The Monocacy

of the Monocle

A Monthly Newspaper

Keeping an Eye on Local News September 2024 • Volume XX, Number 8



The Grande Dames of the Monocaçy

By Rande Davis

In this our twentieth year, the Monocacy Monocle proudly presents this special edition of the newspaper: The Grande Dames of the Monocacy. Within this issue, you will read about twenty of the most dynamic and iconic women who have deeply influenced our community. You will learn so much from their lives about strength, vision, duty, and, most of all, humor

These articles are about some amazing women who, except for two, no longer walk among us, but when they did, they walked with great dignity and purpose in a world that in far too many ways-no longer exists. It is not just their stories from the past that will intrigue you, but also about the times in which they lived and how their residing in Poolesville gave us the very roots of our values today. Theirs was a time when happiness and personal lives were paramount over careers and jobs, where accomplishment as a value had little merit over trusted friends and families.

Even still, all these women were people of significant achievement in their careers as well as in the community.

Without many of the freedoms that women have today, these women still soared. Not surprising during their eras in a small town, most of their careers were in teaching, nursing, secretarial, and caring for one another.

We carefully selected the title of this featured issue to properly honor the women for the times in which they lived. While there is truly nothing like these dames, we do not, in any way, mean to use the term as a pejorative. Rather we use dames in their honor and in the highest of respect. The term dames is used in the original Merriam-Webster sense, to honor these women of "great prestige or ability." For ladies of the aristocracy, the term dames is used as a sort of female knighthood. For the men, they were entitled to the royal designation of Sir, for women it was Dame-and this continues to this day in the United Kingdom. In French, Grande Dame literally means Great Lady. As one observer once said,

"Believe me, there is no more magnificent being than a true Grande Dame, and for this destiny, the good God fashioned you (them)."

For the women highlighted in this issue, we have written in tribute about all of them in a past issue of the Monocle, and we wanted their remarkable lives to be known and to come alive once again. Within the descendants of these honorees. their lives are still lovingly held deeply in their souls. While missed dearly, they remain with us in spirit.

There are so many more among us living today who could be equally honored. In our world, the descendants of these grand ladies honor us with their presence and whose names I cannot begin to list without fear of missing one or another. You know them, though, as well as I. When you see a woman of today, remember whence she comes. She comes from greatness. It is the spirt of these women of the past that we see in them today.





Poolesville: A Town Led by Women

In this special tribute issue to the women who have made such a profound contribution to our life, we want to also pause to give special tribute to our many current female leaders who head our civic, religious, and governmental sectors. When grouped by category, one might observe and conclude that a great many, if not most of our local leaders, are female. Taken individually, it is easy to lose sight of the immense contribution of the

women from our town and area, but taken as a whole, the impact of their role becomes profound.

In our town government and county electoral offices, we have had strong women come forward to serve. The distaff contribution to our town board of commissioners goes back many decades now. Female leadership in town government started with Nancy Hopkinson, Linda Nessul, Kathy Krill, and extends more recently with Lori Gruber, Val Dickerson, Kerri Cook (who also served as town commission president), and currently serving on the board, Sarah Paksima. At the county level, our District 2 councilmember is Marilyn Balcombe and our county at-large member is Laurie-Anne Sayles. The town clerk, which is essential to the well-being of the government, has been run for the last fifty years by two women, Nancy Fost and

By Rande Davis

Bobbi Evans; and the current town clerk is Maggie Leibrand.

Look around at the leadership of our civic service groups. Our many civic organizations, which provide essential services on a broad basis, have been and are led by women. This list is extensive, starting with Gail Lee as a past president of the Poolesville Area Chamber of Commerce (PACC), and

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Scrapbook



Dots Elgin in her days of being a nurse.



Ag Fair winners and their prizes. Miss Harriette Smith (holding the silver cake plate) was one of the high school teachers directing the show.



These young ladies were BFFs for life. Dots Elgin is in the upper left with her friends that called themselves the Prissies.



Titus's Tasty Cupboard, located where Bassett's is now, in its heyday of renown for Betty Titus Watkins's pies.





Editor's note: There are several women in the photos below that we are not able to identify; their names are listed as "unknown" in the captions.

Do any of our readers know who they are? If so, please let us know.



Swirling around the May Pole in 1931.



Some of our grand ladies enjoyed a luncheon at Bassett's Restaurant. Back row: Dots Elgin, Helen Pumphrey, unsure, Mary Ann Kephart, unknown, Lib Tolbert. Front row: unknown, unknown, and Mrs. Bassett.

Left: Mrs. Frances Poole Williams, one of the last of the Pooles, stands at the grille gate built by her grandfather, Dr. Frederick Poole. This is the new home for Sugar Pea Vintage!



The Poolesville Community Band. Seated in front: Mr. Holland and Second Band Director Roy Swank. Second row: Charles Knill, Earl Stottlemeyer, and Doris Lewis Mathews. Standing in rear: Harold Thompson, unknown, Edith Thompson, Frank Knill, Vivian Matthews, Elmer Orme, Walter K. Matthews, Roger Bodmer, Herbert Matthews, and Mr. Smoot.

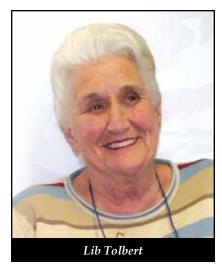
Left: Church ladies of St. Peter's. Back row: Florence Van Emon, Boo Painter, and Dots Elgin. Middle row: Helen Pumphrey, Mary Williams, Vera Seymour, Mary Chiswell, unknown, and Winsome Brown. Front row: Virginia Hersperger and Kay Moore.

Lib Tolbert

Barnesville's Mayor Emeritus

By Rande Davis

Ever notice how nearly every successful team has a go-to guy? You know, the kind of person who always seems to come through in the clutch. The truly great teams have more than one go-to guy. In Barnesville, however, they had one who really stood out. For over half a century, the residents of Barnesville knew just who was their "go-to guy," the one they trusted the



most to "git-er-done." In that town, the guy wasn't a guy at all. It was the mayor emeritus (serving for more than thirty years), Elizabeth Hays Tolbert, known affectionately as Lib. Before her passing in 2014, we had a chance to chat with her about her life.

That someone from the Hays family was a key leader in Barnesville would not be surprising to anyone who had lived in the town anytime within the last 270 years. Barnesville was, historically, a rich tobacco farm region that was originally identified and surveyed in 1747 by one of Lib's ancestors, Jeremiah Hays. The town should have been named Haysville. William Barnes, the namesake, actually grew weary of the place and moved to a place in Ohio and subsequently got Ohio to name an area in Belmont County after him as well. When Lib Tolbert's dad lived in Barnesville, practically every house in town was owned by a Hays.

When Lib's parents passed on, she got the house in which she was born, and her sister, Mary White Lok, got the farm. Over the centuries, important civic meetings have been held in the living room of Lib's 1797 farmhouse.

When Lib's grandfather, Ennis Ray, was a lieutenant colonel in the D.C. National Guard in the mid-1860s, he took his militia over the Potomac River to join the South. He ended up in prison for treason, and the only reason he wasn't hanged was because the patriarch of the Blair family (Blair House is adjacent to the White House) intervened on his behalf. Lib's namesake and grandmother, Elizabeth, was very dear to her. Grandmother Elizabeth was twenty years old when she and her husband, who was sixty years old at the time, got married. Lib shared with us that her grandmother's direct approach to life taught her everyday lessons of life (like learning to drink like a lady) and this is the woman from whom Lib most likely inherited much of her renowned straight-to-the-point demeanor.

Lib first attended school in Barnesville in a structure across from the present Barnesville Baptist Church with six grades at which her mother taught. Discipline in her mother's classroom was simple. "Mother always made the students who misbehaved clean the privies as punishment." The privies in those days were two outhouses, one for the girls, one for the boys. This cleaning duty was all they needed to maintain control. Whoa! What a concept! We need to bring this one back.

When the Barnesville school closed after her fourth year, she was sent to a school in Poolesville. As a senior, she was sent by her parents to board at St. Mary's Female Seminary in Leonardtown (today's St. Mary's College). Lib became a cadet in a nursing program in Garfield Hospital but didn't practice that career very long since she met the cousin of a close friend, Sam Tolbert. He was an air force major from Atlanta, Georgia stationed at Bolling Air Force Base. With a wry smile, she noted that she could not be sure if it was his rank or his uniform, but whatever it was, he certainly "set the barracks on fire."

In 1945, this twenty-year-old got married in the house of her birth. When they moved to Germany in the 1950s, Sam continued his service to the country as an intelligence officer whose group became renowned for Operation Paperclip, a project after WWII ended in 1945, where victorious Russian and American intelligence teams began a treasure hunt throughout occupied Germany for military and scientific booty. After serving in Germany, London, and other various stateside duty stations, they returned to the Pentagon and Barnesville.

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Proudly honoring

Laura C. Jamison

and the many other strong women

from our area



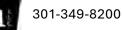












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Rande(m) Thoughts Superwoman Is Alive And Well—and Living In Poolesville

By Rande Davis

In 2004, when John Clayton and I published our first edition of the Monocacy Monocle, our excitement and-quite frankly-our pride were palpable. Our vision was clear as we knew this newspaper could become a very, very special blessing to our small-town culture. No matter its scope, the media can choose to be a venue of unity or division. We chose unity as we view our readers more as family than consumers. That's why we chose our page two pictorial to be called Family Album.

In the last twenty years, I have had the personal honor to get to know, even befriend, some of the most iconic, legendary women this community has ever had. It has been an absolutely amazing experience to converse with these women; to learn of their lives, their philosophies, and their accomplishments; and to feel their special personal positive energies. It has been beyond a privilege, it has been the best part of our *Monocle* life, which alone is an utmost honor.

I have been so grateful that I got to share their stories, but it always concerned me that those stories were told only once, and then we simply moved on. I did not want their stories forgotten. Thankfully, making the newspaper monthly has allowed us to reprint these many wonderful stories. We have more such specials planned, so get ready for more wonderful reprints.

