

The Montgomery County Story

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**Walter Rupert Tuckerman, Father of Bethesda
By William Offutt**

"It's a wise child that knows its own father," wrote Homer a long time before we knew about DNA and paternity suits. Some towns and cities, such as Rome and D.C., have well known or storied founders like Romulus, Remus and Pierre L'Enfant, but many do not. Chevy Chase boasts of the supposed foresight of Francis Newlands and has a fountain dedicated to his memory. Silver Spring honors the Blairs who named it and Sam Eig who modernized it. Glen Echo has the Baltzley twins to celebrate, and Georgetown even knows which two Georges started it. But like Topsy and many other villages and towns, Bethesda just grew. It grew especially after the new toll road opened and created that odd Y-shaped intersection in its middle where the old road to Georgetown angles in from the west and the newly macadamed turnpike plows straight toward the distant courthouse. But if the Bethesda of comfortable homes on tree-shaded lots (not the one of tall office and apartment buildings, two hundred restaurants, busy streets, impossible parking and oversized McMansions), suburban Bethesda with its modest business district, small parks and good schools had a father, he is an all-but-forgotten banker named Walter Rupert Tuckerman.

Walter Tuckerman was a fine horseman, champion golfer, excellent tennis player and well-bred lawyer. He was a tall, spare, quiet and gentle man. When Tuckerman discovered very rural Bethesda, the crossroads on the twenty-five-year-old, single-track trolley line was well on it's way to becoming a very blue-collar community. Centered on the Woodmont Triangle, it consisted of tiny clapboard homes on narrow lots and a developing black community of crowded shanties in Miller's Flats near the railroad tracks with their coal and lumber yards. Tuckerman bought the derelict farm positioned between those two bustling centers of modest homes and sweaty workmen, sub-divided it and invited Ivy League bankers and businessmen to come live in his upscale neighborhood-to-be. Slowly but remarkably, they did, and Bethesda changed and prospered.

Walter Tuckerman had been born into an old New England family that included a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His parents died when he was quite young, and he came to live with his grandfather, Lucius Tuckerman, at his H. H. Richardson-designed home at 1600 Eye Street, NW. He attended local private schools, including what became Sidwell Friends, and a prep school in New Jersey before entering Harvard. After graduation in 1903 he earned a law

degree from George Washington University and was admitted to the DC bar. He hung out his shingle and joined the Chevy Chase Club where he honed his impressive skills in tennis and golf. He won a prestigious golf championship one year and even traveled to Scotland to play St. Andrews. But his law practice was slow to develop. When a friend invited him to come along, bringing his rifle and panoramic camera, he joined the Alaskan Boundary Survey in 1909. His family claimed that the Alaskan experience was a bottomless fund of stories for the rest of his life.¹

Shortly after he returned from Alaska, he married Edith Abercrombie-Miller, a socially prominent member of the Cathedral School's first, two-person, graduating class. She had made her long-remembered debut at her family's Massachusetts Avenue home in 1902. Laura, their oldest daughter, recalled, "He knew mother when they were young; they knew each other socially and had met at parties. Mother and her parents went to Europe almost every summer, and she was in New York waiting a few days for the ship to sail and was walking along the street, and all of a sudden a carriage and horse came roaring around the corner, and it was Daddy. And he stopped and they chatted, and he said let me give you a lift, and they began talking and all of a sudden, apparently with my mother anyway, something clicked. And Mother told her parents she didn't want to go to Europe."²

Now a married man, Tuckerman decided to abandon the law as a career and become a banker and land developer. He had a sizeable inheritance which his oldest daughter estimated to be about \$100,000, and he had ambition. He and his new wife lived with her mother for a while and then, shortly after the birth of Laura, they moved to Brooke Lee's Maryland farm while their own home was built on the property he had acquired in Bethesda. A sprawling sub-division, originally called Edgewood, was laid out by surveyor J.H. Starkey in 1912 on 183.5 acres of what had been, for the most part, a run-down and over-grown Watkins' family farm. After post office confusion, Tuckerman renamed his development Edgemoor. In the beginning it contained about 250 lots, mostly large, and four big, undivided plots.³



