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HOWARD E. ROW
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Pop art pops up at the Metropolitan Museum's birthday celebration.





The legacy of Howard Pyle

Howard Pyle is known today mostly for the children's books he wrote and illustrated. Some of them, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, *King Arthur and His Knights*, *Otto of the Silver Hand*, have become classics. In his own time, he was one of the major figures of the American artistic scene, a distinguished painter and writer, a prolific illustrator and a magnetic teacher.

It is a tribute to him, in this last aspect, that today, 59 years after his death, his influence still can be felt. He inspired his own students; some of them went on to inspire others, and so the torch was passed along. This process is exemplified most strikingly in the case of the Wyeth family. Newell Convers Wyeth was a student of Pyle; his son, Andrew, is an outstanding modern painter; Andrew's son, James,

is becoming another, and spreading out from them is a group of other artists, some already famous, others on the way to being so.

In a remarkable recently published book, *The Brandywine Tradition*, the author, Henry C. Pitz, pays eloquent tribute to Howard Pyle. A condensation of one of the more engaging chapters is presented below. It picks up in 1900, when Pyle was 47. By then, he already had had some experience in teaching, at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. His course there in practical illustration had been a great success but had disappointed him, for it had grown too large to allow for the individual student-teacher relationships he considered essential. So in 1900 he resigned from Drexel and established a small school of his own, next to his studio in Wilmington, Delaware.

By Henry C. Pitz

Teaching, painting, writing, Howard Pyle had many channels for his abundant talents. The little nagging chores of life which annoyed him were largely taken care of by many pairs of helping hands. There could be no school without some problems of administration, but at Wilmington they were kept to a minimum. There were no formal records, no tuition fees, no marks, no attendance charts, no diplomas, no catalog, no advertising. Pyle made all the important decisions but there was always a succession of minor details to be disposed of. He could leave a great many of these in the hands of two of his former Drexel students, Frank Schoonover and Stanley Arthurs. They were gifted, devoted and reliable, and he installed them in the rearmost studio nearest his own.

The life on Franklin Street gradually settled into a fairly fixed routine and work was central to that

routine. Students were expected to be at work by about eight o'clock and, except for lunch and breathing spells, to continue until five or even six. There were no attendance rolls or time charts, no one spied or supervised; a general sense of purpose and driving ambition kept them to the long hours.

Pyle would be leaving his breakfast table at 907 Delaware Avenue shortly after his students were assembling. He would stroll up the street under the maple trees sometimes followed by his brown poodle, dreaming and planning out his day. It was often an absentminded stroll, if while he paced the brick sidewalks he was reaching within for some elusive pictorial image. Sometimes, when he had mounted the studio steps and closed the door behind him, he would mutter to his secretary with a shake of his head, "Good heavens, I'm afraid I walked past Mrs. Faraday without noticing her. She'll think I am the rudest man in Wilmington."

Usually he looked in upon his students first, said a few cheerful words of encouragement, suggested

[LEFT] Detail of *Fate of a Treasure Town*, by Howard Pyle
Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts

a change here or there on a work in progress, made an assignment or talked out a conception that was in a sluggish state. This brief early morning interlude gave the pupils an important lift for the day's work and sharpened Pyle for his own.

When he closed the door of his studio behind him, he first addressed himself to his mail which was almost certain to contain pleas to enter his school. The mail would have been opened and sorted for him by his first secretary Miss Hoopes or by her successor, the bright, cheerful young Gertrude Brincklé, who was the daughter of a friend and almost one of the Pyle family. Then the answers were dictated and he put on his painter's smock and faced the easel.

If there was a picture in progress there was seldom much hesitation about picking up where he had left off the previous evening. An atomizer spray of retouching varnish would restore the dried-in areas to their original intensity and the picture could be studied coolly in the candid light of the morning after. Like every other painter, Pyle knew only too well the experience of facing a picture that had kindled



"I was a pupil of Harvey Dunn, who in turn was a pupil of Howard Pyle. Pyle was probably the greatest illustrator America has ever produced..."

[Harold Von Schmidt]

a glow when left in the flattering, fading light of late afternoon and which then had to be confronted with the matter-of-fact light of a new day. This was the moment of truth for both picture and painter.

But Pyle was an experienced professional. He would automatically make an objective appraisal. The appraisal might tell him to set his palette and pick up his clean brushes to bring an exuberant canvas to a triumphant conclusion. Or it might tell him to readjust some color relationships, repaint some portion of a figure or even make a radical change. He would follow the behest of his evaluations without further brooding. He knew that pictures begin in hope and at their happiest pass the point of prediction and astound the artist with his own revelation. He also knew of their treacheries, how they coaxed the aroused mind to believe that imagined glories had found their way into the paint layers. He knew the moments of excitement and the moments of appraisal—the warm time when the right relationships flowed naturally from the brush, the cool intervals when the meditative mind scrutinized as though with the eyes of another person.

Like all painters of achievement, Pyle was almost another man with his brushes in hand. The very accustomed feel of them, the touch of hog bristle on canvas grain, the slide of pigment set the pictorial mind in motion and warmed the imagination. Almost against his will, he took pleasure in his competence and resourcefulness. He had technical ability in abundance and he had labored hard to sharpen it, but he was suspicious of it. He tried to brush it out of sight, under the carpet. Mechanical proficiency must have seemed a kind of ostentation which aroused his latent Quaker horror. He professed to have no faith in the wisdom of his fingers, yet that digital cunning helped to carry him through many a pictorial crisis.

He was fearful that technical dexterity might deceive his students. He seldom spoke of technique to

[LEFT] *Watching the Fight at Bunker Hill*, by Howard Pyle *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1901

them—what he did speak of was of the office of the imagination, the power of the emotions, the necessity for immersion in and identification with the created image. The inner light of the Quaker had identified itself with the inner light of the artist.

He was not a showy painter and his brushwork was without bravura but he painted rapidly, knowingly and with great ease. Once he had visualized a composition, he usually brought it easily to fruition. Those who had the opportunity to witness his beginnings and completions were amazed at his facility.

At midday, instinct or sometimes the distant factory whistle from the banks of the Christiana brought him out of his creature spell into the world of Delaware Avenue's brick pavements and the warm lunch at home. Sometimes he stopped in the studio building for a brief interval.

An hour later he would retrace his steps and in good weather find some of the students eating their sandwiches and sprawling in the sun on the studio steps or on the grass under the trees. Four or more hours in the pleasant studio, retreating from the easel to appraise, advancing to place a brushstroke, watching the picture accumulate meaning and substance was the routine of the afternoon. With the fading of the light came the slackening of effort and the musing over the day's work. If things had gone well, he would think of his students in the next building and feel a desire to communicate his inner elation. If it had been a stumbling day and the picture faced failure, he would be inclined to walk down the brick path, past the studio doors, brooding. Often before leaving he would read for a few minutes. Not infrequently it was Swedenborg's *Divine Love and Wisdom* or the difficult volumes of his *Arcana Coelestia*. This usually struck a spark in him, and he would leave, volume in hand, cross the brick walk, enter one of the studios, read and then launch into comments on the text.

He seldom stayed long, but these informal and impromptu interludes were often studded with the unexpected. He talked and followed the unpredictable course of his current thoughts. Certainly he savored these sessions as much as his students and they filled

"It is my belief that Howard Pyle was a great figure in American art. That he was probably America's finest illustrator is also true but incidental."

[Robert Fawcett]



Howard Pyle, photograph
Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts

a need for both. He needed to talk out his thoughts for clarification and the students needed his presence and the sense of joint exploration. He encouraged them to speak out and to open their minds. This sort of session was not a class; it was a bonus, an exchange, a time of give and take, an improvisation on the mood of the moment.

The walk down the street under the gas lamps brought him to home and the wife and children he had seen little of during the daylight hours. After a leisurely dinner and some time with the children, there was only an occasional evening of complete relaxation. More usually he had a story or book
[Continued on page 18]

manuscript to work on or a pen-and-ink picture to draw. And so to bed, an average day of perhaps ten or eleven hours of teaching, writing and picture making.

The nucleus of the new school came from the best talents of the Drexel classes. Stanley Arthurs and Frank Schoonover had now reached a stage of accomplishment; they were loyal and devoted followers and Pyle depended upon them for a hundred small offices from running errands to packing his drawings and delivering them to the New York editors. Also James E. McBurney, Philip Hoyt, Ethel Franklin Betts, Sarah Stillwell and Ellen Thompson were among the first students. The word had spread rapidly and applications poured in. Most applied by letter, some in person, and many bundles of drawings arrived without advance notice. A former student has said that during the first year about five hundred made application from which twelve were chosen, and in 1903 we are told that for two to three hundred aspirants, there was room for only three. This demand came from all over the country, from inexperienced hopefuls to trained veterans, but mostly from students in the large city art schools. Never before in this country was there such a concentrated rush to learn the art of picture making under one man. Pyle's opportunities and gifts were in tune with the times.

The bundles of applicant drawings were studied, not for skill, finish or display qualities in particular, but for what might be called *purpose*. Pyle had an innate knack for seeing through the surface demonstration to the underlying intent. As he wrote to one applicant, "When you apply for membership to the school, don't send me 'samples' of your work, send examples! There are no samples of art."

If the portfolio seemed promising, the next step was a personal interview. Pyle again relied upon instinct; he had a way of reading a person deeply. No one has given us a more telling picture of such an interview than Newell Convers Wyeth.

Young Wyeth had attended classes at the Massachusetts Normal Art School and the Eric Pape

School of Art. Two classmates of his, Clifford Ashley and Henry J. Peck, had gone on to the Pyle classes and had written back such glowing accounts that Wyeth was fired to join them. On a blue and gold day of late October 1902, his twentieth birthday, the tall, strong youth faced the master.

My most vivid recollection of Howard Pyle was gained during the first five minutes I knew him. He stood with his back to the blazing and crackling logs in his studio fireplace, his legs spaced apart, his arms akimbo. His towering figure seemed to lift to greater heights with the swiftly ascending smoke and sparks from the hearth behind him.

... I was young, ambitious and impressionable. For years, it seemed, I had dreamed of this meeting. Success in winning this master's interest and sympathy to the cause of my own artistic advancement seemed so much to ask, so remote, such a vain hope. But here was I at last, seated before him in the very room in which were born so many of the pictures I had breathlessly admired from boyhood. Paintings and drawings that had long since become a living and indispensable part of my own life.

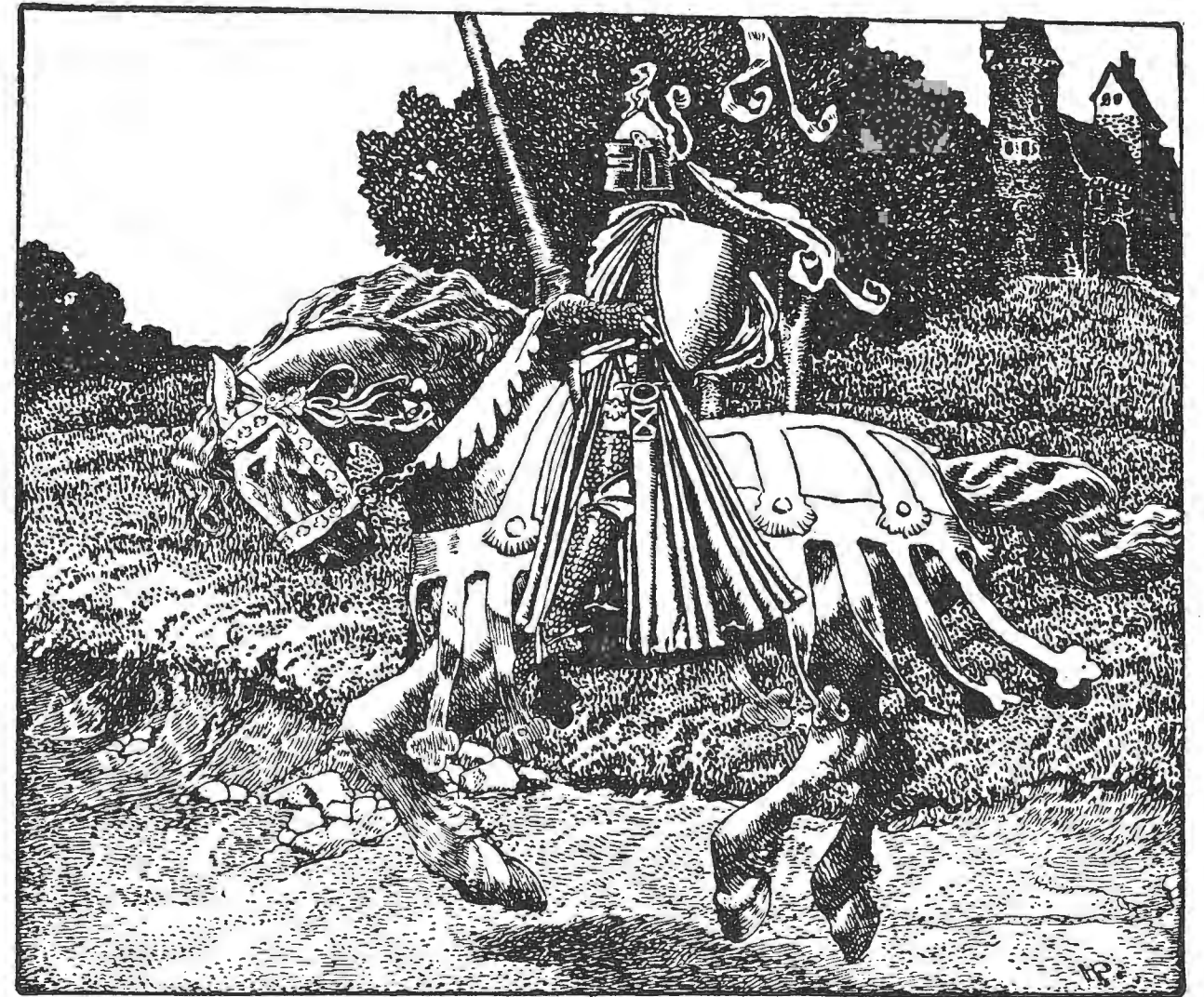
And as Howard Pyle stood there, talking gently but with unmistakable emphasis, his large and genial countenance hypnotized me. The mobile mask of his face became more than individual. My rapid reflections were swept beyond the actual man. It was bewildering. I heard every modulation of his voice and I took note of every word. Occasionally I would answer a question. I remember all this clearly. But a searching beyond his countenance persisted.

The soft top-light from the glass roof high above us poured down like a magical and illuminated mist over his magnificent head... the entire countenance became majestically severe, forceful, unrelenting. The recollection of the masks of Beethoven, Washington, Goethe, Keats, passed in swift succession before my vision, and in a sudden grasp of the truth I realized that the artist's face before me was actually a living compromise of the men of history and romance which he had so magically and dramatically perpetuated on canvas.

This is an honest and moving report by an imaginative and susceptible youth, seconded by any number of similar accounts.

The studios were soon packed with newcomers. The demand was so great and the talent so promising that Pyle was tempted to overcrowd. Harvey Dunn, George Harding, Percy Ivory, Newell Convers Wyeth, Edwin Roscoe Shrader, Sidney M. Chase, Thornton Oakley, Allen True, Walter Whitehead and Harry E. Townsend were among the new faces. One by one, the newcomers

[LEFT] N.C. Wyeth, photograph
Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts



From *King Arthur and His Knights*, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle

"Howard Pyle was certainly America's first truly great illustrator. More than that, he was a master decorative designer. His hundreds of black-and-white drawings are decoration in its purest form. It is in this latter phase that he comes closest to some of the present-day trends in illustration."

[Peter Helck]

faced the experience of being absorbed into the older nucleus. Each new student received a friendly welcome but each had to undergo the inevitable period of scrutiny and evaluation. As always, proper modesty on

the part of the novice was a help to acceptance. In spite of the fact that there were no gradings or class demarcations, the students naturally grouped themselves in approximate conformity with attainment and seniority.

As one of the group expressed it, "One of my vivid recollections of these early days down in Wilmington is of our series of studios. There were three. One was for the babies; another given to the middle-stage students; and another studio, the third, was given to two very august grandees or graduates, Arthurs and Schoonover."

The groupings fluctuated as attainments grew. Wyeth moved rapidly through "baby" and "middle-stage" levels and arrived shortly in studio three with the old guard of Arthurs and Schoonover. Some stayed a long time in number one and a very few never reached two or three. The brand-new pupil received



Pyle's explanatory and encouraging talk, was introduced to grandees Arthurs and Schoonover and others and set to work interpreting the current model.

Thornton Oakley speaks of his first session in the painting class.

I had been endeavoring with oils and brush and palette to suggest on canvas the spirit of the model that had been posed before us. It was my first handling of the medium—as it was, I believe, of other raw recruits who formed the class and my efforts, I full well know, were terrifying to behold. When H.P. stood before my easel, he was silent for many a minute. At length he spoke. "Oakley," he said, choosing his words with care, "either you are color-blind, or else you are a genius."

As time and practice revealed to Pyle, neither guess was wholly correct. Thornton Oakley never learned the nuances of color but had an ingrained predilection for the primaries, red, yellow and blue.

The intricate problem of guiding an increasing number of ambitious, competitive and resourceful young men and women of diversified temperaments and experiences might well be expected to be a taxing task threatening an unending series of small, nagging decisions. Pyle managed it with his accustomed concern, dignity and aplomb. He was aided by the caliber of his students who were all responsible, intelligent and committed to a purpose, united in their affection and respect for him as a person and an artist. But it was a competitive little society, a breeding place for the ambivalent feelings of admiration and envy. Naturally, there were friendships and antipathies. Disagreements and conflicts arose—some even came to blows. One student spent some of his meager allowance on boxing lessons in one of the Wilmington gymnasiums to prepare for a showdown with a rival.

In spite of Pyle's close rapport with his students, he could not have known all the tensions and conflicts that disturbed the group, but there must have been times when he wisely chose to appear not to know and allowed things to settle themselves. Eventually they did. Group opinion had its influence and the older students, particularly Arthurs and Schoonover, brought their weight to bear. Differences were worked

"In my opinion, Howard Pyle comes right after Rembrandt. He was tremendous. One of America's greatest artists."
[Norman Rockwell]

out in a rough and ready democracy, and the unanimous urge to get on with the work at hand kept peripheral flare-ups in their place.

But there were explosives in the young muscles and an overflowing supply of energy that could not be drained off, even by the long, concentrated studio hours. Pyle, who knew this, winked at some activities and promoted others. There were frequent picnics under the Brandywine trees and skating and sleighing parties in winter. Someone was always promoting a party. A lot of artistic ingenuity was expended on ways and means. Costumes, always popular, were put together from the widest medley of scraps and castoffs. Table and room decorations could be concocted in a few inventive hours. Invitations were painted and hand-lettered, attached to small twigs and tossed through open doorways. The sale of a picture was often the signal for an impromptu party. Many students were theater enthusiasts and while the Wilmington repertoire was sometimes limited, Philadelphia was only about a half-hour's train ride away. Wilmington had no art gallery or museum, but again the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was accessible as was the Memorial Hall in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park, teeming with exhibits which had been created for the still talked-about Centennial Exposition. Pyle went up to Philadelphia too, sometimes, to see old friends such as Arthur B. Frost, and to pace through the Academy galleries, although he was apparently untouched by the brilliant high-keyed color and slashing brushwork of the rising young school of American impressionism.

High-spirited capers and practical jokes continued to punctuate the long hours of work on Franklin Street. One episode was hatched by Wyeth, Schoonover and a few others. Dressed in lumbermen's shirts and high laced boots and carrying tapes and surveyor's transit, they moved to one of the town's busy intersections and went through the mockery of surveying a mythical project, holding up traffic and collecting a crowd. They slipped away before the police scented a hoax.

Then there was the celebration of the master's fiftieth birthday with an ambitious medieval banquet. The students, about a score, dressed as favorite Pyle characters from the pages of his books—Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Lancelot—a whole circle of brightly garbed figures. There was a banquet table of simulated medieval dishes and after a hilarious and noisy evening of eating, drinking, speeches, parades and ceremonies, the worn-out guest of honor departed in a glow of affection at eleven thirty. Then suddenly, in Wyeth's words,

Unbeknown to me how it started, there was a rush and a

crash and two bodies of fellows clashed together, about nine on a side, each wielding a huge sword striking to right and left. Every light was extinguished and one could see nothing but continual splatterings and sunbursts of sparks caused by the clashing steel. Becker's sword was wrenched from his hand and hurled through a window followed quickly by Ashley's.

This kept up for some twenty minutes until fellows dropped out from sheer exhaustion. They all dropped out but Pfeifer and me, and the battle-royal continued for five minutes under strenuous conditions. I had a broad sword and wielded it with all my might and he had a Cavalry sabre and did the same. Amid cheers and yelling we fought until by a lucky stroke I broke his sword at the hilt sending the blade with a br-r-r-r across the room. Thus ended the duel. I arose at 9:30 stiff as a board.

Meanwhile, his school was adding another dimension. The studio classrooms were filled to capacity and until some of the advanced students were pushed out into the professional world, there was no room for any of the hundreds of eager applicants. But the professionals had discovered the school and one by one they applied for help. They came to consider it a kind of finishing school, equipped to push them up

a notch or two in the scale of professional attainment. Many were artists of considerable experience and high reputation. They did not need the daily drills with the model or imaginary head construction but aimed for the evening composition class or a special individual criticism. They rented studio space in and about the town, pursued their regular professional assignments and brought in their work for comment at opportune times.

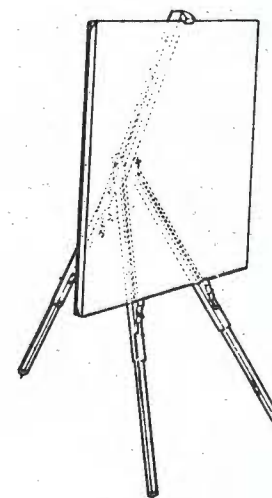
The group grew in numbers and reputation, among them Harold M. Brett, Will Colby, Charles De Feo, Douglas Duer, Edward Edwards, Herman Pfeifer, Olive Rush and Remington Schuyler. Some like Gale Hoskins, Herbert Moore, Charles A. MacLellan and Howard E. Smith made Wilmington their home for long periods of time or for life.

Pyle now had, in effect, two schools on his hands. To the original group of young, growing talents under his eye were now added the mature, independent and professional newcomers. Since many of his young group were now doing professional assignments he had obtained for them, the small city of Wilmington was now, and would continue to be for a number of years, an important center of American illustration.

Winsor & Newton IMPORTED ARTISTS' EASELS

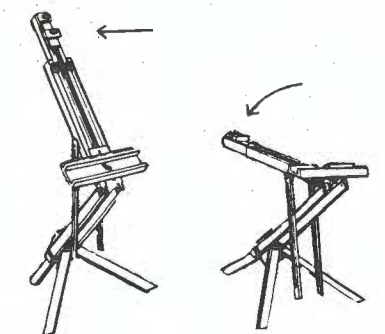
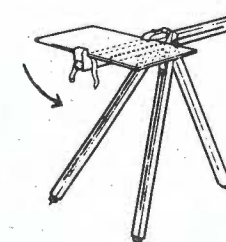
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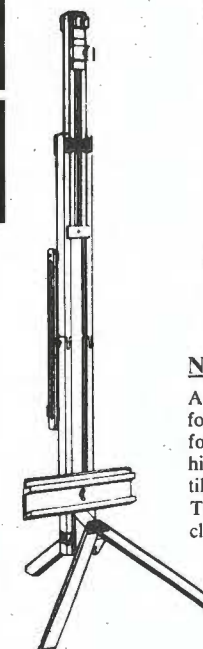
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Paul C. Richards
Brookline, Mass.
Dec. 1969, \$50.

#636

Wilmington Delaware
July 21-1905

Dear Mrs Fancher :-

It was a
great pleasure to me to
hear from you again after
so long an interval. I
constantly think of our
correspondential acquaintance

as one of the richest
episodes of my literary
life and I am very glad
that you are still willing
for me to keep in touch
with you.

I am in New York
may return next and if
you do not object to

Sunday evenings (Sunday is the
very day I take) W. nice time was
much pleasure to pay my outlays

to you as an easy date.

There you see me from it's well
to appreciate to you!

Very sincerely yours
Stanford D. Lee



Mrs Elizabeth Fanchild

#119 East 40th St

New York

NY

636



YORK, N.Y.
MAY 5 1903

1305 Franklin Street,
Wilmington, Delaware.

Dear Mrs Fanchild:-

I have received the
volume of your son's letters
but so far have only been
able to dip into it.

The tragedy of his death
made a great and lasting im-
-pression upon me, told to me, as

It was, but ~~not~~ ^{spring} by Mrs

Fairchild in the conclusion of
his new job looking. It was
all very pathetic.

It is not likely that I shall
come to Boston at any time in
the near future but when I do
I shall give myself the
pleasure of calling upon

It was, but ~~not~~ ^{spring} by Mrs
Fairchild in the conclusion of
his new job looking. It was
all very pathetic.

It is not likely that I shall
come to Boston at any time in
the near future but when I do
I shall give myself the
pleasure of calling upon

you. Meantime, with business
necessaries to yourself and your
family, remain as ever

Very Sincerely Yours
Howard J. C.

Paul C. Richards
Brookline, Mass.
Dec. 1969, \$50.

Gen. Ref. #632

Howard Bk

Mrs Elizabeth Fairchild

Newport

R. I.





Gen. Ref. #556

Autographs



AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
MANUSCRIPTS
and
HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

CARNEGIE BOOK SHOP

BOOKS—AUTOGRAPHS—PRINTS

105 East 59th Street --- New York, N. Y.

(Dic.)

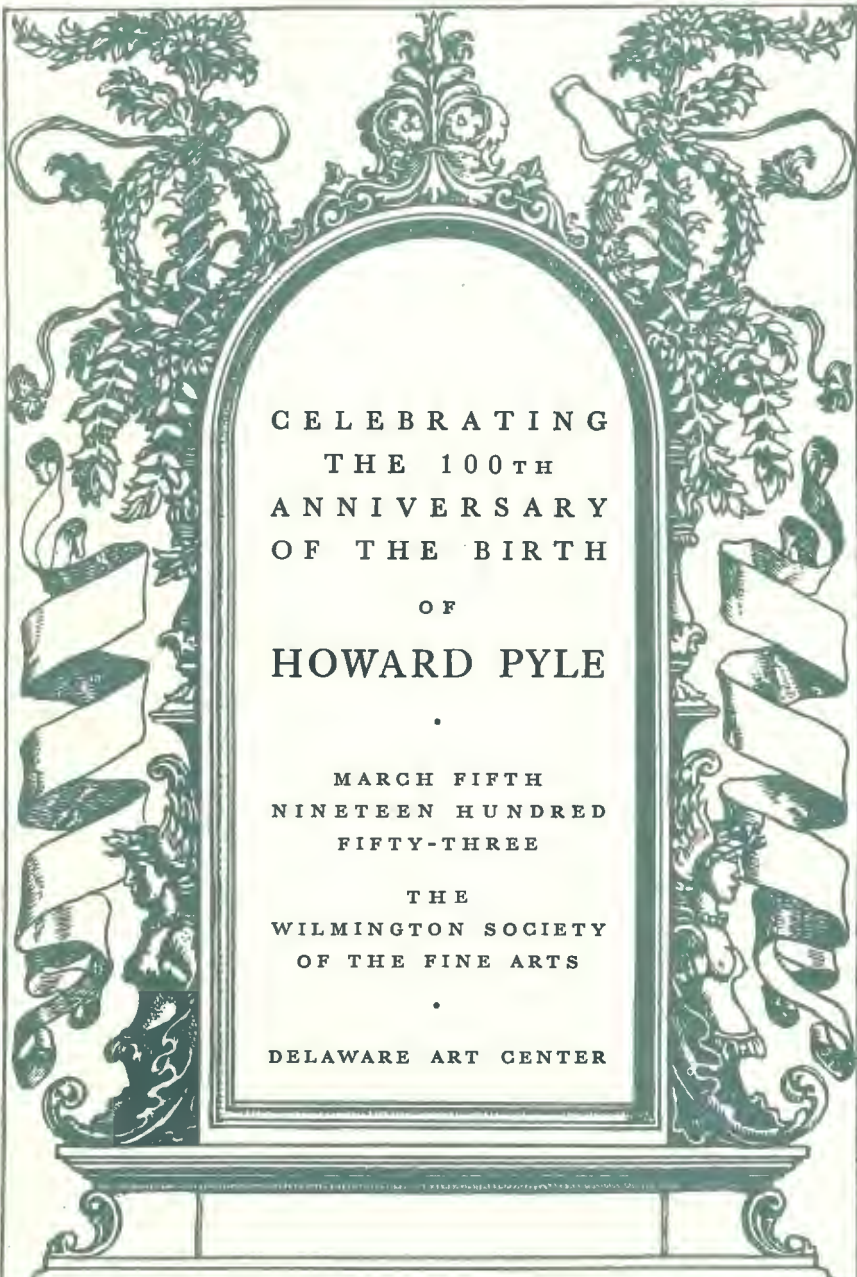
WILMINGTON, DEL., Feb. 8th. 1901.

