

Brentsville Neighbors

Preserving Brentsville's History

June 2013



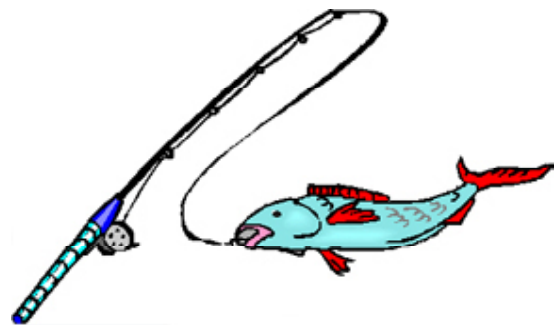
Welcome Neighbors,

To the children in Brentsville, June always was a very special month—school is out and summer vacation starts! And to the young men in the community that always meant the shoes came off, the bathing suit went on, and the fishing pole was in hand. And to most of us, the destination of choice was “The Log” on Broad Run. In celebration of this time we have teamed up with Benny Shoemaker and Donald Carter to tell the story of “The Log.” It was a fun project and we hope you enjoy the story.

Did you ever wonder what, exactly, the term “historic preservation” means? Why are some buildings worth saving? Come out to the site on June 8th from 1 – 3 p.m. for a preservation talk. Topics to be discussed include: why it is important to save the Brentsville jail; the scope of work; and why historic preservation is imperative to Prince William County’s future. Visitors will also have an opportunity to go inside the jail during the restoration process and experience preservation firsthand. There is a charge of \$15.00 per person (not suitable for children under 16) and reservations are required by calling 703-365-7895.

With the arrival of June, summer is here and baseball is in full swing! The **Old Dominions of Northern Virginia** and the **Potomac Nine of Washington** are on their way to Brentsville for an old time game of ball. Come on out on June 15th from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. to watch or join in. Bring your picnic lunch and a blanket and enjoy the day. Concessions will be available for purchase and tours of the historic buildings will be available from noon until 4p.m. on the hour. There is a \$5.00 charge per person for tours but children under six are free. Please call 703-365-7895 for more information.

Very best wishes,
Kay and Morgan



This month:

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Flashback

Where WILD things live...

BRENTSVILLE

The Children's Day services of the Union Sunday School will be held at 7:30 p.m. Sunday night. Everybody welcome.

The monthly meeting of the Community League will meet at the school house Saturday night at 8 o'clock. All members are urged to attend this meeting.

Mr. James Keys, of Roanoke, is spending a few days with his parents here after attending the Shriners' Convention in Washington. He is making the trip in his Nash automobile.

Mrs. O. W. Hedrick has been on the sick list this week.

Messrs. John Gary and sons, John and Robert of Del Ray, visited Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cooksey last Sunday.

Miss Irene Weeks, of Fairfax, visited at the home of Mr. R. H. Keys this week.

Among those who were Washington visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Earhart, Misses Violet Keys and Tracie Spitzer and Messrs. David and Cash Keys and William Varner.

One of the best games ever played on this diamond was fought out between, the team from Midland and the home team last Saturday, resulting in a score of 6-5 in favor of Brentsville, in the eleventh inning. Cash Keys pitched his usual good game, never weakening through the eleven innings. The Midland boys played a good game, however, and we hope they will come again. On Saturday our team will cross bats with the fast Nokesville aggregation on the Nokesville diamond. Come out, fans, and see a good game.

Mr. Oliver Cornwell and family and Miss Mae Molair, of Alexandria, motored out and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Molair.

Mr. E. W. Cornwell, of Washington, spent the week-end at his home here.

Source: The Manassas Journal, Brentsville News, June 15, 1923.



Lonicera maackii (Amur Honeysuckle or Bush Honeysuckle) is a species of honeysuckle native to temperate Asia in northern and western China, Mongolia, Japan, Korea, and southeastern Russia.

It is listed as an endangered species in Japan. It has escaped from cultivation and become naturalized in New Zealand and the eastern United States; in the forests of the latter, it has become an important invasive species.

It is a deciduous large shrub growing to 19 feet tall. The leaves are oppositely arranged, with an entire margin, and with at least some rough hairs on them. The flowers are produced in pairs, commonly with several pairs grouped together in clusters; they are $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, two-lipped, white later turning yellow or light orange in color; flowering is from mid spring to early summer.

The fruit is a bright red to black semi-translucent berry containing numerous small seeds; they ripen in autumn, and are eaten by birds, which disperse the seeds in their droppings. It is fast growing and favours shady habitats such as the forest understory, neglected urban areas, and fence rows. It can form extremely dense thickets.

