

# The Arlington I Have Known\*

By SENATOR FRANK L. BALL

Mr. Chairman and Friends:

I greatly appreciate the kind introduction. A presiding officer must say something nice of a speaker. I used to sit back and drink in the laudatory remarks usual on such occasions and get all puffed up, but I have had my ego punched so often that I don't take them too seriously any more, notwithstanding they surely sound good. The following story shows how my family sizes me up. Sometime since my granddaughter Marilyn was playing on the floor, and I was lying on the couch as usual taking a little nap, and when I woke up there was Marilyn and I thought I would have a little fun out of her. She was always playing tricks on me so I thought I would play a trick on her, and I rolled off the couch and held my stomach up tight and said, "Oh! I'm dying, I'm dying. Please get a doctor." Then I kind of slacked up and looked around to see how Marilyn was taking it. She was crawling up on the couch and she sat up on the back of the couch and announced to the people out in the other room—"I'm going to sit up here and watch him die." If that didn't take the kink out of the ole man, nothing would.

I'll tell you another incident. You know, lawyers get awfully smart sometimes when they try to cross-examine the witness and sometimes we step over the line a good deal and occasionally we get by with it, but boy what an advantage the witness has on you and sometimes it comes back. Sometime ago, I was cross-examining a witness and the attorney on the other side had finished his examination of him, and he had referred to him as "Doc". "Doc this," "Doc that," as he went along, so I thought I would make light of his title. I didn't know, I thought he was a doctor of some kind. When it came my time to question him, I said, "Are you a doctor of medicine?" He said, "No, sir." I said, "Are you a dentist?" He said, "No, sir." I said, "Are you a veterinarian?" He said, "No, sir." I said, "Are you a doctor of philosophy?" He said, "No, I'm no doctor at all, they just call me 'Doc' just like they call you Honorable. It don't mean a thing." That taught me a whole lot—not to fool with the witnesses.

Now I have here on the front seat, my cheering section. One is my granddaughter, Linda, she teaches me speech and lots of other things, and the other is my little sweetheart, Nancy Shattuck who lives next door to her. I told them to be up here tonight and sit on the front seat and support me. What do you think they told me when they came in the door? They said, "We are the 'booing' section." I told them to boo all they wanted just so they didn't

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hiss. There are only two kinds of things that I know of in this world that hiss and one is a snake and the other a goose and I don't want to be one of them. But they came tonight to lend the ole man a little moral support.

You know when anybody wants to talk about Arlington, that is old Arlington of the early 1900's, it seems to me that I'm the only one left. It's funny how the Lord saves the best for the last. I have been trotted out so many times as an antique I'm getting kind of used to it. You know I love antiques—they are beautiful to look at but it is not so much fun being an antique—that is a very different thing. I have had quite a time with some of the youngsters who come to our house occasionally. We live in a very old house, part of it was built in 1817 and the foundations were built probably very shortly after 1765, and we are on the old foundation of the original Glebe. These children come up there and get to talking and when I'm home (I don't know what my wife tells them when I'm not home. She is very careful about her talk to them but I rib them along a little) I generally tell them how old the house is, and I've never had a gathering yet that somebody didn't say "Were you here when it was built?" Not long ago I thought I would try it on some school children who were there, and one of them made the same remark, and I replied, "Sure, I came over with Columbus and I've been here ever since." You know one of those rascals looked at me and said, "Did you sure enough, Mr. Ball?"

I have been around here a long time. I've gotten to the point where I don't have anybody to talk to about things that happened in the '90's—they are all gone. I get powerful lonesome when I get talking about the old days but I'm going to talk to you tonight about a few old things and I tried to think what you would be interested in. It is amazing what interests different crowds of people. About 2 or 3 years ago, I spoke to the Professional Woman's Club and I thought they would like to hear something about education—something about the cultured people of the community and I started out along that line and I had the audience almost asleep. Then I thought I would switch around—mind you these were all women in the audience. I started talking about Hell's Bottom and the rough days and Jackson City and these rough spots we had around here and "boy" they perked up and clapped and I never got such a reception in my life. Tonight I thought I would mix it up a little.

It is hard to talk over old times, especially the 90's without talking about schools. The homes, schools and churches were our cycle. They were the whole thing; they influenced our lives. That's the way we lived and that's the way we were almost born and bred. We didn't have any movies and we didn't have the hillbillies on television and all these shows you get every night. Our forms of amusement were centered around the homes, the schools and the church. I'm going to talk first on some things about the schools. I remember this school especially well in the early days (I tried my best last week to find what year it was built) I have a recollection of something that happened here when I was just a little boy. My father was a carpenter. He worked on this building and he had the habit of very frequently taking one of the children along with him.

