

Historic Franconia Legacies

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Franconia Museum, inc

A NATIVE FRANCONIAN by Frances Staples

I am one of a dwindling number of true natives of Franconia, a small community where I was born March 17, 1926. Franconia was not on the map then. My father, Clarence Rogers, worked for a farmer, Mr. Harry Javins, who furnished us a house. I was born in this house, the first of six children. My father took work wherever he could find it, so we moved a lot. It was the depression and money was scarce. Once my father worked for the City of Alexandria where we lived for a short time. We later moved to Aunt Annie Pettit's old house in a forest. There was no indoor plumbing and water was from a well in the front yard. Life was bleak, but one day my dad came home with good news—he got a job at Mount Vernon Mansion cutting firewood. My mother raised her hands and shouted "Hallelujah!" He would be paid \$1.00 per day which was considered to be real good wages. My baby sister was born in this old house. Dr. Caton arrived just after she was born. He had to walk through a snowdrift and had trouble opening the door for the snow. It was December 25th—she was our Christmas present. I named her Barbara. She was beautiful. We ate rabbit stew that night. My father had snared the rabbit in one of his traps. We rejoiced and sang, with the old Victrola, my father's favorite song, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown."

My father was tragically killed on Route 1 in 1935 while walking home from Alexandria with groceries in his "gunny sack." My mother was left with six children (one still nursing), no money, and no insurance. She had no skills and could not work. We moved to what is now Loisdale Road in Springfield. We children were sent to live with Christian people. My mother moved to Lorton to live

with her mother who had a paralyzed husband (my Grandfather) and fourteen children. They raised vegetables and hogs and were very poor. Everyone seemed to be poor then. Mrs. Estelle Davidson, who had a home for elderly women, took me in to help with their care. I learned a lot from these ladies. One was a Miss Hall, a Peabody Conservatory pianist, who paid her way with benefits from an insurance policy she had on her hands. Her

fingers were arthritic. She taught me to play "America" by drawing a keyboard with her mouth. I helped her a lot with her personal needs. She was wonderful. Mr. Da-

vidson was also a musician—he



would play the

piano and the mouth organ all at the same time. I loved those special times when he played for us. He died at age 71 from prostate cancer (I thought he was old.) Before he died, he called me to his bedside and told me he had a vision of a band of angels hovering over the silo. He said they

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whispered "Come with us," but someone was holding him

A HISTORY OF BURGUNDY FARM

High on the hill overlooking Burgundy Farm School once stood an impressive house known as Burgundy, the site of which was investigated by Larry Moore in 1991. The land on Cameron Run of Great Hunting Creek had been held by the Brent, Sanford, and French families before it was acquired in 1806 by James Hewitt Hooe, a wealthy Alexandria merchant and attorney. He served in the House of Delegates in 1809, and was a Director of the Great Hunting Creek Bridge Company, the Bank of the Potomac, the Bank of Alexandria and the Marine Insurance Company. Hooe was

a subscriber to the Alexandria Coffee House, where Alexandrians gathered to exchange news and read the latest newspapers. His daughters Eliza and Margaretta took dancing lessons from M. Generes, a French refugee from Haiti, French lessons from M. Reynaud and music lessons from John J. Frobels, who was a protégé of Supreme Court Justice Bushrod Washington.

James H. Hooe owned several buildings in Alexandria before he considered acquiring a farm in the country. The Burgundy tract cost him \$6,078.60, according to his ledger. There had been a farmhouse

on the tract in the mid-18th century. In his Ledger B [Fairfax County Circuit Court Archives] Hooe mentioned repairs to "the upper part of the old house" in June, 1808 and in June, 1814 he had the "old house" hauled from its former location. From the ledger one can gain an insight into happenings at Burgundy. In 1808 he had 183 holes dug for trees, which were sent from New York the follow

ing spring. In 1809 he built a stable and also ordered large quantities of building materials, perhaps for a new house. The

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We celebrated our first anniversary on 1 March at the Franconia Governmental Center with a party for our Friends. The board wanted to show our appreciation for the support of our donors, especially to our Inaugural year founders—Lynn Fitzgerald, Clem Galliot, Ruth T. Glover, Donald and Jac Walker, Sue Patterson, Gregg Dudding, Don Hakenson, Gary and Jenee Lindner and Helen "Skye" Beavens. We ended the year with approximately 90 friends.

