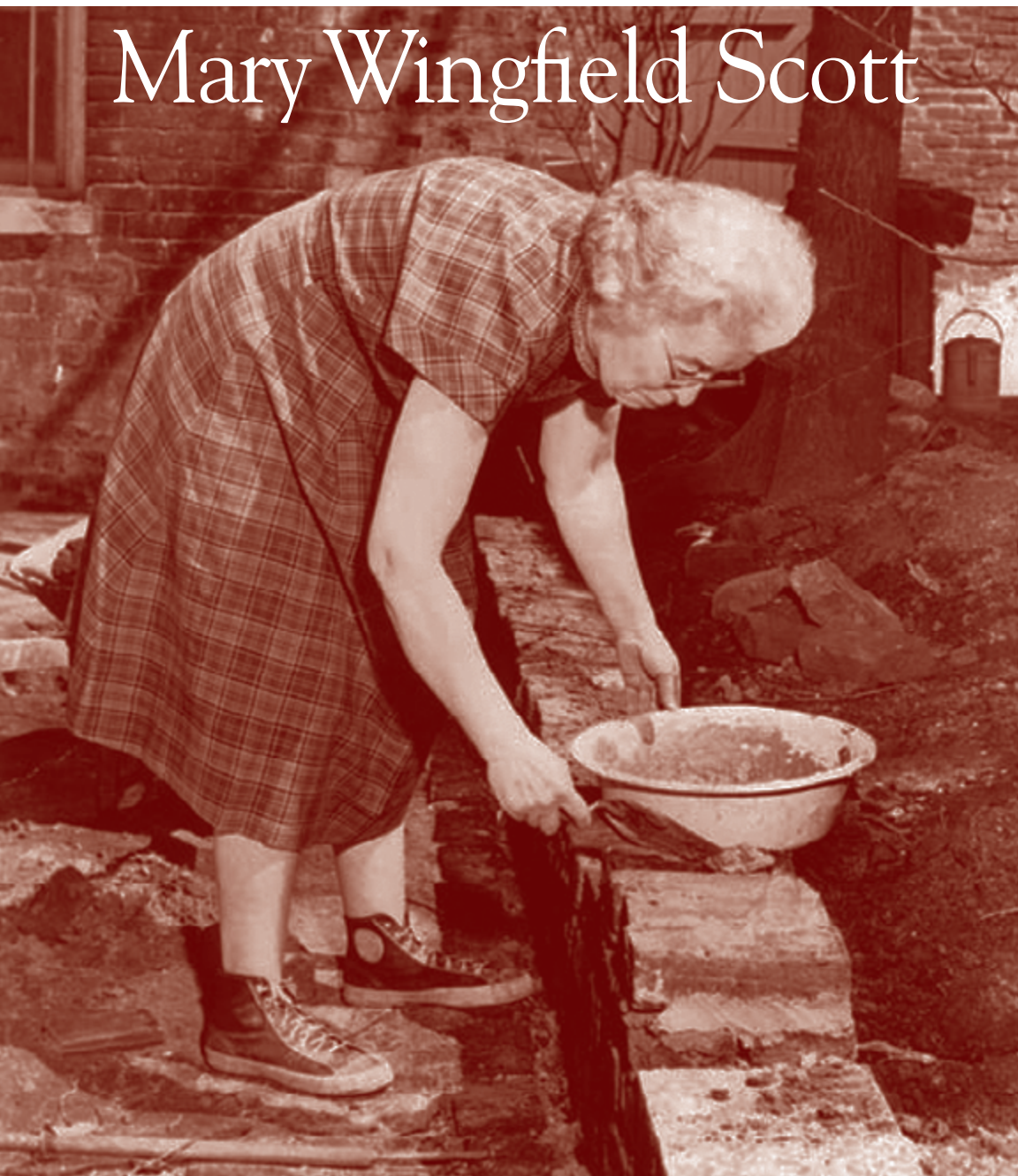
Winkie

Mary Wingfield Scott



Winkie

Mary Wingfield Scott

Cover design: Jack Amos, Inc.

They'll write on
my tombstone,
'Died of errands.'

Introduction

This is a collection of articles by and about Mary Wingfield Scott—variously known in the family as Cousin Mary Wing, Polly, Big Polly or Winkie—centered around her unpublished autobiography which she wrote as therapy when she was recovering from a stroke that left her paralyzed on the right side.

Please remember, this is not her polished, erudite prose. It was never intended for publication and in places she comes across as a rather pathetic lonely person who was, in fact, confined to a wheelchair. But she is remembered as fun, affectionate, generous and delightful. Elizabeth Pinkerton Scott says

> I remember in the early days of our marriage, going out to Wytheville to a Campbell wedding. Winkie arranged the trip. A big group started in Richmond in a chartered railroad car, and picked us up in Charlottesville, probably other locals, too. She brought food and drink along, and we had a delightful train ride, and as we settled into the hotel a fire engine went charging by, sirens yowling, and Archie Campbell riding high on it, waving to us, a volunteer fireman hard at work. It was quite a reception and it was fun.

Winkie's books are still the bibles of Richmond architectural history. She was instrumental in the preservation of Linden Row, Oregon Hill and Church Hill, and she has been an inspiration for generations of preservationists who have followed in her footsteps.

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Winkie wrote this in December 1943

The Making of an Architectural Historian 45

Winkie wrote this autobiography after she had suffered a stroke and wanted to exercise her paralyzed right hand.

Don't Faint. I Bought a House 130

This was originally an addendum to the autobiography, with the following introduction:

> *As Burns put it,*
> *"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us*
> *To see ourselves as others see us."*
>
> That is just what happened to me shortly after Virginia Withers' death, when in going through her papers I found this one. I give it without apologies, the only clue I have as to when or why it was written was that it was after I gave up editing *Old Richmond News*.

It seemed more appropriate to have this as a separate chapter, and we've used a quote from the text as the chapter title.

The Angel of Linden Row 148

Anne Hobson Freeman's article originally appeared in *Richmond Magazine*, May 1975 as "Lady of..." because Mary Wing would not let her use "Angel of..." but Anne had it right, and we're going back with the original title.

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A Rebel with a Rubble Cause

by Kay C. Peninger

Awarding-winning architectural historian, Mary Wingfield Scott (1895-1983), enthralled generations of Richmonders with her hands-on approach to historic preservation. From climbing trees to photograph houses, laying bricks, or sweeping a courtyard of her beloved Linden Row complex in a mink coat and tennis shoes, Scott's unconventional behavior captured the attention of the public and publicized her efforts to preserve Richmond's built environment. Scott advocated for documenting and saving Richmond's historic neighborhoods, black and white, working-class and upper-class. Mary Wingfield Scott forged a path that led her beyond the limits of a woman's traditional domestic sphere and gender role, and allowed her to transform historic preservation in Virginia. She applied her education, leadership skills, and vision to craft a professional, modern approach to preserving Richmond's historic buildings. Her efforts led the city into an influential role in the evolution of historic preservation in the state.

Photo from Richmond Times-Dispatch 7/22/1997, page D1. For exhibit at Valentine Museum of "Mary Wingfield Scott's Richmond Then and Now

Mary Wingfield Scott.

The nascent efforts of historic preservation began during an era of unprecedented social and economic change. From the beginning, historic preservation was "bound up with the sentimental, emotional, and associational power of particular places" and "turned on an axis of nationalism and nostalgia" in an effort to venerate the nation's heroes and patriotic past.

In the South, the historic preservation movement was the purview of women from its inception. Historic preservation provided women with the opportunity to extend their influence to the public sphere by organizing volunteers, fundraising, and

purchasing historic buildings, without disrupting the existing racial or gender order.

In Virginia, historic preservation began in the mid-nineteenth century as an effort by tradition-minded women to preserve historic homes and sites as shrines to Virginia's antebellum past in an effort to preserve the old social order. The formation of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association in 1853 marked the advent of historic preservation in Virginia, creating the first national historic preservation organization. In 1888, Mary Jeffery Galt informally organized the first meeting of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities (APVA) and the following year Cynthia Beverley Tucker Coleman formally organized the association.

In its early years, APVA focused more on cultural preservation than historic preservation, seeking to recreate the traditional Virginia order displaced by the Civil War and Reconstruction. As a method of preserving this traditionalism, the organization's leaders concentrated on preserving sites associated with Virginia history that retained patriotic associations. The APVA also placed commemorative plaques at sites they wanted to memorialize, instead of purchasing threatened properties of architectural significance. The primary methodology of the APVA was pageants and pilgrimages that celebrated the role of white, male Virginians.

Mary Wingfield Scott brought a different perspective to historic preservation. Scott was born in 1895 into a prominent, Richmond family. She was educated at private schools in Richmond and Maryland. She received her undergraduate degree from Bryn Mawr and her doctorate in Art History from the University of Chicago, a rare accomplishment in her era.

The Ellen Glasgow House about 1945.

Scott educated the public on the value of preserving Richmond's significant architectural heritage by giving lectures, writing newspaper articles, leading walking tours through historic neighborhoods, along with writing and publishing a newsletter, *Old Richmond News,* under the auspices of the William Byrd Branch. Scott published two books on the built environment of Richmond, concentrating on houses erected before 1860. Both of these books, *Houses of Old Richmond,* published in 1941, and *Old Richmond Neighborhoods,* published in 1950, were extensively researched using primary source materials such as insurance policies, deed books, city directories, newspaper articles, council minutes, oral histories, and photographs. Her published works provide a valuable documentation of the built landscape in Richmond.

While researching her first book, Scott identified her first preservation cause—The Adam Craig House, built circa 1784-87. The Adam Craig House, like many other houses, suffered from the transformation caused by shifting commercial and residential

areas in the city. At the turn of the twentieth century, the city of Richmond, including the central business district and residential housing, were contained in an area easily walked by residents. Commercial development in the downtown area and the advent of public transportation propelled whites to flee to the suburbs to escape the congestion of the city and to live in segregated neighborhoods. This transformation resulted in formerly desirable neighborhoods becoming vulnerable to commercial development and other housing abandoned and uninhabited. Scott founded the William Byrd Branch of the APVA in 1935 in order to save the Adam Craig house from demolition. After raising funds to renovate

Three sisters. Isabel Scott Anderson, Elizabeth Scott Bocock, Mary Ross Scott Reed.

Richmond Times-Dispatch, May 9, 1992. Staff photo by Dan Currier

Dedicated—Over 200 Richmonders helped christen "Miss Scott's Alley," including Richmond's top officials. Her great-niece (right) wore high-topped sneakers, just like her namesake.

the house, the building was rented to various tenants.

After coming to the realization that it was impossible for her or the branch to rescue each of the approximately 700 antebellum structures in Richmond, Scott began a concerted effort to educate citizens and owners of these buildings regarding their value to the city's history. She added publication of the *Old Richmond News* newsletter to her previous efforts to educate Richmonders.

Scott's editorial goal was to inform readers of buildings that were restored and to discuss areas of Richmond where older buildings stood. The newsletter was mailed to members of the William Byrd Branch. As the editor of the publication, Scott occupied a place of authority and expertise. Her writings spoke for the male and female members. Over the course of the eighteen years that she

published the newsletter from 1944-1962, she communicated her historic preservation philosophy and vision: prevent the demolition of architecturally significant buildings, promote adaptive use of structures, educate homeowners on the appropriate renovation of structures, and respect for the relationship of a building to its environment. Respect and esteem for Scott's work was publicly acknowledged in an editorial in the *Richmond News Leader* following publication of the inaugural newsletter in 1944. The editor praised her efforts and declared that "Richmond already is permanently indebted for historical researches and for direct effort in saving some of the most interesting of the early structures of the city." Scott's reputation as the authority in Richmond on architecture and historic preservation was well-established.

The first issue contained information on the restoration of several structures: the Masonic Hall, "the oldest Masonic building

Richmond Times-Dispatch, May 9, 1992. File photo

Two Mary Wingfield Scotts enjoyed the dedication of Linden Row—the tireless preservationist and her great-niece.

The Pulliam House about 1940.

in continuous use;" Edmond house; Beers house; Broad Street Methodist Church; and a Greek Revival house on Main Street. Scott combined history with architectural analysis to communicate the value of a house to the city's heritage. While happy that houses were being restored and kept in use, Scott also took the opportunity to communicate her renovation philosophy: "An old house can only be successfully restored to the best it ever was, not to what it was never intended to be." She asserted that "unwise restorations" utilizing inappropriate modern building materials or additions on a house from an earlier age were in the same category as demolitions. Scott also began compiling a list of the oldest structures in the city.

She took a neighborhood approach, demonstrating that she saw buildings as part of their context, not single structures that had no connection to their surroundings.

In the September 1944 issue, Scott predicted that peace would bring war to the William Byrd Branch. She correctly perceived that renewed prosperity would increase the number of buildings demolished to make way for parking lots or new buildings. Scott recognized the need to become politically astute. She directed all

"Five Little Scotts" at Royal Orchard, 1949

The Carrington House before restoration.

her readers to communicate to elected officials or those in a capacity to make decisions that affected development, that Richmond architecture was "a unique possession, intelligent utilization of which is advantageous" to all residents. Scott urged her colleagues to take a public role in bringing this issue to the attention of elected officials. She also added a new column to the newsletter, titled "Old House Necrology," where she mourned houses that were being demolished. The "asbestos-shingle epidemic" solicited her derision, as did houses with their iron porches removed. Scott valued the ironwork for its beauty and because it was cast in Richmond.

In this issue, Scott declared that she purchased four houses in the Oregon Hill neighborhood and challenged other members

The Carrington House in 1958 (reconstruction of side verandah still needed.

to do likewise. She asserted her leadership and lack of gender restraints by mounting this personal effort to save Oregon Hill from demolition in response to the city's policy regarding housing blight and "slum clearance." Scott recognized the unique character of the neighborhood and worked to save the housing. Oregon Hill developed as a white, working class neighborhood beginning in 1846. The homes provided affordable housing to employees of Tredegar Iron Works. By the 1930s, many houses required "extensive rehabilitation" and the city proposed demolition of the area. Lack of federal funding saved the neighborhood this time, but it was eventually bisected by the Downtown Expressway and the

Virginia War Memorial. Scott referred to the monument as "that airplane hanger with the lady inside breaking her neck," making clear her preference for the housing displaced by the monument. Astutely realizing that city planning decisions affected the fate of neighborhoods, Scott informed her readers of an exhibit at the Valentine Museum on this topic and urged them to educate themselves on this subject by attending.

Photo Nov. 22, 1967 Richmond News-Leader

Miss Scott (center) leads tour. Object was to save homes in downtown area.

Photo Nov. 22, 1967 Richmond News-Leader, staff photo by Lee Gupton

Mary Wingfield Scott given award.

Scott continued her discussion of this topic in the January 1945 issue. She declared that the interests of cultural institutions would not be heard unless they were represented on the Planning Commission. Scott again took a leadership role by publicly defining a comprehensive public policy for the branch, an important tool in advocating for historic preservation, as "preservation of historic and architectural landmarks, elimination of billboards, cleaner streets, tree-planting, landscaping of the riverbanks and hillsides, stricter enforcement of building-inspection to prevent the deterioration of old houses and the growth of slums." Scott perceived these issues as important aspects in making Richmond a desirable place to live and in attracting tourists. Over sixty years later, organizations such as the National Trust for Historic Preservation and Scenic Virginia continue to advocate for these same values.

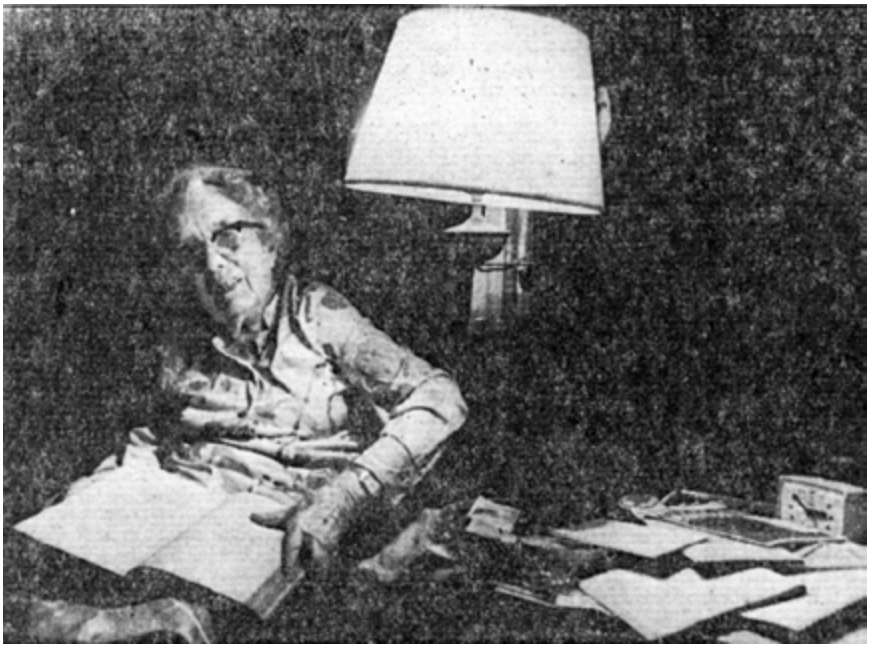


Photo Richmond News-Leader, 5/9/1980

Mary Wingfield Scott at time of gift of Linden Row to Historic Richmond Foundation.

This issue was also notable in that Scott included a list of antebellum housing built by free blacks, a valuable documentation of the city's African-American heritage. Scott had limited her previous documentation of housing contained in her book, *Houses of Old Richmond,* to white owners. The scope of her subsequent book, *Old Richmond Neighborhoods,* was broadened in an attempt to document more of Richmond housing. Scott expanded her scope to include all the significant architecture in the city, demonstrating further her leadership and modern approach to preservation.

The occasion of the tenth anniversary of the William Byrd Branch presented Scott with an opportunity to promote her early version of a modern preservation tool—the revolving fund. Modern

revolving funds serve several purposes, but the underlying goal is to allow a non-profit preservation organization the ability to buy a threatened property and resell it to an owner with preservation restrictions attached to it. Preparing the property for resale often involves improvements to the structure. The April 1945 newsletter appealed to members to make a contribution for the purpose of restoring the Carrington House, purchased by the branch in April 1944 for $2,500 in cash. Funding to perform repairs to the Craig house was raised in the same manner.

Fred Scott family at 909 West Franklin Street. This photo was taken for Buford who was going off to war.

Staff photo, Richmond Times-Dispatch, Nov. 29, 1978

Architects Honor Pair. Mary Wingfield Scott and Mrs. William C. Noland look over certificates of appreciation given them by the Virginia Foundation for Architectural Education. Watching are Edwing Kendrew (standing) and Walter Nexen, president of the foundation.

The end of World War II quickened the pace of commercial development in Richmond, which in turn increased the threat of demolition for structures, proving Scott's prediction that increased prosperity would result in more destruction of significant buildings. Scott and the William Byrd Branch increased its advocacy for preservation by attending the Ordinance Committee of City Council. Commercial development threatened rundown buildings and sound structures equally if they were in a desirable location. Scott took a very public role, along with other branch members in attending the committee meeting to voice their protest over a zoning change that would allow a taxi company to demolish a row of Classic Revival houses.

Scott used the same issue to demonstrate that demolition of interesting, old buildings was not the only option. She described the successful rehabilitation of a building and its reuse as an antique store. Scott interpreted this as a direct result of the restoration of the nearby Crozet house, creating a link in readers' minds that one act of preservation would inspire another.

Scott expressed frustration with city government in the following year. The February 1946 issue begins with an observation that "City Council seems at hopeless odds with its Planning Commission." Scott did not hesitate to publicly propose her vision for Richmond: "intelligent understanding instead of heedless exploitation" that would develop older neighborhoods with an appropriate purpose that took into consideration its location and character; a building inspection department with the authority to prevent blight and

1972 file photo, printed in 8/10/1983 Richmond News-Leader obituary

Mary Wingfield Scott

Mary Ross Scott Reed

slums; and cooperation between the races to provide adequate housing for the poor. Another forward-thinking idea advanced by Scott was utilizing empty spaces in existing neighborhoods to build similar housing in order to revitalize the area.

The first issue of 1947 praised the restoration of the Clarke house, ca. 1840, the Brockenbrough-Caskie house, ca. 1810, and the Ellyson-Coke house, ca. 1865. Overall though, the year was not a good one for preservation. Scott reported on the loss of ten pre-Civil War buildings and included an additional page with pictures of the five most interesting. The *Richmond News-Leader* called for citizens to unite in saving Richmond's old buildings in an editorial. The William Byrd Branch identified the Ellen Glasgow residence as

first on their list of buildings that needed to be saved.

Buying the Ellen Glasgow house in 1947 put the William Byrd Branch $10,000 in debt, demonstrating the branch's commitment to preservation. The branch's operations had become complex. They now owned three properties: the Craig house, the Carrington house, and now the Glasgow house. In April 1947, the *Richmond News Leader* reported that Scott had resigned her position as branch director in order to concentrate her efforts on the publication and research committee. This allowed her to retain her public voice and to continue her mission of educating Richmond citizens regarding the value of historic preservation through her monographs and newsletter.

The growing expense of maintaining and restoring three properties increased the need for fundraising for the William Byrd Branch. Scott wrote a column titled, "Not By Bread Alone" for the January 1948 issue promoting a sophisticated fundraising tool—planned giving. She asked members to consider a bequest to the branch in order to provide for the future of the branch. Not leaving anything to chance or risking confusion, Scott printed a sample codicil that could be included in any member's will to provide funding for the operations of the branch.

Beginning in 1947, Scott began in earnest to battle what she called the "bulldozing brotherhood." Economic prosperity and suburban housing brought changes to the Richmond cityscape. Scott kept readers of *Old Richmond News* informed regarding threats to Richmond neighborhoods. The Richmond City Council explored various routes for a controversial expressway, several of which were more objectionable than others. Scott educated readers



Richmond Times-Dispatch, April 21, 1957, staff photo by Harold Lafferty

Miss Mary Wingfield Scott sits on steps of west end home with 'Titania'

on how other cities such as New York, Newark, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C. approached this issue. She also opposed "spot zoning—the intrusion of stores or filling-stations into sections zoned for residences." Scott's approach to preservation called for a modified zoning code that would allow older houses to function as offices or shops, while prohibiting additions to the front of buildings and parking lots. Scott strove to keep neighborhoods vibrant and attractive to residents.

In *Old Richmond News*, Scott began to advocate for "preservation enforced by law," a concept that was implemented in New Orleans, Charleston, Alexandria, and Georgetown, which she shared in the 17 May 1951 issue. Other issues contained updates on the repeated efforts of William Byrd Branch members to introduce the concept to the Richmond Planning Commission. A partial victory was won in 1954 when the city passed the Historic Building Ordinance. This ordinance provided homeowners with an official plaque designating their house as historic in exchange for a commitment that the exterior would not be altered or the building demolished. In 1957, the Richmond City Council unanimously passed the first Historic Zoning Ordinance in the city. The ordinance created the St. John's Church Old and Historic District and established the Commission of Architectural Review. This was a victory for the William Byrd Branch's and its offshoot, the Historic Richmond Foundation, efforts to obtain legal protection for the historic buildings in the Church Hill neighborhood.

Scott published *Old Richmond News* for the William Byrd Branch from January 1944 until her resignation from the board in 1963. Throughout its publication, Scott communicated and educated branch members on the value of preserving architecturally significant housing, along with benefits of keeping Richmond's neighborhoods intact. She warned of the dangers of building expressways through neighborhoods and of allowing absentee landlords to let their properties decline.

Scott's professional work gave her a public voice to lead the branch and to recruit the public to her point of view. Scott spent the end of her career managing a complex of eight Greek revival houses,

now the Linden Row Inn, which she rescued from demolition. She applied her philosophy of adaptive use by renting the space for use as apartments and commercial shops. Following Scott's death in 1983, an editorial in the *Richmond News Leader* asserted that her "driving force created a citywide awareness of the value of historical preservation and the need to save important ties to the past" and attributed to her legacy "the preservation of so much of Richmond's rich history as embodied in the city's architecture."

Scott left an enduring legacy that created a fundamental change in the methodology of historic preservation in Richmond. As a "rebel with a cause," she shifted the focus of historic preservation from

Richmond Times-Dispatch, 5/28/1959, page 18.

Mary Wingfield Scott in front of plaque.

Leading one of her many walking tours of Church Hill.

memorializing Southern heritage to a professional effort to preserve Richmond's architectural heritage as one aspect of improving the quality of the city. Under the auspices of the William Byrd Branch of the APVA, she provided leadership to men and women in the effort to save Richmond's neighborhoods from losing their houses of architectural merit. She was an active participant in the struggle against "progress and smokestacks" and took on city government and others that she referred to as "the bulldozing brotherhood."

In 1966, Scott's work was validated when Congress enacted the National Historic Preservation Act (NHPA). This legislation established methodology similar to Scott's as the federal framework for historic preservation. The NHPA fostered the development of a professional movement focused on preserving the character of an

entire historic district. This holistic approach encompassed the buildings, landscape, and history of all the residents, while promoting the adaptive use of buildings and historic district designations to preserve and value a community's irreplaceable heritage.

Her efforts garnered an array of awards, publicly acknowledging the significance of her contribution to historic preservation in Richmond. In 1951, the Virginia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects recognized Scott's contribution to historic preservation by awarding her an honorary membership. The American Association for State and Local History bestowed an award of merit on Scott in 1963. The Valentine Museum, a partner to Scott in much of her work, honored her with its first ever Valentine Award in 1967. The following year, the National Trust for Historic Preservation followed suit. In 1978, Scott received an award from the Virginia Foundation for Architectural Education. At the 1979 Virginia Museum of Fine Arts Council Award Dinner, she was presented with the prestigious Distinguished Service to the Arts Award.

Scott passionately lived, worked, and led the preservation movement in Richmond, utilizing her education and abilities to affect change in Richmond. She described her calling as "I just did what I had to do . . . because nobody else seemed to care."

Christmas at Aunt Boxie's

by Virginia Withers

The fun begins some weeks before Christmas when all the young marrieds go around anxiously consulting as to whether it is worthwhile to buy a turkey just on the chance that Miss Boxie doesn't give the party or doesn't expect the latest fifth-cousin-in-law. Then some testy nieces and nephews take a high tone and announce to the world that they are dining at home, that Aunt Boxie need not think she can go on being a law unto herself and expect fifty-odd people to assemble at her house without inviting a soul.

But she does, and they do. To her mind, it would be a slur on the family-tie if its members had to be invited back to the old home for Christmas Dinner. They have always come back, for the last thirty years or so. Once Miss Boxie was kept in bed with a cold, and nobody came within a sneeze-length of her, but the clan assembled to a man and



dinner was served as usual. So it was that other time when she had to spend Christmas by herself in Lexington, Ky., with a favorite nephew who was ill.

But the real test came the year that Aunt Elise died on the 12th of December. She was a vivid and most lovable person, almost a keystone in the family structure. None of her children will ever be quitters in the big game. On Christmas Day, the five of them appeared, to dine with their kith and kin. That was a sober and rather heroic occasion, but usually the crowd is merrier than you'd think possible for that many grown-ups not really drunk.

Miss Boxie is canny enough not to depend entirely on the family-tie to keep this festival in good repute. There is food excellent, abundant, traditional, picturesque, local … oysters, turkey, Virginia ham, sweet potatoes, cranberries, brandied peaches, dates, nuts, and several kinds of cake, ice cream, plum pudding, and coffee.

All the children under ten are seated around the big dining-room table. Outside the ring of forget-me-not blue and Duchesse pink that all the pretty little Christmas dresses make stands another ring of cafe more or less *au lait* in stiff starched aprons and caps. These are that inimitable group, the mammies (there are still a few in Richmond), and the smart young nurses. Each is intent on making her one, two or three charges behave in an impeccable manner, just to show the others how the thing can be done.

Before the meal is over the children have had enough

Courtesy Valentine Richmond History Center

Frances Branch Scott, "Aunt Boxie" dressed for a costume party

sweetness and light for the day, and at least two or three can be depended upon to break loose into some deviltry, much to the satisfaction of any bachelor cousins who may saunter through the room at any time.

The young marrieds, having decided not to buy the turkey, usually pick a couple of small tables arranged along the window wall of the dining-room; because they can hear people coo over how sweet the children look at the beginning of the meal, and may be able to take a feeble hand at stopping the stampede later on.

The rest of the grown-ups have a choice between a large table in the library, three large ones in a sun parlor across the back of the house or sundry little tête-à-tête tables in corners here and there. Some five or six maids and butlers run about distractedly with soup. Most of them have been engaged for the day, no doubt; for Miss Boxie's servants (some eight or ten) are all too infirm to do more than serve her own simple meals, open the door, or offer a glass of water. They are all stout enough however to appear on this day and collect quite a windfall of tips. Of course it would never do to trust them with the soup, so the novices attend to that as best they can.