He brought me down here and kept me all day and that is the first time I have any recollection of being away from home, unless it was the time of the Johnstown flood which I'm sure I remember. My people say I dreamed this, but I'm sure I remember it. I recall being here that day with my Daddy when he was working on this school. I think it must have been 1891 or 1892. Miss Rose asked me sometime ago about a boy named Tom Sawyer who won a prize here. I knew Tom Sawyer very well. I knew his brother Groff, his sisters, Mary, Pearl and Ruby. They are all living now. I paid a little courting, not much, not too serious, with two of those girls—delightful people. Tom went in the Navy when he was a very young fellow and I never saw him anymore. He may have come back to the community but I have no recollection of it. I did know at least this one person who was in one of the first classes, if not the first class that ever met in this school. That is a long time ago.

In my earliest recollection, we had four schools in Arlington. We had Carne up where the John Marshall school was. We had the Ballston Public School, that is where the building association is now just above the Hogate place. We had Maggie Bashford School and a little later on, we had the Columbia School. We had two men and two women as principals of those schools. At Carne was Uncle Sam Stalcup who married my mother's sister. Uncle Sam was one of those polished gentlemen who couldn't keep away from the bottle—that was his only difficulty. He was a wonderful teacher, a wonderful conversationalist. He was constantly talking good things to people. He was a very inspiring gentleman, drink or no drink. I never saw him when he had a "drop" on; I only saw him when he was sober. He was a little rough on his students but everyone loved him. I think they are all gone now; I doubt if there is a one left of that crowd. There was Maggie Bashford in Del Ray. Maggie Bashford was a wonderful woman. All of her life, she was almost the idol of the neighborhood, whether they went to school to her or not. I knew her very well a little later on along in 1910 or 1912 (the modern days) and I learned to love her very much myself. Then here in Arlington, Professor Petty (he had a son living around here until a few years ago and he may have a daughter here now in the county, I'm not certain) a fine gentlemanly, upstanding fellow as teacher.

Now at Ballston, that is the school I want to talk about and really give you a little inside on what happened in the schools, we had Miss Hannah Moore. She was a little Yankee girl from Franklin, Pa. and never in her life did she weigh over 95 or 96 pounds. She had a rough time. When she faced that school in the mornings, she couldn't look at many friendly faces. There were three Johnson children, two Doolittle children and all the rest of the children she saw and taught were either the sons and daughters or grandsons and granddaughters of old Confederate soldiers and she a little Yankee from way up there. You know she had a rough time. The community warmed up to her and they gave her a tremendous lot of authority—something the school teachers lack today. When Miss Hannah told you to do something, you had better do it. She had a way of persuading you to do it and it wasn't by words either, and she did it in a way you remembered

and the parents joined in that and gave her full authority. I remember just as well as if it were yesterday, the first day I went to school. Papa said, "Frank, I want you to do what Miss Hannah tells you to do. I want you to be a good boy and if you ever misbehave and she whips you, don't you ever come home and tell me because I'll give you another one." That is all the encouragement I had. If a teacher as much as touched a child now, she would have the parents down on her and the whole community and there would be a petition 90 yards long to remove her. We had discipline. She didn't have to use that switch very often. She had one bad habit that I didn't like. When she was going to whip a boy, she would ask another boy to go out and cut a switch to whip that boy with. That wasn't good—that caused trouble. Thank goodness she only asked me one time to go out and get a switch and the boy I got it for is living up the road here now. I've seen some pretty rough doings after school between the boy who got the switch and the one who was switched.

