

# Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors

June 2009



Welcome Neighbors,

It is important for us to start by thanking Jane McDonald and Thomas Fairburn for their wonderful support. Your help is very much appreciated!

During June we take time to reflect on the many contributions of our fathers. In the past we have recognized many of them. So many simple things remind us of our fathers in so many ways. The “growing up years” where instruction was most appreciated after the fact. So for the many fathers still with us, this is your month – enjoy the time with your children. Perhaps a walk along our courthouse nature trail could become a tradition that that will hold fond memories for many years to come.

May was for the mothers and we were especially pleased to learn that one Manassas family has adopted Brentsville as their place of celebration. Although we did not get their names, they graciously agreed to allow their picture to be used on page 3.

The “Haislip-Hall Kitchen Garden” is doing quite well. It now boasts a wide variety of plants that would have been found in every family garden. If you have not visited it lately, this would be a great time to stop by and enjoy the quietness of the area. Our Eagle Scout project (the pigpen) is located adjacent to the garden and the area is beginning to take on the appearance of an authentic 19<sup>th</sup> century homestead. Next will be the “outhouse” that will not be functional except for the storage of garden tools. As funds permit, we hope to add a spring house in the near future as well.

Very best wishes,  
Nelson & Morgan

In the United States Father’s Day is celebrated on the third Sunday in June. The first modern Father’s Day celebration was held on July 5, 1908, in Fairmont, West Virginia or on June 19<sup>th</sup> of the same year, in the state of Washington. Since then, Father’s Day is celebrated on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of June.

In West Virginia, it was first celebrated as a church service at Williams Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church South, now known as Central United Methodist Church. Grace Golden Clayton, who is believed to have suggested the service to the pastor, is believed to have been inspired to celebrate fathers after the deadly mine explosion in nearby Monongah the prior December. This explosion killed 361 men, many of them fathers and recent immigrants to the United States from Italy. Another possible inspiration for the service was Mothers’ Day, which had been celebrated for the first time two months prior in Grafton, West Virginia, a town about 15 miles away.

Another driving force behind the establishment of the integration of Father’s Day was Mrs. Sonora Smart Dodd, born in Creston, Washington. Her father, the Civil War veteran William Jackson Smart, was a single parent who reared his six children in Spokane, Washington. Although she initially suggested June 5, her father’s birthday, she did not provide the organizers with enough time to make arrangements, and the celebration was deferred to the third Sunday of June. The first June Father’s Day was celebrated on June 19, 1910, in Spokane, WA, at the Spokane YMCA.

President Calvin Coolidge recommended it as a national holiday in 1924. In 1966, President Lyndon Johnson made Father’s Day a holiday to be celebrated on the third Sunday of June. The holiday was not officially recognized until 1972, during the presidency of Richard Nixon.

Source: <http://en.wikipedia.org>

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**Circulation: 163**

**Electronic: 50**

## Where W I L D Things Live

### Eastern Forktail

#### *Ischnura verticalis* (Say, 1839)

For much of the Northeast, the first damselfly on the wing is the Eastern Forktail. Adults usually emerge at the beginning of May. Besides being one of the earliest damselflies, Eastern Forktails have one of the longest flight periods, and they can often be found well into Autumn until frost.

They inhabit virtually any freshwater pond, lake or slow stream and are mostly found low among vegetation near or at the shore. The Eastern Forktail is probably the most common odonate in the Northeast so novice damselfly-watchers will quickly encounter it and should try to learn it well.

Like all damselflies, newly emergent adults are dully colored. Over a couple of days, their patterns emerge and their colors brighten. Male Eastern Forktails become bright green and black on the head and thorax. Areas that are green are parts of the face, the lower portion of the eyes, spots behind the eyes (called eyespots), a narrow shoulder stripe (called the antehumeral stripe), the sides of the thorax, and the upper legs (the femurs). The abdomen is mostly black. There is some green mostly on the lower sides of segments 1 - 3, but the most important and noticeable marking is the blue that covers segments 8 & 9. On the sides of these segments are rectangular black marks.

