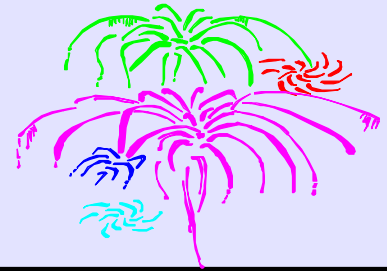


# Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors



July 2006

Welcome Neighbors,

Independence Day – or the 4<sup>th</sup> of July – provides us time to reflect on our great country and to appreciate what we have and what we have become: **One Nation, Under GOD, Indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for All.** Enough said.

On a different note, we would like to thank everyone for the contributions that have been made to the collection of stories and pictures of our Brentsville Neighbors. We run the risk of missing someone – it's bound to happen – so we will apologize in advance for the mistakes – but we very much want to publicly thank so many of you who are making this such a worthwhile effort.

**Personal Memories** have been received from Bobbie Ratliff, Catherine Counts, DeLancey Webster, Eddie Powell, Edith Turner, Frances Chandler, George Melvin, Gladys Eanes, Jennings Breeden, Juliet Webster, Kay Breeden, Lucy Hartman, Mrs. Helen Hammond, Nick Webster and Verona Craig. Others are “in the works” and will be added to the list. And yes, not all of these have been printed yet but they will be – as the most important part of our little newsletter!

**Photographs** have been contributed by Bill Wade (see a few of his on page 4), Bobbie Ratliff, Connie Hollins, Daniel Breeden, DeLancey Webster, Edith Turner, Edna

Golladay, Faye Samsky, Frankie Golladay, Franklin Cornwell, Freddy Wolfe, George Melvin, Gladys Eanes, Harry Visger, Mrs. Helen Hammond, Jennings Breeden, Juliet Webster, Lucy Hartman, Mary Turner, Mary Pumphrey, Peggy Venere, Ron Turner, and Ruth Dotson.

**Other Assistance** has been provided by George Melvin, “Buster” Keyton, Frank Golladay and Billy & Joy Golladay, Barbara Janay, Gladys Eanes and others, we are sure. And equally important are the compliments and encouragement we receive from so many of you. We seem to have something special going on and that's a very good thing.

We hope your Independence Day is safe and full of summer fun.

Nelson and Morgan.

## This month:

- A Brentsville Building: -----pages 2,3
- Remembering Brentsville-----pages 5,6
- Flashback! - - - - - page 6
- In Our Town - - - - - - - - - -page 6
- Where Wild Things Live-pages 4,7

## **Featured Brentsville Building - “Wooly Booly Farm” Home of Michael & Barbara Janay**

Barbara and Michael Janay have been residents of Brentsville for the past 20 years. The farm was called “Clover Springs Farm” when they purchased it in 1975 but two years ago, they changed the name to the “Wooly Booly Farm” after deciding to raise sheep.

The Janay home is listed in the National Register as VDHR 76-338, and is described as a frame, gable-roofed, three-bay vernacular I-house with red sandstone foundation. It is two stories and has a one-story full length front porch with sawn decorative details. These three-bay frame I-houses with front porches are seen throughout Prince William County and were one of the most common designs for local domestic architecture at the turn of the century. Later additions include a gable roofed frame garage.

Ownership of the property goes back to the foundation of Brentsville in 1822. For the purpose of this report, we have not attempted to identify the owners prior to 1900. That is when Dr. Peter B. Bowen and his wife, Margaret, lived here. In 1902 Dr. Bowen died intestate and his property passed to his daughter, Ada H. Oertly, his son, Walter F. Bowen, and his widow, Margaret H. Bowen. Upon Walter’s death, his will (probated May 29, 1818—WB “Y” p333) left his estate to his mother, Margaret. On March 10, 1921, Margaret, Ada and her husband sold the property to L.A. Jamison (DB75/270) who lived there with his wife, Ada, for about 17-1/2 years.

On September 27, 1938, L.A. and Ada Jamison sold their property, which had now become known as the Bowen/Jamison Place, to T.S. Bradshaw (DB101/222). The sale consisted of all of Square 14 (lots 49, 50, 51 and 52); Square 16 (lots 57, 58, 59 and 60); and Square 17 (lots 61, 62, 63 and 64) as originally laid out in the

Brentsville configuration (DB008/348). The Bradshaw’s owned a hunk of Square 5 as well but that will be discussed with another building in the future. This property was sold on July 19, 1945, to J. Carl Kincheloe (deed reference not yet identified). For whatever reason, Carl and his wife, Edna, sold the property just two weeks later (August 3, 1945) to Manard F. Walters (DB116/275). Manard and his wife, Florence, lived here with their daughter, Eula Marie, until his death at which time the property was willed to Florence (WB12/167). Upon her death in 1955, her will transferred the property to her daughter, Eula Marie Walters (DB0196/467). Eula (unmarried) did not wish to keep the property so shortly after her mother’s death she sold the property to Roland and Virginia Stephenson on January 1, 1956 (DB196/467).

