

Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville
Shared Among Neighbors
January 2011



Welcome Neighbors,

Reflecting back on 2010 there have been so many activities and events that are bringing Brentsville back on the map. We are grateful to each of you who participated in making these happen.

Our holiday program was bigger and better than ever before. As in the past, Ms. Linda Beville and her two choral groups brought the Union Church alive with a wide mixture of sounds of the season. And we were surprised with a group of musicians from Australia who were visiting BDHS who also presented us with a variety of pieces played on wind instruments.

The buildings were all decorated by the Manassas and Montclair Garden Clubs with local greenery and fruit from the Osage orange tree. They did a wonderful job! Inside the courthouse was Santa Claus (Mr. Rex Born) in his 1862 era suit with Avery Born and other ladies in period costume assisting him. Ms. Bonnie Swank was also present demonstrating the old technique of tating. Her work is beautiful.

Inside the school was Mrs. Claus (Mrs. Sue Born) showing the children how to make old-time holiday decorations and pomander balls with citrus fruit and cloves

for their trees at home. David Born (also in costume) read Christmas stories while the children worked.

In the Union Church Mr. Jim Craft presented a historic Christmas program complete with eight costumed volunteers. During this coming year there will be a number of additional services provided by the group as part of the on-going historic programs. More on this later.

In the November newsletter I misidentified one of the pictures – the one on Lucasville Road identified as Joyce Keys was actually her sister, Jean Keys. I'm sorry for that mistake.

This month our Brentsville Memories takes a new turn—one story as it was remembered by three different people who did not collaborate in the composition. I think you will find it very interesting how the “eye of the beholder” creates small variations in the same story.

Very best wishes,
Morgan

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- Where Wild Things Live - pages 3 & 9
- Remembering Brentsville----- pages 5 & 8

Circulation: 218 - 101 Electronic

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FLASHBACK

BRENTSVILLE

(Mrs. Emma Wolfe, Cor.)

Rev. Frank Griffin preached Sunday in Hatcher Memorial Church.

Cpl. T. L. Newton, of Andrews Field, will preach in the Union Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Bennie Breeden continues to be very ill at her home.

Cecil Yancey was taken to Mount Alto hospital Friday with a severe case of pneumonia.

Mrs. Morgan Breeden and sons spent Sunday evening with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wolfe.

Mr. Frederick Whetzel spent several days in Washington last week.

Little Spicer Keys, Jr., is recovering from pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burdette and daughter, Kay, who have been spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Keys, have returned to their home in Maryland.

Sidney Spitzer, who has reenlisted in the Army, left January 3 for North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Michael spent Sunday with Mrs. Michael's aunt, Mrs. Jessie Whetzel.

Miss Gladys Wolfe entertained her friends at a New Year's party at her home Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Webster attended a New Year's party in Washington.

Little Morgan Earle Breeden is still quite sick at his home.

Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hedrick were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cook, of Cedar point, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield and family, of Alexandria; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hedrick and family and Bucky Hedrick, of Arlington; and Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards and family, of Manassas.

Mrs. Gertrude Lipscomb and Mr. Frank Varner recently were married.

Mrs. Jesse Bell received word of the death of her brother-in-law Mr. McDonald, of near Leesburg.

Rev. Jesse Bell has been on the sick list recently.

Mr. Morgan Breeden visited his mother, Mrs. Daniel Breeden in Washington.

The Young People will meet at the home of Gladys Wolfe on Friday, January 10.

Source: The Manassas Journal, January 9, 1947

GENERAL EQUATIONS & STATISTICS

A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband.

A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.

A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend.

A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

(Contributed by Juliet Webster)

**Thank you
David & Nancy Shely and
Hugh & Frances Duckett
for your support!**



Sitting with Santa is Rachel Mehr, soprano, standing (L-R) Debbie Fancer, Tenor, Tom Mehr, Bass, Kevin Stohl, Bass or Tenor, Chris McConnell, organ player, Bernie McConnell, alto, Nancy Bennett, soprano, and Bob Bennett (not in costume)

The ghost of Christmas Present
AKA
Daniel Breedon



Where WILD things live..



