Mack's Memories

Mack's Memories is a series of articles written by Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr. (September 19, 1925 — April 11, 2011) appearing from 1995 — 1996 in St. Margaret's print newsletter *THE SPIRE.* They were ***his*** memories and the articles included . . .

- *Mason Locke Weems, Rector of St. Margaret's 1791-1792*, October/November 1995
- *Organists, Organs and Choirs - A Recollection,* February/March 1996
- *Glebes, Salaries and Rectories,* April/May 1996
- *Jousting Tournaments at St. Margaret's,* June/July 1996
- *Horse Shows at St. Margaret's,* August/September 1996
- *Driving Down St. Margaret's Road,* October/November 1996

Mack wrote everything long-hand, Ruth McDaniel entered his writings into WordPerfect, downloaded them onto 5/14" floppy discs for Elizabeth (Izzy) Winn who transferred Ruth's work and formatted Mack's articles into PageMaker for St. Margaret's every-other-month printed newsletter *The Spire* .

Mack's articles were among initial items placed onto St. Margaret's first web site when the site went live in 1996. St. Margaret's was the first parish website in the Diocese of Maryland and St. Margaret's was recognized at the 1996 annual diocesan convention for being the first parish in the diocese to launch a website.

Mack was born into St. Margaret's, lived his life on land that was once part of White Hall (Whitehall) Plantation. St. Margaret's and the Broadneck Peninsula were his home. In 1994, Mack and Barbara Ridout returned to St. Margaret's, having been away nearly 25 years from Mack's ancestral parish. Soon he was elected to the vestry, surveyed and organized the churchyard, began work on the columbarium, served as a Eucharistic minister and Eucharistic visitor, completed the four-year EFM program, and was Senior Warden under the Rev. Mary Glasspool from 1996 until 2003.

Mack's *article Jousting Tournaments at St. Margaret's* led to renewing jousting tournaments at St. Margaret's. His article *Driving Down St. Margaret's Road* resulted in a series of historical tours throughout the Broadneck Peninsula and encouraged present-day history and archival efforts at St. Margaret's. He had an archives room (later taken from archives for office space) constructed in the administration building when the parish converted the former rectory into offices.

Mack never stopped writing. Mack never stopped loving St. Margaret's.

Mack's Memories

Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr.

Mason Locke Weems, Rector of St. Margaret's 1791-1792

THE SPIRE, October/November 1995

St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish, Annapolis MD

Note: *The contents are not necessarily historically accurate. They are stories: memories of one person formed over a lifetime. They are stories from a master story-teller who cared for us and for future generations by writing them out longhand. Mack's Memories are a guide to all who seek to tell the history of this parish and its home on the Broadneck Peninsula.*

We write of Parson Weems not because of what he didn't do - he stayed at St. Margaret's only two years, but because of the character of the man he was.

Rev. Weems was born October 1, 1759 at Marshes Seat, St. James Parish in Anne Arundel County, one of the younger of 19 children of David and Hester Hill Weems. From those 19 children the Weems' name was spread into all parts of the local countryside.

Mason's niece Ann Weems married Horatio Ridout and became the mother of our "Dr. Sam."

The young Weems apparently spent some of his youth as a student in the home of a Mr. Daniel of St. Thomas Jennifer of Charles County. This Daniel Jennifer was one of a group of sturdy statesmen and patriots which the Revolution brought out and would account for the strong patriotism in Mason that spurred him to author the Life of Washington, the first published story of the life and times of George Washington.

Weems went ahead to study medicine at the University of Edinburgh for three years. He apparently practiced for awhile becoming a surgeon on a British ship of war. He was at home in America in 1776. What he did during the war is not known. In 1782 he returned to England to obtain Holy Orders from the Anglican Bishop. At that time the Church in America was itself trying to obtain consecration to the Episcopate - of Rev. Samuel Seabury, but only those who would take the Oath of Allegiance to the Crown of England were being ordained.

It was not until ten years later on August 13, 1784 that Parliament passed the "Enabling Act" allowing the ordination of persons intending to serve in foreign lands. On September 5, 1784 together with fellow Marylander Edward Gantt, Weems was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Chester and admitted to the priesthood a week later by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the same year Weems became rector of All Hallows Parish in Anne Arundel County. He remained there until 1789.

In 1791 he became rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster Parish and remained until 1792. He served for some years on the Superintending Committee for the Western Shore, a committee equivalent to today's Standing Committee.

It is a gem in the crown of Parson Weems that here and always he had the spiritual welfare of the neglected at heart. A fellow laborer in the fields gives this sentence as from the lips of Weems: "It is sweet preaching when people are desirous of hearing and sweet feeding the flock of Christ when they have so good an appetite." Somehow, somewhere Weems had acquired affection for and interest in the poor and ignorant of all races, taking always the rejected of other men to his heart and laboring for the uplift with patience and charity.

Weems made a good friend of a Rev. William Duke who was influential in the Maryland Church and who had a church in neighboring Prince George's County and later St. Margaret's. The two had many long walks and many discussions concerning their own character, their beliefs and their spiritual approach toward the country folk for whom they cared.

Apparently Weems was not very popular with his parishioners. Obviously he did not stay in any one parish very long nor indeed did he remain a parish priest very long. But he was a good man zealous and industrious perhaps expecting too much from his charges. But even after he left the ministry he was always eager to preach or pray anywhere, anytime, always anxious to spread the gospel truth. Friend William Duke notes that Weems preached in Upper Marlboro twenty years before a church was there. Mattered not, God's home was everywhere - inns, parlor steps, village greens, kitchens.

Once Bishop Claggett rebuked him for preaching to a Methodist congregation. Weems attended the convention held in Annapolis in June 1792 as Rector of St. Margaret's Parish. But his prime business seems to have been obtaining subscriptions to a tract that he had recently published. By September of that year

Weems had given up St. Margaret's and had taken to the road as an itinerant bookseller as a way of life.

Parson Weems, the bookseller, became associated with the Philadelphia publisher Matthew Carey and remained so for the rest of his days, becoming the firm's Southern States agent. On July 2, 1795 he married Fanny Ewell daughter of Col. Jesse Ewell of "Belle Air," Prince William County, Virginia. Together the couple had a large family whose home life was especially happy. Apparently, Weems was a tender and loving father and husband. He had been born into a wealthy family but chose to live in and enjoy the middle class and the average person.