Of course, there are many women from our history who equally deserve our recognition. I could never write about all of them nor even be able to name them all. Consider our selection of these women as official stand-ins for all the others about whom I haven't written.

When you read their stories againor for the first time-absorb their accomplishments, remembering the times in which they lived. You will discover a woman, who, for example, despite holding very modest political positions, rose to become a dynamo in the Maryland Democratic Party. You will meet two dedicated educators who started in a one-room schoolhouse, and another who rose to become Montgomery County Public School's first female principal and a leader in integration. Bold, strong, women, who, for example, headed out

in the 1930s without any man beside them in a used car to explore the western United States at a time when such a thing was unheard of. You will also learn of women who used their lives to better not just their families' lives but the lives of their neighbors women whose dedication to the more unfortunate among us can literally be compared to Saint Mother Teresa of Calcutta's.

This special edition also gives recognition to the more contemporary women who have followed in their footsteps and spirits-women in business, government, education, and civic groups.

We also want to give a shoutout to the ladies of the Monocle. As we grew and improved, so did our staff: the writers, editors, and layout designers.

The copy editing of Dominique Agnew produced a publishing product that raised the Monocle to the highest level of journalistic editing. That's why you will never see a sentence start with the word "but." My best protestations aside, her husband was right when he warned from day one, "You'll never win an argument with Dominique." I tried very hard to counter her decision, even trying to explain that in the Bible, even Iesus starts sentences with but. She calmly explained that while Jesus had God as his Father, "He didn't have me as his copy editor." Dominique did, however, fully support the use of em dashes.

When we added the ladies of AnyArt Solutions, Anne-Marie Thomas and Laura Muncy, the look and feel of the newspaper took a giant step forward. Laura is the creator of our Fun Facts column, something that is simple but profound and that adds intrigue to our paper. She also curates our Of Poetry and Prose columns, selecting the perfect verses for the season or the mood of the issue. garden writer, Maureen O'Connell, is an expert's expert and a talented writer as well, informative and introspective.

There are some fine photographers in our area. Our first photographer was Hilary Schwab, an accomplished Poolesville photographer who has been active in the Poolesville Area Chamber of Commerce and in the community.

Periodically, we are blessed with the near stunning talent in photography of Teri Pitts. Her occasional Pitts Quips brings a special note of humor, something we need more of in the paper. We got better from past contributions from Susan Petro, and

Continued on page 6.

A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



Mrs. Edgar LeMarr was a local hero.

The Monocacy

Keeping an Eye on Local News

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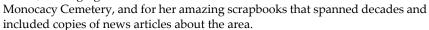
Dots Elgin

The First Lady Of Poolesville

By Rande Davis

In 2016, at the time of her ninety-seventh birthday, many people still considered Dots Elgin (pronounced with a hard G) the First Lady of Poolesville.

Dots was awarded the Historic Medley's Whisper Award for her imporant role in preserving local history through her book on Poolesville's homes, managing the records at the



Visiting her at any tme, the dining room table was cluttered with newspaper clippings piled high, the Elmer's glue bottle uncapped, the scissors nearby, and the scrapbooks awaiting their turns to be pasted up. These were not your typical quaint and pretty scrapbooks that easily fit in the dresser drawer. These were the bulky, awkward kind. They stretched out to two feet by three feet when opened up to show two pages at a time. Through her diligent work of maintaining the scrapbooks, Dots lovingly chronicled the days of our lives for over fifty years.

If a story was in print and about the community, then it ended up in one of her many scrapbooks. It is through these home archives that the news about the people and events of Poolesville, Barnesville, Dickerson, Boyds, and the surrounding area were kept. She also had special scrapbooks just for the churches, the fire department, and for civic clubs.

Dots Elgin had not only been keeping tabs on the news over five decades, but she also wrote a book entitled *The History of Poolesville*. It's a great little book, and everyone in town should have one in their homes.

Married for fifty-five years, the Elgins were a real team. When it came to public service, Charles had the more public profile, but we think he would be the first to express the sentiment that Dots was the wind beneath his wings. Although her service had been more subtle, their combined contributions to the community were profound.

Charles Elgin contributed to the community as postmaster in Poolesville for thirty-three years and as a founding (charter) member of both the Monocacy Lions Club and the Upper Montgomery County Volunteer Fire Department. Of course, he is best remembered in the area for his town leadership as president of the commissioners of Poolesville for seventeen years.

It was no accident that his leadership of community groups always coincided with very important changes to the community. He was chairman of the Poolesville PTA's Building and Grounds Committee during planning and initial building stages of both the high school and the elementary school.

He served on the governing body (vestry) of St. Peter's Episcopal Church for fifteen years, ending his time as its senior warden, culminating with the construction of its present parish hall.

During his tenure on the town commission, the water and sewer systems were built, and both Westerly and Wesmond came into existence. He was a founder of the predecessor to the current Poolesville Area Chamber of Commerce (then called the Poolesville Board of Trade), on the Board of Directors of Monocacy Cemetery, and a member of the Montgomery County Historical Society.

The Elgins are representative of a generation that valued community service as highly as employment. It's not that Dots's work was less important than her civic contributions. She was, after all, a nurse prior to marriage, and also spent seventeen years working for the administration at Poolesville Elementary School. If she got to talking about the things that were most important in her life, her jobs would get mentioned but only after she had warmly reflected on her experiences in her church, times with friends, and the times she and Charles spent devoted to members of the family.

As you can imagine, much of their social entertainment came from their own creativity. She and her girlfriends banded together in a small club they called the Prissies. Asked why the name, it was like the way we use word "bad" for "good"



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Fran Ichijo

Ballet in the Countryside: Pirouette Through the Tulips

By Dominique Agnew

Fran Ichijo had a dream. In her dream, young children and aspiring ballet dancers did not have to go to the big cities to further their training to reach their dreams and goals. Instead of driving to Frederick or Baltimore or Washington, D.C. or New York, students of ballet would drive to Poolesville, become accomplished dancers, and dance for major ballet companies. Fran had this dream, and she made it a reality—something she had done before.

Fran Drayton Ichijo grew up dancing ballet in Pennsylvania. She eventually made her way to New York where she studied with the nowdefunct American Ballet Theater School with Patricia Wilde. She had already completed her four-year degree in dance and art at Hamilton College. Then the adventure began. A woman came to New York "looking for brave souls"-Fran said laughing-who could not only dance, but who could teach ballet. The two skills would be necessary to start a ballet company. Brave Fran left New York for Seoul, Korea where she helped found the Universal Ballet Company. While there for eight years, she danced, she taught, and she established this company which is not only still in existence but is known throughout the ballet world. Many of her pupils went on to become professional dancerssoloists and principals—for such companies as the Ohio Ballet, the Atlanta Ballet, the Universal Ballet Company, and Stuttgart. "That's my hope again," she said.

Since her years in Seoul, Fran married, raised a family (and some horses), all the while teaching ballet for local dance studios. In 1998, Fran opened the doors of Hope Garden Ballet, naming it after the farm she and her husband owned in Dickerson until the early aughts. She had wondered why ballet always had to be in the city, and she wanted ballet in the country. "The beauty of the country lends itself to creative thought," she explained. She ran the ballet studio out of the



Healthworks Fitness Center (now Anytime Fitness) building where she began with only three students. By 2006, she had forty students who put on two productions each year at the high school in December and May. "Of course, I'm impassioned by ballet," she enthused, and she wasn't reticent about explaining why. Ballet has everything: It is artistic with line and beauty; it is athletic, musical, requires knowledge of anatomy to get the most out of the body; and it instills discipline which helps build character. "I don't teach just to make money," she explained. She taught to build characters and discipline in life.

As many know, ballet can be grueling practice and repetition, but Fran loved it, and easily shared her love. "I'm very joyful in my teaching," she said, but don't think she's lax on technique. "I love technique," she added. "I love to have perfect technique." If a dancer has lousy technique, it takes away from the artistry. Fran's insistence on technique and her infectious passion paid off for the dancers. Over the years, her dancers went on to dance at all levels across the U.S.

When the time came for Fran to build a larger space, she created a nonprofit and called on the help of students' parents. Some joined her on the board of Hope Garden Children's Ballet Theatre, and some helped in the actual construction of her studio, first at Healthworks, then at its final location in the Poolesville Village Center. A few years ago, Fran retired from teaching ballet, and a former student, Claire Jones, took over the studio, now called Essence Studios.

Teaching ballet, Fran said, "is about creating beauty and goodness."

Continued from page 4.

Superwoman Is Alive and Well—and Living in Poolesville

sadly remember Daytripper writer, Ingeborg Westfall, and Equestrian columnist, Andie Devynck, who are no longer among us.

We also give thanks to Sylvia Ventura for our home delivery. I could mention three other members of her family, but, alas, they're all men, so we will leave them out for another time. Finally, we can't forget the contributions in so many ways of our wives, Vikkie and Laura. Vikki Clayton was the designer of our unique logo, and Laura Davis actually came up with the alliterative newspaper name: *Monocacy Monocle*.

Enjoy this special edition—the Collector's Edition, I might add—of the *Monocle*. If you are a female, take justifiable pride, if you are male, be grateful for them and all the women in your life.







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Pioneer in Caring

By Rande Davis

Beulah Clarke Harper was legendary in her initiatives in education, history, and assistance to those in need. She joined Jane Stearns in developing our most profoundly important assistance service organization, WUMCO Help. Initially, their work focused on the needs for food for the many families in the Monocacy region who struggle with putting food on the table. Eventually, they added on transportation for medical needs which led to the current service offers of health care assistance and consultation, assisting in paying essential needs such as heat, electricity, and car payments.



For some years, Jane Stearns was

also secretary of the county NAACP. In the late sixties, she came to know Beulah Harper, a black woman and fellow community activist. "Inseparable," she said of their relationship. Beulah's pantry (sharing of groceries with needy neighbors) was the first iteration of WUMCO—with Jane racking up seventy-five thousand miles in transporting clients to medical offices during the first few years.

Though Beulah died a few years later, Jane guided the fledgling organization into the many-faceted, established 501(c)3 agency it is today.

