

Brentsville Neighbors

“Preserving Brentsville’s History”

May 2014

Welcome Neighbors,

May starts the new season for our historic sites and Brentsville is all set to offer you several events that we think will be of interest to almost everyone. Starting with **May 10-11**, Mother’s Day Tours at all Prince William County HPD Sites from *11 a.m. - 4 p.m.*; *\$5.00 per person, free for children under six and, of course, all MOTHERS are free!* **May 24** will feature the Brentsville Car Show from *11 a.m. - 4 p.m.*, *\$10 per person, children free under six.* Join the Brentsville community for a day filled with fun for all ages. Come see antique cars and trucks in a truly historic setting. Clubs include the Quantico Marauders and many more. Tours of the historic buildings will be given throughout the day with family friendly games and activities. Then, **May 25** Historic Sundays at Brentsville Union Church. Our Church was built in the 1870’s and served the Brentsville community for over 100 years. Today the country church has been restored and serves as a glimpse into life of the 19th century. Come learn about the practices of faith that were once held here and how important churches were to society and local communities. Program conducted in partnership with Historic Faith Ministries, a non-profit living history organization focusing on Victorian period customs and spirituality. Program begins at 11 a.m. and is FREE to the public. Tours offered after the program for \$5.00. And finally, especially for the ladies, **May 31** Quilting at Historic Brentsville from *11 a.m. - 3 p.m.*, *\$5 per person, children free under six.* Many families throughout the area, both past and present have quilts in their homes; not only for warmth but for decoration.

Join local quilters as they demonstrate the time-honored skills and traditions of quilt making here at Historic Brentsville. Learn about the many quilt patterns, and their meanings. You can even try your hand at sewing a few stitches!

Those of us who attended the cavalry event on April 26th were treated to mounted drills given by members of the Black Horse Cavalry re-enactors from Warrenton and a very informative display of cavalry equipment presented by Anita Henderson of the 13th VA Cavalry group. Of particular interest was her discussion of the various bugle calls. Both the North and South used different bugle calls to prevent confusion during battle.

We must point out that the story on page 7 concerning the Freedmen’s Bureau contains language that is considered offensive in today’s society and would not normally be included in the newsletter. However, this is a historical document that is presented as it was actually written and we believe it would be wrong to change the content. The item accurately reflects on a very difficult time in our history immediately following the war. And, as is frequently the case, history is not always pretty or pleasant but it should be a guide from which we can learn and become better people.

Very best wishes,
Kay & Morgan

This month:

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|--------|
| ➤ Letter From Brentsville | page 2 | ➤ ... and AFTER the War | page 7 |
| ➤ Where Wild Things Live | pages 3 & 9 | ➤ A Brentsville Citizen | page 8 |
| ➤ A Quilt for Mama | pages 4 & 5 | ➤ This & That | page 9 |
| ➤ When WAR Came . | page 6 | | |



There was quite an animated discussion last Thursday at P.T.A. as to whether or not commercial courses should be instituted at the school. Having had a brief fling at shorthand one in our own unregenerated youth we were naturally interested, although our commercial career was nipped in the bud by a complete and ignominious failure to grasp even the rudiments of Mr. Gregg's system. We remember coming to the reluctant conclusion that it would probably take longer to familiarize oneself with all those strange little squiggles, than it would to write out the entire Encyclopedia Britannica in long-hand, so the world of business lost its most unpromising pupil.

However, commerce DOES seem to be here to stay, so I imagine somebody has to deal with such petty details as Money. Of course, if one has Pots of the nasty stuff sitting about, I don't suppose it is necessary to think about it quite so furiously, but the less one has, the more important it seems; This, children, is known as a paradox. At any rate, in our machine age, a knowledge of typing seems to be quite useful. I daresay even Mr. Ford has lists of personal things to jot down, and think how chagrined his seventeen secretaries would be if he handed them something that looked like this:

Wun pkg; pEtunia Seedx fOr mRs, FoRd%
coNnferenxce WiTH waLteR Reuther*&!! / ASPirin!??
dOnt forget HavE MiLLioN dol]Ar \$/\$\$ bil chaNged)
neeD razor bLadesx(And so forth.

Now MY theory is, —educators take notice,— that there are certain logical times to teach things to children; For instance, they all seem to go through a stage when a Secret Code is indispensable to their well-being. They will spend WEEKS memorizing hundreds of complicated home-made symbols in order to pass a note to Johnny, which, once used, means "I've got a new comic book," or "There's bubblegum at the store." At the same time, if you try to get them to commit ONE historical date to memory, they will shriek with anguish as though you were slowly sawing them in half with a dull knife! Well, obviously, this is the psychological moment to expose them to shorthand and foreign languages.

