

Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville
Shared Among Neighbors
August 2010



Welcome Neighbors!

From watching the news it seems we are all enjoying the three “H’s” this summer—Hazy, HOT and Humid. From a harsh winter to a harsh summer just like in the “good old days.”

But have you noticed something is missing? I suppose country folk would be more likely to agree, but when was the last time you heard a *bob-White!* or *bob-bob-White!* in spring and summertime. As kids we would whistle trying to imitate their call and see if something would come to us but that never happened. We could hear them most frequently during the early morning or late evening hours. And then just after dark we would often sit outside and listen to the Whip-poor-wills calling. It’s hard to remember just when I last heard one. According to Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia available on the internet, the Whip-poor-will is becoming locally rare. One report recorded a 97% decline since 1983 in New York state. Several reasons for the decline are proposed, such as habitat destruction, predation by feral cats and dogs, and poisoning by insecticides, but the actual causes remain elusive. We would

love to hear from you if either of these birds are still calling in your neighborhood.

Mr. Tony Bulmer and his daughter (we are sorry to have missed her name) gave a wonderful presentation on reptiles that can be found in the Brentsville area. One of the highlights of the evening was the opportunity for children (and adults who were not scaredy cats) to touch a corn snake properly preventing harm to the beautiful animal.

And rumor has it that during August there will be a staffing change in the Historical Division. Rob Orrison, our site Manager, will move to Ben Lomond with responsibility for Bristow while Mike Riley who now manages Rippon will move to Brentsville. We are very grateful for the years of effort given by Rob in making Brentsville a wonderful place to visit. At the same time we will welcome Mike to Brentsville and wish him much success.

Very best wishes,
Nelson & Morgan

This month:

- Where Wild Things Live - pages 2 & 9
- Flashback ----- page 2
- A Look Back in History ----- pages 5 & 6

Circulation: 188 - 67 Electronic

- When War Came ----- pages 7, 8 & 9

Flashback

BOAT CAPSIZES—THREE SAVED

District Man, Fairfax Friend Drown at Lake Jackson, Va.

Two young employees of the Fruit Growers Express in Alexandria drowned yesterday when their motorboat capsized 40 feet from shore in Lake Jackson.

The dead were James O'Keefe, 27, of Fairfax Station, Va., and Julian Garner, 27, of 1240 Holbrook Ter., NE. Three others in the boating party survived.

O'Keefe was swallowed up immediately in the 20-foot depths. Garner, after thrashing about to within a few feet of the shore, went under as the hand of a rescuer grasped futilely for his sinking form.

The tragedy occurred near the spot where four fishermen died in the overturn of their boat about a month ago. Camp Tapawingo, an Alexandria Girl Scout camp overlooks the scene from the shore and the town of Brentsville in Prince William County, Va., is a mile away.

Rescue squad men from Manassas and Penn Daw dragged O'Keefe's body from the water at 5:30 p. m., three hours after it disappeared. Garner's body was recovered at 6:50 p. m.

Of the survivors, Howard Wood of Manassas, Sammy O'Keefe, 35, brother of one of the victims, and Mike Rizzo who lives at the same address as Garner, only Wood knew how to swim and found his own way back to shore. Rizzo and O'Keefe clung to the overturned boat until help came.

Rizzo, who is Garner's nephew by marriage, works as a mechanic for the Knox Oldsmobile Co., 7 New York Ave., NE.

Wood said the five friends started the ride in a 14-foot motorboat at 1:30 p. m. James O'Keefe was steering.

At 2:30, Wood related, O'Keefe stood up, leaving the rudder free and the boat started zig-zagging. On one of the turns, all five occupants were shoved to one side and the boat rolled over on its back.

"O'Keefe went down immediately and never came up," said Wood. "I dragged Mike Rizzo over to the boat. Sammy was already there."

Then he started for shore about 40 feet away, Wood continued, with Garner thrashing along behind.

When he got to shore, Wood said he turned to see Garner just a few feet from safety "fighting the water."

"I swam back and tried to get Garner," Wood went on. "I touched his hand but couldn't grab it as he went down."

Mrs. Julian Garner, the victim's wife, said her husband was a native of Fairfax, Va. He served four years in the Army in World War II, part of it in the European theater. They had no children.

