

Brentsville Neighbors

“Preserving Brentsville’s History”

June 2015

Welcome neighbors,

I suppose summer is officially here, with the opening of swimming pools. Soon school will be out and then the lazy days of summer will be in full swing. I personally enjoy sitting outside at night watching the lightning bugs. How many of us have caught and put them in a jar to watch them blink, blink, blink...

But if that's not your cup of tea, how about a Historic Fashion Show and Tea? Oh yes! From 11am until 4pm on June 6, 2015. The cost for this event is \$35.00 per person and reservations are a must. Models will exhibit different fashions from the 1760s to the 1890s. After the show enjoy a historic tea with the models and learn more about the material culture of our past. Dress appropriately for the weather; no pets please.

And, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the creation of Juneteenth, join staff historians in an examination of abolition movement in Prince William County. While the war that so destructively swept through Prince William freed hundreds of enslaved people, there was a surprisingly strong abolitionist movement in the community prior to the commencement of the war. While strong, it was not without its perils, with abolitionists being thrown in the Brentsville jail for just stating their beliefs in public. Mark your calendar for June 26th, 7pm until 8pm and the program is free to everyone.

More information can be obtained for these events (and reservations made where necessary) by calling 703-365-7895.

Very best wishes,
Kay and Morgan

100 Years Ago in Brentsville

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On Monday night Mrs. Grady Shoemaker gave a birthday party for the young people of the neighborhood. They were entertained at music and games until a late hour, when refreshments were served. All; reported having had a splendid time.

Those present were Misses Landa and Lena Todd, Lizzie Armentrout, Cleo, Edith, Geda and Sallie May Shoemaker, Mamie Steele, Norma Young, Scena Ramey, Myrtle Priest and Naomi Cooper, and Messrs. Eddie Priest, Charles Rompp, Ben Shoemaker, Charles Armentrout, Paul Cooksey, Daniel Ramey, Grady and Len Cooper, Troy Counts and Aspen Todd.

The Manassas Journal, June 11, 1915

This month:

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|------------------------------|-------------|--------------------------|-------------|
| ➤ Letter From Brentsville | pages 2 & 9 | ➤ Nelly, Betsy and James | page 6 |
| ➤ Where Wild Things Live | page 3 | ➤ When War Came | page 7 |
| ➤ Children’s Day Celebration | pages 4 & 5 | ➤ Modern Woodmen | pages 8 & 9 |



If I had dropped in on Brentsville unexpectedly from the planet Mars last week, I think I still would have been able to recognize the indisputable fact that school was out for the summer. My back yard was simply seething with boys, all fresh from the Young-People's-Bible-Study & Swap-Ideas-on-How-to-Annoy-the-Parents-Club; Boys of assorted sizes and shapes and, as Columbus said of his crew, "varying degrees of rascality," lounged in the hammock, the swings, and on the grass. It was a veritable Infestation. I fought my way through this motley throng to rescue Baby, who was seated happily in their midst eating a bee.

It was a very hot and sticky afternoon, and I had been mulling over in my mind the feasibility of taking the little ones down to the Rock on a wading expedition. Apparently this brilliant thought was not original; the same notion was beginning to simmer in various juvenile brains, if such they may be called, which previously had been taken up with the ancient and honorable pastime of Swapping. Such rare and costly objets d'art as fish hooks, broken pocket knives, Terror Comics, one eel (deceased), and a certain cigarette case made in the form of a pistol, the lid of which snapped violently upwards when the trigger was pulled, had changed hands at least ten times to my own definite knowledge. I sorted out my own offspring from the multitude and stated flatly that the rest of them could do as they pleased but that I, personally, was going to take the infants for a swim. There was a momentary silence, then Gill exclaimed in horrified tones, "But MOTHER! You CAN'T!"

I turned in bewilderment, recognizing genuine anguish of spirit when I heard it. "Why on earth not?"

"Well WE'RE going."

"Isn't the Rock large enough to accommodate all of us?" I inquired innocently.

