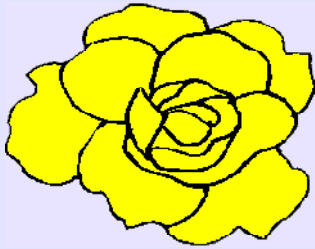


# Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors  
**June 2007**



Welcome Neighbor!

Have you ever thought about how much there is to do and how little time there seems to be? The past two months have really emphasized that for some of us. And now we are running late so beg your indulgence in our tardiness.

We certainly hope each of you have an opportunity to visit the Brentsville Courthouse Complex soon. The Union Church and Courthouse are now fully restored. The grounds feature informative signs that will provide insight on the Historic Centre that can be read at your leisure as you stroll through the beautiful site. Or, you can walk the nature trails and enjoy the quietness of the woods or relaxing time on a bench overlooking Broad Run. And if you have a special occasion where you would like a private tour for your group, please call Rob Orrison at 703-365-7895 and he will help you with the arrangements.

We are changing the format slightly again this month by skipping the Brentsville building and including two personal accounts of Brentsville. They are first cousins with roots deep in our town. We thank them both for sharing their memories with us.

So, DID YOU KNOW that June is (among other things) . . . . Adopt-A-Shelter-Cat Month, American Rivers Month, Dairy Month, Turkey Lover's Month, National Accordion Awareness Month, National Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Month, National Ice Tea Month, National Rose Month, and Zoo and Aquarium Month.

Very best wishes,  
Nelson & Morgan



## This month:

- Brentsville Memories by Clyde Breeden -----pages 2, 3 & 6
- Memories of Brentsville by Dianne Wolfe Saylor-----pages 4 & 5
- Where Wild Things Live ----- pages 4 & 7
- From the Brentsville Courthouse -----page 6
- Flashback! ----- page 7

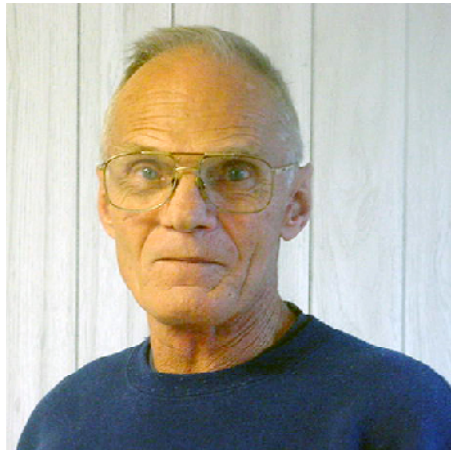
# Brentsville Memories

by  
*Clyde Wesley Breeden*

My name is Clyde Wesley Breeden. I am the oldest son of Morgan Henry and Olive Marye Breeden. I was born January 27, 1939, in granddad Wolfe's home in Brentsville. They say it was the same bed that momma was born in also. The thing I remember best about them is mom playing the organ and singing with Aunt Becky Fogle. I also remember mom and dad sitting around with Eugene playing set-back. They played cards a lot.

I lived in Brentsville all my life until I joined the Navy. I would do things with Jimmy Shoemaker and Bobby Stephens mostly. We would play ball and go into Webster's woods to make forts. We did a lot of swimming and fishing. We spent a lot of time at Pete Dickens rock on Cedar Run. I went to school at BDHS. I missed going to school in the Brentsville one-room school by two years. History was the only thing that kept me going. I hated English and Math. I just couldn't get those for some reason. I didn't play any school sports but would play ball around Brentsville with the local guys. Other than that, I enjoyed the boy scouts. Bob Nelson was the Scout Master – he was the father to a hundred kids but was never married. A.C. Bear was the Assistant Scout Master. He used to be in the Navy and he drilled us in marching at every meeting.

After school I did some seasonal work. Like in the summer I would work for Bobby Caton riding a combine. I worked at the Pitts Theater in Manassas for a while. Not much other than that. I joined the Navy when I was 17. During the Cuban Crisis I was stationed in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. We lived in big open barracks. One day I was talking to the flight engineer from the patrol squadron and he was talking about one of the guys who lived in



Nokesville but he could not make the trip to Cuba because of his Government job. It turned out to be A.C. Bear, my old Assistant Scout Master.