Source: The Washington Post, August 28, 1950, p-1

Where W I L D Things Live

Commelina communis, commonly known as the Asiatic dayflower, is an herbaceous annual plant in the dayflower family. It is native throughout much of East Asia and northern parts of Southeast Asia. In China, the plant is known as *yazhicao* roughly translating to "duckfoot herb," while in Japan it is known as *tsuyukusa*, meaning "dew herb." It has also been introduced to parts of central and southeastern Europe and much of eastern North America, where it has spread to become a noxious weed. It is common in disturbed sites and in moist soil. The flowers emerge from summer through fall and are distinctive with two relatively large blue petals and one very reduced white petal.

Long before the plant was studied in Europe (1753) it had been used for generations in traditional Chinese medicine. The flowers have also been used in Japan to produce a dye and a pigment that was used in many world-renowned Ukiyo-e woodcuts from the 18th and early 19th centuries. In the modern era the plant has found limited use as a model organism in the field of plant physiology due to its complex pigment chemistry and the ease of viewing its stomata.

The Asiatic dayflower is considered a weed both in areas where it was introduced and in certain parts of its native range. The flowers' interactions with pollinators have been well studied and have helped to support important hypotheses about pollination in the field of plant ecology. Recent research has also revealed that the Asiatic dayflower can bioaccumulate a number of metals, making it a candidate for revegetating and essentially cleaning spoiled copper mines. Several animals and fungi use the plant as a food source, with a few species feeding upon it exclusively.

The Asiatic dayflower is an annual herb with stems that are typically decumbent, meaning that they are prostrate at the base but become erect towards the tips, but some individuals may be simply erect. The diffusely branched stems tend to root at the basal nodes. The leaves are sessile: they lack a leaf stalk, also known as a petiole; or they may have very small petioles. The leaf sheaths are cylindrical, sometimes striped with red, and typically glabrous, but usually have margins that are lined with fine, soft hairs.

The two large blue petal limbs and their claws attaching them to the floral axis are visible; the smaller lower white petal is mostly obscured; the three yellow stamens with central maroon spots are above, the central fertile stamen with maroon connective is below them, and the two brown lateral fertile stamens and the curving style

(Continued on page 9)

Where WILD things live...



Commelina communis
Asiatic Dayflower
See page 2



Joseph White Latimer
from the book "The Boy Major of the
Confederacy" by David T. Myers



Wedding photo of Anita Bayne and Benjamin Thomas Whetzel
(L-R) Robert Henderson Bayne, Sr. and wife Lettie; Anita & Thomas;
and Tracie and Jesse Whetzel



Lise Marye Eanes learns the proper way to pet a snake during the July
8th presentation by Tony Bulmer

Brentsville

A Look Back in History
by

Ronald Ray Turner

December 1836

Commonwealth vs Abram a Slave

Trial by a Court of Oyer and Terminer of the County of Prince William on the 22nd day of December 1836, on a charge of attempting to ravish a white female named Mary Jane Hurdle. Synopsis of evidence and witnesses for Commonwealth

(1) Evidence of Mary Jane Hurdle - Was in Brentsville on Friday the 16th inst. remained in town about an hour, was at the houses of Mr. Clifford and Capt. B. Norvill - left the house of the latter about 2 o'clock p.m., as she was told it was, and went down the main Street by Mr. Waggener's tavern & left the town to go home by the bridge over Cedar Run on the road to Dumfries - Did not see the Prisoner whilst in Brentsville nor until she got to the hill above the said bridge between said bridge & said town, at which hill she met the prisoner who turned around and followed her addressing her saucily & inappropriately laying his hands on her shoulders - Witness then threatened prisoner with lashing before a magistrate, at Brentsville, then he told her he did not live in Brentsville, Witness then turned around to go back to Brentsville, when the Prisoner said to her "Girl go'long home, I wont trouble you," and followed her as she went back towards said town. Witness went back as far as within sight of Mr. John Williams' house in Brentsville the one furthest in that direction she was, at an oak tree on the roadside. When she got so far prisoner made the capression above stated, whereupon witness, thinking prisoner would not farther molest her again returned towards home over said bridge. When witness got over said bridge just beyond the plank bridge over the culvert, prisoner, who had followed her closely behind from said tree, seized hold of her with violence around the waist, threw her down saying to her in substance that he would do it to her or would satisfy his desire at the risque of his life. Tore her clothes very much particularly her under dress, in his attempt to gratify his

