

The Yates Family

In this book I have had access to the letters and journals of Fred, Emily and Mary Yates.

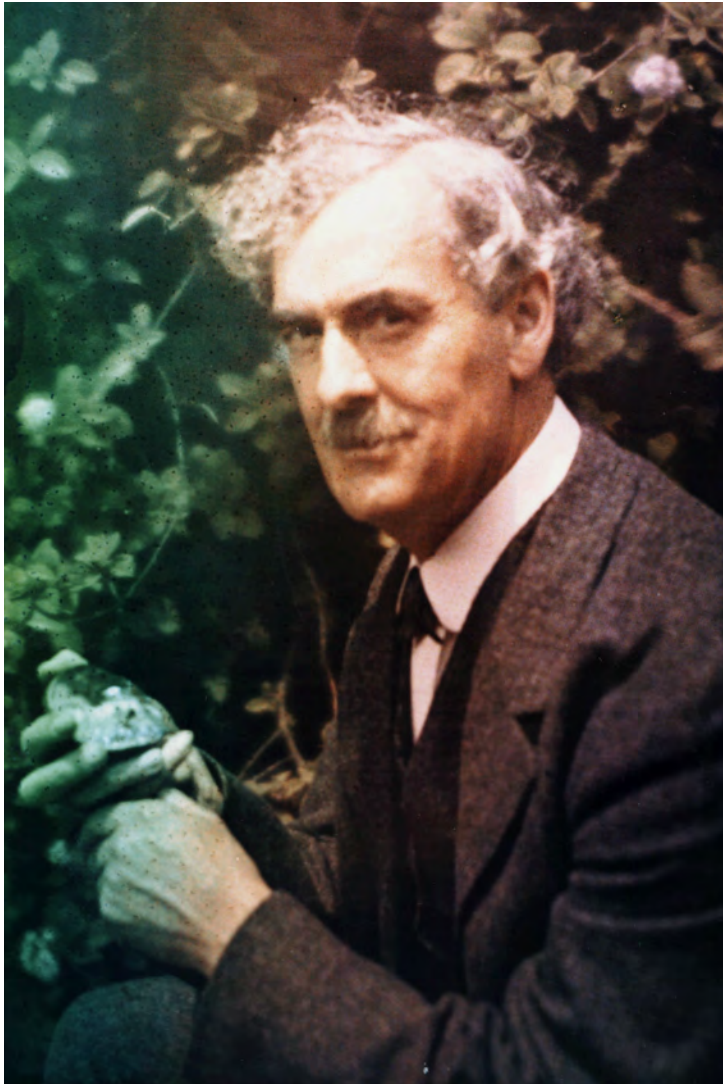
They make fascinating reading, not only for their illumination of some lesser known patterns in the art of their day, but also as a window - especially in the case of Mary's writings, into a unique vision and life, centered in the English Lake District in the early years of the last Century.

These extracts are from their own writings, and other sources.

They are arranged as far as possible, in order to let them tell the story in their own words.

John Hodkinson, Hart Head Cottage, Easter 2002.

Fred Yates



Fred Yates in an original Autochrome photograph.

Apart from a few short biographical entries and citations, little yet has been published about Fred Yates.

The simple chronology known is as follows:

He was born in 1854, in Southampton and lived for a while in Liverpool. Around 1881, he went with his parents to America, becoming a professional artist shortly afterwards. He had two periods of study in Paris, with Leon Joseph Florentin Bonatt, 1833 – 1922, a well known portrait and historical painter. Also, with Adolph William Bouguereau, 1825 – 1905, a painter with a similarity of spirit to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and known for pictures on themes from classical mythology, the Bible, and contemporary life.

Returning to the USA, he married on the last day of 1887, Emily Powers Chapman, a pianist and teacher whom he met whilst teaching in San Raphael, California. From 1890, they made their home in England, and their daughter Mary was born in 1891 in Chislehurst.

After travelling in America, Japan, and the Far East, he began showing at the Royal Academy, eventually showing twenty works. Also at the Pastel Society, the New English Art Club, the New Gallery, and the Walker Gallery.

Following a commission to paint Charlotte Mason, the founder of the Parents National Educational Union, at Ambleside, he settled in the Lake District in 1902. Portrait work continued in his London studio, and on further visits to the USA. He was a founder member of the Lake Artists Society in 1904. Squire Le Fleming built their house in Rydal, on a site picked by Fred and Mary.

Fred Yates' other sitters include Sir Henry Wood and Woodrow Wilson, whom he met on Pelter Bridge. He became a firm friend of Wilson and was later a guest at The White House on Wilson's inauguration as President. He died in 1919. His wife Emily died in 1941.

Mary, his daughter was also a talented artist. She later exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the Royal Scottish Academy between 1918 and 1924, and was a regular exhibitor at the Pastel Society, and the Lake Artists Society, and lived on in Rydal until her death in 1974.

A large exhibition of his work was held at the Abbot Hall Art Gallery, Kendal, in 1975, along with that of his daughter, Mary Yates.

Beyond this bald chronology, Fred Yates was clearly a likeable and charismatic personality, which must have been a great asset in his career as a portrait painter. In the 1870's and 1880's the painting of portraits was a very competitive business with many artists at work in this field.

The arrival of the photograph had not yet had an impact upon the necessity of the painted or drawn portrait as an essential credential of the social elite. Yates' background with Bonatt and Bouguereau clearly underpinned his skills, and his many portraits, in oils and pastels, show this. They are skilled and well-crafted likenesses, but the best of them bear real insight into the character and personality of the sitter. His obituary in the Times refers to his interest in this aspect of the portrait.

There is more to Fred Yates though, than the successful portrait painter. He also painted many landscapes and was very much a man of his times. His other interests in painting reflect the currents that were flowing through contemporary art in these times. He had a particular interest in the paintings of the Barbizon School and especially in Jean Francois Millet (1814 – 1875), and lectured widely on this artist. These painters of the Barbizon School were the early stirrings of the ideas and attitudes, which lead through Impressionism and on to painting in the 20th Century. All too often we tend to divide painting coldly, into discrete chunks, labelled by movements like crude university modules, rather than seeing it as the continuum which it really is, driven above all by people and their relationships.

In this respect, Fred Yates is in an interesting position. In training and professional life, he links with the academic traditions of the century, the Salon, the Royal Academy, and with the patterns of change. He also shares in the social concerns, technical innovations and shifts in ideas and values, which overlapped and led through from the painters of the Barbizon with whom he had been acquainted as a student, through to Impressionism and beyond.

Another artist, twenty years Yates senior, and also with American connections and who has tended to be seen as outside the definable movements, was James McNeil Whistler. He straddled the academic tradition and the changing currents of the time, embracing the aesthetics of Japan. He declared an 'Art for Art's sake', forming a link between Victorian narrative, and painting in a modern context, abstract arrangements of form and colour, a painting which could leave simple description behind and explore states of mind.

In France, the politics of painting were sharply dividing. In the 'comic book history of art', seen panel by panel as it were, the uncompromising conservatism of the Salon eventually led to the breakaway of the Salon de Refuses in 1863, and then on to Impressionism, Post Impressionism, Cubism and the rest of modern art.

In The Hague though, these divisions were not so deeply etched. By 1870 it had become a centre for a group of younger painters, who shared much of the attitudes of the painters of the Barbizon, but who did not have the same problems of rejection as had the French painters of the Salon de Refuses.

This Barbizon influenced art had been popularised in The Hague by a branch of the Paris dealer Goupil, and by the dealer H. J. Van Wisselingh. Prominent among this group of painters were the brothers Jacob and Matthijs Maris. Matthijs Maris (1838 – 1917) was a quiet man who gradually moved towards a visionary and dreamlike quality in his painting. He settled in London in 1872.

