

Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville
Shared Among Neighbors
February 2011



Welcome Neighbors!

Completing this issue has proven to be a bit trying. While putting the finishing touches on it during the most recent snowstorm in our area, WHAM! the power went off without warning. Not a problem normally – automatic save functions prevent a loss of most of the document – normally. Not this time. It was gone. So, we start over trying to remember just how everything fit together so nicely the last time. Back to the final finishing touches and WHAM! – the power went off without warning once more (a good thing you didn't hear me voicing my discontent). This time, however, most of the document was saved so all is well that ends well.

During the 15+ hour power outage we could not help but reflect on the advantages of our modern home or the lack thereof. Since our home is totally electric, there was no water, no heat, no bathroom in operation and no light. Sixty years ago water was obtained from a hand pump. No matter how hot or how cold, a few swift pumps on the handle produced water for every need. Heat came from the wood stoves. Almost always one in the kitchen which was also used for cooking and frequently one somewhere else in the house. True, early

each winter morning someone had to stir up the coals and get a new batch of wood burning. It might be a bit chilly until the fire got going but once it did, boy, did it ever feel great to back up against that stove. Also true, someone had to cut, split and stack the wood as well as ensure there was always an ample supply close at hand. But that was just another of the chores that growing boys enjoyed. (There might be some argument here!) As for the bathroom facilities. We all had that little building so fondly called the “out house” that was smelly in the summer and cold as sin in the winter. Sometimes when it was very cold a chamber pot might be used at night. But to be sure, they didn't need electricity to operate. Heck, we didn't even have electricity for a long time. And light was amply provided by the coal oil lamps. Mom would make sure the globes were kept clean and the wicks trimmed but they put out ample light for just about anything we needed to do before time for bed. Just about now I'll hear someone asking, “IF that was all so great, why did it change?” and to that I have no answer – until the power goes off again.

Very best wishes,
Morgan

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FLASHBACK

Where WILD Things Live

BRENTSVILLE UNION CHURCH

Albert C. Will – Pastor

Curtis Harper – Student Pastor

NEWS OF THE CHURCH

AT OUR CONGREGATIONAL MEETING last Sunday, the congregation:

- Elected Mr. Charles Croushorn, Mr. A. V. Eanes, and Mrs. Violet Shoemaker as trustees.
- Elected Miss Jackie Pope to represent us on the Parish Council.
- Adopted a budget of \$841.18 for the coming year.

OUR YOUTH FELLOWSHIP will meet tonight at 7:30. Come out for an evening of inspiration and comradeship.

WORK ON OUR NEW CHURCH is progressing. We are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Grady Shoemaker for giving the land, to Mr. Raymond Spittle for giving the bull-dozing, to Mr. Charles Croushorn for giving the block and standing timber, to other for giving work, hauling, etc. What will you give?

MR. M. F. WALTERS is treasurer of the Building Committee. He will be glad to receive contributions at any time. So far, more money has been given from outside Brentsville than from the community itself. But we are confident that Brentsville will come through generously.

THE PASTOR will be away next Sunday conducting a revival in Bear Grass, N. C., where Rev. Grier Woody is now pastor. Mr. Harper will preach in his place. Mr. Winn will preach here on the fifth Sunday, March 30.

Source: March 16, 1952 Brentsville Union Church Bulletin

Red-spotted Purple (*Limenitis arthemis astyanax*)

This breathtaking butterfly is thought to be one of the most attractive butterflies in North America. It has blue iridescent wings with vibrant orange spots on the underside of the wings. The Red-spotted Purple is a mimic of the poisonous Pipevine Swallowtail (*Battus philenor*) but is not a swallowtail at all; it's in the family with brush-footed butterflies. It enjoys open wooded areas and wooded edges. The butterfly will visit plants for nectar but setting out extra treats such as overly ripened fruit will encourage a longer stay. The males can be a little territorial. Having this butterfly in your garden would truly be an honor.

