

Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville
Shared Among Neighbors
September 2010



Welcome Neighbors,

With a heavy heart we will continue this newsletter without our uncle and friend, Nelson Keys, whose spirit passed from this place on August 26th with his wife of 58 years, Georgie, at his side. Nelson was an avid historian with an exceptional love and knowledge of Brentsville, the place where he was born. He was the Keys family genealogist and he will be sorely missed.

IMPORTANT information for all former students of the Brentsville one-room school. The Historic Preservation Division has advised us that the annual school reunion will not be held this year. It is hoped that the normal annual schedule will resume in September 2011.

While on the subject, we are advised that there is a new chicken coop at the Haislip log farmhouse constructed by an Eagle Scout project. And don't forget to visit the new station built along Broad Run, also an Eagle Scout project.

We are very grateful to Stephanie Davis Fletcher for her touching memories of her father. Although the Fletcher family did not live in Brentsville, the Davis side of Stephanie's family resides here in the family cemetery. How many of us have thought of

the many things we would have liked to have said to or done with our parents. Especially our fathers who almost always take second place to our mothers. I'm sure most of will relate to her story in more ways than one.

During 1913 and 1914 there was a strong move to ban the sale of alcohol in Prince William as well as the entire state. A number of temperance rallies took place in Brentsville. One was led by Rev. I. N. H. Beahm who had a strong history of education in Brentsville that took place in the "Old Stone Church." We found this very interesting and hope you will as well.

We have learned that the whip-poor-will is still alive and doing well in the county. Please see the reader feed-back on page 9 for more information.

And last, but certainly not least, this issue marks the completion of five years. The road has been long and sometimes difficult but very, very worthwhile. Thank all of you who have made it possible.

Very best wishes,
Morgan

This month:

- Where Wild Things Live - pages 2 & 8
- Flashback ----- page 2

Circulation: 192 - 73 Electronic

- Remembering My Father ----- pages 5 & 6
- When War Came ----- pages 7 & 8
- Reader Feed-back ----- page 9

Flashback

Mr. E. V. Spitzer and Miss Annie Cornwell, of Brentsville, were married yesterday [September 10, 1914] at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. E. A. Roads, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Source: The Manassas Journal, September 11, 1914

Rev. J. Royall Cooke, clerk of the Brentsville district school board, announces that the schools of his district will open for the fall term Monday [September 21, 1914] morning at nine o'clock.

Source: The Manassas Journal, September 18, 1914

TEMPERANCE RALLY

A temperance rally was held in "The Old Stone Church" at Brentsville, Monday evening by Rev. I. N. H. Beahm and his faithful corps of workers. Speeches were made by Prof. I. N. H. Beahm, Mr. W. F. Hale, Mr. Walter Hooker and Prof. Randolph, of Tennessee. The exercises were interspersed by recitations and songs in which the curse of drink was forcefully and tunefully told. It seems to the writer, the benefits and blessings of prohibition could not have been more ably presented than was done by Prof. Randolph. His plea for the emancipation of his fellow man from the shackles and curse of drink was logical, forceful and convincing; and I would also add that each speaker of the evening deserves my highest praise. M. H. B.

Source: The Manassas Journal, September 25, 1914

Where W I L D Things Live

Apis mellifera

Common Honey Bee

Honey bees (or honeybees) are a subset of bees in the genus *Apis*, primarily distinguished by the production and storage of honey and the construction of perennial, colonial nests out of wax. Honey bees represent only a small fraction of the approximately 20,000 known species of bees. Some other types of related bees produce and store honey, but only members of the genus *Apis* are true honey bees.

Honey bees appear to have their centre of origin in South and South East Asia. Most species have historically been cultured or at least exploited for honey and beeswax by humans indigenous to their native ranges.

European (Western, Common) honey bee, *Apis mellifera*, the most commonly domesticated species, seems to have originated in eastern tropical Africa and spread from there to Northern Europe and eastwards into Asia. It is variously called the European, Western or common honey bee in different parts of the world.