Before I go into what happened in the schoolroom, I want to say something about the management. We had a District School Board—had three magisterial districts here—and each School Board in the District had three members and those all came together and made the County School Board. Mr. Harvey Bailey who lived over on Glebe Road about a mile from the Ballston School kept all the supplies. He kept the chalk. He kept the pencils. He kept everything we used in the school except the books. We bought them ourselves. I don't know why he didn't leave a little bit in each school but he didn't. He kept it right there. Maybe he was one of those Yankee boys too. We used to covet the opportunity of leaving school and going way down to Harvey Bailey's to bring back a box of chalk or a few pencils. We thought that was a great thing. We would be out of school a couple of hours walking down there and back. The Superintendent didn't have any office. The Superintendent carried his office in his pocket and that was literally and absolutely true. His name was Clements and he was superintendent during my entire time in school. He was a lawyer and quite a brilliant speaker but a little inclined to flowery words. I heard a man introduce him at the Courthouse the day of the dedication in 1898 as the "spread-eagled speaker in Virginia." Mr. Clements taught me something that I have never forgotten. He taught all his students that and that was politeness. Those things are lacking in the schools today. He raised his hat whenever he spoke to you. Even when a little seven year old child in the first grade met Mr. Clements, he would say "How do you do, Mr. Clements?" He would raise his hat and he would expect you to raise your hat back. Maybe that was overdoing it a little but it taught us to be polite and never keep your hat on when talking to a lady. Mr. Clements had a little story he used to tell us: "George Washington was walking down the road one day when he met an old negro slave and the old slave said, 'Howdy General' and raised his hat and General Washington said, 'Howdy do' to him and raised his hat and one of his friends saw him and said, 'General, why do you raise your hat to an old negro?' He said, 'I'm not going to let that poor negro slave be more polite than I am.'"

The first time I went to school, we went in an old frame school about as big as this room. Miss Moore was the only teacher. She had six readers—we called them readers instead of classes then. We had the old McGuffey books and about five classes in each one of the readers, and she taught them all between 9 o'clock and 3:30 with an hour out for lunch and 10 minutes out at 10 o'clock. How in the name of common sense she ever did it, I don't know. Looking back I wonder over and over again, how Miss Moore ever did that. Yet, I never saw her when she seemed to be tired or weary. She always had a smile, always pleasant and always ready to do anything she could to help the students along.

You see this building here tonight—I want to say perhaps the biggest change in our system, much more than the special discipline or things of that sort—was the question of the accommodations, the buildings themselves, the furniture in the buildings. We went in that old frame building at first. When this building came along, it was the last word. We thought this was a marvel. The Ballston building, a brick building; this (Hume) a brick building. We never heard of such a thing as a brick school in Northern Virginia. They were the first and what a tremendous impression they had upon the people. Don't mock that, my friends, because the greatest geniuses in the world sat on wooden benches and studied at wooden desks, many of them homemade. The building has very little to do with the amount of education the people got. Now an old antique, this building was the top of the ladder, the thing we had our greatest pride in. Things have changed a lot since then. I talk to my wife a lot of times about things changing. I talk about the old characters we used to have. She said "Does it ever occur to you that you're an old character now?"

In that school in Ballston, we had the McGuffey readers, they have been done away with for a long, long time. I want to tell you one thing about the McGuffey readers. Every lesson had a moral. McGuffey was a wonderful man. I have four of his readers home now and occasionally I get one of them out for easy reading. McGuffey's readers always had something good in every lesson to try to lift a fellow up. I can remember things now, simple things about different characters in those readers. Flor Silin was an old Russian peasant who had a good crop when all the crops around him failed, and this story explains how he divided his stuff among his neighbors. He was to the point where he almost starved himself. This story taught me of my duty to my fellowmen of sharing with them when they were in need. There was a story of a preacher going West. Along on the trek, his horse got sick and died somewhere in Ohio, and there was a picture of the crowd gathered around and the poor fellow's horse lying down, and somebody comes up out of the crowd and says, "Let's get him a new horse." Out of the absolute necessities like the poor widow, they reached down in their pockets little by little and got enough money to get him a new horse and he went right along with the crowd out to California, Oregon or somewhere in the West to help settle. These were great stories. She taught us a lot of poetry—She taught the good things, Polonius' advice to Laertes—"To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night, the day, Thou canst not then be false to any

man." Also Shakespeare's story about good name—Good name in man or woman—"Who steals my purse steals trash, 'Twas something, nothing, 'Twas mine, 'Tis his and has been slave to thousands, But he who filches from me my good name robs me of that, that not enriches him but makes me poor indeed." Another one: "How e'er it be it seems to me 'tis only noble to be good, Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood." A little one I used to learn and I remember so much: "Be good, fair maid, and let who will be clever. Do kindly things, not dream them all day long, And so make life, death and that vast forever one grand sweet song." Those things were taught to us to lift us up. We were taught that goodness was the immediate jewel of the soul, just as Shakespeare said. I don't know whether you get those things in the school any more or not. They won't let you pray any more and I can't imagine anybody who didn't want to be prayed for.

