

Mack's Memories

by Folger (Mack) Ridout

Driving Down St. Margaret's Road from the October/November 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

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, the right to Pleasant Plains and the 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 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 brought 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!

Horse Shows at St. Margaret's from the August/September 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*. from the August/September 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

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!

Jousting Tournaments from the June/July 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*. from the June/July 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

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 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 led 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 (Mack) Ridout

Glebes, Salaries and Rectories from the April/May 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

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 to 150 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, Woodyly, 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. Woodyly 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.

Organists, Organs and Choirs--A Recollection from the February/March 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*. from the February/March 1996 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

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, than 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 multi-talented 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!

Mason Locke Weems, Rector of St. Margaret's 1791-1792 from the October/November 1995 issue of *THE SPIRE*. from the October/November 1995 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

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, uprightness, 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, Hymns 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."

Remembering Folger McKinsey--The Bentztown Bard from the April/May 1995 issue of *THE SPIRE*. from the April/May 1995 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

Folger McKinsey was a journalist, editor, and writer of prose and verse. He was born in Elkton , Maryland in 1866. He attended Miss Tabetha Jones Primary School until 1879 when his family moved to Philadelphia.

He began his journalism career in 1885 as editor of the Shore Gazette in Ocean Beach, New Jersey. In Camden he met Walt Whitman and was encouraged by him to continue writing. Mr. Whitman gave Folger a signed copy of "Leaves of Grass" which is now in the possession of Orlando Ridout IV. Mr. McKinsey was briefly editor of the Cecil Whig where he once brought Mr. Whitman to speak on his acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln including notes on the night of the assassination while Mr. Whitman was attending the theater.

William Delaplain hired Mr. McKinsey to be editor of the Frederick City Daily and Weekly News in 1886 where he remained until 1898. While there he made many friends and learned much of the people, town, and countryside. There he assisted in creating a monument to Francis Scott Key. There also he acquired his pen name, Bentztown Bard for the area in Frederick where he lived (called Bentztown).

In 1898, he moved with his family to Baltimore to take a position with The Baltimore News. He left in a few years to work for The Washington Post but returned to Baltimore in 1906 to work for The Baltimore Sun where he remained for 42 years until 1948.

He wrote a column for the Sun which included one or two poems, notes about people, the city, and countryside, a verse from Scripture, prose, "A Candle in the Window" including receipts.

He loved food considering lima beans, crabs, peach pie, fried chicken, pot roast, corn pudding and strawberries as the best the earth could offer.

The Sun sent him on a two-year tour of Maryland in the early 1930's, complete with car and chauffeur! He reported on people, scenes, food, and the atmosphere of Maryland. His column included notes on Pilduzer Park peopled by Hon. Freezer Fry, Uncle Billy Wiltmer, Aunt Petunia, Effie Zinglebower, Joey the Jail Poet, and Hettie Denbiddle. Topics included "Old Still No. 49", "Ladies Talk About Each Other", and the "Mint Julep Committee".

He reported that Aunt Hettie Denbiddle gave a cheese sandwich reception the other day in honor of the "arrival of spring." The public of those days loved his reports and his verse, they adored the Bentztown Bard. I remember grandfather as a great happy kind person who enjoyed good camping, conversation and who read endlessly.

In all he wrote about 40,000 pieces and published two books - A Rose of the Old Regime in 1908, and Songs of the Daily Life in 1911. He shared an office with H.L. Menckin. Together they belonged to the Saturday Night Club which was for many years made up of professionals, journalists, and musicians. Folger often entertained the group at his farm on the Magothy River now known as Cape Arthur. The group would enjoy dinner, music, and conversation.

Grandfather once appeared as host decked out as a jailbird complete will ball and chain, a picture attests. Admiral Torovsky, leader of the U.S.N.A. band played the violin (His grandson Dick still attends services at St. Margaret's and was one of our very first acolytes and E.Y.C. members.)

Grandfather's family enjoyed swimming in the summer and skating in the winter, reporting excursions well out in the Bay in the coldest winters. For years he rode the Baltimore, Washington, and Annapolis rail lines from Severna Park to Baltimore and back daily while reading and writing.

He is descended from the Peter Folger family that arrived in New England in the early colonial days and an Aunt Abadiah Folger married Benjamin Franklin and is buried with him in the graveyard of the Episcopal Church across from Independence Hall in downtown Philadelphia. Folger married Fannie Dungan in 1886. They had six children including Mary Archer who married Orlando Ridout, III in 1919. Folger died in 1950. Services were led by Bishop Noble Powell. He is buried in St. Margaret's Church cemetery.

I want to go back to the stick-candy days, Before they made bonbons of cho'late and glaze; I want to go back to the dear little shop Where the little old lady sold ginger-beer pop, And made little cookies with raisins, that went Like lightning because they were two for a cent! I know the green street where the little shop stood, And, oh, the stick-candy, that tasted so good! Lemon and wintergreen, cinnamon bar, Each in its round little, fat little jar - I see through the glamor of childhood the glint Of the sassafras, horehound and white peppermint! There was Everton taffy around Christmas time, With its delicate essence of nutmeggy rime; And sourballs and doughnuts and huge candy toys For that life of the child that was builded of joys! Ah, dear little shop on the green little street, I want to go back to those days that were sweet! A bell that went jingle hung over the door, So they knew when a customer entered the store, And sometimes the little old lady came

in With her hands full of dough from the breadmaking tin, But ever her heart and her gentle face smiled On the timid young spirit of dear little child! In flytime the window was covered with net And under wire baskets the cake plates were set; Sometimes to add glory to life's fleeting gleam, She sold little plates of vanilla ice-cream, While schooldays brought forth on her counter, ah me, Those cucumber pickles of childhood's young glee! I know there are shadows about the old place, And mossy tombs lean with dear names we may trace Of loved ones gone down in the dust of the years, But, oh, for the thought again, even in tears, Of the green little street and the shop and the bell With a phantom of jingle that sounds like a knell!

Early History (1692-1792)

In 1992, St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish, celebrated its 300th anniversary. As part of the observance of its founding, the parish published a hardcover book that included this written account of St. Margaret's establishment in Colonial Maryland.

Introduction

For the sake of order we give anniversaries identifying brackets; we say, for instance, that St. Margaret's Church has existed from 1692 to 1992. These dates, by themselves, are certainly impressive, but when placed in a wider historical context the anniversary achieves a kind of eloquence. The roots of St. Margaret's are entwined with the roots of the Anglican and Episcopal Church in North America, and with the beginnings of Maryland and the United States.

I. Beginnings: Colonial Anglicanism

The Church of England

Ecclesia Anglicana: so named, the official Church of England became an autonomous part of the Catholic Church in 1534. Through its birth, the Protestant Reformation reached its culmination in England, and Henry VIII was vested with the powers of the head of church and state. He used them harshly, restricting and persecuting other denominations. In the following century, however, the unfolding colonization of North America bred hope among dissenters. Separatist Puritans migrated to establish Plymouth Colony; Quakers settled Pennsylvania.

