



CAROL STUART WATSON

*The Beall-Dawson House, c. 1815
home of the Montgomery County Historical Society
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MEMORIES OF GARRETT PARK

By: Mrs. Jason F. Defendorf (1863-1961)*

(Introduction by the Editor): This year, the town of Garrett Park, encompassing approximately 1/4 square mile, twelve miles from the District boundary, and lying alongside Rock Creek, is celebrating its demi-sesquicentennial. The little hamlet was incorporated in 1898.

Like so many of America's villages that came to life with the advent of the railroad, Garrett Park was platted because the railroad was there. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. built its Metropolitan Line through Montgomery County in 1873. The tracks in the Garrett Park area ran primarily through green and wooded countryside and crossed Rock Creek, which had been re-channeled a short distance by the railroad builders.

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When the Metropolitan Investment & Building Co. (Samuel Burdett, President; Henry Copp, Secretary; and John Freeman, Engineer) planned Garrett Park in 1887, it was the pre-automobile days in America. The planners stressed that Garrett Park would be only a half hour train ride from Washington, D. C. Washington, like many other American cities, was becoming crowded, and country living was emphasized to alleviate the contagious diseases that caused epidemics where people clustered.

In the year that Garrett Park was incorporated, America's most serious outbreak of waterborne typhoid (striking over 14,000 people) occurred in Philadelphia. With that news fresh on everyone's minds, the residents of Garrett Park became alarmed when a homeowner installed a water closet, using a septic tank. It was a new concept in plumbing, and many people feared that it would pollute the wells. So the newly formed government of Garrett Park found that its first order of business was an issue of public health. (The homeowner lost the court battle, but the Chic Sales industry boomed).

With the railroad as its lifeline, it was appropriate that Garrett Park was named for Robert Garrett, serving his last year as president of the B & O the year Garrett Park was planned. Mr. Garrett had stepped into the shoes of his father, John W. Garrett, who died in 1884, and who had served as a brilliant president of the B & O for twenty-six years, bringing the line through a Civil War, political entanglements and financial problems.¹

The Metropolitan Investment & Building Co. did not have to sub-divide Garrett Park from tilled farm acreage from which its neighbor, Kensington, was created. The majority of the land was purchased from Henry L. Cranford. The Flack Family had a farm in the Garrett Park area in 1865, and there were others on the periphery of Garrett Park, but most of the land lay in forested isolation, bypassed by not only the county's toll roads of the early 1800's, but also by the trolley line of the late 1800's.

A macadamized state road (Strathmore), connecting Rockville Pike to Connecticut Ave., replaced an earth road in 1912 which ran through a part of Garrett Park. The state concreted and widened the artery in 1932 and that seemed the last affiliation the little village wanted with streamlined progress. With a five-man council and a mayor to represent the citizenry, Garrett Park has over the years fought street widening, townhouse zoning and traffic accesses from neighboring developments. In With Heritage So Rich, preservationist George Zabriskie states it succinctly. "To many older suburbs, such as Roland Park, and Garrett Park, Md....ability to control the zoning laws is the key to continued existence."²

The population of Garrett Park is approximately 1,275. There are about 350 homes, with a mixture of gingerbread, English cottage and modern ranch architecture. Besides one commercial building, there is one old church (now the Town Hall), three

¹Edward Hungerford states, in The Story of the B & O Railroad, 1827-1927, (Knickerbocker Press, 1928, Vol 2, p. 162), "He [Robert Garrett] completed the new line into Philadelphia. Yet at the time he ascended to the presidency of the B & O, Robert Garrett was a sick man - physically and mentally. Before his two years in office were ended he had broken completely. In that brief time there was opportunity for him to contribute comparatively little to the prestige of the property."

²"Window to the Past," (Random House, 1966), p. 63.

tennis courts, a swimming pool and a community center, fashioned by the residents in 1949 largely with materials from two barracks donated by the U.S. Army. The Garrett Park Post Office was established in 1890. A one-room wooden school was erected in 1893, and is now a private residence. A two-room brick school was opened in 1928. Adjacent is a sprawling county elementary school, built to accommodate children from the surrounding neighborhoods. A library, begun in 1947, made its home in the post office, general store, a citizen's basement, the community center and finally, a separate annex to the community center, becoming a part of the county library system in 1951. When the Kensington Park Library opened, the Garrett Park Library reverted to the town and is presently being operated as a children's library.