There is a little thing Miss Moore taught us that I've often thought about. You know sometimes it is hard to tackle a thing that is hard. It's difficult for us to bind ourselves down to a hard task. I'm very thankful I had two women, Miss Moore and my Mother. My Mother was the greatest worker I ever saw. She taught us to work and love work. I love it so much, my wife tells me lots of times—"Why in the world don't you quit—you're not doing any good anyhow—why don't you quit and stop work?" I think it would be an insult to the name of my Mother and my teacher if I did quit. Miss Moore taught us this from Phoebe Cary: "Suppose your task, my little man, is very hard to get—would it make it any easier for you to sit and fret, and wouldn't it be wiser, than waiting like a dunce, to go to work in earnest and do the thing at once." I don't care how much highbrow stuff you teach, you are not going to improve on that. I learned that a long time ago. I haven't always applied it. Somehow it seems to me I've got to meet Miss Moore somewhere and she's going to say to me, "Frank, what did you make of yourself after I left?" I've got to give an account to her. I can't get away from it, it haunts me. It wasn't all sternness and it wasn't all teaching. We had a lot of fun too. We had fun on Friday afternoons. We had entertainments. We sang patriotic songs. She wouldn't let us sing anything but patriotic songs. Boy! we sang the Yankee songs to beat the band. We had recitations and she would call on anybody who wanted to recite.

I remember, one day she ran into a buzz saw. There was a boy by the name of Ott Birch and Ott was crippled—he had a broken back—they didn't know how to put casts on in those days—a man with a broken back either died or walked around all bent over. He had been spoiled at home, spoiled at school, spoiled everywhere. He wasn't a bad boy but he did the way he pleased and he was looking for a chance to get back at Miss Hannah because she had given him a spanking one day. So on Friday afternoon, she said, "Anybody who wants to make a speech, come on up." So Otto held his hand up. Oh! that tickled her to death—she had no idea that Otto would get up before an audience and speak. She said, "O.K. Otto, come on up." Now remember, her name was Hannah. He said, "There was an old woman named Hannah, She slipped on a piece of



GROUP OF SUNDAY BAR-ROOMS IN ROSSLYN

banana, She fell in the street, And kicked up her feet, In a very ridiculous manner. A young man came to assist her, He picked up her muff and her wrister, 'Did you fall Miss?' he cried, 'Do you think' she replied, 'I fell for the fun of it, Mister?' " Miss Hannah's face was redder than red before he got through. She never said a word to Otto—that was fine—Otto had made a speech. I remember she used to put a sentence on the board with one word wrong and she would say "you correct this now." She wrote on the board: "He clumb the tree and shook the apples down." Otto held up his hand right away and said, "I know what's wrong with that—It should be 'He clim the tree and shook the apples down.'" She was so happy that Otto even offered to answer.

I could go on for a long time about these things that happened in our school-house. We were in the old frame school. About a year and a half later I came home to a big school. They built the school up there at Carne. That was a frame school. Then they built the brick school at Ballston and we moved in there when I was in the second grade and I can remember just as well. Each one of us had a little flag. We left that old frame school and marched into the new school singing some patriot song and holding the flags up. That was a great day. My recollection of the old schools is based chiefly on the question of discipline and teaching to work and inspiration because we had constant inspiration about these stories everyday.

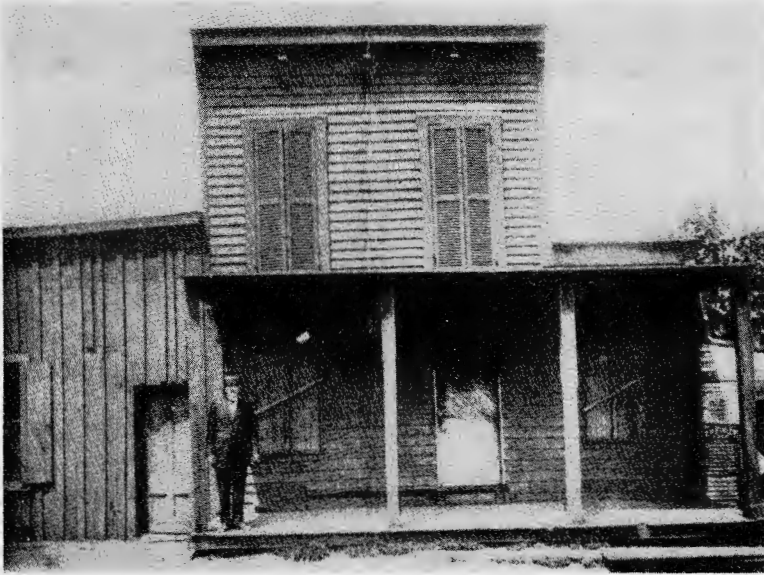
Now I'm going to switch off on something else. I told you a while ago, I talked to the women about some of the rough places in Arlington and you have heard so much about Jackson City and Hell's Bottom and Rosslyn and things like that, and you have heard many things that are just as grossly untrue as they can