It must be rather disconcerting to have a tableful ask to be served soup and then come hack to find an entirely different crowd installed munching ham and trimmings. The new servants usually retire about the middle of the meal, or simply bring things in and set them about despairingly on the sideboards. Then all the considerate members have a delightful time seeing that Cousin Sally gets a wisp of turkey or a brandied peach, and the inconsiderate ones have a comfortable time sitting still

This undated photo was in Winkie's album with the following on the back: Frederick Campbell, Uncle George, Aunt Boxie, Aunt Dora [wife of Uncle Tom], Aunt Mary Hamilton, Aunt Elise [Mrs. Fred Scott], Mrs. Strother [Coz. Emily, Mrs. Nelson Strother], Mrs Christine Bell, Mr. [Nelson] Strother, Uncle Tom.

and letting the considerate ones have their way.

At some indefinite point in the meal, Miss Boxie rises and walks toward the pantry. There is a relay of whispered messages, so the plum pudding will meet her at the door. She has a right to be proud of her carriage and really looks like a Goddess of Abundance or a Winged Victory as she faces the sun parlor with the flaming pudding held high.

Then she makes a triumphal tour of all the rooms so that everybody may see the pudding. A sure-footed nephew walks yodelling in her wake, for the floors are in a

treacherous state of polish, and after him the children who so far have not been borne off for outrageous naughtiness, and so the protection that Miss Boxie might have resented becomes an escort of honor.

When everyone is gasping for coffee except those who have darted about so much that they have hardly done more than nibble an olive or a piece of celery, Miss Boxie reminds young and old to go upstairs and choose a present. Children's toys are on the first floor as decorations, but everything from a card-case to a luncheon set is spread out for selection in the sitting room upstairs.

If you pick out something better than your degree of friendship or acquaintance would warrant, that's left with you; but if your choice is too modest, Miss Boxie is sure to get wind of it and back upstairs you march with instructions to take either this, that, or the other special prize. The presents are provided with imagination and liberality, so that it is almost impossible to go off with a white elephant.

When the last guest passes grateful Thomas at the door, Miss Boxie sits down, invigorated. She has seen enough Scotts for the day.

712 ... Hale and Farewell

by Mary Wingfield Scott

When our grandfather, Major Frederic R. Scott, moved over from Petersburg in 1872 he lived briefly at what was then Great-grandfather Branch's house, 1 West Franklin. For four years he rented the Barney house, 403 East Main, and after that bought the Freeland or Marx house, 101 South Fifth. In 1881 he decided to move uptown, and began building 712 West Franklin, which was finished in 1883. From then until 1937, when Aunt Boxie died, "Seven-twelve" was the family home, headquarters, castle.

During the forty years that my memory covers, very little change had been made in 712. Several surgical operations which Aunt Boxie had performed on the meandering back porch did not alter its Victorian exuberance. From a small enclosed part of it she developed the charming (if chilly) glass-house dining-room. She redecorated the "yellow parlor" and the big dining-room, both seldom used in earlier days when one sat in the upstairs sitting-room and most of the meals took place in the "den." She also added three bathrooms

Frances Branch Scott, "Aunt Boxie"

to the original two.

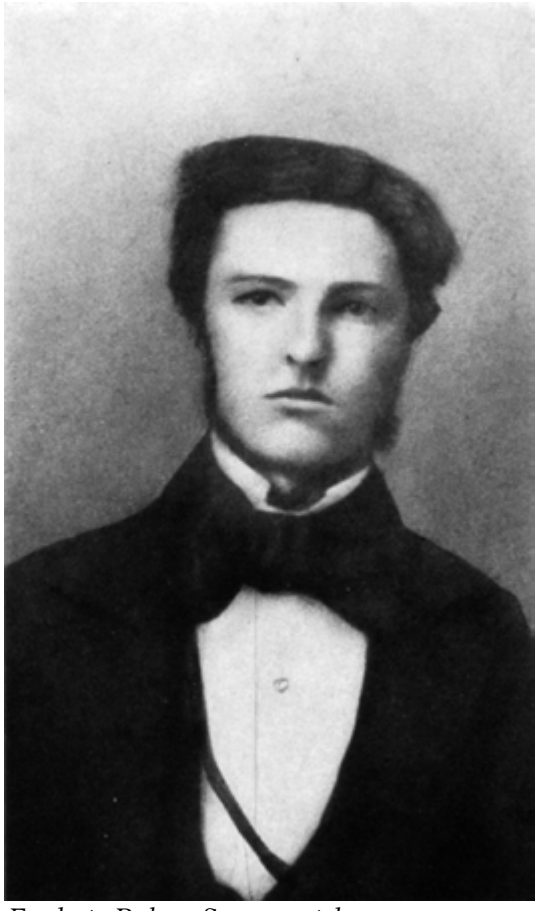
Nor was the furnishing much changed. A few antiques merely crowded the rooms more without altering their character, while some typically Victorian objects vanished into the attic. Among them were a spinning-wheel and a painting on cloth of Faust and Marguerite, with a blue velvet border, both of which had once adorned the drawing-room. Scattered about the house there used to be little plaster figures of Moors in turbans, gaily painted and gilded, which Papa Scott was said to have brought from Europe. One of these supported a large shell where generations of visiting-cards accumulated. (Nothing at 712 was ever thrown away.)

When Girlie, Alec and I were little, we spent a lot of time at

Sarah Frances Branch Scott

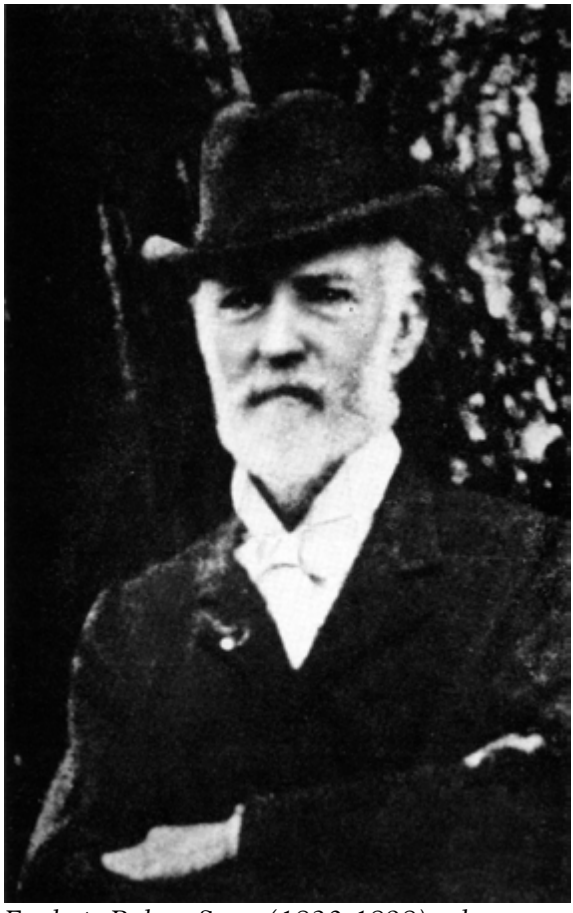
Mamma Scott's. I lived just around the corner, and their mother was often ill. Then, too, none of us had a competing grandmother, as Tom and Buford had. "You have a gold grandmother," Mamma Scott said to Buford, "I'm just a pewter grandmother. Call me Cousin Sally."

What did we do at 712 that it should have been such a paradise to us children? Of course there were spectacular events, like the



Frederic Robert Scott at eighteen.

Christmas dinners, the hunt breakfasts with all the men suddenly enchanted into pink coats, the parades watched from the front porch, that delightful and ridiculous porch, the wood painted to look like granite, so that the irreverent dubbed 712 "Sham-rock Hall." Once we staged an elaborate game ourselves, a horse show in the back yard, with judges, blue, red and yellow ribbons-and stick-horses broken from the many shrubs there. But day in and day out we played paper dolls on the marble base of the tall pier-glass or



Frederic Robert Scott (1830-1898) taken at Donegal in 1897

on the pedestal of the upstairs sitting-room table, so conveniently divided into "houses." Or we climbed on the brick wall in the rear or on the "Spring-house"—cow-shed to you, but the only cow had been named Spring! We played billiards in the billiard-room, with no suspicion of the rules. Our chief entertainment, it is sad to report, was Theft. Almonds, stuffed-dates from the china cupboard, "thin-biscuit" from the pantry, sugar-lumps from the big silver sugar-

dish all vanished into a cache kept—of all un-hygienic as well as dangerous places—under the chiffonier in Mamma Scott's room.

The house itself held enchantment—so huge, with a dark attic, a cupola, a long wing where the servants stayed, a cellar running under the whole house, a stable and the euphemistic "Spring-house." In the back yard was a large crêpe myrtle reputed to have been brought from Petersburg, and countless other bushes. Wisteria rioted over the back porches. Uncle Cole brought back two stone lanterns from Japan, which were set up in the back yard, and were pointed out by nurses in the park as "Mr. and Mrs. Scott's tombstones."

A child's world is his own play, with animals and servants in the foreground and grown-ups in a rather dim background. Of animals, there were in my day only horses. "Spring" had had no successor. Uncle Cole had once had a dachshund, whom Mamma Scott called "the little Person," but he is only a legend. Three horses stayed in the stable, along with the closed carriage, victoria and "trap." The carriage-horses always had some picturesque combination of names, like "Touch" and "Go," "Shamrock" and "Thistle" or the chestnut-sorrel pair whom Foster, the coachman, called "Dutch and Dutchess." Aunt Boxie had a roan, Flora, whom she drove in the "trap," and I never saw her grieve for a person as she did for Flora.

We were intimate with all the servants. I am not sure I remember Rice, the butler, or Lewis, whom older members of the family called "the black angel on the coach-box." But the many tales about Rice particularly are part of the family legend…. The time when Mamma Scott didn't come down to dinner and Rice leaned over

to "the Major," about to cut her a slice of cake, with the warning, "Miss Fannie likes a hunk"—incomprehensible to anyone knowing Mamma Scott's bird-like appetite until it was explained that a "hunk" meant the corner cut off so one got a maximum of icing.... The time the family insisted Rice take a two-weeks' holiday with his relations in Petersburg, and Rice came home in two days with the disgusted comment, "I coudn' stan' them niggers!" … The time there was some commotion in the back yard, and Mamma Scott, who never allowed anyone around her to raise his voice, went out on the upper porch exclaiming with annoyance, "What's the matter, Rice? Is the house on fire?" to which he tranquilly replied, "Yes, ma'am!" as he went on putting the blaze out.

The servants of our day were Thomas, Rose and Nancy. Others came and went, but they stayed, year in and year out, Rose for over fifty years, until they were so feeble that others were accumulated to wait on them, and we laughed at Aunt Boxie for running a Colored Old Folks' Home. Nancy I first remember at Hot Springs as Mamma Scott's maid, but she evolved into being the cook. By temperament she was a real "field-hand." Big-boned and black, she always wore a gathered dust-cap, and had what Booth Tarkington has called "a wild, free African laugh." She always seemed to be in the best of good humors.

Thomas was the butler from my earliest recollection until he was so feeble and blind he could only sit at the door and exact tribute, claiming on other days than Christmas that it was his birthday. He was cursed with an ill-tempered and lazy wife, Susan. No emergency would induce Susan to lift a finger in the house, nor would she even keep their own quarters over the stable decent. For

712 W. Franklin Street, built by Frederic R. Scott in 1882-3, sold in 1943 after the death of Frances B. Scott in 1937

the last few years of Thomas's life, Aunt Boxie used to send him to the hospital once a year and call in the City Health Department to clean out his rooms. When I was a child, Thomas was in his heyday. He was one of the most curious-looking people imaginable: his head, enormously high and almost bald, gave the impression of a brown egg set on end. But he was a very intelligent man, sweet and kind to us children and always ready to fix us some snack when we slipped across from recess in the park. And did we love what came out of the pantry at 712!

Rose, Aunt Boxie's maid, was even more of a character than Nancy or Thomas. Aunt Boxie never carried a door-key, in fact, it is questionable whether a door-key to 712 existed. So Rose

would sit dozing in the billiard-room till all hours, and when the door-bell rang, come to, bustle downstairs, let Aunt Boxie in and help her get to bed. She was a great chatterbox. When Mamma Scott was nervous she would exclaim, "Rose Johnson, stop talking!" Rose ought to have suited Mamma Scott, who always said she "liked 'em little and black." On high days and holidays she loved to dress up in a white apron with elaborate frills. She was a typical servant of the old times, identifying herself with the family and determined to maintain its proper dignity as she conceived it. Being reasonably economical was only being stingy, in Rose's eyes. Nothing could induce her not to light all the gas-jets on the third floor, long after anyone was living up there. She once described some visitor with great admiration as "the troublesomes' young lady I ever stood behine." She got it into her head that Aunt Boxie could have married President Wilson if she'd taken a little trouble about it, and expressed the greatest scorn for the second Mrs. Wilson, whom she always called "that big-mouth woman." Rose had one resentment: born in slavery, she could neither read nor write, and whenever the subject came up, her tone indicated that she held every white person responsible for this handicap.

Directing these and other more temporary domestics was Miss Willie Daniel, the housekeeper. Named originally George Washington by a father who was not to be balked by a mere accident of sex from naming his next child for the Father of his Country, Miss Willie looked and acted like a crab-apple. She had worked for the family before 712 was built, from the time she was sixteen until she was well over eighty. From some relative she had picked up advanced notions on the Rights of Labor, very inconvenient

on Sundays and Christmas. But as I recall how we, who had no conception of the Rights of Labor, were made to fetch and carry, it seems as though Miss Willie's pre-Bolshevism was all that preserved her to even a crabbed old age. Any Branch could make anyone work till he or she dropped, and in that respect Mamma Scott and most of her children were 100 per cent Branches.

Vague as a personality than Miss 'Willie was gnarled little "Miz" Fowler, who sat in the billiard-room sewing. Mrs. Fowler's daughter was constantly having children and always in need of help. Once when Mamma Scott protested against this ever-increasing family, Mrs. Fowler immortalized herself by replying philosophically, "Well, Mrs. Scott, the earth has to be peopled!" Perhaps Mamma Scott thought she had done her share in that direction.

Of the grown-ups in the house proper, the person we really loved was Miss Brogdon, who was Mamma Scott's trained nurse for several years. One reason she belonged to us was that she was so tiny, no bigger than we were. Then, too, she was so gentle and so merry, and never told tales on us. Her presence of mind once saved me from burning the house down. I spent a good part of one winter at 712, sleeping in the little room across from Mamma Scott's that was later made into a bathroom. I don't know whether I imagined I was Brunhilde or what, but I conceived the unfortunate idea of tearing a calendar into strips, lighting these at the open gas-jets, and walking around the house at 4 A.M. waving this torch. As I went through the door of the little dressing-room, the fringe on the curtain over the door blazed up. Terrified, in a stage whisper I called Miss Brogdon, who slept on a couch at the foot of Mamma Scott's bed. Little as she was, in a second she had jerked down the blazing

curtain and flung it over the railing of the upper porch.

Before Uncle Cole's marriage, the only members of the family actually living at 712 were Aunt Boxie and Mamma Scott, though Uncle Cole came and went. Of visitors the two I remember best were Uncle George and Aunt Ellen, Papa Scott's brother and sister from New York. We never realized how much trouble a crotchety old bachelor must have caused in the household: to us Uncle George's visits were pure joy, whether at the stage when he tossed us up above his bald pink head or later on when he brought us each an invariable box of Huyler's candy. Aunt Ellen, on the other hand, though not so "prevalent" in Mamma Scott's time as later on, always meant trouble and upstir for everybody, even before she reached the stage of wearing two right shoes and accusing Thomas of stealing her false teeth. Her presents, if any, never mounted higher in origin than the five-cent counter of 'Woolworth's.

In those early days, Aunt Boxie was rather a vague figure, with lovely clothes often replenished by trips to New York, and bunches of violets from her many beaux. We expected each of these gentlemen to carry her off. Mr. Charlie Stringfellow was the favorite, and Mr. Morrell Bruce of Stanton Hill, known to us as "Billy-goat Bruce" was our special abomination. To anyone outside, the picture of Aunt Boxie driving up from St. Paul's, the victoria spilling out nieces and nephews, she enthroned among them with her high color, white hair and young face and her regal bearing must have been unforgettable. But we children only began to feel her full stature after she took Mamma Scott's place as head of the family.

As Cousin Blythe said long years afterwards, our grandmother, Sarah Frances Branch Scott, was an eighteenth century marquise.

Clad in elaborate pink brocaded dressing-gowns with lace ruffles, her white hair in a high pompadour, her keen black eyes, her beautiful regular features, she was the handsomest old lady I ever saw. About 1900 she had broken her hip, and after that spent most of her time in her bed with its high carved top, or in one of the green stuffed chairs of the upstairs sitting-room. When she went out in the closed carriage, she wore a widow's crêpe-veil. Though, according to Mother, she was "the most reserved person I ever knew" she had spells of nervous animation when she would tell long rigamaroles, "Aunt Sally stories," she called them. Miss Brogdon and I would listen, curled up on Miss Brogdon's couch or sitting by the fire.

With an active mind and a feeble body, Mamma Scott was tyrannical in her demands on those around her. Miss Brogdon, Mrs. Boykin ("Miss Salie"), Mrs. Osterloh, Mother, and above all we "little people" were victims of her genius for complicated and unpleasant errands. One grand-daughter, when admonished not to sit on a new sash, retorted, "I'll have you to know that when I go to see Mamma Scott I don't sit on *anything*!" One had hardly stepped in the door when she would begin, "Little girl, run downstairs and tell Nancy so-and-so, and on the way back tell Thomas . . . and call Rose, and be sure and bring me . . ." Her high-point as far as I was concerned was once when we were out driving and she sent me into an auction-room with a sale in full swing to summon the auctioneer out to the royal presence. I can't recall whether terror of this madhouse or fear of not carrying out Mamma Scott's orders triumphed. Out of her sight, one could stand on principle. Once when Mrs. Boykin saw me skating on the pavement, she was told to call me in. Three times she came to the window with a peremptory

message, and at the third call, I replied, "Mrs. Boykin, you have to be firm with Mamma Scott." One might as well have proposed being firm with the Almighty! Only Austin ("Baby" as everyone called her) ever tried it face to face. She refused to carry out the universal custom of curtseying when she came in the room, and Mamma Scott refused to speak to her, a feud that went on for months.

Her favorite among us children was Alec, who could get away with murder. It was he who started calling her "Ole Miss," probably picked up from Rose, and all of us took that up. But Alec didn't stop there. Once when Uncle Fred was paying a visit in the semi-dark bed-room, Alec put a basket with legs on his head, stuck it in the door and called, "Come on, Sarah, get in the mule-cart, it's waitin' for you." We listened, horrified, expecting the skies to fall. But they didn't.

While not in Alec's class, I was very fond of Mamma Scott. I would slip around to 712 before breakfast, often before the doors were opened so that I had to find a den window that had been carelessly left unfastened. Perhaps one thing that attracted a child to her was a certain childlike simplicity. On Sunday evenings she loved to have her windows open so she could hear the hymns from the Methodist Church next door. (She had been brought up a Methodist.) While I never remember her going to church, she would have long discourses on religion with Mr. Rosenfeld, when he and his young son came every week to wind the clocks. It would have been hard to decide which of them was the more dignified. She often got me to read the Bible to her. Her two other favorites were *King René's Daughter* (a play about a blind girl) and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. I read both of these again and again. When she would hobble around with a cane,



one of us children helping her, she would always quote little Lord Fauntleroy's "Just lean on me, I'm seven."

Now, in 1943, our grandparents' home has passed out of the hands of his descendants, after sixty years' ownership. We have our own homes, but 712, our common stronghold, monstrous and dear, is a thing of the past. It seems fitting at this time that some account of life there should be made, and with every realization of how incomplete this account is, we offer it as a small gesture of loyalty and devotion to the memory of the people, both black and white, who made 712 the unique place that it was.

The Making of an Architectural Historian

by Mary Wingfield Scott

The Beginnings

When my mother first came to Richmond from California, she and my father set up housekeeping in a "shabby little house on Fifth Street," as one of Mrs. Roper's children described it, and here I was born. My father may have had some sentimental associations with the location as it was on the site of the Freeland house where he had spent a good part of his boyhood. Practically speaking, it was downtown, near his office, or what we called "the shop," which was the Richmond Iron Works at Fifteenth and Broad.

My first recollection is being taken to Baltimore when I was about 15 months old to be shown off to Uncle Fred and little Auntie and the Lee cousins. Fortunately this dim memory came to me while Mother was still alive, so I know I was taken in to see a man with black hair (Mary Moore's father) who was lying in bed behind a door.

All I remember about the house on Fifth Street was my toy-box

Mary Wingfield Scott's mother, Mary Wingfield at 45. She married James Hamilton Scott (brother of Fred Scott, Aunt Boxie, etc) who died in 1901 at age 34.

under the window and the swallows (or perhaps chimney-sweeps) going in and out of the chimney. Of the little sister who only lived three months and died at "Donegal" I remember nothing at all, although I do remember praying for "li' hic."

In September 1898, we moved to 706 West Grace, and that is the house I grew up in. The uncles had given it to my parents, and it was a good brick three-story house. I remember the drive up there, no doubt with "Slamdoodle's" tail swishing my face! There I grew up and lived until I was 15 and went off to boarding school.

We had barely moved in when my little brother was born. Mother was not able to nurse either of us, so I was toted up the street for Aunt Mamie Campbell to nurse, but by the time Jimmie

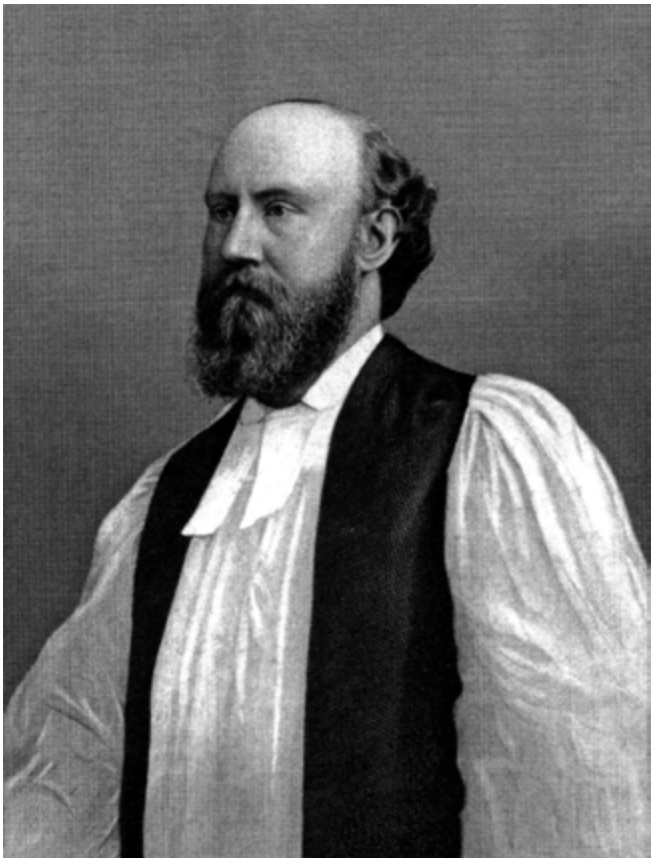
(or James as we then called him) came along, the virtues of goats' milk had been discovered. It was delivered by Mr. Satterwaite, our marketman. I well remember his coming through the snow in the blizzard of 1899. No wonder Mother didn't have a fit when he sat down in her precious and fragile Windsor chair and it collapsed! He had saved precious "Sonny's" life.

My father died in August 1901. I was the apple of his eye when I was a baby. (Mother used to tell how he would bend over my crib, and when he was caught doing it, would say, "Got a match?") I remember going to "the shop" as he called it, down in the bottom where the C.&0. tracks afterward ran, and seeing the iron poured into "pigs" and an engine coming out of what I took to be hell! I remember sitting on a high stool belonging to his clerk, Mr. Massie Nolting. I also remember a trip to Virginia Beach, where he took me to a bowling alley that you had to look down on from a gallery. The noise of the balls rolling together and hitting each other had much the same effect on me as the engine down at Father's shop.

Another expedition was to the Warwicks' in Chesterfield county. There was a beautiful spring there from which Mother bought water till the day of her death. At that time the driver was a nice looking colored man named Walter, but if my memory serves me right, Miss Lena Warwick at one time drove the wagon, as the father did before her. (According to the tale, he once said to a man who regretted how he had come down to this, "If you had paid me what you owed me, I wouldn't have to drive it.") Mr. Warwick had died by the time we stayed there, but his brother-in-law, Mr. Chevallié Temple, a red-faced farmer in spite of his high-sounding name, was very much alive, and made me miserable by his teasing.

Mary Wingfield Scott's grandfather, John Henry Ducachet Wingfield, Bishop of Northern California.

The other expedition was much more ambitious: We went to North Hatley in Canada, just across the border from Jamestown, New York. (The Tom Scotts went there also, as they had been at the Warwicks'.) The only things I remember about the trip was stopping in New York to see the zoo in Central Park (where I have never been since) and was terrified by the bears standing on their hind legs, and our carrying along a very heavy contraption for Jimmy's milk that looked like a hat-box but weighed a ton! All I remember about North Hatley was Sam Boykin's learning to swim (which it never occurred to Mother to have me taught) and going



into an Indian tent where there was the wonderful smell of sweet-grass baskets.

My little brother, then called "James" was born "three years, one month, 14 days, 17 hours, and 50 minutes" after I was, and all my childhood was shared with him. He was very sweet-natured unless he was provoked beyond bearing. (Once I remember his jumping on me with his big shoes.) One of Mama Scott's poorest judgments of character was calling him "Little house-afire."

Going back to the days before Father died, the chief thing I remember was a visit from two "familiars"—Mary Athey and

Mary Clathey. Where I got the names, I don't know, but I vividly remember taking the Athey family into the library and introducing them to Father. Mother always called them my "familiars," on the analogy of the Witch of Endor!

Another thing I remember from those early years is the way when I went up to bed I used to say, "kiss pat eggs" (kiss fat legs). Jimmie's baby-talk was darling, but Mother said I never talked it, and that one picture of me, aged about three, looked like a college-professor about to give a lecture!

I remember going with Father to a greenhouse on what is now the site of Sacred Heart Cathedral and buying, I think, Leminon Verbina plants.

And I remember his taking me to what was called a Dog and Pony Show which took place in a vacant lot at the corner of Madison and Main, where for many years there was a marble yard. The climax was thrilling; the dogs assisted by the ponies put out the house afire!

One time was a little too thrilling. I went with Father and Uncle Fred Baker to see Buffalo Bill. The Indians riding around were all right, but when they began to fire the cannon, I begged to be taken home! I bet they hated my spoiling the fun!

Father had bought a little boat called the "Whitby," probably from the name of the place he had bought down the river. This was the only thing he ever had the chance to do with his father's legacy, and it led to his death. He took a "visiting girl" down the river with Mary Buford (perhaps Lucy Duhring from Philadelphia) and the following day he was taken sick and never got out of bed again.

Winkie's father, James Hamilton Scott with her brother James.

Photo by Art Studio, Warrenton, MO. Courtesy Valentine Richmond History Center [There is some debate as to whether this is Winkie or possibly someone else.]

Mary Wingfield Scott, age 19, c. 1914

The original Mary Wingfield, John Henry Ducachet Wingfield's first wife, who died and then with his second Elizabeth Dallam Lee Wingfield named their daughter for her, thus she is not a direct ancestor.

During his last illness, I remember Jimmie being put on the bed to show off his new suit—blue with a white collar. I remember the Valentine meat juice that was prescribed for Father, even the shape of the bottles. (I never tasted any of it until Rossie brought me some a year ago.)

The day Father died, our sweet neighbor, Floyd Taylor, took us children to spend the day with her. I can still hear Mother's passionate weeping. I don't think the idea ever occurred to her to marry anyone else, though she was only thirty-one.

Photograph courtesy Kate Roy Christian

Mountain Top, Afton Mountain, Virginia

Both the boat and "Slamdoodle" were sold. Only recently I learned that Mother was expecting a third child. We two were quite enough of a handful for anyone!

Before 1910

As soon as she was well enough, Mother took us to Mountain Top, near Afton. There we would probably have continued to go indefinitely if the hotel hadn't burned in 1903. So we had to find another "city of refuge" from Richmond's fierce heat. Our finances did not admit of our going to the "springs" as most of the family did.

The thing I most remember about Mountain Top was the gigantic boulders we used to climb on there. We took walks with "Nanny," and we played. Mother was always in demand at the piano. What on earth any grown person was supposed to do there except sit on the porch and read or knit passes imagination. No space for tennis or golf with all those boulders.

The matter settled itself by the hotel burning down. We were in one of the cottages, so nothing happened to us. Several people had stayed on because Sam Boykin had typhoid fever, and Buford had ridden his pony over to celebrate Tom's birthday. Suddenly Tom looked up and said, "The hotel's on fire!" Up on the mountain there was nothing to do but let it burn, though people at first tried to form a bucket-line with little pitchers out of the bedrooms. Uncle Tom, after carrying Sam down in his arms, proceeded to throw the flimsy chairs out of the dining room.

Thus ended Mountain Top, where Jefferson had planned the University of Virginia.