Dear Mr. Gilder: -

Had you not better have the text for "Hope
and Memory" set up in type? Just now I can do the decoration for you.
It is possible that later I may meet with some interference.

Very truly yours,

Harvard Bee
"



CELEBRATING
THE 100TH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTH
OF
HOWARD PYLE

MARCH FIFTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED
FIFTY-THREE

THE
WILMINGTON SOCIETY
OF THE FINE ARTS

DELAWARE ART CENTER

1853 • HOWARD PYLE • 1953



HOWARD PYLE'S one hundredth birthday anniversary presents a fitting opportunity for an objective appraisal of his artistic attainments and their continuing significance.

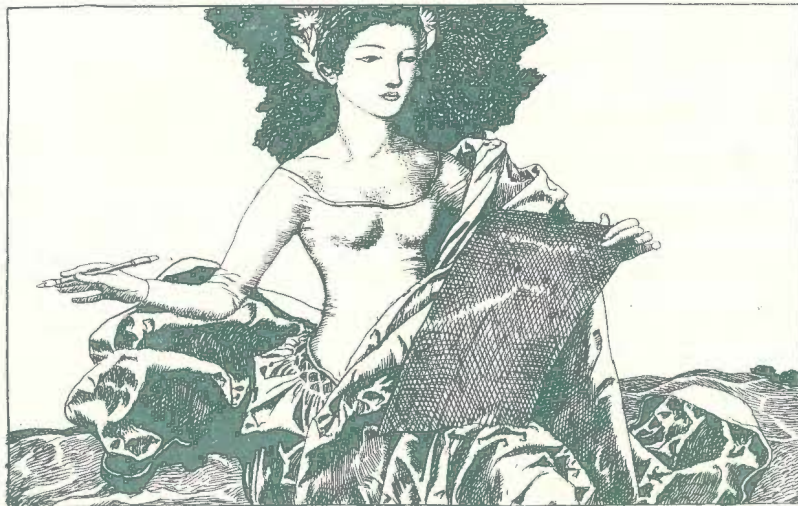
Those individuals who fortunately experienced the warmth of his personality either within family confines or in his classroom can recall his rich personal traits. Although these characteristics of an artist might be timeless in remembrance, the beginning of a second century requires a closer inspection of the achievements of the artist. This is particularly true in relation to his success in achieving his own goals and in enriching the world in which he lived.

Howard Pyle's influence on the art of his time, and his means of developing this influence, are important in any critical analysis of his work. The impact which his paintings, illustrations, and writings made on his own generation and their effect on succeeding generations of artists and writers places a continuing obligation on The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts. As principal custodian of his paintings and drawings it should serve as the principal force in

presenting his achievements and in keeping alive his inspiration to future artists and writers and to others who wish to study his work and influence.

Contemporary art history has generously recorded his stimulating effect upon a sterile and static mode of illustration. Admirers still find refreshment in his books which opened visions of fancy and valor in the days of their youth. But beyond this indebtedness to Howard Pyle other aspects of the artist are relevant and of acute interest.

For example, students of Howard Pyle's achievements should know of his intense drive for perfection of composition in line and color; of his unique ability to set down a



simple literary phrase from his rich storehouse of knowledge. They should know of his exhaustive study of the bibliography of every subject which he illumined by story or picture; of his determination to achieve action both by word and image. That he supplemented these abilities of the fine craftsman with lively imagination, enthusiasm, and idealism, should be appreciated also by Howard Pyle scholars.

They should review the import—perhaps not even recognized by Pyle himself—of the dramatic changes in interest which continually thrust him into new areas of artistic endeavor: from pencil and pen and ink to oil; from sketches and illustration to murals and allegory; of how he moved from fables to fairy tales; from men of arms to pirates; from medieval scenes to the colonial; from philosophic unknowns to the historic lore of our country's patriotic struggles.

At this particular time of looking ahead—or looking backward, depending on how one views the end



of a century of artistic significance—Howard Pyle’s memory deserves respect for his abilities without classification. Howard Pyle’s attainments were great, and his work transcends the label of painter or illustrator. “For after all,” he commented in defense of action in illustrations or paintings, “a man is not an artist by virtue of clever technique or brilliant methods: he is fundamentally an artist in the degree he is able to sense and appreciate the significance of life that surrounds him, and to express that significance to the minds of others.”



Howard Pyle was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on March 5, 1853. He died on November 9, 1911, in Florence, Italy, where he had lived for almost a year. After his death a group of interested friends bought a number of his paintings and drawings, which now form a permanent collection of his work at the Delaware Art Center. These people founded The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, which was incorporated in November, 1912.

P R O G R A M
 CELEBRATING THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY
 OF THE BIRTH OF
 H O W A R D P Y L E

DINNER
Seven O'clock

William H. Fenn, III
President

“HOWARD PYLE,
 HIS LIFE AND WORK”
 Henry C. Pitz

“HOWARD PYLE, A FORCE
 IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION”
 Dean Cornwell

“THE CHADDS FORD SCHOOL”
 Frank E. Schoonover

“THE WRITINGS OF HOWARD PYLE”
 Thornton Oakley

SPECIAL GUESTS

Mrs. Daniel Moore Bates
 Mrs. John B. Bird
 Dr. Clotilda Brokaw
 Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Brokaw
 Mr. and Mrs. Roberts W. Brokaw, Jr.
 Mr. Dean Cornwell
 Mr. and Mrs. Willard Crichton
 Mr. and Mrs. Willard Crichton, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. Gayle P. Hoskins
 Professor Deane Keller

Mr. and Mrs. William Leach
 Mr. Charles A. MacLellan
 Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Oakley
 Mr. Henry C. Pitz
 Mr. Howard Pyle
 Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pyle
 Mrs. Theodore Pyle
 Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Pyle
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Schoonover
 Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

COMMITTEE FOR THE CELEBRATION

Miss Gertrude Brinckle Miss Aileen duPont

Co-Chairmen

Miss Mary L. Bringham

Mr. Theodore Marvin

Mr. Lamot duPont Copeland

Mr. Charles Lee Reese, Jr.

Mr. Henry Francis duPont

Miss Alice P. Smyth

Mr. William H. Fenn, III

Mrs. Christopher L. Ward

Mrs. Robert Wheelwright

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COPYRIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts wishes to thank Charles Scribner's Sons for their courtesy in allowing the use of four pen and ink drawings from Howard Pyle's "King Arthur and His Knights," published in November 1903: The Initial H; Tail-piece; Heading; and Foreword Book 2.

The Society also thanks Harper and Brothers for permission to use the pirate drawing which appeared in "The Buccaneers" in Harper's Round Table, June 29, 1897; and again in Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates, 1921.



5/6.
HOWARD PYLE

1853 -- 1935

Tuesday, March 5th, 1935

HOTEL DUPONT

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

This Dinner is given to commemorate the 82nd birthday of Howard Pyle. It will be followed by a reception to Mrs. Howard Pyle, in the Galleries of the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, Public Library Building, where there will be an exhibition of the Society's collection of Mr. Pyle's paintings together with other paintings which heretofore have not been exhibited.

Receiving with Mrs. Pyle will be her children, Mrs. Robert W. Brokaw, Mr. Theodore Pyle, Mr. Howard Pyle, Jr., and Mrs. Willard G. Crichton, Mr. Godfrey Pyle, Mr. Wilfred Pyle and Miss Katharine Pyle, and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lee Reese.

COMMITTEE

J. STUART GROVES, *Chairman*

STANLEY ARTHURS	MRS. WALTER PYLE
WILLARD G. CRICHTON	MRS. DAVID J. RANKEN
FRANK E. SCHOONOVER	MRS. HENRY H. ROCKWELL
MRS. G. MORRIS WHITESIDE	MRS. IRVING WARNER
N. C. WYETH	MRS. D. M. BATES

THORNTON OAKLEY



Hawaii File

HOWARD PYLE

Howard Pyle was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on March 5th, 1853. He was the son of William Pyle and Margaret Churchman Painter.

He was educated at Private schools, and studied art for three years in Philadelphia and at the Art Students' League in New York.

He married Anne Poole of Wilmington in 1881, and lived in Wilmington nearly all his life. From 1875, when his first illustration appeared in the old Scribner's Magazine, he contributed stories and pictures to the leading periodicals in the country. In 1894 he became director of illustration at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and about the same time opened a school in Wilmington and at Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, where he spent his summers. He also gave weekly lectures on composition at the Art Students' League.

In 1910 he went abroad with his family and lived in Florence for one year, until his death on November 9th, 1911.

LIST OF HOWARD PYLE STUDENTS

Elenore Plaisted Abbott	Mary Sigsbee Fischer	Ernest C. Peixotto
Stanley M. Arthurs	William Harnden Foster	Katharine Gassaway Pierson
Clifford W. Ashley	George W. Gage	Katharine Pyle
William J. Aylward	Philip R. Goodwin	Ellen Thompson Pyle
Ida Dougherty Aylward	Elizabeth Gurney	Harriet Richards
Ethel Franklin Betts Bains	George Harding	Frances Rogers
George Watson Barratt	William Hekking	Robert E. Robinson
Bertha M. Day Bates	Gayle Hoskins	Theodore L. Rosen
Alice Beard	Philip Hoyt	Olive Rush
Arthur E. Becher	Percy V. E. Ivory	Walter Russell
Anna Whelan Betts	Mary Craven Johnson	Frank E. Schoonover
Elizabeth Bonsall	Gertrude A. Kay	Remington Schuyler
Harold Mathews Brett	Balfour Ker	Thornton Skidmore
Charlotte Harding Brown	Winfield S. Lukens	Henry J. Soulen
Ethel Pennewill Brown	William H. D. Koerner	Jessie Wilcox Smith
W. B. Cahill	Charles A. MacLellan	Sarah Katharine Smith
Ruth Clements	James E. McBurney	Howard E. Smith
Will Colby	Emlen McConnell	Wuanita Smith
Sidney M. Chase	H. Gordon McCooch	Frank Stick
Eads Collins	Robert L. Mason	Herbert Stitt
Eleanor F. Crownfield	Frank B. Masters	C. Clyde Squires
Charles De Feo	Herbert Moore	Leslie Thrasher
Clyde O. DeLand	Francis Newton	Harry E. Townsend
Louis R. Dougherty	Thornton Oakley	Allen Tupper True
Douglas Duer	Violet Oakley	Griswold Tyng
Harvey T. Dunn	Samuel M. Palmer	Sarah S. Stilwell Weber
Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott	Maxfield Parrish	W. Francis Weed
Walter D. Everett	Henry J. Peck	Walter Whitehead
Richard B. Farley	Louise Perritt	Edward A. Wilson
Anton Fischer		N. Converse Wyeth

PROGRAM

DR. C. L. REESE

President of the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts

MR. FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Toastmaster

MRS. ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN ELLIOTT

"Drexel Days"

MISS VIOLET OAKLEY

"The Inspiration of Howard Pyle"

MR. N. C. WYETH

"Howard Pyle art in Relation to Modern Times"

MR. THORNTON OAKLEY

"The Wilmington School and the Great Need of a Museum"

MR. CHRISTOPHER WARD

"Mr. Pyle as a Friend"

MR. JOSEPH BANCROFT

"Howard Pyle's Illustrations as a Factor in Art"

Pye

Congregational church, and his mother, descended from one of the old Dutch families of New York which had given many of its sons to the Christian ministry, was active in the church and especially interested in missions. One who knew Pye in adolescence described him as a tall youth, rather slow in maturing, but singularly high-minded, devout, and earnest. His education was obtained in a district school near his home, in the Central High School of Faribault (from which he graduated in June 1898), then, after a year of work on his father's farm, at Carleton College (B.A. 1903). He spent the next two years in Texas caring for an invalid sister, and during this time studied theology at the seminary of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Austin, and for a year taught Biblical literature in Tillotson College, a mission school for negroes. Entering Oberlin Theological Seminary in the autumn of 1905, he graduated in 1907. He was above the average as a student, but rather because of hard work than of native brilliance. It was during his first year in Carleton College that he decided to be a missionary, a step taken because of the influence of fellow students and members of the faculty. At Carleton he was very active in creating an interest in foreign missions and in leading others to enter that calling.

Pye was ordained May 7, 1907, and in September of that year sailed for China as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He had hoped to go to Kalgan, but instead was appointed to Fenchow, in the province of Shansi. Here the mission was still suffering from the effects of the Boxer persecution of 1900. On Oct. 5, 1915, he was married, at Peking, to Gertrude Chaney. Much of his time was first given to educational work, but in the course of the years, from Fenchow as headquarters, he developed one of the most noteworthy pioneer missionary enterprises in the history of China. He regarded as his parish an area of about 30,000 square miles in west central Shansi and northern Shensi, where, with the exception of four points, no Protestant mission work had so far been begun. He made a thorough survey of the region, to determine its main physical features, its roads, and its towns and villages. On the basis of this survey, and almost entirely through the agency of Chinese associates, he directed the introduction of Protestant Christianity. He dreamed of planting Christianity in each of the thousands of towns and villages of the region and of making the churches centers for improving their religious, intellectual, social, and economic environment. Pye was a man of charm, of singularly radiant

Pyle

religious life, of complete integrity, of rare humility, with a great capacity for remembering faces and names, for leading without arousing antagonism, and for winning, inspiring, and holding friends. Possessed of these gifts, he made rapid strides toward accomplishing the task to which he had set his hand. Through correspondence, travel, and annual conferences held near Fenchow, he directed the large staff of Chinese through whom most of the work was done. He was even extending his activities north of the Great Wall. An enterprise which had grown so rapidly could not fail to have weaknesses, but Pye was cognizant of these and would probably have remedied at least part of them had it not been for his untimely death.

[Archives of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1907-27; annual reports of the same; *China Mission Year Book*, 1919; *Student Volunteer Movement Bull.*, May 1925; *Chinese Recorder*, Apr. 1926; *Missionary Herald*, Mar., Dec. 1926; *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*, Jan. 12, 1926.] K. S. L.

PYLE, HOWARD (Mar. 5, 1853-Nov. 9, 1911), artist, author, teacher, was born in Wilmington, Del. Both his father, William Pyle, and his mother, Margaret Churchman (Painter) Pyle, were of Quaker origin, descendants of Pennsylvania's first settlers. Both, like the majority of Friends, were possessed of varied intellectual interests, but it was particularly from his mother that Howard Pyle inherited his artistic and literary ambitions. Thwarted in her desires by the demands of a large family, she passed on to her son the aims which had enlivened her own youth. Pyle's childhood, like the most productive years of his later life, was spent in Wilmington or the surrounding country. His early education he received first at the old Friends' School, and finally at the private establishment headed by Thomas Clarkson Taylor, a Virginia Hicksite and excellent schoolmaster. Here, though generally popular, he did not distinguish himself; the more valuable training was that which he gathered in the family circle. His mother's enthusiasm was infectious; from her he learned to know and to love the best in literature, and, what was more important, to understand the art of the great English illustrators, Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel. From his mother, whose intellectual adventurousness had led her on from Quakerism to Swedenborgianism, he received also a firm and permanent conviction of the truth and beauty of the Scandinavian mystic's doctrines. A distaste for the routine of academic study prevented him from entering college, though both his parents were intent upon his doing so. He had, however, even in early boyhood begun to exercise his talent for

Pyle

drawing and writing, and when with continual practice his skill began to increase, his mother determined that he should seriously study art. Consequently, he was sent regularly, though he continued to live at home, to the studio of Van der Weilen in Philadelphia. Here for three years he received a rigorous training. The class was small and Van der Weilen, a native of Antwerp, was able to give him a great deal of personal attention. These years provided, with the exception of a few sporadic lessons later at the Art League in New York, the whole of his supervised training. He found his own style and his own technique in later years without instruction.

After the "Van der Weilian course of sprouts," as he called his years of study, he nearly allowed his artistic interests to perish. Steady work in his father's leather business was not conducive to art and had it not been for a fortunate and almost accidental recrudescence of ambition, he would probably have developed into a respectable business man. A visit to the little known Virginia island Chincoteague, however, inspired him to write and illustrate an article on its people and their customs. This article was sent to *Scribner's Monthly* and attracted the attention of Roswell Smith, one of the magazine's owners, who encouraged him to come to New York and to devote himself to illustration. Urged by Smith's enthusiasm, and with the approval of his parents, he went to New York in the fall of 1876. There he found that life was considerably more difficult than he had imagined. Smith's encouragement proved to be more verbal than actual. Neither *Scribner's* nor the other magazines were so hospitable as to receive many of his productions. He was discouraged, but discouragement only made him more obstinately determined to conquer. He was handicapped by an ignorance of the proper technique; he had ideas, but he could not work them up in a way suitable to the magazines. He labored however, patiently and endlessly; he studied, when he had time, at the Art Students' League; and he made the acquaintance of other artists who gave him valuable advice. It was just at this period that American magazines were becoming more and more notable for their illustrations, and they were, therefore, offering every opportunity to artists. New York was full of capable men, and the whole atmosphere was one of experiment and improvement. Pyle fell in with Abbey, who had just risen into prominence, with A. B. Frost, with F. S. Church, and with others, all of whom gave him aid and encouragement. His sketches began to find favor, even though they had to be

Pyle

redrawn before they could be reproduced. He bent every effort to acquire a new proficiency, and finally, after more than a year's struggle, Charles Parsons, art editor for Harper & Brothers, permitted him to work up one of his own ideas. The picture was successful, was accepted, and was reproduced as a double-page cut, "The Wreck in the Offing," in *Harper's Weekly*, Mar. 9, 1878. From this time his advance was rapid, and by 1880, when he had returned to Wilmington, he was well established in his profession.

At home the intensity of his work did not diminish. His ties with the magazines were now strong, and he was kept supplied with plenty to do. In April 1881 he married Anne Poole and settled comfortably and securely under his own roof-tree. There was nothing Bohemian or extravagant in his habits. Never was there artist who took his art more seriously, but his seriousness never interfered with his domestic life. He was devoted to his family, which became a large one, and he enjoyed the social life of the community. He had an enormous capacity for work, but he had also the ability to finish all that lay before him and to lead, at the same time, a normal life. His jovial manner, his high spirits, and his unflinching kindness made him everywhere popular, so that his large form and benevolent face were well known in Wilmington circles. The thirty remaining years of his life were packed with one accomplishment after another. He continued, of course, to make illustrations for all the important magazines, though the major portion of this kind of work was done for the Harper publications. He was particularly successful in delineating the characters and events of early American history, concerning which his knowledge, gained by omnivorous reading, was amazing. His pictures for Woodrow Wilson's *Washington* (1897) and *History of the American People* (1902), as well as for Henry Cabot Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* (1898), all of which appeared first in periodicals, are his masterpieces in this line. They portray with accuracy and spirit, but with a distinct romantic air, the life of colonial days. In the same vein, but more delicate and certainly more esthetically pleasing, were the decorations for Holmes's *One Hoss Shay* (1892) and *Dorothy Q* (1893). These were pen-and-inks, and show his consummate mastery of that technique. In black and white, oils, or in colors, he was always competent and often admirable, but in pen-and-inks he showed his real supremacy. When the new process for reproducing pictures in color came into being, Pyle was one of the first in the field. Notable among his productions after this new

fashion were illustrations for stories by James Branch Cabell and Brian Hooker, and for tales of his own. They combine a real illustrative value with a feeling for harmonious, though often startling, color. Another interesting series of pictures, done originally as pen-and-inks and finished with water-colors, is "The Travels of the Soul" (*Century*, December 1902). They show another side of his genius, his ability to present, with reserve and yet with a poetic fervor, subjects of a mystical and allegorical nature.

Important as are these illustrations for the works of other men, Pyle's reputation really rests upon his own tales and their pictures. From his earliest days he had been fascinated by books for children and he felt himself to possess a talent for writing them. He recognized rightly his peculiar ability. Nothing that he did is so sure of a permanent place in the world of art and letters as the long series of books which began in 1883 with *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*. The text was only a retelling of the old stories, familiar in Percy and Ritson, but to them he had added a new reality, a definiteness, which so completely revived their whole spirit that they could not fail to gain the ear of any normal child. No small part of the strength of the volume lay in the carefully executed illustrations, which were pen-and-inks of a strictly medieval character, modeled very closely after the engravings of Dürer. In artistic circles the book attracted much attention, especially in England, where even William Morris, "who thought up to that time . . . nothing good artistically could come out of America" (says Joseph Pennell), praised it. The *Robin Hood* has been the most popular of his productions, yet its somewhat similar successors are not at all less prepossessing: *Pepper and Salt* (1886), *The Wonder Clock* (1888), *Otto of the Silver Hand* (1888), *Twilight Land* (1895), and four volumes of Arthurian legend (1903, 1905, 1907, 1910). In addition to these he produced in other veins, but also for children, *Men of Iron* (1892), a stirring account of chivalric adventure in medieval England; *The Story of Jack Ballister's Fortunes* (1895), a vigorous yarn of piracy in Virginia and Carolina waters; and *The Garden Behind the Moon* (1895), an exquisite, but perhaps too subtle, fairy-tale, treating allegorically of death and immortality, and growing out of his own meditations over the loss of a son. His intense and bibliomaniacal passion for pirates also gave birth to a variety of books, appealing as much to adults as to children. Most important among these are *Within the Capes* (1885), *The Rose of Paradise* (1888), *The Ghost of Captain Brand* (1896).

The Price of Blood (1899), *Stolen Treasure* (1907), and *The Ruby of Kishmoor* (1908). Some of these, with their pictures, were collected in *Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates* (1921). Two other books, both extravaganzas, but of entirely different natures, require mention: *A Modern Aladdin* (1892), which Stevenson called "a bogey tale, and a good one at that"; and *Rejected of Men* (1903), a serious but never popular novel, built around the story of Christ (as if He had lived in nineteenth-century New York), and embodying many of Pyle's religious reflections.

From 1894 to 1900 he conducted a class in illustration at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, practising there his personal and somewhat unorthodox methods of instruction. He was violently criticised, but he succeeded in developing such workers as Maxfield Parrish, Violet Oakley, and Jessie Willcox Smith. In 1900 he established his own school in Wilmington, admitting only a limited number of carefully selected pupils, giving them the full benefit of his personal advice and of his experience, and accepting no pecuniary return for his teaching. Here he trained, among others, N. C. Wyeth, Stanley Arthurs, and Frank Schoonover. As a teacher he was extraordinarily able, but he left, perhaps, too much of himself, of his own manner and style, with his pupils. Toward the end of his career, influenced probably by the example of Abbey, he decided that he would gradually give up illustration and devote himself wholly to mural decoration. His first important work was "The Battle of Nashville" in the state capitol of Minnesota (1906); this was followed by two commissions in New Jersey court houses. These productions, all of them historical subjects, show the same manner, the same skill, which had marked his early colonial pictures. They are in every way illustrations rather than decorations. He realized his own lack of knowledge, his need for a familiarity with the great tradition of painting. Before this, he had felt that for the production of an American Art a knowledge of America was enough; now for his new venture he needed a more universal background. With this in view, he went with his family in 1910 to Italy, there to study for the first time the work of the old masters. But his health had grown feeble, his enthusiasm and his ability to absorb were waning, and he was mentally depressed. When he had been abroad only one year, he was stricken by a severe attack of renal colic, and died in Florence.

[There exists one autobiographical fragment, "When I was a Little Boy," *Woman's Home Companion*, Apr. 1912, but the indispensable sources are W. S. Morse

Pyle

and Gertrude Brincklé, *Howard Pyle, A Record of his Illustrations and Writings* (1921), and C. D. Abbott, *Howard Pyle: A Chronicle* (1925). Critical estimates may be found in Joseph Pennell's *Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen* (1889) and *Modern Illustration* (1895).] C. D. A.

PYLE, WALTER LYTLÉ (Dec. 20, 1871–Oct. 8, 1921), ophthalmologist, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., the son of William J. and Sarah Lane (Thomas) Pyle. His early education was obtained in the public schools, and he received from the Central High School of Philadelphia the degree of A.B. in 1888, and that of A.M. in 1893. In the latter year he graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of M.D. After serving as resident physician in the Emergency Hospital, Washington, D. C. (1893–94), he did graduate work in London and Paris. Upon returning to Philadelphia, he became affiliated with the Polyclinic and Wills hospitals, securing in 1898 the appointment as assistant surgeon in the service of Dr. Conrad Berens at the latter institution. This position he held until his retirement in 1905. From 1908 to 1912 he was ophthalmic surgeon to Mount Sinai Hospital. He was married, Apr. 11, 1898, to Adelaide Besson, by whom he had a son and a daughter.

Pyle was an editorial writer of considerable prominence in the field of medical literature. In 1897, in collaboration with Dr. George M. Gould [q.v.], he published *A Compend of Diseases of the Eye*, a second edition of which appeared in 1899; in further collaboration with the same author, he brought out *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine* (1897), and *Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery* (1900). He was editor of the *International Medical Magazine* in 1898. In collaboration with Dr. Samuel Horton Brown, he edited the section on ophthalmology in the *American Year Book of Medicine and Surgery* for 1903 and 1904. From 1902 to 1907 he edited the section on ophthalmology in *American Medicine*. He also had editorial supervision of *An International System of Ophthalmic Practice*, begun in 1910, of which four volumes had appeared up to 1918. This work was planned to cover every phase of ophthalmic practice, each volume being assigned to some authority of international prominence. The untimely death of the editor terminated this commendable undertaking.

He practised ophthalmology exclusively and by reason of the exceptional care and kindly consideration he gave to his patients, he built up an extremely large practice in Philadelphia and vicinity. A man of indefatigable industry and inexhaustible patience, he was consulted by

Pyncheon

many persons with reputed irremediable ocular affections, and by reason of the personal qualities mentioned he was frequently able to attain success where others had obtained but mediocre results. Coupled with his talent for close application was a good memory and a brilliant mind, making the pursuit of knowledge for him a simple task. As a result of his pronounced familiarity with medical literature he was in constant demand in a consultant capacity by the various medical book publishers. Ill health prevented the full exercise of his remarkable ability during the last decade of his life, although he remained extremely active until the last, stoically continuing in his daily work where others less courageous would have sought rest and retirement.

[J. L. Chamberlain, ed., *Universities and Their Sons, Univ. of Pa.*, vol. II (1902); *Trans. Am. Ophthalmological Soc.*, vol. XX (1922); *Jour. Am. Med. Assn.*, Oct. 22, 1921; *Who's Who in America*, 1920–21; *Public Ledger* (Phila.), Oct. 10, 1921; records of the institutions with which Pyle was connected.]

S. H. B.

PYNCHON, JOHN (c. 1626–Jan. 17, 1702/03), colonial industrialist, public servant, son of William [q.v.] and Anna (Andrew) Pynchon, was born at Springfield, a parish of Chelmsford, Essex, England, and came to New England with his father on the *Arbella*, of Governor Winthrop's fleet. The family settled first at Dorchester, but shortly removed to Roxbury. In 1636, William Pynchon founded Springfield, Mass., the most northerly of the four Connecticut River towns settled at that time as a part of the plan to oust the Dutch from the territory east of the Hudson River. Here the boy grew up under the tutelage of his father. There is evidence that he acquired more than a common-school education, together with an unusual knowledge of business and finance, under this most able master.

