry, or Mosby's Rangers. Ironically the Chincapin Rangers would join Mosby on many raids in Fairfax County, and would be incorporated into Mosby's Command before the war would end. So it would be safe to say that the guerilla unit that encountered Lieutenant Colonel Wells' cavalry picket, had some connection with Mosby's Rangers.

Again, the only information I found was circumstantial, and did not fully corroborate the verbal history of the Broders family.

Finally, I found the information I had been seeking. On April 23, 2007, I received an email from Susan Hellman, Historian for the County of Fairfax Department of Planning and Zoning. She had been transcribing the 1864 diary of Ebenezer E. Mason for the upcoming Fairfax County Historical Society Yearbook.

Continued on Page 17

Our Newest Poster on DisplayFitzgeralds Grocery Store

by Jac Walker

You are invited to the museum to see another large poster made by **Ken Todack of impact! reprographics**. The latest one features a Franconia landmark, Fitzgerald Grocery, and is hung above the many artifacts from the store that Lynn donated before his untimely death.

Other posters made by Ken feature Franconia School's 1947 Undeclared Baseball Team; and The Contented Cow. The cow is lying on its side with its head on the lap of a child with a total of 8 children in the picture—a real favorite of many. Jean Starry is the only survivor of this group.

We are very grateful for Ken Todack's generosity. Ken wrote "Glad that you are pleased with the poster. I'm a bit of a history fan myself so I enjoy furthering your efforts with our local Franconia Museum."



Charles Barry and Clara Fitzgerald and their children, Mary Jane and Lawrence, worked in Franconia for 40 years. The store was built with an old dining room in 1927. The photo, the door on the left, was also the door to the store, and was an integral part of their lives. With the door open, they could sit at their dining table and have anyone coming the store. They would keep it to the side of the customer. The business was known as Moon, Pop and Joe store. They were deeply involved in the community, making Franconia his home until their deaths. Mary resided at the Franconia Retirement Community in Springfield.

Lynn Fitzgerald was extremely happy to be the first founding member of the Franconia Museum, a project he had longed to see organized. He devoted many an hour from the store to the museum, including a large glass display case. This museum was incorporated in March 2002 and Lynn passed away on May 29, 2002.

Civil War Artist John Paul Strain Visits Franconia Museum

by Gregg Dudding



Nationally acclaimed historical Civil War artist **John Paul Strain released his new work "The Rose Hill Raid"** at the Franconia Museum on 25 August 2007. Although he has produced other historical art, he is most noted for his series of Civil War paintings and prints. His national reputation has been built based on his historic authenticity, and avid collectors prize his limited edition artwork.

While at the Franconia Museum he signed prints and donated a framed archival Museum edition. It is prominently displayed in the Franconia Museum. What was amazing is that he generously gave half of the proceeds of the sale of the prints to the Franconia Museum. Earning the Franconia Museum almost three thousand dollars. **He also left copies of the prints with the Franconia Museum for sale, so if you missed the event on 25 August you still have an opportunity to purchase one.**

Currently the Franconia Museum has 45 Signed and Numbered prints at \$200 plus tax, and three Classic Canvas Giclee at \$575 plus tax. **If you are interested in purchasing a print please contact Gregg Dudding at 703-971-4860 or by email wdudding@cox.net. Don't forget...half of the proceeds of the selling of the prints go directly to the Franconia Museum.**

A FEW MEMORIES OF FRANCONIA

by "Dinky" Huffman

Nailing the Mailbox

At the ripe old age of 15, I was the youngest member ever to serve in the Franconia Volunteer Fire Department Rescue Squad. I remember a particular call during the winter of 1958-59. I was 16 then. We had an ambulance call for a lady that had fallen at the old shopping center in Springfield. It was a really cold, windy, snowy day, and the road conditions certainly were NOT good. Anyway, no problem, Lynn Fitzgerald was driving the old 1948 Cadillac ambulance. As we were passing Lee High School, approaching the O'Connell's driveway across from the school, I brought it to Lynn's attention that he was heading DIRECTLY towards the O'Connell's large mailbox. He calmly stated, "Oh, I got her." Just as he got it out of his mouth, BAM he had nailed the mailbox. Of course we did not stop to check out the damage, and probably couldn't have if we wanted to. Later we checked out the ambulance to find there was very little damage, but the mailbox was another story. We had arrived on the scene, and got the lady to the hospital in safe condition. As I think about it now, I truly believe Lynn Fitzgerald could have been a very successful NASCAR driver.