Roman Catholics were to realize their desire for a religious haven through the efforts of a convert named George Calvert, who in 1619 was made Secretary of State to King James 1. A talented businessman, Calvert sought to take part in the New World colonization, and was granted a tract in Newfoundland. When, in 1624, he became a Roman Catholic, Calvert risked the loss of his public office; James, who valued Calvert's business acumen and political instincts, retained his services on the Privy Council by elevating him to the peerage, making him the first Lord Baltimore (a title of the Irish nobility).

The Newfoundland colony failed, undone by bitter winters. Calvert, on his return to England, visited the Virginia colony and the Chesapeake region and was impressed by the mild and favorable climate. He applied for a grant for territory north of the Potomac River; the application was still pending when he died. King Charles I signed the grant on June 20, 1632, giving the Charter for the Colony of Maryland, (named for his wife Queen Henrietta Maria), to George Calvert's son Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore.

In November 1633, about 150 colonists set sail aboard the ships Ark and Dove. The company was led by Leonard Calvert, Cecelius' brother, who would serve as Governor while Lord Baltimore the Proprietor remained in England. Landing off St. Clement's Island in the Potomac, the colonists began the building of St. Mary's City near the southern tip of Maryland's Western Shore.

Early Maryland

Rules for the governance of the new colony were set forth in the Royal Charter as follows: an Assembly modeled after parliament would be set up, consisting of an upper house (Council) and a lower house (the House of Burgesses). Council members were to be appointed by the Governor, acting as agent for the Proprietor. Members of the lower house would be selected by vote of the landholders, one person being selected from each Hundred (or hundred families, an old English method of county division). The Assembly would enact laws brought before it by the Proprietor or the Governor. A High Sheriff would enforce County law, and in each Hundred a Constable would enforce the law locally.

Calvert mandated religious tolerance in Maryland. In the oath of office administered to governors, it was stated that "neither he nor any other person directly or indirectly will trouble, molest or restrict any person professing belief in Jesus Christ regardless of their Church." In 1638, the Third Assembly passed a law stating that the "Holy Church within this Province should have and enjoy all rights, liberties and franchises, wholly without blemish."

Calvert had been granted the right to donative advowsons, by which he could send ministers of the Church of England to serve in the colony, but he did not rush to exercise the right. A petition by the members of the Church of England in the province in 1638 contained the statement . . . in this heathen country where no godly Minister is to teach and instruct ignorant people in the grounds of religion, showing that four years after the landing no provision for ministrations by the clergy had been made.

Nevertheless, in 1642, Trinity Church was erected in St. Mary's County, and in 1650, at St. George's Church, Valley Lee, the first permanently settled Church of England clergyman, the Reverend William Wilkerson, began his ministry.

The Puritans

Events in England invariably affected life in the colony. The English Civil War, which began in 1642, climaxed seven years later with the beheading of King Charles I and the ascension to power of the Puritans, or Roundheads, under Oliver Cromwell. Consequently, when Puritans fleeing from staunchly Anglican Virginia arrived in Maryland in 1649, Lord Baltimore offered them refuge, hoping to placate Cromwell. He also had enacted, on April 2, 1649, the Act Concerning Religion (the Religious Toleration Act) to ensure the Puritans of their safety and freedom to worship. This act was to become the foundation of religious freedom in America. The Puritans settled along the Severn River in what was to become Anne Arundel County (in 1650 - named for the wife of Cecil Calvert).

As tensions in England increased, good relations between the Proprietor and the growing population of Puritans fell apart. In 1651, Cromwell dismissed Parliament. The next year, he sent a force of 750 seasoned militia to place the colonies under his control. Use of the Book of Common Prayer was forbidden in England; in Maryland, Puritans took over the Assembly and called for the strict observance of the Sabbath - the precursor of later blue laws.

Armed confrontations occurred between Lord Baltimore's forces and those of the Puritans, coming to a head on May 26, 1655 in the Battle of the Severn, near Annapolis. The Puritan forces were led by Captain William Fuller and the Proprietor's by Governor William Stone. Calvert lost, but through diplomatic cleverness and an agreement signed November 30, 1658, he managed to obtain the return of his province.

In 1660, the Puritan government in England was overthrown; Charles II and the House of Stuart were restored as rulers. Calvert, much in favor with the new King, remained Proprietor of Maryland until his death in 1675. Then, his son and heir Charles, who was serving as Governor of the Province, sailed for England to take over his duties as Proprietor.

The Protestant Revolution in Maryland

The question of the position of the Church of England in Maryland had increasingly become a source of debate here and in the mother country. The provincial Church was administered throughout the colonial period as an outpost of the Diocese of London, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and in the early 1670s a representative of the Bishop was sent to Maryland. In 1676, the Reverend John Yeo, having surveyed the progress of the Church here, wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury of the "deplorable condition of the Province of Maryland for want of an established ministry." He further stated: "Here are ten or twelve counties, and in them at least 20,000 souls, and but three (Protestant) ministers of the Church of England . . . the (Roman Catholic) priests are provided for, and the Quakers take care of those that are speakers, but no care is taken to build up churches in the Anglican faith. The Lord's Day is profaned, religion is disputed and all notorious vices are committed so that it has become a Sodom of uncleanness and a pest house of iniquity." Parson Yeo pleaded for support of the ministry out of public funds.

In 1677, the Commissioners of Trade and Plantation met to discuss conditions in the Colony, including the Church of England's dilemma. They addressed a letter to Lord Baltimore, complaining of "having received very credible information that many inhabitants of Maryland live very dissolute lives, committing notorious vices and profaning the Lord's Day, and that this wicked kind of living proceed from there being no certain established allowance for ministers of the gospel, especially of the Protestant religion according to the Church of England."

James II's ascension to the throne in 1685 became an unexpected catalyst. A Roman Catholic, James wished to restore absolute monarchy and Roman Catholicism. He was widely disliked but tolerated, because his daughter and supposed

heir, Mary, was Protestant. The birth of a son to James, however, made the reestablishment of Roman Catholicism a more solid probability. William of Orange, Mary's husband and the ruler of the Netherlands, was invited to invade England; he did so in 1688. James fled from the Glorious Revolution to France.

In Maryland, a roaring rift had developed between the Council (composed of Roman Catholics and Lord Baltimore's favorites) and the lower house, which was mostly Protestant, over several matters, resulting in a deadlocked session. Into this brew of bad feeling Lord Baltimore dropped an inadvertent match. He failed to speedily inform the colonists of William and Mary's ascension to the throne. When the news came to the province indirectly, through a ship's captain, the situation exploded. Wild rumors arose, of an alliance between Roman Catholics and Indians, of a coming massacre. A group of colonists formed an Association of Protestant Gentlemen in Arms for the Defense of the Anglican Religion and for Asserting the Right of King William and Queen Mary to the Province of Maryland and all the English Dominions. Their forces marched on St. Mary's City and took control of the government. In a declaration sent to England, the victors pledged their loyalty to the Crown.