Red-spotted Purple is something of a misnomer since the spots are orange, not red, and the predominant color is blue, not purple! Both sexes of this species are identical except that the females are slightly larger than the males. The upper side of *L. a. astyanax* is mostly blackish-blue. Some individuals have a row of red submarginal spots, while others have this area being blue. The fore wing submarginal area will sometimes have a row of red spots. The hind wings are either a bright iridescent blue or an iridescent bluish-green. The basal area has several red spots. It has a row of red submarginal spots and bluish marginal spots. Adults are diurnal, they fly from the morning until soon after dusk.

(Continued on page 9)



Ailine and Myrtle Keys (sisters)

Where WILD things live..



Red-spotted Purple
(*Limenitis arthemis astyanax*)

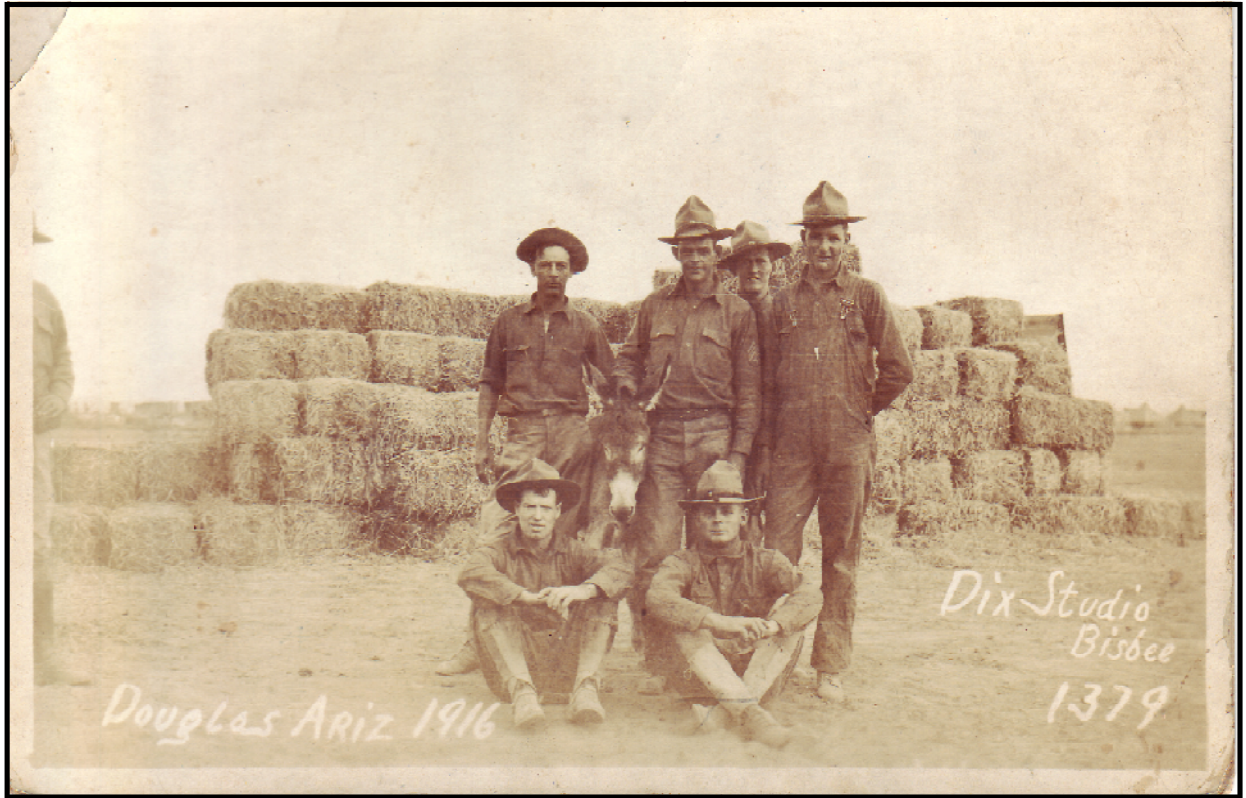
Photos courtesy of Bill Wade



Thelma Ellen (Landis) Wade on her wedding day,
March 21, 1935



Ermine and Thelma Wade, taken when Kelly Lynn
Wade (their granddaughter) graduated from
Radford in 1991



