CONSERVING PLACE
PRINCE WILLIAM FOREST PARK
1900-1945

FINAL REPORT: VOLUME I

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PREFACE

Based on the findings of the original study, *Prince William Forest Park: The African American Experience* (Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000), the second phase of the project provides an expanded and detailed interpretation of the life and culture of African Americans and European Americans from 1900-1945. The primary aim of the initial project was the re-creation of the history of African Americans residing on land that is now Prince William Forest Park (PRWI) in Triangle, Virginia. Batestown, a settled African American community on the fringe of PRWI, and Hickory Ridge, a mixed racial community located within the Park boundaries, no longer exist. Together these rural enclaves made up the Cabin Branch Community. The events and activities of daily living, as told by former residents, provided a framework for understanding the meaning of this place and exploring ways of conserving the cultural heritage of people who called the Park home seventy years ago.

The goal of re-creating the experiences of any group entails building a micro-history of ordinary people's lives by exploring the circumstances of daily living within the context of the larger society. The major focus of this project was the years between the early 1900s and the 1940s. All citizens shared the general conditions of the country during this time; yet, the way in which different groups experienced the Great Depression and World War II are relevant to an appreciation of what occurred at this particular time and in this place.

In community-life studies, racial discrepancies, within group diversity, regional variations, and rural-urban differences have an impact on the culture and way of life of the people. The ways in which these variables influenced the transitions that took place were examined within the context of historical, political, economic, and social measures. In our attempt to reconstruct this history, the people and the land were foremost in our thinking. The

landscape of Prince William County has changed in response to environmental and human infringement to create diverse patterns of land use and distinct places. While the appearance of the physical environment is reproduced through old photographs and archaeological evidence, the descriptions of former residents heighten the visual image of Batestown and Hickory Ridge. It is their story.

The experience of working with the people of Prince William in both phases of the project was a collaborative effort to produce their history. The original study was conducted between 1998 and 2000 in order to answer questions related to the following: (1) the relationship of former residents to the land; (2) the social, economic, political, and spiritual life for these families; (3) the way in which residents responded to the creation of the Chopawamsic Recreational Demonstration Area (RDA); and (4) what cultural and/or natural resources linked to the area prior to the RDA era were still valued. The collected narratives were compiled and analyzed as group data to provide an overall cultural history of community life. These findings were the foundation for the original monograph.

Phase Two of this project, conducted from 2004 to 2006, took a different approach by focusing on the individual experiences. The identity of the narrators and their family history made the story even more real. The aim was two-fold. First, since people are the best source for reconstructing their past, the narrators were able to give first-hand accounts of what life was like in the Cabin Branch Community before it was the Park. Second, these stories represent the beginning stage of creating a lasting history.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Conserving place through the memories of families and community members is a challenge. In this work, we attempt to recreate the sense of place and community between 1900 to 1945 for the communities that were to become Prince William Forest Park (PRWI) and the surrounding area. This report reflects the memories of community members across generations, from those born in the early 1900s to those born after the park was created. Unfortunately, many of the eldest members of the community, born in the later years of the 1800s were deceased by the time we began our work. The stories told through the collected memories recorded below are an attempt to capture the essence of space and place of the communities affected by the formation of the park. We hope we have been able to capture the spirit of the community and the uniqueness of life as shared by families.

We are deeply indebted to the many members of this community who gave so generously of their time to share their memories. We have drawn on the stories related from both the first part of the project from 1998-2000 and 2004-2006. We have tried to be faithful to their experiences in the telling of their stories. A special thanks goes to the late Deacon Walter Otis Kendall, who provided the tape of Mr. James Davis who worked in the pyrite mine. We owe a great debt of gratitude to all of the individuals who patiently answered our questions in Phase One of the project: Jack and Estelle Williams, Larry Williams, Ora Glass, Ora Bates, Hilda Howard, Margaret Simmons, Doris Smith Penn, Juanita Porter Smith, the late Wilmer Porter, James and Rose Kendall, Charles Frank Kendall, Harvey Watson, Hilda and Lee Lansing, the late William Kinzer, Evelyn Kershaw, Barbara Kirby, Joe Hebda, the late Ray Woolfenden, John Cline Alexander, and Mary Johnson. We are deeply indebted to the following individuals who gave of their time to answer our questions in Phase Two: Ann Jones, Hilda and Lee Lansing, Ora

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We gratefully acknowledge the National Park Service and Howard University for negotiating the cooperative agreement that provided us with this opportunity. The National Park Service officials and staff generously extended their assistance throughout this project. We appreciate the support and encouragement of Gary Scott, Regional Chief Historian, National Park Service, National Capital Region. At Prince William Forest Park, we are especially grateful for the assistance of the administrative officers and staff. We thank Robert Hickman, Superintendent for his support through both phases of this study. We owe our gratitude to Judy Volonoski, Museum Technician, who made available to us the National Park Service archives at Turkey Run Education Center. We appreciate the time she spent locating maps, photographs, public documents and other archival materials. We also acknowledge the cooperation and aid of George Liffert, Assistant Superintendent; Laura Cohen, Chief of Interpretation; Norma Smith, Administrative Officer; Alexy Romero, former Assistant Superintendent; Brian Carlstrom, former Chief of Resource Management; Kirsten Talken-Spaulding, former Chief of Interpretation; Chuck Aryes, Maintenance; and Claude Giles, Maintenance, for their contributions. A special thanks to Gary Boone, Junis Smith, and Louis Smith for their assistance and introduction to the families who became a part of this oral history project.

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INTRODUCTION

Prince William Forest Park (PRWI) in northern Virginia is a place of beauty and solace just off the heavily traveled Interstate 95 amid the Eastern Piedmont range along the Chesapeake Bay Watershed. It provides five campgrounds for campers wanting to experience the natural setting with additional educational and conservation activities for all ages at the Turkey Run Education Center. The description of the area through the brochures and information on the National Park Service website provides excellent resources for knowing the Park.[1]

These documents reassure us that the landscape is durable and sustainable. The grassland, the wildlife, and the trails through the forest provide what Harvey (2002:10) calls an "enduring landscape" that is nourished and protected. Nevertheless, the human history associated with PRWI, as told through shared stories of this time and place, are at risk of being lost forever. The recorded stories bring to life the experiences of men, women, and children who lived here from the 1900s to the mid-1940s. Consequently, the primary aim of this oral history project is to preserve these memories as a major contribution to PRWI as a cultural heritage site.

The background information on the history of Prince William Forest Park is found in the archival records, archaeological surveys, oral histories, and maps (see e.g., Bedell 2003; Historic American Building Survey 2005; Scheel 2000; Strickland 1986; Parker 1986; Parsons 2001; and Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000). An interpretation of the life and culture derives from the life stories to reveal a sense of place and an understanding of the meanings this holds for individuals with ties to the Park. The collected narratives exercise a bottom up

[1] www.nps.gov/prwi

rather than top down approach to American historiography (see e.g., Levine 1993). While most human history focuses on men of means and power, this project emphasizes the life ways of ordinary people in the years before this place was parkland. Their past was certainly anything but predictable. However, their resilience is commendable in the circumstances surrounding two phases of displacement in the years following the Great Depression and during World War II (see Carr 1998; Goodwin 1994; Kennedy 1999; Levine 1993; Watkins 1999).

The ability to begin again under such odds makes their story one to remember. It is from this perspective that three complementary themes form the basis of the second phase of this project. First, concepts of space and place are situated in the narratives as individuals describe the community they knew. Second, the stories convey memories and meaning of the lived experiences in the Cabin Branch Community. Finally, the importance of conserving the cultural heritage of the people of Prince William Forest Park becomes evident when the structures no longer exist and all that remains are memories.

CONCEPTS OF PLACE AND SPACE

Concepts of space and place inform this expanded collection of oral histories. Geographers, anthropologists, sociologists, and others have debated the definitions of space and place even using the two terms interchangeably. Because so much of the history involves the acquisition of land and changes in the physical setting, an understanding of the way these terms are applied is important. Space, in this case, refers to the geophysical environment. It is what cultural geographers describe as the dimensions of landscape including territory, ecological and geographic features of soil, climate, vegetation, human density, and the symbolic structures of a geographic setting that make it significant (Bonnemaison 2005). Space is

social space as well when considered in relation to human responses. Tuan (2001[1977:6]) explains, "'space' is more abstract than 'place.' What begins as undifferentiated space becomes place as we get to know it better and endow it with value." Place is the special location in space where things happen. People live, work, and form relationships (Orum and Chen 2003). Space and place are linked to cognition (the mind), perception (involving all the senses), and identity (associated with recognizability, personhood, and feelings) (see e.g., Ching and Creed 1997). Yet, one need not be there to encounter a place. It can just as easily exist as remembered experiences in the minds of those at a distance. For example, times when adults recall their childhood homes or special occasions in a particular place. The knowledge of a place and the emotional attachment one feels toward a particular setting, whether positive or negative, helps to frame one's identity and self-image (see e.g., Proshansky, Fabian, and Kaminoff 1983). The way a person experiences a locale comprises both affective and cognitive features to provide a sense of attachment to a place (Altman and Low 1992; Low and Lawrence-Zuniga 2003). Barrie (1996:51) states, "A meaningful place needs to possess an environmental identity that gives its inhabitants a sense of belonging and connection." Tuan describes this attachment as a common human emotion. Furthermore, he says, "A homeland has its landmarks, which may be features of high visibility and public significance, such as monuments, shrines, a hallowed battlefield, or cemetery. These visible signs serve to enhance a people's sense of identity; they encourage awareness of and loyalty to place" Tuan (1977:158-159).

The way individuals living in a place perceive it may differ from what outsiders see. "Many places, profoundly significant to particular individuals and groups, have little visual prominence. They are known viscerally, as it were, and not through the discerning eye or

mind" (Tuan 1977:162). Relph (1976:4) explains, "Identity of place is as much a function of intersubjective intentions and experiences as of the appearances of buildings and scenery, and it refers not only to the distinctiveness of individual places but also to the sameness between different places." Furthermore, he addresses the way in which individuals actually experience place. The concept of place incorporates all of the following: (1) location; (2) characteristics that distinguish it from other places; (3) spatial constructs and interactions; (4) particularities within the context of a larger framework; (5) continual revision in response to change; and (6) characterizations of place in the belief systems of individuals.

Place encompasses vernacular architecture, landscape, social relationships with other people, and memories. Notions of space incorporate both physical features of the natural environment and the social construction of boundaries that delimit spatial forms. Spatial structure is the perceived shape and size of that spatial form. According to Taylor, W.W. (2006), "this creates a sense of being either outside or inside a space." In the case of the Park, these boundaries have changed over time; and yet, the spatial form has meaning for those who recall these images of the land. In this sense, space becomes place as it acquires symbolic content associated with memory and identity.

> Memories that most effect identity are those that happen in perceptual space (i.e., those things associated with the body—a sense of smell, sight, or taste). Because of these culturally constructed spatial structures and the natural environment, what people experience in a particular locale conditions spatial boundaries. (Personal communication with William Wesley Taylor, 6 October 2006).

The history and social memory transmitted orally or in writing between individuals and groups, makes place possible (Climo and Cattell 2002). The life stories that follow expose individual and collective memories to reveal a sense of connectedness and identity shared by former residents.

Place is characterized by the region to some extent. Casey (1996:31) explains, "...it is not one kind of thing: it can be psychical as well as physical, and doubtless also cultural and historical and social." Yet, Basso (1996:84) says, "...sense of place is not possessed by everyone in similar manner or like configuration, and that pervasive fact is part of what makes it interesting." The natural environment, the pathways, and the way space is used are what individuals experience in a place (see Hiss 1991).

The Land and the People

The former regional landscape of Prince William County is preserved in early maps, topographic drawings, and photographs of historic buildings (Weider 1998; NPS and PRWI archival collections and other public or private documents). The deeds and court records of land ownership and transference are often missing. However, the archaeological excavation of specific sites adds to our understanding of the diversity of the population in the human history of the Park (e.g., Bedell 2003; Parker 1986; Parsons 2001; 1986). For example, "...the African-American Cole family seems to have been in the county since 1767" (Bedell 2003:60). The Zeal Williams site provides a glimpse of the success of African American families during Reconstruction and early Twentieth century in Prince William County. When Williams, an African American farmer, purchased 100 acres of land in 1869, he became the first black property owner and one of the founders of the Hickory Ridge community (Bedell 2003:163-168).

An excavation of the Robinson House located in the Manassas National Battlefield Park provides an example of day-to-day life. Oral histories conducted on site with family members contributed to the interpretation of the Robinson House as "a farm owned and occupied by a free African-American family from the 1840s through the 1930s" (Parsons

2001: xiii).

At the turn of the century, many of the residents of the Cabin Branch community worked at the Pyrite Mine opened in 1889. The mine employed from 200 to 300 workers until it closed in 1920. Pyrite (known as "fool's gold") was a source of sulfur used to make gunpowder during WWI. Following the close of the mine, residents supplemented their income in varied ways including lumbering, cutting rail ties, selling "moonshine" liquor and gaining employment at the nearby military installations at Fort Belvoir and the Marine Corps base at Quantico. Recently, a boardwalk and viewing platform were installed at the site of the abandoned mine.

Farming had always been a mainstay for the residents and it continued to be after the mine closed, but their lives were about to change drastically. As part of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal projects and the National Recovery Act of 1933, the Federal Employment Relief Administration (FERA) established the Emergency Conservation Work (ECW) to provide employment to unmarried men aged 17-28. In 1937, Congress passed legislation officially changing the name to the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) under the direction of Robert Fechner to provide jobs in forestry, building roads, and constructing recreational facilities around the country (see Paige 1985). [7]

Based on reports that the soil was of poor quality and unproductive, the land in Prince William County provided an ideal place for campgrounds. Nearly 15,000 acres of farmland was acquired, through purchase or condemnation and converted to a recreation area,

[7] Civilian Conservation Corps Materials in the National Park Service History Collection NPSHC RG4. See also PRWI File 6531 Administrative Manual for Recreation Demonstration Areas, U.S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service, 1937.

campgrounds, and a nature refuge located thirty-two miles south of Washington, DC.[3] The Cabin Branch Community of Batestown and Hickory Ridge was forever changed as people were relocated to make way for the Chopawamsic Recreational Demonstration Area (CRDA). Displacement of approximately 150 households occurred gradually from 1935 to 1939.

Between 1942 and 1943, the remaining residents were forced to relocate for the expansion of Quantico Marine Corp Base as a training site for use by The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) during World War II. The Department of the Navy acquired 50,000 acres in Prince William, Stafford, and Fauquier counties and the inhabitants were ordered to vacate in twenty days after getting the news on October 6, 1942 (Public Works, Box 4:50,000 Acres, Guadalcanal Area, Quantico Marine Corps Base Archives; Dunn m.s.). The property was returned to the National Park Service in 1946 and it was renamed Prince William Forest Park in 1948 (PRWI Brochure).

The Politics of Space

At both periods, the opinions about the best use of the land by those in power differed drastically from the people occupying the space. Writings on the politics of contested space are relevant to this situation. Rodman (2003:205) describes places as "politicized, culturally relative, historically specific, local and multiple constructions." Space, as revealed here, is usually situated in a geopolitical arena in which differential power relationships revolve around land transference that pit marginalized people against the political regime of the time. In this sense, land becomes contested space. Low and Lawrence-Zuniga (2003:18) describe

[3] Land Acquisition Records on microfilm in the PRWI resource files and public documents list the transactions in the 1930s and 1940s. These records identify the name, plat number, acreage, amount paid, and designate purchased or condemned. See RG 79 NARA Folder 424.1-8, PRWI File 6530.

contested space as "geographic locations where conflicts in the form of oppositions, confrontation, subversion, and/or resistance engage actors whose social positions are defined by differential control of resources and access to power." Kuber (2003) calls this the "politics of space."

Limits are set on what will be preserved by the politics of space. Legislation including the Historic Sites Act of 1935 and the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966, as amended establish criteria for evaluating traditional cultural property and determining what is important and worth salvaging. Not only are buildings listed for preservation but also the social environment and the cultural history of people must be conserved (see Hufford 1994; Stipe 2003; U.S. Department of the Interior 1993).

At the national and the local level, the recognition of ethnic and minority communities has largely been ignored. Although, this is one of the most difficult areas to penetrate, for a variety of historical and sociocultural reasons, this rich heritage is at risk of being lost. In the case of PRWI, the power of this place resides in the cultural heritage and the human history of people with ties to the landscape that makes up the Park. The power of place has far-reaching impact on generations to come (see Hayden 1996).

Landscape and Memory

Writing of another time and place, Simon Schama describes living in the woods in a medieval English forest.

> There were people in the woods: settled, active, making a livelihood out of its resources, a robust society with its own seasonal rhythms of movement, communication, religion, work, and pleasure. Even the broadest forests were laced with cart tracks, footpaths, and trails which to its adepts were as familiar as Roman roads.... these ancient woodlands seem thinner and almost patchy, with swatches of grassy meadow and wildflowers blooming between pollarded and truncated broadleaf trees. The exact opposite of what is now considered to be the ideal norm of a forest habitat—the untended

> wilderness—they have light, space, and variety: a working room for a woodland culture (Schama 1995:143).

Imagine if you will, the people of Prince William Forest Park existing in a forest environment such as this. Then, move forward with the changing times and changing landscape, and listen to the stories. This project could not have been accomplished without an understanding of the relationship of landscape and memory. The remembered stories create an image of the landscape with the rolling fields, barns, houses, the smell of a wood burning stove, a church steeple, a schoolyard, an orchard, or that has remained in the memory of those who lived here. It is only by touring the area with former residents that the previous community comes to life. Sites of homesteads, the location of a store, a church, a cemetery, and a trail are all part of the things people remember and it is this memory of the landscape we hope to share. Even though "rose colored glasses often taint memory," the way individuals recall the past is important in terms of their identity and attachment to the Park. In trying to recreate this early community, a glimpse at their perceptions of place is important. Memory matters. This link between representation and remembrance opens the door to understanding the meaning of this place.

METHODOLOGY

The collection of oral histories, the review of archival records (including print media, maps, and photographs) and personal documents, and site visits (to the Pyrite Mine, graves within the park, and the location of earlier homesteads) provided the major thrust of the second phase of the ethnographic study of Prince William Forest Park and its surrounding communities between 1900-1945. This project is an extension of the earlier African American oral history project (Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000).

Oral history is a research technique for preserving knowledge of events and practices as recounted by individual participants. It involves direct contact with people who can recall the lived experiences and tests the accuracy of their memories and that of others. Yow (2005:3) defines oral history as, "...the recording of personal testimony delivered in oral form." She continues by saying it includes a taped memoir, a type-written transcript, and a research method that involves in-depth interviewing. Researchers frequently use the following terms interchangeably including life history, personal narrative, life story, life review, or testament (see e.g., Bennett 1983; Linde 1993; Sommer and Quinlan 2002). Oral history is interpretation of experiences and memories. The interviews conducted in both the first phase of research and this second phase create additional perceptions and interpretations that lead to a more comprehensive understanding of the past and present (Baum 1991; Hoopes 1979). Rather than writing a comprehensive history, the project focused on the experiences and life stories of families and individuals who lived in what is now PRWI and its surrounding communities. Through their memories and experiences, we are able to preserve a cultural history in jeopardy of being lost forever.

The three major drawbacks in Phase One of the project continued to present challenges in the collection of this data. First, so much time has passed that the material remains were destroyed long ago as buildings, garden plots, and pastures were demolished to construct roads, bridges, and cabins in the new recreation area. New forest growth now covers the farmland and adds to the abundant foliage that was already there. There is little evidence that anything else ever stood in that place. Second, time has claimed many former residents and their stories have been lost. We were frequently told of an individual, now deceased, who could have told us so much. This leaves a very small number of the older

generation who were adults at the time. Their grown children were able to shed some light on the past events from their recollections. However, records have been lost and the facts are often unknown to the children of these original residents.

Finally, the questions we were trying to answer about this rich cultural heritage are questions one is seldom asked. In fact, we were asking ordinary people to recall aspects of their lives that they may think mundane. Furthermore, as outsiders, and especially, as outside researchers, we had to overcome certain distrust and gain enough rapport to enable us to gather the information to tell their story.

Selection of Participants

The interviews and personal communication with PRWI staff and administrators provided initial sources for the selection of participants. A review of previous interviews conducted in Phase One of the Prince William Forest Park Oral History Project provided the names of several individuals who had lived in the communities affected by the development of PRWI. A few of the previous interviewees were contacted again as they represented some of the major families from the area. A taped interview with James Davis conducted in 1973 on his experience in the Pyrite Mine contributed to our knowledge about the life of miners (Courtesy of the late Walter Kendall). Referrals from pastors in the area provided another source for identifying long-term residents.

Individuals were contacted to arrange a time for the interview in a place of their choice. This resulted in a network or convenience sample. Fourteen interviews were conducted over a period of twelve months. In this report, the term interview refers to one or more sessions with the same person or persons in the case of a couple where both were present. We also arranged group interviews with four or more members of the same family

meeting together.

Generally, one to two 90-minute tapes were used for the recorded sessions. Interviews lasting from one to three hours took place in the homes of former residents, family members, and Park staff offices. All information was considered confidential and informed consent was obtained for all participants. Permission was obtained for copying

and/or use of personal documents such as letters, photographs, and other memorabilia.

Conducting the Interviews

Baum (1991:6) says, "Oral history is an art, not an exact science." In conducting oral history sessions, the person asking the questions is learning at the same time, what questions to ask. Thus, the dialogic format of interviewing is a creative process. Kvale (1996:296) explains the interview as, "...a situation of knowledge production in which knowledge is created between the views of the two partners in the conversation."

In-depth, open-ended interviews were the means used to collect the oral histories. *In-depth* allows the interviewer to explore topics in detail in order to deepen the interviewer's knowledge of an area. *Open-ended* means the interviewer is not restricted to a set protocol that only allows participants to select from a set of pre-determined answers. Rather, the interviewer is open to pursue domains and probe any relevant responses the interviewee makes (Schensul, S., Schensul, J., and LeCompte 1999).

The sessions were informal. Although an interview schedule had been prepared early in the project to serve as a guide to the interviewer, the sessions were not scripted. The intent was to allow the individual to tell the story as remembered. Therefore, questions were not ordered in a specific way. Probe questions were often necessary to prompt a memory. Questions

appeared non-sequential in many cases. They either reflected the thought patterns of the person talking; or, they were initiated by the interviewer to return to the topic at hand when the narrator strayed from the subject.

Transcriptions and Editing

Dr. Payne-Jackson and several research assistants transcribed the tapes. The transcriptions were reviewed, proofread, corrected, and the final drafts prepared (see Volumes III and IV). The final transcriptions were edited to eliminate redundancy, superfluous phrases, and provide ease in reading without diminishing the integrity of the narration. The richness of language, colloquial expressions, and the art of storytelling were immediately evident in some interviews and this has been retained in the transcripts. The original tapes have not been edited. These were submitted to PRWI with this report.

Discrepancies often arise in the recollections. It is not unusual for family members to give alternate descriptions of the same incident. Some of the stories are verifiable and triangulation offers crosschecks for these differences. Anthropologists use narratives or stories as a way of "making facts comprehensible... [N]arration is the linking of events and elements in the construction of meaning, that linking is equally a spatial and temporal ordering of those elements or events" (Duranti 2001:163). The narratives as told and recounted in this project bring meaning to their experiences in relation to the land and to the history.

Mapping

Schensul, J. et al. (1999:54-55) explain, "Communities are ...recognized as both social and spatial-temporal systems. Community space is the territory defined by the set of locations where the interactions of interest take place, including the homes of participants." Archival

maps, renderings, site maps, topographic illustrations, and photographs were used in an attempt to reconstruct the physical features that existed in the past. Comparing plat maps from 1937-1939 with current maps was helpful as a means of orientation to the area prior to the development of the Park.

Another way of interpreting the memories is through some form of cognitive mapping. By cognitive mapping, we refer to the mental imagery attached to this place and the meaning that still holds for those who experienced life here. In other words, the attempt would be to draw a mental map of PRWI before it was the Park. Only a few participants were able to begin to see the Park as it once was. Further analysis of the data and additional time with the participants is necessary before any real attempt at cognitive mapping can begin.

Archival Records, Public, and Private Documents

The location and identification of archival materials provided a major part of the study. Historical records were used from the collections of the National Park Service, PRWI Archives, the National Archives and Records Administration, the Library of Congress, the Moorland-Spingarn Research Center at Howard University, The Alfred M. Gray Research Center, Marine Corps University, Quantico, VA, the Manassas Public Library, the Chinn Library, the Weems-Botts Museum, and publications of the Prince William Country Historical Commission. In addition, the private collection of Barbara Kirby served as an invaluable resource. Both published and unpublished documents of historical relevance were identified and reviewed. Local census data, maps, church records, real estate transaction records, letters, and photographs were helpful in reconstructing the cultural history of the area.

Data Analysis

Thematic and content analysis were the primary methods used in interpreting the data recorded from the interviews. Early in the data collection process, it became evident that the oral history project, originally perceived as recording life stories, needed to be expanded. To understand the rich cultural heritage of former residents in PRWI it was essential that the conditions faced by all Americans during the years from 1900-1945 be considered. The impact of environmental changes, the Great Depression, World War II, and the tensions in a racially divided nation had to be considered within the context of circumstances in Prince William County. Thus, the methodology employed in collecting oral histories was simply a beginning. "Historical interpretation, in the case, was not simply about assembling and ordering facts. It is as much art as science, as much intuition as technique, always some of each" (Howell and Prevenier 2001: 88). Quinn (2005:3) describes the cultural analysis of discourse as the "...best available window into cultural understandings."

One of the on-going problems is the verification of what people say. The fact that something is described as being the case, does not confirm that it is the case. The only option is to locate other alternative explanations that could possibly fit (Quinn 2005). Since, this was not easily done, the approach taken recognized the problem created by traditional historical analysis is one of explaining discontinuities or the "interplay of transformation, resumptions, disappearances, and repetitions" that allow us to trace a particular line of action and attempt to interpret what the narrator believes to be true (Foucault 1972:3). This study is not so much a historical reconstruction of events and facts, but a discourse that leads to better understanding of the impact of certain events and the ways in which culture mitigates circumstances.