The Stephenson’s lived here until March 28, 1964, when they sold the property to Jacob and Hulda Vogel (DB198/80). The Vogel’s kept it only three months and sold it to Paul and Beatrice Kirk on June 25, 1964 (DB320/721). Two years later they sold to Norman and Virginia Gooding on September 21, 1966 (DB326/109). Rev. Gooding was pastor of Hatchers Memorial from 1964 until 1971. After five years, the Gooding’s sold their property as two separate parcels, both to Jerry and Linda Dodson (DB603/527 & DB645/812). After two years Jerry and Linda sold to James and Anne Mace on March 31, 1973 (DB680/242). And finally, the Mace family sold “Clover Springs Farm” to Michael and Barbara Janay on May 25, 1976 in a transaction that contained two parcels: Parcel #1 consisting of lots 61, 62, 63 and 64 (Square 17) and parcel #2 consisted of lots 65, 66, 67, and 68 (Square 16), each of which contained 86,739 square feet. And so it is now the “Wooly Booly Farm” with sheep in the field and persimmons along the fence. Watch for Barbara’s story in a future edition.

# Wooly Booly Farm - Home of Michael & Barbara Janay



***Photo above by M. Breeden, January 19, 2002  
Two photos below taken by Nancy Born, July 1989 for the  
National Register of Historic Places, File #76-338***





**Photos from Bill Wade:**

(top) Laura Seymour – raised my dad and housed the teachers that taught in one room school



## Where WILD things live..



*Terrapene carolina carolina*  
Eastern Box Turtle

Bert (a male on the left) and  
Myrt (a female on the right)  
live on the Tavern Lot

See page 6 for information on them.



Left: William "Billy"  
Norton Wade with his  
great-grandmother,  
Susan Emma (Beavers)  
Keys c1939



Right: Four generations  
— Susan Emma (Beavers) Keys, Lillie Myrtle  
(Keys) Landis, Thelma  
Ellen (Landis) Wade,  
and William "Billy"  
Norton Wade

# DeLancey Webster

## Childhood Memories of Brentsville

1940's and 1950's (Part 1)

Name: DeLancey (Lance) Webster  
DOB: February 24, 1943  
POB: Brentsville, VA  
Father: Nicholas Webster  
Mother: Agnes Gill (Machen) Webster  
Siblings: Younger sister Juliet Agnes Webster and older half brother Gill Machen.

When I was born (in a hospital in Washington D.C.) our family lived in a big old restored 18<sup>th</sup> Century white brick house in Brentsville, Virginia. The house sat on a slight rise about a dozen yards off Rt. 619, in those days a gravel road just wide enough for two cars to pass. There was a grocery store about a hundred yards down the road ("the Store"), and in later years a second one (Steven's Store) was added across the road on the far corner of the vacant lot adjacent to our property.

The White House, as it came to be called, was Georgian Colonial in style, cool in the summer and toasty in the winter, except when the basement furnace occasionally malfunctioned. On such occasions we used the eight fireplaces to keep us warm, and later a wood stove in the pine-paneled, brick-floored add-on kitchen. A kitchen fireplace vented the stove. Throughout my childhood, chopping wood was a regular chore. But I recall that to provide an adequate flue for the basement furnace, one upper room fireplace had to be bricked in. I still remember the warmth that floor-to-ceiling white-painted brick wall generated when the furnace was functioning.

The house came with about 50 acres of woodland...with vastly more woodland and open fields belonging to others stretching beyond for what seemed like miles. At the rear of our 50 acres was a small river – called a 'run' — Cedar Run, I think – which eventually flowed into a distant reservoir for the Washington area – a fact which enabled my mother in later years to claim reduced real estate taxes because, she claimed – and they agreed – that the land should not be developed, damaging the runoff and water supply.



Immediately adjacent was the home of the Wolfe family (their son Freddie was a contemporary and pal of my older half brother Gill Machen, from my mother's first marriage, who was about 8 or 9 when I was born.

Early on my father made a wooden pine table for the kitchen. He, my brother and an old family friend carved their initials in that table. It is still the proud and constantly used centerpiece of the kitchen, some 65 years later.

