

Huntley Photo Essay

The Huntley estate was built by Thomson Francis Mason. It is not known whether Mason lived in Huntley. The house is a notable example of early nineteenth century architecture and relatively a complete complex. The Huntley complex consists of:

1. The mansion house
2. Necessary and Storage room
3. Root cellar
4. Ice house
5. Springhouse
6. Tenant house

Huntley is an important architectural landmark which now belongs to the Historic Society. The Historic Society will begin restoring the estate to preserve its natural look from the 1900's. Huntley should be open to the public in the Fall of 1980.



Huntley, mansion house viewed from the front.

The mansion house is of brick construction. The house was originally "H" shaped, with three stories in the middle section, and two stories in the wings on each side.

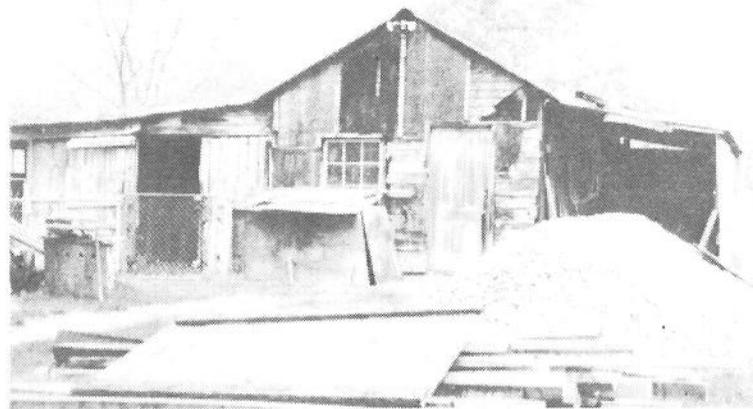


Huntley, viewed from the rear.



The Tenant house is a brick two-story structure. It is approximately two hundred seventy feet west of the mansion house. It burned in 1947; now only the exterior walls are original.

The springhouse is brick, and the spring directly across the street, form the source of the south branch of Little Hunting Creek. Now overgrown, it is difficult to determine its original use. There is no flow of water for it's almost completely filled. The structure is all underground.



A slave school owned by George Washington and George Mason to educate their slaves. Located on the corner of Lockheed Boulevard and Harrison Lane.

GENERATIONS

Miller

Changes in the Groveton community can be witnessed through development and modification, but one thing that rarely changes is the people. The contrast between the usual suburban community with its short-term residencies and the Groveton community is the combination the Groveton area has of short-term families and families that have lived here for as long as four generations. To gain a better understanding of their contribution in the development of the Groveton area we interviewed several families who have lived here for a long time. Strong imprints have been made beginning with the early families of George Washington and George Mason who designed much of the land area and housing of this community. Other such families are the Reids' who owned Beacon Hill Airport and now lease the land to Beacon Mall; the Saunders, descendants of West Ford and long time residents of Gum Springs whose property was deeded to them by George Washington; the Proffit family, who lived on Popkins Lane and cleared land area to pave roadways; and Mrs. Karen Miller who is the great granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris, owners of the Blue Moon Tourist Cabins and the first restaurant on Route 1.

Mrs. Miller is a teacher at Mount Vernon High School and describes her great grandparents.

"My great grandmother and grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris, owned a lot of property at the corner of Route 1 and Beacon Hill Road. They ran the Blue Moon Tourist Cabins and also had the first restaurant from Alexandria to Richmond - it was the Blue Moon Restaurant."

When asked if Mrs. Miller knew the exact location of the Blue Moon Tourist Cabins she answered, "My great grandmother used to have a stone house where the bank is now on the corner. The area south of that, between Beacon Hill and Memorial Street was where the tourist cabins were. The stone house was built by my grandfather. It was still in the Morris family until it was sold to the nursery which was only a couple years ago."

Mrs. Miller remembers her father, Charles Faulkner, telling stories about the Beacon Hill Airport. "The airport was there at Beacon Hill when the family was living there and there were a lot of airplane crashes.

One had crashed on the lawn of their house which is where the bank is now.

"My father's uncle is also from this area. His family used to live here. The name is Copping and he was an instructor for some of the pilots at the airport."

As Mrs. Miller remembers her great grandfather, Frank Morris, Sr., who was Justice of the Peace in this area, and the tourist cabins he originated on Beacon Hill Road, a fifth generation has just recently begun.

Proffit

Cline Hamilton Proffit was born on February 7, 1904. He first came to the Groveton area from Wilkesboro, North Carolina, in March of 1931. He lived on what was later Richmond Avenue, and eventually he moved to Popkins Lane.

Question: When did you first move to the Groveton area?

I believe it was in March of 1931.

Question: Whereabouts did you live then?

What was later Richmond Avenue, right opposite of Number 1 Highway from the old two-room Groveton School.

Question: And then you lived on Popkins Lane for a while?

I moved there... '43.

Question: What was your occupation?

Shovel operator, machine operator, or whatever you want to call it. The roads I cleared was down in White Oaks.

Popkins Lane only went as far as Earl Popkin's house. There was three dairy farms over there. Ayers was the first one, then Ludwig Popkins, then Earl Popkins. There was one other house on the road, a Mr. Costello. That was the total of the area on Popkins Lane - three farms, one house.

They farmed with horses, all of them. Mr. Ayers had about five. Lud Popkins usually kept four, and Earl four or five, all work horses. One tractor on the road was a W-30 International that Earl Popkins had. He used to thrash wheat with it; cut wheat and thrash wheat. He used it to cut his ensilage. All the ensilage was cut by hand, loaded on wagons, hauled up next to the silo; then they'd run it through the cutting box and blow it up the silo.

Everybody had a little garden. Down towards Belvoir the Talbots used to grow and sell vegetables and flowers, an awful lot of flowers. They had more flowers than all the rest of the people put together.

