

ELIZABETH FAULKNER

- o Resident since 1917
- o Eaton parent from 1934-37
- o 81 years old

My family moved to Washington in 1917 when I was just about to be fifteen years old. We came to Cleveland Park because my father was very fond of horseback riding and had to have a stable for his horses. My mother always said she was farm-minded and she liked the farm-like look of the Rosedale house. So we settled there. My father rode horseback almost every morning before breakfast. Cleveland Park was rural enough so you could do that. My father was driven to his office in the Munsey Building in a horse and buggy (1917-18). I had a pony at one time.

Rosedale originally belonged to one of George Washington's generalsGeneral Forrest. He lived in Georgetown on M Street, but his wife, who was crazy about the country, persuaded him to buy this property and they came out probably just in the summers. My husband, Waldron, thought that the first part of Rosedale that was built was the stone part at the back where they probably lived at first. You can see that the house gets taller as additions were added on to the front, which was probably the last to go up.

Cleveland Park was a relatively new community when we came here.... part of the beautiful capital city and yet in its suburbs. Most of the houses were rather large frame houses. It wasn't as thickly settled then, of course, as now. There were no apartments. And it was altogether much more rural. We had a cow and chickens. There were no shops, no grocery stores. My mother telephoned to Georgetown and had her groceries delivered.

During the First World War, we were asked to grow as much garden produce as possible, so we hitched two of the saddle horses to a plow and plowed up the piece of land nearest to Ordway Street. We grew vegetables which were taken to Central Market and sold.

In 1926 I was married to Waldron Faulkner. We moved to New York State but returned to Washington in 1935.

I remember that my husband was made President of the Cleveland Park Citizens' Association (now the Cathedral Heights-Cleveland Park Citizens' Association). It was a tiny little group and didn't do much business. It met in the Guild Hall of St. Albans Church, and was attended at its monthly meetings by about thirty people, most of them ladies. We were told that there must be a citizens' association in every neighborhood, and my husband had a sense of community obligation. He got a good speaker for each meeting.

Our two sons went to John Eaton, and I became a Grade Mother. We prepared monthly lunches -- simple but good, sandwiches, as I remember, and soup, coffee or milk. Later I was made President of this PTA. We raised money for a new stage curtain. Filling the positions in the PTA was a challenging experience for me, because the people in Washington at that time changed with the changes in government. Perhaps they still do! If I asked someone to serve as a Grade Mother beginning in the autumn, she was quite likely to say, "I will, if my husband is still in Washington." But it was a stimulating experience, which led to my making some delightful friendships.

The neighborhood children have always played on the Rosedale property. They are good visitors, and we interfere only if something is happening that might be dangerous.

The Cleveland Park Club was a very pleasant club where we met one evening a week and had good speakers. And we dressed (those were the days of "black tie" dressing). The Club's swimming pool was a great asset.

If I had to describe Cleveland Park, I would borrow the phrase already existing, "Georgetown on the Hill." The high standards of the local schools, public and independent, have attracted people who care for the education of their children -- a value that we originally associated with Georgetown. I think to be able to get up on the hill behind St. Albans School and look down over the city is just marvelous.