Franconia Youth Association (FYA)

Yes, I did coach in FYA for several years for both of my daughters' teams, but not at the same time. I was Vice-Commissioner for three years after Ray Brothers retired. Not tooting my horn (too much), I was the one that got the girls in COMPLETE uniforms, not just tee-shirts, by going out and getting sponsors for each and every team at \$500 per team. We met with Gladys and Jack often as they were responsible for starting the Franconia Youth Association. My last year, I started a program called Soft-Ball, the same as T-Ball, but for little girls of the same age group. We used a really "SOFTBALL." I think later, Vienna picked up on this as well, but I am not positive.

Jack and Gladys Keating were responsible in starting the FYA. Jack is no longer living and Gladys, former Lee District Delegate, is currently living in a nursing home after suffering a stroke. Gladys served on the Franconia Museum Board for a few months before her illness. At one of the meetings, it was discussed that the FYA would be an excellent story to publish, and it will be. She remembered that Larry Huffman was one of her coaches in the league. Larry is better known as Dinky or Dink. This is a copy of his response to my note to him. Jac Walker

The Ward's Corner Fire

Also, in my excitement over receiving copies of the **Franconia Remembers** books, I forgot to mention that I made it into two of the pictures featured in the Ward's Corner story in Volume II. On page 88, I am standing right at the base of the aerial ladder truck from Bailey's Cross Roads, in a white rescue squad coat. Also on page 89, I am standing in front of the ambulance which I went to the fire in. I don't remember who drove it. I was 17 then. Those white coats were new. We had not had them very long, as you can see they were still pretty white. If you look at my feet, they look big, that's because "Bombers" were the "N" thing at the time.

If you happen to speak with Gladys, say hey for me. She was always such a dear to me and has done SO much for the community. Thanks, Dink

Dink retired as a professional fireman from the Alexandria Fire Department and currently lives in Culpeper, Virginia. He has been generous in sending pictures of the Franconia Fire Department and Franconia School to the museum, and plans to write his story.

Jac Walker

MEMORIES OF FRANCONIA: FROM FATHER TO DAUGHTER

by Bonnie Dyer Jones



My father, James Herbert Dyer (Jimmie), grew up in Franconia, Virginia. He was born August 23, 1921, and moved to Franconia from Alexandria as a young child. He lived there until approximately 1938, at which time his parents bought a home in the Gunston area of Lorton, Virginia. Growing up, and prior to his passing in 1994, I spent countless enjoyable hours in my parent's kitchen, sipping coffee while listening to Dad relive his youth.

It's hard to believe driving through Franconia today that Dad rode his white mare, Lady, to Franconia School each day. (Later, Lady also provided transportation to the Lyles home place during the time he "courted" Lois Lyles!) The dirt roads were lined by farms owned by families whose names became familiar from the tableside tales I loved to hear. The names I instantly recall are Simms, Peverill, Schurtz, Javins, Dove, Deavers, Talbert, Sutherland, Jacobs, and Lyles. I'm sure there are others that I just can't recall at the moment. The Lyles family and mine go back several generations. Each summer, Dad and other local boys couldn't wait for Mr. Lyles' (Everett Lyles) watermelon patch to ripen. He said Mr. Lyles would have gladly given some of his melons to the kids in the area, but somehow they were always sweeter when you had to sneak them out of the garden! I'm happy to say my mother, Sonia (Richter) Dyer, and I are still in close contact with Florence (Lyles) Hall. Florence, I've discovered, can pick up where Dad left off. She knows Franconia, its history and families, better than anyone I know. I think of the Lyles

more like family than friends, as they've known me from the time I was born.

Tommy Simms was Dad's closest childhood friend. They loved horses, dogs, and raised rabbits together. He said each day after school they would pull grass together to feed them. Horses were a mutual love they had, a love my father retained his entire life. Tommy and Dad were best buddies, until one day Tommy discovered girls were more interesting. That did it for Dad. He couldn't understand it at the time, but eventually nature ran its course, and rabbits were placed on the back burner (perhaps literally) for him as well.

