

BY ELIZABETH PINKERTON SCOTT

THE  
CROWN  
PRINCESS *of*  
HUNGRYTOWN  
HOLLOW  
— & —  
OTHER  
STORIES





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*Recollections for My Family*

Written by  
Elizabeth Pinkerton Scott  
Summer, 1997

*Cover photo: Evelyn Wayland Pinkerton*

*Cover design: Jack Amos, Inc.*



*Evelyn Wayland*

**M**y mother, Evelyn McMurtrie Wayland, was born at Heards, Va., July 23, 1878, in a house called Oudenops, meaning “No view at all”. Situated in a deep valley in southern Albemarle County, surrounded by mountains, and at the head of a stream called Taylor’s Creek, Heards was a small fiefdom, whose entire concern was the growing and harvesting of apples. All the surrounding slopes were planted in apple trees, and in the spring it was a fairyland of bloom.

Mother grew up without playmates, her older brothers off at

school and college, and years later she described herself as “the crown princess of Hungrytown Hollow” (a neighboring valley still has that name). Almost all the families who lived in the valley worked in the Wayland orchard, and they were six miles over a steep winding road from the nearest settlement, which was Covesville, on the Southern Railroad.

Mother never went to school a day in her life. Her father, Jeremiah Finks Wayland, had served in the Confederate Army and died when she was nine of anaemia contracted during his imprisonment in the war. For the next nineteen years her mother managed the orchard and kept the household going. The three boys were sent off to school and the University of Virginia, but Evelyn was taught (and well taught) by her mother at home. She had a most original mind, with courage and enthusiasm to tackle any problem, and a great sense of the adventure of life.



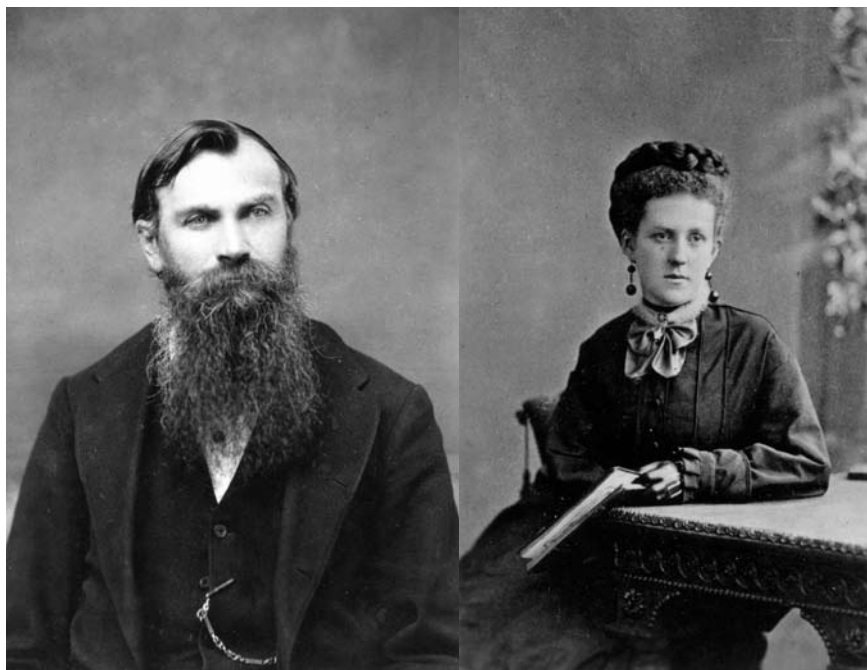
*Albert Taylor Bledsoe and Harriet Coxe Bledsoe*

Her mother, born Elizabeth McMurtrie Bledsoe (and called Lily), was one of four surviving children of Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Virginia, and his wife Harriet Coxe Bledsoe, whose face is so like my mother's. She was a Quaker and I have the letter proposing marriage to her which Albert Taylor Bledsoe wrote to her from Gambier, Ohio, where he was teaching at Kenyon College. He taught mathematics and theology. Early on they lived in Mississippi, so primitive there were stumps in the yard, each one inhabited by poisonous snakes, and they were at the University of Virginia when the war began. I've just read in Robertson's *Stonewall Jackson* that Grandpa Bledsoe was given the appointment to the University in 1854, being older and more experienced than Thomas Jackson, at VMI, who had also applied for it. He had graduated from West Point, coming from Kentucky, and he became Assistant Secretary of War for the Confederacy. During the war Grandma Harriet needed a pass to bring her through the lines from Baltimore to Richmond. It was denied by the U.S. Secretary of War, who wasn't going to be helpful to the wife of a "disloyal" classmate. She applied to Mr. Lincoln, who wrote out a pass for her at once. They'd been neighbors in Indiana (or Illinois), and she'd helped Mrs. Lincoln when she was ill. Someone in the family still has that pass.

After the war Grandpa Bledsoe wrote a book called "Is Davis A Traitor" which is credited with saving President Jefferson Davis from execution. Grandpa went to Baltimore where for some years he edited the *Southern Review*, and continued writing. His daughter Sophie helped him with the *Review*. The Alderman Library at the University of Virginia has considerable material on him and his career.



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Bledsoe*



*Jeremiah Finks Wayland, Elizabeth Bledsoe Wayland*



My grandmother is the only grandparent I remember, and I was named for her.

Although Heards was remote, cousins and friends found their way to visit there, often for months at a time. They were creative, lively and some truly sophisticated. As I was growing up I knew and loved some of them and had a glimpse as to what life might have been there. But it was surely not all peace and joy. Years later it was hard to get Mother to tell old family stories. When she was young she'd heard it all "ad nauseum." They were poor and struggling soon after the war, and Mother was tired of hearing about pride of family and past glory.



*Elizabeth Bledsoe Wayland with Harry*



*Harry Wayland*

**M**y mother's brothers were: Harry Bledsoe Wayland, B. May 7, 1873; Albert Bledsoe Wayland, B. Nov. 4, 1874; and Edwin Massie Wayland, called "Ned", B. Oct. 7, 1884. All three were tall and rather handsome.

Uncle Harry took over running the orchard in 1906 and then in January, 1907 married Elise Davenport from Richmond. They had two children: Anne Rutherford, who is still alive in California, about to be 90, and a son Harry, who drowned at a summer camp in Maine at age 17. Uncle Harry died in 1916. Aunt Elise moved back to Richmond and later married Geddes Winston, with whom she

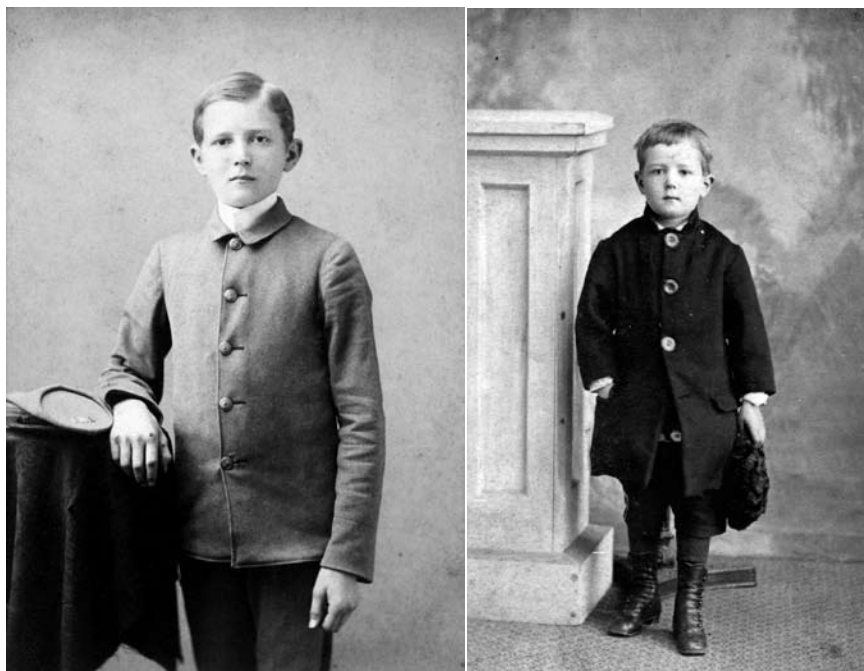


*Ned Wayland*

had no children. They are buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Uncle Harry too (no mention on his stone that he was first husband to the beloved wife of GW).