William and Mary revoked Lord Baltimore's charter. They sent an address to the colonists, saying, "We have thought fit to take our Province of Maryland under our immediate care and protection." New elections took place in the Maryland Assembly; early in 1692 the first Royal Governor, Lionel Copley, arrived in St. Mary's City. A period of royal government which was to last until 1715 had begun.

William and Mary instructed Sir Lionel Copley to "take special care that God be devoutly and duly served, that the Book of Common Prayer be read and that the Blessed Sacrament [be] administered according to the Rites of the Church of England"; also, that "churches be built" and a "competent maintenance" be assigned to each minister.

II. THE ACT OF 1692

The first act of the Assembly of the Crown Colony was a proclamation affirming the ascension of William and Mary to the throne. The next Act, on May 10, 1692, began the process of making the Church of England the official church of Maryland.

An Act for the Service of Almighty God and the Establishment of the Protestant (i.e. Anglican) Religion within this Province was drawn up by the Governor's Council and the Assembly. It was designed as a vehicle in the province. The Act required that the Commissioners, Justices and Principal Freeholders of each county "divide and lay out their several and respective Counties" into parishes "to be laid out by meets and bounds" and that the Sheriff of each county collect a tax of forty pounds of tobacco for each taxable person in each parish and pay the tax to the parish vestry. (The Sheriff would keep five percent of the tobacco as his fee.) The vestry was instructed "after the building of the Church or Chapel" to apply the remaining revenue "to the use and benefit of the Minister" of the parish. The Governor, Council, and Freeholders (landowners) of the Province were to elect six vestrymen per parish.

The Church State was setup with the King as its Supreme Governor in all things secular, and in Maryland the Governor represented the King. There was no Bishop in Maryland (until 1792), so the ecclesiastical head of the Church was the Bishop of London. The clergy were licensed to practice by the Bishop, and assigned by the Governor.

The position of clergyman was seen as a political one. It had a lifetime tenure with an annual income depending on the number of inhabitants, of 200 - 300 pound sterling. Each parish was to own 100 acres of land, besides individual land gifts. Churches were to be large property owners, and from the rental of this property, the church and clergy were to receive a nominal income. Additional income was to come from the sale of property.

On June 9, 1692, Governor Copley put his signature on the Act beneath the statement: "On behalf of their Majesties King William and Queen Mary I will these to be laws."

Copley died the following year. Many of his efforts to benefit the Church fell short; the laws were full of loopholes. The next Royal Governor, Francis Nicholson, strengthened the original Act, and in 1702, the "Act for the Establishment of Religious Worship in this Province According to the Church of England and for the Maintenance of Ministers" filled in the holes. It governed Maryland church affairs until 1776.

In addition to these structural outlines for the Church, the Assembly sought to regulate behavior directly. They outlawed "drunkenness, swearing, gaming, fowling, fishing, hunting, or any other sports, Pastimes or Recreations at all on the Lord's Day." Sheriffs were even forbidden to serve warrants or make arrests that would discourage persons from attending services.

III. ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH

The Broadneck Peninsula

Woodland Indians lived in Maryland long before the arrival of the Ark and the Dove. The Tidewater tribes were not generally unfriendly to the early settlers; later, the Susquehannocks at the head of the Bay and their enemies, the Senecas, did clash with the colonists, but most often in pursuit of each other.

By 1642, no more than 390 English settlers had survived the period of sickness which most immigrants suffered through, known as seasoning. The Broadneck Peninsula had not yet attracted any of these colonists. Then, in the fall of 1649, a small company of Puritans from Nansemond, Virginia settled on 250 acres of land at Town Neck on the Severn River (now Greenbury Point) and founded the town of Providence. One of the most famous Maryland Puritans was Captain William Fuller. The Hero of the Severn received from the second Lord Baltimore a large tract of land toward the eastern end of the peninsula, which he named Fuller's Survey. Over the next decade, Puritans were joined by Quakers encouraged by the passage of the Act of Tolerance. Groups of English Protestants, including Anglicans, came mainly upon arrival from the mother country, rather than from neighboring colonies. Gradually, the Hundreds of Herring Creeke, West River, South River, Middle Neck and Broad Neck were established.

The Puritans built a place of worship on the south bank of the Magothy River near Westminster Towne on Deep Creek. This Old Meeting House was shared by families of other denominations who, because of the scarcity and impassability of roads, traveled to Sunday services by boat.

The colonists who would become the founding members of St. Margaret's were scattered about the peninsula on tobacco plantations large and small. Among the most important Anglican settlers were Colonel Nicholas Greenberry, who emigrated aboard the ship *Constant Friendship* in 1674. In 1680, he bought Fuller's Survey from colonel William Fuller (son of Captain Fuller), resurveying the land as Greenberry Forest. He was to become one of the most successful of the merchant-planters in the region: he was the Keeper of the Great Seal, a justice of the Province. He was put in charge of the erection of three forts against invading Indians, and briefly, on the death of Lionel Copley, discharged the duties of the Governor (1693-94). In 1695, he purchased Towne Neck, the first settlement on the Severn, renaming it Greenberry Point. He died there in 1697.

Greenberry Forest, which came to be called Whitehall, descended to his son, Colonel Charles Greenberry. Of Charles it has been written that "he bore many of the busy characteristics of his father," and that "he was the life and support of St. Margaret's Church."

The Hammond family would also play a role in the support of the church and in the politics of the area. John Hammond, an ardent member of the Church of England, wrote, in 1655, the influential pamphlet *Leah and Rachel, or, The Two Fruitful Sisters Virginia and Maryland*, which argued for religious peace between the colonies. He settled on the Severn and became a member of the Provincial Court, and later, a delegate to the Lower House. His son, Colonel Charles Hammond, became Treasurer of the Western Shore.

Another early resident, Maureen Duvall, was a Protestant Huguenot who fled Nantes, France in 1650 to escape persecution by Cardinal Richelieu. He and his descendants prospered in Anne Arundel County. They intermarried with prominent Anglican families (most notably the Ridouts, who arrived in the mid-1700s), and supported the church for many generations.

Broad Neck Parish

Thirty parishes had been created by the Act of 1692. By 1696, Anne Arundel County was laid out into four parishes: Herring Creeke (today's St. James in Lothian), South River (All Hallows, Davidsonville), Middle Neck (St. Anne's, Annapolis), and Broad Neck (St. Margaret's, Westminster). The Parish of Broad Neck was set out on the north side of the Severn River and originally included Towne Neck and Broad Neck Hundreds. It was bounded "on the east by the Chesapeake, on the north by a line between the Severn River and a ridge dividing the streams running into the Patapsco and Magothy Rivers to the Notched Pines two miles from the Annapolis Junction, and on the west by a line dividing Anne Arundel and Howard Counties to Jessup, continuing southeasterly from Jessup to the north shore of the Severn."