For the rest of his life Dumfries, Virginia and later "Belle Air" was his home. There he established a book shop and the headquarters for his itinerant book sales. The Church of England in Virginia had fallen on tremendously hard times following the Revolution, there being almost no priests in the Diocese. Weems, off and on for about 20 years, preached at Pohick Church, Mt. Vernon. This allowed him to address the salutation for Life of Washington as "Former Rector of Mt. Vernon Parish," a distinct advantage in the sale of the book.

Weems was accustomed to writing books for boys and his Life of Washington was to that purpose. In 1800, when the book was written, the nation was new, George Washington had died and hero worship was running high. His life of the hero of the cherry tree story was written for the youth of the land that they might have an example of perfection in conduct. However, in a later edition he declares it was his intention to humanize one who lived as a demi-god.

Truth or fiction? Weems certainly was close to the scene at Mt. Vernon for most of his life. He knew the people, the family, friends, servants and had access to stories and daily living. On the other hand, Parson Weems, was a most notable story teller, inventor of anecdotes, and fabricator. Weems had a lively narrative style "with a contagious enthusiasm." He was a popular writer in his time and though his works have been eclipsed by more modern writers it is Weems who made George Washington's life come alive for his country.
Weems also wrote the biography Life of Marion--Ben Francis "Swamp Fox" Marion, defender of South Carolina--in a delightful and well written story of the war in the south. Life of Franklin and Life of Penn did not have the excitement of the previous two books. But Weems aim was to record history for children and that he did.

Parson Weems' pamphlets on piety, uprighteousness, and health were written for the people of the day, not for entertainment. He preached virtue and decent living in a way that was easily read, understandable and enjoyable. Among them, The Drunkards Looking Glass, Hymens Recruiting Sergeant, and the New Matrimonial Tat-too for Old Bachelors.

Mason Locke Weems, "Parson Weems," died May 23, 1825 in Beaufort, South Carolina and is buried near his home "Belle Air" in Dumfries, Virginia. His last words were "God is Love."

Mack's Memories

Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr.

Organists, Organs and Choirs--A Recollection

THE SPIRE, February/March 1996

St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish, Annapolis MD

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Everyone attending St. Margaret's Church in 1939 remembers the dedication of the beautiful new Hammond electronic organ! We were all so proud, so excited, that the church was filled! Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester LaBrot, Sr. had generously and graciously given the organ as a memorial. The community was indeed grateful, for the old pump organ had served its time and there was no money for a new one.

On the day of the dedication a gentleman from the Hammond Company came to demonstrate it. He played songs and hymns and marches, he showed off the capability from one end to the other. And he showed that it could imitate any other musical instrument: drums, trumpet, violin, trombone, tambourine! We youngsters were fascinated, as I'm sure was the entire audience! Then the organ was turned over to Mrs. (Elizabeth) R. Cleon Cowling who was organist from 1918 until her death in 1946.

Although information given to 1918 is very scarce, Lanny Ridout has found a letter dated in 1877 from Nell Ridout to her sister living in Texas to the effect that a (pump) organ and a choir were in existence at that time. That would have been during the tenure of Dr. Sam (Ridout). It is not likely that the choir was vested - but there was one!

I'm sure the organ Mrs. Cowling played in 1918 was not the same as the 1877 organ. That was a large heavy organ with two keyboards, it was very plain but attractive. It stood on the Epistle side of the nave facing the Gospel side with the end of the organ against the wall of what was then the sacristy--just about where the pulpit is now. Occasionally it broke down because the bellows needed to be replaced. But all of us remember Mrs. Cowling as her body surged back and forth as she pumped and played.

As a youngster in the 30's, I remember that Mrs. Hoyda and Cousin Margaret Ridout seemed to lead the singing. Both sat in front. Mrs. Hoyda had a strong true voice. Cousin Margaret sat just in front of the organ, helping Mrs. Cowling occasionally with the sheet music. She had a strong, but very high pitched voice.

Jackie Caltrider remembers in the late 30's when she and her sister and Mrs. Ward, their mother, and occasionally others sat in a circle between the organ and first pew and they led the singing. We all remember Mrs. Cowling as a pleasant happy person always with a smile and a kind word. But she could be very stern when necessary as Bill Schriefer can attest! She didn't take kindly to young boys tricks with the organ bellows during church service so Bill Norris has told me. With her passing in 1946 was lost a truly Christian person.

Carrie Rebecca Ward, Jackie Caltrider's mother, was our next organist. She reminded me very much of Mrs. Cowling - happy, smiling, kindly, loving what she was doing - but I can't imagine her ever being stern. She was a beautiful Christian person in stature as well as spirit.

Jackie remembers her as being fun and as an accomplished musician. She had a trained voice, she played both the piano and the organ. She played the pipe organ at a church in Rebay for some years before moving to St. Margaret's. Mrs. Ward never drove a car and Jackie remembers that while waiting for a ride she played popular songs including St. Louis Blues. She also remembers that her mother's favorite song was "Traumerii." Mrs. Ward played the organ from 1946 until her death in 1963.

Somewhere in here Aunt Elinor Ridout remembers that Ernst Rogers, a neighbor from across the street in the 40's and 50's, played the organ for a short while and was very good. But our next long term organist was our next door neighbor, George W. Norris. Cousin George had married Eleanor "Nellie" Ridout the daughter of Dr. Zachariah Ridout who gave the ten acres of land to the church for "future use." Cousin George had been an agricultural agent, then a school teacher, and was principal of Arnold Elementary School (in the old brown shingled building) for many years. He was lay reader at All Saints' Sunderland for 25 years. At St. Margaret's, he lead the EYC before I took it over. He was also church registrar for many years. He laughed and was fun to work with but was much more stern, however, then either Mrs. Cowling or Mrs. Ward. Sometimes he stopped choir practice to admonish people to "pay attention." He particularly selected hymns that the choir and congregation could sing - and sing they did!

But finally the day came when St. Margaret's had to turn to professional organists. In 1964 Rosemary Killan became our first paid organist--the same organ, the same choir. My wife Barbara became the first choir director other than the organist. She directed both a junior and senior choir. But then she returned to teaching.

Dave Dunce was the next choir director for a two year period. During those years June Hemmick's daughter, Karen, and Ann and Dick Marshall’s daughters, JoAnne and Debbie, were members of the junior choir. Karen went on to study music.

Having a professional organist was different; it wasn't as comfortable or easy going. She knew what to do but wasn’t always ready to listen. But the results were good, and St. Margaret's began to shake off its old country background and emerge into a mature church with a mission.