Uncle Bledsoe was an M.D., practiced medicine in Crozet (once known as Wayland's Crossing), was much beloved. I think he was rather a gay blade, but never married. Mother was in New Jersey when he died, lying in bed pregnant with me, and she was perfectly certain he slipped in her bedroom door and gave her a cheery wave at just the moment he was dying in Virginia.

Uncle Ned took over the Heards operation after Uncle Harry died. He'd gone to the Episcopal High School—told me once the food was so poor they went out in the fields foraging for raw corn to eat. He had an engineering degree from the University, worked



*Bledsoe Wayland*

with the Boeings (Fred Boeing was a college friend) in Washington State as a young man, and later had a machinery company at Covesville which built apple sorting and packing machinery which he designed and patented. My husband Freddy said Uncle Ned was a true mechanical genius. He trained the local people to be expert machinists, and had a big operation going in Covesville in his later years. He had a dream to leave it all to his employees but the finances went bad in the end and there wasn't much left.

Uncle Ned was an explosive, forceful man, and a romantic as well, passionately in love always with his wife Nora. Her family had come from New Hampshire to live at Morea, an old house now owned by the University. She was beautiful as a young woman, but in her old age she looked like a ghost—like Isak Dinesen, all fine



*Bledsoe Wayland*

bones and deepset eyes. They had one daughter, Roberta, called Bobby, who grew up in Heards even more alone than my mother. It was a strange life for her. She was ‘different.’ She tended to identify with the big German Shepherd dogs they loved rather than with people. When she got into her teens Aunt Nora made a frantic effort to make it up, but Bobby was fixed in her way of life. She wanted to be a hard working simple person, and she was—worked in town and later went to Chicago. I kept in touch for years but have heard nothing for a long time.

I remember my grandmother “Lily” very well. She lived with us in New Jersey and she was very good to me when I was a little girl. We went together on the “street car” to the Episcopal church downtown.



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Bledsoe Wayland (Lily)*

She loved to play cards—Russian Bank—and do games and puzzles. The walls of her room were almost covered with photographs of friends and family. As I grew older I came to understand that she felt she was living the life of an exile. Her unhappiness cast a real shadow over our dinner table. I remember my father (we called him Papa, pronounced Poppa) eating pears in extra heavy cream to ease the ulcers which were brought on by the tension she created.

It is probably not fair to judge her by those last years. Her life had not been easy. She'd grown up as the daughter of a distinguished University professor (they lived in Pavilion I on the Lawn),

surrounded by all the festivity a college town can give. She held the orchard business together and had ended up dependent on her son-in-law my father, and far from other family and friends. I can understand her loneliness, but I do remember she was imperious and sometimes bitter in her old age.

Her older sister Sophie was a remarkable person and a darling old lady. She married an Episcopal minister named James Burton Herrick who after their three children were born went off and joined one of the experimental communities in upper New York state (I think they made International Silver). They had wives in common or free love or some such thing, and years later his granddaughter tracked down some of his descendants from this “arrangement.” She said they were quite nice.

Aunt Sophie handled it with grace. She studied Greek to keep from going crazy and went to work as a teacher and school principal in Baltimore, helped her father edit the *Southern Review*, and then went to be an editor of Scribner’s and later the *Century* magazine in New York. They lived at Bergen Point on the Kill van Kull and later in Plainfield, N.J., and she commuted by train and ferry.

Her children were first Albert Bledsoe Herrick, an electrical engineer who worked with Thomas Edison. I remember him as an old man in Charlottesville, but never knew any of his children. Second was Virginia, whom I called Cousin Virgie, who married an Englishman named Hugh Fox. They lived by the water in Riverside, Connecticut, and I often visited there. When she was an old lady, Cousin Virgie broke most of the bones in her right hand

and the doctor said she'd never recover its use. She said in effect "I'll be durned" and worked with a rubber ball and sanded picture frames until she got it back. It was after that she painted the picture of iris.

Cousin Virgie's daughter Virginia married Edward Hunt, and they lived in Washington for years, both worked for President Hoover on his Commission, and she ended up at a Hunt ancestral farmhouse in Indiana. Their son is a college professor and their daughter married a Dr. Wedgwood and lives on the West Coast. The second Fox daughter was Louise, who married Richard Connell, an author and screenwriter. They lived in New York and Hollywood where he worked, among others, for Harold Lloyd. Her younger sister Janet married Andrew Wing, a magazine editor. One of her daughters lives in Santa Fe and knows Beau Pinkerton. The fourth daughter was Frederica, who married a charming man named John Taylor. She was an editor for several high fashion New York magazines. All four were interesting and delightful women.

Aunt Sophie's third child was Cousin Louise Herrick Wall, the person of all of these who had the most influence on Mother and on me as well. She married Francis Wall, a lawyer, and lived with him in San Francisco. They had no children. He had charge of getting the water back into the city after the great earthquake and fire.

In 1919 she came east to take care of her dying mother and had just got back to San Francisco—was on the street and heard the newsboys shouting that her husband had died.





*Cousin Virgie's iris painting*

She lived for thirty-five years longer and enriched a lot of lives. She was a writer and a promoter of good works. She was a friend of Jane Addams who founded Hull House in Chicago. She was sure the world could be made better and we would do it. She went to Germany and got interested in the Oberammergau Passion Play and was instrumental in bringing Anton Lang to New York to promote the play. I remember him at the Grand Central Palace there. She had real influence on a lot of lives. She made you think you were better than you knew you were, she had so much faith in you.

She camped with us in the Berkshires (she had camped with her husband in the High Sierras). We made pressed flower collections. She took me to Washington to see the sights. We stayed at the Grace Dodge Hotel and shook President Coolidge's hand—he was “at home” to the public on a set day of the week and we just walked in. She loved and admired my mother and made us all feel we were in touch with the great world where big things happened.

The next of my grandmother's sisters after Aunt Sophie was Aunt Emily, whom I never knew. She married the Rev. William Dinwiddie who lived at Greenwood, and he founded and ran the Greenwood School. They had eight children, mostly educators and social workers. One of them was Albert Bledsoe Dinwiddie, president of Tulane after 1918. Another, Cousin Courtenay, who lived at Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y., was the father of my dear friend and cousin Jean, who married John Weldon of Indianapolis. Her children Peter, Courtenay and Wendy survive her.

The old house just below the Greenwood railroad station was the same sort of summer retreat for Jean's family that Ingleside was for us. I spent a lot of time there as a girl in my teens, with Big Sister, Miss Bessie Dinwiddie, presiding, and Cousin Arthur Bruce, who ran the store, always present. Cousin Courtenay's major occupation was as a lobbyist, working for child labor laws, which finally passed Congress.

I remember my grandmother's younger sister Aunt Anna only slightly, but her husband Edgar Dinwiddie, brother of her sister's husband William, is vivid in my memory. He had control of the



*Edgar Dinwiddie*

traffic for a section of the Southern R.R., I think, and his daughters were Helen, who married George Summey (whose sister Caroline was married to Albert, the Tulane president), and Elizabeth McMurtrie (named as I was for Mother's mother) who married Lewis Littlepage Holladay. Helen was my mother's dearest friend as well as first cousin, and for many years Mother went each winter to visit her in College Station, Texas, where her husband was a professor. Helen had no children. Elizabeth spent her last years in Charlottesville—she gave me her silver baby cup and I've passed it on to Bro's daughter Elizabeth.

These were the large family connections on the Bledsoe side, many of whom came often to visit at Heards. I know much less about the Wayland side and am delighted to have been enlightened by David Wayland as to how we are all connected. I think it is

natural that my grandmother should have kept in closer touch with her own sisters and their families, but have the impression they were all rather proud of their descent, through their mother Harriet Coxe Bledsoe, from the Coxe ancestor who'd been given a grant for most of New Jersey in the early 18th Century. The Coxe family book spells it all out, and we seem to be connected to most of Philadelphia—they were based in Burlington, New Jersey, and it's a happy coincidence that our dear friends the Mulfords and Andersons (about whom more later), lived in Burlington when we were in Bayonne, New Jersey.