There are no honeybees native to the Americas. In 1622, European colonists brought the dark bee (*A. m. mellifera*) to the Americas, followed later by Italian bees (*A. m. ligustica*) and others. Many of the crops that depend on honey bees for pollination have also been imported since colonial times. Escaped swarms (known as "wild" bees, but actually feral) spread rapidly as far as the Great Plains, usually preceding the colonists. Honey bees did not naturally cross the Rocky Mountains; they were carried by ship to California in the early 1850s.

Africanized bee, widely known as the "killer bee", are hybrids between European stock and one of the African subspecies; they are often more aggressive than European bees. Originating by accident in Brazil, they have spread to North America and constitute a pest in some regions. However, these strains do not overwinter well, and so are not often found in the colder, more Northern parts of North America.

Honey bees are often maintained, fed, and transported by beekeepers. Modern hives enable beekeepers to transport bees, moving from field to field as the crop needs pollinating and allowing the beekeeper to charge for the pollination services they provide, revising the historical role of the self-employed beekeeper, and favoring large-scale commercial operations.

Beekeepers in Western countries have been reporting slow declines of stocks for many years,



Nelson Joseph Keys
February 16, 1926 - August 26, 2010

Where **WILD**
things live...



Apis mellifera
Common Honey Bee
See page 2



Johnny Bigelow, Charles Bean & Nelson Keys
home for Christmas, 1945



Georgie (Bowman) and Nelson Keys
on their wedding day,
August 9, 1952



Oswell B. Eve's grave is on private property outside of Rome, Georgia. The above photo was taken by Phil Eve, a relative of Oswell B. Eve.



Stephen W. Fletcher
U. S. Army
1944



The Keys Family, April 16, 1966

Back, L-R: Nelson Joseph, Raymond Stewart, Joseph Clarence, Ora Nettie(Heflin) & Douglas Gilbert
Front: Virginia Amelia & Mary Louise



Remembering My Father

by

Stephanie Davis Fletcher



I have been active in Genealogy for many years and had worked primarily on my mother's family and had started working on my father's family. The Fletchers had lived in the Nokesville-Greenwich-Warrenton area for many generations and that was where my father grew up, as did his father and his grandfather before him. I was visiting the Brentsville cemetery, resting place of the ancestors of my old friend, Lit Churchill with his wife, Lynn and he introduced me to Morgan Breeden who it turned out was related to my father's family through his wife's aunt's first husband.

There were so many happy childhood memories I had visiting relatives in the Greenwich area in the late 40's and 50's. My father's aunt married Peyton Kerns and I had in the past few years become close to a second cousin from that branch of the family who had filled me in on many of my ancestors. I had known my father went to BDHS with his cousins from the Kerns side of the family but being there at that cemetery, touring the Brentsville Historic Site and talking with Morgan brought my childhood memories streaming back and I was anxious to know more.

After Dad died he had left a ton of papers (he kept everything) and I had most of it in boxes at home. I pored over everything when I got home and found so many interesting things. I had seen the 1939 yearbook before, but never really looked at it, but now I did, because the people in it seemed more real to me. The many pictures of Dad in front of houses made me wonder where he was – whose house it was. I knew it had to be in the Greenwich area. I knew I needed to find out more.

I often feel I failed my father during his last years because I didn't live near him and I really didn't appreciate what a good man he was until I had time to realize what a good father he was. During my college years, he used to write me a letter once a week and I would mark it up in red ink correcting his spelling and grammar and send it back to him with my own letter. My mother always called me and I never understood why he didn't call me. He unfailingly told me how much he loved me in each letter. He continued the practice of writing me all his life when I didn't live near him, always expressing his love for me. I always offered to pay his telephone bill, never understanding the value of his written expression of love for me. After he died and we found all his Army records and realized all he had done in his life without talking about it, we also found the letters I had returned to him from my college years. He kept everything - every present my sister and I had bought him when we were little - the tacky silk socks he would not ever wear, the awful cologne, everything. It took me this long to realize how many people go through their lives never hearing their fathers say "I love you" and mine wrote it to me every week. How lucky was I? And why did I not appreciate it when he was alive? We also found that he and my mom were in the habit of writing each other love letters every day, even though they were together every day and he saved each one of them. He was an amazing man and I can never undervalue him again. I was so fortunate to have him.