Our trips in the summer at least gave me a change in companionship. After Mountain Top burned, we summered on a farm in Clarke County near Millwood. But this was a little too much for even Mother's devotion, though she enjoyed being invited to the big places around that beautiful section of Virginia. One encounter there gave us both great amusement. Jimmy broke his arm, and Dr.

Photograph courtesy Kate Roy Christian

courtesy Frederica Howell Mazza

Frederica Scott Campbell—"Girlie"

Randolph, who set it, lived at Peter Mayo's place, "Powhatan." I was invited to a party by Mr. Mayo's granddaughter, and to make conversation, Mother remarked on what a good time I had had. Says Jimmy, "Yes, she brought us home some candy." As this was strictly forbidden, Mother tried to look as if she hadn't heard, but Jimmy went on with his tale, "She took her chance when nobody was looking and stuck it in her pocket!"

The most valuable of our summer trips in its results for me was the summer we spent in Lexington in 1905. We were boarding in a very cute house, belonging to Mrs. Cole, Laura Pendleton's aunt (years later I discovered that Laura had been a flower-girl there when General Marshall had been married to her aunt). At

Mary Austen Campbell

the time we stayed there, it was rented to a Mrs. Semmes. I played with the younger Pendleton children; Laura was above my reach, already interested in music as she has been all her life. It was during this memorable summer that Mother started our scrap-books. I don't know what put the idea in her head, and unfortunately, I never asked her. Aunt Elise had made wonderful scrap-books for her children, far past the end of their babyhood, but these were something different. Ours were about painters and sculptors. At first we also put in buildings, but after the first one, we did not. After that we began to list the artists chronologically. It was a wonderful way to keep us busy and to keep us from spending all our pocket money for horses for our stables. What we wanted was pictures for our scrap-books!

The summer I was eleven we spent at the Old Sweet Springs. By that time Nannie was dead, and I am sure Mother found an unlimited amount of our society pretty wearing. One plus for the summer was that we both learned to swim. The following summer we went to Haymarket, where Mother's friend, Mrs. Gamble, was the wife of the rector. By then I had become very unmanageable. One day (I think it was the morning after we arrived) Mother shut me in the closet. So she made the momentous decision to let Miss Polly and Miss Sally Carter try their hands on me, and I was entered at Saint Timothy's.

The Gambles had a large library where I discovered Sir Walter Scott, a considerable improvement over Henty, and for the first time I sang in a church choir. The Cole Scotts were going to Europe the summer of 1908, so we tagged along. Here began a new chapter for which the scrap-books were a wonderful preparation.



Bobby and Johnny Walker, Paris 1929

But I must go back to my relations with my grandmother, whom we called Mama Scott. I have written about her in "Seven-twelve, Hail and Farewell" but have not told about our visits to her at Hot Springs. She always stayed in one of the cottages, which were the only things I found unchanged when I started going back to the Hot after I got Tranquillia. (According to the family tale, Uncle Fred Scott, who was a sleepwalker once carried Aunt Elise out of the window when he thought their cottage was on fire.)

The most thrilling visit was to Hildreth and Uncle Cole's wedding. I never expected to be in it being "duckling" to whom such things never happened. But it developed that Lanier, Hildreth's younger sister, was equally vexed to be dressed as a little girl to match

John Walker in school togs and with Piggy and Teddy, France 1929

up with Girlie (Frederica Campbell), nobody was exactly pleased. But the wedding and reception were the most glamorous social events I had ever taken part in. The last visit to Hot Springs (which was the last one of Mama Scott's life) was the most thrilling, at Baby Hildreth's birth. She became Girlie's and my greatest interest until I went off to school. And a few years later, she was followed by George Cole. I had a camera that time, and the main thing I photographed was the two family babies.

I suppose I went to parties when I was a child, but the only ones I remember were those given by Maude Slater and the Atkinson children. The latter I remember by one of the girls being put up

on the piano, and Maude's by a delusion I had that there were elm trees in front of the house, which in actual fact were catalpas, which I confused with "Angels from the *elms* of glory."

How mixed up can children be? One of my strangest delusions related to Uncle James Scott, for whom my father was named. He died the year I was born and was buried in Kensal Green cemetery in London. But something one of the nurses said led me to the strange idea that he was stuffed down a smokestack and was eaten by the crows! I never told Mother this, but went on with this bizarre delusion!

Two parties at home I remember very well, one might have been before my father's death. Mother had served us apple ice-cream, which I never ate before or since, and which made no hit with the crowd, namely Tom and Buford, who as one man said, "Aunt Mary Wing, I don't like this!" The other party was more festive, and I know it happened the Easter before Father's death. One morning I jumped in bed with Father and Mother and announced that I wanted to have an Easter Ladder party. I suppose this idea came from some picture of Jacob's ladder. Anyway, the family saw I meant business, so Father had the Easter ladder constructed at the shop, and we had the party, complete with presents for all the children hanging on the ladder. The ladder stayed with us a long time, and we were warned not to climb on it as it was too fragile.

The aunts very sensibly decided not to have competing Christmas trees, so they alternated; that is Mother, Aunt Elise, and Aunt Dora did. I don't remember what Aunt Mamie did; she was always enjoying ill-health, so probably nothing. We all went to Christmas dinner at Mama Scott's. I don't remember when this

John and Bobby, Paris 1930

custom started, but it was already established when Hildreth came into the family in 1905, as the most successful dinner was the one when she dressed a wedding procession of dolls on the table. Nor do I remember when Cousin Effie [Branch?] started having a very glamorous tree on Christmas Eve.

By then, my life was much more entwined with my Father's family. One of the last things he said was, "Take care of my mother," which to my own mother involved a sacred trust. So she went to see Mama Scott every day. I don't recall resenting this arrangement; it was just the order of the universe.

Mother's attentions to Mama Scott were thoroughly in character. Loyalty was her middle name; it was bred in all of us of my generation, even Hildreth who lived longer than any of them and came from another world. No divorces for them, however incompatible they

John and Bobby Walker, Dinard, June 1930

might be or however they might fuss. This made for a remarkably stable world.

The person I saw most of was my old nurse, Annie Robinson, who was with us from the time I was a few weeks old until she died when I was ten and was buried in our section in Hollywood. To us, she just *was*, not to be argued with or criticized, but I gather now that she was a trial to my mother, as Mama Scott used to say, "She is so *good* to the children." She theoretically ate at a little table in the back hall, a concession to segregation unnecessary as she really preferred to eat with Jackson, the cook, in the kitchen.

Jackson was the next person we saw most of. Her name was really Mary Jane Jackson, but Mother didn't care for the name Jane, and it

Winkie and John ride to Dinan, France.

was too complicated to have three Mary's in the house, so Jackson she became. We loved her, and I went on going to see her long after Mother's death. I remember her calling me after the tornado when I didn't even realize we had *had* a tornado.

The people we were closest to were our darling Uncle Fred Baker and Little Auntie, neither of them the slightest blood-kin to us, though Uncle Fred had been married to my grandmother's sister. After her death, when Mother was twelve, he married Little Auntie, who had been Mother's governess, a perfect proof that blood-kinship has nothing to do with love. They moved to Richmond from Bel Air, where Mother grew up, about 1900, and from then on, they were a perfect set of grandparents for us. When Jimmie had diphtheria, I practically lived at their house, and between times, we ran in and out any time we chose. It was a close and happy relationship, much

Ginnie, Bobby, Johnny, Etampes, France 1930-31

closer than that of any other relatives. Perhaps this was because my father's family were so numerous and absorbing that Mother felt the need of a family completely hers to counterbalance.

After Mama Scott's death in 1907, Uncle Fred and Little Auntie were the nearest things we had to grandparents. Little Auntie used to tell us stories about the Civil War, which she had spent in Buchanan, Virginia. Her father was a naval officer, and her brother, Captain Whittle, when a youth took command of the cruiser *Shenandoah* when it was delivered by the British shipyard where it was built. After the war, he escaped to South America, and later commanded one of the Chesapeake Bay boats plying between

Ginnie with John above and Bobby next to her. Pont Des Arts, France

Norfolk and Baltimore. Mother was put in his care when she was a school-girl.

Uncle Fred was German, and no doubt the Whittles turned up their aristocratic noses at him. But to us they were loving grandparents; never did children have better ones.

Uncle Fred died in 1914; Little Auntie in 1924. I remember hearing Mother say how glad she was that Uncle Fred did not have to live through the experience of divided loyalties that fell to the lot of many Germans in the First World War. I was at the University of Chicago when Little Auntie died, and can't even remember considering coming back to her funeral, though she had been a second mother to my mother. How egotistical can young people be!

Bobby Walker with Mr. Foulet, Spring 1930

Really, I don't remember playing with any children of my own age except Girlie [Frederica Campbell] and Baby [Mary Austin Campbell]. I frequently spent the day with them, though it often ended in a fuss. Basically, I was more congenial with Austin, even though she was three years younger. They were always known as Girlie and Baby; in fact, when we were all middle-aged, Ranny Welford used to ask me, "How is Baby Campbell?" This was due to Aunt Mamie's trying to please every one and succeeding in pleasing no one. After Papa Scott's death, Mama Scott wanted the elder child named after him, so they transferred the name "Mary Austin" to the baby. Thereafter Auntie always called her "the *real* Mary Austin."

Winkie on a page of photos in France, dated 1930

Doctors

I understand it was Doctor Moore, father of Miss Mary and Miss Julia, who brought me into the world. "Big Doctor" as Aunt Boxie always called Dr. McGuire, had charge of me after that. Mother used to tell a cute story about him. When a large family came to see him, he would say, "You all came from the country, so you haven't got anything to pay me with," which they admitted was the case.

Winkie, Ginnie, John and Bobby "The Peter Family on top of the Coliseum" 1931

I don't remember "Big Doctor," but I remember very well Doctor Hodges, who attended Father in his last illness. As Mother felt he was responsible for his death, that was the last we heard of him. From then on, Doctor W. S. Gordon was our doctor, truly a beloved physician.

Johnny, Ginnie and Bobby picnicing on the ride to Dinan, France 1930

Jimmie was a fragile child and Aunt Dora, who was hell on doctors, especially since Uncle Tom had developed what was then called "consumption," persuaded Mother to take him to Dr. Minor in Asheville. I remember the triumphant telegram with which he announced that he had a clean bill of health.

Meanwhile we had moved to Baltimore—"that dear Baltimore" as Aunt Mamie called it, and Mother had become acquainted with "specialists." The first was Dr. James Bordley, the throat man. When Jimmy went to Gilman school, he was examined by the doctor (a custom unknown in Richmond) and he turned to the nurse, "Did you ever see a more adenoid face?" Jimmy, a smart little tyke, reported this at home, and Mother said, "I'm going to take this child to the best doctor in Baltimore," so eventually all of us, including Mother, had our tonsils removed. This was my first and only visit to a hospital before my present illness.

Winkie with Sarah Pooh 1931

In Baltimore we had a remarkable dentist, Dr. Gingrich. He was crazy about music and used to make Mother play before she would sit down in the dentist's chair. He was a perfectionist on tooth-filling. But he seldom sent any bills, so his wife was left practically penniless when he died. One of Mother's oddest legacies was Mrs. Gingrich, living in Bluemont, Va., in the utmost poverty and practically stone deaf.

Pets

One of the things Mother did not expose us to was pets. She had had dogs as a child, but I don't remember any cats. Perhaps she had been fed up with pets when her father and stepmother (childless) had gone off to the General Convention leaving her responsible for a number of small animals. The only pet we ever had was a fox

Winkie with Bobby and Johnny, Wytheville undated

terrier which lost no time going off with the milkman. This seems to me a loss for any child, not replaceable by knowledge of painting or sculpture. When I was about fourteen and old enough to know better. I bought a large teddy-bear, and many years later, after he had been eaten by moths, I acquired Sarah Pooh, who is still with us, forty years later, if slightly denuded as to fur!

Books

I was never one of those infant phenomena who learned to read at their mother's knee. I remember very well the first reader I had with a yellow back. I was very put out when I missed the chance of bringing it home because "there was poor Uncle John lying dead." (He had been knocked in the head by a mysterious thug in front of Major Myers' house, a block from home.)

Mother read to us a good deal, chiefly Bible stories; *Foster's Story of the Bible*, I knew practically by heart. I never took any shine to fairy stories until I encountered one call *Prince Cherry*, the purport of which I have entirely forgotten. I guess I was basically a prose-minded child. We had poetry to learn at Miss Jennie's, chiefly from Lily West, whom I didn't like anyway, so maybe that was why I didn't cotton up to poetry. But I did like history, and especially anything connected with English history. I remember underscoring the word *England* in several books before I ever went there, and getting up before dawn to see the English coast.

At St. Timothy's we had a lot of poetry to memorize, but I always found this difficult, unless it had a strange rhythmic beat, like the *Lays of Ancient Rome* or the *Ancient Mariner*.

John, Ginnie and Bobby

I read the usual quota of children's stories. The Sunday School library was generally the source, as before 1920 Richmond had no public library. But when she saw I was an avid reader, Mother subscribed for me to the Rosemary Library at 4th and Franklin. The family was horrified to see me first skating and then riding up home on my bicycle reading.

But I am anticipating too much. I used to get all the G.A. Henty books I could find out of the Sunday School Library. I always preferred adventure stories to any other type of literature. On the other hand, I followed *The Little Colonel* books with avidity as fast as they came out. The summer we spent in Haymarket, Virginia, I

Bobby, Joan Antil (friend from England), John and Ginnie at Wytheville

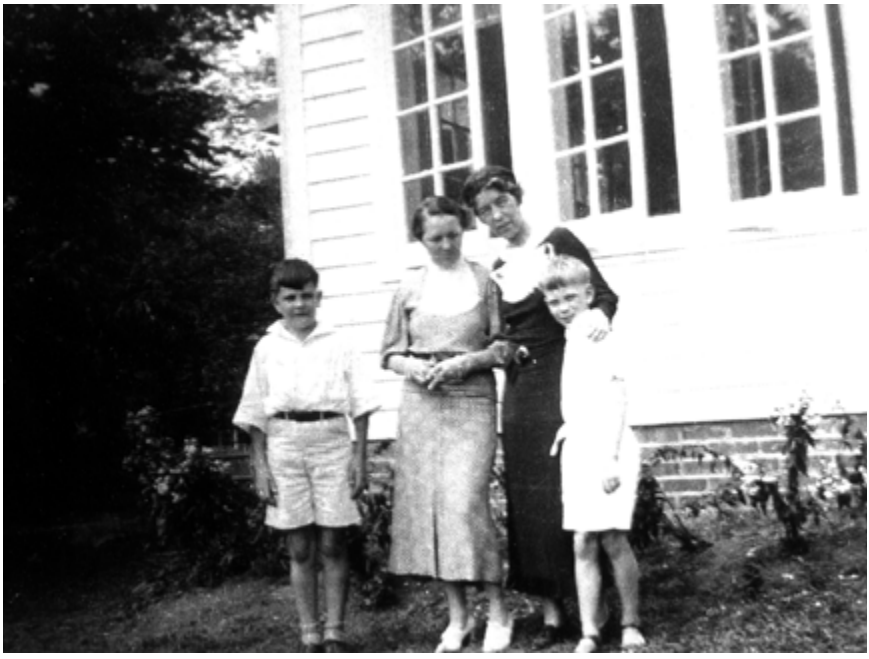
took to Scott's novels, several cuts above G.A. Henty.

Other forms of grownup literature didn't appeal, though one of my earliest recollections is hearing Mother read aloud Ellen Glasgow's *The Battle Ground* on the porch at Mountain Top.

When Mother joined the Rosemary Library for me, my scope was considerably enlarged. What a shock I must have given Miss Mary Crignan when (at eleven) I demanded Berenson's *Florentine Painters of the Renaissance* or Grimm's *Michelangelo!*

Schools

I never remember not being good at lessons. This in a way was unfortunate as I never learned my other limitations, nor did I learn patience with other people. Once Ranny Harrison "cut me up" in spelling, which was such a shock, I remember it as if it were yesterday. I needed more Rannies to compete with.



Bobby, Ginnie, Winkie, John

I started kindergarten before Father died. The main thing I remember about it was two songs, "Left, left, listen to the music" (very useful to anyone paralyzed on the right side) and the cheerful "Good morning to you" with which the day started. Miss Hattie Scott joined forces with Miss Talcott, and there I stayed until ten. Buford and I agreed some years ago that Miss Scott must have been a wonderful teacher as neither of us remember the process of learning to read or write.

The school occupied several rented buildings in the neighborhood of Adams and Main. The last one was the Jenkins' house, which had big rooms and a spiral stair. One day Martha Purcell fell over the railing and Dabney Crenshaw became a hero trying to catch her. The only casualty was her two front teeth.

Photograph courtesy Valentine Richmond History Center

Hildreth in her dress to be presented at Court.

I parted with Miss Hattie for two reasons: I was having my teeth straightened and Mary Nicholas Ainslie was a thorn in the flesh. Mother took me out of school and taught me herself for half-a-year. This meant I began French.

When I entered Miss Jennie Ellett's I had a good enough ear to realize that there was something amiss with Miss Gertrude Lew's French. The words that stick in my mind are "voy-la-toot." This was too much for Mother, even if she had never been abroad. So she

Robert Edward Walker and John Patrick Walker, dated 1939 which would mean Bobby is 18 and John is 14

managed that I should go into Mr. de Geer's class. He was a lady-like Belgian baron, who at least spoke French as his native tongue. The main thing I learned from this was irregular verbs, which stood me in good stead in the years at St. Timothy's.

Our homeroom teacher at Miss Jennie's was Miss Lulie Blair, who was an actress *manqué;* she never wore corsets, as they were called in that day. I can see her bouncy walk this minute. She was constantly putting on plays, from the "Rape of the Sabines" (in class) to Hiawatha, from Shakespeare to a Christmas mystery play.

Once we had a play in French, "The Salon of Madame de Rambouillet" in which I had a long speech that showed off

my beautiful accent.

Most of the teachers were young girls just out of school themselves, like Dora Taylor of "*voy-la-toot*" fame or Bessie Tompkins who announced that the fountains at Versailles played tunes! An exception was Ethel McCaw, who had no money to go to college, but when she married a rich man, got a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins.

At St. Timothy's I found that none of the teachers had ever been to college either. The Carters, like Miss Jennie Ellett, were of the generation of self-educated women, only she was aware of her limitations and was taking courses at Oxford in her sixties and they were Virginia Carters!

Music

Both of us had music lessons from an early age. We could have hardly been Mother's children and escaped that, and we always sang hymns. I went first to a Miss Howard who taught what I found years later was the Fletcher method, but she unfortunately died in the middle of the year, and her sister Mrs. Bruce knew nothing about any method. My fellow students were Jimmy (then called Jammey), Allison, Alan Morton and Alan Donnan.

Then I fell into the hands of Miss Zell Minor and was even supposed to perform at a concert, which I don't think ever came off, but in the meantime I nearly drove Mother crazy playing on the table. (I still remember the Spinning Song I was supposed to play!)

I gave up music for drawing and went every Saturday to the Valentine Museum where we drew casts in the basement. There my companions were much older, such as the Dabney girls and Marion Dimmock.

I still liked to sing, and once sang in the children's chorus of the Wednesday Club's May Festival. I remember one of the tunes "Lords of the Waves Are We" and "Toyland, Toyland, Little Girl and Boy-land."

Jimmie's introduction to music was much less painful than mine. Mother had by this time become a close friend of Miss Ellen Guigon. (They called each other Twin both having been born in November, 1869, so we called her Twin and to my boys she was "Miss Twin.") She specialized in teaching small children. Basically Jimmie was much more musical than I was. When we went to Baltimore to live, Mr. Wilson, the Choir Master of St. Paul's there, said if he had gotten him sooner he could have made him the leading boy soprano.

I first took voice lessons in Philadelphia and continued them in Boston. When I came home I made the acquaintance of Twin's sister-in-law, Adelaide, whom I had never even met before, and thus began one of the closest friendships of my life. Adelaide introduced me to all the great song writers. Mother played for me beautifully and dutifully, but she was never much interested in vocal music.

Religion

Mother was not the daughter of a bishop and the nursling of Uncle Fred for nothing: We had prayers in the library once a day, and I am not sure it wasn't twice. I was a rebellious child, and long before I met Mary Senior, on whom Mother blamed my anti-religious attitude in college, I had refused to be confirmed when children usually were, at twelve. Under the Carters' influence, I was confirmed, but there was always a rebellious streak in me that only hard knocks and

Photo by Cecelia Norfolk Eareckson, Richmond Times-Dispatch Collection, Valentine Richmond History Center

Mary Wingfield Scott, January 10, 1942.

music could tame. I resented Mother's attitude that there was only one church, the Protestant Episcopal!

At the Archer's

Except for the summer in Clarke County, we had no experience on a farm until we met the Archers. They came down to help nurse

Bobby, Winkie, Ginnie, John at Top Knot (6420 Roselawn Road)

John, Ginnie, Bobby

Nannie and after her death invited one or both of us to visit them. I was quite incapable of appreciating the beautiful old house, and after freezing in the bathroom beside the well, would have voted to sell the paneling to put in a more comfortable bathroom.

We were intimate with all the horses and mules. The Archers were typical gone-to-seed aristocrats. The only son who brought in any money was a fireman on the railroad, though he was as handsome as a Greek god.

The last time I went up there, I had quite an adventure. Mother never thought the James River would freeze over, but it was half frozen, and Mr. Scott, the station-master was more or less marooned in the station. His little boy came down to see how he was getting along, and he went up to the Archers' and told them my predicament. I sat in the station all day and when the evening train went up, I went on it. Ned Archer was to meet it, and did, but I wasn't sure he would. We had an eleven-mile ride in the cold. Was the supper good when we got there!

Abroad

In 1908 as I have said, we took advantage of the Cole Scotts going to England for Hildreth to be presented at Court, and tagged along. We went first to Brussels where Hildreth was having her dress made for the occasion. Mother and Jimmie stayed in Madame Hertz's pension, and I was entered in Madame Mignot's school where Hildreth had been after being first in a convent-school. The girls (English) were all much older than I and made quite a pet of me.

It was a shock to be called "Little Yankee" though I saw it was kindly meant. I had had too little French to profit by the experience. I met my first real paintings in the Brussels Gallery and one day we spent at Antwerp, where I was thrilled over Rubens' *Descent from the Cross* (having been brought up on Ouida's *Dog of Flanders*).

Then we went over to England. We spent six weeks in London where Mother was going to meetings of the Pan-Anglican Congress, so she got an English girl, Miss Danforth, to "baby-sit" with us (only the term had not then been invented). Her main idea was to take us to the British Museum, where we saw the Elgin Marbles and a great

Ginnie and Johnny

many mummies. The place we loved best was an art-shop where we could buy Gowen's art books for 25 cents, whereas they cost 50 cents in the U.S.A.

We traveled up the west coast, joined Aunt Boxie for a trip to Ireland (Aunt Boxie and Mother in a jaunting-car was a sight to be seen) and then stayed in Edinburgh for two weeks, visiting all the places connected with Sir Walter Scott or Mary Queen of Scots. By

Mary Wingfield Scott's mother, Mary Wingfield. Bobby and Johnny called their grandmother 'Cutie.'

the time we got back to London we were such experienced travelers that Mother set out for the Continent, depending on her school-girl French. We went to Paris, Lucerne, and to the Italian cities down as far as Naples where we took a boat that was 18 days in crossing. We had been six months traveling, and the fact that we had missed that much school didn't worry anybody. I gave a lecture to the whole school, illustrated with postcards on the subject of Rome. This at the age of thirteen was my first art lecture!

The summer of 1909 we sent to Woodbury Forest, then run as a boarding house when the school was not in session. We children would have been content to go back there again, but we went again to Europe, this time to Holland, Belgium, Austria and Germany, chasing the birthplaces of famous composers or monuments to

Jim and Alice Scott as young married.

them. We spent two weeks or more in Munich going to the Wagner opera. Twin joined us in Switzerland which was not altogether a happy arrangement. We children wanted Mother to ourselves and were extremely jealous of anyone we thought was coming between us; "James outrageous to Twin" was a characteristic item in Mother's note-book.

Saint Tim's

In 1910 I went to St. Timothy's to boarding school, and there I stayed for four years; only three other girls stayed as long as I did. It

did not occur to me that this was an imposition on my mother, who no doubt deprived herself of many luxuries to keep us in expensive schools. We just took it for granted that we should have the best education obtainable. When the other Richmond girls were going to "Oldfield's" which Mother characterized as a "sweet school" and from which one did not graduate or go to college, I went alone to St. Timothy's.

And did I love it! It was my real heart's home. I still wake up in the night and dream I am there, surrounded with people, many of whom are now in their graves.

I suppose I was terrified going to a strange place with only one girl that I knew, Virginia Christian (whom I knew very slightly), but who was responsible for my being a Spider.

In very short order we had coalesced into a group: Clarissa Anderson, Gracie Pierce, Frances Bowdoin, Nell Ryerson, Lydia Builard, Certie Tower and I. We were not prominent or particularly good students; in fact, what drew us together I don't know. But that was the way it was, and we stuck together until I was the only one left. With no group to identify with, I was presumably lonely my last year, but I really don't remember feeling so, as I was by then so absorbed in my school work and trying to excel in it that I didn't miss any companionship. A strange, almost inhuman kind of life, as I look back on it. I had become a scholarship guinea-pig without even missing human contact. By the time I graduated, I no longer felt the need of them. I had given up any hope of succeeding in basketball, which at first had been my ambition, so I suppose scholarly ambition was all I had to fall back on. Mercifully, this was not apparent to me at the time.



Courtesy Valentine Richmond History Center

Mary Wingfield Scott in the garden of the Valentine Museum, May 1941.

I passed on to getting golden reports. This form of achievement, being peculiar to St. Timothy's, requires some explanation. If you got eight reports in a year, seven had to be printed in gold and the one for October didn't. But if you missed one after that, woe betide you. That was just what I did my junior year, (only we never called it that; we were called Prelims). So I had to start all over my last year, or senior year. I missed in October but this time I determined not to get tired or stale, so I went to the infirmary over the weekend and came out fresh as a daisy. I finally got the student's medal, ambition surely, which I paid for by not making any life-long friends.

Recently watching on television "What Katy Did" and 'What Katy Did at School," I realize what a Victorian atmosphere St. Tim's had in my day. No boys, lots of rules, some of them printed, some just understood. Two of the oddest were the front stairs and trunk-house. We were forbidden to use the front stairs, and we had to go to the trunk-house on Friday to get our party dresses out for dancing school and then we took them back to trunk-house on Tuesday, regardless of weather. We were really a quaint school.

Bryn Mawr, 1914-1916

So, early in September 1914, I went to Bryn Mawr, and a third stage of my life began, perhaps the most affording and certainly the most upsetting. At Bryn Mawr I met two Jewish girls, cousins, from Cincinnati, who became close friends. I had never known any Jews before unless you count Rosalie Milheiser, whose nurse frequented mine. Mary Senior and Dot Kuhn ran around with our crowd in Rockefeller Hall. Mary was much more intellectually inclined than Dot. I still continued to go to church, like a good little St. Tim's girl,

John with Madam Foulet

but that was about all. I read a great deal, not with much intelligence but with great avidity (Booker Washington's *Up From Slavery* made a great impression) and while the books were not those one would have found on the Sunday shelf at St. Timothy's, they were certainly not pornographic. It was all an upsetting experience for a not-too-bright young person.

What ended my two years at Bryn Mawr was a combination of circumstances. Several of my friends were leaving (eventually half of our class did). Mother was going up to Cambridge to make a home for Jimmy, where we had never had a proper home, just visiting at Aunt Boxie's. And finally, I flunked physics spectacularly. So I left college, though it was obviously the place I belonged.

Robert Walker, Walker's Tyme Shop, Whittier, CA mid-1950s

Interim

The next three years while the First World War was raging were very much of an interim in my own life. We lived one year in Cambridge, Mass., and had a home of our own for the first time since 1910. I studied music, which I had become much interested in, and went to a number of concerts with Mother. I was very anti-religious; I only recall going once to the beautiful little Peter Harrison church in Cambridge. On the other hand, I revived my interest in art and architecture and read a good deal on the subject, not only in the Boston Public Library, but in the nice little city library in Cambridge. (That was when I planned the trip to Northern Italy that I never took until 70 years later!)

After Jim transferred to V.M.I., there was no point in our staying in Cambridge, so we moved bag and baggage again to Richmond,

still home, though we hadn't lived there in eight years. I joined Cousin Mary Cooke Munford's class, in which there were only three women who had been to college, a proportion that would never again prevail. Coming home did not make me any more gregarious. I had about as little contact as I had ever had with girls of my own age. I was taking music lessons from Adelaide Guigon, and was absorbed in them. Girlie [Frederica Campbell] was absorbed in the Motor Corps; in fact, she was head of it. I saw a good deal of Margaret Freeman, whom I had barely known in school as she was two classes above me. Many of my contemporaries were married or about to be. Only Henrietta Crump and Dorothy Sage were going to college, so far as I can remember. In short, I continued a loner. I went to the Woman's Club with Mother, and I joined the choir at

Valere and Robert Walker, mid-1950s

Winkie and Robert, mid-1950s

St. Paul's though I still wouldn't take communion. At one point, I was tempted to go to what was then called Serbia, after hearing a thrilling talk by Aunt Dora's friend, Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, on the retreat across the mountains of the Yugo-Slav Army. I drove nurses around to deliver soup, etc., and I knitted, but that was as far as I was ever involved in the "war to end wars."