Like other Forktail species, the Eastern female has a number of color forms and variations. Immature females are typically orange but a minority are patterned like the male. These malelike forms are usually pale blue-green on the thorax with varying amounts of blue on the abdomen tip. All immature forms eventually turn gray upon maturity.

Source: [http://homepage.mac.com/edlam/damselflythumbspages/I\\_verticalis.html](http://homepage.mac.com/edlam/damselflythumbspages/I_verticalis.html)

## Reader Feedback

**I'm glad to see you include readers' comments.** Its great to see people enjoying your hard work.

Rob Orrison  
Brentsville Site Manager

**The online newsletter looks good but it is crooked.** I am amazed the photos are so clear. Great job!

Ardena Eanes  
(We have found an excellent solution – tilt your head slightly to the right when reading. Ed.)

**Thank you, an excellent newsletter as usual.** I could not put down Lucy's story. What a vivid snapshot in time. Now I can't wait for part two!

Sincerely,  
Brendon Hanafin  
Director, Historic Preservation Division

**I very much enjoyed the February 2009 edition** of Brentsville Neighbors. Betty Duley made a special mention about it at the April Historical Commission meeting. Please consider this my request to be added to your e-mail list of recipients.

Toni Brzyski  
Administrative Support Assistant III  
Prince William County Planning Office

## Flashback

### BRENTSVILLE

The members of the Hatcher Memorial Sunday school will hold their children's day services Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

Mrs. Marshall Stretton, of Washington, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Rucker Cooksey, of Indian Head, Md., is visiting his father, Mr. T.H. Cooksey.

Miss Ollie Holsinger, of Washington, spent the week end at her home here.

Mr. Samuel Fogle and family, of Washington, motored out from Washington and spent the week end with Mrs. Marian Cooper.

Mrs. Dewey Keys has been indisposed for the past week.

A number of the Brentsville "fans" attended the ball games at Manassas Monday.

Mr. Herman Breedon, of Independent Hill, is visiting his uncle, Mr. Dan Breedon.

Source: The Prince William News – June 2, 1921

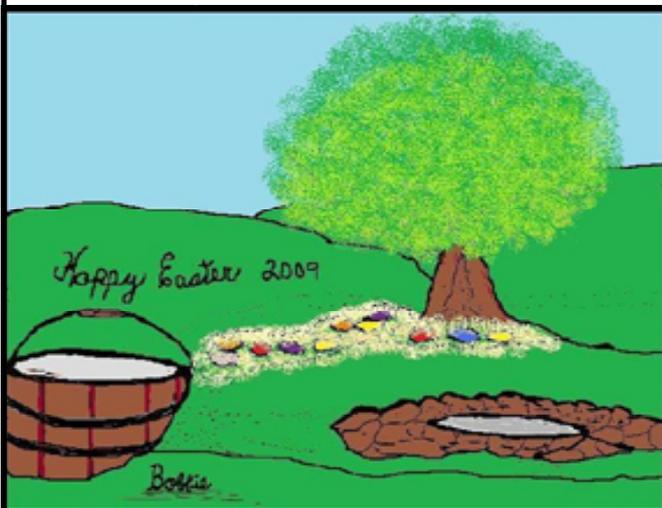


This Manassas family is starting a new Mother's Day tradition -- picnic at the Brentsville Historic Courthouse

# Where WILD things live..



Eastern Forktail  
*Ischnura verticalis* (Say, 1839)  
(See page 2)



Computer generated art work created by former Brentsville resident, Bobbie Ratliff



**Staff and volunteers working in the Haislip/Hall kitchen garden**



**“Red” Kurnel Major Hartman and Lucy Bean**



**Clyde Bean shearing sheep, 1937**

**Lower two photos courtesy of Lucy Bean Hartman**

# I GREW UP DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION

By Lucy May (Bean) Hartman  
Part Two

I cut out paper dolls from the Sunday comics. Several outfits of clothes were in the paper for each doll and I had a large box of these dolls. I don't know what ever became of them. I had a lot of Tillie the Toiler, Maggie and Jiggs and others. I have forgotten the names. Tillie was a secretary in an office where Mr. Simpkins was her boss. I wonder why there was never a doll of him. Blondie and Bumstead had not come into being yet. Another comic strip was called Li'l Abner. This was about mountain people and he had a girlfriend named Daisy Mae who always was dressed in shorts and a very tight blouse.