One of his few friends was Craibe Angus, an English dealer who set up in Glasgow in 1874 and introduced this work of the Hague School to Scotland where it became very popular. William Burrell was an early collector of Maris' work, (over fifty works.) In turn, this work became an important influence on the Glasgow Boys in the early years of the 20th Century.

In 1887, the daughter of Craibe Angus married E. J. Van Wisselingh (the son of H. J. Van Wisselingh,) who ran a London gallery. He, in turn eventually represented Fred Yates. Matthijs Maris became a good friend also of Fred Yates. Despite the popularity of his work, Matthijs Maris ended up in reduced circumstances, and was cared for by Mrs Van Wisselingh (nee' Angus) until his death in 1907.

Such artistic 'trade routes' can be seen in a glance at other well-known British painters of the period. Sir George Clausen, two years older than Fred Yates also travelled in the Low Countries, and worked under Bouguereau. He once was described in his early years as "a very clever Dutch painter." He was an admirer of Bastien-Lepage and was a founding member of the New English Art Club, itself a response to the conservatism of the Royal Academy. He has been described as a kind of 'English impressionist'. W. R. Sickert, six years younger than Yates, attached himself to Whistler as apprentice and etching assistant. He met Degas in 1883 and subsequently became a close friend. He is another painter who does not easily fit into a neat category, but he remained connected to a form of impressionist point of view. Subsequent 'trade winds' are perhaps beyond the scope of these short notes.

A glance at Fred Yates work demonstrates the traces of these winds, which cover the continents as clearly as his work. We see skilful technique and the legacy of tradition. We also see vigour and broadness of handling paint, a relish for handling the "luscious stuff", as Fred once put it, the way it wrinkles and smears. Paintings first need to be experienced the way a painter does, close up, from the *inside*. Let the subject go, engage with the paint, the marks. The generosity of spirit and the one-ness with the work necessary to the maker come in this way. To feel this is, I believe, to feel something of the point of view of the artist, and in this case, Fred Yates in particular, who believed in a sensual and essentially physical approach to the handling of paint, and the importance of allowing feelings and emotion to drive the act of painting as much as intellect and psychological insight. Content can come afterwards, with reflection – and eventually, contentment.

"I hope you will go on working – just as your finest self dictates, but everlastingly experimental, throwing out your energy like a volcano throws out fire, and again throwing out your love like a bird singing."

(From a letter from Fred Yates to Mary Yates, dated 25th November 1912.)

From notes for an the Exhibition at the Armit Museum, Ambleside, November 2001 to February 2002. John Hodkinson, Hart Head Cottage, September, 2001.

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Today Fred Yates is not a well known figure but in his own time he was a famous Portrait painter whose clients included the composer Sir Henry Wood, President Woodrow Wilson and JH Badley of Bedales School He painted about 2,000 portraits, now mainly to be found in private homes, scattered throughout the world. His landscape paintings were also much admired and articles appeared in The Studio magazine praising this modern romantic artist

In 1901, Fred Yates came to live at Rydal near Ambleside. Here among the mountains he found inspiration, friendship, laughter and tranquillity.

In the early 1870s, Fred Yates was working in an office in Basingstoke, Hampshire. For an aspiring artist this must have been dull and tedious work. Not surprisingly when his parents announced they were emigrating to America Fred decided to go with them.

On arrival in the United States the Yates family settled in California, the discovery of gold in January 1848 had led to a large number of people settling in the area. Some of those who came were artists and when unsuccessful with pick and shovel they returned to their brushes and palettes. By the time the Yates family arrived these people had created thriving artistic communities.

Many of them had been trained in Europe and Fred would have heard discussions about the Impressionist and Barbizon painters of France. All this talk must have had a great influence on him because when he decided to study art he chose Paris as his training ground.

Upon arrival in Paris he stayed for two years studying under Bonnat, Lefebvre and Boulanger. Like any art student money was tight; food infrequent and the struggle to transform from student to artist was a long and arduous journey.

By the time Fred arrived back in the USA he had begun to develop his own distinctive style and quickly became a popular portrait painter He settled in San Francisco and threw himself into the life of artists there, joining the Bohemian Club and teaching at the Arts Students League It was while teaching an art class that Fred met Emily Powers Chapman Martin and a new chapter in his life began.

EMILY YATES (1855-1941)

When Fred Yates met Emily she was supporting herself and her ten year old son from her first marriage by teaching, mainly music, in a small San Francisco school. Emily was an accomplished pianist and she and Fred shared a love of music and the arts. Their characters complimented one another, Fred out-going and exuberant, Emily strong and self-reliant. They were married on the 31st December 1887.

In 1890 Fred and Emily moved to England. They rented a cottage in Chislehurst, Kent, and it was here that their only daughter Mary was born on the 15th November 1891. After the birth of Mary the family embarked on a series of trips overseas including a short stay in Hawaii and 16 months in Japan.

In 1899 they returned to London and established a pattern of mutual co-operation which would continue throughout their lives. Fred sought portrait commissions while Emily, and later Mary, entertained the sitters while Fred painted. Emily was happy to entertain visitors within her own home but she was less comfortable at large social gatherings.

In a letter to a friend she wrote, *"All this social work tires one to death when there's as much of it all at once and I feel like burying my head in a pillow and speaking to no one till the social smile gets rested"*

In later years, when the family settled in the Lake District, Emily chose to stay at home rather than accompany Fred to his London studio or to the homes of those he painted. She was content to entertain the friends who came to stay with them in the Lakes and enjoyed the company of a wide circle of local friends. She resumed her music teaching and developed a close friendship with fellow music lovers, Mr and Mrs Willinck.

She was Nicknamed 'Spite' by Fred, who would anxiously ask, *"Does she still love me in spite of...?"* It is clear that whatever Fred had done the answer would always be "Yes!".



Emily Powers Chapman, Blythedale Connecticut



Mary Yates at Hart Head Cottage

MARY YATES (1891-1974)

Mary Yates; intelligent, artistic, imaginative and vibrant. From her father she inherited a capacity to see deeply into the landscape and people around her and share with others her insights through her paintings and journals. From her mother she inherited a love of music and the strength and ability to cope with adversity.

From letters written by Emily and Fred it is clear that Mary became the centre of their lives. Their letters are full of discussions about the best ways to develop Mary's full potential and their views were strengthened by Charlotte Mason's educational philosophy. Writing to Emily in January 1911 Fred discusses the merits of Mary learning to play chess, "I think Mary would expand over it - it seems to me it would suit the shape of her mind..."

Mary's mind was certainly expansive and creative. She developed into a great painter and exhibited alongside her father at London exhibitions and one of her pastels was accepted by the Royal Academy. In a letter to his sister Ethel in 1914 Fred acknowledged that, "*Mary is doing landscape that quite excels mine*"

Mary's life was not all creativity.

From letters written to her father it is clear that from an early age she shared responsibility for many of the domestic arrangements. In her late twenties Mary took on the additional responsibility of caring for her stepbrother's children. With little money available it was certainly a difficult task but she still found time to paint and submit work to the Lake Artists' Society Summer Exhibitions.

In the local area Mary is still remembered as a woman of great warmth and generosity who created a magical world of tiny fairy tea sets made from fish bones, who showed the local children how to make angels in the snow and whose pockets were always full of the most wondrous natural objects.