In 1652 the elder Pynchon permanently retired to England, leaving John with a profitable colonial business which provided for the parent a life of leisure in England and gave to the son a controlling interest in the community. Thus at twenty-six years of age he was a leader in financial life, destined to become one of the wealthiest and most influential men in contemporary New England. He continued and extended the family fur monopoly, establishing posts and factors at Westfield, Northampton, Hadley, and in the Housatonic Valley. As a merchant, his activities extended not only over western and southern New England, but to Boston. He had extensive interests in Barbados, all of these enterprises being served by his own ships, in which he also sent his furs direct to England. His ability was early recognized, and his associates chose him for a succession of public offices. He was se-

Please add
to my
collection

Thanksgiving Day
Wilmington 1897
Delaware

Dear Mr. Weed

Are you going home for
Thanksgiving - If not
can you come and take
dinner with me

Copy
from original

There is no special house
as it is a case of
continuous turkey
all day long

Sincerely
Howard P. [Signature]

House Documents

Stampan, Ct

July 21/44

Mr. Leon de Valmigez
Public Archives Commission

Dover, Delaware

Dear Mr. de Valmigez

I have come on to
one of the most interesting
collections of Howard

Payle material, all
unknown to the Public

Original diaries made
from day to day of
what Mr. Payle said

to his classes, various
accounts of visits to

Chadsford when Payle
conducted summer classes

An invitation to his

Delaware House on Thanksgiving Day
Lots of all the scholars
at that time, etc. photographs
of outings given by
Mr. Pope - Jesus by
Howard Pope etc

This valuable collection is
not for sale, but I
have received the good
word so far ahead
and we also I want

All this would of course
require time, patience
and hard work to be
put together in an
interesting way

Would you ^{way} ^{way} ~~definitely~~
be willing to finance this
plan of mine, so I
could add on to

what I have given to you
concerning Howard Pyle

It is a splendid chance
for your library, and one
which might well come
again

Kuia Teina
Howard Pyle

P.S. In regard to price
I would not know, and I
think you would have to
decide what amount
you could spare, and
I could act accordingly
That is if you care to
have it done at all.

HOWARD PYLE

1853 - 1911

Howard Pyle, the son of William and Margaret (Churchman) Pyle, was born in Wilmington on March 5, 1853. His early education was obtained at Taylor's Academy in the city of his birth. At the age of sixteen years he entered the school of art, in Philadelphia, conducted by the talented Dutch artist, Van der Weilen. He continued his studies there for three years. In 1881, he married Anne Poole of Wilmington.

Success first attended his professional efforts in 1876. In that year, stories and illustrations by him were published in Scribner's Magazine and his long and brilliant career in American art and literature was launched. A career that was to make his name famous in his city, state and country. In a few years his work was appearing in the leading periodicals of the country and he was given rank with the foremost illustrators and writers of that day. An immense volume of work issued from his busy pen and brush. In the record of his work compiled by Willard S. Merse and Gertrude Brinckle, he is credited with 3301 illustrations, 34 books, 15 murals, 7 important easel paintings and a great number of magazine articles and stories. While this list shows his versatility, yet it was as an illustrator that he achieved his greatest fame, becoming the leader of that branch of his profession in America. In portraying colonial and revolutionary subjects he was without a rival. Despite this remarkable output, this tireless son of Art found time & energy for other endeavors to serve her. In 1894, he became director of

illustration at Drexel Institute, in Philadelphia, and also opened a school in Wilmington and at Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, where he had his summer home. Some time and energy yet remained, so he gave weekly lectures on composition at the Art Students League.

It was not until 1910, that he found time for a trip abroad. Accompanied by his family he made the long deferred journey and after satisfying the desire for travelling he established a temporary home in Florence, Italy. It was from there, on November 9th, 1911, that the sad news of his death was flashed across the ocean to the legions of his friends and admirers at home. To all of those who had known him, his passing was a double loss; his talents as an artist having been equalled by the firmness of his character. He was a member of the National Institute of Arts & Letters and of the National Academy. He belonged to the Century Association in New York and the Franklin Inn Club of Philadelphia.

March 1, 1944

Mr. Whitman Bailey
Hotel Davenport
Stamford, Connecticut

Dear Mr. Bailey:

Again I wish to thank you for your interesting letter and for the snapshot you enclosed. Although it is indistinct, I am adding it to the collection of reminiscences you have sent us.

Looking forward to receiving more of your recollections and with best regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

State Archivist

LdeV/b

A typical Hounds & Pyle back ground



man may sell, in front with dog

STATE OF DELAWARE
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WILMINGTON

5 March 1959

Mr. Frank Schoonover
1616 Rodney Street
Wilmington, Delaware

Dear Mr. Schoonover:

This is your receipt for nine framed oil paintings, depicting battle scenes and other historic events of the World War I era. The Home Insurance Company of Wilmington has put a binder on the pictures for the sum of \$4,500 until we can obtain formal insurance coverage through the State Insurance Company.

I will ask Mr. Leon deValinger, State Archivist and member of the State Portrait Commission, to place a monetary value on the pictures. If this price is acceptable to you, I will ask the General Assembly to pass a bill appropriating funds for the purchase of the paintings.

Sincerely,

JOSEPH J. SCANNELL
Major General
The Adjutant General

JJS/mj

cc/ Mr. Leon deValinger

original letter on board
RG 125,000, 146
Office Correspondence - 5-1

For 1882

N. C. WYETH

1882 - 1945

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

FOR

Robinson Crusoe

BY

DANIEL DEFOE

PURCHASED IN 1922

FOR

THE WILMINGTON INSTITUTE FREE LIBRARY

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

ILLUSTRATOR'S PREFACE

The universal fame of *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* is second only to the Bible. Notwithstanding its simple narrative style, as well as the absence of the supposedly indispensable *love* motive, no modern book can boast of such world-wide esteem.

Written by Daniel Defoe and published in England in 1719 by William Taylor, the *Life and Adventures* won immediate popularity. Its phenomenal success called forth five re-printings in rapid succession. In the following year came translations into French, German and Dutch, marking the beginning of an unprecedented series of translations into many other languages and dialects.

And now, after two centuries, the story still stands secure and enduring — a monumental human document.

Hundreds of illustrated editions of *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* have been published, and many more will follow, but I, like most illustrators enthusiastic in their work, have anticipated for years the opportunity which is now offered to me in the present edition.

The outstanding appeal of this fascinating romance to me personally is the remarkably sustained sensation one enjoys of Crusoe's contact with the elements — the sea and the sun, the night and the storms, the sand, rocks, vegetation and animal life. In few books can the reader breathe, live and move with his hero so intensely, so easily and so consistently throughout the narrative. In *Robinson Crusoe* we have it; here is a story that becomes history, history living and moving, carrying with it irresistibly the compelling motive of a lone man's conquest over what seems to be inexorable Fate.

Do my pictures add a little to the vividness of this story? Do I aid a little in the clearer visualization of *Robinson Crusoe* as he moves about on his sunny island? That is the most I can hope for.

N. C. WYETH.

Chadd's Ford, Pa., 1920

N. C. WYETH

It was entirely characteristic of Convers Wyeth that on the morning after his arrival in Wilmington late on an October evening in 1902, he was up with the sun. In his own felicitous phrasing he was seeking to acquire "experiences worth owning". And his quest was fruitful for "while I am writing this the side-walks are lined with 'white' ladies and 'colored' ones also, washing their steps."

The episode, slight though it was, illustrates the vibrant vitality of the man. In his receptive reactions to people and events within his ken, there was an elemental strength, even violence. He vibrated to his environment like a taut line when plucked. His rare degree of awareness coupled with his vivid imagination and his talent comprise the roots of the flowering of his achievements in the fields of illustration and painting.

During the next four decades Wyeth was a frequent sojourner in Wilmington where he would come from his studio and home at Chadd's Ford. I knew him well and I remember him well, and at the time of his tragic death in 1945, I wrote:

"To the end he bore upon him the indelible imprint of his impressionable years. You sensed this as his great broad bulk loomed toward you on the streets of Wilmington. He would stop, plant his feet, shove his ten gallon hat back on his massive head and give voice to a booming cry of hearty welcome. Then he would thrust out his hand and put his mind four-square to yours. This was it — the real thing. It was as if he had ridden over the horizon to swing down from his horse and tell you what had befallen him out there."

DUDLEY LUNT

Wilmington, Del., 1965

For 1922

N. C. WYETH

1882 - 1945

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

FOR

Robinson Crusoe

BY

DANIEL DEFOE

PURCHASED IN 1922

FOR

THE WILMINGTON INSTITUTE FREE LIBRARY

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

N. C. WYETH, N. A.

1882 - 1945

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

GIFT OF MISS GERTRUDE DRINK
FEB 10 1946
Wilmington, Del.

N. C. WYETH, N. A. 1882-1945
MEMORIAL EXHIBITION
JANUARY 7 TO 27, 1946

THE WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF THE FINE ARTS
DELAWARE ART CENTER BUILDING
WILMINGTON . . . DELAWARE



Photograph by William E. Phelps

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

NEWELL CONVERS WYETH, N. A.

N. C. Wyeth was born in Needham, Massachusetts, on October 22, 1882. He was the son of Andrew Newell and Henriette (Ziragiebel). He attended the Mechanics Arts High School, the Massachusetts Normal Art School, the Eric and Pape's Art School in Boston. He later studied with C. W. Reed, before coming to Wilmington to join the Howard Pyle group of students.

His principal works were Decorations for the grill room in the Traymore Hotel at Atlantic City; large panels in the Missouri State Capitol, representing two battles of the Civil War; two historic panels in the Federal Reserve Bank and five large murals in the New First National Bank in Boston; three panel murals in the dining room of the Hotel Roosevelt in New York; five panels in the Hubbard Memorial Building, National Geographic Society in Washington; a large mural in the Franklin Savings Bank in New York and the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company Building in Philadelphia.

He also made mural panels for the Reading Museum of Fine Arts in Reading, Pennsylvania; the New York Public Library; the First Mechanics National Bank in Trenton, New Jersey; and the Wilmington Savings Fund Society in Wilmington, Delaware. He executed a triptych for the Chapel of the Holy Spirit in the National Cathedral in Washington. His illustrations included eighteen volumes of *Juvenile Classics*, Charles Scribner's Sons; and many volumes for Houghton, Mifflin; David McKay; Little, Brown, and others.

He was awarded the gold medal at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915; the Beck Prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1910; the 4th Clark prize for painting at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington in 1932. He received the prize for painting at the Delaware Art Center in 1943, and in 1945 the first popular prize at the Corcoran Art Gallery and the third popular prize at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Wyeth was a member of the National Academy, the Society of Illustrators, Philadelphia Water Color Club, Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia Art Alliance, Chester County Art Association, and the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts.

In June 1945, he received the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts from Bowdoin College.

His home was in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, where he died on October 19, 1945.



Courtesy American Artist Magazine

"Summer Night"

FOREWORD

I.

This is a lifetime we are looking at.

II.

N. C. Wyeth was most widely known as an illustrator. For years there poured forth from his workshop series after series of pictures dramatizing high moments out of classic tales for young people. Through the technique of color reproduction, these works reached an enormous public. They were all characterized by admirable draughtsmanship, pleasure in the dramatic range of human character, and above all, a powerful sense of mood. Wyeth was unique in the most distinctive quality of his story pictures, and that was a most beguiling sense of conviction. By the magic of his rich nature, he was able to imagine himself *there*, in whatever situation his author set forth. This gave him a delightful authority by which he transcended the disadvantages of never personally having been in Sherwood Forest, or at the Admiral Benbow Inn, or in that little Austrian town where the Angel Satan came in the guise of a beautiful youth to play his melancholy role of detached observer of the woes of men and women. That his vision of such places was "accurate," even in the eyes of their creators, is confirmed by at least one expert testimonial: Wyeth, after publishing his pictures for "Treasure Island," received a letter from Vailima in which Robert Louis Stevenson praised him for his evocations of the scenes of the novel.

It was a fine achievement to have educated with his fond and exciting images of storied life the imaginations of the children of his time. He played, really, an educational role in them, which was the expression of his conscience, and in it there are three fine values which moved him powerfully. The first of these was his love for America. He loved it for its landscape, its spiritual belief in the individual human being, and for any separate expression of that belief, however (and even especially) original or outlandish it might be. The second of the values which moved him as he recreated the past was his joy in the trappings of historical period. He was an exhaustive student of historical society, and loved accuracy of detail with a scholar's respect for the facts. Some accident of his taste made him especially effective in two periods, the medieval time, and the American Colonial period. But to say this is not to depreciate his virtuosity in such affairs as giants, all kinds of ships, or the limning of the

fabulous. And the third of his moving values was his love for the beauty of humanity, the face, the form, and the attitude of man and woman.

And it is with that value that his work as illustrator merges into his work as a painter of freer subject matter. For he drew incessantly, at the proper study of mankind. The largeness of spirit visible in even his less important illustrations called for a larger expression. He painted many murals, some on an heroic scale. Like most of the murals in the world including the very greatest, they were larger illustrations than those found in the pages of a book. This is not to confuse or interchange the way murals and book illustrations are conceived. It is only to say that it is historically absurd to exclude a painter who is a first class illustrator from the company of more serious or abstract painters on the grounds that he is merely an illustrator. It is essentially an illustrative function to arrest in painting a great episode in spiritual or political history for the celebration of the past and the inspiration of the future. Wyeth in his murals, most of them, so far as I know, painted on canvas and later applied to the wall—treated many moments of American history, and otherwise celebrated symbolically the course of human life. Such works do not appear in this exhibition, and they are mentioned primarily to compose the opposite points of view which are held about the dignity of the illustrator's role. What is relevant finally is just this: whether the illustrator is or is not a good artist. With the evidence increasing in every phase of his growth, up to the very last, it is clear through the range of this exhibition that Wyeth was indeed a very good artist and possibly a great one.

III.

It is interesting to speculate for a moment upon what formed the style of this painter. Even in its experimental phases it is a curiously consistent style, it has a signature in every line and reach of light that is unmistakably his. His color is rich, warm, and freshly harmonious. He has an extraordinary skill at capturing the quality of light itself, not merely its symbolic representation in the arrangement of planes and their shadows, and he exercised it to the fullest, with an almost impish delight in his mastery. His compositions are massive, with the play of great bodies, or loom of rock, or rise of tree, or the bulk of something fashioned by builders. There is substance to his forms and reality to his objects. And in the mood in which these components are brought together there is an unstated spiritual quality which sets us to thinking that with all his remarkable power and command of his craft, he was always, even in his least serious work, seeking to say more than could meet the eye.

That, indeed, is the grand element in his personal style. It is what spoke to the countless youth in his paintings of mood and action, and it is what he triumphantly

realized in his last, most personal works—that power of both representing and commenting upon human life which has always been to their varying degrees the characteristic of true artists in all media.

Because his style has two major aspects, we will look in perhaps contrasting directions to find their origins.

When he was a very young man, Wyeth spent a year or so in the American Southwest. I feel this experience had much to do with how he ever afterward saw Nature. He saw it there, under the sun which so vastly plays light upon mountains, and plains, and continents of clouds, in a grand abstraction. That light and that landscape became his symbols for fabled places when later he needed to represent them.

His apprenticeship as a painter was served in Wilmington and Chadds Ford under Howard Pyle whose powerful personality drew a whole school of American illustrators to him. Pyle's vision of romance and dramatic composition marked Wyeth's development very plainly. We see Pyle now as a period artist, with respect for his fine craftsmanship, and with the extent of his growth historically plain. Nearer to Wyeth, we see in him a far greater range than Pyle commanded, even as we acknowledge the younger man's debt to the older.

Philosophically, Wyeth drew much of his sense of people from the faith of the New England transcendentalists. He was a New Englander all his life, of the temper of Emerson and Thoreau. When he idealized his human subjects, they often came out with the calm of a rather bleak faith in their faces, a Sunday afternoon excellence which undoubtedly was nearer to the American experience than the baroque conceits of the European masters. Among those masters, on the other hand, he revered Michelangelo above everyone else; and it is paying tribute in both directions to note that there is evidence of that respect in Wyeth's heroic handling of the figure in many of his works.

The affirmative, the optimistic flavor proper to the illustrative works is drawn, then, from the inexhaustible sunlight of the Southwest, from the studio experience under Pyle, and from the faith of the New England tradition. But there is another view to be had of experience and the likeness of life if we follow Wyeth's eye as he searches for expression which will unlock that which is not visible, and reveal the great theme of life under God. And here we find him in the company of those artists who, like Beethoven, spend themselves in the holy task of trying to release such beauty, form, and affirmation as dwell in the commonplace and the familiar, and give them noble substance worthy of their Creator.



“Nightfall”

No less a motive than that empowered Wyeth to grow and grow, in his last paintings, until his technical mastery came to serve rather than dominate; and his lifelong love of the human condition yielded him, and us, the fulfillment of its quest.

IV.

They are paintings of the American places and people he knew best . . . the Pennsylvania countryside and the Maine coast. They are painted in a technique which he undertook relatively late in his life: egg tempera on gesso panels, where heretofore he had worked in oil on canvas. In Tempera, he found a new clarity and crispness. Its lucidity, and the quality of the plasterlike surface of gesso, had much to do with the sudden release of a vein of his thought and feeling long recognized but not delivered. With his familiar expertness, he mastered expression in the technique new to him, and applied it both to illustrative work and to the more personal painting of his last few years.

In those paintings there is a contemplative mood which somehow carries the thought beyond the immediate subject matter. Their sombre lyricism is perhaps the truest echo of Wyeth's personality to be found in all his work. They give rise to such feeling and thought as we look at them that we are moved to say, while regarding his image of the world, "Here is what a man of very large nature had to say as he followed his task of celebrating and praising life through art: in every object or person there is beauty to be discovered, though now it prove to be tragic, or again innocent and hopeful; but in all things there is dignity, and it is my task that I find it, and set forth my view of life in such a way that those who look on what I have done will know that harmony I have sought to find between God's inscrutable designs and our daily course on earth; and all this with all my strength, my conscience and my spirit."

In so daring to paraphrase an artist's credo, I have here the advantage of long intimate years of friendship with Wyeth, and have heard his words on the subject. Yet I do not rely too heavily on that rich experience to make the conclusion. The evidence is there in the late pictures. It is there in terms of the color, in the massiveness of the designs, in the enchantments of his technical devotion to every problem of surface and of form; and again and above all, it speaks from the temper of the works, grave, exalted, attentive and at times almost worshipful or rapturous, as in the Summer Night; (or the Island Funeral, with its godlike view); or the Spring House, with its little poems of natural joy in leaf and stone and flower all miraculously drawn, and clustered around the central homely splendor of the gorgeous milk, symbol of sustenance, pouring from the pail like light itself.

He was a master of light, and loved the moment, the place, the person so much that in a period of art whose fashion it was to paint abstractions of the ego, he spent himself at the job representing truly that which he loved, while he served respect for the values of abstraction through respect for the art of design and composition. Light itself, weather, the atmosphere and its myriad spells, these seem to live a captured life in his pictures; not just their symbols and conventional signs. It is an American light, off the coast of Maine, or over the mellow Brandywine whose every change of daily mood he knew from living there. This is a quality which one day will be regarded as equal in interest and significance, in discovering Wyeth's place in American art, as it was in appraising the values of the French Impressionists' rediscovery of the properties of light in the atmosphere.

V.

In one field, particularly, he was strikingly effective. He loved the aspect of books. His sense of the printer's and publisher's craft resulted in many a charming book jacket, and title page design, and chapter heading beautifully wed to typography. Examples are on view in this exhibition, such as the decorative panel he did for the spine of the boxed edition of "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

VI.

All such various activities as are represented in this collection of his lifetime's growth sprang from a superb vitality. He was a big man, with an heroic head. His face was massively modelled, deeply marked by the wonders and doubts of his inner experience. His eyes were brilliant, and the play of his expression had a flashing range, from the merriment and charm with which he talked with friends and charged the characters of his large family, to a profound earnestness, a tragic and powerful look which could make a trivial topic suddenly assume a new and enlightening importance. His conversation was energizing. He was wonderfully articulate, playing through a vocabulary which had as many rich and colorful and striking notes as his palette. The variety of his work was honestly come by, for his personality, his mind, his interests, had countless aspects, all of them of that sort of versatility which reinforces rather than contradicts the central character of the man. He embodied goodness and generosity, tolerance and respect and encouragement, love for the simplest humanity of man, and impatience with nonsense or self-indulgence, and he worshipped the God he saw in Nature, humanity, and art.

Life was profuse wherever he made himself felt, and seemed better than it was, and more worthy of hard work and deserving of joy. He took great draughts of com-

fort and confirmation from music and literature as well as from the mightiest of his predecessors in the world of painting. He challenged his own spirit with the power and the compassion which he found in Beethoven, Michelangelo, and Shakespeare. A work he often had reference to was "The Dynasts," by Thomas Hardy. He found in its Godlike view and melancholy courage some grand statement of his own character. And on the other hand, he was ribald and hilarious among his family and friends. At the head of his table, he was a master of bounty, surrounded by children and grandchildren and friends and neighbors, with dogs under the chairs, and a profusion of foods on the board, and a riot of harmony in the air. Giving so much, he contained more than he could give.

It was, among other things, what made him so magnetic and powerful a teacher. Not only a teacher of his own art, but of those responsibilities of spirit and action which life itself demands and does not always see fulfilled. He did teach many artists, notably his own son Andrew, his daughters Henriette and Carolyn, and his sons-in-law, Peter Hurd and John McCoy, II. But there were others, and of them all he demanded imitation not of his work, but of his love of work; and to them all he gave his full sense of how all that there is of life can pertain to a single act of art.

In other words, he had greatness as a man, in which his powers as an artist were deeply and securely rooted, and by which they were ever refreshed.

VII.

As an illustrator, he was head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

As "pure" painter, he left a rich legacy of works which celebrate his own image of his country. When we see it as he saw it, we will see him more truly—for so by the interaction of a creative interpreter and the places and conditions of his life we come to know, from his particular spiritual and physical experience passionately recorded the universal values that abide in those acts of art which live long after the mortal span of the artist himself. He will be rediscovered in terms which were for the most part denied him during his lifetime.

Until then, his country takes leave of him and inherits his beautiful tributes to the earthly likeness of mankind as he knew it.

PAUL HORGAN

Washington
24 December 1945.

PAINTINGS

1. SELF PORTRAIT, 1914
2. ISLAND FUNERAL
3. IN A DREAM I MEET GENERAL WASHINGTON *awarded 4th W. A. Clark Prize Corcoran Gallery of Art 1932*
4. NIGHTFALL *awarded 3rd Popular Prize Carnegie Institute 1945*
5. SELF PORTRAIT, 1940 *loaned by the National Academy*
6. IN THE KITCHEN
7. GRANDFATHER'S SLEIGH
9. MRS. CUSHMAN'S HOUSE
10. SUMMER NIGHT *awarded the Painting Prize, The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts 1943*
11. THE SPRING HOUSE *awarded 1st Popular Prize Corcoran Gallery of Art 1945*
12. DEEP COVE FISHERMAN *loaned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*
13. LOW TIDE *loaned by Mr. and Mrs. A. Felix duPont*
15. FISHERMAN FAMILY
16. STILL LIFE *loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Bush, Jr.*
17. CORN HARVEST
18. DYING WINTER
19. THE CRYSTAL GAZER
20. RAINY DAY
21. FENCE BUILDERS
22. WOODCUTTERS IN THE SNOW
23. STILL LIFE WITH ONIONS
24. CHILDREN BATHING
25. MY MOTHER
26. SPRING LANDSCAPE
27. THE APPLE ORCHARD



Illustration for Treasure Island

Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

ILLUSTRATIONS

ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

Compiled by Johnson and Scott Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1940

28. Hark Hark the Dogs Do Bark
29. Jack the Giant Killer
30. The Three Friends
31. St. George and the Dragon

MEN OF CONCORD BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Edited by F. H. Allen Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1936

32. Johnny and His Woodchuck Skin Cap
33. Thoreau and the Fox *loaned by the Canajoharie Library and Art Gallery*

64. The Muskrat Hunters

DAVID BALFOUR BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Charles Scribner's Sons 1924

34. The Gibbet

DRUMS BY JAMES BOYD

Charles Scribner's Sons 1928

35. The Mother of John Paul Jones
36. Johnny's Defeat at the Dock
65. Johnny's Fight with Cherry

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS BY JANE PORTER

Charles Scribner's Sons 1926

37. The Pledge
38. Vision of Wallace
39. In the Tower of London
40. Battle of Sterling Castle

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER BY MARK TWAIN

Charles Scribner's Sons 1911

41. Three Boys
42. Satan
43. The Drowning

MICHAEL STROGOFF BY JULES VERNE

Charles Scribner's Sons 1927

44. Fall of the Blind Horse
45. The Fight with Ivan Ogareff

TRENDING INTO MAINE BY KENNETH ROBERTS

Little, Brown and Co. 1938

46. Dan'l Mason, Sailing Master, 1814
47. Charlie Stone
48. The Sea Serpent

THE YEARLING BY MARJORIE K. RAWLINGS

Charles Scribner's Sons 1939

49. Jacket Design
50. The Bear Story

WESTWARD HO BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Scribner's Sons 1920

51. The Mourner in the Bog
52. John Brimblecombe
53. Rose and the White Witch

* * * *

54. Illustration for Scribners Magazine 1906
55. Illustration for Scribners Magazine 1906
56. Illustration for Scribners Magazine 1907
57. The Life Boat Scribners Magazine 1907
58. Illustration for Scribners Magazine 1907
59. Illustration for Scribners Magazine 1907
60. End Papers for "THE WHITE COMPANY" BY A. CONAN DOYLE
David McKay
61. Illustration for "THE DEER SLAYER" BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER
Charles Scribner's Sons 1925
62. Parable of the Lost Sheep from "THE PARABLES OF JESUS"
BY S. PARKES CADMAN David McKay, 1931
63. Design for Book Cover for "ANTHONY ADVERSE" BY HERVEY ALLEN
66. Miles Standish

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The Fine Arts Society is also deeply indebted to Paul Horgan for his fine article on Mr. Wyeth, and to Andrew Wyeth and John W. McCoy, 2nd, for their hard work assembling and hanging the Exhibition.

N. C. WYETH
AND
THE BRANDYWINE
TRADITION



NEWELL CONVERS WYETH
1882-1945

N. C. WYETH
AND
THE BRANDYWINE
TRADITION

OCTOBER 13 - NOVEMBER 28, 1965

The Pennsylvania Historical and Museum
Commission

WILLIAM PENN MEMORIAL MUSEUM
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Special thanks are due the following for making the Exhibit and this Catalogue possible:

To the publishers of American Heritage, for making available the color plates used in the Catalogue;

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To the owners, listed individually in the Catalogue, for lending their paintings to the show;

And finally to the individual members of the Wyeth family, for their unfailing interest and complete cooperation in making this a comprehensive show of the works of N. C. Wyeth.

NEWELL CONVERS WYETH was one of America's great illustrators. This carries deeper and richer meanings beyond the fact that for some decades his pictures appealed to large book and magazine audiences. Until perhaps the most recent years, the illustrator, among all other artists, possessed a unique advantage. The modern giant mechanism of reproduction, printing and distribution gave him the power of vast coverage, he could often count upon audiences of many millions. But these widespread audiences were not his automatically. Illustration was, and is, keenly competitive. Only those artists who possessed the power to speak meaningfully and eloquently, who could touch minds and hearts, could command a public and hold their place. And to do this over the period of a mature lifetime demanded superlative gifts.

Wyeth possessed these gifts. He held his audiences, both young and old, through his lifetime and beyond. His series of pictures for the classics were part of the long dreams of growing up for the young, and for the elders, a bright door opening upon a morning world. His magazine illustrations, with their bounce and breeze, were not only looked for but clipped and hoarded. He evolved a pictorial empire of his own, a domain of space, action and romantic color and light. It was a world easy to enter for the hopeful and imaginative; they breathed its freshness and promise and carried away a certain brightness against the flat hours of humdrum life.