Organization of the Report

An Executive Summary, The Final Report and accompanying documents are bound separately: Volume I: Final Report, Volume II: Oral Histories, Volume III and Volume IV: Transcripts. The Final Report is divided into three parts. Part One: The Early Years consists of three sections that recall what the Cabin Branch Community was like before it was a park. Chapter One provides an overview of the Pyrite Mine, the miners' stories and the impact of its closing. The stories in Chapter Two were taken from the interviews to reveal the community as remembered. We utilized, to some extent, a process of creative nonfiction to present the narrative portion of the report. In this way, the story is conversational and informal allowing the interviewer, and ultimately the reader, to know the place and the events from the perspective of one individual. What we have written is dialogue without the usual question–answer format. Gerard (1996:120) explains: "In nonfiction, writing dialogue is not, as in fiction, a matter of invention, but of selection." We selected excerpts from the recorded histories to bring the stories to the forefront and give voice to individual encounters. Chapter Three focuses on the folklore that continues to this day. These anecdotes deserved a separate chapter. Not everyone agrees with the stories that have become legend in the area. For some the accounts are real and are repeated through the generations. Non-believers accept them as merely tall tales that provide good stories. They are presented here and readers are invited to make their own judgments.

Part Two: Gains and Losses. This section offers different perspectives on the acquisition of land and the displacement as the result of two separate incidents in the 1930s and 1940s—the Great Depression and World War Two. In Chapter Four, the experiences of individuals who were members of the Civilian Conservation Corps are described through

first-hand interviews. The gains were exemplified by the creation of the Chopawamsic RDA that provided employment at a critical time for the nation. Chapter Five focuses on the actual accounts of the two periods of land acquisition in the late 1930s and again in 1942. Because most of those interviewed were children at the time of the first buyout, there was a limited amount of detail they were able to recall. Narrators often confused the two periods and there was a tendency to speak of the loss of land as one occurrence. For this reason, they were considered in the same chapter. Although some families may have benefited from this move, others still speak about the devastating loss.

Part Three: Conserving Place stresses the importance of the Cabin Branch Community and the necessity of capturing the memories of those who lived there in order to conserve the human history along with the natural resources for future generations. A major outcome of this oral history project is to contribute to promoting the community as a cultural heritage site. This includes providing interpretive services that expand the experience of visitors, and continuing to enhance educational programming that embraces cultural resources in line with the mission of the National Park Service (NPS) and the long-range plans for PRWI (see e.g., Franklin 2001; McDonnell and Weible 2002; McDonnell 2003; Reynolds 2003; Sellars 2007).

Finally, identifying places of significance in the Park and the meaning this still holds for families becomes the first step in a process of memorialization and recognition that is overdue. This chapter offers recommendations based on input from the people who knew it best. Preserving memories and conserving place provides a way of fostering meaningful relationships between PRWI and the people who were displaced.

PART ONE: THE EARLY YEARS

CHAPTER ONE

THE PYRITE MINE (1889-1920)

Several land transactions, the first initiated by the Cabin Branch Mining Company in 1889, opened the Cabin Branch Pyrite Mine, located on the north branch of Quantico Creek. On April 24, 1890, the Land Records Section of the Clerk's Office recorded a deed for the acquisition of 53 acres of land by Louis Detrick from Arthur McInteer. On January 18, 1904, Peter Bradley sold Louis Detrick a right-of-way from Quantico Creek to Possum Nose Point

on January 18, 1904 (Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000:20).

The mine bought a lot of property along Batestown Road. They bought it for the railroad right of way. The Dinky engine carried the cars all the way out to Possum Point. The next purchase of land by the Cabin Branch Mining Company was for the 33 acres owned by Jack Thomas dated April 12, 1912. On December 15, 1915 the American Chemical Company purchased a tract of land located next to the Cabin Branch Mine from Edwin Pierpoint. On June 30, 1919, the American Chemical Company took over the Cabin Branch Mine. James Crosby made the final purchase of the mine property on December 19, 1926 (Chapman 1992).

The opening of the Cabin Branch Pyrite Mine in 1889 was the beginning of a major industry that was to become an economic mainstay for the Dumfries community for the next thirty years. The mine employed up to 300 men. Pyrite, better known as "fools gold" has a high sulfur content, which makes it valuable in the production of gunpowder, glass, soap, leather, fertilizer, and metal cleaning products. The outbreak of World War I made pyrite a material in high demand for the production of gunpowder. It was so important that men who worked in the mine were exempt from military duty (PRWI Archives n.d.; Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000).

> The mine brought people from West Virginia and ...from Richmond. Must have been one of the better payin' places around at that time. You couldn't get no money no where. The old farm around here want to pay a dollar and a half a day for 6 to 7 days. I worked for $.30 a day for 10 hours doin' whatever they want done. You couldn't get no more. That was in my younger days...So farm work is never done. They want you get up around 4 o'clock and feed the horses, 5 o'clock want you to milk the damned old cows. And I wouldn't sit on nobody's cow because I had been hit and I don't like milk no how. I don't care who milks 'em. I don't want it, I don't drink it. If I drink that much milk now, it would be down inside me and I'd be throwin' up. Wasn't worth it. No, not when you could go to the mine for four and a half (Davis 1973).

Mine Infra-Structure

The mine had three main shafts, two vertical and one inclined with the deepest shaft reported to be 2,400 feet deep. Crews worked the mine 24 hours a day in 12-hour shifts.

> The first shaft was where you go up the hill to Mary Bird Trail [also spelled Byrd]. Right there on that level.... The other shaft was up on the hillside where all that cement used to be and the last shaft was up on hill 12. I didn't go down in the slope, I went down in the shaft. [There] was another old mine, a false start back up in there. I do know my uncle worked in it and there used to be a couple of horses go round and round and pull that stuff up (Davis 1973).

The mine consisted of approximately seventy buildings including a company store or commissary, which was run by Warfield (Davis 1973), a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, hen house, icehouse, the powerhouse also called the engine room, and workers' quarters. Consistent with the times, black workers lived in separate quarters from white workers.

> The mine had its own sawmill and timber, which was used to brace the mine shafts. I used to haul logs up there, sawin' lumber....That's down here in the bottom before you get up in the hills.... See the company owned a big place down here where Possum Points is at. That used to be all of the mine's property. They cut them logs, bring it down there and put it up on the Ducy and the Dinky, and the Virginia Creeper (trains). Right by the coal trestle was a water tank that kept hot water for the boiler room feeder when they were burning coal. Warfield's brother Claude was working in there when the mine shut down. Clay used to run that engine up on the hill. Three shifts up there when one was off the other one was on (Davis 1973).

The machine shop was located in the lowlands by the saw mill.

> In the machine shop they had a machine runner and he had a helper called a laboerr who lowered the ore. The Thomas men were very mechanically inclined to do most anything. They were very much used around here. They run machinery in the mine when I was born. They were running machinery in the mine when black folks wasn't doing that kind of work. Thomas' were up and coming then (Davis 1973).

Miners

Work at the mine was hard and unhealthy as was related to one community member by Dewitt Bates in an interview. He remembered his father was one of those that worked in the

mines. "They would go in there and stay for...." He couldn't recall whether it was days or months because he was so young. He remembered his dad going away, staying for a long time, and finally coming back. "He could see him coming from the distance and he would see him "covered with the soot and the grime and all. And, it just seemed like he was gone forever, and then he'd come back home" Others changed in the changing room on site. "It had running water and shower baths. We'd change clothes, it was all smoke filled.... Smelt like sulfur" (Davis 1973).

Joe Hebda (1998) describes the lantern used by miners.

> I have a lantern that came out of the mine down here...Its pretty close to over a hundred years old....Well, if you was 150 feet down in a hole and it was pitch dark, that would be a big light, in there...And my wife's uncle gave me that lantern. You put it on your cap. That's a wick and it's rolled inside the lamp...You open the lid there. It's a wick and a candle. And, every time it burns down so far you just catch a hold of it and you pull it out. I think he was a water boy because he died when he was 92. He lived right down there at the mine.

Crews consisted of men with special jobs. A *blaster* ignited the dynamite and supervised other crewmembers. A *driller* drilled the holes for the dynamite. A *powderman* carried and placed the blasting powder. Various *muckers* loaded ore into wagons, *cart pushers* took the ore wagons to the surface, and *timbermen* secured the shaft with wooden supports as the crew progressed (PRWI Archives, n.d.; Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000:21).

> Once the ore reached the surface, it was taken by narrow gauge railroad to ore bins and then hauled by skiff up to the mill's head frame. Once at the mill, the ore was taken to the pithead. That's where you put all the stones and it separates it. The thing's called a jig. They crush it up and they washed it out, and it runs into a place by itself (Davis 1973).

The ore was separated by sieves into three sizes: lump (first grade ore requiring no sorting), spall (first grade ore broken and could pass through a two and a half inch ring) and fine ore (under three-eighths inch in size) (Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000:21). Oversize ore

went to a lump storage bin where miners' children were employed at fifty- cents a day to sort the ore into piles by size. "I heard my daddy say that he was a water boy. He carried water to the workers in the mine" (Reid 2005). By the time they could get a job, the young men worked down there in the hole. "Nuttin' kids worked in the first shaft" (Davis 1973).

Once the ore was washed it was then loaded onto the narrow gauge train, The Dewey, The Dinkey, or the Virginia Creeper, and hauled to Barrows Siding and the sulfur market (PRWI Archives n.d.; Mountjoy 1978). "[John Kendall] wasn't on the main line, because there was no colored on the main line then. He drove from down here [the mine] to Possum Point. Sometimes he carried passengers. He just hauled anything down there at once" (Payne-Jackson and Taylor, 2000:43).

> You all had rail cars down in the mine. Yeah, that was heavy stuff man, great day in the morning. A little piece of it big as the girl's pocket book there, couldn't lift it up off the ground. That was heavy stuff.... A little piece like that took two men to move...it would weigh 25 pounds. The elevator come down right to the level...just like the track run out here. Alright, you go down and open the door on the car, they all roll up in the cage and then they carried it to the top, and then they dumped it in different shoots. Six or seven men on every shift. (Davis 1973)

> They'd side track the car over there, get them all down and load from the front. The engine carried a regular size car. By the time they run right up and down the track, pull one of them doors up, then come down five minutes loadin' one. You didn't lift that stuff, it come right down the shoot. This kind of ore in this shoot, and the other ore in the other shoot. Run it down to the railroad track. Men was working on the cars, the other...raise the door, come down and it might be five minutes. Fill it one end, let the engine pull it up a little further and load the back end (Davis 1973).

James Davis (1973) was asked about the "frogs." He replied, "I know one thing that if they jumpin' 1000 or 1500 feet deep, I wasn't going down and get half of them. That's how deep the shaft was, now how deep the water, I didn't know."

Hazards

Working in the mine was hazardous. Mr. James Davis (1973) recalled a time he had a near miss with dynamite.

> They were just careful with the dynamite. I thought I was gonna have trouble with some one time. I had 26 pounds on my back walkin' up the steps, and my hand slipped, and it went all the way down the tower to the railroad track. I was going the other way.

He was also present when one man was beheaded in a mine accident.

> They had a bell on a cord that went all the way down, and when a man would pull it...three times, [he was] ready to go. And, when a hoist pulled one time, you [were] gone. When the man was standing there on the shaft, he was running up and down the shaft, "Did you pull the cage?" He say, "Yeah I done pulled it."...He got his head underneath the skip (elevator), he poked his head underneath there, it went up, [took] his head off, right across here...[It] fell right down to the level where I was standing....His brains was all up and down on the timber all the way down from where he fell at. I never will forget that.... I was standing there waiting' for the skip to come down, and his watch, ... fell off right in the level where I was at....His head cut off and he fell down the shaft, all the way to the bottom. Now I hear that thing go through there and he went straight down to the last level. He kept right on falling' all the way down....I went through that boy's mother's yard, that morning, I couldn't tell her, her son had got killed to save my life.

The Reids also lost family members in the mine.

> I can tell you how my uncle died. He was working in the [pyrite] mines. And my grandfather and my father was also working there. And the day that Morris died, he had a canary strapped to him and you had to monitor a canary for methane gas. And this particular day, I don't know if he didn't monitor it or what, but they found him dead. He was...a timberman. He put the timber up. He died, and a while later, my father broke his leg on a piece of rock in there, and at that time, my grandfather forbid him to ever go back into the mine. He told him, 'I lost one son. I'm not going to lose any more.' So my grandfather worked in the mine and nobody else (Reid 2005).

Mine Closing

In 1916, the American Agriculture Chemical Company took over ownership of the mine and continued to run it until 1920 when it was closed. The closing of the mine was due to several factors. First, sulfur was discovered in Spain and could be more cheaply obtained. Second, because of the new discoveries, companies were hesitant to establish long-term contracts.

Third, the miners went on strike, asking for a raise. The superintendent considered this to be an unreasonable request and his response was, "I'll let the shafts fill with water and frogs jump in before I'll reopen it [the mine]." These spelled the end of the mine and with its closure the 200 to 300 men employed at the mine were put out of work and the major industry that had supported the Dumfries area for thirty years came to an end. Other businesses in the area such as general stores and boarding houses that had profited from the mine also closed (PRWI Archives n.d.; Mountjoy 1978; Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000:22). With the closing of mine, men and women sought work in nearby Quantico and Fort Belvoir. Others went to work in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Farming remained the foundation of families' existence.

The opening of the mine also brought changes to the community. Outsiders moved in which, according to some, was a source of problems in what had been a harmoniously mixed racial community (Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000). The closure of the mine brought hard times for many. Families were forced to look outside of the community for jobs. In some instances, this created a situation where husbands left for the coal mines in Pennsylvania and West Virginia to work during the week and return home only on weekends. This placed a burden on the women who were left behind to care for the farms and children. More fortunate community residents found work at Quantico Marine Corps Base established in the early 1900s or Fort Belvoir. Others found occasional contract work repairing roads, working in sawmills, collecting pulpwood and selling railroad ties. The late 1920s and early 1930s were to see an increase in the economic troubles in the nation, and subsequently, the community.

CHAPTER TWO

COMMUNITY PRESERVED IN MEMORY

Community took on several different meanings during the course of our interviews. It encompassed interrelationships between and among family, land, activities, values, camaraderie, lifestyle, and cooperation.[4] Community was also preserved in layers – immediate family, neighborhoods (Batestown, Hickory Ridge, Joplin, Independent Hill) nearby communities (Dumfries, Triangle, Occoquan) and more distant ones (Manassas, Alexandria, Fredericksburg). Many areas within the park and surrounding communities are referred to or associated with particular families who settled in specific areas (Liming Lane, Johnson Road, Williams Road, Mine Road, a.k.a., Batestown Road).

Families acquired land in many different ways. Several families with roots back to England acquired land through grants when the area was first settled. As others came to Prince William County, they purchased land from the early landowners. A free black

[4] Volume II includes full details and stories of the people interviewed in the first and second phases of the project. Volume III consists of the individual transcripts of the interviews from Phase Two of the project and are available through the Park.

population living in Prince William County had the means to retain land that was passed down to later generations through inheritance. Some African American families received land after the Civil War from the very individuals that had enslaved them. In one instance, the land was acquired through a poker game. Overtime, the records of these land transactions may have been lost and the younger family members had no knowledge of the original acquisition of the property their family held. In some cases, the information on ownership is speculation. A thorough search for these records was beyond the scope of this project.

This chapter journeys into the past to capture the perceptions of the community from the perspective of those who lived here. The stories of land acquisitions and transference, descriptions of buildings, roads, farming, and community life are interspersed with commentaries about genealogy and relationships with family and friends. The subsections of the chapter reveal major events and circumstance as remembered.

The storyteller's name appears in bold below followed by the date of birth in order to put their stories in a chronological context. Some remember the community as adults; others were children at the time. This section on family and land begins with the recollections of the oldest residents interviewed

FAMILY AND LAND

Hilda Lansing (1912) was the oldest resident interviewed. She was born in Dumfries in the old Henderson house that was built in 1784. Her father, Dr. David C. Cline, who came to Dumfries in 1905, delivered her. She relates the history of her family and the land they owned.

> My mother was born in Prince William Forest Park. The land was given to the original Keys family from a grant from England. They had a large family, and

> my grandfather was the youngest of twelve or fourteen children. My great grandmother had come from Scotland. She was a McCracklin. [Her family] came into Canada, moved to Baltimore, and then she came down here when she was 16 years old to work in the cotton mills in Occoquan. She came by herself. She met her husband who was a Keys. He delivered mail from Prince William, Dumfries, and this vicinity to Alexandria on horseback. This was in the 1800s.

The Keys lived in the northern part of what would be Prince William Forest Park.

> Well, Thornton was up there. Then way on up farther was Kopp. There was a little school up there and that was called Thornton School. I know my stepfather drove the bus up there. He'd pass the Mine. The top area was also known as Bell Haven Church.

Ray Woolfenden (1916) was born in Kopp, Virginia. His grandfather came to the area in a less honorable way, as a stowaway. The Woolfenden family history is interwoven with the Civil War.

> Granddad's father's name was Eli Woolfenden that came over here from England. We have not found the boat that he came in on, but he was a stowaway. His two brothers came over with him. We never did find the brothers because the Civil War separated them. Even those North and South met and married each other. In the beginning, most of the Able farms, they all had slaves. Let me take that back. Most of them had slaves.[5] Some of them only had a ten or fifteen acre farm. Some of them had a thousand acres.
>
> When Granddad fought in the Union Army, his only idea was to get away from slavery. When he came to the farm, his oldest son married a rebel, a Southerner. My mother was a Southerner and my father was a Northerner. So, that's where the North met the South and got together.
>
> The Able's came over here from England. Of course, they were granted a piece of property. The coat of arms is out front. One of them had a store and it was burnt to the ground by the Union Army as they passed through the section where they were, and that's not far from where the Quantico cemetery is. Just a little ways back near Bellefair Mills.

As people left the cities and sought refuge in rural areas, families (particularly those with

[5] The term "slave" (a noun) has been retained in the narratives as spoken although the preferred term is "enslaved" (a tr. verb) in reference to the condition imposed upon a people and meaning "to make a slave of; to reduce to slavery, bondage or dependence" (The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language).

large estates) sold off pieces of property to the newcomers.

> As people come in, they bought the small farms from the Ables...A lot of people wanted to buy a piece of property. They wanted to get out of the city and into the country. Just like Granddad, his children were born in Baltimore. He was married to Isabel Jones. He called it the "Sin City" and he wanted to get out of Baltimore.

Woolfenden's grandfather bought his land from a woman who had helped him during the Civil War.

> He had passed through this farm during the Civil War, and he was very hungry and no place to find food. He had been eating moss, leaves, and everything, because if you go back to history, the South had him on the run for a while. Then the Battle of Manassas halted a little bit and they drove them all the way up to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The lady kept him for a couple of days there at the farm, fed him and got him back to good health. Then he joined his unit later in Manassas at Bull Run. He and this lady kept in touch with each other down over the years. Then after he wanted to get out. She wanted to leave the farm. She couldn't take care of the farm anymore. She got where she couldn't handle it, and so she wanted to sell it. So, he thought this was the opportunity, and so he took it. One of my uncles married the Wrights, which were Southerners and my mother married my father, which was a Northerner. That's the way it went after the Civil War. You see, they come in it many different ways. That's one example where he came in.

According to local lore, one of the first Ables in the area, Garrison Able, donated land to Dumfries.

> William Garrison Able is just an ancestor...The Cornwells, they are married into the Ables. I think that one of the Ables received a thousand acres of land; we haven't found out who from or how he got it. It's also been told that Garrison Able, which was one of the family's first Ables that came here, that he donated some land to the town of Dumfries. We know that he owned land at one time in the town of Dumfries, but we have no proof of it.... (Woolfenden)

What was evident was that families in the area intermarried.

> The Timmons are married into the Ables. I can go on and on. The Watsons, the Limings all married into the Ables. All up at [Rte.] 619 were just about everybody on it was married into the Ables, or they were Ables.

Woolfenden also gave background on how some of the African American families in the

community acquired their lands.

> Back there in the Civil War some of the blacks got a lot more property and some of them got a little bit. I think that was all up to the slave owner. That's the way that I understood it, but I'm not positive. A lot of them...when they saw the war coming, they gave their slaves property even before the war--much before it. That I do know because I have history on it here on my grandfather's farm.

James Walter Kendall (1916) moved to Batestown around the age of nine or ten. He explains how families are related to each other and how some of the land was acquired. Tracking genealogies and land purchases of families is difficult as many family names were passed down from one generation to the next.

> I find that everybody down here seems to be cousins. Everybody seems to be related....I had a brother named Johnny Kendall, and a brother named William Kendall. There were three boys. I have one living sister now. That's Lottie Johnson.
>
> My father, [John Kendall], used to own...a whole lot of land [in Batestown], not quite up to Little Union. He bought it from the Mine Company. Same man he used to work for. There are two Walter Kendall's. This last Walter Kendall, they said was not any kin to us...He used to work for my daddy. This other Kendall was Otis' daddy....I'm talking about Warfield Kendall. There was another one named Warfield. And, my brother was named Will Kendall.

Families often owned more than one plot of land and moved if conditions were not comfortable.

> I think the first property he [Warfield] ever owned was on Hickory Ridge. He didn't buy that from the mine. That place got burnt down on Hickory Ridge, and he came over here and rented that big house right down there; we sold it...When we moved, my daddy built a place...It was so many hobos on the road at the time, and she [mother] didn't like it. So, he came back here and bought this place right here. He bought a lot of land. He bought practically all the mine land that was up in here.

Wilmer Porter (1917) was a descendent of Betsey Bates, a freed slave. The Bates family trace their descendents to Betsey Bates listed in the 1830 census as born sometime between

the dates of 1795-1805. Several families recognized different spellings throughout the historical records. Bates was spelled "Baits" in the 1880 census (Bates-Davis Family Tree n.d.; Evans 1989, see Turner 1994). In the 1850 census, listed Betsy Bates, 50 years of age, described as mulatto, and a tenant born in Virginia.

> Betsey Bates is my great-great grandmother. They call that Batestown up in there... They got it [the land] back then; she owned lot of it. She gave it to the family....The only person that owned [land in Hickory Ridge] was my uncle, Henry Early. He married my mother's sister. My mother was Laura Reid. Everybody around here is kin. Yeah, see what happened was that after the mine came, you know how the people in small areas like here intermarry, after the mine came, it drew a whole lot of people from all over the place. That's why you got all of them different names. It wasn't nothing—the Bates' and the Johnsons and the Williams' and the Howards, that's all. Most of them lived up on the hill back there in Prince William County not on Mine Road. The Kendalls lived there.

> The Porters came in through marriage. My mother was a Reid. They came here generations ago. Their folks came here with the mine. The Byrds come here and married my aunt. She was a Porter. Mary Porter was her name. And the Kendall's have been here for a long time. The Martins, they've been here 75 years. I know that. The Gaines come from Stafford, see he married a Kendall. They married the Kendall family. The Chinns are over into the Occoquan area. Lloyd Johnson came from Stafford, his wife was a Williams.

> Some of the white families in the Hickory Ridge were the Davis'. Avery Able, they were in Stafford, in Joplin. I know that Florence was one. Hickory Ridge was a mixed community of black and white people that were both raised to help each other when in need. In hard times, that's how they were able to stay together to survive because they stuck together. Batestown has been there. I think that all of it comes along together when the mine was running and everybody built a house there.

Jack Williams (1919) was born on Johnson Road. **Estelle,** his wife, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

> Most of the older people were slaves and they got land from the slave owners. That's what I've told 'em. I don't know how true it is, that the people who owned my forefather were Williams and that's where we got our name from. Land was purchased by the acre and farms were usually small. Well, some of the farms probably was larger. The average was 25 acres. Wasn't much a acre.
>
> I think my granddaddy bought this land in about 1924. I don't know whether the man's name he bought this land from was a Cole or what. That's where they had the Cabin Branch School right next door to Jack's grandfather's place where we used to live before we moved over here (Estelle).