There were 223 taxables living in the parish (all freedmen, regardless of creed, were taxed for support of the church of England), and 8,920 pounds of tobacco were collected to support the parish. In the first election of vestries, the following

six men were chosen to serve for Broad Neck Parish: John Bennett, Grover Eager, William Hopkins, Robert Eagle, Hugh Merrican and Edward Fuller.

By 1695, the congregation of the Church of England on the peninsula had outgrown the shared Old Meeting House. Under the leadership of Colonel Charles Greenberry, the vestry sought a minister from England to establish in the Living. At the time, only five or six Anglican ministers were in the province of Maryland, and these complained, with good evidence, of low salaries, and of what "a hard shift it is to live here" in letters home to England.

St. Margaret's

Nevertheless, Charles Greenberry and the vestry found their rector in the person of the Reverend Edward Topp, Jr. The church in Westminster Towne (now Cape St. Claire) at which he would serve was to be called St. Margaret's, named, it is believed, for St. Margaret's in London. (This church was founded in the eleventh or twelfth century as the parish church of Westminster, so that the monks might be left in undisturbed possession of the abbey. It stands between Big Ben and Westminster Abbey.) Priests in the region were so few that the Reverend Topp would contemporaneously become the first rector of St. Paul's (Patapsco) Parish in Baltimore.

The exact location of the first St. Margaret's is uncertain, as early records were destroyed by a fire at a later church building. What is known is that John Hammond, though himself a member of the vestry of St. Anne's, gave by deed in 1695 a tract of 200 feet square of land "upon Deep Creek for building a Church for Westminster Parish." His only consideration, it was said, was "the love he bore his neighbors." In 1695, the Assembly gave "the Rector, Vestrymen and Wardens of Westminster Parish permission to erect a church for the convenience of persons residing in the settlement of the Towne of Westminster."

One clue to the location of the church exists. Two tracts of land called Luck and Iron Stone Hills which had been granted to Mary Garner and passed down to her son Edward Gibbs, were conveyed by deed on February 24, 1707 to the vestry, to be held as glebe. (Archaically, glebe meant a plot of cultivated land. Its modern meaning is land belonging or yielding revenue to a parish church ecclesiastical benefice.) Situated on the Magothy near Persimmon Point, these 155 acres adjoined Westminster Towne; ruins of a brick foundation, thought to be that of St. Margaret's Church, were once to be found on the property. Dr. Ethan Allen, in his extensive history of the Anglican church in Maryland, observed, "There was a meeting house at Towne Neck, where there is still to be seen the place where the chapel and burying ground was."

On October 25, 1710, a petition was presented to the Assembly from the vestrymen of the parish "praying that Philip Jones be licensed and approved by the President and Council to be their reader." The petition was granted, putting the vestry in compliance with an order of the Assembly in 1695: ". . . it is hereby further ordered, that where ministers are wanting in any [of] the said parishes, the Vestrymen for the same appointed [are to] take care to provide some sober, discreet person to read prayers on Sundays, etc." A reader was indeed a necessity, for ministers were scarce.

Early struggles

The Church of England was responsible for raising the level of public morality in Maryland and for providing the leavening effect of a church community. It was a tremendous challenge. Colonial life was still brutal for most: in a typical family with four children, one child could be expected to die in infancy, and another one or two would not reach adulthood. Also, the province was not a peaceful one. Intense religious and political competition had marked it from its inception, and the Act of 1692 did nothing to quell such feelings. Roman Catholics and Quakers chafed under the poll tax. (In June 1700, John Hammond wrote a letter to the Commissioners of Trade and Plantation refuting charges made by these groups that the tax was unfair.) The Church was a comfort that had long been desired and hard fought for - but the distractions of hard work and sheer survival meant that the fledgling churches had to struggle for support and stability.

These facts are reflected in the history of St. Margaret's by the short tenure of some of its rectors. The Reverend Mr. Topp was incumbent at St. Margaret's until 1698. He then served at St. Paul's, Baltimore, until 1702, and later at St. Anne's in Annapolis. Service ministers probably performed minimal parish duties in Westminster until 1705, when the Reverend James Wooten, a probationer, served long enough to be recorded. He too moved on to St. Anne's, where he became chaplain to the Provincial Assembly.

From 1709 to 1720, the Reverend Robert Walton enjoyed an unusually long term of service at St. Margaret's. In 1713, during Mr. Walton's incumbency, the church was given its silver Communion Set by Mr. John Brice, a rich Annapolis merchant and city official. The set consisted of a paten and one cup, and was inscribed, "The gift of John Brice, for the

use of the Communion Table, Westminster Parish in Maryland - 1713." Mr. Walton's assistant, a probationer named Daniel Maynadier who served from 1712-14, was described by various sources as having been "a terrible preacher."

In 1721, Peter Tustian came from England as a missionary to the Carolinas. He was a probationer or curate at Westminster in July of that year. The next known rector was James Cox (1724-29). Samuel Edgar, an unmarried man, came to St. Margaret's in 1730, after having been "accused of drinking too much in his former parish in the Diocese of Virginia." He also later went to St. Anne's. Mr. Edgar was succeeded for a short time by Esdras Theodore Edzard.

Disorder among the clergy in these years was partially caused by confusion in the hierarchy. In 1715 the Calvert family, represented by Charles, the fifth Lord Baltimore, (who was raised an Anglican), had regained its privileges in the province. The Proprietor again had a hand in appointing priests to Maryland parishes, and conflicts in authority arose between Calvert and the Bishop of London. When scandals struck the clergy, as happened often in the wilds of Maryland, the lack of some jurisdiction in correcting offenders made the situation worse.

The Register

Despite these early upheavals in the ministry, the parish strove to keep its affairs in order. In 1687, before the building of the original church, a recording of births, baptisms, confirmations and burials was initiated in a Parish Register. The Register survived the previously mentioned fire and is kept today in the Rare Books collection of the [Maryland State Archives](#); its pigskin cover has been rebound. Its pages put through the process of preservation.

On the first paper leaf of the book is entered "Philip Jones, Clk. of Westminster Parish, was born one: 29th of September year of our Lord 1673." Mr. Jones signed his name, and subsequent qualified registers added their names and dates of tenure below his. The first entry reads: "Isach Hirst was borne the 15th of September 1686." "A Nicholas Greenberry, grandson of the Colonel, was born January 5th and baptized February 18, 1701." Some entries, in giving perhaps more information than is absolutely necessary, make human beings again of names: "John Stinchcomb was born in 1717, and lost his nose with a fall when he was very young." At other times the tone of the Register is grand and formal: "Be it remembered that John Ridout, Esq., a native of Dorset, England, departed this life on the 7th day of October, Anne Domino, 1797, and was buried at Whitehall, the ceremony being solemnized by the Rev. Ralph Higginbottom, of St. Anne's Parish." Unusual names abound: Umphra, Yourruth, Bignall, Comfort.