As for typing, I think it should be taught along with the use of the spoon, the cup, the hairbrush, and the bathroom. In fact, I can see no reason for not utilizing this ingenious device to teach first-graders the alphabet. We came to the conclusion, years ago, that Penmanship is a lost art, to be mourned and regretted as a rare old bit of Satsuma or a hand – illuminated manuscript, but not revived for everyday

use. After all, learning to type is not nearly so difficult as playing the piano, an endeavor which is frequently started at the age of six, or thereabouts.

So, in conclusion, may I say that this column will stand wholeheartedly behind a commercial class for the Brentsville District School; only let's put it back in the kindergarten, where it belongs!

The movies, which were to have been shown last Friday night at the Courthouse, had to be postponed at the last minute, for the most delightful reason: They are putting in the new floor at last! I saw Mrs. Wolfe over the back fence Thursday morning and she said mysteriously, "Have you looked across the road?" I had not, but forthwith DID, and boards were flying out of the Courthouse doors and windows at a terrific rate. And as we went back to our respective kitchens we were both smiling radiantly.

Has everybody been in to see the Art show at the Vocational School? Quite a few of our Brentsville children are represented. There are pictures by Nelson Bradshaw, Caspar and Frederick Whetzel, Skippy Hicks, Clyde Breedon, Michael Kempton, Shirley Spitzer, and Gill Machen. And they are surprising good; after the Corcoran Bi-Annual, I might even say, "Refreshing"!

As guests on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bradshaw entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alan Herring, and son, from Washington, Mr. and Mrs. George Aubrey, from Centreville.

Elmer Breeden is in a Washington Hospital as a result of an accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Counts, and Mr. and Mrs. John Counts, visited Mrs. Worship, at her home near Lynchburg on Sunday.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Ora Keys is home from the hospital.

Mrs. J. C. Bean is still ill.

Mrs. McBryde, of the Extension Service, will visit Brentsville on Thursday, April 1; it is hoped that as many ladies as possible will attend.

We have had several anxious inquiries and one rather noisy complaint about the April 25 column, in response to which we will explain that the overgrown chunk of round-steak that was rampaging around the Cox's fields last week was finally escorted home by three sturdy Wright boys. Then, just as everyone was settling back with a sigh of relief, there came a loud crash as of fences breaking, and a head peered around from behind a hay-stack. So it had to be done all over again. This time he stayed put. —Does that satisfy you, Mr. Fisher?

Sincerely,

Agnes Webster.

The Manassas Messenger, May 2, 1947

Where WILD things live...
One-flowered Cancer Root
***Orobanche uniflora* L.**

One flowered cancer root — also called one-flower broomrape, naked broomrape, ghost pipes — is a native annual plant from throughout the United States. This species is often found in damp woods and thickets and open places from lowlands to moderate elevations in mountains. A fascinating aspect of the biology of this species is expressed by its brownish stems and minute scale-like leaves. This plant does not contain chlorophyll, and is dependent on other plants to produce nutrients. The species is parasitic on a wide array of hosts. Given its wide distribution, this is somewhat expected. It is fun to look at the surrounding flora and guess which plant might be biologically connected to one flowered cancer root.

Although *Orobanche uniflora* has been found in every continental state in the United States and in many Canadian provinces, it is considered rare or vulnerable in 16 states and five provinces. Its U.S. distribution is interrupted in much of the central Great Plains grasslands, probably because it is more often found in wooded areas across its range. In addition, the parasitic nature of the plant likely restricts it to habitats where host plants have large and healthy populations. In a fragmented landscape, it may be very difficult for *O. uniflora* to find and colonize such habitats.

Orobanche uniflora is a rather diminutive, easily overlooked plant. All that is seen above ground are the flower stalks and flowers, and these are at most 9.8 in. tall. They

are often much shorter, and can even be hidden under leaf litter when flowering. The overall color of the plant is whitish tan or brown. A short stem is hidden underground to which 1-5 overlapping scales are attached (also below the soil surface).



These are sometimes described as leaves.

The flower corolla is white to blue or purple with yellow markings in the throat, and about 0.59-0.75 in. long. It is tubular with 5 petal lobes that are somewhat equal in size and shape, although the bottom 3 lobes may differ slightly in size and shape from the top 2 lobes. The calyx at the base of the flower is bell-shaped with pointed lobes. These lobes

are usually longer than the body of the calyx. The flower stalks (pedicels) and the flower corolla are covered in fine, sticky hairs (glandular pubescence). Each elongated, slender pedicel bears 1 flower. There are no bracts on the pedicel below the flower. Up to 4 pedicels may branch off of the same stem.