JAPAN

Like other artists at the turn of the century, Fred admired the Japanese art that was coming to Europe and was therefore pleased to be commissioned to do portraits of members of the British Embassy in Tokyo. The intrepid family sailed to Japan taking the opportunity to go via San Francisco to re-visit artist friends and where Mary met her grandparents and other relatives. In a letter to a friend in March 1898 Emily describes the journey, *"How surprised you will be to hear we are in Japan! We have meditated it for a year and finally sailed January 6th- A terrifying voyage of constant storm, but terra firma at last and such thankful hearts"*

Throughout the tour the family were supported with money Fred earned by painting portraits. One of the diplomats in Tokyo was Sir Ernest Satow who became a lifelong friend and described Fred as, *"...a charming companion, full of fine thoughts and witty sayings"*

Fred equally enjoyed sketching villagers and rural scenes as Millet had done and Emily was thrilled to use her first camera. The photograph albums and sketchbooks from this journey not only show a family in the midst of a great adventure but also reveal their deep awareness of the beauty of the landscape, the character of the people and a joy for recording all that they saw and felt.



Mary at Koshiba, Japan



Nikko, Japan

FRED YATES: PORTRAIT PAINTER

"I long to be a painter of landscapes - darn all faces!"
Fred Yates, 10th March 1901



Mrs Alfred Stern, London

Like many artists, very early in his artistic career Fred had to face financial reality - that survival depended on painting portraits. Landscape painting may have been his first love but equally he came to relish the challenge of portrait painting.

In striving to find the individual that lay behind the facial mask he employed the same skills that he used in his landscape paintings to reveal the underlying essence of what he saw.

In his studio in London he saw up to three people a day. Mary or Emily would keep clients entertained, talking and reading to them while Fred painted. Perhaps the main difficulty faced in painting portraits was the people themselves. In some exasperation he wrote to Emily in 1900, *"Even the cook, the children - the sister - the Dr Lugrow all have been consulted to decide whether it is idealized - if poor Mrs Stern could only see herself actually as she is she would be terrified to see it painted"*

Despite these difficulties it is clear that he did develop a deep sense of satisfaction when a portrait went well. As a gregarious man he must also have enjoyed meeting a wide variety of people and, while it may have been hard at times, each portrait was a new and different experience. His clients included the Pineapple King, President Dole, Canon Rawsley (co-founder of The National Trust) and John Muir, who campaigned for the establishment of National Parks in America. Today the location of many of the portraits are unknown as they were distributed throughout the world, but at least what is shown in this Exhibition gives some indication of his skill as a portrait artist.

THE LAKE DISTRICT

Fred Yates came to the Lake District in 1901 to paint Charlotte Mason, who had founded a teaching college in Ambleside. He fell in love with the area and a year later moved first into rooms in Ambleside, then to a cottage in Rydal belonging to Squire Le Fleming. He was then commissioned to paint a portrait of the Squire and his wife. Perhaps it was while he was painting these that the Squire talked about the need to build a house for his agent and it was agreed that, if Fred chose the site, two semi-detached cottages would be built, one for the agent and one for Fred.

Mary and Fred chose a spot in Rydal at the top of a steep hill above Hart Head Farm and Rydal Mount. The house had magnificent views across to Lake Windermere and, nestled into the flank of Nab Scar, would be protected from the worst of the winter weather.

The Yates family moved into Hart Head Cottage in January 1907. It was a wonderful place to live. Fred kept his studio in Marylebone in London but came home whenever he could. London was important for Fred's work but it also, "*...seems to throw my Rydal life into a proper focus - I see it — I smell the wood and hear the river*"

Many friends came to visit them in their Lakeland home. JH Badley, founder of Bedales co-educational school, John Drinkwater the poet, and Woodrow Wilson, later President of the United States. Always unconventional, Yates was likely to greet new acquaintances with the phrase, "*We're poor, but, thank God, not respectable.*" Whatever the financial situation, friends, both famous and local, were guaranteed to find the Yates home a lively and busy place, full of music, conversation and laughter.



Hart Head Cottage, Rydal

VIEWS ON PAINTING



Fred Yates, painting by Rydal Water

Born in the Netherlands, Maris settled in London specializing in landscape painting and etching. What linked these artists from different continents was a shared desire to use art to express the power and beauty of nature.

For his own work Fred used mainly pastels and oils. He believed pastels were particularly good for depicting expressions and oils allowed him to paint 'the reality of nature.' On a trip to America in 1911 he experimented with tempera. Writing home, his enthusiasm for this medium leaps from the page: *"I am in love with tempera more than I ever was. It has its drawbacks but for richness and clearness of colour and keying one up to paint light it is invaluable - I wish I had known of it many years ago."*

Whatever the medium Fred chose, the objective was always to reveal what his artist eyes saw.

Transferring the artist's vision to paper was not always easy and for Fred it could only be achieved through a lifetime of concentrated effort, *"...nature has to be wooed to be won and she is jealous and hides away if you don't give your life to her - it is the only way"*

After Fred's death his great friend and fellow artist Frank Carter wrote, *"It seemed with him, more than with anyone I ever knew, as though nothing intervened between his inspiration and its expression."* For Fred this would have been the ultimate compliment.

If Fred Yates had a hero it would have been Jean Francois Millet and he worked tirelessly to promote Millet's work. Armed with a lantern slide projector and a large collection of black and white slides Fred regularly gave talks on his favourite artist. He was also a frequent lecturer at Charlotte Mason College in Ambleside illustrating his talks by sketching on the walls of the lecture room.

Fred's work was also influenced by his many artist friends; Bruce Porter, Emil Carlsen and Arthur Atkins from his Californian days and, in Britain, Frank Carter. Among his contemporaries Fred particularly admired the work of Matthew Maris.

THE LAST YEARS

When war broke out in 1914, Fred continued to go up to his London studio. He lost many friends at the Front and his letters home are full of the horrors he witnessed as zeppelin raids destroyed parts of the city of London, "Last night I was in tears. They must have been enormous bombs — and the houses pitted with the iron from the shells"

Back in Rydal, Fred supplemented the rations of the local people with fish he caught in Rydal Water. By 1918 however this champion fisherman was beginning to tire as his health began to seriously deteriorate. The strain of war may have contributed to his illness, certainly Mary felt that, "His sensitive spirit battled with the mental and physical horrors of war."

Early in 1919 Fred was admitted to a London hospital for tests. He was in great pain and tired from many nights of broken sleep. From letters it seems that Fred had developed a serious bowel complaint. The treatment proved unsuccessful and he died on the 11th February 1919.

From his letters to friends and family it is clear that he loved life. Limericks, riddles and bad jokes were as much a part of him as his art. Idealist, romantic, thinker and philosopher, he is probably best remembered in the words of his granddaughter: "*A man of simple enthusiasm for life, and above all for people, he was always looking for what was best. for the natural and the inner beauty of things, and tireless in trying to interpret this to others*"



Fred with Pike, Rydal, during the War

THE FRED YATES LEGACY

When Fred died, his view of the world and his attitude to art was continued in the work of his daughter. Mary had her own style but it was closely linked to the philosophy of her father; that nature was there to be revealed and celebrated. Her sculpture, still life, portraits and landscapes capture the essentials other subject and enable others to share in her delight for the ever changing atmosphere, light and colour around her in the hills and valleys of the Lake District.

Other aspiring artists also benefited from Fred's assistance. Mary's friend Beryl Clay was tutored by Fred and exhibited alongside both him and Mary. Beryl went on to become a member of the Lake Artists' Society and exhibited at their Summer Exhibitions.

Joan Yates, Fred's granddaughter, in turn became an accomplished pastel artist. She also became the family archivist and it is only thanks to her and her relatives careful concern to preserve the family papers that the story of the Yates family can be told.