In 1969, after trouble with the old Hammond organ, Helen Childs Corner gave the church a Baldwin electronic organ in memory of her husband Frank Mezick Corner. (Cousin Frank wrote, in the 30's, the little booklet on the history of St. Margaret's Parish that we all refer to frequently.)

For about three years Polly, whose last name I can not recall, played the organ. Then Clem Haverly took over for a few months followed by Noel Hering for two years. Jean, whose last name I wish I could find, played the organ until 1977.

Grace Gaffney arrived the Sunday after Easter 1977 and has been our organist now for almost 20 years. Grace who played the piano at 7 years old, took a music curriculum in Baltimore City schools. She played the organ during high school and studied with Louise Carlson. At 16 she played professionally for a Presbyterian Church in Baltimore and then for Grace Lutheran Church. She played for St. Martin's-in-the-Field before coming to St. Margaret's. And so we have found that she is quite a musician. She is "just so happy to be here at St. Margaret's," We are happy to have her at the console of our newest organ, the beautiful Rogers electronic organ purchased by gifts from our congregation in August 1992.

Our first vested choir, pictured in St. Margaret's Tri-centennial book, began on Easter, 1942. Aunt Elinor Ridout names those choir members from a picture she has of that choir gathered on the front steps of the church with Bishop Nobel C. Powell: John Norris-acolyte, Peggy Peregoy, Ann Ridout (Brice), Mary Dalma Brice, Rita Carter, Nan Davidson (Storck), Betsy Rogers, Billy Davidson, Freddie Panetti Jr., Gerald Atterbury, "Tinny" Brice (Carol Brice's mother), Mary Smith, Mrs. Hoyda, Fred Panetti Sr., George W. Norris and the Norris dog, who later died of too many chicken bones snatched from too many Guild Suppers.

Not long after the choir was formed, some pews on the Gospel side of the church were turned to face the Epistle side. Four chair benches were purchased later to replace the old pews. The lectern was moved to the nave side of the benches. Aunt Elinor notes that, at one time, Anne Ridout and Bunny Westphal got the giggles and Anne had to finish alone—for which Mrs. Cowling thanked her kindly.

As lay reader, I sat at the rear of the choir. One Christmas John Norris, Freddie Panetti, and I sang "We Three Kings." We did a good job! That was during cousin George's turn as organist.

Over the years many people have added their voices to the choir. I remember, in particular, John and Dorothy Warren from Mago Vista who had very good voices. Today we have a magnificent group of choristers who give so much of themselves: Nancy Heacock, Maggie Wilmore, Sara Mahood, Kate Mahood, Penny Schnell, Marge Reeves, Joan Dove, Grace Roberts, Tom Bunting, Ron Phipps, Les Carter, Larry Heacock and Bob Gaffney. Also, Mary Glasspool, our multitalented rector, adds her beautiful voice to the choir on a regular basis. On occasion, we are lucky to have parishioner Judith Meeder share her professional and exquisite voice during our worship.

Organs, organists, choirs--St. Margaret's is indeed blessed as it offers its musical voice in praise of God!

Mack's Memories

Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr.

Glebes, Salaries and Rectories

THE SPIRE, April/May 1996

St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish, Annapolis MD

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Over the years St. Margaret's Church has held six glebe lands. The earliest two were Luck and Ironstone Hills, 155 acres next to the first church on Deep Creek. I suspect the name Ironstone came from the pieces of sandstone found in that area. The parish sold these two glebes in 1814 to help pay for the replacement of the church at Winchester (Severn Heights).

In 1749 Col. Charles Greenberry bequeathed Whitehall to St. Margaret's, and the parish held Whitehall until 1763.

Whitehall-the home place-included 150 acres at the end of Whitehall Road. In 1763, St. Margaret's got Burl's Hills and then Homewood Lot in 1783 in a trade with Governor Sharpe for Whitehall. These 155 acres were to the right of what is now Podickory Point Road and north of the fork in Log Inn Road.

The reason for the delay in obtaining Homewood Lot was to accommodate the widow Govane who lived in the small brown shingled house that is still there. By 1850, the parish sold both Burls Hills and Homewood Lot. St. Margaret's owned Felicity Plains glebe from 1841 to 1875. We held no other glebes after that time.

Glebes provided revenue for the operation of the church including the rector's salary. The rector could farm glebes, but most often a farmer rented the land and the church received the proceeds. Farming was lucrative and the parish did well, paying a minister in cash or in tobacco. In colonial days landholders paid 40 pounds of tobacco per head whether or not they belonged to the Church of England, with the pounds in cash being turned over to the sheriff. Other produce was acceptable instead of tobacco. Knowing the wet soils of this community I have always questioned how much tobacco actually

grew. Nevertheless, being paid for services with tobacco or with any farm product was not a bad proposition.

Produce was readily saleable for good prices up through 1895. If paid in cash in the early years, the rector earned 100 to150 pounds Maryland currency (not English Sterling), and until 1900, at least $500 to $600 per year.

A few weeks ago I came across our rector, Mary Glasspool, in the parking lot. I asked her, "How would you like to have the parish glebe to farm for next year's salary?" I am not sure but I believe as she walked away I heard something like "cash only, please."

Of course, Dr. Sam never worked a glebe, but he farmed Whitehall which he had inherited in 1841.

Often the Vestry included housing in agreements with the minister. St. Margaret's had no rectory until 1841. An unmarried minister or a minister with a family might live with a family in the parish. Most farm families had large homes and ample provisions. To supplement his income, a minister would often teach children, either privately or in small groups in a private home.

My dad learned this way, whereas his sister Polly attended the little schoolhouse that stood beneath the big oak tree now overhanging Route 50. Her picture is found in the scene posted on the wall of the Broadneck Grill in Cape St. Claire.

Alternatively, a minister might provide his own housing as we do today. St. Margaret's built the first rectory on the small Felicity Plains glebe on the south side of St. Margaret's Road about one mile east of the present church. It is an old white frame house, hidden by trees, just off the road. It included two small sections later joined. The inside was quite attractive though the rooms were small. I remember delivering milk there when Captain Little and his wife occupied the house in the 1940s and 1950s.

A picture of the house is on page 30 of the tricentennial book. Mrs. Samuel Ridout (Hester Ann Chase) purchased it from the church in 1875 with the understanding that she would build a new rectory on the church grounds.