That world still exists, not only in the memories of older people but also for new generations. Almost all the Wyeth illustrated books are still in print, feeding young minds. His many mural decorations, with one exception, are in place and thousands pass before them daily. His easel pictures are less well known—some are in public collections, many more are privately owned—but they are beginning to be reproduced and circulated in magazines and newspapers. Beyond the pictures, however, is the aura of a personality, the founding of a family that has also made its mark in American art and the growth of a whole tradition spreading from the home valley of the Brandywine.

The man at the center of this was gifted pictorially, and he had an unmistakable personality. He was born in Needham, Massachusetts, on October 22nd, 1882. His father, a dealer in grains, came from an old family of Harvard men. His mother was a descendant of Andrew Zirngiebel, a Swiss horticulturalist, who had come to the States with Louis Agassiz and who played an important part in the development of the Concord grape. Young Wyeth felt he had inherited his early passion for drawing from the maternal Zirngiebels and it was his mother who encouraged him to devote his life to picture-making.

His growing years were spent on the home acres which ran down to the banks of the winding Charles River through meadows, fields and

woodlands—ample room for sports and exploration with his brothers and playmates. He drew the things about him—the trees, animals, houses and people. Later he was attracted to the nearby polo field at Karlsteen and there laid the foundation for his knowledgeable delineation of horses in all conceivable positions. As he reached his middle teens he found himself in drawing classes, first at the Mechanic Arts High School and later at the Massachusetts Normal Art School. By his late teens he had determined upon an art career and entered the Eric Pape School of Art.

Soon he began to see beyond this new horizon and when two former classmates, Clifford Ashley and Henry Peck, moved on to the classes of the famous Howard Pyle in Wilmington, Delaware, and wrote back glowing accounts, he could see that this was the answer to his hopes and ambitions. It was as hard for the parents to consent to his leaving as it was for the son to break home ties; but with parental blessings and a modest sum in his pocket, he set out for Wilmington.

He knew he was facing one of the turning points of his life, and much hinged upon Pyle's verdict. There were many applicants eager to enter the class, but few were chosen. No tuition was charged; the students paid only a small sum to cover model fees and upkeep expenses. The class was a small, select group of talented, ambitious and hard-working young men and women. It was this company of highly competitive spirits that young Wyeth hoped to join.

On a blue and gold day of late October, his twentieth birthday, the tall, strong youth faced the master. Later he told about the meeting. "Here I was at last, seated before him in the very room in which were born so many of the pictures I had breathlessly admired from boyhood. As Howard Pyle stood there, talking gently but with unmistakable emphasis, his large and genial countenance hypnotized me. The mobile mask of his face became more than individual. My rapid reflections were swept beyond the actual man. It was bewildering. I heard every modulation of his voice and took note of his every word. Occasionally I would answer a question. I remember all this clearly. But a searching beyond his countenance persisted.

"The soft top-light from the glass roof high above us, poured down like a magical and illuminated mist over his magnificent head. The forehead was broad, spatial and not too high, the frontal processes accentuated the shadowed caverns of the large and wide-set eyes. The recollection of the masks of Beethoven, Washington, Goethe, Keats passed in swift succession before my vision and in a sudden grasp of the truth I realized that the artist's face before me was actually a living composite of the men of history and romance which he had so magically and dramatically perpetuated on canvas."



Howard Pyle with some of his pupils:

left to right—Thornton Oakley, N. C. Wyeth, George Harding, Gordon McCouch, Allen True

That description of the first meeting is a token of the magnetism that Pyle's personality worked upon his students. Wyeth came from that interview walking on air. He had been aroused to his highest pitch by Pyle's words; he had been accepted as a student on trial. If he proved himself, he would become a full-fledged member of the class.

His period of probation was short. He had boundless energy in his strong body and boundless ambition and imagination in his darting mind. He had will and discipline too. He could compel himself to turn his back upon the inviting tasks and grapple with the routine chores of an art education. Pyle could see his unmistakable talent, and a short period of testing proved that it was backed up by other essential qualities which would permit that talent to expand and flourish.

He became a regular member of the H.P.S.A. (Howard Pyle School of Art) and moved into a studio next to Pyle, with two older students, Frank Schoonover and Stanley Arthurs. Now he was working side by side with other keen and highly gifted aspirants. Besides Schoonover and Arthurs were, among others, George Harding, Sidney Chase, Harvey Dunn, Thornton Oakley and Allen True, all of whom made their marks as illustrators or painters. Wyeth found it a good life, surrounded by striving young people, galvanized by a magnetic teacher—all united in a common purpose.

The heart of Pyle's classes was a weekly composition session to which each student brought an original picture for the master's criticism.

It was a session of tension, of hope and apprehension, of heady exultation and sobering analysis. Pyle was both the cool dissector and the dramatist. He had a gift for reading through inept drawing and clumsy arrangements to the motivating intention. He could reconstruct that intention and infuse it with color and purpose so that the student was fired with the enhancement of his original idea. Nor was Pyle chary with praise. He was fond of exhortations such as, "Live in your picture. Throw your heart into your picture and leap in after it."

The studio which Wyeth shared with Schoonover and Arthurs was one of two Pyle built next to his own. All three still stand, almost unchanged, in a small shady plot on Franklin Street and are still in use by Wilmington artists. These three buildings in addition to Pyle's summer house in Chadds Ford and the nearby mill which housed the summer classes can be considered the birthplace of the Brandywine tradition. The term had been coined already in Pyle's day and has persisted, used often interchangeably with the terms *Pyle* or *Wyeth* tradition. N.C. could not have foreseen that, as the years unfolded, he and his descendants would become major factors in the evolution of that tradition; but every atom in his body was aware of its force and promise, and he recognized that it afforded the climate for which he had been searching. It was partly a feeling for place, partly a reaching for strong American roots, partly a bright beckoning path into the future of the imagination. The small valley with the meandering Brandywine feeling its way through the meadowlands, the bordering hills with their tilled fields and patches of woodland, the old stone houses and barns and the aura of the Revolutionary battleground formed the setting. It contained so many small, intimate monuments of earlier days that one could scarcely be oblivious of a comforting feeling of continuity, yet it seemed to promise a future for that continuity. Wyeth felt, from the first day, a kinship with the region and a stimulus from the legend that was forming around it. Here he planned to send down his roots.

His work found professional acceptance almost from the beginning. On his first Christmas holiday trip back to Needham he stopped in New York to show his portfolio to some publishers and received his first commission, an illustration for *Success Magazine*. A few months later the *Saturday Evening Post* bought a cover painting. Pyle seems to have exerted himself to guard against the possible overconfidence which early success might give his student. This may or may not have been necessary, but Wyeth seems to have accepted all the rules and disciplines which Pyle laid upon him. In fact his letters to Needham are full of self-examinations and instances of his capacity for self-discipline. Certainly he grew steadily and rapidly in his powers,



The Wyeth home in Chadds Ford

although he considered himself a student long after the publishing world had placed him as a ranking professional.

When the time arrived for him to leave the Pyle studio he was already a figure of growing importance in the world of illustration. He had no lack of commissions, he had found a congenial atmosphere and he had fallen in love. On the evening of April 16th, 1906, Carolyn Bockius and Newell Convers Wyeth were married in the First Unitarian Church of Wilmington.

After a brief stay in Wilmington they moved to a rented house in Chadds Ford and some years later, when finances permitted, they built a large comfortable house and studio on a wooded hill overlooking fields and the Baltimore Pike and there reared their family.

From then on rich harvest years followed. N.C.'s work had matured early but remained malleable. He was moving into the first rank of illustration. Howard Pyle had died in 1911, leaving an indelible imprint upon American illustration, not only through his rich body of pictures but also through the spreading influence of his many students. Wyeth could be felt to be the only one to fill the void he left. But American illustration had changed since Pyle's early days and was changing more rapidly year by year. The sheer quantity of pictorial wealth that was displayed in America's publications was several times what it had been a generation or two before. The variety and versatility of its utterance was beyond anything that had been seen. All types of ripe talents were being attracted by its opportunities, its audience was united only in its demand for pictorial food, its tastes ran through a wider and wider gamut. Not only through sheer weight of pictorial reproduction but also in variety and high quality of attainment, American illustration had become the most notable in the world.

It was during this span of high performance that Wyeth's mature work appeared. His early magazine pictures, a great many of them concerned with the far West—Indians, cowboys and trappers—gradually veered more to historical and contemporary subjects. In fact, a newspaper interview of the early twenties quotes him as saying that he was abandoning the Western subject because his first-hand knowledge of it had not been deep and constant enough. In 1911 his pictures for "Treasure Island" appeared, the first in a long series for Scribner's. It made illustration history and was admired by all young readers as well as by his professional colleagues. This edition has been in print ever since, and each year has added to its circle of admirers. It is one of the relatively few illustrated books that remain in the memory for a lifetime.

Two years later he illustrated the equally successful "Kidnapped" and later "The Black Arrow," "Robin Hood," and about a score of others. This magnificent series has fed young imaginations for generations and its work is not over. It contains some of his best art. It conveys the vigor of his personality and the unflagging inventiveness of his picture-making imagination. He was becoming a master of the manipulation of light and shadow. His years of keen observation of nature's world had amassed a great repertoire of effects which he could draw upon at will. He could revel in the unending dialogue between the secrecy of mysterious darks and the jeweled shimmer of sudden lights. These patterns, with their first impact upon the receptive eye, arouse great expectations. The mind is prepared for the movement of the figures, the revelation of characters, the textures of materials, the shapes of accessories—all the factors of a narrative picture.

The sense of pulse and motion which is present in almost all his pictures was a natural transfer of the impulsive movements of his own strong frame. Before his easel he was pacing, leaning, reaching—retreating for an appraising squint, advancing for a brushstroke or a scrape of the palette knife. He needed room to maneuver and his pictures reflected it.

His illustrations were painted to approximately the largest size for convenient reproduction, but he craved larger space and found it in mural decorations. He began when an opportunity presented itself to paint a panel of an Indian hunt for a Utica hotel. Then he moved on to large projects like the two Civil War lunettes for the Missouri State Capitol and a set of four upright panels on the theme of maritime commerce for the First National Bank of Boston. Many others followed such as the five panels in the building of the National Geographic Society in Washington, a sixty-two foot mural in the Savings Fund Society of Wilmington and a triptych for the Chapel of the Holy Spirit in the National Cathedral in Washington. A large addition equipped



N. C. Wyeth, letter with sketch

with movable stairs and platforms was built onto the studio on the hill to accommodate these large projects.

Interspersed between mural and illustration commissions were his easel paintings. As he grew older these became more and more the vehicles of his most urgent conceptions. He resented more and more the hampering restrictions of illustration, particularly those of the advertising world. His best and most private dreams could scarcely hope to find suitable outlet in illustration or even in mural decoration. Many of his canvases were concerned with loving portrayal of bits of the land and life that meant so much to him, but frequently he went reaching



N. C. Wyeth outside his studio at Chadds Ford

out for a fusion of this with a tide of the romantic fantasy which was such an essential ingredient of his nature. In his best canvases there is this happy fusion. It is virtually certain that a few more active years would have brought him closer to the goal he could glimpse. His best canvases are an important contribution to American painting. They are highly individual, unlike anything in the enlarging hierarchy of American art. Important in all these canvases is the infusion of the narrative element. It is precisely this element which frightens and repels large numbers of the critical and museum brotherhoods—they have championed for so long the modern drive toward *pure form* that they are not even aware that it is dying under their eyes from lack of proper nourishment. Some of that nourishment could come from pictorial narration, from subject and object, from linkage with the visible world. Wyeth's canvases will outlive many a passing fashion.

We may put our emphasis upon pictures rather than the man, but the man and his art cannot be separated. The man can be surmised from a study of his pictures. Volatile, positive, active in body and mind, capable of a gamut of moods, self-critical but confident of his powers. Friendly, humorous, sharp and knowing. Physically tall and powerful, a thick, solid torso; long rather slim arms and legs; a large head with mobile features. A crown of curly, tousled hair—bright, observant eyes behind spectacles. He was seldom withdrawn, his personality advanced to meet one.

True enough he lived in a world withdrawn from the cataract of urban life, but it was peopled not only by the richness of nature and his resounding imagination but also by the warmth and clatter of his own large family and a wide circle of friends and neighbors. And although he was hundreds of miles from his parents and brothers in New England, there was a steady flow of letters back and forth. These letters are open and revealing, a continuous mirror of his inmost thoughts, the large and small problems of both art and family life, the delightful trivia of daily living, often illustrated with sketches of a proposed picture or a person or place. The children, as they appear, join the chronicle and we follow them through their growing years.

Presently they are old enough to begin reaching for their vocations. The two older girls, Henriette and Carolyn, prove that their early picture-making was not just a childhood interlude—they begin serious and regular study under the eye of their father. Later the youngest child, Andrew, follows their footsteps. Three fine painters and draughtsmen are in the making. The older son, Nathaniel, has his own workshop downstairs—his careful models of ships and locomotives foreshadow his future career as a creative engineer. Ann spends much of her time with the piano and phonograph. Presently she will be composing and her compositions will be played by the Philadelphia Orchestra. And their mother manages the intricate and taxing problems of a large, volatile family with tact, love and understanding.

Unplanned but instinctively, a new generation begins its contribution to life and the arts and to the Brandywine legend. Only a few of the Pyle students remain in the valley; the others are scattered throughout the country, but all carry the seed. Wyeth has only a few students but two of them, Peter Hurd and John McCoy, marry Wyeth daughters, enter the family fold and add their conspicuous talents to the tradition. The tradition, this intangible quickening motive, to be felt but not captured, grows, spreads, mingles. It fertilizes and is fertilized. It takes many shapes under the propulsion of individual talents. But it continues. The second generation we have just described is now in its prime and its contributions are part of America's art history. A still younger generation is on the horizon.

THE SECTIONS OF THE EXHIBITION

THE STUDIO

The N. C. Wyeth studio still stands and is still in use by his daughter Carolyn. It is located on a hilltop in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, looking down on the house built on a lower level and through trees to flat fields, the Baltimore Pike and rising hills beyond.

This exhibit shows a portion of the studio, substantially as it was during the years when Wyeth was painting the greater number of the illustrations for which he was famous. In later years a large, high addition was added to this studio room connected by broad steps. This was for the large canvases that were needed for the long series of mural decorations that occupied so much of his later years.



Interior—N. C. Wyeth Studio at Chadds Ford showing his desk, and models and props used in his paintings

THE FAR WEST PICTURES

Like every small boy of his age and time, young Wyeth had his head full of cowboys and Indians. And inevitably he drew them. When he was older and in high school he still drew them and when he was admitted to Howard Pyle's classes in Wilmington they were still favorite subject material. Most of what he knew about the West came from a study of the work of the Western artists: Remington, Catlin, Charles Russell and others. So it was to be expected that as soon as he could save enough to pay his way beyond the Mississippi, he would be off to see, savor and draw the West at first hand. While still studying with Pyle, he made the journey to the Colorado ranch country and took part in a fall roundup. Then he went south into the Navaho country and earned his way by carrying mail on horseback.

He came back with a portfolio of sketches and his visual memory stocked with impressions of the country and its life. A great many Western illustrations came from these first hand impressions. In later years his interest in Western subjects was superseded by other themes.

BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS

Wyeth probably reached his most steadfast audience through his book illustrations, and they contain much of his best work. Most of these pictures are for young people's classics such as "Robin Hood," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Last of the Mohicans," "King Arthur" and "Westward Ho!" A number of generations of young minds have fed upon these pictures, and their color and vitality have made lifetime impressions. Almost all these titles are still in print and in demand.

MURAL DECORATION

Many artists are fascinated by the thought of covering large wall surfaces with their decorative dreams—many of the world's masterpieces are on this scale. But mural opportunities are relatively rare.

Mural decoration was a natural outlet for Wyeth's volatile rhythms, large circling compositions and expansive outlook. Fortunately many recognized this, and mural opportunities sought him out. His first large panel for a hotel taught him many things about the techniques of wall decoration and gained him a reputation that led to many larger projects. During the later years of his life a large part of his time was devoted to these large panels.

EASEL PAINTING

Wyeth was always the painter. Except for a limited number of pen drawings, the great bulk of his illustrations were paintings, disciplined to the special requirements of text and publication. But his easel pictures were unhampered by these limitations, he could allow his interest and imagination to rove at will, he was free to project his inmost fancies and enthusiasms. At one point, in mid-career, he pushed aside illustration for a period of about a year and painted canvas after canvas, mostly of outdoor subjects. He was greatly interested in the flourishing American landscape school that was writing one of the last chapters of late impressionism and translating the golden material of our native scene. All this outdoor wisdom flowed back into his illustrations and, all his life, painting and illustration cross-fertilized each other.

THE SECOND GENERATION

N. C. Wyeth was the father of five gifted children, three of them artists. Nathaniel is a creative engineer with an important reputation in his field. Ann (Mrs. John McCoy) is a pianist and composer whose works have been played by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Henriette (Mrs. Peter Hurd), Carolyn and Andrew are the painters. Most or all of their instruction came from their father. What he gave them was the essential fundamentals plus the intangibles of his heart and mind. These common denominators are at the core of all their work, but from this base each has followed the path of his or her own nature.

HENRY C. PITZ

BATTLE AT GLENS FALLS





ANDY WITH THE FIRE ENGINE



THE ORE WAGON



IN PENOBSCOT BAY

THE GIANT





THE PARKMAN OUTFIT



NIGHTFALL

CATALOGUE
OF
THE EXHIBITION

"The Mexican Shepherd" and "The Plains Herder" were illustrations for Wyeth's article "A Shepherd of the Southwest." This article and its pictures grew out of the artist's first trip to the far West.

1. THE PLAINS HERDER
Oil on canvas, 37 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 28 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1908
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company

The painting of "The Springhouse" has been much reproduced and is a fine example of Wyeth's delineation of the Chadds Ford countryside he lived in and loved.

2. THE SPRINGHOUSE
Tempera on wood, 36" x 48"
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1944
Lender: The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts

The opportunity to picture Parkman's "The Oregon Trail" carried an extra stimulus for Wyeth. Three of his ancestors had led or accompanied a wagon train to the west coast.

3. THE PARKMAN OUTFIT (The Oregon Trail)
Oil on canvas, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 29 $\frac{1}{8}$ "
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company

4. PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER
Oil on canvas, 32" x 25"
Signed and dated u.r.: N. C. W. 1938
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

5. SELF-PORTRAIT IN A TOP HAT
Oil on canvas, 40 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 36 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

6. PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER
Oil on canvas, 32" x 26"
Signed and dated l.r.: N. C. W. May 1923
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

7. MAN WITH A PISTOL
Oil on canvas, 29" x 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sordoni, Jr.

8. WASHINGTON THE FARMER
(Uncompleted Illustration, 1945)
Oil on gesso panel
Lender: Mr. W. E. Weiss, Jr.

9. THE STUDIO
Oil on canvas, 16" x 20"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

10. N. C. WYETH THE YOUNG MAN
Oil on canvas, 20" x 16"
Unsigned
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

11. SKETCH OF HOWARD PYLE'S STUDIO
Oil on canvas, 12" x 18"
Unsigned
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Anton Kamp

12. EDWIN
Oil on canvas, 20" x 16"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. Edwin Wyeth

13. STIMSON
Oil on canvas, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Unsigned
Lender: Mr. Stimson Wyeth

14. JOHN OXENHAM (Westward Ho!)
Oil on canvas, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 30"
Signed u.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. George Beck

15. COVER DESIGN (The Deerslayer)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.l.: W
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

16. TITLE PAGE DESIGN (Robinson Crusoe)
Oil on canvas, 36" x 30"
Signed: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

17. TITLE PAGE VIGNETTE (Robin Hood)
Oil on canvas, 39 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Signed u.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library

18. TITLE PAGE (David Balfour)
Oil on canvas, 25" x 34"
Signed l.l.: W
Lender: Robert V. Behr

19. TITLE PAGE VIGNETTE (Frontispiece, Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 36" x 24"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. Clement R. Hoopes

The dust cover painting for "Commodore Hornblower" was one of the late book illustrations. After N. C. Wyeth's death his son Andrew continued several of the Hornblower series.

20. DUST JACKET PAINTING (Commodore Hornblower)
Oil on canvas, 20½" x 26"
Signed l.r.: W
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company

21. SKETCH
Oil on panel, 12" x 9"
Signed l.r.: N. C. W.
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

22. TITLE PAGE DRAWING (Rip Van Winkle)
Charcoal on paper, 16" x 12"
Signed: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

23. HEADPIECE DRAWING (Rip Van Winkle)
Pen and ink drawing
Signed l.r.: W
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

24. SEA FEVER
Pencil drawing on paper, 13¾" x 9⅝"
Signed l.r.: N. C. W.
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Layton

"The Giant" was painted as a memorial decoration in the Westtown School in Chester county. It was reproduced in full color in The Ladies' Home Journal.

25. THE GIANT
Oil on canvas, 72" x 60"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Westtown School

26. THE PETITION
Oil on canvas, 36" x 26"
Unsigned
Lender: Frank W. Packard

27. THEY BANDED TOGETHER FOR GREATER SAFETY (The Wasteful West)
Oil on canvas, 16" x 36"
Signed l.l.: Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Porter, Jr.

28. FIGHT ON THE PLAINS (The Great West That Was)
Oil on canvas, 32" x 40"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Harlan Pyle

29. ROPING IN THE CORRAL
Oil on canvas, 22" x 32"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. James P. Simpson

30. DODGIN' A RATTLER (Arizona Nights)
Oil on canvas, 38" x 23¾"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company

31. BARROOM GUNFIGHT (Nan of Music Mountain)
Oil on canvas, 34" x 25"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Greenwood Bookshop

32. CARPETBAGGERS (Cover Painting—The Pike County Ballads)
Oil on canvas, 49" x 39"
Signed: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Diamond M Foundation

33. FARM BOY ON A WHITE HORSE
Oil on canvas, 42" x 28"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: James Graham and Sons

"The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" by Mary Johnson were two best sellers of about a half century ago. They were excellent Civil War novels written from the Southern point of view. Wyeth's great interest in the war resulted in a number of his finest pictures.

34. THE BATTLE (The Long Roll)
Oil on canvas, 45¾" x 36¾"
Signed and dated l.r.: N. C. Wyeth 1910
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. George A. Weymouth

35. TROOPS BY THE HUNDRED WERE PASSING (Sally Castleton)
Oil on canvas, 25" x 34"
Unsigned
Lender: Christian C. Sanderson

36. THE VEDETTE (The Long Roll)
Oil on canvas, 48¼" x 38¼"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Union Club of Boston

37. GENERAL SHERMAN (Poems of American Patriotism)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 30"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: The Hill School
38. THE CHARGE (Vandemark's Folly)
Oil on canvas, 30½" x 41"
Signed u.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Anton Kamp
39. ROAD TO VIDALIA (Cease Firing)
Oil on canvas, 48¼" x 39¼"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Union Club of Boston
40. THE PROSPECTOR
Oil on canvas, 47" x 29¾"
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1906
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company
41. HUDSON'S BAY ENCAMPMENT (Taken at the Flood)
Oil on canvas, 21" x 31"
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1905
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Mackie
42. THE PAYSTAGE (Scribner's Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 38" x 26½"
Signed and dated l.r.: N. C. Wyeth March 1908
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company
43. THE SCOUT (Who Calls?)
Oil on canvas, 38" x 30"
Signed and dated l.r.: N. C. Wyeth 1908
Lender: Mrs. Boyd Hunt
44. THE ORE WAGON (The Misadventures of Cassidy)
Oil on canvas, 38" x 25"
Signed and dated l.r.: N. C. Wyeth 1907
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company
45. THE SHERIFF
Oil on canvas
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth '08
Lender: Charles Scribner's Sons
46. THE OUTLAW (Cover painting for McClure's Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 50⅛" x 34"
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1906
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company

47. A MOONLIT NIGHT (Scribner's Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 21½"
Signed u.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth
48. THE INDIAN IN HIS SOLITUDE (Outing Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.r.
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
49. PRELIMINARY DRAWING (The Indian in His Solitude)
Charcoal drawing, 24½" x 15½"
Signed l.r.: N. C. W.
Lender: Mr. Percy Morton
50. MEXICAN SHEPHERD (Scribner's Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 28¼" x 37¼"
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1908
Lender: Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company
51. MOOSE HUNTERS
Oil on canvas, 40¼" x 25"
Signed l.l.
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
52. CALL OF THE WILD (Cover painting—Outing Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 38½" x 26½"
Signed and dated l.l.: N. C. Wyeth 1906
Lender: Simon's Rock
53. DOBBIN (Scribner's Magazine)
Oil on canvas panel, 37" x 28"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Lottie B. Eachus
54. PUMPKINS (Back to the Farm)
Oil on canvas, 38" x 27"
Signed l.r.
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
- "The Yearling" was one of the late books that was illustrated in oil on gesso panels.
55. JODY AND FLAG (The Yearling)
Oil on gesso panel
Unsigned
Lender: Anonymous
56. THE SCYTHING (Back to the Farm)
Oil on canvas, 37½" x 26¾"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: University of Arizona Art Gallery—Kingan Collection

57. MOWING (Unpublished)
Oil on canvas, 37½" x 26¾"
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor
58. CHRISTMAS MORNING (The Great Minus)
Oil on canvas
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Needham Historical Society
59. ENCOUNTER ON FRESHWATER CLIFF (Westward Ho!)
Oil on canvas, 42" x 31"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. Andrew N. Schwab
60. COVER PAINTING (The Scottish Chiefs)
Oil on canvas 44" x 32"
Signed l.l.: W
Lender: University of Delaware
61. DEATH OF EDWIN
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Harl McDonald
62. THE ASTROLOGER (The Mysterious Stranger)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Diamond M Foundation
63. THE DROWNING (The Mysterious Stranger)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Unsigned
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
64. NATHAN HALE (Poems of American Patriotism)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 30"
Signed u.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: The Hill School

Late in life, N. C. Wyeth changed his medium from oil on canvas to tempera on wood. "Thoreau and the Fox" is one of the whole series for "Men of Concord" which was painted in this medium.

65. THOREAU AND THE FOX (End Papers for Men of Concord)
Tempera on wood, 30" x 40"
Unsigned
Lender: Canajoharie Library and Art Gallery

66. AT CONCORD BRIDGE
Oil on canvas, 33" x 30"
Signed u.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
67. FLIGHT ACROSS THE LAKE (The Last of the Mohicans)
Oil on canvas, 39½" x 32"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. Russell G. Colt
68. BATTLE OF GLENS FALLS (The Last of the Mohicans)
Oil on canvas, 39½" x 32"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. Russell G. Colt
69. BURIAL OF UNCAS (The Last of the Mohicans)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
70. THE HURON FLEW THROUGH THE AIR (The Deerslayer)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth
71. BLACKBEARD, BUCCANEER (Scribner's Magazine)
Oil on canvas
Lender: Mrs. R. R. M. Carpenter
- Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" gave Wyeth his first important opportunity to execute a long set of color book illustrations. It was a text he loved which proved stimulating to his pictorial imagination. The edition was an instant success when it was published in 1911 and it set the tone of the long series of illustrated classics which was to follow for so many years. The set contains many of his finest paintings.
72. FIRST SKETCH (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 12" x 18"
Signed u.r.: N. C. W.
Lender: Mr. James Wyeth
73. TITLE PAGE VIGNETTE (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library
74. JIM HAWKINS LEAVES HOME (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47" x 37½"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Wilmington Y. M. C. A.