*From notes for an the Exhibition at the Armit Museum,
Ambleside, November 2001 to February 2002.
Lynda Powell, Curator, Armit Museum. September 2001.*

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Mrs Margaret Fuller, who lived next door at Keens Close as a child.

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John Hodkinson

Hart Head Cottage, Rydal, Ambleside, Cumbria LA22 9LT

October 12th 2002

1879 -1889

Frederic Yates.

Today Fred Yates is not a well known figure but in his own time he was a famous Portrait painter whose clients included the composer Sir Henry Wood, President Woodrow Wilson and JH Badley of Bedales School He painted about 2,000 portraits, now mainly to be found in private homes, scattered throughout the world. His landscape paintings were also much admired and articles appeared in The Studio magazine praising this modern romantic artist (Lynda Powell, Curator, Armitt Museum 2001. Exhibition notes.)

Frederic Yates, Artist, was born in Southampton in 1854. The family name was then Keeping, but for reasons we do not know, his parents took the name of Yates when they emigrated with three of their children to America in about 1877. The story as Joan Fox, who was brought up by Mary Yates, told it was that while in Liverpool they saw the name Yates above a shop front and decided on that! Frederic gave up working in an office and turned to art, as he had always wanted to paint for a living.



Fred Yates at about 12 Years



*On the back, in Fred Yates hand: 23rd August 1875
In an office (John Stewart Oxley's) from '74 to '79
Staying at Rose Cooksey's, Basingstoke.
Went to U.S.A. in 1877, till 1880. In Paris 1880 to 1882.*

Early Years in America.

A good description of the atmosphere of the art community in America in the years leading up to the Yates arrival in San Francisco is seen in the words of Birgitta Hjalmarson in her book 'Artful Players', published by the Balcony Press, Los Angeles, in 1999.

"Up to the time of the Civil War, America had little use for art—More pressing matters took precedence: pushing west, farming the land, building a new country. Only a wealthy few took an interest in art, mainly in the genteel fields of history painting and portraiture. After the war, however, money flowed more freely, settlements became cities, leisure increased. Art exhibitions turned fashionable; on opening nights elegant carriages formed close lines along the curbs outside as the rooms filled with leading citizens in full evening dress. Before long, it seemed as if everyone were talking about "sentiment" and "broad effects." In a sense, affectation replaced indifference. Art was seen as vaguely mysterious, looked at askance, invited in but rarely made to feel at home. In short, it was the birth of the American art scene, much as we know it today. Art is still not quite to be trusted — the emperor might well be naked after all.

No American city took up art quite like San Francisco. A new city on the western edge of the continent, San Francisco saw itself as second to none. It believed in progress, this was indeed the best of all possible cities, if not quite yet, at least in the future. Despite graft, corruption, riots, and urban squalor. San Francisco still new the banners of equality and liberty for all. Whitmanesque in its faith in the masses, it was Nietzschean in its cult of Superman, the strong loner, the misunderstood genius tortured by the pettiness of others. It was a city, some said, with too much oxygen in the air, the last stronghold of the American Dream, already in retreat back East. Called the insane asylum of the world, San Francisco kept believing in fresh starts and happy endings. Throughout the 19th century it remained the quintessential American city — ambitious, expansive, exploitative, and wasteful. It was a city to be admired, if for nothing else, for the sheer strength of its convictions, and for a well-nigh sublime confidence in its ability to handle its own affairs.

The debut of art in San Francisco was hardly modest. Ever since the early gold rush years, the more elegant saloons offered paintings of nudes, brought around the Horn along with mahogany bars and crystal chandeliers. Likewise, at the better-class gambling houses, where men flaunted diamond shirt studs and staked their bets at tables piled with gold, the nude was as certain as the hollow-eyed faces of the losers.

In the summer of 1875, the French artist Jules Tavernier (1884-1889, Born in Paris, studied under Felix Barras and who had shown work at the Paris Salon in 1865, 1866, 1869 and 1870,) arrived in San Francisco, where he joined the Bohemian Club, formed in 1872 by a group of hard-up writer, artists, actors, and musicians. Of late the club had been infiltrated by men of more lucrative professions, blessed with the wherewithal to keep the club out of debt. Everyone seemed to benefit from the arrangement, abiding by the motto "Weaving spiders come not here," which meant never doing business at the club, always keeping the nest of the owl (the owl being the club symbol) uncontaminated by sordid money-making schemes.

Word was soon out that, in Tavernier, the club had gained a true Bohemian. Short and "peppery," fit and tan, Tavernier was "a nervous, excitable, explosive young man, careless about paying his debts, indifferent as to the morrow, a spendthrift, warmhearted, honourable in his own sight and exceedingly otherwise in that of his creditors.

At the Bohemian Club, Tavernier soon became known as the enfant terrible, always on his guard against the Philistines, club members or not. His foremost weapon was his cartoons, drawings and paintings made expressly for the club, often done in connection with a "jinks" or entertainment." (Birgitta Hjalstrom)

Fred Yates, newly arrived in San Francisco about 1877, quickly became involved in the cultural life of the city. In 1878 Fred, aged 25, also joined the Bohemian Club as a regular member, just six years after the clubs establishment.

“The Bohemian Club, 624 Taylor Street, San Francisco, today could be seen as a combination of the facilities and memberships of Whites, the Atheneum and the Garrick Club. However, far from springing to a well-financed and well-membered maturity, such as was the case with the London clubs, Bohemia and other clubs in San Francisco, started small, went into and out of business and commuted among rented sets of rooms. Large, purpose-built club houses came much later. Although the Savage and other London clubs Inclined to the arts, sciences and scholarship were models, and gaining the ideal took a long time in the provinces.

The twenty-six Bohemian founders included six poets, newspaper men, retired indian- fighters, the social theorist Henry George and a noted printer. Sawdust on the floor, beer and salami, do-it-yourself singing and poster drawing set the tone. Painters, sculptors, musicians and actors were expected to chip in and contribute their several artistic products to the life of the Club and to its walls and corridors.”
(A.W. Baxter)



Fred And Relatives

On March 16th 1879, in the San Francisco Chronicle there is the first mention in the press of Fred Yates. Aged 25, he is clearly already in contact with major figures in the Arts community of San Francisco. He exhibited a Pen & Ink sketch of Tiburcio Parrott at the San Francisco Art Exhibition. Parrot was a wealthy merchant and art patron, and an associate of the Rothschilds. In 1872 he had commissioned an artist called Toby Rosenthal, (one of the first Americans to study art in Munich) to paint “Elaine.” This was to be a picture based on the Arthurian story of the fair Elaine, dead through unrequited love for Lancelot, at the point where her corpse is being taken up the river to Camelot.

This commission had been the cause of much heated debate in the San Francisco press, as the commission failed to arrive as agreed, and Rosenthal claimed to need more time, and also more than twice the price, at \$2200. After some acrimonious dispute, it was then bought by another San Francisco art patron. When finally unveiled to the public, in 1875, it was viewed by hundreds of San Franciscans for the admission of 25 cents. This in turn provoked a further wave of criticism, of the rather manly physique of Elaine’s legs, and also of the physics of the flow of water in the river. It was then stolen by ‘The Donohue gang.’ The leader of the gang, ‘cut-face Donohue’ was well known to the police, and the painting was recaptured and Donohue and three of his accomplices ended up in San Quentin. It was shown again, the exhibition grossing \$2041, which was donated to charity. Parrot, meanwhile commissioned Domenico Tojetti for an alleged \$10,000 to paint another, larger “Elaine” which when exhibited in 1876 gained almost as many spectators as the first version.