My brother and I had bicycles that we rode down in the pasture fields. When anyone was working down in the fields and they were needed to be called, someone would get into the car and blow the horn in the same way our phone would ring. Our call was 3 short rings and a long ring. Since we didn't have motorized equipment the sound would carry all the way to the run so soon we would see them approaching over the hill to the house. Our phone was on a party line so it was necessary to listen to how the phone rang to determine if the call was for us. We and about 6 other families shared the same line. The phone was mounted on the wall in the kitchen meaning after we left that area of the home we may not hear the ring. And there was no call - waiting either.

I did not complete High School because when I was in the third year of high school the health check-up that was given at the beginning of each school year showed a problem with what was thought to be a spot on my lung—Tuberculosis. I was sent away to Charlottesville to the Blue Ridge Sanatorium for treatment. This was the first time I lived away from home. I was given a list of the items I was expected to bring with me—four cotton dresses and underwear for a week plus three wool blankets. Of course

shoes and socks. The treatment was Fresh Air and Bed Rest! We were expected to spend at least 20 hours per day in bed. We lived in a long one level building that had a large screened-in porch that opened onto rooms that held two beds each. The porch held 50 beds and the end rooms were screened in with ten beds in them. During the day the beds could be rolled inside but after supper they were pushed out onto the porch. Several mornings we woke with snow on the foot of our beds. It was quite an operation to prepare for bed. The blankets were tucked in tightly, each bed had two pillows, one we put our head on the other was put on top of our heads after we tunneled down under the three folded blankets and the top sheet plus the bedspread. After everyone was in bed someone would lead us in the Lord's



Prayer. We would call 'good-night' to everyone and go to sleep.

I was placed in one of the end rooms when I first arrived. They offered us a stone jug that was called a 'pig'. We filled it with hot water and closed it with a rubber stopper. It was important that the stopper be put in almost all the way or as it was moved around in the bed the stopper could be worked out drenching the bed in hot water. Of course I did not get the stopper in properly one night meaning my bed got totally wet. There was a nurse for each building and she had to come change my bed. I gave up on using my 'pig' after that.

Meals were served in another building from where we slept so we dressed and went as a group to the dining hall. I liked one dish that was mashed black-eyed peas served with crisply fried bacon. The women sat at tables to themselves and the men to themselves. Usually there was a certain man who sat at the end of the next table who seemed to take pleasure in rolling his apple or orange he

got at breakfast across the floor to me at the end of our table.

So many of the people there had to leave home and family to be treated for this disease. I wonder how they felt about that. Of course this was a serious health problem the state and health officials were trying to eradicate. There were women in the building I was in who had to leave husbands and children for the time it took to be cured. You don't hear of that now so I guess it is no longer such a problem.

I was sent there in November 1941, just a day or two after my sister was born and I was there when Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japs. I continued school while there. There were five of us in school. It was taught by a patient who was also receiving treatment. I remained there until February of 1942, long enough for more tests to be run and it was determined what was thought to have been a spot was really scar tissue from a bout of pneumonia I had had earlier in life. I never got to go back to school, the country was at war and I married in that year. I was able to get my high school diploma by taking a GED test in 1963.

During the 1930's a group of families worked together to have a power line run through so we could have electric power. Three families agreed to board the gang that would build the electric line. The company that was to build the line was from Roanoke, VA. The Sherman family on Bristow Rd, the Joe Keys family in Brentsville and my grandfather's family housed them while the work was being done.

On the Sunday afternoon that they reached this area, Granddaddy, Grandma and myself had gone out for a drive in the 1934 Plymouth he owned at that time. We had stopped at the house that Ben and Dean Shoemaker later bought from my dad. I think my Mom and Dad were living there at that time. As we were getting ready to come back home this line truck went by and there was a red headed guy sitting on the back. He waved to us as we followed the truck up the road. I was very indignant that he waved. The truck turned into our driveway and Granddaddy said it must be the crew that would build the light line. That turned out to be true and the red headed young man later became my husband!