Troy Counts (lower right) while serving as a “mule skinner” with the U. S. Army, Douglas, AZ, 1916 (Courtesy Frances Keys Duckett)



Howard Elgin Counts while serving in the U.S.C.G.



Howard Elgin Counts, II serving in the U.S.N. SeaBees

Three Generations of Service
(Lower photos courtesy of Howard Counts, II)

Brentsville Memories

by
Jennings Breeden

As many of you already know, it's dangerous to talk with Morgan. Somewhere in the conversation he will say, 'Send me a story.' I have already completed my 'duty.' However, he insists, 'more.'

And now I sit at the keyboard and ponder little things, meaningless things, yet things that are important to me.

Do the youngsters of Brentsville still swim at 'the log' on Broad Run, 'the ford' on Cedar Run, or Fares Rock at Cedar Run? Does anyone seine for white fin minnows in the small rapids below Kettle Run bridge? Do the chinquapins still flourish on the old Spear farm?

I miss my parents, my brothers, Miss Lillie and Miss Phenie, and all of the friends of youth; ice skating, swimming, or fishing in Webster's pond, and everywhere else, without the thought of trespassing.

Gone is the cherry tree in Maj. Tier's side yard, the strawberries of Diaz's, and the watermelons in John Donovan's creek bottom. Gone too is the time when Freddie Wolfe and his friends would drive their cars into Slate Run and wash them

while we played in the deeper holes. However, these memories live in vivid detail.

Today, I am so pleased to see the old houses still standing. Gone is granddaddy Wolfe's house, Miff Key's little house, the Spitzer place, and my home. However,

homes of Gladys Eanes, Freddie Wolfe, the Webster's, Joe Keys', and many others, stand immortal. A stranger need only to see these homes to get a sense of yesterday.

Also, I am pleased that the Courthouse and one room school have been restored and are being used. So often, places like these have been restored and then locked to the public. History needs to be

shared, not hidden!

Well, it is time for me to open my eyes and face the realities of today. It has been said that, 'You can never go back home.' Maybe so, but for me, Brentsville is only a pleasant memory away.

Jennings C. (JC) Breeden, 3rd son of Morgan and Marye (Wolfe) Breeden, and brother to Clyde, Morgan, and Daniel.



Brentsville

A Citizen of Note

Robert Molair

Robert Molair a well-known and highly respected citizen of Prince William County, passed away at his home near Brentsville, yesterday morning, shortly before 10:30 o'clock. Mr. Molair was in his fifty-eighth year.

For a long time he had been a sufferer of tuberculosis, and in the past few years the disease had so rapidly devolved that it became necessary for him to discontinue his work of farming. The end came not unexpectedly, after a long illness. Nearly the whole of Mr. Molair's life has been spent in this county, where he was held as a true citizen, friend and neighbor.

The funeral was held this afternoon, from the Brentsville Baptist Church, and interment was made in the cemetery at that place. The Junior Order of Mechanics, of which Mr. Molair was a member, took charge of the services. He leaves a widow and five children and a large number of friends to mourn his death. - (also check Manassas Journal 27 Feb 1914) - the following was taken from 06 Mar 1914 issue of Manassas Journal - Robert Lee Molair was born in Prince William County, Va., April 4, 1856, and died after a lingering illness of tuberculosis, February 25, 1914.

He spent the greater part of his life in the neighborhood of Brentsville. When twenty-one years old, he was married to Miss

Martha McCuen who, together with five children, survive to mourn his loss.