Popkins Farm covered between three and four hundred acres. All the way from the creek on one side, clear to Kirk Wilkinson's on the other.

Lud Popkins had the most unique job in the United States, they say. He was tie breaker for the county board. The board voted three and three; then Mr. Lud was supposed to go in and cast the deciding vote. My God almighty, son, worst job in the world!

Right at the corner of Number 1 Highway and Popkins Lane was the catholic church. I've been by there on a Sunday morning and seen the congregation come out when there was three people and the priest come out of the church!

Penn Daw Hotel was there and later on The Evelyn Inn was built there about the time I moved to Groveton. Margaret Peck, better known as Maggie Peck, built the Evelyn Inn, a tourist place. Pierce Reid had the place on top of the hill, Beacon Airport. Mr. Arthur Kirby lived up on the hill across from Popkins Lane, Memorial Heights they called it. That was a dairy farm before I came out there. The first house I owned was in that Memorial Heights sub-division.

Way later a bunch of gypsies came out there and parked on Pierce Reid's place, where Beacon Airport was. Must have been fifty or more of them. He rented them the privilege of putting their trailers and things out there.

Along about '32 they built the first brick schoolhouse at Groveton. Only school in the area. There was one little school over on Fort Hunt Road at Snowden, a little one-room schoolhouse. There was another one out toward Franconia. There was one in Engleside next to Talbot's place. That was all the schools in the whole area.

A streetcar line came out of Washington through Alexandria and down to Mount Vernon. They had what they called the milk train. They used to haul the milk from there on Popkins Lane, over to the streetcar track and load their milk on the streetcars to carry it into Washington to the dairies. During the war the Thompson's dairy in Washington got out one of their old horse wagons and rented three big horses from Earl Popkins and was delivering milk around Washing-

ton with horses again. That was during World War II.

General Patton kept his private riding horse over home for a month. They wanted to board her over there. Earl Popkins used to keep a bunch of horses up at his farm. Then during World War II, everybody and his brother rode a horse. Bill Viar, at one time, owned ninety-two head, opened Viarwood Riding School. He owned ninety-two head of horses, mules, ponies, donkeys. You name it; Bill Viar had it.

Question: What was Route 1 like then?

A two lane highway and sometime in the thirties I dug out for the third lane all the way from Alexandria to Triangle, Dumfries.

Question: Why did you move out of the Groveton area?

Just to get the old country boy back out of town I reckon. I lived in Alexandria and I didn't like it in town. But then Groveton got populated later on.

Question: Do you know anything about the plane crash on Popkins Hill?

Yeah, great foggy night a plane came right down between Brian Popkin's house. He had his landing gear down. You could see where it cut through their old lilac hedge. I hadn't been asleep but a few minutes. A terrible explosion, lights went out. I got the telephone and called the operator and told her we'd had a plane crash out there. She said they'd had a dozen calls on that. I said, 'Not this one 'cause it hadn't happened 'bout three minutes.'

They'd had one out there around Franconia someplace the same night! I ran out and the whole country there was a fire, looked like. Plane was laying right in the edge of White Oaks there, bottom side up, and people were coming out. It was pasture there, and a gate, and this hostess had the people all up there at the gate. I heard that the pilot, or co-pilot one, lost an eye. That was the worst hurt of any of the passengers. Part of that plane lay there for...I reckon six months.

Entwisle

Sarah Entwisle came to the Groveton area in 1946 from downtown Alexandria. Mrs. Entwisle, who is 79 years old, shares her family's memories and dispositions.

When we first moved here, we had no Giant. The closest store to us was Chauncey's Grocery Store. They furnished the things unless we ran in on Saturday to some of the chain stores in town.

As we came into Groveton we had to cross the Hunting Creek where there is now the Woodrow Wilson Bridge. The kids used to hate to cross that place especially at night. The creek used to back up and was the awfulest place before they filled it up.

There was a colored woman who took care of the kids while I worked. We always tended to our own business very strictly and kept the children in the yard. We taught them to mind their own business.

The children used to tell me somethings that I wouldn't tell you. I had a little granddaughter, Rosalie, who had her finger cut off. I had to take her to the doctor, Martin Delaney, everyday and have her finger dressed. The other children all went to Colonial Beach and stayed a week. I kept Rosie and Martha with me. Rosie told the other children that she and I had gone through a haunted house and that spiders got all over us. It was the most ridiculous thing that I had ever heard. The children all came running over and said 'Mama, you never took us through the haunted house!' I said, 'No, and Mama wouldn't have been in that house either.'

Now Lois and Billy worked. They went to Hayfield and down to Rose Hill where they had that riding stable. Lois worked down in Hayfield and she had taken a course in English riding. She was a beautiful rider, jumping everything. There wasn't anything she couldn't jump. Lois got married and Billy went into the service and that was the end of their riding.

Everyone of the children used to like school but Martha. Yes, Martha whopped the teacher. I never was so embarrassed in all my life. Now when your mother and aunt went to school, they had to wear dresses, they couldn't show any of their shoulders. They were supposed to wear long sleeved dresses. Their dresses were down below their knees. I remember your grandfather bought Lois and Pat a blouse, when nylon first came out. They wore them to school and the teacher made them come home and take them off.

The children did sometimes get into mischief. Pat, she found a pond and she and your mother went and caught the fish. The poor man

had heart trouble and he ran after them. I seen him coming and I went to him and asked, "What's the matter?" He said that the girls had got his fish.

All this farm land out here belonged to the Ayers. They sold it all off for building lots. There's one place around here that they call "Strawberry Hill." I don't know exactly where it is. When we first came here the children would take buckets and pick great big buckets of blackberries too.