This year the Board will focus on establishing ourselves as a physical Museum by setting up collecting and cataloguing programs. We encourage our Friends to help us with these activi-

ties by becoming a volunteer. Volunteering for any job no matter how small will help make the Museum a viable organization. We are also looking for volunteers with legal and accounting knowledge to help us with fundraising and bookkeeping.

We have an exciting schedule this year. Don Hakenson and Gregg Dudding will do two more History Tours. We will sponsor a leadership training workshop in May. On April 12 at 1:00 P.M. the Franconia Museum and the Fairfax County History Commission will dedicate the Carroll Town historical marker. Everyone is invited to attend the dedication ceremony and reception after-

wards. Finally, we will have two story Swaps and the highlight of our year—Franconia History Day—will be in October. Check the calendar on page 7 for more details.

Since we are a volunteer organization, we are dependent on your donations to stay in business. We are 501(3) C organization, so all donations are tax deductible. Please consider donating to the Franconia Museum this year. I hope to see you at one of our events this year!

SUE PATTERSON

BURGUNDY (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Alexandria Gazette of Oct. 11, 1810 stated that he was selling a hundred Spanish merino sheep at his farm called Burgundy. On the 27th he advertised for "a manservant who can be well recommended, and has been accustomed to waiting in the house." In 1812 lumber was purchased for an office and a servants' hall. Two stone hearths were ordered for the fireplaces at Burgundy, and in 1814 Hooe paid \$108 to have an ice house constructed. He was not listed in the 1815 Fairfax County Personal Property Tax records (where less than two dozen residents were listed as having their own ice house) which may indicate that Hooe was still residing in Alexandria, for no furniture or other items considered taxable were shown. By 1821 he had paid Georgetown silversmith Charles A. Burnett \$281 for a complete set of "tea table silver." This consisted of a tea pot, coffee pot, cream pot, sugar

dish and a slop bowl, as well as a silver butter knife and two silver tumblers. \$23 was credited to his account for old silver, which was then melted down.

James H. Hooe died at Burgundy on January 26, 1825, in his 53rd year, according to the Alexandria Gazette of February 1st. He left an estate of \$63,000, a not inconsiderable sum.

On June 29, 1826 Eliza T. Hooe offered to rent the farm of 600-700 acres, with "accommodations for a large and genteel family." The farm was subsequently purchased by Samuel Lunt, who sold it to Tobias Stoutenburg in 1842, and then in 1854 to George D. Fowle.

In 1850 the total value of buildings on the property was \$1800. This may be compared to nearby Bush Hill at \$3545, Wilton Hill at \$1200 or Huntley at \$2000. Ravensworth, by contrast, was valued at \$8,000. By 1861, however, the buildings at Burgundy were valued at \$10,000. The escalation in value was partially the result of improvements made by its new owner.

George D. Fowle was a grandson of James H. Hooe and like him, an Alexandria merchant. He was 33 when he bought the farm with his wife Sarah Ellen (Hooe) two years his junior. They had two daughters, Anna and Ellen, who were seven and five years old.

The Alexandria firm, Fowle & Co., imported guano from Peru and turned it into fertilizer. A visitor to the

town toured the farm factory and left us the this description: "During our stay in Alexandria we took a ride out to Mr. George D. Fowle's farm 'Burgundy' for the purpose of seeing the effects of the guano he manufactures on his own soil. We found it acting well there, and we had the extra gratification of closely examining a head of fine Alderney cattle, the descendants of six cows and bulls, which Mr. F. imported from the Isle of Jersey in 1855." (Alexandria Gazette, April 10, 1861). It is possible that the cattle may have been purchased by George Fowle during a trip to Europe during this period, for a newspaper article written on October 16, 1916 (after Fowle's dwelling had been destroyed by fire) mentioned that he had gone to Europe before the Civil War and "on his return built Burgundy, which was fashioned after the baronial mansions of the old world." It is unclear whether Fowle enlarged the existing dwelling or started afresh. A later owner Thomas Walsh, described the house as facing southeast with 19 rooms. The parlor also served as a ballroom, and had a bay window with floor-length windows opening onto balconies. A huge mahogany staircase extended upward into the tower atop the house, refashioned into the latest Continental style.