Dad loved history, giving much of the credit to his teacher, Miss Nellie Lee Nevitt, at the Franconia School. Miss Nellie's mother was Robert E. Lee's sister. As such, you know which part of this great country she was partial to, and made no bones about it! She taught three generations of our family, my grandfather (Tom Dyer), Dad, and Dad's nephew (Wiley Barrington.) Dad said when new students would start in her classroom, the kids would warn them, "If you're from the North, don't ever admit it to Miss Nellie." She liked boys much better than girls. She couldn't stand "prissy" girls. Many a time she would take a girl wearing lipstick into the bathroom where she would promptly scrub her lips down to its natural state. Miss Nellie also had her own unique way in handling boys who didn't behave. Boys caught fighting would be given boxing gloves, and a place was cleared to let them go at it. The loser received his punishment in the ring. The winner's triumphant grin would quickly change when he realized there were no winners with Miss Nellie. Miss Nellie would take the winner in tow where he quickly found himself at the receiving end of her wooden paddle. Another favorite method of punishment for her rambunctious boys was to have them work on the school's rock garden. Dad said sometimes he felt as though he had built the entire garden himself! There were times she accused him of being

Continued on Page 8

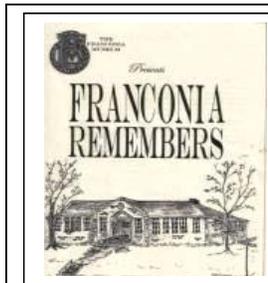
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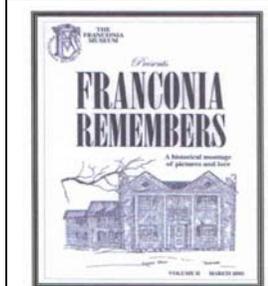
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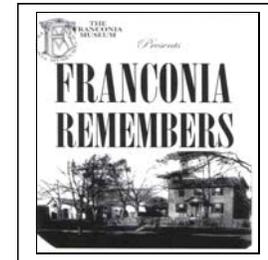


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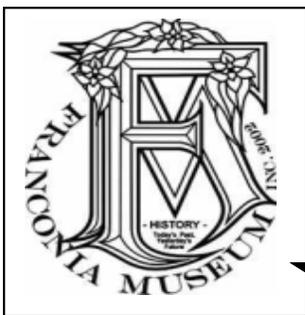
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MEMORIES OF FRANCONIA: FROM FATHER TO DAUGHTER ... *continued*

“just like that Tom Dyer (Dad’s father.)” Of course there were other times she sweetly proclaimed he was “just like his dear mother,” Hattie Martin Dyer. Miss Nellie, smart as she was, never caught on to one of Dad’s favorite classroom pranks. Occasionally, in the late afternoon, when the class tired of her endless drilling in spelling and arithmetic, Dad would interrupt and ask Miss Nellie what her views were on “The War Between the States.” That’s all it took. She would be “off and running” the remainder of the day. Later, Dad admitted he would have benefited more from her spelling lessons than history. This was evident after he went overseas in the Navy during World War II. Miss Nellie, being his favorite teacher, was one of the people he corresponded with. Whenever he wrote to Miss Nellie, she would correct his spelling and mail his letter back to him. She was always the ultimate

teacher during her fifty plus years in the school system!

During winter months, Dad and other boys would arrive at school early enough to chop wood, and build a fire in the classroom woodstove to knock off the chill before school began. He loved woodstoves all his life, having grown up with them as a means of keeping his home warm.

These moments with my father are very special memories. He would have so loved the publications of *Franconia Remembers*. The pages would have taken him back to a time and place he cherished—a simpler time, a place more congenial where friends and families worked, cried, and laughed together, a place truly worth remembering—a place called Franconia.

May 2007

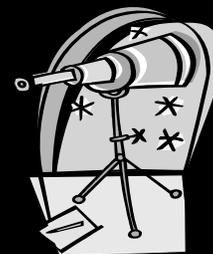
From the Franconia Museum E-mail site:

.....The books are a fun read. It’s been quite some time since I’ve lived in Franconia and have not really gotten back very often to visit. I try to picture where different streets, roads, buildings, etc. are located. Takes me back to another life.....

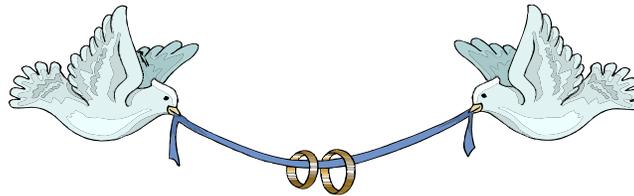
I thank God for historians who give us a link to the past. So many people today have no sense of a personal history. We live in a very bohemian social structure—moving about frequently and so far away from family roots. I’m sure there are many who don’t care to remember, for its too painful. But we are who we are, in part, because of our past, whether we liked it or not.