75. THE BLACK SPOT (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47½" x 38"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. Jack Webb
76. AT THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW" (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47" x 38"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. John W. McCoy
77. BLIND PEW (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47¼" x 38¼"
Signed and dated l.r.: N. C. Wyeth 1911
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth
78. LONG JOHN SILVER IN THE GALLEY (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 48" x 40"
Signed: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Diamond M Foundation
79. PASSING OUT THE WEAPONS (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47¼" x 38¼"
Signed u.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth
80. PACKING THE MONEY (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47" x 38"
Unsigned
Lender: New York Public Library
81. ONE STEP MORE, MR. HANDS (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47" x 38"
Signed l.r.: N. Wyeth
Lender: New Britain Museum of American Art
82. BEN GUNN (Treasure Island)
Oil on canvas, 47" x 38"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth
83. MASTER RICHARD SHELTON (The Black Arrow)
Oil on canvas
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: James Graham and Sons
84. FIGHT AT THE CROSS (The Black Arrow)
Oil on canvas
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Charles Scribner's Sons
85. THE BLACK ARROW FLIETH NEVER MORE (The Black Arrow)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed u.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth
86. RESCUE OF CAPTAIN HARDING (The Mysterious Island)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 30"
Signed: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Diamond M Foundation
87. DISCOVERY OF THE CHEST (The Mysterious Island)
Oil on canvas
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Arthur L. Smythe
88. TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (The Boys' King Arthur)
Oil on canvas, 39¾" x 32"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company
89. IN AMBUSH (Robin Hood)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Unsigned
Lender: New York Public Library
90. LITTLE JOHN SINGS A SONG (Robin Hood)
Oil on canvas, 39⅝" x 31½"
Signed u.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library
91. ROBIN MEETS MAID MARIAN (Robin Hood)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library
92. LITTLE JOHN FIGHTS WITH THE COOK (Robin Hood)
Oil on canvas, 39⅝" x 31½"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library
93. PASSING OF ROBIN (Robin Hood)
Oil on canvas, 39¾" x 31½"
Signed l.r.: Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library
94. THE REAPER (Robinson Crusoe)
Oil on canvas, 40½" x 30"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Wilmington Institute Free Library

95. IN THE CAVE (Robinson Crusoe)
Oil on canvas, 40½" x 30"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Wilmington Institute Free Library

96. CARVING THE MARKER (Robinson Crusoe)
Oil on canvas, 40½" x 30"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Wilmington Institute Free Library

The pictures for "Kidnapped" were the second in the long series of illustrated classics. With a few exceptions those books conformed to the same general format; a large squarish page size, usually fourteen or fifteen four-color reproductions on glazed paper, tipped in place by hand instead of being bound in with the text and a full color book jacket. Some of the volumes contain chapter headings in pen line.

97. THE WRECK OF THE COVENANT (Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 39½" x 32"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. Brian R. Gray

98. AT QUEEN'S FERRY (Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 39⅝" x 31½"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New York Public Library

99. SEIGE OF THE ROUNDHOUSE (Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 39½" x 32"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. Russell G. Colt

100. AT CARDS IN CLUNY'S CAGE (Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 39½" x 32"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. Russell G. Colt

101. ON THE ISLAND OF EARRAID (Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 40" x 32"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: William V. Sipple, Jr.

102. THE PARTING (Kidnapped)
Oil on canvas, 39" x 32"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. Brian R. Gray

103. COASTING
Oil on canvas, 16¼" x 26¼"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

104. THE TRAPPER
Oil on canvas 34" x 25"
Signed l.l.: N. C. W.
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company

105. STILL LIFE
Oil on canvas, 32⅛" x 40⅛"
Signed u.l.
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company

106. MORNING HOUR
Oil on canvas, 26" x 24"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

107. MAINE WOODS
Oil on canvas
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. G. Francis Autman, Jr.

108. HUNTERS AND HOUNDS (Cover design—The Popular Magazine)
Oil on canvas, 18" x 12"
Signed l.l.: N. C. W.
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Lynch

109. MRS. CUSHMAN'S HOUSE
Tempera on masonite, 21" x 36½"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: New Britain Museum of American Art

"Island Funeral" is the result of the experience of attending the funeral of a neighbor and friend near Port Clyde, Maine. The artist was not attempting any literal delineation of the actual occurrence. His composition was the result of brooding and contemplation, of trying to convey the significance that underlay the actual event. Wyeth chose to raise his viewpoint high above the island, the craft and the people and attempt to see it with an epic eye.

110. ISLAND FUNERAL
Tempera on wood, 44" x 52"
Signed u.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Hotel DuPont

111. IN PENOBSCOT BAY
Tempera, 23¼" x 47½"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: M. Knoedler and Company

112. CHADDS FORD WINTER
Oil on canvas, 25" x 30"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

113. LAST OF THE CHESTNUTS

Oil on canvas, 37" x 49"
Signed l.l.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

114. BUTTONWOOD FARM

Oil on canvas, 48½" x 42½"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: The Reading Public Museum and Art Gallery

115. FENCE BUILDERS

Oil on canvas, 37½" x 49½"
Signed l.r.: N. C. Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Carl D. Pratt

116. CHADDS FORD VIEW

Oil on canvas, 25" x 30"
Signed and dated: N. C. W. July '09
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

117. STILL LIFE WITH BRUSH

Oil on canvas, 16" x 20"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

118. NIGHTFALL

Tempera
Lender: Mr. Robert F. Woolworth

119. SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Oil on canvas, 18¼" x 12¼"
Unsigned
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

PAINTINGS BY CAROLYN WYETH

1. THE OLD BLACK SPRUCE

Oil on canvas
Signed
Lender: Dr. and Mrs. William Gallery

2. DARK SHORE

Oil on canvas
Signed
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

PAINTINGS BY HENRIETTE WYETH HURD

1. PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER

Oil on canvas, 47½" x 52"
Not signed
Lender: Roswell Museum and Art Center

2. PORTRAIT STUDY

Oil on canvas, 16¼" x 20"
Signed and dated l.l.: Henriette Wyeth 1923
Lender: Mrs. N. C. Wyeth

PAINTINGS BY ANDREW WYETH

1. TENANT FARMER

Tempera on wood, 30½" x 40"
Signed and dated l.r.: Andrew Wyeth 1961
Lender: Phelps Collection, The Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts

2. JAMES LOPER

Tempera on wood, 48" x 30"
Signed and dated: Andrew Wyeth 1952
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Haskell, Jr.

3. WOOD LILY

Watercolor, 19" x 24½"
Signed l.l.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. Tabb Hostetter

4. BELOW DOVER

Tempera on wood, 24½" x 30¼"
Signed: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

5. MAY DAY

Watercolor, 12¾" x 29"
Signed l.r.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

6. FARAWAY

Watercolor, 13½" x 21"
Signed l.r.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

7. NICHOLAS

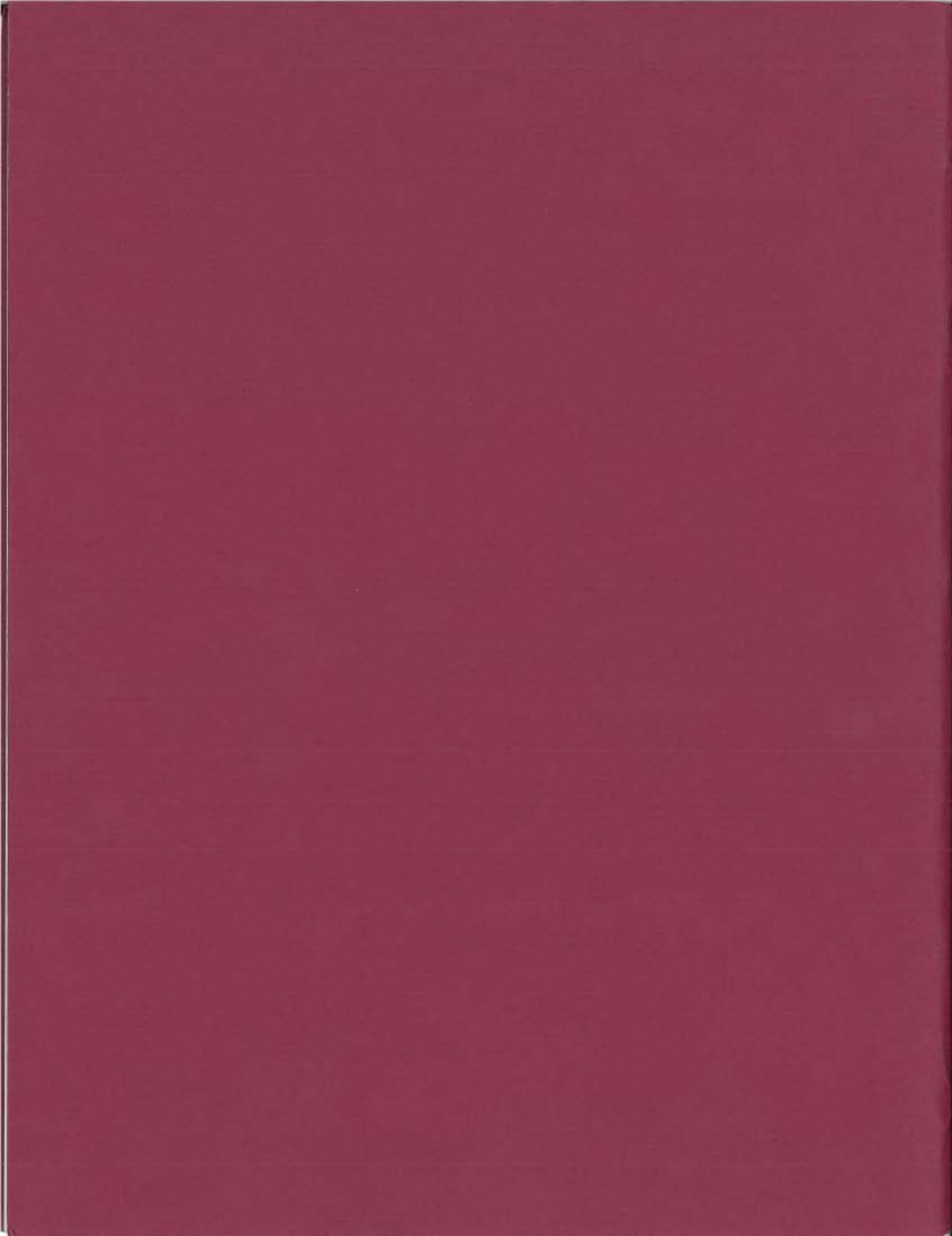
Tempera on wood, 33" x 31¾"
Signed: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

8. NETHERSTONE
Watercolor, 30" x 22"
Signed l.r.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sordoni, Jr.

9. ATWATER LAND
Watercolor, 19" x 27"
Signed l.l.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sordoni, Jr.

10. TOM CLARK
Watercolor, 10" x 11"
Signed u.l.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sordoni, Jr.

11. GROUND-HOG DAY
Tempera on wood, 31" x 31"
Signed l.r.: Andrew Wyeth
Lender: Philadelphia Museum of Art



1130
A PENINSULAR CANAAN

Part III
Delaware

By Howard Pyle

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing.
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing,
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it, I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair.
In the lane where the poppies are blowing,
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.



PICKING PEACHES.

A PENINSULAR CANAAN.

III.—DELAWARE.

IMPORTANT as are the manufactures of Northern Delaware, and considerable as are the other agricultural interests of the midland and southern portions, the peach crop is the distinctive, the characteristic, Delaware production. The mid-

land region of the State, comprising the lower part of Newcastle, the whole of Kent, and the northern portion of Sussex counties, is of the most pronounced type of the Delaware body social—that odd co-mixture of Northern and Southern life and characteristics peculiarly Delawarian



RUNNING FOR THE TRAIN.

—and it is here that the peach, that semi-Northern, semi-Southern fruit, reaches its maximum of quality and quantity.

Delaware, the land of peaches! the land where during two months of the year the air holds the fragrant aroma of this king of the fruits! Peaches, peaches every where—in baskets, in crates, in boxes, in wagons. At every station of the railroad that traverses the spine of the Delaware watershed one sees those peculiar vehicles generically known as peach wagons, square, cumbersome, and roomy, unloading their luscious contents. At the more considerable stations all is noise, hubbub, and confusion. One by one the peach wagons come rumbling up to the waiting cars, each one striving to get in first, so as to unload and home again. At the cars is a very Babel of voices calling for manifests, numbers, and what not, commingled with the squealing of mules, the shouting and swearing of teamsters, and the cracking of whips. Along the roads in all directions rumble the peach wagons, each in a little cloud of dust, like a miniature thunder-storm, each wending its way and converging to a centre represented by the nearest railway station. The traveller on the railroad passes long trains of freight-cars, hanging around and trailing after which is a luscious odor of most luscious fruit.

In New York the Delaware peach is rarely seen at its best; the fruit is picked while yet hard, and so shipped, ripening in the cellars of the commission merchants or on the stalls of the vendors; but when they are allowed to ripen to full maturity in the broad and native sunlight of their Southern home, when they swell with the last few hours of ripening, the blush side

turning a delicate velvety crimson just mottled with a few darker spots, when they soften, not to flaccidity, on the trees, turning the last drops of sap to nectareous juice, then the Delaware peach is a thing hardly to be sufficiently admired, charming alike with its beauty, its odor, and its taste.

In a full orchard of such peaches we found ourselves on a fine day in August. It was the height of the season, and beneath the overarching shade of the deep green peach foliage, with its steely glint, hung the beautiful fruit, fair as that of the Hesperides. The orchard lay spread out near the shores of Delaware Bay, not far below Collins Beach—a summer resort considerably patronized by the people of the vicinity and by the citizens of Smyrna, the third town in the State. Beyond the vistas of the orchard and a stretch of marshy lowland extend the beautiful waters of the broad smiling bay, dotted with ships and boats of all descriptions. We had driven down with a party of friends, pleasant, kind, cordially hospitable, as Delaware friends are apt to be. The gentlemen of the party plunged directly into the orchard, still wet and sparkling with the early morning dew, leaving the ladies seated in the carriage to beguile their leisure with the interesting occupation of fighting the mosquitoes, clouds of which swarmed up from the dank outlying marsh lands beyond, borne on the gentle wind that blew wooingly from that quarter.

A busy scene presented itself to the visitors: step-ladders reared aloft among the dark foliage, each one occupied apparently only by a pair of legs, the body belonging to them being hidden by the sur-

rounding foliage, betrayed only by the rustling amid the leaves. Now and then some hidden negro would burst out with snatches of the inevitable Methodist hymn music, checked abruptly by the insertion of some extra ripe and juicy peach. The sunlight came twinkling through the glossy leaves, lying in patches of light upon the ground, and just touching here and there some basket full of lovely fruit. Close by stood a light wagon, to which was harnessed a patient little mule, meditatively flapping his ears, his mouth covered by a muzzle to prevent him from nipping the foliage within reach. We thought at first it was to prevent the possible ill consequences of eating the leaves charged with prussic acid, but subsequently found that it was not the bodily comfort of the mule that had been taken into consideration, so much as the danger of his detaching the ripe peaches from the stem. In the wagon stood rows of baskets laden with fruit, to be transported to the culling-house, where they were to be sorted—the large separated



IN THE NORTHERN MARKET—"PEACHES, ONE CENT."



ASSORTING THE PEACHES.

from the small, the firm from those too soft for shipment.

The "plucks," or pickers, were each supplied with a crotched stick, by which means the branches beyond their reach were drawn toward them; the peach which the practiced eye of the picker tells him is fit to pluck is carefully detached from the stem, and as carefully deposited in a basket slung by means of a broad leathern strap



A FARM "PLUCK."

from the shoulders; some of the pickers in the more remote parts of the orchard are supplied with two of these baskets, to avoid the necessity of much travel to the cart in waiting. The greatest precaution is taken that none of the peaches shall be bruised, the slightest contusion creating fermentation and subsequent rot, which quickly spreads through the basket, speedily ruining the whole.

We had never seen such peaches as were picked. One basket was pointed out, and that a full one, which held but fifty-three peaches, that is to say, each one somewhat smaller than a pint cup.

One old negro, sitting placidly on the bottom of an empty peach basket, evidently took good care of number one, for he was quietly engaged in splitting open and devouring a little pile of fruit on the ground beside him.

The pickers are generally allowed, with wise liberality, to appropriate for their own use such peaches as are too soft for shipment.

Back from the orchard some distance stands a cluster of farm buildings and out-houses, among which is the culling-house—a large open building, in the shelter of which the peaches are sorted. Piles of empty peach baskets and crates stand back in the shadow, while along the floor stand rows of baskets full of luscious fruit, and gayly bedecked with cool green leaves.

In the particular orchard just described the peach-pickers were not specimens of the "peach-pluck" proper, but farm laborers of a more respectable class. The true peach-plucks are a nomadic people, a cross between the genus tramp and the berry-picker described in a previous paper.

Like their better-known prototype, the tramp pure and simple, they gain a precarious livelihood when plucking is dull by thieving, robbing hen-roosts, bullying defenseless women for victuals, and similar trampish modes of life. They are a pest, but at the same time a useful pest—a necessity, in fact, when the crop is particularly large. We saw them occasionally seated along the roadside, smoking, or eat-

ment. The earlier growers of peaches, owing to the comparative scarcity of that fruit in the market, realized enormous profits, far beyond any now received. As to the present quantity of fruit, it is estimated that there are over fifty thousand acres of land, of the most productive qual-



GROUP OF NOMADIC "PLUCKS."

ing their meal of crusts and cold meat begged from some neighboring farmhouse, or stalking in solitary magnificence along some lonely lane. The negroes among the peach-plucks, though low enough, do not seem quite so miserable as the whites, their queer remarks, quaint songs, and jolly, rollicking laughter somewhat hiding their too frequent brutality and squalor.

Few crops require more experience and attention than that of peaches. The peach-growers of the peninsula have only produced the excellent quality of the varieties of that fruit through long years of—in some cases—costly experi-

ity, between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays and Brandywine River and Cape Charles, planted out in peach orchards, while the shipments average from three to four million baskets per year, besides the quantity canned both in Delaware and Maryland. Every where in lower New-castle County and throughout Kent is seen the dark foliage of the peach orchards, for it is there the fruit attains its maximum of quantity and quality. From any elevated point one sees the blue-green foliage rolling away in gently undulating billows of verdure as far as the eye can reach. The peach-tree bears from fifteen to twenty years in proper fruitfulness, after which time its powers seem to decline, and such old trees are replaced by those of newer growth. The peach only grows upon the branch produced the previous year, so when the tree ceases to

send out sufficient new fruit-producing twigs, its powers of usefulness fail, and it is necessary to replace it with a younger and more vigorous tree. In a tree in perfect health the foliage is of a dark steely green, the young shoots sound, well filled, and shining. The first signs of decay, betokening a lack of proper cultivation, show themselves in a yellow tinge of the leaves and a certain wrinkling of the young stems, technically called the yellows. The fruit cracks before coming to maturity, justifying Hosea Biglow's simile,

"Like a peach that's got the yellows,
With the meanness bustin' out,"

and soon the tree ceases producing fruit, and dies.

At one time the peach-culture of the peninsula was very seriously threatened by a species of aphides, or plant-lice, coming from no one knows where, in the fashion of the Colorado beetle, and spreading far and wide, overrunning the trees, sucking the sustenance from the leaves, and depriving the young shoots of their vigor. Many orchards were seriously injured by this pest, and fears were entertained of a general spreading of the blight. However, these insects disappeared in the same mysterious manner in which they came, much to the relief of the anxious peach-growers.

The orchard is set out with trees about twenty feet apart, and is cultivated in the same manner as Indian corn, requiring for full strengthening heavy manuring or fertilizing. From the moment the first peach bud appears the anxiety of the owner commences, and every night he anxiously watches in fear of some late frost that may chill the delicate germ of the infant fruit. These untimely frosts are the bane of the peach-grower, desolating whole crops, leaving only a remnant of what they might have been. The eccentric course of these destroying frosts has been and is a source of much speculation with the peach-growers. Sometimes in orchards side by side, each equally healthy, each apparently equally sheltered, one will be smitten, the other escape; at times one corner of an orchard will be blighted, while the rest will be exceedingly fruitful. It would seem, indeed, as though the cold air lay in belts alternated with narrow zones of warmth; but even in times of great northwest gales the phe-

nomenon of partial blight will be manifest. Probably the true reason of this peculiar occurrence is the relative maturity of the buds, those farther advanced being in more danger than those yet partially covered with their sheltering winter coat.

During the last twenty-eight or thirty hours of the ripening of the fruit—a space shorter or longer as the days are warm and sunny or cool and damp—the peach increases nearly one-fourth in size, swelling almost perceptibly with its delicious juices. The peach for shipment is gathered when just on the point of ripening, before it has turned soft enough to be easily bruised by transportation.

Scarcely less dreaded by peach-growers than a failure is an over-crop, when the superabundant fruit ripens too fast to be plucked, when the overcharged markets return but a pittance to the producers, sometimes not even paying for the expense of shipment. In such a case the peach is fit for nothing but to turn into brandy, and even then the small stills of Delaware can not relieve the orchards of their burden.

Besides the millions of bushels of peaches shipped annually from the peninsula to Northern markets, vast quantities are canned or otherwise preserved both in Delaware and Maryland, the former State probably exporting the greater amount. The largest establishments are those of Dover, one of the chief of which we visited with much interest. It is a long, low, three-storied building standing beside one of the shady main streets of Dover—a sleepy, old-fashioned little town, the capital of the State. Around it hangs a fragrant but heavy aroma of stewing peaches, smelling appetizing enough to the transient visitor, but not quite so much so, perhaps, to those who enjoy the fragrance for some three or four solid months in the year. Drawn up before the door was a row of carts and wagons laden with peaches and pears, looming among which stood a huge peach wagon, the largest we had ever seen, containing 150 baskets of fine peaches, which were being unloaded and conveyed to the culling-room. In this room were baskets of pears and peaches stacked high against the walls, in the midst of which richness sat three or four men busily engaged in sorting the fruit over, selecting the ripest and most perfect for canning.



THE PEELING-ROOM.

Following a guide with a basketful of pears, we traversed the building, and entered a low room, where the fruit is pared preparatory to canning, called the peeling-room. Here a busy scene presented itself. A crowd of girls, chatting and laughing like so many magpies, were busily engaged in peeling, their hands moving like lightning as they pared, split, and stoned the peaches, a basket of rapidly diminishing fruit on one hand, and an as rapidly filling bucket of halves on the other.

An elevator immediately outside of this room transported the buckets of peeled fruit to the floor above. Here the peaches are steamed preparatory to being packed in the cans.

The building is not very large, but the quantity of fruits and meats—peaches, pears, plums, hams, turkeys, chickens, and game—canned, preserved, and potted in this establishment is something startling. Some idea can be obtained when it is

understood that 30,000 cans of fruit are prepared and preserved here yearly, and that in the winter of 1877-78 eighty tons of chickens and turkeys and ninety tons of ham were canned alone, besides the quantity of game and other meats potted. Curiously enough, one of the articles of importance, the demand for which is yearly increasing, is real old English plum-pudding. This is put up in cans in this establishment, and shipped thence to the very country where this peculiar viand had its origin. Numbers of people in the old country buy "real old English plum-pudding" prepared in the little State of Delaware. In the winter of 1877 and the following year 17,000 cans of this dainty were prepared and shipped.

Among the many interesting structures of by-gone times, old, quaint, and redolent of legends and stories of the past, such as here and there mark the progress of times and events in Delaware, few if any have



BELMONT HALL.

so interesting a history as Belmont Hall, the former residence of Governor Thomas Collins, the first to hold the gubernatorial chair under Federal auspices. Belmont Hall is a large, roomy old mansion, imbosomed in the shade of aged acacias and cedars, seated on a gentle elevation, overlooking the town of Smyrna in sombre stateliness, as though silently rebuking all this modern hurly-burly, and meditatively contrasting it unfavorably with the good old time opulence and placidity, thinking of a hundred or so years ago, when the fine old gentlemen and stately powdered dames came a-visiting with great family coaches and four, outriders and negro grooms, "through certain wildernesses of Delaware." The mansion is situate in the midst of lawns ornamented with beds of rich and rare flowers, with here and there an evergreen trimmed to odd shapes—hearts and darts and vases and what-not—lending a quaint old-fashioned air to the lawns, well agreeing with the no less quaint and old-fashioned house they surround.

It was at Belmont Hall that the first legislature of the State under Federal government was convened. The first intention was, to hold the Assembly at the county court-house at Dover, as at that

time there was no State-house for their accommodation; but this transpiring, the county officers issued a protest, and the Honorable Body still persisting in convening, they were expelled by the sheriff at the point of the sword. After this abortive attempt Governor Tom Collins invited the Assembly beneath his hospitable roof; and so it fell out that Belmont Hall, "nigh to Duck Creek cross-roads," now a suburb of the town of Smyrna, became the centre from which the State Constitution and laws were issued for the well-being of its worthy citizens, who have not always, unfortunately, kept them in the best of remembrance.

The old mansion stands with but little change from the time when Governor Tom Collins organized his government there, and remains still in the possession of his descendants. The same old window-shutters hang along the lower stories, the same massive doors are still in use, with their heavy hinges and locks stamped with the old British coat of arms.

Dover, the capital of Delaware, is a pretty, old-fashioned little town in Kent County, of about nineteen hundred inhabitants. It contains a number of old buildings, among them a Presbyterian and an Episcopal church, also a fine new court-house and public buildings.

Here the first regiment of Delaware was mustered in Revolutionary times, one company, raised by some sturdy woodsmen, glorying in the name of "The Blue Hen's Chickens"—a name which has clung to the sons of Delaware to the present day, the State itself being known as the "Blue Hen."

At Dover, not far from the court-house, stands a roomy old dwelling, formerly the residence of John M. Clayton, Secretary of State under President Tyler. Here he lived during the more active portion of his life; here he entertained his friends in the broad, generous style of Delaware hospitality, playing for their delectation his fine old fiddle, or expounding for their edification the State Constitution.

John M. Clayton was a man of undoubted ability and great power and strength of character. During his life he possessed an influence in his native State such as is rarely attained in this country of unherited political power, but an influence which died with him and the Old-line Whig party to which he belonged, leaving

as its fruit a State Constitution the most deleterious to progress and the most unfair to its subjects.

It was he that really built the Constitution of 1831, and so hedged it in by clauses that, as he said himself, he "locked the door and threw the key away." As the Constitution now stands, an equal number of State Representatives and Senators are elected from each county, notwithstanding that Newcastle, the upper county, has a population equal to both the others together, and ten times their wealth.

John M. Clayton was born in Sussex County, Delaware, July, 1796, and died at his residence in Dover, November, 1856. He is buried in the Presbyterian burying-ground, his remains being covered by a not large but tasteful mausoleum.

Delaware has always been a favorite centre of Methodism, some of the first meetings of the sect in this country being held in that State. About eleven miles south of Dover, not far from Frederica, stands a low-roofed English-brick church, founded in the latter part of the last century by a certain Barrett, who heavily endowed it, and from whom it is called Barrett's Chapel. Here Bishops Coke and Asbury, the former appointed to his charge in this country by Wesley himself, first officiated, and here in subsequent years many important preachers of that faith held forth to their interested hearers. The Methodist form of religion is probably stronger in Delaware than in any State in the country, in proportion to its size.

Dotted throughout the whole peninsula one finds numbers of such old religious structures, nearly all of them with some special points of interest. Such, for instance, is old St. Anne's Church, at Middletown, built about 1703, to which was extended the particular patronage of Queen Anne herself. At this church an altar cloth is shown said to have been worked by her royal Majesty's own august hands, the corner heavily embroidered with the royal initials, A. R. (Anna Regina), work-

ed with yellow silk on a dark background.

Another is the old Welsh Tract Church, so called from a tract of land purchased by the Welsh near the present town of Newark, in Newcastle County. In the month of June, 1701, sixteen persons sailed from Milford Haven, in Wales, in the



JOHN M. CLAYTON.

ship *James and Mary*. They first settled in Pennsylvania, but subsequently removed to Delaware, then called the "Lower Counties on the Delaware," where they purchased a tract of land and erected a church. The original church was built of logs; the one that now stands is a more modern structure, bearing the date 1746.

Many of the tombstones are very old. One of them has an inscription, nearly erased, in old Welsh:

Riceus Rythrough
Traues ahud fianwenoc
In Comitaru Cardigan
erhrie Sepultus fuit
Ab Dom 1707
Ætat is fine 87.

General Howe, on his march through Delaware to the position he took at the battle of Brandywine, fired into this



church. The doors were pretty well bullet-riddled.

