

# Brentsville Neighbors



Information About Brentsville  
Shared Among Neighbors

July 2007



Welcome Neighbor!

We would like this to be the **FIRST CALL** for all former students, their families and friends to mark your calendars for September 8, 2007, 11:00am until 2:00pm or later at the Brentsville One-Room School Reunion. There was no reunion during 2006 and since our last one in 2005, several class mates have been lost from our rolls, so we want this year to be very special. It will be hosted by the PWC Historic Preservation Division who has asked Kay and Morgan Breeden to coordinate the event for them. A personalized invitation will be sent to all former students for whom we have an address with the hope that this year will find new faces among those who have attended in past years. Cake, punch and light finger foods will be provided. And since this is National Ice Cream Month, someone just might try their hand at making some home-made peach ice cream!

During the past month or so there have been several groups visit the Historic Courthouse

Centre for tours presented by one of the site volunteers including the Nokesville Homemakers Club and the Nokesville Library employees & volunteers. A special visit was made by Juliet Webster who came in from Los Angeles to have a first hand look at the restoration process. Everyone seemed to enjoy their time here and all are very pleased with the progress made at this wonderful site. If you have a group that would like a guided tour, please contact the site manger, Rob Orrison at 703-365-7895 or you can contact Morgan at 703-791-5524 and he will assist in arranging the tour for you.

So, DID YOU KNOW that July is . . . National Baked Beans Month, National Ice Cream Month, National Tennis Month, Read An Almanac Month, Anti-Boredom Month, and Hitchhiking Month.

Very best wishes,  
Nelson & Morgan

## This month:

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# Memories of Brentsville

by  
*Deanie Eanes*

I'm now 57 years old and believe that wisdom does come with age. I've lived in Brentsville several times during my life and may come back some day. The first time I lived in Brentsville I was just a baby living with my parents off Izaak Walton Road across from my Aunt Marye, Uncle Morgan, and four cousins, C.W., Morgan Earle, Jennings, and Daniel Breeden. The Breeden boys were like big brothers to me because our families were always together at one house or the other. The second time I lived in Brentsville, I was 10 years old with two brothers and a sister, when we moved from Bradley Forest to Brentsville. I was twenty years old when I left Brentsville, but I moved back home with mama and daddy several times over the years. I've lived in three states (Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia) but Brentsville will always be my home turf. It was a place where I felt safe and loved. I had real friends and was part of a small community family.

When I was growing up, it seems that we knew everyone in Brentsville and thought nothing of walking to visit friends and family or down to the bridge to watch the boys swim and dive off the bridge. We also walked to the store, collecting soda bottles for two cents and walking out of the store drinking a soda pop with peanuts in it and a bag of penny candy. Sometimes we'd stop to visit Granddaddy Wolfe (mama's daddy who lived across from our church). He would give us a nickel to spend if we'd buy him cigarettes. They never questioned us buying his cigarettes and trusted us to give him the unopened pack. Such simple pleasures!

I remember playing baseball in our yard, Aunt Marye's field or at the courthouse ball field, and playing touch football that was everything but

touch. They called me a tomboy and I lived to prove that I could handle my own with my brothers and the Brentsville boys.

Back then most of my friend's mothers stayed home to raise the kids while the fathers worked to support the family. I spent a lot of time at my house and the homes of Brenda Shoemaker,

Pam Powell, Sandra, Faynell, and Cheryl Counts. They were my best friends. We had a lot of pajama parties and one night at my house we used one of daddy's razor blades to cut our fingers and became blood sisters. It was so much fun and we were scared to death my mama or daddy would catch us.

I grew up as a member of the Brentsville Presbyterian Church attending Sunday School, church, our teen club, and singing in the choir with Eddie Powell as my favorite choir leader. We'd go caroling at

Christmas time within the neighborhood then return to the church for hot chocolate. We had several preachers over the years, but we had a church full every Sunday. I remember my Granny Wolfe sitting in the same pew every Sunday and even to this date when I visit the church I try to get Granny's seat.

I'm the oldest of six kids, four brothers (Johnny, David, Steve & Paul) and one sister (Cindy). There are 15 years between Paul and me. I remember helping mama a lot and every Saturday doing laundry. She wouldn't let me watch American Bandstand until I got my Saturday chores done, but I got them done!

I remember many good times in Brentsville and a few bad ones. For example, one time when Daniel Breeden, Jeff Urbanski, my brother Johnny and I were playing cowboys and Indians or soldiers they tied me up in the room over Jeff's garage where we often played (two doors down from mama & daddy) and left me! The boys left me to scare me.