Marcy Devers Alves in New Hampshire

**We’re looking
for your articles,
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M. Louise Potter Poem



We

**Marriage vows that join two;
The Husband and Wife.
Should not be “I” but “We do,”
As they start a new life.**

**“We”—can make a life together,
with each doing their share.**

**“We” –can solve problems,
when both of us care,**

**“We”—can make plans for years;
or for everyday.**

**When “We” take time to listen,
To what each has to say.**

**“We”—can be happy,
by keeping the lines free.
And always remembering,
That the two of us are—“We.”**

M. Louise Potter



M. Louise Potter wrote the poem “We” on March 25, 1976. She entered the poem in the 1996 North American Open Poetry Contest. On March 15, 1996, 20 years to the day when she wrote the poem, she received a letter from the Selection Committee saying her poem “We” had been certified as a semi-finalist. In October 1996 Louise’s poem was published by the National Library of Poetry in a book of poems titled *Forever and a Day* (Library of Congress ISBN-1-57553-070-8)

The Headless Horseman of Telegraph Road and Other Ghost Stories



“While doing research for the museum at the Virginia Room of the Fairfax County Library I read three slender books entitled “Snake Hill to Spring Bank”, Volume I-III. The books were local histories compiled by Groveton High School students during the 1970’s. Some of the stories involved ghosts and spooky happenings on Telegraph Road, Kings Highway, Stoneybrooke, and Hayfield. I thought that since this newsletter would be published sometime around Halloween it might be appropriate to include them. The following information was written by Edith Sprouse in 1975.” Researched by Jim Cox

About 10 years ago, for some reason I got fascinated by ghosts, and so I went to the files of the Washington Post and read any information they had printed on ghosts, and I talked to people. The newest ghost I could find had appeared on Telegraph Road in 1961. You know where the Coast Guard Station is? There’s a gravel pit across from it, and there was a marvelous clipping in the newspaper that the police had been called in to investigate this ghost who’d been seen in the gravel pit. He was six feet tall and he had a black stovepipe hat, a black cape, black pants and black boots. His face was very cut and scratched. They interviewed the man at the Groveton Substation. He took a very dim view of the whole thing, but said, “We’re here for law enforcement, and if the ghost is here we’ve got to check it out.”

Most ghosts were quite a bit older than that. The closest one is at Stoneybrook on Telegraph Road (*actually Kings Highway*). The man who was the resident caretaker there has said they hear doors that won’t stay closed or open and they’ve heard lots of strange noises. Before Stoneybrooke was turned into a

community center, the people who lived there said that they saw a coach and a team of white horses going around the driveway when it was foggy. (I’ve found there are certain conditions that have to be met before you see them, because more than once people have said, “Well you only see them when it’s foggy.”) The man who lived at Stoneybrooke was Commodore Walter Brooke, In the Virginia Navy during the Revolution. I don’t know whether he was the man in the coach and white horse who was going around the driveway or not, but the park employees still say there are some kind of strange, ghostly noises going on at night at Stoneybrooke.

A little farther down the road (Telegraph), down toward Hayfield there is supposed to be seen, also in the fog, a horseman with a beautiful girl riding behind him – only the horseman has no head. He was eloping with this girl, and in his great haste, he careened right into the fork of a tree. That decapitated him. I was told that Mrs. Frances Nevitt, who lives down on Telegraph Road, might know some more about this ghost story, but I’ve never asked her. She has taught in the Fairfax County Schools for many years, and her house goes back to 1830-1840.

Most of my ghosts, are along Telegraph Road for some reason, I guess because it’s a very old road and the ghosts just kind of congregated along (it). They called it “the back road”, but it was the major thoroughfare in the 18th century. There weren’t any front roads.



These Ghost Stories were extracted from an interview with Edith Sprouse. She was a famous local historian, former Chairman of the Fairfax History Commission, and a Founding Director of the Franconia Museum. Edith passed away on January 30, 2004. The stories were extracted

The Headless Horseman of Telegraph Road and Other Ghost Stories ... *continued*

from "Snake Hill to Spring Bank", Volume I, 1975. I think Edith would be pleased to know that her ghost stories reached us from beyond the grave, but even after knowing her for only short time I am sure she would be a friendly spirit.

Spirits of Stoneybrooke



You remember when Jeanie Beard was here? About three years ago, she put on a program for the civic group. She is head of the Isis Center over in Silver Spring. When she came to the front door she said the first thing she saw, the first thing that struck her, were three spirits on the stairway. Needless to say I was already getting packed to leave. But she said not to worry about it because if they put up with you this long, they evidently like you, or they would really make it rough for you.