When it was decided how the crew was to be divided between the three homes I think 7 of the men were to stay at our house. That meant bedrooms would have to be prepared at once. I had to give up my room as well as my grandparents changing to another room as well. The boarders took over the three upstairs bedrooms.

We were quite busy preparing three meals a day. Mama came up each day from the other house to help. They

were with us just about the whole summer. We did not do their laundry but clean bedding was our responsibility.

This made an interesting summer for me as you can imagine. My future husband had grown up in Roanoke and in the early part of the 30's he had been working in the CCC camps helping to build roads and parks in southwestern Virginia. He also had worked at Lakeside Amusement Park near Salem, Virginia.

During the 1930's the country was training the military. They rented several fields of my father's farm down near the Broad Run for the Marines from the Quantico Marine Base to live in while they conducted maneuvers in this area. They lived in tents but after their day's work was done they visited homes in the area. A group began to come to our house in the evening bringing their musical instruments along. One of them had a jug to make music on, others brought a saw, Jews harp and one brought a trumpet. The trumpet player was from Mississippi and after they returned to Quantico he corresponded with me for many months. Another one was from Washington, DC and he also became a friend of the family. He brought his girlfriend to meet us. My youngest brother was given part of his name when he was born. Also I have always called my oldest sister the name that his girlfriend had. I did not get them to actually name her that but to me the name stuck. I have often wondered what happened to him after we went to war.

During the early years of the war a lot of local persons (those not in uniform) did Civil Defense work by watching for enemy planes as there was concern the Germans may try to bomb Washington. A small building was built on the hill near where Jimmy Shoemaker later built his home. We all took turns manning the spot and watching for planes that would fly over. We then called a command center in Baltimore to report as much info as we could. I still have my armband showing I was a watcher.

After I was married I was on a trip to Roanoke and came home on the train that arrived in Manassas about 11:30 PM. I was not expected so no one heard the phone ring. In those days only one phone was in our house and it was installed on the wall in the kitchen. Everyone had gone to bed and could not hear the phone ringing so I called the 'watch station' in Brentsville which was manned 24/7. Someone from there went over to my home to wake them up to come get me. This was during WW-II.

Defense jobs became available and there was work for everyone—The Depression was over.

# Brentsville

A Look Back in History  
by  
Ronald Ray Turner

## The Eastman Letter

The following is a story I have wanted to do for a long time although I usually don't research the Civil War.  
Ron

On April 17, 1861, the Prince William County Cavalry was ordered into service by the governor of Virginia. As this had been rumored for weeks, it was not a surprise to anyone. All members were ordered to be at Brentsville April the 23 or be represented by a substitute. The following enlistees included many of the county's most well known citizens:

Captain W. W. Thornton  
Hiram F. Eastman  
Matthew Finegan  
George W. Herndon  
Meredith Horton  
Benjamin P. Mitchell  
Thomas W. Marders  
L. A. Marsteller  
Robert H. King  
Absalom T. Lynn  
Leroy W. Lynn  
James M. Shirley  
Thomas O. Thornton  
Robert C. Towles  
Peter Thomas Weedon

Lucien Alexander Davis  
Thomas Price Ellicott  
John Gaines  
John H. Herndon  
Lucien L. Omear  
James W. Peters  
William H. Selecman  
John R. Jewell  
Colin K. Lambert  
George H. Lynn  
Milton Lynn  
John R. Shirley  
Charles H. Weedon  
A. M. Walls  
Charles Donahoe

Samuel S. F. Davis  
Maurice Evans  
J. M. Graham  
Henry Holland  
David T. Norman  
James B. Pridmore  
Benjamin Dyer Merchant  
Charles E. Keys  
James E. Larkin  
John H. Lynn  
Richard B. L. Macrae  
Thomas S. Shirley  
John Vivian Towles  
William T. Washington

Hiram F. Eastman was a member of Company A of the 4<sup>th</sup> Virginia Cavalry in the Confederate Army. Similar to many other privates, not much has been written about him in the official records of the Civil War. In fact, there is only one line about him in the entire regimental series, which states "Hiram F. Eastman, Company A, enlisted 4/23/61, deserter."