Orobanche uniflora has been found in a variety of habitats, soils, and light conditions, but unlike other members of this genus, it appears to be primarily a forest species. Range wide, the species is found in woods, thickets, bluffs, and stream banks. Soils range from coarse sandy gravel to silt-loam. The plant has been found in full sun and in deep shade. In woodland settings, canopy trees and shrubs may be sugar maple, basswood, oaks or poplar & aspen, with willows or other shrubs, and conditions may be moist to dry.

A Quilt for Mama

by
Mary (Hartman) Croushorn



April 6, 2014

Today is sunny and warm. The Brentsville Presbyterian church is overflowing just as I remembered it as a teenager. There's to be a potluck afterwards – something new from back then. Everyone is hugging and saying how good it is to see you. Today we're honoring Lucy Hartman, my mom, on her 90th birthday. There are around 70 people in attendance.



Lucy Mae (Bean) Hartman

There's ham, sandwiches, casseroles, macaroni and cheeses, veggies, fruits, and more, and DESSERTS, three tables worth. What a spread! Mama is aware of a potluck for times as these. What she doesn't know is that since Feb. 9 we've been planning a **BIG** get-together. People have been contacted by email, phone, and word of mouth. They are coming "out of the woodwork" to say they remember my mom with love.

On my way home from her church that day in early February, I got this idea to do a signature quilt for her. She's said to not have people talk at her funeral. Just a

half hour service is enough time. Well, I thought we should get our thoughts out there now while she can appreciate them.

Since I quilt, a quilt of memories for her would be ideal. I contacted her sister Ruth to refresh the names of kids that were in the youth group in the late 50's and on after I left home. Morgan Earle has been a great help also with contacts he

has thru his Brentsville Newsletter. Everyone I've talked to wants a block to sign. I've mailed out 12 envelopes so far and a great quantity to hand out to key people in different groups. I'm real excited to get these back and start sewing. A few squares will still be available to sign at the church prior to quilting.

I know Mama has been a "cornerstone" at church for years. She was a youth leader for many of the youth in the Brentsville area. She loves the Lord and wants to keep things "in line."

As a kid, I remember getting up to breakfast left in the bread drawer because Mama and Daddy had already gone off to work. My brother, Glenn and sister, Ella Mae and I got our breakfast and headed to the bus stop. Don't dare miss the bus as it's four miles to town

I can always remember you driving that Oldsmobile with the long antenna. Hope you have a Great Birthday! Stan Keys

FAITH I'M HOPE
GLAD YOU'RE MY
COUSIN FRIEND
NEIGHBOR
LOVE JOY
Catherine Corner

(Continued from page 4)



(L-R) Forrest Dotson, Ruth (Bean) Dotson, Roy Bean, Lucy (Bean) Hartman & Dorothy (Bean) Furrow

and no one to take you. We had a large garden that we all tended and canned. Daddy went to Possom Point and dipped for shad and herring. That was a challenge eating those before going to school – SO many bones!

Mama worked as a clerk at Hesco Gas Co. and Daddy for REA as an electric linesman. Later, maybe after I'd married, she started working at Fairfax County for the tax assessment office. She retired from there after 29 years. Prior to retiring she had a home built on land left to her by my grandmother, Verona Bean. This is where she still lives with my sister, Ella Mae.

Mama has had a knee replacement and has 3 screws in a hip due to falling on ice. She's slower than at 50 but she still gets around very well. Mama is a nature lover. You'll know by the flocks of birds all year round hovering in the fence row. She doesn't do much gardening anymore but enjoys her flowers, both inside and outside. I hope I'll be as active as her when I get to 90.

Now Ella does 99.9% of the driving and the "heavy" work. Mama still cooks, washes dishes, grocery shops, and makes quilts. She has made quite a few for the orphanage in Wytheville and recently made some for

my brother, his grandchildren, many friends, and a cousin and family in S-W VA. I appreciate the ladies of the church coming together to tie some of these with her.

I thank so many of you for showing up for this, her big day. She was truly surprised by the attendance and out pouring of love for her. Stick around. Her mother made it almost to 104. We may be having another shindig in later years!

Mary Croushorn, eldest child of Lucy Hartman whose birthday is actually April 9th.