But strange things do happen here occasionally. Rose and I were sitting up in the living room one night about two months ago. The dog has this little rubber elephant she plays with all the time. Rose was sitting on the couch. I was sitting on the chair. Both of us were reading. The dog was laying over in the far corner sleeping, and this elephant was lying right below the coffee table. Nobody else was in the room. Cats were out. All at once this elephant just took off. It went from the living room, just like somebody had thrown it, clean out through the hallway, and bounced off the dining room wall. Of course it startled us. Various little things like that.

Seem to have the strangest things happen up on the third floor, those bedroom areas where the kids sleep. Things fall off the dresser, pick 'em up, and put 'em back on, and ten minutes later they're back on the floor again. It's really strange. But as far as the ghosts riding

around the house on horses, I haven't seen nothing like that. Course, I haven't looked too often either. Little strange things like that, nothing really to scare you.



Summer interns and one full landscaping crew stayed here about a year before the county remodeled this place. I guess they had a rough time of it really. Mr. Queary, the foreman who was staying here, was using the library as a bedroom. The interns were staying in the basement where the big stone fireplace is located. Well I understood that the interns after a while wouldn't stay here, it spooked them too bad. Also, I guess these spirits or ghosts, whatever they may be, really gave Mr. Queary a hard time, because he finally had to give it up. He couldn't stay here any longer.

These events were extracted from an interview with Ed Eichelberger, Fairfax County Park Authority Employee, and resident caretaker at Stoneybrooke Park in the 1970's. The interview was published in "Snake Hill to Spring Bank", Volume II, 1977.

George Washington's Ghost and Other Local Spirits



Bellville was another beautiful home on Telegraph Road. It's still standing. It was built in 1763. It belonged to George Johnson, who was George Washington's attorney. So, of course George Washington went there from time to time. George Johnson was also a close friend of Patrick Henry. They were political friends, and they discussed the situation during the upheaval of our birth of nation. Bellville had its ghosts too. The ghost is supposed to be of George Washington sitting in the library, on a sofa reading a book.

The Headless Horseman of Telegraph Road and Other Ghost Stories ... *continued*



And of course you know about the ghost that is supposed to be at Stoneybrooke. Even today there are supposed to be queer noises in the mansion. Doors will open unexpectedly and close unexpectedly. And from time to time they have trouble keeping a caretaker because of the strange noises.

These events were extracted from an interview with Dawn C. Fones. The interview was published in "Snake Hill to Spring Bank", Volume III, 1979.

She (my mother) didn't grow up on Telegraph Road, she grew up in Remington and moved here when she was child. She and my Dad got married and moved out on Telegraph Road. The house they moved into was built the last year of the Civil War, and there wasn't any water. In other words, just a house. They had to carry water from the community well. It was about a block and a half from the house and imagine bringing wash water, bath water, water to cook with, and water to drink in buckets! That's what most of the people right on Telegraph road had to do.

Now everyone that lived in the house before them said the house was haunted.

They said you could hear chains being dragged up and down the stairwell at night, but they must have been good people because they never hurt anything. They never hurt the ghost or saw it, but they did live there.

This story was extracted from an interview with Mrs. Stary. The interview was published in "Snake Hill to Spring Bank", Volume III, 1979.

Looking for Other Local Scary Stories

The Museum is looking for other scary, strange or bizarre stories about people and places in the Franconia Historical Area. Please send us a letter or an e-mail or contact Jac Walker at 703-971-2463.



We are also very interested in any stories, pictures, newspaper articles, documents and artifacts/items pertaining to Franconia History. We scan documents and pictures and return them to owners promptly. Artifacts/items do not have to be permanently donated to the museum, but can be loaned for display. Please contact us and share what you know.

6th Annual Franconia History Day October 27, 2007

Pages From "George Washington's Will" On Display

See page 19 for details

Virginia Kennedy Beck Letter

7443 Ridge View Road, Mechanicsville VA 23111

September 26, 2005

Franconia Museum
7011 A Manchester Blvd., Box 176
Franconia VA 22310

To All Concerned:

Thanks to Debbie, in the Lee District Supervisor's office, I obtained information about the museum, its activities and publications. I would like to be a "Friend" and therefore am enclosing a check for twenty dollars. Since I was on a rather hectic schedule this past weekend (Mt. Vernon High School Class '55 reunion, etc.), I did not call Phyllis Walker-Ford as Debbie suggested; but, instead, for now, am taking this means of communication.