## *Pictures of Deanie Eanes*



Deanie and her sister Cindy, "Acting Up"



Deanie with her father, A.V., Christmas, 1971



Awww...



Gladys & AV holding  
Deanie soon after she was  
born



## Nokesville Homemakers Club



Photo by Linda Wilfong. And the ladies, left to right are:  
Anna Hooker, Dottie Hill, Grace Smith, Martha Whetzel,  
Beverly Haas, Marilyn McClure (in back), Jeanne Adams, Pat  
Maxwell, Nancy Hedges - and Morgan Breedon



Juliet Webster remembers the design on the steps  
in her home (The White House) from which this  
pattern was taken.



Julie refreshing old memories of Brentsville

Where WILD  
things live..



*Thamnophis sirtalis sirtalis*  
"Eastern Garter Snake"

See page 7



The Mystery Man -- See page 5

## Who Am I? Movie Star (?) and Hero

Who is this mystery man? I was born at home in 1937 in Harrisonburg, VA. I moved to Buckhall in 1950 and to Brentsville in 1951. Dad purchased a small house from Walter Keys, between Joe keys and Walter Carter. It wasn't long before I met Shorty and Virginia Braden. Shorty was a plumber and was working in Maryland (this was before their first child was born – a son, Joseph (Joe)). Shorty asked me if I would help him clean out a building in Maryland he intended on making into an apartment for him and Virginia. The building turned out to be an old chicken house. After we cleaned and washed the building out, Virginia refused to live in it. Shorty decided to renovate the second floor of Mr. & Mrs. Joe Keys house and that was where Joe Braden was born. About 1953 Shorty and Virginia started building their house. They built the first floor, which eventually became the basement. They lived in this for a couple of years before building the rest of the house.

During 1953 I began digging the basement of Joe and Ora Keys' house to make it bigger. I worked for two or three months and when I finished, Nelson Keys gave me my first bicycle. I remember once after working loading hay on a wagon I stopped at the store in Brentsville and purchased an RC cola and cookie. I was talking to Mrs. Shoemaker and looking up at some advertising above the stove, next thing I remember I was laying on the floor looking up at Mrs. Shoemaker who was trying to wake me up. I had passed out—still don't know why—maybe too much work and not enough RC Cola!

I enlisted in the Navy on July 7, 1954, mostly because Shorty and Chuck Neider had been in the Navy. I spent four years in the Navy on the Atlantic Coast, England, France, Italy and Cuba. I was a Boilerman 2<sup>nd</sup> Class (BT2). I was released on June 28, 1958 (4 years of an 8 year obligation). I went to work for the General Services Administration (GSA) on July 10, 1958 and worked there until October 1960 when President Kennedy activated the naval Reserves for the Cuban Missile Crisis. I went aboard the USS Keller (a Naval reserve training ship) stationed in Washington, DC.

We took the ship to Norfolk to make it sea worthy and after six weeks of preparing the ship for sea duty we set sail toward Cuba. We were off the coast of North Carolina when we ran into the worst storm I had ever seen (see attached article). After the storm we went back to Norfolk Navy Ship yard for major repairs then on to Cuba where we chased Russian submarines. Little did we know at the time the submarines had nuclear warheads.

I served aboard the USS Keller until October 1962 when I was discharged. I then returned to GSA as an Engineer in Washington, DC. I finally retired in September 1997 after almost 42 – yes 42 – years of total Federal Service. During my career I was employed in almost every government building in the DC area, the Pentagon, Saudi Arabia, Winchester, National Airport and Egypt, ending my career by closing out Cameron Station in Alexandria, VA. Have you guessed my name? **Buster Keyton**

The following is a partial reprint from March 10, 1961: **Crew of Storm-Ravaged Vessel Happy to Survive 50-Degree List**

*By Jack Kestner, Norfolk Ledger-Star*

*NORFOLK VA, March 10 (Special) – Like a ship returning from the typhoon scene in "The Caine Mutiny," the destroyer-escort Keller limped into Norfolk this weekend.*