be and some are true. I thought I would tell you a few of my recollections of these places. Jackson City was a rough spot. Jackson City was intended for a very fine residential community. Andy Jackson turned the first shovel full of dirt down there when they had the celebration and they did sell a lot of lots. So far as I know there never was an actual residence built on that place. It was right at the end of the old Long Bridge where the Marriott Hotel is now and it fell into great disrepute. Along about 1898 or 99, it had gotten down to the bottom of the barrel. They didn't have anything there except speakeasys and gambling places, one or two licensed saloons and a lot of lewd women—everything rough. Nobody lived there except the keepers of those places who lived in the upstairs rooms. Nobody can tell you about Jackson City and degrade it any. It was so degraded it couldn't get lower.

One of the biggest events that ever happened in Arlington was the election of Crandal Mackey as Commonwealth's Attorney in 1903. He was nominated at a convention at our house. There were three men running, Frank Lyon, Will W. Douglas and Crandal Mackey—all honest men who had the industry and courage necessary to do a good job. The only question was to choose the one most likely to win and concentrate on him. I remember that night very well, it was a summer night. Each one made a little speech and pledged to back the one selected by the group. Will Douglas went home. Frank Lyon lived next door and he went home. While the convention deliberated Col. Mackey talked with me in the yard. That night Mackey told me I ought to be a lawyer, I don't know why he said that but he did and I had a little idea along that line myself. He said "if you ever want to be a lawyer, I'm a Trustee of The National University, I'll get you a scholarship." My scholarship amounted to \$20.00 a year—that was a pretty big scholarship. The whole tuition was only \$100.00, that was a matter of 20%. They nominated Mackey and then they had the doggonest knockdown, dragout fight you ever saw in your life. Dick Johnson running as candidate backed by the gamblers, Col. Mackey as the anti-gambler candidate, and Walter Varney came in from the lower district here, a young man. Lots of young men got on the ticket just to be known. It's all right, it's a good thing. He came on, he got about 20 votes. This battle came right down to the finish and Mackey won by 2 votes and his election was contested. He told me he had some 40 writs of prohibition issued against him within the first two months that he was Commonwealth's Attorney to try to prevent him from prosecuting cases but they never got him off the track.

On the 30th of May 1904, (he went into office the 1st of January 1904) he organized a raid on Jackson City and I think there is one man living today, Judge Harry Thomas, who was in that raid. For some reason, my brother, Wade, always ran with Harry, but he wasn't there that day. They took axes and went down to Jackson City in broad daylight and went into these gambling places and they tell me (I never was in one) they had the most beautiful furniture you ever saw and wonderful paintings, not the kind you would want to hang on your parlor walls, but they were paintings just the same. They cut down the paintings,





OLD MARMADUKE PLACE IN ROSSLYN—SUNDAY BAR AND GAMBLING PLACE

hacked in the walls, broke the chairs and all the beautiful furniture, the tables, everything. They just cut it into pieces. The next day, the papers were full of statements that these people were going to sue Mackey and what they were going to do to him was going to be a plenty. Nobody ever filed a suit. After a while, they did revive it and got going again in full swing for some time. They were finally destroyed by one of the gamblers by the name of John Nelson. He was a gambler and never made any bones of it. I heard him say on the witness stand one day in our court. The lawyer said "What is your business, Mr. Nelson?" and he replied "Gambling." He gambled all his life—he was in jail sometimes—he was out sometimes. He didn't care either way—whether he was in or out. John Nelson had some trouble with some of the other fellows there in Jackson City and he decided he would burn the place down and he went over to a barroom just opposite the old Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and he said to a bunch of men who had gathered there, "Do you see Jackson City across yonder? I'm going over and burn that place down. You just wait right here, I'll be back in a few minutes. Just look over there and you'll see the fire and I'll come back here and tell you what I did." He fortified himself, you know how, then he went over. Before he got back across the bridge, they saw the smoke across the river. Pretty soon here he came back on his horse. He went into Amans Saloon and said, "Boys, I told you what I was going to do, didn't I? Look over there, she's a goner now. I fixed her this time." It did burn down and was never rebuilt.