Throughout her endeavors, she always had the enthusiastic support and involvement of Fred, including keeping WUMCO's books for many years. He died in 2006 of cancer.

Beulah co-founded a new WUMCO called Western Upper Montgomery Citizen's Association. The new WUMCO—not to be confused with the food and ride assistance organization we know as WUMCO Help—led the effort to establish a park for local area minority communities.

In 1975, after five years of meetings with the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission and the county, the WUMCO citizens' group secured a \$243,000, twenty-acre recreational complex in Beallsville. Owens Park was the site of the area senior center until it was closed during the recession of 2008.

Beulah also volunteered for ten years at the Women's Interfaith Services, as a night manager and its president. This network of sixty-nine churches and synagogues across the county contributed donations to a Rockville clothing center for low–income individuals.

Beulah also worked tirelessly for improvement in education, and as she worked with the newly-created Head Start Program, she served as one of the early Head Start teachers at Poolesville Jr./Sr. High School back in the early 1970s. She was beloved, and people recall often passing by her small classroom between periods, which was located between the then-newly-built hallway connector between the Poolesville Jr. and Poolesville Sr. High School buildings, just to say a quick hello.

Beulah walked with a horrible limp, which began in the late 1920s after a fall off a porch. Although she suffered a hip fracture, due to the limited medical access at that time, she probably was never seen by an orthopedic surgeon, or x-rayed, or offered potential surgical repair.

Editor's note: Some information used in the development of this article came from postings by the Poolesville Senior Center.

Of Poetry and Prose

discoverpoetry.org

In Land and Sea and Sky and Air On land and sea and sky and air Beautiful things are everywhere, In people such as you and me—
If we would only look and see.

- Annette Wynne

We feel so blessed to follow in the footsteps of all the Strong Women who came before us to show us the way!

Many Blessings, Gail and Maureen





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Virginia Hersperger

A Woman of Grace and Steel

By Rande Davis

Born on August 10, 1900, Virginia was the eleventh child of Charles and Jennie Gartrell, residents near Brookeville, Maryland. She first came to the Poolesville area at just seventeen years old, newly-graduated from the Sherwood School and already gifted with the skill and patience to teach others. She alternated with others as the single-room school "marm," first opening and ultimately closing three of the historic schools in Seneca, Dawsonville, and Comus.

Like so many of her time, she was noted for her strength of character, which was honed through an early tragedy when the love of her life, Webb Hersperger, a Montgomery County motorcycle patrolman, left for work



one Sunday morning, leaving her and their young son, Webb, Jr. At about 7:30 a.m. on June 18, 1933, as he headed to Rockville on his motorcycle and crested a hill, he crashed with two cars racing his way. The impact hurled him through the windshield of one, killing him instantly. Web was an outgoing man who had longed to enter politics and thought being a patrolman would be a great way to become known in the county. He was athletic, a baseball player, hunter, and fisherman. Virginia and he had enjoyed dancing, and she even became an instructor. Living to ninety-seven years old, Virginia was never to marry again, raising their child alone, guiding him so well that, as an adolescent, he became a toy-making entrepreneur and eventually became a medical doctor and leader in his profession and community.

Despite having to rear her child by herself, Virginia was able to find a way to advance her teaching career through courses of study at various times at University of Maryland, Towson State Teachers' College, and Goucher, focusing on reading as something she held essential and vital to all education.

Eventually, Virginia would hold the position of director of the Poolesville Elementary School and ultimately was a true trailblazer when she became the very first female elementary school principal in Montgomery County.

In 1943, a new path was set that ultimately led to her connecting with this writer. She bought a small block house in the center of Poolesville for \$3,750 through an interest-free loan provided by the principal of Poolesville High School. As a single woman with all the challenging responsibility of homeownership, she came to name the home she so loved "Wit's End." In 1995, I bought the home from her and renamed the place "Virginia's Grace."

I can personally attest to the love for her of her students as, on many occasions, former students would come to visit only to find she no longer lived there. One of the last ones who knocked on my door, fearful of the different car in the driveway, was concerned it might mean she no longer was alive. When I had to inform him that his fear was real, his hurt was palpable as he explained just how great a second-grade teacher she had been to him. The amazing part is the man standing at the door was himself a very old man, who still was so moved by Virginia as a teacher many decades before, that he just felt compelled to stop by once in a while to say hello and was hoping to see her one more time.

As an educator, Virginia often went above and beyond the call of duty. She was known to personally visit the families of her students in their homes. One such family lived in an abandoned single-room schoolhouse with broken windows stuffed with newspapers while the father was in penitentiary. The family consisted of several young children, including one whose cradle was an orange crate. Virginia found a way to get food and clothing for the family. It was one of the young daughters in the family who would come back to visit her years later to show respect and gratitude for all she had done for the family.

Legends are often made of unique great stories, small and large. Virginia's legendary status was earned beyond being the first female principal. She

Continued on page 30.







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Laura Jamison

A Supporter and Servant of The Poolesville Community

By Rande Davis

Mrs. Laura Conlon Jamison was born on September 19, 1918 as the first child of four siblings to the late Thomas A. and Laura G. Conlon. She enjoyed athletics and, as a young teen, excelled at running. Her musical abilities were encouraged at Theodore Roosevelt High School in Washington, D.C., from which she graduated in 1936. After high school, she went on to graduate from Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Along with her husband, she shared a reputation for intriguing, poignant, and often humorous bits of philosophy cherished by her children. Daughter Laura Jamison Griffin shared a few in a remembrance of her mother: "If you can't get along with your own



family, who can you get along with?" What family can't find value in that? Other sayings reflected her strong belief in education such as, "Reading is the window to the world," and another, "Education doesn't stop just because you get a diploma." Perhaps no other community organization was more important to her than her church.

Prior to her marriage in 1942, she was employed with the Montgomery County Board of Education as a secretary. She later resided in Dickerson and taught at Poolesville High School. In 1950, the Jamisons moved to their home farm in Poolesville, where they raised their six children and established Charles H. Jamison Real Estate. Mrs. Jamison was secretary/treasurer in their Poolesville business until her retirement in 2000 at the age of 82.

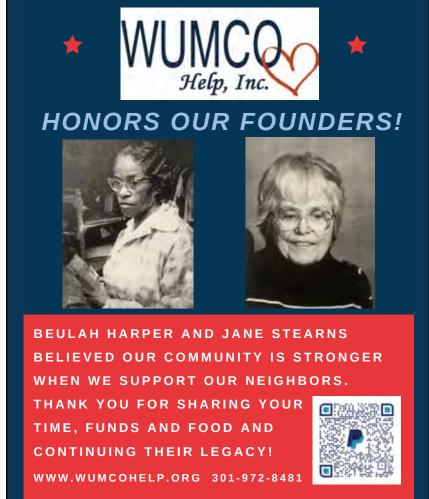
Being a strong proponent of the importance of education, Laura, for many years, actively participated in and financially supported the Poolesville schools' PTAs, the PHS fine arts, and sports programs. She was a strong supporter of not only her parish at St. Mary's in Barnesville but also of Our Lady of the Presentation in Poolesville. Her community involvement also included leadership roles in the Upper Montgomery County Soroptomist International, and the St. Mary's Choir and Sodality. Laura generously supported the Poolesville community, the Upper Montgomery County Volunteer Fire Department, and the Buckingham's Choice Retirement Community.

The family recalled that Laura's passion in life were her family, church, music, reading, and basketball. They also fondly recalled her love for buying cars and collecting coffee pots. As regards the former, her motto, "Choose quality over cost—in the long run, best is cheapest," was humorously remembered as one not necessarily shared by her husband, Charles.

Daughter Laura recalled her mother's singing ability as a high soprano in St. Mary's choir and fondly recalled days of listening to her and her sisters harmonize at family gatherings.

There was no lady or a person admired more for her selfless ability to serve.







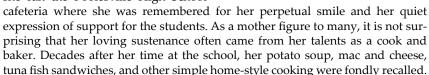
Betty Titus Watkins

Purveyor of Pie Diplomacy?

By Rande Davis

The many names and titles for Betty represent the various relationships she nurtured throughout her ninety-three years. This remarkable little lady, born nine months before the end of World War I, began life in Riner, Virginia where, at the age of twelve, she had to drop out of eighth grade to help raise her siblings upon the death of her mother.

She came to the Poolesville area at sixteen where her life's purpose of caring and nurturing all who came in contact with her grew out of simple ways and roles. For twelve years, she ran the Poolesville High School



Her first husband, James T. Titus, died in 1967. Betty married Wilfred Watkins in 1972. He had three grown children with spouses that she readily adopted as her own, as he did with her children, Joan and Jane.

It was during her nineteen years of running Titus's Tasty Cupboard (now Bassett's Restaurant) that her culinary expertise flowered and grew in reputation. Her pies (arguments still develop over lemon chocolate meringue versus cherry or pecan) were not only highly touted by locals but even people like President Jimmy Carter, the late Sen. Wayne Morse, and the then-vice president, Lyndon B. Johnson, who proclaimed the greatness of her talent in baking pies. Many others came to know her while she worked at the First National Bank and at a local dry cleaner, after selling the diner.

We most likely will never really know why Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon brought Lyndon B. Johnson to Titus's Tasty Cupboard in Poolesville. This much we do know, it was one of those few times that these two, oft-adversarial politicians of the sixties would heartily agree on something. What they agreed upon was that Betty Titus, owner of the restaurant, deserved her reputation for making fabulous pies.

In those days, political maverick Wayne Morse owned a farm in Poolesville while representing Oregon in the U.S. Senate. Morse's political career gave the term "political maverick" definition. First elected to the U.S. Senate as a progressive Republican, he switched to being an Independent only to finally switch to being a Democrat at the request of LBJ. Later, this anti-communist crusader, who was vehemently opposed to the tactics of Sen. Joe McCarthy, became one of only two senators opposing the Johnson Administration on the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution.