Tuxeden

He built his own home, bravely called "Tuxeden," at what is now 5215 Edgemoor Lane and raised the social and economic level of Bethesda by about a factor of ten when he moved in. Colonel Theodore Boal, a skilled architect and soon the Tuckerman's next-door neighbor, designed the house as well as his own. "We added to it by fits and starts as the family grew," Tuckerman said, and the house finally acquired ten bedrooms and six baths as his family expanded to five daughters.

The ballroom was 44x22 feet with maple hardwood flooring; in the large dining room, 14x24 feet, and in the library, which was even bigger, the flooring was herringbone oak and the trim

mahogany. The carriage house held a two-car garage, a three-stall stable, a feed loft and two very small rooms for the gardener and driver. It became a separate home during World War II.⁴

Tuckerman planted fruit trees, mostly apple, and raised acres of corn and wheat until 1920. There was a large kitchen garden, and the Tuckermans also kept pigs, chickens, pigeons and, for a short time, guinea hens. He stabled an "indeterminate number" of horses in the carriage house and at a nearby barn that he had acquired with the land. There were always horses.

Large shade trees, many planted by Tuckerman and his hired hands, legions of azaleas, and other attractive shrubbery, carefully planned streets and, for the most part, well-built and quite expensive houses of a wide variety of architectural styles marked Edgemoor's early years. Tuckerman's workmen installed a water and sewer system and carved out the streets which he named. The sewer pipes emptied into the spring-fed streams on the eastern and western edges of his property. The streams joined behind Somerset to form Willett Creek and then fed into Little Falls Branch. The problem of dealing with sewage was one that engaged him for several years and led to his urging the creation of the Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission. The deep well, electric pump, and a big metal water tank on four sturdy legs were on the hill at the western end of Hampden Lane near an old street then called Wilson's Lane. "It was up by the Wheatleys," daughter Laura said. "I remember going out with Daddy because he would get calls at all hours saying it wasn't pumping or doing something. It was pretty rugged country, and we had copperheads in there, which I didn't like at all. I almost climbed to the top once."⁵

Where the new Edgemoor Lane met Old Georgetown Road, Tuckerman built a set of brick gates and a small, stuccoed office building. He painted both white and asked his first clients to exercise a great deal of imagination. He also created "five points" where his lane merged into Old Georgetown Road just before it joined Wisconsin Avenue. One of the most complex intersections ever to test a novice driver's nerve, it disappeared in the creation of Bethesda's Metro Center.

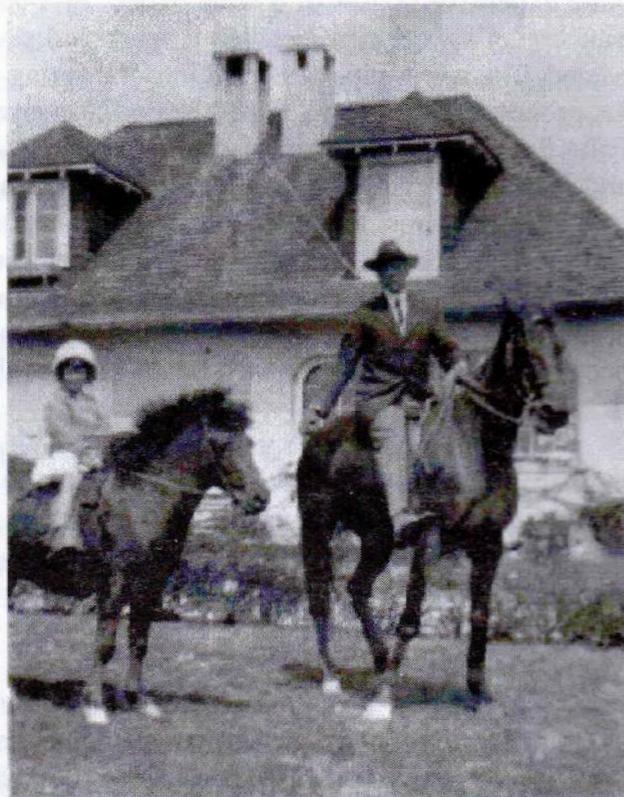
Tuckerman brought his wife and their infant daughter, Laura, to his new "Eden" in 1913 along with four maids, a German gardener and a chauffeur. They had to leave the car on Wisconsin Avenue and walk because of the muddy condition of Edgemoor Lane. Except for a decrepit blacksmith's shop by the streetcar siding, not much else was there. At the time, Mr. Tuckerman said, "You couldn't buy a cup of coffee in Bethesda."⁶

