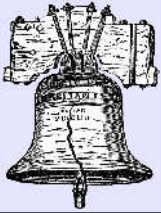


Brentsville Neighbors



Cracked 1835

Preserving Brentsville's History

July 2013



First used 1880

Welcome Neighbors,

Agnes Webster contributed several hundred articles to the Manassas Messenger during the period 1946 to 1951 in her special column, ***Letter From Brentsville*** that reflected life in Brentsville as only she could do it. Work is on-going to collect each of these with the thought of compiling them in a booklet as part of our local history collection. We plan to use one each month in place of the "Flashback" column starting this month. It rather ties in the present with the past very nicely!

We were very pleased with the response concerning last month's "The Log" as can be seen on page 9. Simple little stories, such as that one, reflect so well the environment in which we lived in Brentsville. These stories, with different characters in different places are much the same all across this wonderful land of ours. For example, the one in this issue written by Bonnie Henderson DeHart will most definitely bring a smile to our collective faces. At some point, haven't we all known a "Buddy?" Your own story would look great in the August issue!

The "historic preservation" show and tell on June 8th didn't go so well – no one showed up for it! Sad because the Historic Preservation Division staff are doing a great job in Brentsville (four of the five buildings now fully restored with the fifth, the jail, in full swing) and other Prince William locations for US. It would seem that knowing more about what they

do and why they do it would be near the top of our bucket list of information. Mike Riley, the Brentsville Site Manager, has given us a comprehensive update on the jail restoration (see page 8).

The old time baseball games were a great hit (figuratively and literally). Amy Shiflett, Historic Interpreter, Brentsville Courthouse Historic Centre, has given us a nice summary of the day (see page 3). So now we see that things are really "popping" in Brentsville. Come on out and show your support!

Have you noticed the lack of water in Broad Run and Cedar Run for the past year or so? Wonder why Lake Jackson has been drained? Trying to get information on when things will get back to normal? Well fear not! With the help of Delain Moyers, Senior Aide to Marty Nohe, Coles District Supervisor, we have that information and will be passing it along to you. But first things first, so in this edition we are providing a portion of the history of the dam as written by Walter H. Alpaugh in 1955. During the next month or two more information will be offered to explain the situation as it exists now and the proposed solution.

Very best wishes,
Kay and Morgan

This month:

- | | | | |
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| ➤ Letter From Brentsville | page 2 | ➤ When War Came | page 7 |
| ➤ Baseball's Back | page 3 | ➤ Jail Restoration Summary | page 8 |
| ➤ I Remember Buddy | page 4 | ➤ Feedback | page 9 |
| ➤ The Lake Jackson Dam | pages 5 & 6 | | |



I think that the moment has come for this column, and for every responsible citizen to ask himself soberly: Is Patriotism on the Decline? Last Friday came and went with practically no casualties to speak of.

Though we peered out of our bedroom window with a telescope, we could discern no fire-dogs careering down the road with fire-crackers attached to their tails, no sky rockets exploded under grandmother's deck chair, there were no 4th of July orators breathing fire and brimstone, and not one line flying saucer sailed over Brentsville. In fact we can't even say that our baseball team opened the new Broad Run Ball Park with a bang; it was more like a subdued splash. It seems that after five innings the game was a wash-out. We are referring of course to the weather. Far be it from us to criticize our own ... we're convinced privately that our boys let the Haymarket Team get ahead out of sheer politeness. If it hadn't been for that cloudburst there's no telling WHAT the score might have been!

But seriously, we have a fine new field and a famous old Brentsville baseball tradition, handed down from the days when Walter Keys starred for our town, and the local line-up read something like this:

KeysPitcher
 KeysCatcher
 Keys1st Base
 Keys2nd Base
 Keys3rd Base
 KeysShortstop
 KeysLeft field
 KeysCenter field
 KeysRight field

Substitutes: Keys, Keys, & Keys.

We have purposely left out last Sunday's score at the end of the fifth inning, working on the theory that if you can't say something good about a thing, it is better to say nothing at all. Next Sunday, Brentsville versus Hoadley.

Mrs. Obenshain, of Terrytown, New York, arrived Monday night after flying down to Washington, and will spend several days with the Beards. Mrs. Beard visited her mother, Mrs. Tinsley, who has been ill, in Arlington last week.