Finally, in 1919, I went to New York to study singing with Miss Adelaide Gescheidt and there I encountered again Laura Pendleton, who by this time had made an unfortunate marriage, and was serving as secretary to Miss Gescheidt. When I got back, my dear Adelaide, to whom I am eternally grateful, said to me, "Mary, you will never be satisfied until you get your college degree." Never were truer words said, especially by one who had never experienced college.

So I enrolled at Barnard, and the rest of my life was largely the outcome of that decision.

New York

The next two years were wonderful. To be young and in New York full of energy was more than the heart of man could want. I went to every play worth seeing. I stood up at the opera, and I carried a full load academically. I went on with my singing lessons. Imagine having the energy to do all those things, and I began to write; that was due to Margaret Freeman, who had started a monthly magazine called *The Reviewer*. I wrote two articles for it while I was still at Barnard and at least one after I got home.

At Barnard, I changed my interests entirely. I had thought at Bryn Mawr that I was going to major in economics and psychology,

Winkie, Walker's Tyme Shop, mid-1950s

Valere and Winkie, Disneyland mid-1950s

but fortunately I did very poorly in both. (That was part of a delayed reaction to Mary Senior.) Luckily, I had an inspiring teacher in French literature, Miss LeDuc, from New Orleans, and shortly acquired a Spanish teacher, Marcial-Dorado, who was nothing short of genius at elementary language-teaching. I acquired whatever I know about language teaching from those two women.

Before returning to live in Richmond, I must confess to a terrible thing; I never got on with my Mother. This was largely if not entirely my fault. It dated back to at least the time I was twelve, when Mother wanted me to be confirmed. I finally got over that under the Carters' influence and was very orthodox so long as I was

at St. Timothy's, but even before I met Mary Senior, I had qualms.

When we came back to Richmond during the war, my cousin Russell Bowie, who was then rector of St. Paul's, asked me to sing in the choir, which I greatly enjoyed and continued for twenty years. Then I had several conversations with Charlotte Forsythe, my first German teacher and a great friend of Mother's, who belonged to an order in Kentucky. She talked about the value of frequent communion, and about this same time Dr. Tucker, by then our rector, recommended the same thing to me. I don't remember which conversation came first, but I do remember that by the time Mother died, I was going to communion every Sunday morning. This made her death and my own inadequacy as a daughter more bearable to me. I can only say, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

We were still living in an apartment on Monument Avenue in 1922-23, when I graduated from Barnard and again settled in Richmond. After a summer in Madrid, I had gotten a job teaching French and Spanish at Westhampton College, largely through the influence of Miss Marion Ryland, the college librarian, who had been in New York with my dear Adelaide. I was much too young and inexperienced for the job, and, what was worse, I was too cocksure. But I had enthusiasm, and from what girls have told me since, I inspired them with that.

The next few years were rather scattered I went to Madrid the summer of 1921. Girlie [Frederica Campbell] died that same summer. I continued to visit Austin; in fact, Girlie's death drew us even closer, as if the little sister I didn't even remember was given back to me. I settled the vexing question of how to escape the

Richmond heat by buying a house in Wytheville and spending the summers there until 1939. This made me closer to Austin's children, who call me by the name "Baby" Hildreth invented, "Winkie."

I went abroad in 1925, and again in 1929. But this is going too fast. I had decided to adopt a child in 1927 or thereabouts, but this was easier said than done. At that time people just didn't adopt children, at least single women didn't. I was living with a friend, Virginia Withers, who was much better at handling children than I was, or ever became, for that matter. To anticipate, we finally got two children from a Baltimore agency, and here we were launched on bringing up two little boys. I am sure everyone thought we were

Jack, John and Nancy Walker, May 1958

Richmond Visit, May 1958. Back row standing: John Walker, Alice Scott, James Scott. Next standing row: Cheryl Walker, Jayne Walker, Virginia Withers, Kathy Walker. Seated: Valere Walker, Winkie, Robert Walker, Nancy Walker. (Melody Walker was also present for the visit but absent for the photo.)

crazy, and I often thought so too, especially when Bobby turned out to be right much of a handful. Meanwhile, I had gone on with my off-and-on education, getting an M.A. at the University of Chicago, where Virginia was getting her Ph.D. She was a much more creative person than I was, but research bored her, whereas it was the breath of life to me.

Valere Walker, Jack and John Walker, May 1958

I went on teaching at Westhampton until I adopted the boys in 1927, which made a regular job difficult. I still think I was a born teacher if a rather impractical one, and that I should have never given up teaching. But then I couldn't have had my boys; well, I guess I ought to have been two or three people, and that won't do either.

In 1929, we went to Europe for what turned out to be two years. I can't but reproach myself for this, as while I was there, Mother had what turned out to be a heart attack. From then on, she was never

without a nurse, though she lived until 1936 and was never an invalid. But Jim and I were very absorbed in our own interests and doings; he with building a house and I with helping Virginia start a nursery school, so neither of us took in Mother's very precarious health. Maybe it was just as well we didn't. Mother enjoyed Jimmy's growing family and was interested in my boys and in the nursery school. It is better to be alive than half-dead.

James Hamilton Scott, Mary Wing's brother and partner at Scott & Stringfellow.

Tranquillia. Built by Aunt Boxie, then owned by Mary Wingfield Scott and now Polly and Ranny Cardozo.

University of Chicago

"How in the world did you happen to go to the University of Chicago?" I have often been asked. Very simple: Virginia Withers, with whom I was then living, had already taken courses there when I met her in 1923, and I had no association with any other graduate school. It gave me two degrees, including a belated Ph.D. and a lot of experience with the Middle West. I can't claim I enjoyed it, especially living in the residence halls, which I did until the last summer, when Rachel and I were in Blackstone Hall. The girls were very crude. I guess I just disliked the middle western type. When I first went to Chicago, we were insulated by several friends—Maude Woodfin was there, and we saw a good deal of Clara de Milt and her sister Vivia, whom Virginia had known at Newcomb, also of Julie Koch, whose Aunt Lydia Fracher had taught there. (Julie made

herself famous on one of our expeditions to the Indiana dunes, by losing her stockings, which to her was an unforgivable sin. "What would *Miss Breckenridge* say?") Funny to think about in this day of no stockings. We also had within reach the Pennypackers, then in Madison, Wisconsin, later in Milwaukee. During the first summer, I didn't have a steady diet of the Middle West.

After I got my M.A. at the beginning of the summer, Virginia and I went abroad. But I had already picked my thesis subject, *Art and Artists in Balzac's Comedie Humaine* and was getting involved in a book on Richmond. I stuck to it, in spite of a monumental row with Dergan, my major professor, who refused to have my thesis published. But I didn't care, as by this time (1930) my real interest was in Richmond houses.

Living room at Tranquillia

Winkie at Tranquillia c.1960

Summers in Wytheville

I began to spend the summers in Wytheville in 1920, and bought the cottage known as "Winkie's house" in 1922. I never fancied summer places, and I loved Austin and her children, who, as they came along, considered "Winkie's house" very much as I considered Uncle Fred and little Auntie's. I never attempted to join much in the social life of a small town, with its frequent bridge parties, but I loved having a garden with vegetables, and I learned something about flowers.

When we lived at 706 W. Grace St, Mother gave up on flowers because she objected to working in the yard with an audience of Jackson's admirers on the back porch. Consequently, my experience with gardening was nil; nasturtiums and sweet-peas were our only flowers. All that was changed by my years in Wytheville. Austin didn't garden; she was too busy having babies. But her mother-in-law was a passionate and knowledgeable gardener. I remember one time she said to me, "I am not going to order any more peonies as the next ones I want cost fifty dollars!" I found her very congenial. It was surprising to find a complete intellectual in that small-town atmosphere. Unfortunately, she died about three years after I bought "Winkie's House," not unfortunately for her, as she only lived ten

Tranquillia in winter.

months after Judge Campbell's death. She was planning a trip abroad, but with no joy. She said to Virginia, "I live in devastated country," and a stroke mercifully ended their separation.

I adopted my boys in 1927, and after one more summer in Wytheville, took them to France, where we lived for two years. Then I spent two summers abroad with Joan, whom I had gotten to know in Paris. The first summer Virginia visited her sister, and the second one she and the boys were in Wytheville. Then I sold "Winkie's house," having bought Aunt Boxie's house on Afton Mountain, near Royal Orchard. I owned "Tranquillia" for 30 years and only got rid of it because I couldn't cope with a series of break-ins.

But the Wytheville period was a rewarding experience. I got to know my dear Austin's children as no other members of the family did. I got to know Fitz's family, including his wonderful mother, and I got to know plants and flowers. And I got to know "Uncle Jake Green" who did my garden from 1921 to 1939, bless his heart. A truly valuable experience were the years in Wytheville.

Friends

While I never went with a "gang," I have had many good friends in my life. At no time have they proved their faithfulness more than during this long illness.

When I was a child, the friend I saw most of was "Kitten Lee." Our ways diverged after I went away to boarding school. She had quite a history, and a very sad end, with only colored nurses to care whether she was living or dead. I went to see her two or three times, but didn't feel I was welcome and didn't pursue the subject.

One person I have kept up with through the years is Laura

Pendleton. When I was in Lexington, the summer of 1905, I played with Morgan and Gertrude rather than Laura. But I renewed acquaintance with her the summer we were at Chautauqua, when Mother was studying music, and have never left off since. She has been a wonderful friend to me.

One of the closest friends I ever had was my cousin Austin Campbell, whom I became even closer to during the years I was here and she was living in Wytheville. I went to see her every year, even after I had given up the cottage in Wytheville, and went for weddings, funerals, and other events. And we talked on the telephone frequently.

Another good friend, especially since I was taken ill, is Hilda Norman Barnard, whom I first called on in Chicago with Virginia. I forget where she had gotten to know her, but perhaps they were in a class together. She had a cousin who was anxious to marry her and finally announced, "This is the last time I'm going to ask you," so she gave up teaching and went to live in Seattle. When Leon came on to his reunion at Harvard (50th maybe), they visited us here, on what we called "Hilda's houseparty." (Actually we didn't have room for all of them in the house at one time, so the houseparty had to be done in installments.) I have visited Hilda several times, the most recent after Lee's death. Since I have been ill, she has been an angel to me.

Of the same vintage was Sally Coleman, one of the brightest people I have known, though the sister of one of the dullest. "Algy" Coleman, like my own major professor Dargan, was a UVA graduate and Virginia-born, from Halifax, but no one in his right mind would have tried to do a thesis under him. He would come to class with a large collection of papers and then try to find *anything* in them. I

Frances Campbell, Fitz Campbell, Austin Campbell, Susie Stuart Campbell, Ginnie, Walter Scott, Winkie, Jimmy Scott, Alice, Polly and James Scott at 313 Lock Lane, Richmond

don't recall where I met Sally; she was teaching at Knox College, and we found she was going to Warm Springs for arthritis, so we used to go over to the "Hot" and invite her to lunch. The last time we saw her was very pitiful; she was in a retirement-home in Halifax, all the old ladies staring at her, the lucky one, being taken to lunch. What a sad end for a gay and amusing person!

I got to know Mildred Rauner the summer I spent in Madrid, and didn't lay eyes on her again until 1937 when I drove west with my two boys and Archie Campbell, my godson. Then I didn't see her for another twenty years when I went to California again to visit Bobby's family. But we took up where we left off. She lived for several years in the Canal Zone, had taught in San Francisco for

years in a big high school, and is now retired. She has written me often since I have been sick, and in her cool, western way, I know that she is fond of me. I am also fond of Helen Sanford whom she lives with, and who comes from Albany and is more my kind.

While I am talking about California, one I am very fond of is Helen Nathan Stone. She and her husband are the only Jews I have known intimately since the days of Mary Senior and Dot Kuhn. During my last year at Barnard, I used to go on picnics with Helen and Elizabeth Green to Staten Island or the Palisades. She is very good on keeping up friendships, so I give her the entire credit for keeping up with me, sending me pictures of her children, etc. Since I have been going to California regularly, I have seen her nearly every time. I am very fond of Lionel, which doesn't often apply to Jewish men. Perhaps it is because he is in a non-commercial occupation; fabrics.

One of the finest friends I ever had was Maude Woodfin. She was more Virginia's friend than mine, as she had known her before I ever came to Westhampton to teach. Virginia was too big-minded to scorn any one's social background, and the fact that Maude had been brought up a Baptist, even though a relapsed one, was always in my way, little snob that I am! (The same applies to Grace Landrum, whom I was also devoted to, though she was much older than I.) Maude had a brilliant mind, much more real brains than I had. As a teacher she was, I am sure, far superior to Miss Lough, who was head of the department (and I would have said, a perfect fool!) But I think Maude resented my snobbishness, as well she might have, and for that reason did not invite me to join the research club she started, though I was much more interested in research than anyone at Westhampton.

Another beloved friend of the Westhampton days was my darling Naomi Cassidy, whose marriage to Ralph Chappell made her Naomi Chappell, and lead her a dance to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and again to Richmond. Naomi was as much Virginia's friend as she was mine, and my mother's also. Temperamentally she was closer kin to Mother than she was to either of us because she was so full of humor, a real Irish temperament, which came to her naturally, as her father was Irish. She had been raised by some Irish aunts a Roman Catholic, but somewhere along the line had lost that and by the time I knew her was an Episcopalian, so she didn't rub Mother's sensibilities wrong. The fact that she came from dear Baltimore, albeit from the wrong side of the tracks, didn't hurt a little bit.

I miss her merry humor and her real appreciation of literature. She wrote poetry; in fact, she and Hilda and Doris King Arjona are the only friends I have ever had who did. The only thing that separated us was purely physical; the fact that she moved to Baltimore in her last years. Now both of her sons are dead, far too young, both victims of drink. She is gone and so is Ralph so that the whole family seems wiped out so much that I almost forgot to include them in this study.

Lydia Steuart was, with Kattie Daniels, the closest friend I made at Bryn Mawr. Our acquaintance began in Latin class where I was no shark, but I was better than she was. She left after her freshman year, but she lived in Baltimore, or rather in Roland Park, and I kept on seeing her from time to time. Talk about voices; Lyd had one of the worst I ever met—a sort of snuffle or snort—but a heart of gold. She took training as a nurse, which suited her capacities much better than Cicero's letters, and was one of the four supervisors for the City of Washington.

Then she went to live with Mrs. Frances Dunn, on a mountain near Rapidan, Virginia. From time to time she would make descents upon us. But she was deeply interested in my boys, and, in fact, found both John and Robert for us. I trust she knows what wonderful men they have turned out to be.

Lyd died in the 1940's; we did many things together without being terribly congenial. She was a total extrovert where I guess I am an unsuccessful introvert!

My dear Joan I met in Paris when we were living there with the boys. In fact, we met her when her mother went to a tea I was not invited to, and Mrs. Badcock was so intrigued by Virginia's account of the boys that she came to call. Joan was then somewhere in Europe touring with the English Players, and when she got back, we met her. She and her mother were Australian-born, or we, none of us, would have gotten acquainted that easily. When Joan went off on her tour, we agreed to meet in Monte Carlo at Christmas. There we found out that Joan was dying to come to America, inspired by reading Sinclair Lewis (which I have never been able to wade through myself), so she threw up her acting career. Meanwhile, Virginia had a monumental case of flu, and I began a correspondence with Joan that convinced me that she had a genius for writing and that she ought to be doing that instead of being a mediocre actress. So she came over shortly after we did (July, 1931) and with intervals, has been here ever since. We get along partly by keeping apart a good deal of the time and largely by correspondence.

One of my closest friends was Helen MacCormack. Like Naomi, she came from the wrong side of the tracks, only the tracks happened to be in Charleston instead of Baltimore. What we chiefly had in

common was old houses and the Valentine Museum, or as Helen always called it, "my museum," long after she had to leave it to look after her parents and her feeble-minded sister. She adapted herself to her much less glamorous job in Charleston, and even did a book on that subject. She came to Richmond semi-occasionally, and chiefly spent her time calling on old ladies, as long as there were any of them left. She had a long and hopeless illness which she bore with no complaint and died the same winter as my dear Austin whose death was mercifully quick.

John Walker

With Shelah Scott, Jim Scott in the background at the 1966 Scott family reunion hosted by Pierson Scott at Donegal.

I have left to the last Virginia Withers, with whom I lived from 1923 until 1967, often rockily. But fortunately, our relationship was stabilized by having taken on the two boys, and we felt it would be an unpardonable thing to interfere with their home life. I wish more people with children to bring up felt the same way. Perhaps they all ought to have sisters in Alabama to spend summers with, so as to rest from all the petty annoyances of living together.

Different as we were in tastes and temperament, I was all fire-and-tow, whereas you simply could not get her mad. She was too philosophical. And she had a wonderful sense of humor. I am much like Mama Scott in my lack of humor, and a terrible lack it is. Virginia also had a great deal more creativity, as they say now, than I did. This was put to the test when she lost her job at Westhampton and rather than break up our household and the boys' home, started a nursery school. Where she had been only a fair success at teaching in college, interrupted by her proclivity to nervous breakdowns, as head of the Top Knot Nursery School, she proved a genius, and really *found* herself dealing with little children.

When she gave up the nursery school in 1946, not that she was tired of it, but because it was too difficult to get adequate help at the small salaries she was able to pay, I was afraid she would fall into one of the depressions she had had before I ever knew her. But fortunately, she got a job in Jackson, Mississippi, teaching in a regular school, and I got adjusted to living alone, which I had never done in my life. When she came back, we settled down to some of the limitations of old age, and to getting along as best we could, and I feel that we were both as happy, or at least contented, as most old people can expect to be.

When one is ill as long as I have been, one finds out who one's *real* friends are. My cousins, Elisabeth, Rossie, Isabel and Hildreth, have been among the most faithful ones. Maude Slater Anderson, she of the "elms of glory," has been marvelous! So has my cousin Austin's son Hugh and his wife Ella. I have to thank many of Virginia's friends for their goodness which I have inherited, notably Sally Chase Todd and Elizabeth and Stanley Reed. One young

person who has added a lot to a lonely life is Elise Wright who has brought in her needlework and regaled me with the latest "dope" on the Valentine Museum and other such enterprises. Addie Desportes and Thomas and Marie Boushell have been marvelous also.

Above all, I am grateful to my brother who more than anyone else, except my Rachel, has put up with me, came to visit me twice a week until I had past the point of danger, and coped with a sister who must have been often a sore trial.

Our Wonderful Boys

Ever since I was in my early twenties and saw no prospect of getting married, I had thought of adopting a child. At first it was to be a girl (as Margaret Timpson, our European Fellow at Bryn Mawr had done)—but by the time Virginia and I discussed the subject, we decided that it would be hard on a girl to live in a purely feminine atmosphere so a boy would be better. I tried in vain to get a child from the local Children's Home Society, but they didn't even bother to answer my letter. By then I had gotten both boys in Baltimore. Bobby, whom we got first, was wary of us as prospects. "If them ladies is good to me, I'll go!" Naomi gave him his first toy, and a classmate of Virginia's his first clothes. We carried him to Wytheville in June, where Miss Ellen Stuart presented him with a rabbit known as "Bunny Robert." (He was getting used to his new name.) But he got along poorly with other children, and it was evident to us if not to him that he badly needed a little brother. So in August we arranged with the Children's Aid to take over John, whom I gave the same name to that I would have, had I been the right sex. The "Patrick" was partially due to his having made his debut in life on St. Patrick's Day and partly to his little Irish mug. We got the surname Walker which both of us had on our family tree from a desire not to offend anyone's sensibilities, and to give the boys a name sufficiently usual for people not to say "are you kin to the Walkers I know?"

When John came in August, my first thought was to get him some human-looking clothes before I let anyone see him. He inherited Hugh's cast-offs, and when Austin said, "Now put your hands in your pockets and say, 'Hot dog,'" he looked as though he would love it, if only he had the nerve!

Even with the break of being in Wytheville, we created quite enough of a sensation. I had given up teaching to take the boys, even before I *knew* I was sure of getting them. This was a mercy as I had my hands full. I entered Bobby at what was then called City Normal, and took John to Monroe Park, where I had played as a child. John completed the loss of his small stock of beauty by falling out of the car and getting a whack on the head, which promptly got infected. They had measles at Christmas, so that was a poor chance to get acquainted.

Luckily, Mother took an almost immediate fancy to John. Perhaps it was pity for his small size; more likely it was his Irish mug and sense of humor, the same qualities that made her fond of Naomi. One of the many things I learned from Austin was that grandmothers, even adopted ones, like to have little people to themselves. Thus, while she admired her handsome and well-born grandchildren, the ones she felt close to and enjoyed were my little "mutts."

When John first came he was utterly dumb, pointed at what he wanted to eat at the table; but before he got to Richmond, he had begun the most delectable baby-talk, which added to his charm for Mother. This combined with his innate politeness made a quaint combination, and Mother responded to it as she responded to his comical Irish mug.

"Cutie," as my boys always called her (I knew Grandmother would make everyone mad) "John, I am going to the bathroom and I don't think that would interest you." "Excuse me, Cutie, but it *would*."

We went to France in July 1929. As we had to have passports, we thought we had better provide the boys with proper names. So

Bobby was Robert Edward and John of-the-Irish-mug, John Patrick, and they were properly baptized, as no one knew whether they had or hadn't been.

I need hardly add that traveling around Europe with two little boys was Europe-with-a-difference. We tried to initiate them into French on the boat where there was a very good steward who did "Guignol" of which they didn't understand a word but loved the slapstick. We had put Bobby at a camp at Etretat where Louise McIhenny's children were, but he soon got into trouble there due to the bigger boys putting him up to mischief. Traveling around with him was pretty exhausting; as Virginia said, "It was like traveling with the town-pump hitched to the back of your neck!"

So we took to bicycles, which worked off a lot of energy. John's was the most minute bicycle made, and at first he couldn't start or stop himself. (He would ride down the hill to Virginia's arms.) We practiced these in the park at Poitiers, and Bobby began his practical experience of French with the *chasseur* of the hotel. Then we moved to Chauvigny, where the bicycling was much safer, and began the habit of Thursday or Sunday excursions. Eventually, we all owned bicycles, and used to ride them through the streets of Paris as I was too stingy to hire two cabs; so one of us rode home with John while the other pedaled the streets of Paris.

We had rented an apartment and there we lived until we went to Italy in March 1931. We entered both boys in the Ecole Alsacienne, a "free school," which was so independent of religious influence that it didn't believe in Christmas carols, so one had to be content with a translation of "O Tannenbaum." We heard about the school from some people named Warren on the Rochambeau.

At family reunion at Royal Orchard. Far left, Alice, then Walter Scott's children. Jim Scott, with son Jim to his left. Pyramid of Polly Cardozo, Shelah Scott with Constance Cardozo Costas on top. Ranny Cardozo at right, Alice Hamilton Scott Nalle at right front. Vaughan at left.

The little red-head Bobby's age promptly got in an ink battle with him, so it was as well that we had taken someone's advice not to use the black aprons typical of French school-children.

Our apartment was heated only here and there by a variety of stoves. There was no bath, only a toilet, so we bathed the children by hand. At first Bobby was in the lowest grade, not knowing any French beyond that he had picked up from the *chasseur*. During the summer he spent six or eight weeks with his teacher in the Cevennes, a great relief to us.

John was in the kindergarten. He was as full of cuteness as ever. "Cutie loves me all'e time" or "I am going to fly back to Cutie,"

Mary Wingfield with Rachel Wilson and Alice Williams Scott (Polly Cardozo's mother) September 1968

were typical examples of a small, loving heart. Our expeditions in daylight produced some odd adventures, such as the one when we lined the boys up against the fence to admire the artichokes, which vegetable I had never seen, though Virginia had; so she meekly remarked that they were onions, and the term for misinformation came into our folklore as "artichoke information."

We spent the summer in Burgundy. John became an excellent bike-rider, and Bobby joined us at the end of the summer hardly able to speak English at all without a large mixture of French. When we got back to Paris, the fun began. Bobby was faced with what a French child would have taken in stride, a very elementary science book, but it was too much for him. The teacher was no help

(the kind of male who would be willing to fool with eight year old children.) Bobby took to altering his grades and at Christmas we gave up and took him out of school. We tried various substitutes, including lessons with our adored Mr. Foulet, and sculpture lessons with Miss Antionette Hollister. The boys adored Mr. Foulet, who would give a great shout of glee they were not used to in a grown person.

John was as cute and comical as ever with his admixture of French and English baby-talk. "Dat not a putter, deits a *eater*," for example, or "Two, even," or "deux meme," either did with him. At this juncture, Virginia caught a monumental case of flu, either at the Russian church in the crowd at Epiphany Service or standing on the street for Foch's funeral, we never knew. Here I was with the two boys to look after, and Virginia also. It was the kind of experience you don't know how you ever lived through, but you somehow did. We had our nice French doctor three times one day, and in the end he sent us a bill for $28.00!

After this was over, Virginia was "poorly," but we managed to go on a few trips and to pack up our belongings and leave for Italy the latter part of March.

Traveling with both boys was quite an experience. The discreet shopkeepers in the rue de Beaune may have wondered what our connection with the boys was, but never by the bat of an eyelid did they betray it. But the outgoing Italians were different. The boys heard so often "addotive" that John finally put the word in one of his own! They played football with the street urchins of Rome while we were looking at mosaics. In Florence we had succeeded in getting a "sitter" but in Rome we didn't, so we had to take turns when it was a question of visiting the Vatican galleries.

The boys picked up a bit of culture, as it were by osmosis: witness Bobby when we were about to take the boat in Palermo seeing one of the painted street carts then common in Sicily and shouting with a voice to wake the dead, "Leonardo da Vinci."

We had one unforgettable adventure. In the station in Rome when the boys had been shut up all the way from Palermo and were very restless, I suggested that they get out and stretch their legs. The next thing I knew, the train was sliding out of the station, unlike French trains where there were uniformed officials blowing whistles and making every kind of commotion. So Virginia pulled the cord. If you have any idea trains can't stop on a dime, forget it. I ran along the train shouting, "I bambini, I bambini," with thousands of faces at the windows. It appeared the boys were locked in a toilet in the

James Hamilton Scott's 75th birthday, Sept. 13, 1971. Mary Wing at the right.

next coach, and in two minutes the train was started again. But the Fascist police had to know all about it, including Virginia's mother's maiden name, which was Willy Withers, a combination incredible to Italian ears.

In Florence we heard that Virginia's sister had died, leaving three small children, so we cut our trip short and hastened home. When we got back to Paris, as we had no home, we went to a small hotel in the Quarter we knew so well (la Rive Gauche). John took advantage of being in a room alone, but three floors above us by dousing the hats of passers-by. One of them called the cops. We were charmed at this summary punishment, but when he took one look at this mite, he melted and all our punishment was wasted.

When we got home, John was first entered in Virginia's nursery school, just started, and Robert in St. Christopher's, where he had been when we left. As I look back on it, I am sure we expected too

much of the children, especially of poor Bobby. He was rather a trying child, and we must have been fairly trying mothers. Joan was in the house, with her strict ideas of how English children behave. Our excellent plans to speak French with the boys were defeated. She had the usual British scorn of foreign tongues, and by the time she left, we had lost the impetus.

It took us quite a while to realize that neither of the boys was learning a thing in school and that we ought to help them with their lessons. To this moment I feel guilty about this neglect. I just assumed that if I sent them to a good—i.e. socially acceptable school—they would automatically learn.

Fortunately, Virginia read about an experimental school on the Gulf Coast in Alabama, Mrs. Marietta Johnson's in Fairhope, so that was where Bobby went instead of the Upper School at St. Christopher's. There he fell into the hands of two wonderful women known as "Miss Bigger and Miss Hooker," and for the first time we learned where his real gift lay, in his clever hands. But when he came back to Richmond after two years, there was no technical high school for him to go to, so he continued to do mediocre work as long as he was in school.

Mercifully, John who had never even graduated from high school when the draft caught up with him, had what might almost be called a vision. In the long watches of the Pacific nights, he contemplated the crude petty officers over him, and decided that, rather than be on that level, he would go to college. So he landed at Sewanee where Mother's beloved brother Page had been, and after many years joined the ranks of teachers, just as Bobby had done by a much more circuitous route.

Remembering "Miss Bigger and Miss Hooker," we sent him first to a summer school run by the Rhode Island School of Design, where he made a beautiful pewter table-set which Elisabeth Bocock bought from him. Then he went up to Rhode Island to the regular session. Unfortunately, they had no provision for boarding-pupils, and the first thing Bobby did was to fall in love with his landlady's daughter) and the next thing was to marry her, and there ended his education for many years to come. They had nothing to pull them together except propinquity, and eventually they broke up, but not before producing two little girls, who have given me great joy.