## The Pinkertons

Now I will turn to my father, William Alfred Pinkerton, and his family. His father was Brainard M. (I think for Melancthon) Pinkerton, and his mother was Alice Harris. Papa was born at a house called Glenthorne in the valley near Nellysford just below the present Wintergreen. His mother's father Alfred Harris had set up the young couple there, but sadly his mother died when he was two, and his father three years later, so Papa was really raised at Ingleside, which was the Alfred Harris home place.

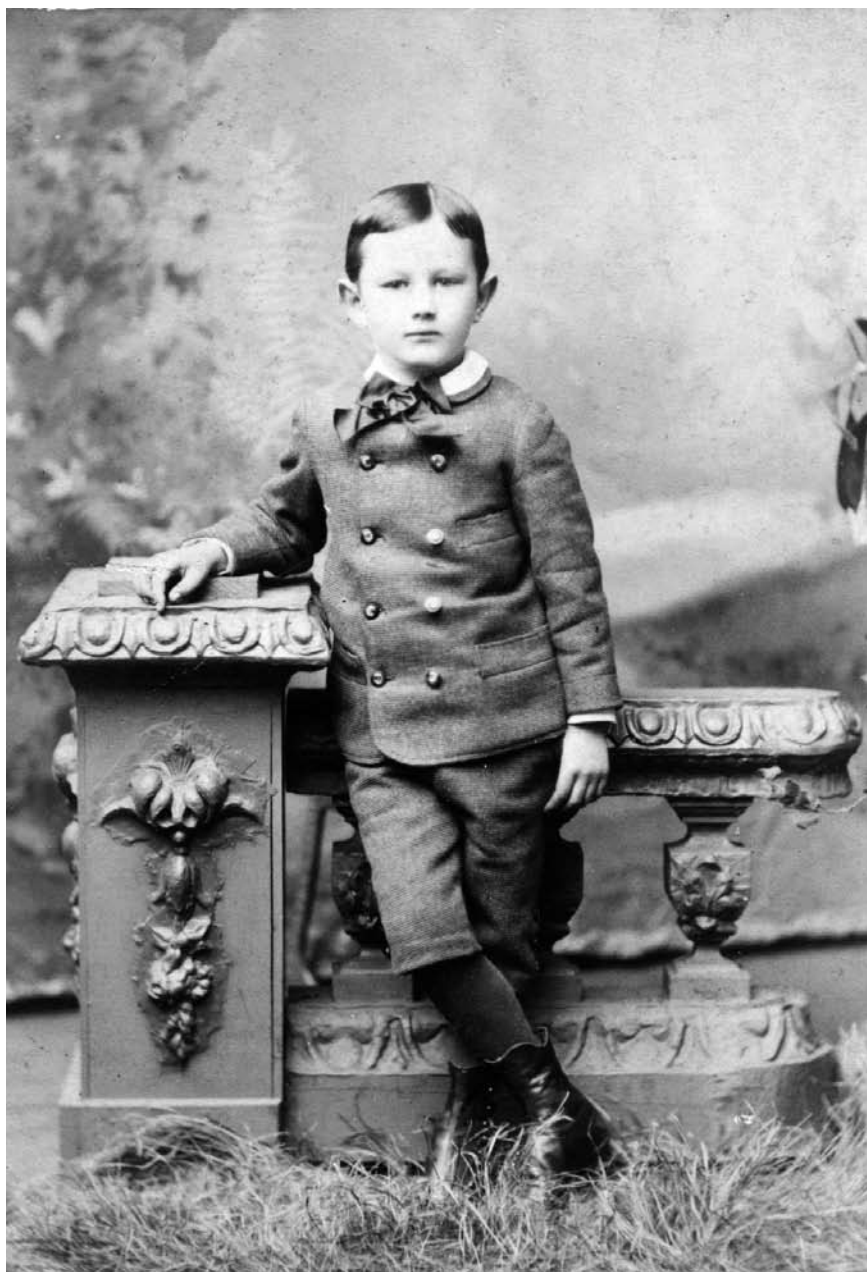
Papa's Pinkerton grandfather William was a Presbyterian minister trained at Princeton, who came to the Cove Church as a missionary in 1842 (see the *History of the Cove Church*). His wife was Margaret Garrett, from Pennsylvania, and her family thought she was being taken off into the wilderness. She produced her son Brainard, and she died soon after. Her family then came to Covesville determined to take the baby back to Pennsylvania. A family named Ames was caring for the child, and they *hid* the baby until the Garretts went home frustrated. The young mother is



*Ida Harris*

buried in the Ames plot in the Cove Church yard.

The Rev. William Pinkerton left the Cove Church about 1852 and served for years at the Mt. Carmel Church at Steele's Tavern (then called Midway—halfway between Lexington and Staunton) and his final word was he was “going to do for Cove Church what the devil had never done—*leave* it!” He is buried at Mt. Carmel with his second wife from whom Mary Kerr and Margaret and Ed Pinkerton descend. Brainard seems to have stayed with the Ames family in Covesville, and grew up to marry Alice Harris, who lived just nearby.



*William Alfred Pinkerton*

Alfred Harris, Alice's father, was one of a very large Harris family connection (see Wood's *History of Albemarle County* and also see Mildred Ewell's book *The Hart Family*, distributed in September 1991 at Sunny Bank's 200th anniversary, showing the relationship between the Harrises of Oakwood and the Harts of Sunny Bank). Ingleside, where my father grew up, was Alfred's home. He must have been a very successful farmer because he not only owned and farmed about a thousand acres at Ingleside, but also owned the beautiful land near Nellysford where my father was born.

Alfred Harris had three wives, all buried at Ingleside. From the tombstones there we learn they were:

"Lizzie, my darling wife"

"Angeletta Russell (She hath done what she could)"

"Elizabeth Angeletta Little"

I've heard a tale that he was astonished at their wedding to learn that this third wife was another Angeletta. With his first wife he had two daughters, my grandmother Alice and her sister Margaret (we called her Aunt Mag) who married Robert Randolph, a Thomas Jefferson descendant. They lived at Roundtop, near Carter's Bridge, and later in Lynchburg, where I remember visiting them. They had no children. I have the china fruit plates and saucers, and one bowl, hand painted by Aunt Mag, I think in company with the Carter sisters at Redlands. Miss Sallie and Miss Polly. From Alfred's second wife came the three children I remember best. They were Ida (Idee), Bessie (Batie) and Uncle Russ, for Russell. None of them married,





*China fruit plates and saucers*



*Uncle Russ*

and they lived all their lives at Ingleside. Elizabeth, the third wife, raised my father and was much loved by him (and by my mother).

**I**t was this bevy of aunts and one uncle, with Grandpa Alfred and his much beloved third wife, who centered upon him all their expectations and love. He was the only child for all of them, and why he didn't grow up rotten spoiled I do not know. They would



*William Alfred Pinkerton*

serve a cake just once and set it aside for “Billy” to have the rest.

Except that his parents were dead, he had an idyllic time growing up. He was tall, handsome and athletic, had his own bird dog, was a good shot and loved his friends. He studied at the Cove Academy and also the school at Pantops. At the University of Virginia he

graduated in medicine with the class of 1899 (I think), and was the pitcher on a really good baseball team, for which Julien Hill of Richmond was the catcher. Friends from those days were Peyton Coles and Buck Langhorne and others of the Green Mountain neighborhood, Dr. Sizer and Mr. Tidd at the stone quarry at Schuyler, and Drs. Monte Rea and Ephraim Mulford, of whom more later.

## Is it about your teeth?

My mother and father must have known each other early in their lives. They would both have been taken to the Cove Church, and mother visited often at the University with Carter and Rosalie, daughters of Professor Thornton, and with Louise and Janet Humphries, whose father was also a professor. One year my father had a room in the arcade just down from Monroe Hill where the Thorntons lived, and he is listed as living at 13 West Lawn from 1896 to 1899. There were parties at Sunny Bank, which was a haven for people of all ages, Mother would leave a secret message (pebbles on the gate post) to show she was there so Papa could just happen to drop in.