Mr. Molair was an industrious and frugal man and though possessed of little means when he entered the married relation, by industry and economy, aided by a faithful wife he accumulated considerable property.

About six years ago he united with the Baptist Church, which he generously supported till the time of his death. His brethren honored him in electing him a deacon and a trustee. He loved his church for what he believed it had done for him. He loved it also for what he hoped it would mean to others and his kindred and his friends.

The funeral took place from the Hatcher Memorial Baptist Church, which was filled to its capacity with sympathetic relatives and friends, services being conducted by the pastor, assisted by his Brother Juniors, of Manassas, of which order he had been a member for some fourteen years.

The sympathy of this entire community goes out to this sorrow-stricken widow and her family who, only last November were bereft of their lovely young daughter and sister, Mollie (see Manassas Journal 21 Nov 1913) and now, another breaking of the home ties, the husband and father says his last farewell to earth and earthy scenes.

Source: The Manassas Democrat, February 26, 1914. Courtesy of Ron Turner.

When WAR Came to Brentsville

**GENERAL ORDERS, } HDQRS.
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Numbers 29. } February 28,
1863.**

The general commanding announces to the army the series of successes of the cavalry of Northern Virginia during the winter months, in spite of the obstacles of almost impassable roads, limited forage, swollen streams, and inclement weather.

* * * * *

V. On February 16, Captains McNeill and Stump, of General Imboden's cavalry, with 23 men, attacked near Romney a supply train of 27 wagons, guarded by about 150 cavalry and infantry, routed the guard, captured 72 prisoners, 106 horses, with equipments, &c., and, though hotly pursued, returned to his camp with his captives, without the loss of a man. This is the third feat of the same character in which Captain McNeill has displayed skill and daring.

VI. General W. H. F. Lee, with a section of his artillery, under Lieutenant [C. E.] Ford, on 25th February, attacked at Tappahannock two of the enemy's gunboats, drove them down the

Rappahannock, damaging them, without loss on his part.

VII. General Fitz. Lee, with a detachment of 400 of his brigade, on February 25, crossed the swollen waters of the Rappahannock, reconnoitered the enemy's lines to within a few miles of Falmouth, broke through his outposts, fell upon his camps, killed and wounded many, took 150 prisoners, including 5 commissioned and 10 non-commissioned officers, and recrossed the river with the loss of 14 killed, wounded, and missing.

VIII. On 26th February, Brigadier General W. E. Jones, with a small force, attacked two regiments of cavalry belonging to Milroy's command, in the Shenandoah Valley, routed them, and took 200 prisoners, with horses, arms, &c., with the loss on his part of 2 killed and 2 wounded.

IX. Major [E. V.] White, of General Jones' command, in December crossed the Potomac, attacked several parties of the enemy's cavalry near Poolesville, Md.,

(Continued on page 8)

A Southern writer, Beverley R. Dudley, has expressed most beautifully the tender regard of all true Southerner's toward the gray-coated veterans in the following verses, entitled:

**“THE LAST CONFEDERATE
VETERAN”**

When the last bright ray of sunshine
Beams around the hoary head,
Of our last Confederate veteran,
‘Ere his final hymn is read;
When we see the last one shrouded
In his tattered suit of gray,
How our hearts will flood with sadness,
As he's softly borne away.

Sad! Ah, Sad! Will be our Southland,
When we have no veterans gray,
Dark! Dark! Will be the morning,
When the last one's past away,
Clouds will dim each peaceful visage
When his quietude they view;
And, when parting, all will echo:
“Honored sire, Adieu! Adieu!”

We shall love to teach our children
Of our heroes who are dead;
Of the battle-scars they carried,
Marching to a soldier's tread;
Of their loyal hearts so tender,
All aglow in truth's array,
And the many recollections
Of the “boys who wore the gray.”