*Her forward lifelines were jury-rigged, her midship deck doors were missing from both sides, her torpedo launchers were twisted as by a giant hand, and she was skinned like a youngster's knees. But she carried a happy crew. "We're happy," said Lt Jim Corey, "just to be here." Corey, the ship's first lieutenant, was one of 131 Naval Reservists who left jobs in and around Washington last October when the Keller was reactivated and sent to Norfolk as a unit of Escort Squadron 12. The 5-ship Squadron was some 200 miles east of Cape Hatteras on an anti-submarine warfare exercise when it was seized by the worst storm to be brewed by the western Atlantic in many a year. "Seized is the word for it," said Corey. "I've never seen anything come up so fast." Across the wardroom table the ship's Chief Engineer, Lt(j.g.) Squire, the only non-reserve line officer on board, nodded in agreement. Squire was in the after-fire room at 7:30 a.m., when, without warning, a solid stream of water shot down the ventilator. "For about two minutes everything in the fire room was water and steam. That was when Keyton saved our necks." Keyton was Boilerman 2<sup>nd</sup> Class (Weldon Eugene Keyton).*

*Grabbing some foul weather gear that crewmen had left in the room to dry, he spread it over the electric motors that fed fuel to the boilers – thus preventing the ship's entire electric auxiliaries from cutting out. "The seas were like nothing I have ever*

They went on playing something else and claimed to have forgotten me. Jeff's dad went into the garage to do something and heard me crying upstairs. The boys got a spanking and never tied me up again.

What's it like growing up in a large family in Brentsville? There were a lot of large families in Brentsville. It was never boring, even though we claimed to be bored at times. In the spring, summer, and fall we played outside a lot and were barefoot most of the time. In the winter we would bundle up and go sleigh riding, have snowball fights, or go ice skating at the Stephenson's pond. Someone's mom always had hot chocolate for us when we came in to defrost.

Mama and Daddy loved playing cards. My favorite memories were when we went to Freddie & Hazel Wolfe's house (two doors down from us, mama's youngest brother and his family) and Silas & Pina Bean's house. We would usually eat supper together then they would play cards and we kids would find something to do without getting into trouble. I remember Cary & Cathy Wolfe (my cousins) and Rosie, Richard, Barbara and Johnny Bean (neighborhood friends).

To me Brentsville was a small family community with a lot of families, friends and neighbors. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is a Bible quote lived by our family and the families in Brentsville. I don't remember anyone having problems with someone stealing or breaking into homes. I don't remember domestic violence. I don't remember anyone getting shot or killed unless they were serving their country in the wars. I do remember Brentsville as a small community with a family atmosphere and really helping your neighbors.

I believe that people are the community and in my days in Brentsville the people that most touched my life are the names already mentioned and the Shoemaker families, the Counts family, Pete and Shirley Collins, the Mauck family, all those Bradens, the Powell families, the Keys, Catherine Corner, Lucy & Ella May Hartman, Jean Dunn and her family, Reeves Snouffer, Elden Fletcher and family, the Paynes, the Urbanskis, and the Stephensons. I know I'm forgetting names but I still remember faces and good times.

*seen before," Squire said. "They averaged around 60 feet with some that must have been as high as 80. The wind was full hurricane strength. The inclinometer," Squire said, "was registering rolls in excess of 50 degrees. The 306 foot, 1450 ton Keller was continually fighting its way up one monstrous swell, pausing and sliding down the other side."*

*"That was when we were all practicing lay leadership," grinned LT Conklin. "When you start sliding down one of those swells and you see the one on the other side – that when you say "Please, God, let it go under us, not over us."*

*Those boys in there (the engine room) were being tossed around like matchsticks," said Electricians Mate Robinson. Twice torpedoes (unarmed) in their launchers at railside broke loose, dangling and banging against the sides of the ship. Each time, Storekeeper 1<sup>st</sup> Class Trant was forced to send out men, wearing life jackets and lashed together with lifelines, to attempt to free them.*

*Although some of the crew received liberty, most of the men are turning to and putting the Keller back into working shape. They didn't seem to mind. The Keller had brought them through alive.*

The picture on page 4 is of "Buster" being promoted to BT2 around 1957, a youngster of 20, while serving aboard the USS Cony (DDE 508). See, my husband is a movie star (Buster Keaton) and Hero.  
Submitted by Bettie Keyton.

## From the Brentsville Courthouse



### Townshend vs Tyler 1825

The Commonwealth of Virginia,  
to the Sheriff of Prince William County,  
Greeting. We command you as before  
you were commanded, that you take William B. Tyler if he be  
found in your bailiwick, and him safely keep, so that you have  
his body before the Justices of our said County Court, at the  
Court-house of the said county, on the first Monday in June  
next, to answer Trueman Townshend of a plea of trespass on the  
case Damage \$250.

And have then there this writ. Witness, Phillip D.  
Dawe, Clerk of our said court, at the court-house aforesaid, this  
8<sup>th</sup> day of March 1826, and in the 50<sup>th</sup> year of our foundation.