I have been reading the Franconia Remembers, Volumes I and II, and find it a bit overwhelming to see places and names with which I am familiar -especially, that of my father, R. Lee Kennedy (Vol. II, p. 12). To be completely accurate, my father suffered both smoke inhalation and a heart attack as a result of the fire. How well I remember that night. "Daddy" was President of the Fire Department at the time, Aug. 19, 1950. I am enclosing copies of some of the area newspaper articles and a photo of the 1950 firehouse cornerstone unveiling. From left to right are myself, my sister Genevieve, and our mother, Esther Kennedy. I am not certain of the gentlemen's names. I use a magnifier to see my father's name on the stone. It was one thing I wanted to find on my recent visit. This was not to be; but perhaps, next time! The parade followed the unveiling. My mother had a problem listening to the sirens.

I also will be sending copies of the articles and photos to Herbert Ogden for a historical society, and to the Franconia Fire Department. Several men at Station 5 talked with me on Friday and offered a ride on the vintage truck, which I enthusiastically accepted!

Another surprise in my reading was to find a listing of Lees (V01.1p. 15), and thus discover there are family members, however distant, in Franconia!

Following my birth in 1937, I lived in a bungalow at the corner of Bernard Street and Edgewood, adjacent to the Facchina property, in a Guilford subdivision. After 1951, I lived in Belle View and in Groveton; in 1955, I returned to Franconia (Bush Hill) for about five months. Forty-seven years would pass before I saw the area again. "My" first house was still there!

In addition to the above address, I may be contacted at: vabeck@mindspring.com or home: 804-746-8067.

Sincerely,

Virginia Kennedy Beck

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Dennis Fenimore, (82) of Vero Beach, Florida, passed away May 11, 2007 at the VNA Hospice House in Vero Beach. Elizabeth “Betty” was a resident of Vero Beach for 16 years, moving there from Franconia, Virginia. She had worked fifteen years as a Supervisor for the US Government. She was an active member of the Christian Women’s Club, the Republican Women’s Club, and a member of the First Christian Church, all of which she continued in Florida. She also sang in several choirs.

Elizabeth is survived by her loving husband of 56 years, Charles Fenimore, son Charles III and his wife Colleen of Casselberry, Florida; daughter Martha Fenimore-Rivero and her husband Jose of Vero Beach; grandchildren Katherine and Patrick Fenimore; Raine, Chance, and Journey Rivero; and her beloved cat Heidi. She is preceded in death by her brothers Wilbert J. Dennis, Jr. and Alvin E. Dennis, and her granddaughter Jill Fenimore.

I am so grateful that Charlie and Elizabeth came to Franconia on September 30, 2006 for the unveiling of “Franconia Remembers Volume III,” in which their story is featured. This day was also their 56th wedding anniversary. Elizabeth was dressed in an elegant green dress that she had worn 56 years before. She looked absolutely stunning and had a great time visiting with old Franconia friends. A few months before their story was completed, she called asking that we delay it because of her health. I strongly persuaded her to finish—we did! Somehow, we must stay with an important project for posterity. The Dennis family moved to Franconia on Valley View Drive in 1933 near my home. Elizabeth and I were ten years old and we became very close friends. Her dad, Wilbert J. Dennis, Sr., contracted to build Franconia School. He liked the area so well that he decided to settle his family here, which Elizabeth said was the best move he ever made. Her parents lived out their lives in the home place. The fifteen-acre tract became the Dennis compound where all of the children built their homes. Most have passed on. I have lost another friend. (Jac Walker)

Daniel Baker, the sixth child of eight children, was born on May 14, 1917 to the late Reverend James Walter Baker, Sr. and Elizabeth Lomax Baker in Franconia, Virginia.

He attended The Laurel Grove School, the one-room school built for “the first generation born to freedom”.

Daniel, a World War II veteran, served in the military in Germany in the early forties. When he left the service, he married Margie Braxton in October 1948.

A Federal Government employee, he worked for many years and retired from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Daniel was a “jack-of-all-trades”. He enjoyed doing carpentry work, landscaping, and was well admired for his vegetable garden.

Much later after the death of his wife Margie, Daniel met and married Daisy Baker. Ironically, she never had to change her last name. They shared a beautiful life together working and serving the Laurel Grove Church family until her death in May 2001.

Daniel was a devout Christian. He attended church and Sunday School at Laurel Grove Baptist Church for most of his life. He served as a Deacon for many years and was known to many as “Deacon Dan”. He served in this office until his illness in January 2002.

Daniel participated in the first “Story Swap” held by Franconia Museum. He shared many pictures and it was evident from his enthusiasm, that he loved Franconia.

He is survived by two sisters, Elizabeth Blackwell and Martha Baker; a sister-in-law, Sally Baker; a stepson, James Baker and his wife Gwen ; one step-daughter, Gloria Banks and her husband Edward; his grandson, Pree Jones, who he raised as his own son, a host of grandchildren, numerous nieces and nephews, other friends and relatives.