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH

by Margaret R. Grimes (late of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish)

If you could speak and you could talk You would tell of strange things which hath been wrought. Your first home on the Severn shore is no more, but you could tell of strange things that happened at your door. Did George Washington ever sleep there, while your rector led in prayer?

Did the Indians come with their pipe of peace to pray for peace that should never cease? Were your folks friendly to the tribe or did they fear and run to hide? Did the Indians loan your people a canoe to come to church o'er the water blue?

Did the ladies come in silk and lace or was that too fancy for the pace? Did the men come with guns on their shoulder or was that too frightening for the Beholder? When the snow was deep and white, did they come to Church at night in a sleigh or did they have a better way?

What was the hue and cry when the taxes got too high? Did you know the ferry on the Severn tide would bring the last Tory Governor to hide beneath your floor? When the cruel flames were at your door did the people say St. Margaret's is no more or did they say we will build again?

The Quakers gave you shelter when you had nowhere to put the Book of Common Prayer. Other churches offered space while you prayed for grace. At last you were given a site that was just right. Did your people kneel and pray they would have a church one day? Then with saw and ax through the woods they went timbers bent. So with timber and bricks and some fancy tricks, they fashioned a church that would not long exist.

Cruel flames were again at your door. Did you cry in despair? No, your strength was still there. We will build again. You salvaged the bricks came up with some more fancy tricks. And that is the way you built the church we love today.

Past Rectors

This list of Incumbents at St. Margaret's Westminster Parish was gathered largely from Allen's *Manuscript of History of Maryland* and from *Maryland's Established Church* (1956). It was compiled in present form by The Rev. G. Albert Cooper, in December, 1956, and updated from the church registry.

Edward Topp, Jr.	1696-1698	
James Wooten	1705	Curate or probationer
Robert Walton	1709-1720	
Daniel Maynadier	1712-1714	Curate or probationer aiding Rector
Peter Tustian	1721	Curate or probationer
James Cox	1724-1729	
Samuel Edgar	1730	
Richard E. Chase	July 23, 1734 to January 4, 1735	
N. Whittaker	1745-1748	
Walter Chalmers	October 26, 1748 to December 27, 1759	
John Berkeley	1760-1763 (?)	This record is questionable in all documents
William West	1763-1767	
Robert Ranney	1767 to May 23, 1774	
Joseph Messenger	June 23, 1774 to January 1775	
Daniel McKinnon	January 1775 to 1776	
William Hanna	1777-1778	Died 1785
Mason Locke Weems	1791-1792	"Parson Weems" author of biography of Washington and Benjamin Franklin
Stephen Sykes	1795	Tenure of Sykes and Higginbotham not clear. Both may have been here in the same year
R. Higginbotham	1795	
William Duke	1797	

William Swann	1800	
W. Nende	1810	Died in 1812
W. Ninde	1812	Spelling different--may be relative
G. Shaeffer	1823	
H. Asquith	1827 - ?	During this rector's time, the single 1716 Brice Chalice was melted down and made into two chalices
Orlando Hutton	1839-1844	
Samuel Ridout	1846-1861	Born in St. Margaret's Community and married Hester Ann Chase. Relative of current Warden Folger (Mack) Ridout
E. H. Harlow	1861	
H. H. Hewitt	1863	
Samuel Ridout	1870-1885	Died September 8, 1885. Second term as rector returning to Maryland after the Civil War
Samuel Spencer	1886-1893	
W. R. B. Turner	1894-1899	
Alexander Galt	1900-1905	Died in Falls Church, Virginia, February 22, 1952. Buried in St. James, Lothian
A. C. Haverstick	1906-1909	Died while rector
Alexander Galt	1909-1914	Second period as Rector
James Mitchell Magruger	1914-1918	Died March 11, 1955
R. Cleon Cowling	1918 to October 1, 1942	Resigned because of ill health. His wife died of Tick Fever in June 1946. Mr. Cowling and his son resided down the road from the Church. Mr. Cowling died December 14, 1947. Mr & Mrs Cowling are buried in St. Margaret's Cemetery. One of the important issues in Mr. Cowling's tenure was the argument over the removal of the body of Governor Eden to St. Anne's Church Yard.
Henry Powers	May 7, 1944 to October 1, 1946	
G. Albert Cooper	October 6, 1946 to 1963	
Robert Schenkel	1963-1968	
Forrest L. Farris	1968 to December 1991	Died October 14, 1997
Jim Hall	July 1, 1990 to February 1992	Lay canonical authority with The

		Rev. Gerald Ash practicing
Mary D. Glasspool	March 1992 to September 30, 2001	1999 Priest of the Year for the Episcopal Diocese of Maryland
Mack Ridout	October 1, 2001, to December 31, 2001	Lay Canonical authority
Thelma Smullen	January 1, 2002, to December 31, 2002	Interim Rector
Mark Wastler	January 1, 2003 to Present	



This site was last updated
Any comments or questions about it should be sent to our [Webmaster](#)

St. Margaret's Episcopal Church
1601 Pleasant Plains Road
Annapolis, Maryland 21409-5928



Phone: (410) 974-0200
Fax: (410) 757-5334
www.st-margarets.org

Which St. Margaret is the Patron of this Parish?

Take a look at <http://www.isidore-of-seville.com/dragons/39.html> for other pictures of St. Margarets. June 2005

We just received an informative E Mail April 5, 2002, from a gentleman in England, Philip Attewell, with new information regarding our search for our St. Margaret.

I accidentally came across your site and the discussions about the various merits of the two possible candidates for the St Margaret behind the dedication of your church. Although I see these discussions date back to 1993, I thought you might be interested in some comments of mine about the articles relating to St Margaret of Scotland. I'm afraid I know nothing about the other contender, Margaret of Antioch.

Firstly, I hope you won't mind me correcting a few statements in one of the articles. The Romans did not invade "England", because England (nor Scotland or Wales) didn't exist at the time. They invaded the island of Albion, which they called "Britannia". The population consisted of various tribes of people who were culturally Celtic, but probably not racially Celtic, in fact they were probably the same people who had lived in the island since the end of the last Ice Age. They were known collectively as "Britons". During most of the Roman period, there were no Anglo-Saxons (= English) or even Scots living in Britain. The "Welsh" didn't exist as such either, because what became Wales was then just the western side of the island, with a mixture of tribes living in it.

The Anglo-Saxons (English), coming from southern Denmark, north Germany and Frisia, and speaking the Germanic language which became English, settled in mass after the Romans left, (about 420AD) and carved out the nation which became known as England (= "Englaland" - land of the Engle, or Angles). The Scots arrived at about the same time, from Ireland, and pushed out the native Picts from the northern part of Britain, which became Scotland. The Celtic Britons, known to the Anglo-Saxons as "Wealas" (= slave, in Old English) survived mainly in the west of Britain, and especially in the mountainous regions of what became known to the English as "Wales" ("Cymru" to the Welsh themselves). After much conflict, the three main nations of Britain thus became established.