Dr. Sam and his wife never lived in the old rectory. Instead, they lived at Whitehall. Dr. Sam's brother Horace lived in the old rectory where he operated a store and post office. Horace died a few years later while saving the family of Dr. Zachariah Ridout in the disastrous fire that destroyed Cloverlea, the old house east of our present cemetery (the third house over).

Horace also rescued the ancient 1694 Register from a desk, dragging the top section from the sitting room. The old Vestry minutes burned because he could not get back into the room. He kept looking desperately for his aged Aunt and Uncle who were sitting on the edge of the porch roof waiting for a wagon to pull up and reach them. The fire overcame Horace and he died inside.

In 1878, Mrs. Ridout built the rectory on the knoll just behind the present rectory. The top picture on page 30 of the tricentennial book is of this rectory. It was a nice, large, frame house with a two-tier central stairway, parlor, sitting room, dining room, and kitchen. Upstairs the rectory included three bedrooms and a fourth bedroom that became a bath. Mr. Cooper's study was in the sitting room. There was a shaded front porch and a garage stood between it and the parish hall. A path led from the front door to the front of the parish hall with lilacs on either side and a gate next to the parish hall.

I am sure they must have purchased the lilacs from the wagon of an itinerant salesman just as my mother did in 1920.

An old fence separated the rectory grounds from the church grounds. I remember one Sunday evening my EYC group was playing softball on the rectory side. Dick Torovsky hit a fly ball toward the house causing Mr. Cooper, the rector, to come storming out.

For another rector, Mr. Cowling, the vestry provided a car. I believe it was a black four door 1932 Pontiac. Phillip Cowling was the chauffeur. He also cut the church yard grass during the summer. About 1958, the Vestry gave the garage to me. Whitey Ritterbusch used a BGE trailer to move it to my house where I used it until three years ago.

I was on the Vestry in 1960 and voted against taking down the old rectory. When I lost, I urged building the new one in the same place. Nevertheless, Mr. Cooper convinced the Vestry to put it closer so he would not have to walk so far.

How do I know so much about the old rectory? I have a farmhouse, Woodly, which is exactly like the old rectory. Six houses in the area built according to the same design, most built by the Stinchcomb family who were builders and lived at Persimmon Point - now Cape St. Claire.

Woodly was built first, in 1858, by Orlando Ridout I. It is on Whitehall Road. The last one was Edenlawn, built in 1896 by Orlando Ridout II. It also is on Whitehall Road. His daughter, Aunt Polly Dow, recently owned it and his granddaughter now owns it.

Other houses include the Waring house at the end of Bayhead Road on the Little Magothy River where the very old Pettebone cemetery is found.

Cloverlea, on St. Margaret's Road east of the church cemetery, was the home of Dr. Zachariah Ridout, whose daughter Nellie married George Norris. They rebuilt Cloverlea exactly as it was following the fire of 1878. They made several additions to the house so that it is now square instead of L shaped.

The late Senator Frank Duvall's house on the west side of St. Margaret's Road was halfway between Cloverlea and Felicity Plains. They added to that home so that it is now square. That is where for many years St. Margaret's held jousting tournaments and later held horse shows.

Finally, we built the new brick rectory in 1960, just in time to witness still another change in the Episcopal Church and other denominations. The rector no longer wishes to live in a rectory.

Ah well, it is getting so you cannot even sell tobacco anymore let alone pay the rector with it!

Appreciation to Orlando Ridout IV, for his extensive notes.

Mack's Memories

by Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr.

Jousting Tournaments at St. Margaret's
THE SPIRE, June/July 1996

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Charge Sir Knight!

A lone horse and rider gallop up the 300' course. The horse steady, straight, fast. The rider is up off the saddle, his knees grasp his mount, reins dropped on the horse's neck. He tucks his lance under the right arm while grasping it firmly in balance with his hand. His sharp eye sights down the forward curve of the blade as the first quarter inch ring drops smoothly onto the wedged tip of the lance - then the second - the third. And the lance tip goes quickly up into the air so the tiny rings don't fall off. All three "aides" have ridden out with the successful knight to escort him back to the marshal's stand at the center side of the course.

Tournaments! Ah, the days of glory gone by. What a thrill for both rider and spectators. I first remember watching them back in the early 30's, couldn't wait for the day when I'd be big enough to ride as a knight!

I don't know when tournaments were first held at St. Margaret's, probably in the late 1800's. Jousting with rings - not bodies - came to southern Maryland with the arrival of horses soon after the Ark and Dove. Jousting was a fun-at-home kind of thing until County Fairs (another English import) started about 1823. Then jousting became organized as competitive tournaments, later with pageantry. Tournaments have been continuously held at Christ Church, Port Republic since 1865.

Tournaments were held by St. Margaret's Church every Labor Day at Uncle Frank Duvall's home one-half mile east of the church on the left side of St. Margaret's Road, just as you round the corner. The house is yellow now. Then, there were no houses on the 200 acre farm then. The tournament was in the field. The guild served lunch and watermelon by the big trees that are still there. And cold water - good water - could be pumped up from the well and caught in a big old dipper and drunk down on the spot. Any that missed the dipper fell into the big long wooden horse water trough.

The jousting course was on flat, level, even ground on which stood three arches set 150 feet apart. Each arch was made of 9 foot high wooden posts spread 12 feet apart. Suspended from the center of each arch was an "iron". Each iron had two parts. The first part was a strap iron with a series of holes, the bottom bent at a right angle with a hole in it, and the top nailed to the crossboard of the arch. The second part was a 3/16" round rod, right angle at the top to go through right angle of the strap iron and into one of the holes adjusted for height. The bottom of the rod was split and flattened to hold the ring. The ring, from the ground, hung at the riders shoulder height. The rings were made of iron and covered with white cotton thread. They ranged from the largest at 1 1/2" diameter to the smallest, just 1/2". Three made a set.

Each ring was carefully set into the fork at the bottom of each of the three "irons." An aide mounted on a horse attends each arch and replaces the ring fitting it carefully so it is neither too tight nor too loose.
Frances Townshend, Jeanne Tucker and my sister Katherine used to always ride as the aides. When a ring was taken, that aide would ride out and escort the knight back to the marshal's stand where the marshal would remove the rings from the lance. One, two, or three - or none - of the aides might ride out.

There were three classes: novice, amateur and professional. One started in the novice class, and with a win, moved the to the amateur class for the next year. With an amateur win he moved to the professional class, where he stayed.