There were several embarrassed coughs, and then it dawned on me that there probably wasn't a bathing suit in the bunch! This was a

predicament indeed. The children immediately set up a deafening howl at the prospect of their excursion being curtailed, but after some shrewd bargaining and a little blackmail on my part, a compromise was arrived at. The boys would drive us down in the jalopy with a state escort of bicycle outriders and tolerate our presence for ten minutes, after which time we promised to decamp peacefully, leaving them uninhibited by the presence of females to their aquatic devices.

This scheme worked splendidly. We were ushered into the back seat with much politeness; In fact the solicitude for our comfort struck me as a bit excessive in view of the way we were rattled around like dice in a crap game as soon as we hit that red-clay road. Upon arrival, the moppets scrambled down onto the rocks, dipped their feet into the somewhat depleted stream that flows into Cedar Run at that point, investigated the wild flowers, chased little water spiders about the pool, and every minute ON the minute Time was called by Gill who stood by, fidgeting, with a watch in his hand. When our ten minutes were up, plus two extra thrown in for the sheer, sadistic pleasure of seeing them squirm, we climbed back up through the woods to the road and started our two-step-forward-one-step-backwards progress towards home. DeLancey wanted to know WHY we couldn't have stayed longer.

"Oh, I made a deal with the boys," I explained.

"Didn't they WANT us to stay?"

"Definitely, No."

"Then why did they drive us down?"

Mother gave a Machiavellian cackle. "Because we outsmarted them."

"How?"

"Well ... just between us, I hinted that if they DIDN'T we would walk down anyway, and park on their old Rock all afternoon; I intimated, not too subtly, that I would bring my glasses and my knitting and SIT there until Kingdom Come." I regarded him thoughtfully, "Youth and enthusiasm are all very well, but always remember this great lesson, my son: In political matters there is no real substitute for experience.—And don't forget

Where WILD things live...

Mydas Fly

Mydas flies are true flies belonging to Order Diptera, meaning two-winged. While the number of species classified is small in number (fewer than 400 species), this family of insects occurs worldwide. They are commonly referred to as mydids. A total of 51 species are reported to occur in North America and most species occur in the western portion.

Most mydid species are strikingly handsome, elongate flies that are of medium to large size. Adult mydids occupy a wide variety of habitats but they are more commonly seen in open country. They are fond of hot, sandy habitats and can be found resting on bare ground. Females dig into the soil with the tip of the abdomen to lay eggs.

As is characteristic of many mydids, they bear a strong resemblance to wasps. However, after closer inspection, we noticed that it had two wings (a characteristic of true flies) instead of four wings that is a characteristic of wasps, hornets, yellow jackets and other winged bees.

They sometimes also bear a superficial resemblance to robber flies but are distinguished by long 4-segmented, clubbed antennae that project forward (robber flies typically have short antennae that are barely visible) and the venation pattern in their wings. Mydas flies have jet-black bodies, a wingspan of approximately 2 inches and golden-orange spots on their legs. Mydas flies also have a striking orange-yellow colored half-band on

the abdomen.

A number of authors have discussed the possibility that adult mydids prey upon other insects but there is little evidence for this habit. Adults most probably feed on nectar and pollen from flowers and adults with atrophied mouthparts may not feed at all. While information on the feeding habits of the adult stage is sparse, the larvae are known to be effective



soil-dwelling predators. They have well-developed mouthparts to prey on other soil-dwelling insect larvae, especially on beetle larvae including white grub worms and other larvae of beetles.

The pupae as a resting stage remain a few inches below the surface in the soil. With the help of their strong spines, the pupae make their way to the surface. Here they remain half-buried until the hottest hours of the day when the adult stage emerges. The onset of emergence is not fixed from year to year but depends on the weather and other conditions.

Mydas flies are infrequently encountered as the adult life span appears to be quite short, and little is known about their biology. While creditable information on the mydas fly is rather difficult to find, we know that the larval stages are beneficial.

http://aggie-horticulture.tamu.edu/galveston/beneficials/beneficial-42_mydas_fly_2_%28Mydas_sp.%29.htm

Children's Day Celebration

Children's Day observations in the United States predate both Mother's and Father's Day, though a permanent annual single Children's Day observation is not made at the national level.