He served with the Manassas Volunteer Fire Dept. for as long as I remember. His and my mother's retirement activity was owning an antique

business and they traveled the antique show circuit, making many friends and learning a whole new way of life. My mom died when she was 63 and that just about killed my dad. After that, he really lost his will to live and just seemed to be waiting to pass. They had the strongest bond I have ever seen in a married couple.

When I met my present husband and told them he was the Superintendent of Maintenance for the power plant (I was Supervisor of Purchasing for VA Power), they were convinced he was passing himself off as a glorified janitor instead of an engineer. When they met him, they loved him immediately and he was one of the family. Once, when my first marriage had failed and I had to move back home with my two boys, my dad took me to Dudley Martin's to co-sign for a car so I could get a job. He and Dudley were friends and when Mr. Martin sent us to the finance manager to sign papers and the man asked my dad how much money he made, my dad told him that was none of his g—damn business. I never knew how much money my father made at his job, because you just did not talk about that - money was extremely personal. Never had any idea! He was always happy with his lot in life - owning a house and having a job that afforded him enough to put food on the table and pay the bills. When my sister and I complained about not having something we wanted because our friends had it, Dad would pack us up in the car and take us on a trip to the really poor section of Yorktown where they had outdoor plumbing. As he drove us around he told us that was what life could be like for us and we needed to appreciate what we had.

After I started dating (after 16), he always waited up for me and if I was past curfew he said little to me except to get to bed, but the next morning, someone was vacuuming under my bed at 5:30 AM and it was time to get up and stay up because there were many chores to be done. I was never spanked, though my parents believed in spanking, but he had a look that made me understand I had crossed the line and that was

enough. I never pushed the line because I didn't want to disappoint him. There was a little bit of fear in that mixture of respect, which I think is necessary - not fear of being hurt, but fear of hurting or disappointing someone you love.

At his funeral, the whole fire dept. showed up with fire trucks and everything. It was very touching. He hadn't been to church in a while, or so we thought, but the minister of the new Methodist Church in Manassas recognized him as the man who was showing up every Sunday and sitting in the back row and slipping out before he could talk to him for the last 6 months before he died and he made that weekly trip down route 609, in the tank of a station wagon he insisted on keeping, to the Quantico Cemetery to visit Mom. He remained a private man until he died with so much for us to find out afterwards. My old boyfriends used to visit him all the time, and I had no idea. We heard from so many people we had no idea cared for him when he died.

That chance visit with Lit and Morgan at the cemetery and the Brentsville Historic Site brought my father back to life for me, but in an all new way. I started thinking about the man, not my father, and now I know so much more and have so much more appreciation for what he was and what he gave of himself for me, my family, his family and his country. We seldom think of our parents as people who live in the world, but just as our moms and dads. We don't think of what they have had to endure. When I think that at the age of 19, my father was in the midst of saving lives in France, at the risk of his own (how frightened he must have been!), and came home, met my mother and had me by 21, it boggles my mind. The idea that he never complained or talked about his lot in life boggles my mind even more. Today, we complain if the electricity goes out for an hour and we can't use the computer or watch TV. We have no idea what sacrifice is. My father did. He lived an ordinary hero's life. Just a good man, doing what was right.

When WAR Came to Brentsville

Oswell Bones Eve

A note found with the brooch, apparently, written and signed by Oswell's wife, Annie Hall Eve, revealed:

"The photo of my beloved husband was taken in Jan 1861 after he was elected to Rome City Council. He had this brooch special made. He gave it to me as a token of his love the day, four short months later, in May we parted as he rode off to War."

Annie wore this brooch at Oswell's burial in 1861, and her black clothing of deep mourning, for the long remainder of her life.