Novices used only 1 1/2" rings. Amateurs started with 1 1/2" rings and worked down in size to settle tournament ties. The professional class started with 1" rings running off ties until they got down to 1/4" rings. Separating the men from the boys could take the rest of the afternoon. Women began competing in the late 1940s in a new category just for ladies.

Each aide wore a sash as did each knight. The sash went over the right shoulder and had a bow at the left waist. My sash, which my mother made, was red satin but many colors and combinations were used. Each knight had a name, usually the farm name. My dad was the Knight of Woodlyn, Uncle Charlie the Knight of Whitehall, Elliott Pettebone the Knight of Bayhead. I rode as the Knight of Edenlawn, which was the name of Grandfather Ridout's farm. I always liked that name because Grandmother gave it to me, my grandfather having passed away a few years earlier.

Arthur Jones always rode as the marshal. He wore a white sash, rode a big bay horse, and lead the parade which started the jousting. He was followed by the aides and then by the knights. Novices came first, then amateurs, followed by professionals making up half the parade. We rode through the course and back to the marshal's stand where a political friend of Uncle Frank's gave a short fiery speech about valor and why taxes were so high. Uncle Frank was the Master of Ceremony since it was on his property. He was also the State Senator.

There were long ropes on either side of the arches, back far enough for a place for the aide between the arch and the rope. Behind the ropes were the spectators - lots of people. Everyone came to the Labor Day Tournament at St. Margaret's.

But the horse was the most important of all. That was 90% of success. A small fast, steady horse - once you turned the horse into the course you dropped the reins and it galloped straight up the path. The path was well trodden after years of use. Practice was mostly a matter of training the horse. As a boy I spent most of my summers practicing.

Dad had set up three arches with irons at home. I still have the irons and rings.

As kids, we learned to ride on old Pat. I was the last kid, and I rode her for the tournaments. Pat was small and getting a little old but she was game for anything. She was just the sweetest thing. Then I rode Joan, one of Dad's smallest work horses - really too slow.

Then Dad bought a horse for my own--it was a choice between a horse and a bicycle--I took the horse! I named it Gold Dust after my Dad's hunter that had died not long before. She was chestnut, a little bit large, but a nice horse, learned quickly - and was all mine! I have a horse now--Nazzie, 33 years old that when younger would have made a dandy jousting mount--small, fast, smart and willing.

The lance is essentially a wooden pole about 1 1/4" in diameter with a metal point. It is about six feet long. I have three lances: one is very old, later 1800's. One was given to me by Uncle Frank when I first started to ride. These two are very light and under six feet--a pole with a metal point. The old one has a centered point. On mine the point extends along the top side. The third one Dad had made by old Mr. John Shaw of Shaw's Blacksmith Shop at the foot of Main Street. Page

Bowie's lance was used as the model. It is over six feet long, very heavy. The center part is a wooden pole to which a 15” piece of pipe is attached at the back. The front is a short piece of pipe. The point screws into that. It has a round base and tapered front that flattens and curves so that you can sight right over the flat part to the ring. The front ends in a narrow point. It takes rings well but you have to be careful they don't fall off. The lance is balanced and made to fit the hand at the balance point.

The rider must be up off the horse and slightly forward so he is balanced and not influenced by the horse. Once turned into the course the reins are dropped and the horse is on its own. The rider tucks the lance under the arm, the lance held by the right hand rather far forward, a forefinger under the lance, sighting across the point of the lance to each ring. Horse and rider are a team!

There are three rings, a rider may get none, one, two or three. He rides three times in turn. The marshal calls the riders - "the Knight of Whitehall, prepare to charge! Charge, Sir Knight!" Ties are frequent. They are run off by going to smaller rings. Professionals may run off ties with 1/4" rings many time before someone misses.
It was great fun and everyone enjoyed it. It wasn't kill the other guy competition--it was fun. Dad rode, my brother Lanny rode, Uncle Charlie rode, and Charles

and Elliot Pettebone, Jim Burke from Severna Park, several from Davidsonville, some from Howard and Carroll County, Page Bowie from Bay Ridge, and Ben Parran from Calvert County rode.

In the evening, after the tournament, there would be a dance in St. Margaret's parish hall. During the dance, we crowned the Queen of Love and Beauty. Each class had a Queen. Crowns of artificial or real flowers were used for the crowns which were given to each winning knight. I still have one of the crowns. Wives or daughters were usually the Queens and Court of Honor. Unfortunately the tournaments were no longer being held when Barbara and I were married - the only one of my dates not to get a crown - but she's still my Queen of Love and Beauty.

There is a State Jousting Association and jousting is the state sport. When ladies first started competing, Mary Lou Bartram, a young lady from Linthicum, was among the competitors. She later organized and was president for many years of the Association. She is responsible for jousting becoming recognized as the state sport.

About 1950 both the tournament and the horse show were moved to the church grounds. Members of the church were involved with food and drinks on the grounds and a dinner in the evening in the parish hall. The events discontinued about 1958.

There is a more recent sequel to this. The St. Margaret's Pony Club met for practice and show competition on the grounds of St. Margaret's Church. Betty Jo (BJ) Davidson and her three daughters were very much involved. BJ couldn't place the exact dates but apparently started in 1968 and existed until 1976. Many local boys and girls were involved.

BJ tells me that one day during practice Mary Lou Bartram happened to stop by and offered to teach them how to joust, since the arches were and still are in place. Jousts sanctioned by the State Jousting Association are held on a regular basis. (Maybe we could get the Association to come to St. Margaret's and give a demonstration joust next fall!)

That was fun - those are real memories!

Mack's Memories

by Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr.

Horse Shows at St. Margaret's
THE SPIRE, August/September 1996

Note: *The contents are not necessarily historically accurate. They are stories: memories of one person formed over a lifetime. They are stories from a master story-teller who cared for us and for future generations by writing them out longhand. Mack's Memories are a guide to all who seek to tell the history of this parish and its home on the Broadneck Peninsula.*

St. Margaret's started having horse shows in the early 1930's. An annual show was held on Labor Day at Uncle Frank Duvall's field. The show was a morning event. The jousting tournament took place in the afternoon.

The horse shows were good money makers when the church, along with everyone else, was struggling financially. St. Margaret's was in good financial shape by the 50's and discontinued the shows.

My dad, Orlando Ridout III, started the horse shows and ran them as long as they were held. Everyone else helped. The Guild held luncheon and supper and made money too. Fawcett Hopkins, Whitey Ritterbusch, and George Caltrider helped Dad run the show ring. Cousin George Norris posted the classes and Gerry Atterbury handled the money. My mother took care of the trophies and ribbons. All of the men of the parish helped with the many things that had to be done to run the show: collecting money at the gate (Fred Panetti's job), parking cars; selling soft drinks, setting up jumps, moving jumps
etc.