Money was in short supply and my mother had at least two ways to get some together for her trousseau. She had her own dark room at Heards, and produced photographic portraits of the locals for a fee, and she did beautiful embroidery. (When I was married she monogrammed for me three dozen napkins and three huge tablecloths with EMcMP, perfectly done. At the time I just took it for granted—stupid girl). She embroidered lovely panels for



*Evelyn Pinkerton and Bledsoe*

her own wedding dress, and it was put together by a seamstress in Charlottesville who promised delivery by the train the morning of the wedding. The train came and went—*no dress*. But all was saved when a horse came galloping down the road, special delivery in time. My niece Lyn Pinkerton was married in that dress five years ago, probably the only one with a waist small enough to wear it.

When they married, my parents were given the place near Alberene which they named Aliceland for his mother. It is now called Quiet Entry. Papa set up medical practice there, and it was there that my three brothers were born. Dr. Mulford, who had



*Alfred Wayland Pinkerton*

married Mattie Anderson, began his practice at the Crossroads at the same time, and Mattie's sister Louise Williams was the nurse and friend who helped my mother when the boys were born. Papa delivered all of us. Mother said she wouldn't trust anyone else. The community trusted him too, and numbers of babies survived because he understood how to make formulas when their mothers' milk failed.



*Bledsoe Colhoun Pinkerton*

As the family grew and the Alberene and Schuyler soapstone quarries' business and patients' fees dwindled Papa went for several summers to Bayonne, New Jersey where a Dr. Donahue wanted relief in order to go to Maine for a holiday. Papa had done a residency at Post Graduate Hospital in New York, and I imagine that was their point of contact. He soon decided the whole family must move, and they did. The Mulfords made a similar decision and went to Burlington, New Jersey to be soon followed by Mattie's younger brother Dr. Dick Anderson.

When they went there, Bayonne was a pleasant town with water on three sides. The New York Yacht Club had its base there. There was a fine resort hotel on the Kill van Kull and the Jersey Central train came through from Elizabeth and points south to end at the





*Bledsoe and Alfred Pinkerton*

docks in Jersey City a short ferry ride from lower Manhattan. It didn't take long for industry like Babcock & Wilcox and Standard Oil to occupy the New York harbor side and the town became essentially a blue-collar factory town. But I remember green lawns going down to the water and swimming in Newark Bay. Mother lost her wedding ring in the bay one summer, and the next year a friend picked it up from the sand and restored it to her.



*Alan Brainard Pinkerton, five years old*

Our family life was different from most people's, I think. Papa was very busy. His office was attached to our house and his secretary ate her lunch with us every day. I went in early years to the public school just down the street. The principal was a friend, the students were largely children of immigrants. I grew up knowing my father was *The Doctor*, but there was penalty with the privilege. I had to wear scratchy blue serge bloomers and middy blouse and longed



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Pinkerton*

for the beautiful shimmery lavender dresses some of my classmates had.

We had no organized social life, but there were a few families in town who were really close friends, the Alisons, whom we visited at Orr's Island, Maine, the bank president and friend Gene Newkirk and his wife Nancy, Dr. Donahue, of course, and in Jersey City the Schencks who took us to Buck Hill Falls, and Dr. and Mrs. Street—more of all of them later.

Through all the New Jersey years my father returned without fail to Virginia for the hunting season. We stayed at the Aliceland



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Pinkerton*

house which was allowed to fall into ruin, but still was a shelter we camped in. When Papa discovered fly fishing in New York and New England the spring was taken care of, and our holidays were almost all camping by trout streams or lakes, first Lake Garfield in Massachusetts, and then Clear Lake near the Beaverville in lower



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Pinkerton*

New York, later the Ausable and Lackawaxen rivers.

My mother was the first woman in town to drive a car, and during the flu epidemic of 1918 she chauffeured my father constantly, to help and also as her only chance to be with him. She tried helping with the PTA and so on, but it really wasn't her style. She wanted



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Pinkerton*

serious work and she undertook to hold the Ingleside farm together. It was falling apart with Uncle Russ in charge. He was stone deaf, getting old and ill.

We have wonderful family stories about Mother's farming operation. Every few months she went to Virginia by train to stay

for a few days to get the work plans organized. Her employees, all black, were of mixed quality, both physical and mental, and she was herself learning and feeling her way. She found that one man, given charge of feeding a pen of pigs, hadn't even opened the feed sack and the pigs were skin and bone. His response to her shocked reproof was "Yes Ma'am, Mrs. Pinkton, I was feeding them kind of gra-a-dual."

She loved to drive her tractor, and Papa bought her a beautifully tailored whipcord suit from Abercrombie & Fitch, complete with knickers or short trousers under the skirt, so she could go straight from the train to driving her machine. The problem was that on returning home, not once but twice, she left the pants in the little string hammock in the Pullman berth. Uncle Doug Schenck, who carried our insurance told her "Evelyn, you have got to stop doing that—I just can't go back to our company again to tell them a lady has left her pants on the train once more."

In later years she had another tractor driving "incident." Her false teeth were so uncomfortable she put them in her pocket when she was alone, and as she was pulling a disc she leaned over and to her horror saw the teeth disappear between the blades. She got down and scrabbled, but couldn't find them.

She couldn't bring herself to tell Papa and face him with the cost of replacement, so for several days kept silent.

Finally she pulled herself together and said, "Billy, I've something to tell you."

His response was, "Is it about your teeth?"

Another tale about Mother: They were camping in the Adirondacks by the Ausable, her friend Ruth Gordon with them, and the two ladies went off in the flatwoods to pick blueberries while Papa was fishing the river. This time it was Mother's eyeglasses that fell from her pocket, and she was desperate—miles away from any replacement. They searched without success but Mrs. Gordon, whom we called Foofie, used her last weapon and prayed for help to find them, which they promptly did. It wasn't long before Mother had dropped them again and Foofie immediately cried out "Oh Lord, this *fool* has lost her glasses again" and once more they found them, Foofie's last word was "Evelyn, don't drop them again, I am not going to pray them back one more time."

And then there was the incident at the grave. It was Batie's funeral. The "hands" on the place had dug the grave, and Mother wanted to be sure it was well done, so she went up the morning of the funeral to check on it. It had rained, and there was a cover over it. She got too close, slipped and fell in. She was desperate to get out. No one knew she was there, and she pictured rising up to meet the procession—two old ladies in this grave is one too many! She found a stick and dug a little handhold and made it out, but she was exhausted and shaken. After the service, when we were back at the house having a good time visiting, she started, in her relief, to say "Oh, I am having such a . . ." and clapped her mouth just before the "good time" came out.

I had remarkable freedom when I was growing up. I remember roller skating with a friend for miles on Staten Island, having



crossed on the ferry from Bergen Point. Mother was almost fierce about insisting I had to be resourceful for my own entertainment—no wailing that I had nothing to do was allowed. She did read a lot to and with me, lots of poetry, Kipling and Tennyson, the *Idylls of the King* and Greek mythology. I loved to read by myself as well. A sort of secret war went on when the *Saturday Evening Post* arrived. Papa had first go, of course, but with luck I could catch up on the serial story before he got home from his rounds. His gift was to tell stories. I would snuggle into bed and hear all about a little girl who had marvellous adventures not unlike my own.