We weren't down here during the depression. We lived in Alexandria. It was awful. You didn't have any jobs. Your great grandfather worked for the railroad. He got maybe two days out of two weeks work. He had to take odd jobs wherever he could get them. We owned a home out on Walnut Street. We lost that during the depression because we couldn't keep it up.

I worked because I had to help Betty and them. Work was scarce and it paid very little. Lewis hadn't got back on his regular job, so I had to work to help. Then they didn't think women should work. During the depression everyone would almost have to get down on their knees and beg to get a job. They would just give you three or four hours a week and then didn't pay you anything. I worked eight hours a day and made nine dollars and something a week. I had to pay a dollar and a quarter to go to Washington.

We went to Dixie Pig out on Washington Street. We used to take the kids to the Dixie Pig. They thought it was the best thing in the world. There was a little place on Washington Street called the White Tavern and it sold great big hamburgers for a nickel. Sometimes on Sunday we used to take them out to this frozen custard place on Washington Street.

Question: I can remember a story you used to tell me about this old woman who would sit with a shot gun on her lap and not let anyone in.

You're talking about that old lady who used to live by King's Highway. She had this little house and the government wanted her to sell it. She wouldn't do it. She used to sit out there with that gun over her knee all day long to keep them from her lot. We used to go by and check on her. Betty was so afraid that she was going to get sick, for she was so old. I don't know what exactly came of it but they built there.

Question: I know you said your daughter died young. What did you do with all her ten children?

I stayed here and took care of them. The only reason I married my son-in-law was to take care of the children. Melvin was an

infant and Tina was hurt.

Tina was run over by a car. Her skull got crushed and her side. Tina got so that she couldn't even sit up, let alone talk. She was in the hospital in a coma for five months and nineteen days. Dr. Delaney said her brain on one side was mashed out. He told us that she wouldn't live through the night. I have Tina right now. Tina is 21 years old. She's an invalid and she can't walk. She is paralyzed on one side. She can't talk very plain. She has only the ability of a six year old.

Question: Didn't it cost you a lot of money?

Yes, it cost a lot of money but people all over, everybody in the community helped. The fire department and the Lions Club helped, also. They were very good.

Your grandfather worked at Fort Belvoir. He stayed down there constantly. The only reason I married him was so the children wouldn't be separated.

My mother died at childbirth and my little sister burned to death in a fire. They had to separate me from my father because he said he couldn't take of us.

When Billy was born Lois said, "Mama I don't want him."

I said, "All right, we'll send him back."

She said, "Mama, let's put him down the toilet."

I said, "O.K., you can put him down the toilet."

When she went to the front room window and saw that they had arrived home, she came running to me and said, "Come on Mama, let's put him in the toilet!" Deed she did want to put him down the toilet!

She also took him and lost him. I heard her tell him one day while they were playing on their tricycles, "I'm going to lose you again. I going to lose you again." We knew a couple of policemen and they would always say when they saw the black dog

they knew the Williams children were out.

Question: Didn't you say that you had uncles that rode with Mosby's Rangers?

Yes, I had two.

Question: What were Mosby's Rangers?

They were the Confederate Soldiers. They tried to protect the southern families. One of my great grandmothers where I was raised was in the church yard one day. I heard Aunt Lou say they asked her if she had any relatives in the Southern Army. She said "Yes," she had two and she was proud of it. They told her that they were going to hang her. They threw the rope over the branch. I heard Aunt Lou say she's never heard a more beautiful sound as when she heard the trumpet blowing as those Mosby's men came riding up the hill.

Question: So you have a pretty historical family?

Not historical, just plain people.

Question: If you had a choice on whether to move from Groveton area or stay here what would you do?

I'd stay right here where I am. It's home. It's been a very good place to live.

Saunders

Bruce A. Saunders is a descendant of West Ford, a slave for George Washington, who eventually owned property in Gum Springs. Mr. Saunders has been living in the Gum Springs area since 1932. He talks about the changes that have taken place from this time.

I've lived here every since thirty...two. I was born in Washington, but this was originally my mother's home.

They used to call this area Mud Hole Farm, because it was muddy and had a lot of springs. The reason they call it Gum Springs - because they had a lot of springs and a lot of gum trees. At one time when you left home when it was raining, you had to wear your boots out to the highway, and put them in the mail box where you put your shoes on.

Great, great grandfather West Ford was a slave of George Washington. George Washington used to carry him practically everywhere, just like a son. He even used to carry him to Christ's Church in Alexandria. That's where he attended church. He (West Ford) was more like a foreman. He used to repair wagons, wheels, and farm plows.

They say that Bushrod Washington, George Washington's brother, was his father. My grandmother once told me that George Washington was his father. They gave him Gum Springs. Some of the land he brought. If you search back the titles on most of the property around here, you probably go back to West Ford.

It's been quite a bit changed. It was hard to get financing; in fact, financing was impossible to get. People would build houses the best way they could. Most of the old houses and things have been torn down.

We used to have quite a bit of fires from those wood stoves, but all that has changed. They started this campaigning a couple of years ago with the Health Department, coming through condemning everything.

The people have changed quite a bit. They have a very active civic association. You don't have too many of the older people. Most of the people now are newcomers or either offspring from the older families in the area.

Now the biggest thing (in Gum Springs) is the gym, the recreation center, swimming pool, tennis courts, the ball diamond, and the new school. They only had a two room (elementary) school. Then they built another three room school. The elementary school down here only went to seventh grade. Luther Jackson was the first black high school in the area. Alexandria, I think went as high as the tenth - Parker Gray.

After you came over the top of the hill up there in Groveton, most all this down through here was woods. This (Fordson Road) was the Old Richmond Highway. I think it was thirty-four, they straightened it out because they used to have a lot of accidents on the sharp curve here and another curve by the Post Office. They straightened it out and now it's down through the shopping center area.