Pyrgus communis
Common Checkered Skipper
(See bottom of page 9)



Gladys Eanes making a Pomander ball with citrus fruit and cloves

Right, the Woolfrey family with Santa



Left: Bonnie Swank demonstrated tatting



Left: Mrs. May Bradford enjoys a secret chat with Santa (Rex Born)



The Brentsville District High School Women's Treble Ensemble



The Australian touring group



The Brentsville District Mixed Vocal Ensemble

Brentsville Memories

by

The Janay Family

Our Home on Barbee Road

I first saw our house on February 22, 1976. I knew it was for us because that was my “LUCKY DAY.” Things went very smoothly selling our house in Lake Ridge but not so smoothly gaining possession of this house. The previous owner tried to discourage us because he had gotten a higher offer after accepting ours. We took possession with dead chickens in the yard and animal poop in the house. Michael cleaned up the poop. When we moved in, we were house-poor. There was a whole lot more to take care of with an old house and acreage.

The fields around the house were a complete unknown to me for about 10 years. Some one had to tell me the hay needed to be bush-hogged.

We spent three years overseas with the Marine Corps and rented the farm out. The first tenant was way better than the second. When we came back the place was a mess and in need of a major overhaul. We got central air and new windows, siding, and working fireplaces. Now that was living!

So we raised Jesse and Jim here and now some grandchildren come to the farm to see the sheep and chickens.

I know the beat goes on but we have enjoyed our lives here to the fullest. If you would like to know more about our sheep & wool business look at

www.woolyboolycormos.com.

JESSE AND GOLDA’S MISADENTURE

By Mike Janay (Jesse’s Dad)

I remember when it occurred. Jesse was 5 years old and his trusty dog, Golda, were inseparable pals. Our white fence had chicken wire attached to it to keep little boys and their dogs inside the yard. They had dug holes under the fence on several occasions to “break out.”

On this particular occasion they had gotten out to further explore the surrounding area and decided to check out a nearby abandoned house. While at this house, Jesse accidentally disturbed a nest of yellow jackets, which immediately swarmed Jesse and the dog. Though stung many times, Jesse had enough sense to get out of there and run home as fast as he could. He was screaming at the top of his lungs.

His mother took charge and treated him with an oatmeal bath and got him calmed down. His pal, Golda, never left his side. Then I took the dog to the vet and he gave her an antihistamine and cleaned the bees out of her coat.

This incident occurred in the summer of 1979 and from 1981 to 1984 we were stationed overseas. That summer when we returned, we began to hear of the local little boy who had been badly stung by a hive of yellow jackets and was rescued by his faithful dog. Hey, that was our Jesse and Golda who had become one of the Village of Brentsville’s yarns.

(Continued on page 8)

Brentsville

A Citizen of Note James R. Purcell

Another old Confederate veteran has answered the bugle call of death. Major James R. Purcell, one of the best known residents of Prince William, passed away last Saturday [January 22, 1916] at Staunton, Va., after a brief illness. For the last few years Major Purcell was in failing health but his death came as a shock to members of his family and his many friends.

Major Purcell, who was seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death, was born at Brentsville. There he attended school and later studied at Rock Hill, Alexandria and Upperville Military Academies. He also spent one session at the University of Virginia. For two years, 1858 to 1860, he served as deputy sheriff of Prince William county.

With the breaking out of the civil war, James R. Purcell enlisted in the cause of the Confederate States of America and served faithfully until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. He

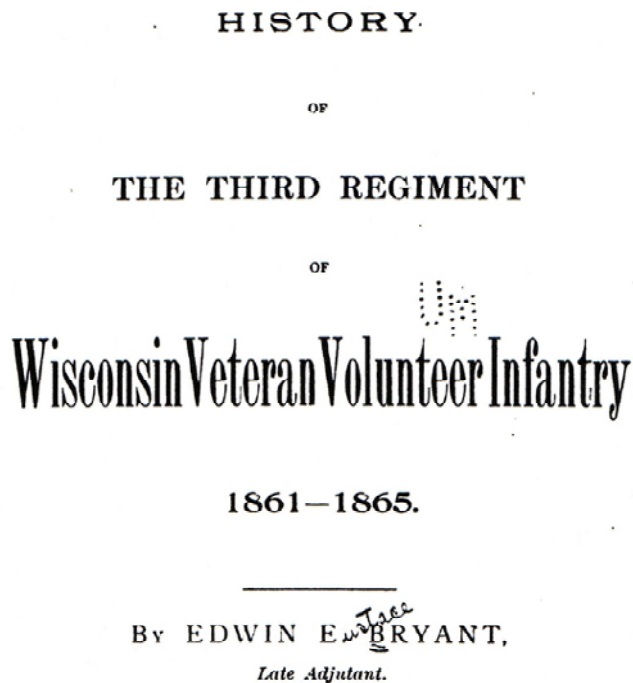
saw gallant service at several of the great battles of the war, including Manassas, Seven Pines and Gettysburg. He was commanding officer of Company A, 49th Virginia Regiment; later he was promoted to major and then made a colonel, but failed to receive his commission to the latter office. For two sessions he served as a delegate from Prince William to the Virginia Legislature.