With the outbreak of the Civil War George D. Fowle fought for the Confederacy and his family went

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south. Burgundy Farm became the headquarters of the 3rd and 4th Maine during the winter of 1861-1862. Letters from "Camp Howard, Burgundy Plantation" appeared in an article in the Civil War Times Illustrated, November, 1972. More references to Burgundy are found in the Civil War diary of Anne Frobel, who lived across Franconia Road at Wilton Hill.

Four years after George Fowle's death in 1867 his daughter Ellen married the Civil War hero General Fitzhugh Lee. The Gazette noted that "several Confederate generals were in attendance at the ceremony." When Lee was campaigning for Governor in 1885 he and his family lived at Evergreen which was then part of Burgundy.

In 1869 Burgundy was sold to Thomas Walsh. A native of Limerick, Ireland, he came to America in 1840. Within ten years he had served as apprentice to a Boston harness maker, purchased his business, and then sold it and started a wholesale grocery business in Brooklyn. He married Mary Ryan in 1851. Three months after their purchase of Burgundy their seventh child was born. Three more children followed and grew up at Burgundy, which had now been turned into a dairy farm.

Less than a year after the heirs of Thomas Walsh sold the farm the mansion

burned. The Gazette reported the blaze on Oct. 16, 1916: "Destroyed by fire last night, Burgundy, country home of the late George D. Fowle. The old homestead has been a familiar landmark in Fairfax County, in sight of the city, for sixty years. The house of W.H. Fowle was expanded by his son when he came of age."

The Fairfax Herald added more detail in an October 20th article, stating that the fire occurred about 8 o'clock Saturday night. Although a motor fire engine was sent to the scene, the three story frame house was totally destroyed. Only partially insured, the damage was estimated at \$15,000. "It was," concluded the Herald, "one of the prettiest homes in the section." After the fire, one of the Walsh family said that swords from the Revolutionary War period were found inside a cavity of a brick wall in the oldest part of the house.

On Dec. 2, 1920 a prominent banker from Berkley, West Virginia proposed to auction off the property in "two to five acre baby farms and bungalow sites." The sale would be preceded by a street parade. There were two cottages, a frame dwelling and four good barns on the tract.

After several changes in ownership, the Burgundy Farm Country Day School was established on part of the

tract in 1946. Four years later the cooperative, which still operates the school today, became the first desegregated school in Virginia. Burgundy Village subdivision was also built at that time. In 1951 thirty acres on the hillside were purchased by Alexandria pediatrician Dr. Thistle McKee and her husband Toscan Bennett. They lived in one of the surviving buildings on the property, which had been remodeled in the 1930's by the President of the Potomac Electric Power Company. Dr. McKee felt that the original house had been located on the lawn, some fifty yards east of the present dwelling on the crest of the hill. Her guess proved correct when that area yielded 19th century ceramics during a recent archaeological excavation.

Edith Sprouse

BOARD MEMBER PROFILE

Christine Tollefson, Outreach Chair. Christine grew up in South Alexandria and attended West Potomac High School. After graduating from the University of Virginia in 1999, Christine worked briefly as an intern for the Southeast Fairfax Development Corporation before coming to work for Lee District Supervisor Dana Kauffman. In addition to her work with the Franconia museum, Christine is a volunteer tutor with AHC, Inc in Arlington and enjoys cooking, photography, and yoga.

*Not on our newsletter mailing list?
Contact Christine Tollefson at 703-971-6262 to find out how you can become a Friend of the Museum.*

Carroll Town Marker Dedication Party!

When: Saturday, April 5th at 1:00 P.M.

Where: At the southeast corner of the southern intersection of Summer Ridge Road and the Kingstowne Village Parkway.

What: Dedication of the Carroll Town Historical Marker and a reception to thank the donors and researchers who made this historical marker possible!

A reception at the Kingstowne South Community Center will follow.



A MOSBY'S RAID IN FRANCONIA

Early in the morning on August 8, 1864 Lieutenant Joe Nelson, of Mosby's command, took 15 or 20 Rangers and left Colonel John S. Mosby in the Center-ville area to go capture two pickets posted on the old Braddock road near Annandale and Alexandria. One of the posts, suspecting an attack, moved off but the second party posted near the Triplett's house, Flagg Hill, (which was located behind Edison High School) took refuge in a school house (the old Franconia Elementary School which was located across from Potters Lane on Old Franconia Road). Undetected, Nelson and his men arrived near the school house and concealed their horses in the pines. Nelson's men charged the school house on foot, causing the Union pickets to flee. The Union men fled down the Old Fairfax Road (which is Franconia Road to-



Lt. Joe Nelson

day) pursued by Lieutenant Nelson and his Rangers to within three miles of Alexandria. However, the Rangers were able to capture three Union cavalymen and their horses.