There is a sequel to this, the question of Mr. Nelson. Arson is a serious crime in Virginia. You can have a man executed for arson particularly if there is anybody in the building. So John Nelson was indicted. He got the best lawyer in

Northern Virginia, a man by the name of R. Walton Moore, who used to be out here in Fairfax. Afterwards he was Assistant Secretary of State, and a member of Congress from the old 8th District for some time. That is the first case I can remember definitely hearing much of. Everybody went to the courtroom to listen to him. Mr. Moore's argument was this: He didn't say: "Gentlemen of the Jury, Mr. Nelson didn't burn Jackson City down." He said this, "Gentlemen of the Jury, John said he didn't burn the city down—he says he didn't do it. But I want to say something to you about it. If he did burn it down, it is the greatest favor ever done to Arlington County by any human being." The jury went out and in about five minutes came back and acquitted him because they thought he had done a big favor to Arlington. Jackson City disappeared.

Now we still had Rosslyn. Rosslyn was a terrific place. They had liquor. They sold more liquor illegally than they sold legally. They had about 13 or 14 bar-rooms and all were gambling places. Jack Heath's was one of the biggest gambling places in the East. Mackey turned on them and in about 3 or 4 months, he had the gambling ended. We still had the liquor. Killing the gambling didn't kill the illegal sale of liquor. You wouldn't believe this but I've seen on Sunday afternoons (a bunch of us boys would go over to Washington) such a crowd on Aqueduct bridge, you couldn't walk on the sidewalks on either side and you had a hard time walking in the center of the bridge. People coming and going to and from Rosslyn, gambling and drinking liquor. The question came up—How are we going to get rid of these barrooms? This is the second great thing I think happened in Arlington. First was the election of Mackey and the second depended on a very good judge by the name of C. E. Nichol. Dry people got together and they organized. That is the first public thing I ever did. I carried one of those petitions around Clarendon. I had all sorts of things said to me. They had just had a local option election and they lost that. We got together and we had two people, John D. Payne and George W. Hawkhurst, who were the leaders of the dry forces. My Father suggested they employ Frank Lyon to represent them. Lyon looked the thing over and he struck a little clause in the law that nobody else had thought about. It was to the effect that a license should not be granted unless there was sufficient police protection. All the police protection we had then was a sheriff and one deputy. Mr. Lyon held this thing right to the last. He filed all these petitions for background and we had the hearing all day long the 29th of April 1905. It was on a Saturday and way late in the afternoon came the climax. Then Mr. Lyon drove home this argument that there wasn't sufficient police protection. I think Judge Nichol was waiting for something like that to come up so he could hang his decision on it and he swallowed it like a fish jumps at bait. He denied all applications. We haven't had an open saloon in Arlington since.

It wasn't a fit place to live in at that time. I've seen farmers come through Rosslyn Saturday nights coming back from Washington market afraid to come through by themselves. Five or six would get in line and everyone of them had a sawed off shotgun in his wagon coming home from market. That's the way they

came through Rosslyn—an armed force afraid to come through any other way. I heard Mackey say that during his first term as Commonwealth's Attorney, he had a murder a week in Rosslyn and it wasn't anything at all to find a dead man in Dead Man's Hollow. That's where it got its name. Some committed suicide, some were killed by gamblers and the liquor people, some got in fights and a little bit of everything happened. It was a terrific place. I would not have gone up Dead Man's Hollow after dark for all the money in the world and I was a pretty big boy by that time.

The next spot was Hell's Bottom. It takes a lot of words to describe a city but Hell's Bottom was described fully and accurately by two words, "Hell's Bottom" because it was the very bottom of Hell, you couldn't get any lower. It was inhabited by folks of another race. They had no roads, streets or sidewalks. Nobody ever heard of a marriage license. They were rough going even as late as 1916-17 when I was Commonwealth's Attorney. One cold winter morning the Sheriff, Howard Fields, called me and said "Frank, there's been a murder down in Hell's Bottom" and I said "That's your job, not mine, you go down there." He said, "You're crazy in the head, I want you to go down there with me. I'll be by to get you in a few minutes, you be ready." So down we went and there was a man lying dead right in the middle of the place. Not a person in sight. Bullet had gone right through his heart. His name was General Grant Grayson, a fine name. These people had an idea that they couldn't be the first seen at the scene of a crime, they believed the first seen would be charged with it. Consequently they wouldn't be in sight until authorities arrived. After we were there about 10 minutes, they just came pouring out of all houses but nobody ever heard a shot. Nobody had any idea who the dead was or any suspicion of who did it. You couldn't get any word out of them at all.