After having many mechanical jobs, including repairing trucks and for years working as a mechanic on the Hearst paper in Los Angeles, Bobby has at last found himself in teaching. And he is a marvelous teacher, in spite of not beginning to do it until he was fifty. He is still a slow reader; that is, he approaches a book only if he can get some technical information out of it, certainly not for pleasure. John has also little desire to read.

Don't Faint. I've Bought a House.

by Virginia R. Withers

A parking lot now occupies the lot near the corner of Fifth Street and Cary Street where Mary Wingfield Scott was born in 1895. Before her third birthday, the family moved to 706 West Grace Street, and there Mary spent her childhood. This house also is now replaced by a parking lot. Nearby at 712 West Franklin Street, lived Mrs. Frederic R. Scott, Mary's dynamic grandmother. If "Mama Scott" had retained her full health and vigor, she could doubtless have worn out her twenty-odd grandchildren and their parents. As it was, even in her semi-invalid state, she kept everything and everybody at 712 moving at a smart clip. By some kind of intuitive affinity, little Mary, handsomely endowed with vigor herself, made an intimate friend of the exquisite but relentless matriarch. As Mary left one day to share with "Mama Scott" a brand new sash, her mother warned, "Now try not to sit on it." The reply was prompt. "I'll have you know I sit on nothing at Mama Scott's." It was not a complaint, rather a keen relish for the pace she found exhilarating.

Pioneer group that organized the William Byrd Branch, at a meeting at the Craig House, May 28, 1935. Left to right, top unidentified woman, Rev. Garland E. Hopkins, Miss Clara Fletcher, Crawford C. Crouch. Center: Miss Annie Fletcher, unidentified woman, Miss Mary Wingfield Scott. Bottom: Miss Julia Woolridge, Dr. Mary B. Baughman, Dr. Ramon Garcin, Miss Virginia Withers

Soon after the move to 706, Mary's brother, James Hamilton Scott, Jr., joined the happy family. But three years later, calamity struck. The young father, only 34, died of typhoid fever. His widow,

attractive humorous and lovable, never remarried. Instead, she devoted herself to the liberal education of the two children.

Before Mary left Richmond for boarding school, she had exceptional training under Miss Jennie Ellett, to whom James Branch Cabell attributed "the doubtful honor of teaching me to write." From Miss Jennie's, Mary went to stimulating contact with "ideas and ideals" at St. Timothy's under Miss Polly Carter and her sister Sally. From St. Timothy's, Mary went in 1914 to Bryn Mawr. The shift from the close supervision of St. Tim's to the relative independence of a college played havoc with the studious good habits that had produced "golden reports" at St. Timothy's. Perhaps irresistible "bull sessions" far into the night and the building tension of approaching war had something to do with the noticeable drop in academic standing. Anyhow, Mary was startled to get 40 on a physics exam. She was firmly advised to remove the resulting condition by serious summer study if she hoped to return to Bryn Mawr as a Junior. When she returned as a Junior, it was not to Bryn Mawr but to Barnard—and it was four years later.

But that fall of 1916, after a summer untroubled by any bother with physics, Mary went with her mother to make a home in Cambridge for Jimmy, who was entering M.I.T. In nearby Boston, Mary reveled in bookstores and art galleries. Her capacity for enjoying this cultural opportunity dated back to her earliest childhood. As soon as they could manage to paste one bit of paper on another, she and Jimmy started a keen rivalry in the matter of scrapbooks.

Their first efforts showed a preoccupation with puppies, kittens, babies, and other appealing animals. But pictures on this rather juvenile level rapidly lost ground before the stronger appeal of



The Adam Craig House in 1935

pictures of people in dramatic situations, especially illustrations of Bible stories. Gradually, this led to familiarity with the work of great masters of European painting.

When their mother led the rather rambunctious pair through the art galleries of France, Italy, and Austria, they scampered from one familiar canvas to another with the keen pleasure of recognition establishing a kind of proprietary interest that proved practically inexhaustible. In fact, these jaunts and the incessant fights they had with each other were their favorite pastimes. Of course, there were occasional bitter disappointments as when at Milan Jimmy, age nine, burst into tears because the hall where he had expected to see the "Last Supper" was closed for repairs. Incidentally, the breathless pursuit of familiar pictures kept leading the travelers into places and churches and other venerable buildings. Gradually, an awareness of architectural values began to dawn. Jimmy took to

designing cathedrals—well, just the ground plan, but you have to begin somewhere. A common feature of all these designs was the provision for Jimmy's tomb—right behind the main altar. Before he was 10, he had made plans for being buried pretty much all over Western Europe. Mary thought her mother injudicious not to correct this.

Mary's attention focused rather on the buildings as she saw them. She read avidly any critical appraisal of their architectural value. She even grasped the idea that as a rule any inharmonious ornament marked the shifting taste from one generation to another. To her mind, this explained, but did not justify, replacing the original style of decoration by another that happened to be preferred at a later period. In this conflict of esthetic values, she found something that appealed to a definitely militant strain in her make-up. She became a passionate partisan of those who, wherever possible, would restore the original design, as against those who would cheerfully violate it with some fancied "improvement" in accord with contemporary taste. Of course, the evolution of her own taste was not accomplished in Mary during the first long European tour in 1908. But it developed in the course of two similar trips before she entered Bryn Mawr and with many subsequent trips, supplemented by considerable reading in the field of architectural history.

When the United States joined the Allies in World War I, the urge of patriotism and the thirst for adventure swept many a young man from the career for which he had started preparing. Jimmy Scott changed from M.I.T. to V.M.I., where he could enter the Officers Corps. His mother and sister returned to Richmond.



The Craig House restored.

With her contemporaries, Mary plunged into various activities on behalf of the servicemen who flocked into Richmond every weekend. With the best will in the world, she produced more than her share of appalling knitted articles. A more successful contribution was to the singing that seemed to be essential to the war effort in 1917. Mary had an excellent musical background and a good voice, which she used with dramatic effect in a widely ranging repertory of songs: Irish, Scotch, English, German, French, and Italian. Several English officers whose taste and gifts ran along the same lines came eagerly to parties where they would find such entertainment and help create it. Mary took up voice lessons again with Mrs. Alexander Guigon. In spite of a considerable gap in their ages, the two women became steadfast friends. It was largely through Mrs. Guigon's influence that Mary made an important decision. In 1919, she returned to college—Barnard this time. There she received her B.A. degree in 1921. One of her most stimulating professors there was Caroline Marcial-Dorado, with whom she studied

Spanish. Westhampton College in Richmond had an opening for an instructor in French. Mary applied and was accepted. She hoped to shift to Spanish later.

French, however, proved more rewarding than she had expected, and she set out with characteristic vigor as a full professor of French literature. Graduate work at the University of Chicago and at the Sorbonne resulted in the M.A. degree from Chicago. Next, her sights were trained on the Ph.D. With very little groping, she chose the subject for her dissertation: "Art and Artists in the Work of Balzac." The comprehensive picture of France and Frenchmen in the *Comedie Humaine* shows the great novelist's indisputable originality and imaginative power. But in the realm of the plastic arts, in spite of a facile enthusiasm, it is obvious that Balzac simply reflects the prevailing taste of his time. Eight years went into gathering and assessing the evidence on which this conclusion is based. The voluminous reading involved, however, was in no sense out of proportion to its results. For the reading and the time for reflection on it deepened in Mary an already cherished conviction. The conviction was that taste in the plastic arts (and in much else) varies throughout the centuries in a pattern of action and reaction with intervals of unpredictable length. A corollary of this thesis is that each of these successive styles has its own validity, and that its best examples should be scrupulously intact and never presumptuously altered in an effort to reconcile it with some subsequent style which happens to be in vogue at the moment. The mongrel results of the second policy have defaced many a venerable building in Richmond and elsewhere. Mary was passionately convinced that every such house in Richmond that had been so disfigured deserved a better fate

Photo: Whitney Cox

Before renovation was begun, Linden Row was a picturesque amalgum of galleries, shady paved courtyards, various additions and many levels. Some of the alterations were of inferior construction and did not enhance the Greek Revival simplicity of the original design.

and that those so far untouched by "the blight" should be protected as essential documents in the city's social and esthetic history. This civic duty gradually became the central urge in her life. All her subsequent undertakings flowed from or into this deep cistern that underlay all her superficial interests and her basic concern.

In the early twenties, Mary came into a legacy. How to spend it? An old house, of course. A favorite cousin, Austin Campbell, had married and settled in Wytheville; so, the house must be in Wytheville. Well, there it was—had been there for over 80 years, a

Photo Historic Richmond Foundation

Regardless of the new use, all rear porches had to be totally removed and rebuilt. Here are the rear walls revealed and the missing section of Dependency B which was substantially reconstructed.

small unassuming clapboard house with three dormer windows and several acres of land. Clustered near the street were magnificent trees, sufficiently discouraging to grass to keep it from masking the house altogether. Discreetly setting off this shady, shaggy yard from the street was a picket fence destined to play a startling role in Mary's next venture. "What a lovely yard!" she remarked one day, gazing straight up into the noble basswood tree and postponing any decision about the grass. "What I chiefly like," she continued, "is the picket fence. You know, there ought to be children running

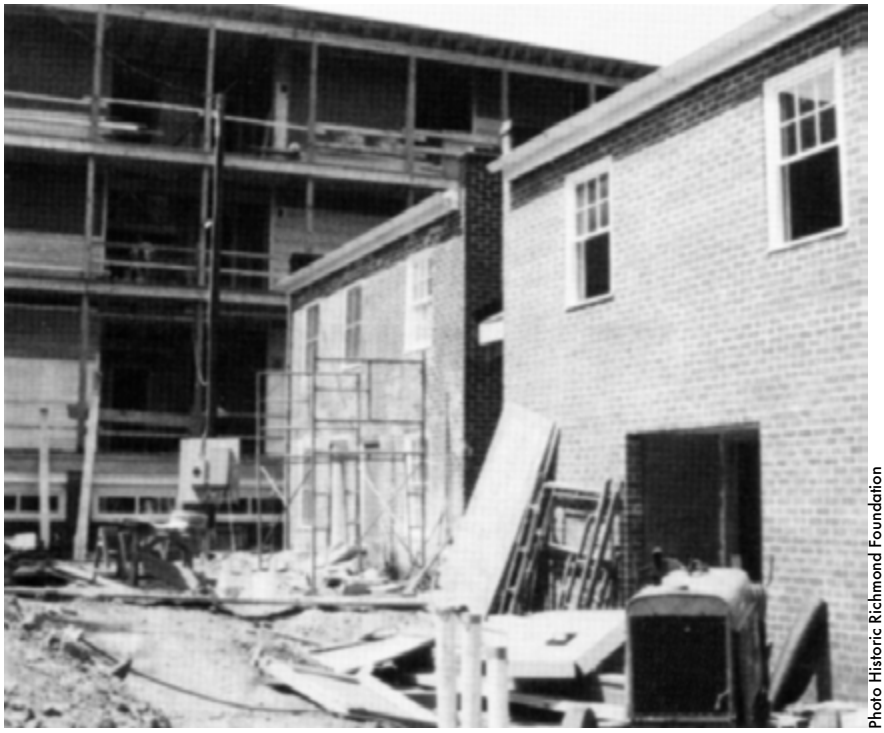


Photo Historic Richmond Foundation

The courtyard between Dependency A (right) and Dependency B (left) begins to take shape. The "new" porches have been roughed in, and the new wing, which houses the meeting room, has been constructed (extreme right). The white pipes in the foreground were installed to serve the new fountain.

around in here."

"Yes, but how do you know they would run on home when we wanted to read or take a nap?"

"Oh, we could adopt some of our own and they'd still be there when we came out again."

That started an argument, which continued with varying speed and intensity for four years. In 1927, there were children running around in the grass, which still needed cutting. The two boys,

Photo Historic Richmond Foundation

The reproduction iron fountain is the focal point of the herring-bone patterned courtyard between Dependency A and Dependency B.

Robert, 6, and John, 2, did not come equipped with acceptable names. The two studious bookworm spinsters who had rashly taken on the boys realized that a name must be settled on right away. You speak of your "own name," and in a way you do have use of it from the cradle to the tomb-stone; but especially in the case of a spinster, you cannot lightly confer it without consulting your kind of the same name. But grandmothers are good for something, and the more greats attached to their title, the less back-talk the sweet old ladies will put up. In the present quandary, each of the spinsters involved had a grandmother named Walker—a great-grand-mother in one case, a great-great-great—in the other. Without more ado,

Before

After

the boys became Robert Edward Walker and John Patrick Walker. So, there is one enterprise triggered largely by a quaint little old house crouching at the foot of big trees and enclosed by a white picket fence

One more example will suffice. It was 1935. Fortunately, it was Mary who was late for lunch without telephoning that it would be unnecessary to arrange for a funeral. A champion worrier herself, she'd have taken it hard if any other member of the family had pulled such a stunt on her. But she didn't stop to apologize when she burst in, her face lit up like a constellation. "Don't faint. I've bought a house." Well, that was startling. We still had the house in Wytheville, and more recently (in 1928) Mary had bought the house on Roselawn Road where she still lives. It was not reassuring

to learn that this latest acquisition was in a picturesque slum in Shockoe Bottom at 1812 East Grace Street. But, at least we were not expected to move in there, too. The house undoubtedly deserved to be restored and preserved. It was the second oldest dwelling-house in Richmond. There Adam Craig had lived and there his daughter, Jane Stith Craig, was born. More important for Jane and for all of us than her birthplace or any other circumstance of her life was the impression her beauty made on the youthful Edgar Allan Poe. Later, he dedicated to her, under the name of Helen, some of his most haunting lines. When I assign to Poe and his verse more importance than to the dilapidated old house where "Helen" was born, I speak for myself. Certainly Mary would not for a moment have conceded to Poe and all his works a claim on the affection of all loyal Richmonders superior to that exerted by this pitiful old house.

But whatever the charm of the "Craig House," the practical difficulties in the way of raising the money necessary for its purchase, restoration, and maintenance were staggering. In 1935, the public still remembered the financial crash of 1929 and felt its effects in varying ways and degrees. It was not an encouraging time for raising money by public subscription. Elderly people whose dividends were proving undependable viewed any new undertaking with distrust. This attitude was almost unanimous among the board members of Richmond's official group concerned with historic preservation, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. They were disinclined to accept any new responsibilities. At the same time they were definitely hostile to the organization of a younger group who were ready to assume such responsibilities, as they

Big Polly bobbing apples, Holloween 1966.

might arise. After an unconscionable lot of haggling, the A.P.V.A. resigned itself to the formation of a Richmond Branch, named for the city's founder, the William Byrd Branch of the A.P.V.A. The

Craig House was bought just in time to prevent its demolition. It was restored, supplied with a charming garden, and promptly put to use. It has been used constructively ever since. That took several years. Meanwhile, as it had been anticipated, new emergencies arose, new responsibilities were shouldered. Tapping the reserve of power conveyed by such live wires as Mary Wingfield Scott, Louise Catterall, Wyndham Blanton, the William Byrd Branch gradually acquired, in addition to the Craig House, the Carrington, Pulliam, Glasgow, and Hilary Baker houses. Aside from these tangible results, there were two enterprises of an intangible sort. Each was loaded with dynamite.

About four o'clock one morning in 1947, Mary announced the latest message that had flashed over her own private live wire. Many people have such hunches; but heeding the common-sense warning not to try anything so rash, they hesitate until the first impetus slows down. The next intuitive flash is likely to lead off in another direction. It almost inevitably involves the abandonment of its predecessor, which somehow never got off to a good start. The capacity for such hunches is undoubtedly a gift, but unless it is accompanied by enough gumption to distinguish between the fantastic and the feasible on the one hand and on the other enough steadfastness to convert the vision to tangible fact—unless the gift for visualizing a potential future gain is accompanied by enough clarity and energy—such a gift is a liability rather than an asset. Mary has a surprising capability for discerning the *possible*, and an amazing capacity for *plowing through* countless obstacles until the possible aim is achieved.

"I took Mary Wing kicking and screaming to have her picture taken. I hope you like this as much as I do. Devotedly—Rossie [Reed]"

The hunch on that morning in 1947 was to start a news sheet. It was literally that—two sides of a sheet the size of typewriter paper. Thanks to a steadfast little band of helpers, *Old Richmond News*

went out to members of the William Byrd Branch, now totaling close on to 500, and scattered from New York to New Orleans. The intent to wound and, if possible, to slay outright was conspicuous. As Jack Kilpatrick once remarked in a priceless editorial, "in this community dedicated to the freedom of speech, Miss Scott is about the freest speaker we know." Little did this shrewd and witty young man realize the amount of blunting Mary's arrows had to take before she was allowed to let them fly. Several subscribers offered to pay a bonus for the original and unmitigated text. But the board of expurgators (consisting of Louise Catterall and Natalie Blanton) would have none of that. Publicity calculated to kill off a large fraction of the readers of each issue they thought of questionable value. Something could be said for this point of view. But, was Mary just yielding to one outburst of temper after another for the fun of it, without regard for the possible harm it might do to the W.B.B.?

Bernard Shaw has said that unless you are willing to make a disagreeable impression, you don't make an impression. Mary wanted to create in Richmond a sensitive awareness of all the forces (from deliberate intent to slothful indifference) that menace not only the few remaining old houses and quiet old neighborhoods, but other civilizing assets like trees, benches along the sidewalks, landscaped (or at least masked) parking lots and so on. It was what she considered the failure of the membership at large to take a militant part in combating such a menace that decided her to drop the publication of *Old Richmond News*. Many of us would like to see a definite mandate by the public and especially by the W.B.B. membership for the revival of this pungent little periodical … We shall see.


In the list given above of the five houses acquired in the first 25 years of the William Byrd Branch's activity, an allusion was made to two other achievements, less tangible, perhaps, but even more fraught with dynamic potentialities. One was the launching and continued publication for some 15 years of the *Old Richmond News*. The other was the project of rescuing the neighborhood surrounding old St. John's Church. The imagination, sagacity, and devotion that has already been lavished on this enterprise would be a long story. Even longer will be the story of the attainment of all the envisioned achievements to come. A long story … yes … but this one ends here.

Virginia Withers and Mrs. Hunsdon

Angel of Linden Row

by Anne Hobson Freeman

If you have ever come out of the Public Library laden with books and been refreshed by the sight of antebellum row houses across Franklin Street, you should thank the Lord—and Miss Mary Wingfield Scott.

Whenever Miss Scott is asked how she got into the full-time business of preserving and maintaining Linden Row—that is, seven out of the eight houses with shops on the street floors and apartments above—she answers in a fog horn voice, with unmistakable conviction:

"Well you see the Lord told me to do it. I didn't have any choice…. I mean that seriously. I was down at St. Paul's at early church one morning and the Lord said to me just as plain as anything in the world, 'Buy it if you have to go to the poorhouse.'"

At that point Miss Scott was afraid that the houses next to First Street, representing almost 60 feet of Linden Row, would be sold and razed to make a parking lot. "So I went to Lettice Smith (who

owned them) and said 'Lettice, what do you want for those two houses? Name your price.' And she did, and I said, 'That's all right with me.' And I bought them."

That was 1950. During the next decade Miss Scott acquired the rest of the houses that survive from Linden Row except for Number 114 which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raymaker who run the Vat Glare Studio for prints and picture framing there. The two easternmost houses in the original row of ten were demolished in the Twenties to make way for the Medical Arts Building.

"You wouldn't believe the condition of some of those houses when I got them," Miss Scott recalls. "The corner house had been a rooming house and was filled with filthy old mattresses. And dead rats. I remember an old wooden pail with salt herring in it sitting in the middle of the former parlor. Believe me, I didn't eat them."

Instead she cleaned the houses out and acting as her own general contractor, hired four subcontractors, "men I had confidence in," and began the backbreaking work of restoring Linden Row to the state it had been in the ninteeth and early twentieth century when it was identified with "all that was best in the social life of Richmond."

"What these houses lacked in variety and originality," Miss Scott writes in her book, *Old Richmond Neighborhoods*, "they compensated for in dignity and harmony." From the outside, Linden Row with its simple brick facades and graceful Greek Revival porches has remained unchanged and Miss Scott believes that it gives "more of the atmosphere of Franklin Street as it used to be than any other building, not to mention block still standing."

Five of the row houses were built in 1847 by Fleming James, after Thomas Rutherfoord managed to prevent the Penitentiary

from being built on that same block. Five years later, the western half was added by two sons of Thomas Rutherfoord "who had the wisdom to continue James's plan." The whole row became known as Linden Row in honor of the linden trees that had graced the garden of Charles Ellis on the eastern end of the block—a garden in which Miss Scott says Edgar Allen Poe often played with the Ellis Children, since Poe's guardian, John Allan, was Ellis' partner.

Both before and after the Civil War, many prominent Richmond families lived on Linden Row and at least three famous schools for girls held classes there—Dr. Lee Powell's Southern Female Institute, Miss Mary Pegram's School and finally Miss "Jennie" Ellett's School which numbers among its alumnae Lady Astor, and Miss Scott, and which eventually moved to Westhampton to become St. Catherine's.

Linden Row's tradition as a center of community and cultural activity continues today with longterm tenants like The Virginia Council on Health and Medical Care and The Richmond Symphony, as well as antique shops and print shops.

After the initial restoration was complete, Miss Scott had a slate plaque installed in the garden behind Number 102 giving "thanks to all the people who had made the restoration of Linden Row a joyous adventure" and listing the names of the principal workmen. "Unfortunately, several of the people who worked on it later are not on that tablet. I've never been able to get a decent piece of Buckingham slate to match it. To go underneath it, you see, where I could put their names, too... I feel sad over that. Some of them I was very fond of."

She was so fond of one painter, in fact, that she got rid of a tenant "because she was rude to him. I really did. I mean I *can't stand bullies* ... I got rid of another tenant because he was rude to Susie Henley, my janitress."

On the whole, however, her tenants have been a source of pleasure and amusement to Miss Scott. One winter when she had the flu, she started writing some memoirs of "Wild Tenants I have Known."

A year ago last fall, past and present tenants gathered with the principal workmen to celebrate the 90th birthday of Joe Monroe, the caretaker of Linden Row. In her house in Westhampton, Miss Scott keeps a scrapbook with colored photographs which show Joe Monroe cutting the cake and "presiding over his presents, flanked by the contractors, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Sprankle, Mr. Brannan and their wives. It wasn't too expert a party," she says. "I did it all myself. But

Joe Monroe's 90th birthday party

we had a wonderful time."

Just last month one of her tenants was married in the garden and held his wedding reception in the parlor and sitting room of Number 112—two magnificent rooms with 13 foot ceilings, chandeliers, gold brocade curtains and a small statue of Psyche.

These reception rooms were furnished by Miss Scott as a model apartment for prospective tenants. Behind them she maintains an office in which she attends to the never-ending details of managing her property at Linden Row—"trying to make the figures of what I take in, in rents, and what I put out, in upkeep, have some relationship to each other."

Obviously the Linden Row adventure has been fun, as one suspects that any adventure with Miss Scott would be, but has it been financially successful?

"Mah dear," says Miss Scott sadly, "it is probably the most *impractical* thing I have ever been involved with. One year I made as much as $7,000 profit, which still isn't very much considering the size of the investment. Another year I made only $244. And this year, due to an increase in taxes—even though I've raised the rents—I'm going to come out in the hole.

"Now *there* is something you ought to write an article about. The way the City Fathers are trying to get rid of all the historic buildings in the central part of town by taxing them out of existence. Yet they say they want tourists. And tourists love historic buildings…."

The problem is that the land on which Linden Row sits has become too valuable, now that high-rise apartments and motels have come to Franklin Street. "Mind you, the city considers the houses of no value. It's the land they have their eye on. And do

you know that Linden Row occupies more land than the Central National Bank Building?

"This year I went ahead and paid the increased taxes, though I had to use my butter and eggs account to do it. But I can't keep doing that indefinitely. Of course, I didn't buy Linden Row to make money," she says. "I bought it to set an example. To encourage other people to restore old houses. That's why it's so sad that now, after all these years, it is becoming impractical to own them.

"Oh, I'm not complaining. I've had a good time…. And I don't suffer from spending money the way some people do.

October 20, 1972 Photo: staff photo by Bobby Jones

Special Honor for Member. Miss Mary Wingfield Scott (center) was honored at a special luncheon at the Woman's Club this week. Here Mrs. John W. Pearsall club president and Mrs. Wesley Wright, Jr. (left) chat with her following the event.

I don't have too long to live. And I know I'll have enough to eat. Probably too much for my figure."

What worries Miss Scott most is the fact that unless some fairer method of taxation is worked out, her heirs and the owners of other historic buildings in the central business district will not be able to continue to preserve them.

"So what do you do next?" Miss Scott asks. Sit back and let rising taxes destroy the few remaining buildings that suggest the history of Richmond?

Not if you are Mary Wingfield Scott.

Right now she is looking into the possibility of giving an "Easement" on Linden Row to the Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission which would mean giving up, forever, all rights to develop the land on which the houses sit in order to receive some tax relief and to assure the survival of the houses.

She is also considering the use of Virginia's new Constitutional provision which allows a locality to tax property according to its present use, rather than its future possibilities. To date it has been used for rural property only, but it might be applied to historic houses in Richmond, if City Council could be persuaded to enact an ordinance to implement it.

"The only apparent alternative (to finding a solution to the problem of rising taxes)," says Miss Scott prophetically, "is the eventual disappearance of all the old buildings, save a few museums, in the heart of Richmond."

If she does find a solution, it won't be the first time Miss Scott has pioneered in the preservation effort. In the Thirties she helped



organize the local William Byrd branch of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and she has written two landmark books on Richmond architecture. Yet she did not plan to go into this field originally.

At Bryn Mawr, Barnard and the University of Chicago, where she received her Ph.D., Miss Scott specialized in French, and taught it for awhile at Westhampton College. How then did she get into the preservation effort?

"Just an accident," she says. "The way everybody gets into things. I went to New Orleans in the spring of 1928. And I bought this book of photographs by Arnold Genthe. Soft-focus photographs. Not what people do now. And I said 'Wouldn't it be fun to do a book on Richmond like this? Only instead of just having photographs, have something about the history of the houses.' It was as simple as that."


Richmond News-Leader, November 21, 1967 staff photo.

Throughout the thirties, while she was finishing her thesis on Balzac, raising two adopted sons, and teaching at Virginia Withers' nursery school, Miss Scott plowed through ancient deed books and tax records at City Hall and the photograph collection at the Valentine Museum; took some photographs herself; and brought out her first book, *Houses of Old Richmond*, in 1941.

"I'd never done anything with history before that. Except for the year of the Jamestown Exposition when everybody at Miss Jennie's from the top to the six-year-olds turned into study Virginia history. So you see how poorly equipped I was to fool with it."

Of course, Miss Scott is being modest. The equipment that she brought to the task is actually impressive—a quick, incisive mind; a passion for running errors to the ground; and, most important of all, an abiding love for Richmond which embraces its faults as well as its virtues.

When she sees young people coming back to Richmond after college to try to make it a better place to live, she feels encouraged, but fearful, too, that they may lose enthusiasm when they find out how much effort is involved in moving an old society forward.

"When I first came back to Richmond from four years boarding school (St. Timothy's) and two years at college," she says, "I felt like a pig that couldn't find a fence to scratch against. Everybody was so pleasant. And so soft. They wouldn't stand up and fight on anything."

But that was many years ago. "I've mellowed some since then," she says. And she has also managed, with considerable support from friends like Louise Catterall and her cousins Elisabeth Scott Bocock and Mary Ross Scott Reed, to mobilize supposedly "soft" southerners to march down to City Council or the State Legislature whenever an irreplaceable historic building is threatened with annihilation by the forces of "Progress."

There is no doubt about the fact that Richmond owes a lot to Miss Mary Wingfield Scott.

Richmond Times-Dispatch, May 24, 1981

Eighty-Six Years at St. Paul's

by Mary Wingfield Scott, April 1982

When my mother first came to Richmond in 1893, she and my father "shopped around" among the various churches, but finally wound up at St. Paul's where his parents had been going since they moved over from Petersburg in the early 1870's. There I was baptized by the Reverend Hartley Carmichael in 1895. By the time my little brother came along, Dr. Carmichael was in a mental institution in his native Canada. We were still without a rector when my father died in 1901. It is remarkable that the church survived all that time!

Dr. Carmichael was very good-looking, and no doubt many women chased him. My mother had a wonderful tale about his first call on her: "Is Mrs. Scott at home? Well, perhaps she's busy" and that was the last she ever heard of him!

We finally got Dr. Strange, whom my Grandmother Scott adored. He was very small, and she used to call my little brother "the little bishop." While be has always been a devoted churchman,

he has shown no signs of becoming a bishop, but has taken after the Scotts in his devotion to finance.

During the era of Dr. Strange, there was a row in the choir. As I recall Mother's account, it was because Mrs. Reinhardt, the organist's wife, insisted on singing solos when it was no pleasure to listen to her. Dr. Strange got up in the pulpit and much to Mother's delight said he "thanked God he had no ear for music."