We are sorry to report to his many friends that the Rv. Jesse Bell continues on the sick list; Mrs. Bell's sister, Mrs. Eggleston, and Mr. Morris, Tech. Sergeant, were guests on Sunday. Also Mr. Danny Bell, Mr. Bell's brother, Mrs. Laura Orebaugh, Miss Barbara Selley. Miss Bertha Embrey is spending a few weeks with the Bells.

Mr. and Mrs. Beacher, of Alexandria, and Mrs. Mary Johnson, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Keys on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Herring, and family, from Washington, and Bobby Robertson were guests of the Bradshaws over the week-end. Murray Bradshaw's son, Richard, is spending the week here while his parents devote their time to their news daughter, born on the 19th of June. Little Tommy Grey, Mrs. Bradshaw's nephew, celebrated his fifth birthday with a party in Alexandria.

Jimmy Shoemaker is spending the week in Falls Church with his cousins. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Shoemaker, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shoemaker visited in Falls Church on Sunday. Eula Cordell is spending the week with Mrs. Ben Shoemaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Counts have returned from Champagne, Illinois, where they visited Mrs. Counts' mother.

Mrs. Howard Counts' father, Mr. Michel, returned to his home in New Orleans last week.

Mrs. Verona Bean has been sick, we are sorry to hear.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey visited the Golladays last Saturday.

Movies will be shown at the Courthouse on Friday night; they are sponsored by, and for the benefit of, the Young Peoples Group.

Mrs. Newton and children left last Friday for North Carolina to spend two weeks with Mrs. Newton's family.

Freddie Wolfe is spending the week in Elkton with his aunt.

Miss Mary Stephens, Miss Mattie Whetzel, and Miss Joyce Keys have returned from Massanetta Springs.

Best Regards,

Agnes Webster



Baseball's Back at Brentsville

by Amy Shiflett



"Do you know what we get to do today Brooks? We get to play baseball." - Jim Morris (Dennis Quaid) in *The Rookie*. On Saturday, June 15th 2013, Brentsville Courthouse Historic Centre played host to the Old Dominions of Northern Virginia and the Potomac Nine of Washington. Two vintage base ball (yes, that's how they spelled it) teams associated with the Mid-Atlantic Vintage Base Ball League. Think this is just another form of church league softball? Well think again. These teams mean business.

Vintage base ball differs greatly from modern day ball. The games that were played at Brentsville were based on the New York Knickerbocker rules of 1864 (a copy of which can be found at <http://www.capitolconference.org/vintage-base-ball-overview/the-rules/>). Other differences include the pitcher being called a "hurler" and "striker" for the batter. Although many were slightly confused by the

rules, including myself, everyone seemed very enthusiastic and involved in the games.

No baseball game is complete without concessions! Delicious food was for sale provided by Jeremiah's Kansas City Style BBQ, everything from hot dogs and hamburgers, to pulled pork sandwiches and ribs. Nothing beats eating good food, sitting in the shade of a large tree while watching a baseball game.

Finally, I would just like to say "THANK YOU" to the Old Dominions of Northern Virginia and the Potomac Nine of Washington along with the 150 guests that came out to Brentsville. We could not have asked for a better day, filled with friends, food, history, and of course, baseball! We can't wait to do it again next year!

****Can you guess who is trying to steal second? Hint: He's a Brentsville native who LOVES the game!****



Photos by Amy Shiflett

I REMEMBER BUDDY

By

Bonnie Henderson DeHart

Buddy was a Boston Terrier belonging to my great aunt Haley. Granddad, Grady Shoemaker, had six sisters but I only remember ever meeting one, Aunt Haley. She would blow into Brentsville once a year in the summer along with Buddy. When I say "blow" I mean that in the kindest way. She was a tall, loud, full of laughter sort of woman. She had the whitest hair, palest skin and pink eyes behind her dark glasses. She was, as you may have guessed, albino. One of the other six sisters, Sophie, was also albino but I don't remember ever meeting her. Aunt Haley never went anywhere without Buddy! She would stay at Granddad's at night, but since Mrs. Shoemaker didn't allow dogs in her beds, and Buddy always slept with Aunt Haley, we got the dubious honor of keeping Buddy at night. Of course, Bill and I thought that was okay. We didn't have a dog then and he was a pretty well trained little fellow.