That taught me a lesson. We ought to have some folks there to give us information. We did arrange it. We never paid a cent to these people. Maggie Terrel and a boy named Brownie who Maggie was living with commenced to tell us what went on in the place. Maybe they thought they could give people the idea that they had some pull. A little later on Howard called me again—"Frank there's another murder down in Hell's Bottom, I want you to go down with me." I told him the same thing over again but it didn't make any difference. So down we went. There was a man lying in pretty near the same place—just as dead as a wedge—a bullet through him and not a soul in sight. Pretty soon they commenced to come out little by little. Finally one of us got to a place where Maggie or Brownie could whisper to us and got the message "Spot Ball Charlie is around at old Arlington Junction." So around we went and there was Spot Ball Charlie. He had a big audience gathered around him and a pistol in his hand and was waving that pistol back and forth and making a speech. Howard Fields said "You drive this car up behind him as close as you can and I'll jump out on his shoulders, he won't hear you coming." So I drove the car and Howard jumped out, put his arms around him and old Spot Ball said, "Why, Mr. Fields, I'm so glad to see you. What in the world do you want with me?" By that time, Howard

had the handcuffs on him. They tried Ole Spot Ball. He was convicted and given five years for killing the other man. You might ask what happened to Brownie and Mag? One thing that happened to them, they fell out and then we were in a "fix." Maggie kicked him out and said, "Don't come back in this house anymore." When Brownie went back to see her and rapped on the door she didn't do a thing but shoot through the door and wounded Brownie in the leg. That was tough going for us. We wanted to get them back in good graces with us. So we fiddled along and finally Maggie and Brownie got back together and lived happily ever after.

One morning we got a call to come down there to a dancehall and there were two negroes lying dead on the floor, one of them had a sandwich in his hand. He had taken a bite out of it. We did get some information out of the crowd that time. They told us Fathead Smith had done it. Fathead got away and we never did find him. We often got the word that he was back there but the message always came too late. He shot at one man and killed two others, perfectly innocent people. Hell's Bottom was a rough spot. I don't know how we ever got rid of it except part of it was covered up by the dump and then the Government bought part of it for the Pentagon grounds.

No one ever tells about the old ghosts, but I will for a few minutes. I live in a haunted house. If you don't believe it, you come up and see me. The doors open and shut, the lights go on and off. All sorts of things go on in that house. We had ghosts in many places here in Arlington. Dead Man's Hollow was full of them. I can't tell you much about that because I wouldn't go near the place after dark. We had them on Chain Bridge Hill. One night my cousin was walking up Chain Bridge-Hill, it was the darkest place you ever saw and he felt a warm breath on the back of his neck. That's the sign of ghost sure enough when you feel that breath. He started running and when he got right near home, Uncle Silas had a corn patch nearby and the road went crossways over it. He went right through that cornpatch to the house and knocked the hinge off the door in his hurry.

This is the best ghost story of all. During the Civil War, there was a girl who lived around here who fell in love with a Yankee soldier. The Yankees were all around in the area where Washington & Lee High School is now. Just above the High School was Lacey's woods, very thick woods. In Lacey's woods was the largest oak tree in Arlington. It must have been 6 or 7 feet through. That's where she used to meet her sweetheart at night. Then came Gettysburg and the boy went up to Pennsylvania and never came back. But she kept coming there night after night and in my time, in the 1900's even, nobody would ever pass that tree right at midnight because she always came out at midnight and shrieked. I've been by that tree hundreds of times at night but I always made sure it was not nearer than 15 minutes before or after midnight.

Then we had the ghosts over on George Donaldson's place over on the river. That place is full of ghosts. His wife drowned herself and her two children right down the foot of the hill in the Potomac and the ghosts came back and old

man George living there by himself had a lot of fun out of them. They won't hurt you. One night he heard some people coming up there in a boat—heard them all talking. They landed the boat at the foot of the hill and they came up—three couples—three boys and three girls and they were talking about the ghosts on the way and he stood in the chimney corner to see what fun he could have and when they got up near the house, they were talking about how this house was haunted and ole man George jumped out from behind the chimney and said, "Yes, it is haunted and I'm the ghost." They went down that hill so fast he thought they would be killed before they reached the bottom. Don't you forget, we had ghosts. Of all the ghosts that ever were gathered at our house,—we have conventions,—they won't hurt you, they'll never touch you. If you ever feel a ghost, that is not a ghost, that's a human being.