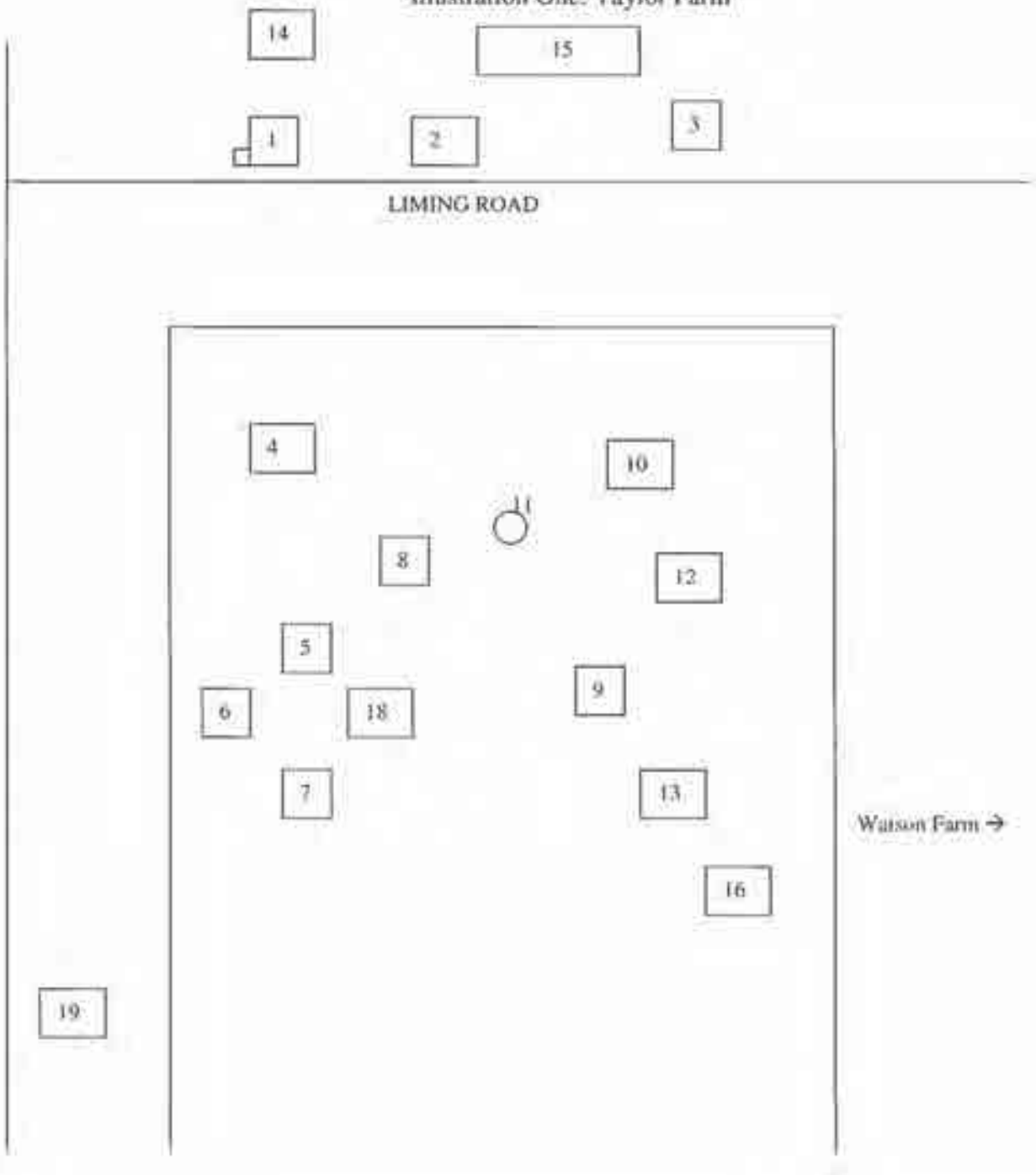
Harvey Watson's (1921) grandfather owned the Taylor farm. It had a two-story house, two corn houses, two barns, two chicken houses, another place where they kept cider, a shed for the equipment, and a garage with three stalls. His grandmother ran the house, she also had a small store (24 feet by 36 feet) built across the road (See Illustration One) Looking at a photograph, Harvey explained:

> That's Grandmama sittin' on the porch. It was a beautiful farm. He had about three acres of peach trees in pink. Boy them things was pretty…There was a porch all across all the front. You could look right out the door and see the store….She had a good business; they'd come from Mine Road and everywhere.
>
> There was a Byrd woman used to come up there all the time, a little colored guy drove her buggy and brought her up there….They stocked it with mostly any little thing, anybody would want like fresh fish and canned stuff . Robert, my uncle, used go up to Alexandria 'bout once a week and get a truckload of food.
>
> My grandfather's other farm is like right beside this one. This is a Taylor farm and the Watsons are over there. We'd thrash wheat down there and everything. My grandfather ran the blacksmith shop.

The farm had a cider press. Making cider was one of the favorite activities of the family and Harvey explains how to do it.

To make cider, well you got a pail like this, you gotta pole about 30 feet long, hook right on side of the tree, then it runs back and you have two, two by four or two by sixes with holes in 'em, you push down on one and take a pin out and move it back, and just keep working it down. I know one day, Robert said, "You want some cider, go get you a barrel of apples." I went and got a barrel of apples and they ground 'em....They had a cellar and it was packed with like sawdust or something and kept apples in there. Some of 'em probably rotted, we used to go up Wild Cat Mountain up the other side of Manassas orchard and pick 40 barrels or bushels in one day, put 'em in a truck and come on home.

Illustration One: Taylor Farm



½ mile

TAYLOR FARM

1) barn and shed (large building); 2) storage shed (wheat, cider & equip); 3) Grocery Store (24'x36'); 4) corn house; 5) chicken house; 6) chicken house; 7) outhouse; 8) home place (house); 9) smoke house; 10) three car garage; 11) well; 12) blacksmith shop; 13) equipment & storage shed; 14) largest barn and storage shed (two story building); 15) pig pen; 16) cemetery; 17) orchard (cherry, apple, pears, peaches); 18) grape arbor; 19) cider press. [Copied from a sketch Mr. Watson had in his papers.]

Farm life was not without mishaps as his Uncle Robert found out.

> He had a brand new Ford truck. And, one morning coming out by the corn house the son-of-a-gun caught on fire and burnt the corn house down and the truck. My other grandfather gave him corn for the other horses that winter.

Getting from one place to another took several forms including riding horseback, a horse hitched to a buggy or wagon, bicycles, sometimes a car, and, of course, walking.

> Nearly everyone of 'em had horses. I was a bicycler. I always rode a lot. I still got three or four bicycles here now. I got one for $600 from China. It was nothin' for us to get on a bicycle an ride out to Mr. Crow's store, which was about, I guess about two or two and a quarter miles.

Roads were a serious problem. They were not paved and repairs were made with gravel.

> My father worked for Herb Tubbs up there. Herb Tubbs, he'd run the grader. They would dig gravel and they haul gravel over to the road. They would park over top one of the holes up in there, take the board out, and shake it, dirt fell down in the hole, then he'd take a grader and grade it. That's the way they filled the big holes up. I remember another guy named Jack Wolf, ran a little old bulldozer, not as big as a car way back there. When I was a kid, I used to go with Papa to work, they'd grade that road after they put all that gravel, and that road used to be like a washboard all the way up through there, all the time.
>
> In the wintertime my grandfather made a big sleigh, it would cover the whole road. It's about two feet high. He took a team of horses, went all the way to Joplin, and cleaned the road for us, so we could get in and out.

John Samsky (1923) was born and raised on the Quantico Reservoir. The Samsky family members were among the more recent immigrants to the area, coming over in the early 1900s. The 350-acre family farm was located along the reservoir. John was 19 years old when the government purchased the farm.

> My mother was from Europe. Super cooker. My father came over in 1900. He had a sister already here, Mary. She lived in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Her husband was a superintendent in a steel mill or something over there. Anyway, she got him a right to come through Ellis Island. She picked him up there.
>
> My father came from Czechoslovakia then. It was called the Austro-Hungarian Empire then. Then later on after WWI, it was Slovakia, the most religious place in the world. People go to church everyday if they ain't workin'.
>
> When we first came here? Well, there was a little church on Hoadley Road, the same size that it is now. And there was another little church in the city of Manassas by the railroad track. It's still there. And, I had a card, a church card that was there in 1942, Christmas midnight mass, that was about 60-70 people in church at that time. We had a lot of Slavic people move here 'cause they liked farming. Down Hoadley Road, St. Mary's over there on the right, that's on the old road now. Then later on, there was a little bit of difficulty between St. Mary's because it was a Byzantine Order and the Romans. They would go to the same church; they'd have different services.
>
> The Samsky store was in this area for fifty-five years. I stayed there fifty-five years behind the counter. My brothers started it. I wasn't in the army. I stayed home. I had three brothers in the service; I stayed home with the parents who were getting old. When they came back, they had nothing to do with it.
>
> [After the war] the military bases had shut down, a lot of places and the all the defense clients [were gone]. It was almost like the Depression. So, this old fellow by the name of Herring was up in age, his wife had passed away. He approached me one time, and said, 'Johnny, why don't you buy
>
> this place from me and run the store.' He said, 'I 'm just getting too old and things are getting too modern for me. I've got to go.'

Carl and John Liming (1923), Margaret Liming Knox (1926), Doris Jones (1932) were interviewed together. Carl and John were twins. The Liming family came to the area after the Civil War when their great grandfather Liming was said to have won land through gambling.

My grandfather came down here as a teenager. It was after the Civil War that they came down here. He helped clear the land, built a home. I wanted to tell you, my dad's grandfather and his father and uncle came down here from New Jersey. Great-grandfather, John Finley Liming, I think he's from, Patterson, New Jersey. I understand that grandfather had won the property in a poker game, I don't know about this property, some property, and he came down to what was the Park, now. He came down with his sons. The property was selling for fifty cents an acre, and so he had his family, and they came down here, and years later when the federal government bought and created the park, they only gave him twenty dollars an acre, which they thought, was a good price. Of course, these people had made their homes and their livelihoods and everything. That was in the thirties. My grandfather had lived here and he had lots of land.

Large families were the rule in this farming community.

My dad's grandfather, he was the twenty-eighth child. His father, was from Nova Scotia. And he married and they had fourteen children. Then he remarried and had fourteen more. And this grandfather, was the twentieth child. Now that's a lot of children. You know, when you live on a farm and raise all your vegetables and meat and stuff, it's not that expensive.

Daddy was born in 1884. My dad had a lot of land, too....My dad had property down next to the little stream. We used to go swimming down there. It was the only body of water around. Now Liming Lane goes all the way down to that hard surface road, Jim Spence's place. That was daddy's mother's sister's husband. I remember Jim Spence's place, and the run. So, daddy's property, he had like fifty acres down there. And my grandfather had over a hundred acres. I remember Daddy said one time that he used to get the railroads ties from his property and sell it to the Richmond-Fredericksburg Railroad. That wasn't there during the Civil War.

Liming Lane. We always called it Liming Lane, because there were so many Limings on both sides. The land was so cheap. They could raise their family, their crops, their chickens, and pigs, or whatever. Everything was mostly farmland. Everyone had their own gardens and things. Where I'm livin', daddy used to have all this to make the hay, and then he had the rest all around the house in vegetables. And, let's see over here...daddy's step- sister would have this land over here. It was all plain, nothin'. These trees are less than 70 years old. You know pines always come up.

You see where our house was, and right across the street, that house, their land never did perk. They always had water in their garden. Bates. I don't know what their real name was. We called 'em Izzy and Lizzy Bates and they had several children. All those children, they were a great. They made a life for

themselves over there. They lived right down here--just a short ways from here, within walking distance.

Yeah, and then next to them was where my sister-in-law lived, and that was Watson. They always had a body of water there that we used to go ice skating in the winter time....The Robertson's had a place over there. He was from WWI.

Sam Bauckman (1929) was born in Talupas, Stafford, a small community no longer on the map. His wife, **Betty Brawner Bauckman,** was the daughter of the owner of the Brawner store.

I was born in '29 in Talupas, Stafford You don't even know where that is and you ain't gonna find it on no map and nobody's gonna show you when you go down there where it is; 'cause none of them know where it is. How many little post offices and crossroads have been in this country and had names that people don't have an idea about because they are gone.

My dad came over here in '31 I reckon. Dad had a farm down in Stafford County. And, his father was a land developer and builder and he helped them build the Marine Corps Base. Dad finally got an opportunity to go to work for the government that was in '30. I was about a year old and came over here. We had those two little houses right there. In fact, they are both still standing.

My grandfather came out of Caroline. The other grandparents, I'd like to trace them all the way down from the chain of England. Carl Coleman traced it on down to where my great-great grandfather came up here out of Louisiana and was a Captain in the 4th Brigade, fought in the Civil War mostly around Leesburg and that area.

Betty Brawner Bauckman was born to Beulah Adams and Claude Harrison Brawner. The family lived in Fairfax Street, which was part of the family property bought from an estate when her mother died.

[My dad's] brother French lived next door here, Clay on top of the hill, Genevieve, who married Cecil Garrison, up on the hill, Warfield down on Route 1, and Betsy lived in Washington. When we were growing up there were a lot of Keys here--Brawners and Keys, and Waters. [She identifies the people in a photograph] Clay Speak, Grandmother Brawner, Annie Merchant, and Willy Speak they were sisters and brothers. He lived up on top of the hill,

she lived here, Louise Brawner just lived up the street and he [Willy] lived down across Number 1 highway. That's the brother's and sisters—my father, Warfield, Clay, Randolph, Genevieve, and Bessie. My father is Claude Brawner and Warfield is my father's brother. Down on the highway, they had a tourist home…That is about all of the older relatives. I was a family of nine. There are five of us now. We worked on these pictures for quite a while.

Ralph Carter (1932) was born in Prince William County. His family's property joined the park properties. His father, Henry A. Carter, purchased a sawmill when he was 19 years old and sawed lumber for Mr. G.C. Russell. His mother also lived in the Prince William County area.

Are you familiar with [Rte.] 234, you know where they're building Ashburn, that big housing development? That's on my mother's old home place. Alma Virginia Carter. To all of us, she was "Crinkle." My brother-in-law started that. When his sister got married, her husband started callin' her the "Crinkle Lady" and it just stuck. I mean all the family called her "Crinkle."

The development is 288 acres that they got in there when they built that. And, my grandmother and them lived across the road. That was Russell, that wasn't Carter. And we only had the side where we lived, and it run right back in the park like this, we had not quite ten acres. See right there where I was born and raised, from what my uncle told me, my granddaddy sold to the park in 1939. My grandfather owned around 500 acres that's the park now.

I heard my daddy and my uncle talk about Hickory Ridge. He was Phillip D. Carter; he's now deceased. Up there, 'bout long up there where the gate is, where it stops the local traffic from goin' through, there's a pyrite mine up there and that's how it got its name, Mine Road. There was a lot a good people up there.

After I went to work in construction work, I worked with the Kendalls up there, Mr. John Kendall, he was a black man and the finest man ever was. I worked with Mr. John. I went to work on Quantico building a school and then I left there and I worked partly on the first unit of Possum Point. It was back in the late 40s. That was before I went to work for the Park in '51.

I worked for the park from 1951-1952 up there. A ranger comes down with two cages, and we turned the first beavers that ever was in Prince William County loose up there at Camps One and Four lake. Now they done took the country. I helped the man with the cages when we turned them loose up there.

Larry Williams (1927) is the first cousin of Jack Williams. Their fathers were brothers.

Larry was born in Hickory Ridge in his grandparents' home.

> I'm the third child. Charles Emory was the oldest. Drusilla [was second] she married a guy named Roy. Charles lives over in Joplin, up on Joplin Road. His mother and Jack's father and my father were sisters and brothers. His mother was Annie Williams. She married Lloyd Johnson. That's Robert [Johnson's] father and mother.
>
> I know my father probably owned 50 or 60 acres. Something like that. Well, my grandparents, they had died, they were dead then. And my mother and father moved to Triangle.
>
> My father worked for the railroad. He was a trackwalker for the RF&P Railroad [Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad]. I guess my father was 'bout the only one that worked for the railroad. A lot of them, they worked different places. Some of them farmed. They grow vegetables, corn; some of them raised livestock, pigs and things like that. Some people worked at Cherry Hill. A place I think the District government had down there where they brought trash and stuff.
>
> My father stayed home and took care of his mother and grandfather. That's where I was born. I lived there in the park still...must have been about, I guess I was about twelve or thirteen years old when they took my grandfather's place. It wasn't much as far as what they gave them, but they gave them a little something.

Williams described Batestown and Hickory ridge as separate settlements who shared a church as a common bond.

> Batestown it was just another place. Something like Hickory Ridge. There was a settlement there and a settlement over here. That's the way that was. Hickory Ridge it was some white families there. That whole area was different people's farms that's all. If you're going to the Park, up this road [Mine Road] down here and go straight into the Park, you cross a bridge, and you keep just straight up that road back up there. Batestown and Hickory Ridge were mostly separate settlements. The only time they had anything to do was church functions, The people in Hickory Ridge would come over to Batestown to church because that's where the church was.

The way people and places are identified reveals the complexity of relationships in the Cabin Branch Community and the closeness found there. We were told, "Everybody is kin," and it seems to be true.

Ora Bates (1911) and her daughter Ora Glass (1935); Juanita Porter-Smith (1922) and her daughter Doris Penn-Smith (~1945); Mary Cole (~1935); and Gwen Washington (1943).

Ora Bates was raised in Minnieville, VA. She married Robert Bateswhen she was twenty-three or twenty-four year old and moved to Batestown. Estelle Williams is her sister. Ora Glass and Mary Colewere raised on Batestown Road. Ora Glass' brother is Phillip. Nathaniel Bates is Mary Cole's nephew. Gwen Washington, Ora Glass, and Mary Cole are cousins. Juanita Porter-Smith is Gwen Washington's aunt. Gwen's dad was Juanita's brother. Mandy Davis was Juanita's father's sister. Henry Early was Juanita's mother's sister's husband. Annie Williams[6] was married to Henderson. He died. She married Warfield Kendall. And, he died. She married Williams. Annie is a cousin to Juanita through the Thomas.'

> Laura Porter is Juanita Porter-Smith's mother who was a Reid before she married. And, Juanita's grandmother was a Thomas before she married Daniel Reid. Granny was a Thomas. Because see, there was Betsy Thomas, Ms. Lulu's mama, so my grandmother was a Thomas, kin to the ones up on [Rte.] 234. When I was tryin' to find my mama's grandmama, she goes right to Herman Lewis and all them, we all cousins. The Lewis's were originally from the Bates [family]. They married in.
>
> Wallace Reid was the one who got killed in the mine, my mother's brother. His wife was Pauline Bates. He was born March 1893, son of Daniel Reid and my grandmama Marjorie Thomas. The Johnsons, Reids and some Bates used to live in the park. The Reids and Johnsons lived down in Stafford.
>
> Families who lived in Hickory Ridge were the Davis', Early's and Warfield Kendall. I'm trying to think of how they lined up on that road. My memory is a ... Jack Gaines, no relation to me (JPS); Hannah Gaines and those people were down in Stafford, I mean down Wildwood mostly.
>
> Let's see, my grandfather, Dan Reid, was brother to Joseph Reid.....Little Joe...Round the curve where Arlene Kendall lives in that bottom right down

[6] A second Annie Williams appears to be related on Herman Lewis' mother's side.

there. Yeah, you go right round that and go up the hill. Then there was Lloyd Johnson, trying to think who else was up in Hickory Ridge. Tazwell Bates comes in over here at Batestown.

Ok, Mary Byrd was my Aunt. She did live in the branch [named Mary Bird Branch]. So, Hickory Ridge is somewhere in there. She lived further passed the Oddfellows Hall. Back in there was a branch [of the creek] that they had to go over. I guess that's why hey named it after her. Well, it was a little old bridge, you know how they make them little old walkin' bridges. She didn't have no car, just a horse and wagon. Well, that's how they used to come to church, horse and buggy. Come in the morning, brought they lunch and stayed all day.

Joe Reid was my granddaddy's brother. He wasn't that far from Mary Byrd. Zeal Williams was up there on Hickory Ridge…Your Aunt Mandy was closer to Batestown Road. Griffin Mill and Amidon farm, I think that was up Hickory Ridge.. The Oddfellows Hall, that is Hickory Ridge, because they had a hall there and the kids used to go to school there until they come over to Mine Road. Ok, when you come around the curve, that's where Joe Reid lived, he was the first house….Then down there was that Hickory Ridge church school. Go to church on Sunday and Monday you go to school. In Oddfellows Hall, that's what they called it.

Then it went to Hannah and Jack Gaines. Then there was some white families in there. That's right, we would go up the hill Mine Road, and Mandy, Henry Early. I thought maybe Helen Thomas would remember, because she lived up there. All of these that I'm givin' you was the black folks.

What about Charlie Reid's grandmother? Yeah, Joe Reid. I know his granddaddy used to farm and we would go over there, because Aunt Mary Byrd, lived back further from them. And, she would give us stuff out the garden and Uncle Joe would never give nobody nothing out of his garden. His wife, Aunt Annie, would steal it out the garden and bag it all up. When we come from Aunt Mary's, I never forget it, bag it all up, and when we come back by there, she'd have it sittin' there in the road and she'd say, "Don't let Joe know I give you all nothin'. He don't know it." And that's how we got from him. That was my grandfather's brother.

Uncle Charlie lived right here in Batestown. We would come off of Vanderburn Road, Uncle Charlie lived straight up there in that house, he was the only one up there. Charlie Reid.

When we leave Batestown Road, the mine went up partial way [into] Hickory Ridge, and then you could go in from Batestown, where Ol' Man John Kendall lived (OG). The mine would be mostly in this section between Batestown and Hickory Ridge. It's like, it comes out in a V. Hickory Ridge

went this way, and Batestown went up (JPS).

> We lived on Mine Road. We lived back in the woods a quarter a mile off Batestown down in the bottom. It was a ruddy road with big ruts. And it was real narrow, and you were always afraid you gonna run off the side of it. We would be walkin' so it wasn't no fun. 'Cause, that's all it was a horse and a buggy in them early ages.

> Ms. Ruth Carter, she was on Batestown Road. She was a Thomas wasn't she. Yeah, her mother and my grandmother were sisters and brothers. The mine was near her. Ms.Teet, Winfred was her name...Well, her mother was Betsy Thomas. (not the original Betsy). Aunt Bet. That was Ms. Lulu's mama, Lou Thomas' mama.

> Henry Early lived in Hickory Ridge. Her (JPS) grandfather, Grandpappy. Yeah, Dan Reid, he was the one that lived where Washington Reid School is on [Rte.] 234, that was my granddaddy's land. And back in them days, they took it away from him without a pistol...Back in those days they [government] could do anything they wanted. (JPS)

Families helped each other and shared produce from their gardens.

> Everybody around in here had gardens see. And, they would share. Whatever Annie thought that you needed or wanted, she would give you that way. She learned in conversation mostly at church. A person would say, oh my crop of tomatoes, for example, did good. Well mine didn't do good. Something like that. Back in them days, everybody shared. That's the thing with gardens, if you had a different thing doing good, then it was well try mine, or bring it or something like that. Yeah, someone might have planted something that the other one didn't, so they'd kind of switch off, exchange like. It was like an extended family. It was like a village.

> We'd just go over there. If you didn't come, when she came to church, she brought a bag. "This is for you and this is for that one." Sharing went on between blacks and whites. The two men I was talking about, whatever you had, they got and whatever they had you got, same thing.

This sharing also included the practice of taking in children and raising them when their own parents ran into hard times.

> There's a lot of that where people would help raise other people's kids. Circumstances were the same as now. The parents couldn't afford to take care of them....Usually family members took them. Aunt Mary Byrd did that. She took Sadie Martin's boy. He was a little fellow. I'll never forget. She bought him a new suit. She would never let him wear it because she was going to save

that to bury him in.

Hilda Howard (1932) and Margaret Simmons (1939) were both born in the area of Prince William Forest Park.

> I'm [MS] a part of the Porter family. Well, I think my grandfather on my mother's side came from North Carolina. Yeah, maybe all of my grandparents are from that a way. And my grandmother is originally from here.
>
> I'm [Hilda] part of the Williams family and Porters. Jack Williams is my cousin. Grandmother got the house from their daddy. I guess you know, you give your child a piece of land when they get married. They got theirs from the Thomas track, Mary Bates Thomas. Now, we buy a piece of property; back there, it probably was given to them.
>
> [MS] Well, I came over, let me see, that was in the 'bout the fourth grade. I guess I was about nine years old when I came over here from Mine Road to live on Williams Road. The reason this is named Williams Road is because different brothers bought property and it was owned by all the Williams'. Miss Annie was a Williams and she had a lot of kids. And she was married to a Johnson; it still was Williams property. Then another brother bought some that was on Johnson Road.
>
> I was born on Mine Road. Where we used to live, they used to call it the "bottom" too. Just over this hill, over there by the church. Anywhere...you have to go down a hill to it, and the house would be down there...that's what they called the bottom.
>
> My mother and father lived with my grandmother [mother's mother, Laura Porter], and when they built a house across the road, that's where they came. When I got married, I built a house over here on Williams Road. We purchased the land from her [Hilda's] grandmother. We bought this house from her sister.
>
> My father is from Manassas, and he worked in Manassas during the week and would come to my grandmother's on the weekends. He delivered milk back then when they used to deliver milk from house to house. Then he got a job on the base in Quantico. He was a painter's helper and then he became a painter. My mother worked day work in Quantico.
>
> See, back then, even though my grandmother had all the children, they were grown and they still lived at home. My grandmother had what—fifteen kids?
>
> My brother is Walter Kendall. They call him Otis. My mother was married three times. My father died when we were babies. My step-father was Walter Kendall. John Kendall ran the train [Dinky]. Walter, he only worked for the

mines here. Charles Reid is my brother. I (MS) think my daddy was working on the base during WWII. My uncle served. Some of the women stayed home and took care of the children.

[HH] My brother served and some of the women worked at the base. I came from Hickory Ridge. I was born there. I was probably twelve when we moved to Mine Road and was there until I got married. I moved here because I inherited my piece of property from my grandmother and grandfather [Clarence and Pennie Williams].

We just had like a garden. They raised just about everything. Well I can remember like grandpa had a garden here and my grandmother had a garden there. They both grew the same things; you had enough to last you the whole winter, you know. They would can food and they would give that away too. The neighbors would come and help slaughter your hogs this time and then you would go to neighbors and help them with theirs.

My mother, when we were over in Mine Road, had a garden and pigs, chickens...It's a nice size garden, probably a half or quarter acre or what not. My grandmother had thirteen kids. And everybody worked in the garden.[HH]

You know back then they would give the neighbors some of the vegetables. Like Aunt Mary [John Porter's sister]. She would have this big garden, she didn't have any kids or anything. She just raised the kids--the nieces and nephews--and she would just give the food away. Like with Aunt Mary she would have some of everything. She really just gave food away to people that didn't have anything...she would just give it. She raised chicken, and you didn't have to buy eggs. She used to have a good time over in that bottom. Because, see everyone would go there, because she had plenty of food. They used to just go over there and sit and cook food and eat.

Ora Glass (1935) was born in Batestown and is the daughter of **Ora Bates (1911).**

Batestown, it was a lot more houses over there then, and everybody was related. Families who lived in Hickory Ridge was the Reids. Mr. Sammy Reid and Pat's grandma, wasn't she a Reid? She was a Porter. Wasn't her mama a Reid? Norma Reid. Yeah. The Reids and the Kendalls. Quite a few of the Kendalls are the ones that live on Hickory Ridge. The Reids were on Batestown over there on Mine Road They kind of lived back in the woods. We were in the woods. They were "*in the woods*" [narrator emphasis].

What did Dad own? Eleven or twelve acres? I would say that that was about average size. I can't say that anybody had a lot more. I know a few Johnsons. Helen Thomas Johnson, they lived up on Hickory Ridge. Ms. Helen was a Thomas before she was married. They were going on the side of Batestown. Mary Bates. She was a Thomas. Annie Williams is my first cousin on my

father's side. Annie Thomas, married my father's brother, George. That's all I know. Her daddy's brother. Annie Thomas married my father's brother. Her father is my uncle. Her father's brother's name was George.[7]

Annie Reid Bates (1947) and Charles Reid (1950) were both born in Batestown - "Just like a skip and a jump" right across the Run. Their sisters and brothers, Joyce, Laverne, Otis, Warren, Hilda, Hazel, and Freddie were all born on Hickory Ridge.