One of my first memories of Brentsville was a big wood pile at granddads house. I would be climbing over the wood pile while they were cutting the wood. They would always yell at me to get off before I fell and hurt myself. I was very little and when one of the boys (not sure if it was Junie or

Freddy) went out to get the cow, they would sit me on the cow to ride back to the house as if it were a horse. Mr. Webster was making a documentary and part of it was in Brentsville. He was trying to get me to ride my bicycle real slow and wave to him as I passed. I would always ride real fast so after about the fourth time he gave up. Mr. & Mrs. Webster had just got back from one of their trips and were at the courthouse showing

movies of their journey. I was really impressed with the places. I remember Grandpa Jones at the courthouse once but I don't remember any of the others. Ramona had bells on her feet that she would shake while they were singing to keep time with the music. Mrs. Hedrick would get us kids together to pick cherries to make pies. She would give us one of the pies for the work but by then we were so full of cherries that we really didn't want the pie. We had a cow and once a calf. One time the calf got out and we had to go get it and bring it home. Once Morgan and I cornered it in Webster's barn we grabbed it and it about tore us up.

We had a horse named Nellie. We had to pump water for her to drink after plowing or whatever. It would take about five minutes to get a small bucket of water and she would drink it in one slurp. I have a lot of memories of the store. They had

## *Pictures of Clyde Breeden*



(ccw) Emma Wolfe, Morgan Breeden, Ardena Eanes, Clyde Breeden, Jennings Breeden, and Earle Wolfe



While stationed in Argentina, Newfoundland



Clyde W. Breeden, about one year old



Clyde W. Breeden



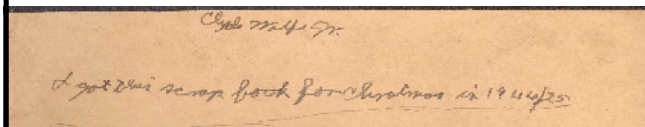
Clyde with his mother, Olive Marye Breeden, at the Wolfe Home



Clyde with his father, Morgan Henry Breeden, at the Wolfe Home



Pictures of Dianne's Father, Clyde "Junnie"  
Wolfe



(B) John F., Clyde W., Gladys L. Wolfe  
(F) Emma Wolfe



Clyde W. Wolfe



Clyde Wolfe with his grandson, Jamie  
Christmas 1977

Where WILD  
things live..



Plathemis lydia  
White Tail  
(See page 7)



Shooting pool at the home of A.V. and Gladys Eanes



A birthday wish from his family

# Childhood Memories in Brentsville

by

*Connie Dianne (Wolfe) Saylor*

Name: Connie Dianne (Wolfe) Saylor  
Born: September 22, 1955  
POB: Manassas VA  
Father: Clyde Walton Wolfe (Jr.)  
Mother: Connie (Wilson) Wolfe  
Grandparents: Clyde Wynnott Wolfe & Emma Lenora (Smith) Wolfe  
Great Grandparents: George W. Wolfe & Martha Maria (Winnett) Wolfe

I am Dianne Wolfe Saylor the 2<sup>nd</sup> daughter of Clyde & Connie Wolfe. I was born in Manassas VA, at the Medical Center. The CVS has taken over that space in a town that has grown up so much since I was a kid.

My best memories are when I would spend time with my family there, rather it be at the home of my Uncle Freddy Wolfe or my Aunt Gladys Eanes and even at Aunt Marye Breeden's home. Each house was so full of love, I was always treated as if I was their own child, and yep I even got my butt whacked a few times when I needed it.

I remember so many fun times, rather it be playing on the rope swing at cedar run or jumping out of the loft onto bales of hay, riding bikes, playing softball behind the old one room school house, or playing basketball with my cousins Cindy, David and Steve Eanes. The boys would always beat us, but if luck was on our side maybe Cindy or I would win.

Watching my aunts and uncles playing cards for hours at a time. The losers would give up their seats to two more people until there was a champion of Spades or Rook. I couldn't wait till I got older to play and now that I am, I'm still not as good as my aunts and uncles are. I remember walking down to the country store to get candy and pop. When they added another room to the little store the owners put a pool table in there for the kids. Most of us cousins would hang out there and act cool.