The women (they all belonged to the Guild) spent the entire day preparing and serving food. Putting on the show was a big job but produced much needed money.

Long before the day of the show there was also work to be done. A competent judge for the horse show needed to be engaged. The date for the show had to be reserved with the Maryland Horse Show Association a year in advance - it made a big difference in the number of horses and riders that would come. A class list had to be determined - there were horsemanship classes, confirmation

classes, hunter classes, jumper classes, lead-line classes, pony classes, and so on.

A good selection of classes would help draw riders, too. The list had to be printed and mailed out to riders early so that they could make plans. Contacts were important.
Dad was an excellent horseman who belonged to several Horse Associations. He showed at other shows so that those people would come to our show.

Dad, Oliver Brice, and Carroll Lee started the St. Margaret's Hunt Club about 1932. Dr. Brice owned the farm that was on the left up the hill of what was Persimmon Point Road (then Hunt Club Road, now Cape St. Claire Road) roughly across from the Fire House. Dr. Brice gave the Hunt Club four acres of land on which was built a stable, clubhouse and show ring. A small part of the stable and the clubhouse, which is now a home, can still be seen just back from the road. Horses were stabled there and shows were held there several times a year.

In season fox hunts were held on Sunday mornings (in lieu of church). The fox hunts were just like the story book - red coats and tails, top hats, hounds (dogs) and Master of Hounds. A fox was usually released for the purpose, but not infrequently a local fox could be scared up and "treed" - and yes, tails taken - sorry.

Lot's of people used to go: Dad and my sister always rode as did Luther Shephard, Jeane Tucker, Frances Townshand, Widerman Shephard, Carroll Lee, Oliver and Tommy Brice (Carroll Brice's parents), Bob Zindorf. They rode cross country wherever the fox and hounds took them. It wasn't surprising to see the whole troop along St. Margaret's Road, down near the entrance to the Hunt Club Road (where Roy Rogers is now), on Bay Head Road, up the old Broadneck Road or in fields off that road, or, most often, in the open fields of what is now Cape St. Claire.

On the day of the horse show, which might last from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., riders, with their horse vans, arrived early to exercise the horses. Riders signed up with cousin George for the classes they planned to enter. Usually the day began with a lead line class in which horses were led in on halter and lead line - no saddles. Judging was based on confirmation and handling.

The judge looked the horses over as they were led around him in a huge circle - maybe four or five, or ten or eleven in a class. Then the judge called selected horses to a line in front of him. He walked around each one looking each over carefully. Perhaps he'd have a horse "trotted out" and back. He changed their positions occasionally until he had them lined up 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 the way he wanted them.
[Cattle are done a little differently - they are selected by two's, top two and bottom two, then the top and bottom of each pair, to give you 1 - 2 - 3 - 4. With cattle reasons are always given, and in a well-defined manner.]

With horses, reasons for selection are only required in certain classes such as horsemanship classes for young (children) riders. But you never argue with the judge - you treat him with a great respect.

Horsemanship classes were next - confirmation of the horse counted some, but the riders knowledge of the art of riding, ability to handle the horse, posting, hands, reins, knees, feet all counted. They rode in a large circle; the judge pulled in certain riders and dismissed the rest. Then he might have one or two or all ride around again. Finally, he lined them up 1 - 2 - 3 - 4. Then Mom or the judge's wife would present the trophies and ribbons. Usually the trophies were very nice engraved silver. They could be large or small silver plates, bread plates, whiskey decanters, or pitchers.

Dad's house was full of over a hundred trophies, and ribbons by the basket. Dad was a sportsman who played football at MAC (now UM) in 1916 with teammate Curly Byrd. Dad loved basketball, always had work horses and riding horses, hunters, and jumpers. His favorite was Gold Dust, a beautiful big chestnut, who with my sister Katherine riding won shows throughout the state in the 30's and 40's.

Gold Dust had a special pen six feet high, and at 5 o'clock on the dot every evening he sailed over that fence to go to his stable. Midnight, his big black horse, fell on a coop jump with Katherine pinned under him--didn't move a muscle until six men turned him over and pulled Kit out.

Then there were the exciting hunter and jumper classes. Jumper classes are strictly how high a horse could jump. Hunter classes are based on the horse's potential to do well in the field, hunting. Good jumping over a variety of jumps in a rigid pattern is important, sometimes even on "outside" courses. There was a mean jump over at the Hunt Club--I think that jump is still there, a part of the

fence--it's a rugged concrete wall three feet high on an incline. Competition was keen.

There were a lot of good horses and riders and they came from far and near. There were special classes too, such as steeplechase, carriage, and dressage classes. But, it all took a lot of time, training, and talent.
The St. Margaret's horse show was hard work for a lot of people, but it paid off the mortgage.

I remember several veterinarians. Dr. Wheatley was available when I was a kid. He lived just off Defense Highway and drove to our farm in an old Model T Ford. Then there was Dr. Oliver Finney who was married to one of the Macey's. Dr. Finney was the vet for the race track at Holly Beach and lived in the old brick house at the stables. He also took care of the neighbors' horses. He liked horses. He smoked a pipe and always explained carefully what he was doing. Then there was Dr. Mitchell. He cared for horses, cows, dogs, and cats. He once removed an apple from the throat of one of our cows by crushing the apple with a 2x4.

Then there was the farrier, Harry Yingling. He was a small person, but he sure didn't take any nonsense from an errant horse --"you're going to get shod fella, that's it!" Mr. Yingling lived in the brown shingled house off of Log Inn Road that was at one time part of St Margaret's Homewood Lot glebe, (the one that got us in trouble with the widow Govane).

Yes, I won a few trophies and ribbons, but usually I stayed home and took care of the cows!

Mack's Memories

by Folger McKinsey (Mack) Ridout, Sr.

Driving Down St. Margaret's Road
THE SPIRE, October/November 1996

Note: *The contents are not necessarily historically accurate. They are stories: memories of one person formed over a lifetime. They are stories from a master story-teller who cared for us and for future generations by writing them out longhand. Mack's Memories are a guide to all who seek to tell the history of this parish and its home on the Broadneck Peninsula.*

St. Margaret's Road actually begins at its intersection with the old Baltimore-Annapolis Boulevard. We used to know it as Dull's Corner because Lurty Dull had a general store there for many years. It was still active when we were in high school, but became a home after that, and was torn down about thirty years ago.