Henry Copp was quite taken by Garrett Park as he helped plat and name some of the streets. Perhaps he envisioned a mini-Chautauqua, for he hoped to establish a cultural colony. It did not fully materialize, although earlier residents were novelist Irene Temple Bailey and the father of computer technology, Herman Hollerith.

Also, later developers, Maddux and Marshall, perhaps envisioned a minuscule Hyde Park, for they built about forty cottages with the flowery names of Woodbine, Rose-land and Sylvan. But America was in the throes of an economic depression and to entice buyers, the developers offered a radio inside and an automobile outside each home.

The railroad station, built by the B & O in 1894, was demolished by the B & O. The B & O line had a glorious reign as king of transportation. It was a completely self-contained unit with its own express and telegraph companies and a thirteen-story office building in Baltimore.³ It built its own dining and sleeping cars and established resort hotels in the Alleghenies.

As the automobile eclipsed train travel, the B & O was unable to continue its opulence and systematically razed its smaller and less important railway stations. Presently, a small rustic pavillion, little more than a four-handled umbrella, suffices as a waiting room for Garrett Park. However, the architectural plans submitted by the B & O for the Garrett Park station in 1893 greatly resemble the Kensington station, which is extant.

Garrett Park remains today much the way it began, a residential haven. The following memoirs of Mrs. Jason Defendorf, indeed, offer insight into the *raison d'etre* of the little community. Mrs. Defendorf lived to be ninety-eight.

³Replacing a seven story structure destroyed by fire in 1904. Hungerford, (*op. cit.*), p. 151.



Lt. Col. and Mrs. Jason Defandorf,
with one of their four children,
Mrs. Frank L. Weaver.

Reminiscences of Garrett Park
(Written for my Grandchildren)

One very uncomfortable August evening in 1888 just a year before your grandfather and I were married, as we were cooling off on the front doorsteps in Washington (at 147 C Street N. E.) our next door neighbors came up the street fanning themselves and sat down to cool off also. They had just been to a meeting of the Metropolitan Investment and Building Co. where they had been discussing electric lights (something brand new) for their new suburban project - Garrett Park. It was to be a wonderful place, with winding roads, parks, shade trees and so on. It sounded like fairyland that hot, muggy night. I heard no more of Garrett Park for three years. Then came an urge for the country and your grandfather made the rounds of the suburbs and finally decided that Garrett Park was just to his liking.

So the morning of June 30, 1893 found me and my two babies on the platform at Garrett Park Station looking after the departing train in dismay, wondering how I should ever get my babies to their new home half a mile away! To my astonishment when the train reached the cut it stopped, backed back to the platform where I stood and the baggage master handed me my baby carriage. That is how the B&O treated us in those days!

We had to do all our marketing in the city. The last purchase was always made at the butcher's who collected the baskets and sent them to the station. We could send out sixty pounds free. We had excellent train service, the trainmen were kindly. The men read their papers and visited on the train, stopped for the mail, found dinner waiting at home and were ready to take solid comfort under their own vines and maple trees by six o'clock in the evening.

Garrett Park was an inspiration of Mr. Henry N. Copp, for years connected with the schools in Washington. He formed a company, bought a tract of rolling land nicely wooded, an ideal spot for the suburb of which he dreamed. The company

procured the services of Mr. John L. Freeman later also connected with the public schools of Washington, but then an engineer fresh from Dartmouth, who laid out the streets, tended to the grading and so on. It was to be on the order of an old English village, hence the names of the streets - many right out of Sir Walter Scott - Strathmore, Montrose, Kenilworth, Keswick, etc. The Park was named in honor of John W. Garrett, at that time President of the B & O R.R. Co. who gave the company several desirable privileges.