The first occasion I actually remember being in St. Paul's was for "Girlie" and "Baby's" christening. "Girlie" was my age and "Baby" was Jimmie's. These idiotic names stuck to them until they went off to boarding school. At that time the font was on the west side of the church where there is now the entrance to the parish-house.

When I first remember, we had a boy-choir, "Jakey" as we irreverently called Mr. Reinhardt, couldn't handle the little boys from the congregation. So we had Mrs. Gill's boys from the Virginia Home for Boys who were more amenable. But we had a mixed choir of grownups by the time of Dr. Strange.

One thing that has changed radically is the Lenten Services. When I was a child, we went to various churches. Hence I got acquainted with such vanished buildings as the old St. James at Fifth and Marshall, and the old St. Marks at 2nd and Clay. My nurse took us to the original All Saints on Madison Street and the handsome building Mr. Peter Mayo erected on Franklin, now the site of the Berkshire Apartments. I dearly loved a curly-headed boy soprano. "Jakey" Reinhardt, our organist for generations, was devoted to Dr. Carmichael and helped him to set down the hymn tunes he had composed. We sang these at St. Paul's until Mr. Sydnor became organist. Now all the Carmichael booklets have

been destroyed. I have one which I begged off of Dr. Carmichael's daughter, Mrs. Hobson.

When I first sang in the choir, two sons of Mr. Reinhardt, John and Willie, still sang there, and Willie's wife, Frances West, was soprano soloist. Later, another daughter, Mrs. Caskie, joined the choir. "Jakey" himself was dead by this time, and Englishman, Mr. Barker, was organist. He had been organist or more probably assistant in York Minister, under T. Tertius Noble, and we sang a lot of Noble tunes. The one I especially remember was one that we used to call 'Three Blind Mice' a setting of the Benedicite.

Our mother had worked hard for a new organ put in in memory of Dr. Carmichael (we children embroidered pillowcases and bureau scarves). So when the present console was put in, my brother suggested we give it. Mother used to play the old organ a lot. "Jakey" doubled as organist for St. Paul's and Beth Ahabah Temple, so when there was a conflict, Mother played.

My earliest involvement in church work was when St. Hilda's Guild was founded. It was one Sunday after church I well remember, and the meeting took place in what is now the chapel, but was then the meeting room of the vestry. Cousin Beulah Branch was made president and Mother, secretary.

When I was about 11, I had an unfortunate run-in with the two Weddell sisters, who were then "running" the junior auxiliary. I was not a very nice child, and they probably told me to do something that I don't care to do. So I betook me to Holy Trinity, where I found and liked the Misses Purcell and the daughters of then Bishop Gibson. Altogether it was a pleasant change, which carried me to

the end of my auxiliary days.

Mother knew too well what a hell-cat I was and tried to get a Sunday School teacher who would have a good influence on me. She picked Miss "Getty" McGuire, but in 15 minutes Miss "Getty" became engaged to Reverend Cary Montague, one of the most saintly characters who ever lived in Richmond. So that arrangement didn't work. Laura Rutherford, whose sister had taught me to swim, was the next victim. She was sweet, not overburdened with sense, but we were very fond of her. Then, when I was 14, Mother had a really bright idea—she got me to help her with the infant class. Thus I got to know the Williams and Gibson children. And the Lewis Blairs.

I have already talked about the first Rectors I remember, Dr. Carmichael and Dr. Strange. When the latter was made Bishop of East Carolina, the church called Reverend Robert W. Forsythe, who died in office. Like Dr. Carmichael, he was a very handsome man. The Forsythes were the last people to live in the old rectory next to the church. He was succeeded by my cousin, Walter Russell Bowie. Perhaps because the old rectory was no longer being occupied, my uncles had the idea of building a Sunday School room and vesting room for the choir on the site. Up to this point, all of the Sunday School classes had been held in the large room under the church. That was where Mother held her class, in which I tried to play the organ and helped the children get their wraps on, or took them home when they got too obstreperous.

Russell Bowie served as chaplain in France with the McGuire unit in the First World War. He got me to sing in the choir, which I did for 20 years and greatly enjoyed. Then he was called to Grace Church at Tenth and Broadway in New York. Meanwhile, he had

developed serious throat trouble that made him almost inaudible.

He was succeeded by another Virginian of the Virginians, Beverly Tucker. He enticed Virginia Withers and me to teach in Sunday School. With the Church Home gone, the Sunday School had fallen to a very low ebb. He really brought me back to the love of the church by suggesting to me to come to the 8 o'clock communion which I have done ever since, until I got sick. He was a most lovable person. He loved the All Saints Day Collect. I really think he wanted all the world to be saints, preferably Tuckers.

Well, he was made Bishop of Ohio. The committee of the vestry decided that what St. Paul's needed was a brilliant preacher to compensate our being a downtown church. So we got Dr. Vincent Franks, a Canadian with a lively Creole wife. The daughter was my younger son's age, so we saw right much of the Franks, who lived in Westmoreland Place, a far piece from St. Paul's.

Other changes had taken place at St. Paul's. The Lenten Services had led to the creation of the Lenten lunches, served by St. Hilda's and Section B of the Women's Auxiliary. Like many brilliant preachers, Dr. Franks was emotionally unstable. After a time he decided he needed a change, so he resigned, and we were again without a rector. This time we turned not to Canada, but to Texas. The Reverend Robert Brown was our next rector. He attempted various changes in our ancient church. He felt the women's organizations were snobbish and made them into one big organization. I am not sure this was a good thing. When he was made Bishop of Arkansas, his assistant, Mr. Heistand, came on for quite a while, and the vestry again faced with an interregnum elected him rector. I am not sure that we had an assistant in Russell

Bowie's or Dr. Tucker's day. But we have had them ever since. We even had a female for three years, which this old lady didn't care for. We had one who was an alcoholic and had to be released from jail to celebrate early communion!

Mr. Heistand, whose father had been Bishop of Harrisburg, evidently had the Episcopal bee in his bonnet, and in due course he was selected to be Bishop of Arizona. For a year, the church was carried on by Mr. Pettit, a real pastor to all the sick and weary. He had communion for me repeatedly while I was in the hospital.

Mr. Spong, now the Bishop of New Jersey, succeeded him. By this time, all the hullabaloo about the poor, ancient prayer book had broken out. The less said on that subject, the better, or at least, I am not the one to say it!

I should mention that Russell Bowie made a great change in the church. We had always had family pews, some of them dating from the beginning of St. Paul's. My family, for instance, all sat in pews 64-60. But Russell thought this was undemocratic. So when Dr. and Mrs. Carrington gave up General Lee's pew, no one else had the face to object.

I will now turn to the people I remember occupying these pews. For one thing, there were a great many old ladies in crepe veils. I guess they were a pretty dismal sight. I always heard that Fred Campbell used to walk up Mrs. Archer Anderson's veil. She and the Mortons sat in front of us. Across the aisle were Mr. and Mrs. Valentine and their pretty little girls. It always tickled me the way Mrs. Valentine sat straight up and Mr. Valentine slumped down.

In the same neighborhood was Mrs. Dooley. Every Sunday she

came to church, where Major Dooley escorted her to the door and then went across the street to St. Peter's. Also near us were the Christians—Dorothy, who married my cousin Fred Campbell, and Helen, who never married anyone. The Rutherfords were in that same neighborhood. The John Kerr Branches were on that same side of the middle aisle (the one I had the best view of). Mr. and Mrs. Joynes (Mrs. Joynes toddled into the church).

But the most striking looking person was Mrs. Robinson, who had beautiful white hair (possibly a wig) and wore purple outfits and arrived at the front pew "slowly, processionally" as Nicholson would say. On our side of the aisle were Mr. and Mrs. Blankenship, an oddly assorted couple. He was very short and she tall with beautiful blonde hair. Bob Blankenship had been at Stevens Institute with my father. He came to a tragic end—whether intentionally or accidentally, fell in the Millrace at Tredegar.

As I say, it was harder to see the people on my side of the aisle. Right behind us were Dr. Ross and his handsome daughter. Dr. Ross was Aunt Elise's uncle, who had been one of the VMI cadets in the Battle of New Market. What fascinated me about him was that he objected to saying "He descended into hell." So, he said "He went to the place of departed spirits," and I was always sure he wouldn't catch up, but he always did!

The Hobsons sat in front of us. More black veils! I got to know Miss Sally and Miss Ellen very well when I started to sing in the choir. On the aisle near the Lee window sat the then Governor of Virginia, Mr. Claude Swanson, his wife and his sister-in-law, whom he subsequently married. Mrs. Swanson was a large and bosomy lady who usually dressed in purple velvet. I don't remember ever

exchanging a word with any of these people. After Mr. Hall's death, Mr. Swanson married her sister, Mrs. Hall. I have noticed their vault in Hollywood where no mention is made of the first Mrs. Swanson or of Mr. Hall.

In front of them sat the Wellford boys. I used to cock my eye at what Ranny had gotten out of the Sunday School library and try for it the next week. In front of them were the Munford sisters. One of them had fits and once during the first war, Major Dunlop, the head of the English mission at Camp Lee, picked her up, as if she were a tray, and carried her out of the church.

We had a little poem to learn at Miss Jennie Ellett's which began "Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face." Not that the Munfords at all answered that description, though the last one left, Miss Etta, was rather pretty. Miss Fanny was locally famous as having been Russell Bowie's Sunday School teacher.

Further up on the left (9th Street) aisle were two of the most remarkable women ever to go to St. Paul's—Miss Jennie Ellett and Cousin Mary Cooke Munford. They both had one odd peculiarity—they would turn around and survey the congregation as if they had been curious children and not exceptionally bright women.

The only people I remember on the West side of the church were the Randolph Williams and the Swanns. All the Swanns have vanished from Richmond, but they were an extraordinary family. Frances was my Sunday School teacher (after Laura Rutherford). Janet was in my class; Thomas in a class of Mother's. They had at one time lived in Mexico, and had a Mexican nurse, so they all spoke Spanish at home. My mother was devoted to Mrs. Swann, who had been deserted by her husband after producing 8 or 9 children.

The only vestrymen I can remember from my childhood were the few I had some connection with—Judge Crump, Henrietta's father, and Mr. Charles Davenport, who lived two doors from Aunt Boxie. This was not as dumb as it sounds. In those days vestrymen and wardens were practically elected for life. Everyone wanted to get rid of Mr. Frank Powers (who had been born a Baptist, but thought he was a permanent Senior Warden). So every year, Mr. Randolph Williams, who was a Junior Warden would resign, hoping it would put the idea in Mr. Powers' head to do likewise. But it didn't.

New we have female vestrymen, Mary Ross was the first one. Everyone was so fond of her that they thought she might be elected in spite of her sex.

A few other odd things and people. When I was a child, there was a neat little light-brown colored man who sat on the west side of the balcony. I never knew his name, or what was his connection with the church. He never came to communion.

In due course he was joined by Robert, our sexton, for whom someone had invented a robe more or less like a French Soutane. Why the little man didn't go to St. Philips, I knew not; but he evidently preferred St. Paul's.

An employee of the church who I bet dated from Dr. Tucker was Miss Huggett. She was a Baptist in faith, but she was hard to take. I remember one Easter when she practically accused me of putting my hand in the basin and taking out my Easter offering. Though she had been a Baptist, she kept on coming to St. Paul's, and I think her funeral was held from there.

My Trips Abroads

by Mary Wingfield Scott

The most wonderful things that ever happened to me were the trips I had to Europe, beginning with the one when I was twelve years old. I never have been to South America, still less to Japan, but I certainly have had wonderful trips to Europe, and I am grateful for all of them.

First Trip

In 1908 we took advantage of the fact that the Cole Scotts were going abroad, when Hildreth was to be presented at Court, and tagged along. Hildreth had been at school in Brussels, first at a convent and later at Mme. Mignot's School, and there I was popped in almost as soon as I arrived, while Jim and Mother stayed at the Hertz's boarding house. (Years later I found out all about this extraordinary establishment from Thomas Boushall, who had stayed there during the First World War.) The girls in the school were nearly all English and all much older than I was—16, etc. They

made a great pet of "little Yankee" as they called me. For a number of years I corresponded with an Irish girl with the extraordinary name of Corrine Featherstonhaugh.

I was very annoyed at only getting to see the Avenue Louise and the back streets. I really only knew the magnificent Grande Place from picture post cards. We did get to see our first picture gallery, albeit a small one, and one day Mother took us to Antwerp, where we saw Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" and "Elevation of the Cross", which I had read about in Ouida's "Dog of Flanders."

After a month, we went over to England. We stayed in a boarding house in Westbourne Terrace and parted with the Cole Scotts, whose tastes were swankier than ours. Maybe this place was recommended by Mrs. Bagby and her daughter Ellen, as they were there for the Pan-Anglican Congress. Mother was thrilled over that, as at the General Convention in Richmond in 1907, she met bishops who had known her beloved father. She got a "sitter" to take care of us. I don't remember her taking us to anywhere but the British museum and there chiefly to the mummies, though we did see the Elgin Marble and the great Layard rapes from the near East.

After about 6 weeks in London, we set off to tour around England and Scotland, and went across to Ireland with Aunt Boxie, who was in Europe with her beloved Alec. Maybe Alec was visiting the Duke of Newcastle whom he had encountered at Hot Springs. I had my 13th birthday in Chester. We went up the west coast of England and down the east coast. We spent about two weeks in Edinburgh, visiting all the places connected with Sir Walter Scott and Mary Queen of Scots!

In Ireland we chased round towers and Celtic crosses (such as Mother had put up for Grandfather in Petersburg and my father in Hollywood). We went out to see Powerscourt, a Wingfield place, but the Viscount or whatever he was not at home, so we only bought postcards.

We were quite unaware of the architecture of Dublin; alas, and I never have been back. We did have an interesting encounter in Ballyshannon. Miss Ellen Green, with whom we had tea, who was a friend of the family, and the only person I ever saw get ahead of Aunt Boxie, who said, "My Aunt is very peculiar," to which Miss Green retorted, "She's been peculiarly good to it!" Sat on!

We children had become thoroughly versed in cathedrals, and Jim was always designing his tomb!

After we got back to London, Mother was such an experienced traveler that she dared to go over to the Continent! We went to Paris, Lucerne, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and wound up in Naples, where we took the boat for home. It was the old *Slavonia* and took 18 days! I remember very little about this whole trip. On the boat home, a woman with children read us aloud the *Count of Monte Cristo*. All the men on the boat were furious to miss the election of 1908, when Taft was running. One episode was when we were loading grapes at Almeria, in Spain, and some of the Spanish who had come on board let the hold-door dawn and killed a man. Mother was so horrified that all the Spanish ran to the rail to see.

Uncle Edward Scott met us in New York—the only time I ever saw that handsome old gentleman with white sideburns. Mother learned a lot about duty as we had bought only post cards, and she had to pay $20.00 dollars, as I recall, on the presents she had bought

for all the aunts and uncles.

And no one worried about our being three months late for school!

Second Trip

We went to Woodbury Forest the summer of 1909, and Jim and I would have been quite content to do it again, but Mother had become a close friend of Ellen Guigon, and they planned a trip to Europe. By then we had gotten cameras, and Uncle Fred Baker had taught us to print pictures—Solio prints—and develop film. So we fell in with the plan especially as we could go to England and buy some of those precious Gowan's art books that cost 50 cents at home and a shilling in London.

We sailed from Philadelphia. Mother had joined an organization called the Woman's Rest Tour, which had a list of boarding houses. These varied from Miss Lugg's in London to a 4th or 5th floor flat in Munich when we stayed for seven Wagner operas.

In Heidleburg a Baronness was evidently appalled by two children, not knowing what experienced travelers we were, and said, "Dear Lady, let me *think*!", which we quoted ever thereafter.

Then we got past Holland with its picturesque costumes, and the Rhine, where our Brownie cameras were constantly in action. Nearly the whole trip was in Germany, which I am very glad I saw with no anguish brought on by two world wars. Having Miss Guigon along was not pure pleasure. We were both extremely jealous of Mother whose memorandum book contained such items as "James: outrageous to Twin."

Twin had already "done Italy" with Miss Maria Blair, so our focus

was largely musical. We saw all the musician's birthplaces, statues, and other memorabilia all over Germany and Austria. We went to Dresden and saw the Sistine Madonna and to Cassel and saw the Elector's Gallery, so the scrapbooks were not forgotten.

When we came back, we landed in Baltimore. Mother had learned a thing or two about customs, so she divided the silver she had brought home between Jim and me. "Is the little boy going to make tea?" asked the customs inspector.

Third Trip

My third trip was very different from my first and second ones. No more boarding houses, scrubby or otherwise. I went in July 1914 with a group of girls, conducted by Miss Cochrane, the art teacher at St. Timothy's, whom we called Pere George, from a supposed resemblance to George Washington! For the only time in my life, I didn't want to get up early, and the bath steward would arouse us with 'Miss Cochrane will get ahead of you" which always got us out of bed!

We went on a coaching trip in England with Mrs. and Miss Piper, both lots of fun, belonging to the artistic set in Baltimore. This wound up at St. Ives, where we painted a bit. Then we went over to Brittany, stopping for the night at Mont St. Michel, then less crowded and commercialized than it has since become. For reasons that now escape me, we spent a night at St. Peterport, Guernsey; then we went on to Quimperle, I suppose because it was an artist's colony. The next morning the war of 1914 broke out. I spent the last of the beautiful gold pieces I ever saw on a pleated collar and coif of the Quimper peasant.

We stood in the corridor of the train the whole way to Paris: I now feel sorry for Miss Cochrane with five young girls as a responsibility. But all of us considered it a great lark. Miss C. got hold of two horse-carriages, one for us and one for our trunks and suitcases, and she rode beside the driver. We went to a little hotel all the staff of which had been interned as Germans or Austrians. And went out to a Duval for our main meal. We spent hours getting identity cards—in those days no one had passports unless they were going to Russia! I was eager to go through the streets carrying one of those long loaves of bread, but Pere George thought it would be dangerous. We whiled away the time as best we could. Miss C. read us *Guen, The Face of Clay* and Victor Hugo's *1793*.

Holly's Aunt and Uncle were in England, and being childless were having fits about her, and I know running Miss Cochrane crazy. Eventually, we all got over to England. The blusters arranged for Holly and perhaps Helen Curtis to go home on the same boat Miss Polly and Miss Sally were sailing on which pretty nearly killed me!

When we were first in London, all the galleries were closed on account of the suffragettes. When the war broke out, everything was opened up. We saw the Velasquez nude that the suffragettes had cut up as well as the portrait of Henry James. Our much diminished party took a trip to Warwick, but I can't remember where else, and wound up in Liverpool, where we took the *Laurentic* home. It was a beautiful ship, subsequently sunk by a U-boat and later salvaged for the large amount of silver aboard.

We landed in Montreal. It took weeks to reconnect with my wandering trunk.

Fourth Trip

The first war prevented all trips abroad between 1914 and 1918. My brother went about 1920 with Tom and Freddie, but I didn't go until I had graduated from Barnard in 1921. I had got very much interested in Spanish partially on account of a very attractive teacher, and went with a party from the University of Michigan to Madrid, where we spent the summer taking trips around. Most of the other students were very unattractive, but I liked two of them, Mildred Rauner and Mary Dillingham, both of whom I have kept up with.

The conductor of the tour, Wagner by name, was most unattractive, a married man, but infatuated with a little girl named Jewel Heiser. We got him to take us to a bull-fight. Mildred and I left after three bulls—"Well, I've done that, 'and I never want to do it again!" Mildred and I felt that the one day we were allowed in Toledo was nothing for that famous city, so we spent one or two nights there. We loved Segovia. There were weekend trips. After the course closed, we went for a week to Southern Spain and saw Seville and Granada. Then to Nice, where I said farewell to Mildred, who was going to Rome to see the Pope and boost her wavering Catholicism (she is now a Unitarian!)

When we got back to Paris, I heard of Girlie's death. I can't remember the ship we cane home on, but I do remember a jolly bunch of college boys.

I didn't see Mildred again until 1937, when we went West.

Fifth Trip

This was the most unsatisfactory of my many trips abroad. By this time I was teaching French, and Virginia Withers had stayed all winter at the Foulets and I was prepared to do the same. I went the end of October, not the ideal tine to be on the ocean. Uncle Fred Scott got me a stateroom with a brass bed, something I had never heard of before! Margaret Freeman was in Paris, studying interior decorating, and I ran around quite a bit with her. We went to Rouen, and I think even spent a night there.

I was enchanted with Mr. Foulet, just as Virginia had been, but it was a very hard-to-bear winter. In January I heard that Virginia was going into one of her spells of depression, and I left the Foulets. Mr. Foulet introduced me to Male's works, which have been me of the greatest joys of my life.

I came home on the *Majestic* which was one of the confiscated German liners. Jim met me. The tea set I had bought was wrapped in my steamer rug, and Jim was so disgusted he said I looked like steerage!

Sixth Trip

My sixth trip to Europe was probably the happiest one I ever had, certainly the most carefree. No little boys had by then come to enrich our lives but certainly to complicate them! I had gotten my M.A. and had already picked the subject of my Ph.D. thesis. We were very happy and carefree.

Many trips have been inspired by something I had read. This one notably so. It was a book by a retired Army officer named Sherrill called *Stained Glass Tours in France*. We followed it all around,

though we went to places where there was no particular stained glass, like Nines and Aries, and we enjoyed seeing the Foulets. In short it was a happy summer.

Seventh and Longest Stay in Europe, 1929-31

When Virginia lost her job at Westhampton, there was no use in rushing back home, both of us having embarked, perhaps recklessly, on taking the two little boys. We both felt responsible to make them at least a stable home, as Robert had already been tossed from pillar to post before we ever knew him.

We ran into endless problems with poor Bobby, first in the school where he had a man teacher and changed his weekly grades to make them more acceptable to us. Then when we took him out of school after Christmas, Virginia, who was planning on teaching him, developed a monumental case of the flu. Finally in the spring we set forth for Italy, and had a wonderful trip until we got to Florence and found Mary Winn, her sister, had died.

Meanwhile we had arranged with Joan Antill to give up acting and came with us, so she could develop her talent for writing. This resulted ft a most hectic winter.

Eighth and Ninth Trips

I went over taking John with me and spent this and the following summer with Joan in England. Actually, in 1933, I went to France, first to catch up some loose ends on my thesis. I had a couple of nice excursions with the dear Foulets.

Joan had a car and we went as far as Carlisle and Durham.

I am fairly vague as to what we did the second summer, which

we spent in a cottage in Sussex, fairly close to Lewes. Joan's mother had taken in an Austrian refugee, probably Jewish, and we rode around a quatre in her little car. I did not see her again until 1936, when both of our charming mothers had died.

Tenth Trip

Came the Second World War and Europe was out of bounds, 1948.

Then I had my tenth trip. Meanwhile once Paris was cleared of Germans and postal service was established, I began to send packages to the Foulets and the Desallais, as often as every two weeks. Finally we went over on the *Ile-de-France*, the first time I ever went steerage, and I certainly don't recommend it! We had five in a stateroom, including a small child. October is far from an ideal time to cross the ocean. We only stayed three weeks as all we wanted to do was to check on the Foulets (Jeanne Desallais had died).

Eleventh Trip

In 1956 I had a wonderful summer in France with Rachel. This was the first time I had flown there (though not the first time I had flown at all, which was to Washington to attend Cousin Alice Parker's husband's funeral).

We stayed in a little hotel very near where we had lived in the Rue de Beaune. All the landmarks I was so familiar with had disappeared and Paris was in the dolldrums of midsummer. But it was good to be back and to see the Foulets again, though Monsieur was much broken.

We drove around as far south as the Pyrenees and as far east as Clermontferand, a gorgeous trip, which lasted four weeks. Rachel was chaperoning a Hollins Abroad group and was gone all told 15 months.

Twelfth **Trip**

Greece, 1964, with Virginia. In many ways this was the most exciting trip I ever took. To see the Parthenon and the Hagia Sophia all in one summer was more than anyone could wish for. I had long been thrilled by Byzantin art. I carried the two fat volumes of *Deihl's L'Art Byzantin* all around Italy. When we got to Constantinople I made an engagement with the man who had guided Addie DesPortes and Davy Johnston to meet us at the boat, and he drove us all around while the rest of the crowd was visiting the bazaars.

And the light in Greece was ideal for photographs. I guess I took 400 photographs, including a lot of interiors that I borrowed from other members of the tour. Jim gave me a treat in the form of a three-day drive to the Peloponnesus.

When I came home, I gave a talk to the Woman's Club at which my dear Austin was present. In short, this was one of the most wonderful trips I ever took.

Thirteenth Trip

After Virginia's death in the spring of 1968, I went with Rachel, Jim and Alice to Scandinavia. We spent about 10 days in England and then flew to Bergen. I felt very odd and a bit "depayse" as I knew nothing about Scandinavian art, and had no frame of

reference as they say. The natural scenery was, of course, beautiful, but I did feel a bit lost.

Fourteenth and I Presume Last Trip
(As I am now a cripple from two strokes and a broken hip.)

This was a trip that really had its inception in the Boston public library in 1916! I was reading all I could find on out of the way places in Italy and here I was visiting them! Rachel and I arranged for this trip through an agent in Charlottesville whom Elizabeth Pinkerton had used the year before. In 1971 I went to all the places in Italy that I had looked at all those years before. We had one driver in Italy and another in Sicily. I wound up in Taormina where Mother had been advised to stay if we had spent the winter of 1908—which we did not do. I had gotten a few ideas from Kenneth Clarke's *Civilization* which I had watched several times on TV as well as at the Museum of Fine Arts and the Woman's Club. It was a deluxe trip compared with the very scrubby ones I had always taken hitherto.

But all 14 of them have really been wonderful. Scrubby or no, and I thank God for each and every one.

Mary Wingfield Scott dies here

by *Gary Robertson*
This appeared in the Richmond Times-Dispatch*, August 10, 1983*

Miss Mary Wingfield Scott, a crusading voice—and at times a lone voice—for more than half a century for preserving Richmond's historic architecture, died yesterday at the age of 88.

Miss Scott was known for her effectiveness, her hard work, her scholarly background; but not for her tact. She clashed with politicians, city planners, newspaper editors, business leaders, property owners.

Once she was asked why battles were so frequently lost in the struggle to save the city's architectural heritage. Her response was acerbic, and typical. "There are always people with no taste, and they're in the majority," she said. "The city administration is responsive to people with no taste."

Miss Scott wrote two books, "Houses of Old Richmond," and "Old Richmond Neighborhoods," and was widely recognized as the city's indisputable authority in those areas.

Miss Mary Wingfield Scott
Historic preservation leader

In 1935, she founded the William Byrd branch of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities to save the Craig House at 19th and Franklin streets from demolition. The group bought and restored the house, which was the early home of Helen Stanard, Edgar Allan Poe's "Helen."

Over the years, Miss Scott purchased a number of houses that she felt needed to be preserved. She, along with Mrs. John D. Bocock, first bought the Barrett House at the northeast corner of Fifth and Cary streets.

Next she purchased a group of dwellings on Oregon Hill, where a number of quaint and picturesque houses had been built in the 1840s and 1850s for workmen at the Tredegar Co. Miss Scott was not happy with what had happened to Oregon Hill, and she was blunt about it.

She said the area had been irrevocably split by the War Memorial—"that airplane hanger with the lady inside breaking her neck."

Miss Scott's largest purchase was seven houses on the north side of the 100 block of East Franklin Street, known as Linden Row. The houses, with their tiny, raised front yards, are believed to represent the best surviving row of Greek Revival architecture in the nation. Miss Scott deeded her Linden Row properties to the Historic Richmond Foundation in 1980.

Although Miss Scott's tongue was sharp, she maintained a sense of humor that often made her opponents to historic preservation laugh. In the mid-1950s, for example, there was a movement for a face lifting of Capitol Square, including removal of part of a 138-year-old iron fence and construction of a three-level reflecting pool.

"The next thing they propose will be to replace the squirrels with peacocks," she observed. Miss Scott and her supporters won that battle.

Miss Scott was a member of one of Richmond's oldest and most influential families, but any reference to her background was usually lighthearted.

"I should have been born a foundling," she once said. "I don't give a hoot about ancestors. If one of them had been a pirate or was hanged, it would be interesting. A bishop is respectable but not exhilarating." Her maternal grandfather was Episcopal bishop of Northern California.

Miss Scott was educated at Miss Jenny Ellett's School (forerunner of St. Catherine's School), St. Timothy's School in Maryland, Bryn Mawr, Barnard and the University of Chicago, where she received her master of arts degree and Ph.D. in art and art history.

For seven years, from 1921 to 1928, she was an associate professor

at Westhampton College. Although she never married, Miss Scott adopted two sons in 1927.

Miss Scott received the ninth annual Distinguished Service to the Arts award given by the Federated Arts Council of Richmond in 1979. She also was an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects.

Miss Scott was known as a rebel. But she was a rebel with a cause, and she embraced historic preservation with evangelic fervor.

Miss Scott delighted in her independence: "I don't work for anyone," she declared. "They'll write on my tombstone, 'Died of errands.'"

Some might add, errands well run.