desire, but did not succeed. Witness does not recollect the precise words used by the prisoner in his attempt to ravish her - She believes that it was his intention to ravish her, and used words to that effect, and prisoner said that if she did not give up and hush hollowing he would kill her. Seized her by the throat, attempted to choke her, and as she believes, to break her neck. Choked her three times - Witness got away from him once, & ran 5 or 6 yards, when prisoner again seized her & repeated similar violence, attempting to ravish her as she verily believes. Prisoner put his hand over her mouth to prevent her hollowing & as she believes, to stop her breath - then as if to rest himself laid across her neck, less than a minute - Directly afterwards witness saw persons coming down the road on the side of the said bridge next to said town, when she hollowed as loud as she could, weak as she was, whereupon prisoner left her, jumped down the wall of the abutment of bridge, half bent, and ran up the run over which said bridge is erected - Prisoner being shown to witness face to face, she swears that he is the identical person who attempted to ravish her as above stated. Witness states that prisoner in attempting to ravish her, lifted her clothes above her knees - tore her clothes in struggling.

Cross Examined Prisoner's breath smelled strong of ardent spirits, but was not drunk, did not appear as if he was drunk - Twas early in evening when prisoner attacked witness near said culvert, as well as she recollected - thinks he was alarmed when he ran off as before stated. Does not recollect the precise hour in the evening when prisoner attacked witness last mentioned.

(2) Evidence of Slave named William Alexander belonging to Portician Robinson of Richmond, after being duly sworn and charged: Witness & a slave named Van belonging to Capt. Norvill of Brentsville were going down the road to said Bridge from Brentsville, on the day

(Continued on page 6)

mentioned by first witness above, and had gotten to the turn of the road immediately next to the point or jut of rocks close to said bridge on the Brentsville side, when they heard the cries of a female on the other side of the said bridge. They immediately ran over the bridge to where she was, to wit, on the eastern abutment, just by the culvert bridge, and there found her standing in great distress, her hair all loosened, her clothes torn, and her dress non pinned & off her shoulders, which witness pinned for her - Asked her what was the matter - She said there was a man who was trying to kill her - Witness asked where he was - She replied that there he went, pointing up the Run on which said bridge is erected. Witness looked in that direction & saw a man running off, which he could not recognize owing to bushes &c. - Witness ran after him about 100 yards, without overtaking him & returned to where said female was found. Said female was Mary Jane Hurdle who testified above. Witness said to her the man must have been drunk, to which she replied that she thought he must have been, for that his breath stunk very bad of whiskey. Witness then returned to Brentsville, as she went on home with said servant Van, saying that she could not go alone.

(3) William Dickinson - Witness being sworn says: He was with the party who arrested prisoner at the House of Mr. Robert Williams near Brentsville, and thought prisoner was much alarmed when arrested.

(4) James H. Reid - Witness being sworn says: Witness, on morning of same day above mentioned, thinking that prisoner might be hid in the house belonging to Mr. Robert Williams last mentioned, or thereabouts, proposed to several persons to go in pursuit of search of prisoner - accordingly they proceeded towards said house. Witness at head of party entered the said house, passed through the front room into a shed- room, and in a corner of the latter found the prisoner crouching apparently in a state of alarm. Witness seized him by the arm & drew him out into said front room. He manifested much alarm when he seized him as if he was apprehensive of an attack - Did not appear so much alarmed afterwards - is a dull, stupid fellow - Does not think prisoner an idiot - thinks his intellect below the medium capacity of common slaves - thinks he could discriminate between right and wrong. Witness states that the house of Mr. Robert Williams above referred to, viz in the occupancy of James W. Driskell as his tenant, & that witness was induced

to penetrate into said shed room from information he received from Mr. Driskell at the door that prisoner had fled there. Prisoner at first denied that he was guilty of the attack on Mary Jane Hurdle above mentioned, but, about an hour after his arrest confessed it, upon being told that it would not make the situation worse. Dr. Marsteller urged him to make the confession as he will explain.

(5) William S. Fewell - Witness being duly sworn says: That prisoner denied attacking Mary Jane Hurdle when he was first arrested in manner above testified - but after he was carried to jail & when the prisoner was about to be locked in the prison room, witness and several others urged prisoner to confess all about the transaction, to tell all bout it, saying to him that it would not make any the worse for him to confess it, that he might as well tell them all about it, it would make none the worse for him. Prisoner thereupon in answer to questions stated that he had made an attack on Mary Jane Hurdle first on the hill this side of said bridge, again on the other side, pretty much as she has above testified. Prisoner further said that he would not have done it if he had not have been drunk.