The Park was at once popular with scientists, musicians, artists. They were public-spirited and generous with their talents. Mr. Tom Wilson had a good bass voice that was much in demand, and his wife, Jennie Cooper Wilson, was afterward a member of the Metropolitan Opera Co. The Wilsons and their friends gave many pleasant musicales.

Mrs. Suzanne Oldberg, a popular vocal teacher, spent her summers here with her sister, Mrs. Frank Brown. She brought promising pupils out and gave many impromptu concerts. We had a successful choral society under her direction.

Mrs. J. C. Stoddard at the piano and Mrs. Hart Momsen, a talented violinist, Mrs. C. B. Sornberger, Mrs. B. T. Galloway, Mrs. Barnard Talcott and others down through the years were gifted musicians.

Lectures were given by Dr. B. T. Galloway, Dr. Howard Dorsett, Dr. Woods and others from the Agriculture Department, Dr. Fred W. Hodge of the Smithsonian, Mr. Eugene D. F. Brady on law.

Of course the whole world knows that Temple Bailey wrote "The Dim Lantern" and other stories here. The hero, Evans Follette, was supposed to have been inspired by Evans Fugitt from nearby.

A Union Sunday School was organized by the niece of Judge Mills and met at his home, and after they moved back to the city it met at the Dorsetts'. (The Mills' house was occupied one summer by the Turkish Legation.) The Sunday School grew so rapidly that an organ was purchased and soon it was decided to buy a lot and build. In the meantime Mrs. Betty Fugitt who lived on the Rockville Pike had started a building fund for an Episcopal Church. Committees from the School and the Church combined and built the present chapel. It was agreed that at the end of ten years the building should become the property of the Diocese. It so happened that at the end of that time there were fewer Episcopalians here than at the beginning, so the period was extended for another ten years. It has now been renewed for the fourth time. The agreement provided that if at any time there was a lapse for six consecutive months of Sunday School services, the building would automatically revert to the church. So far the Union Sunday School and the Episcopal service have cooperated most harmoniously.

Before the chapel was built Episcopal services were held in the little brown schoolhouse and our musical talent came from all around. Mrs. Barnard Talcott was organist and Mr. R. C. Stevens of Randolph had a voice worth coming to hear. Mr. Allan Griffith was rector.

The new chapel was opened in July 1897 and all the Bishops of Washington have visited us. Mr. David Barr the first rector was greatly loved. He had a splendid bass voice and so did Bishop Satterlee. The Sunday he was with us people came for miles around and the house was packed. With those two full-throated men in the chancel and the whole congregation singing lustily I could scarcely hear the organ!

was playing - delightful shivers ran up and down my spine. How I should love to hear that first hymn sung just that way again - "Hark my soul; It is the Lord" - (six stanzas).

Bishops Harding and Freeman and Davenport have also visited us but none drew so many people as they came at night.

Dr. Barr was followed by Mr. Thomas, Mr. Stauffer, Mr. George Atkinson, Mr. David Covell, Mr. Charles McAllister, Mr. Callandar and Dr. Windiate.

Mr. Callandar, a tall spare Scot was a beautiful reader and knew large portions of the Scriptures by heart. One lovely moonlight summer night in the early days of electricity the lights in the whole town went off just in the midst of the prayer service. Mr. Callandar kept on with the service just as if nothing had happened, announced the hymn for which I needed no light. Everyone sang enjoying the unusual experience. He had just announced his text when Mrs. McGill opened the door and walked up the aisle with a lighted lamp, placed it on the desk and withdrew. Secretly I had hoped the whole service would be carried through in that pale light - thrilling to me - a real moonlight sonata.

Mr. William C. Beck and Mr. Sumner Collins were layreaders; such splendid men and talented readers. How we miss their splendid voices!

Dr. T. D. Windiate always on the spot in time of trouble to help in every way was a real pastor for seventeen years. He was followed by H. Fairfield Butt and now by Mr. D. Wade Safford.

The Catholics held a Sunday School in the hall over the new store but it did not last long as the members preferred to go to the well-established churches in Rockville and Forest Glen and now in Kensington. Father Rosensteel of Forest Glen, while never a resident of the Park, exerted a fine influence here and in the whole county. He heartily approved of Local Option and helped enforce it as long as it was the law.