Mamma, thought you might like to read others' memories of you. Thanks for the teaching, youth camps, the Cat play and what you mean to me. You've always worked hard to give us kids the best that you could. Thank you. May we always show God's love for us. Ps: 23
Love ya, Mary

When WAR Came to Brentsville

Note: The following is a transcription of a letter written by Corporal William Tittle, 55th Ohio Volunteers (a Union soldier) from Bristow Station to his brother in Ohio that we were recently fortunate to purchase. It is four pages written in pencil and mistakes in transcription are my own.

Camp At Bristoe Station VA Sept 13 1863
Dear Brother

I take this opportunity to write you a few lines to let you know that I am Well and hope those few lines may find you all well. Sarah letter of the 6th I received the 11th and was glad to hear that you was all well. We are here guarding the Railroad yet last Sunday I was on camp picket and monday morning I was relieved and tuesday morning I Went on Railroad guard for 3 days. But we had good times they Would send out a squad scouting evry day thursday afternoon I took out a squad we had orders to take all the government property that we found. We happened to stop at a large nice beame house that old fashioned they Was an old man met us in the yard and invited us in to his Parlor. it was a fine furnished room. We set down and the old man commenced to talk he asked me where we was from. I told him from Ohio. then he asked if they was many Presbyterians there. I told him they was plenty. I asked him if they was many here he said they was all Presbyterians and he had preached for over 40 years he is an old school presbyterian preacher but he is in for the south he thinks they are right he voted against secession but when the state went out he went along he thinks the United Stats is large enough for 2 Presidents he cald his Girls and had them to sing and play on the Piano they made good music part was our cind and part was theirs

but they are tierd of the war he has 2 sons in the rebel army his Wife is A Cousin of Rebel General Lees General Ewell lived clost to this man but his house is deserted and gon to rack Wilson Oliver Melray was taken Prisoner yesterday he has been driving a ambulance for a long time yesterday him & 4 others went out to Brentsville & Oliver and 2 others was taken Prisoners they was on horse back and had nothing to defend them selves but revolvers yesterday eavning they expected a Calvary raid in here but they didnt come they has been Cannanadeing towards the Rappahannock evry day for the past 5 days but it has been the heaviest and the most today last night we had quite a thunder shower it has been very dry and the roads very dusty the health of the army is good and the Boys is in good spirits. We have just had a harde rain storm and I think we will soon have more some of the Clothing that we stored when we left Brooks Station came yesterday our overcoats didnt come I don't know whether they are lost or not Miles Dresker starts this eavning for the state fair then he is going home he expects to be gone 15 or 20 days. I must close for the present time. Write soon and let me know all the news From your Brother W. R. Tittle

S. W. Tittle

... and AFTER the War ...

Freedmen's Bureau Agent at Brentsville, Virginia, to the Freedmen's Bureau Superintendent of the 10th District of Virginia

Prince W^m Co. V^a Brentsville Jan'y. 15" 1866.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that a dastardly outrage was committed in this place yesterday, (Sunday,) within sight of my office, the circumstances of which are as follows. A freedman named James Cook was conceived to be "impudent," by a white man named John Cornwell; whereupon the white man cursed him and threatened him. The freedman, being alarmed, started away, and was followed and threatened with "you d——d black yankee son of a b——h I will kill you "; and was fired upon with a pistol, the ball passing through his clothes. He was then caught by the white man, and beaten with the but of a revolver, and dragged to the door of the Jail near where the affair occurred, where he was loosened and escaped. He came to me soon after, bleeding from a deep cut over the eye, and reported the above, which was substantiated to me as fact by several witnesses. I have heard both sides of the case fully, and the only charge that is brought against the freedman is "impudence"; and while being pounced upon as a "d——d Yankee," and cursed and called all manner of names, this "impudence" consisted in the sole offense of saying, that he had been in the union army and was proud of it. *No other "impudence" was charged against him.* I know the freedman well, and know him to be uncommonly intelligent, inoffensive, and respectful. He is an old grey-headed man, and has been a slave of the commonwealth attorney of this co. a long time. He has the reputation I have given him among the citizens here, and has rented a farm near here for the coming season. As an evidence of his pacific disposition, he had a revolver which was sold him by the Government, on his discharge from the army,

which he did not draw, or threaten to use during the assault; choosing, in this instance at least, to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong.