Miss Scott, who resided at 6420 Roselawn Road, is survived by two adopted sons, John Patrick Walker of Richmond and Robert Edward Walker of Whittier, Calif., and a brother, James Hamilton Scott of Richmond.

Mary Wingfield Scott

This appeared on the Editorial page of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, August 12, 1983

Future generations of Richmonders will be forever grateful to Miss Mary Wingfield Scott, whose funeral takes place today from St. Paul's Episcopal Church. No one in the city's long history has done so much to preserve Richmond's architectural heritage.

The newspaper accounts of her manifold contributions have been so full and detailed that it is not necessary to repeat them here. Her numerous awards, both local and national, testify to the regard in which she was held, and the high professional standards that she represented. The rare distinction of honorary membership in the American Institute of Architects is sufficient evidence of her standing, if any were needed.

Miss Scott's two books, "Houses of Old Richmond" (1941) and "Old Richmond Neighborhoods" (1950) are classics of their kind. Based on extensive and meticulous research into such primary sources as wills, deeds, order books, land books, insurance policies,

unpublished memoirs and letters, together with such secondary sources as books and newspapers, they constitute a definitive record. And Miss Scott did not merely set down facts; she made the past live with anecdote and reminiscence. Her keen sense of humor was always alive and well in her pages. Furthermore, her books were copiously illustrated, chiefly with photographs from the files of the Valentine Museum, under whose auspices the first of her two volumes was published. The museum's library was named for her, in recognition of her tremendous contribution.

Miss Scott was also co-author, with Louise F. Catterall, another especially important contributor to the preservation of Richmond's past, of an attractive 35-page booklet entitled "Virginia's Capitol Square: Its Buildings and Its Monuments" (Valentine Museum, 1957). The little volume is well-illustrated, and provides much authoritative information.

Miss Scott was a member of a family that has done more than any other to prevent the bulldozing of valuable Richmond structures. Her cousins, Elisabeth Scott Bocock and Mary Ross Scott Reed, also have given most generously of their means over the years to thwart the march of the ever-menacing bulldozer. (This menace had to be confronted even in the antebellum era. Samuel Mordecai states in his delightful book, "Richmond in By-Gone Days," that most of the buildings mentioned by him in the first edition of the book, published in 1856, had been demolished by the time the second edition appeared in 1860.)

Dozens of irreplaceable buildings may well have been saved from destruction through Miss Scott's efforts. Her purchase and preservation of unique Linden Row, her leading role in salvaging

the birthplace of Poe's "Helen" and in preventing the desecration of Capitol Square are merely a few of her contributions.

In her later years, Mary Wingfield Scott suffered a stroke that left her partially paralyzed, but mercifully did not dull the sharpness of her intellect or put a damper on her unquenchable spirit. Every lover of Richmond's proud architectural heritage should rise up and call her blessed.—*Virginius Dabney*

Bohemian Rhapsody

Before there were bellhops, Linden Row was a magnet for Richmond's creative class. And it was all because of an eccentric preservationist named Mary Wingfield Scott.

by Edwin Slipek, Jr.

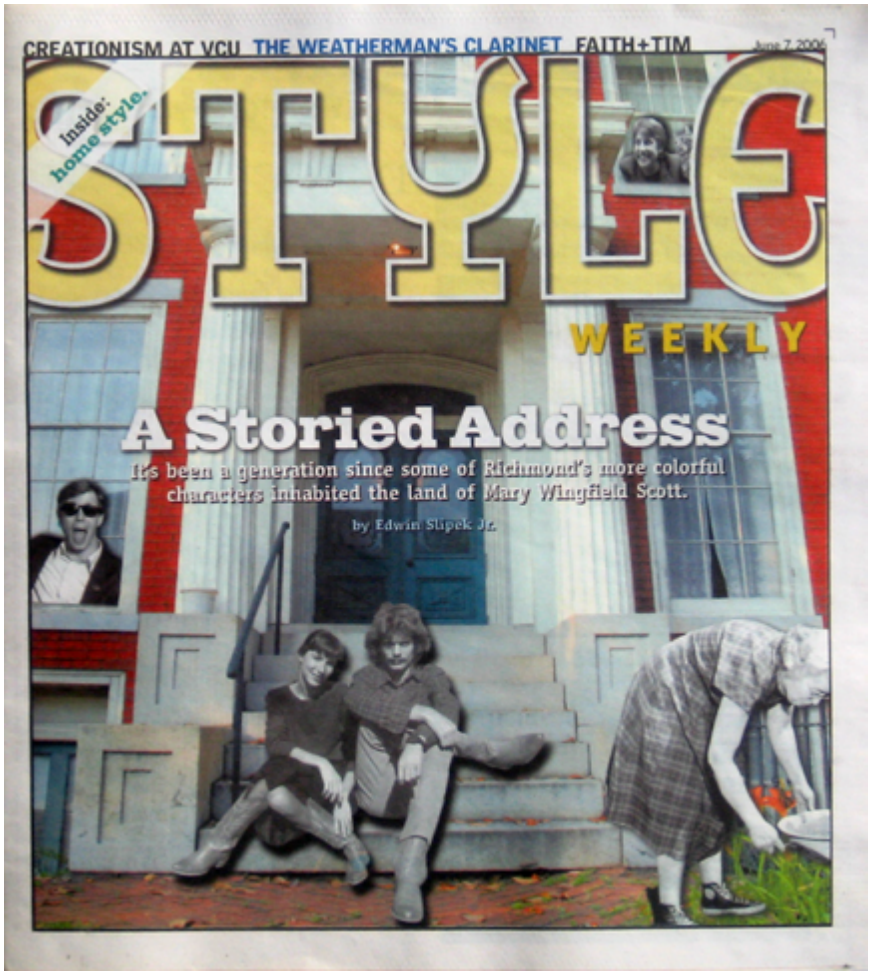
In Manhattan it's the infamous Chelsea Hotel. In San Francisco it's 28 Barbary Lane, an apartment complex immortalized in Armistead Maupin's "Tales of the City." Both are storied addresses where, like the way station in "Star Wars," colorful characters arrive from different and distant points but bond in a shared and distinctive space.

Richmond once had such a place, a necklace of eight 153-year-old row houses called Linden Row.

This enclave stretched from 100 to 114 E. Franklin St., across from the Richmond Public Library downtown. By 1950 it had been saved from development by an aristocratic and wealthy preservationist, Mary Wingfield Scott. For the next 30 years, she rented out the generously proportioned flats and crumbling outbuildings to tenants of whom she approved.

And what tenants they were.

They formed the core of an environment that existed decades



This article appeared in Style Weekly, June 7, 2006

before economist Richard Florida's influential book "The Rise of the Creative Class" posited that successful cities nurture expression and invention by providing spaces and amenities for talented individuals.

Many of the young people who lived in Linden Row during its last 20 years as a residential address—from 1965 to 1985—have flourished, bought homes here and reared families. They recall their

days in Scott's fiefdom as one of mutual support and encouragement, where they became more finely tuned to Richmond's rhythms and traditions.

"It was a magical time," says John Henley, a Richmond photographer who lived and housed his studio at 100 E. Franklin in the late 1970s and early 1980s. After returning to Richmond from the San Francisco Art Institute, he was hired by Dementi Studios on Grace Street. Nearby, he says: "I observed this really cool group of people who lived at Linden Row. I wanted to be a part of it."

James A. "Jerry" Jerritt, a former co-owner of Jerritt & Morgan music store who wrote occasional music reviews for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, moved to Linden Row in 1965. "Nobody was impressed with himself—everybody had a Bohemian bent," he says. You had to be, he says—"the way the place had been pieced together."

It was a good deal. A room might have rented for $55, the largest apartment for $100—some utilities included. "Miss Scott charged just enough rent to cover the taxes," Jerritt says.

The place tended to draw residents with talent and memorable personalities. The evolving, disparate mix included musicians such as rocker Bruce Olsen of The Offenders and Page Wilson of "Out o' the Blue Radio Review"; actor and comedian Garet Chester; journalist Gene Ely, editor of the former *Richmond Mercury*; and reporters for the Richmond Newspapers. There were artists, young and older, such as Isabel Mayo and Anne Wright, and filmmakers and photographers, and familiar names in advertising (Lloyd Shockley) and public relations (Peter Boisseau). Many of them are still plying their crafts in Richmond.

Still legend are the annual Halloween bashes thrown by John Hartmann in the early '80s at 102 E. Franklin St. There, he lived and ran Hartmann Communications, an advertising agency he still operates, famous for its Haynes Furniture ads, of which he plays one of the "Haynes Three."

"I'd invite everybody I knew and fill the place so full you couldn't hit the ground [if you passed out]," Hartmann says. "When we hit critical mass, it was over. But the police were always very nice. Of course, I'd always invite them."

One year he bought a 30-second ad on the Letterman show inviting people to the party. "There were some wonderful costumes," he recalls. "Once, some guy wore only baby oil and glitter. That was it."

"It was a strange place," says Hartmann, reflecting on life at Linden Row—"I don't think anybody had a regular job."

Mary Flinn, a cousin of Scott and executive editor of Blackbird, an online literary journal, says it was a welcoming place. "Miss Scott was accepting of odd behavior as long as you didn't do anything obscene in front of her," Flinn says.

From 1974 to 1977, Flinn worked at Evans bookshop at 102 E. Franklin St. Another Evans employee was Kent Willis, now executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Virginia.

Despite their diversity, tenants shared a near reverence for landlord Scott and respect for her preservation efforts. Besides, to behave otherwise was at one's peril.

The late Donald Haynes, a director of the Virginia Historical Society, loved to tell of the experience a friend of his had after

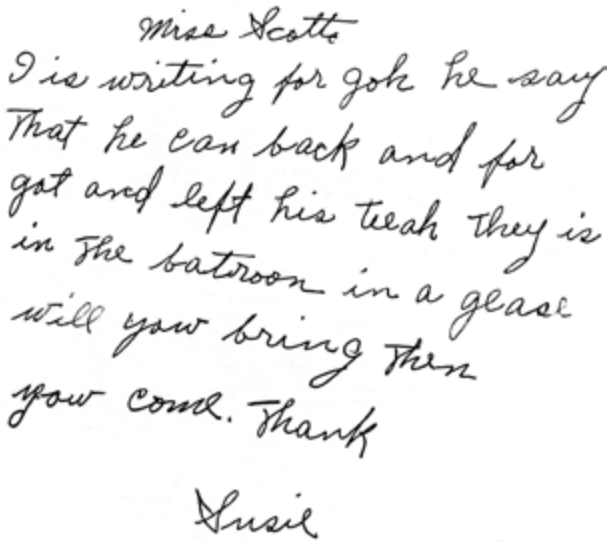
Photo: Rosemary Siegler Griffith

For 35 years Susie Henley was the beloved housekeeper at Linden Row. She often served as a go-between for tenants and their often irascible landlady, Mary Wingfield Scott.

moving from a Virginia hamlet to Richmond in the 1950s. The brash young man was delighted to rent an upper floor apartment at Linden Row, but he wasted no time in bemoaning the lack of screens on his windows to the property manager. He was told to take his complaint to "Miss Scott."

She redressed him in her gravelly, bass voice: "Young man, if you were from Richmond ... [*dramatic pause*] ... you'd know that flies do not go above the second floor. If there are insects in your apartment, you brought them on your person."

Case closed.


Miss Scott
I is writing for Joh he say
That he can back and for
got and left his teah they is
in the batroom in a glase
will yow bring them
yow come. Thank
Susie

From Susie Henley to Mary Wing about Joe Monroe losing his teeth.

Scott herself never lived at Linden Row. She drove there from her home in Westhampton near the University of Richmond, in a black Mercedes-Benz that Jerritt recalls being "always dirty."

Such details seemed to be of little importance to Scott, who oversaw her Linden Row domain protectively from a small office in the rear of 110 E. Franklin St. At the front of the place, she maintained a pied-à-terre with double parlors. It was furnished with a high pier mirror, elaborate gas chandeliers and a huge square piano. There she hosted parties, including occasional post-Richmond Symphony soirees.

"At Christmas she'd invite the tenants to her place," Jerritt says. "It was typical of her that she served the finest wines, beers and liquors. It was also typical that she served the drinks in jelly glasses. That was Miss Scott."

A graduate of Bryn Mawr, Scott earned her doctorate rare for

Photo: Bob Griffith, 1972

Joe Monroe, the gardener at Linden Row in the 1970s and 1980s, was a friend to residents there.

a woman in that era—in art and art history from the University of Chicago. She published three books on Richmond architecture, including the seminal "Old Richmond Neighborhoods" in 1950, and took no prisoners in attacking local business leaders in the name of historic preservation. She bristled at what she called "the parking lot mentality."

She'd put her money where her mouth was, buying seven of the eight remaining Linden Row houses to protect them from demolition

after two Greek revival houses at the eastern end of the block were lost to make way for the high-rise Medical Arts Building.

Scott was also an educator and operated a kindergarten in Richmond. She adopted two boys, John and Robert Walker, brothers who kept their names.

But she never quite fit the Richmond high-society ideal. "She was a scholar and had been to Paris," says a family member who asked to remain anonymous. "Her general attitude was not one of submission."

"Miss Winkie," as she was called, "was too smart and not pretty enough for Richmond society," the family member says. "She had these beautiful cousins [Elisabeth Scott Bocock, Mary Ross Scott Reed and Isabel Scott Anderson] who were belles. None of them were stupid, but she just didn't fit into her family here. They were not tremendously accepting."

Eventually, "to escape the confines of Richmond," the relative says, "Scott bought a getaway house in Wytheville, Virginia, with her partner, Virginia Withers." That relationship wasn't seamless either. "When Miss Winkie directed her affections elsewhere and took up with a French professor at Hollins, Withers tried to kill herself."

For decades and almost until her death at 88 in 1983, by which time she had deeded Linden Row to the Historic Richmond Foundation, Scott ran the show.

Linden row residents basked in the romance of living in a place that exuded the picturesque, storybook-like, antebellum South—with white columns, magnolia trees and wisteria gracing

Photo: John Henley

Julie and John Henley were destined to be together. They posed on the front steps of the house they rented at 100 E. Franklin St. in 1980, about the time of their marriage.

the street front. Broad, if dilapidated, multilevel porches, shared brick terraces, outbuildings and an enormous mulberry tree defined the back of the place.

But there were challenges to living there. Some tenants had to traipse through a shared or public hallway to reach their unit's bathroom. Other residents split electric bills with neighbors as best they could, because it wasn't always clear whose apartment was on what circuit. No screens in summer? In winter there were no storm windows. Frigid air swept through cracks in loose window panes and weathered woodwork.

"One winter my mother was visiting from Wisconsin, and we were having one of the most horrendous snowstorms," says Jerritt,

who lived at Linden Row for most of the period from 1965 to 1980. "I had to keep sticking rags in the cracks to keep the air from coming in so we wouldn't freeze."

Barbara Green, a reporter for the former *Richmond News Leader*, who refers to herself as a "recovering journalist," lived on the second floor of 112 E. Franklin St. from 1980 to 1985. "I must have put off at least a million roach bombs," she says.

"But," she continues, "it was also the most beautiful place—elegant architecturally—that I have ever lived. The moldings around the windows and doors were handsome. It was a beautiful slum."

Living downtown appealed to her, she says. "It was mostly quiet; however, I did have a downstairs neighbor who had some kind of business. He insisted on keeping the front door open so his clients could come in. I remember coming home from the *News Leader* and catching a man in my bathroom stuffing my towels in a bag. I said 'Get the [expletive] out of here.'" After that, Green says the downstairs door was kept locked—"at least some of the time."

John Hartmann rented the entire townhouse at 102 E. Franklin St. from 1980 to 1985 for his home and office. "I don't know whether it was a mansion in the city or a firetrap in a high-crime district," he says.

"I liked being across from the library. Cokesbury was still a bookstore. The big stores were open, and the Capri was the finest restaurant in town. Richmond hadn't grown into the murder capital it grew into."

Because his house was close to First Street, he says, he was kept up some nights by noise from continuous gay pedestrian and vehicular

Photo Scott Elmquist—Style Weekly photographer

"It was a cosmopolitan place," says Rosemary Stiegler Griffith (far left) of life at Linden Row in the 1970s and 1980s. She and her husband, Bob Griffith (behind her), visited with former neighbors Julie and John Henley earlier this month on the Henleys' former front stoop.

cruising that took place in the block of First Street between Franklin and Main streets. "The cruising went on all night long," he recalls. "Those guys were indomitable."

The trade-offs for such drawbacks of downtown life were the low rents and spacious rooms—ripe for decorating.

Jerry Jerritt says his $55-a-month third-floor apartment at 108 E. Franklin St. had its glories, including high ceilings and handsome fireplaces. The institutional green walls, however, had to go. He enlisted two friends who lived nearby, interior decorators Robert Watkins and deVeaux Riddick, to enliven his place. They chose a shade of pale yellow and added custom-made green and blue window shades.

"They were really attractive," Jerritt says. But maybe too flashy.

"One day I looked outside and saw Miss Scott parading up and down Franklin in front of the public library and looking up at my place. 'Where did you get those god-awful green window shades?' she asked. 'They don't go with Linden Row. Furthermore, you have an air conditioner.'" Both had to go.

Jerritt protested to no avail. Scott had the last word: "I didn't buy Linden Row for *your* comfort or *mine* either."

"She didn't care if she hurt your feelings," Jerritt says. Shortly after the encounter, he was contacted by Hatcher Crenshaw, the leasing agent (who later served in the Virginia House of Delegates), and told that Scott was evicting him. He intervened successfully on Jerritt's behalf. "Miss Scott wasn't above breaking leases and kicked many people out," says Jerritt, listing names.

Miss Scott reigned, but was not the only lady at Linden Row. Over the years a number of distinguished and talented women lived there.

Isabel Mayo, who lived at 112 E. Franklin St., is remembered by L. Frederick Chapman III, who lived at Linden Row in the late 1960s and is now a retired accountant in Smithfield. She was "a very talented artist whose style was that you knew what you were looking at," Chapman says. Linden Row itself was among her favorite subjects. Although he commuted daily to New Kent County, where he taught school, he always enjoyed coming home, he says: "We used to have a drink every afternoon in her place. It was furnished with family pieces. She always had Scotch. She could tell you stories about Richmond. She was a gentlewoman of the old South."

Another single woman living at Linden Row was Margaret Charlesworth Stanley, an English-born divorcee. She lived at 104 E. Franklin St. and worked at Miller & Rhoads in the Boy Scout department.

Photo: Style Weekly file photo by Kent Eanes.

Comedian and real estate agent Garet Chester lived at Linden Row from 1982 to 1984 and rode his moped to the West End studios of WRNL where he did the morning show.

"British to the core," is how one of her former neighbors, who asked not to be named, describes her affectionately. "She had a copy of a painting of the Queen hanging in the hallway. A friend of hers once told me that when she was in America she was very English, and when she was in England she was very American."

"Miss Stanley had read everything in print and was very articulate," Jerritt says. "She was extremely direct. But if you got into a battle of words, you were going to lose."

She had her dislikes, Jerritt says: "She did not like women and hated *everything* German. She was completely disgusted with 'Silent Night.' She had lived through World War II as a young woman and always had stories to tell of crawling under a table as bombs fell."

"She wasn't *that* proper," says photographer and former neighbor John Henley. "She had a pretty salty sense of humor. One night I heard a banging on a door and looked out to see that one of our neighbors was completely naked and for some reason had been running around on Franklin Street. Mrs. Stanley went down,

unlocked the door and let him in. It was a very colorful place."

Hazel Carrington, who lived at 106 E. Franklin St., worked in the Thalhimers fine foods department and was the wine buyer. Many residents saw her as a reclusive, if familiar presence, often reading on her back porch. "She was quiet and sweet and lived in a dream world," Jerritt says.

Bob Griffith, a filmmaker at 104 E. Franklin, recalls her "striking blue eyes, silver gray hair and a chiseled face. She kept to herself."

Hartmann saw other facets to her personality. He recalls a late night when a man attempted to break into her apartment, "and wasn't being very quiet about it. Hazel did something violent and chased him out of there." He refrains from elaborating.

"She'd sometimes come over for a glass of wine and talk about things like having seen Lindbergh land in France," Hartmann says. "She was a genuinely wonderful woman."

Another Linden Row resident, Isabel Dunn, devised a festive ritual out of the monthly chore of paying bills with two other ladies prominent in Richmond's social and cultural circles, says Robert Watkins, a friend. The threesome gathered in Dunn's Linden Row flat and placed the bills on the table. Taking turns around the table, they'd each pick up an unopened bill. If they feared it was going to be excessive, they would pass it on to the lady on the right. Then all would let out a scream and they'd each throw back a swig of whiskey. Round and round they'd go.

Amid the shifting roster of residents, two steadfast individuals, in addition to Scott, were essential to life at Linden Row. Susie Henley and Joe Monroe looked after the place.

"Susie was pretty old, Joe was *very* old," is how one longtime

Photo: Mary Wingfield Scott (C. 1950) Courtesy The Valentine Richmond History Center

Prominent Richmonders built the three-story town houses that make up Linden Row on the 100 block of East Franklin Street. In the early 1920s, two of the 10 original houses were demolished to make way for the Medical Arts Building, at far right. This is one of more than a thousand photographs taken of old and historic local buildings by Mary Wingfield Scott.

resident describes them when he lived there in the 1970s. "They came every day." Although Henley lived in North Side and Monroe lived in Jackson Ward, each had a designated work space at Linden Row where they spent their downtime when not cleaning or gardening.

Henley had high standards about housekeeping and in addition to her work for Scott was a domestic for some of the other residents at Linden Row.

"Joe was always chopping around in the flower borders," Jerritt says. "He worked in one of the dependencies. It wasn't much more than a shack, really. Sometimes ... I'd see him working late in the afternoon, I'd ask him why he was still there. 'I like to work in the

Photo: Valentine Richmond History Center

Mary Wingfield Scott and Joe Monroe. March 1974.

cool of the day,' he'd reply."

Filmmaker Griffith says that some of his fondest memories of Linden Row were times spent with Monroe. "I used to go down and play checkers with Joe," he says, "Sometimes Joe would say, 'Let's get some cold ones.'" Then he'd tell stories of seeing the first automobile and the first airplane, Griffith says.

When Monroe turned 90, Scott had a birthday party for him. "She sent out invitations on Crane's cards with blue/black ink on his 90th birthday," says a former resident. "Her telephone number was in the corner. I called to accept. She said, 'It's going to be very simple, whiskey and cake.' Miss Scott opened up the parlors and we had lovely whiskey and cake."

"When Susie retired, Miss Scott paid off her mortgage and bought her house for her," says Bob Griffith, who lived and worked at Linden Row and married artist Rosemary Stiegler Griffith.

"On a day in early August, I came out and found Joe lying on the ground and looking straight up at the sky," Bob Griffith says. "He was suffering heat exhaustion. We called 911 for an ambulance to take him to MCV. I followed along in my car. When we arrived Joe was wandering down the hall [half-dressed] asking, "Where're my clothes? Why did you do this to me?"

"I once took a picture of Joe, the gardener, leaning on a hoe," Griffith says. "It says Linden Row to me."

Among the last people to live at Linden Row before it was converted to an inn were Rosemary Stiegler and Bob Griffith, who are now married.

A native of McLean, Stiegler had studied art and sculpture in England and on Cape Cod before returning to Richmond in 1981 to study psychology at Virginia Commonwealth University. She got a job painting porcelain doll heads of historical figures for a local company and made it a point to return to rent a Linden Row apartment, "It was cosmopolitan."

Among those pals was Bob Griffith, a native of the Hampton Roads area who had been in the merchant marines. A high school art teacher had always promoted Richmond and its arts community as the next best thing to being in New York City. "She perked my interest," Griffith says. Because art and communications were his interests, he came to Richmond, enrolled in some photographic workshops and eventually took a job working as a cameraman at

Channel 6. "I had long hair," says Griffith, who covered Nixon and Agnew. After a brief stint in Washington he returned to Richmond and decided to pursue filmmaking.

"I started looking for a place to hang my shingle, and I liked the way Linden Row looked," he says. "I rented the basement of 104 East Franklin for $45 a month, right behind a magnolia tree. I'm not sure that I would have gotten the space, but longtime resident Isabel Dunn liked me and intervened on my behalf."

He later moved there. "I loved my apartment from the first time that I saw it. There were original floors, walls painted white. "I thought, 'Whoa, I'm here.'"

Griffith sublet part of his studio to John Henley, a photographer who taught some photography classes in Linden Row for J. Sargeant Reynolds Community College. It worked out for Henley. In 1980 he married Julie Bier, a Media General employee who also lived at Linden Row.

Ask Linden Row's former residents about their biggest character and you'll get different answers.

For some it was Garet Chester, the radio personality who also did voice-overs. "Most of the units didn't have air conditioning, and Garet kept his windows open and was always practicing at two, three, four o'clock in the morning," Rosemary Griffith says. "Bob would shout, 'Garet, go to bed.' It didn't do any good."

"It was so colorful, it was so eclectic; it was the most unusual environment," Griffith says. "As it opened up, Linden Row got a mixture of old and new people."

In 1982 the Griffiths and a number of other residents went in

Photo: Taylor Dabney

Linden Row is called the nation's best surviving row of Greek revival architecture.

together to purchase a communal picnic table. They placed it on the brick terrace under the trees in the rear of Linden Row. Some residents had planted corn, tomatoes, peppers and herbs nearby. "Whoever is the last to leave would take the picnic table," says Rosemary Griffith. In 1985 she and Bob Griffith took the table with them to their new home in Forest Hill.

That's the year the Foundation started giving everybody notices, she says.

Scott, a determined preservationist to the end, had given Linden Row to the Historic Richmond Foundation in 1980. She died in 1983.

"When Miss Scott left, we all felt like the writing was on the wall," says John Henley. "But a lot of us were ready to move to the next step, to buy our own homes anyhow."

And Linden Row would enter a new chapter, too. It became the

Photo by Richmond Times-Dispatch, Courtesy: Valentine Richmond History Center

Mary Wingfield Scott fixing up Linden Row.

Linden Row Inn in 1988.

"It was amazing that this lady was willing to run this apartment complex just to keep it afloat," Henley says. "Nobody else would

have done that."

"The fun thing of course," Flinn says, "was having Mary Wingfield Scott as the engineer of the whole thing."

"I loved living there," says Jerritt, who eventually became friends with his intimidating landlady. For him, she stands out in a vivid memory: "It was misting one fall morning and I looked out in the back courtyard, and there was Miss Mary Wingfield Scott. She was sweeping the bricks with a yard broom and wearing a mink coat and tennis shoes."

There's no doubt, he says: "*She* was the greatest character of Linden Row."

Linden Row's Legacy

It's been a generation since Linden Row, at Franklin and First streets, wasn't a hotel. It started as 10 Greek revival houses designed by Otis Manson and built in stages from 1847 to 1853 by prominent Richmond families.

It's a place rich in history. A girls' school founded by Virginia Randolph Ellett in 1890 once operated there (it was renamed St. Catherine's when it moved to the West End in 1917). The Richmond German, one of the city's oldest and most exclusive cotillions, held its first dances there in 1888.

In 1922, two houses at the eastern end of the block were demolished for a medical building. By the 1930s Linden Row had declined residentially but housed at least seven antique shops; a tearoom operated in the English basement at 100 E. Franklin St.

In 1936 historian Robert Beverley Munford, Jr. wrote that the houses "have fallen into a state of partial decay, and present now little of the charming aspect that they once boasted." By 1957 Mary Wingfield Scott, a Richmond architectural historian and preservationist, had purchased seven of the eight remaining houses. She rented these spaces to individuals and small businesses, who injected considerable energy into the compound during the next 30 years.

In 1980 Scott donated Linden Row to the Historic Richmond Foundation. Eight years later, seven of the contiguous houses began a new chapter as the 69-room Linden Row Inn. The cobblestone alley connecting First and Second streets is designated "Miss Scott's Alley."—*Ed Slipek*

The Peter Family

by Kathleen Walker Tolegian Van Karnes

Mary Wingfield Scott (Winkie), Virginia Reese Withers (Ginnie), and their boys Robert Edward Walker (Bobby) and John Patrick Walker (Johnny) formed 'The Peter Family.' This was the affectionate name used to title the family. They used this name while traveling in Europe and living in France. Winkie was the dominate force at the center of this family. She was such a commanding presence—never wavering in her convictions. Life revolved around Winkie and what she wished to accomplish and the accomplishments were great and many.

Winkie was reserved with showing affection perhaps because she was raised in a time when affection was not overly expressed. Ginnie was much milder in temperament than Winkie but emotionally fragile. Neither one of these women could have anticipated the rigors of raising boys, especially one with challenges. They adopted Bobby first and then later seeking a playmate for him, they found another boy in need of adoption, Johnny. Throughout their lives,

Elisabeth Ani Tolegian's christening, June 1972, seated on her mother's, Kathleen Walker Tolegian, lap. Great-grandmothers Mary Wingfield Scott and Mary Gevorkian are seated beside her. Kathleen Walker (Tolegian) Van Karnes now. On the left is cousin Tina Vartanian.

they remained connected and shared the bond of family.