She would only be there for a week and Mom would drive her around to visit all the relatives, sightseeing and such. She would sit up front with Buddy on her lap and Bill and I would be in the backseat. Mom had just recently gotten a new 1958 Pontiac Starchief 4 door hardtop. Boy, were we proud of that new car! Our first one without that post in between the front and back windows. Buddy really liked it too. He rode with his paws up on the door every time we went riding, sitting in Aunt Haley's lap just looking at everything we passed. One day while we were out on one of our excursions it was raining and we couldn't roll down the windows. That was when we noticed that Buddy had a terrible problem with flatulence. About every 10 minutes or so, two or three windows would go rolling down for a couple minutes then back up due to the rain. This went on for several hours until finally the rain stopped and we were able to leave them down. All the while, Buddy had been standing at the window

nonchalantly looking out and nearly gassing the rest of us!

At the end of her visit, Mom got out the Electrolux and the water hose and we commenced to clean the new car, inside and out. Bill and I were working on the outside and she was cleaning the inside when we heard a war whoop come from the front of the car. Mom was standing at the passenger door nearly in tears, hollering and pointing. At first I couldn't figure what she was trying to tell us. On closer inspection, I could see right away what was wrong. Mr. Buddy's toenails had dug right through the paint on the panel where he had ridden all week looking out the window. Back then they weren't padded like they are now, and he had scratched right down to the bare metal all the way across the door. We had to hear about that just about every time we got in that car from then until she traded it in on the next one. I don't remember Aunt Haley visiting anymore after that. We did go to see her once when we went to Disney World in 1973. She was living in St Cloud and had a new Buddy!



Left to right Bonnie's granddaughter who she raised, Beth Gilbert, 29 (from Colorado), Brooke Kendrick, 21, Bonnie's daughter, who lives with her, Bonnie, and Nicole Carter, 29, Bonnie's son Terry's daughter.

The Lake Jackson Dam

A BRIEF HISTORY (1927 – 1955), PREPARED BY WALTER H. ALPAUGH

THE FOLLOWING BRIEF HISTORY OF LAKE JACKSON WAS PREPARED IN 1955 TO SATISFY A REQUIREMENT FOR A COLLEGE TERM PAPER. TYPOS AND GRAMMATICAL ERRORS ARE STILL INCLUDED.

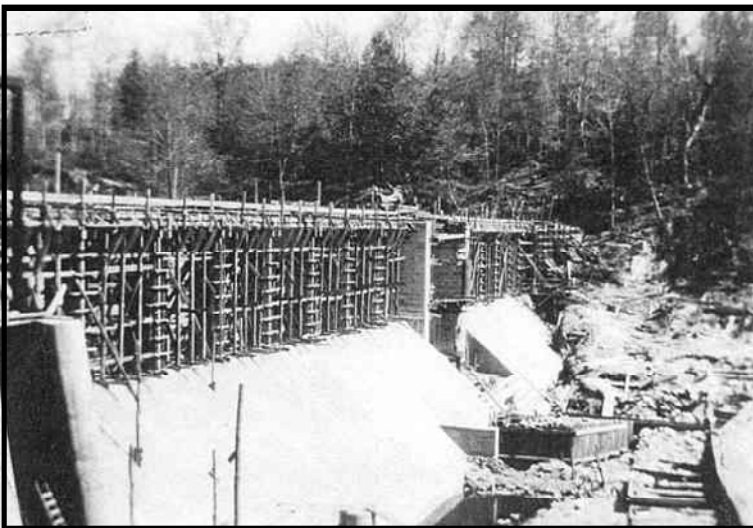
Thirty miles south of Washington, D. C. there is a twelve mile, fresh water artificial lake, known as Lake Jackson. On either side of the body of water there is over eight hundred acres of rolling timberland originally developed for the purpose of a summer colony. However, in the past decade many of Lake Jackson's populace have come to know it as their year-round residence. There are over three-thousand property owners at the Lake, and over five hundred cottages that dot the woodland surrounding the Lake.