In 1856, Rev. Charles H. Leonard, D.D., then pastor of the First Universalist Church of Chelsea, Mass., set apart a Sunday for the dedication of children to the Christian life, and for the re-dedication of parents and guardians to bringing-up their children in Christian nurture. This service was first observed the second Sunday in June.

The Universalist Convention at Baltimore in September 1867, passed a resolution commending churches to set apart one Sunday in each year as Children's Day.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at the Methodist Conference of 1868 recommended that second Sunday in June be annually observed as Children's Day.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1883 designated "the second Sabbath in June as Children's Day."

Also in 1883, the National Council of Congregational Churches and nearly all the state bodies of that denomination in the United States passed resolutions commending the observance of the day. About this time many other denominations adopted similar recommendations.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

BRENTSVILLE

The Brentsville union Sunday School observed children's day with special services Sunday morning at the Presbyterian Church. A large congregation enjoyed the program and the program rendered by the children was pronounced highly creditable. The church was beautifully decorated with running pine and ferns.

The program was as follows: Welcome Song by primary class, prayer by Mr. A. L. Emmons, recitation, Children's Day Welcome, by Audra Donovan; Song, Scattering Precious Seed, by the school; recitation, A Wee Boy, by Frankie Egan; recitation, A Wee Girl, by Clara Holsinger; song, Jesus Bids Us Shine, by infant class; recitation, The Fairy in the Rose, by Alma Bell; song, Harvest Time Is Here, by the school; recitation, There's No One Like Jesus, by Aline Keys; song, Brighten the Pathway, by four girls; dialogue by Misses Holsinger and Breeden, song, Brighten the Corner, by the senior class; recitation by Margaret Brown; recitation by Bennie Breeden, collection taken by Maggie Breeden and Viola Holsinger, address by Rev. J. R. Cooke, song, Reapers Are Needed by the school and prayer by Rev. Mr. Cooke.

Children's day exercises at Hatcher's Memorial Baptist Church will take place Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Source: The Manassas Journal, June 25, 1920

Scattering precious seed by the wayside,
Scattering precious seed by the hillside;
Scattering precious seed o'er the field, wide,
Scattering precious seed by the way.

Harvest time is here again,
Harvest time has come.
Harvest time is here again.
Harvest time has come.

Standing in the market places all the season through,
Idly saying, Lord, is there no work that I can do?
O how many loiter, while the Master calls anew—
Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?

Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness, we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

BRENTSVILLE

One of the largest congregations ever seen in Brentsville witnessed the Children's day exercises at Hatcher's Memorial Baptist Church last Sunday evening. The Misses Shipp, of Washington, assisted with the music, Miss Carrie with her usual grace presiding at the organ and Miss Norene playing the violin. The church was beautifully decorated with pink roses and evergreens.

The program included the opening song, Children's Day; a song, Cheerful Songs Are Ringing; prayer by Rev. Mr. Gray, song, I Have a Light; recitation, Are the Flowers Sorry? By Nelson Bradshaw; recitation, A Little Pilgrim, by Susie Woodyard; song, He Hath Chosen Me; rose drill by eight girls, duet, Whispering Hope, by Mrs. O. W. Hedrick and Mrs. Paul Cooksey; recitation, Just One Day in the Year, by Alice Manuel; song, The Little Things That Help, recitation by Audrey Donovan, recitation by Dannie Woodyard, vocal solo, There Is a Love, by Miss Norene Shipp; recitation, Forget-Me-Nots, by Miss Gertrude James; recitation, That Is the Way, by Lee Hedrick; song, Praise, Exultant Voices; Loyalty Band, eight children; song, Summertime; recitation, The Bluebird and the Rose, by Alma Bell; recitation, I Cannot See the Way, by Bettie Soutter; quartet, I Gave My Life; dialogue, The Queen of Beauty, by nine young people; violin solo by Miss Norene Shipp, recitation, The Skeptic's Daughter, Miss Minnie Smith; closing song, He Is So Precious to Me, and benediction by the pastor, Rev. Barnett Grimsley

Source: The Manassas Journal, July 2, 1920

There is a love
that's better than life to me,
jealous and strong,
pursuing and claiming me,
seen in the Son,
in Jesus who rescued me;
this is love.