Speaking of Local Option reminds me of one of Dr. Lewis's stories. We were a very temperate community. As one of our citizens remarked when the first street lamps were proposed - "We really do not need them. Every man who comes out on the 'Owl' is perfectly able to find his way home without them." During one inauguration everybody of course had company. One of the Bradys' guests fell down the back stairway and by the time the doctor arrived from Kensington, a dozen bottles of liquor had been sent in. I, myself, always had a bottle of brandy, label to the wall, in my medicine cabinet. I had no occasion to use it for several years, when finally the occasion did arise, the bottle was empty! That explained why black Mary had acted so queerly the year before.

The railroad was our only means of transportation for many years and the arrival of the trains were important happenings. The service was excellent - the only drawback was that one had to leave the theater before the last act in order to catch the last train. The night we took the children to see Macbeth they were all agog to see "Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane", but the scene-shifting was so slow that we had to leave just as the curtain rose on that act, and no moving trees did they see!

It was customary for most artists to give several encores at the end of the concert - most tantalizing to us suburbanites - with one eye on the clock, who had already overstayed our time before the encores began! Paderewski playing Schumann's

"Nachtstuch" gave me my nearest miss for the train! I edged from my seat to the aisle, to the door, down the steps, and finally shot out the door just in time.

If one, unfortunately, went to sleep and was carried on to Rockville or Gaithersburg as sometimes happened, he had to rouse the liveryman and get a "horse and fix" to bring him back.

Lanterns were carried by everybody. At night you could tell the number of guests by the lanterns on the porch. A whole procession of lanterns was lined up every night against the station walls waiting for the "owl" train. When, after many years, electricity did finally come to the Park (1915) the lanterns were regretfully discarded and one felt almost as if he had deserted a faithful old servant.

Only a few families kept horses, the Stoddards, the Bacons, the Chisholms and Mr. Kelly. Mr. Eppa Norris hired a carriage and a span of horses, put on his silk hat and rode around the Park the day the twins were born.

Mr. Herman Hollerith, the inventor of the tabulating machine, owned the first automobile, the first thing he did was to take it all apart for his boys to put together again. They were not allowed to drive it until they could do so.

Mr. Brooks, father of Mr. Walter Brooks, Mrs. Belle Thompson and Mrs. Ward, had the first victrola and generously entertained all who would come around on Sunday afternoon.

Garrett Park was a children's paradise. Before automobile days they could go everywhere with nothing to fear. Only a few teams passed over the county road daily. Mr. Kelly's twenty cows going back and forth to their pasture in the "old chestnut" field were eagerly watched by the small boys from the safe vantage of the high banks.

Mr. Mattingly, a good natured farmer, drove to the Park twice a week with fruit and vegetables. In fruit season he was met by the small boys at the beginning of his route. They swarmed into his wagon and ate their fill of his fruit - the greener his apples, the better for the doctor - all the way around. The last patrons did not have much choice, but Mr. Mattingly is affectionately remembered by many widely scattered men today.

Mr. Windham was another favorite. He served meat and the girls and boys had many a dried herring and frankfurter from his wagon. Jolly Mr. Fox drove out weekly with butter, cheese, tea and coffee from the A & P, and Mr. Frank Wilson from "the old road" brought flour, sugar, coal oil and gasoline once a week.

The Flacks, whose well-kept farm is now the White Flint Golf Course, served us with milk - good rich milk free from any trace of garlic, the bane of dairymen in this region. The milk was cooled by a never-failing spring covered by a white stone house which was kept in spotless order. It was a joy to visit on a warm summer day. Later Mr. Kelly took over the milk business.