This story, culminating in the year before Fred Yates arrived in San Francisco demonstrates how Art was becoming increasingly a serious topic of interest in San Francisco. From this point onwards Fred begins to appear in the various newspapers with increasing regularity.

On May 27th 1879 in the San Francisco Newsletter & California Advertiser it is reported that an etching by Fred Yates of General Barnes has been exhibited



William Keith. Etching by Fred Yates

On October 10th 1879, Fred resigns from the Bohemian Club. The reason for this is not clear. Perhaps he was by now both saving and raising money for his first period of study in Paris. This was considered to be most necessary for anyone seeking to be taken seriously as an artist. It seems he may have gone to Paris in late 1880.

After this, there are no further press appearances, and his movements are hard to track down until an entry in the San Francisco Chronicle on October 15th, 1882 states that he has been studying in Paris for two years.

“They were hard times, and he felt rich if he could afford the ingredients for an omelette!”

While a student he exhibited in the Paris Salon and paid a visit to Italy to study some of the Italian paintings.”

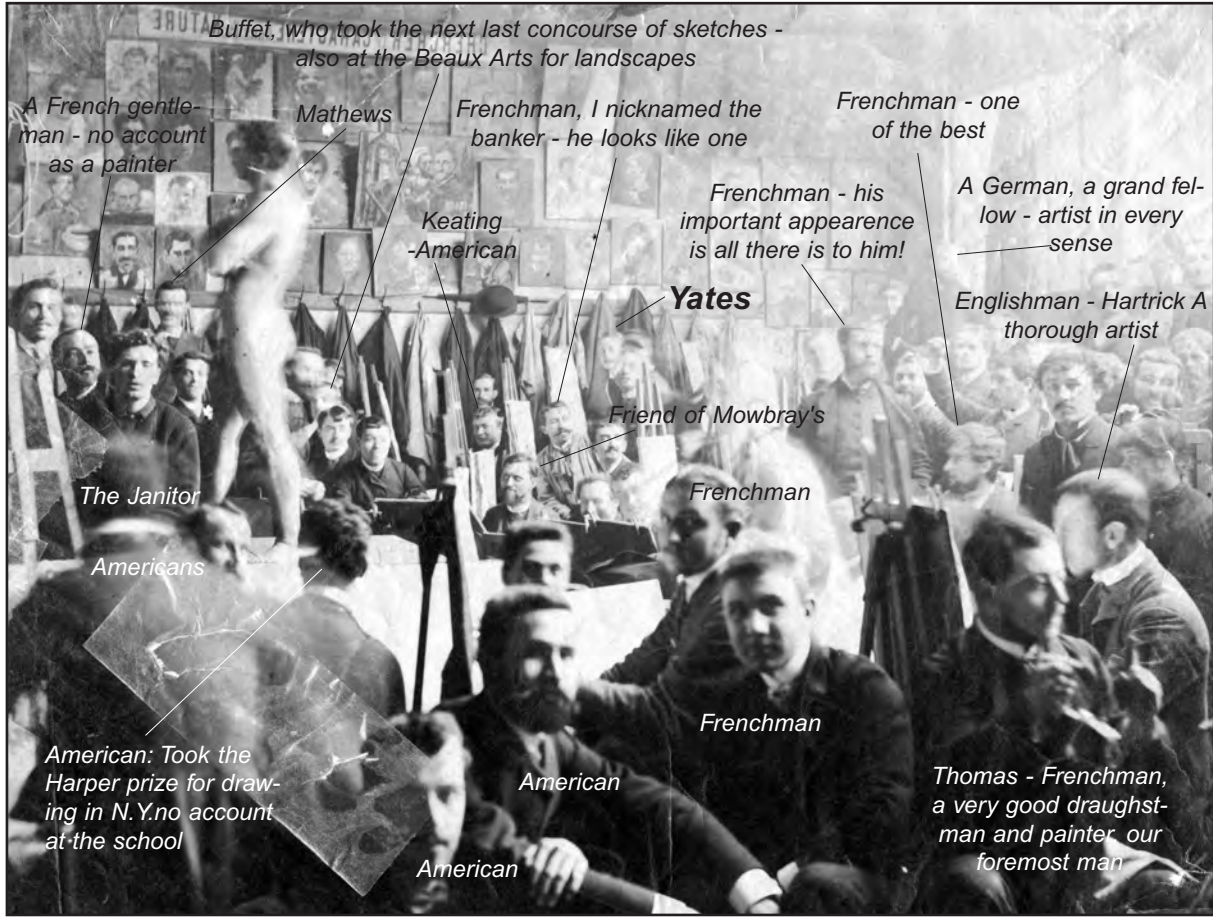
From notes supplied by Joan Fox.

He is mentioned in the press several times in the early part of 1880:

February 8th: The San Francisco Call and the San Francisco Chronicle report on the formation of an Artist Fund Society and an Etching Club. “In conformity with a suggestion by Virgil Williams to Organise an etching club for promoting social intercourse between artists. Roll signed by Virgil Williams (who taught at the California School of Design from 1874 to 1886), Tavernier, Yates, among others.” It would appear from this that Fred is already a familiar name in these circles. The March 3rd 1880 San Francisco Chronicle gives a good review of the San Francisco Arts Association Exhibition, mentioning him. On March 14th the San Francisco Call also reports on the San Francisco Arts Association Exhibition, and mentions pen & ink portraits and etchings by Fred Yates. On May 1st 1880, the San Francisco Evening Post states that “Fred Yates is doing some fine etching.”



From a page in one of Fred's Paris sketchbooks



A group photograph of the Atelier in which Fred Studied in Paris. Fred wrote comments on the back in pencil to tell his parent's of his associates.



Harry Mowbray, a New York artist and friend of Fred's in a sketch from his Paris days

During this period, a letter survives, probably dating from 1881, and written to his parents.

"This is something like the old man, he has iron grey mustache and short stubble whiskers and the top of his cranium is as smooth as a billiard ball. A yellowish complexion. The other master we have not yet seen, each one takes the studio for a month at a time. Lefebre is not considered a good master, having too much regard for the feelings of his pupils. The class open this morning with 25 students, by the winter we shall have both Ateliers full, probably 75 in all."

Whilst Fred is away in Paris, things continue to develop in the arts, in San Francisco. In the spring of 1881, the San Francisco Artists Association exhibition became vetted by the artists alone, and a press conference states that "gone were the loose days when anything which was offered was hung on the walls." Also, an indication of a growing 'taste' for art in San Francisco can be seen by the gradual building up of a trade in "old masters." In 1881, visitors to the San Francisco Mechanics' Fair were surprised, though not as surprised as they ought to have been, by the appearance of the J.W. Shaw Collection of Old Masters, scheduled to be sold at auction immediately following the exhibition. Lit by rows of gas jets, the collection featured some sixty paintings; including Lebrun's "Day of Judgment;" Veronese's "Adoration of the Magi;" Durer's "Holy Family;" Murillo's "Immaculate Birth of Christ;" plus one Van Dyck, one Tintoretto, two Teniers, and no fewer than four Titians- These were very old masters indeed, "genuine originals," normally not obtainable for any amount of money. Shaw, in fact, had purchased them in Spain during the late Civil War, at a most opportune time "when many such works were hurried into market in Madrid, or sent across the border into France."



A Sketch of Boulanger from a letter to his parents



A photograph of Fred Yates in a studio in Paris.

According to the catalogue, the people of New York had declined the opportunity to buy Shaw's treasures, partly because of "the most ill founded prejudice which exists there against 'religious paintings!'" Thus providence had brought them to San Francisco, where the people were blissfully free from religious restraints.