Sussex, the lower county of Delaware, partakes of the character of the regular Maryland peninsula topography. The land is low and level, with no hills, and scarcely a perceptible undulation of the surface. It is generally covered in the southern portion with a growth of pine timber, and with white and black oak and hickory in the more northern. The central part of the southern portion seems to dip into a low basin, a tangled wilderness of cypress and cedar, called the Great Dismal Swamp, in whose depths the gloomy waters of the Pocomoke River take their rise, flowing southwardly and westwardly through the lower portion of Maryland, and finally emptying their

is now, however, steadily improving; smiling farms show themselves here and there, and an air of prosperity begins to make itself apparent in well-thatched barns, broad fields of Indian corn, or verdant peach orchards. But along the borders of the Pocomoke River all is yet a wilderness of unclaimed swamp land, dark, marshy, and almost impenetrable.

A great quantity of timber is, however, cut every year from this swamp, and so it is being gradually cleared away. Thousands of excellent shingles are also split out here every year during the drier seasons, when the morass can be more easily traversed by the shingle men. These shingles are not, as might be supposed, cut from the live trees, but from huge cypress logs which have fallen perhaps centuries ago, which have been covered up

dark sluggishness into the shining bosom of the Chesapeake Bay. This portion of the State is by far the newest, having been settled but in comparatively recent times. Here one finds the usual characteristics of pioneer swamp life—the bilious look and muddy complexion indicative of miasmatic atmosphere and hard work before the swamps are fully drained. The condition of the people



RAISING CYPRESS LOGS IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

by the close mould of the swamp and the rank decay of vegetation, and so been not only kept from decay, but thoroughly seasoned by their long preservation. These logs are exhumed from various depths, from six or seven inches to as many feet, sometimes being found lying three or four tiers in depth. The durability of shingles cut from such logs is little less than marvellous.

It was a fine morning in the latter part of August when we hired a team in Berlin—a little town in Eastern Maryland, near which Admiral Decatur was born—to convey us to the Delaware cypress swamp, there to see the exhuming of these logs and the cutting of them into shingles. A guide who knew the shingle region was also hired, at the not exorbitant price of fifty cents, to accompany us. We found ourselves bowling along the sandy road that leads northwestwardly from Berlin into Delaware and its Dismal Swamp.

When we reached Whaleyville, near the borders of the swamp, the directions given were to Spriggitt's Cross-Roads (or some euphonious name of the sort), about four miles beyond the Delaware line, through a mosquito country, and along a road so sandy that the little mare sank hoof-deep at every step.

Spriggitt's Cross-Roads was reached at last, and then the travellers took a treacherous-looking road that plunged into the depths of the swamp. After joggling on for some little distance, they reached a spot where a stack of freshly chopped shingles stood along the road-side. Here the guide drew rein.

Soon a crackling of dead branches was heard, and a rather good-looking young man made his appearance, carrying an armful of freshly cut shingles. He was clad in a blouse and a coarse pair of corduroy trousers strapped around his waist, about his neck was loosely tied a faded red bandana handkerchief, and on his feet were a pair of brogans, stained red, as were the lower parts of his trousers, by the tannin-tinctured soil of the swamp.

He led the way, and we followed closely at his heels, traversing a series of logs that formed a pathway for some distance into the depths.

"What do you kick those hollow logs and stumps for?" we inquired presently, noticing that our conductor was careful to tap all such with the toe of his shoe.

"Snakes," said the native, briefly.

"Snakes! What kind?"

"Moccasins."

After this we followed our guide in si-



MAKING SHINGLES.

The workmen had just excavated a log, the butt or foot part within a few inches of the surface of the ground, the stem at the farther end some two or three feet below. At about twenty feet distance from the butt a young man was busy sawing through the log. His cheeks were hollow, his features angular, a general cadaverous look betokening chills and fever. The saw had a handle only at one end, like the instrument used for cutting ice. The sharp end struck deeply into the ground at every movement, but was not dulled, because of the entire freedom from grit of the soil, composed as it is of decayed bark and vegetation.

We watched with interest, taking a sketch in the mean time, until the log was sawed through. It now made

lence for a while. Presently we resumed our inquiries.

"What do you walk on these logs for? The ground on either side looks solid enough."

"P'raps it is an' p'raps it ain't. It might be solid enough, an' then, agin, ye mought sink up to yer waist in some quag."

As we plunged deeper into the swamp the trees increased in size. Here and there a black pool of water lay gleaming sullenly, hiding, as it were, among a thick growth of rank ferns and venomous-looking flowers. Vine-covered cypresses rose high aloft, the inevitable streamers of gray moss hanging motionlessly pendent. The noise of the shingle-cutters sounded ever ~~more loudly~~ like the rapping of a gigantic woodpecker—"tap, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap"—as they chopped out the shingles, the sound of the voices of the invisible workmen and an occasional burst of laughter echoing mysteriously in the gloomy and otherwise unbroken solitude; and so we came upon the shingle centre.

a section about twenty feet long, and comparatively easy to handle. The gang, composed of half a dozen hands, now set to work to raise it from its resting-place, with long levers of stout saplings, the process accompanied with many grunts and oaths. It was a picturesque sight—the men in their red and blue shirts straining and tugging at the giant log that lay in its long, grave-like cavity. At length it starts at one end with a sucking noise as it leaves its oozy bed, is gradually raised to the surface, and is finally rolled bodily out of its excavation to the fresh air, where it lies like some newly disinterred antediluvian monster, huge, black, and slimy.

"A purty good log," says one of the men, as he draws the sleeve of his red shirt across his sweat-beaded brow.

When the log is thus finally raised it is sawed into sections each about two feet in length; these are then split down to the requisite thickness for shingles. The logs are first discovered by means of a sharp iron stake, which is thrust into the ground wherever a slight mound-like elevation

betokens the probable presence of a log or logs beneath. If the point of the stake strikes the hard surface of wood instead of sinking easily into the morass, the soil is cleared away, and a square foot of the stump exposed. The practiced eye of the shingle man can tell at once whether the log is useful, the requisites for use being straight grain throughout, with no knots, soundness and no decay. If a sound, good log, it is then uncovered, sawed through, and raised.

was sitting at a shingle-horse, shaving the split slabs of wood smooth and tapering. Beside him lay a pile of clean, crisp-looking shavings, emitting that odor peculiar to well-seasoned cypress. The horse used is the ordinary cooper's horse, and needs no special description. From this point the shingles are carried to the road-side, to be handy for transportation. While drying they are piled in small bundles of five or six shingles each, placed a little distance apart, to admit of easy access of dry air. When dry they are cross-stacked, three bundles to a layer, and five shingles to a bundle.

"Don't you men have a great deal of chills and fever here?" we inquired.

"Well, no, boss; we generally tries to git ez nigh some whiskey or brandy still ez we can."

But in spite of the alleviating circumstance of the nearness of the stills,



When the log was completely raised, our guide resumed his work, splitting the sawed sections up into shingles. Taking a seat on one of the driest of the fallen logs, he took a large "chunk" upright between his knees. He used a broad knife-blade, with a long wooden handle, which he placed on the log, driving it into the wood with a heavy hardwood mallet such as is used by sculptors and stone-carvers. At a little distance from him a shaggy-looking fellow with red shirt and patched trousers

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN.—[SEE PAGE 207.]



THE CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT "DELAWARE."

quarter being the average sum per day. But yet they seem to be a well-contented, jolly set, rather liking the dismal old swamp, and well satisfied with the mere necessities of life—hog, hominy, and whiskey.

In the northern and eastern part of Delaware, where the highlands of the Susquehanna send down spurs, waves of woody and rocky hills gradually diminishing toward the southward, sinking to the even undulations that take their place in Central Delaware, Newark, the collegiate town of Delaware, lies sleeping in the lap of the uplands, shaded by elms and maples. In the heart of the little town is Delaware College—a broad, roomy, porticoed building of early nineteenth-century architecture. It has competent professors, and offers an excellent classic and scientific course of study. Immediately outside of

shingling is hard work, the hardest kind of work, and for which a mere pittance is received, ninety cents to a dollar and a

the town stands a large, comfortable-looking, yellow house, the former residence of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist.

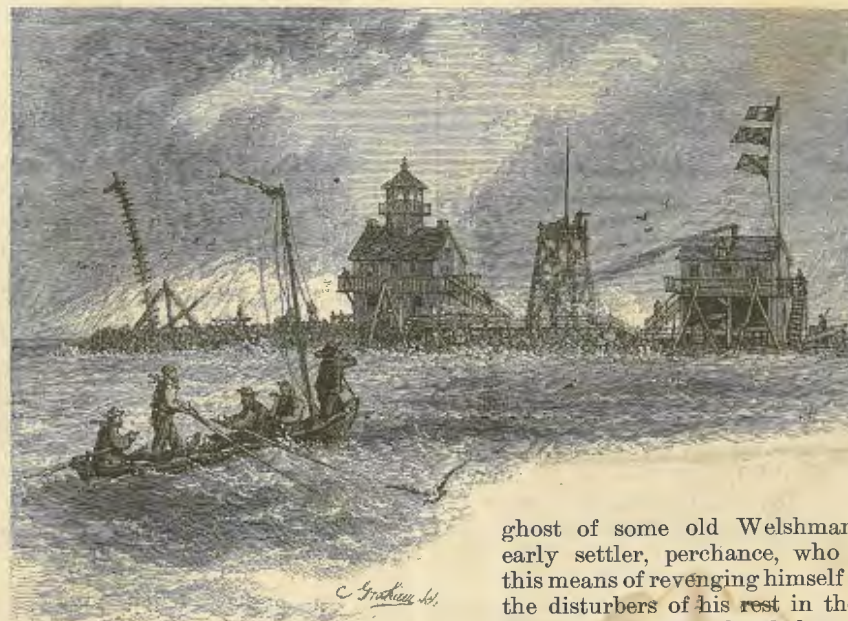


LEWES.

Here it is said that he wrote his books and mounted the most of his specimens. Many of the latter he donated to the Delaware Academy, from which they were subsequently removed to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science.

About a mile south of the town, and overlooking the old Welsh Tract Church previously mentioned, rises Iron Hill, sev-

nut hills, the outposts of the American army, stationed at the old Welsh Tract Church, were intimidated and thrown into great confusion by the nightly visitation of a phantom horseman shrouded in white, who was wont in the silent hours to career with thundering hoof-beats across the old bridge over the Christiana. The grisly visitant was supposed to be the



BREAKWATER LIGHT.

eral hundred feet above the sea-level. It derives its name from the quantities of hematite iron ore found within its bosom—an ore rich with sixty to seventy per cent. of iron.

With a friend we drove from Newark to visit this hill. The road ran over an almost level stretch of valley, finally crossing a bridge that spanned the Christiana River, at this point a small streamlet winding around the base of the hill, with brisk gurgles alternated by sleepy stretches of glassy placidity. Along this road General Howe marched his troops to the valley of the Hockessin previous to taking up the position he occupied at the battle of Brandywine. Legends of those exciting times have been handed down from sire to son in the neighborhood, one of which interested us particularly.

When General Howe occupied a position for some days upon Iron and Chest-

ghost of some old Welshman, an early settler, perchance, who took this means of revenging himself upon the disturbers of his rest in the old church-yard. The ghostly horseman was frequently fired upon by the affrighted sentries; but he always rode upon his thundering way with his ghostly white horse, paying no more attention to the bullets than though they were so many mosquitoes. The spiritual visitant was a useful accessory to General Howe, keeping back the advanced posts and scouting parties of the Americans.

This had continued some days, when one night an old corporal was placed on sentry duty at this detested post—a tough, skeptical old fellow, with little belief and less fear in ghostly visitants. The night was bright, with a full moon that lent a mysterious lustre scarcely less strong than that of the young day. Midnight arrived, and soon was heard the clattering sound of a horse in full gallop, echoing clearly in the stillness of the night, descending the steep road down Iron Hill. A young sentry who was on guard with the old corporal immediately crouched down behind the wall in a small

a space as possible, and began repeating prayers rapidly to himself. The skeptic merely changed the quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, cocked his old flint-lock, and rested it upon the top of the wall. Presently the mysterious horseman came in sight, now gleaming white in the moonlight, now swallowed in the shadow of some wide-spreading way-side tree. The skeptic took a long, steady aim at the advancing apparition, waiting until he approached within easy range, then pulled the trigger. A flash, a bang, and when the puff of smoke cleared away, the horse was seen galloping off alone, and a white figure lying in the middle of the road. The body was cased in a heavy steel cuirass.

The yacht *Delaware*, Job Green captain, was lying off the quaint, old-fashioned town of Newcastle, with a jolly party aboard, when we joined it, and soon set sail, directing its course southward to the town of Lewes, at the mouth of the bay. It was a beautiful day, with just enough of a fair breeze to dance the boat on her way, all sail set, like some beautiful water-bird, past sleepy little towns, half hidden snugly among the green of their woodlands, till Fort Delaware was reached—a gray pile of stones, with long

barracks and quarters, and a slender guard, befitting our economical times.

On the second day of their cruise the yacht party reached the town of Lewes, the first settled spot along the Delaware River. The wind had been blowing a stiff breeze, luckily favorable, and the party had, on the whole, enjoyed themselves, in spite of an occasional call from the ladies for a certain most useful utensil on shipboard—the basin. The old town of Lewes lies on a cove, the coast of which juts out into Cape Henlopen—a rambling old town standing back from the water's edge behind a stretch of white sand beach, the quiet houses imbosomed in trees. It possesses, among many points of interest, an old fort built in 1812 for the defense of the town, which is still in a perfect state of preservation, with guns mounted precisely as they originally were.

The harbor of Lewes was formerly almost defenseless to the weather, subject to the huge unbroken waves of the Atlantic whenever eastern or northeastern gales swept along the coast. Numbers of coasting vessels were wrecked along the shore in front of Lewes, till at length, for the protection of these coasts, the government erected a defensive breakwater of large masses of rock, famous throughout the coast as the Delaware Breakwater.



A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

Brandywine River Museum

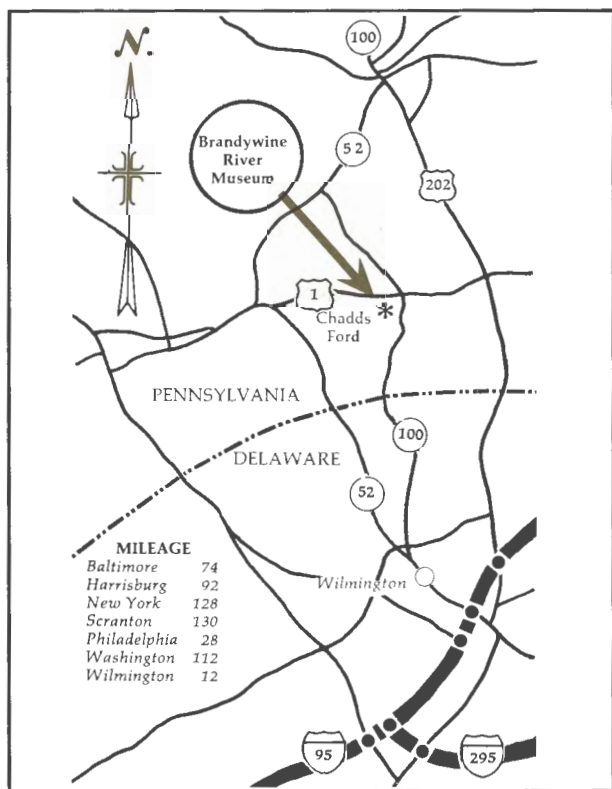
*An outstanding collection of paintings
by the Wyeth family and many others*



Chadds Ford, Pa.

About the Museum:

The Brandywine River Museum, an art museum, is a century old grist mill whose charm has been carefully preserved. The mill's restoration and conversion into a modern museum is well worth seeing. A dramatic tower of glass with brick terraces overlooks the Brandywine and its everchanging landscape. The Museum's paintings hang in galleries with hand hewn beams, pine floors and white plastered walls. There are works by Andrew Wyeth, his father N. C. Wyeth, his son James, and other members of the talented family. Also in permanent and special exhibitions are the works of Howard Pyle, known as the father of American illustration, and many other famous artists of the region, including Maxfield Parrish, Harvey Dunn, George Cope and Frank Schoonover. The Museum is the showcase of the Brandywine Conservancy, which is dedicated to preserving for generations still unborn a place of beauty and history and a region famous for its contributions to American art and illustration. Gallery tours by reservation. Open daily except Christmas from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. There is an admission charge.



BRANDYWINE RIVER MUSEUM
Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania 19317
(215) 459-1900

PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH
THE VISITORS COUNCIL
DELAWARE COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



FRANK E. SCHOONOVER
CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

Volume I

John R. Schoonover
Louise Schoonover Smith
with LeeAnn Dean

DELWARE PUBLIC ARCHIVES

OAK KNOLL PRESS
NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE

2009

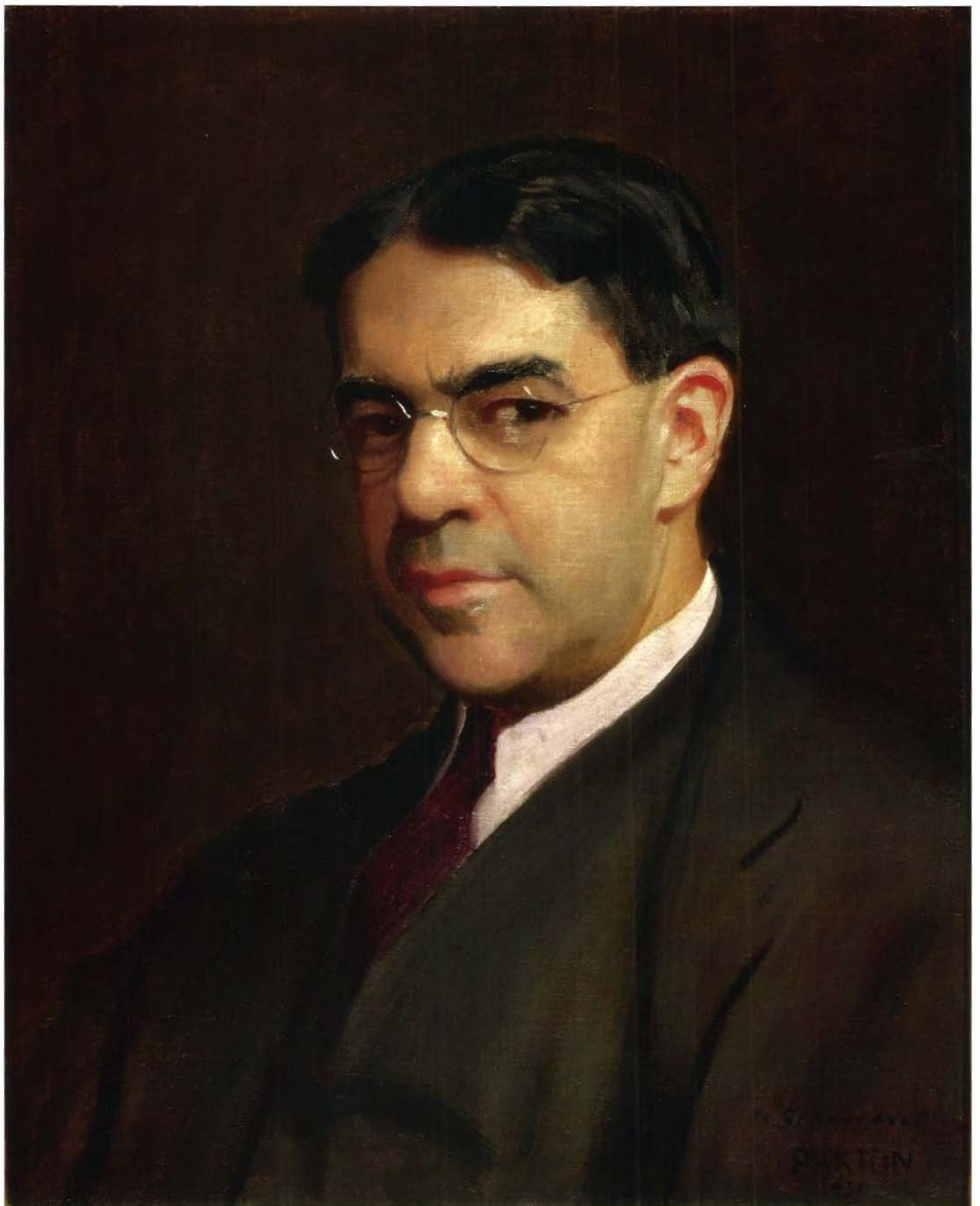


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Frank Schoonover, 1930

William McGregor Paxton (1869-1941)

Oil on canvas, 20 x 16¼ in. (50.8 x 41.3 cm)

Delaware Art Museum, Gift of Naomi Schoonover and Elizabeth Schoonover Cobb, 1976

Foreword



AN ARTIST'S PUBLIC LIFE AND WORK can be best understood in combination with a knowledge of the private life and events that produced it.

Fortunately, the long life of Frank Earle Schoonover (1877–1972), is recorded in copious measure, needing only to be sewn together, and thanks to his orderly nature and life-long habit of keeping a journal of his work as he produced it, a catalogue raisonné has been achievable. In addition to his own listing of over 2,500 works, most can be corroborated by printed reproductions in the many major periodicals and children's books for which they were commissioned, so the record can be a comprehensive one. Even some of the earlier paintings that were later overpainted with new subjects by the artist were duly recorded in Schoonover's journals.

Highlights of Schoonover's personal life and picture record must be interlaced with an understanding that the time in which he lived and worked was shaped by the larger historical picture of printing and publishing, which made his career as a major illustrator possible. The association of illustration with printed text goes back to Gutenberg's invention of movable type back in the 1550s, but it took subsequent centuries of small hard-won improvements before book and magazine illustration as an art form could fully flower.

While never officially so designated, the period from the 1880s to World War I is generally recognized as a "Golden Age" in American illustration. Many factors beyond the art itself had converged to provide the right climate for its encouragement. The earlier invention of photography played a key role in facilitating the reproduction process. Next most important was the breakthrough invention of the halftone process in printing, familiar today as the tiny dots that build up to reproduce tonal variation in a picture. This freed the publishers from reliance on wood engravers who had had to reinterpret the

artist's original painting by cutting a facsimile of it into a wood block.

By the 1880s, halftone printing had begun to give the published image a new kind of fidelity to the original work, and the public could see and recognize the hallmark techniques of individual artists. Their extraordinary skills could now be better appreciated by the public and these artists attracted a large and avid following.

There was a consequent explosion of growth in the publishing industry, particularly of national magazines. The new halftone process made producing printing plates vastly cheaper and faster than the labor-intensive procedure of cutting wood engravings. Therefore, publishers could afford to commission and print many more illustrations per issue. High-speed rotary presses made printing itself cheaper too. Acceptance of advertising in the front and back of the magazines meant that advertisers were carrying an increasing share of production costs.

Another large saving came from the United States Postal service that delivered magazines by mail at a large discount, subsidized as educational

material. That allowed magazines to go national. They continued to be profitable even when prices were reduced to ten or as low as five cents an issue. Nearly everyone could afford those rates, and subscription numbers increased rapidly from month to month. Success invited more competition, new publications were launched, and more artists were needed to illustrate them. Established illustrators had more commissions offered to them than they could handle.

Although painting pictures for publishing was a different discipline than painting for exhibition, many artists who were able to do both crossed over to become active in both fields. Publishers paid well enough to attract the best talents they could find, but they still needed more illustrators.

For young, ambitious art students, however, it was difficult to find the right training. One of America's most highly esteemed illustrators was Howard Pyle of Wilmington, Delaware. He had lived through the progress of reproduction from wood engraving to halftone printing which led to the ability to print full color. He was approached by many frustrated students seeking advice and critiques of their efforts, and Pyle soon concluded that most art schools were still teaching a time-honored, but antiquated regimen of exercises that had little relevance to the art of illustration.

Out of his altruistic desire to pass along the insights gained from experience, Pyle offered to teach an unusual, yet practical, course, specially designed to train students to meet the requirements of picture-making for publishing. The Pennsylvania Academy found it too revolutionary and declined. However, nearby Drexel Institute embraced Pyle's theories and in 1894, set up the opportunity for him to lecture and critique advanced students.

In response to a letter from Eric Pape who conducted an art school in Boston, Pyle had outlined some of his new ideas: "... This class in Composition I regard as the fundamental of all my teaching," he wrote. "In it I endeavor to show the student how to throw his mind and soul into the beauties of nature that surround him; how to understand and to sense and to sympathize with human passion"

Pyle's ideas about teaching cut through the traditional academic requirements of training to observe realistically, like a camera, usually beginning by drawing from plaster casts for a whole dreary year and then drawing from models for another year. He focused on learning to draw or paint as a means of expressing ideas, and the students thrived on it. Those

sessions provided an inspiration and motivation that stayed with each of them for the rest of their careers. Many, including Schoonover, also went on to teach Pyle's approach to subsequent students of their own and exemplify it in their work.

Frank Schoonover was blessed to be born at the right time and in the right place to take full advantage of these events that would lead to the blossoming of illustration as an art of its own. Born in 1877, he was raised in Trenton, NJ and from childhood showed a natural inclination to draw, which was encouraged by his family despite their plans for him to follow a career in the Presbyterian ministry. By the time for his enrollment at Princeton College, he had become increasingly interested in art—especially that practiced by Howard Pyle.

A newspaper advertisement announcing a new class of art instruction at Drexel Art Institute in Philadelphia to be conducted by Pyle himself, tipped the scales and Schoonover's acceptance in 1896 was his first break. After two years of teaching at Drexel, Pyle's class had become too large for him to give direct person-to-person criticisms to individual students. Pyle convinced Drexel to continue the class into a summer school, which would be limited to 10 students with the most promise, and on whom he could concentrate his efforts. Frank Schoonover's second great opportunity was to be chosen for this select group.

Gathered together at an old grist mill in nearby Chadds Ford, the class followed an intense program. There Pyle could monitor the progress of each student and provide hands-on individual instruction. In addition to the experience of painting on location from life and from costumed models, the group also focused on composition, that is, Pyle's conception of it. To him, composition meant staging the meaning of the story as the focus of the picture. All of the picture elements needed to be carefully selected to emphasize that meaning.

Once a week, Pyle conducted a group criticism of their efforts, analyzing each student's success or failures, so that all could share the insights. He also sought out the individual strengths of the students and they were encouraged to build on them. Each had a story to tell, coming from diverse backgrounds, but all had in common a sharing and belief in Pyle's philosophy. Perhaps his most basic instruction was that they should enter into their picture projects as if they themselves were participants, feeling the same emotions as the protagonists in the story or, as he

put it, “throw your heart in your picture, and leap in after it.”

Frank Schoonover later wrote: “When Howard Pyle was painting ‘The Battle of Bunker Hill’, he told the writer he could actually smell the smoke of the conflict and if his fellow workers in New York called him ‘The Bloody Quaker,’ it was only because he so lived in his work that he actually seemed to have the element extant in his physical being. As a matter of fact, Howard Pyle was always a gentleman; kind, loving, and generous—generous to a fault. But it was the ability to live in the picture that, for the moment, transformed him to the character he was painting.”

Schoonover certainly took that advice to heart himself, and it is clearly evident in the emotional content of his published work. This focused program produced results. As soon as his students became qualified, Pyle found professional assignments for them, with his assurance to publishers that the work would be acceptable. Pyle also emphasized a physical involvement with the picture assignments where possible, recommending that the artist go on location to gain an authoritative knowledge first hand.

This was the incentive for Schoonover’s own extensive trips to the wilderness of Northern Canada in the winter of 1903 to 1904, and to a summer expedition in Eastern Ontario in 1911. Out of these trips, he gained a lifetime store of authentic knowledge, along with collected costumes and artifacts of the native peoples, which he repeatedly called upon over the years to illustrate stories and articles of the Canadian North Country.

An excellent record of those sojourns, published in 1974 and titled *The Edge of the Wilderness*, was based on his journals as edited by his son, Cortlandt Schoonover. Another trek, this time to the Bayou country of Mississippi, prepared him for writing and illustrating his book on the pirate, Jean Lafitte.

