

August - 1951

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Cape Cod Standard Times
May 31, 1938

Art Colony Has Steady Growth

Writers Have Worked In Many Peninsula Towns Since Long Ago

PROVINCETOWN, May 31—

The reputation that Cape Cod has achieved in the fields of literature and painting is not the result of the achievement of any one person or of any single period of time. Like most everything that attains any degree of permanency, it has been a slow but steady growth.

Who was the first prominent writer on the Cape? Not Dos Passos, Berger, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Joseph Lincoln or even Thoreau. All these are comparative youngsters. The first books published on the Cape were the work of Edward Ferry of Sandwich about the year 1676. From that year until the present time a host of Cape writers has made almost annual contributions of various types of literature.

The summary of the artist colony in Provincetown is aptly recorded by the Rev. Nancy W. Paine Smith in her "Provincetown Book." How did the largest art colony in the United States grow up in Provincetown? Marcus Waterman came long ago to make studies of the sand for a picture of the Sahara Desert. A portrait of Mr. Waterman hangs in the Beachcombers' Club room.

Reasons Differ

"Mr. Halsall, a sailor in his youth, came for the marine views," the

book says. "Mr. Brown's father was a Provincetown man. Mr. Webster married a Provincetown girl. Mr. Hawthorn had the first art school."

Charles W. Hawthorne has done more for the Cape than any other artist. He was an acknowledged craftsman and teacher and the artist colony at Provincetown has never been quite the same since his death. His ideals and principles are still the guide posts for many young artists.

What attracts writers to the Cape? Nothing but the climate, according to such authorities as John Dos Passos and Joseph Berger.

O'Neil Sought Quiet

Writers often chose different environment for their efforts on the Cape. Some, like Eugene O'Neil and Henry Beston, sought the seclusion of the Cape's dune country. Others, like Mary Heaton Vorse and Frank Shay, favor closely-packed, vibrant Provincetown, Joseph Lincoln, best-known of all contemporary Cape authors has a beautiful Summer home at Chatham.

All Mr. Lincoln's stories have Cape locale and characters but this cannot be said of many Cape writers.

Today there still are poets and historians but they are far outnumbered by social novelists, short story and mystery story writers, playwrights, writers of folk lore and children's stories, and essayists.

January 26, 1956

FRANK CABRAL OF the Rush Fish Market recalls the time he worked for Tom Powe who had a fish market where the Feltons now have their Cottage Restaurant on West Commercial Street. It was sort of a congregating place for fishermen and among those who enjoyed going there was the late Charles W. Hawthorne, famous art teacher and painter, to sketch and paint characters of the town as well as their catches. One day the artist inquired of Frank as to where he might get a small boat as he had some fishing to do. Seems that he had bet, and rather heavily for those days, with some of the fellows at the Beachcombers that he could catch all the cod he wanted right in the harbor, inside of Long Point. Frank loaned him a boat, lines, supplied him with ample bait and Hawthorne rowed out toward Long Point to be gone most of the day. Late in the afternoon he returned and Frank could tell by the weary droop in his figure that luck hadn't been good. In fact, the artist confessed, he hadn't gotten so much as a bite all day and he was on his way to the Beachcombers to shell out \$35, which was bad enough, but the ignominy and smart aleck wisecracks would be worse. Frank happened to glance down and saw a tub in which were four fine market cod. He told Hawthorne to stand about six feet away and to catch the fish as he threw them to him. The artist's eyes lighted with the inspiration of the idea. He managed to catch each cod as it was thrown to him, and stringing them on a bit of twine he threw them over his shoulder, now erect, and made his way to the Beachcombers to collect \$35 for a mess of cod caught within Long Point!

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1961

Hawthorne Made Fine Artists Of Motley Crew



Nez Hogan, who turned from painting to achieving fame as a writer of children's books for E. P. Dutton, found this photograph in her memory book and she identifies this group of "Sixes and Sevens," pupils of Hawthorne's, a number of whom married and stayed in Provincetown, as follows: Charlie Dunn, Nez, Nelle Patterson, Virginia Alderson, Helen Sawyer (now Mrs. Jerry Farnsworth), Eddy Euler, Courtney Allen, Pat Finley, Frances Tompkins (now Mrs. Reeves Euler), Jerry Farnsworth, Raymond Jones, Hazeltine Dunn, Burr Rann and John Whorf.

Nez Hogan Recalls Hawthorne Scene When Youth Blazed With Ambition

On the occasion of the opening of the unparalleled showing of work by Charles W. Hawthorne at the Chrysler Art Museum this week for the Summer season, Nez Hogan, outstanding author of children's books, has written the following account of Hawthorne's classés and her appreciation of the artist-teacher, which was shared by the hundreds who attended his classes in Provincetown.

By Nez Hogan

We all came to Provincetown to study with Charles W. Hawthorne. That was in the early twenties. Some of us are still here. Reeves Euler, Frances Euler, Courtney Allen, Irma Allen, Jerry Farnsworth and Helen Farnsworth have made their homes in Provincetown.

As I remember seven boys and six girls came from Washington, D. C. Burr Rann was one of us and Pat Finley, Nellie Patterson, Marion Watson and Dorothy Berger. We all lived in the John Francis Apartments. I am still living there.

We had a sort of art colony on the Potomac River. Well, we had shacks and tents and went there

weekends to paint. It was there that we found Walter Hayn painting on the tow path. He told us about Charles W. Hawthorne and Provincetown. So we came, not all at one time. The boys came first. They opened probably the first night club in Provincetown on Mary Heaton Vorse's wharf alongside the John Francis Apartments. It was called "Sixes and Sevens."

Then Came The Girls

The girls came the following year to wash the dishes. We served sandwiches and coffee at night until the driver of the "Accommodation" came in and shouted, "Last bus for the West End".

Every morning and afternoon we painted on the beach where Henry Hensche had posed a mod-

el. Henry was Mr. Hawthorne's monitor. We painted on beaverboard with palette knives, quickly, joyfully in the sunlight.

Charles W. Hawthorne opened up a whole new world for me—for all of us, I think. We were learning how to paint—not painting pictures to be framed.

I had been studying Art, with a capital A, in the basement of Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, laboring with a finely pointed piece of charcoal to draw a perfect nose from a plaster cast model. I graduated from the nose to the ear but I had discovered Charles W. Hawthorne and Provincetown before I got around to the whole head.

I came from the "touch and tickle school" to the glance and smear school. Here I was out in the sunlight, slashing away with a palette knife, ignoring noses and ears, painting what I saw. A live model in the sunlight on the beach with the harbor as a background. I was free and I was learning to paint.

Charles W. Hawthorne was a great teacher. The greatest teacher I've ever known and I knew plenty: I was a teacher myself. I supervised art in the Washington public schools. I taught what