Just off route 234 in the Dumfries area sits a beautiful piece of land, known today as the Four Seasons Adult Community. Most old timers will tell you the community was built on the old Bailey Farm. This is true, but

before the Bailey family farmed this land, it had been settled by two New York families named Eastman and Calender.

In the early 1850s along with a great influx of other northerners, these two families found their way to Prince William County, built houses, and started to ingrain themselves within the community. In just a few short years, their lives began to change in a way for which they had not bargained. The mood in Prince William was changing, and most late coming northerners were at a loss as to what they should do. Most, but not Hiram, thought it wise to join a Virginia Militia even though their hearts seemed to mirror

(Continued on page 8)

the views of the future enemy. A relative, only referred to as Russell, had joined the Prince William Cavalry over a year before the war had started and, in April 1861, had been ordered to join the secession army. Hiram decided that, for the good of the family, he would join the 4<sup>th</sup> Virginia as a substitute to replace Russell. He left the farm and made his way to Brentsville where he, along with about 50 others, enlisted April 23, 1861, in Captain William Willis Thornton's Company A of the 4<sup>th</sup> Virginia Cavalry.

Russell was later informed that even though he had used a substitute, his militia unit was being called into active service, and he would have to leave within a week. He immediately decided to leave Virginia rather than join the Confederate forces. He left at night with the hope of reaching Washington City a place of safety. By putting his clothes on a raft and swimming Occoquan Bay, pushing the raft before him, he escaped from Prince William County. On hearing of Russell's escape, Hiram decided that he, too, would desert when a chance presented itself.

Capt. Thornton was ordered to Fairfax Court House to prepare for an attack. On the night of May 31, 1861, the 4<sup>th</sup> was ordered into action to confront the approaching 2<sup>nd</sup> US Cavalry. This appears to be the only action Hiram Eastman saw in his short tenure in the Confederate Army. After this one skirmish, Hiram, along with the rest of Company A, was sent to the lower part of Prince William at Camp Scott near Occoquan to patrol the Potomac from Occoquan to Dumfries. The following is from a letter written by Hiram to his sister, telling of his escape.

"Once more I have the liberty and opportunity to write you. We have seen rather serious times in Old Virginia, during the last three months, though, as yet, our family have not suffered particularly. I was sent down to the river to withdraw the guard. Leaving my horse, I walked about three miles to where they

were stationed, and when they had gone, went out into a field where some Negroes were at work, and ordered them to follow me. We went into a fish house and took out a boat, which, when put in the water, leaked faster than I could bail with a large pail. We then went in search of old clothes, and finally succeeded in caulking it pretty well. One Negro got in with me and we started on our voyage with nothing except two pieces of board we found on the shore. We succeeded in this way very well for a mile or so, when there came up a gale and we were obliged to go ashore again. We laid down for an hour, and then started again. This time we got along better, and finally landed five miles above, this side of Occoquan Bay, about one o'clock A.M. We spent the rest of the night in a field, under a shock of rye, out of the rain. In the morning again took up the line of March, and walking fifteen miles to Accotink, where I arrived about eleven o'clock, without having had anything to eat since six o'clock of the morning before."

"You can imagine my condition after going without food so long, and walking and working as I had. We are all doing well enough at present, however, so you need feel no more anxiety on our account. We left the crops harvested, with no one to draw them in or thresh them. I had no opportunity to go home after clothes or anything, and am in rather destitute circumstances; but that I don't mind any, as I am now getting wages enough for my wants."

Not much is known of what happened to Hiram Eastman after his desertion and escape from Virginia other than he joined the Union Army and served in the 11<sup>th</sup> Regiment, New York Cavalry. There is no record of Hiram's returning to Prince William after the war. In fact, only the family cemetery and a beautiful 200 year old tree remain as acknowledgements of the old Eastman Place.

## THE STORY OF A SCOUT TOLD IN HIS OWN WAY

(Hugh Henderson Scott, Edgefield, S. C.)