Going to town on Saturday morning was a trip. My cousin, Deanie Eanes, was the oldest of us girls and she could drive us and I remember Cindy and I running to the car saying I'm sitting in the front only to find out since Paul Eanes was the youngest he got that spot. Playing lawn darts or horseshoes at Aunt Marye Breeden's house.

Family reunions at the Courthouse on Bristow Road was always a good time. Cousins, aunts and uncles from all over came together to have fun. We often had reunions at the home of Gladys & AV Eanes. Granny's (Emma Wolfe) birthday parties were always a hoot, having all the family together. Easter time finding eggs, summer time going camping or at Christmas time going out to sing Christmas carols with my cousins and some of the other kids in Brentsville. I had the biggest crush on Steve Moore. I got over that real quick when my daddy found out. He had a pretty tight rope on his girls when he was around. To this day I don't know how he found out. Maybe it was when we went out to sing Christmas carols, Johnny Eanes (my cousin) had some Jack Daniels with him since it was so cold outside and I might have had too much to drink.

Or maybe it was when us cousins, Daniel Breeden, Johnny Eanes and myself went joy riding in Daniel's car. I wanted to drive the car but I didn't have a driver's license at the time because I was only a teenager, 13 or 14 yrs old I believe, but I talked Daniel into letting me drive. So we started down Bristow Road and got as far as the Church and saw that Prince William Police had a roadblock at the store so I pulled into the driveway at the church and the car stalled. Yep, I jumped into the back seat and the cop saw the whole thing. Johnny got into the driver's seat and we started

back to Daniel's trailer. The cop saw us and came after us. So we had to keep that to ourselves and Daniel Breeden and Johnny Eanes had to pay my ticket. I don't think my Daddy ever found out about that ride.

Then in 1974 my Dad found himself back home in Brentsville. By this time I was married and had a son. My father always wanted a boy to carry the Wolfe name on but he only had girls. Some say I was the boy he never had.

My parents didn't live in Brentsville when my sisters and I were growing up but I always felt like Brentsville was my home.

I miss those days, we were so young and stupid, but a good kind of stupid. You didn't have to worry about your kids out of your sight and you didn't have to lock your doors. It was a safe haven.



containers of ice cream and when it would get down to the point they could not scoop any more out, they would sell it to us for a nickel. We would use wooden spoons to get it all out. Probably got two or three scoops for only a nickel. About the biggest thing was the freedom we had as kids. Our parents had no idea where we were but they knew we were OK. There is probably no place in the world today that has the freedom that we had as kids. We may not have had telephones, but somehow if we did something wrong, word got back home before we did. Once Mr. Hensley was at the run fishing and we were throwing rocks at his bobber. He told us "Boys, don't you do that." The next day dad knew about it and we got our bottoms burned good. Today people would get locked up if they let their kids do what we did then – child abuse they would call it. Then, it was the natural thing to do and if you got spanked, it was because you deserved it and learned from the process.

Wynnett Wolfe, my uncle, made the greatest impression on me as a kid. He was my buddy. I think he was every kid's idol. He taught us everything – hunting, fishing and a lot of other things. He had a dog named Pete. He would go to the store to buy some cheese. Miss Lilly would cut off a chunk with her big knife and he would buy some crackers and off to the run we would go.

Once we were sitting out behind the house and my brother, Daniel, came back to the house with an old single-shot .22 rifle. Wynnet asked him if it was loaded and Daniel opened it up to check. Wynnett kicked him in the rear so hard it lifted him off the ground. He said, "Boy, if that gun is unloaded you should know without looking!" That was one good lesson in gun safety.

The one thing I remember most about home was having to get up in the morning to milk the cow. That was the worse punishment that I could receive. Lots of other things might have been harder but milking that cow was the worse thing as far as I was concerned. We attended church at Hatcher's Memorial Baptist Church. I remember going to bible school at the Union Church, the courthouse or the old school. Mom was a teacher but I don't remember specific details.