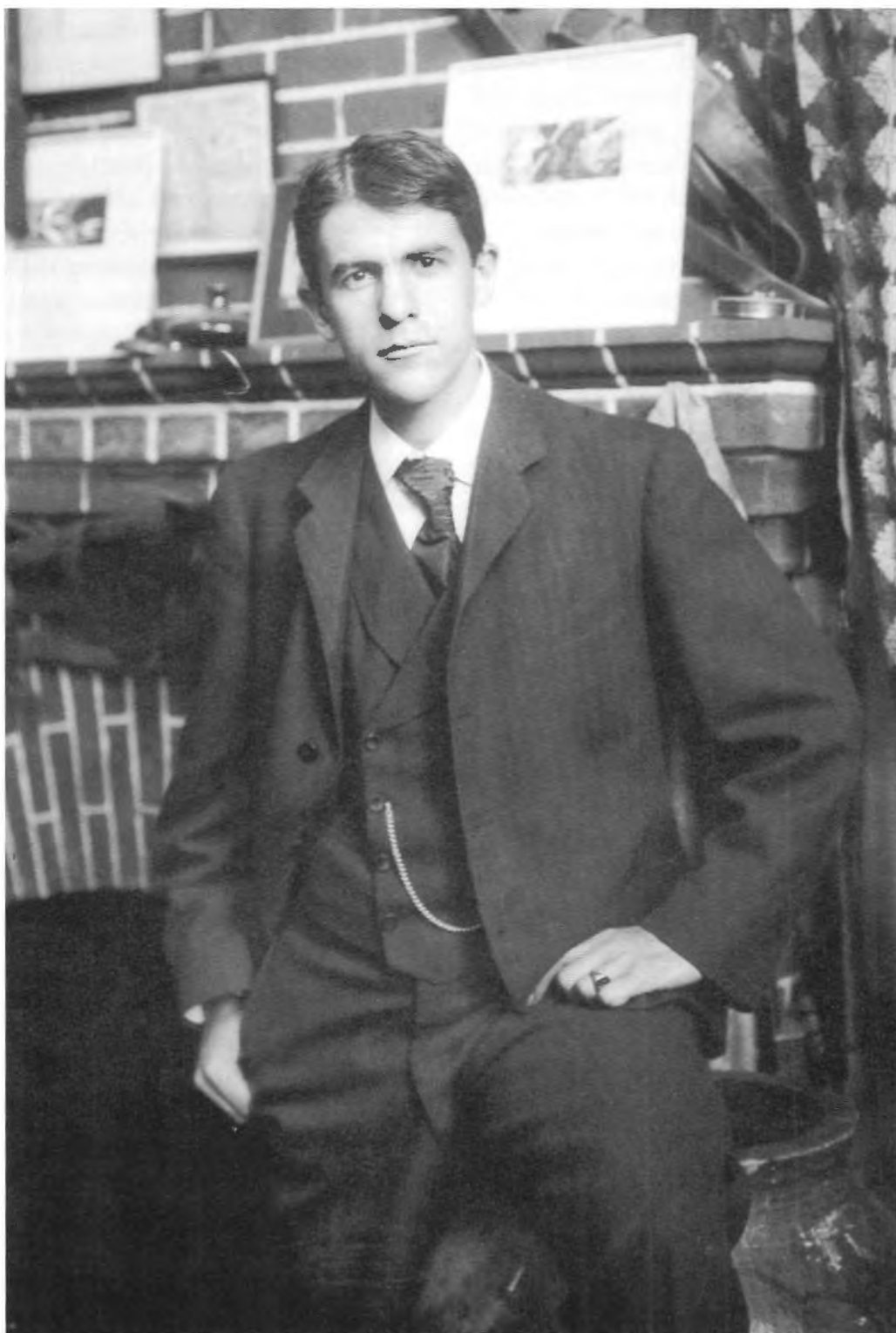
One characteristic that marked Schoonover, the man, was a strong sense of self-confidence. Perhaps it

was from proving to himself that he could survive a frigid winter’s painting trip in the trackless Canadian wilderness, or the knowledge that he had passed muster with his teacher and was entrusted to work alongside Howard Pyle in helping to complete the Hudson County Courthouse Murals in Jersey City in 1910. The self-confidence showed in his every positive brushstroke; there was never anything tentative in his depictions, regardless of his medium. It was also a support for his work ethic. Despite his careful attire of necktie and smock while at the easel, he was a hard worker and took on each illustration assignment with determination to become a master of the subject. He often contacted the authors to share their insights. One of his best known characterizations, Hopalong Cassidy, grew out of a conversation with the writer Clarence Mulford, and Schoonover found his prototype model in a short, stumpy cowboy while on a trip to Butte, Montana for another assignment. He also made trips to illustrate the exploitation of female labor in the silk-mills and young children in the coal mines in Scranton, Pennsylvania area, thus becoming an artist-reporter.

During World War I, as a civilian, Schoonover contributed to the war effort by painting a strong series of battlefield events which were published in the Ladies’ Home Journal. In the 1930s, he designed fourteen stained glass windows for two area churches.

When advancing age forced Schoonover to slow down his illustration commitments, he still continued to teach and paint, particularly landscapes of his favorite Bushkill and Brandywine River locales. And like many other Pyle students, he felt an obligation to pass along what he had learned from his teacher, augmented with the wisdom gained from his own long and distinguished career.

Walt Reed



Frank E. Schoonover, the young artist in Pyle's studio c 1905

A Visit With Frank E. Schoonover



FIRST MET FRANK E. SCHOONOVER in the spring of 1954. At the time I was attending the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts. One of my instructors, Charlie Waterhouse, organized a class trip to the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington, Delaware. After touring the museum's noted Howard Pyle collection, we spent the afternoon visiting Mr. Schoonover at his Rodney Street Studio. Built in 1906 for Pyle students by benefactor George Bancroft, the large building housed four large studios with separate entrances, large North light windows, fireplaces, individual bathrooms, and storage space. The visit was especially exciting for me since I had been collecting the works of N.C. Wyeth and Howard Pyle for some time, and I knew Wyeth had worked there when he lived in Wilmington. The presence of these artists, Schoonover, Wyeth, Goodwin, Dunn, and other students of the HPSA [Howard Pyle School of Art], still haunts the studios.

With a broad smile and twinkle in his eye, Mr. Schoonover greeted us at the door. He was a gracious host, giving our group a tour of the building, reliving its history, and answering our questions. He talked of his years studying under Howard Pyle and his long career as a book and magazine illustrator, and showed us many of his illustrated books and the original paintings that appeared between their pages. I recall a blanket chest filled with these volumes, mint copies of 1st editions in their original dust jackets reverently wrapped in tissue. From 1899 through the 1950s, Schoonover paintings illustrated over 150 books and countless magazine covers and articles.

The studios were crammed with objects collected by the artist over the years. Original drawings, illustrations, and paintings were hung on the walls, canvasses were stacked in foot-high piles with their stretchers removed, and the storage area was filled with scores of framed paintings. A large birch-bark canoe that Schoonover had shipped down from the Canadian wilds hung high above an easel.

Snowshoes, trade blankets and Indian artifacts, pottery, antique flintlocks, swords, cutlasses, and historical costumes were stashed in corners or displayed on chests and bookcases. Many of these objects were used as props in the artist's illustrations. That first visit became an annual pilgrimage to Wilmington for the next several years. On those visits, I'd bring along two or three Schoonover illustrated books that the artist personally signed to me. To this day these volumes hold a very special place in my library. Some years later, my good friend, John Apgar, was working on a bibliography of Schoonover's published works and we became acquainted once again, visiting his studio and home on many occasions.

Through my association with the artist, it was apparent that Schoonover loved to work outdoors, painting hundreds of *plein air* field studies and landscapes. He focused mainly on the Brandywine River Valley and the upper Delaware River area near Bushkill, Pennsylvania, where for years he and his family maintained a summer home and studio.

Additionally, as far back as 1904, he painted in the wilderness of Quebec and Ontario documenting a vanishing Indian life. In this wild and inhospitable country, he worked in minus zero degree weather conditions that would discourage even a Yukon gold miner. His hunting and trapping pictures rank alongside Frederic Remington's Canadian frontier and voyager subjects. Even in his 90th year, I remember the artist at his easel painting a tribal migration scene, a portrayal of the Indian life he had experienced and knew so well. In my opinion, some of Schoonover's finest works were those done in the Canadian wilderness.

It was my good fortune to know Frank E. Schoonover, a true representative of the Golden Age of American illustration. His life's career was that of a successful artist, illustrator, and teacher, a leading light in that brotherhood of gifted artists that made up what is called today, the Brandywine Tradition.

*Douglas Allen
November, 2006*



Schoonover in his studio c. 1950 with #2453, Birkenhead Rolling Mills, on the easel.

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FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Painter-Illustrator • *A Bibliography*



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- *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH*

The Golden Age of American Illustration spanned a period of some forty years, roughly those years between 1880 and 1920. Books and magazines of high excellence poured from the presses. It was a period when publishers believed in the adage that one picture was worth a thousand words. In fact, so much so, that it was a must for any self-respecting novel or story to contain its quota of illustrations, some were bad, some good, and others of such artistic merit that their creators became themselves the guiding lights for those that were yet to follow. The names of Winslow Homer, Frederic Remington, Edwin Austin Abbey, A. B. Frost, E. W. Kemble, and Howard Pyle are synonymous with this period. The latter carried on the great tradition by instilling his idealism and the high standards he set for his own art on a young group who became themselves no lesser lights than those that had preceded them. From the Howard Pyle school came such names as Stanley Arthurs, W. J. Aylward, Maxfield Parrish, Thornton Oakley, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Harvey Dunn, N. C. Wyeth, and Frank E. Schoonover. The latter is the lone survivor of this Golden Era.

Frank Earle Schoonover was born in Oxford, New Jersey on August 19, 1877, the son of Colonel John and Elizabeth Schoonover. He received his preparatory school education in Trenton, N. J. and graduat-

ed with second high honors in the year 1891. In the salutatory address to his graduating class he based his theme on a religious text. This impressed one of the local ministry to such an extent that he almost succeeded in winning young Schoonover to that calling. For the next few years he pondered, invariably while fishing on the Delaware, with the idea of making the ministry his life's work. He even went so far as to study Greek to qualify for Princeton University.

Life, at best, is unpredictable, often some seemingly insignificant thing will change our best laid plans. In the case of Frank E. Schoonover it was a full page ad in the Philadelphia Inquirer which did the trick . . . Howard Pyle, the noted artist, illustrator and author, had been secured to teach drawing. Having had an inclination for art at an early age he was taught the basic fundamentals of perspective by his father, but not until that moment did he suddenly realize that this was what he really wanted, to follow in the footsteps of Howard Pyle, his idol. In 1896, along with his family's blessing, he entered Drexel and through his promise was admitted to Howard Pyle's composition class in 1897. Here one of his teachers encouraged him to apply for a summer art scholarship, as an art patron had donated \$10,000.00 for the creation of ten such scholarships for promising students to study with Pyle for the summer at Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. Good fortune smiled at

Schoonover, he finished tenth on the list. Now, inspired by Pyle's zeal, he worked harder than ever to achieve excellence in his own art.

In 1899 he illustrated his first book, "A Jersey Boy in the Revolution" by Everett T. Tomlinson which consisted of four black and white illustrations for which he received \$100.00.

Several years passed and perhaps illustrating the adventures of others instilled in him a drive to experience some for himself. While at Hudson's Bay, Canada, he saw and actually experienced the lives of the trapper and Cree, Montagnais and Objibwa Indians, being made a blood member of the latter tribe and named "Misanagan" or Picture Making Man. Not to forget the exciting days he spent with the Black-foot Indians in Montana, where he had the privilege of watching an elderly Sun Priest at work in his sacred lodge. So sacrosanct, in fact, were these priests' dwellings, that no white man before Schoonover had ever been admitted into one. Another of his memorable trips (but perhaps not quite so physically strenuous) included visiting the great galleries of England and the Continent where he absorbed many of the techniques of the early masters, which through the years he so aptly incorporated in his own works.

At the age of 34 he married Martha Culbertson of Philadelphia and had two children, a son Cortlandt and a daughter Elizabeth. Shortly thereafter he went

to the Mississippi Bayou country where he wrote and illustrated "LaFitte the Pirate of the Gulf" and in the summer of that same year he again explored the Hudson's Bay country gathering more first hand information, as was evident in the article he wrote entitled, "The Fur Harvesters", published in Harper's Magazine October, 1912.

During the next eight years he not only illustrated a great many books and magazines but also wrote. His works appeared in such magazines as "The Saturday Evening Post", "American Boy", "Country Gentlemen", "Colliers", "Scribners", "Harpers", "Century", "McClures", and others including "The Ladies Home Journal" in which appeared his very excellent illustrations for the series on World War I. He was the author of such articles as "On the Edge of the Wilderness", and an exciting story in Stanley Arthurs' book "The American Historical Scene", entitled "Settlers Defense of his Home".

In 1930 he took on a new challenge to his art, that of designing stained glass windows. His first was a series of 17 for the Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Wilmington, Delaware. During this time another transition was taking place. He was beginning a period of landscape painting, putting into pictures his love for the upper Delaware and Brandywine valleys. This he has done prolifically to the present day be-

sides teaching his own art school which he started in 1942.

Schoonover, who is recognized as the "Dean of Delaware Artists", has had many awards and honors bestowed upon him, but perhaps the greatest tribute to him was on September 16, 1963 when the University of Delaware conferred upon him an honorary Master of Arts degree. Although noted primarily for his portrayal of Indian subjects and Canadian trappers, his landscape paintings and widely varied magazine and book illustrations have brought enjoyment to thousands.

His lyrical use of color, adept draftsmanship and

genius in design have insured him an eminent place in our American art heritage.

Even today, Monday through Friday, one can usually find him working at his 1616 North Rodney Street studio in Wilmington, Delaware which he has maintained for 60 years. The soft light that illuminates his studio from the overhead windows, gives it a fairy-like atmosphere and one can almost feel, as he gazes around at the multitude of canvasses and drawings along with his trappings consisting of guns, Indian artifacts, snowshoes, stuffed animals, etc. accumulated over the years, that one has been transformed back to the golden age of illustration.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

FOR NPS USE ONLY

FBS 879

RECEIVED

APR 20 1979

DATE ENTERED

NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORIC PLACES INVENTORY - NOMINATION FORM

SEE INSTRUCTIONS IN HOW TO COMPLETE NATIONAL REGISTER FORMS
TYPE ALL ENTRIES - COMPLETE APPLICABLE SECTIONS

1 NAME

HISTORIC

Frank E. Schoonover Studios

AND/OR COMMON

2 LOCATION

STREET & NUMBER

1616 Rodney Street

CITY, TOWN

Wilmington

vicinity of

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT
018

STATE

Delaware

CODE

10

COUNTY

New Castle

CODE

002 3

3 CLASSIFICATION

CATEGORY

DISTRICT

BUILDING(S)

STRUCTURE

SITE

OBJECT

OWNERSHIP

PUBLIC

PRIVATE

BOTH

PUBLIC ACQUISITION

IN PROCESS

BEING CONSIDERED

STATUS

OCCUPIED

UNOCCUPIED

WORK IN PROGRESS

ACCESSIBLE

YES: RESTRICTED

YES: UNRESTRICTED

NO

PRESENT USE

AGRICULTURE

COMMERCIAL

EDUCATIONAL

ENTERTAINMENT

GOVERNMENT

INDUSTRIAL

MILITARY

MUSEUM

PARK

PRIVATE RESIDENCE

RELIGIOUS

SCIENTIFIC

TRANSPORTATION

OTHER Studios

4 OWNER OF PROPERTY

NAME

Multiple Ownership

STREET & NUMBER

CITY, TOWN

vicinity of

STATE

5 LOCATION OF LEGAL DESCRIPTION

COURTHOUSE,
REGISTRY OF DEEDS, ETC.

Recorder of Deeds Office, City/County Building

STREET & NUMBER

800 French Street

CITY, TOWN

Wilmington

STATE

Delaware 19801

6 REPRESENTATION IN EXISTING SURVEYS

TITLE

Delaware Cultural Resource Survey

NL-4042

DATE

October, 1978

FEDERAL STATE COUNTY LOCAL

DEPOSITORY FOR
SURVEY RECORDS

Bill of Records

CITY, TOWN

Dover

STATE
Delaware 19901

7 DESCRIPTION

CONDITION		CHECK ONE	CHECK ONE
X-EXCELLENT	—DETERIORATED	X-UNALTERED	X-ORIGINAL SITE
—GOOD	—RUINS	—ALTERED	—MOVED DATE: _____
—FAIR	—UNEXPOSED		

DESCRIBE THE PRESENT AND ORIGINAL (IF KNOWN) PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

The Frank E. Schoonover Studios are located on the southeast corner of Shallcross Avenue and Rodney Street in a residential area of Wilmington, Delaware.

The rectangular building rests on a stone foundation and has a partial basement. It contains four equally-sized, contiguous studios with individual front entrances. The frame building is faced with pebble-dash stucco encased in decorative framing members which give the appearance of medieval half-timber construction.

A slate-shingle roof of a main gable and four cross gables surmounts the one-story structure. A box cornice at the base of the roofline continues up the inclines of both the gable ends and the cross gables. Triple, double-hung, 25-over-6 windows are located on the sides and rear of the building; the side windows feature centrally-arched openings.

One enters each studio through a transom-lit doorway which leads into an enclosed pavilion illuminated by skylights and double, double-hung, 6-over-6 windows. The studios themselves are lit by skylights. A painted, vertical-board, beaded wainscot half the height of the plaster walls, surrounds each studio and pavilion. There is a small portion of studio one where the wainscot is unpainted; perhaps this is an indication that the entire studio building once contained stained-wood paneling. The window architraves consist of belection molding; a bull's-eye motif is placed at the top corners. Each studio contains a brick fireplace with a simple wooden mantel and a corbelled brick chimney breast. Covered pavilions link studios one and two and also, three and four.

Set perpendicular to Rodney Street, the Schoonover Studios rest on an elevation of Brandywine blue granite. A stepped gravel path leads up through the landscaped lot to the studios and a small parking area.

In the studio formerly used by Schoonover abounds a wide array of memorabilia associated with his life and works. The studio houses some of his original artwork and a collection of books and magazines featuring his paintings and illustrations. In addition, there remains an assortment of historic objects which served as props and provided information for his works.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

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DATE ENTERED APR 20 1979

NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORIC PLACES
INVENTORY - NOMINATION FORM

Owner of Property

CONTINUATION SHEET

ITEM NUMBER 4

PAGE 7

Mr. John Schoonover /
Mr. John Schoonover /
1405 G. Horn Avenue
Wilmington, Delaware 19806

Mr. and Mrs. Cypen Lubitch /
Mr. and Mrs. Cypen Lubitch /
1123 N. Bancroft Parkway
Wilmington, Delaware 19806

Mrs. Ellen Lee Kennelly /
Mrs. Ellen Lee Kennelly /
Box 3883
Greenville, Delaware 19807

Mr. Richard Chalfant /
Mr. Richard Chalfant /
Hamilton House
Hamilton House
1403 Shalcross Avenue
Wilmington, Delaware 19806

8 SIGNIFICANCE

PERIOD	AREAS OF SIGNIFICANCE -- CHECK AND JUSTIFY BELOW				
—PREHISTORIC	—ARCHEOLOGY-PREHISTORIC	—COMMUNITY PLANNING	—LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE	—RELIGION	
—1400-1499	ARCHEOLOGY-HISTORIC	—CONSERVATION	—LAW	—SCIENCE	
—1500-1599	AGRICULTURE	—ECONOMICS	—LITERATURE	—SCULPTURE	
—1600-1699	X-ARCHITECTURE	—EDUCATION	—MILITARY	—SOCIAL/HUMANITARIAN	
—1700-1799	X-ART	—ENGINEERING	—MUSIC	—THEATER	
—1800-1899	—COMMERCE	—EXPLORATION/SETTLEMENT	—PHILOSOPHY	—TRANSPORTATION	
X-1900-	—COMMUNICATIONS	—INDUSTRY	—POLITICS/GOVERNMENT	—OTHER (SPECIFY)	
		—INVENTION			

SPECIFIC DATES 1905 BUILDER/ARCHITECT Captain E. L. Rice, Jr.

STATEMENT OF SIGNIFICANCE

Built in 1905 by the Wilmington philanthropist, Samuel Bancroft, Jr., the Schoonover Studios are significant as the studios of the "Dean of Delaware artists," Frank E. Schoonover, and other artists associated with the Golden Age of American Illustration, which produced visual art for books and magazines from 1880 to 1930. The studio building, itself, is significant as one of the few remaining examples of a building designed by the noted Wilmington architect, Captain E. L. Rice, Jr.

Persuaded by the ideas of Frank Schoonover, Samuel Bancroft, Jr., the well-known art collector, funded the construction of artist studios to house four of the most successful students of America's foremost illustrator of the time, Howard Pyle. These were; Frank Schoonover, N. C. Wyeth, Harvey Dunn, and Clifford Ashley. Of these, Schoonover was the only one to occupy a studio for the remainder of his career. N. C. Wyeth occupied his studio only 14 years before he moved to Chadds Ford, Pa.; Harvey Dunn kept his studio for about 6 years before leaving for Tenafly, New Jersey; and Clifford Ashley left his studio after 10 years to move to New York City.

For 63 years Frank Schoonover worked in Studio One. Here, he created about 2,000 illustrations for over 100 books and many popular American magazines, such as Saturday Evening Post, Harpers, Scribners, and Ladies Home Journal; painted over 300 paintings of the Brandywine and Delaware River Valleys; designed stained-glass windows, and produced several maps and murals.

During the 1930's the studios were owned jointly by the Wilmington Society of Fine Arts and Frank Schoonover. In 1942, Schoonover began his own art school in the building. He taught artists which are now locally recognized; Eugenia Rhoads, Charles Columbo, Edward Grant, and Ellen du Pont Wheelwright. Soon after Schoonover purchased the other half of the property his grandson, John, took over a studio as curator of the building and to conduct a small art business. When Schoonover died in 1972, the property was purchased by John Schoonover, Mr. and Mrs. Cyren Lubish, Mrs. Ellen Kennedy and Richard Chalant.

Captain E. L. Rice, Jr., designed the studios. As president of E. L. Rice, Jr., Company, his firm provided plans for many public buildings in Delaware, the homes of leading citizens, and many schools. For many years he served as consulting architect for the Wilmington Board of Education. Although most of Mr. Rice's buildings are no longer standing, the one he is best remembered for is Delaware's State Building at the 1876 Centennial in Philadelphia.

9 MAJOR BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES

~~The Morning News, January 17, 1974.~~
~~The Morning News, January 17, 1974.~~
~~Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation, Inc. Wilmington 1876 (Wilm., De., 1976)~~
~~Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation, Inc. Wilmington 1876 (Wilm., De., 1976)~~
~~Evening Journal, January 30, 1933.~~
~~Evening Journal, January 30, 1933.~~

10 GEOGRAPHICAL DATA

ACREAGE OF NOMINATED PROPERTY App. 1/4 acre

QUADRANGLE NAME Wilmington North

QUADRANGLE SCALE 1" = 24,000'

UTM REFERENCES

UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
A 12 81	141 52	101 50
UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
6 50	6 50	6 50
UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
6 50	6 50	6 50
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UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
B	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
D	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
F	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
H	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE
LU	UTM REFERENCE	UTM REFERENCE

VERBAL BOUNDARY DESCRIPTION

The nominated property occupies a city lot which measures approximately 125 feet by 125 feet.

LIST ALL STATES AND COUNTIES FOR PROPERTIES OVERLAPPING STATE OR COUNTY BOUNDARIES

STATE	CODE	COUNTY	CODE
STATE	CODE	COUNTY	CODE

11 FORM PREPARED BY

NAME/TITLE John R. Schwaner, Director and Jean Athan, Historic Preservation Intern

ORGANIZATION City of Wilmington, Department of Planning DATE October, 1978

STREETS NUMBER 800 French Street TELEPHONE (302) 571-4147

CITY OR TOWN Wilmington STATE Delaware 19801

12 STATE HISTORIC PRESERVATION OFFICER CERTIFICATION

THE EVALUATED SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS PROPERTY WITHIN THE STATE IS:

NATIONAL — STATE Y LOCAL —

As the designated State Historic Preservation Officer for the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966 (Public Law 89-665), I hereby nominate this property for inclusion in the National Register and certify that it has been evaluated according to the criteria and procedures set forth by the National Park Service.

STATE HISTORIC PRESERVATION OFFICER SIGNATURE [Signature] DATE 1/17/79

TITLE Acting Director/Div. of Historical & Cultural Affairs

FDR NPS USE ONLY

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THIS PROPERTY IS INCLUDED IN THE NATIONAL REGISTER

KEEPER OF THE NATIONAL REGISTER [Signature] DATE 4.20.79

ATTEST: William H. Graham DATE 4.20.79

CHIEF OF OFFICE

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORIC PLACES
INVENTORY -- NOMINATION FORM

FBI/IPSUSG/OM/IT	
RECEIVED	FEB 5 1979
DATE ENTERED	APR 06 1979

CONTINUATION SHEET

ITEM NUMBER 8 PAGE 2

The architecture of the Schoonover Studios is attributed to the earliest phase of the Queen Anne style, or what Henry Russell Hitchcock has termed "Shavian Manorial" for its originator Richard Norman Shaw, the late-nineteenth-century English architect. Although the Queen Anne style is prevalent in Wilmington, the simplified version of this style as applied to the Schoonover Studio building is uncommon. Its simulated half-timber construction, multi-gabled roofline, and its multi-paned windows make it a fine tribute to this style of architecture.

As conceived by Samuel Bancroft, Jr., the Schoonover Studios have contributed significantly to the artistic heritage of America under the name of Delaware's most famous artist, Frank E. Schoonover, and today continue to serve the pursuit of the arts as studios for artists.

APR 20 1979

APR 20 1979

Property Schoonover, Frank E., Studios

State Dig (New Castle) Working Number 2.5:79, Aa X

7-9-7619 (1265)

TECHNICAL
Photos 1
Maps 1

CONTROL
OK
HISTORIAN

Architecturally significant in its design as an early 20th century artist's studio by prominent architect, E. L. Rice, Jr. Also represents unusual occurrence for Wilmington of the "Stierman-Mansfield" phase of the Queen Anne style.
ACCEPT. Sept 14-18-79

ARCHITECTURAL HISTORIAN

ARCHEOLOGIST

OTHER

HAER

Inventory _____
Review _____

Architecturally significant structure of strong historical interest with artist Frank Schoonover,
ACCEPT
EWM
#1005

REVIEW UNIT CHIEF

BRANCH CHIEF

KEEPER

National Register Write-up
Federal Register Entry

6-5-79

Send-back _____
Re-submit _____

Entered APR 20 1979



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer: J. Athan

Date: 11/78

NEW CASTLE Ca

Location of Negative: Division of Historical and Cultural
Affairs, Bureau of Archaeology & Historic Preservation,
Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware 19901

Description: View of facade which faces southwest

Photograph Number:

N-4042 (1)

RR 20 3

FEB 5 1979



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer: J. Athan

Date: 10/78

NEW CASTLE CO.

Location of Negative: Division of Historical & Cultural
Affairs, Hall of Records, Bureau of Historic Preservation,
Dover, Delaware 19901.

Description: Rear view of the building which faces
northeast.

Photograph Number:

N-4042 (2)

FEB 5 1979



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer: J. Athan

Date: 11/78

NEW CASTLE CO.

Location of Negative: Division of Historical & Cultural
Affairs, Bureau of Archaeology & Historic Preservation,
Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware 19901

Description: View of interior of Studio 2 from entrance

Photograph Number: N-4042 (3)

APR 20 1979

FEB 5 1979



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer: J. Athan

Date: 11/78

NEW CASTLE Co

Location of Negative: Division of Historical & Cultural
Affairs, Bureau of Archaeology & Historic Preservation,
Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware 19901

Description:

View of Studio 3 interior

Photograph Number:

N-4042 (4)

FEB 5 1979

pg. 20



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer: J. Athan

Date: 11/78

NEW CASTLE Co.