One might suppose Senator Morse bought a farm in Poolesville because it reminded him of his childhood upbringing in rural Wisconsin. For those who lived in the area and who recall Titus's Tasty Cupboard, there is no supposition as to why he liked eating at the popular restaurant. He, along with everyone else in town, loved the home-cooked food prepared by Betty Titus Watkins. Many in the area still rave about her soups, coleslaw and potato salad, crab cakes, and her fried chicken. Her early morning baking of eight to ten pies a day brought the customers in from as far away as Rockville to buy them while they were still warm. The most popular pies are reputed to have been her apple crumb, pecan, and lemon meringue.

Betty honed her cooking talent at an early age in the culinary school of real life. The Blacksburg, Virginia native was just twelve years old when her mother passed away at thirty-seven years of age. It was at the start of the Great Depression, and Betty was the eldest girl of six siblings when this heartbreaking tragedy



A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



Left: Louise Clarke and Betty Jean Wynne. That's right, you know her today as Betty Jean Selby!



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Continued from page 6.

Poolesville: A Town Led by Women

Eleanor Bateman, as her vice president. Before her, the PACC was led by Hilary Schwab. The Poolesville Day Committee was chaired for many years by Faith Etheridge and before her, Bridget Burke, who was co-chair alongside this year's Poolesville Day grand marshal, Brice Halbrook.

Caroline Taylor heads up the Montgomery Countryside Alliance, an activist group whose primary mission is the preservation and well-being of the Ag Reserve. Joyce Breiner leads our local environmental organization, Poolesville Green. Charlotte Boucher, a former middle school principal, founded and still chairs the Upcounty Prevention Network, a group organized to help our youth with the challenges of drug and alcohol abuse.

Our legendary food and emergency help organization, WUMCO Help, which was founded by two of the women we profile in this issue, is now headed by Katie Longdrake. The Poolesville Senior Center activity program is headed by Maria Briançon.

Of special note is the new leadership of two local groups that have traditionally been either exclusive to men or were dominated by them. The first is the Monocacy Lions Club, founded right after World War II, whose new president is Heidi Brenholtz. The second is the Daniel-Jeffers American Legion Post 247, whose Annette Howard is the deputy commander.

Of course, the community service provided by our area churches has been led primarily by the women members for many generations. Our local "church ladies" have always done charitable work and hosted community dinners which have uplifted the spirit and helped create close personal bonds between members of their churches, as well as the broader community. It is these women, joined together from all these churches, that have managed and run our local Friendly Thrift Shop, a second-hand products enterprise which is very important to the many persons in need living locally (and to those who simply love to go thrifting).

The *Monocacy Monocle* is proud to take this time to publicly recognize and give special tribute to all the women who lead and serve our community. Without them, their spirt of service, and their love, Poolesville would not be the town that we all have come to love.





The Heart of a Woman

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn, As a lone bird, soft winging, so restlessly on, Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home. The heart of a woman falls back with the night, And enters some alien cage in its plight, And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars While it breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

-Georgia Douglas Johnson



The Woman

Not faultless, for she was not fashioned so, A mingling of the bitter and the sweet; Lips that can laugh and sigh and whisper low Of hope and trust and happiness complete, Or speak harsh truths; eyes that can flash with fire, Or make themselves but wells of tenderness
Wherein is drowned all bitterness and ire—
Warm eyes whose lightest glance is a caress.
Heaven sent her here to brighten this old earth,
And only heaven fully knows her worth.
—Jean Blewett

Gwendora Reese

Iconic Historian and Founder of Sugarland Ethno-History Project

By Rande Davis

Gwendora "Gwen" Reese was a direct descendant of the Poolesville area's Sugarland, one of the African American communities that surrounds Poolesville, which was originated and owned by freed slaves.

She was chosen as the 2019 Grand Marshal for Poolesville Day. In nominating her, Skip Etheridge stated: "Ms. Reese is a true unsung hero, not only in the African American community, but as an American patriot who has opened the doors to our rich history in Poolesville."

At the time of her selection, Ms. Reese told the *Monocle* that she was shocked and humbled to learn of the selection. "I wasn't even sure at first I should accept, but as I thought about it, I decided to accept on behalf of my ancestors, Sugarland, and all the African American churches and communities in the area. I appreciate very much this special honor."

In 1995, Gwen was joined by family and friends in establishing the Sugarland Ethno-History Project, whose mission is to preserve and document the community that surrounded St. Paul's Church in Sugarland Forest.

Ms. Reese's great-grandfather, Phillip Johnson, was one of the original members of the Sugarland community which is located off of Sugarland Road. He was a former slave who shared many firsthand accounts of slave life with Gwen while she was still a child. Although very few Sugarland descendants still reside in the Poolesville community today, Ms. Reese felt a need to honor the memory of him, the community, and their many impressive achievements. Consequently, in 1995, Ms. Reese founded the Sugarland Ethno-History Project and began the painstaking process of documenting the history of the freed slaves in the community and their historical impact on the town of Poolesville.

Even though most of the original residents were unable to read or write, Ms. Reese has been able to scribe their oral history from descendants as well as

from documents maintained by St. Paul's Community Church. In 1996, the church became officially a National Historic site.

To date, Ms. Reese and supporters of the project have collected more than one thousand artifacts and documents. When the National Museum of African American History and Culture opened in 2015, pictures from the Sugarland community were selected to represent slave and post-slavery life.

The museum highlights Sugarland, which was founded in 1871, as one of the first African American communities established by freed slaves after the Civil War. Ms. Reese spearheaded efforts to have these exhibits included and was invited to the opening ceremony. She has worked closely



with the Montgomery County Historic Preservation and has been the recipient of several awards for her tireless work in keeping alive the stories which would not have been told of the contribution of these early Americans.

Gwen was also highlighted in an article in the *Monocracy Monocle* in June 2016 as one of the first recipients of the Historic Medley District's *Whisper Award*. This award identifies and honors persons who have demonstrated personal dedication to safeguarding the knowledge and appreciation for the heritage of Poolesville and the Upcounty area. The name of the award comes from an observation that recorded history can be either like a whispered message lost in the night or like a whisper in the ear from generation to generation. Honorees are chosen for their personal dedication and contribution to ensuring that local history is preserved for the many generations to follow.

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Iconic Historian and Founder of Sugarland Ethno-History Project

The tiny St. Paul's Church which now serves as a museum for the Sugarland Ethno-History Project is a living history of the lives of freed slaves. These farmers, carpenters, and blacksmiths, along with other African American communities, Jerusalem, Martinsburg, Big Woods, Jones Lane, and Mt. Ephraim, breathed life into the economy and commerce of the Town of Poolesville.

Sugarland Ethno-History Project recently published the history of Sugarland in a book entitled *I Have Started for Canaan*. The \$25.00 book may be purchased directly from SEHP or through Montgomery Countryside Alliance's website.

A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



Members of the infamous Poolesville Bridge Club: Dots Elgin, Helen Pumphrey, an unknown friend, and Boo Painter.



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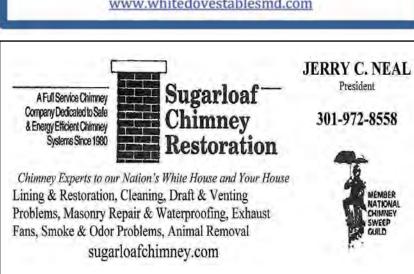




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Kitty Cooley

Praises to a Grand Lady

By Rande Davis

When we first published a number of pictures of Kitty Cooley, she was with Montgomery County Ag Fair executive director Martin E. Svrcek, another with former Maryland State Comptroller Peter Franchot, and best of all was the third one of her as Grand Marshal of the fair parade, sitting in a convertible, waving to the crowd as well as any seasoned politician, with her bright smile reflecting the warm and friendly woman all have come to know.



Why she got so much attention was due to her fifty-year contribution to the Ag Fair, its history as well as its wonderful traditions. Kitty, along with her husband Jack (who recently passed away) is a terrific cheerleader of farmers of all stripes in the area and an even greater supporter and fan of the youth in 4-H.

Her volunteerism is legendary. Kitty has judged in the 4-H building for over forty years in many different areas, but she would admit to loving the baked goods area the best. Whenever her children were involved in the fair contests, she always made sure she judged in areas where they didn't have entries.

Judging is just a part of her work. She has served as a director on the fair board and also as its secretary. She is chairperson of the Montgomery County Association for Family & Community Education Booths. The activities at the fair she loves the most are the ones that she started and still chairs today, including the fair's souvenir booth. When the booth first started, it was just in a tent and then for years moved into a trailer. Now it is located in a stationary barn in the midway with some beautiful items for sale.

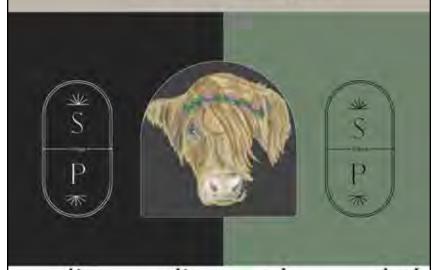
The second activity she started and loves is the Montgomery County Ag Leaders luncheon held during the fair. It provides an opportunity for leaders in the agricultural community to come together in fellowship during the fair to commemorate the importance of agriculture, and to share ideas, concerns, and successes impacting our county and, very importantly, provides a venue to recognize individual farmers each year for their specific contributions.

Kitty is well known not just as a "doer" but also a fighter as she is a three-time cancer survivor. If you asked her, she would be the first to tell you that as long as she can put her feet on the floor, she will be helping at the fair she loves so much and to which she has devoted so much of her life.



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Continued from page 10.

Purveyor of Pie Diplomacy?

hit her family. Four years later, when she was just sixteen years old, her dad moved the family to Boyds where he became a tenant crop farmer. Older brother, Luther, and younger brother, Johnny, would do what they could to help out as much as possible, the youngest boy, Harvey was just four years old when the family lost their mom. Sisters Nancy and Edna would also help out as much as they could, but it was Betty who had to grow up the fastest and take care of this family. This would be at a time when most teens her age would have nothing more to worry about than having fun in high school.

Using her gift for cooking, she took part-time work at the old Staub's Restaurant at the corner of Route 28 and Route 109 in Beallsville. It was while working for Charlie and Micki Staub that she met her husband and the father of her two children, Joan and Jane.