By the sound of it, the paintings were the typical collection of forgeries. Some of them may have been entirely new productions: copies blackened by smoke, the paint made to crack through heat or varnishes, a few "fly spots" discreetly added through judicious sprinkling of the right colour paint. The most common type of forgery, however, was not the newly painted picture, but the one painted on top of an old one, the existing signature replaced by a more impressive one. The advantages were obvious. The back of the panel or the canvas showed all the right signs of age (nothing like a few worm holes to reassure the suspicious). Often, the forger would repaint only certain parts, then proceed to destroy and restore his own work, so as to dispel all doubts as to its authenticity—" (*Birgitta Hjalstrom*)

In the spring of 1882, a lavish party was thrown by the artists of San Francisco for Oscar Wilde who was in town during his famous lecture tour of America. Birgitta Hjalstrom describes the events:

"The party to top all parties was the one the artists threw for Oscar Wilde in the spring of 1882. The Englishman was in San Francisco to lecture on interior decorating, the English renaissance, and Irish poetry. Dressed up as Bunthorne, he appeared as his own caricature in the comic opera *Patience* which was playing at theatres around the country, a longhaired aesthete in a black velvet coat, knee breeches, black silk stockings and low-cut patent leather pumps, always with a sunflower or a lily in his buttonhole.

Wilde, still in his late twenties, was not yet considered decadent, but was very much "the pure young man" Gilbert and Sullivan had envisioned. Echoing John Ruskin, his professor at Oxford, he talked about man's need to surround himself with beautiful carvings, stained glass, tapestries, carpets, wallpaper, chintzes, and furniture. He also took the opportunity to boost his then friend James McNeill Whistler, who had decorated a room in all the colours and tints of a peacock feather: "I regard Mr. Whistler's famous peacock room as the finest thing in colour and art decoration which the world has known since Corregio painted that wonderful room in Italy where the little children are dancing on the walls."

All in all, Wilde appeared to be a man of highly refined sensibilities, jarred by his American experience. His tour of the United States, according to the *Chronicle*, had been "a succession of painful shocks, caused by his introduction to ill-looking rooms in ill-built houses, furnished with blood-curdling evidence of barbarism in the shape of machine made rosewood furniture and black-leaded stoves." The windows, he found, were much too large, the carpets too loud, the paintings hung too high. "Heah in California you have be-utiful marbles, but what do you do with them?" he asked in a drawling monotone, as quoted by the *Alta*. "Do you, like the ancient Greek and Roman Republics, fashion them into be-u-tiful forms? I fear not. I fear that you u-su-al-ly convert them into steps for your dwelling houses."

At first, San Francisco society was at his feet. However, as Wilde's lectures began sounding more like criticism than entertainment, San Francisco society had second thoughts. They had come to see the caricature. Instead they got the real thing—"a badly proportioned six-foot mountebank" who was not only boring but insulting as well. The artists, though, sympathised with the aesthete. Here, finally, was someone who dared speak the truth, someone who spoke about beauty as a necessary part of life—in art, in architecture, in dress, even in conduct—and yet he was sadly misunderstood by his audiences and abused by the newspapers. "In short," Virgil Williams told his students, "he seems a kind of apostle or missionary, and he will no doubt meet with about the same encouragement that our Christian missionaries generally have among the heathen."

At the Bohemian Club, Wilde's popularity soared. Over lunch, according to a gleeful account by club member Dan O'Connell, Wilde commented that he had never seen "so many well-dressed, well-fed business-like looking Bohemians;" After lunch, Wilde "lay back in his chair, entranced at the many evidences about him of the lucrateness of literature and art in our city 'Of what branch of letters, or art, are these men mostly the devotees?" he asked of a sleek old Bohemian next to him, whose diamond solitaire glistened as he shifted his four-bit cigar to answer: 'Business letters, I guess, and the art of double entry'"

Later Wilde gained everyone's respect by drinking several of the club members under the table; As a result he was asked to sit for a portrait for the club, painted by young Theodore Wores. Afterwards Wores could attest that Wilde was most assuredly "no spidery weakling," but a real man with a passion for Western outlaws, particularly Jesse James, who had just been shot in the back by members of his own band." (*Birgitta Hjalstrom*)

When Fred returned to San Francisco from his studies in Paris later in the year, and heard in first hand detail of all the events which had occurred whilst he had been away, he must have felt that everything was gaining momentum. It must have seemed a very good time for him to have returned, fresh from the art centre of Europe into a city invigorated with a rising hunger for new and developing arts. He immediately begins to appear once again in the various newspaper art columns.

October 15th 1882 San Francisco Chronicle. "Frederick Yates, who has been for two years studying with Bonnat in Paris, has just returned to San Francisco. His time while abroad was almost entirely spent in figure drawing. The only work he brings with him is a picture of three boys playing with a trapped mouse in a barn, the strength of which, besides good drawing and pleasant sentiment, consists in the admirable management of the lights and shadows. A sketch of it was some months ago on exhibition at one of the private galleries. Mr Yates will, for the present give his attention to portrait painting."

On December 23rd 1882, the San Francisco Chronicle reports that Fred Yates is a member of the Committee of Awards in the San Francisco School of Design.



Fred's art class at the San Francisco School of design about this time

1883 is a busy year. On February 3rd 1883, The Argonaut tells us that: "Fred Yates has completed a portrait of (Madame Franziska) Elmenreich, which may now be seen at his studio... He is working on several portraits including a New York lady, and a lady of Oakland."

On February 4th The San Francisco Examiner states that "The young artist who has again firmly established himself in this city... besides his life class, has orders which will take up his time for the next three months... 'The Mouse Trap' which he brought from Paris had been accepted by the Paris Salon... Mr Yates can always be depended on for correct drawing... A black and white portrait of Madame Franziska Elmenreich...this portrait represents only the head of the great actress... Waiting, four portraits for ex-governor Stanford.

February 4th, The San Francisco Chronicle reports on a portrait of a 'Dr Stebbins.' and also on March 24th, "In his portrait of Doctor Stebbins Fred Yates has attained the two essentials of portrait-painting: a good likeness and excellence in detail and finish as regards mechanical execution. The figure is life size. and shows a three-quarter length. The position is one which Doctor Stebbins most naturally and frequently assumes. The head is full-face, and slightly lifted. The left hand rests upon the hip. while the right seems to have just fallen at his side. The colours of the background are deep in tone. The attitude suggests a momentary pause, after intense action. It can not be called repose, but is merely a suppression of action, It is as if a vigorous assertion or declaration had been made, and the speaker were waiting to note its effect on his hearers. Every lineament and feature of the original seems to have been brought to the canvas. But not in outward personality, alone, does the wonderful resemblance rest: the painter has put into the flesh and blood a soul, and it is this attribute which gives to it the impress of nature. It is this faculty of seizing the expression of man's inner being which marks the true portrait-painter. An artist may reach the perfection of expression as regards form and lineament: he may conceive a certain ideality for the original—be it better or worse: but if he have not painted the best that is in the man—that intangible something which may be recognised in expression or action—then is not the picture a faithful portraiture. Mr. Yates has bestowed upon this painting much care and time. and it is certainly the best work he has done since his arrival. It will be on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's during the coming week, and after that , at the spring exhibition." The Argonaut

Fred, steadily consolidating his position again in the centre of the art community was on March 14th, re-enstated as an active member of the Bohemian Club. The following extract is from "The Annals of the Bohemian Club:

"RECENT ENTERTAINMENTS. THE BOHEMIANS' RECEPTION.