"Old Tin-nanny-tee" was a picturesque character who frequently made the rounds. He was a Hungarian. Some said he owned some brick houses in Baltimore, had money, etc., but no one really seemed to know. However, he was a tramp by nature, and carried his mending kit everywhere. His coming was hailed by barking dogs - dogs never like to see men with packages - and he was always carrying a stout club which he swung around his heels with every step. The dogs never dared to get too close. He was not a very neat workman and one did not often need his services. If he came

into the kitchen to heat his irons and eat a handout the place had to be well aired afterwards. It was said he had slept in every house in the Park before they were finished! His pack was a heavy contrivance of boards wired together. The last time I saw him he had aged much and it was pitiful to see how hard it was for him to lift his burden in place. He was delighted when one day, after reading "The Promised Land" by Mary Aulin, I tried to get acquainted - and next time he came he drew a small package from his pack. It was carefully wrapped in several thicknesses of paper - a little bright blue prayer book and was immaculate. Very proudly he told me he could read it - and did read two prayers - not a word of which I could understand. After that he considered me his friend. I'm ashamed to have to say I failed him - for at times he got gloriously drunk and I was afraid of him - so whenever Guy heard him coming (by the barking dogs), he tipped me off and there was no one at home. The thought makes me uncomfortable even now.

Coasting down the hills was a popular winter sport for old and young. There seemed to be more snow in those days. There was skating on Rock Creek in winter and swimming in summer. The swimming was interspersed with riding bareback on two patient horses. I took the Park children swimming - often 17 of them for several summers until my youngest boy could swim perfectly. What fun it was!

Wild strawberries and blackberries were on all the hillsides for the picking.

The Glen, below the station was a natural beauty spot everybody loved. Before forest fires destroyed so many of them, wild flowers grew in profusion. Rock Creek is picturesque its entire length. The great fields of bluebells, adder's tongue, violets (in the meadows along its banks) were pictures one can never forget. The first blossoms, often in February, are those of the skunk cabbage, then in rapid succession bloodroot, saxifrage, hepatica, spring beauty, anemones, adder's tongue. Violets galore - and so on until Jack Frost comes and puts them all to sleep again under blankets of leaves from the majestic trees that shaded them from the hot summer sun.

At the turn of the road near the red iron bridge stood the stonecrusher that had broken the stones from the nearby quarry with which our beautiful roads were macadamized. The same quarry furnished the stones for the foundations of many of our homes. And the brokendown old stonecrusher was said to be a safe haven for copperhead snakes!

Fishing was good, no license required in those days. Grandpa Hodge showed many a small boy how to bait his hook, and Uncle Charlie Shaeffer came out almost every Sunday to fish. He said he got more sport landing fall fish from Rock Creek than he did from bass fishing in the river.

The tributary springs were numerous and their moss and fern covered banks furnished good hiding places for foxes and muskrats. There were persimmons and wild grapes enough for both boys and opossums - and one could scare up birds, squirrels and cottontails any time. Occasionally there was a wild turkey or phaesant and once while I was talking to Mr. Frank Wilson at the back door he pointed to an eagle floating leisurely above us.

Besides the sports I have mentioned, there were plenty of other activities. Baseball kept the youngsters busy after school and in vacations. The boys were ably assisted by their sisters and we had a flourishing team. I've heard many a man say, between chuckles, that he had more fun watching a kids' game than any by professionals.

Picnics were popular, too. It was no trouble at all for boys to haul a wagon with a full freezer of ice cream over fences and fields - none at all - it was so much easier than the same wagon full of marketing over smooth roads from the train. Family picnics were fun for everybody.

The boys loved to camp out - often on the high wooded hills close to Viers Mill pond. Their mothers were so anxious for them to have the right kinds of food that they took pains to teach their boys how to do simple cooking.

We all enjoyed the kite-flying season.

When the freshets came and turned Rock Creek into a roaring torrent and "Mulligan's bottom" into a muddy lake - where the boys salvaged boards and logs to make into I do not know what. Their mothers had many anxious hours until the waters subsided.

Once the boys made a rowboat and explored Rock Creek almost to its mouth.

In the fall fox grapes, black walnuts and chestnuts kept the youngsters busy. Many fine trees were scattered through the glen, but the grandest tree of all was a noble old chestnut in the pasture field across the R. R. On frosty mornings there was racing and chasing across the old bridge by the small boys for the nuts that had fallen during the night. Yes, and the squirrels were kept busy too.

You see there were no movies nor autos then, and the whole family contributed their own entertainment. I think our family knew and loved almost every foot of ground for a radius of several miles. The paths we loved are now grown over with vines and briars. Simple pleasures - yes - and good for parents as well as children.