To show you the state of feeling here among *many* people, (not all) in regard to such a transaction, Dr. C. H. Lambert, the practicing physician of this place, followed the freedman to me, and said, that "Subdued and miserable as we are, we will not allow niggers to come among us and brag about having been in the yankee army. It is as much as we can do to tolerate it in white men." He thought "It would be a good lesson to the niggers " &c. &c. I have heard many similar, and some more violent remarks, on this, and other subjects connected with the freedmen. I would not convey the impression however, that there is the slightest danger to any *white* man, from these vile and cowardly devils. But where there are enough of them together, they glory in the conquest of a "nigger." They hold an insane malice against the freedman, from which he must be protected, or he is worse off than when he was a slave.

Marcus. S. Hopkins.

Contributed by Bill Backus

Marcus Sterling Hopkins
First Lieutenant, United States Army
The Cleveland National Guards
Company K, 7th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Civil War.
Brevet Major of United States Volunteers
November 18, 1840 - March 4, 1914

A Brentsville Citizen

Olive Marye (Wolfe) Breeden



Olive Marye Breeden
1984

May 31, 1918 Brentsville
June 3, 1990 Brentsville

Marye, as she was commonly known, was the first of seven children born in the home of her mother and father in Brentsville, located on the corner of Main and Providence Street, Prince William Co., VA. She would later have two of her own children, Clyde Wesley and Jennings Clare Breeden, in what was reportedly the same bed in which she was born. She died in her own home which is located less than one mile from where she was born. At the time of her death she was the oldest native-born resident of Brentsville.



Olive Wolfe
Schoolgirl in Brentsville
c 1924-25



Marye Breeden
Laundry with her new gas-powered machine
c 1943-44

Orobanche uniflora is a vascular plant that lacks true leaves and green pigmentation (chlorophyll) and is incapable of photosynthesis. Instead, it is obligately parasitic on the roots of other plants in order to obtain the carbohydrates needed to sustain itself. While some *Orobanche* species have a specific host plant species or genus, *O. uniflora* is non-specific and seems to use a variety of host plants including, but not limited to saxifrages, sunflowers, and goldenrods.

Orobanche uniflora produces flowers that appear to be insect-pollinated. However, some botanists believe the plant may self-pollinate. Fruits ripen shortly after flowering. The plant reproduces exclusively by seeds, which are minute and shed from dried capsules. As to whether the species is an annual or a perennial, there is some disagreement. Thus, the actual life span of individuals of *O. uniflora* has not been conclusively determined.

The best time to search for *O. uniflora* is from the end of May to the end of June.

Since its habitats are variable and it seems to use a variety of host plant species, it is somewhat difficult to know how to manage for *O. uniflora*. We can, however, make some assumptions regarding habitat loss, degradation, and fragmentation. Management of habitat may include prescribed burning, where appropriate to habitat type, such as in bluff prairies and dry woodlands. Periodic dormant-season burns help to eliminate woody encroachment. It may also be necessary to control ecologically invasive species, particularly such aggressive invaders as common buckthorn and garlic mustard. Also, motorized vehicles and domestic livestock should be excluded from these habitats.

Source: Various Internet resources.

This & That

War Time 1918 and 1942

Daylight saving time was established by the Standard Time Act of 1918. The Act was intended to save electricity for seven months of the year, during World War I. DST was repealed in 1919 over a Presidential veto, but standard time in time zones remained in law, with the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) having the authority over time zone boundaries. Daylight time became a local matter.

During World War II, Congress enacted the War Time Act (56 Stat. 9) on January 20, 1942. Year-round DST was reinstated in the United States on February 9, 1942, again as a wartime measure to conserve energy resources. This remained in effect until after the end of the war. The Amendment to the War Time Act (59 Stat. 537), enacted September 25, 1945, ended DST as of September 30, 1945. During this period, the official designation War Time was used for year-round DST. For example, Eastern War Time (EWT) would be the equivalent of Eastern Daylight Time during this period.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_time_in_the_United_States

Mona Shaw says "Thank You!"

I wiped out my husband's car on 2/28 on Bristow Rd. across from Old Church Rd. (You can see a few small trees that I annihilated) Anyhow, 2 very nice gentlemen came to my aid - one was driving a black pick up that I almost hit, and I think the other man came from the house with all the campaign signs. I want to thank them for all their aid, but have no idea who they are. So I thought if you could add my heartfelt thank you in your newsletter it just might get to them. Or you might know of some other way for me to render my thanks (angels were riding with me & then those 2 showed up as well.)

Brentsville Neighbors

“Preserving Brentsville’s History”

Contact us on:

morganbreeden@aol.com

All back issues on:

<http://www.historicprincewilliam.org/brentsvilleneighbors/index.html>

IN GOD WE TRUST

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