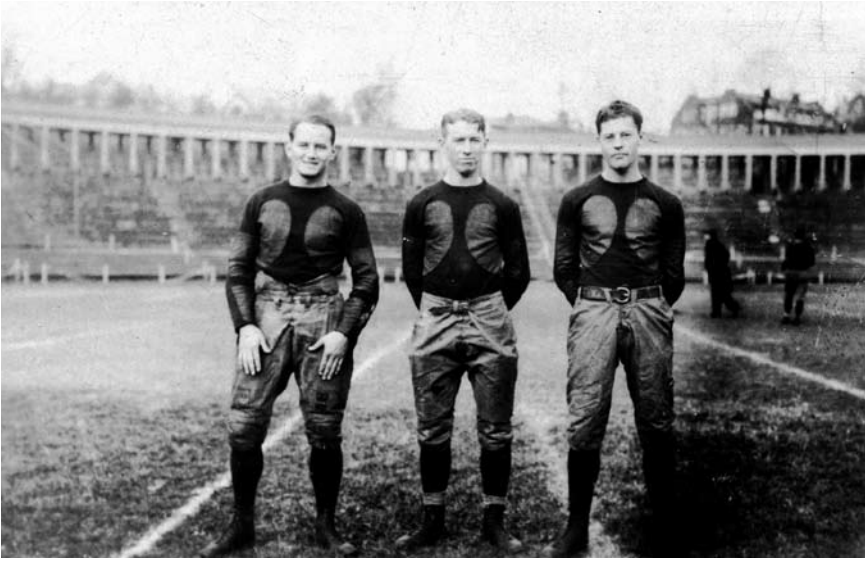
School was of course an important part of our life. While I was still walking to the public school just down the street, my brothers were sent away to boarding school. Alfred went to the Episcopal High School, and Mother used her own money for his first year, Papa not convinced it was necessary. He was persuaded she was right, so in turn Bledsoe and Alan went to the Virginia Episcopal School at Lynchburg, and all of them on to the University, Alfred with a medical degree, Bledsoe with a B.S. and Alan a degree in Law. For two years I commuted by train to Miss Hartridge's school at Plainfield, N.J., then to Stuart Hall in Staunton, Va. and on to Sweet Briar College.

For all the years I went to public school Mother and Papa took me with them when they went back to Aliceland for the November hunting season. We took some school work with us, and it didn't seem to set me back. The house had been allowed to decay, and we really camped in it, putting beds with sleeping bags under where the plaster had fallen so as not to be surprised by it coming down on us



*Elizabeth McMurtrie Pinkerton*

in the night. We hauled water in buckets from the spring (I had one a little smaller than the rest), and hung game birds out the window. We used kerosene lamps. It was very primitive, but we loved it. There were always bird dogs, mostly English and later Irish setters. I went to Headwaters in Highland County and slept on corn shuck mattresses with the McCray daughters, and listened at night to the hunters' stories of the days' events.



*Bledsoe Pinkerton on left*

But Miss Hartridge frowned on such absence, so for those years in November I visited with either the Streets or the Schencks in Jersey City, and took the train from there to school. Dr. and Mrs. Street (Bain and Mabel) had one daughter Virginia, and a high point in my life was going to her wedding at West Point. She married Delmar T. Spivey, later an Air Force General and head of Culver Academy. We visited the Streets and later the Spiveys at their summer camp on Lake Androscoggin in Maine, and I remember the Irish cook and the excitement of Virginia's trousseau, and that she and her mother wrote to each other every day.

The Schencks had two daughters, Marion and Mary. We visited them at Buck Hill Falls in Pennsylvania, and later I roomed with Marion at Stuart Hall. Both these families were wonderfully kind to take me in as they did, and the two families have remained close in affection.



*The house on Avenue C in Bayonne. The office is out of sight to the left, with a nice lawn beyond it. The picture is taken from the street car tracks which ran north and south (left and right) behind the camera.*

The summer of 1929 I spent at Sunny Bank being tutored in Latin and French so as to advance a bit in preparation for Stuart Hall. Cousin Ginny (Mrs. Andrew Hart) was my teacher and hostess, and it was more glamorous than the earlier summers I'd spent at Ingleside, but I really loved them both. At Ingleside I could not leave the large yard alone. We had daily morning prayers, and on Sunday I could only read the *Southern Churchman* or the *Bible*. But I could help churn the butter in the basement kitchen, go get eggs from under the hens, watch the oxen pull wagons through the yard, lick the dasher from the Sunday ice cream and eat wonderful corn muffins made by beloved Mollie, who presided in the kitchen. It was a very simple life, but I realize now I had a glimpse into the sort of life they lived in Cranford, riding in the buggy behind Kate to go to church or to Sunny Bank.



*Elizabeth Pinkerton cutting grass, 1937 Bayonne*

At Sunny Bank there was romance in bloom. Andrew was courting Betty Massie. Tom Michie came to court cousin Cordelia Ruffin, visiting from Norfolk, and there was violin and ukelele and banjo music, and even old Mrs. Byrd looking like Whistler's mother and playing the harp.

Life in Bayonne became more interesting when my brothers started bringing friends home from school and college. They used our house as a base from which to go into the city, and our third floor was a sort of dormitory for them. I was the very much younger little sister, but allowed to be there for the wonderful parties we had with all ages together. Papa had an annual game dinner every December. Eliza Washington cooked bear and turkey and made superb biscuits. There were tall stories, lots of food and drink and songs late into the evening. Sam Pendleton brought his banjo,

Ed Davis came from Philadelphia, Dee Runk would be there—all college friends of my brothers.

In the summers we went sometimes to Bay Head on the Jersey coast, or camped with the Mulfords in Massachusetts. Every now and then the phone would ring and Dr. Mulford would be calling and we'd all get in the car and drive to some roadside restaurant halfway to Burlington for a joyful supper reunion. All this while my parents were working hard and living through perilous financial times. They kept us free of worry even though we knew it wasn't easy. It was all very unconventional and filled with enthusiasm for friends and hospitality.

As I look back now I marvel at how joyful our household was, thanks to our parents' determination to keep it so, in spite of real trouble all around. There was Grandma on the second floor, having dreadful headaches and feeling put upon. There was the financial stress of the '29 crash, which hit us hard, *and* for seventeen years in the third floor lived my little sister Evelyn, who never developed mind or body, and was lovingly cared for by Eliza Washington, who would not be separated from her.

Eliza was a strong ally. She ruled the kitchen, did a huge amount of work, sat up late each night figuring out how to play the numbers (this was much like the present day lottery—the winning numbers appeared in the daily paper), and when she married William Washington and would go on vacation trips with him they took Little Sister along. Eliza was heavy and loved to laugh, but in her later years in retirement at Beaver Dam she went a little crazy and was a wisp of a woman with a wild shock of white hair, still devoted to all of us.



*William Alfred Pinkerton*

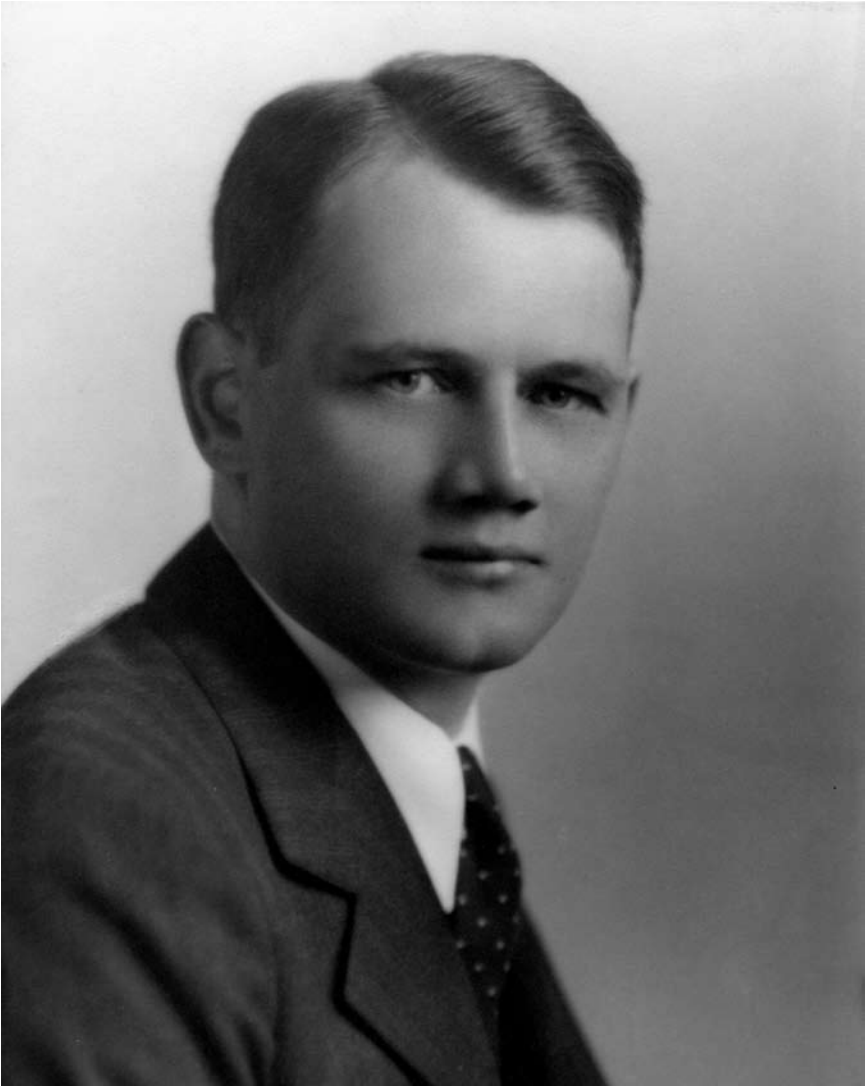
My mother had really good relationships with a number of black helpers and friends. She didn't have much money to work with, but she would gather up clothes or find special jobs. I can think of a lot of them whom she helped and who helped us in return. We still reap the rewards of this in the extra loving care that Lily May Cowan is giving right now to my brother Alan.