As she and Jimmy Titus got married, he worked for the county. Later, she started her twelve-year career in the Poolesville High School cafeteria. They moved into their home in 1941. The grand house is right in the center of town on the southern side, adjacent to Poolesville Tire and Automotive. The one-time doctor's home was built in 1840, and at another time it was the town's only drug store.

A patriotic American (she kept a United States flag on her kitchen window and the phone number of the White House near the phone), she is also remembered as a person of comfort, humor, and one who loved to travel, especially traveling to visit relatives but also more exotic places like Australia, New Zealand, the Holy Land, and Hawaii, just to mention a few.

The last two years at the PHS cafeteria were her favorite since the county let her select the daily menu. "I was glad when they let me make the menu because I knew what the students and teachers liked the best," she had explained, with firm emphasis, as if she were still caring for her family, "and the menus had to be balanced, and I knew how to balance the meals."

Her reputation for great pies started with the school cafeteria since she made fresh pies on a weekly basis. Her pies became so popular that when she went on vacation, she would have to make up a bunch of them and freeze them since the school didn't want to go even one week without one of her pies on the menu.

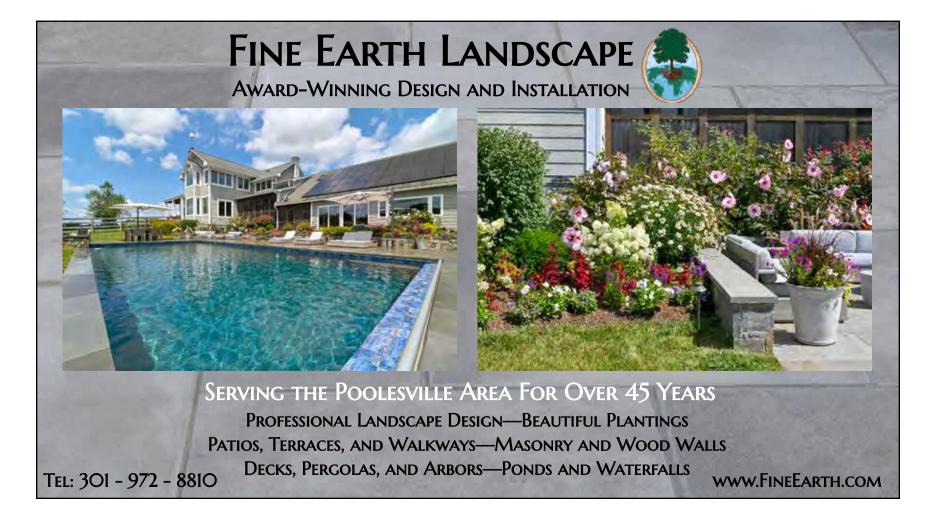
Betty Titus's lifelong service to family and this community took a new direction in 1959 when she opened her well-regarded restaurant. She always referred to the restaurant as the lunchroom. Of course, it was more than that since it served all three meals, six days a week. On Sunday, when others rested, she had to do the paperwork and the ordering.

Not that the business stopped her from going to church. This life-long Baptist became an active member in the Memorial United Methodist Church since there was no Baptist church in town back in 1941. She got involved in the women's group and enjoyed being part of a church community service group called the Sunshine Class. When the Poolesville Baptist Church was finally established, Betty returned to her roots and rejoined the church of her youth.

A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



In the food exhibits at the fair, these prizewinning preserves won the admiration of many of the spectators.



Margaret "Maggie" Nightingale

The Woman Who Brought The Library to Poolesville

By Rande Davis

One of Poolesville's grand ladies, Maggie Nightingale, passed away on Veterans Day, November 11, 2016. She was born in Springfield, Ohio on March 8, 1937 to Calvin and Letha Nuckols. She was the beloved wife of Thomas Nightingale.

This demure lady towered among most as a dedicated volunteer and public servant to Poolesville and the area. As the Grand Marshal of Poolesville Day 2013, Maggie was selected for this special honor for her years of community service in general and for her activism on behalf of the Poolesville Public Library.

Town of Poolesville Commissioner Jim Brown spoke for many in observing, "It was extremely difficult to hear of Maggie's passing. Her physical stature was in complete opposition to the strength she brought to the many causes she embraced. As far as I'm concerned, her devotion to the town, and especially our children, is irreplaceable."

In 2009, she was recognized by the Montgomery County Library Advisory Board as the 2009 Volunteer of the Year. How and why she came to receive this special recognition provide insight into the value of dedication and perseverance joined by the benefits of following a lifelong passion. Her story offers many lessons to all of us.

Maggie's passion for books and readers came at a very early age. Her family recalls that even as a youngster she always had "a nose stuck in her book." Having an aunt who was the librarian in the library just five or six blocks from her home certainly influenced her readiness to explore books. She spent a lot of time at that library and fondly recalls the days sitting in a window seat of the old library curled up, reading a book.

When she entered Kansas State University, she was disappointed that the college did not offer a course in library science, so she studied Liberal Arts instead. She attended the college on a scholarship from the Manhattan (Kansas) Chamber of Commerce which paid the tuition, books, room, and babysitting fees. Ironically, she worked for many years for the Poolesville Area Chamber of Commerce as its secretary.

She and her husband, Tom, married sixty-four years, had two children while they were still in college. She attended part-time while raising her kids, subsisting on \$200 a month and living in a campus dormitory-trailer. It was a challenge that strengthened her perseverance skills; something which you soon will see was integral to her achievements as a volunteer in our library system. Tom, a veteran from Korea and attending college on the G.I. Bill, would eventually go on to obtain his PhD in Respiratory Physiology and develop a career with NIH. The early years were challenging, but as Maggie would say, "No one ever starved."

Eventually, they found their way to Poolesville. Maggie wanted a small town with a closeknit community. Their realtor kept showing them homes in Silver Spring and Rockville, but Maggie persevered, and they finally moved into a \$65,000 model home in the Westerly subdivision in Poolesville in 1977.

Maggie quickly immersed herself into her church and community and began volunteering at the public library that at the time was in the Poolesville Junior Senior High School. Librarian Kathy White must have recognized the persuasive power of Maggie because she asked her to help in lobbying the county council for new library space. Maggie took a course in "effective lobbying" offered by the League of Women Voters, and another offered by the county council. If results mean anything, she must have been a star student.

Maggie was a demure, soft-spoken woman who exemplified the adage "actions speak louder than words." Polite and a slight in statue, she must have looked like an easy pushover to the county council when she first came to testify on behalf of having a store-front library in town. Those big, stern men soon learned a thing or two from her. Told that the county couldn't afford a library in Poolesville, Maggie reminded them that we in the upcounty are taxpayers too and opined that "perhaps secession wouldn't be such a bad thing since Frederick County certainly would like to have Poolesville within its domain." Her charm, wit, and intense support for her cause eventually won them over. In an attempt to dissuade her, she was told nothing could be done for five years at least. Five years later, Poolesville had the library in the shopping center in town. Her work didn't stop there though. Year after year, she continued to lobby for more: more space, more books, and more hours. She became one of the most recognized and appreciated Poolesville residents among county leadership. It is said that County

Executive Doug Duncan, who could be very stern and non-committal to most petitioners of the county, always beamed with a smile when Maggie came to make her case. When former Councilmember Mike Knapp would run into her, he would simply smile and, before she could say a word, he would blurt out, "Hi, Maggie, I know, the library needs..."

Maggie's love of books caused her to always have them around, even in the car. Her daughter Tish seemed to have her mother's natural passion for the power of books. Asked once why they always had books in the car, her answer was simple: "You never know when you might need to read." She always stayed busy with her family, which includes eight grandchildren, and still she volunteered as administrator for education at Our Lady of the



Presentation. Even with all that, she filled her empty moments working part-time at Lord and Taylor and curling up with a book, most likely one by Jennifer Evanovich. "I love her light-hearted mysteries, especially one character who is a crazy grandmother."

In May 2017, the Poolesville Library was renamed in memory of Maggie. For her many years as the voice and advocate for the Maggie Nightingale Poolesville Library, we all have a sense of gratitude to Maggie. The next you withdraw a book at the library, tell 'em "you just had a need to read and that this one is taken out in Maggie's honor."



Mary Ann Kephart

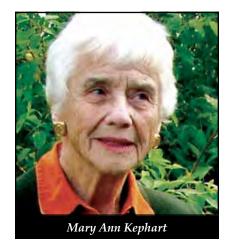
Following Her Heart to Action

By Rande Davis

Mary Ann Kephart was well known and highly-regarded for her passionate pursuit of historical preservation and her compassionate caring for others.

She was a leading founding mother and force behind the local Historic Medley District, Inc., Montgomery Preservation, and also worked on behalf of the Maryland Historical Trust for eight years.

A great part of the historical appeal of Poolesville and the surrounding area can be attributed to her hard work and vision. In 1972, then-Poolesville



Town Commissioner Frank Wilson asked Mary Ann Kephart to put together a list of historic sites in the town. This request proved to be the initial stages of the development of the Historic Medley District, Inc. Joined by Winsome Brown and Luise Stevens, HMD found its vision through the restoration of the Thomas Poole House in Poolesville. Other restoration projects included the John Poole General Store and restoration of the Seneca Schoolhouse on River Road. Today Seneca Schoolhouse has become a living history museum that has allowed thousands of area students to experience the atmosphere of one-room school education. This museum came about largely because Mary Ann approached Maryland's governor at the time, Blair Lee, for grant money to restore the structure

The Old Chiswell place on Cattail Road also became one of the first restoration projects undertaken by HMD. The restoration of the old town hall into the Old Town Hall Bank Museum stands as a testament to how HMD preserves the face of the Poolesville area. Today, projects to protect historical sites in the area include the Warful Store in Barnesville and the UMC Parsonage on Elgin Road.