It is grown as an ornamental plant for its attractive flowers, and also as a hedge. A number of cultivars have been selected for garden use.

The flowers are sometimes used by children, who remove the blossom by hand, and pull off the bottom



Snippets from the County School Board Minutes



COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD METING.

Manassas Va June 10-1925

The County School Board met as per adjournment on above date with all members present.
Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Mr Persons and two ladies, patrons of the Quantico school appeared before the board and requested that a new two-room school building be erected at that point. After discussion it was ordered that the trustee Mrs A G Cline confer with the people and present some definite plan for the board's consideration at the next meeting.

A letter from Mrs Bessie E White, Prin. of the Brown colored school relative to her reappointment was deferred until next meeting for consideration.

On motion the superintendent was authorized to forward warrants to teachers in settlement of the June pay-roll.

On motion Chas R McDonald and T E Didlake were appointed a committee on settlement with the County treasurer for the fiscal year ending June 30th-1925.

On motion J R Cooke was authorized to apply to court for permission to sell the old Brentsville colored school house property.

The following bids for wood were received and accepted for session of 1925-26;

Fayman, Archie Lowe, \$25 for term.

Goldridge, W Y Ellicott, 45.00 for " two rooms.

On motion of the trustee interested the following teachers were elected for the session of 1925-26;

BRENTSVILLE DISTRICT:

Greenwich, Miss Audrey Nuckols, Prin. \$100 per mo.

" Mr E S House, El. 75 "

" Miss Evangeline Grinsted, Pri. 75 "

Nokesville, Miss Alga E White,

" " Ida B James

Aden, Miss Florence Nash.

Kettle Run Col. Mrs Julia A Holbert.

No further business meeting adjourned to Monday July 20th-1925.

(signed) Chas. R. McDonald, Clerk

Chairman

THE LOG

As told by Benny Shoemaker, Donald Carter
and Morgan Breeden

What kid in Brentsville didn't swim or fish (or both) at "THE LOG"? Probably more youngsters learned how to swim here than any other place around. Of course back then there wasn't a pristine public swimming pool closer than Middleburg and not many of us got to go there. So the log was both convenient and safe—a place where we were allowed to go without adult supervision and a lot of concern. It was easy enough to "dive" off the log into the "deep" water and within seconds arrive at a sandbar only a foot or so deep. Even if you didn't know how to swim the current would take you there safely. For those less daring the shallows above the log provided an ideal place to dig freshwater mussels, turn rocks in search of crawfish or simply splash around in the shallows.

Fishing at the log was also easy and fun. On the "island" were normally large deposits of decomposing leaves that provided a ready source of fishing worms. Sometimes we would break open the freshwater mussels looking for pearls and not finding any, use the meat of the mussel for bait. The fish were mostly bluegills and almost always small but what the hey – fishing is not measured by what you catch but how much you enjoy the experience.

I never knew for sure just how the log came to be so I started asking the "old people" (namely Fred Wolfe). I'm told they didn't swim at the log but instead would go to Seymour's "Beach" or dive off the rocks at Pete Dickens' place. Luckily, Fred mentioned to Benny Shoemaker that I was working on this and Benny excitedly claimed to have great information. So I called Bennie and while the following may not be an exact quote, I think it's close enough to get the story across.

As told by Benny Shoemaker:

I don't remember the exact date, somewhere around 1946 or 47, but there was a very fierce storm passing through our area with heavy rain and a lot of lightning. Mom, Dad and I were standing in the dining room when suddenly dad saw a bolt of lightning strike a tree down by Broad Run and watched it topple over into the water. He called to us

to see it and as I watched, the thing that stands out most vividly in my mind was the blue fire burning on that tree for a couple of hours. It wasn't a normal wood fire color but a very brilliant blue flame that just kept going with the flames shooting up above the bank. During the night of this storm lightning was all over the place and it was a scary time for a young boy.

After the tree fell (I believe it was a poplar about three feet in diameter and it was laying with the roots on the side toward Shoemakers and the top lying on the island), water started flowing over the top of it and washed out the sand on the down-stream side that formed a perfect swimming hole. It was also a great fishing hole! One time I was sitting on the bank watching Boyd Beard fishing. In just a short time he caught 11 largemouth bass that day. Not sure if he caught the same one more than once or if they were all different.