(6) Dr. Richard H. Marsteller - Being sworn, says: He believes that prisoner was induced to make confession as stated by witnesses James H. Reid and William S. Fewell, by being informed that it would not injure his situation, or make it worse for him - Witness asked prisoner why he committed the act, to which he replied that he was drunk.

(7) William S. Fewell - Again examined - says that he and several others went in pursuit of the person who had made the attack on Mary Jane Hurdle on the day before mentioned, and up the run aforesaid, near Farrow Rock, opposite a Spring called Farrow's or Goodwin's Spring, he traced the shoe tracks of some person who apparently had just waded over said run, the tracks being on both side of the run. Witness further states that, about an hour & a half after he saw said tracks, he saw prisoner under arrest, & examined his pantaloons and found them to be wet - and also examined his shoe the toe of which appeared to correspond with the tracks aforesaid.

Lucien Davis
appointed by the Special
request and direction of the
Court to prosecute on behalf of
attorney for the Commonwealth

When WAR Came to Brentsville

CONFEDERATE BOY-MAJOR

Sketch of War Record of Major Jos. W. Latimer Who Sleeps in Harrisonburg Cemetery.

Mrs. K. S. Paul, widow of the late Judge Paul, of the United States Circuit Court, and who is an aunt of Mrs. A. W. Sinclair, of Manassas, in preparing a sketch from the records and memorials of the Virginia Military Institute, from correspondence with citizens of prince William county and from reminiscences of some of the older residents of Harrisonburg, has the following to say with reference to a Prince William county boy who lost his life in defense of the Southern Confederacy and who now sleeps in the "silent city" in the county seat of Rockingham:

There is one among these many graves that holds a deep interest for us by reason of the brief and brilliant career of the lad who lies below. The tiny stone at the head bears the following inscription:

"The Boy Major,
Jos. W. Latimer,
Major of Artillery,
Ewell's Corps.
Wounded at Gettysburg
And died at Harrisonburg, Virginia,
Aged 19 years."

Joseph White Latimer was born near Brentsville, Prince William county, in October, 1843. His father was Samuel H. Latimer, of Maryland, of English extraction and descended from the same family as Bishop Latimer, the martyr of the days of "Bloody Mary." His mother was Charlotte Barron, of Virginia. After their marriage they settled in Prince William county, where Mr. Latimer owned a fine farm and a number of slaves. Joseph was the youngest of a family of eight children, consisting of five sons and three daughters. His father died before the beginning of the war. Of his childhood we know but little except that it was that of the Virginia country boy of that period, the child of well-to-do and intelligent parents, growing up in a home of comfort and abundance. He attended school in Brentsville and was known as a bright light-hearted boy, popular with his school-fellows and an excellent student. He possessed withal the average boy's love of mischief and of playing tricks on his classmates, and a gentleman who, as quite a small boy,

attended the same school when Joseph was one of the big boys, remembers hearing him severely reprimanded by the teacher for handing his deskmate a slate pencil which he had slyly heated on the stove. A lady who attended the same school told me that when on one occasion her little sister was called up by the teacher to be punished, Joe Latimer stepped forward before the frightened little culprit and asked that he might be punished instead.

In 1859, at the age of sixteen, he entered the Virginia Military Institute and donned the trim gray uniform of that famous school. In 1861, on the breaking out of the war, when he was just entering as a first classman, he volunteered his services to the State and was assigned to duty at the camp of instruction, at Richmond, to drill the newly organized artillery batteries. He was then but eighteen years old, slender and of such an extremely youthful appearance that the officer and men of the artillery at first resented being placed under the tuition of a schoolboy. But his soldierly bearing, his thorough understanding of his work, his good humor and kind disposition soon won their respect and affection notwithstanding his inflexible discipline. The older men of the batteries spoke of him as "our little boy."

In September, 1861, he was elected second lieutenant of the Courtney Artillery, attached to General Ewell's Division, and during that fall and winter labored incessantly to perfect their tactics. In the following spring, 1862, at Standardsville, in Greene county, the company was reorganized and he was elected first lieutenant. In all the battles and skirmishes of the Valley campaign, McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys and Port Republic, which followed in quick succession, he showed increasing efficiency, coolness and intrepidity. After the battle of Cross Keys, where his battery, with General Trimble's Brigade, was engaged continuously for five hours, the general published an order praising the conduct of the company and brevetted the young lieutenant "Captain of Artillery" and soon after he was regularly commissioned by the Confederate War Department. In April, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of major and assigned to duty

(Continued on page 8)

with Andrew's Battalion and later had chief command of that fine body of men. His bravery, his efficiency and his considerate attention to their welfare gained their admiration and affection and they followed their boy major unquestionably through the arduous months of the summer of that terrible year—'63.