Having accomplished his mission, and knowing that he was deep in enemy territory and could not return via the roads, Nelson turned the small patrol over to his guide, Ranger Ab Minor. Ab Minor was given the mission to guide the patrol through the woods because he had lived in the neighborhood near Lincolnia before the war. Unfortunately, Minor became confused in the deep woods and lost his way (probably somewhere in present day Kingstowne). The farther the unit marched, the more confused Ab Minor became concerning his wherea-

bouts. At length, in the midst of Ranger Minor's confusion, he would draw up his horse and repeatedly say, "if I could only find the 'Bone Mill' it will be alright" (Bone Mill was located on Acotink Creek near Keene Mill Road in Springfield). Everyone in the command were looking and hoping desperately to find the "Bone Mill." Unfortunately for Ranger Minor, "Bone Mill" was nowhere to be found. The patrol spent the night in the pines and finally returned the next day to Mosby's command. After that escapade, Ab Minor received the nickname of "Bone Mill Minor" until he shot Ranger Bill Trammell for the slur. From that point on, his fellow rangers thought twice before calling him by that name.

Don Hakenson

FAMOUS FRANCONIAN: JOSEPH ALEXANDER

Joe Alexander and his family have been an important part of Franconia's history. The Franconia-Springfield Metro Station is housed in the Joe Alexander Transportation Center (named by popular demand) to recognize the significant contributions Joe has made to transportation planning in our area.

Joe's parents migrated to Franconia from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Joe's father had taken a job as an electrician at Fort Belvoir around 1931. At first the family lived on Beulah Road, in a house that was not blessed with indoor plumbing. Joe and his family built a house on Franconia Road and later the Franconia Hardware Store. Joe attended the Franconia Elementary School for seven years, and then Mt. Vernon High School to graduation. He attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute (VPI) achieving a Baccalaureate in Business Science, and continued on to his Master's degree

in Public Administration.

After college and during the time of the Korean Conflict, Joe spent three years in the U. S. Air Force as a pilot and a commissioned officer, a 1st Lieutenant. Joe then returned to Franconia, worked in the Hardware store, and in 1956 married Davie. They lived on Leewood Drive in Rose Hill, and later moved to their present home on Craft Road in Sunny Ridge. They had two daughters Cathy and Cheri.

Upon winning elected office, Joe had no office and so the Franconia Hardware store, which was already a gas station and Post Office, became the Lee District Supervisor's office also. Mrs. Helen Wilson, the office chief, had a desk directly opposite Joe's Mom Celia, the Post Mistress. Joe, according to folk in the area, was "the

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only elected representative in the County



Dedication Ceremony of Lee District Park on Saturday, May 18, 1974. Joe Alexander at far left with Marie Traveskey, Carl Sell, Herb Harris, Fredona Gartlan, and Joe Gartlan.

ALEXANDER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

that could catch h—l over a pound of nails”. When the Groveton Police Station was built both the Lee and Mount Vernon District Supervisors shared offices upstairs. In 1971 the Franconia Police Station was built and Joe finally had his own office.

Joe served 32 years as the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors representative for Lee District. He also served as Chairman, when Board members served as Chair on a rotating basis. During his tenure as Lee District Supervisor, Joe held leadership roles on the Metro Board, and the Northern Virginia Transportation Commission.

Some of Joe’s significant contributions include establishing the I-95 Shirley Highway Express Bus-on-Freeway program and the Virginia Railway Express.

Many members of Joe’s family were also important leaders in the community. His wife Davie was the Executive Director of the Mount Vernon – Lee Chamber of Commerce for fifteen years.

Milton, Joe’s father, was Chief of the Franconia Fire Station, and also a Magistrate of the Fairfax County Courts. Joe also served as a volunteer Fireman with Station #5, and has been awarded the honor of being a Lifetime Member.

Bob Heitman and Debbie Wilson



Joe Alexander (center) at Wards Corner Fire in 1959.

A NATIVE FRANCONIAN

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back by his feet—it was “Mom” (his wife) he said. He told me he needed to “go home” but he wanted me to promise that I would stay with her until I graduated from high school or got married. He said they had talked it over and agreed to give me a piece of land of my choosing. I chose the apple orchard, which is where we still live.