Soft as the voice of an angel,
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope with a gentle persuasion
Whispers her comforting word:
Wait till the darkness is over,
Wait till the tempest is done,
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
After the shower is gone.

I have a light
And it always shines
It shines in the day
It shines in the night

And when the dark days come
And the sun isn't bright
I will be shining
For I have a light

My light is the Lord
Jesus by name

My light is the Spirit
Who leads me to change

My light is the Father
Who gave up His own

My light is the hope
I'll be with Him in a heavenly home

Slaves Nelly, Betsy and James

EXECUTION.—The slaves, Nelly, Betsy and James were executed at Brentsville, Fauquier, Va., on Friday last, for the murder of their late master Mr. Green. About 2,000 spectators were present.

The correspondent of the Washington Star, writing on Friday, . Says:

Up to last night the condemned (five in all) had been receiving constant attention from our local clergy, all of them professing to be under conviction. Last night they spent in singing hymns and praying together. They confessed their dreadful crime some time ago, and since then have professed great penitence for it. At noon, the three—old Nelly, aged from 65 to 76, her daughter Jane [sic], and the eldest boy, William [sic], (the two younger boys, twins, aged fifteen or sixteen, being respited)—emerged from the jail under the guard of the High Sheriff of the county, his deputies and the jailor, and, mounting a two-horse wagon, were conveyed to the place of execution, where a space of near an acre in extent had been cleared for the erection of the gallows, standing room for the spectators, &c. On the way from the jail to the gallows they were singing hymns all the time.

On arriving at the gallows they mounted up the steps with apparent alacrity, and in conversation professed their willingness to expiate their crime, declaring that they placed their trust in Jesus, and believed that they had so repented as to have secured

salvation through him. The man alone said anything on the gallows, and he only sent word by the jailor to the two respited boys, to be sure to be ready to follow them. That is, to be sure that they make their peace with God. In ten or fifteen minutes after they mounted the gallows the white caps that hung upon their necks at the back of their shrouds were drawn up over their faces, and the sheriff cutting the fastening of the trap, launched them into eternity. The necks of the younger woman and the man are supposed to have been instantly broken.

There were perhaps a thousand persons present, a majority of whom were negroes. Such was the atrocity of the circumstances of their crime, and so much was their victim beloved by all in this section, that the negroes evinced, if anything, less sympathy for them than the whites. Half the crowd accompanied the cortege from the jail in vehicles, on horseback., and on foot. Hundreds, to get good views, climbed the pines, until they looked as though growing a crop of men and boys.

It is thought here that the respited boys will not be hung. Their old fiend of a grandmother, it will be remembered, concocted the plot and instigated the rest to the dreadful deed—of beating their master's brains out, and burning his house into which they dragged his corpse to conceal their crime.

The Daily Dispatch, Vol. 11, No. 42
February 18, 1857
(Submitted by Bill Backus)

When WAR Came to Brentsville

Numbers 291 Report of Lieutenant Colonel Martin Flood, Third Wisconsin Infantry.
CAMP NEAR FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, VA. ,

June 16, 1863.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor respectfully to report that pursuant to orders from Brigadier-General Ruger, commanding brigade, I marched with the detachment of this division from Stafford Court-House, VA. , to the Spotted Tavern on the night of the 6th instant.

[section omitted]

On the morning of the 13th instant, I was ordered by General Ames to report to Brigadier-General Russell, commanding detachment which had co-operated with General Gregg's cavalry. On the 14th instant, marched, by his order, to near Brentsville, and encamped. On the 15th, marched, by his order, to Fairfax Station, and on the 16th instant marched to Fairfax Court-House, Va. , reporting to Brigadier-General Ruger, commanding brigade. I cannot speak too highly of the good conduct of the men of this detachment, both upon the march, in which there was no straggling, and in action, where there was no flinching. The officers without exception behaved nobly during the expedition. I beg leave to make honorable mention of the name of David Agnew, private Company H, Third Wisconsin Volunteers. While skirmishing in front of Colonel Devin's cavalry, he advanced beyond our line, saved the life of a comrade, and captured a rebel who was in the act of firing. I deem it but just also to make honorable mention of John H. Burghardt, Second Massachusetts, who was in charge of the ordnance train of the detachment, for the prompt and faithful manner in which he performed all his duties.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

MARTIN FLOOD,
Lieutenant-Colonel Third Wisconsin Volunteers.