During her married life Mrs. Tuckerman scheduled her hours carefully. She worked tirelessly for both St. John's Norwood Parish and the Washington Cathedral, became an active clubwoman, and helped to found and was the first president of the National Women's County Club.⁷ She actively supported her multitude of charities including the Working Boys' (Newsboys') Home in the city, British relief activities in both world wars, and Republican Party candidates and causes. Somehow she also found time to rear and oversee the debuts and weddings of five daughters: Laura Wolcott, Edith Elizabeth (Elsie then and Else now), Ruth Hollingsworth, Alice Noel and Margaret Cary. Unlike the Chevy Chase Newlands, who made their home in Cleveland Park and Reno, Nevada, the Tuckermans lived in their suburb. They reared their children there, involved themselves in their community's problems, and learned to

enjoy a house often filled with their daughters many friends and eager beaux. Neighbors claimed that he sold off a piece of property for each debut, but daughter Laura said that, while that might have been true, they were actually very modest affairs.

Tuckerman put aside his love of the West and his golfing trophies, including the Mid-Atlantic Championship of 1907, and organized the National City Real Estate Corporation, later renamed the Edgemoor Land Company. He was treasurer of the Real Estate Investment Company, the exclusive agent for Edgemoor until the Depression, and during World War I, he was a leader of local Red Cross activities. Typhoid fever, which almost killed him, prevented him from serving in the Army and affected his health for the rest of his life. Tuckerman became president of Union Savings Bank in 1915 and a director of National Metropolitan Bank in 1917.

"Daddy used to ride his horse into town to his office," the late Laura Triest recalled. *He used the stable of the Riding and Hunt Club at 22nd and P Streets. He would ride across country. I don't think it took him any longer than it does to drive today with all the traffic. There was one bad fence, but he had a very sure horse. He took a large linen napkin with him, and when he came to the fence, he put the napkin on the top wire and jumped it. He didn't always go that way, but he told me that was what he did. Screwdriver was the name of the horse, a wonderful horse.*⁸



Laura riding Quaker

When the Tuckermans came to Bethesda it was little more than a wide place in the road, still the Frederick-Georgetown Turnpike, a poorly maintained thoroughfare that was macadam on the west side of the streetcar tracks and dirt on the other side. What is now Old Georgetown Road was a narrow, two-lane graveled street marked by mudholes and ruts. At the intersection was the first siding in Maryland of the trolley line, right in front of Lochete's blacksmith and wheelwright establishment. The tracks then ran on an embankment down the east side of the old road out to the next switch at Alta Vista before cutting cross-country to rejoin the Pike at Montrose Road. Streetcars ran about every half-hour.