Mary Ann and George Kephart met at and graduated from the University of Maryland. He majored in business administration, and she studied home economics. Things started out pretty mundanely for them in 1941 as George went to work for IBM. When the war broke out, the humdrum changed quickly. George Kephart's service to America in the Central Intelligence Agency resulted in the couple travelling abroad for many years of their life together. Living in Japan and Belgium, along with sharing a lifelong passion for sailing, provided them a most exciting, educational, and cosmopolitan life experience

On the second day of their marriage, George queried Mary Ann as to whether she liked sailing. When she responded that she loved to sail, their lifetime of worldwide sailing would begin, peaking from 1978 to 1994. It was during this sixteen-year period that they would spend from four to eight months every year sailing to ports all over the world. Their thirty-six-foot sailing boat was named the Sarah Frazer after their granddaughter, Sarah Frazer Prestemon.

In 1955, while living in Rockville, the Kepharts sought a new home. Their search brought them to Gray Haven Manor, a 135-acre farm on the edge of Poolesville and whose previous owners were relatives of Mary Ann going all the way back to the property's origins in 1756. They renamed the property, incorporating its original patent identification: Chiswell Inheritance.

Mary Ann was a woman who followed her heart—and she had a big heart. While she was well-regarded for grand achievements in preservation, gardening, and travel, the private character of this fine woman may be even more understood by two small actions of compassion.

In the first, Mary Ann was driving through Poolesville when she noticed a young woman walking along Fisher Avenue in tears, obviously distressed. Mary Ann immediately stopped the car and told her to get in. Asked about her troubles, the young woman told her she was upset that she had just left her car off for repairs but, with young children, had many obligations in the coming days and just didn't know what she was going to do. Mary Ann immediately turned her car back to her home, went inside, got the keys to their other car, came back, and said, "Now, you are to use this for however long you need it, and when your car is ready, you can return it."

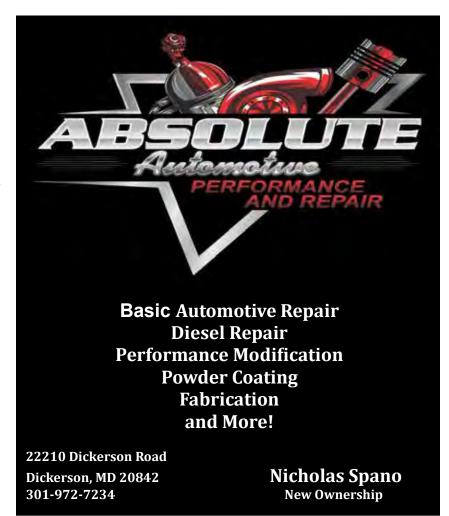
In another instance, when her granddaughter was too ill to attend some classes in college, Mary Ann went to the classes and recorded them so that her granddaughter would not skip a beat in her educational pursuit.

Whether it was helping neighbors, being there for her family, or simply making sure the altar flowers at St. Peter's or the National Cathedral were just right, Mary Ann Kephart was a woman of great compassion and just as importantly, woman of action.

A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



Poolesville May Day celebration, 1936.



Mary Fyfe Chiswell

There's Something about Mary

By Rande Davis

"My Lord alive, I never thought it was possible."

So stated Mary Chiswell of her 103rd birthday. Spoken softly like a half-prayer of thanksgiving and half-thought of amazement, she expressed gratitude for her life milestone—and then went on to celebrate her 104th birthday. Before her death, she was celebrated by the whole town as the Poolesville Day Grand Marshal in 2006.

It should not be surprising that this Grand Woman of the Monocacy was a lifelong schoolteacher as were three of four already profiled who were either teachers or had careers in school administration.

Prior to her death, we had the honor of visiting with the grand lady to talk about her remarkable achievement of keeping her eye on Poolesville for over a century. The longevity is to be respected, for sure; however, it was her sharpness of mind and enthusiastic reflections on her life that were so admirable

You never just visited with Mary since she was gloriously old school and would elegantly receive you as you would wait patiently in the parlor for her entrance. At this point in her life, her entrance was a bit less grand as she had to use a walker. Still her beautiful brown eyes sparkled as she sat down on the edge of her Masterpiece-Theater-like chair, regally stiff-backed with hands folded on lap. She had dressed for the occasion, too, in her bright red dress complemented by a gold locket-watch hanging around her neck, a gift from her aunt on her sweet sixteenth birthday. She could have been Queen Mary.

Mary Fyffe Chiswell lived in the house her grandfather built. It still stands two doors north of Poolesville Baptist Church. She bought it in 1923 and lived there until her death. She lived away from Poolesville for only brief periods of time, the first being when she left to begin her lifelong vocation. "When I left Poolesville to attend Normal School to become a teacher, I was following the inspiration of those, like Betty Griffith, who taught me in school," said Mary. She crammed two years of study into one before finishing at Towson College. At the time of our

interview, Mary was the oldest living alumna of Towson University.

As she jam-packed her trunk to go off to college in far-away Baltimore, her parents told her that she would not be able to come back before Christmas. "I remember celebrating Thanksgiving at my uncle's farm. I took a trolley to Ellicott City and then rode a horse and buggy out to his farm."

Mary taught elementary school (mostly second grade in Poolesville) from 1919 to 1964. She started in a much bigger school in Darnestown. The building had twenty rooms. Darnestown was too far to commute, so she, like the other teachers, boarded. She eventually came back to Poolesville. Most of her friends



preferred to be closer to the District of Columbia for the cultural opportunities of the day like the theater, library, etc. For Mary, her passion for her hometown brought her back to Poolesville.

Most teachers were single, and for those teaching in the Poolesville area, their social lives really centered around getting together with fellow teachers. "We would do our fancy work (needlepoint, knitting, etc.), talk, share homemade pies and cookies, and have a good time sharing each other's company," reminisced Mary. A big deal would have been the field trips to Rockville where baseball and soccer were the games of the day.

The classrooms almost always had about twenty-three kids in them, although she remembers when one class had fifty-two. They assigned a teacher's helper in those situations.

Most of the ladies married local men. Mary was no different, marrying Mr. Chiswell in 1936. He worked in Washington at the time.

Continued on page 23.

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Continued from page 3.

Barnesville's Mayor Emeritus

Family was always the most important thing in Lib's life. You could still hear her heartstrings strain when she spoke of her brother Fred who left George Washington Law School in service to his country and was killed in the Korean War. "He always had plans to become a farmer, a lawyer, and then governor of the State of Maryland." Lib and Sam had four children, Eleanor, the oldest, and brothers Fred, Richard, and John. When Lib spoke of their successes, she spoke with the excitement found only in the voice of a mother's love.

Lib's political life began in the 1930s when her Uncle Shirley ran for the House of Delegates. "I had a bumper sticker on my bike: R. S. Hays for Delegate." He won, of course. From there, her political interest was honed at the family dining room table over family discussions. She always proclaimed herself to be a proud Roosevelt Democrat, one who exuded a warm sense of bipartisanship in acknowledgement of relatives who went the other way. Her husband, Sam, finally registered to vote just so he could cast a ballot for Barry Goldwater.

It surprised no one that she, a Democrat, and Fr. George Reid, a Republican, who were lifelong best friends, together organized a Barnesville Inaugeration Ball, a bipartisan tradition maintained even today.

She served the community as president of the PTA and on the board at Prospect Hall. She started out as a Democrat precinct chair and was twice elected as a delegate to the Democrat National Convention in 1992 and 1996. Her participation and leadership in countless committees and civic organizations are just part of the public record.

A highlight as mayor came when she was invited to the White House in the 1980s as part of a mayoral conference on transportation funding for cities. After arriving at the 17th Street White House entrance, she was escorted into a room filled with mayors from large cities like San Antonio, Kansas City, and Atlanta. When she met the mayor of Atlanta, they got to talking, and he asked her about the size of her staff. She informed him that she had a staff that pretty much consisted of one person: herself. The Atlanta mayor was a bit confused but asked about Barnesville, saying that he "knew of Baltimore in Maryland but had not learned of Barnesville." He then asked how large it was, and she told him one hundred and fifty-four. He thought about that and concluded that 154,000 was quite a nice-sized city. "No," said Lib, "just 154 people." With that, an awkward silence fell on the group, but Lib just smiled and told them to just enjoy the moment because "she knew she did."

For thirty-four years, when Barnesville needed trusted leadership, the town turned to Lib. When various conservation groups sought leadership they turned to her. In more recent years, she chaired the committee on Rustic Roads in the county. Most people who knew her acknowledge that she spoke her mind directly and provided guidance with timeless wisdom and integrity.

Even in her eighties, when most others would be quite happy to simply spend their days quietly, Lib didn't shy from the call of her community. When the Montgomery County Council needed a chairperson of an ad hoc advisory committee to research, discuss, and come up with suggestions to preserving the Montgomery County Agricultural Reserve, they went to the leader they had learned to count on in the past. They turned to Lib. Uncertain as to whether she wanted to do it or not, a friend encouraged her by saying she should do it, if for no other reason than to have fun.

In Montgomery County, after decades of service the go-toguy was always Lib Tolbert. As the song by Orleans said, "We're still having fun, and [she's] still the one."



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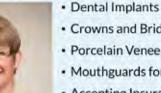
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Winsome Brown

The Flower Of the Village

By Rande Davis

Dickerson's Edwin Brown had always been someone who looked toward the future. To prove a point, when he was eighty-five years old, he built a new law office on his farm on Peach Tree Road, so he would be able to cut down on his then-daily com-



mute to Rockville. Brown honed the role of successful country lawyer to the level of perfection and, along the way, as owner of White's Ferry, had also become one of the area's most renowned businessmen. With many successful decisions over the decades, none was greater—nor more significant—than the day he fell in love with Winsome Drage.

Ed can still recall the day with precision. It was at a church dance near a place called Red Gables in England during World War II. He had befriended her cousin, a local auto garage owner, who introduced Winsome Drage to him (he affectionately called her Wis). She was beautiful, warm, and wonderfully well-mannered (dating times had to be whenever the local pub was closed). When Winsome caught his attention, he fell right then and there for, in his own words, "the flower of the village."