It was a pleasant morning the 18th day of June, 1861, when the Green County Volunteers, un-uniformed and "armless" assembled with their personal belongings, on the public square in Monroe, Green County Wisconsin preparatory to leaving for the regimental rendezvous at Fond du Lac.

The company was to take the train which would carry it to Camp Hamilton at seven a.m. It had, however, assembled an hour earlier at the request of the good, and patriotic people of Monroe, who in spite of the mad pranks, and noisy mirth, with which they had been afflicted for several weeks by these volunteers, wished to forgive and forget it all, and say to them a kindly good-bye, and wish the roistering(sic) fellows a safe, and speedy return from the horrors of war. Then there was to be a flag presentation to the company, and a sword presentation to Captain Martin Flood by the ladies, all of which occurred interspersed with

brief speeches, songs, band music, cheers from the boys and tears from the mothers, daughters, wives and sweethearts there assembled.

Judge Benjamin Dunwiddie made the presentation speeches, an eloquent patriotic address, in the presence of a thousand people. Captain Flood responded briefly and brave Lieutenant Moses O'Brian made a farewell speech full of heroic fire, characteristic of his ardent, military nature. The ceremonies were concluded with a prayer, and benediction offered by a white haired clergyman.

Then the newly christened sons of Mars, proudly carrying the handsome banner, and following the gleaming blade of the Captain's sword marched to the station to the martial air of the "Girl I Left Behind Me," played by the Monroe Cornet Band.

Source: "Civil War Diaries by Duane Williams

Modern Woodmen of America in Brentsville

The late 1800's and early 1900's were a colorful period for fraternal societies, featuring such activities as uniform honor guards at funerals, marching in parades, secret handshakes, secret passwords and grand titles. Sinclair Lewis summed it up in the novel Babbit; *"His clubs and associations were food comfortable to his spirit. Of the decent man in Zenith it was required that he should belong to one, and preferably two or three of the innumerable "lodges"....There were four reasons for joining these orders: It was the thing to do; It was good for business; It gave Americans such honorifics as High Worthy Recording Scribe and Grand Hoogow to add to the commonplace distinctions of Colonel, Judge and Professor. And it permitted the swaddled American husband to stay away from home one evening a week. He could shoot pool, talk man-talk and be obscene and valiant."*

Fraternal societies are patterned on the craft guilds of the middle ages where members gathered together to regulate conditions of employment, to promote good fellowship, to support community good, and to provide financial benefits in the event of illness, accident, old age and death. Although the Masons were founded in the United States as early as 1730, and the Oddfellows organized a lodge in Baltimore in 1810, the Golden Age of fraternal societies began after the Civil War and lasted into the 1920's. Part of their success was the insurance benefits given members in a hard time marked by bank failures and financial panics. By 1900 there were over 300 fraternal orders with a membership of 5 million. Many societies had separate clubs for women and children of the male members such as the International Association of Rebeckah (Oddfellows), Royal Neighbors (Woodmen of America). Ornamentation included buttons, watch fobs, pins, badges and swords. Lilley and Pettibone manufactured all these items. The 1917 Sears Catalog featured a full page

of Fraternal Society and Club buttons. The Sears Catalog was mainstream America at this time and illustrates the enormous popularity of these societies. And so it was in Brentsville, as it was in most of the communities of the area, that the Modern Woodmen of America was organized.

Next month we shall discuss in much more detail the actual Brentsville Camp and the activities associated with it but for now, some background seems to be needed.

According to Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia, Modern Woodmen of America is the third-largest (based on assets) fraternal benefit society, with more than 770,000 members. Though having had the same founder, it is not affiliated financially in any way with another, similarly-styled fraternal benefit society, Woodmen of the World, and despite the name "Modern" is actually older than its counterpart.