"The members of the Bohemian Club tendered a reception, or, as it is styled in the language of Bohemia, a, 'Ladies' Jinks,' to their lady friends, on Wednesday evening, at their delightful rooms on Pine street. The opening address of H. J. W. Dam, who officiated as Sire, was replete with witticisms.

The subject offered for discussion was, 'What Shall We Do With Our Wives?' General Barnes expatiated on the title in his characteristic style, giving his idea of 'The Wife of To-day.' Jerome Hart gave an essay entitled, 'The Ideal Wife,' while George T. Bromley gave a humorous version of 'The Ideal Husband.' The music was one of the most attractive features of this auspicious occasion, the charge of this department having been assigned Major Darling, U. S. A., who is well known in musical circles as August Mignon, the composer of 'Recompense,' and other pieces. The gentleman, in honour of the occasion; composed a quartet for male voices, a copy of which was presented to each lady present, The music of this souvenir was none the less beautiful than the words, which were from 'Oliver Wendell Holmes' ballad, 'A Loving-Cup.' The vocal selections were entrusted to Ben Clarke and Harry Gillig, while the instrumental pieces were rendered by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. A string quintet also furnished music under the direction of Henry Heyman.

The Jinks room was transformed into a ball room, where Ballenberg's band was in attendance, although no formal order of dances was issued. The ladies went at will through the various apartments, and found much to admire in each and all of them. The art rooms were inspected by appreciative connoisseurs.

An impromptu cartoon from the brush of Fred Yates was on exhibition in the reading room.

The subject represented a scene at the Jinks, with nineteen life-like figures in the background. As eleven o'clock drew near, the guests repaired to the dining room, where an elegant repast was partaken of.

Parties numbering from a single couple to a dozen or more enjoyed their edibles at the smaller tables, which were laid in the card, library, reception, conversation and reading rooms.

At the conclusion of the supper came more promenading and dancing, interspersed with additional music- Fleeting time, however, at last brought all of these charms to a close, and the entertainment, which has been the principal topic of conversation in society circles during the past week, will now be considered 'among the things that were.'



*What shall we do with our Wives?
The Jinks cartoon for the Bohemian Club*

On April 7th 1883 The Argonaut tells us that Fred Yates was on the committee of the Arts Association of San Francisco, with Virgil Williams, for the menu and management of a Banquet to be held on Wednesday April 18th. Meanwhile, April 14th The Argonaut. "General Barnes has purchased Fred Yates picture 'The Mouse Trap.' On April 21st The Argonaut. reported on The Arts Association of San Francisco Banquet on Wednesday the 18th. The menu cards were designed by Fred Yates, and depicted "pretty, old time English scenes." and on April 28th 1883 The Argonaut mentions "Eugene," a charming and spirited study of a little French boy.

Then, on May 19th The Argonaut. tells us that "Fred Yates is well advanced in another picture. It is to be known as the "Grandfathers Story", and is, like his 'Mouse-trap,' a phase of child-life. It is "the children's hour," and the old man; seated in a cavernous easy-chair, leans slightly forward, telling to his absorbed little listeners some tale of long ago. In the background sits the grandmother, half turning from her darning-needle to watch the scene. A charming girl, who seems to have seen eight springs, is eagerly waiting for the climax of the story. At her feet is a sturdy urchin, with hands clasped over his knee, also intent on 'what grandpa did when he was a little boy.' Close against the old man's leg, and down in one corner, is a wee two-year-old darling, who stares out from the picture, awed by the impressive silence of the other children, but entirely oblivious to the story. The composition is original and full of beauty.

On June 30th in The Argonaut, we hear that "Fred Yates is camping out (sketching) in the Santa Cruz mountains with a large party of friends." and on July 22nd in the San Francisco Chronicle, " that he is...finishing a little interior picture, showing the effect of lamplight."

Meanwhile, Fred's activities at the Bohemian Club carried on unabated, as the following extract from *The Annals of the Bohemian Club*, show.

"On September 1st, Mr. Barbour Lathrop confidentially announced that there was going to be "a devil of a row among the newspaper men." and invited his brethren of Bohemia to be witnesses of the event. "The fighting editors will begin the struggle at 9 pm sharp," he adds.

Mr. Frederick Yates painted a cartoon for the occasion, while the music was under the direction of Mr. Charles B. Stone.



"The Sire Lathrop is seen in mid-air in the guise of a demon in the centre of the sketch, hovering over a group of journalists. The press is represented by an organ grinder, and under the spell of the music which he supplies is witnessed a scene of ludicrous activity. The dramatic editor is on top of the interviewer, who is lying on the floor with his auger beside him. The sporting editor is hitting the religious editor on the jaw; the managing editor is choking the proprietor in a frantic attempt to get possession of his money-bags, while two reporters are straining every nerve and muscle in a Graeco-Roman wrestling contest. A broken punch bowl is to be seen in a corner, and the floor is littered with a pile of the daily and weekly newspapers." (September 23rd, the San Francisco Chronicle)

Mr. Edward C. MacFarlane, at that time owner of the Wasp, an illustrated weekly, spoke on this occasion from the standpoint of a Newspaper Proprietor. He drew a picture of that important personage as he exists in the mind's eye of the populace—a gorgeous, overfed individual, lolling in luxury, whose only labour in life is to rake in twenty-dollar pieces, while the base minions whose brains supply the capital crawl abjectly at his feet and beg to be allowed to pay liberally for the privilege of beholding themselves in print. According to the popular notion, he was the controller of that "mighty engine which shaped the public mind for good or evil.—The scholar of perfect culture, the diligent historian,

the patient statistician, the laureate with his divine mission, the massive-brained philosopher, and every literary worker whose efforts are imperishable and memorable, are his eager co-labourers in the field of journalism,

“ This is all very fine,” says Mr. MacFarlane, “but, as a matter of fact, the newspaper proprietor is the hardest worked man on earth. He is the slave of the business office, and there is not a word that finds its way into print that is not filtered through his mind to suit the public taste and the dollar-and-cent policy of the advertiser. As for the contributor, the noble, self-sacrificing contributor, so far from being the diffident genius he is pictured, he may be recognised in any community by one unfailing feature, and that is cheek. His cheek extends from the nape of his neck to his front collar button. Take, for instance, the occasional Contributor. This gentleman brings in reams of stupid stuff, swears that all the other papers in town are after it, holds the proprietor up for five dollars in advance, strikes the office boy for half a dozen free copies and goes out with the blithe assurance that he will have something else ready for you next week. But even he is a toothless lamb by the side of the Special Contributor.

This creature clasps your hands and, with tears in his eyes, swears that you may rely on him, that he will have those two thousand words you ordered at 9:30 sharp, strikes the cashier for ten dollars on account, and that is the last you see or hear of him till pay day of the following week. And is the Artist any better ? No! I never gave an order for a cartoon that the Artist did not immediately draw seventy-five per cent of his pay before he began drawing the picture, and then, nine chances to ten, he would have painters’ colic or something at the last moment so that the cartoon failed to materialise.”

Mr. MacFarlane then paid his compliments to a great many newspaper men in the Club by name, declaring that they had maliciously insisted that he should read the first paper so that they might say all sorts of mean things about him afterwards; but he did not care; he really had not said anything very bad about them, not half as bad as he could say, and he defied them to do their worst.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart was assigned the duty of discussing the “Society Reporter,” which he did in his most caustic fashion.

The Low Jinks which followed treated of “Journalism in Its True Aspect.” Mr. Joseph D. Redding was the Sire, and he opened the festivities by saying, “Brother Bohemians: The subject will be divided into two heads; first, the head that you have with you to-night; second, the head that you will have to-morrow morning.”