The beauty of Garrett Park for many people lay in its beautiful trees. The graceful elms along Kenilworth and Montrose Avenues and around Clairmont Place, the sugar maples, gorgeous gold in October, were planted about and show at a glance where the soil was rich and where the soil had been removed for grading. They furnish a good yardstick for how long it takes to make a tree.

The great day of the year was the 30th of May, Inspection Day. Mr. John Kelly, the foreman of the Park, and the gang had the roads, parks and trees in perfect order. The property owners had their lawns freshly mowed, flower beds weeded, and everything looked its very best for the visit of the stockholders. They held their meetings and a picnic lunch at the Pavilion and started from there on their tour of inspection.

The Pavilion stood high above the spring (now on the Turner place). It had a lovely setting among great tulip, oak and maple trees. At first parties from the city were encouraged but they soon became a nuisance as the people made themselves entirely too much at home, helping themselves to strawberries and flowers and running wild over the lawns. The Pavilion was an ideal place for parties and dances, for roller skating and bicycles, outdoor entertainments, and for the picnics or closing days for the school. It belonged to the Metropolitan Investment Co. and when the panic of 1907 put an end to all building and construction, the Pavilion was allowed to fall to pieces and finally had to be removed - more's the pity!

There has always been at least one Club in the Park. At first the women met around and did the darning for the hostess. Darning was important in those days for the boys wore long black stockings - "black cat" and "ironclads" were the popular

brands, and most of the children were boys - the strong, tree-climbing kind. Mrs. Brady, a most attractive woman with a ready and kindly wit was our first president. Gradually darning gave way to other interests.

About a dozen women met and organized a class to study woman suffrage. Mrs. Jessie Ross-Thomson was elected president. Every woman was invited to join - (not everyone did though, for woman suffrage was regarded with suspicion by many). Outside speakers and specialists were called in and we studied civics in earnest. This is how "The Civic Study Club of Garrett Park" got the name which it still retains.

The Citizen's Association was formed in the early days and is a going concern that has done much for the community.

Help was plentiful and cheap. Everybody had from one to three helpers. Always then there was time for everything except breakfast and the eight o'clock train. It was great fun to stand on the platform and watch the people hurrying from all directions through the woods and across lots, in all stages of finishing touches as they ran. It was sometimes amazing. One man - a garden lover of course - regularly missed two trains and got on the third any old way and any old place. He often rode all the way to Kensington on the cowcatcher.

The first schoolhouse out of sight on a hillside, commanded a fine view of Rock Creek Valley clear over to the pike. One winter we had a deep snow with a hard crust that lasted for six weeks - long to be remembered. The teacher had an understanding heart and gave long recesses so that the children who came to school with both sleds and skates could either skate or coast or both - clear to the creek and back. The first teacher was Miss Shaeffer, a lady of great refinement. As the county did not then have music in the schools, I took it upon myself one spring term to go over and teach the children a few of the rudiments of sight reading and we opened the day with 15 minutes of song. I also taught them the salute to the flag. Miss Shaeffer was followed by Miss Sara Williams - fair and square in judgment and full of fun. Then Miss Alice Hepburn, a born teacher whose pupils Dr. Small of Eastern High School, said needed no examination to enter his school. Your Aunt Elizabeth followed with one happy year while waiting to enter Mt. Holyoke. Then Miss Hoddin, Mrs. Penn, Miss Robertson, Miss Ring, Miss Vaughn and Mrs. Akers. My children had long since gone to other schools.

As the years passed the little brown schoolhouse was outgrown. Mrs. Carl Corby generously donated four acres of her estate, a beautiful site on which a two-room brick building with modern improvements was built. It was moved into in September, 1923, with Mrs. Nell Magill, principal and Miss Laura Souder, teachers. They were followed by Miss Laura King, Mrs. Nordstrom, Mr. White, Mrs. Fenby, Miss Sugar, Miss Eldridge, Mrs. Howard, Miss Metzger, Mrs. Duey - which brings us to 1945.