Alexandria was the only place that had a big market, there back of City Hall. An alley there, used to be like a farmer's market, where people coming from the country had stands and things. My grandmother used to have a stand. Every weekend they would take farm products and drive the horse and wagon to Alexandria.

A guy named David Crockett, that lived in Groveton, ran what you call a "Get Me" service. He had this big car and it picked up people, carry 'em back and forward to Alexandria, or either you had to walk all the way over to where the boulevard is now to catch the electric car.

Back in those times people farmed and didn't have to buy too much stuff. My grandmother raised everything they used. She had a cold remedy. She used to use a tablespoon of lard and onion. About a cup of molasses. Boil it until the onion was done. And she'd give it to us as a cold syrup, and it was very good.

A lot of times they didn't have money. They'd carry eggs, chickens, and things like that and trade 'em off for sugar, coffee and tea. Sort of a trade, you know, a swap.

Back during that time we didn't have too many places to go. We used to get together at peoples houses or either at the church, cause it wasn't any beer gardens or anything like that.

When I was coming up there wasn't too many restaurants. If it was, you couldn't eat in them. You had to go to the back door to get something. You could get a hot dog for...5¢. Shoot, I think a hot dog costs 65¢ or 75¢ now, soda 5¢. You could make a telephone call for 5¢. We eat down at the Village Chef a lot, now. They have a small place and they have good food.

Parker

Mr. William Parker has lived in the area since childhood and is now the manager of transportation in Area I. Parkers Lane is named after the Parker family.

When I was a child, the street was named Snowden Lane. My cousin, who is my father's brother, built up the area down there. They cleared out the trees and put a farm up there on Snowden Lane. He had the street renamed to Parker Lane. It used to run all the way down to Riverside Road. Then they brought it back to the curve where the appletree is, and that's where it is today.

My parents got the area near Foster Intermediate, Mount Vernon Hospital and Mount Vernon Fire Department in the early 1900's. When I was about five to ten years old, Sherwood Hall Lane and Parker Lane used to be just a couple of farms in the little community of Gum Springs.

My favorite restaurant in the area is Dixie Pig mainly because you have a choice of foods. You don't have to eat just hamburgers or just steak. Normally, when I go out unless I really have something in mind, I go to Dixie Pig because you can chose what you get there.

Busing, of course, has changed in every respect since I've been here in the community. When I first started driving there were only 100 buses, now we have about 700. I remember my folks telling me about the street cars that ran from D.C. to Mount Vernon that a lot of people still don't know about. There're still a few columns in the creeks but most of that stuff is gone now.

I think that this is a good area to bring up a family. I might be prejudiced about it because I grew up here.

Where you have Beacon Mall and Hybla Valley, there were airports when I was younger. But now they are shopping centers. You still have part of Hybla Valley area back of the school where there is still part of the race track left. I guess now they're going to turn it in a park.

Route 1 has changed considerably too. My father was telling me when Route 1 used to be part of Fordson Road, Sherwood Hall Lane and Buckman Road. I've seen it go from a four lane to a six lane highway.

When I went to school at old Mount Vernon High, that was the only high school in the area. Hundreds of schools have been built in the last 20 years or so. So, just about everything you see in the whole area around here has been built up since then. The only elementary we had was old Groveton, which is now the Area 1 Office where I work.

NEIGHBORHOOD HISTORIANS

Haynes

Mr. and Mrs. Haynes both grew up in the farmlands of Southern Virginia. They moved to the District of Columbia in 1936 and now live in the Nightengale Trailer Park.

Question: What made you decide to move to the Washington, D.C. area?

Mr. Haynes: I understood things looked better up here.

Question: When you'all first moved to the Washington area, was that after the depression of the early thirties?

Mr. Haynes: I first came here in 1936. My wife and I felt we could make a better living in this area. Yes, that was after the depression, and the first year for Social Security.

Question: Do you feel the depression was terrible?

Mrs. Haynes: People really had it hard then.

Question: Did you like living in Washington, D.C.?

Mr. Haynes: Yes, it was convenient to the hospital, grocery stores, nice parks.

Question: After living in Washington, D.C. for 15 years, what made you decide to leave to move to Alexandria, Virginia?

Mr. Haynes: Integration. Well, a lot of undesirables came in from over there and I didn't feel like I wanted to mingle with 'em. So I moved down here to Alexandria, Virginia, bought this trailer and here I am now.

Question: How long have you lived in Woodley Hills Park?

Mr. Haynes: Twenty-one years.

Question: When you moved to Woodley Hills Trailer Park was it different?

Mr. Haynes: Well, it didn't seem too much different. Wasn't so many stores.

Question: Have you any criticism about Woodley Hills, or Alexandria?

Mr. Haynes: Don't have any criticism about Alexandria or the Park, and I can't praise them either. Alexandria is just as good as any place to live. Living conditions are the same anywhere you go.

Question: Have you enjoyed living in Woodley Hills Trailer Park?

Mr. Haynes: Yeah, convenient to grocery stores, hospitals, except doctors won't come to the park. You have to get someone to take you to the doctor. It's mostly all the time quiet and peaceful. Well, it has its rowdy moments too. It's like that wherever you go. Very nice neighbors, too.

Question: What was it like when you first moved in the park?

Mr. Haynes: Some greeted us, some business people too. Some neighbors looked like they took off and ran.

Question: What was the worst year or years while living in Woodley Hills?

Mrs. Haynes: I don't know. None of them too bad, thank the Lord.

Mr. Haynes: Well, some of them worse than others. Last few years had trouble getting heating oil, plus groceries going up and us aging. It's getting rough.

Mrs. Haynes: Always had something to eat, thank the Lord.

Mr. Haynes: Worst trouble I had was buying clothes for myself. Can't get out to buy them. Can't walk, can't get no clothes, shoes. I'm in a hell of a fix!