P.D. Dawe

Source: Prince William County Virginia, Clerk's Loose  
Papers, Volume I, Selected Transcripts 1741 – 1826,  
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# Where WILD Things Live

## ***Thamnophis sirtalis sirtalis***

“Eastern Garter Snake”

Common garter snakes are found throughout eastern North America from Florida to coastal Quebec, west to British Columbia, south into southern California east of the Sierras, and throughout the less arid areas of the southwest.

They are highly adaptable and can survive extreme environmental conditions. They are found in a wide variety of habitats, including meadows, marshes, woodlands, and hillsides. They tend to prefer moist, grassy environments. They are often found near water, such as near the edges of ponds, lakes, ditches, and streams, and are common in suburban and urban areas with plenty of cover (debris, boards, vegetation, logs, or rocks as was this one).

Garter snakes are highly variable in color pattern. They typically have three light stripes that run along the length of their body on a black, brown, gray, or olive background. The stripes can be white, yellow, blue, greenish, or brown. One stripe runs down the center of the snake's back, the other two stripes run alongside this central stripe. Sometimes the stripes are absent or poorly defined. Some garter snakes have alternating rows of dark spots that run along the stripes, making the stripes look more like checkerboard patterns of light, rather than lines. They have a head that is wider than the neck and is uniformly dark. Their tongues are red, tipped in black, and their scales are keeled (with a raised ridge along the length of the scale). The chin, throat and belly resemble the stripes in coloration, ranging from white to yellow, greenish, blue, or brown.

These snakes begin mating in the spring as soon as they emerge from hibernation. The males leave the den first and wait for the females to exit. Once the females leave the den the males surround them. The males give off pheromones that attract the females. After the female has chosen her mate and mated, she returns to her summer habitat to feed and to find a proper birth place. However, the males stay to re-mate with other available females. The females have the ability to store the male's sperm until it is needed and thus a female may not mate if she does not find a proper partner. These snakes become sexually mature at 1.5 years (males) or two years (females).

Garter snakes are ovoviviparous (bearing live young). The young are incubated in the lower abdomen, about half way down from the snake's body. Gestation is usually two to three months. Most females in the northern parts of their range give birth to from 4 to 80 young between late July and October. Most litters range from 10 to 40 young and litter size depends on the size of the female, with larger females giving birth to larger litters. Upon birth, baby garter snakes are independent and must find food on their own.

The average lifespan of wild common garter snakes is approximately two years. Most probably die in their first year of life. However, the lifespan of snakes kept in captivity appears to be longer, between 6 and 10 years. One captive snake lived to be 20 years old, but few wild snakes could live this long.

Common garter snakes are active mainly during the day and are active through a wider range of temperatures than most snakes. They hibernate from late October through March or early April, but can be found basking on rocks during mild winter days. They hibernate in natural cavities or burrows, such as rodent burrows, crayfish burrows, under rock piles, or in stumps. Some populations may have to travel fairly long distances to get to their hibernation sites from their summer feeding and breeding areas. They are mainly solitary but congregate in large numbers at good places to hibernate over the winter. They hibernate together to ensure that they maintain a minimum body temperature for survival. Lying together and forming tight coils, garter snakes can prevent heat loss and keep their bodies warmer.

Like other cold blooded animals, common garter snakes use thermoregulation to control their body temperature. They bask in the sun during the morning hours to maintain a preferred body temperature between 28° and 32° C throughout the day. During the evening hours their body temperature falls rapidly depending on the type of shelter they have chosen for the evening. To prevent their body temperature from falling too low, many garter snakes sleep together to maintain a warm environment, such as they do when they hibernate.

Source: [http://animaldiversity.ummz.umich.edu/site/accounts/information/Thamnophis\\_sirtalis.html](http://animaldiversity.ummz.umich.edu/site/accounts/information/Thamnophis_sirtalis.html)

## Flashback

### **April 30, 1915 - The Manassas Journal Death of Frances Molair**

**Molair, Frances** - 30 Apr 1915 M. J. -

At 5:30 this morning death came to Mrs. Frances Molair, widow of John Molair, on her old home place near Brentsville. Mrs. Molair, who was 82 years old, has been in poor health for several years.

She leaves two sons, Roy and Edward, both of Brentsville, and four daughters, Mrs. A. J. Hockman, Mrs. James Cooper, and Misses Nannie and Maggie, all of near Brentsville.

Funeral services will be held at the home Sunday at 1 p. m. and interment will be in the family burying ground on the place.



# *Brentsville Neighbors*

Information About Brentsville  
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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  
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**In GOD we Trust**