Location of Negative: Division of Historical & Cultural Affairs, Bureau of Archaeology & Historic Preservation, Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware 19901.

Description: Interior of Studio 4 - Frank Schoonover's former studio

Photograph Number: N-4042 (5)

APR 20 1979

FEB 5 1979



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer:

J. Athan

New Castle Co.

Date:

11/78

Location of Negative: Division of Historical & Cultural
Affairs, Bureau of Archaeology & Historic Preservation,
Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware 19901.

Description:

View of interior of Frank Schoonover's
former studio (Studio 4)

Photograph Number:

N-4042 (6) FEB 5 1979

APR 20 1979



Name: Frank E. Schoonover Studios

Location: 1616 Rodney Street, Wilmington, Delaware

Photographer: J. Athan

Date: 11/78

NEW CASTLE CO

Location of Negative: Division of Historical & Cultural Affairs, Bureau of Archaeology & Historic Preservation, Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware 19901.

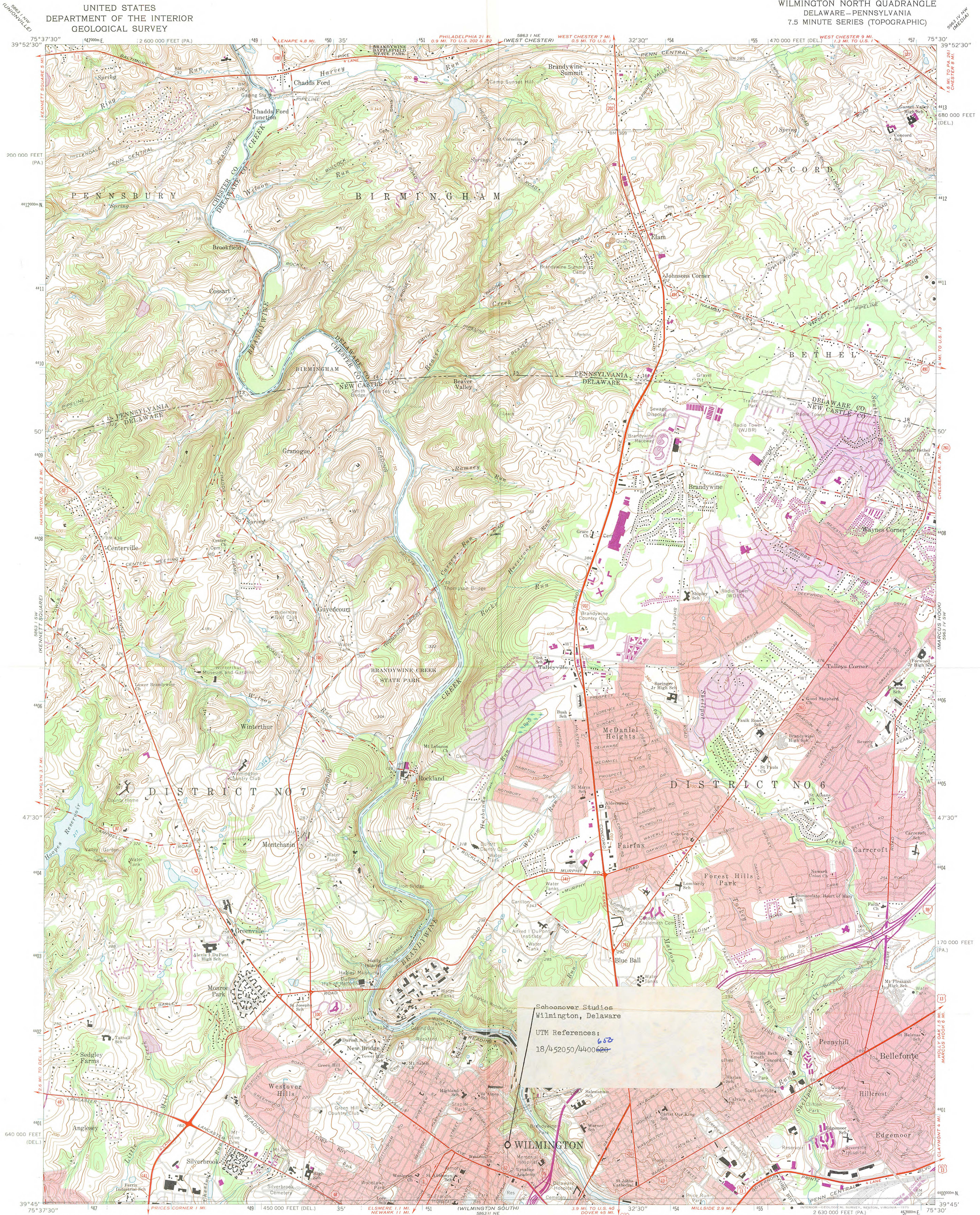
Description: Interior of Frank Schoonover's former studio (Studio 4)

Photograph Number:

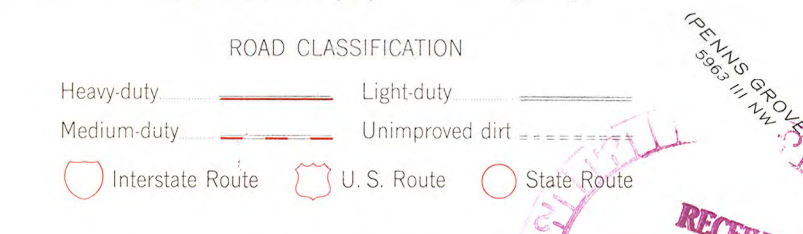
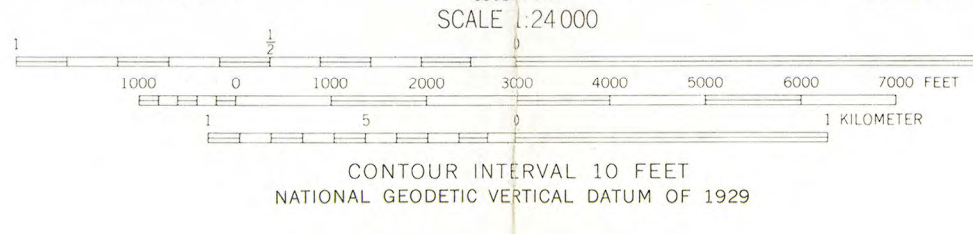
N-4042 (7)

FEB 5 1979

APR 20 1979



Mapped, edited, and published by the Geological Survey
Control by USGS and USC&GS
Topography in Delaware by planetable surveys 1935-1936
Topography in Pennsylvania by photogrammetric methods
from aerial photographs taken 1950. Field checked 1954
Revised from aerial photographs taken 1965. Field checked 1967
Polyconic projection. 1927 North American datum
10,000-foot grids based on Delaware coordinate system,
and Pennsylvania coordinate system, south zone
1000-meter Universal Transverse Mercator grid ticks,
zone 18, shown in blue
Fine red dashed lines indicate selected fence and field lines where
generally visible on aerial photographs. This information is unchecked
Red tint indicates areas in which only landmark buildings are shown



THIS MAP COMPLIES WITH NATIONAL MAP ACCURACY STANDARDS
FOR SALE BY U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, RESTON, VIRGINIA 22092
A FOLDER DESCRIBING TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS AND SYMBOLS IS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

Revisions shown in purple compiled in cooperation with
State of Pennsylvania agencies from aerial photographs
taken 1973. This information not field checked
Purple tint indicates extension of urban areas

WILMINGTON NORTH, DEL. PA. 1979
N3945-W7530/7.5
1967
PHOTOREVISED 1973
AMS 5863 1 SE-SERIES V832

RECEIVED
FEB 5 1979
NATIONAL REGISTER
APR 20 1979

ENTRIES IN THE NATIONAL REGISTER
~~ENTRIES IN THE NATIONAL REGISTER~~

STATE DELAWARE
~~STATE DELAWARE~~

Date Entered APR 20 1979

<u>Name</u>	<u>Location</u>
State of Pennsylvania (Steamboat) State of Pennsylvania (Steamboat)	Wilmington Wilmington New Castle County
Woodward Houses Woodward Houses	Wilmington Wilmington New Castle County
Schoonover, Frank E., Studios Schoonover, Frank E., Studios	Wilmington Wilmington New Castle County

Also Notified
~~Also Notified~~

Honorable Joseph R. Biden, Jr.

Honorable William V. Roth, Jr.
Honorable Thomas B. Evans, Jr.
Honorable Thomas B. Evans, Jr.

State Historic Preservation Officer
State Historic Preservation Officer
Mr. Lawrence C. Henry
Director, Division of Historical
and Cultural Affairs
Hall of Records
Hall of Records
Dover, Delaware 19901

NR Byers/bj 4/27/79

For further information, please call the National Register at (202)343-6401.

NATIONAL REGISTER DATA SHEET

3) NAME as it appears on federal register:
Schroover, Frank E., Studios

OTHER NAMES:

date of entry: 201079

county code: 3
county code: 3

(g) LOCATION St# & number:
1616 Rodney St.

city / town
Wilmington

vicinity of

state
DE

county
New Castle

(N) NPS REGION
NE

(b) OWNER PRIVATE STU MUNICIPAL COUNTY MULTIPLE FEDERAL (agency name)

(S) ADMINISTRATOR:

@ EXIST? jr, rijnrvrc HABS DHAER nNHII^ FUNDED? OYES @ CONGRESS. DISTRICT 4

(C) SOURCE of NOMINATION DSTATE nFEDERAL

W NATIONAL REGISTER HISTORIC DISTRICT DATE NAME: mstostc wsttison

WITHIN NATIONAL HISTORIC LANDMARK? YES NO mam

if state who prepared form?

local private organization

(A) CONDITION deteriorated altered original site
 excellent ruins unaltered moved
 good unexposed reconstructed unknown
 fair unexcavated excavated

(G) features: SUBSTANTIALLY INTACT-1 SUBSTANTIALLY INTACT-2 SUBSTANTIALLY INTACT-3
 NOT INTACT-0 NOT INTACT-0 NOT INTACT-0
 UNKNOWN-4 UNKNOWN-5 UNKNOWN-6
 NOT APPLICABLE-7 NOT APPLICABLE-8 NOT APPLICABLE-9

(A) ACCESS YES-Restricted YES-Unrestricted No Access Unknown

(A) ADAPTIVE USE YES No

(A) SAVED? YES NO

IS PROPERTY A HISTORIC DISTRICT? yes no

(A) AREAS OF SIGNIFICANCE:

- ENGINEERING-11
- LANDSCAPE ARCH.-15
- POLITICS/GOVT.-21
- RECREATION-28
- ARCHEOLOGY-prehistoric-2
- COMMERCE-B
- ENTERTAINMENT-26
- LAW-16
- RELIGION-22
- SETTLEMENT-29
- ARCHEOLOGY-historic-1
- COMMUNICATIONS-7
- EXPLORATION-12
- LITERATURE-17
- SCIENCE-23
- URBAN PLANNING-31
- AGRICULTURE-3
- CONSERVATION-B
- HEALTH-27
- MILITARY-18
- SOCIAL/HUMANITARIAN-24
- OTHER (SPECIFY)
- ARCHITECTURE-4
- ECONOMICS-9
- INDUSTRY-13
- MUSIC-19
- SOCIAL / CULTURAL-30
- ART-5
- EDUCATION-10
- INVENTION-14
- PHILOSOPHY-20
- TRANSPORTATION-25

(A) CLAIMS; explain

^ first G
oldest
only

(A) functions

WHEN HISTORICALLY SIGNIFICANT:
CURRENTLY:

(A) dates of initial construction:

major alterations;
historic events:

(A) ETHNIC GROUP ASSOCIATION

(A) architectural style(s):

(A) architect:

(A) master builder:

(A) engineer:

(A) landscape architect/ garden designer:

(A) interior decorator:

(A) artist:

(A) artisan:

(A) builder/contractor:

(A) NAMES give role & date

PERSONAL:

EVENTS:

INSTITUTIONAL:

(A) NATIONAL REGISTER WRITE-UP

THE BRANDYWINE HERITAGE

Howard Pyle

N.C. Wyeth

Andrew Wyeth

James Wyeth

The Brandywine River Museum, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania

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Foreword

Considering the traditional American pride in resourcefulness and ingenuity, it is a curious conceit of recent artistic criticism to belittle illustration and illustrators. Even when someone is credited with being a successful illustrator, he is somehow thereby deprived of the elevated status of artist. The fact of the matter is that American artists have traditionally turned their hands to a variety of tasks as practicality or fancy might dictate. The creative mind in America has never been satisfied to follow those neatly defined channels of expression which have characterized much of European art during recent centuries. The American muse is an unruly sort of girl with an entirely feminine and charming tendency toward the unpredictable. When Robert Fulton, for example,—no mean portraitist—, ran out of funds in Paris with which to finance his experiments on the steamboat, he painted a large panorama of *The Burning of Moscow*, advertised it, charged admission, and when he had made enough money, turned back to the steamboat. Samuel F.B. Morse displayed similar versatility. His life-size, full-length *Lafayette* in New York's City Hall is one of the outstanding portraits of the period, and we all know what he did with the telegraph, though I am afraid too few of us know what he achieved with the paint brush. It was the once-famous American neo-classic sculptor, Horatio Greenough, who, around the middle of the last century, first warned us of the willfulness of the American muse when he recognized the developing clipper ship, brought to perfection by Donald McKay, along with the large-wheeled, light-as-a-feather trotting wagon, as works of art. Indeed, he went further and anticipated a new American esthetic which many of us have not yet quite caught up with after more than a century, when he defined beauty as "the promise of function."

To turn specifically to the matter of the artist and the illustrator, our history shows that it would be a denial of the American tradition to separate the two, relegating each to a different level of achievement. Asher B. Durand, one of the leading landscapists of the 19th century, and for years the respected president of the National Academy, was not only a skilled engraver, but also an illustrator. So were George Catlin, Winslow Homer, Elihu Vedder, and Frederic Remington, not to mention several members of The Eight, among them William Glackens and John Sloan. And there are many other examples, major and minor, as well.

The real distinction lies elsewhere, in the illustrator's ability, in Pyle's

words, "to fill out the text rather than to make a picture of some scene described in it." As he told his students, it is "the difference between creative and imitative art" that matters. With true American pragmatism, he taught his pupils that when "making pictures to be reproduced in print you are then given no favor and your pictures must be good as pictures or else they are of no possible use." His "final aim in teaching" was to produce "painters of pictures." "To this end," he wrote, "I regard magazine and book illustration as a ground from which to produce painters."

In Pyle's own work, his wide-ranging imagination combined with a hard-won technical versatility enabled him to give convincing form to many characters and episodes of history and fiction. This gift he shared with his most distinguished pupil, N.C. Wyeth. For several generations of Americans, the mention of the pirate Blackbeard, of Robin Hood, of the knights of the round table, of characters from *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *The Black Arrow* brings to mind with vivid clarity the creations of Howard Pyle and N.C. Wyeth. This achievement certainly admits them to the highest echelon of illustrators. And, when one sees the originals of those familiar and compelling illustrations, whether in the knowingly controlled line in black and white, or in the painterly handling of oil, there can remain little doubt about their being genuine artists as well.

Both men were, and to a great extent still are, broadly popular artists, a quality they share with N.C.'s son Andrew and his grandson, James. All are closely identified with the Brandywine valley and Chadds Ford. Pyle had known the area well since boyhood. He lived and taught in Wilmington, though for some years he commuted to Philadelphia, where his classes at the Drexel Institute (1894–1900) won a similar loyalty from his pupils as had those of Thomas Eakins at the Pennsylvania Academy a decade or so earlier. Pyle conducted a summer school at Chadds Ford for some years, and it was there that N.C. Wyeth settled after early years in Needham, outside Boston, and youthful adventures in the still wild West.

The New England connection has been maintained by the Wyeths through summers on the Maine coast. Within a world limited to the valley's gentle slopes, water meadows, and upland fields defined by forests of hardwoods, and the austere northern shore, rocky and windswept, first N.C., and then Andrew, and now James have found all the scope necessary for their art. For

all of them, it has been an art unusually self-motivated and self-developed. Pyle's brief study in his teens with a totally unknown, Antwerp-trained artist named Van der Weilen, and a year or so's rather hit-or-miss attendance at the Art Students' League in New York, provided basic academic fundamentals. His anatomical work with a Philadelphia surgeon — a parallel to Eakins' rigorous training — was probably more significant for his future. Beyond this he charted his own course, driven by a powerful determination. As demanding of himself as of his students, he developed within his own work what he sought to bring out in theirs — resolved expressions of a richly pictorial imagination. "Pictures," he wrote to a friend, "are the creations of the imagination and not of technical facility, and that . . . which art students most need is the cultivation of their imagination and its direction into practical and useful channels of creation — and I hold that this is exactly in line with all other kinds of professional education, whether of law, medicine, finance, or physics. I would not belittle the necessity of accurate technical training. I insist upon that in my own school even more strenuously than it is insisted upon in the great art schools of the country; but I subordinate that technical training entirely to the training of the imagination . . ."

N.C. Wyeth had had some formal training in the Massachusetts Normal Art School and the Eric Pape School in Boston. More than any other of Pyle's pupils, he responded to the intense cultivation of the imagination, giving it a robust expression which reflects his boundless energy and outgoing attitude toward life in complete contrast to Pyle's iron reserve. Wyeth, in turn, and in his own distinctive way, passed on the tradition to his son Andrew as well as to his daughters Henriette and Carolyn, and Andrew continued in the training of his son James. So what is represented by this exhibition is a kind of artistic dynasty comparable in American art only to the painting Peales of Philadelphia. Except for Henriette, who married one of her father's pupils, Peter Hurd, landscapist, portrait painter, and artistic interpreter of the mountains and the deserts of the Southwest, the rest have maintained the same close relation with the valley. Yet it has not been as a refuge from reality, but rather as a base, free of suburbia's petty distractions, with an atmosphere sympathetic to the individualistic and creative life.

Because of his introspective nature, perhaps the result of Swedenborgian mysticism superimposed on a Quaker heritage, Howard Pyle lived an intense

inner life which enabled him to realize with such completeness imaginative works like his *Robin Hood*, in which literary style, illustration, decoration, and typography are combined to produce a creative whole. On the other hand his practicality enabled him to adjust to the varying developments in reproductive techniques used by the publishers with whom he worked. Like Winslow Homer in his illustrations, Pyle had a sense for the large design which could be translated by the wood engravers with maximum effectiveness and minimum loss in the process. Yet his conscientiousness led him to carry out the originals as works of art in their own right. For example, the original — *The Wreck* — for an illustration for one of his own stories for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* entitled "Among the Sand Hills," which was to be reproduced smaller than a post card, is a two by three foot canvas painted with breadth and a rich impasto which reveal something of the emotional life of the artist hidden beneath an austere though gentle exterior.

We know from the record that Pyle was aware of what was going on in the art world, both at home and abroad. His own reputation became widespread: Van Gogh mentioned him in a letter to his brother Theo. There is evidence in Pyle's work of his interest in the Pre-Raphaelites, and also, rather surprisingly, of the sinuous forms of l'Art Nouveau perhaps seen in reproductions or through the designs of Louis C. Tiffany, since Pyle did not go abroad until 1910 and died within the year in Italy. His range of imagination led him into some curiously effective works with suggestions of the mysterious and the sinister, and his preoccupation with pirates, whose bloodthirsty proclivities he did little to minimize, has overtones of violence oddly at variance with his outward personality.

He was very fortunate in living during a golden age of illustration, both in book and magazine publishing. The editors of such periodicals as *Appleton's Magazine*, *Harper's*, and others sought out the best talents, both in writing and illustration, and employed the most expert engravers, whether on wood or metal. This taste and craftsmanship appear in the often delightfully composed pages combining black and white illustration with type. The substitution in 1877 of white-line wood engraving for the previous black-line technique, (both employing the engraver's burin in the end grain of a box-wood block), largely as the result of the demanding standards of Alexander W. Drake, art editor of *Scribner's* in the '70's, and later of its successor, *The Century*, and of

St. Nicholas, enabled the increasingly atmospheric effects sought by the artists to be rendered with greater delicacy. The richer blacks of the black-line technique, by means of which compositions were reproduced by cutting away the block's surface so that the resulting raised areas transferred the ink to the paper, allowed stronger formal definition. But the white-line method, in which the cutter made tiny dots, flecks, and grooves in the block's surface, provided greater nuance and gradation of value. This combination of skill and artistry made the last quarter of the century outstanding in the quality of its publications.

Steel engraving and lithography were also used, the former more freely than the latter because of a lack of trained lithographers. The introduction of mechanical techniques around the turn of the century brought to an end this collaboration of skills. Later, illustrations were merely dropped in, full-page, at convenient intervals. Fortunately for posterity, Pyle wrote and illustrated the greater number of his best works during this fertile period, and turned increasingly to other tasks, including large mural paintings, during his later years. The introduction of the four-color process brought an added dimension into publishing, yet, in general, despite the charms of color, the old graphic unity of the book or magazine was lost.

Pyle's lettering was excellent, and his sense of the combination of lettering and illustration, as on covers and titles, was highly developed. Though N.C. Wyeth must have learned something of this from Pyle, he has his own marked abilities in this field. Yet it was only in a few of his later works that he was free to design complete titles and covers, so mechanical had book-production become. His largeness of spirit and natural enthusiasm led him to paint the originals for illustrations, which were to be reproduced at the scale of the page of a normal-size bound volume, in the form of large canvases which are unmistakably paintings in their own right. They show his love for the oil medium in their rich and textured surfaces, broadly handled, and painterly far beyond the necessities of illustration. Where Pyle's compositions were often carefully architectural and tended to be linear in structure, Wyeth's seem spontaneous and organic, made up of large forms, curving outlines, and dramatic light and shade with rich color. His characters are more strongly individualized than Pyle's. They have an earthiness and often a touch of robust humor. They are full of life and gusto, and have none

of the delicate fantasy which sometimes appears in Pyle. Yet they have invention and variety, and also, in their larger forms and dramatic use of dark shadow often have a touch of the sinister. Their mood is pervasive, their images powerful. Their range is from the brutal effectiveness of *Blind Pew* through the suspenseful, momentary silence of *The Vedette* to the sensitivity of *The Newborn Calf*. Pyle occasionally lapsed into sentiment, Wyeth never.

Pyle was eclectic in a positive, not a negative sense. He was also influenced by Holbein, Hogarth, and the early German masters, especially Dürer, as seen in his command of a decorative line which appears in his *Robin Hood*, Arthurian books, *The Wonder Clock*, and *Otto of the Silver Hand*. Yet it was his own line, controlled by his own sense of order. Wyeth also had a personal line in his black and white work, and a sense of the relation of drawing to the book, but, because of the changes of the times, he had less opportunity to show his individuality in this way. Instead, his distinctive artistic personality, reflecting Emersonian ideals no doubt acquired during his New England boyhood, led him into a more personal involvement with life in his art, resulting in a vividness of impact which was all his own. He lived the precepts which Pyle offered his pupils: "throw your heart into the picture then jump in after it . . . ; feel the wind and rain on your skin when you paint it . . ." Because he naturally thought large, Wyeth also did a number of murals. Unfortunately he wrote far less than Pyle, though we know from articles and letters that he had a lively prose style and a feeling for mood and drama parallel to that shown in his painting. Both shared an intense preoccupation with the past, not as something dead and gone, but as made up of living, feeling people. Both accumulated a large collection of ancient costumes, uniforms, and artifacts. Where Pyle was scholarly in every detail of his historical compositions, and was factual to a degree, Wyeth felt them as well as accurately recreated them, and tended to identify the past with his own experience, using familiar sights, models and objects from his own environment in a way which anticipates the approach of his son Andrew.

Early in his career, Andrew Wyeth also did some illustrating. Then came the early water colors, a medium that he made his own. In this he is in the line of Winslow Homer, John Marin, and Charles Burchfield, because only in America has water color been considered and used as a major medium comparable to oil. Later came the temperas, an ancient, exacting medium

which imposes its own contemplative pace, learned from Peter Hurd. Andrew's basic training as an artist was while growing up in his father's studio. There, under a kindly but exacting paternal eye, he developed the command of means which Pyle had demanded, and there was never a lack of stimulus for the imagination. Illness, suffering, and the shock of his father's untimely death at a railroad crossing brought greater depth and maturity to his art.

Andrew shares with his father and with Pyle a special sense of time, but in his own way; he does not paint the past, but rather the evidences of it. He also has an intense sense of place as well as of moment, based upon an analytical vision, increasingly selective and often almost microscopic. More often than not without human figures, and almost invariably in a muted, autumnal palette, his pictures almost always show a "trace of man." They have a hushed quiet which frequently implies an imminent transition, the inevitability of change. When figures do occur, they often seem symbolic, of the unfolding awareness of youth, of the dignity of work, and of age. Invariably his pictures, whether large temperas or small dry-brush drawings, are the result of elimination, a rigorous process of abstraction which reduces every composition to its basic elements. They raise, as do the poems of Robert Frost, the colloquial and the regional to the realm of common human experience, though, paradoxically, in the most personal terms.

From Colonial days, life in the New World, with its vastness, impersonality, and variety, tended to encourage two opposing directions of thought and feeling. Because of the smallness of man in the face of limitless, empty horizons, people clung to the factual, the palpable. In painting this tendency reached its most extreme expression in the trompe l'oeil works of William M. Harnett and John F. Peto, whose still lifes become almost a substitute reality. But the same experience drove man in upon himself, to an inward-looking, visionary, and very personal view, as in the paintings of Albert P. Ryder and of the brilliant anatomist, William Rimmer. This dichotomy appears to some extent in Pyle though somewhat less so in the elder Wyeth, but in Andrew's most successful works both tendencies are combined and reconciled. Objective reality becomes a point of departure for a personal yet sharable inner experience, in which communication exists at both an intellectual and an emotional or instinctive level—a richness of allusion with a minimum of means, Emerson's "the meal in a firkin; the milk in a pan . . ."

Despite the apparently sequestered life spent between Philadelphia, Wilmington, and the valley in the case of Pyle, and Maine and Chadds Ford in the case of the Wyeths, they all share certain qualities and attitudes which often reappear in various expressions of the American creative mind. I have mentioned the suggestion of the sinister in Pyle's and N.C. Wyeth's paintings. It becomes more of an elegiac mood in Andrew's work, yet in its various forms it represents that "power of blackness" that Hawthorne saw as a common thread running through American life and experience. All show a special preoccupation with the sea as a symbol of elemental force, Whitman's "cradle endlessly rocking," a real protagonist in the greatest of American prose works, Melville's *Moby Dick*. All stand in a definite relation to the broad spectrum of American art, from the subjective to the objective. All tend somewhat to look inward as well as outward, though none as strongly as Andrew. A personal relation with nature, part fact and part symbol, runs through their work. There is an American extravagance in the intensity of their vision. Their sense of time's passing reflects the feeling of life as a passage, or as a voyage, as in Ryder's sea pieces and in the most famous series of paintings in American art, Thomas Cole's *Voyage of Life*.

There is a Thoreau-like sense of place in Andrew's work which appears in less definite form in his father's and Pyle's landscapes. He also expresses a feeling of aloneness, of the solitariness of man in contrast to the impersonal grandeur of nature, the essential subject which rose to epic scale in Winslow Homer's mature work. There is an individualism related to that to which Eakins gave most powerful expression, along with a recurring echo of melancholy, related to the feeling of time's passage, which often shadows the American imagination. Most basically, there is great seriousness and dedication, not to the exclusion of joy in life, in nature, and in experience, but as an undercurrent which is the single most important element to creative expression.

In the work of Andrew and his father, Pyle's faith in illustration as "a ground to produce painters" has proven justified. Andrew's son James, thanks to his father's instruction and direction and to his own application, has more than adequately shown his command of that technical facility which Pyle took for granted as a necessary means. The brilliance of his precocious achievement gives promise that Pyle's belief will prove true in another gen-

eration as well, as he finds his own distinctive voice, strengthened by a distillation of experience, and fully realizes the potential he seeks. It is good to know that the tradition continues.

Richard McLanathan

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The Wyeths

BY

N. C. WYETH



The Intimate Correspondence of N. C. Wyeth 1901-1945

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