This school is the pride of the County School Board and is frequently exhibited as a model small school, both the buildings and grounds. Many of the men whose names are on the Honor Rolls both for the First and the Second World Wars, first went to school in Garrett Park.

On the way to the little brown schoolhouse lived Mr. John Kelly. He and Mrs. Kelly were loved by all and especially by the children. Was there ever a place where one could have more fun? There was always a cool glass of milk for thirsty children - white or black. There were the cows, horses one could sometimes ride, pigs that liked to have their backs scratched with straws, strawstacks to slide down and the old icehouse in the woods. In the fall Mr. Kelly always planted an extra

row of turnips for the boys either to eat or throw at each other. Oh it often took a long time to get home from school!

Telephones were slow in coming. If one needed the doctor, someone had to run down the track to Kensington. It took Dr. Lewis just twenty minutes to get up, dress, hitch up his old black horse, and get to Garrett Park. Dear Dr. Lewis! The patient felt better the moment he entered the room. His keen blue eyes missed nothing. As he stepped to the bedside, if there seemed no hurry he would say, "Well John - I'm sorry you're not feeling so well today - hem - why-er" - and with his slow Virginia drawl he would begin telling some bit of news or a story - the while observing every move of the patient - then he settled down to the work in hand. He was a skillful diagnostician and made few mistakes. He had a story to fit every occasion and the story often started the patient on the way to recovery before any medicine was prescribed. He was a real old-fashioned country doctor - a hero - out at all times, in any kind of weather to every sort of home. Often he had to perform emergency operations - on any old kitchen table and in most unsanitary surroundings and which no city physician would have dared to undertake. He was progressive and brought about country registration of births and with Dr. Bird of Sandy Spring and others helped to launch health clinics in the county schools. Dear Dr. Lewis! how many tight places you have helped grateful people through. No crown can be too brilliant for you!

Mr. Harry Hoskinson (later Vice President of the Sanitary Grocery stores) was the first person who successfully ran the grocery and meat store. He kept first class meat and made a profit of \$1000.00 a year. Of course he soon moved to a larger field.

Prosperous farms surrounded the Park and the station did a thriving business shipping milk to the city.

The year of the coal famine, Mr. Chisholm came to the rescue and started in the coal business. He has never failed us.

One of the funniest things that ever happened here took place one Fourth of July. It had been a field day with all kinds of games, races. A community dinner had been enjoyed on the Chapel grounds. The prizes had been awarded and the tired little children were seated on the platform, the larger ones on the front seats ready for the crowning event - the fireworks. A senator - a friend of Judge Ross, was invited to speak just five minutes. It had been carefully explained to him that the fireworks would be set off immediately as the mothers were anxious to get their little ones to bed. The senator got up, cleared his throat - thanked us for the honor that had been thrust upon him and in a singsong tone took us back to the garden of Eden. Gradually he came down through the ages - the children around him squirming and restless - on and on. He had just reached the founding of Rome when Mr. Chisholm began to rattle the ice cream dishes in the next room - nothing doing. Still he talked on and on. At length, Mrs. Cooley, a retired actress, came in the door, all out of breath, hurriedly walked up the aisle and said in a stage whisper, "Katherine, hurry up. The fireworks have begun!" The exodus of the children was instantaneous! Mothers hurried out after the little ones. In a jiffy there was only a handful of adults left. Too late the senator realized this was no time for a filibuster!

The silver panic of 1895 did not seriously affect the Park except that the gang of workmen gradually disappeared and by 1907 building stopped entirely. In a few years the stock had been so manipulated that a receiver was appointed and financially

things went bad. The original bounds of the Park included all the tract on the other side of the R.R. tracks from above "the cut" to Rock Creek and along the Umphrey Perry farm over to the Viers Mill Road where for many years was the sign "End of Garrett Park". After a receiver for the company had been appointed this tract became a part of the Strait Estate.

On May 4, 1898, The Park was incorporated by an act of the State Legislature and a town council was sworn in - viz.

Mr. Eugene D. F. Brady - Mayor; Mr. Josiah C. Stoddard; Mr. James B. Austin; Mr. Byram C. Tiffany; Mr. Paleman H. Dorsett.