**Have a memoriam for us ...
please email it to us at
franconiamuseum@yahoo.comcom**

In Memoriam ... continued

On Tuesday, February 27, 2007, **Helen Greenstreet Alexander**, passed away, succumbing to congestive hear failure. Her husband, Hubert "Duke," preceded her in death in 1999. She is survived by a son, Charles T. Alexander, a daughter, Bonnie M. Ashley, five grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a brother, Emmett "Eddie" Greenstreet.

Helen's parents moved to Franconia in 1932. One of four children, Helen got her schooling at Franconia Elementary School and graduated from Mount Vernon High School. After her marriage to Duke in 1943, they made their home in Fairfax City, Virginia. They stayed active over the years with their Franconia friends and were once monthly regulars with the Franconia Lunch Bunch. When Helen was widowed, she became a resident of the Greenspring Retirement Community in Springfield, Virginia.

Unfortunately we did not capture Helen's story for the Museum's collection. She had begun making notes and had donated early school pictures.

Interment was at the Fairfax City Cemetery

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MATCHING GIFT**

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.

Check with your employer about Matching Gifts. *With Matching Gifts, your donation can do more to help the Franconia Museum.*

We enjoy your comments about our newsletter, and we welcome your input. Please write to us and submit your memories. Here are a few comments:

"Jac, I read your article in the Franconia Historical Society newsletter. I thought your articles, as well as the entire newsletter, was very interesting. I even found that one of my ancestors was mentioned, Francis Pierpont, in one of the articles. Even though I grew up in Illinois, my father's ancestry is a direct line descendancy from the Morgans of Morgantown, WV, and the Pierpont family and the Morgan family are inter-related. Morgan is my maiden name."

Sue Gobel

"Jac, I was very impressed that Franconia Elementary celebrated the anniversaries of the school. I don't know if they had a habit of doing that before the museum came along or not, but it really helps people realize that the school has been a connection for so many, and then you have your group, The Franconia Lunch Bunch, which shows the kids if you nurture friendships they can be life-long treasures. Especially today, with technology, it is SO easy to keep in touch; there is simply no good excuse not to do so."

Sharon Sheldon

ACCOTINK ... by Marjorie E. Baggett Tharpe ... continued

Marge Tharpe and Max Brown



A church was built, becoming known as Accotink Methodist Episcopal Church South. The church building was a two story building in the beginning. School was sometimes held in the church.

In a small room upstairs in the church, the Order of the Accotink Odd Fellows was chartered, and they met there until they built their own building across the road from the church. My grandfather and one of his brothers were charter members of the Order.

Later a school was built beside the church. The church building was later converted to a one-story building. When the school was torn down in later years, the bell was installed in the church. We still ring it on Sunday mornings.

My Dad attended Accotink Church before World War I. It was a place for many social activities including pie socials, ice cream socials, Christmas programs, etc. Attendance was good. Most of the people in Accotink Village attended. Years after World War I, my Dad contacted Rev. John Seay, one of the ministers who had moved on from Accotink, to have him come back and perform the wedding ceremony for my parents. I believe Rev. Seay had also served at Franconia Methodist Church, and he was the minister who baptized/christened me.

When Potters Hill School burned down, students

were sent to Accotink to finish the school year. I was in the first grade at the time. The first, second, third, and fourth grades went to the Odd Fellows Hall for school. The fifth, sixth, and seventh grades finished the year in Accotink Church. The next year I was transferred to Franconia School, and a lot of the students went to Woodlawn School.

In 1978, after having been a caregiver to my family for many years, I decided to find a small church to become involved in. I chose Accotink United Methodist Church, and become involved I did! I have been Lay Leader since 1979, and this past June I attended the Virginia Annual Conference as a delegate for the 27th consecutive year.

The church has been involved in bazaars, fairs, dinners, and various fund-raising activities. Shortly after I joined I was put on the building committee. The sanctuary was very much in need of repairs. After an extensive search, we found a young man named Gary O'Neil, who was in the building trade. Even though several others had told us the building could not be repaired, Gary O'Neil was able to make the necessary repairs. He carefully took up half of the flooring in the sanctuary, saving it to be re-used. He then repaired the supports underneath, repaired the outside wall, put the original flooring back, painted, and did a very good job. We had several fund-raisers to obtain the money to pay for the repairs, and were quite proud of ourselves!

There are only a few of us at Accotink right now, and we love the church. Some of us are descendents of the original families, and somehow we feel a connection with the past when we are there.