Annie Reid Bates

My father told me when he was a boy between the age of nine and ten, the water was so high, ships used to come up in there [Dumfries]. And, there was an old mill down there, just before you get to that little curb down past the Mine Ranch. He said ships used to dock there. He said the water came up too high; they couldn't get across the bridge, because sometimes the water would be over the bridge, and they would wait until the water would go down.

My father lived in Prince William Forest Park. This is what we called Hickory Ridge then. This was in like the 1800s or 1900s. That's when my father was born, Theodore Joseph Reid. All my grandfather's property, they named it Turkey Run now, was on Orenda Road. He owned seventy-five acres. He was buried on his property before they even built this road. His grave and everything is still there. His son Morris got killed in the mine. We lived in a house down here. You walk straight down that road and maybe 100 yards on your right, that's where the house sat. That's where Charlie and I were born.

Here's what I wanted to tell you. I know we had relatives; the Williams' lived up there. When we went to cemetery—on that left-hand side where the road looped 'round in there--Hickory Ridge goes almost at that angle all the way to Aidan Road. You follow that creek; it'll go straight into [Rte.] 619. So, blacks could have lived up there. It's near Kopp Town, which is Cousin Ray's [Ray Woolfenden] place. Uncle Roosevelt's house used to be up there. Only ones that I know near Independent Hill would have been on that Niggertown Road,[8] on that map. That's the only Blacks that I knew lived up in that area. Now who they were, I have no clue.

Their grandparents purchased the original property in the late 1800s. King Bates was the owner. He is well known in the area for an event that took place during the Civil War.

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[7] Conversations with members of other families revealed similar recollections of kin relationships. While a complete genealogy is beyond the scope of this project, Julia L. Bates-Price is compiling this information on the families of "Batestown".

[8] Niggertown Road was located on a 1937 map of Prince William County. The name has been changed.

My grandmother and grandfather purchased the land around 1889 from King Bates. It was considered Hickory Ridge then. And I dare say that I think Batestown was here before Hickory Ridge. I'm just speculating, because the guy that they purchased the land from was named in the Bible It was King Bates. King Bates was living in an area, and there's a document down at the Weems-Bott Museum. If you recall, there was a confederate raid into Dumfries during the Civil War, they got lost, and they stayed in a Negro's house overnight. It was King Bates and he let them sleep in his bed. That's an absolute fact.

At least the 1860s [cabin] was there. So, Batestown and Hickory Ridge was there. The boundary between Hickory Ridge and Batestown was the creek. Part of Quantico Creek runs all the way up into the Park.

Blacks and whites in Hickory Ridge kind of lived next to each other. They mingled. The Taylor's farm was white. That was next to my dad. The Anderson's was up there, too.

The old road from Hickory Ridge to the park used to come right up beside this house. My daddy told me that. If you walk it, you can tell it was the old road. It goes straight to the park. In fact, the road goes straight into the old Pyrite Mine.

Charles Reid was interviewed individually as well as with his sister. In this interview, we got a detailed description of family relations and property. Charles Reid has the family Bible that is more than one hundred years old.

King Bates had a daughter named Betsey Bates. Betsey Bates married Charlie Reid, who is my namesake, and who is my grandfather's brother. So I'm sure that's how he got to purchase the land. The land was King Bates' land first. And what you gotta remember, the Bates owned a lot of that land up there. It was, you know, Mine Road went all the way to Hickory Ridge. Our Batestown Road went all the way to Hickory Ridge.

I just thought that was kind of neat because, she put in the Bible, King Bates died January 6, 1905. And she got the date her mother died. Isabella Johnson died October 29, 1919. Joseph Johnson died June 3, 1928. Then my grandfather died April 24, 1942. He was 66.

My father's name was Theodore Joseph Reid. He was Annie and Joseph's son. My grandfather's brother, his name is Charlie Reed. He spells it R-E-E-D. I assume it's just lack of education, because I have some diaries that my grandfather wrote back in like 1932, when he lived on the farm, and it's

crumbling in my hand, the spelling was atrocious.

The family Bible goes back more than 100 years. In fact, my grandparents were married in 1889 and this Bible was presented to him. I don't know who presented it. I'm assuming it was my great-grandmother or my great-great grandfather. Because usually that was the thing to do back then. Any records of anything would be in the family Bible.

My mother was Rowena Brown and her mom was Jane Brown. My mother died in childbirth. Same with my grandfather. It was like a taboo to talk about it. It was a big secret not to say what happened with my grandfather. It was something like a little dark cloud that they didn't want anybody to know what had happened. When he was like two years old and his mother died. Mary Thomas adopted him and kept him until he was grown.

There were thirteen of us. My mother married Andrew Williams first. He died. She married Walter Kendall. He died. Then she married her childhood friend.

I used to stay, as a little boy, with my grandmother. That was Annie Reid. She used to live on Joplin Road. She's passed. As a little boy, I would always walk through the park, I was in school, and I'd stay weekends with her because my father made me do it and I'd be cutting wood and kindling wood for her and stuff like that. Then I'd come back Sunday nights or evenings. She had Native American blood and she was chanting. She would always read this Bible and she'd make me read passages. I used to be terrified of this Bible because it's got pictures. I remember as a kid, it used to show angels coming out of the ground and stuff, and I was like, oh my Lord, scared to death. This thing used to give me nightmares. I kept everything that was in this Bible where she used to have receipts for goods. I've still got a piece of her hair. This is the marker of the Bible. This is my grandma's hair right there. That's what she used for a marker. I took the Bible itself to Alexandria. It was falling apart, brittle, and they got what's called a Family Bible Doctor. He restored the pages to it.

It was something she said about her husband and even the kids, a lot of kids were grown at the time, it was like they couldn't do anything to make her happy. It was like, she died a little bit when he died, and she was left to make the decisions. She did not want to move. Once I asked her, I said, 'Grandma, why did you not want to leave?' She said, 'My husband was buried there. I could sit on my porch and see my husband every day. See my son every day. Why do I want to leave?'

MOONSHINE IN PRINCE WILLIAM FOREST PARK

Prohibition 1920-1933 created a market for the clever entrepreneur and during the

Depression moonshine provided a way of coping and making ends meet. Prince William Forest was a perfect area for making moonshine and many took advantage of it. However, selling moonshine had risks. Prior to prohibition, bar rooms or beer halls were scattered throughout the communities, e.g., Holmes Bar and Poles Inn. With the onset of prohibition, "It was moonshine on every creek. Over by Thornton School, which was in Prince William Forest Park, there were a half a dozen stills." (Woolfenden)

> That's the way you made the difference between eking a living and getting enough bread and stuff on the table because you sold this liquor to the various members of the community. There were no whiskey stores in those days. You go to the local bootlegger and got you a quart… some 160-180 proof. You've got to look back at whether they thought it was right or wrong. I don't think they thought there was anything wrong with it because it was a way of making a living. And, another thing is, if it was good enough for George Washington to have a still and make whiskey, by
> God it's good enough for me. That's the way a lot of them looked at it. It was just something passed down through the families. (Bauckman)

Customers included marines from Quantico, "You had the Marine Corps and they would think it was good because they wasn't making a lot of money, and you need a drink that's where they would come get it." (Wilmer Porter) Other clients were of a higher rank.

> The man who lived on the western side of the park was a moonshiner. He made good stuff. All the judges and attorneys and everything in Manassas; he had to start early in the fall to make enough and put it up in the kind of jugs they wanted. He wasn't ever bothered [by revenuers]. He said he never made more money in his life than he did during the Depression days." (Samsky)

The farmers in the community grew both rye and wheat, which was used to make the moonshine.

> Way back they liked to grow rye and wheat because there used to be a thrash machine that would go through way back, and it would thrash it. And mostly what they were making is a bootleg whisky. All you need was sugar. We find a couple of them [stills] along the shores. As a matter of fact, we found one when we had a dance and everybody got pretty hot and we had to close the [CCC] camp up, and send everybody home. Because I think it was 120 proof. (Hebda)

> Here, when people worked and got out of work, they would sell a 'bottle of mash,' they'd call it. I know my father and a friend of mine, Harry Lloyd, was sitting on the side of the road one day, Harry said, 'Let's make some whiskey.' Papa said, 'Go head.' And I was about fourteen or fifteen, I made it. You put 35 pounds of wheat or rye in a barrel, and eight Fleischman's cakes of yeast, and fifty pounds of sugar, let it sit for days, run it, you'd get about ten jars. (Watson)

> The still was made of copper. The one I had was long like this and it had a cap here and it goes up like this, and goes over into a ball, and it condenses it and turns it to whiskey, and it comes right over here. I could run the jar in four minutes. Just about everybody did moonshine. Brighton, in Alexandria was one real nice guy. He got me in the car one day, and he says, ride here with us. Went down Fuller Heights Road and they had a little shack on the side of the road with holes in the ground, barrels, and everything. [We were] followed right to the still. I guess he 'rested some of 'em. Most of 'em went to jail. Poor people have to go to jail. I know I sold a pint seven times to ABC [Alcohol Beverage Control] men and they 'rested me for it. And, my lawyer says, John Curling [sheriff], wants a little more than forty-five dollars. [I] never even went to court. (Watson)

> Customers included college students, Marines, and the CCC boys. The CCC

boys would come around on a "Saturday evening and pick up anybody who wanted to go dances, have refreshments, music and all, everybody liked 'em, everybody went up there." (Watson) Outsiders came from New York, New Jersey and North Carolina to make moonshine. In one case, a local was paid to help keep the moonshine coming.

> These people come up here, revenuers up the road. They set forty vats, they call 'em vats, they put mash in 'em, and let it work, and they give Mr. Henslow $10 a day to cut wood for 'em, and they give him that farm when they left, 500 and some acres. It was only fifty cents an acre, somethin' like that back in them days. And, they [the revenuers] bought Aubrey, their son, a brand new Chevrolet and he used to deliver whiskey to them in New Jersey. Aubrey Henslow. Henslows had a big farm out there. Them big operators, they come up here from North Carolina. They had Aubrey deliver whiskey up there. They made it out here about three miles on the right. We used to go out there. (Watson)

Revenuers

The revenuers made random raids in an attempt to catch the moonshiners.

> The revenuers notified the sheriff that they'd like to have him on a raid they were going to make on a still. Of course, that's the mistake they made. The feds would come by and there was nothin' there. They knew that the sheriff was warning the locals about was happening. (Samsky)

> The sheriff would call or send word two or three days ahead that the revenuers where coming. He knew when they were coming. They'd get lost here just like anyone else would. And, then the boys would git all the whiskey dumped and git rid of everything. When they got here, it was gone. Once in a while, they'd sneak back and catch one of them. Most of them were never caught making whiskey. (Bauckman)

> We were in business here [Samsky's store], and the sheriff would come by and he asked me, 'You know Wilbur Ludwig?' and I say, 'Yeah, I know him. He comes by here every day with a fishing net on the back of his car.' In the spring of the year, we have this herring run, and they go over and dip the herring. And, the sheriff, he says, "The state federal people are gonna come by and make a raid on him tomorrow and I'm supposed to inform him." (Samsky)

Ralph Carter reported similar warnings to his dad.

> I used to go to Manassas with daddy on a Saturday and he met John Curling comin' down the street. He say, 'I be by your house so and so day next week.' That meant if you was makin' liquor you better have it gone. How he knew ahead a time was every once in a while the feds would move in on him. Other than that, he would never go. And when the feds moved in on him, he had to go with them and must 'a had some dumb feds back in them days, cause when you shoot the shotgun let 'em know you comin'. [People came from New Jersey and New York to set up stills or buy from people down here.] (Carter)

Hilda Lansing recalled one occasion when she was visiting a home that was raided. "Sheriff Curling came in with sticks and went down into the outhouses and everything else, hunting for the whisky. He never did find it." Some areas were so thick with moonshiners that even the sheriff wouldn't venture down into the area.

> The sheriff wouldn't go down Cherry Hill Road because the revenuers were not welcome down there and people in Cherry Hill that had the stills made it known just not to come down there. They had bootleggers up there during the war, there were gangsters. (H. Lansing)

> There was a preacher here by the name of Willie Wine. He would ride a little sorrel mare through the woods and find these stills and report 'em. He'd get a

fee on that—not on Sunday, the rest of the week. And one guy told me, 'I had a rifle zeroed in on him and I had a great notion to pull the trigger, something told me not to do it.' No one was ever killed or shot. They'd steal from one another. Steal still or whiskey from one another. And that's what'd you worry about someone gettin' shot. You just kept your mouth shut. (Bauckman)

The last time that I knew of anybody who made moonshine was a gentleman who in July used to have smoke coming out of his chimney. This happened maybe about twenty years ago. He had a still in his chimney....And everybody knew. Everybody like, it's 80 degrees, why has he got a fire going. They were very creative people back them. (C. Reid)

Strategies for Fooling the Revenuers

Moonshiners hid their stills from revenuers and others in the community who might be interested in the stills. Joe Hebda describes what was going on while he was with the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Right down behind the building over here, I guess maybe about two or three hundred yards, and the guy put his still there because he didn't want it down from the yard there. He didn't have very far to go to the woods. He knowed the woods in case of somebody was there watching to pick him up when he was making whisky. He knowed the whole area. He didn't go on the same road, on the same path through the woods. He jumped all over the area so he wouldn't wear the path out so the people would follow him to his whisky. (Hebda)

One guy down here, he had big barrels, and he dug this ground out and he put these barrels in there in the ground and then covered the ground up. Then put the Model T Ford over it. Then they would come down looking for whiskey and they couldn't find it. They know he was selling, didn't know where the heck he was getting it. He had a lot of empty barrels, and he was the same man that had two spigots in his house, and he would take and turn one spigot and he would get water. And when he turned that spigot off and turn the other spigot on and he would fill up a jar of whisky. (Hebda)

There were certain people that sold corn liquor on the road. This one lady was the slickest bootlegger I've ever known. It was routine to go in anybody's house that didn't have running water, and they'd have an old plastic bucket that was used for the bathroom. You couldn't do number two in it, you could do number one. She didn't use it for the bathroom; she kept her liquor in it. And she would put a little drop of cornstarch oil that made it turn yellow. She kept three ginger snaps cookies near there, and if the police ever came in,

> she'd just crumble them up, drop them into it, and guess what it looked like. They never touched it. She'd strain it off and sell that liquor. That's how she sold her liquor. (C. Reid)

> Also, she used to put paregoric in her liquor. Is that what it is, the thing for the baby's teething, to put the babies asleep? So if you got a 50-cent shot you may drink that two or three shots and the next thing you know you'd wake up and no money. They hustled to make a living back then. (C. Reid)

To avoid being caught the moonshiners would hide the liquor in the woods or along the road. The person buying would be given directions as to where a bottle had been seen. This avoided the problem of being arrested for direct sale.

> We would go though the woods to get a little bit of whisky. That was about 120 proof or something like that. So anyway, what he would do, he would go out at night, and he would put jars of whisky here and there, behind a tree and behind a rock. So when you come up and he didn't know who you was, he'd say, 'Give me a dollar and I'll tell you where some's at.' He would put some on the government land. He says, 'Well, you see that big tree over there? Well I went by there and I think that I seen a jar or something sitting there.' And the guy would go over there and sure enough there was a jar of whiskey. So he couldn't have him arrested, 'cause he didn't hand it to him. He told him where it was at, he can't have a man arrested for telling. (Hebda)

Others arranged for customers to signal their intent by flashing their headlights when they drove up in their driveways. Moonshining had other risks that resulted in serious personal injury.

> I remember another incident, it was a relative of mine up the road, further up Mine Road, that had a still back there. I was hunting one day. I just started hunting and a gentleman's still just blew up and he caught a fire. He was actually setting the woods on fire as he was coming out. They caught him and to this day he is still burnt. (C. Reid)

Then there were always stories of just pure mischief.

> It was me and about thirteen other guys. I was about thirteen maybe fourteen. We were always playing in the woods. When we played cowboys and Indians at this time we used BB guns. That way when you got shot, when you said, 'I shot you,' you knew you were shot. Anyway, this particular day, we had our BB guns and we were walking in the woods, a group of boys, and we walked up on these big huge gallon jars that looked

like mud in the jars. We started throwing rocks at these bottles. We got down to the last three of them and we could smell them and they were corn mash. Everybody said, 'Don't throw anymore rocks. (C. Reid)

We had built this wood cabin out in the woods near there. So we decided, now this was a Friday night, and we said, one guy was going to bring a bag of potatoes, one guy was going to bring a loaf of bread, and we were going to stay all night and we were going to drink some of that moonshine. Now nobody had ever drunk any of it...It was getting near dark, and I think somebody said: 'We need to get some candles.' So one boy went home and got some candles so we had candles everywhere. How we didn't burn the woods down is beyond me. Anyway, we would bake the potatoes and make toast out of the bread and we would take a swig. We'd pass it around, and we thought it was going to taste like cider, because it was mash, it was strong. And, we drank that stuff and it burnt my mouth and thank God we were by the water. We'd just go down and drink the water. We got tore up. I mean everyone of those boys, we got tore up. We were singing all night long and telling scary stories. That was fun.... And nobody told. The parents didn't have a clue. We think it was only like one bottle. We never finished the other two. We just broke them. (C. Reid)

MAKING ENDS MEET DURING THE DEPRESSION

While moonshine provided an outside source of income, farming sustained the families' daily existence. Activities such as hog butchering, harvesting, and hunting brought families, black and white, together and provided sustenance. In fact, although the Depression caused economic distress in most of the country, the people of this farmland, said they hardly noticed, because things on the farm continued as usual.

Harvest time they always come together and helped. They always cut the weeds and helped each other. After harvest was over they always had the great big table at Grandma's and they cooked and ate together. Always had meats, potatoes, vegetables, hot biscuits, cornbread. That was the big meal in the middle of the day. They would usually set out and rest a while after they ate, before they went back to work. I know that Mama said that they always helped each other. (Lansing)

In my day, it was families that did their own canning and quilting. Most people had pigs and chickens. Always had cows, or a cow that you can milk. I learned how to milk a cow when I was mighty young. Families got together for butchering sessions too. Uncle Charlie Reid, a black gentleman, always

> killed and butchered the pigs. We always had two pigs. Mama's sisters would come and help too because they made the lard, they made the sausage, they made soaps, they made scrapple. And they also made apple butter. Everybody would make the same thing. That was your food for the wintertime and then you shared it with other people too. It was always somebody. I told Lee this morning, I don't ever remember when it wasn't somebody coming at the door needing some food. And you never thought about not giving it. (Lansing).

Coon hunting and selling animal skins served as another source of income.

> Some of these men their most prize possession was a coonhound. They skinned the coons and sold them for a little bit of money. When I went to high school there was one little girl got on the bus with her brothers and the kids would say "Pew" and they wouldn't sit next to her cuz she smelled like a skunk because they were poor. They kept the skunks and skinned them and sold their skins. I don't guess they ate them. They usually sold the skins to the general store. I think about that little girl now and wonder. I used to think it was so awful cuz so many of them would make fun of her. (L. Lansing)

> You had traveling men who came up and down the highway and bought the skins, they didn't pay much for them. I remember the possum. I remember Ms. Florence. She's buried up in that cemetery by the park, she lived in a little house was right here on the corner, and she used to cook possum. They are the prettiest things cooked cuz they are so fat. I didn't eat the possum, I remember her cooking the possum and it looked so pretty and brown. The whole thing was an even color. She lived up on Hickory Ridge and up there in the park. (H. Lansing)

Other ways of earning income included working at Quantico (in maintenance, as chauffeurs, domestics, painters, and carpenters), the Navy Yard, or the railroad; others cut wood or rail ties, worked in the sawmills or flour mills, worked on the roads or did truck gardening. A few worked for the Park.

> There weren't too many sawmills. My daddy had a saw mill at his place once, up the road here. He cut all the timber he had off and sold it. Then he sold the land. He sold land all up this road. Because all of it was his. He bought it from the mine company. The two houses over there used to be my sister's land, Lottie Johnson. She sold them. [A few worked] at flour mills. [At Quantico] some of them drove trucks; just labor work you know. Some of them cleaned buildings. Some of the [women] used to work for the officers in their homes. (J. Kendall)

Markets and Merchants

While the local stores provided the main staples for local families, large shopping took place in nearby larger towns. Of course, there was always the Sears and Roebuck catalogue. Besides providing necessities, stores served as landmarks and were common gathering places. John Samsky tells us the Samsky store had been in the area for fifty years. The Crow store was known on Joplin Road and the Liming family remembers the Chapman store.

> Bill Liming probably met his wife over there in the store. 'Cause, if you had a store, your family worked there and your grandchildren worked there.

One of the early stores owned by African American residents was the store started by Mary Thomas.

> Way back then, my grandmother had a store, the Thomas store, across from Little Union [Baptist Church]. Then you had stores right up here, Garrison's store. Then you had Water's store, that's the people's name. They'd sell everything. It was like a general store. Way back there in Hickory Ridge, I think that Florence had a store. They had Joplin stores.
>
> My Uncle Will Kendall used to own a little store in Hickory Ridge. I think he sold his place because they were going to take it. (Kendall)

Even though her family owned one of the better known stores in the area, the Brawners had to drive to Fredericksburg and Alexandria for large purchases.

> You had to drive to get to a store. Even in the last fifteen years we had to drive 20 some miles to go to a big grocery store. We had to go to Fredericksburg or Alexandria. You could get all of your everyday stuff down here, stuff you might need. To get a big bunch of groceries you had to go 20 miles or more. The Brawner store was just right down on the highway. Do you know where the Town Hall is? The big tall building...it is that one.
>
> It seemed like we had those little food stores. Well, yeah, Mountjoy down there in Triangle. That was an old store. You had to go to Manassas to buy your groceries, shop and whatever. I remember going to Manassas with Aunt Mary on the horse and buggy. She would carry us up there someplace that was in the back when there was Relief, and we used to get this little dress. I think you could get something for like 25 cents or whatever. Yeah, I was small I remember that. It had to be in the '40s. (Howard/Simmons)

Special items were brought to the communities by *drummers* and the community had its own specialist including the iceman, the milkman, insurance salesmen, and other vendors.

> Then the people would come around selling stuff too. The local truck gardeners brought vegetables. Within five miles, there were people that had a small truck garden, and they would harvest the vegetables and come around and they'd hawk it through the street. You could hear them hollering. We always had a garden and my oldest son, Pa used to give him some vegetables, and he would take it around in his little wagon. (Lansing)

> Chubb Greene was the first iceman to come through here [Batestown]. Sometimes he used to go pick the ice up. Then there was another man who used to sell ice too. His name was Tom Johnson. He had an icehouse made. They would bring a load of ice and put it in this place; I think it had sawdust or something in there to hold the ice to stop it from melting so much. You would have to go there to get it. Chubb had a little truck that he used to haul it around in. He was white. Tom Johnson was black.

> Ernest Reid had the icehouse down here on Main Street and he delivered it. The big truck would bring in the ice, and load up his icehouse, an he would dispense it out of the icehouse. Then you wrapped your ice in newspaper paper to keep it longer. (Lansing)

> Our coal was delivered or you could go to Quantico. Kelly would always bring our coal. (Lansing)

> There used to be a fish man that came around from below Fredericksburg every week. (Kendall)

> The Watkins man brought all kinds of liniment. Liniment creams, vanilla, lemon, all kinds of seasoning, stuff to make pies. (Kendall)

Black markets operated as a source of income and helped people get necessities during these uncertain times.

> Back when there was the Relief and when everything was rationed [during WWII], there was the black market foods. People would come around and sell. Oh, people would just come around and sell foods to people. I don't know where they got it. They'd sell can foods, meat or whatever. (Howard/Simmons)

SCHOOLS

Since schools were segregated in Virginia, African American students attended several different schools depending on where they lived. Whichever school they attended, long walks were involved, even when white schools were just across the street (see Phinney 1993). Ora Bates recalled the school she attended on Neabsco Road.

> It had about six or seven grades. I went to the sixth grade. It was just a little one-room school. I know that much. I knew it was a long ways. We had to leave early enough to get there about 9 o'clock and school let out around 4 o'clock.
>
> Most of the time your teachers went to your church. The school teacher would board somewhere. Teachers lived in the neighborhood or they stayed with one of the families. When we was in Hickory Ridge she lived at my house from September to June (Williams). My mother boarded one of the teachers for quite a few years. She taught at Cabin Branch. (C Kendall)

Oddfellows Hall in Hickory Ridge

> The school that I went to most of my life was up the road from my house. There was an old building up there they call the Oddfellows Hall. And, that's the school I went to. It was a one-room school. It was all the kids in the neighborhood everywhere around there. About 25-30 kids, something like that. It had grades one through seven. We had to buy our books. The length of school was probably from 9:00 to 3:00, or something like that, or 8:30 to 3:00. (Williams)
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> They closed the Hall down and then they built a school, Cabin Branch, up here off of the Park, off Mine Road, and that's when they built what they call combined schools. That's where I graduated from. That's where I finished the 7th grade at. I know kids from Quantico used to come there from over on Joplin Road, and all around the whole area. (J. Williams)
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> We never had no electric heat or gas heat in school [at Oddfellows]. It's another road you go down through there where the Oddfellows Hall used to be. My aunt was the first grade teacher there. Her name was Annie Williams. Her first year of teaching school, she died that same year. She taught school probably like six months or whatever. And she was my grandmother's older daughter. She got sick and my aunt let them do surgery on her, and she died on the operating table. She died of TB. (Howard/Simmons)

Cabin Branch School

Those who lived in the Batestown/Hickory Ridge community attended Cabin Branch School.