Across the Pike from the blacksmith's shop stood the remnants of the old tavern that the Dodges were planning to tear down. Their new home later became, and still is, Pumphrey's Funeral Home. Much of the land in the middle of town was owned and farmed by the Gingell family; the road's elbow where Beth El Temple is now and where the schoolhouse once stood, was long known as Gingell's Curve. Bethesda boasted two general stores. Darcy's on the east side of the main street was older and was still in business with a Counselman in charge. It had once been

the post office and the town's name on some maps. Across the wide street, next to the abandoned tollgate, was Alfred and Herbert Wilson's store which became the post office, and for a while had the only telephone in town. It still exists, moved south a hundred feet, and is now a bank. Other than a scattering of small homes, barns and empty fields, the only other structures of note were the big, square Offutt home down where the Bradley Hills developers had built a new road and, across from that, the Episcopal church with its fancy memorial windows. Across Bradley, where firehouse No. 6 stands today, was the Grange Hall. Then came the Tuckermans and with them came change.

Once his land was subdivided and the first new residents were building their homes, Tuckerman created a business district in the middle of Bethesda by building a line of stores, the biggest three-stories high and the rest only two, that stretched from his little office building southward toward Montgomery Lane. The largest of the buildings was rented for Bethesda's first stand-alone post office in 1926. Above the stores were small offices rented by doctors, dentists and lawyers, and some housing units, the town's first apartments. This three-phase commercial strip was completed in 1928 with the construction of what the *Washington Post* called the "first motion picture project in the suburbs."⁹ The theater, originally called the Bethesda, became the State and later the Hiser, for John Henry Hiser, its long-time operator, before becoming the Baronet and then disappearing in Metro construction. Beneath the movie house were Bethesda's first bowling alleys and next to the theater, once prohibition died, the first beer joint.

In 1919 Tuckerman became a founder and first president of the Bank of Bethesda, which he claimed "was largely responsible for the rapidity of growth here." The bank was to be located on property owned by the Masons, but when the negotiations foundered, George Sacks offered the small stone building at Bradley and Wisconsin Avenue, which had been the Bradley Hills sales



The original directors included most of the Bethesda businessmen of time. (Left to right): Millard E Peake, Claude H Woodward, Robert Wilson, Lewis Keiser, Charles Miller, H Latane Lewis, B Peyton Whalen, Walter E Perry, Walter R Tuckerman, Edward L Stock, S Walter Bogley, Francis C Wallace, M Willson Offutt, Dr. E. C. Schroeder.

office and trolley station. Instead the founders decided to quarter the bank in the "Gate House" of the Edgemoor subdivision, which was Tuckerman's real estate office.

The new bank did business in such a small room, about 350 square feet in Tuckerman's office-gatehouse, that jokesters predicted some night it would be carried off in toto. Tuckerman had gratings put on the window and bought an old counter and a secondhand customers' window (from Western Union for \$14) and had them installed about six feet inside the door. He acquired a small fireproof safe, purchased some stationery and hired a secretary. The bank was capitalized at \$25,000 with a surplus of \$5,000. A thousand shares of capital stock with a par value of \$25 were sold at \$30 to produce the surplus.

The *Sentinel* reported that the "management of the bank will be in the hands of well-known and conservative business men, nearly all residents of Bethesda or Chevy Chase" and that "Mr. Walter R. Tuckerman has been asked to serve as first President." The vice-presidents were Edward L. Stock of Bradley Hills, who always claimed that the bank was his idea to teach his sons thrift, and George P. Sacks of the Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Company. Walter Bogley of the Potomac Savings Bank in Georgetown and a "member of a well-known Montgomery County family" accepted the post of cashier.

When money was transported, the bank engaged deputy sheriff E. V. Caywood to escort Mr. Bogley downtown. On one such trip the Park Police arrested the sheriff for carrying a gun in Rock Creek Park. Another of Mr. Bogley's duties was to keep the coal stove fueled in cold weather. In the first year deposits totaled \$49,000. The little bank in Tuckerman's building added bulletproof glass to its counter, bought a burglar alarm, a huge sign to hang out front advertising it and a larger, manganese safe. Walter Tuckerman built a small, frame ell on the back for his office so Mr. Bogley's space could be increased. His oldest daughter, Laura, remembered visiting her father there and how proud she was that he had his own office.