Nobody knew for sure who actually owned the island [the county does] but it was a great place to play while spending time at the run. Warren Carter, Donald Carter and I had a fort on the island that was equipped with rocks, bottles and spears 'in case we were attacked.' The "spears" were actually weeds that grew in the lot between Snouffer's house and Jim Shoemaker's garage. They stood about 4 or 5 feet tall and when the branches were stripped off they make great spears that could be thrown with fair accuracy. And sure enough, one day Nelson Bradshaw and Goggie Carter did attack us. It was all great fun and nobody was hurt.

Dad (Ben Shoemaker) owned the property that provided access to the log and he never told anyone they could not swim there. During the 1960's and 70's it was the site for the annual Shoemaker-Cordell family reunion complete with picnic tables and horseshoe pits. Mom (Dean Shoemaker) made and put up a sign that named the area "Shoemaker's Park."

The water in Broad Run was almost always crystal clear from the log all the way up to Kettle Run and it was always cool, even during the hottest time of the year. People would sit on the log and let this cool water pass over them for hours at a time. This was before air conditioning was readily available in the homes. As the water passed over the log it formed a pocket about five feet deep but it very quickly became shallow again.

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Just upstream from the log is where the road used to ford the stream between Brentsville and Lucasville. The road ran up just past Jim Shoemaker's garage. There was a swinging bridge for foot traffic only where the old metal bridge was built. On the Brentsville side of the bridge there was a huge rock in the road with a spring under it. Water was always seeping out from under that rock. When the new concrete bridge was put in the rock was dug out and I'm not sure what happened to the spring.

That metal bridge holds a lot of memories as well. I would sit on the bottom rail and catch bluegills as big as your hand! I wonder how many boys walked across the top of that bridge?

In the water just below the bridge was another huge rock that was flat on top. Normally the water was five or six inches over this rock but you could judge how dry the summer was by how much of the rock stuck out of the water. One time the creek went completely dry and you could walk out to the big rock in the middle of the run without getting your feet wet.

I've learned that Benny's wife, Jean, commissioned Nancy Thompson of Nokesville to paint a picture of the old metal bridge for his 40th birthday that is now one of his most treasured possessions. AND, Jean mentioned to Donald Carter that we were working on this story and he volunteered the following information:

The one thing I remember the most about swimming at the log was the rope we had hanging out of the tree. We could drop in the water from the bank. I swung out one day and the rope broke. I fell in the tree roots before the water and looked like someone had beat me with a whip. It took me weeks to get rid of all the cuts and bruises. We also used to run and jump off the bank. It was also a good fishing hole early in the morning and late in the evening.

Every time we had a flood, it would change the makeup. Sometimes it got deeper or more shallow. Everybody used to come up there and swim.

I also remember climbing up and sitting on top of the old metal bridge that used to be there, too. I know we spent a lot of time fishing and swimming on that creek from the Bristow creek bridge down to the Bradley Forest bridge.

I recall one picnic being held by the Brentsville Presbyterian Church at the log where I was playing with my guitar—without the skill to actually PLAY it I use the term playing WITH it more accurately. Present was Mrs. Ann Keys who asked if I knew the song “Life is Like a Mountain Railroad.” “That,” she said with a broad smile, “is my favorite song!” I had to confess that I knew a few parts of the song (I heard my mother and father sing it many times) but was unable to sing it for her. We hummed the melody together a bit and then gave it up as a lost cause. I'll always remember her asking about that song, however. Just as I'll always remember my parents singing it in the Baptist Church.

Every generation has a special place, event or story that connects them to the time. I suppose for those of us in Brentsville who grew up between the 1940's and the 1960's it was “The Log.” Children in the following generation no longer had to depend on the great outdoors for recreation. Computer games of untold make and variety have now dominated their lives. And I cannot help but believe the one who watched over us so carefully during that time must have said something like, “Use it or lose it!”

There was a great storm that passed through Prince William County a few years back, dropping a lot of rain. As the storm roared through the rain pelted down in torrential sheets. So much rain that the ground could not come close to absorbing it. Most of it ran off into the low spots; the gullies; the ditches; and the small streams eventually finding its way into the larger streams and waterways. Broad Run was one such stream. Reaching Brentsville after winding 38 miles through three counties (Warren, Fauquier and Prince William) it would have accumulated a huge volume of water—far too much to be contained in its normal state so it overflowed its banks, flooding the low-lying areas and churned its way toward the Potomac River.