But let's see how one got to Annapolis. The main travel in 1700 and 1800 was by water. There was a pier at Whitehall and most other homes and communities. Small packets or steamboats called at the piers to transport produce and passengers. Or one rowed, or sculled with a single oar, a small boat. Or a barge might be rowed by several oarsmen.

If you drove by land to Ferry Farms, on the north shore of the Severn River, a ferry, originally operated by Abel Tucker and then his widow, conveyed passengers, their horses or carriage or wagon, to the wharf at the foot of Maryland Avenue at Annapolis.

A Severn River bridge was authorized as early as 1826 but was not built until 1910. That first bridge was at the foot of the 1929 bridge, and its pilings were clearly visible at both sides of the river banks until construction on the 1994 bridge began.

The first bridge was level with the river, and Jackie Caltrider remembers riding with her parents across it in 1925 when she was five years old. She was afraid because the wooden planks were loose and rattled as the automobile moved across them.The next bridge we all knew was existed from 1927 to 1994.
I remember when I was a child that at the north side of the 1927 bridge, just as you came off the bridge, there was an amusement park on the left side, with the entrance right where the traffic light is now. It had rides and games and food

and the beach behind for swimming in the summer.

Pendennis Mount and the Ritchie Highway didn't exist then. That land was a part of the old Brice homestead.

Off the bridge the road curved right along the water, then up the hill past Ferry Farm and on towards Dull's Corner. It was an oyster shell road in the early days, pitted with muddy quagmires. When we were kids that part of the road was concrete, and we rode to high school in a bus owned and operated by Charles Hays Duvall. That one bus took everyone from St. Margaret's and Arnold to the Annapolis High School. Another bus took Severna Park to the same school. On the way home, we'd jump off the bus at Dull's Corner while the bus went to Arnold and came back via Old Mill Bottom Road.

Not many cars came along, but if one did they knew us and took us home. If not, we caught the bus again at St. Margaret's Church. Jumping off the bus with us was Paul Perkabek. His Dad was manager of the Naval Academy mess and owned the farm that's now Martin's Cove.

From Dull's Corner the old, old road to St. Margaret's went up the hill through Brown's Woods to Mill Creek past June Hemmick's house, where there is still a deep depression as the road descended to the creek. At the creek there was a barge self-operated by a pull rope. I understand that Nina Pettebone Ridout and Nellie Ridout Norris used this route to get to school in Annapolis in their younger days.

Across the east side of Mill Creek is another deep depression up the hill through the Davidson property. Then a branch of the road went to the left up to the church. The main road went straight ahead down the next hill and branched again, then right to Pleasant Plains and then left to Hollywood (Nina Pettebone's childhood home), now Amberly.

Gene Whittington, who in his later years worked for my Dad, told me that as a teenager he worked for the County driving a team of horses pulling a "dump" wagon - a four-wheeled wagon that had a W-shaped body that dumped sideways. He was working on the "new" St. Margaret's Road (the one we drive now) at the time, hauling oyster shells.

St. Margaret's Road was built around 1910 through the influence of State Senator Frank Mezick Duvall. He traveled that road - car, truck, horse, horse and

wagon, tractor, foot; carrying milk, hay, corn, cows; through rain, ice, snow, heat, cold.

My Dad started out in the horse and buggy days and lived to see the four-lane super highway. The road was all oyster shell originally. When I was a child, it was still oyster shell from the old schoolhouse (near the McDonald's) on down to Sandy Point.

Up the hill from Mill Creek we see the present St. Margaret's Farm development on the right and homes on the left. All of this was Uncle Weems Duvall's farm. He had a small milking herd shipping milk to town to the Annapolis Dairy. Uncle Weems was president of the County Commissioners from 1936 to 1944, the best one we ever had, according to Dad. His house still stands across from Larry Heacock's house and opposite our rectory. The farm tenant house still stands at the head of Old Mill Bottom Road and has recently been renovated and enlarged and is now for sale.

At the northwest corner of St. Margaret's Road and Old Mill Bottom Road was the blacksmith shop of Grafton Duvall and beyond that the Macey shop and cannery.

On the northeast corner still stands the old Lutrill family home. On the southwest corner of St. Margaret's Road and Pleasant Plains Road was Uncle Weems Duvall's apple orchard. For some reason around 1940 he was going to sell it to Garfield Brice, who was going to put up a liquor store there. The Vestry was quite upset about that, so William Labrot bought the orchard and gave it to the church. Later the Vestry built two houses on it, rented them for a few years, then sold them to help pay for the new education building. Of course, on the southeast corner is St. Margaret's Church, established originally on one acre of land in 1824 on the corner, with nine acres added in 1874 *(sic 1884)* from Zachariah Ridout's farm.

Continuing east on St. Margaret's Road, on the left was Uncle Frank Duvall's 250 acre farm where the early tournaments and horse shows were held on each Labor Day. The former state senator also held a famous annual political affair--a watermelon party to gather the Democratic faithful. He also advocated voting a straight Democratic ticket. Frank and Weems were brothers; their sisters were Maria Duvall Ridout, my grandmother, and Ida Duvall Pettibone, Elliott's mother. Uncle Frank's house, now painted yellow, still stands on the corner.

On the right, east of the church, was the farm of Dr. Zachariah Ridout in the late 1800's. His daughter, Nellie, married George Norris. It was here in the disastrous fire of 1901 that some of the church records were lost - though the old Register was saved.
Beyond this farm was at one time the last glebe of the church and the original rectory, which still stands on the right side, a white wood frame house behind a wood fence. At one time also a store and a post office were there.

East of this old rectory is a small frame house that in my younger days was owned by Dr. Oliver Tilghman Brice (Carroll's father), who kept some race horses. This house was built sometime before 1820 and at one time was owned by John Small. Then down the hill to the old Meeting House which stood at the present entrance to what is now Amberly--in fact, just about in the middle of the road. It was gone just before my time, but apparently had not been used for some years. It was a small wood frame building used for community activities.

To the bottom of the hill was the Whitehall Grist Mill, which stood just to the left of the old road. The dam still stands and was barely rescued from destruction by the new intersection. It stands just to the north of, or inside, the loop going to Cape St. Claire from Route 50. Mill Swamp, which is now transversed by Route 50, extended from the old dam back to Busch's and across to the Broadneck Church.