**EARLY MEMORIES** - Early memories ... playing endlessly on a tire swing dad made in the back yard, later supplanted by a hammock ... the gravel of route 619 under my bare feet ... Sunday bible school ... going back to the red clay hills with my father and older brother to plant kudzu, plant pine trees, and put junk in gullies to prevent erosion ... playing cowboys and Indians with Morgan Earl and Jennings Breeden and Homer Pearson and his brothers ... swimming in the various creeks and runs surrounding Brentsville ... washing our car in the 'ford' on one of the back roads nearby ... finding green grass snakes and turtles in the yard ... catching fireflies and setting them free on hot summer evenings ... racing my sister up the road some fifty yards to the mailbox ... endless hours of tossing roadside pebbles in the air and batting them with a baseball bat into the field across the road in front of the house ... damming up the roadside drain during rainstorms to create little mini-ponds in front of the house ... endless mowing and raking ... earning pocket money mowing Mrs. Cox's lawn at nearby Moor Green.

**HALLOWEEN** - Halloween brings back special memories ... costume parties my parents held and the scary dummy they would hang by the neck from a low branch of the giant, aged, ivy-covered gum tree in the front yard ... riding on a fire truck in a Manassas Halloween parade and being hastily dumped overboard by the firemen when a real fire broke out nearby ... bobbing for apples in Mrs. Cox's dank basement on Halloween ... Mrs. (Elaine) Levine (the Lake Jackson



# Flashback

## County Will Stage Picnic on August 5

### Prince William Group to Hold Annual Event at Brentsville.

Special to The Washington Post.

Brentsville, Va., July 21.—The annual picnic of Prince William County will be held on the old courthouse grounds here on August 5, according to announcement of the committee today.

In addition to the regular features in which home demonstration groups and 4-H clubs participate, there will be the added feature this year of a special program in connection with the two hundredth anniversary of Prince William County. The program will be held in the morning, while athletic games, including a baseball game between northern and southern Prince William teams, and horse shoe championships will be scheduled for the afternoon.

**Source:** *The Washington Post* (1877-1954); Jul 22, 1931; ProQuest Historical Newspapers The Washington Post (1877 - 1989) pg. 18

### In Our Town

12 Jun 1875  
Deed Book #25

Ordered that the Treasurer of this County do pay to Lucian A. Davis clerk of this Court fifty dollars for the purpose of redeeming deed book No. 25 now held by a party at Meadville Pennsylvania & also the sum of forty dollars to defray said Davis expenses in going to and returning from said Meadville Pennsylvania.

**Source:** Prince William County Virginia, Clerk's Loose Papers, Volume VII, Copyright 2005, Ronald Ray Turner.

## Where WILD Things Live

### *Terrapene carolina carolina* Eastern box turtle

Box turtles of the genus *Terrapene* only occur in North America. The name *Terrapene* is appropriately derived from a native American (Algonquian) word for turtle. They are among the most attractive and widely known of all turtles. It has even appeared on a U.S. postage stamp! Their appearance is very variable. The basic color of the carapace may be light brown to black, but both the carapace and the skin are brightly marked with yellows and oranges.

Box turtles are protected from collection in most states in which they occur. They are particularly active at dawn on a rainy day, and late May through June is the most active time of year. Moving or relocating them will only result in tragedy. First, they will likely try to return home, and thus wander out into a road somewhere else. More importantly, they could carry a disease to a population which was unprepared for it, and thus kill hundreds of other turtles.

Normally, 4-6 eggs are laid but box turtle nests have a high mortality rate due to predators such as skunks and raccoons. It takes about 3 months or so for them to hatch but sometimes the young will overwinter in the egg.

Box turtles seem to start out as carnivores and end up being omnivorous. They are related to aquatic turtles more closely than they are to tortoises, and thus share the aquatic turtle's affinity for meat. Box turtles love to feed on rainy mornings when their chief prey - slugs and earthworms - are likely to be found. In addition, box turtles are keen to the seasons, and refuse to eat during the fall and winter, or even on hot summer days. In nature, they just wouldn't find food on such days, so they don't even bother to look. The turtles should go into hibernation about the time that the leaves fall, and come out when the leaves are starting to reappear on the trees.

They die by the thousands on the roads, and suburbanization is bringing them into contact with those egg-stealing raccoons. Cats are eating the babies. It's not a good time to be a box turtle, and much work is needed to help them survive.