Now to get on to the subject of St Margaret! The Anglo-Saxon kings of the Wessex royal line, which since the time of Alfred the Great had been the kings of all England, reached a crisis in the years running up to 1066, because the reigning king Edward the Confessor had no heir. The only suitable candidate in the royal line was Edward the Exile, living in Hungary, where he had fled after his father, King Edmund Ironside had died, and the Danish king Cnut had seized the English throne. King Edward the Confessor's men found Edward the Exile in Hungary, and brought him home to England, so he could be groomed as next in line to the throne. With Edward came his children by a Hungarian princess, Edgar, Margaret and Christina.

Edward the Exile died mysteriously soon after arriving in England, so leaving the succession crisis unresolved, as Prince Edgar (known as Edgar Aetheling, which means "little noble", or prince, in Old English) was too young and militarily inexperienced to become king. Thus, on Edward the Confessor's death, the English Witan (= king's council) elected Harold Godwinson, Earl of Wessex (also the old king's brother-in-law, and a gifted soldier and diplomat) as king in 1066. Poor Harold



faced invasions on two fronts, in the north from Norway's King Harald Hardraade, which he defeated, and in the south, at Hastings, from the Norman Duke William, which he sadly did not. After Harold's death at Hastings, the surviving members of the Witan did in fact proclaim the young Edgar Aetheling as king, but the Norman might was overwhelming, and though the crown was rightfully his, Edgar's reign was short-lived, and in fact, most histories don't even acknowledge it as a reign at all, but it was perfectly legal by the English custom of the time. It was William's usurpation by force which was illegal.

Edgar fled north to Scotland, with his sisters, where they were given refuge by king Malcolm. (I do not know of them returning to Hungary, as stated in your article). After some failed insurrections, Edgar eventually made his peace with William, and lived out the rest of a long life farming his estates in Hertfordshire, the last male heir of the ancient royal line of Wessex, and of Alfred the Great. He died childless, one of the great "nearly men" of history. Of his sisters, Christina retired to a nunnery, but Margaret married Malcolm, as you say, and eventually became St Margaret of Scotland, despite being an English princess. Margaret and Malcolm had a daughter, Matilda, (she was originally named Edith, but changed it on marriage) who married the Norman king Henry I of England, amidst great celebration among the English population. The reason for the celebration was because the English, who had not forgotten that they had been conquered by a foreign dynasty, recognized that Matilda carried the blood of the ancient royal house of Wessex, and that through her, they had in a real way got some native Anglo-Saxon blood back into the royal family. (This, in fact, is one reason Henry married Matilda, as a form of reconciliation between conquered and conquerors).

Here we have a neat link with a current topical story - Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who has just died at 101 years of age, despite media reports that she had no royal blood, can trace her descent to Matilda, and thus to St Margaret and Alfred the Great. The current British royal family, therefore, has links to all these ancient dynasties through her. I believe the Queen Mother, through links with the royalty of Kiev and Russia, also had descent from King Harold Godwinson, because his daughter Gytha married into that family after fleeing from the Normans in England. A very neat twist, I think!

I hope this is some interest to you, and not too long-winded! It all goes to show just how interesting a person St Margaret of Scotland was, and how you could be justifiably proud of her as patron saint of your church!

Yours
Philip
Herts., England

faithfully,
Attewell,

The following, written by Mike Winn, first appeared in the February 1992 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

Which St. Margaret is the Patron of this Parish?

Church tradition recognizes two St. Margaret's, and folklore and the parish banner would both have us believe that St. Margaret of Antioch is the patron of Westminster Parish, Annapolis. Which of the St. Margarets is the patron of this parish?

St. Margaret of Antioch - whose July 20 feast day is not recognized on the Calendar of the Church year for the Episcopal Church - is one of 14 "helper" saints especially honored in Roman Catholic Germany. Others included Barbara, Blaise, and Christopher. They invoked each of these saints when special kinds of danger were present, and in difficult times - in the case of Margaret, childbirth, and

particularly difficult childbirth. The formation of this group is traced back to St. Boniface (675-754). Some claim Boniface replaced fourteen minor pagan German deities with fourteen helper saints.

Margaret of Antioch, also known as Pelagia and St. Marina, reportedly was a 15-year-old virgin who to preserve her chastity leaped to her death in Antioch. She is considered a martyr and St. Ambrose (373-397) kept her story alive. Her identity is historically intertwined with an actress by the name of Margaret - or Pelagia who left a dissolute life to become a Christian. So many legends were based on this actress' conversion that the true story of Margaret has been distorted beyond recognition. Joan of Arc supposedly heard the voice of Margaret of Antioch. In art a dragon represents Margaret.

The other St. Margaret is Margaret of Scotland, an English princess born in Hungary in 1045. She married Malcolm (from Shakespeare: Macbeth and MacDuff, Duncan and Malcolm) about 1070. She died November 16, 1093, and was buried at Dunfermline Abbey where she had founded the Church of the Holy Trinity. November 16 is recognized by the Calendar of the Church Year for the Episcopal Church as her feast day. The Roman Church first celebrated her feast day on June 10, then they moved it to July 8, and in 1693 they restored it to June 10.

In her lifetime, Margaret sought to change the Scottish clergy. She insisted that Lent begin on Ash Wednesday, rather than the following Monday. She also insisted that the Mass be celebrated according to the accepted Roman rite, and not in the form she found it in Scotland. She campaigned for the Lord's Day to be a day of prayers. Margaret argued against the exaggerated sense of unworthiness that made many pious Scots unwilling to receive Communion regularly.

She worked to bring unity in faith between England and Scotland, and unsuccessfully sought to bring an end to warfare among the highland clans. She was a queen, wife, and mother of eight children and became Scotland's most beloved saint.

Which Margaret is "our" St. Margaret? Margaret of Scotland would be a more logical choice as patron. [She would also be the more likely candidate to be the patron saint of childbirth.] Her English and Scottish ancestry is the same heritage as the Episcopal Church in the United States; her death occurred almost exactly 600 years before Westminster Parish adopting a patron, and it was in year 1693 that Pope Innocent restored her feast day on the Roman Calendar to June 10.

Do we know, however, when Westminster Parish adopted St. Margaret as a patron? Who were the people deciding? What was the heritage of the founders of Westminster parish? Where did they come from?

We know Maryland in its earliest days as a refuge for persecuted English Catholics under the leadership of Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore. That while he did not live to visit the colony established as a result of his initiative, his brother Leonard Calvert with Catholics - including Jesuits - and Protestants landed near St. Mary's City in 1633.

Perhaps, and very likely, the parish bears the name of neither St. Margaret, gaining its name from another Margaret, either deserving or undeserving of being called a saint in her own right.

The following, written by Mellissa Moss, first appeared in March 1992 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

Which St. Margaret is it Anyway?