Question: Mr. Haynes, do you'all go to the Woodley Hills Park Church?

Mr. Haynes: We used to go all the time - Rev. Garret is a good preacher - but just can't seem to get around anymore.

Mrs. Haynes: He has poor circulation in his knees and legs.

Mr. Haynes: Yeah, just not capable anymore, can't get around. I'm incapacitated.

Question: Would you rather live in some other area?

Mr. Haynes: I don't know about some other area, but I...I know what this is and I would be doing much better living if I could. Just ain't capable anymore.

Question: When you first moved to the park in 1958 were there different kinds of people in the park?

Mr. Haynes: Just business people, elderly people. Some government people in the park too, but I can't tell a government person from anyone else.

Question: Mr. Haynes, do you remember when the management had any kind of clean up plans?

Mr. Haynes: Yeah, they had clean up plans - two of them. Didn't amount to nothing though. It worked for a few weeks; then it slowly got worse and worse.

Question: How many trailers are in the park now?

Mr. Haynes: Oh, about 350, near that number of trailers.

Question: Do you plan to stay in the park, Mr. Haynes?

Mr. Haynes: Long as I'm able to stay here I will. If I could move out I would...a lot depends on my health. I don't have many years left and I would like to live in peace. Yeah, feeling bad like I feel. Today I feel like hell. Keep feeling like this, might always stay here.

Question: In bad weather in the park did anything happen at the trailer?

Mr. Haynes: One time the heat went out, no oil, like to froze to death. It took so long to get the heating oil. My heating blanket helped us out some. Yeah, it's rough when you can't get heating oil and come up with some heat.

Question: What do you think about Fairfax County taking over Woodley Hills Park?

Mr. Haynes: I don't think that will improve it any.

Question: Are they planning to improve the park?

Mr. Haynes: Yes, but what they are supposed to do and what they do is two different things.

Mrs. Haynes: Seeing is believing.

Mr. Haynes: I think it's just a scheme to get over on that real estate.

Question: Do you have any special hobbies?

Mr. Haynes: Just sleeping and eating. Reading all the time now, since I can't hardly walk anymore. I used to go commercial fishing a lot in Florida and make walking canes.

Question: Did you catch any fish?

Mr. Haynes: All the catfish you ever need. Yeah, a lot of catfish. That's the only fish you can sell in Florida.

Question: Why?

Mr. Haynes: It's not a game fish. If you catch a game fish you can't sell the fish, but you can eat the hell out of them though.

Question: How do you skin a catfish?

Mr. Haynes: Skinning board. Nail 'em to it, and pull the skin off of them. Yeah, I can skin a catfish before you turn around.

Question: Are they big ones?

Mr. Haynes: You catch two or three about three to five pounds; then a big one.

Question: Did you used to make walking canes?

Mr. Haynes: Yes, but just can't get up and out to find the wood. Can't do it no more.

Question: Do you sell the canes?

Mr. Haynes: Give them away.

Question: What wood would you look for?

Mr. Haynes: Sassafras wood, nature wood. Nature done that swirling look, wrapping itself around, and around, to the wood. I found the wood from the hills in the park right over there. When walking around in the forest over there, I found the wood. Lots of rabbits there too.

Question: When were you born, Mr. Haynes?

Mr. Haynes: March 3rd, 1903.

Question: As children, where did you'all grow up?

Mr. Haynes: About eight miles above Richmond, met my wife in Richmond, too.

Mrs. Haynes: On a farm near Richmond.

Question: Did you have any children?

Mr. Haynes: No, didn't have any children. You have some nice children and some bad ones, some nice neighbors and some bad ones...all our neighbors been nice though.

Question: Do you'all have any special restaurant you like to go to?

Mr. Haynes: I don't have no favorite restaurant. I eat at home all the time. Yeah, I don't need a meal on wheels.

Question: Mr. and Mrs. Haynes after living for over seventy years through life, what do you think about it?

Mr. Haynes: What?

Mrs. Haynes: Living honey, plain ole living. It's been good so far, ain't it honey?

Mr. Haynes: It's pretty rugged. The older you get the worse life gets. Can't get no assistance when you need it.

Mrs. Haynes: It always could be worse. We always had something to eat, on second thought.

Mr. Haynes: If you can't help yourself, you're out of luck.

Mrs. Haynes: Yeah, I'm going to keep on trying. Been going on so far. Good Lord seems to help us. It's so late we can't go by the coin anyway.



Miles

Mr. Roy Miles is the manager of Shakey's Restaurant on Route One. He is a graduate of Mount Vernon High School, and a resident of the trailer park.

Nightingale is an old trailer court. I've been living there for about three years and hated every minute of it. There are too many trailers in there. There are supposed to be nine trailers to an acre of land. They have fourteen to an acre of land. The streets are horrible, what streets there are. In the winter time they are icy. Firetrucks can't get in there because of the icy roads. A church burned down back in the middle of the thing because the firetrucks couldn't get to it. There is an extremely steep hill which I've always named "Hernia Hill," because I had to walk up it at night.

Fairfax County has bought the place. They had some news media on it last year, and have since come up with some revising of the area. They are going to put paved streets in, curbs, thin out the trailers. Out with the bad trailers, keep the nice looking ones and put special restrictions on, where the trailer park will be a nice place again. Also in their reconstruction of this trailer park, Brook's Motor Lodge is supposed to be torn down and that intersection completely revised, which I think is very, very helpful. That is a dangerous intersection the way it is now.

There was a man and his wife who owned the area I really don't know the owner's name, but I know it goes back as far as 1957 though. They started it and he died and his wife took over and she sold it to some relative. It still stayed in the family.

You have a wide range of people in there. Most people back in there are either very young couples who can't afford the high rent rates, people on welfare, people living off Social Security, and people who can't keep jobs.