But at Gettysburg—"those three long days of mortal hell," in that leaden rain of death and destruction his career was checked by a mortal wound. His battalion was stationed on Cemetery Ridge and stubbornly held its position, though subjected to a continuous and devastating cannonading until the morning of the third day, when it was forced back by overpowering numbers. But on the 2nd of July, while directing the work of his command with the greatest coolness and precision, he was struck by an exploding shell which completely shattered his right arm and killed his horse, the animal falling upon and badly crushing the gallant young rider. Desperately wounded and bleeding profusely, he still continued to give directions for maneuvering the field pieces while his cannon roared above his prostrate form in that chaos of strife and death. Some of his men carefully extricated him from under the dying horse and bore him from the field, he waving his uninjured hand in encouragement to the gunners.

His arm had to be amputated at once, but he bore the loss uncomplainingly, and his youth and strength led his friends to hope for his recovery, but then came the long and wearisome retreat, the slow procession of ambulances, filled with fevered or pallid or dying wounded, jolting over the rough roads back to the Valley, to the crowded hospitals or to private houses in Winchester. Major Latimer, among others, was brought to Harrisonburg and was taken to the home of Mrs. Harriet Warren, on South Main street. To those of us who remembered that noble woman, it is needless to say that the young soldier received every attention and kindness which she and her family could bestow; but, in spite of all their care, he grew worse. The knowledge that on the third of those fateful days at Gettysburg his battalion had been hurled back by the continued and overwhelming charges of the enemy with fearful loss of man, horses and guns, and was almost annihilated, preyed upon his mind and grieved his heart. The anxiety and suspense which overshadowed the country after the retreat from Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, and also, no doubt, the separation from his sorrowing mother, who was unable to come to him, added to the sadness of those weary days, though his naturally bright and courageous spirit upheld

him until the weakness of approaching death mercifully stole all sense of sorrow.

His brother, Dr. Latimer, a surgeon in one of the Richmond hospitals, was with him toward the last, and his pride in the gallant boy and his affectionate care of him were most touching. Mrs. Warren described Major Latimer as "gentle and modest as a girl" and spoke feelingly of his fortitude and patience and his grateful appreciation of the kindness shown him by her family and the people of the town. The Rev. Thomas D. Bell, of the Presbyterian church, came frequently to see him, and, like all others who knew him in those weeks of illness, was impressed by his gentleness and courage. A day or two before his death, Dr. Latimer, holding the wasted hand in his, said, "Joseph, do you know how ill you are?" It was the faint and exhausted boy to whom he spoke. It was the soldier and the man who replied, "Yes, I am very ill, but I am not afraid to die," and to Mr. Bell he added, "I trust in the mercy of God." His brother and members of the Warren family were with him when in the early morning of August 1—a month after his fearful wound—he turned his dying eyes toward the summer sunshine, and then quietly closed them to all on earth.

This young officer, though not twenty years old at the time of his death, had filled posts of great responsibility and honor, and had won the confidence of his superiors and the devotion of his men. He received many tributes from men of high rank and great reputation. General Ewell called him "my little Napoleon." Col. A. R. Courtney, of Richmond, under whom Latimer saw his first services, said of him in the spring of 1862, when he was under fire for the first time, in an artillery duel on the Rappahannock river: "Latimer stood between his guns and worked them with almost the same coolness and precision as when on drill." Captain Dement, of the same battery, wrote of him after his death: "I was with Major Latimer on the field of Gettysburg and assisted in taking him from under his horse and in carrying him from the field. His bearing during the day was most gallant, showing the greatest coolness and bravery under the most trying circumstances. While still under his horse he continued to give orders regardless of his wound and seemed to think only of his command." And the greatest of the great warriors of the Lost Cause, General Stonewall Jackson, in his report of the battles of the Valley, said: "Lieutenant Latimer, in command of the Courtney Artillery, was exposed during the whole affair to a heavy cannonade. This young officer was conspicuous for the coolness, judgment and skill with which he managed his battery, fully supporting the opinion I had formed of his high merits." Surely such praise from such a commander must have fired his young heart with pride,

(Continued on page 9)

but nothing of the sort ever showed in his manner, for one of his most marked characteristics was his modesty. His extremely youthful appearance and high rank attracted much attention, especially from the foreign militarymen, English, French and German, who occasionally visited the headquarters of the Confederate generals and who looked with astonishment on the slender youth who commanded an artillery battalion, but his quiet, unassuming demeanor disarmed the criticism and won the respect of all.