Tuckerman in his office

He rode there every day on his bicycle because mother needed the car. He had clamps he put on his trousers. Once I was playing in the bushes looking at our dog cemetery and he couldn't see me, and something had gone wrong at the bank. It's the only time I ever heard him swear, and I think he was saying "Darn, darn, darn," as he pedaled past. I was absolutely astonished. I told him afterward and he roared.

In the early 1920s George Sacks purchased the Mason's surplus, property where the blacksmith's shop had stood, for \$3,000 and held it for a year until 1923 when the Bank took up its option to acquire the site for a new, larger bank. It contracted for the construction of its \$53,000 building

two years later. The Bank of Bethesda proudly opened for business on September 26, 1926 behind its eighteen-inch-thick stone walls and its ten-ton, steel vault door. Seven employees moved into the new building, one of the most modern in the area. By the end of 1926 deposits reached \$250,000, and the capitalization was increased to \$100,000.

The new bank was built of the same Stoneyhurst Quarry mica schist that was also used in the rows of stores both Walter Tuckerman and George Sacks put up. The bank became the chief landmark and symbol of the town for the next half century. Bethesdans gave directions and measured distances in relation to the Bank, and its solid, stolid presence exuded the hopes of its founders.

George Sacks became president in 1928 while Walter Tuckerman was out of the country.¹⁰ By 1929 deposits reached the one million dollar mark. The bank weathered the crash and Depression, reopening on March 15, 1933, after the frightening bank "holiday." By 1939 the deposits topped \$2 million, and few argued with Walter Tuckerman's belief that the bank's "success was largely responsible for the rapidity of growth here." By then the Bank of Bethesda had made more than \$1.5 million in FHA loans.

Walter Tuckerman often took his daughters and their friends riding. "If there weren't enough horses," he recalled, "why, we'd put two children on a horse." Occasionally they rode down to the back of the USDA experiment station, now Norwood Park. "Sometimes when we were on our way back from the blacksmith in Tenleytown," his daughter Laura recalled, "we would ride slowly through the cattle, and I would pretend I was a cowboy, but we had strict orders not to annoy the cows." Her sister, Else, enjoyed racing the freight train along the B&O tracks that have become the Crescent Trail.

Mrs. Triest also remembered horse shows on the empty lots across from her home, riding with her father to the Rockville Fair where he bought her a pony, and then riding her pony to lay a trail for paper chases through the neighborhood fields and woods. For a while the Riding and Hunt Club used the estate as its headquarters, and it was not unusual to see a group of men galloping across the fields of Edgemoor after a pack of hounds. "Mother was the least athletic person in the world," said her oldest daughter, "but she was a good sport about riding with us. One of our horses was a genius at getting out of the pasture. A neighbor on Glenbrook used to call in the middle of the night, 'Come and get your blanket-blank horse off my lawn!'"

Tuckerman's original advertising brochure began, "Those of refined taste, demanding a better social atmosphere than surrounds the usual suburb; a more picturesque environment for an all-year-round home out of the city, without the expense and responsibility of a large estate; will find these qualities happily realized and united in Edgewood."

The brochure promised that each building site would be provided with "pure artesian water; sanitary sewerage; gas for cooking, heating and lighting; electric light and telephone service; macadamized roads and sidewalks accessible everywhere, doing away with the dirt nuisance, yet not interfering with privacy." The "village" of Bethesda was described rather imaginatively as "near at hand, with markets, stores, churches, schools and physicians' residences", but the nearness of the City was emphasized with a map that showed the Capitol only six miles away. Agents of

the Real Estate Investment Company "will be glad to motor you out at your conveniences to judge for yourself on the ground."¹¹

However, in the early days, Edgemoor was hardly the idyllic "Eden" the sales brochure pictured. It was mainly acres of corn, hay and scrubby second growth; the town was not much to brag about either and included some rowdy neighbors as his eldest daughter recalled:

Over by the tracks they had a gang of men working on the railroad. They had a camp there . . . They frequently fought on Saturday night, and it would get pretty raucous. Daddy would go out on the lawn with his gun because he was worried about them getting too close, and mother would sit shaking by the telephone waiting for his shot in the air that meant for her to call the police.