**Source:** <http://www.tortoise.org/archives/terrapen.html>  
<http://www.marietta.edu/~mcshaffd/boxt/faq.html>

(Continued from Page 5)

artist) painting a face on top of her husband's bald head – he sat for hours staring down at his lap leaving the rest of us wondering who was this stranger's face confronting us.

I remember waiting for the big yellow school bus every morning for the ride to Brentsville District High School in Nokesville, VA.

Later I remember being friends with George and Corky Powell who lived about a half mile away and had a big barn with lots of hay bales ... hours of fun building tunnels and secret hiding places in the hay, and more cowboys and Indian play.

As I got older I remember riding my bicycle in to Manassas on Saturdays to go to movies ... sometimes with Alvin Yarger, who lived on a farm about a mile and a half west of Brentsville. I remember serials ... was it Superman? Or Batman?

I remember that we used to have a big barn behind the house, but it was torn down ... and later my father had an acre-and-a-half farm pond dug in a drainage valley full of natural springs some 200 yards behind our house. We spent many hours swimming there with other kids from the neighborhood in the summers ... and went ice skating in the winters. Sometimes we used a tractor mower to pull us around on the ice.

I remember when – in the early 1950's – part of the empty lot across the road from our house became a stark white rectangular cinderblock Presbyterian church. For years there was no landscaping, and my mother would go stick willow branches in the church's front yard ... which would promptly be mown over. Over time, a steeple of sorts, landscaping and some additions have given the church a more respectable look.

I remember going alternately to the Baptist and Presbyterian churches' Sunday schools, not out of any sense of spirituality, but rather because both were social centers in the small Brentsville community. Sunday school served not only to teach us songs like "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," but also as babysitters for a few hours one day a week for tired parents in need of rest. (The religious part of church never quite got to me. I was raised to believe that a person's relationship to the Almighty and to the Universe were best defined in a very personal sense by each individual, and that the power of religion lies more in the power of belief than in the object of belief. Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Buddhist, Hindu, Islamic, Christian and Jewish, faith, art and music, for example, all occur to me as equally inspired and powerful, equally beautiful. And all religions can be similarly terrifying and destructive — full of the controversies, contradictions, improbabilities, perversions, and horrors, and the goodness, that comprises the human

condition. All embody what people have discovered is very good advice on how to behave and get along with other people and species on the planet, which is, after all, what religions are really all about. Or should be. )

(My mother, Agnes Webster, in addition to teaching us the words and tune for the likes of 'Jimmy Crack Corn,' and 'Nicodemus the Slave,' and 'Red River Valley,' always sought to inculcate these values: that one should avoid harming others, obey reasonable and just laws, support yourself and your dependents, and strive to leave the world a bit better for your having passed through it. "If there is a Heaven," she would say, "such a life will get you in. Going to church has nothing to do with it." Those have been my lifelong guiding principles. I note that Christ, Mohammad, Buddha, Confucius, and The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Ghandi, Mother Teresa, the Rev. Martin Luther King, and President Jimmy Carter — and others — seem to more or less agree with my Mother, and so for that I admire them. But enough digressing.)

Though I now live in California, I return at least once a year to visit the family home, which my sister-in-law Betty Machen now owns and maintains. In a nation as young and transient as ours, it is perhaps unusual to be able to return in your fifties and sixties to the same home where you crawled on the ancient polished wooden floorboards as a baby; where you fell on your chin from atop the double-decker bed and still carry the scar; where the aged wooden steps creaked so consistently that you got to know the unique sound of each tread, and that you could never avoid being discovered sneaking in late at night; where you built model ships and airplanes; and where you huddled late at night with a radio to listen to Nat Albright 'recreate' Brooklyn Dodger baseball games. And I still remember the very first time I stayed up all night, because I could not put down "Gone with the Wind," and read it to the finish ("I just won't think about that. I'll think about that tomorrow. After all, tomorrow IS another day") some time after sun-up.

I remember that the late 1940's and early 1950's in Brentsville/Manassas were a time when children's toys that were not hand made were few and precious. No 'Toys R Us' for us. We would thrill at the opportunity to accompany our parents in to Manassas to Cleve Fisher's hardware store, where one favorite bin held a modest supply of cast metal autos; or to Rohr's Five and Dime, where we might get to fondle the latest cap pistol and holster....and wish that Christmas would come sooner.

(Watch for Part 2 in the August Neighbors)

# *Brentsville Neighbors*

Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors  
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**Late Information:** It is now confirmed -- the History Channel will be airing the Union Church restoration on Saturday, July 8, 2006, at 11:30. Look for the show called "Back to the Blueprints."

**Brentsville Neighbors  
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