The original Bible, Communion Set, and pump organ are still in the church. When Jean Reynolds, the wife of one of our former pastors comes to visit, she plays the refurbished pump organ. It reminds me of my Aunt Etta, who played that same organ for many years. It still sounds great!

ACCOTINK ... by Marjorie E. Baggett Tharpe ... continued

My great-grandparents, John Baggett and Sarah Pettit Baggett, were probably among the first buried in Accotink Cemetery. Grandpap John Baggett was killed by a runaway team of horses in 1884, and Grandmother Sarah died in 1888. They are buried on the very back row. Other church members also have relatives buried in the church cemetery. Our Trustee Chairman, Clayton Dawson, has a grandfather buried there, who was a Civil War veteran. Marjorie Simms also has relatives buried there. Her grandmother lived in Accotink and attended the church, as did Clayton Dawson's family.

One of the most prominent residents of Accotink was Samuel Mason, who came from New Hampshire. He and his wife are also buried there in the cemetery. He started the first Sunday School at Accotink Church. We have a very large picture of him in the Fellowship Hall. He also had a blacksmith shop and a carriage shop years ago in the Village of Accotink. Some other familiar

family names of folks who have attended the church and lived in or near the Village are Anderson, Dove, Cawman, Grimsley, Pettit, Shepherd, France, Deavers, Carver, and a number of others.

The attendance has dropped down considerably over the past year for several reasons. Two of our long-time members, Kathleen Pettit Lee and Jane Dawson Simms passed away, but things are definitely looking up! We had a new pastor appointed the first of August, Rev. Hilary "Pete" Costello, Jr., and everyone likes him very much. We hope this coming year will be one of revival for Accotink Church. Our new Pastor is laying the groundwork already. Keep us in your prayers!

For more on Accotink Village of long ago, I recommend you read the books, "Potomac Interlude" by Dorothy Troth Muir and "This Was The Potomac River" by Frederick Tilp.

Confirming Mosby's Raid at the Broders on July 30, 1864 ... continued

By Don Hakenson

Fairfax County Historical Society Yearbook. Ebenezer was the son of John and Rachel Mason, who bought the Woodlawn estate plantation from the Quakers. Ebenezer lived on a farm at the foot of the Woodlawn estate, next to the old Washington Grist Mill.

In her email to me she asked me various Civil War questions about entries contained in Mr. Mason's diary. However, to my astonishment one of the entries stated that there was a rebel raid on the Broders neighborhood on Saturday, July 30, 1864. Mr. Mason's diary was able to undeniably confirm the Union report I found. The guerilla attack against a Union picket post was definitely Mosby's men and occurred at the Broders place.

Thanks to Susan Hellman and Fairfax County's continued quest to locate and transcribe Mr. Mason's previously unpublished journal, a major mystery in the Franconia neighborhood is finally successfully solved.



John S. Mosby

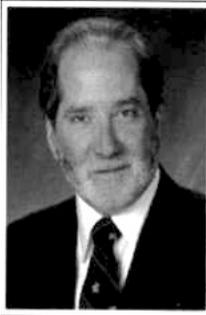

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**6th Annual Franconia History Day
October 27, 2007 10 a.m.—3 p.m.**

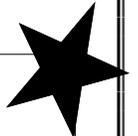


***George Washington's
Last Will and Testament***

**We will have part of
George Washington's Last Will
and Testament on display during
our Annual Franconia History Day**



***As always we will have wonderful displays of times past
... including a new Franconia Civil War display.***



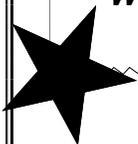
There will be music and dance from several youth groups, items for sale including copies of all three Franconia Remembers Volumes, the 2008 Franconia Museum Calendar with wonderful pictures of people and places of Franconia, Franconia Baseball Caps, our New Museum Tote Bags, and other misc. items.

No need 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!



**2007 History Day will held at the Franconia Elementary School
6043 Franconia Road, Franconia, Virginia
(located at the Intersection Of Beulah Street and Franconia Road)**

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www.franconiamuseum.org

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***** We Are Open *****

Museum Hours Are

Monday - Wednesday - Saturday

10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

Remember ... come on Wednesdays to sit with Jacqueline "Jac" Walker and tell her or write a story of your Franconia remembrances.

Volunteers Are Needed

Please Call Jacqueline "Jac" Walker at 703-971-2463 if you have any time to spare.

Not on our newsletter mailing list?

Want to become part of our growing family ... contact Jac Walker at 703-971-2463 to find out how you can become a friend or Steve Sherman at 703-971-7700 on how to become a business sponsor



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