As the water boiled and churned along it started washing away the banks of the stream toppling into it trees and rocks that could no longer cling to the banks and taking with it all that could not withstand the pressure of so much water. Such was the fate of a very large tree some three feet in diameter that had served as our primary place of recreation. When the raging waters subsided and returned to normal levels, “The Log” was no longer there. But it will remain there in our memories for all of our lives.

When WAR Came to Brentsville

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,
June 12, 1863-12 m.

Major-General STAHEL,
Comdg. Cavalry, Department of Washington:

GENERAL: It is reported by Colonel Lowell that Mosby disbanded his people near Middleburg. Have all the houses in that vicinity searched for arms and ammunition. Arrest all men known to be disloyal, and leave no horses which can be used by guerrillas. Do the same at and in the vicinity of Brentsville. By command of Major-General Heintzelman:

J. H. TAYLOR,
Chief of Staff.

Joseph Hancock Taylor, soldier, born in Kentucky, 26 January, 1836; died in Omaha, Nebraska, 13 March, 1885, was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1856, and commissioned Second Lieutenant of Cavalry on 16 January, 1857.

He served in Kansas, in the Utah expedition, and in a campaign in 1860 against the Kiowa and Comanche Indians of Colorado. He

was promoted First Lieutenant on 22 April, 1861, and Captain on 14 May, and was appointed acting Adjutant General of General Edwin V. Sumner's division on 27 November, 1861.

During the peninsula campaign, and subsequently in the Maryland campaign, he served as acting



assistant Adjutant General of the Second corps, winning the brevet of Major at Fair Oaks, and that of Lieutenant Colonel at Antietam. He was assistant Adjutant General at Fredericksburg, and assistant Inspector General of Cavalry in Stoneman's raid.

On 1 June, 1863, he was assigned to duty as assistant Adjutant General of the Department at Washington. He was

appointed a Major on the staff on 30 March, 1866, and on 13 August was breveted Colonel for faithful services during the war. He was on duty in different military departments till his death, which was due to disease that he had contracted in the line of duty.

Source: <http://www.arlingtoncemetery.net/jhtaylor.htm>

A Citizen of Note

DeLancey Webster

LANCE WEBSTER WINS DISTRICT 52 "TABLE TOPICS" COMPETITION

Experienced 13-year Toastmaster Lance Webster today won the coveted FIRST PLACE TROPHY in the Toastmasters International District 52 "Table Topics" (impromptu speaking) competition at the organization's annual day-long District Conference, held at Glendale's Embassy Suites Hotel.

He was up against 4 skilled competitors, and by winning established himself as the best Toastmaster impromptu speaker in District 52, which includes the San Fernando Valley from the West Valley to Pasadena, and from Santa Clarita to Downtown Los Angeles — an area that includes 107 Toastmaster public speaking and leadership clubs totalling approximately 2,000 members.



It's the first time Lance has won this prestigious award. He was representing the President's Distinguished Chamber Communicators club, a largely (but not exclusively) LGBT club he founded 7 years ago in Studio City, which meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Oil Can Harry's nightclub's upstairs lounge (Guests welcome.)

Lance has previously finished 1st in District 52's Speech Evaluation Contest, and won 1st and 2nd place awards at Area and Division level contests (fewer clubs) for Humorous Speaking and Inspirational Speaking. In the photo, he accepts the trophy from District Governor Linda Cota-Kumagai.

Lance is a key member of the Earthquake Country Alliance's Southern California Speaker's Bureau,

which trains preparedness experts and concerned citizens to speak on earthquake safety and planning; and a member of the 17-year old G.L.I.D.E. Speakers Bureau which provides schools, colleges, businesses and organizations with speakers and workshops that tackle sensitive subjects including prejudice, bullying and homophobia.

Lance also serves as Coach of the Freethinkers Toastmasters club in East Hollywood; founded the 5-year old President's Distinguished West Hollywood Toastmasters club in District 1, and is founder, coach, sponsor and mentor for a new club called "Lofty Speakers" in Downtown's Arts District, sponsored by 100 Years, and leading Downtown residential realty team Loft

Living L.A.

This summer, Lance will be joining District 52's Golden Gavel club, working toward both the DM (Distinguished ToastMaster) and QS (Qualified Speaker) designations, and will be participating with District leaders in presentations designed to create new clubs.

Lance is a real estate agent for Keller Williams Pasadena's downtown living team "Loft Living L.A.", and is a Life Coach specializing in productivity, effectiveness, communication, relationships, and media training for executives, entertainers and sports figures.

Life is Like a Mountain Railway

Life is like a mountain railway,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels;
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hands upon the throttle,
And your eyes upon the rail.