As I see it, there are two strong arguments in St. Margaret of Antioch's favor. Both of them stem from the same demographic fact concerning the area: Anne Arundel County, as all of colonial tobacco land, was settled by the English, almost exclusively. From Elizabeth I to Victoria there was no love between the English and anything Celtic, whether it was Scot or Irish. In fact, the English were doing their level best to subjugate if not annihilate both Scotland and Ireland.

The Celtic immigrants to these shores did not tarry long in the English regions unless they converted to Anglicanism like my ancestors McGuire. They struck out for the mountains and traveled south along the Appalachians (eventually reaching Kentucky and thence going westward). They did not feel comfortable among the English and the English did not like them either. Therefore, I sincerely doubt that they would have named any church in English territory after a Scottish saint. I doubly doubt Lord Baltimore would have condoned it either. He was always having to safeguard himself against attacks from those who questioned his loyalty to the crown - he being Roman Catholic.

The second reason I would choose St. Margaret of Antioch is that she was immensely popular in medieval and Renaissance England. (The Renaissance period in England lasted well into the Seventeenth Century.) Next time you visit the Walters Art Gallery, go to the medieval wing and you will surely find a St. Margaret of Antioch or two. A dragon and a crucifix usually accompany her. Medieval artisans put her on everything: manuscripts, book covers, box lids, mirror backs, brooches, etc. Dozens of churches in England were named after her, too. Why did they love her so much? Probably because her upper lip, (not to mention her neck), was as stiff as the best English counterpart. It would have to be to have enabled her to have gone through what she went through.

Imagine - there you are - languishing for three long years in prison, when out of nowhere looms this (Freudian, in retrospect), beast. You stand your ground and when it comes to gobble you up, you, cool as a cucumber, jam your crucifix down its gullet. Whereupon it disappears. Is this not fair play in the best English tradition? Of course, they release you from prison since obviously you will withstand anything thrown at you, and you go out to convert the multitude. However, you make such a nuisance of yourself converting thousands upon thousands that within six months an angry pagan mob stones you. to death. More fair play, what? Of course they loved her! Of course they wanted her over on these shores too!

There is some thought that Margaret of Scotland could have snuck in if they did not call the church St. Margaret's until the building of the chapel of ease in 1731. I do not see that the date should have made any difference because this area was still extremely loyal to the crown then, too. Seditious thoughts did not grab hold of the public until just before the Revolution and many in this area remained loyal as long as they could. So, I would still vote with the Antioch faction until some concrete proof for the other side shows up.

The following, written by Judge Harvey Beardmore, first appeared in the May 1992 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

Edinburgh vs. Antioch

St. Margaret's of Antioch? . . . Come along, Melissa Moss, have you lost all of your Celtic? St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, circa eleventh century, was a Roman Catholic as were most of the worshipers in the British Isles then. Henry VIII did not change the saints when he abolished papal authority around the middle of the 16th century. Nor did he change the worship, liturgy, or clergy-designations of the church.

St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, was reputed to be so pious that her husband built her a private chapel on the castle grounds in Edinburgh. The chapel still stands, and Princess Margaret heads the altar guild. St. Margaret's fecundity (eight children) was obviously an effort to meet the biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply."

America owes the Scottish Episcopal Church a great deal. That church consecrated Seabury a bishop after the church of England refused to do so because of loyalty and supremacy requirements. Without a bishop, the Episcopal Church in America, badly in need of more priests, could not expand. Bishop Seabury's consecration assured a continuance of the Apostolic Succession. (Do not confuse the Scottish Episcopal Church with the Presbyterian form of discipline that a large part of Scotland had embraced.)

Also, we should note that the church calendar in the Book of Common Prayer lists "Margaret, Queen of Scotland" on November 16. There is no mention in the calendar of Margaret of Antioch. (Let us not flounder on "All Saints' Day" at this stage.)

Our church, St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish, is named after a church in London that is close by Westminster Abbey. On the western shore of the Chesapeake Bay several Episcopal churches bear the same names as London churches. Note, for example, St. Martin's-in-the-Field (Severna Park), All Hallows (Davidsonville), St. James (Lothian). Our forebear church is used quite often by the socialites for marriage, christening, etc. (Perhaps we should say that there is no place, town, or village on the Broadneck Peninsula called "Westminster.")

Westminster Parish in London was a "parish peculiar" which included Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's. In 1972 an act of parliament changed the designation to "Royal Peculiar," an exemplary instance of English "muddling through." It seems perfectly clear at this point that the sainted Queen of Scotland wins hands down. It is apparent that the case for Margaret of Antioch is egregious. Nevertheless, just to be safe, let us validate the case by placing a telephone call to St. Margaret's in London.

So it came to pass that the London church responded. After our identification, we asked a pleasant Ms. Pamela Carrington who was the patron saint. She replied, St. Margaret of Antioch. Flabbergasted, we pressed: What about Margaret, Queen of Scotland?

Nope, not her, was the response. We persisted: But St. Margaret of Scotland was on the calendar before Henry VIII did his thing! Sorry, Ms. Carrington rejoined. Sensing our crestfallen state, Ms. Carrington added that she (Ms. Carrington) was an American, too - as if that really mattered. We thanked her, disconsolate as we were, and sadly (not to mention dazedly) ended our conversation. (The rectory telephone number is 011-44-71-222-4027.)

What to do? Suppose we told Melissa Moss that the "beast," which St. Margaret of Antioch bested was really an ancient Celt trying to save the Edinburgh Margaret from being displaced in the future roll of the Saints? Let us admit that Melissa is still a Celt and she is too intelligent to accept that. Well, then, we will just declare, by our own fiat, by ourselves here in Maryland, that St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, is our patron saint, despite what London did way back when. However, Melissa might point out that we must observe ecclesiastical traditions, that they are part of the glue that helps to bind us to our Lord.

Really, Melissa! That is called "trial by ambush."

You win, Melissa . . .

The following first appeared in the August/September 1993 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

Saint Margaret of Antioch from "Angus" with the help of Judge Harvey Beardmore

". . . You volunteered to write a piece on Antioch? I cannot believe Mary would let you do it. That is like putting the fox in the chicken coop. How are you going to handle it? damn with faint praise, or research it to death, or point out the dragon not only swallowed the crucifix but also Antioch?" Thus, spoke my life partner.

Yes, your points are well taken. But remember that lawyers and judges are used to writing not only briefs and opinions favoring their positions, but the opposing arguments as well. They must be intellectually honest, using those points predicated on sweet reason. They must then make a judgment based on their discipline, familiarity, and experience about which approach is likely to prevail. Mary knew what she was doing.

I think we ought to look at the saints. Even a cursory glance through most of the calendars will reveal that saints come in all shapes, sizes, color, class and position. From those who went into the desert living real austerity, to those who worked in populated areas to take care of the sick and needy, and to those who lived in castles and at royal courts, the saints were the ones who obeyed the call of our Lord and lived a life in some outstanding way to follow that path.