While Major Purcell lived for a number of years in lower Prince William, he moved to the Hickory Grove neighborhood later in life and from there to Gainesville, at which place he resided for more than twenty years past. He was known all over this section of Virginia for his love of dogs and hunting. At one time he kept a large kennel of fine dogs and delighted to tell of their qualifications. In other fields he was also well-informed and delighted in exchanging opinions with all who were fair-minded and straightforward.

(Continued on page 9)

When WAR Came to Brentsville



“Our way led us through the Spottsylvania battle ground. Everywhere were visible the terrible signs of the struggle —trees mowed down by artillery, lowly mounds with nothing to testify whose was the last resting place, and sadder still, unburied remains. Bones lay by the road side; and in a yard, where a woman stood and discoursed about the struggle to inquirers, lay two skulls. In a thicket nearby, where the appalling stillness seems never to have been broken, except by owl, or bat, or raven, lie hundreds of skeletons. Some had collected, as they lay wounded, such sticks as were within their reach, and had striven to erect a barrier to protect them from further injury. Some had taken the straps from their knapsacks to bind a severed artery, and now the leather lying loosely about the bone told pathetically of the vain effort.

“Some of us visited the Wilderness battle ground (in the field of Chancellorsville) and saw there the same sad scenes. The commingled bones of horse and rider, all the possessions of the soldier, from the envelope with its fond address in

a woman’s hand to the broken gun, lie scattered over the ground. Knapsacks placed together by companies before they made the charge, and for which the owners never returned, remain in decaying heaps. An old, gray-headed man leaned upon his hoe handle trying to quiet his trembling head as he said, ‘Ah, sir, there are thousands of both sides lying unburied in the Wilderness.’”

The corps marched down the same road by which it retired from the ill-fated battle field; and crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford, the same place where on the 13th of May, two years before, it had retreated in sullen chagrin. The pride and elation of the last march were compensation for all the mortification of the first. On the 16th, old Hartwood church was passed, the desolate house of worship that had survived the ravages of war in a region where every fence, unoccupied building and almost every tree showed marks of military spoliation. The 17th found the hastening column on the north bank of Kettle Run, where nearly two years previously the regiment occupied for a night the same ground, on its way to Gettysburg, that was now selected for the night’s encampment. Next day the regiment moved through Brentsville, where in Pope’s retreat it had hurriedly marched on the 31st of August to get around from behind Lee’s victorious army. It was a satisfaction to the veterans to make the march once more over ground associated in their minds with disaster and flight. Again Broad Run and Bull Run were forded, and on the 19th of May, the regiment was in camp at Forth Worth, opposite Washington. On the 20th, a regular camp was laid out, and Governor Lewis, then the executive of Wisconsin, visited the regiment and made a speech to the men.

(Taken from pages 332 & 333)

Jesse's Version of the Story

Golda and I could do anything and go anywhere. I was five years old, living on a farm and Golda was my golden retriever. My mom would let us roam as we wished around the farm. Golda and I would go to my fort in the woods and play for hours on end. One day we ventured past our white fence, past our neighbor's house, and into the woods by Bristow Road. Amidst the tangled brush we found an old house that we had never seen before. It was dark, abandoned, and falling apart. I looked at Golda and asked her if she wanted to go in with me to explore. She didn't say anything, but she followed me in happily. There was enough light coming in from the broken windows and the house smelled of mildew and rot. The staircase had several missing steps, so we couldn't go upstairs. As we walked along the side of the staircase, I saw a pinkish blotch on the wall. As we stopped to look at it, an odd smell that I can only describe as bubblegum filled my nose. As I reached toward the blotch, I thought of my fun scratch-and-sniff stickers that my Mom had given to me. I scratched, sniffed, and knocked. Then it happened. A swarm of bees attacked us. A happy beehive must have been behind that wall, until I had come along and decided to unwittingly disturb them. We ran and ran as the bees stung us. We ran all the way home. Me screaming and swatting, and Golda yelping. My Mom met us at the door to our house and she didn't need me to tell her what had happened. She took me upstairs and began pulling the dead bees and stingers out of my skin. She didn't give me an ordinary bath... she gave me a bath in oatmeal. Through my teary eyes I looked at her like she was crazy when she put oatmeal in the tub, but she

reassured me that it would make me feel better. It did. I don't know what happened to Golda in the whirlwind of my Mother taking care of me. When I asked, she told me that Dad had taken her to the vet. I still remember that painful day and I learned two things: to never scratch anything that smelled like bubblegum in a deserted house and man's best-friend will always be there for you.