Ernie, my husband, worked for Bendall Pontiac in Alexandria. He would come home and work on cars late into the night to get money to build a garage and later add two rooms. Gail was born while we lived with Mrs. Davison. Gail’s middle name is Olivia named for Mrs. Davison and chosen by her. We never borrowed money. We built our home a few boards at a time. Ernie dug a well, gave me two buckets and said, “Go get it girl.” I did. I saved dish water to scrub the floors. We had an iceman who came once a week to put ice in our small icebox. Ernie ran him off because he stayed too long and he thought he was interested in me. Those were the days when he thought I was a gorgeous brunette. Ernie also made us an out-house. I had a slop jar and a “potty” for Gail. I loved having our own little place. I helped clear the land and made a garden. Ernie punctured his lung digging a basement under our house and could not work for two weeks. He did all the building and plumbing and we finally had enough space for five children. We never spent money foolishly—

no vacations for twenty-five years. When Ernie’s mother died in 1958, we drove to Nags Head, North Carolina and rented a cottage for \$50 for a week. We fell in love with the place. We went back every year and in 1961 bought a piece of ground cheap (\$600). Henry, Ernie’s brother, bought a lot also. We agreed to help each other build a cottage, but Henry died in 1970 before he could help us much. We really miss Henry. He drove me to my wedding. We were great friends. We used to swim together with the children. Ernie was always working (and still is.) We sold our cottage in 1999. It was very hard, but when you are 80 years old, one house is enough to maintain— plus it takes five hours to drive to Nags Head. We no longer worry about storms and hurricanes. Praise the Lord!

Our children, Lanny, Darryl, Mark and Tara all graduated from Thomas Edison High School. Gail graduated from Lee because Edison was not ready in 1963. She was the only one of our five to go to college.

Before we were married, we had very little entertainment or places to go except the Beulah Baptist Church where we walked, hoping to get a ride. One Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. McGhee picked us up and took us to church. They continued to take us every Sunday. We were so grateful. There was a place called Ward’s Corner that we were forbidden by Mrs. Davison to go because they sold beer. One night we climbed out of our bedroom window and went anyway. Mrs. Davison had sold Mr. Ward

Plaugher a piece of land to build a store. She agreed to the sale if he promised he would never sell alcohol. One day, after learning about the ABC license in the window of the store, Mrs. Davison, with her apron still on and a broom in her hand, said she was going to see Mr. Plaugher on business. We could see that she was very upset, so we followed her. When she approached him, she accused him of breaking a promise and telling a lie. He said “Lady, I’ve forgotten more about the bible than you will ever know.” She said, “God will burn this establishment to the ground because of your disobedience.” (In 1959 it actually did.) My sister and I could hear the music being played on Friday and Saturday nights in the dance hall by Jimmy Dean, Grandpa Jones and Johnny Cash. We climbed out of our bedroom window and went down to peer through the window, standing on orange crates. We were startled to see half of the Baptist Church dancing to the music. We went down there whenever they played. It was our secret.

I used to go home on Friday nights with Margie Baggett, Julia Nalls, Margie Staples or Margaret Ellen Rogers. Ernie was Margie’s brother but I never saw him because he was

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always working (for Ray Talbert) and he had a car. I was 15 when I first met him. He came to pick me up from a party at Sharon Chapel where the seminary students entertained us and we were all dressed up for Halloween. Ernie was now working for Mr. Mandley as a mechanic in Mr. Plaugher’s garage. When

A NATIVE FRANCONIAN (CONTINUED)
FROM PAGE 5)

he picked me up he was dirty and looked terrible. He asked me for a date. I said no, but he wouldn't give up so finally I said "Just this once." He took me to the Hot Shoppes where I had never been. He wanted to get married but I said no because I was to graduate from high school in June. We were married November 4, 1944, in Silver Springs Baptist Church at 9:00 p.m. We were late by two hours and the preacher was locking up the church. Ernie said please marry us. He gave him \$20.00 and he brightened up quickly. Henry stood up for Ernie and Flora Mae stood up for me. She was pregnant and the preacher thought she was the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Staples and Margie were with us too. We had our marriage supper at Howard Johnsons and we spent the night at the George Mason Hotel in Alexandria. It was wartime and we had to be back at work—I to the Torpedo Plant and Ernie to Bendall Pontiac. Everything was rationed so I had no silk stockings to wear and had to "paint" my legs. Next day we called Mrs. Davison and apologized for not telling her. Some "old bittie" had told her that I should stop seeing Ernie because he had a motorcycle and would fight at the drop of a hat. She was dubious about the marriage. But she came to love him dearly and would fix him special dinners. Our first child was born August 22, 1945. Mrs. Struder figured it up just to be sure she wasn't born early. God blessed us with good health and five children who kept us hopping.