I went to Stuart Hall in September 1929 and had three really good years there. I liked the school work and did well—didn't mind the restricted life, but about my second year my brothers were finishing up at the University, and they all realized they'd better get little sister (me) launched into the world of dates, etc. So at my brother Alan's invitation I went to the first dance of my life in the Gym at the University. My long hair was in braids in circles on each ear, and I was an absolute innocent. I hadn't the foggiest notion that the fraternity brothers were organized to make sure I 'had a good time', and didn't 'get stuck' on the dance floor. Mother came with me as my chaperone, and we stayed at the Dolley Madison Inn, now gone. After that, as I came often to the dances I stayed with our cousin Miss Virginia May, who lived on Virginia Avenue. The Dr. Van Fleet rose on our fence at Bundoran is a cutting from the vine on her house there.

Early on I realized I was not socially well equipped, so I went to the school library and consulted Emily Post's book of *Etiquette*, with disastrous results. Right on the corner of Rugby Road and Main Street (I can see it now) I met Ed Davis, mercifully an old friend of all of us, and stuck out my hand and said "Pardon my glove." He looked astonished and I knew something was wrong. When I went back to Miss Post on Monday I found I'd been reading in the Gentleman's section.

We really did have good times at the University weekends. In the early days the dances were 'pledged' and even at fraternity parties girls didn't drink and the boys took care of us. I remember my 'host' date with a yellow pad showing that so





*Alan Brainard Pinkerton*

and so was taking me to lunch or breakfast, someone else to a game or tea dance, and with space for me to make plans of my own if I wished to. We moved in groups and those good friends have remained so all my life.

Mother and Papa continued to come to Aliceland for the fall hunting season, and I'd stay with them when I could. I remember bringing a Sweet Briar friend with me one weekend, and I guess I hadn't prepared her. She must have been expecting an elegant household and been bitterly disappointed in us. I know she decided not to room with me the next year as we'd planned. Happily, it didn't always go that way—one of my Stuart Hall roommates remains close in touch with fond memories of Ingleside and Aliceland, and I of visits to Cheraw, S.C. to visit her family.



*William Alfred and Evelyn Pinkerton  
1942-43 Hot Springs Arkansas visiting Alfred in the army*



*Alfred in the army*

Similarly, in 1936 I was working in New York and came down for Thanksgiving, and met Fred Scott at a Hunt Breakfast at Enniscorthy. His story always was that he took one look at me and decided to marry me. The first person he asked who I was didn't



*Alfred after WWII*

know, and the second was Mrs. Carroll Flippin, who declined to introduce us (said she was saving me for her son Harry—party talk), so he introduced himself and asked to come to call.

He arrived at a house completely dark with muddy bird dogs jumping all over us. We said “Watch out for the hole in the steps”

and went into the front room lit only by a low glowing fire. He sat there with us wondering what my parents looked like and finally Mother came in with an oil lamp, and he could see his proposed mother-in-law in her camping costume of man's shirt and tight trousers—very unusual in those times. In spite of all he stuck to his guns. He was never one to change his mind easily. I thought at first he was really crazy, but he won my heart in the end.

Before we became engaged there were the two years working in New York, commuting from Bayonne, first to learn shorthand and typing and then at the John Powers model agency, where I used neither skill, but booked appointments for the models, with a rank of telephones in front of us and a wall of individual appointment pads behind us. It was fun being on the fringes of the advertising and theatre world. There were lots of college friends in town. Two of us kept a single nightgown at the Tudor Hill apartment of Aline Stump's family where we were always welcome to stay. My brother Bledsoe, also working in the city, had lots of friends—they took a house in Darien, Conn. in the summer, and we had wonderful house parties there. We really felt we knew the city. I remember walking across midtown very late at night through deserted streets, feeling perfectly safe.

**B**ut I realized that the only reason my parents were still there was to make a home for me, so in 1938 I got a job as hostess in charge at Monticello. I lived first at Ingleside, then was a paying guest with the Randolphs at Estouteville, and later rented a room in Charlottesville, and sure enough it wasn't long before Papa decided to retire and move back to Ingleside.

When Mr. Gibboney hired me for Monticello I remember he said the person who preceded me had left to get married, and he wondered about me. I assured him I had no such plans, and it was the truth. I think I worked there for all that fall and enjoyed it. Milton Grigg gave me books to read and I studied up on the house and Mr. Jefferson. The only heat in the house was a wood stove in the front hall, and we huddled around it when no tourist was there. I remember the guides, all black men, gentle and nice to work with. There were Willis, an older man, and Ben and Monroe, both younger. My job was to collect the fifty cents admission fee and try gently to interest people to give more above that, to answer questions and literally be a hostess.

It was good to be in Virginia full time. I remember the excitement of buying my first car, a sedate black coupe, not as much fun as the little blue roadster with orange wheels which Mother had earlier bought for all of us to share. But this one was all mine, and I learned about meeting car payments. When I lived in town I took my meals sometimes at a sort of travelling salesman's boarding house on High Street, and sometimes at the Evergreen Tearoom run by Mary Lupton's mother, Mrs. Hosmer. Arthur Smith and Henderson Heyward, young men new to town, ate there as well.

## Fred Scott

**I**t was after I returned to Virginia that I began to be persuaded that Fred Scott was the man for me. He had come often to see me in New York, and I'd once come down for a houseparty at Royal Orchard, but we did become engaged that late winter of 1938 and were married in March, 1939.





Mrs. Scott had died in 1930 so I never knew her. Mr. Scott and I always got along splendidly and I think our relationship was established at that Royal Orchard houseparty. He loved to quiz young people and trapped me with questions about my education. What had I majored in? English. What did I especially like? Chaucer. Why? I fell right into the trap and went on about having studied Anglo-Saxon. Next question: When was Chaucer born? No answer. Just within a century or two? Still total silence. Well—let's look it up. So he read to me long pages from the Encyclopaedia about Geoffrey Chaucer, while I looked out the window to tennis players and swimmers moving gaily about the lawn until he finally released me. At breakfast next morning his first question to me was: When was Chaucer born? Of course I didn't remember (still don't), and I think he always liked me because he *had* me.





We were married in the University of Virginia Chapel, with a reception at Farmington. At dinner the night before Dr. Mulford dropped dead while dancing with his wife. My parents had a stressful heartbreaking time with very little sleep that night. It poured rain the day of the wedding and I was dressing in Pavilion IX on the Lawn, where the Flippins lived. I was half an hour late to the church because they tried to run a car up the Lawn to the front door and got stuck. I was sublimely unaware that I was late and Freddy wasn't concerned. He thought I was waiting for the Chapel bells to ring. But Uncle Fred Nolting had to leave to catch a train to New York before I ever got there, and I'm sure the congregation wondered what was wrong.