Modern Woodmen of America was founded by Joseph Cullen Root on January 5, 1883, in Lyons, Iowa. He had operated a number of businesses, including a mercantile establishment, a grain elevator, and two flour mills, sold insurance and real estate, taught bookkeeping classes, managed a lecture bureau, and practiced law. Root was a member of several fraternal societies through the years. He wanted to create an organization that would protect families following the death of a breadwinner.

During a Sunday sermon, Root heard the pastor tell a parable about the good that came from woodmen clearing away the forest to build homes, communities, and security for their families. He adopted the term Woodmen. To complete the name, "Modern" reflected the need to stay current and change with the times. "Of America" was added to symbolize patriotism.

Originally the Modern Woodmen had a rather unique set of membership restrictions and criteria. Religiously, the group was quite open, accepting

it next time you are tempted to spit the spinach under the table!"

T/4 and Mrs. Silas T. Bean arrived home on June 5th from Torino, Italy, the home of the bride. Mr. Bean served thirty months on duty in Italy and will spend his sixty day furlough at his home. All his friends in Brentsville will welcome him and his Italian wife.

William Bean, Mr. and Mrs. David Dove and family of Herndon, spent the week-end with Mrs. Rosie Bean.

Mrs. T. L. Newton left on Thursday morning, via airplane, for a brief visit with her husband in San Francisco before his departure to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Shoemaker, of Warrenton were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Shoemaker.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shoemaker and family enjoyed a picnic on Skyline Drive on Sunday.

Mr. Lloyd Keys is spending some time with his sister Myrtle, while recuperating from another operation.

The Rev. Jesse Bell returned home on Monday from the hospital at Warrenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bradshaw and family spent last week vacationing at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Stephens and daughters attended the wedding of her niece, Lucille Nalls, in Alexandria Friday evening. Miss Nalls was married to Mr. William Colgrove, of Maryland, at the Methodist Church on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Crosby of Manassas were guests of Mrs. Lillie Keys on Sunday.

Mr. Russel Deal, of Harrisonburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Johnson, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Keys.

Little Theresa Mathias, aged three, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Nicely had a very narrow escape last Saturday when she ran under the wheels of a car driven by her father, Mr. Mathias, of Manassas. Fortunately he was able to stop in time, and the child was pulled to safety with only a few scratches, a bruised foot, and a very bad scare.

Best Regards,
Agnes Webster

"Jew and Gentile, the Catholic and Protestant, the agnostic and the atheist." On the other hand membership was restricted to white males between the ages of 18-45 and only in the twelve "healthiest" states - Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas. Residents of large cities were also disqualified from membership. Finally, those employed in a long list of professions were also prohibited from joining: railway brakemen, railway engineers, railway firemen, railway switchmen, miners employed underground, pit bosses, "professional rider and driver in races", employee in a gunpowder factory, wholesaler or manufacturer of liqueur, saloon keeper, saloon barkeeper, "aeronaut", sailor on the lakes or seas, plough polisher, brass finisher, professional baseball player, professional firemen, submarine operator or soldier in the regular army in a time of war.

In 1884, the head office was organized in Fulton, Illinois. The first death claim of \$698.58 was paid the same year. Modern Woodmen moved its home office to Rock Island, Illinois, in 1897.

Modern Woodmen is a tax-exempt fraternal benefit society. The membership organization sells life insurance, annuity and investment products not to benefit stockholders but to improve the quality of life of its stakeholders - members, their families and their communities. They accomplish this through social, charitable and volunteer activities.

As a fraternal organization, the society is organized around a lodge system of chapters, which are called camps. Coordinated by local Modern Woodmen members, camps provide countless opportunities for members to take part in the wholesome social activities and community service projects that Modern Woodmen offers. Chapters offer fellowship and community service opportunities for members. Modern Woodmen members are part of more than 2,600 chapters nationwide and more than 900 youth service clubs.

More details are coming next month about Brentsville Camp 13,037 -- when it started, what they did and when it ended.

Brentsville Neighbors

“Preserving Brentsville’s History”

Contact us on:

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All back issues on:

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

IN GOD WE TRUST

**Brentsville Neighbors
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