It wasn't all misery around here. We were human beings, at least partly civilized. We had a lot of characters in the community. We had a Clerk of the Court by the name of Howard Young, grand man, had whiskers all over his face. He was Clerk of the Court for a long time and he was like Uncle Sam, he imbibed a little. Judge Love used to come down from Fairfax to court and open at 10 o'clock and one day he was a little late and Mr. Young was about half shot and he rose from behind his desk and he said, "Judge, I'm sorry to tell you but the Judge is late this morning, it's half past ten." Judge Love looked at him and said, "Mr. Young, it is ten o'clock when the Judge gets here." That ended that. The prize one happened one morning when the Judge was ready to start court, the Clerk arose from behind his roll top desk and said, "Judge Love, there will be no court today." The Judge said, "Why, Mr. Clerk?" He answered, "Because the Clerk is drunk."

One day, Mr. Young and Mr. George W. Donaldson met in the Courtroom. Mr. Donaldson had been elected Justice of the Peace and he wanted to qualify. Men in those days didn't take the oath before a notary. They liked to be sworn in in open court and they called it qualifying. Mr. Young was pretty busy that day getting things arranged for court when Mr. Donaldson came in. He waited and waited and finally he said to Mr. Young, "Mr. Clerk, will you please qualify me?" Everybody in the courtroom could hear it. Mr. Young looked him over and said, "Mr. Donaldson, I'll swear you in but God Almighty alone could ever qualify you."

Colonel Shelley and Colonel Mackey were bitter enemies. They met in the courtroom to debate over who was going to be appointed the County Assessor. The two candidates were Will Wibert, represented by Col. Shelley, and Frank Lyon, represented by Col. Mackey. Col. Shelley hated the ground Mackey walked on. They had had a wild divorce case, Mackey had represented Shelley's wife. One time in that proceeding, Col. Shelley looked at Mackey and he said to the judge, "Judge, I'm conscious of a presence, but I don't see anybody." The Judge was careful to have two men sit between them. They were about to get together but the two men separated them and then a little later on, Mackey got back at him. He got up and said, "Judge Thornton, the statement that Mr. Shelley just

made (he wouldn't call him colonel) is beautifully worded but it lacks the element of truth." Then it started all over again. Things like that happened all day long.

The best one of these funny things happened between Frank Lyon and Jim Clements. Jim Clements hated Frank Lyon and Frank Lyon returned the compliment. One day in the corridor on the second floor of the old Courthouse, they met and got into a fight. Clements shot at Lyon. The mark was there on the wall until recent years. Finally, Lyon got hold of the pistol and got it out of his hand and beat him over the head. Harry Thomas who was a little fellow was right between them all the time. It's a wonder he hadn't gotten killed. Clements sued Lyon for \$30,000.00 and then came on the trial. Everybody in the County was there. Judge J. K. M. Norton was Lyon's counsel. This is the way he started his argument: "Gentlemen of the Jury, Jim Clements is suing Frank Lyon for \$30,000.00 damage to a 30¢ brain." The jury allowed him \$300.00.

It is a great pleasure to know that people are interested in these old things. Arlington was a different Arlington then—completely different. It was made up of small farmers, a few Government clerks, everybody raised something for market to supplement his income. Nobody had any money after the Civil War. When I came along, everybody was just as poor as a church mouse. We were happy, had a good time. We children made our own playthings, our toys. If we got a 25¢ present at Christmas, we thought we had a big Christmas. People were tight knitted together. We appreciated each other, we understood each other, families were more tightly knit. It was a very happy kind of living. This Ridge had no houses on it except the old Congressman Campbell's house. The only one on this whole ridge (now Arlington Ridge Road). It was so in other parts of the County. Montgomery's Manual of 1878 shows nearly every land holder in the County, approximately 2 or 3 hundred. The land was in the same names when I came along and I got to know nearly all of the families mentioned.

Work was hard—money almost unknown—roads bad—schools primitive in equipment—law and order minus at the bridgeheads—but family ties were close, community spirit warm and helpful—self reliance outstanding and people had a good time.

Thank you for your kind attention to these few words about a long-closed era.