I remember we went over Afton Mountain in a torrential rain and fog and read about ourselves in the newspapers over supper at the Stonewall Jackson Hotel in Staunton and on to the Homestead, then in a few days to Lynchburg to the train and on through New



Orleans and across country to California and Hawaii. Gathering rumors of war kept us away from Europe, which would otherwise have been the preferred destination.

And so began my married life, which is another story.

## Evelyn Wayland Pinkerton

Died January 6, 1968

Some memorable excerpts from letters sent at her death.

**Y**our mother's going takes one of the most romantic figures of my girlhood. When she used to visit Louise Humphreys and Jennie H, the youngest girl and I would hang around to see her stepping out with that dashing blade Pinkerton, who had the aura of a "big man in college" and a top athlete as well. Those were Olympian days. Hollywood did not exist to sublimate the adolescent imagination, so our Gods and Goddesses walked in our Olympus. She had a sweet freshness that haunts me still.

*Anna Barringer*

For someone I so rarely saw, your marvelous mother made a deep impression on me. She had a wonderful gift of personality, and I'll always enjoy thinking of her warmth and the appealing twinkle in her eye.

*Bessie Bocoock*

Alfred being in Africa was the only thing wrong today. I couldn't help thinking how important it is for us all to have each big event affecting our lives honoured. He was cheated of the privilege of standing behind his mother paying tribute to *her* mother whom he



*Evelyn Pinkerton*

has loved so instinctively. But everything else was clear sailing with the strong wind of your adorable mother's personal charm and her tremendous influence carrying us fast in the direction of acceptance with gratitude for her anchor-rope freed from earth.

*Elisabeth Bocock*

When I read last night of your mother's death I had such a wave of recollected consciousness of her gay animated face, her delightful personality, the times I saw her. I shall never forget her—meeting her was an *experience* of a strong and lovely and interesting character.

*Nancy Bowers*



*Alan and Evelyn Pinkerton, Ingleside 1940*

Though I never saw your mother very often, she made a lasting impression on me, so I know how much you will miss her. I'm glad for all of you that Irene did such a wonderful portrait of her.

*Lydia Blackford*

Your mother's funeral is one that will always remain vividly in my mind. The beauty everywhere around us, and the naturalness of the funeral itself. I only wish that I had known your mother. I have always heard such glowing compliments about her. She was a very rare person.

*Berta Bocock*

I will never forget as a boy one summer day at Redlands before the War when your mother and father were visiting my parents. Generally boys aren't particularly impressed by older people, especially women, but I have always remembered your mother because of her charm, wit and intelligence. She seemed to enjoy life more than most people, and my parents always spoke so highly of Dr. and Mrs. Pinkerton.

*Beirne Carter*

Nostalgic memories flooded over me, recalling the time Rossie Reed and I spent with you and Mr. Scott at Bundoran Farm when the Reeds were on the Stella Polaris trip, and of a Sunday spent at Ingleside with your family. While Rossie was playing with the children I sat contentedly, thinking how nice nice people were the world over and to this day have remembered your mother as a very human person with charm and wit and rare common sense.

*Elisabeth Clason*

How well I remember the happy times I had with your family, in particular the trailer trips and bumping down the rocks.

*Aline Stump Cook*

A light—a lovely, gentle light has gone out of this world with your mothers leaving it.

*Louise Connell*

I always felt that Mrs. Pinkerton was one of the dearest people. Our entire family just loved her.

*Martha Williams Cox*

She was a wonderful lady, and I felt it a privilege to have known her.

*Frances Carpenter*



I have been along so many rough roads and can understand mighty well what this means for you and your brothers, the loss of your beloved mother—your charming mother whom everyone so admired and enjoyed.

*Virginia Wood Cook*

We are all so sad at heart that it's hard to know what to say. We were all still at the farm for the last of the vacation when your telegram came and our first thought was for one of us at least to get down there, but the Pennsylvania weather was doing everything it could to make such a plan impossible. We called Ann. We spent that

afternoon and a good deal of time since just reminiscing about your mother, and the best part of it is that the process invariably leads to laughter, and a lightening of the spirits. The boys add their share because I think they will always remember her from their visit to Bro that summer. I only wish Ellen and Gene could have known her, too. We all send all of you our dearest love.

*Mary Schenck Cosgrove*

Elsie and I were always devoted to her as a wonderfully wholesome, kind and amusing person, someone we admired and enjoyed. We shall always remember her as she was in her prime!

*Bernard Chamberlain*

Your mother and I had many happy chats over our drinks at the Cedars. I missed her visits when she got so she could not come.

*Nan Duke*

I always think of Mrs. Pinkerton in such a fond way as she had such an extraordinary gift for enjoying life. She gave this to others in her contacts with them, and it was a dear gift to receive. I thank her for it.

*Ann Shirley Dorrier*

Few of us have the privilege of having a mother such as Mrs. P. Her character and spirit are an inspiration to all who knew her.

*Winifred Edwards*

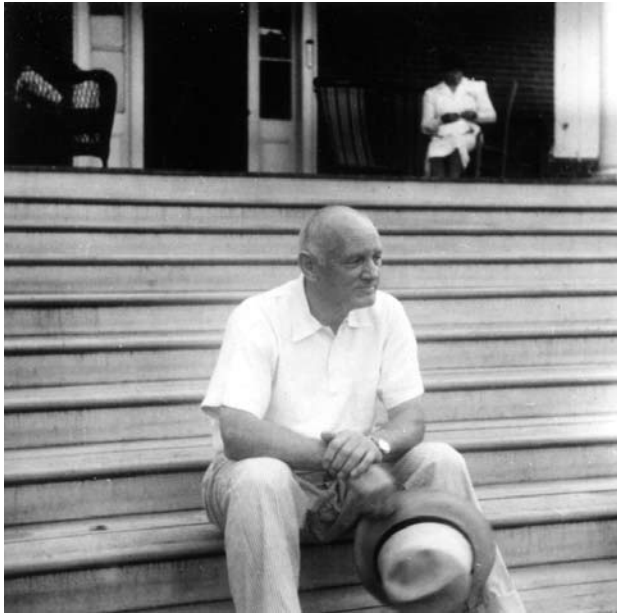
I will always remember your mother with the greatest pleasure. She was one of the loveliest, most attractive people I ever knew.

*Ora Fishburne*

Your darling mother. I have such happy memories of her. She was always, when she was well, a ray of sunshine and an inspiration to be with. Even when she was less well she was cheery and game.

*Valerie Graham*





*William Alfred Pinkerton*

We were grieved to learn of your mother's death. Such a wonderful woman! Your mother was such a dear friend and neighbor to my family. They all loved her.

*Helen and Emmett Gleason*

When Sam telephoned us Saturday to tell us of your mother's death we felt great sadness for all of you and for all who knew her, but great happiness for Mrs. Pinkerton. Anyone with her vitality and zeal for living was never meant to be a perpetual invalid. Wasn't she a great person and wasn't she fun? I keep seeing her out in her vegetable garden with a big straw hat on, shorts and a blouse. What a picture it was. It is wonderful to know that she will be back at her beloved Ingleside and will always be its guardian angel from her mountain top.

*Esther Henneman*

She was one of the most original, delightful, refreshing and stout-hearted people I have ever had the privilege of knowing! I count having met her and seen something of her one of the really good things of my life. With thanks and love, and such happy memories.

*Betty Hankin*

I shall always remember your mother's great zest for life, her gaiety and her indomitable spirit. She was an example for us all.

*Margaret McElroy*

Your wire announcing Evelyn's death brought great sorrow to me. Over the many years we had been devoted friends we seldom corresponded nor had need to assure each other of our mutual affection. I have cherished memories of the happy days your parents, Mul and I shared with them. Life seldom endows us with such enduring friendships. My hope for you and the boys is that remembrance of those golden days will bring happiness to all of you too.

*Mrs. Mulford*

It was a real delight and privilege to know your mother, she was such an enchanting 'original' full of charm (and the devil) and her pixie sense of humour and gay approach to everything, so wonderful for her age. What a joy and comfort and wife of infinite variety she must have been to your father over the years.

*Nan Mott*

I cherish the memory of my lovely visits with your mother. She was a great person—her charm, her sense of humor and human touch has made her one of my memorable friends.