Source: The Manassas Journal, January 22, 1915

and, besides the killed and wounded, took 77 prisoners, with horses, arms, and some wagons, with slight loss to himself. Captain Randolph, of the Black Horse Cavalry, has made many bold reconnaissances in Fauquier, taking more than 200 prisoners and several hundred stand of arms. Lieutenant [John S.] Mosby, with his detachment, has done much to harass the enemy, attacking him boldly on several occasions and capturing many prisoners. A detachment of 17 men, of Hampton's brigade, under the brave Sergeant Michael, attacked and routed a body of 45 Federals, near Wolf Run Shoals, killing and wounding several, and bringing off 15 prisoners, with the loss on our part of Sergeant Sparks, of the Second South Carolina Regiment, who, a few days before, with 2 of his comrades, attacked in Brentsville 6 of the enemy sent to take him, killed 3, and captured the rest.

In announcing these achievements, the commanding general takes special pleasure in adverting to the promptness of the officers in striking a successful blow whenever the opportunity offered, and the endurance and gallantry with which the men have always supported their commanders.

These deeds give assurance of vigilance, activity, and fortitude, and of the performance of still more brilliant actions in the coming campaign.

R. E. LEE,
General.

Life History: Males perch 3 feet or more above the ground on trees and tall bushes and rarely patrol for females. Eggs are laid singly on tips of host plant leaves. Since spiders, ants and flies constantly search leaf surfaces for eggs and tiny insects, a butterfly egg is less likely to be discovered at the leaf's tip or edge than on the broad surface. The caterpillars eat leaves and their appearance mimics bird droppings. Third-stage caterpillars hibernate.

Wing Span: 2 1/4 - 4 inches

Caterpillar Hosts: Leaves of many species of trees and shrubs including wild cherry (Prunus), aspen, poplar, cottonwood (Populus), oaks (Quercus), hawthorn (Crataegus), deerberry (Vaccinium stamineum), birch (Betula), willows (Salix), basswood (Tilia), and shadbush (Amelanchier).

Adult Food: Sap flows, rotting fruit, carrion, dung, and occasionally nectar from small white flowers including spiraea, privet, and viburnum. White Admirals also sip aphid honeydew.

Habitat: The Red-Spotted Purple form is usually found in deciduous or mixed forests, moist uplands, valley bottoms, and coastal plains.

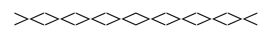
Range: Alaska and subarctic Canada southeast of the Rocky Mountains to central Texas; east to New England and central Florida. Isolated populations in Arizona, New Mexico, and west Texas south into Mexico.

Source: Various internet locations.

Feedback

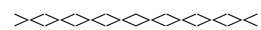
I enjoyed reading the 3 versions of the bee story by the Janays. My favorite "Jesse" story is the one where Rev. Roy Reynolds was in the pulpit at Hatcher's Memorial Church one Sunday morning, preaching to his congregation, when suddenly the double doors at the back of the sanctuary burst open And Jesse rode down the center aisle on his tricycle, waved & yelled, "Hi Roy!" And the church burst into a roar of laughter. Brentsville wasn't such a quiet, lazy town once Jesse came to live there. I am proud to have babysat one of America's finest ... in that he is an honored member of the USMC defending our country. His mischievous nature has served him well.

Cathy (Wolfe) White



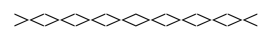
Thanks for another great issue. Our mailbox is inundated monthly with periodicals of a historical theme, but none as interesting as "Brentsville Neighbors Newsletter." It's our favorite. (Which proves that the most expensive is not always the best!)

Elaine Yankey



Received the news letter Monday and, like everyone else, read it immediately. When I got to the Janay family, I could not recall them. Finally, I went back to the top of the article and saw/realized that they came in 1976, 34 years ago. And it then occurred to me that I left in 1963, 47 years ago. How time flies!

J. C. Breeden



The (Brentsville Newsletter) proves the place where you live is Home! The rest of us who lived there for a period of time, but moved.....I've decided we have missed the History; thank you for preserving it!

Neighborly Bobbie Ratliff

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**

