

Document in genealogy files of Ann Arnold Hennings

Note from David Lee Arnold to Ann Arnold Hennings in 2011 on memories of his parents, William Edmund Arnold Jr and Marietta Fruit Arnold; addition memories by Jackson W Ross Jr and Ann Arnold Hennings.

Robert Stoy 17 Oct 2020

DRAFT

WILLIAM EDMUND ARNOLD JR.

Born – 4 November 1900, Alexandria, Virginia

Son of William Edmund and Louisa Emma Hayes Arnold

Died – 3 September 1927, ~~Howey-in-the-Hills~~, Lake Co. Florida

Buried – Howey-in-the-Hills, Lake Co. Florida

*I don't remember.
When Edmund died -
maybe 84*

Married – 3 September 1927, Gordonsville

MARIETTA FRUIT

Born – 30 September 1906

Daughter of Rev. Robert L. and Alice Gwyn Fruit

Died – 13 May 1995, Virginia *Harrisonburg* ✓ *Rochingham Co*

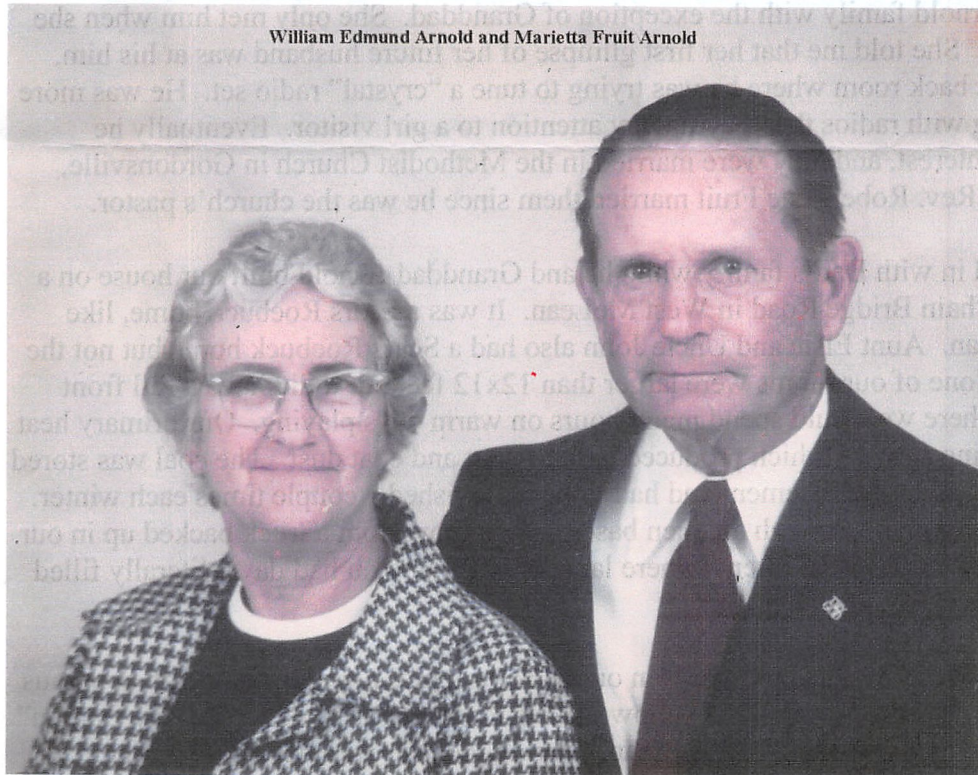
Buried – Taylor Memorial Cemetery, Howey-in-the-Hills, Lake Co. Florida

Children:

Richard Edmund (18 November 1931)

David Lee (7 May 1934)

William Calvin (26 September 1939 – 29 July 2008)



William Edmund Arnold and Marietta Fruit Arnold

My Parents by David Lee Arnold – 2011

My older brother, Richard, was born in Georgetown (DC) while I was born in Cherrydale, Arlington, Virginia. My younger brother, Bill, was born in our McLean, Virginia, home with our Aunt Louisa Arnold Cooksey, a registered nurse, as the midwife.

Dad had to quit high school when he was fifteen in order to help provide for his family. Night school at the Benjamin Franklin School of Accounting in DC earned him an associate diploma in accounting. His first full-time job was in the accounting department at the Southern Railroad Headquarters in DC where he worked for ten years, before they relocated to Atlanta, Georgia. The "Great Depression," starting in 1929 with the crash of the stock market, lasted until 1941 when the United States went to war. My father was one of the fortunate ones to have a job. In 1930 he went to work in the General Accounting Office of the Washington Gas Light Company in Washington, D. C., six-days a week (standard working hours for that period).

Mother had earned a two-year teaching certificate from Blackstone Women's College, in Blackstone, Nottoway Co, Virginia. Her first teaching job, after moving to McLean in 1925, at the age of 19, was at the Franklin Sherman Elementary and High School. Being the daughter of a Methodist minister, she attended the Langley Methodist church where she was introduced to the Grandmother's Arnold family with the exception of Granddad. She only met him when she was invited to dinner. She told me that her first glimpse of her future husband was at his him, through a door, into a back room where he was trying to tune a "crystal" radio set. He was more interested in tinkering with radios than paying any attention to a girl visitor. Eventually he noticed her, took an interest, and they were married in the Methodist Church in Gordonsville, Virginia. Her father, Rev. Robert Lee Fruit married them since he was the church's pastor.