> In the 1920s, '30s,'40s children went to a three room school up in Cabin Branch. That's all you had. Every black kid around here [went there]. With as many kids as they had, I've seen two teachers in one room. I went to school until seventh. (Porter)

> Now Lena's mother, my niece, and her mother went to Cabin Branch. My brothers went to Cabin Branch. My older sisters went up there to school. That's where my daddy went to school. Cabin Branch, I think it only went to the sixth or seventh grade. Batestown and Hickory Ridge were separate because when they went to school in Hickory Ridge, they used the old Masonic Hall--Oddfellows Hall. (Annie Reid Bates)

> We walked to school, about two and a half to three miles. Well, I'd leave home 'round about eight o'clock and we'd get out, used to get out at three and I was back home about four. Take about an hour to walk each way. We had one room. I guess we had about sixty or seventy children in one room in different grades. During that time, I had a little something called a primer. Remember that? You start off in the primer and then when you get to seventh grade you graduate. We had one teacher. The last one that taught me came from Waverly, Virginia. She stayed up here. Her name was Ethel Mitchell. (Williams)

> During that time, sometimes we went to school at churches. They'd open up a church and have school there....And we had to go to the nearest one to us. Well, parents would have to have dinners and some kind of way to raise money to buy the books and things like that. (Williams)

> We did not have a school up there [Hickory Ridge], we had to walk over here to the Cabin Branch School. When I come along you couldn't go to school, I had so far to walk, I think I went to the sixth grade I had to walk from Hickory Ridge, over here to this school [Cabin Branch]. About that time the teacher would have me in the woods cutting wood, filling the old wood bin up, and all that stuff. The girls didn't have to do that. I was a pretty good woodcutter, I believe that's why she used to send me all the time, and sometimes I'd rather be out there cutting wood than sitting, and it would be cold in there. (J Kendall)

In later years, Cabin Branch School was expanded to three rooms. Ora Glass described the Cabin Branch School and daily routines after its expansion.

> Cabin Branch school was a three room school right up round where the church

is now Then, it was known as Bates Road.... No running water. No inside bathrooms. No plumbing. The teacher would have to come in and make the fire each morning in a big round stove in each classroom. Everybody walked to school. When I first started...I can only remember Mine Road kids. Later we got kids from Triangle and Full Height Road in Joplin. I remember Ms. Edwards' son came from Full Heights when they came down here, and Ms. Lucas' son from Joplin. I remember when they came. (Glass/Bates)

The first room was first, second, and third grade. The second room was fourth, fifth, and sixth and seventh in the third room.... Back then you always did the Lord's Prayer and we'd do the pledge. She would work with one class and the other classes would have deskwork to do. You had your basic things back then I guess...your reading, your writing, math, of course, then maybe for a period in the afternoon you had a little while where you would sing some songs because then you didn't have music teachers. Maybe at Christmas time you put on plays. Then you had recess everyday because you didn't have P.E. so this was a chance to go outside right after lunch to go outside and play. You brought your lunch in a bag. (Glass/Bates)

After school you go home and change your clothes because you had chores to do. Getting wood from the wood house or the woodshed and bring it to the house. We had a well and we'd have to draw water for the night. I guess I didn't volunteer with the cooking. I had to wash dishes though. I'm six years older than my sister and I had a brother. I don't think we made him do a lot of dishes. He'd fight us all the way, he'd say, "I did it yesterday." (Glass/Bates)

Stafford Store School and Chopawamsic Elementary

Schools that whites attended often required long walks as well.

The first school that I went to for the first four years we had to cross that creek that the reservoir is on. We had a foot log over there with a banister holding it up. Sometime [water] would even be over that and we couldn't go to school on those days. We walked three miles one way to school. First grade, mind you. It was cold and we had winters then with snow up over your head and drifts. Roads would drift then. Oh man. People don't have nothin' like that now. We'd walk to the end of the lane, and there was no creeks to cross there (Samsky)

I'd catch a bus that was going to the high school. The old model A bus....The windshield wiper on that bus had a lever on the inside, and then come a heavy rain or something, he'd have one of the boys come over and operate that windshield wiper. That's the God's truth. They had a crank inside that turned both windshield wipers... Homework by a kerosene lamp. Can you imagine, talkin' about schooling now. Through the fifth grade I had one teacher for five

grades. (Samsky)

I went to two schools, Stafford Store School and Chopawamsic Elementary. And that's the school they tell you the government took over as an administration building for people to ask them questions. All the schools that they built back here were two room schools. They never used one room. And the other room was used for when the bad kids got their ass beat. And they used switches too. (Samsky)

I used the word "dern it" one time. Is anything wrong with that word? Well, we had a teacher made me stand in the corner for saying that. I thought "dern it" was everyday language.. (Samsky)

Forest Hills, Thornton, and Quantico Schools

It was within walking distance. Well, I tell you, I was a little spoiled. We had no snow days. There were children that lived in the park, what is the park today. They had quite a distance to walk, the Watsons and the Taylors. Harvey Watson went to Thornton School before he went to Forest Hill or Dumfries. (Knox)

Well, we had four grades. We started at, seemed like it was, 9:00 to 3:30, and there was no cafeteria or anything. We had to carry our lunch....My sisters tell the story that, when they went to school there was no bread, and they used to use pancakes. I was spoiled, I always had bread. So I didn't have to worry about that. Sometimes, they said, they used to make bean sandwiches. And I remember the older boys got to gather the wood for the fire. I remember one time we had to go across the road and down on the Timmons property. There was a well, I guess it was a spring, we went over there and got water, and it was quite a ways from the school. We had outside toilets , one for the boys, one for the girls. We had a basin, to wash our hands, when we went to the bathroom And, like I said, the wood stove, and a bucket of water, and four grades (Knox).

I know we had a picture of George Washington on the wall! I do remember that. It was in every school right? We always had prayer. That's what they did. I found out that, teachers back then could not be married and teach. Did you know that? Because, they figured that you needed all your time to teach. Well, another reason was that you might get pregnant and a pregnant woman couldn't be *seen* in public! (Knox)

Harvey Watson recalled his early school days.

I went to school in Thornton, the first and second grade. Emma Carter taught there. Emma Carter drove a horse and buggy all the way from up there by where she lived at, down to school every day. That's up in the Park, the

> foundation's still there. Then I went to Forest Hills School at Joplin in the third grade. I went to Quantico School in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade. I went to Dumfries School in the seventh grade. Then I went to Occoquan School in first year high (Watson).
>
> I walked to school 'bout two and a half miles. We did readin', writin', 'rithmetic, and geography. Handwriting, teacher took us one at a time, took a sheet a paper, you make a "a", and when you get it good she would check it. It really helps you, I think. We had little, teeny, old books (Watson).

Perhaps Watson's favorite part of the day was after school.

> My grandmother, if I come by there from school, she had an oven or stove up there, meat all in it and bread and everything. She's fix me a sandwich, 'Go downstairs and get you a jar of apples or cherries or something before you go home.' It was home to us. If we went up there and wanted to stay all night, we'd stay, that's it. They had a little ten acre farm down in front of ours (Watson).

The Manassas Industrial School for Colored Youth

There were no local high schools available for African Americans., They had to travel to the regional schools in Manassas or Fredericksburg. Jane Serepta (Jennie) Dean, a daughter of slaves, founded the school. It was opened in 1894 to provide technical training to boys and girls. Students were taught a marketable trade along with academic subjects. Skills classes were offered in cooking sewing, blacksmithing, shoemaking, agriculture, and carpentry (Weider 1998).

> The only high school we had was Manassas Industrial High School, which is called Jennie Dean now. Then they had another in Fredericksburg called Mayfield High School. You had to pay to go there just like you pay to go to college now. To go to Manassas you had to pay tuition, you know, guess that what they call it. Some of them lived there. They had a place where they could stay. Course they had to pay, you know. My daddy working on the railroad was why all of his children went to school. I didn't go to Mayfield, my brother did. (Williams)
>
> Then I went to Manassas Regional High School. About 17 miles from here I guess. I would get on the bus around 6:30 to 7:00 and we had to go to Joplin to pickup kids all the way up to where the base begins now. Then go in

Quantico and pick up kids, and then go to Manassas. School began at 9:00 and finished at 3:00 (Glass/Bates)

DISEASE, ACCIDENTS, MIDWIVES, AND HOME REMEDIES

A common concern that every community faces is disease. In the early 1900s Dr. Cline served the community. Several midwives in the community worked with him to deliver children and assist with home remedies. Among the most well known was Ms. Annie Williams.

One major health threat around the turn of the century that the community faced was malaria. The coming of the Marine Corps at Quantico helped eradicate this threat.

> Malaria was here until the Marine Corps came in 1917 until after '17 when the Marine Corps sprayed these swamps, it was terrible. Everybody was getting malaria so bad, I think that my dad didn't take off his clothes for a whole week because of the sick. He was gone night and day with the people. (Lansing)

Accidents

As in any community accidents occur and this held true for families in this area as well.

> My grandfather, and poppa and sister, coming out of the woods with a load of pulp wood on the wagon, and there was kind of a hill like this all way around, and the wagon stopped. I was goin' to the house, me and my brother, and I said, 'I'm goin' back to see what's wrong with the wagon.' I go back there and a stump a dogwood got into the back wheel, and it was loaded. Poppa was choppin' on it, phew, and the wagon come over on me. This here is a scar, all way back here, all that was layin' on my ear. And my grandfather broke his ribs, sprained my sister's arm, and Poppa's, I remember I had boots on, he pulled me out a there and throwed the wood off me and unhooked the horses and they run to the house and knocked the wheel box off and stood and looked back up at us. They knew we was under it. And Poppa got the Old Model T to go get Doc. Dr. Cline was out there at my uncle's, his wife was havin' a baby, so he come on down, sewed this up and give me a quarter. That was doctor Cline. (Watson)

Midwives

Annie Williams was well known and respected throughout the black and white communities.

Her son describes the work she did this way:

> My mother, Annie Williams, was a midwife and there was doctor here on the hill, Dr. Cline. He'd walk for miles or ride on a horse to see his patients. She was a midwife and she helped to feed families and things. She helped to take care of people's children. (CF Kendall)

She was also known for her character and wit.

> She was a wonderful lady. She had great compassion. One of the things she was, she was a character. She took care of my wife's brother-in-law's mother for a long time. She took care of various members in the community. Annie would tell you about these women having babies. And she said, 'I'd look at 'em, and I'd laugh. 'Cause hey, it's so much fun going in, it's hell coming back out' (Bauckman)

> That was one of her favorite stories. She said these women and their husbands or folks would give her a dozen eggs or chicken for delivering a baby. She said, 'If they didn't come and do what they promised, I told them I won't never goin' back, you know in a year I was back up 'here delivering another one.' Annie was all over this countryside delivering black babies. They were primarily black families that she did midwife. She did a lot of white families also. (Bauckman)

> My father said they didn't have doctors back then [deliver babies]. They had midwives. If somebody had a baby, he'd say they had these certain signs.[9] They would shoot a shotgun in the air for a certain thing or they would beat on a pot or pan or something for a certain thing. The next person would hear it and would beat on it. That's how their message would travel. They would send a message to find out what was going on or if they needed help. That's what they would do. That was their way of getting communication, you know. (Reid)

Post-natal rituals were a common practice as well.

> Now, my mother told me when she was over in the bottom here, when she had her child, they would make them stay in the house like for thirty days, with the windows and all that stuff pulled down. The old, old people did that. They had to stay in the bed and stay in the house in the dark. They said something about the baby's eyes. (Reid/Bates)

> [There were] a lot of midwives. It was always an older person that had to take care of them, take care of the baby. Back then and there they breastfed babies;

[9] This is reminiscent of the talking drums and whistle languages of Africa.

they didn't have no bottles. She said if a kid had like a little thing of gas or something on the stomach, they would get one of those little rags with a little sugar water and drop it in the mouth. They had a lot of midwives, 'cause Ms. Tidy Kendall, who they bought this property from, she was one of the main midwives, which is Lena's great-great-grandmother. Ms. Lula Thomas was one. (Reid/Bates)

Now, a midwife delivered my twin brothers. One of my twin brothers was born with a piece of skin over his face. The midwife said, 'You have all these children; you don't need this one.' And she put him over on the side. My step-grandmother took it off and breathed breath in him. He's the one that lives around the corner. (Liming)

Home Remedies

I remember castor oil. Nastiest stuff I ever put in my mouth. (Porter)
My mom knew the herbs. She took care of us. That's it. Everybody on this road did. They made their own medicine. Whatever works. that's what they did. They would go good like sassafras tea. (Reid/Bates)

I remember as a little boy when I was growing up, in a little spot we call a ball field now, they actually made a chicken jump over my head when I had chickenpox. I was under this big ol' sassafras tree or weeping willow. I remember it like yesterday. And, this chicken jumped over my head. It was supposed to cure me of the chickenpox. I guess it did. I'm here. (Reid)

Mommy used to go out in the woods and pick blueberries, elderberries, roots, or whatever. Well, my daddy used to get the running pine, take a little bit of turpentine, a teaspoon of sugar, and cut up some onions and boil it, make a cough syrup and give it to us, and we never got sick. We never had a cold when we were young, or anything like that. We'd take maybe a half a teaspoon or a teaspoon. Old people knew what to do. (Bates &b Reid)

Cures for coughs and colds and other common illnesses included several tried and true methods. "Father John's cough syrup...Oh golly, we used to have kerosene and Vicks probably for a deep cough. It seemed we took this stuff by spoon. Vicks salve. (Bates & Reid)

Now if you had a boil or anything like that, mama used to get meal and a little bit of turpentine and cut an onion up. If she didn't have a piece of drop cloth, she would put it in a sock and she would put it on you to pull the boil to a head, and it would pop off. Then she would put a piece of fat back meat on it. That fat back meat would turn green and that would pull the poison out. We used to get them all the time. (Bates & Reid)

Iodine was used for lacerations. Pour iodine on a cut—you know there were no

> Band-Aids or anything. I guess you get clean sheets, worn out a little bit, and you'd use that for bandages. (Liming)

Spring and fall seasons brought with the ritual cleansings. The Limings remembered the vermifuge they had to deal with worms and other remedies, some brought in by the Watkins Man.

> I remember we had to be wormed every spring. I've had to give it to my kids, they took it and they hated it. I remember it was yella, sulfa. (Liming)

> If you had ringworms, she would put a piece of cream and dip that in the juice off the walnut. She would wash your hair good and just pack your head in that and then she would soak your hair in vinegar. The vinegar would dry it up. I had them. I remember that. (Reid/Bates)

We used corn starch if we had any kind of irritating rash.

> The Watkins Man used to come along with all that stuff. He'd sell like ginger, lemons, vanilla, and all. (Liming). People would use this for medicine, like the ginger was for upset stomach. (Glass/Bates)

FUNERALS AND FAMILY PLOTS

These life stories included experiences of death. Homesteads took on additional meaning as family members were buried right on the farms. In the early years, bodies were kept at the home for three days and then horse-driven hearses were used to take the dead to the church and to the graveyards.

> The oldest one I remember them bringing home was Ms. Pleasant Kendall. That's Lena's great-grandmother. Every time we'd go to Sunday school, she would be there. She would give you a little piece of candy or something. They brought her to the house down here, that ol' big two story house. They had one of them great big black wreaths. Put them on the door...Three days they would keep her body in the house. There was always somebody there for people to come in and view the body I've heard them say how they used to do people, and said they used to put them on a cool table and put ice on them

To be certain a person was dead, Reid explained what he had been told. "If they thought somebody had died, they'd put a mirror in the nose or a feather or something. (Bates and

Reid) Testing the breathing wasn't always full-proof. Two instances were reported of people who were thought to be dead and weren't.

> Do you remember when daddy said the guy that they buried. He jumped out of the coffin and they said the man got up and said, "Who died?" They say everybody in the church ran. That really happened. (Bates & Reid)

> And they said over at Neabsco they buried a woman one time and thought she was dead. When they went back to dig her up, she was dead then, 'cause she suffocated. She had scratched the inside of the coffin. They would go into comas back then. It wasn't too many doctors 'round back then. They just had like the midwives and the elders to pronounce them dead or to say they were dead...And a lot of people were buried like that... My father even mentioned that, they used to take pins and stick you and all that. (Bates & Reid)

In later years, bodies were kept at the church and family members took turns staying with the body in state.

> When my grandmother died, they kept her body in the church all three days and three nights. I remember my father and his brothers they were taking turns. They left me in there by myself and I got all freaked out. It was a small church. It was no bigger than this house. Every crack you heard...was like it was right on top of me. Like Annie Jane said, "Every crack in that place you could hear." It looked like grandma just looked over and looked at you and you get to screaming, 'cause you were scared. (Bates & Reid)

The family gathered to share memories and stories about the one who had passed and celebrate his or her life.

> I know when somebody in our family dies, all of us get together and cook now. Whoever had the death in the family, all of us are there for them. And we have some in our family that drink and some don't. Certain houses you go to, to drink and the one that don't drink, that's where the bulk of them go; especially the church people. And they party. Because when my father died, he said he wanted plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and that's what we did. That's the truth, you know. 'Cause he told us when somebody die, you supposed to rejoice. Cry when the baby's being born. He taught us that. 'Cause he said a baby was born into sin. He always told me that the grief that they were going to face the trials and tribulations... When we die, we're going out of sin. I've always heard them say that. You've made the journey...You've walked the road...I knew what he was talking about. Life is a mystery anyway. It is. We were born. We're only passing through. (Reid)

Many of the cemeteries in the Park have been located and are recorded in the PRWI database. Others may yet remain to be found.

> Well, the only hearse, the only funeral home was in Occoquan. I remember when my grandfather died. I don't think he was embalmed. Halls Funeral Home was the one that took his body over. He's buried over here on the Liming property, well [it] was Liming property...They didn't allow him to be buried within the fence, because he was not a Liming. In the meantime the fence has broken down so he's with the others...Well, everyone would come and visit. I don't remember them bringing food like they do today. I remember my cousins came down from New York for the funeral. (Liming Knox) The Coleman family has given a lot of land there for the Gainesville Methodist Church. He was buried right there. Last I saw, some folks were playing volleyball right on top of his grave. People don't have the same respect they once did... (Liming)

The less fortunate were buried at the Poorhouse.

> They'd take the body as it was. A lot of them were buried in wooden caskets 'cuz there was no money. In Independent Hill across from the Independent Hill School complex was what they called the Poorhouse. There's hundreds of people buried there, and there was no money and they were buried in a box. Some of them were just put in the ground., as you've seen in motion pictures of yesteryear. That's the way they were buried at the Poorhouse. (Woolfenden)

> We got a graveyard in the Park. Right down there by that booth goes in there by the park entrance. Nobody buried there except my mother and father and my little brother and my aunt and my cousin. I have two cousins there. And I got an uncle there too. The other two people buried there are no relation. They just ain't have no place to be buried, my mother let them be buried there (J. Williams).

BLACK/WHITE RELATIONS: COOPERATION AND COHESION

The stories reveal a sense of cooperation and cohesiveness between black and white residents during the years prior to the breakup of the Cabin Branch Community and the displacement of the residents. An in-depth discussion of race relations in Virginia during this period was presented in the original study. While the nation experienced segregation, the storytellers

from PRWI talked about the cohesive society that existed here. Almost every interview brought out the close interaction that existed between blacks and whites. The relations were described as amiable, sociable, and respectful; however, some noted that the unspoken parameters of racism were just below the surface.

Here we note the interactions focused primarily on situations in which men cooperated in agricultural activities, construction work, or other work related situations. Likewise, African American women were most likely connected to their white counterparts in relation to domestic service, midwifery, or childcare. Areas of segregation most prominent here, as elsewhere in the country, were found in the separation of schools, churches, and most places for social engagement and entertainment.

> It just was a different way of life. I don't know how to tell you this. We each had our own niche and places. That's where we were. It didn't mean we didn't mix and work together. It didn't mean we didn't take care of each other. Jim Davis had a piece of property up there and it's in the Park....I was a young punk kid and he was just a big strapping man. He always took care of me. I'm sure there was dissention probably among some people. Growing up I never remember any dissention. (Bauckman)

> Of course, racism existed, you knew it existed because the blacks went to one school and you went to another one. I don't know much about it. It kind of goes on and on. They went to their church; we went to our church. It was just a way of life I reckon. It was separated and there was segregation and you knew that. (Bauckman)

> I did business with them. I tell you, you wouldn't want to find a nicer bunch of men than the Porter brothers in this town. And, you want to go far and wide to find...anybody saying anything ill about them. They treated everybody as friends. They were respected by everybody. (Bauckman)

> I've worked with them all my life and some of the great friends I have are black. Some of them I would do anything for and help in any way I could. Yes Ma'am, we worked side-by-side and sweated side-by-side. I've been with them many times; ate right in there with the others at both the Able farm and my granddaddy Able's farm. They had great long tables, longer than this room. They all had big dining rooms, and I've seen blacks and whites sitting there eating together many times at harvest time. They had their own churches

and their own schools. Right where part of the Prince William Forest Park is....We did not go to school together, and we did not worship together. (Woolfenden)

The Porters were teachers. I became acquainted with the Bates through the construction trades. Uncle Charlie Reid did pigs. He did a lot of farm work. He could build a chicken house. He was the community handyman. If anybody needed anything he was there. A lot of them did that, they could do anything that you asked them to. (Lansing)

We always had somebody that lived with us. She was like a second mother because my mother was on the school board, and she was a doctor's wife, and she was gone to help him so much of the time. So we always had somebody in the house. Hester Smith stayed with us. She had five children. They lived with her and she lived up here at Hickory Ridge. She went home at night. At Christmas-time, my mother always had Christmas for them. Then we had, we called her "Peach." She was Blanch, she lived with us for a while, she married a Howard In fact, I went to her funeral not too long ago. She lived to be an old lady. (Lansing)

Mary Byrd was a real good friend of my wife's family. She used to wash clothes and everything. And, just like I said, that's been so many years. She was just a nice lady. She lived up on [Rte.] 234. Early '30s it would have been. I think she's the one we used to see; she'd sit on the bank out here and kind of eat the red dirt. That was one of the things I remember. Our family saw a lot of her and she was a nice lady from everything I can remember. (Bauckman)

Hey, like I's tellin' 'bout Annie. Annie come out to the house and stayed. She taught my Mother. My mother could bake the best rolls that you ever eat and Annie showed her how to bake 'em. She stayed there with my mom. See I had a brother that fell off a bed on a hardwood floor and it affected his brain. He was just a baby. And it took quite a bit a help with momma with that. And Annie, she stayed there and looked after us. Off and on different times, I don't know exactly, how long. She'd call or send word that she needed her and she was there. (Carter)

There was five families living in town. They may not have had prime pieces of property and that's probably the difference. The blacks were again shoved aside. Economics does that to you. If a guy has a job and he's only making fifty-cents an hour and you're making a dollar, you can have better things than he can. So, that's where some of this was coming from. They told me when I was mayor that there were racial differences in the community. I never was very aware of 'em. When you stop and think about it you know they were there. I lived over here and they lived over there in Batestown. We went to different churches. All these things tell you there was a racial difference in

> this community. End of story.... I never saw any of that stuff [racism] other than those couple of times I saw those crosses burning up there. So, the element was here. We know that it was here. I don't think you can't deny it, I wasn't a part of it (Bauckman)

Others painted a more open picture of race relations suggesting less segregation and more interaction between the white and black population.

> Blacks and whites got along together. We would go to the same places. We'd hunt together, eat together, drink liquor together....get married together, they had babies together. Yeah, you eat at each other's homes.. Go to church together, sing together, and picnic together. This place used to be the whole thing. The only trouble you had was those that moved in, the latecomers. I never had no trouble with none of them. Like you would go to the place and we had such a good time, if you lived here like I have for a long time then you know everybody. (Porter)

> We [blacks and whites] socialize together. Yes indeed. Eat together. Sleep together, my mother say, 'People didn't visit very often because they lived a distance apart. They would try to get around at least once a week.'
> (C F.Kendall)

> I didn't even realize that there was any difference because Dad had white friends that came and talked with him. So, I never really paid any attention that there was any difference - not until it was time to go to school. Then you realized that you couldn't go to school [together]. (Glass and Cole)

One of the contributing factors to the lack of overt racism in the community was the spirit that existed and brought folks together for the common good. Harvey Watson described black and white relations as close:

> I knew a lot of people that lived up there in Batestown, they were poor.
> Izzy Bates family lived up above us about three-quarters of a mile and they were like brothers and sisters to us. It was Aunt Lizzy and Uncle Izzy. Mary Byrd, I knew where she lived up there in Hickory Ridge.

> One well known black man who owned a large number of acres in Triangle sold lots to both blacks and whites. Casper Howard owned mostly all that's in here. He sold this block of the street to the black people for $250, and on the other side of the street he sold them to the white people for $300.

One community story captures the more sinister side of racism. The first was a story about

one white woman setting dogs on Ms. Annie Williams and her brother as they walked to school.

> Annie and her brother were walking from there [near Henderson school] to Cabin Mine Branch to school. That's about six miles from there everyday to get to school. Annie told me the following story. 'There was a mean woman in this town. When she saw us coming, she had the mean old dogs and they would turn them loose as we cut across the field. And, we jumped through the barbed wire, tearing our legs up, and we'd run like the devil to get away from those dogs. The next day in order to get back to school we still got to go back through that same field.' That lady saw them coming and going and forced her dogs on them. (Bauckman)
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> I told some of the children this story because I used to do a lot of oral history in the school. I was talking to a fourth grade class out here in Dumfries. The teacher wanted to know if I would take them into the Dumfries Cemetery and show them some of the old sites. I said, 'Yes indeed.' So, we went all around and down the road and back, and this young boy, about ten, asked me if the people who were mean to Miss Annie were buried in that cemetery. I said, 'Yep.' We're going on up here by the graveyard and I'll point it out to you.' So, we came on up into the cemetery and I pointed to the burial and said, 'That's where the lady is that was so mean to Miss Annie' I just kinda proceeded on ahead. , as I looked back out of the corner of my eye, I saw this little kid over there; he was jumping up and down on the grave just as hard as he could jump. He
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> said, 'That's for being so mean to Miss Annie.' I reckon that woman had been dead 25 years by then. (Bauckman)

Both African Americans and whites offer viewpoints that minimize disparity and focuses on the cooperation and harmony that existed in PRWI. Blacks mentioned the fact that they were all in the same situation. In one respect, this is true. One point made consistently is the fact that blacks and whites in PRWI are interrelated and have been throughout history through interracial mating. This kinship link was there, acknowledged or not, and it may have played a role in the hesitancy to discuss issues of racism. What is noticed, is the "them-us" approach taken by both. In some cases, responses were almost paternalistic and described as caring. There was an acceptance by both of the situation as just the way things were. Notably absent

were reflections on the political or economic situations that contributed to the differences. One exception was recorded. (e.g., see Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000 for a discussion of the inequality in land acquisition transactions).