Also, to judge a saint from our historical perception is to attribute to something done a long time ago a test not available when done. Moreover, we should remember that very few records were kept in the early church. (Thank goodness we have manuscripts that preserved the Gospels)

As John J. Delaney, author of Dictionary of Saints, puts it: "And lest any twentieth-century inhabitant wax smug over his or her mores, consider what a generation five hundred years hence will say of a generation embroiled in a series of wars that cost millions of lives, caused untold suffering, and now faces the possibility of nuclear holocausts? Or a generation that could end poverty and famine and fails to do so? Of a generation that spends hundreds of billions of dollars on armaments to destroy, and piddling amounts on research to wipe out cancer? Let us be wary of judging too harshly another generation."

Delaney also points out: "Practically all martyrs in early Christianity were considered saints . . . [The saints] and their cults have been approved or sanctioned . . . in all probability many of these saints would be unable to withstand the scrutiny given candidates for canonization today . . ." He adds: "Different eras have different methods, and though the methods of making a saint in the past differ from our own criteria it would be highly unfair arbitrarily to dismiss these earlier saints from veneration by the faithful who desire to pay tribute to them."

Applying the above to St. Margaret of Antioch: Although her date of birth and death are unknown, legend has her being the daughter of a pagan priest. When she embraced Christianity, her father drove her from her home. A prefect, infatuated by her beauty, whom she spurned, had her tortured and imprisoned. While in prison she encountered the devil as a dragon, who swallowed her. The cross she was carrying irritated the dragon's throat, and he disgorged the cross and her. The prefect, not at all happy about such frustration, caused Margaret to be subjected to fire and drowning, both of which she withstood. Spectators witnessing the ordeal cheered and were converted and, for such effrontery, were executed along with the saint. She is the patron saint of childbirth. Hers was one voice heard by Joan of Arc.

One further point. Professor W. Norman Pittinger, who taught at General Theological Seminary, wrote in the *Episcopalian Way of Life* "One might say that a special characteristic of Episcopalians is willingness to differ in interpretation, even a positive delight in this difference. . . ."

The following first appeared in the October/November 1993 issue of *THE SPIRE*.

. . . and in conclusion a letter from "Angus" with the help of Judge Harvey Beardmore

Of course it is a conceit to attribute only the quality of fecundity to Saint Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Assured that Scots must have discerned other characteristics, but failed to point the momentum to other hagiography to discover the "other" areas.

First, let us look at the period of the evaluation. The Romans invaded England in the early part of the first century, and they succeeded in quelling the Anglo-Saxons in the southern part. The Romans brought Christianity, and soon this spread throughout the area. However, the Romans had difficulty in subduing the northern inhabitants.

The Northerners were mainly the Picts and Scots. The blue-faced Picts were Celts, thought to be those who came from northern Europe and the Nordic countries. These were joined with other Celts from Ireland named "Scots."

When the Romans left in the fifth century, they left behind a dynamic of motion - moving back and forth along a line generally extending from east and west across the middle of the isle. Warfare was the norm and they refined raiding to an art form.

Those who looked to Rome were generally grouped to the south; while those in the north pledged allegiance to the Celtic bishops. The Synod of Whitby (664 A.D.) resulted in the Northerners changing from St. Columba and the Isle of Iona, to Rome. Although the Celts adopted this procedure, the basic underlying framework followed Iona.

From the sixth century to the eleventh century the same dynamic persevered and Wessex (England, now) and Scotland continued the rule of the sword. One difference began to make itself manifest as the two countries began to rally behind kings.

The English kings conducted their realms with considerably more civility than the Scots. Life was cheap in both countries - but by and large England tried to follow the feudal rule (the king at the top, who granted land in return for protection, including the mounting and defense, against invasions).

Edmund Ironside was crowned King of England in 1016 A.D. The King was very aware that the Nordics were slated to succeed him, and sent his twin sons to Hungary for protection. One died; the other, Prince Edward Atheling, the heir-apparent to the English throne, grew to manhood and married the Hungarian Princess, Agatha. They were blessed with three children: Prince Edgar, and Princesses Margaret and Christian.

In England meanwhile, the Nordic kings were succeeded by Edward the Confessor (1042-1066), who had taken the vow of virginity. In 1054 the ruling "Wiltan" (elders and landowners) confronted with the problem of continuity, summonsed from exile Prince Edward Atheling, his wife and three children to come back from Hungary. Shortly after returning to England, Prince Edward died, leaving Prince Edgar as heir-apparent (princesses were not entitled to rule by succession yet).

The survivors became part of the court of Edward the Confessor. The English Princess Margaret, about ten years old at the time, was fully aware of her responsibilities, having been raised according to the Benedictine Rule of prayer and work. It was here that she met her future husband.

Prince Edgar received only lukewarm support from the English; the Witan perceived Edgar to be a weakling, and he was not the son of a crowned king, nor was he born in England. His supporters urged him to return to Hungary, and this he did, taking with him his two sisters. A storm threatened to engulf their ships and they sought cover by landing in Scotland. There they were met by the King of Scotland, Malcolm III, successor of MacBeth (yes, that one). Margaret's beauty and piety smote him, and he yearned to marry her. Margaret finally agreed, and thus began her life as a queen.

Queen Margaret instilled English ways in her role as consort. She was an ascetic, frequently fasting, and translated her Christianity into her daily life. She had Malcolm open the Great Hall daily, so that she and the King might personally distribute food and other alms. She made the house carl leave the Hall when making distribution. The carls would kiss her shadow as she walked down the Halls.

The Queen observed not only the 40-day fast for Lent, but also a 40-day period before Christmas. She had the churches Romanized (and Normandized), much to the distress of the Scottish nobles, who felt the circles of stones on the highland and the mud-covered places that served as religious structures for worship were sufficient in themselves.

Margaret sought to ransom the Anglo-Saxons whom the Scots during their raids had acquired. She bathed the feet of the poor when she returned from her devotions. Her piety awed Malcolm (although not so awed as to preclude procreation). He had her devotional books bound and studded with precious stones, and had constructed in the courtyard a chapel that still stands on the castle grounds in Edinburgh.

Lucy Menzies, in her essay on the Queen, quotes Dr. Skene, the eminent historian: "For purity of motives, for an earnest desire to benefit the people among whom her lot was cast, for a deep sense of religion and great personal piety, for the unselfish performance of whatever duty lay before her and for entire, self-abnegation she is unsurpassed . . . No more beautiful character has been reported in history."

St. Margaret, the Queen of Scotland, taught her children first to love Christ. "If you love Him, my darlings, He will give you prosperity in this life and everlasting happiness with the saints."

She was sainted in 1250. Pilgrims celebrate this year [1993] marking 1,000 years of her passing in 1093 by making their way to the tiny chapel.

... Me thinks the Lady is worthy of emulation and veneration.