You've got a lot of people like myself who couldn't afford a nice apartment, so they went another route and bought a trailer, and didn't have any other opportunity to move into a nice trailer park and had to be forced into a dump like that. They only last a year or so, until they can afford better means, and then they get out of there.

A lot of military people live back in there with their wives, who also on their salaries can't afford rent.

There are good people -- don't get me wrong -- there are some good people back up in there. Some very good friends of mine live back up in there, but I would say a realistic figure of about 25% of the kids back in there, are nothing but pure hell raisers. They do a variety of things like breaking people's windshields out, when they get mad at me for kicking them out, or throwing stones in the parking lot.

I like being a manager. It can be here or anyplace else. I enjoy working with people. I enjoy my customers. I have some very good friends through my customers and it's just a pleasure serving people, knowing they enjoy the service I can give them.

I have Mr. and Mrs. Henderson. They come in here every Wednesday night, 8:00 or 8:15, right around that area, and they order two pizzas. Mr. Henderson brings his wife. They used to bring his three children but now he's only got one left. That'll give you some idea of how many years that man has been coming in here. I think it's been about seven years, he's been coming in here to this Parlor.

We've got guys like Norm who comes in here everyday and has himself three or four beers and takes a couple steak sandwiches home.

I have a friend who works down at the radio station named Bob. He comes in here every Saturday night between 10:30 and 11:00 just like clockwork. That man has not missed a Saturday night in nine years. Obviously he takes vacations. That's the only time the man don't come in here.

Harold, he comes in here three times a day, every day for the last year, year and a half. Not only do we act as a service to the people, some people like Harold - a lonely old man who needs somebody to talk to comes in here and talks to us.

People are under the impression you make a lot of money in the restaurant business. You do, but it isn't exactly the way you would think. The average employee sees a lot of money come into that register but that isn't exactly the cash you make as a profit. A large percent goes for labor. The turnover in the restaurant business is unreal.

For each person that you hire that don't work out - lets say for two weeks and he decides he don't like the pizza business and quits - on the average that will cost you about \$495.00. That is an actual figure, which has been given to me.

There are other pieces of the puzzle of running the restaurant business. You've got your food costs, you've got your beverage allowance, you've got your labor cost allowance. You've got to watch employees to make sure they don't waste food on you, 'cause that will jack your food cost up. You've got to watch they don't drink beverages and not pay for them, or waste the beer by improperly pouring it.

That's all going down the drain. It's like a penny out of your pocket every two or three seconds and throwing it in the trash can. Before you know it, you'd be out a hundred dollars, and you ain't got a cent left in your pocket.

I went to Mount Vernon before it switched over to Walt Whitman.

I was in the graduating class of 1972. Mr. Snell was my teacher for two years in Distributive Education. He gave me guidelines. Before I ever enrolled in his class I got my job here on June 16, 1970, it was a Wednesday. I was to report to work at 5:00.

The thing I really enjoy most about working here is I am a self motivator. I motivate my ownself into doing things. I enjoy my work because I set goals for myself and I can reach them. Like I said in the beginning, I enjoy people. I like working with them. I just set myself some personal goals. In fact that is something each and every person should do. Say three months down the road, six years, yearly, even lifetime goals. I feel that's an important factor. If you ever want to be somebody important, you've got to have a motivation factor. I'm going to own one of these restaurants; I don't want this one. I've got places and concepts that I want to try to do on my own. Doc (the owner) would probably give me the opportunity, somewhere down the road to enable me to establish myself as a business man and own either a portion of the Parlor - or some other arrangement.



Vaughan

Major General Harry Vaughan was born in Missouri and attended Westminster College. Afterwards he became military aide to President Harry Truman. Mr. Vaughan retired as a major general and has lived in the Belle Haven area for many years.

I first met Harry Truman in 1918. We were in the same brigade together. We were friends. We would see each other about a half dozen times a year. We would go to camp together at Fort Riley every summer. I was his secretary when he was reelected to the Senate. I handled his campaign in St. Louis. Then I went on active duty. I went back on a committee to investigate the war effort. I was the liason between the War Department and the Truman Committee.

When he was Vice President, I was made his military aide. I was the first military aide to a Vice President because Truman was the first Vice President to ever ask for one. Then I was his aide all the time he was in office.

After he left Washington and went back to Independence, (Missouri), I retired a couple of weeks later.

Truman was very polite and courtly with the ladies. You know you can't drive artillery teams and speak Oxford, English. They would never understand you. You have to put a few punctuations in there. Even in his poker games he used profanity, but he never used obscene language like Nick. Nixon's speciality was obscene language.

I never played poker in the White House, and I don't remember that Harry Truman ever played poker in the White House. We played hundreds and hundreds of hours of poker on the Williamsburg ship, and on an airplane flying somewhere and down at Key West, but we never played poker in the White House. There was always too much to do.

I would run him out of a pot and show him he would have really had me beat if he stayed in, and he would say, "You S.O.B.! I am going to make you a sergeant tomorrow."

They were opening this bridge and they had some traffic difficulty going down toward Quantico, where we frequently went for the weekend. So the bridge was up and here were cars lined up for miles on both sides. We were sitting on back of the ship, and Truman said, "You know its a good thing I am not running for anything." He said, "Right at rush hour, holding up traffic like this I am losing a thousand votes a minute. He said they were saying, "Why don't the Old S.O.B. get his damn ship down the river before rush hour."

In about October of 1945, Doctor McLure, President of Westminster College, who had been a classmate of mine came to my office and said Mr. Churchill was going to be in the United States during the following spring of '46. He wanted to invite him to come to the college and give an address. I said, "Well, why don't you write him a letter?"

"Well," he said, "I got one here." So he showed me the letter.