Chorus:
Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore,
When the Angels wait to join us
In Thy praise for evermore.

You will roll up grades of trial;
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
On this lightning train of life;
Always mindful of obstruction,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hands upon the throttle,
And your eyes upon the rail.

Chorus:

You will often find obstructions,
Look for storms and wind and rain;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hands upon the throttle,
And your eyes upon the rail.

Chorus:

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide;
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God, the Father, God the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudit,
"Weary Pilgrim, welcome home."

Chorus:

The origin is murky

The origin of this song is murky. Eliza R. Snow (1804-1887) may have written the original lyrics, with M. E. Abbey (a Baptist minister in Georgia in the 1890s) supplying the chorus. There is a similar poem/hymn by Snow, called "Truth Reflects upon Our Senses," which Tillman put to this same tune in 1909. At any rate, Abbey and Tillman copyrighted "Life's Railway to Heaven" in 1890. It has long been a favorite in the railroading community.



Eliza Roxcy Snow, second general president of the Relief Society, dedicated her life to serving the Lord. "To be able to do Father's will is what I wish to live for," she once said. But she didn't wish such a life only for herself. She wanted every woman to recognize her significance in the Lord's eyes and act upon it.

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to suck out the sweet nectar in the center. The red berries are mildly poisonous to humans and should not be eaten.

Spread of this plant is illegal or controlled in some areas of the United States due to its well documented invasive character. It is listed as an “invasive, banned” species in Connecticut, “prohibited” in Massachusetts, and a “Class B noxious weed” in Vermont. It is also officially listed as an invasive species by government agencies in Wisconsin and Tennessee.

This plant is adaptable and successful in a wide range of conditions. In the United States, Amur honeysuckle was once planted to control erosion, and as hedges. It spread quickly as birds eat the fruit and disperse the seeds, and was soon naturalized. Notably, in deciduous forest understories of the eastern United States it forms dense growths with thick canopies that shade out native shrubs, young trees, and wild flowers. Uncontrolled, these growths create a near monoculture of Amur Honeysuckle. This species poses a serious threat not only to the diversity of the ecosystems which they invade but also to forest regeneration itself as the plant is known for reducing the growth and diversity of native seedlings. Moreover studies have shown that plant is responsible for having a negative impact on birds and tadpoles. Honeysuckle can be controlled by cutting, flaming, or burning the plant to root level and repeating on two-week increments until nutrient reserves in the roots are depleted. To ensure eradication newly cut stumps should be treated with herbicide. Control through prescribed burning has been found to be most effective during the seed dispersal phase (late summer, early fall). Honeysuckle can also be controlled through grubbing of the shallowly rooted young plants.

Due to the invasive nature of this species and the ecological threat it poses it may be inadvisable to cultivate this plant in climates similar to those found where this species has become invasive (e.g. eastern United States). It has been suggested that existing specimens found outside of their native range in east Asia should be removed and replaced with alternative non-invasive species.

The common name Amur Honeysuckle comes from the Amur River which is the world’s eighth longest river. This river forms the border between the Russian Far East and Manchuria in China. The species name *maackii* is derived from Richard Maack, a 19th century Russian naturalist.

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

“No sister [is] so isolated,” she declared, “but what she can do a great deal towards establishing the Kingdom of God upon the earth.”

Eliza knew this not only because of the testimony that burned inside of her but because she had spent her entire life serving the women of the Church, from Kirtland to Missouri to Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. She knew their hearts, their trials, their triumphs, and the way they quietly lifted their families and one another in good times and bad. “There are many of the sisters whose labors are not known beyond their own dwellings and perhaps not appreciated there,” she said, “but what difference does that make? If your labors are acceptable to God, however simple the duties, if faithfully performed, you should never be discouraged.”

Strengthening families and making wise use of time were priorities for her. “Let your first business be to perform your duties at home,” she said. “But, inasmuch as you are wise stewards, you will find time for social duties. . . . By seeking to perform every duty you will find that your capacity will increase, and you will be astonished at what you can accomplish.”

Eliza used some of her time to write poetry. A profoundly wise and revelatory woman, she left behind some 500 poems—many of which provide tremendous comfort as well as doctrinal insight. Consider the third verse of her poem “O My Father,” which is in today’s Church hymnal:

*I had learned to call thee Father,
Thru thy Spirit from on high,
But, until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heav’ns are parents single?
No, the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I’ve a mother there.*

Source: <https://www.lds.org/callings/relief-society/relief-society-presidents/eliza-r-snow>

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**