*Lizzie Mulholland*



Shannon and I were so sorry to hear of your mother's passing. We will long remember her as a wonderful, beautiful lady full of joy that was a lift to anyone's spirit that had the chance to see her. I loved to see her walking here on the farm and to chat a few minutes with her. It made me feel much better after having talked with her for a few minutes.

*Joyce Mawyer*

Your mother was such a grand person with such a keen mind and wonderful sense of humor, she was an inspiration, and I feel lucky to have known her even so slightly.

*Gal Merriman*

I am so very glad that it is over for her, and for you too. Now you can go back to thinking about her the way she used to be. I like to think of her on a tractor. She was such terrific personality, and I admired her so much.

*Helen Parker*

Troost and I were saddened by Mrs. Pinkerton's death and saddened by the loss to you—indeed, to us all. But we know you, Mrs. Pinkerton's family and her many friends take great pride in, and have had great joy from, her long life. It is a pleasure for us, as it must be to you, to see Mrs. Pinkerton's magnificent warmth, strength and humor live in you, her family.

*Tove Parker*

Ed went back to his days at Ingleside and relived the many enterprises he and Evelyn worked on together. They enjoyed the same things, and each other. Ed's comment was 'Evelyn was the best friend I ever had'. Isn't it grand when you enjoy your relatives, as well as love them.

*Margaret Pinkerton*

She meant so very much to so many people, and had the great gift of giving the feeling that you were a genuinely special friend. Her warm hospitality meant everything to me when I first moved to Charlottesville, and it was always a happy feeling to see her again on rare visits. Remembering her comic account of sliding into the grave at Ingleside helped me through many a sad funeral.

*Ellen Perry*

I always thought so much of Mrs. Pinkerton.

*Lillian Lynch Pugh*

She was such a darling, and I shall never forget her humour. When she said such very amusing things, her expression never changed, but we were entertained.

*Hannah Howze*

I'm kind of 'low' today—Four months ago, Sept. 6th, Rogers died, and today, Jan. 6, your mother, the very best friend I ever had, not



*Alan Pinkerton and Tolly at 2 years*

that I want either of them back, at their age, and condition the same, but it does give me a very empty feeling. Your mother and dad were two wonderful people. The four of us had good times together when they lived at Aliceland. We, your mother and I “shared our most inward secrets.” I shall always miss them. I’m the oldest left around here, of the Harris, Hart and Pinkerton tribe, if I could be called such. After all I’ve lived longer among them than with my own family.

*Coz. Dora Harris*

Your mother was, and is, one of the dearest people in my life too. And I am sure that now she is having little jokes with the angels.

*Virginia Hunt*

Mrs. Pinkerton was a long-time friend of my family and a most beloved lady to me. She will always remain as one of my most fond memories, and she long will be missed by those who enjoyed the privilege of really knowing “Mrs. Pink.”

*Charles Russell Harris*

. . . there is such a wonderful feeling of triumph, too. She was so precious, so lovable, and such an inspiration and joy to everyone. She lived such a complete and creative life; she saw her children and her grandchildren become successful; she gave and received much love all of her life. She was always so kind to me and so filled with understanding and wisdom. The memory of our visit to you and to her has always remained as one of my most precious treasures . . . when she came down the porch steps at Alan’s that day to greet us, and how she showed us through her little house, and some of the things she said. I *know* all the fine things she stood for, and I felt proud to be her niece. I am so happy that Nancy was able to meet her, and she just *loved* her . . . love to you and Freddie and your sons, and to Ann and Alan and their family, and my sympathy to Alfred and Bledsoe also.

*Anne Wayland Littleton*

She had the trait of making people happy who came in contact with her. Everyone who knew her loved her.

*Fannie Lewis*

Every now and then we meet someone who is so special that it is a privilege to have known them no matter how briefly. I feel that way about your mother and I wanted you to know that in a small way I share your grief.

*Virginia Lowthorp*



*Alfred Wayland Pinkerton*

We so enjoyed knowing Mrs. Pinkerton—it was a great privilege. Being shown her strawberry patch, and listening to her store of gardening lore, and watching her gay animated sparkling face is a wonderful memory.

*Eirwen Lloyd-Rees*



*Alan Pinkerton*

I shall never forget my first visit with your mother when Natalie took me to call on you at Bundoran Farm and you three wonderful people gave me new strength. I especially remember the sparkle in your mother's eye—courage and a *twinkle* which she kept alive.

*Marjorie King*

Your mother's going is the switching off of another bright light. There are so very few as shining as hers. I will always remember her, her vivid stimulating personality.

*Frida McKnight*



Our only meeting with your mother made me understand why all who knew her thought she was unique. Her natural manner made old friends and new, young and not so young at ease in her company from the start. She was beautiful in an unadorned way which is very rare. We have heard from Helen Scott that the service and burial were a joyous ending and beginning.

*Anne McGuire*

There is naturally no telling how much we will all miss "Mrs. Pink" nor is there any telling of how grateful I am to have known her and known she was my friend. When we received the news of her death all we could do was tell over and over stories of her. A friend of ours was in our kitchen and Mary and I simply told one story after another of this marvellous person we had known. Douglas, thank Heaven, remembers her well from his visit to Bro and he immediately told us again many encounters he had personally had with her. It is a grand legacy she leaves for all of us.

*Marion Schenck*

The first time we met Mrs. Pinkerton was at one of "Big Polly's" Albemarle parties. What fun we had talking about picnics, girls and gardening. She seemed to me that evening one of the most delightful people I had ever met, and I know Big Polly adored her. It was our loss not to have had the chance to know her better, but we are grateful to have had the opportunity at all.

*Shelah Scott*

My first thought was what a wonderful life our dear Evelyn lived. She was a sweet kind person, with no end of courage and good sense. I always enjoyed her visits here and we all had good times together.

*George Summey*



*Bledsoe, Ann, Elizabeth and Alan*

The unexpected thing is that sadness does not come first—there is too much of happiness and beauty to recall. And of course, for me the time between may really be very short.

*Helen Summey*

Your mother was such a friendly, sincere lady that meeting her was a special occasion for me and I shall always remember her thus.

*Elizabeth Sutherland*

Such a sweet service and gentle minister to pay final tribute to one of Albemarle County's beloved characters!

*Betsy Tremain*

This is a morning filled with nostalgic memories of the wonderful parents with whom you Pinkerton children and I were blessed.

There was such a camaraderie between Evelyn and Mabel, Billie and Bain the love and admiration, the respect and kindly banter at their impromptu get-togethers over bridge or sewing or just friendly visiting.

*Virginia Spivey*

I have so many happy memories of your mother from the time I was a little girl. Her joyousness and gaiety, her buoyant spirit were so contagious one always felt happier from having been with her.

*Frederika Taylor*

Mrs. Pinkerton was one of my favorite people—so natural and witty—a strong character and I always felt better after being with her.

*Polly Teel*

But what richness there is in the memory of such a beautiful person to have had as a mother. I have such happy memories of her—her gaiety and warmth, her energy and pluck. I can see her riding the tractor on the farm. I remember our camping out with her and your father years ago at Aliceland. Louise and Virginia and I, Mother too, thought of her as the brightest star on the family tree. Will you share our condolences with Alan and his family, Bledsoe and Alfred?

*Janet Wing*

We will certainly miss her. Being with her was a great pleasure. She always seemed to be bubbling over with humor, enthusiasm, and affection for everyone around her. How fortunate we were to know her and be caught up by her contagious good spirits!

*Sarah Parker Wood*



*Elizabeth Pinkerton Scott*

It was a real sorrow to me that I couldn't be at Christ Church, Glendower. And yet, in a way, I spent the day with your dear mother, remembering happy hours with her, and thinking of her kindness and goodness, the trueness of her, her sparkle, her fun. I shall miss her very much. I do want you to know I am thinking of you and that I care. I am very grateful to have known dear Mrs. Pinkerton across such a lovely span of years. Remembering her will always bring a special kind of joy and of gratitude for her.

*Rachel Wilson*



# RECOLLECTIONS FOR MY FAMILY

ELIZABETH PINKERTON SCOTT