I said, "Let's go over and see the boss." I called up Mr. Truman. He had a few minutes, and he knew Dr. McLure too. We went over there and I explained to the President what it was that Dr. McLure wanted.

Truman said, "Let me see the letter." He looked at the letter, and wrote in longhand, down at the bottom, "Dear Winston, if you will come out and make a speech, I'll take you out and introduce you." He said, "Now you send it to him." So with that endorsement we were half way to second base.

That was exactly what Churchill wanted because his party was out of power. They had gotten defeated and the labor party was in. Churchill wanted an opportunity to make a speech and say some things that he thought should be said. Mr. Churchill went to Dr. McLure and accepted the invitation. He came to Washington.

We arranged to go out by train. Churchill didn't like to fly, so we arranged to go out on the President's special car. The train went by the Missouri Pacific to Jefferson City, Missouri. Then we got in our cars and drove 25 miles to Fulton. So Churchill made the speech.

After the speech, Churchill had dinner in the president's, (McLure's), house. I was sitting at the table right next to Churchill. There was fried chicken, hot biscuits, and two or three vegetables, and country ham. Churchill took thirds on fried chicken and on ham. He ate about eight biscuits. He was a good trencherman, as well as a drinker.

When we were out to get in the car to drive back down to Jefferson City, the President and Mr. Churchill were sitting in the back seat and I got in with the naval aide. We sat on the jump seat. Churchill says, "General Vaughan, I understand you're an old boy from this school."

I said, "Yes, Mr. Churchill, I spent four happy years here."

He said, "Do they always eat like that?"

I said, "That is just a little snack Mrs. McLure knocked together for you." Then I said, "You ought to be here for one of the annual Callaway dinners."

Churchill said, "I never saw so much food in my life." You see he had been indulging in austerity for about five years. In England, you know, they were heavily rationed, and he took it like everyone else.



Buschman

Mrs. Phyllis Buschman, a long time resident of the area, watched the building of the first high rise apartments. Having lived in New Alexandria, she has been able to see the progress and change that has taken place over the years.

I first came here, my husband and I...my family, in about 1941. It was the beginning of the war and my husband was transferred from New York down here. We located in New Alexandria. Now, we thought that was a lovely little place. There were all these little small Cape Cod houses. Now they were all very small and they were very reasonable when it came to rent. In comparison to these days, it's quite a difference.

We lived down on 13th Street. Now that's the lowest part of New Alexandria and we weren't here very long when we found out that all that water from Belle Haven Hill was coming right down into our backyard. Now that's a fact. Everytime a big rain would come up, all that water would come down. So it made it a little bit difficult.

The first one (flood) we had was in about 1943. It covered the whole ground and almost went into our house. People came around and told us to evacuate, but we didn't. We stayed there because we thought we'd chance it.

One day my son had to get into town and I wanted to get him over onto the road. You see the rain settled right in our front yard, but then up to Potomac Avenue it was dry. I had to try to get him over there. So, I proceeded to take all the wood on the side of the porch to try to make a raft. I worked for about two hours. I didn't know anything about making a raft, but I saw them in different places.

I put the two boards underneath and four on the top. I pulled it out on the side porch and I put it up on the water. I thought "I better try this before I let my son step on it." I stepped on it and BANG I went...down to the ground. So then I finally got a man across the street to carry my son piggy-back through the water. That was the first (flood).

We had another flood later that covered all of Belle Haven Road, all the way up to Mt. Vernon Highway. People couldn't get home from work. My husband waded up to his waist. A lot of people didn't want to chance it though.

Gradually they started building up this section around here. The first thing they built were the Belle View Apartments. The population started to grow. Then naturally, when the population grew, they built the Belle View Shopping Center. After the Belle View Shopping Center, they started building different places like Westgrove.

In those days the Arnold family owned all that property over there (where the Belle View town houses are now). What they had to do with those town houses, because of the flooding, was to raise the ground. I don't know how high.

River Towers they started building about twenty years ago and I watched them doing that. They did that very cleverly. When they built these apartments here, everybody was surprised. This (property) was all forests and swamps. In fact, we used to walk here (River Towers) and get our Christmas trees every Christmas.

There wasn't a person who lived in New Alexandria that had to buy a Christmas tree. This place was just filled with them. If you didn't like one, you'd go back and try another one. My children used to love to go over and pick Christmas trees around Christmas here. As I say, this was mostly forest here.

It was swamp, too. This was all swamp ground, all around here. It still is. If you look out in the back of River Towers, you'll find there's swamps. When they started building this, we watched it from day one. We watched everything that was going on because we couldn't figure out how they were ever going to put a nine story apartment house in a swamp! What they did was to fill the ground all in, get rid of the swamp, and hammer spikes into the ground.

It not only had an effect on New Alexandria, but it also affected this whole section around here. It built up all these stores in here (Belle View Shopping Center). They always have done a fabulous business. I've often wondered why they didn't make it bigger than they did. There was a terrible fire there about eight years ago. I don't know what happened, but there was a fire up in the attics of all those places along there. It took them about three hours to put it out.

I took some pictures out here (window of apartment in River Towers). There is a whole section you can see from here. I think it's a pleasant sight. In fact, at night, when I look out this window and the lights are on, it's almost like looking at Monte Carlo. People say, "How can you stand looking out at a shopping center or these houses?" But from up here, especially, at night, it's beautiful. I really is. It's a beautiful sight to see.

I love it here and I have since I've come here. There's a lot of people who come here and don't like it, but I don't know why. They have their own reasons for it. I've always liked it, even with the floods! They were fun. Believe me, they were fun.

Starry

Mrs. Starry, a resident of the area for thirteen years, tells stories about the community while she was growing up.

She (my mother) didn't grow up on Telegraph Road, she grew up in Remington and moved here when she was a 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 a 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 this 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.