In the vestibule of the handsome library of the institute hangs an oil portrait of the young artilleryman, the gift, I understand, of citizens of Prince William county, a boyish, beardless, but earnest face, with the rounded contour and fresh coloring of youth; dark brown hair above a smooth, unlined forehead, clear, candid gray eyes and firm mouth and chin, a face attractive, honest and kindly and indicating possibilities of strength and endurance. The artist has painted him in the gray uniform with red facings of the Confederate artillery service and with the pitiful empty sleeve pinned across his chest. And there, among the soldiers and heroes of Virginia, his "brethren of renown" is his rightful place.

To the Confederate veterans who served from Bull Run to Appomattox our conflict with Spain, seems a mere skirmish, and certainly the decadent Spanish navy furnished no such foe as those who for three long days hurled their overwhelming numbers against Latimer's batteries in the death struggle at Gettysburg.

Yet his grave is marked by only a very small, weather-stained headstone, placed there immediately after the war, and probably all that the family could obtain and afford at that time; one that any passerby would easily overlook. All of Major Latimer's immediate family have passed away, and there are none to care for his grave. Would it not be a gracious and worthy undertaking for the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Sons of Veterans and the citizens of prince William county, whose native son, Major Latimer, is, to replace this insignificant stone with a larger, better and more enduring memorial to this brave and modest boy-major?

Major Latimer was an uncle of Messrs. W. J., E. W. and S. T. Weir and of Mrs. P. P. Chapman, of Manassas, and of Mrs. W. M. Longwell, of Gassaway, W. Va.

This story, which we were unable to give in full, was read by Rev. T. D. D. Clark at the meeting of the Manassas Chapter of the U. D. C. last Friday night.
Source: *The Manassas Journal*, March 7, 1913 p-1

between them are lowest; notice the contrasting veins on the spathe surrounding the flower

The plant's native distribution includes much of East Asia and Southeast Asia. The species has been introduced into much of Europe and eastern North America. It is present in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec in Canada, and in most of the eastern and central states from Massachusetts and New York in the northeast, west to Minnesota and south through the Great Plains to Texas and east to extreme northern Florida in the United States.^[4]

The Asiatic dayflower is considered an invasive weed in many areas where it has been introduced. The Virginia Department of Conservation and Recreation, for example, categorises the species as "occasionally invasive" in its *Invasive Plant Species of Virginia*. This means that the plant will "not affect ecosystem processes, but may alter plant community composition by outcompeting one or more native plant species". The species is typically limited to disturbed sites, whence it spreads relatively slowly. It has been used in pollination studies concerning the behaviour of plants in relation to their pollinators. As the flowers of the Asiatic dayflower lack nectar, they offer only pollen as a reward to their visitors. To attract pollinators, the plant has three types of brightly colored floral organs: the large blue petals, fertile yellow anthers, and infertile yellow antherodes that lack pollen. When the infertile antherodes were experimentally removed in natural populations, the number of total floral visitor landings was reduced, supporting the hypothesis that these infertile anthers essentially trick their pollinators into believing they offer more than they actually do. When the central, bright yellow fertile anther was removed, leaving only two brown fertile anthers, the frequency of legitimate flower landings decreased, meaning that the visitors were not pollinating the flowers, suggesting that floral signals also prevent "theft", or visits where the pollinators take pollen, but do not place any on the stigma. Thus both the fertile anthers and the infertile antherodes were shown to play an important role in both increasing visitor landings and orienting floral visitors toward a landing point appropriate for pollination. In China it is used as a medicinal herb. Additionally, it is also used for treating sore throats and tonsillitis.

In Japan there is a sizeable dye industry devoted to the plant which yield a blue juice used in manufacturing a paper called *boshigami* or *aigami*, which is the famous product of the Yamada village in the Shiga prefecture. The paper is usually resoaked, allowing the pigment to be reabsorbed in water for use as a dye. The dye was used extensively as a colorant in 18th and 19th century woodblock prints in Japan.

Source: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Commelina_communis

Brentsville Neighbors

Information About Brentsville
Shared Among Neighbors

Contact us on:
morganbreeden@aol.com

IN GOD WE TRUST

**Brentsville Neighbors
c/o Morgan Breeden
9721 Windy Hill Drive
Nokesville, VA 20181**