Race is a social construct that emerges in differential treatment, opportunities, and expectations. In this case, it was disregarded or has been set aside as a memory people prefer to avoid. The cooperation and harmony that was indeed a part of life in Cabin Branch is not being disputed. The fact that there were no problems until "outsiders came in" is also probably a fact. This reaction to situations of diversity is not uncommon. Although seldom expressed, this response suggests that *there were no problems as long as blacks remembered their place* [authors' emphasis]. However, Ora Glass probably puts this issue in the perspective that most people shared. "They was just like we was. Tryin' to survive."

CHAPTER THREE

FOLKLORE

Every community has it stories of ghosts and strange events, and infamous places. Prince William Forest Park and surrounding communities are no exception. Myths and legends lead to actually naming places for certain occurrences. Encounters range from hot spots along the road, to ghosts, and Bigfoot. Some areas in the community are known for infamous events. Although we did not attempt to confirm these activities, they are mentioned in some of the

stories.[10]

Infamous Places

Only a few residents had heard of "Bloodfields." The spot and the name. "Bloodfields" is said to be located behind the Washington Reid School. It was a place where there was a lot of fighting. Apparently, enough bloodshed occurred to rate a nickname.

Another site known as "Hangman's Hill" was named for practices dating back before the Revolutionary War until after the Civil War. There may have been more than on location for this activity. One person recalled seeing a bulletin about the site and having conversations with friends.

> Right at the edge of Prince William Forest Park where you come through that back road coming through Batestown, that used to be the hangman's hill up there. That's where they hung people back in those days...They had hangman's hill at two or three different places. Depends on who was gettin' hung and everything else. (Bauckman)

Mischief And Ghost Stories

Cemeteries are frequently the source of interest to mischief-makers and those interested in the occult. Mr. Bauckman, the overseer of the Dumfries Cemetery, has spent many a night in the cemetery to prevent vandalism. Sometimes you've got bad kids around here and they want to do mischief and damage in a cemetery. The only people I see out there are people who are not behaving theirselves. We run them out. We found some people sitting naked on the wall up there one night. We were lucky enough the cops got their hands on them and carried them to court. The judge fined them $1000 on some old law out of a State book for being naked in a cemetery. They haven't been back that I've seen 'em. All kind of things happens in places like that.

Another time we had blood smeared on some of the tombstones, the old

[10] Not all quotes in this section are referenced.

> tombstones. We found dead chickens in the trash barrels, plucked just like you would find one in the market. Then we'd find, on several occasions, hogs' heads. The past encounter I had with any of 'em, there were three or four kids, I say kids, they were in their late teens, sittin' down in the low part of the cemetery on a blanket with a Ouija Board. They were asking this Ouija Board all these questions. Again, I don't believe much in this Ouija Board business. I told them to pack their gear up and get the heck out 'cause I was going into town and find a cop. And, when I got back, if they were still there they were gonna be locked up. Because there is no trespassing by State Law, you are in or out of cemetery at sunset and that's it.

While there have been a number of mischief-makers in the cemetery, thus far, he reports that he has not seen any ghosts or spirits out there.

> Everybody seems to be resting peacefully and nobody's bothering them. Other people go there. They can feel it; they can see it 'cause I reckon they believe it. I don't believe it. I reckon that's the problem.

> There is one lady who is buried out there at Ripon Lodge. She was a lady of ill repute. She came out of Middlesex County and she worked out here at Taylor's Mill—a cutting sawmill. Anyway, she was buried here right where that truck stop is and they moved her, when they built that truck stop, over into the cemetery. on her stone it says, "God loves her most because He loves sinners best. They dance at Ripon Lodge at night… they say in the light of the moon, they [ghosts] dance at Ripon.

> On the dark of the moon they have here in the cemetery shooting and fighting. One of the most well-known stories is about a dual that took place in the Quantico church yard in 1745 or '46 which involved the son of the minister and the sheriff of Prince William County. The minister's name was Scott. The Sheriff's name was Baylis. They challenged each other to a duel. They met in the Dumfries Cemetery right in front of that church where it is now. They were about to leave and they got to arguing about politics. They both had their guns loaded and got to shouting and pushing each other 'til the gun went off and the ball went into Baylis' side. Scott carried him with a buckboard up Kings Highway over all the bumpy roads to Ripon Lodge where he died in the middle of the living room up there. You can still see the blood stains on the floor. Some people will not go past the cemetery after dark 'cause they can hear those people up there still arguing about politics.

The Weems-Botts Museum

In addition to the cemetery, the community has its own haunted buildings. Mr. Bauckman

related the story of the haunting of the Weems-Botts Museum, which had been the home of one of his wife's family members.

> My daughter will tell you that my wife's Aunt Annie who lived in this house is still up there roaming around…The Merchant family came here, as the story goes, and of course I've heard different versions of this. They rowed a boat across from the Maryland side over to the Virginia side prior to 1850. They bought this house off the tax roles. What was here then was just this small inn. Some of 'em will want to tell you it was part of Weem's Bookstore. That is not true. We tend to think it is probably the room that the Episcopal Bishop stayed in when he preached in the church. Botts and Weems both owned it at different times. Botts had it as a law office when the courthouse was down here. When they bought this house, there was just this piece on this end. Bob Merchant built the other two stories on the other end and put the porch on. That house is representative of three eras.
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> Aunt Annie stayed in her last years right in that one room on this side of the museum. That's where she spent most of her last years. They had a wood stove in there and her bed. They stayed most of the time in the kitchen and that one room. Violet had to cut all the wood. Violet had a boyfriend and she was in Washington working when her father passed away. Annie made her come home and take care of her. So, she never did get married. She took care of Aunt Annie until she passed away. She continued to live there until about 1960 when she was unable to live there anymore. All these people see these ghosts and they say she's still roaming around up there. Violet was her daughter. Annie was her mother. They were Merchants.
>
> They had people in October in the museum up here, the Weems-Bott Museum. People paid $75 per person to spend the night in there. They say all kind of things happen. The women who worked up there say they could see where bedspreads have been pulled back where they weren't before. A kid one day saw a soldier standing at the gazebo. People do say they see all these things. Cousin Violet Merchant and her mother Annie Merchant are the ones haunting the museum.

Other Ghost Stories

> Ghost stories? I got one of the family ghost stories. Been over about four or five years ago. I had a brother named Joe, and he passed away. We, the Catholics, say prayers for the repose of the sole of the deceased. One night, I'd just hit the sack and he had a sharp voice –'John!' like that. I knew it was his voice. I got up and went in (the family room), and my wife and the boy, they were over there watching TV. I said, 'Who's calling me?' He said, 'Nobody here.' I knew it was his voice. So, the next night in the same tone of voice. 'Joe!' That was it. I got the message. I say prayers for him every night.

He certainly woke me up. , I wasn't asleep. I'd just took off my bedroom slippers and threw them under the thing, and sat back on the bed and started back, and he was waiting for me. My brother, Joe.

I know a lot of people say it's a hot spot where the old [Little Union] church used to be. It means you can be walking along and all of a sudden you feel this heat, you know this warmth, and then you walk out of it.

The story behind where the headless man comes from was unknown he is known to walk Mine Road at night. Another specter will get into a car and ride for a distance.

We were going to a movie one night-- they used to have movies at the church--and we saw this man with no head. I remember hearing the people talking about that one before. We didn't run. I was with my brother, it was a group of us. And they didn't run, so guess I am safe.

Another time somebody was coming up the road, and we said, 'Who's that?' And he said, 'Who's that?' We said, 'Who's that?' He said, 'Who's that?' That was enough for me, I was gone. He never did say who it was. I didn't recognize the voice either.

Down in Holloway Hill, they said a man that would get in the car. I guess he would get out where ever he was going.

The most frequently reported stories were about spirits in the homes.

There's a man walk on this porch everyday. Her mother seen it and she saw it about three or four months ago. I used to peak . . . They disappear when they get to that kitchen window. One time he used to come right up on the porch there. He don't come no closer than that door. He'll walk off that porch, go to that window, and disappear.

In another house, a nighttime visitor travels to the basement.

My brother told me, he said, 'A certain time every night, you gonna hear that basement door opening and shutting.' I said, "No, I don't believe that." Well this particular night, the door, just like somebody open and shut the door went in the basement. I got the flashlight to go see. Me and my daughter. I didn't see nobody. As soon as we get back up here, the same thing happen again. So what I did, I went downstairs. I said, "Well I been moved in. I'm gonna stay here. So if anybody leave, you got to leave." [laugh] And I come on up here.

In the ol' house...right across the bottom. People tell me about this man coming in because the guys that had the mine built that house down there. My brother told me, he said, ... "I got up out the bed and looked. I looked right at this man come right through the door." He say he was like rattling keys, opening the door....He used to come in there in the night.

Bigfoot

I was terrified. Me and my brother, I must have been 17 or 18 because he was still in school, we had just got out of school, and we used to night hunt for deer. This was illegal at the time, we would go out in the woods and be mindful, this was just to eat. This was food, it wasn't selling it to somebody. Anyway, up until this particular day I had played in those woods all my life, been in those woods, never heard anything like that.

This particular day, we went into the woods, it was January. And it was unseasonably warm that day, 'cause when my brother got off the bus he had on a short sleeve shirt. It got colder that night. So we went across the street from my mom's house and there was this little brook where the deer would come out at night and drink the water. I had a shotgun, single barrel shotgun, and he had the light. We just walked and we'd just wait. It was dusk, you could still see, and we never cut the light on, we just sat right there. And we talked a little bit, and twenty minutes later it would be pitch dark.

Ok, so it was dark and we thought we heard what was a deer coming towards us breaking grass. I tapped him, I said, 'There he is right in front of us, cut the light on.' And when he cut the light on, well it was cold now, it was warm earlier, guess what happens when you are by the water, fog. Couldn't see a lick in front of us. Something screamed out.

That particular day, it screamed and I've hunted up there all my life. I've heard foxes make sounds, I've heard owls, I've heard bobcats. This thing had the most horrible scream. It was like a woman-child scream to it. We couldn't see it and it was breaking brushes coming towards us. And I was like, 'Oh my Lord.' So we got back to back and we walked out of there. This thing, and it was fog all around us, it circled us as we were walking out. I was too scared to shoot any direction, because it just kept screaming.

We got back to the house and my mom looked at me, my dad looked at us and said, 'What in the world is wrong with you. You act like you've seen a ghost.' I was like, 'Daddy, there's something out in those woods I've never heard.' And so he told us we were crazy. He said, 'There's nothing out there.' And we didn't hear it anymore.

We were scared to go back. We didn't go back hunting for a long time. We

got the nerve up maybe three weeks later and we went near where we could almost see the house, and we were back behind the house this time. We was spotting rabbits. You'd see a rabbit's eyes at night in the flashlight and you'd shoot 'em and you got 'em. Anyway, this thing screams out again. My brother takes off and leaves me. He's got the light and I've got like a single barrel shotgun and I'm running and I'm like, 'Wait a minute.' I was mad at this time. I wanted to find out what this thing is. And I'm like, 'I don't think this is a good idea. I don't have no light. I can't see this thing.'

So it's screaming and we get back to the house and my father comes out with his shotgun and he says, 'Where is this thing at?' And I tell him, 'Daddy it's right back there by your neighbor's house.' There's a old house, abandoned house by our house, and you could hear this thing kicking up cans. We were shining flashlights, couldn't see a thing. You could hear. And all of a sudden it was like--this was during the time when you didn't have to lock or tie your dog up--there must have been twenty dogs, and this thing walked right pass by our mailbox and crossed the road and like the dogs came up barking, I mean ready to tear something up. And the lock breaks, stopped all of 'em, and it crossed over. We couldn't see it. And they didn't go any where near it.

So, then, I called my brother. He came up there and he had this big high powered rifle, and he was like, 'What is it?' And I told him what it was. And then it made the sound and it was the first time he heard it, the first time my father heard it, my mom heard it, and they've lived all their life never heard anything like that ever. And of course everybody's trying to tell me what it was. And I was like, 'Ok, whatever.' And we were imagining things, it was scary. And my brother set up there and we were going to set in the front yard to see if this thing came back. He must have sat there for two or three hours.

And then his wife called him. He lived like maybe a 1000 yards from my mom's house on the other side of the road. Something had taken their dog and broke it's back and threw it underneath his crawl space. And when we took his dog to the vet, it was paralyzed. And the vet said, a cow or something had kicked this dog and paralyzed it. And he said, 'Well, how could it get under the house. The dog couldn't get under the house, it was paralyzed.' He said, 'Well something threw him under there.' And I could go on and on with instances. Even Mr. Jimmy[11], who's one of the oldest hunters up there, he used to tease us and he says, 'Ah you crazy. You boys crazy.' Then he heard it one night when he was coon hunting. He says, 'There's something out there.'

Well, Robbie heard it. He was up a tree, him and little Ricky. He said they waited till daylight come, 'cause they were scared to move. And they had guns, he said they couldn't see nothing.

[11] The names in this section are pseudonyms.

Didn't see it. Nobody's ever seen it. The closest we've come to seeing it was the night it was foggy and that thing screamed around us and made like a big circle. And it was tearing, and the guy was telling me, 'It's gotta be an owl.' And I said, 'How many owls can tear tree branches up like a big Bigfoot coming out of the thing?' I said, 'How many bobcats can.?' Bobcats will run from you, they will stand on top, they will go up in the trees, they will stand there as long as you don't see them, and jump out the trees. They'll scream on their way away from you, not at you. A panther, I would know it, I said, 'Panther, I've heard panther sounds and it's not a panther.' This thing actually freaked my brother and me out.

I'm not the fearful type and I was kind of mad because I wanted to know what this thing was. 'Cause everybody used to think that we were just making it up, or imagining things, until they heard it and then they were like, 'I've never heard anything like it.'

I don't want people thinking I'm crazy. I can tell you, when I heard it, it scared me to death. That's the God's truth. Freaky! From that day, I never went back in those woods, except for a couple of times with a friend. When I used to go, you're talking about someone who used to be joy free, going in the woods. Now, I mean I couldn't go in those woods now; the hair on the back of my head would stand up. I mean it freaked me out. That's a whole story in itself. I'm telling you that happened. I've hunted those woods and I've hunted everything. I've heard bobcats. I've heard almost everything. I've heard cougars. Nothing that I've heard in my life sounded like that. It would make every hair on your neck stand up. That's the God's honest truth. It will make every piece on your body stand up.

Stories of a disappearance raised concern.

Chief disappeared about that time. Yeah, the guy from [Rte.] 234. It was a guy named Chief. He disappeared. No traces. He was a retired police officer. His sister lived up here and he used to always take one of those back trails through the woods here, religiously. he would call before he'd come. This particular day, he called and said he was coming, and he didn't show up. I think she even realized he wasn't there like a day later. She went to his house and couldn't find him. I think somebody said that he had walked that way. They never found his body. Never found it. That happened about, what, 25 years ago. They had the police, the park service, and some military people searching. They walked these woods....He was very diligent about saying where he was gonna be and very intelligent. I mean he was not a dummy. There was no hanky-panky at his house where somebody could have knocked him out or something. He just disappeared on his way here. I think the dogs tracked him a little ways from his house going this way, but they lost track. He disappeared, like something had picked him up and took him on. It's a true story.

There was a guy named James right down over in here. He drank. He drank a lot. He had built three little cabins. He was in a cabin one night. And, we were setting here and we had the wood stove right there and the little TV was right there. We heard this banging at the back of the door. He said, 'I gotta get in here. I gotta get in here.' He came in here. He says, 'I just saw something.' He says, 'Lord, Lord is Christ, kill me dead.' He said there was a man [at his door]. He just had a door with a little diamond-shaped window. He said, 'A man, it looked like an ape with a face, looked in my window and was yelling.' He said, 'Get away from here. Get away before I get my gun.' He said when that thing moved away, he jumped, he run out of there and he came up the back path right here. He told my father, he said, 'I don't care what you do. You can beat me up; I ain't going out this house tonight.' He didn't. He lay right there and went to sleep and never drunk another draft. He moved out the next day. He never went back to that place.

Not long after that, that's when we started hearing that hoot and holler thing....We heard it for at least another ten years. Every year from anywhere from the end of August to October or November. It still comes through here. Nobody's ever seen it.

I was reading *Potomac News* around '73, and there was the Marine Corps base down here by Russell Road, that's where they keep all of their ordinance, and you can't go in there, you're not allowed there anyway. An MP described to the tee to the newspaper that something was doing this screaming like a woman and a child and he shot at it. They got him out the military. They thought he was going crazy. In the newspaper, it was like, "Marine discharged for firing arms--claims he heard animal voices." It was making noises like that for about fifteen or twenty years and then it stopped.

Now I saw a big nest just before I stopped hunting. It was down there. To me, it looked like it could have been an eagle's nest or something. Then, Glen saw one, too, and he said that nest was big as this room. It was huge up in this tree. It was huge and it had bones everywhere. Glen said the same thing. I'm not talking about little bird bones. I mean big bones like meat and deer or something.

Someone took a mold of a footprint. I contacted someone on the Bigfoot website. Supposedly [there have been] some sightings in Virginia. I wanted to talk to the guy, but he never called me back. There is no doubt in my mind that whatever that is, is unexplained or is something that has mutated with something. I've heard people say, "It's a coyote, or it's a bobcat, or a panther or something like that." At one time, I thought it was an owl. I went to the library and heard every known owl. There was nothing near it....I'm a true believer that something has mated with something up in there. You got all those mineshafts up there and God only knows what could be hidden in those them. I don't know. Up in here, you don't know who's peeping at you.

Prince William Forest Park and the surrounding communities are rich in folklore and the stories and incidents recorded here are a few of the many yet untold. Ghost stories in the Commonwealth of Virginia have become well known (see Asfar 2006; Taylor 1996).

PART TWO: GAINS AND LOSSES

CHAPTER FOUR

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS

As the Depression swept the country, great economic distress shrouded the country. However, many in the local community reported that they were unaffected by the Depression, and that they didn't even know there was a Depression. More than one person interviewed commented that they never knew they were poor because they always had plenty and never went without. The economic system within the communities was primarily one of barter of goods and services; hence, families did not recognize themselves as being poor.

In an effort to address the problems of relief, an Act authorizing President Roosevelt to established the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was introduced during the President's first 100 days and passed by Congress on March 31. The idea, based partially on his interest in forestry and conservation, was to take 250,000 unemployed young men off the welfare rolls and provide them with jobs paying thirty dollars a month. (Watkins 1999; Wirth 1980). The current Prince William Forest Park was one of forty-six sites selected throughout the United States as Recreational Demonstration Areas to be supervised by the National Park

Service and built by the Civilian Conservation Corps. This resulted in the first government purchase that focused on converting land in the area of Hickory Ridge near the Pyrite Mine and surrounding communities. The CCC, popularly known as Roosevelt's "tree army," cleared the land converting farmland into a space for recreation to create the Chopawamsic RDA (see Strickland 1986). Beginning in 1935 the properties were purchased or condemned as families were relocated and searched for additional ways to provide for their families. [12] For some people, meeting basic needs was difficult with nowhere to farm. The result of this disruption in their lives has been a lingering anger, resentment, and distrust of the motives of the Park and the government.

The CCC men arrived to a community uncertain of why they were there. The workers came from other areas of the country. However, local men living in the Prince William County at the time, explained they were employed through PWA[13] and WPA[14] to work on different aspects of the project along side the CCC men. John Samsky recalled that older men who were carpenters were hired to build the cabins. He also remembered the WPA that employed women. He said, "They had a two-room school and they were using one room for women to do sewing in there." The WPA also put writers, photographers, artists, and musicians to work (e.g., the Virginia Writer's Project). No one recalled anyone from this area in these programs that joined talented professionals with local artisans to capture the written emotions and visual images of the Depression years and provide lasting literary contributions.

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[12] See fn. 4 regarding Land Acquisitions and Appendix C: The Department of the Interior Land Acquisition in Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000:164-167.

[13] The National Industrial Recovery Act (NIRA) established the National Recovery Administration (NRA) and the Public Works Administration (PWA) on June 16, 1933 construction of public works in order to provide employment and encourage economic growth (Kennedy 1999).

[14] Work Progress Administration (WPA) was an employment relief program established under the direction of

In the beginning the men of the CCC were treated with reservation, as they made themselves known to community members and held dances to which the locals were invited, some of the barriers began to dissolve. When the CCC was disbanded during WWII, many of the men stayed, married local women, and became part of the community. For some, both locals and outsiders, who chose to remain in the area, this was to turn into a lifetime of work for the National Park Service.

The CCC Experience: One Man's Story

Joe Hebda was one of the outsiders who came to the Prince William Forest Park area as part of the CCC. Following is his story and experience with the CCC. He worked as a supply sergeant for the CCC beginning in 1934 after an adventuresome trip to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. His story begins when his father informs him that he has a job for him. His first camp was at Pine Grove, Pennsylvania where he became sergeant. He was then rotated out to work in Camp 26 in what was to become Prince William Forest Park (for more information on the CCC see HABS 2005; Paige 1985; PRWI Archival Records).

Getting Started – Pine Grove, Pennsylvania[15]

> Dad said, 'Well you got a job.' I said, 'I got a job?' "Well what is it all about?' 'Well the policeman told me, Mr. Hebda, you got a boy, well we can give him a job.' Dad said, 'Well we got to go to the post office, and have to do something that you sign in.' Mama fixed me about two, three sandwiches, and we got on this train. The train stop was right there in our town. Well, we rode and rode and rode. I didn't know where the heck we were going.... half of us went to sleep, and those guys that went to sleep did a whole lot better than we did trying to find out where we was going.
>
> Well, anyways, we went to Shippensburg. There were trucks waiting there for us. So anyways, we got on the doggone trucks. Well we rode, and rode and rode. It was 30 miles up over the mountains. We got in there about daybreak.

Harry Hopkins May 6, 1935. The name was changed to Work Projects Administration in 1939.

[15] All quotes in this section unless otherwise noted are those of Mr. Hebda.

They had breakfast ready for us. They give us towels and soap, and we went in and washed up. Then they said, 'Come to the mess hall and get something to eat.' Then we signed in. And, he says, 'You all go down to the supply sergeant, and you tell him what size your pants, and shirt and everything is, your shoes, and they'll give it to you. I think we worked for about six months on the roads and stuff like that.

We stayed in there and everybody got a hurting in their throat. One of these boys took an' sent home and asked their mother for Kools. The mentholated Kools. He gave everybody a cigarette, they smoked that, and it kind of relieved their throat, so they could breathe a little bit better. This one guy, me and him was real good friends, and he was in the supply. He was in the hospital too, and the supply was closed up. Well, everybody was getting well, but he put his medicine in a corner on top of the closets. Every time the doctor gave him a pill, he would throw his pill up in that cup...

So, the doctor come in and he says, 'Everybody else is out of here but you. What the heck is going on?' He says, 'I can't talk.' As the doc was going out, he heard something go BLING! He looked and he said, 'What's going on?' He seen that cup up there and saw that the cup was half-full of pills. My friend didn't want to go back down to supply because he know that there was a new order coming in, and he had to check all of the clothes and stuff in.

We got in line the next morning, and the lieutenant got up and he says, 'I want somebody that knows how to handle the supplies.' This doggone boy was hiding, and he says, 'Well, Joe knows how to do it. He's been friends with him.' He says, 'Step forward.' I step forward and say, 'I don't want the job sir, give it to somebody else.' He says, 'You take the job and go down there and get them supplies and stuff.'

We got 150 new men again, and every six months. We had forest fires and at two, three o'clock in the morning we had to go and fight forest fires. I didn't have to do it because I was in supply giving out shovels, picks, and stuff like that.

Then I had to move after I became a sergeant. They picked up 120 men, and we got on a train at Pine Grove. You had to get over the mountains. We came down here [to Prince William] on a Saturday.

Prince William Forest Park

Once the men arrived at the Chopawamsic RDA they set up a temporary tent camp and roads while they worked on building wooden cabins.

We started up by dumping roads. They had these pines and they cut them

down, and they put them like a washboard, and then they'd cover up with dirt, rock, and stuff. Then sometimes the things would get rotten, decay, and make a big old pothole. Nine times out of ten the wheels would go down in there and get stuck.

We got these wooden buildings, and they were like a puzzle. They were all numbered. Number ten was the floor, then there was another big number, and that was the sides, all the sides were numbered, and the same way with the roofs. They all come in about 4 x 6, 4 x 8 slabs, and so that's how it was easy to put it up. So we set the whole camp up before the winter came. We set up, the well, the stoves and the water. I think it was the Army came in here and they were practicing how to dig wells.

The camp was set up in a military style including monthly inspections.

The military officers run us. Under the officers were the cooks and the guys that wash dishes, the mess hall, and the store. That was all in one organization. On the side of the road, they had foremen. Each foreman had different kinds of work for these guys to do. Jobs included building sheds, dams, camps, fire towers, tunnels, cleaning forests, planting trees, and get supplies among other things.

They took the men down and they would start building sheds. We had to clean the forest, plant trees, and we built a nine-acre dam. We put a dam in each camp. The biggest dam is between Camp Five and Camp Two.

The work was not without its problems.

There's a big valve down at the end of this tunnel. They tried to open it a little bit, and it wouldn't open for the water to go out. Then they tried to shut it down; they shut it down on a limb or something...and the water was not full, it's wasn't running over the dam like it was supposed to. I took and put a truck with a wench up on the hill. A blacksmith made me a big hook like an anchor; we take and drag that on top of the dam, drop it down behind it, and then the wench on that truck would pull, and we got it cleaned out.

Nature posed a bigger challenge.

At the end of that summer, we was ate up with chiggers and ticks, and we didn't know what the heck was eating us up because we didn't know that Virginia had them ticks and chiggers. We went down to the infirmary in Quantico and the doctor got the laughing at us because we was picking these ticks and chiggers off us down there. They tried to give us something to stop the itching 'cause we couldn't sleep.

Community Relationships

In the beginning, the CCC men were met with reserve on the part of the families. They did not know who the men in uniform were or what they were doing there. As the men began to inter-mingle with the locals and explain that they were there to work, relations became more relaxed.