It was on Fort Lyon which was a fort used during the Civil War. While he (my father) was there, he worked as a caretaker of an estate that was built right in the fort but it burned some years later. The house is not there now, but Fort Lyon Heights is built on the property.

Also, up on Fort Lyon where the Civil War battles had been fought, we'd find many of the little minie balls that they'd used to shoot out of the guns. You could find them all over the place when I was a child.

The house that my mother lived in was moved to the site it's on now from two blocks up. They took it on a big truck and moved it to another site. They never even broke a dish. They didn't! The house was moved there in 1956 but it was built fifty two years ago.

My sister lives in it today. It's been remodeled and it's modern. It has all the good features you'd want in a house now. When my mom and dad moved in, it was just a shell of a house. You cooked on a cook stove and you heated with a stove in the living room putting wood in it. There wasn't any electricity, no telephone, none of the conveniences we have today. My mother washed clothes on a wash board. Imagine doing that for three or four children! Instead of using bleach, they'd put the clothes out in a big pot and boil the white clothes to get them white. I'm glad I didn't live back in that day to wash clothes.

We did have one bad tragedy that happened when I was a girl. My aunt and two little children were battered and beaten. My aunt lived but the two children died, and they did electrocute the man who killed them. He just went in there and why he did it nobody seems to know unless it was for robbery.

A little five and seven year old girl were beaten to death and he left the woman for dead. She had twenty seven gashes in her head.

He thought she was dead but she did live to identify him. Just the mother was there with the two little girls and a four week old baby. He didn't touch the baby. One died one day and one died a week later.

One of the neighbors was walking down Telegraph Road. She came to the door and called him and got help that way. It was a tragedy really.

I was only eight years old at the time when it happened. We didn't know of course what had happened. We just knew there'd been something that had happen at the Ridgeways. We all went down there and I went in too. I had played with both the little girls because one was seven and one five. I saw part of her brains laying on the kitchen floor. She never did regain consciousness.

He hit her in the head with a hatchet and beat the other little girl to death with a little child's chair. He had worked with her husband. Just robbery was the motive probably. That's the only bad thing that I know ever really happened while I lived there.

Down near the railroad on Telegraph Road there was a hobo camp. There was lots of hobos out at that time. There was not much money and a lot of people were out of work. They would come to my father's store and beg for food. One day, one of the hobos came in and he said, 'Mr. Ridgeway, you must be a nice person because I heard about you in the Mid-West and was told that when I came here to be sure to come to you for my food.' That's true, he really did! He fed two or three a day. They didn't work so they wanted a hand-out.

There were a lot of gypsies around. They were down all over the area anywhere you'd go. They'd come in caravans, big carloads of them. They would come around and knock on your door and try to tell your fortunes. I was scared to death of them. I wouldn't get

near one of them. I'm sure there must have been nice ones, too. One of my mother's good friends was a gypsy woman that married an American man. That was Mrs. Pullman. That was her nationality. She was from Rumania, somewhere over in that area. She married an American and lived like everybody else.

I didn't do very much when I was a teenager. I went to lots of square dances. We had a lot of square dances then and now it's a real going thing. Everywhere you went when I was a girl was square dancing and I guess that would be really square today. I was right young when I started dating, I wasn't but fourteen. I was seventeen when I got married so I didn't have a lot of childhood.

In the days when I was a kid there wasn't any television, there wasn't any radios, and we didn't have electricity. All the families would gather together on Sundays for dinner at each others houses. Of course conversation would lag after awhile so somebody would get off telling ghost stories. I guess one tried to top the other 'cause there were some awful tall tales told. I know the kids were scared to death to go to bed at night because of the ghosts. They were frightened.

My mother and daddy had seven children, 18 grandchildren, 26 great grandchildren, and two great great grandchildren. He worked for the Ledbetter Apothecary Shop in Alexandria. That has been turned into a tourist attraction now. He was a driver/salesman for 'em. When they went out of business, he started his own gasoline station. The station has been on that site for approximately 50 years. They don't operate it anymore, my mother still owns it but Shell Oil Company leases it from 'em.

The pumps were entirely different than they are today. Today you just put the gasoline hose in your car, they turn it on, and you get gas. Before, you had this hand pump on the side and you had to pump up gas into the big bowl up on top of the tank. You'd pump out 10 gallons, you'd pump up 10 more, you'd wait on the cars, and if they wanted more than 10 you had to pump it up twice. Most people didn't buy gas by the gallon then. They'd come in and get a dollar's worth or two dollar's worth. They'd tell you how much they wanted instead of saying, "give me 10 gallons."

One change I saw was the big shopping center go in where the airport is, and I for one liked the airport better there. It was pretty, more like country then. I do remember when Arthur Godfrey would fly there. I'm sure everybody knows him. He had his plane at Hybla Valley which is just below Groveton. My husband learned to solo at the Beacon Airport which is where the Giant Food Store stands now. One of our friends was killed there. He went into a dive and he never came out of it. He was killed right there on the field. It was country when I moved there, just a house now and then, but now it's so thickly populated. I lived there for thirteen years.

Credits

STUDENTS:

Kathy Arata
Ken Croisetiere
John Daniels
Kim Delaine
Doug Easter
Simone Goring
Ramona Holzel
Liz Kearney
Janice Kinnear
Judi Matsumoto
Ben Mayo
Dee Dee Mechling
Mary Merkli
Coleen Murphy
Kiki O'Quinn
Craig Proffit
April Pyle
Jon Radulovic
Mike Rickard
Denise Rippert
Jim Ryan
Tamara Simpkins
Betty Stanley
Marie Stanton
Frank Williams

LAYOUT ASSISTANCE:

Bev Byrne

PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Liz Kearney
Jon Radulovic

TYPIST:

Mary Jane Weiford

TEACHER:

Marian Mohr

And a special thanks to all the narrators who made this book possible.