Oswell Bones Eve was born 26 Sept. 1833, in GA. He was the youngest son of John Pritchard Eve and Sarah Davis Carmichael. He married Ann Helen Hall on 30 August 1854 in Richmond Co, GA. She was the daughter of Benjamin Hall and Harriet Beebe/Bebe.

Oswell's middle name probably derived from John Bones who married Oswell's father's sister.

Oswell Eve lived primarily in Richmond and Floyd Counties during his lifetime. He owned and operated several businesses in Rome, Floyd County GA in the mid-1800s. The 1860 Floyd county GA census states he had real estate valued at \$17,000 and personal property valued at \$16,000. He was elected to the

Rome, Georgia city council for the term beginning 1 Jan 1861.

Between 1859 and 1861, he operated a hardware business in Rome, GA with his brother, John C. Eve. It was under the name Eve & Brothers. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in May 1861 and served in Co E, 8th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers (Miller Rifles). He was struck in the left leg by two minnie balls

during the First Battle of Manassas. He died of those wounds on Aug 20, 1861 at a private residence near Brentsville, Prince William County, VA. He was buried in the Eve Family Cemetery outside of Rome, Georgia. He left a widow and four young sons: Benjamin Hall, John P., Robert C. and Oswell L. His wife, Annie Helen Hall Eve, applied for, and received, CSA pensions

in the state of Georgia until her death in the early 1900s.

His Obituary:

At Brentville, Va, August 20th, Orderly Sergeant Oswell B. Eve, aged twenty-eight years. He was a native of Richmond county, GA., a resident of Rome, and a consistent member of the Presbyterian church. While gallantly leading his company into battle, he was the first of them that fell by a shot from



(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

the enemy. Believing that he had received his mortal wound, he refused the proffered assistance of a devoted friend to remove him to a place of safety, and whilst in an exposed position, he received a second and more dangerous wound, from which, after lingering a month, he died. The final interview with his wife and friends was most affecting. This was his dying testimony of her who clung to him to the last moment: "I wish all to understand that my wife must have the training of our children - I leave all to her - I have perfect confidence in her - she has made me a happy man!" Turning to his wife, he said: "Pray without ceasing - take my place and pray before our children morning and evening."

(Continued from page 2)

apparently due to impaired protein production, changes in agricultural practice, or unpredictable weather. In early 2007, abnormally high die-offs (30-70% of hives) of European honey bee colonies occurred in the U.S. and Québec; such a decline seems unprecedented in recent history. This has been dubbed "Colony collapse disorder" (CCD); it is unclear whether this is simply an accelerated phase of the general decline due to more adverse conditions in 2006, or a novel phenomenon. Research has so far failed to determine what causes it. Recent research (2009) has found that an indicator for an impaired protein production is common among all bees affected by CCD.

A colony generally contains one queen bee, a fertile female; seasonally up to a few thousand drone bees or fertile males; and a large seasonally variable population of sterile female worker bees.

Eggs are laid singly in a cell in a wax honeycomb, produced and shaped by the worker bees. The queen can choose to fertilise the egg she is laying, usually depending on what cell she is laying in. Drones develop from unfertilised eggs, while females (Queens and worker bees) develop from fertilised. Larvae are initially fed with royal jelly produced by worker bees, later switching to honey and pollen. The exception is a larva fed solely on royal jelly, which will develop into a queen bee. The larva undergoes several moltings before spinning a cocoon within the cell, and pupating.

Young worker bees clean the hive and feed the larvae. When their royal jelly producing glands begin to mature, they begin building comb cells. They progress to other within-colony tasks as they become older, such

as receiving nectar and pollen from foragers, and guarding the hive. Later still, a worker takes her first orientation flights and finally leaves the hive and typically spends the remainder of her life as a forager.

Virgin queens go on mating flights away from their home colony, and mate with multiple drones before returning. The drones die in the act of mating.