I remember when the Taylors owned Andy Smith's farm on Broadneck Road. The road then emptied into St. Margaret's Road. Mr. Taylor's boys had a big Holstein bull on a small open 1929 Ford truck to bring to Dad's farm. Coming down Broadneck Road past Mill Swamp the truck turned over, dumping the bull into the swamp. It took three days to catch the bull.

The Mill Swamp narrows into a stream on the south side of the road and becomes the head of Whitehall Creek. To the east of this point just up the hill the Miller's house still stands - but just barely - the present out-of-state owner is waiting for it to fall down so he can develop the 15 acres. The house was very attractive and was occupied for many years by Dick Duvall, then the miller. More recently, it was occupied by Admiral Hottel and his family.

Across the road from this house stood the old two-room schoolhouse, a most important landmark. There is a picture on the wall of the Broadneck Grill in Cape St. Claire of the school and its pupils taken in 1906. Attending at that time were: George Davidson, Sam Macey, George Tilghman, Orlando Ridout III,

Oswald Tilghman, Jim Duvall, Agnes Macey, Alverda Duvall, Isabel Davidson, Laura Duvall, Elise Ridout, Emma Duvall, Anne Tilghman, and Polly Ridout.

From about 1914-1918, the two teachers were my mother, Mary McKinsey, and Nancy Ridout. Mother boarded with Nancy's parents at their home on Whitehall Creek and there met young Orlando Ridout III. Cousin Nancy remained in the school system until she retired in 1960 as librarian at Glen Burnie High School. She was still driving a Model A Ford at that time.

Just east of the school was Persimmon Point Road, later called Hunt Club Road, then Cape St. Claire Road and now part of East College Parkway.

Between Persimmon Point Road and Bayhead Road was the Labrot Race Track, now Revell Downs development. The race track which was built around 1910, the creosoted lumber being brought up Whitehall Creek to the Barchet farm to be sledged by horse team across to the track, was active until after World War II. There are pictures of it at the Broadneck Grill. In 1953 the first Anne Arundel County Fair was held there.

Across from the race track on the corner of Chester Peregoy's farm, St. Margaret's had its own amateur baseball team and field in the 1930's. Burt Wollett, Joe Novosel, Phil Cowling and Ralph Macey were among the players, and Anna Tilghman Rowan was among the cheering crowd.

East of the ballfield was the Barchet farm, known as Bellefield. George Barchet and his wife Matilda came to America from the Black Forest of Germany sometime in the late 1800's and bought Bellefield. Mr. Barchet was trained as a physician but preferred to farm. He had a large dairy herd and raised truck crops. My Dad rented the farm from Mr. Barchet in the 1940's and 50's, and I spent much time there plowing and planting.

I remember the old buildings, two huge barns side by side, a large timber-framed corn crib, a machine shed which fell down and was used for kindling by Mrs. Barchet, and a beautiful old milk house which still stood until a few years ago.

When I stopped for lunch, Mrs. Barchet would bring German cookies and talk to me about the old Black Forest that she knew as a child. She was a great story teller! About 1927, the beautiful old frame farmhouse burned to the ground and they moved into the frame tenant house down by the water, calling it Pear Point.

East of Bellefield was Frank Ridout's farm, then Whitehall Road and Woodlyn Farm, owned by my Dad. Across from this area on Yorktown Road, to the east on Colbert Road and on Log Inn Road, are black communities first formed by slaves freed as early as 1799. Each family was given one-half acre of land on which to build a home. Families of those people, for the most part, still live there.

Just past the entrance to Whitehall Road was a wood frame schoolhouse built about 1920 by the elder Mrs. Sylvester Labrot for the black children of the community. The school was not used after 1950 and has been torn down. Across the road from the schoolhouse Mrs. Labrot built a health center about 1946. My mother was on the Board of Directors. The center was quite active for a number of years, but is no longer used.

Traveling past the head of Scotchers (Meredith) Creek, we come to Log Inn Road on the left. If we drive up Log Inn Road we find Homewood Lot, one of the church's early glebes, and, on the right back in the woods, a small shingled frame house once occupied by the widow Govanne. If we make a right turn before that house, we arrive at the County Treatment plant which, back a century ago, was the Log Inn. The Inn was a well-known country resort overlooking the Chesapeake Bay, operated by the Emory family. Several pictures of the Inn are on the wall at the Broadneck Grill.

At the entrance to Log Inn Road in the 1920's (until Route 50 was built) there were two country stores. Both were on the east side of the road. The one farthest east was the oldest and was operated by Howard Rowe, who delivered groceries and ice to homes in the area. The other was started in the 30's by Earl Campbell.

Route 50 obliterated the entire corner.

There was a small store, where the Health Center was later placed, operated by Lou Stepney who was the father of Lizzie, who cooked for Grandmother Ridout. Lizzie made the very best sweet potato pie I have ever tasted. This black store was also used by whites. Dad used to buy kerosene there, and us kids used to go there for chewing gum. The store had two kinds of gum - Wrigley's and Spearmint, according to the sign.

St. Margaret's Road from the old schoolhouse to Holly Beach was still just oyster shell when I was a child. It wasn't paved until the early 30's. We had telephones long before we had electricity. Dad brought electricity down Whitehall Road in

1932 to the farm to operate the dairy and milking machines. In 1935 he brought electricity to our home, and we had a radio!

St. Margaret's Road ended at the gate to Sandy Point. Through the gate a road led past the farm buildings to an early brick mansion, built in the Federal style with kitchen and office wings. This house was built in 1818 by John Gibson (later of Gibson Island), who was married to Ann Ogle Ridout.

About 1900, Sandy Point was acquired by Sylvester Labrot, Sr. In our time the farm manager, Everett Henry, lived there. Sunday School picnics were held here on the lawn under the shade of many large evergreen trees. Beyond the lawn a winding, sandy road led to a broad, sandy beach where swimming in the bay was enjoyed by all.

In 1944 William Labrot gave the 800 acre Sandy Point Farm, which we now know as Sandy Point State Park, to the State of Maryland. The old mansion still stands, rather bare and forlorn, though at least taken care of.

From St. Margaret's Road one last road angled off to the south to the Holly Beach Farm through a formal entrance. The road continues to Hackett's Point and Goose Pond along a narrow spit of land that was more water than land. The Moss family of Annapolis owned the farm for many years and a family burial plot is still there. More recently, Sylvester Labrot Sr. purchased Holly Beach Farm about 1900, and his granddaughter still enjoys it.

Any further would get our feet wet!