Ed had entered the army on Armistice Day (now Veterans Day, November 11) in 1941 and was discharged exactly three years later. In 1942, he found himself in England as a sergeant in charge of base facilities operations for the famed Mighty Eighth Air Force whose mission was to bomb Germany on nearly a daily basis.

Ed was temporarily assigned to a post in New York City for thirty days to help train raw troops in what to expect before going to England for the first time. That was when he bought an engagement ring.

Upon his return to England, he proposed, but Winsome, while in love, nevertheless was cautious because there were many horror stories surrounding the over-sixty thousand war brides who made their way to America. Many of them came to America to meet their beaux only to find no one there to greet them. Winsome needed for Ed to be absolutely sure before agreeing to the engagement, so as the war came to an end, she insisted that Ed return to America first, telling him, "You've got to think about this." He left in November of 1945 but returned in June of 1946 to marry her. The wedding became "the greatest feast in the village since the beginning of the war." All the church bells in the village rang simultaneously when the vows were exchanged.

Winsome Brown grew up on a dairy farm in the picturesque, quaint village of Bozeat and was expecting big things from America, so naturally she was amazed to discover that her little hometown in England was bigger than Poolesville. When she took the Poolesville Taxi (yes, there really was a Poolesville Taxi back then) from Union Station through Chevy Chase and Rockville, her expectations of Poolesville only got bigger and bigger. It was not until the taxi owner/driver, Mrs. Ward, whose husband ran a local garage about where the Liberty station stands today, drove through the town and announced that they had just gone through Poolesville that Winsome realized how small Poolesville really was.

After a few years and a few kids, they began looking for the home that would not only be their first home but the last one as well. "We looked at what seemed like three hundred homes," before deciding on the fifty-two-acre farm on Peach Tree Road. It must have been the right decision since they have lived there their entire lives together there.

Leaving her parents and five siblings across the sea left her lonely at first. "What saved me was St. Peter's Church. If it hadn't been for Dots Elgin and Florence Van Emon, I don't know what I would have done." She immersed herself in church-related activities to serve the town, teaching Sunday school for many years, volunteering with the Women of St. Peter's, and participating in festivals and rummage sales,. In this way, Winsome made herself a new home and a new American family. With Ed working seventy hours a week, the couple looked for things they could do in the precious time they had together. They chose the very thing that had brought them together in the first place.

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Continued from page 20.

There's Something about Mary

Her husband was not big on travel, preferring to play golf and bowl; however, he encouraged Mary to travel-and travel she did. She joined the Frederick Travel Club and over the years visited pretty much all of the United States. She traveled by automobile and train, reveling in the industrial tours that were very popular back then. She fondly remembers going to glass factories, watching how potato chips were made, and other such tours. She also has fond memories of the Chicago World's Fair and recalls a demonstration on how automobiles were made.

She left the country once on a cruise to Bermuda only to be challenged by Hurricane Cleo. Though the ship tilted a lot, the hurricane was not up to the match with Mary.

As she related the stories of her life and travels, the secret to her long life emerged unspoken as she radiated a vibrant, youthful zest for life, fully engaged, exhibiting genuine optimism. Asked how she did it, she replied, "My mother gave me advice when I first started living on my own in Poolesville. She said, 'Always remember that it is a small town and everybody knows each other. Many families are married to one another, so never, ever talk badly about any person since you do not know how they may be related."

Mary spoke in a beautiful southern accent. It always reminded me of the upscale, southern drawl in Gone with the Wind but with a modified Maryland tone. The only clue to her longevity that she can attribute to a physical reason is that her mom was a great cook. "The food was fresh, homemade, and we had plenty of it," she recalled.

We had to prod her about talking of any bad times. She finally relented with a small sigh that seemed to say, "Okay, just one thing bad." She had a rough time when the Poolesville National Bank closed its doors in the 1920s. "Everyone said to get your money out, but we kept it in there anyway. The day I found out was at a time we were planning a trip to Rockville to buy a new daybed. I was told I could forget about the trip because no one was able to get money out of the bank. We finally settled on getting back some money at twenty-three percent of

Then she quickly left the negative and resumed remembering fond things of the past. A lifelong member of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, she remembers her mom baking the bread and cutting off the crust for communion. Mary lived in what up until very recently was St. Peter's rectory. She recalled that the blackberry wine for communion was homemade and chuckled when remembering that the sexton at the time was often accused of sampling it when cleaning the church. She can still recall having the job of turning the hand pump to make the organ work.

Physically, Mary has only suffered some broken bones over the years. When she broke her hip, her time to travel came to an end; however, she greatly enjoyed getting together with friends and appreciated when so many of her past students would drop in just to say hello.

Following my interview with her, friends and family stopped by with gifts and cards in celebration of her upcoming 103rd birthday. When they did, Mary had a very special gift for them. It was a rare, warm, and beautiful present. It was the gift of Mary's presence. When I left Mary, I had to ask permission for a kiss. She laughed robustly when she said, "Of course."





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Pat Ferris

A Civic Volunteer Extraordinaire

By Rande Davis

Pat and her husband Charles (Wes) built their home in Dickerson in 1963 and moved in along with their children, Susan, Sandra, and Stephanie. Wes passed away in 1991, leaving Pat without the love of her life for thirty-two years until she died in 2023.

Focusing on her new life situation, Pat became involved with the community by working at the First National Bank which was located at the time in the old Friendly Thrift Shop. Later, when her youngest daughter Samantha Pat became involved with Girl Scouts, she worked and helped develop the now-vibrant local scout program along with local scouting legend, Brenda Murtha, and many other local ladies who became dear friends.

She took on large roles with cookie sales and distribution and eventually got connected with Camp Sunshine in Boyds. Pat, known as Coach to all the scouts who knew her, worked many roles with the camp, including director. Pat always recollected fond memories of her days with Girl Scouts and especially Camp Sunshine. In addition to scouts, Pat was actively part of the local schools. She substituted in the classroom as an aide and in the cafeteria of Monocacy Elementary, Poolesville Elementary, and Poolesville High School. She could also be found in the front office substituting for the secretaries. More than just working, Pat volunteered in so many capacities. She and her husband hosted the homecoming float, making it at their home. She was in charge of gathering class gifts, making something for the bake sale, or organizing a fundraiser, cheering on her daughters' sports teams, or helping coaches. You could always count on Pat to be part of anything to benefit the greater good.

Pat was acknowledged by both the Girl Scouts of the Nation's Capital and Montgomery County Public Schools for her volunteer efforts. Pat could also be found in her local church—St. Peter's Episcopal. She helped in the office working to organize and execute the annual rummage sale, volunteered at vacation Bible school, gathered Christmas baskets, and volunteered at the

Rescue Mission and Soup Kitchen in Frederick. She enjoyed meeting with her sewing group Truth and Hope that met at St. Peter's. After her daughters were grown, Pat worked in Dr. Asunción's office.

She was never one to be idle. She organized and sorted out the volunteers needed to cook dinner for the Monocacy Lions club for many years. Pat was a coach for the fourth and fifth grade girls' softball teams in which her daughter, Samantha, first developed her softball pitching skills which eventually led to her playing four years on the PHS varsity softball team.

Pat was truly dedicated to her community.









Continued from page 5.

The First Lady of Poolesville

today: "We were far from prissy," she had explained. Much of their free time included board games, cards, house parties, and roller skating, often down the middle of White's Ferry Road, reaching the best speeds on the slope just after the entrance to the present-day Sarah E. Auer Western County Pool. Today, we have movies in the park, back then Poolesville actually had a movie theater. One of the most popular things to do was attending the silent movies in Hempstone Hall, which today is Poolesville Hardware. Dances were a very big thing back then, especially since dance instructors were PHS senior boys.

Much of her time years ago was spent taking care of various elderly aunts and relatives so that they were able to remain living in their homes.

For many, many years, Dots was chairperson for the St. Peter's Community Bazaar Committee, which raised tens of thousands of dollars over the years in support of church projects. Back then, this group would meet weekly to knit and crotchet arts and crafts for the annual bazaar. For those living in the area for many years, most have at least one Christmas tree ornament on their tree made by one of these ladies.

She devoted many hours to the now-famous semi-annual rummage sales. She remained an active member of the Women of St. Peter's. She was, for many years, active with the Ladies' Auxiliary of the UMCVFD and also participated in the area's Homemakers' Club. The Homemakers brought together women from the community to share their interest in baking, crafts, and things relating to the home. They had lecturers on food topics and demonstrations in cooking and baking.

Dots was a volunteer for the Monocacy Cemetery and, through that experience, honed her interest in genealogy. She had traced not only the intricacies of her family tree but also had done so for many people in and outside the area.

After Charles died, she renewed her interest in bridge. At the time, she really hadn't played much bridge since she had left her bridge club over forty years before. Amazingly, the same club was still in existence when she got started again.

Dots continued to live in the house she and Charles built in 1947, located on Elgin Road in Poolesville, almost until her death at age one hundred. She was many things to many people, but we can safely say that she embodied what all the characteristics of what could only be: the First Lady of Poolesville.

A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



Betty Roney, 18, of Boyds, gives Inez Conrad, also of Boyds, a bite of her prize-winning cocoa chiffon cake. Inez is holding the lambshaped cake, entered by Fannie Ensor of Dickerson, which took second place.

Ag Fair

—Star Staff photo



Continued from page 22.

The Flower of the Village

They danced. The area was a hotbed of adult dances back then, and the Browns joined their many friends at the dances. Winsome wistfully and almost philosophically always thought it a shame that "People don't dance like they used to."

Through the first ten years together, Ed never took a vacation. Even Sundays were very busy. A typical Sunday for them was with pro bono clients knocking at the back door looking for "lawyer Brown's help" on cases in Rockville scheduled for the next day, while his paying clients were knocking at the front door hoping he would see them because they didn't want to drive "all the way to Rockville" just to meet with him.

At just about their tenth year anniversary, Winsome packed up the kids and went to England for a month's vacation. Ed got so lonely he decided to visit them, and on their return, they took a slow boat home across the ocean. When he discovered that he'd had his best year yet, he decided that taking time off wasn't a bad idea. In 1956, the couple started a lifelong passion of boating.