I first entered the Confederate service in January, 1861, and was between sixteen and seventeen years of age. I enlisted in Gregg's First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. I was on Morris Island, and Sullivan's Island a while. We were State troops then, and after the capture of Fort Sumter the call was made by South Carolina for volunteers to go to Virginia, and about half of the regiment went. I was one of them. I went there to serve, but was furloughed on the 14th day of July, just before the first battle of Manassas. I came home, got a horse and went back to Manassas and joined M. C. Butler's company at Bacon Race Church. He was then Captain Butler, and his company the "Edgefield Hussars," Hampton Legion. I served as private in that command until 1862, when I was detailed as a scout in "Hogan's Squad of Scouts" for General Wade Hampton.

The "Scouts" were in the rear of the Federal army. We had been sent to watch the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to see if troops were sent in or brought out. Whenever we sent a man up there, he would not come back. Those people had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

We started out on Saturday evening—three mounted men, Bolick, Freeman, and myself, and about five or six on foot, and reached there that evening about an hour by sun, and that night we went into ambush until the next morning. We were about three-quarters of a mile from Brentsville, Va.

The next morning Shadbourne (George D. Shadbourne, who was chief of scouts), said, "You three mounted men go up and enter the town." We went into the town, and the people said, "What are you doing here; don't you see the Yankees over there?" We replied, "We came here to get breakfast." We rode down, got breakfast, and a lady held our horses and we sat down to the table and ate. We could see the Yankees three or four hundred yards away from us, saddling their horses. This was on the 14<sup>th</sup> of February, a Sunday. They got down and hitched their horses. As we were going down the hill, I said, "They are playing a trick on us; they are going around here to cut us off from the ford. So we went back to the blind or ambush we had on a hill.

At three o'clock that evening, Shadbourne said, "You three mounted men ride back into town." The Yankees were there, and they saddled their horses and came for us. Bolick told me he was going to have a fight out of those Yankees if he had to charge the camp. We fell back through the pines to get back to the foot of the hill. They were dressed up in gaudy style, gauntlets, gloves and plumes. Bolick said to the officer: "Who is in command of this squad?" He answered, "I am." Bolick asked, "Who are you?" The answer, "I am Major Lamar, of General Crawford's staff." Bolick in reply, "Major, there are only three of us here, but it is a good place to fight, and we will fight it out in detail; but we have only double-barrel shotguns and pistols, but we will borrow your sabres and fight it out." The major said, "I don't propose to fight that way." Bolick asked him how he proposed to

fight. He said, "We will all fight." Bolick pulled his carbine and fired one shot at him. Then we left, and as we went by the ambush they were pretty close on us, and I told Bolick to take to the woods. We ran around a hill and came out about the foot of the hill, and three Yankees had passed the blind. One of the Yankees shoved his pistol right against Bolick and shot him, and I shoved my pistol right against the Yankee and shot him through the shoulder. They killed Bolick there and then. Bolick fell from his horse. I ran those three fellows up the road for three-quarters of a mile, but could not do anything with them. I turned and came back and passed Bolick. He looked at me and said, "Scott, I am killed." I told him I would come back, and I went up the hill to the ambush to see what damage we had done. There were twenty-one Yankees, and we had killed seventeen out of the twenty-one. One of the Yankees never passed the ambush and three passed it. The major had his hat turned up in front, and we shot him in the forehead, three buckshot striking him there. We got only one horse out of the lot. This occurred on Sunday, the 14th of February, St. Valentine's day, 1868.

We took Bolick and carried him down in the pines about a hundred yards, thinking he was dead. We had a bull dog with us, and we hurried away from there. Two days afterwards we went back with a two-horse wagon and coffin to get Bolick, and when we got there the bull dog was lying down by the side of Bolick, and we had to make ourselves known before we could go near him. Bolick had his hands clasped around a little sapling, which showed he was not dead when we left him there. We buried him at Arrington's Cross Roads.

Bolick was anxious to marry a young lady at Arrington's Cross Roads, and he had told her the morning before he was killed: "I am going to be killed the first fight I get into." She had jilted him. We carried his body to the cross roads, and buried him right at the young lady's house.

Source: "Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession, 1861-1865" by U.R. Brooks, 1909

# *Brentsville Neighbors*

Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors

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IN GOD WE TRUST

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