> They was already moving people off the land. They didn't hate us, but they didn't like us because they didn't know what was going on. And, when we talked to them about the Depression, they didn't know what the heck the Depression was. The people were all whatcha call little farmers. They worked in Quantico and the Marine Corps and some of them worked in Ft. Belvoir. Then they'd come home and plow their gardens. They had gardens and everything and canned stuff and that's what they lived on with the little money from the government working.

> We had the army clothes just like Fort Belvoir, and a lot of them people lived in Ft. Belvoir, and there were only about 100 houses within two or three miles of the area. They was kind of shy because the Park was taking the people's land away from them and they're wondering why we are coming in, and what we were doing there. Then the guys from the community that worked [in the camp] came home and they would tell their wives, 'Well, they are like soldiers, like in Ft, Belvoir, they got stripes and their clothes are brown and everything.' We told them that we didn't have no jobs and that we was on relief and all that stuff. Well, then they would ask us questions, 'Why did you come here?' 'Well, we come here to fix your roads up and plant trees, and build dams,' I told them.

Simple acts of kindness went a long ways to overcoming suspicion and distrust.

> We just talked to them. I got off pretty good with them because I was a supply. Now and then I would sneak out a pair of socks or something and give it to them if I see that their socks are all tore up. When everybody would go to work and I didn't have nothing to do, I would start running. I would meet these kids out on the road, and they would be out there waiting for me because I used to take a pack of chewing gum for these kids.

Dances held for the community also helped break down barriers as did extending work to some of the local boys.

> Captain Sowers, he turned around and gives us a dance. A lot of the girls came to the dances...so that way we start knowing the people and start talking to them and they start knowing us, like who we were and what we were doing and why we were here, and all that stuff. Yeah, so they started coming to the dance.

> We went to a dance at other camps when they had a dance. Each camp knows whenever we're going to have a dance so there wouldn't be two dances in two different camps.
>
> Then we started taking in some of the boys that lived around here to work. Then we got a little bit closer to the families and everybody else. We went all through the restaurants in Quantico and stuff, and got to meeting people like that.

Harvey Watson recalled one CCC boy who took others to the movies. Mr. Watson referred to the enrollees CC boys throughout the interview.

> The CC [CCC] boys used to go around through the park and cut trails through there. They'd come in here from Pennsylvania. My sister went with one called "Peanuts." He had a brand new '41 Chevrolet and he used to carry CC [CCC] boys to the movies at Quantico made maybe two or three trips an evening. He had a wreck down there and tore that Chevrolet all to pieces; lack of sleep, I guess.

Relations were not always smooth.

> These guys up the Park Service come up to my house one day. I was putting a radio in my Model A and they says, 'We want to look at your Model A.' 'Okay.' You and Harvey Timmons the only two got Model A Fords and somebody stole all the copper off of the barracks up there in the woods. They used to steal wire off the poles and all. When they told me that, I said, 'I bet you I could tell you who did it.' I said, 'The CC [CCC] boy got a '32 Ford coupe just like mines it's not a '30.' They went over at Harry Lloyd's, he was parked in the woods, and they got him. He did it to make money off of selling to the Alexandria junkyard.

Dismantling of the CCC

The CCC camps were disbanded when the war broke out and many of the young men joined the service. The cabins were taken over by the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). The war also brought an end to the Hickory Ridge community as the families faced yet another government buyout.

> When the war broke out, the guys in the CCC went home or they joined the service. That's how the CCC broke up. When the Marines come in and took

over, families were told to leave. When the time came, they had to go because the Marines wanted the grounds for practice. (Watson)

CHAPTER FIVE

STORIES OF THE TAKEOVER IN TWO PHASES

Former residents recall these periods as a takeover by the government. The government view was different regarding the land and situation of the people residing on farms in Prince William County during the 1930s. Although reports that the soil had been depleted of nutrients to the point that it would no longer support agriculture, individuals depended on it for their subsistence. The reports of extreme poverty in the county were overstated. Recognizing some area residents had more material goods or resources than others, no one really considered themselves to be poverty-stricken. That alone was no reason to relocate. To those who toiled in their gardens, cared for their livestock, shopped at the local stores, sent their children to school, worshipped in church on Sundays, and cared for the infirm, the reports of their distressed conditions came as a surprise. Yet, as part of the New Deal package of the Roosevelt administration, the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933 introduced a plan that would forever change the landscape and the lives of the people who lived here.

The first phase of removal occurred at a time when the country was in dire need of jobs. From 1935 through 1939, many families lost their land through sales agreements or condemnation. The settlement agreements were not always equitable with whites, in most cases, being paid more per acre than African Americans.[16] Sales or condemnation procedures were often one-way exchanges leaving little room for negotiation. An adjuster came out,

looked at the property, and assessed what he thought was fair market value. Those with connections to the CCC or other labor force involvement in the 1930s shared their experiences.

The second phase of forced relocations was much more aggressive in the rush to accommodate the expansion of the Marine Corps Base at Quantico and the shift to OSS operations in late 1942 and early 1943. Especially in a time of war, a sense of patriotism facilitated the confiscation of land. Former residents have a better recall of the more recent incidents that set this second move in motion. In both cases, former residents felt they had no choice. The two periods are remembered almost as one incident as the aftermath of the first takeover had an impact on the second. Obviously, the government gained from both acquisitions and some families actually improved their living conditions. According to Barbara Kirby, one woman was actually better off when she moved to a place with indoor plumbing and had a washing machine. Of course, she was in a position financially to be able to buy what she needed. Others were not so fortunate.

Some families were forced to relocate twice as the nation entered WWII.

THE AMBIGUITY OF RECOVERY AND LOSS 1935-1939

The following recollections provide an explanation of the ambivalence of the recovery actions that put people to work as part of Roosevelt's New Deal waged against the loss of a community.

Lee Lansing and Hilda Keys Cline Lansing

> Well, the government was coming in and taking the land from them, and sometimes they couldn't get paid because they had to have a clear deed. If they didn't, it took years, if they ever did get all of it. Of course, they didn't pay them too much for the land.

[16] See Land Acquisition lists for the 1930s and 1940s (Payne-Jackson and Taylor 2000:163-170).

The CCC cleaned off the land up there for the park. It was in 1933. Well, it was sad, I thought, because people had been living there for years and years. They were families that moved in with each other and took care of each other, and then the old people would die, and they didn't keep records of anything.

I think the property taken in the 1930s was slower. It was probably slower because as the situation over all gathered momentum, people found out what was going before they had lost out entirely. They just gave up and moved out. They had to go and find a place to live. Most of them just settled all the way around here.

The Kendalls moved. Joe Florence had a grocery store up there and he moved to Dumfries. The Watsons moved to Dumfries and Triangle. The Martins and the Davis' moved out here to Dumfries. The Smiths, the Johnsons, and the Jones' were gone. Cully, a black man, worked for me. I know he was bitter because what he had was lost. They just, you might say, condemned it. He had to leave.

My grandfather and grandmother moved back down to off Joplin Road to another section....Some families resisted, to my knowledge, none of them was able to gain anything from it because it all started from a Presidential proclamation; this held up in court.

Batestown. That's on what we call Mine Road. Well, they didn't take any off Mine Road. The park took the few houses along that strip that's closed up now. That's just been in the '40s I guess.

Wilmer Porter

They didn't take land. Years ago in the Depression, they come along and somebody bought that land. Then, they kind of surrounded them. Somebody come along, offer two or three thousand dollars; they thought they was rich. That's Hickory Ridge I'm talking about...My granddaddy (Dan Reid) sold land up on [Rte.] 234 to the Park Service. They gave him like $1.50 an acre for it, and he didn't want but $3.00 an acre for it. He owned a lot of front land on [Rte.] 234.

They bought them out before the military came in and took over....What I figured was that someone bought it to make money like they do everything else. Most all of them had their homes that they took. At that time, they wasn't' that smart like they are today. Well, they fooled them like they fool people. There was whites that lived in there too. It wasn't only just the black people. After they [the Park] had half of it was when the war came; that's when they [the Marine Corps] started taking it.

Jack Williams and Estelle Williams

Well, this land here, they [the government] got from my people. They almost forced 'em to leave. I never did really understand it. See, they had another inlet to the park, off Number One. And, when [Interstate] 95 came through here, [it] disturbed that inlet that they had going into the park, and that's why they came here and wanted to take some land from my mother for this outlet right here. It goes in the park. So, we let her go ahead and do what she wanted to do. So that's how they got that land, I understood a little bit later on that they couldn't have forced her to let 'em have the land. Course, it's all over with now. Well, I guess the money sort of excited my mom a little bit because she loved money. Then too, she had this house up here so she could move in, and my daddy was already dead. I guess she figured she get that little money to live off.

We had twenty-three acres and a quarter on Mine Road. I don't remember exactly how many 'cause there was thirty-something acres. I think the park got seventeen acres. There was another lady that lived up there, right off a [Rte.]234 who resisted, right there by Washington Reid school. Well, anyway, was another lady up that hill, she stayed there until she died. The park was all around her and everything and she stayed right there 'til she died. The park finally got the land anyway.

When this thing first started [the acquisition of property], we had a group of people picked from the community. I was taught they was some "muck-deh-mucks," you know. As far as I can remember now. They went around to the older people who owned this land through here and informed them that the government was going to take their land. If they didn't sell the government was gonna take it anyway. I guess they figured if we can get a little something for it we will do this rather than to have them take it and get nothing or practically nothing for it. Everything was in a tight spot, and you need the money. Some of them didn't like it too much; they were told they didn't have no choice, in a way of speaking. My granddaddy, he was kind of stubborn, and they came to him three or four times and he wouldn't sell. He never did sell his place. The Park was all around it joining his property. Well, I worked for the park when they were building the park. After they got this land and everything got lost, squared away, they opened up a job here making a $1.05 a day. I guess you know they got a big dam back up the road here somewhere or another. I worked at the dam. During that time, they didn't have all these drills and things to drill holes in rocks. They had a lot of rocks there and they had to blow them out of there. So, we had one man holding the drill and another man with a hammer, hitting the hammer going down in the rock 'til he get [deep] enough to set dynamite in there to blow the rock out. I was real young then. Don't remember exactly how old I was. Dollar and five cents a day. I got raised to $1.25 a day and thought I was doing something. I guess I worked for

'em for a couple of year.

1942-1943 THE GUADALCANAL AREA

"Huge Acreage for Marines." To be named for a certain price for present owners. The Federal Government has condemned 50,000 acres of land in Prince William, Fauquier, and Stafford Counties for extension of the Marine Corp. Barracks at Quantico. According to the order of immediate position filled in U.S. District Court in here today. Notices that the United States will apply to the District Courts of Alexandria, November 16th for the appointment of a jury to ascertain just compensation for the land involved are to be sent to the three counties and to tax collectors. According to a map which was filed under the order, the territory to be acquired is approximately seven times that of the present marine reservation. The largest part of the condemned land is in Stafford County. The boundaries run through the reservation along Acquia Creek, striking the Fauquier County line on the west of the Prince William County line on the north. Points in Stafford County which are condemned are Rectory Post Office, Boswells' Store, Mount Post Office, Macedonia, Onville Post office, Shiloh, Ruby, Stafford Store, Bridewell's Corner, Dodson's Shop, Garrisons' Corner, Shacklett, Blackrock, Belle Fares Mill, Mount Zion and Chopawamsic. The area to be acquired in Fauquier County is Triangle bounded by Prince William and Stafford County lines and Dorrell's Run. In Prince William County, the line runs from Triangle to Kopp on Joplin Road, northward to Independent Hill on Long Cedar Run to Fauquier County. Federal Judge, Luther B. Way signed papers on the condemnation proceeding yesterday at Norfolk. Papers were prepared by Harry H. Holt, Special Attorney for the Department of Justice, and L. S. Richardson, Assistant Attorney. October 6th, Manassas General Paper." [Taken from interview with Ray Woolfenden, September 30, 1998]

As the United States entered the War, many of the men from the Cabin Branch Community followed other Americans into the armed forces while additional land was taken for the expansion of the Marine Corps Base at Quantico. Jack Williams joined the Navy.

> I went in the Navy '43 in Dalgreen, Virginia. I did Naval work in a laboratory in Dalgreen. Where I went to work at was the proving ground. I did a lot of different types of work. I was working with the riggers, rigging guns. We had to get the guns off the barge when it come in and rig 'em up, put 'em together and shoot 'em. Test 'em. And then we'd have to tear 'em down and get 'em together, haul 'em up, put 'em back up on the barge
> send 'em back to the Navy yard and maybe send 'em to Norfolk or wherever

it was going. That was my main job. That was called "Rigger."

Women, children, and men either too old or otherwise not qualified for the military remained at home to face yet another period of dislocation and resettlement. October 6, 1942, the headlines of *The Free-Lance Star* released the news "Marines Taking 50,000 Acres for Quantico." The 250 families to be displaced were given twenty days to vacate—by October 26. The majority of these families were in Stafford County, Fauquier County was also targeted and the remaining residents on parkland were forced to leave. As impossible as it seems, the task of moving out was accomplished. On October 27, *The Free Lance-Star* ran a commentary "Well Done, Stafford." This brief notice mentioned that the people helping had done a "...highly creditable job in the face of tremendous difficulties." Evacuation was the job of the Agricultural War Board. The people were gone. Once again, the landscape changed making this terrain training grounds for warfare. It became known officially as The Guadalcanal Area in reference to the success of the Marines in the Solomon Islands (Blumenthal 2003). Marines called the area "The Guad" (Scheel 2002). The gain to the military wrecked havoc with the members of the community who lost all including the "Chopowamsic [sic] School...Government purchasing agents used the school to assess and purchase several hundred holding, which would become range and maneuver areas for the World War II expansion" (Blumenthal 2003:93)

John Alexander

Today John Alexander lives near Charlottesville, VA. During the winter of 1931 and spring of 1932 he rented a place from William Kendall in Hickory Ridge. He relocated to Triangle and lived there until 1938. He tells this story of the later takeover.

The Marines just came in there and said they were going to take 50,000 acres

for the Marine Base, and the Park was included in those 50,000 acres. They said that we had to move, and they gave us a certain amount of time to get out. My folks stayed there just as long as they could. I know my wife's father, Hugh Jennings, had two hundred and some acres up in Prince William. He had about the biggest piece of land that black folks had around here. I think he had twenty-two horses; I don't know how many cows he had. He had to move all that stuff up there. And, it was mud, ice, and snow. He had his nephews and the boys were working for him. They got them things altogether and got them up there.

Everybody lost, in a way of speaking, because they didn't pay them even the assessed value. That little bit that they gave me, they say, 'Take it, and go!' I don't remember the Marines helping anybody to move. Before the families left, the Marines came through shooting guns. They didn't bother anybody or hurt anybody. They were training. They would sometimes knock people's fences down as they were coming through. They went into my daddy's cornfield and pulled a bushel or more off. Then they had cobs all around where they had roasted the corn.

Most of the people were angry. However, some of them thought that it was a good thing because after the people moved out, Belle Fair was dying. Belle Fair was a Post Office, big water ground gristmill, and a general merchandise store where you would go to get yourself a bottle of aspirin and a pair of shoes.

Everyone just jumped in and helped each other mostly. A lot was left. Like the man who had a big farm up there. He owned hogs and chickens. Wild hogs was running up through there for years afterwards because he didn't get all of them. Stafford, Prince William, and Fauquier County ran together on this man's farm, David Arrington was his name. David had about 4,000 acres of land. He was a white man

A lot of people moved out in Stafford County where my daddy taught school....Most of the families moved to Pennsylvania and West Virginia the coal mining district.

Ray Woolfenden

I was born and raised at Kopp, Virginia, and they took the whole town. The entire town, they took it. The family was approached in 1940 about the property here in Prince William. They also took a large portion of Stafford County and small portion of Fauquier County. They took a lot of property down there in Stafford. Most of it borders the [Potomac] River. The first property that they took that I know of was down in Boswell Corner. Right there off Number One [U.S.1].

They didn't come in and take it all. They'd take one side of the road and then

they'd leave a hole. For example, in Joplin, they took the entire left side of the road, and took part of the right side of the road on up where the Park is, and they didn't even take all of that. Go up [Rte.] 234 and you will see where they took a large space of ground and then to the left of it they didn't touch.

The government chose Independent Hill for a naval base there in WWII.....It was definitely not that the farms couldn't sustain themselves positively, not so...Most of the land was taken in 1940. That's what all these records say....I get mad when I start talking about how these people took the property without any warning.

The government purchased property when people would sell it to them. Others didn't want to sell. They just came in, condemned it, and paid them when they got ready to pay them. They paid way below market prices, if they didn't condemn it. A lot of people understood that they had to get out. They had very little schooling. When the government requested their land, they would not consider not moving. So, they stole it.

Even if they purchased it, they didn't pay enough for it, for the people to be able to relocate. They had to relocate entirely and they gave them only two weeks to do it. Here it tells you that. Condemned, condemn, condemned. I'm showing you the facts [of] what they paid the people for a piece of property, the size of the property and everything else [Woolfenden was referring to a property acquisition list].

My family had many partials of property on the land taken by the government. My mother was an Able. I think that all together Ables owned many different properties that ran all the way from Triangle clean on past Independent Hill. Ables held where the Quantico cemetery was. My grandfather on my mother's side had a farm. Then facing [Rte.] 619 a little around the curb was another Able farm. I know of about ten Able farms that I used to visit when I was a kid. You go around past that mound of dirt on 619, and go up over a couple of hills, and his giant farm set on the left. There was Tubbs' Store across the street from it. The Tubbs' Store didn't come until about 1925.

They [the Marines] came in there training before they ever took that property. They mashed down fences, let the cattle out, and trampled down gardens. You see, they carried guns and everything else. They gave them two weeks notice to get out. There's no way in the world a poor farmer, whether he's got one acre or a thousand, can move and get rid of everything in two weeks. I know. I was given two weeks to join the army and I had five places of business besides apartments. I had to leave it with someone that did not know how to take care of it, so I lost it.

It seems that back at that time that's the way that the government was doing business. They'd just come in and tell you that you had to do it. I even tried to

get an extension a little while to be able to sell my places, that was not given me. They gave me two weeks to sell everything that I had and get into the service.

Most of the farmers resisted. In some cases, the government had to take the bulldozers in and put them out. They just took bulldozers right on up to the home and the sheriff bodily took the people out of the homes. It was not a slow process...

There's no way in the world a farmer could, even with his friends helping him, get a wagon and move out his furniture, and find a place to live in two weeks time. That's impossible. They had no money to move. [Referring to the property list again] This one here, his 142.5 acres for $233. Condemned. How did they have money enough to move? Here's another one. Let's see $1,008.46 for 102 acres. Here's one, 9.27 acres, that's almost 10 acres, $74.00. Here's one that they took 48 almost 49 acres $1,000.00. You can just go on and on. It's unbelievable the prices they took and paid for this property. It's just unbelievable. It just don't make sense.

When they took these houses up on [Rte.] 234, they're paying a decent price. There's a lot of difference. The stories are entirely different. I saw one, he and I are pretty good friends, and he got to talking something about the property and I said, 'Yeah, they did a good job of stealing it.' He said, 'What do you mean stealing it? They paid you for it.' I said, 'Paid what, enough to buy us a hamburger?'

The thousand acres that Granddad had, I got $1,000.00 out of it. That's all I got from my father's pa. So, you can see that they took it for nothing. I don't remember how much Mother got. I think it was about the same. That was a thousand acres. They fought it in court and that's all they could get.

My grandfather built Belle Haven Church and the government promised they would not tear the church down. Well Mother and I were stupid enough to believe that so we did not get it in writing and while I was overseas, they tore it down. They put the pews out in the woods for the weather to destroy. And here's when the church was taken over. This was written by the Department of Justice, now to James Locke, that they were going to take it over and this was 1944.

It's not all here [on this list]. Just like I've gone over this thing a dozen times. There're about a dozen Ables on it. The Quantico cemetery is not on here. My grandfather's farm is not on here. Granddad Bales is not on here. Why haven't they given me the total picture? There's missing pieces.[17]

[17] The RDA land acquisition records were filed separately from those of the Department of the Navy.

James Kendall

My father [John Kendall] used to own a whole lot of land in Batestown. He bought it from the Mine Company. Same man he used to work for. It was a lot of people, Henry Early, Will Kendall. Whites were mostly Davis', Jenks Davis. Because one of them used to have to come right through my daddy's yard to get to the road. Now, I think the government has taken a lot of property. At the time, the government would come by and offer you a price, and if you didn't want to settle for that price, they might have just taken it. I heard some couldn't find deeds. At that time, they didn't give many deeds. I used to hear a lot of people say that the price they offered them wasn't fair. People moved to different places, anywhere they could buy another little spot of land.

Charles Frank Kendall

My father was William Warfield Kendall and my mother was Annie Kendall Williams. He lived in Hickory Ridge and then Batestown. The family left when the government took our property. That was before the war. They took all of our property up in that section. I reckon you could say they condemned it all. Must have been about 1943. They just said they needed the property because the war was coming, getting ready to start, and they needed that property to train the Marine Corps. They just took it that way. We had about two or three months. Most all of the farms were small. My daddy had twenty-one acres, the average one, I don't think, had over that, if they had that much.

Far as I know, my mother and...everybody said, they didn't get a fair price. No, they just took it for nothing, you might say. The families didn't like it. Lots of them tried to get more money for the property...Mr. Early lived next to me. He was the only one I knew who had money to get lawyers; he didn't win it. They took his property too.

Families went everywhere. Some went to Cherry Hill, Triangle, Joplin and My mother rented an old house in Cherry Hill and stored all of her furniture until we got this place here. We been here for about fifty, sixty, years.

John Samsky

Now, there along the reservoir, that was our farm. We had about a 350 acre farm there, and I was born there. At the time the government took it over I was 19 years old. Now, I'm 82 and holding. It was rough. They condemned the property. Now this is the story that's bad. Condemned the property that they were going to take in March and in the first of October and they give us 30 days to move. Now how you move a farm, with 25 acres of corn, and wheat bins full of about 600 bushels of wheat in the granary. So we hauled it

off and sold it to different places that would buy wheat. You just can't do it, that's all. We left a lot of stuff go to waste. So did everybody else, except those people that had a house that they lived in and most of the time their husband worked at a sawmill, or Quantico, or Belvoir. Quite a bit of work going on then. And they could move easily. In fact, it was finding a place to move, that's the thing. You gotta find a place, and the government paid on the fiscal year too. You know when that was? Next July. How you like that?

Now this is really bad. It rained continuously for about three days, I mean poured. We couldn't go anywhere because the bridges were washed out here everywhere. There was a lot of realty firms in Fredericksburg then, they would take you to see a house, we can't get there because the bridge is washed out. It was bad for everybody. Oh, and here's another thing. They promised then that they would help us move, they had vehicles to help us move. No such thing. We had an old '36 model Ford truck, and we hauled day and night to get out of there. They paid nothing for the inconvenience. We got $14,500 for that farm with three homes on it.

One person who resisted, he lived on the outer fringe down here, his name was Michael O'Leyar. He's dead and buried now. They would shut the road off on him. Tell him when they were going to take occupancy of the area. here's another thing. When they were checkin' on the records in there, in the county, they had to be there and that's three counties, Prince William, Stafford, and Fauquier. They swore the tenants there to secrecy. They didn't want it to be known any time sooner. I don't know why they would want that to be. They condemned it in March and give us the moving order the first of October. That was the Department of Navy doing that.

They took over the Chopawamsic School down in Stafford I went to it for a couple of years, myself. Anyway, that was the administration building that you could go in and find out how much they were gonna pay you, when they did pay you and so forth....They destroyed homes still on the property. Bulldozers. Right there where Lunga Reservoir is. I was born right there. 'Course, that wasn't a reservoir, it was just a small stream running through there. Our farm is now basically under water. It was 350 acres or something like that.

There was a mill there, called Missouri Mills, run by a family here at Dumfries that [had] ancestors that were over there. I think they were treated pretty fair. The Skyline Drive was another one.

Joe Hebda

When I came back here, I noticed in the woods that there were railroad

tracks, switches, and stuff. They were learning how to blow up buses or trains. You wasn't allowed in there [during the war], because they had guards. My father-in-law, he worked there for a while. He was mostly a night watchman.

Carl Liming, Doris Jones Liming, John Liming and Margaret Liming Knox

The takeover was in stages. They threatened to push the houses down, bulldoze really. Well, they tried to do it to Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey. Mrs. Jeffrey's father, Mr. Miller. Harry Miller. Harry wasn't going to move so they actually had the bulldozer. Debbie Jeffrey's father. My great Uncle. Where did they live, where was their house? It was all up past Sam Grayson's. Just a little bit past Sam Grayson's, on the right hand side. Everybody's land went back to the park. Sam Grayson's didn't get bought. That's strange. I don't think they resisted, the park just didn't want all of it. They would tell them what they would give 'em for it. And if they didn't think they was getting enough they would just hold out a little while and then they'd offer them a little more.

I know my Uncle Harry Miller was up here off Joplin Road. He wouldn't move out and they told him if he didn't get out, they were going to bomb him out of there. And, he finally got out. Uncle Harry Miller, Lee Miller's dad. Lee, David, Kenneth, and Debby. That's when they bought a little piece of land down here and moved. They bought that land from Harvey Timmons, they lived in Fred Liming's house while Fred was in Tennessee. That's where they lived.

The park first got all the land on this side of [Rte.] 619 and later on the Marine Corps took the land on the other side, toward the south side of [Rte.] 619. Every time they'd find out somebody was going to sell a piece of land they'd slip in there and buy it. A whole lot of land lost. Well, daddy had land down by that body of water. We didn't know how much.

I (Doris) was born in the park because they (the Park) hadn't bought it yet. I was born in 1931 and they bought it in 1935. When they took my grandfather's land, he was already dead. It was Laura Jones was the head person on that. Well, none of them liked it at all. They were mad. My dad already had six kids. He had to move out. They had no pity for nobody. I think they started taking property in the '34. Roosevelt came in'32 and soon after he come in they opened a CCC camp all through there. That must have been when they started taking the land. In 1936, my dad was already in Independent Hill. Then here came another baby, which made seven.

I [John] lived down here on the edge, and they thought I owned a whole chunk of land. I didn't have a half-acre. They asked did I want to sell my land and house and I said no. He said, 'You own a big chunk of land.' And I said, 'A whole half acre.'