Colonies are established not by solitary queens, as in most bees, but by groups known as "swarms", which consist of a mated queen and a large contingent of worker bees. This group moves *en masse* to a nest site that has been scouted by worker bees beforehand. Once they arrive, they immediately construct a new wax comb and begin to raise new worker brood. This type of nest founding is not seen in any other living bee genus. Honey bees sense magnetic fields and use that to navigate.

Species of *Apis* are generalist floral visitors, and will pollinate a large variety of plants, but by no means all plants. Of all the honey bee species, only *Apis mellifera* has been used extensively for commercial pollination of crops and other plants. The value of these pollination services is commonly measured in the billions of dollars.

Honey is the complex substance made when the nectar and sweet deposits from plants and trees are gathered, modified and stored in the honeycomb by honey bees as a food source for the colony. All living species of *Apis* have had their honey gathered by indigenous peoples for consumption, though for commercial purposes only *Apis mellifera* and *Apis cerana* have been exploited to any degree. Honey is sometimes also gathered by humans from the nests of various stingless bees.

Worker bees of a certain age will secrete beeswax from a series of glands on their abdomens. They use the wax to form the walls and caps of the comb. As with honey, beeswax is gathered for various purposes.

Bees collect pollen in the pollen basket and carry it back to the hive. In the hive, pollen is used as a protein source necessary during brood-rearing.

All honeybees live in colonies where the worker bees will sting intruders as a form of defense. The different species of honey bees are distinguished from all other bee species by the possession of small barbs on the sting, but these barbs are found only in the worker bees. The sting and associated venom sac are also modified so as to pull free of the body once lodged, and the sting apparatus has its own musculature which allow it to keep delivering venom once detached. The worker bee dies after the sting is torn out of its body.

A community of honey bees has often been employed throughout history by political theorists as a model of human society.

Source: Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Reader Feedback

Thanks for the Aug edition of *Brentsville Neighbors*. I especially liked seeing the Bayne - Whetzel wedding picture, since I went to school with both Cathy Whetzel and Steven Bayne. A bunch of us from the Osbourn class of 1969 are putting together some memories of what Manassas was like in the 50's and 60's... if any turn out to be relevant to Brentsville, I'll send them along to you.

Hope you're having a good summer too.
All the best,
Mike Simpson

><<<<<

Thank you so much for the Newsletter. I am so glad that some additional information has come into your hands about Joseph Latimer. He along with Eppa Hunton played a significant role in my story of Brentsville, and I have been trying to find additional information on him for some years. The AR Courtney that he served with was his cousin, and I know that Joseph had helped train them during his loan from the VMI as an instructor at Richmond.

Most records show he was born at Oak Ridge, Virginia. I wonder if we can ever find proof that that was the name of the family home near Brentsville? It seems the most likely explanation. Do you remember Sally and Phil Chetwynd from the friends? Years ago Sally put me on to a noted Virginia Historian (sadly can't remember his name now) - however he had never heard of Oak Ridge as a town or place name so it being the family home is the most logical explanation.

Paul Spencer
South Australia

I don't live in Brentsville or Bristow, but my daughter does. She lives in Bristow [Actually, she does live in Brentsville - in the home Simmie Keys built] and shares your newsletter with me. I find it to be so informative and interesting. I am so glad she shares it with me. My husband is a local, he's from Dumfries, our family has always enjoyed the history of this area, that's why I love reading your newsletter.

This spring I heard a lot of whipper-whills, beautiful sound, I heard them in the evening while sitting on my porch. It brings back so many memories of when I was a child and couldn't wait to hear their sound. Thank goodness, we live in what's left of the rural area of eastern Prince William. We live on Joplin road about a mile from the Quantico cemetery, so we still get to enjoy the wildlife and sounds of the country.

Thank you for all your work on producing the newsletter, it's wonderful.

Linda Jones

><<<<<

Just got to reading this edition...excellent....I love the old articles....your flower looks 3D I DO miss Brentsville ...everytime I read your Newsletters. Time is really a mystery. Brentsville is much of the reason I am alive today....I had such a wonderful childhood. You were a big part of my growing up years. Thank you!
Juliet Webster

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**