Barbara's Version of the Story (Jesse's Mom)

When we moved into the house on Barbee Rd., the rail fence needed chicken wire to keep Jesse and Golda from getting out. There were two ponds very close to the house and I was afraid of Jesse falling in. I had seen Golda digging at the wire to get out but caught her in time, MOST OF THE TIME! To top all this stress, I was pregnant with Jim and was always freaking out when I saw they were gone. I laughed when I saw Jesse's version where he was allowed to run free! My first clue about the bee stings was the dog and child shrieking at the tops of their lungs as they headed for home. My only first aid was an oatmeal bath and some Benadryl. I was appalled that they had been gone long enough to get in such huge trouble.

When I hear the local myth about the dog who saved his master from being killed by bee stings, I kept my mouth shut because they said it happened because the parents let the kid run loose.

Note: Additional information about the Woolly Booly Farm can be found in the July 2006 newsletter.

Surviving the deceased are his widow, who resides at Wilmington, Del.; three sons, George, of Baltimore; Taylor, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and William, of Texas, and one daughter, Mrs. Mamie Stradley of Wilmington, Del.

Funeral services were held in Manassas Monday afternoon at the Manassas Baptist Church, Dr. H. L. Quarles officiating. Interment was made in Manassas cemetery. The pallbearers were Thos. H. Lion, Jas. E. Nelson, I. E. Cannon, C. E. Nash, R. S. Hynson, all of Manassas, and M. Cave, of Gainesville. Members of Ewell Camp, U. C. V., turned out in good numbers as also did the Daughters.

The Manassas Journal, February 4, 1916 p-1

Feedback

Thanks for reprinting Mrs. Webster's column. What memories it dredged up as I kept reading names of people I knew and remember so fondly.

Elaine Yankey

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Excellent holiday issue, Morgan Earle. My mother's weekly column in the Journal Messenger was a very folksy regular feature for more then 6 years. Thanks for reprinting them from time to time. They bring the past alive. Also love the reminiscences of old timers and past residents. Also on my recent visit to Brentsville, I was totally amazed by the incredible collection of memorabilia you have assembled in the old Schoolhouse. So many binders, so much history! You are both a journalist AND a historian. Keep up the good work!

DeLancey Webster

Where WILD Things Live

Attributes of *Pyrgus communis*

Identification: Upperside of male is blue-gray; female is black. Both sexes have large white spots which form median bands across both wings. Fringes of male checkered but black checks often reach only halfway to edge of fringe. Male has a costal fold enclosing scent scales on the upperside of the forewing. Underside is dull white with dark gray or olive bands. Spots of the hindwing marginal row are very small; spots of the submarginal row are larger.

Life history: Males patrol in swales most actively in the afternoon, and mating takes place then. Females lay eggs singly on leaf buds and tops of leaves. Adults roost exposed on a tall plant beginning in late afternoon. Caterpillars make folded-leaf nests in which they live and feed, and fully-grown caterpillars hibernate.

Flight: February-October in the Deep South, March-September in the north.

Wing span: 1 - 1 1/2 inches (2.5 - 3.8 cm).

Caterpillar hosts: Several plants in the mallow family including globemallows, mallow, hollyhock, alkali mallows, velvet-leaf, and poppy mallow.

Adult food: Nectar from white-flowered composites including shepherd's needles, fleabane, and asters; also red clover, knapweed, beggar's ticks, and many others.

Habitat: Open, sunny places with low vegetation and some bare soil including prairies, meadows, fields, roadsides, landfills, yards, gardens, pastures, openings and trails in woods.

Range: Most of the temperate United States. Colonizes as far north as central Alberta, southern Ontario, and southern New England. It cannot survive very cold winters and may not be a permanent resident north of the 40th parallel.

Source: <http://www.butterfliesandmoths.org>

Brentsville Neighbors

Information About Brentsville
Shared Among Neighbors

Contact us on:
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IN GOD WE TRUST

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