> Well, there was a threat of them taking that land when we were going to build down there. They were saying that they were going to buy it. We said we was going to build anyway, whether they came and wanted it later. They had a sign in the road here. My dad said, 'Take that sign down, they don't own this road here yet.'
>
> Our grandfather relocated over on U.S. 1, over close to Cherry Hill Road, I don't know if the federal government found that place for him or not. That house daddy bought was not finished inside. It was just a shell, is all it was. He had to put sheet rock and everything in it. The government didn't help.

Not only did the government offer no help, several families were forced to relocate more than once. "See a lot of these were nice homes. And of course what really irritated them was that sometimes the Marines just went in there and started shooting guns." (Kirby)

> Taylor had an old little grocery store up this road here [U.S. [Rte.] 619]. I think the Marine Corps bought that piece of land. So he moved it on over on the park side. He owned the land. And, he built him another store. Here come the park and told him he had to move his store again. So he moved it from there clear on up into Hoadley. The same building. He knew how to cut 'em half and haul 'em away. That's where his son had run that little old store after he left up there. I think the OSS must have had some agreement with the park to come in here.

John mentioned a foreigner up at the Timmons' place. He said: 'I was in his car and a man came walking, down the road near Mr. Lykes'[18] place on the park. When he got out back here, the man just wandered off and got lost. The fella couldn't speak no English..." (Liming)

> They had prisoners of the war, and of course these prisoners of war would come out, and they might go down to the Timmons, and that's how we found out there were strangers in the area. They would get out of wherever they were staying and then wander in the woods. They were prisoners of war...they [the military] never would admit anything (Margaret).

Margaret Liming Knox

> During the war, the military used Forest Park for what was then OSS, and now, what's it called? CIA. My grandfather and his daughter had lived here in the old house and he had lots of land. They had to move. They bought a place over where Wal-Mart is on US-1 today. Well, we were already living in Quantico when my grandfather came down here and built the place. My dad

[18] Ira B. Lykes was the first manager of the Chopawamsic RDA from 1939-1951.

had a lot of property down next to the little stream. We used to go swimming down there. Fortunately, they only came up to my dad's property, so he still had the farm and he rented it out. Well, first he rented to Merrill and William Mountjoy. Her mother had died, and she was raising her sisters and brothers. They rented the farm, and then later they rented it to the Barnes family. They rented it for years. They might have given a few tomatoes or something like that; it wasn't like a sharecropper.

Well, it was months, two, three months. It was in the thirties. I'm in Quantico, living in my own little world. And, we just hear these things. I do know my grandfather and my father's stepsister had to move, 'cause they were on the old place. They bought a place; it was a little, teeny-tiny house. They were fortunate to find a place.

People had to give up their home and their livelihood, they were very discouraged. My dad wasn't using the property that he had in the park. They just gave him twenty dollars an acre. They had to move immediately, within a couple months in 1936. There wasn't any resistance. You gotta move, you move. It was back in those days where you paid attention to the law. No, no resistance.

In the '40s it was all secret. The only reason we knew something, I was living in Quantico at the time, and my sister dated one of the men. He was a sergeant. he never would tell her anything.

Samuel Bauckman and Betty Brawner Bauckman

I just read an article that quoted a man this morning, *The Free Lance- Star*. "Get of the hell off the property. I need it." That's what they did. The guy they quoted I think his name was Cole. People worry about that. What about this damn Supreme Court decision that they just made where they can come take your house anytime they want, which is going to be a whole lot worse than what they did out there. When it expanded the base to 50,000 sq. acres, they had a genuine need. I was in Quantico. I started working in 1953 and we were all on the backside of the firing range. They shot here and it landed over here fifteen miles away.

I was co-chairman of the Military Civilian Council for three years. We had people forever coming and bellowing about the noise of the helicopters, the shooting and all of that. That was bad. If they had a war going on; that was justifiable means.

I kept thinking about that displacement. Harvey Watson is one of the last gunfighters from "OK Corral" up there that was run out. He remembers his parent's little farm and everything and how low they got. And when they came to Dumfries, Napoleon Washington's father lived two doors from me

when I was growing up.

Joe Florence, who had a farm up in that park or what is the park now, he got ran out up there and he came down and built a little store right there adjacent to 'bout where the post office is now. Ole man Joe ran that store and he built it with two hobos. Gentlemen of leisure passed through going to the North and South. He stopped two guys, they were profiteers, and they built the store for him. He opened-up again after he got enough money. He had four boys and a girl and they lived in a two-bedroom house. Ole man Joe's buried over here in Dumfries Cemetery.

I remember more about the families that came here with the CCC when they opened that camp up—John Marshall, Alec McDare, and the Thurstons…They lived up not too far from us. Andy Thurston's daddy worked for the CCC when they closed those sites down and moved out of here, somewhere before the war or about the time of the war, most of these people just stayed on. We had an influx of growth—a small growth, at that time it would have been a large growth—of people in the community from the people who stayed behind when the CCC camps moved on. I remember Alec McDare went to work at Quantico for the federal government. Mr. Thurston had sons named Monroe, Andy, and Arch. They stayed here until they passed away. Most of the families that were associated with any of this are gone.

When you stop to think about 'em, they built houses—just little two bedroom bungalows. Once in a while, they put on a third bedroom. After the Marine Corps came in there everything kinda got hush- hush. I got people that used to work for me in Quantico and they were forever getting into trouble up in the base because they defied the Marine Corps to keep 'em off their land. For example: 'That's my family place and I belong there. My grandparents, parents, and all are buried right there and you can't keep me out of there.' And, they would take them and show them the gate. It just keeps on.

When those people came out of there, they just kind of settled around the periphery. That's where the hub of this community and Dumfries and up the Joplin Road was and that's where the growth was coming. Old man Crow, who had a store over in the park itself, was pushed out to Joplin Road. You see when the Marine Corps bought up all that property, bought up the left-hand side of Joplin Road, that's when they just pulled all that down including that store.

I just read an article that quoted a man this morning. "Get the hell off the property. I need it." That's what they did. Today's paper [*The Freelance Star*, June 27, 2005]. The guy they quoted I think his name was Cole. People worry about that. What about this damn Supreme Court decision that they just made where they can come take your house anytime they want, which is going to be a whole lot worse than what they did out there. When it expanded the base to

50,000 sq. acres, they had a genuine need. I was in Quantico. I started working in 1953 and we were all on the backside of the firing places. The firing range, they shot here and it landed over here fifteen miles away.

Ralph Carter

I do know that when he done sold his property, it upset my daddy and the family. , I'm sure he done it willingly. I would think so, I don't know that. I don't got no way a knowin' whether they were forced or not. Actually there never was too much said about it, other than they forced 'em out.

It's just like the Marine Corps and all up in there. See, that's how come the Samsky's settled in Independent Hill and opened that store up there. They bought a place as you goin' up [Rte.] 234 it's a curve that goes right around goin' up [Rte.] 234 there's a big white house sittin' on the side a the road. The Marine Corps bought that little farm there.

During the war the German prisoners was held in there in Camp Two. That was right below where I was born and raised. We always went down there, 'cause that was the part of dad's work. at that time, they had a little metal tag that you put on your license plate and it said Fort Belvoir on it. You had to have it to get in and out of there. Well, Camp Three is over there off from the office, and then Camp Two and Camp Five is up there off a Joplin Road. I heard that they had German prisoners. I don't know that they was there.

I don't know if it was legal or not, the reason why I got to go in there was daddy was workin' there for the Department of the Army and he made arrangements with 'em, to get the garbage outa the camps down there. I'd go down there with him when we hauled the garbage out.

I can't, as far as knowin' what else was goin' on. I was raised, if it wasn't any a your business, you didn't try to find out 'bout it. If you don't want nobody to know nothin', don't tell 'em.

Hilda Howard and Margaret Simmons

Well, my grandmother, Pennie Williams, sold land to the park. We came over here in '40-something or other. They had already sold park property. I'm sure they probably give them money, they taken the property. They had to move. That was back in the '30s or something. The government do whatever they want; they take what they want.

The mine was down there on the Holloway Hills. If you go around the curb going up the Mine Road, we used to call it Rena Bates, Holloway owns it now. Hickory Ridge disappeared because the government taken their property. They had taken it all. A lot of folks held out, they didn't want to move. Mary

Byrd used to shoot at the government officials. Ovie and Mary Catherine Bates was the last persons to leave. They didn't want to leave, they had to leave. 'Cause didn't nobody want to leave. They was trying to figure out why they was buying the property. What was they going to do with it? They didn't do anything with it. When the government wants something, they put you off and they give you the price that they want to give you, and you have to go. When they say, "GO", you go. Just relocate.

Charles Reid and Annie Reid Bates

My father lived in Prince William Forest Park, which they called Hickory Ridge then. This was in like the 1800 or 1900s. That's when my father was born, Theodore Joseph Reid, and his other siblings. All my grandfather's property, they named it Turkey Run now...My grandmother and grandfather purchased the land up there around 1889 and it was considered Hickory Ridge then. I dare say that I think Batestown was here before Hickory Ridge. I think Joplin, it came after, as far as the blacks on Williams Road and stuff like that. I think that came after they took the land. All those people moved up there. You can find almost every name that lived in Hickory Ridge moved up to Joplin Road. That's basically where people relocated.

Every year my father used to go pick fruit off the trees where he used to live. I don't know if he got permission from somebody or whatever. He told me that he went over there in the park once. This is when the CCC camps were up. He said all of a sudden, there were machine guns pointed at him. Of course, that was during the OSS times, and they didn't want anybody to know. My father suspected that someone was being held there. He got wind that there were some prisoners or something up there. Whether they were German, Japanese, whatever he didn't say.

My grandfather was the largest landowner up there, period. He was the most prominent one as far as getting the most out of his land. I want to know why nothing is named after him. Was it the fact that my grandmother was kicking and screaming on the porch? That she gave them holy hell because she didn't want to leave? That was Annie Reid. My father's grandfather had died then. And, my dad, he basically said when her husband died, and she had to fight that by herself, her life changed. It changed her tremendously. She had kids and nowhere to go. From owning 75 acres, to have to buy an acre of land to live on, she did this. The money that they gave her was like peanuts. She bought right across from Johnson Road. Right across from the cemetery. I think it happened in the '40s. I asked her, I said, 'Grandma, why did you not want to leave?' She said, 'My husband was buried there. I could sit on my porch and see my husband every day. See my son every day. Why do I want to leave?"

Like I said, it was just a hard time. My father said he used to watch people

being kicked out; and, he'd say he knew that eventually it was going to get to them. There was nothing they could do about it. Lack of education, even though my grandmother and her kids were somewhat educated, they weren't totally educated, not like the younger ones. They knew they would have probably had to obtain a lawyer, at least fought it. she basically just sat there. She didn't really do anything. She was the only one that had say-so over the land. Because, like I said, my grandfather was dead. She was in a stupor and they just couldn't get her out of there. My father, he knew that something was going to be done and something had to be planned. I think when they first took her property she went to D.C. I think she stayed with her daughter maybe before she bought the land with the money. , all of them said that she was just hurt so bad, you know.

Present day now, we know that was totally wrong. Once the land was finished, when it wasn't used for OSS purposes or the Marine Corps Base...it was more than enough land. They didn't want it and then they gave it back over to the park. I think those people should have had the opportunity to buy the land back. I think that's an injustice that will haunt this country for the rest of my life. What was the reason given to them for having to clear the land, for them having to move out? It was during the war and it was a war effort, and they said they needed the land, the Marine Corps base was already established, they wanted to expand it, if I'm not mistaken. And, you were considered dishonorable if you didn't want to help the effort. I have an older brother that actually joined WWII. Well he got drafted in the Navy. And he served two years on this ship, he couldn't be considered Navy. He could only wear uniforms that said he was a steward on this ship. He wasn't considered Navy.

Mary Byrd was my mom's aunt on my mother's side. It's hard. I can't tell you who she was, what she did, or what she was famous for. I can tell you only that her land backed up my grandfather's land, and they named a branch in the Park after her. A lot of people sold their land, and I think the ones that had pretty good land and didn't want to start over, they condemned the land. I think she was one of the ones they condemned. I understand she resisted. A lot of people did. The fact that she may have continued going back to the land was resistance, which my father then did a lot. Because they had fruit trees and we used to still go back and pick the fruit. Old pear trees. Huge pears. I remember it like it was yesterday. We used to have big sacks of pears off that park. My father said, 'Those are his daddy's pears, and he was going to get 'em'. And we got 'em.

CONCERN AND CONTROVERSY

Prisoners of War

Lee and Hilda Lansing recalled a time when prisoners were held in the camp. Others have

admitted to hearing the same information, but it was often discounted it as a rumor.[19]

> As soon as the CCC disbanded, it was used by the military for a prison camp. You didn't get to hear much about this. You're not going to be able to find nothing in the records because this as a hush-hush deal. I don't think you ever knew about that Some of the political prisoners were brought in from other countries. The prison camps were during the 1940s during WWII. You couldn't even get back in there. If you were driving, you went just so far and there was a gate. If you tried to walk in, coming in through the woods or something, you stood to be shot. It was the tightest security that I have ever seen in my life. What it was, they brought in political people from foreign countries who had been accused of crimes against the nation and they kept them out there like a prison. I think that after the hostility ceased they were probably turned loose. I don't know. I couldn't tell you. Some of them are still around.[20]

Relocation of Cemeteries

One of the main concerns voiced by residents was the access to and care of cemeteries. Gravesites included family plots, single graves, and church cemeteries. The burial places of family members became an issue at the time people were displaced. In 1943, Lee Lansing worked for Department of the Navy in Quantico in the Public Works Office. One of his first tasks was to move graves from the old family cemeteries that were located in the training area for the Marine Corps Base. The government opened two new cemeteries to accommodate the burials to be relocated. The Cedar Run Cemetery, in Prince William County, was established for white bodies and the Carver Cemetery, on the Stafford County line was for blacks (Dunn ms circa 1993). Lee explained that some families left their kin in place rather than moving them. According to John Alexander, some of the families let them know the cemeteries were there and they didn't bother them. The relatives didn't want them moved in the first place so they just let them sleep there. As the old folks say, "Don't wake

[19] It was during WWI that the Foreign Service Institute employed native speakers to work with linguists to teach military personnel to speak languages fluently and with non-detectable accents. Perhaps the Germans seen by the local people were working with the OSS as language instructors and were not prisoners of war.

them. Let them sleep."

Wearly and Wesson of Muncie, Indiana was awarded the contract for the job of disinterment and reburial of the bodies (Scheel 2002). The controversy arose over the way in which sacred sites were handled.

> One of the men, for instance, they hired a firm to disinter bodies and somewhere here I've got the price they were paid. It was an out-of-state firm. They came in, what happened is, on Friday afternoon when its time to quit, if they were in the middle of disinterring a body, they just stopped. Well, one of the fellows, told me, he said his mother was very upset about them not showing proper respect at the gravesite. So she let him go up into the woods and watch 'em. And she said, I want you to tell me what happens up there. Because he could hide out, where an adult couldn't do it that well, couldn't get out of there. So he went up and watched. And he watched where they had disinterred one body in which they didn't get all the body and they took, the head was separate and so he watched this, went home and reported this to his mother. His mother called the company the following Monday, and said this has happened, and of course they swore up and down that it hadn't. Well she went to the Base over it, they ended up going back and checking and sure enough found it. (Kirby)

Ray Woolfenden referred to *Hundred Old Cemeteries in Prince William County*. He recalled that after the government took over, many of the tombstones that were on the graves disappeared.

> At Belle Haven, many of the stones disappeared and my wife and I put new stones on the graves. They had put four fences around Belle Haven cemetery. As the troops were training, they mashed the fences down, and I had to get up and put another one up. So this time, they put up a nice fence, one of the trees fell and tore up portions of the fence, and I'm after them right now to get that portion fixed. However, they didn't have the sign on there, Belle Haven. It just had the government sign. I went to them, talked quite a bit, and got the Belle Haven sign on the cemetery.
> There's a brick fence around the graveyard. See, there's eight Able graveyards in the area. One of them is, in fact there's a couple of them, right on the property of the Prince William Forest Park. (Woolfenden)

The concerns about the care of the cemeteries continued. A letter written by John Porter to

[20] Mr. Lee Lansing is a well-known local historian.

Lieutenant General E.T Cook, Commanding General Marine Corps Combat Development Command dated February 5, 1991 is evidence of the neglect of the Cedar Run Cemetery. Mr. Porter expresses his concern over uncut grass, standing water, and tombstones in disrepair. He writes:

> The ancestors of many people still living in this area are buried in the cemetery and many of the descendants are concerned about the care of the graves of their loved ones. When the Marine Corps acquired a sizeable amount of land for the Quantico reservation in the early 1940s, the graves of many of those buried on the land acquired were moved to Cedar Run Cemetery, which was established by the Marine Corps for that purpose.

Lt. Gen. Cook did respond. He indicated that the graves would be given the attention needed. Today, the cemeteries located within the Park are considered private and the care and maintenance is the responsibility of the families. What must be remembered is that cemeteries are special sites of memory (Francis et al. 2002). The fact that some grave sites are neither visible nor accessible due to vegetation makes them no less important in conserving this place.

All in all, the period of displacement and forced relocation was a time of loss for the people of the Cabin Branch Community. The stories make clear the pain and anger many families experienced because of the loss. For some, the resentment remains to this day. This was never more evident than at an attempt at reconciliation sponsored by the Eastern Prince William Ministerial Association and held in Williams Field in Prince William Forest Park June 20, 1999. The theme, "Breaking the Legacy of Racism: Honoring the Displaced Families of Prince William Forest Park," acknowledged the damage that lingers with the intent of offering a way of healing.

PART THREE: CONSERVING PLACE

CHAPTER SIX

MEMORIES, MEANING, AND CONSERVING PLACE

Memories form the basis for conserving the legacy and heritage of people with ties to PRWL. Memories shared by former residents helped to re-create an image of the Cabin Branch Community of the past. The stories illustrate a sense of connection that has surpassed changes brought on by involuntary relocation in two separate waves in response to different circumstances. The meaning this place holds for individuals was expressed in comments about the land and the values of growing up in this community.

Values of Home and Land

> Do you know that the morals of our country have gone down. Your preachers and your teachers, you looked up to them. You thought they were something from heaven—any of your officials.
>
> Your teachers wouldn't smoke a cigarette in front of you for nothing in the world. My mother had seven of them [teachers] that lived in the house... The teacher was a role model for everything, and your preacher was, and your doctors, and you didn't tell lies to your kids. (Lansing)
>
> I can tell you without a doubt, there is no way in the world I would ever want to be brought up anywhere else. This is probably the best experience for me that I could have ever had in a million years. If I had to do any of it over again, I wouldn't want to change a thing. 'Cause you learn to appreciate it. We

didn't have expensive stuff, but we had a lot. If it was beans, you could eat all the beans you want. But if you were looking for a steak and potatoes, you were at the wrong house. We didn't have it. And everybody ate the same thing. It wasn't no you eat this, you eat that, or you eat that. It's just amazing the things that were considered nothing, not only my mother, but the women up here could prepare and make it taste like a good meal. It was no throw away stuff. (Reid/Bates)

A major concern of Batestown residents is the future as many see recent changes as ringing in the end of their community. "In the old days people looked out for each other; today they don't." (Reid)

Everybody was the same. Even if somebody was a little bit ahead of somebody else, they still shared with them and tried to help the people who weren't doing that well. That's the one thing we miss, now. That's what's happened now with Afro-Americans. We don't do that. The Mexicans do it. The Spanish do it. They all do it and that is why they achieve. We don't do that anymore. It's like now when we get ahead, we're ahead. Oh, poor y'all, well we have arrived. We don't do that share thing anymore. (Washington)

Now everybody's like private, don't want you to know anything of their business or whatever. Back then, it was you couldn't do enough to help your neighbor or whatever. Now, I guess people just want to be left alone, by themselves. My business is my business. Back then, everybody's business was everybody's business, because you know if you got sick or something burned down, they'd build it back up. I do know that, my dad would say so. (Reid/Bates)

I saw changes when I left. Once I grew up I saw people that lived a different lifestyle as far as the way they survived. They'd died off and their kids just did things differently or just didn't want to be bothered. (Reid)

Of equal concern is the loss of land.

I think it was always instilled in you growing up to keep the land. Don't let it get away for tax purposes and things like that. It's just now that I think the land is beginning to get away. Maybe not so much to taxes, but I guess they're just moving on. Well, I think with the newer generations, they sought jobs that were paying more than this area. And, there are not that many jobs in the area. I think they just sort of went with the jobs. But back then keeping the land was very important. I guess one generation was looking out for the next. There would always be a place you could call home. (Bates/Glass)

> A lot of that land, they've run water up there now and stuff and that's going to change that place huge. Once they do that, you can look out, it's going to change it big time. The people that live there aren't going to be able to afford to live there. I guarantee that.
>
> I've seen a lot of land that was given away for nothing. Everyday they're losing information. It just upsets me that they have more information on the CCC camp than on the people that actually lived there. (Reid)

Larry Williams reminisced about his early years in Hickory Ridge and contemplated what would have happened if the land had not been taken.

> I think about Hickory Ridge a lot. I think about the ways it was, the ways I feel when I come up. The way I was raised and things I used to do. I think about it a lot. I often wonder sometimes what it maybe would have been like if the government had never taken it. It's just something that runs through your mind every now and then. My father said this must be the best place in the world to live. Everybody that comes here stays.

The Cabin Branch Community of Hickory Ridge and Batestown no longer exist. In the absence of built form, the cultural history of PRWI depends on the memories and the meanings they hold for former residents now residing in nearby towns and along the outer boundaries of Prince William Forest Park.

Creating a Cultural Heritage Site

A major aim of this project was to make recommendations for ways of restoring the legacy of this community and conserving a shared sense of place. Individuals offered suggestions for a meaningful tribute to commemorate those with ties to parkland. Other ideas for conserving place relate to historic preservation and conservation practices as well as models of memorialization and the creation of heritage sites. The following recommendations reflect the requests of former residents. In addition, consideration is given to the mission of the

National Park Service and Prince William Forest Park to enhance the experience of visitors through educational and interpretive services, increase an interest in stewardship, and to acknowledge the cultural diversity of all people with ties to parkland. McDonnell (2003:99-100) explains that,

> The National Park Service has a unique and important role in documenting and preserving the nation's cultural and historical memory....It's primary mission has been to conserve park natural and cultural resources and to make those resources available to the public. Oral history is uniquely suited to that mission (see also McDonnell and Weible 2003)

The report of the National Park System Advisory Board in July 2001 states that,

> We are coming to understand that parks become richer when we see them through the cultures of people whose ancestors once lived there....the diverse ethnic groups, and nationalities that farms and factories of a growing nation have also created cultural landscapes worthy of preservation (Franklin 2001: 6-9).

The recommendations point out specific points gleaned from the interviews, but Charles Reid summarizes best what community members would like to have remembered.

> I guess the way the people lived in *harmony* [author italics]. I really want that. I think that's very important. Blacks and whites lived together during that age. My Dad stressed to me, his father and his mom had lived the American dream. They had the land, they had their kids, they had everything they wanted. They didn't think they'd ever have to do anything. They had land where the kids could move around. And they had the opportunity to give one acre of it away to the kids.

In August 18, 2007, the first Annual Batestown Families Reunion was held in Camp Five of Prince William Forest Park. We attended on Saturday. About 250 attendees enjoyed the weekend activities, food, and fellowship. Without a doubt the legacy of Batestown and Hickory Ridge will be remembered and passed on to younger generations as former residents of this parkland and their families continue to share their memories of this site and strive to make "Conserving Place" a reality.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1. The plaque has been placed at the overlook to the Cabin Branch Pyrite Mine. This provides a picture and description of the mine. Standing there is like going back in time and the visitor can visualize the shafts, the buildings, and the activity that was once a part of this space.

2. A cultural heritage trail is essential as a way of restoring the sense of community that once existed and identifying places of significance in the lives of those who lived here. A plaque can identify the location of a church, a store, a school, or a homestead to orient visitors about the human history associated with the Park. Time is of the essence in contacting elders in the communities to help identify the exact location of significant places they would like to see remembered.

3. One way of recognizing people is by naming roads and trails after individuals or families as known by former residents. Unlike many naming practices for roadways and buildings that reward the efforts of the powerful and elite, the pathways in PRWI should include the names of ordinary people with special contributions to the history of the Park.

4. Mine Road should be renamed Batestown Road, in recognition of the historical importance of one of the earliest free African American communities in Virginia and enclaves of community spirit and cooperation across races.

5. Continue to collect oral histories from all groups associated with the Park and use the

narratives in educational programming.

6. Special storytelling activities could link older adults and youth. This can be accomplished by inviting community members to become a part of the Park's educational and interpretive services.

7. Continue to upgrade visual, print, and electronic media resources for the Visitors Center and The Turkey Run Educational Center. Include sources that will focus on the cultural history of PRWI.

8. Build a model of the Park as it was at various periods of time. This provides an immediate visual image of the people and the architecture of the past. Include sawmills, gristmills, Carter's Day Camp, churches, local community stores and other significant places.

9. Collect artifacts, public and private documents, maps, and other resources on file that can be utilized for display. Family members may be willing to lend items for an exhibit that focuses on community life.

10. Continue to seek funding for expanding the oral history program of the National Park Service and Prince William Forest Park. Funds are needed for audio and visual recording equipment, cataloging, storage, and preservation of tapes and transcripts, public outreach, and training in oral history for project leaders and interviewers. In-service education programs and workshops for all Park staff are essential to promote better understanding of the cultural diversity and the value of conserving place. Furthermore, fostering public-private

partnerships will increase the likelihood that oral history becomes a significant part of the park experience.

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Archival Collections Located At The Following Libraries And Research Centers
RELIC Room, Bull Run Library, Manassas, VA.
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Marine Corps University, The Alfred M. Gray Research Center, Quantico, VA.
National Archives and Records Administration (Archives II), College Park, MD.
National Park Service, National Capital Region, Washington, DC.
Prince William Forest Park Archives, Triangle, VA.

Individual Holdings
Marine Corps University, The Alfred M. Gray Research Center, Quantico, VA.
MCB Quantico Public Works Collection.
Box 4. 50,000 Acres, Guadalcanal Area.
Folder 3: History of Acquisition.
Folder 4: Miscellaneous Correspondence
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