One of the largest of Edgemoor's elegant new houses was the home Colonel Philips built at 7500 Hampden Lane about 1919. It is one of the five original Edgemoor homes of several different styles all said to have been designed by the same architect, probably Theodore D. Boal. The Italian-French structure with its pink tile roof, wrought iron balcony, fifteen French doors and elaborate carvings originally stood on three landscaped acres.

When Colonel Phillips died, the estate was broken up, and President Harding's postmaster, Senator Harry S. New of Indiana, purchased the home and a one-acre lot. He hosted many diplomatic and political parties at the house, and both President Harding and President Coolidge were regular visitors. Mrs. New cultivated rare irises and filled the driveway area with roses. The News took an active role in community affairs. As Coolidge's Postmaster General, New participated in the opening of the post office in Tuckerman's three-story store on Wisconsin Avenue in 1926 and was also involved in the dedication of the Madonna of the Trail.

Another home where there was a great deal of gracious entertaining was the fifteen-room mansion built by businessman J. Maury Dove which was modeled on Tudor Place in Georgetown. The huge estate occupied a whole block at Beverly and Edgemoor and included a guest house across Beverly. Dove was born in Washington in 1855, but his family moved to the County when he was a youngster. By 1883 he owned Stover and Company, one of the largest coal suppliers in the metropolitan area. He organized the Lanston Monotype Company of Philadelphia and England, and then he bought the Shoreham Hotel in 1912. His other hotel interests included part ownership of the Raleigh and the Willard. After his death in 1924, J. Maury Dove's Edgemoor estate became the home of Pierce-Arrow distributor Frederick Parkhurst, then Reece Sewell's Longfellow School and most recently Sidwell Friends' lower school.

Meanwhile Bethesda was still growing. Another business district developed south of Leland Street with Sack's row of stone-faced stores on the west and the older, half-timbered shops built by the Warren brothers on the east. A number of car dealers and gas stations, including Imirie's Garage, had opened as well as some hardware and specialty stores. After several weeks of discussion over lunch, the Chamber of Commerce got organized in February 1926 with Walter Tuckerman as the first president. The Chamber's first big project was the creation of a fire department; led by *Star* editor Oliver Owen Kuhn, a fire board was organized. Walter Tuckerman, who had several earlier experiences with brush fires in Edgemoor, donated the land on Old Georgetown Road halfway between Edgemoor and Wilson Lane where the first firehouse was built.¹²

In the summer of 1920 Edgemoor residents carved out two tennis courts in some scrubby fields, organized themselves into a tennis club and then asked Mr. Tuckerman about buying or renting the land. The club's minutes reflect that one Saturday " Mr. Tuckerman supplied an old bench, which, after much scrubbing, was pronounced fit to sit upon. Some of the men constructed a sturdy framework over which was stretched an awning, also donated by Mr. Tuckerman, which did excellent service in giving shade to spectators until destroyed by the violent winds and rains of the summer."

They held several tournaments that first year and "refreshments were served at the courts by the ladies of the club every Saturday afternoon." The Club was incorporated in 1922 with twenty resident members and a budget of \$11,000 to purchase land and to build a seventy-five-by-twenty-five-foot swimming pool and some dressing rooms. Eventually they scaled down the plans and built a white, frame clubhouse. Two more courts, a practice board, bowling green and putting green were added later. It is probably the first community club of its kind in the Washington area.