Now I live in Stafford County in a suburb of Fredericksburg. I enjoy day trips to go sightseeing. No place in particular – where ever the whim leads me. I like to visit Florida and stay only long enough to want to get back home to Virginia. It's hard to explain but no matter where I go, there simply is no place like Brentsville. It's like a big magnet that keeps drawing you back. Its home. You just cannot get it out of your body. When I think back to the way we grew up, it's amazing how lazy we have become. We used to walk everywhere we went back then. Now we get in the car to drive a quarter of a mile.

### **From the Brentsville Courthouse**



### **James W. Driscoll – Declaration 1 May 1826**

The undersigned James W. Driscoll being desirous to become a Citizen of the United States, makes the following report of himself, and respectfully requests the County Court of Prince William to administer the same to record, in order to his naturalization in pursuance of the laws of the United States, namely that he was born in the town of Kinsale, & County of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland, within the allegiance of the King of Great Britain & Ireland, is aged thirty seven years, migrated first from Ireland to Canada, & thence to the United States, and intends to settle in the said County of Prince William. Witness my hand this 1st day of May 1826.

James W. Driscoll.

Source: Prince William County, Virginia Clerks Loose Papers, Volumn I, 1741 - 1826, Copyright 2004 by Ronald Ray Turner.

# Where WILD Things Live

## Plathemis Lydia

(Common Whitetail)

The common whitetail is a very common dragonfly across the entire U.S. The male has large black patches on clear wings with a white abdomen, but the female is quite different, lacking the white abdomen and showing a different wing pattern.

**Description:** 1 5/8 to 1 7/8 inches, wingspan to 3 inches. Head shiny brown. Thorax gray-brown, striped or spotted with white or yellow. Male's abdomen gleaming white; female's narrower and brown with row of yellow spots. Wings have broad dark band near tip and a small black area at base. Naiad is dark brown.

**Habitat:** Near ponds, slow streams, sheltered bays, and reedy shallows.

**Range:** Nova Scotia to Florida, west to California, north to British Columbia.

**Food:** Adult feeds on small flying insects. Naiad eats small aquatic insects.

**Life Cycle:** Female hovers over water, touching surface repeatedly with abdominal tip to wash off 25-50 eggs, which hatch in about 5 days. Naiads prey in still, silty bottom.

Source: 1) National Audubon Society, Field Guide to Insects & Spiders, North America © 1890 by Chanticleer Press, Inc.

2) <http://www.greglasley.net/comwhitetail.html>

## Flashback

### BRENTSVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. John Seymour and Mr. Renninger attended the Apple Blossom Festival at Winchester last Friday.

Miss Alene Keys, of Manassas, spent Sunday at her home here.

Miss Mabel Rush, of Woodstock, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Will Golladay.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cooksey and family have moved back to their home here from Manassas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whetzel and Mrs. M. M. Spitzer spent Sunday with friends near Stearling.

Mr. and Mrs. John Donovan and daughter, Audrey, and Mrs. Ettie Allison, of Washington, were visitors of friends here Thursday evening.

Source: The Manassas Journal, May 10, 1928

The Alexandria Gazette, June 15, 1825

**TO BRIDGE BUILDERS** – The undersigned commissioners appointed by the County Court of Prince William, will receive proposals for the erection of a bridge over Cedar Run, near Brentsville until the 20<sup>th</sup> July next. The bridge is to be built of stone, or with stone abutments, with a wooden top, to be at least above high-water mark, 20 feet wide and of good material. Letters addressed to either of the subscribers, post paid will be attended to.

John R. Gilbert – Commissioner  
Michael Cleary – Commissioner  
Richard Foote – Commissioner  
Th. R. Hampton – Commissioner  
John Hall – Commissioner

# *Brentsville Neighbors*

Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors  
Contact us via e-mail on:  
[MorganBreedden@aol.com](mailto:MorganBreedden@aol.com)

**Please note:** We have recently received word of newsletters being damaged in the mail. If you receive your copy damaged or with missing pages, PLEASE let us know and we will replace the copy right away.

**Brentsville Neighbors  
c/o Morgan Breedden  
9721 Windy Hill Drive  
Nokesville, VA 20181**

**In GOD we Trust**