Mom and Dad moved in with Dad's family while he and Granddad Arnold built our house on a half acre of land on Chain Bridge Road in West McLean. It was a Sears Roebuck home, like many others in McLean. Aunt Elsie and Uncle John also had a Sears Roebuck home but not the same style as ours. None of our rooms were larger than 12x12 feet but it did have a full front porch with a swing where we would spend many hours on warm days playing. Our primary heat was from a coal-burning furnace which produced a lot of soot and coal dust. The coal was stored in a bin on the south wall of the basement and had to be replenished a couple times each winter. Coal was poured down a chute through an open basement window from a truck backed up in our driveway. On delivery days the basement (where laundry was hung on bad days) literally filled with dust which us boys got to clean up.

Dad planted fruit trees (apple and sour cherry) in our back yard plus a grape arbor with delicious blue and green grapes. We had to fight the yellow jackets for them. In 1942 a "Victory Garden" was made as was done by every family in McLean. During the War we raised pigs for their meat. Butchering was an adventure as we canned all of our sausage, tenderloins, spareribs and loins. Dad also cured the hams and shoulders. Since our house faced the macadam road (Route 123) we lost several pet dogs as we couldn't teach them to not chase cards and trucks.

One of my clearest early recollections was a March, 1936, flood of the Potomac River which washed away the old Chain Bridge which spanned the river between the District of Columbia

and Virginia. Dad took my brother, Richard, and me down to the Virginia side on Chain Bridge Road and as close to the river as we were allowed. I remember seeing the roaring river plunging through the place where the old bridge had been.

I remember hating the summertime because from the time I was tall enough to reach the handle (about 6 years old), Rich and I got to push our reel-type mower through thick crab grass and tall "fly trap" weeds, a real challenge for young muscles. I remember standing out in the tall grass for hours hoping the grass would die but finally having to finish my section of the lawn. This scenario was repeated every week and became a dreaded consequence of summer due to the work schedule our Dad had to keep, his only opportunity was on Sunday and we all knew that we must keep the Sabbath holy (we didn't even get a Sunday newspaper). We had a chicken house attached to back of the garage, a sloped roof affair that Dad had built to try his hand at farming but abandoned when my Granddaddy Fruit retired on a small acreage we owned on Dunn Loring Road and started raising chickens to supplement his meager income. I would climb up onto the roof of the garage and chicken house and occasionally fall off. One time I was getting ready to jump off and someone asked me if I was really going to do it and I replied "damn right I am," not knowing that my father was standing right around the corner. We visited the cellar and the belt was liberally applied even though I tried the old ruse of saying that I had meant the kind of dam that holds back water!!.

This was not the first time I had ventured into the world of bad language. My Mother told the story of my brother, Richard, and I (when we were about 4 and 6) sitting on the front porch with time on our hands and nothing to do so I suggested we say bad words – like ain't and doggone.

Langley Methodist Church (later known as Trinity Methodist) was the center of our family's life. Everything revolved around its worship services and activities. On Sunday mornings we opened the building, with a key left behind a window screen, and prepared the inside for Sunday School. Dad as the Sunday School Superintendent and led the opening exercise with prayer and hymns, and when our piano player, Miss Maud Hurst, was absent, he would play by ear since he couldn't read music. I remember when the basement of the church was dug out (with a horse pulling a "drag scoop") and the Sunday School rooms were built under the sanctuary.

One of Dad's responsibilities in church each week was to oversee the iron piggy bank in which anyone who had celebrated a birthday would come forward and insert the number of pennies based on their age. I believe he used the funds for Sunday School materials.

In February of 1948, after the death of Grandmother Arnold, our family moved to the Balls Hill Road house in order to take care of Granddad. We boys walked to Lewinsville and caught the school bus which took us to McLean where we would transfer to the high school bus for Falls Church. Dad would catch the early morning "Arnold Bus Co." bus for Washington, DC.

In 1950 we moved to a new brick colonial we had built on Dunn Loring Road and Leesburg Pike near Tyson's Corner. When Granddad Fruit retired from the ministry, he and Grandmother built a little house on property we owned near Tyson's Corner.

Our family vacations were spent at Aunt Helen and Uncle Marvin's cottage at Epping Forest on the Severn River above Annapolis, Maryland. We always looked forward to spending our days in the water learning to swim and later learning to dive. Dad got a week's vacation each year and the Dodds were kind to all the Arnold families and allowed us to work our vacation schedules so everyone could make use of the house.

Remembrances by Jackson W. Ross, Jr. – 2011

For many years the local Arnold families had pot luck Thanksgiving dinners at Grandpa and Grandma's home on Balls Hill Road near McLean, Virginia. Marble shooting was a popular game with teenagers in the mid 1930's so each Thanksgiving we would draw a large circle in the dirt yard and shoot marbles. Much to our surprise, Uncle Edmund always seemed to outshoot all of us teenage boys and won most of the games.

In the summer of 1932, my family stayed with Grandma and Grandpa there on Balls Hill Road. I was kind of bored and needed something constructive to do. Uncle Edmund graciously hired me to mow his lawn on Chain Bridge Road with a hand mower twice a week and paid me fifty cents a week.

Remembrances of Ann Arnold Hennings – 2011

Uncle Edmund loved golf as did my father, Worth. I remember one time our two families went to a club in Purcellville, Virginia. While mother and Aunt Marietta sat by the pool, David and I decided to play caddie for our fathers. That lasted for only one hole. Dad's bag was so heavy I didn't think I could carry it any further. David said he was fired from his job because he talked too much and Uncle Edmund couldn't concentrate. I believe I was part of the problem by finding the ball washer on all tees to be so much fun.