We had several severe storms in the 90's. The worst was a real hurricane in 1895. My husband and I were talking as the clock struck eleven, and he said "Listen to that wind, it is blowing very hard". It increased and suddenly reached a velocity of 85 miles an hour when the aerometer at the Naval Observatory broke and no one knows what speed it did reach - but it was a-plenty! The noise was terrifying - trees, chimneys, roofs, windows, and shutters, rattled and shook and the people were scared stiff. I thought - why, oh why, did we ever come to the country? and I wished I were dead. As the racket increased, we moved from the windward side of the house, put out the lamps, lighted a candle and each took a child ready to run. Finally in sheer exhaustion, we dropped down on the bed and waited for the worst. The peak lasted for 15 minutes, then it died down as rapidly as it came up, and we all fell to sleep at once - almost as sound as death itself. When morning came we were all dripping wet with perspiration. The sky was blue and calm as if nothing had happened, the air was pure and sweet with the fragrance of the beaten and broken pine trees. It was good to be alive! The destruction out of doors was severe. Of the twenty-odd windmills only three were left standing. Roofs, chimneys, windows, trees - scarcely anything was uninjured. But when we learned of the havoc in the city we were glad we had been in the country. As soon as breakfast was over and the men off on the train, the women started out with the babies in their carriages and spent the morning telling our experiences. Later at the Club a dainty little lady with lovely golden hair - so devout an Episcopalian that she wore mourning in Lent, noticed that Mrs. Brent, a gentlewoman from southern Maryland, had said nothing. Mrs. Brent's hair was snow-white and she had clear blue eyes - "And what did you think, Mrs. Brent?" "What did I think? What did I think, my dear? Why I thought, damn it, damn it to hell". But I said never a word." Dear little Mrs. Talcott almost passed out.

We also had what we thought, an unusual hail storm. The sun shone brightly as the hail stones began to fall. They bounced 20 feet high and really and truly were as large as black walnuts. They broke all the glass in the greenhouse and tore the gardens to shreds. The children ran out in their bare feet as soon as the shower passed and such shrieking as there was as they ran over the hailstones! They gathered up enough for me to freeze a gallon of red raspberry ice cream. The dents in the garden when it was not cultivated lasted the rest of the season.

We also had a blizzard in Feb. 1899. The snow was 30 inches deep on the level and drifted in places many feet deep. The path Mr. Kelly's gang cut out from our house up to the corner looked like a long tunnel without a roof. It was over 10 feet deep. The trains did not run for three days. Luckily it happened over Sunday, all who went in Saturday morning had to stay in. I think when the first engine came through with a whistle Tuesday the menfolks (who were always wishing they could stay out here all the time!) felt like hugging each other! It was cozy though and the families had such a good time together.

The fill for the railroad over Rock Creek had just been finished when we moved out. Before that there was a long, high wooden trestlework over the valley that was rather frightening to cross. The creek bed was straightened, the road up the hill changed, and a new bridge built for the roadway. The "old creek" was good for skating and fishing. The watertank was a great hangout for tramps who stole rides on the freight cars, when they stopped for water.

The year "Coxey's Army" came through on the Pike, the tramps were unusually numerous and the women felt rather nervous as all our men folks worked all day in the city. Your great-grandfather Holmes gave me his Colt pistol in case I needed to defend myself. Well of course I did not know how to use it. I did not dare have it loaded on account of my investigating children. In fact I could not remember that it ever had been loaded. It, or something, protected us all right. We were never molested but there were several things that happened that are funny to remember. The tramps were a great nuisance until the Kensington Town Marshal wiped them out.

(N. B.: Mrs. Defandorf's memoirs end with her anecdote about Jacob J. Coxey, political agitator, who organized an army of unemployed men to march from Ohio to Washington, D. C. in 1894. However, the citizens of Garrett Park are presently compiling both a more detailed history and a scrapbook of photographs and memorabilia, which will carry on from Mrs. Defandorf's notes. Help with the overview of Garrett Park's history given by George Payne, the present Mayor, and Norah Payne is greatly appreciated.)

The Editor