There are so many happy memories and reflections of my grandmother, Winkie. If I close my eyes, I can still see her sitting in her living room at Top Knot in her blue velvet wing chair, the color of which matched her eyes. She would puff on a cigarette, never inhaling, and smoke would float up and encircle her silver hair. She would laugh and carrying on the merriest of conversations with us children.

We delighted in her storytelling. Some of the stories were of Daddy or some life event. The famous Artichoke Story still carries on and is used in our family to this day to call out a suspiciously innacurate statement by saying "it sounds like an Artichoke Story

to me! One of our favorite stories was Uncle Remus which Winkie would read in dialect in her most distinct, gruff voice. As she told the stories, she was very animated and would raise her shoulders up and down for further effect. It was mesmerizing!

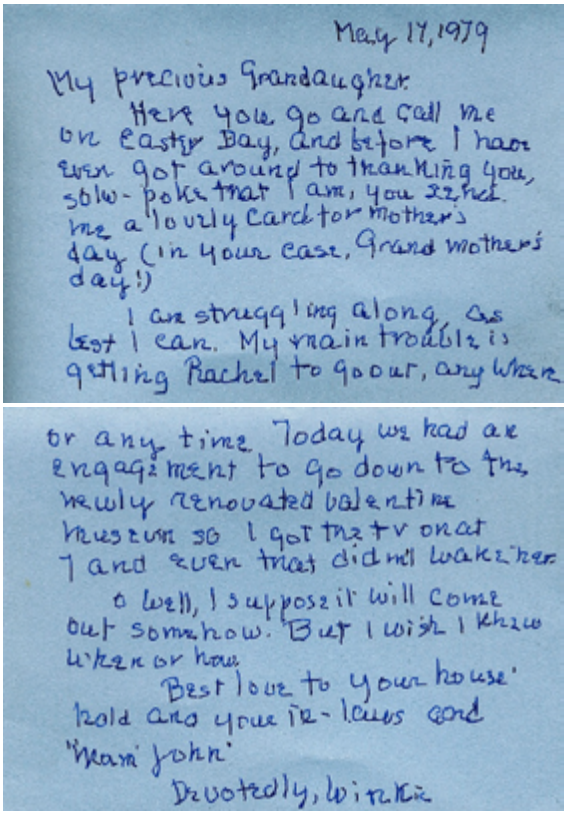
Everyone in this family had a nickname or two. Winkie named me 'Peaches & Cream' and Cheryl 'Cherry Pie.' It was fun, and I have carried on the tradition of nicknames as have my children.

Winkie was actively involved in our lives. Even though separated by the entire country, Winkie wrote letters often, visited frequently and contributed and followed our development. She was an ever present figure in all of our lives.

Jayne and I lived with Winkie and Ginnie while attending school in Richmond for a year. Every afternoon at 4:00 pm was "cocktail hour." Winkie and Ginnie would sit down to conversation, with one Old Fashion with crackers and cheese. This was a time to review the activities and topics of the day and anything else one wished to discuss or share.

Dinners often included French cuisine made from recipes Winkie collected while they lived in France. Many an evening after dinner, Winkie would play the piano. It was a warm, welcoming atmosphere. Games of scrabble were a favorite pastime for Winkie and Ginnie. Some times they played in French. Winkie's four poster bed was filled with stuffed animals—a row of friends to keep her company. Many nights at around 4:00 a.m., I would awaken to the sound of Winkie's typewriter and see the light streaming from under the door of her bedroom. She found this a good time for her writing.

On Sunday mornings, the ride to church was always an experience. Winkie had a black Ford Falcon. It was a stick shift. It



May 17, 1979

My precious Granddaughter

Here you go and call me on Easter Day, and before I have even got around to thanking you, slow-poke that I am, you send me a lovely card for Mother's day (in your case, Grand mother's day!)

I am struggling along, as best I can. My main trouble is getting Rachel to go out, any where or any time. Today we had an engagement to go down to the newly renovated Valentine Museum so I got the tv on at 7 and even that did not wake her. O well, I suppose it will come out somehow. But I wish I knew where or how.

Best love to your household and your in-laws and "Mom John"

Devotedly, Winkie

Note to granddaughter Kathy

was explained to Winkie that the car needed to go through all gears before maintaining a cruising speed. The explanation about the distance or operating speed between each gear was somehow lost. There a small intersection near Top Knot which we went through en route to church or almost anywhere we went for that matter. Winkie would go from the stop position to third gear by the time she cleared the intersection. The poor car would jerk and shudder and almost stall before it compensated for the fast shifting. We would all be bouncing around in the car!!! Winkie was completely

oblivious to the problem and the rest of us, well, "Brer Rabbit, him just sat there and him said nothin!"

Speaking with Winkie on the telephone was another amusing experience. I would be in conversation and sometimes mid-sentence Winkie would abruptly hang up. It was her way of ending the conversation with no harm intended. One was left wondering what happened until it happened so often that it just became a Winkieism. I would just shake my head as I held the phone with the dial tone sounding in my ear.

One evening, Jayne and I had returned home around midnight and could not get the front door open. We tried and tried and tried. It was freezing cold with snow on the ground. We rang the doorbell, but no one heard us. Finally, we resorted to driving to a pay phone and calling Winkie. "Oh the door is broken? Click. Hello, hello, hello? Winkie was gone.

We drove home. When we got out of the car, there was Winkie hanging out her bedroom window above the front door assuring us that the door worked just fine. She had tested it. We could practice opening it until we got it open. She slammed the window down and there we stood practicing opening the front door until it finally opened and we could go inside!!!

Some other short recollections that I have are as follows:

Early in Winkie's adult life she wrote a book about Tidewater English. Sadly, I do not have a copy.

Winkie loved the color red. Everyone remembers the red high-topped tennis shoes she wore so often while working on Linden Row. I wonder many people recall or even knew that Winkie also taught a yoga class wearing red leotards?

One especially cold winter in Richmond, Winkie had noticed her worker Joe's coat was worn and old. She bought him a coat as a Christmas gift. They worked together several times in the weeks following Christmas. It was bitterly cold and Winkie noticed that Joe wasn't wearing his new coat. "Why aren't you wearing the coat I bought you Joe? Didn't it fit? Didn't you like it?" Joe responded, "Oh yes, Miss Mary, I love the coat and it fits just fine but I'm saving it to be buried in!" Try as Winkie might to get Joe to wear that coat, there was no changing his mind!

In closing, I smile and think of what a fierce and extraordinary individualist Winkie was. As I think back through the years, I am left with my grandmother's example of fortitude, vision and determination to seek your objective and never give up on what you believe in.

Robert Edward Walker

by Kathleen Walker Tolegian Van Karnes

Due to the traumatic beginnings of his life, Daddy was always hungry for love. When sharing the story of his life, he would relate that things were going fine when he first went to live with Winkie and Ginnie. Then they decided to adopt a little brother for him. Daddy was fearful that the addition of a little brother would take the new-found attention he so relished away him.

When Johnny arrived, Daddy's worse fears were realized. Everyone doted on "adorable little Johnny." As a result, Daddy never felt loved. Strong-willed with very high energy, there is no doubt that Daddy was a handful. One sad event in his life stayed with him until the day he died.

Daddy had done something wrong, was reprimanded and sent to his room upstairs. Winkie and Ginnie were downstairs discussing the incident. While in his room, Daddy overheard their conversation through the heating register. The statement was made by Winkie that she wished they had never adopted him and that he was a

"gutter snipe." It burned a hole in his psyche.

While I am sure this statement was spoken in anger and frustration and never intended for his ears to hear, the damage

Bobby, Anne, Kathy and Cheryl

was done. The pain it inflicted lasted a lifetime. No matter how much generosity and their personal commitment to him, he was deeply wounded. Reserved in composure and demeanor as women of that time were, they did not lavish love or compliments on him to counter-balance the harsh words and actions.

Daddy didn't like school until Winkie sent him to Mrs. Marietta Johnson's Experimental School. This school had no requirement to attend classes. Daddy thought this was a great idea. So, he didn't attend classes and spent a couple of days playing in the surrounding countryside. No one said anything to him, nor did they come looking for him.

Cheryl, Kathy, Valere, Robert, with Tom and Melody in front

Robert Walker, Walker's Tyme Shop, Whittier, CA mid-1950s

He became bored and began to watch the school and the children from a nearby hilltop. He wondered why all those children were staying in class if they didn't have to? Daddy decided to find out, returned to school and began to flourish. His artistic and mechanical aptitudes emerged and were his gifts.

After attending the University of Richmond, he attended the Rhode Island School of Design. While attending school there, he met and married Mary Antoinette Brouillard. Three years later, Kathleen Anne Walker was born, followed in 14 months by Cheryl Lynne Walker.

At this time, World War II was raging and between the births of his children, Daddy joined the Army Air Force and became a Sergeant. He saw battle in the Philippines. After serving in the war effort, he returned home and took his family to California. He worked for Brock & Company as a designer for their jewelry line.

After being married for 10 years, he divorced. He married Valere Louise Madson and raised her three children, Lydia Jayne, Melody Pearl and Thomas Charles as his own.

He left Brock & Company to pursue his interests in jewelry and clocks. He owned his own store named Walker's Tyme Shop. During this time, he brought his two daughters, Kathy and Cheryl to live

Bobby Walker with his daughters Kathy and Cheryl at Cherry Valley, November 2000 about one year before he passed away.

with his new family. The five children were raised together. Later due to competition from chain jewelry stores, he closed Walker's Tyme Shop. He then went to work for the Hearst Paper, *The Herald Examiner*, running the printing presses.

After doing this for several years he was restless for a new adventure. He opened a pet store and eventually opened a small chain of pet stores. Never one for the ordinary, Daddy opened pet stores that dealt in exotic animals—monkeys, apes, cougars, ocelots, aardvarks, iguanas, macaws, parrots and more. "Lions, tigers and bears, oh my!"... Who would buy these animals one might ask? Surprisingly, many people did. After all, we are talking about

California. Eventually, the fad of owning exotic animals faded, and he closed the stores.

Teaching became his next endeavor. He flourished at teaching high school. How many teachers do you know who could moonwalk? The students related to him and were able to learn from his unorthodox approach to teaching. The later part of his life in semi-retirement, he taught stained and leaded glass as well as jewelry making classes for the Adult Education Department. Daddy had quite a following. Students would continue taking the class after class with him advancing in their techniques. His students were of all ages, and they adored him.

Daddy was an amazing man and living with him was quite an adventure. He was quick-minded and able to grasp ideas and concepts in a flash. He would become quite impatient if one was not able to keep up with him. He was a hard driving perfectionist and difficult (impossible at times) but lots of fun as well.

Our home was not the ordinary home. One example was the turntable he built to go under our huge Christmas trees. It was large enough to hold all of the presents, and we children could lie on our backs on it amongst the gifts and look up into tree as it turned. Daddy used to ask me if I ever wondered how the cord never got tangled up with the tree going around? Inheriting my quick mind from my father, I was able to figure out this riddle instantly. It was not the tree that was turning around but rather the turntable. This concept escapes my daughter to this day!

Artistically gifted, he designed and created incredible jewelry, sculptures, kaleidoscopes, stained and leaded glass windows and lamps. He built a clock shop to house his collection of antique

clocks. He built a roadster. He had a pit made in his garage to work on his Model A and Model T collection and the list goes on and on. If it broke, he could fix it—no matter what it was. He had a brilliant mind!

Daddy was devoted to Winkie and wrote letters to her weekly, visited frequently and telephoned her continuously throughout her life. On his last visit to see Winkie in Richmond shortly before she died, Winkie told Daddy that she loved him. He said that it had taken her until the end of her life to utter those words to him. Although Winkie demonstrated her love in many ways, it meant the world for him to hear those three little words that aren't so little after all.

Winkie with some of her grandchildren, great grandchildren and Bobby and Val Walker. Front row, Melody and Amanda Morgan, Winkie, Cheryl Goodman, Robby Gallagher in front, Jayne Gallagher holding Peter Gallagher. Back row: Michael Gallagher, Bobby Walker holding Michael Lacy (Cheryl's son), Val Walker and Tommy Walker.

Robert Edward Walker's children and grandchildren

Kathleen Walker Tolegian Van Karnes: Kathy's first marriage was to Eugene Sergei Tolegian. They owned and operated a clinical laboratory. Upon divorcing, Kathy went into real estate and continues in that endeavor to this day. She has also been active in community and philanthropic activities. Kathy and Eugene have two children:

Kathleen with Eugene Sergei Tolegian 1974

Left: Kathy with children Aram and Elisabeth Tolegian. Right: Kathy and Karl Robert Van Karnes.

Elisabeth Ani Tolegian is their first born and is married to Daniel Howard Malvin. Elisabeth is a professor of psychology and a marriage and family therapist. Dan is an attorney in the position Assistant Chief Counsel for the Department of Homeland Security. He is also a part-time professor teaching Criminal Justice Administration, Research and Critical Thinking. They have no children, yet.

Aram Eugene Tolegian is a sports writer. He is unmarried.

Kathy is presently married to Karl Robert Van Karnes who is in the chemical business and owns a fishing lure business.

Kathy has two step-daughters, Linda and Carolyn. Their families are as follows: Linda and Michael Fowler and children Zachary and Joshua in North Carolina and Carolyn Cortes and daughter Brianna in California.

Bobby's daughter Cheryl Lynne Walker, 1963

Cheryl Lynne Walker was married to Michael Walter Lacy. They had one son Michael Kearfott Lacy (deceased). Her second marriage was to Darryl Wayne Goodman. They are divorced. Cheryl owned a court reporting business for several years. She presently owns a commercial building inspection company.

Cheryl Walker Lacy. Michael Walker Lacy and Michael Kearfott Lacy

In addition to Kathy and Cheryl Walker, Bob and Val together raised Val's three children, Jayne, Melody, and Tom (deceased). Jayne and husband Michael Gallagher live in Hillsboro, OR. Mike is retired from two careers. After 26 years in the United States Air Force he enjoyed 15 years in a civilian aviation career. Their three children are Robert, Peter, and Katharine.

Robert is on active duty in the United States Marine Corps. He has recently returned for a one year deployment to Iraq. He and his wife, Robin, have two children. Hayley is 10 and Aidan is 3. They live in Meridian, MS where Robb will soon resume his duties as an instructor pilot.

Peter is a civilian employee of the Washington Army National Guard. He and Amber make their home in Graham, WA. They have two boys, Tucker (3) and Wyatt (19 mos). A spring-time deployment to Afghanistan is a possibility for Peter.

Eugene, Oregon is home for Katharine and husband David Wacks. They met in grad school at UC Berkeley and have two boys: Eitan (4) and Zev (2). Katharine worked in education and public policy and is an advocate for birth education. David is a tenured professor of Spanish at the University of Oregon.

Val's second daughter is Melody Morgan-Bell. She and her late husband Ronald Bell made their home in Vancouver, WA. Melody is a retired loan officer. Daughter, Amanda also lives in Vancouver where she and David are the proud new parents of daughter, Valere.

Winkie and Grandfather
A Granddaughter's Perspective

by Elisabeth A. Tolegian

As a child I wondered who Winkie was and when I asked I was answered with pictures more than words. My mother proudly stated that Winkie was her grandmother. I asked her, "Why do you call her Winkie and not Grandma?" and she said "Winkie is what everyone calls my grandmother, it's her nickname."

My first memory of Winkie is when she came to California for a visit. She read me a story as I sat on her lap, her deep voice resonating in my ear as she spoke to my mother.

Just because I did not have many personal interactions with Winkie didn't mean that I did not have her influence in my life. One example is with the use of the word *she* instead of using the person's name. I remember talking to my mother about someone I referred to as "she." My mother, quick as a whip responded, "She who? The cat's grandmother?" At first I was stunned, and then I was struck by the hilarity of the statement. My mother told me that it isn't polite to refer to someone as *she* but rather it is best to use his or her name. To this day, when my mother and I are



Winkie with great-granddaughter Elisabeth Ani Tolegian

together and catch ourselves using *she* we will say, "She who? The cat's grandmother?" We always smile and have a good laugh over this—a phrase and lesson from Winkie that will surely live on.

We always had the most beautiful gingerbread houses at Christmas. They were built on large cardboard foundations and wrapped with clear cellophane. Every detail was perfect, the contrast of the white icing against the brown gingerbread to the glistening gumdrops. I used to stare at these gingerbread houses for hours, dreaming of living in them, eating them, touching them, but we were not allowed to touch them. Winkie sent them to us. We would save the houses and use them in our decorations year after year. I am glad I didn't eat a single shingle.

As time went on and I shadowed my mother, I noticed she would often receive letters in the mail, one of which had distinct handwriting. My mother would always exclaim, "Oh, I got a letter

from Winkie!" Then I would watch my mother carefully open the envelope. She loved Winkie's letters. As time went on the handwriting became shakier and shakier. I asked my mother how the post office knew where to deliver the letter with the writing so hard to read. My mother shrugged off my question as she read the tangled scribble and smiled.

When one hears the word *grandfather* I know they would never conjure up a picture of my special Grandfather Walker (Winkie's son, Bobby). First it should be known that he was always called Grandfather, not grandpa, gramps, pops, or any other name. Grandfather, this formal and majestic title was still too small to capture all that my Grandfather Walker was as a man.

With so many memories it is hard to know where to begin. I suppose I will share what is right in front of me. Grandfather made me a beautiful wrought-iron Easter basket one year, I believe I was about three years old. I still have it and hope to one day pass it on to a daughter of my own along with stories of Grandfather.

Going to his house was always an adventure. Usually grandfathers are interested in what their grandchildren are doing, but with my grandfather it was the other way around. He could not wait to tell me what he was doing, making, trying, fixing, creating, etc. Grandfather's home was filled to the rafters with the treasures he made. My favorite creation of Grandfather's was his fish pond. He became fascinated with Japanese Koi fish and created a huge Koi pond in his backyard complete with waterfalls and beautiful rocks. The Koi lived in luxury as they swam in his stunning creation. I used to dream of swimming in that pond as well, but every time I asked the answer was always a resounding, "no." To memorialize

Robert Walker with his grandchildren: Amanda Morgan, Elisabeth Tolegian, Aram Tolegian and Michael Lacy

this pond, Grandfather created a ring of an unusual design, with three-dimensional Koi fish standing up, encircling a blue-green Lapis stone, a stone the same color as the water in his pond. It always was a treat to get to feed the Koi lettuce with Grandfather. He used to hand me large leaves to toss into the pond, and I would watch as the Koi devoured it. To a little girl this was really fun. It was mesmerizing and magical to see the Koi swim around, eating lettuce. Grandfather seemed to delight in my fascination with his creation.

Our next stop was usually the gumball machine. Grandfather would jingle around in his pockets, making all kinds of noise and finally pull out a penny for me to put into the machine. Once I had my gumball, we were on our way to look at something he was

working on. There was always something in the works, often more than one thing, often more like ten things!

Adding to Grandfather's many gifts was a talent for making homemade ice cream with his own flavor creations, and his freezer had more ice cream than a grocery store! Once you tried his ice cream creations you were in love. My mother bought a state-of-the-art ice cream maker for him, and this was like pouring gasoline on a fire. One favorite flavor was his Heath Bar Peach. He would make peach ice cream using real peaches and added nice size pieces of Heath bar candy bars to it. We have tried to make this flavor ourselves, but it never tastes like Grandfather's. Grandfather also made the best chocolate chip cookies in the world. He had a secret recipe—with walnuts—that he would not share with anyone.

His visits would always be filled with excitement. He would often come to our home to spend the weekend after Nanny died. He would usually arrive blaring his horn (aaaaaaaaooooooogggggggaaaaaa!). With modern-day music blasting, he'd get out of the car, moon walk on the sidewalk and then start break dancing. He was pretty good! My friends were always impressed and told me how "cool" my grandfather was.

Grandfather was a much loved man but no matter how much love he received it never seemed to be enough. He had to be the center of attention and had no problem commandeering that role. He told me about the pain he felt as a child when he overheard Winkie call him, "Gutter Snipe." This impacted his life until the end when he finally made peace with it. You could feel the emptiness he felt and I attribute this to the lack of feeling loved and lack of affection. As a professor of psychology and a marriage and family therapist, I can

see how this issue with Grandfather began. People need physical and emotional contact, especially children. They need to be hugged and told how much they are loved on a constant basis. This is even more important for children who are adopted from orphanages. If this constant positive reinforcement and affection does not happen, the child will try to gain attention through unruly behavior, called negative attention. Children will resort to misbehaving or worse in order to attract some form of attention from their parents, even if in the form of punishment. To a child, punishment is still attention and fulfills their need. Grandfather felt left out and unloved; he told me so several times. After hearing Winkie's remark, I am convinced something in him shifted at a young age. Eventually, he went from misbehaving to over-compensating, trying to prove himself.

Grandfather had no trouble proving himself as he was a talented and gifted man, but I don't think he recognized these talents. In childhood, children learn to love themselves from the love they glean from their parents. If that love is not present lifelong patterns of over-achieving, undesirable behavior, and worse can be created in its place. Despite this early childhood injury, Grandfather still achieved much in his life, but it was never enough because what he needed he did not receive in his development. When Winkie told him she loved him at the end of her life this meant the world to Grandfather. I am left wondering why she did not tell him sooner, as in 70 years sooner? He needed to hear those words from her more than anything else. Despite all the love and affection we all showered upon him it was as if we were pouring water into a cracked vessel. The person holding the putty to seal that crack was Winkie. Please do not misunderstand me, I am not placing blame

but rather wondering as to what could have been. Grandfather lost his position in the family constellation when his younger brother was adopted. Compounding the issue was the fact that he already was not receiving the love and affection demonstrated to him on a daily basis. He viewed his brother as a rival, someone who took his toys and whatever attention he did receive. What child would not act out in this situation? It makes perfect sense from a psychological standpoint, but that does not help the situation now and unless help was sought, which most people did not do back then, the issue would not have been corrected.

But all in all, I know that Grandfather was dearly loved no matter how he perceived himself. I am sad that it was not until the end that he could accept this love but I am grateful that he finally did absorb it—even if it was while he was on this deathbed.

A giant space was left where this wildly talented, fun, complex man once existed. I only hope that when he passed to the other side that Winkie and Ginny where waiting for him there, welcoming him with open arms, finally able to give him the love and hugs he so desperately wanted from them.

Grandfather would swim in our pool, do cannon balls off the diving board and then sit down to a serious game of chess with my father. He was multifaceted, and I know this came from his unique upbringing with Winkie and Ginny. I have so many memories, some happy, some sad but most of all, I know that I carry on a legacy of a very special man, a man who deserves to be remembered as a father and grandfather. So much more than an unruly adopted child of an eccentric, but rather a troubled man who finally found peace and as a result found the love he so desperately craved.

John Patrick Walker

by Nancy Walker

John was a kind, polite and gentle person. Devoted to his family, church and working tirelessly with his students. Never too busy nor tired to assist each one. His natural ability to counsel them was never denied nor too much trouble.

One evening John was trying to explain the use of a gerund in a sentence to a faculty member who just couldn't understand that part of speech. This discussion finally ended in success at midnight when John was able to give him an example he was able to understand. John was thrilled even at the late hour as his greatest delight was to see the "light bulb" come on in the eyes of a student. He now could envision this happening in the upcoming grammar group's discussion of the use of a gerund.

John adored Winkie in his quiet way even though they had differences of opinion on occasion.

In the last ten years of his life, his mind was failing even to the point of seeing Winkie (who had died years prior.)

Tom, John and Jack Walker

He warmly remembered the wonderful times of having Sunday picnics by the stream on the property, an event he greatly enjoyed.

He was grateful for the trips abroad with and without Winkie. He appreciated the opportunities Winkie had given to him: home, education, travel with its education, pleasure, fun and love.

In 1975, we took a six-week vacation to Europe when John, Jr. was 18 and Tom was 15. We went to Paris, Brussels, London, Rome, Sorrento and Rotterdam, but Venice was our favorite spot. It was John's 12th trip to Europe, and John said "I could have spent my whole vacation in Venice. I think if a person has never been to Venice he should take a gondola ride on the canals. But we prefer streets near the ends of the city where most tourists don't go. There you get to see how the everyday Venetian lives.

Nancy and John Walker with sons Jack and Tom, St. John's Cathedral 1970

One of the main purposes of our family's vacation was so that John, who was a French teacher at Episcopal High School in Jacksonville, could brush up on the language, and he accomplished this when we were in Paris. "Speaking with a native is the best way in the world to take a refresher course," he said. As we had done in Venice, we steered clear of most of the tourist attractions in Paris. "We didn't even go see the Eiffel Tower." Instead we toured many of our favorite museums and also had a visit with Rev. Bob Oliver, dean of the American Cathedral. We had known him when he was a canon at the St. John's Cathedral in Jacksonville, Florida.

And when we were in London, we got to witness the official celebration of Queen Elizabeth's birthday. All the troops mass in front of Buckingham Palace and it's quite a show of pageantry. John

In the 1980s John Walker served in the U.S. Navy as an instructor teaching English 101 and Functional Skills English. Here he is on the USS Fahrion, a guided missle frigate.

also had the distinction of saying he knew the queen "when."

"When I was about 8 or 9, my mother took me to London and while we were in one of the parks, Queen Elizabeth, who was about my age, was there with her little sister Margaret and their nanny." At that time, of course, Elizabeth was not even in line for the throne.

John enjoyed the summers in Wytheville with the freedom of country living—the precious times he had with Winkie without the meetings and events that interferred when they were in Richmond. The Campbells were fun and graciously included Bobby and John in many activities.

Winkie visited us in Jacksonville, Florida, and we took her to Ponte Vedra Country Club to enjoy the beach and ocean. We were ordering dinner when Winkie announced she only wanted a bowl of soup—not even a dessert which surprised our sons since Ponte Vetra had an excellent dessert chef. She could not be persuaded to change her mind.

We enjoyed the Advent Sundays Winkie had with the singing of carols. The neighborhood was invited to participate and the singing. There were goodies and cheer to end a delightful evening. Winkie was pleased to sit Jack (then 1-1/2 years, and the following year, too) on the baby grand piano and the his trying to sing along.

After Winkie's stroke, John moved our family from Jacksonville to Richmond to be closer to her. He visited her in the hospital to learn she was unable to speak. I encouraged him to converse with her in French. Alas, they had a short, but encouraging conversation.

Winkie was a good mother-in-law and an interesting person. We had many happy times together, even though there were differences of opinion as in any relationship.

The Navy arranged for John and Tom Walker to get together on the USS Fahrion. At that time, Tom was on a carrier working on the F.14 radar systems. Here John and Tom are on the bridge with John P. Mitchell, CO

Tom on the bridge steering the ship.

E.V.V.M.
[illegible] West Franklin Street
Richmond, Virginia 23220
and
Goose Chase
Afton, Virginia 22920

8/17/83

You, Johnnie Walker with your lovely graceful Nancy walking together at the head of Winkie's funeral was, and will remain a satisfying, comforting and delightful image to my mind and heart.

You've given her so much of yourselves: you've gratified her pride in her success as an old-maid mother, you've been available when so often she has needed you, it made the funeral so "Right" for me. I feel confident that is the way she'd have arranged it & Jimmy, her brother, whose loyalty to her was tireless, wanted it also. Of course you & Nancy as well as Robert Walker wished he could have joined us all.

In Wilkie's honour, I want to add to funds to repair the one & only Electric Trolley in our town which has been, since Sept. 8th 1982, showing itself partly under the roof of the Science Museum of Va at 2500 W. Broad as you doubtless know.

It was brought from O'Porto Portugal in our effort to restore a bit of our 1888 Electric Trolley transportation on down-town Richmond Sts. esp. between the Coliseum (sp.?) & Shockoe Valley: to begin with 9th St. "Cardiac Hill".

More anon. Y'r devo. Elis. S. B.

Soon as Sept. forces me back to dear old Richmond, I want to talk to Nancy about helping me at 909 W. F. in Carriage house on Ch'mas Day. You, Johnny Walker, would be much involved. Y'r nice boys. I'd so like to know them. With much admiration & aff. Y'r cousin Elis Bocock

John P. Walker Jr. "Jack" (in wheelchair), Thomas R. Walker. J.P. Walker III

John Patrick Walker's children and grandchildren

John Walker married Nancy Roberts in 1955. He taught at Episcopal High School in Jacksonville, Florida from 1972 to 1978, and served as an instructor in the U.S. Navy in the 1980s.

Their son, Jack was born in 1957. At age 28, working on a construction job, Jack fell 18 feet and landed with his knees locked. He suffered a crushed vertabrae, and he was paralyzed and confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. He was married and has a son, John Patrick Walker III who lives in Florida near Nancy and Tom Walker, and a daughter Nancy Nicole Walker who lives in Buffalo,

Jack Walker

New York. Jack died in 2001.

Nancy and John's second son is Tom. He was in the Navy working on F.14 radar systems, and then had an 18-year career working on office equipment. He now lives with Nancy Walker in Fleming Island, Florida.

John Walker died in 2008.

1996 photo of Nancy Nicole Walker age 13 and John Patrick Walker III age 8.

Winkie

Mary Wingfield Scott