Mr. Charles W. Alpaugh is the original developer and owner. In 1927 he came to Virginia from New Jersey, his home, looking for a location suitable for erecting a dam to generate electric power. In years prior to this he had built many small dams and power lines in the Carolinas, southern Virginia, and New Jersey. Mr. Alpaugh had looked at many locations in the northern Virginia area, hoping to find one suitable enough to create a fairly large dam and lake. His intention was to create a summer colony for the people of Washington D. C., and to serve them with electric power as well as many other people who lived within a radius of thirty to fifty miles of the lake. He looked at many dam sites, but was not satisfied and he finally decided to return to New Jersey. Then as he was checking out of the small Manassas hotel, one of the local real estate brokers approached him

with an offer. Mr. Alpaugh decided to have a look. The location was four miles south of the Town of Manassas, and was known as Bland's Ford. Mr. Alpaugh saw the possibilities of this area, and was very impressed. Immediately he began negotiating for the purchase of the land on either side of the stream, and also below the dam site.

Practically all the land adjoining the stream (Ocoquan Run) was part of a farm, and was used for lumber and cord wood. The land Mr. Alpaugh purchased was owned by eight different farmers. Even today, for purposes of record, the tracts of land retain the farmers name. All of this property was purchased at a reasonable price, and enabled Mr. Alpaugh to proceed with his development. This was an era of

depression, and Mr. Alpaugh was able to carry out his plan with minimum costs as far as land, labor, and materials were concerned. The farmers were very happy to sell their property because it was impossible to raise crops on it, and in this period they needed ready cash much more than they



needed yellow pine logs.

Mr. Alpaugh drew all of his labor force from the local people. He hired over two hundred common laborers. The minimum wage at that time was twenty cents an hour. He increased the hourly wage from five to ten cents. Though this created ill-will from other

(Continued on page 6)

employers, it got him the work force he needed to get started. It also helped increase the standard of living of the poorer class at that time. It took more than two years to build the dam and clear the bed of the lake. Thousands of trees had to be cut down and hauled away. A coffer dam was built to divert the stream, while the main dam was being constructed. The main dam is three hundred feet long, and twenty-five feet high from the base. Its construction consists of large field rock, concrete, and steel reinforcing. Finally construction was completed, and the big test came. Was the dam constructed properly, and would it hold back over two hundred acres of water? Not only was Alpaugh concerned, but many people below the dam were concerned with this question. The water was diverted back into the old stream bed, and the lake began to fill. The dam held the water without the smallest leak. After an extended rainy season, when the water rose so high that there was only a slight ripple where the dam was, it still held.

When the dam had been completed, and Mr. Alpaugh was getting ready to serve the community with electric power, the Virginia Electric and Power Company, then known as Virginia Public Service, offered to buy out the rights of electrification. Mr. Alpaugh realized that a small electric power company could not do the same job as Virginia Public Service, and he also felt that the development of the summer colony would be more profitable. He felt there was more opportunity and chance for expansion in real estate than in electric power, because the days of private power companies was coming to an end. Arrangements were finally made, giving Virginia Public Service the right to generate electricity. They covered the dam with a cement spillway; built a brick power house, which included two generators; constructed a cat walk across the entire length of the dam; and installed a tainter gate to lower the level of the lake in case of flood. The dam is capable of producing one thousand KVA volts. In recent years the dam has become a booster station, in order to provide auxillary power when it is needed. At one time two operators were needed twenty- four hours a day at the dam. Today it is fully automatic, being operated by remote control from Warrenton, Virginia, VEPCO's main office. However, maintenance crews are sent regularly

to check the equipment, and to keep the building and grounds in good condition.

In 1932 a close corporation was formed. Mr. Alpaugh's immediate family consists of three boys and four girls who are the officers and the members of the corporation, which is called Lake Jackson Hills Incorporated. Due to the nature of the corporation, no stock has even been sold. This is a small corporation, and Mr. Charles W. Alpaugh, who is president, has the largest voice. One son is the secretary, his duties are that of most corporation secretaries. He attests and affixes the official seal to deeds and other legal documents concerning the corporation. Another son is in charge of construction of dwellings. His duties entail: the hiring and firing of laborers and carpenters, keeping the time records, supervising construction, seeing that construction equipment is in working order, and procuring materials for building. A third son is in charge of: road maintenance; installation of waterlines, plumbing, electrical wiring, and maintaining them; and constructing floats. Floats are wooden platforms floating on 4 or more drums. These floats are tied to the shore, and may be used to swim from and tie boats. Two of Mr. Alpaugh's daughters handle the administrative work in the office. One does the everyday secretarial work, and the other handles the bookkeeping. Mr. Alpaugh retains a full-time sales manager who supervises the advertising program, has charge of the sales force, and handles sales transactions.