We purchased groceries at Walter Talbert's County Store and later at Fitzgerald's Grocery. For lots of shopping, we would go the A&P in Alexandria.

We could catch a train from Franconia into Alexandria for a quarter. We would go into town to shop at the G. C. Murphy Five and Dime Store, J. C. Penney's on Washington Street and Lady Lois. All medical facilities were located in Alexandria.

There were probably a dozen farms located between Telegraph Road and the railroad tracks. We knew most of the families. The families included the Facchina's, Deaver's, Bryant's, Peverill's, Dove's, Simms', Talbert's, Javins', Struder's and Rogers'. The only school here was Franconia Elementary. Churches in the area included Sharon Chapel Episcopal on a hillside off Franconia Road, Olivet Episcopal on the corner of Beulah Road and Franconia Road and the Methodist Church on Beulah Road. There was no social entertainment except for what you made on your own. The police stations were located in Groveton and Alexandria. The first housing development was Guilford. The only farmer markets were in Alexandria.

Gail became an airline hostess. Lanny went to war in Vietnam. Darryl became a black belt in karate and learned to be a glazier, which still scares me. Everyone says he is the best in the business. Mark loved to play football but too many broken bones forced him to take up other hobbies. He is a carpenter and owns "Staples Carpentry." Tara is a paralegal for a law firm in Venice, Florida. We still worry about them but we shouldn't—they are doing fine. They were raised in the Baptist Church here. I joined Beulah Baptist at age 12 and joined the choir after coaxing from Mrs. Peverill. I sang in the choir 62 years until failing eyesight prevented me from going to practice. I still go to the same church and am an Adult Class Teacher/Leader. We

have an empty nest now, except for Mark who comes for supper Monday through Friday. We are now his "children" and he advises us what and when we can do. The others try (long distance) to do the same thing. Our roles have reversed, you could say. Ernie keeps busy in his garage making tables, Appalachian chairs (for the yard) and keeping the cars all running and in good shape. Several years ago some of us "native Franconians" had an idea to meet once a month to keep up with one another so we called our group "The Franconia Lunch Bunch." We go to the Red Lobster and enjoy one another's company. There are about 20 of us on a good day, barring doctor appointments, etc. Ernie and I celebrated our 57th anniversary on November 5, 2001 by going on a Skyline Drive Luray Caverns trip in our new Bonnevillie which we bought on a credit card while on a trip to visit our daughter, Tara, in Florida last September 11th, 2001. (A day we will never forget!) May you all live to be 100. God bless one and all.

Frances Staples

A FRANCONIA AIR RAID

By 1944, most able bodied men, and some not so able bodied, had enlisted or been drafted in one of the branches of the Armed Forces. Taking care of the "home front" was left to men too old, or not qualified for the military, women, and teenagers too young to "join up." I was one of the latter.

Because men were so scarce, and women were not allowed to do many

of the manly things they do today, it fell upon teenage boys to do jobs normally reserved for men. One of these jobs was to man the Air Raid telephone at the firehouse. When enemy airplanes were detected heading our direction, we would be notified by telephone. Our job was to turn on the siren to alert all of Franconia within hearing distance that an air raid was underway. Residents were to extinguish all lights and take cover. We never had an actual air raid, but we prac-

ticed many times and were always alert to the possibility of the real thing.

We were allowed to sleep while on duty and a small cot was provided. One night when I was on duty, rather than use the cot, I elected to make a bed on the coiled fire hose.

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NEWS OF THE DAY: FRANCONIA

The School Patrons League was well attended at its last meeting. Some discussion in regard to calling it a Community League was heard, and the interest the general public is taking in it justifies the name. The committee on program is such a success that we are always sure of a good entertainment.