In the mid-1920s when some city tennis clubs lost their property, Edgemoor Club made "tennis memberships" available to several of Washington's leading players and increased the membership to one hundred. However during the Depression the club fell on hard times. All but two of the courts became weedy and just about unplayable, and most meetings ended with a "discussion of the indebtedness due Mr. Walter R. Tuckerman." Minerva Bassett, whose husband Bill started playing tennis there in 1941, remembered Mr. Tuckerman coming to the meetings year after year and saying, "I don't want the property back, but couldn't you just pay the interest on the loan?"¹³



Tuckerman, a champion golfer

Regularly one or another of the Tuckermans, either parents or daughters, was featured on the society pages at some party, charity affair or sporting event. During the 1920s Walter Tuckerman was master of the hounds of the Riding and Hunt Club, head of the St. John's church orphanage association, and active in the DC Harvard Club and the Middle Atlantic Golf Association. He was deeply involved in the creation of both the National Women's County Club, where his wife was very active, and the Burning Tree Club, where he became an institution. He was the first head of Burning Tree's house committee and produced the definitive version of its naming legend. He was respected at every other club in the area.

On April 19, 1929, when an estimated 5,000 people gathered to enjoy the dedication of the statue honoring pioneer mothers, Walter Tuckerman was the first speaker. He presented the D.A.R. with the deed to the corner of land he had donated for the installation of the Madonna of the Trail. Then Judge Harry S. Truman spoke, and the tall statue was unveiled.

In the 1930's when the farm women were trying to

organize a market, Mrs. Tuckerman's name was high on the list of supporters. And when the Newcomb Club was looking for a home for its fledging public library, Mr. Tuckerman volunteered two rooms in his old real estate office.

The stock market crash and the Depression that followed were hard on Tuckerman as they were on many builders and investors. He had taken back many second mortgages that ended in default, and his venture in promoting the Point Lookout Hotel ended in failure. He settled back to a quieter and simpler life, enjoying his daughters' debuts and weddings. His wife died in 1954; he passed away, pretty much forgotten, in 1961.¹⁴

About the author: William A. Offutt is the author of *Bethesda: A Social History* which is available at the MCHS Library.

¹ Interview with Laura Triest, 1992. See short biography produced by the Burning Tree Club in 1952.

² Interview 1992.

³ Interview and Montgomery County land records.

⁴ Article by M.P.Eifer in *News Carrier*, March 1960. The carriage house is now 5506 Exeter Lane.

⁵ Interview 1992.

⁶ Widely quoted. See *Bethesda A Social History*, p. 300.

⁷ While Tuckerman himself was not much of a churchgoer, he lent the Norwood parish a barn to meet in after the church was destroyed by fire in 1914.

⁸ Interview 1992. Laura's pony was called Quaker.

⁹ *Washington Post*, March 31, 1928.

¹⁰ *Sentinel*, Nov. 28, 1919; *Journal*, Dec. 15, 1939, *Tribune*, Dec. 8, 1939, *News Carrier*, March 1959 and the 25th Anniversary banquet program of Dec. 1, 1944. "I went to school one year in Europe with some friends," said Laura Triest, "and somebody was going to take us over and at the last minute they couldn't, so Daddy took us all over, three of us. And while he was gone, he was superseded by Mr. Sacks. They wanted a change and took that opportunity. Someone, perhaps Mr. Dove, came and told Mother and Daddy about it afterwards. He had not liked what had happened. There was a little behind-the-scenes business there."

¹¹ See Edgemoor brochure in collection of the MCHS.

¹² See G.W.Imirie's "Early History of the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Chamber of Commerce." n.d. and "Walter Tuckerman, Edgemoor Founder, recalls Early Days," *News Carrier*, March 1959.

¹³ Mostly from "Brief History of the Edgemoor Club" by Minerva Bassett, 1962.

¹⁴ All of his daughters made their debuts at home, the last, Peggy, in the spring of 1940. See obituaries in *Star* and *Post*, Jan. 16, 1961.

***The Montgomery County Story is sponsored by the Chevy Chase Land Company
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Maureen Altobello, Editor

MAP OF BETHESDA DISTRICT MONTGOMERY COUNTY MARYLAND

Compiled by S. D. Caldwell

Scale $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 Mile

1915