Many people think of a summer home as something beyond their financial reach. Especially in the Metropolitan area where government workers are generally in a middle income group. Mr. Alpaugh took this into consideration when he first began to develop. In view of this, the property for sale at Lake Jackson is within a nominal price range. For example: when Mr. Alpaugh began selling property in 1933, a thirty by sixty foot lot sold for only forty dollars. The lots were of a small size then, because people just wanted enough ground to put up a small cottage.

[Continued next month]

When WAR Came to Brentsville

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,
July 31, 1863.

GENERAL: The general commanding directs that you move your division to Elk Run to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. On your arrival at Elk Run one brigade of your division will proceed to Bristersburg. The commandant of the Artillery Brigade has been directed to furnish one battery to accomapany you. The Eleventh Corps is to occupy Greenwich, Bristoe Station. Brentsville, and a point on Cedar Run for or five miles from the railroad. Your brigade at Bristersburg will connect with the detachment at the point on Cedar Run by pickets and patrols. You will connect by pickets and patrols between Elk Run and Bristersburg, and the division remaining here will connect with you at Elk Run. Depots are established at Warrenton Junction and Bealeton. One division of the First Corps is at Bealeton and on the railroad between Warrenon Junction and the river. Herewith is inclosed a copy of the special instructions for your guidance.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. H. MORGAN,
Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Staff.

Charles Hale Morgan

Birth: November 6, 1834, Manlius,
Onondaga County, New York
Death: December 20, 1875, California

Civil War Union Brigadier General. Born in Manlius, New York, he graduated 12th in the West Point class of 1857. He served on garrison and frontier duty in the antebellum Regular Army. Stationed on the frontier when the war started, he did not return to the East until December 1861. As First Lieutenant of the 4th United States Artillery, he participated in the Peninsula and Seven Days' Campaigns. Promoted to Captain on August 5, 1862, he was on sick leave until October 1, when he assumed command of the artillery of the II Corps. After directing the corps batteries at Fredericksburg, on January 1, 1863, he became Major General Winfield S. Hancock's chief of staff, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He served under Hancock



until the conclusion of the war. Throughout the campaigns of 1863 and 1864, he directed the staff and assisted in the deployment of artillery. He earned 5 brevets for his performance; one, being for his actions at Gettysburg. When an old wound of Hancock's forced him to relinquish field command, he went with his commander to Washington D.C., where they recruited for the Veterans Reserve Corps. When the war ended, he was serving Hancock as chief of staff of the Middle Military Division. On May 21, 1865, he received his commission as Brigadier General of Volunteers. After the war, he was mustered out on January 15, 1866, but remained in the Regular Army, reverting to his rank of Captain. He served in a number of artillery garrisons, earning promotion to Major on February 5, 1867. He died while on duty at Alcatraz Island, California. Originally buried on Angel Island, his remains were moved in 1947.

Source: <http://www.findagrave.com/>



Jail Project Nears Second Milestone

By Mike Riley

Following the stabilization of the Brentsville County Jail, Prince William preservation staff began the next step in the process of restoring the 1822 building to tell the many stories of crime and punishment in Nineteenth Century Northern Virginia. One of the primary goals of this project is the careful repair of the brick exterior and interior to accurately reflect the antebellum appearance of the jail.

Starting in April, Dominion Restoration began restoring the masonry of the Brentsville County Jail. Following a structural analysis done by Baker Engineering consultants, it was determined that the center brick and mortar infill in the exterior walls had significantly

deteriorated. This was caused by improperly graded landscaping which resulted in rising damp from the soil which had accumulated above the stone foundation of the structure. County staff excavated one foot of soil manually, removing it to below the level of the brick. Upon opening several sections of the exterior wall to examine the degree of spalling and general wasting of brick and mortar, it was determined that the mason's crew would carefully remove sections of the extant masonry, remove what was damaged beyond repair, and clean the surviving brick for placement back into the structure. This is currently being carried out on the bottom three feet of the entire perimeter of the building. On the north side of the jail it is estimated that about eighty percent of the outer and inner "finish" courses of brick were salvageable while only about twenty percent of the softer interior brick could be reused in the restoration. Where the outer courses required replacement with new brick, a closely matched reproduction brick was used from a source in North Carolina.