Boating was something Ed had learned while working his way through law school and that experience led them to buy an antique boat. He and Winsome restored it, showed it in boating parades, and even won many awards at boating events on the East Coast. They eventually purchased a fifty-foot cruiser and traveled the East Coast in style.

As the years went by, Winsome expanded her volunteer work in the community and joined with Mary Ann Kephart as a founding member of the Historic Medley District in 1974. Through the vision of these determined women, HMD not only restored the John Poole home to its log cabin origins but went on to restore the single-room schoolhouse on River Road. Commonly referred to as the Seneca Schoolhouse, today it is a living history museum that hosts many elementary school students for a a day of learning in a single-room environment. When the schoolhouse had its formal dedication, it was a big event in town, and Winsome was the chairperson running the event. As Ed watched her lead, he was so impressed that he "thought she should have gone into politics. She would have been great at it."

As with so many of the grand women of the past, though, it was her devotion to family, the community, and her church that caused the Winsome Brown to leave her indelible and profound mark on Poolesville.

A Monocacy Moment Lost in Time



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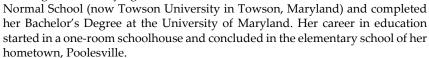
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Helen Willard Pumphrey **Molding Minds** With Love

By Rande Davis

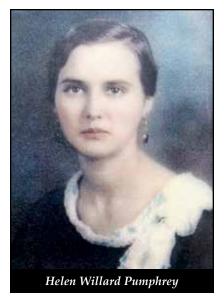
Helen Willard Pumphrey's remarkable vibrancy remained with her throughout her entire ninety-seven years of life. Her delightful and teasing sense of humor, indicative of her very sharp mind, and quick wit were her hallmark throughout her entire life.

She graduated from Poolesville High School and went on to a forty-one-year career of teaching in Montgomery County. She began her teaching after studying at Towson



While choosing to remain a lifelong resident of the area, she pursued her keen interest in places far away through a lifetime of travel that ultimately took her to seventy-eight countries and nearly every state in the Union. One of her favorite traveling stories was an automotive trip through North America in 1934 that was a six-week odyssey she shared with three other young ladies-an intriguing story of Depression-era girls, traveling across country alone in their 1926 Chevy automobile nicknamed "Western Gale."

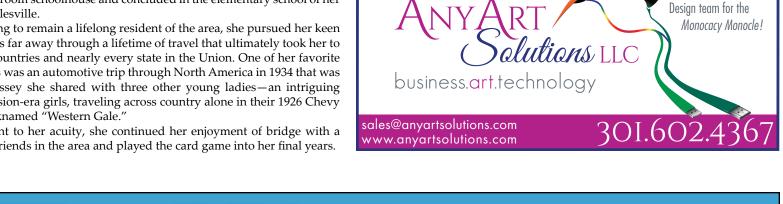
As a testament to her acuity, she continued her enjoyment of bridge with a group of close friends in the area and played the card game into her final years.



The daughter of the late Harry L. Willard and Delma Dudrow, Helen devoted herself to her family. She raised her beloved nephews, Dewalt J. Willard of Frederick and William G. Willard of Charlottesville, Virginia and her niece, Sarah Ann King of Gloucester, Virginia. Helen was the center of the Willard family which included many great nephews and nieces, and even great-great nephews and nieces. She loved including them in many of her travels and holidays throughout her life. Affectionately known as "Tatie" to the family (attributed to her younger brother's difficulty in saying her name), she was remembered as a woman well ahead of her time.

Billy Willard, her great nephew, spoke for the family in praising "her allegiance and love for her family which was evident in her everyday life. She was always there for us in times of need and in times of celebration." He remembers that she was a "can do" person, an individual with a positive attitude who never got down or depressed. Her many friends, family, and the hundreds of students over her four decades of teaching are better for having had her in their lives.







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Jane Stearns A Life of Service

By Ray Hoewing

Most local residents know that Jane Stearns, the co-founder of WUMCO Help, was fiercely committed to providing emergency assistance to income-qualified families in crisis, and many also know she has devoted forty-seven years of her life to this cause, without compensation ever, essentially on a 24/7, 365-days-a-year basis. Additionally, for those who have had the pleasure of personally knowing her, she was gracious, selfdeprecating, and always ready with a quip. Some may recall her selection in



2011 as Grand Marshal of the Poolesville Day Parade and that she had previously been a recipient of the Community Service Award from the Poolesville Area Chamber of Commerce. What few know about this modest woman, however, is life before WUMCO and her life outside of WUMCO.

Jane was born in May 1927 in a small town in Missouri. Her upbringing was not an idyllic childhood as she lost her mother at the age of eight to tuberculosis and lived with her great aunt for most of her growing years. She was determined to get an education and left home after high school to attend the College of William and Mary—a different route than what many of the young women of her era followed. Upon graduation, Jane headed for Washington, D.C. to find a job. She had focused on chemistry while at W&M, but women of her generation with a major in a "man's field" had virtually no professional employment prospects. Although capable of much more, she took the only kind of work she was offered, a clerical position at the Pentagon.

Jane met Fred Stearns, the love of her life, when she was on a double date. "We were attracted to each other from the first moment," she says. Within two weeks, they were engaged and two months later married. Fred Stearns had a well-positioned job with U.S. Geological Survey and provided a good life for his bride. Unable to have children, they opened their home to two foster children at

Fred and Jane moved to Boyds shortly after their marriage. A few years later, they moved into a new home near Beallsville designed and partially-built by Fred (where WUMCO's offices were housed for decades). Experiences in their early years in the community and even at their church (where they witnessed blatant discrimination against black people) changed their life orientation. "We felt God calling us" was Jane's simple way of putting it. Both became advocates for change and participated in more than a few rallies and picket lines.

For some years, Jane was also secretary of the county NAACP unit.

In the late sixties, she came to know Beulah Harper, a black woman and fellow community activist. "Inseparable," she says of their relationship. Beulah's pantry (sharing of groceries with needy neighbors) was the first iteration of WUMCO-with Jane racking up seventy-five miles in transporting clients to medical offices during the first few years. Though Beulah died a few years later, Jane guided the fledgling organization into the many-faceted, established 501(c)(3) agency it is today. In her endeavors, she always had the enthusiastic support and involvement of Fred, including keeping WUMCO's books for many years. He died in 2006 as a result of cancer.

Ask those who know Jane best to describe her and they will say "loving," "woman of faith," "tenacious." Perhaps one other descriptive word is needed: Serenity. "I have had a good life," she says. "I feel like I have been where God wanted me."

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Oct. 1, 7, and 8

Continued from page 8.

A Woman of Grace and Steel

was also the principal that guided integration of the elementary school. One young lad, who was protesting the integration, remembered a stern look from Mrs. Hersperger as she pointedly glared at him and told him, "I didn't teach you to be this way." It obviously seared a message in his heart. At the time, Poolesville PTA parents were protesting the integration. Virginia personally led the black students into the school and, through the strength of her character and personality, the school was integrated without any further incident. Her story was covered by *Life Magazine*.

An event at a fall festival sealed her legendary image. The gymnasium and many classrooms were used for the agricultural fair. The principal at the time, Mr. Robert A. Scaife (a relative of the famous Scaife-Mellon family), accompanied by Virginia, confronted some unruly student dropouts who were speeding up and down the street outside. Concerned for the safety of other students, the thugs were requested to stop racing. Placing one hand on the sleeve of one of the boys, Mr. Scaife calmly requested him to "cool it." When one of the other boys threw a beer bottle at Scaife in response, Virginia hurled her handbag in the air, intercepting the bottle and bending the metal in the handbag. The boys began to pummel him and then took off. While they eventually went to prison, the principal developed a life-threatening infection during recovery but survived.

Through it all, it was the Virginia I got to know that may have had the greatest impact of all in the lives of others for simply being such a kind and loving soul. Her only reported exhibition of frustration was something to which we can all relate. As a rabid Redskins fans, she would never miss a game, unless they began to lose badly, whereupon she would go to her kitchen and bake cookies to relieve her frustration. As we passed by the burgundy and gold flowers she had planted along her walkway into the home, one could only consider all the cookies she would have baked this year.

Her name was appropriately nominated when the middle school was being built, especially for her leading role in education in the town, unfortunately her long last name caused her nomination to sink. If only they just had called it Virginia's Grace Middle School.

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Kindness Returned

As streams flowing down from the mountains,

By windings no mortal can wist, Appear to return to their fountains At sunset, in rainbows of mist; So often, some deed of affection, In youth, more tender than wise, Passed away from our own recollection,

Returns in some loving disguise.

-Emily Page Webb

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Celebrating 35 Years of Service

Dr. Anna Matheny (Jacobs), DVM joins Poolesville Veterinary Team as Associate Director of Veterinary Medicine

Peter H. Eeg, DVM

Anna Matheny (Jacobs), DVM joins the Poolesville Veterinary Clinic team as Associate Director of Veterinary Medicine.

Dr. Matheny grew up in Rockville, Maryland. She attended Penn State University in State College, Pennsylvania for undergraduate degrees in Toxicology and Global Health. During her time at Penn State, she began working for a well-known horse trainer who specializes in gentling wild mustangs. She spent several years training horses professionally before attending veterinary school at the Virginia-Maryland College of Veterinary Medicine (Virginia Tech) in Blacksburg, Virginia. After completing her DVM degree, Dr. Matheny took a position as a junior associate at Virginia Equine Imaging in Middleburg, Virginia to specialize in sports medicine for horses. A move back to the D.C. area for her husband's career allowed her the opportunity to transition her passion for individualized, high-quality medicine to the small-animal realm.

Dr. Matheny is excited to join the Poolesville Veterinary Clinic team as a full-time associate of the practice. She is looking forward to building lasting relationships and providing quality care to the patients in and around the Poolesville area. She is certified in



acupuncture and rehabilitation. She enjoys managing working dogs, service dogs, and elderly patients. She has taken her love of horses and equine training to help behaviorally-challenged pets.

Dr. Matheny is a lifelong learner and continues to seek ways to further assist her patients in living their best lives.

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