Road conditions are always with us, so much so that the surveyors are at work widening and straightening the road. At our last meeting the reading by Miss Cox of a paper entitled "The Bad Road," will increase our interest in the improvement of ours. The recitation by Miss Helen Nelson was greatly enjoyed, also the one by Master Franklin Talbert. Mr. G. M. Humphreys gave us a talk on preparedness, with some practical jokes. The serious problems he presented were well spiced with the jokes and everyone understood and appreciated him. The quartette by Mr. E.M. West and his sons and the solo by Mr. Gilson West were especially good. Several new members were added to the roll, and the secretary, Mr. J.N. Brookfield, was in his place. Mr. George Dent was elected president to fill the unexpired term. Mr. Brookfield escorted Mr. Dent to the chair. Following a call for a speech, Mr. Dent responded in a very gracious manner and thanked us for the honor. The following is the October roll of honor in the school here, of which Miss Cox is principal and Miss Nelson assistant: Marshall Robinson, 7th grade; Hewitson Broders and Roy Tolbert, 5th grade; Dorothy Broders, 3rd grade; Franklin Tolbert, 2nd grade, and Esther Peverill, 1st grade. To be on the honor roll a child must be present every day, punctual every day and must make a general average of 85%. Miss Jessie Megeath came home, Sunday, from a week's visit with relatives in Loudoun county. Miss Bertha Ferguson came with her. Mrs. A.L. Robinson and Mrs. Sara Broders attended the Auxillary meeting at the Pohick Rectory, last Wednesday. Mrs. George Javins, Sr., was buried at the Baptist Church, last Thursday. The large concourse of friends who attended her funeral indicated the esteem they had for her. Mrs. Javins was 76 years old. She has five children and a large number of grandchildren, all living in this neighborhood. Her maiden name was Sarah Lyles. She was married over fifty years ago and had been a Christian since she was 13 years old. She was a victim of heart trouble for over two years, but bore her suffering with great patience. Her pastor, Rev. Willis L. Ways, conducted the funeral service and Mesdames Arthur Kerby and Pierce Reid sang "Abide With Me" and "Lead Kindly Light," hymns she loved.

Edith Sprouse transcribed this article from the *Fairfax Herald*, November 17, 1916, "FRANCONIA"

Apr 5: MARK YOUR CALENDAR! Sto-ry

Swap

John Marshall Library.

10:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.

May 17: Lessons from the Civil War, The Many Faces of Leadership

Franconia United Methodist Church

9:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

June 21: History Tour

(please note this is a change from the calendar mailed earlier this month!)

FRANCONIA AIR RAID (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Although the hose was hard, I was tired and young so I slept soundly. During the night a fire call (not an air raid alarm) came in. Fire calls automatically started the siren and caused it to sound three times. That signal awakened the neighborhood and prompted volunteer firemen to hurriedly respond from all directions, answer the phone, get details about the fire, select the proper truck, and go put out the fire. This they did. Fortunately for me, they took engine number one and did not disturb my deep sleep on engine number two.

As they were backing up the truck into the firehouse on their return, talking loudly about the fire and making lots of noise in general, I woke up. I had slept through the phone ringing, the siren sounding three times right on top of the building, and the departure of the fire equipment. Only when they were returning from the fire more than an hour later (at about my normal waking time) did I awaken from a good night's sleep. I stretched, had a sip of coffee, got my jacket, and having finished my air raid tour, went home to get ready for school. Once again I had done my part to keep Franconia safe from the enemy.

Bob Cooke

WE'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR ARTICLES, PICTURES, AND STORIES!

Everyone has a story to tell and we want to hear yours! Volunteers from the Franconia Museum can help you record your story in print or on tape for future generations. If you are interested in sharing your story with us please call Jac Walker at 703.971.2463. The Franconia Museum is also looking for artifacts, photos, and maps (gifts or loans) for future exhibits.



C a l l F o r V o l u n t e e r s !

The Franconia Museum is looking for help with collecting, cataloguing, and displaying your stories and artifacts. We're also looking for help planning and orchestrating Franconia History Day.

To sign-up as a volunteer, please contact one of the Board Members listed below:

- **Collecting Jac Walker 703-971-2463**
- **Cataloging Delores Comer-Frye 703-960-7733**
- **Exhibits and Franconia History Day Phyllis Walker-Ford 703-322-0833**
- **Legal and Finance Sue Patterson 703-922-4674**
We are particularly looking for people with skills in these areas.
- **Digital Imaging and Photography Bob Heittman 703-971-0531**
- **Outreach and Publicity Christine Tollefson 703-921-5426**

Please volunteer.....we'll train and learn together!



Franconia Museum Inc..
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