While the major work of stabilizing the lower masonry progressed, the entire building's interior and exterior was cleaned and the modern mortar was removed. Much of this mortar was "tuck" pointed at some time in the Middle Twentieth Century. A large component of this mortar was composed of Portland cement.

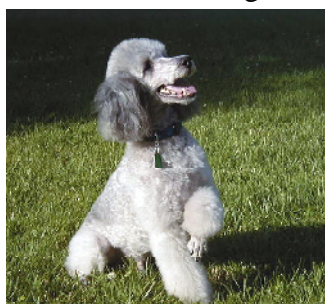
Portland is actually harder than the original brick that it cements in place, which often causes spalling of the brick face and other damage to a building façade. Following removal of the mortar, the jail was repointed with appropriate mortar which is softer than the brick to prevent deterioration. A Virginia creek sand mortar mix was utilized which matched existing samples of early pointing on the structure. Simultaneously, the more modern window openings on the gable ends were infilled with reproduction brick, to better show the historic appearance of the jail.

The next step in the masonry work will begin by the end of this month. A subcontractor of Dominion Restoration will complete a process called "injection grouting" to further strengthen the upper sections of all four walls. This will entail slowly and carefully pumping a specialized mixture of mortar into the void that lies between the interior and exterior courses of brick on all four jail walls. Once the bottom sections of the four walls are rebuilt and repointed, this will create an extremely strong structure inside of which the massive oak timbers can be safely installed in the prison cell interior.

This final step will virtually ensure the jail will be around for countless generations to come.

F e e d b a c k

What a coincidence! I was talking about "The Log" to my kids & grandson just the other day! Our backyard pool was 76 degrees and they all said it was too cold to get in. I said that they had obviously never swam in a creek in the summer before!! Then I shared my memories of swimming at "The Log" with them. Swinging from the rope was especially fun & daring. The funniest memory I have is this: I had a poodle named Jacque. We took him with us down to the log for a family swim. My dad wanted to throw Jacque into the water to cool off and I insisted that he might not be able to swim. Daddy



said, "All dogs instinctively swim He'll be fine!" So he tossed my fancy, fluffy poodle into the deep swimming hole. Poor Jacque stretched his body as erect as possible, trying (like a person) to reach the bottom with his back legs with his nose sticking up high to stay out of the water. The current drifted him, in that position, until his nose went completely under. Daddy had to save him, of course, and then said that any "normal dog" would swim. His problem was that he was too fancy to swim in the creek. Jacque never went back to the log with us for our fun & cooling off during those hot summer days Without air conditioning or swimming pools. But you're right God provided that special place for us, and many generations enjoyed it. Your story made me smile and made heart long for those days.

Cathy (Wolfe) White

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I have many memories of "The Log", but it is nice to know how it was started and how it ended, I never knew either before.

Thanks,

Ruth (Bean) Dodson

You are just an amazing mind reader. Just days ago my friend Ann and I were discussing "Mountain Railway" and singing away but we didn't know all the words. Of course, when I got home to my computer my intention to check it on the Internet was forgotten, so I just read it and made us both copies, so who ever is not driving can prompt the other one as we go.

Jeri Brooks

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I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed reading "The Log" in the latest edition of *Brentsville Neighbors*. I think that having a special place to commune for a few formative growing up years may be a rite of childhood, at least for boys. Growing up where I did, my friends and I had our own counterpart to "the log". In our case it was a stretch of the abandoned Vanderbilt Motor Parkway in Long Island which culminated in a pond that provided fishing in the summer and ice skating in the winter. Mostly all gone now. This article was a good piece of writing which evoked memories of a more innocent time.

Dennis Van Derlaske

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Thanks so much for your article on "The Log". I spent many hot summer day fishing, swimming (floating, and splashing) there. That was the "in" place in our day. My brother-in-law, Buckie Golladay taught me to bait a hook and take off my own fish there. Although I don't remember any bass; mine were perch, blue gill or knotty heads! It was more fun if there had been a hard rain and filled up the "hole" and lots of kids showed up. Keep the memories coming.

Bonnie Henderson DeHart

Brentsville Neighbors

Preserving Brentsville's History

Contact us on:

morganbreeden@aol.com

All back issues on:

<http://www.historicprincewilliam.org/brentsvilleneighbors/index.html>

IN GOD WE TRUST

**Brentsville Neighbors
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Nokesville, VA 20181**