On September 23rd, the San Francisco Chronicle reported that “Yates has lately completed a careful study of a head. It is entitled “Take a Pinch”, and shows the countenance of an old man, whose decayed teeth are to be seen through his shrivelled lips, which are distended by a broad grin. He is in the act of taking a pinch of snuff. He has also executed a very clever cartoon on the occasion of the Bohemian high jinks of September 1st.”

However, the following year, 1884, proved to be a very turbulent year in the San Francisco Art community, and for Fred Yates in particular.

On January 5th 1884, The Wasp runs a light piece, “Art slang defined:” which includes quotes from various artists. Fred is quoted: “Mythology: an excuse for indecency.”

Then on January 31st 1884 the San Francisco Call reports that the California Palette club has been set up. “Dissatisfied artists who want their own way as artists.” Opposed to ‘daubs and potboilers’ in the Art Association rooms, and intend to auction sales they organise.”

Fred, now aged thirty, and seriously committed to the cause of raising the standards of art in California, signed as a member at the inaugural meeting. Jules Tavernier, presiding at this meeting, became the president of the newly formed Palette Club.

From now on, the Palette club was to oversee the appointing of the hanging and rejection committees for the San Francisco Artists Association. Virgil Williams, of the old guard, and who had taught at the California School of Design since 1874, was not happy about this development and did not sign up. Soon after this, things got very lively indeed, and Fred found himself at the centre of a storm. The story broke on Sunday, May 4th 1884 in the Alta Californian.

STUDYING THE NUDE.

What a Father Found in his Daughter's Portfolio,

A QUEER CLASS OF MODELS

History of an Art Class Formed in this City and Suddenly Disrupted.

Sketching - Bootblacks and Tramps

The artists have been airing many of their troubles lately, and the public generally has taken but little interest in them, apparently being perfectly indifferent whether the Art Association rules the roost, or the Palette Club bosses things in the colour and canvas line. The wail of agony that went up -when the bold, bad managers of the Art Association dared to include the work of Eastern artists in their catalogue must have come from persons other than artists, for it is well known that Californian artists are as far ahead of the rest of the world as Californian big trees, and it is only reasonable to conclude that the local colour-grinders would rejoice heartily at the chance to once and forever stamp their superiority by exhibiting their work alongside of the miserable daubs of the played-out Eastern canvas spoilers. But in spite of the howl the public refused to become deeply interested, and it looked as if the subject of art must be obscured by the greater merit of the Sharon trial and the extra session, when right in the very nick of time a glorious illimitable scandal crops up in the local world of art, which, it properly nursed and boomed, will bring the strong flavour of Sharon's loves and Althea's wiles beneath an avalanche of odour only comparable to the bursting of an ammonia reservoir.

THE STARTLING DISCOVERY

The real start, the fountain head, so to speak, of this piquant episode -was the receipt by the Art Association of a number of nude figures, plaster casts of famous statuary. These casts were very much undraped, so much so indeed that the shirt collar and spurs on the Arkansas hero would be heavy clothing compared to their gorgeous absence of covering, and in their vicinity the light costumes of Japanese coal-heavers would pass for modest concealment.

When the statues were first unpacked so many members of the model class blushed and left the rooms hastily that the directors of the Association hastily enshrouded the figures in pieces of second-hand burlap, and kept them so enwrapped until their too glaring nakedness could be remedied. For this tribute to the maidenly modesty of his pupils the instructor was soundly berated. He was called a Goth and a vandal and his acts denounced as an outrage on artistic sense, a shameful admission of impurity, because he found the purifying influence of art insufficient to cover the nakedness of the Grecian statues.

The male members of the class had expostulation to themselves for a time, but by degrees some of the softer sex came to the conclusion that nothing in art could be impure, and they, too, murmured first faintly and then louder at what they were pleased to term the profanation.

FOSTERING THE SENTIMENT

The murmurs of disapprobation grow louder and louder and spread until they reached the ears of a smart young man, who thought he understood the meaning of the clamour and set to work to devise means to profit by it as soon as he launched his enterprise on the world. It was—the chaste pen of the ALTA contributor sputters and splashes as if protesting against being made the means to publish the secret, but concealment is useless, the truth will out sooner or later, and there is nothing for it but to tell that the scheme was a class for the study of nude figures from the life, and, more than all, a class in which the sexes were about equally divided.

This was "going it" with a vengeance; why, young lady students in hospitals are quite slow, old-fashioned, prudish folks in comparison. But the thing took as bold, dashing schemes always do take, and soon the great mixed nude class was an accomplished fact. The male portion of the class were of the customary Berkeley brand, while, strangely enough, the softer sex was represented there by drafts from the very nicest families in town.

Young ladies, whose mammas fondly imagined that they would faint at the mere suggestion of impropriety, rubbed shoulders with budding bohemians fresh from the underground haunts of Gambrinus' worshippers.

ALL THE RAGE.

The class grew and grew till it became the rage. One girl told another, and parents on all sides were importuned to allow their daughters to study art in Mister Blank's class.

One of the first models who posed for the instruction of the class was a venerable successor of Captain Jack, the King of the Can Brigade. Now, an old bummer is not a pleasing object at best, but when that same old wretch is deprived of the last vestige of clothing and stood upon a pedestal, he is about the last object in the world that fathers and mothers would care to have their daughters gaze upon. yet the "nude class" fairly stared the old bum out of countenance, and sketches of various portions of the vagrants anatomy decorate more than half a dozen albums.

The next model undraped for the benefit of the class was a youthful boot-black, a sixteen-year-old gamin who was picked up by the promoter of the class, and induced for the customary model-fee to pose for the young gentlemen and ladies. That bootblack proved the downfall of the class, and the ruin of its promoter. He brought trouble on many, and for him at least one young lady, who moves in the best circles, would have been packed off to a convent, if convents were fashionable.

THE FAITHFUL SKETCH.

This particular young lady made a sketch of the bootblack. It was a good sketch, a faithful sketch: too faithful, in fact, for its accuracy wrought its maker woe. The young lady kept the sketch and thoughtlessly put it away in the back of her drawing portfolio. A few days later her dear papa chanced to remember that his charming daughter's frequent absence from home was excused on the plea of drawing-class, and he asked her how she was getting along. She said she was doing quite well, and the old gentleman, naturally enough, asked her to show him some of her sketches. "Certainly, papa dear" said the foolish virgin, and off she tripped to bring down her blue-ribboned depository of sketches. The paterfamilias placed the portfolio on his knees and turned over the sketches, while Birdie hung over his shoulder, waiting for approving words and meditating whether it would be safe or not to coax the old man for a cool hundred to buy colours. "Thunder and blazes, but what's this?" roared the old man, as he savagely waved aloft a piece of paper. "Why, you darling old pop, that's—oh ! my gracious!" shrieked Birdie. It was the fatal sketch.

THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

The angry father turned to reprove his child, but she had fainted, and the agony was deferred. The young lady was turned over to her mother, who extracted from her all the particulars of the nude-class and duly reported them to her husband, together with the names of all the first-class young ladies who attended.

The angry father had sense enough to see that any fuss would do neither him nor his daughter any good, and wisely contented himself with warning the other parents whose daughters were as foolish as his own. In a day, the whole band of girly girls withdrew from the class, and the principal attraction being gone, the male students of the nude quit, too, thus bursting in a single day one of the greatest schemes ever evolved for catering to the prurient passions under the cloak of art.

Just over a week later, the Palette Club's first exhibition opened. The May 15th edition of the San Francisco Chronicle reported on the event.

THE PALETTE CLUB Opening of its First Exhibition. The Pictures Displayed. Critical Review of the principal Works of Art Placed in Exposition.

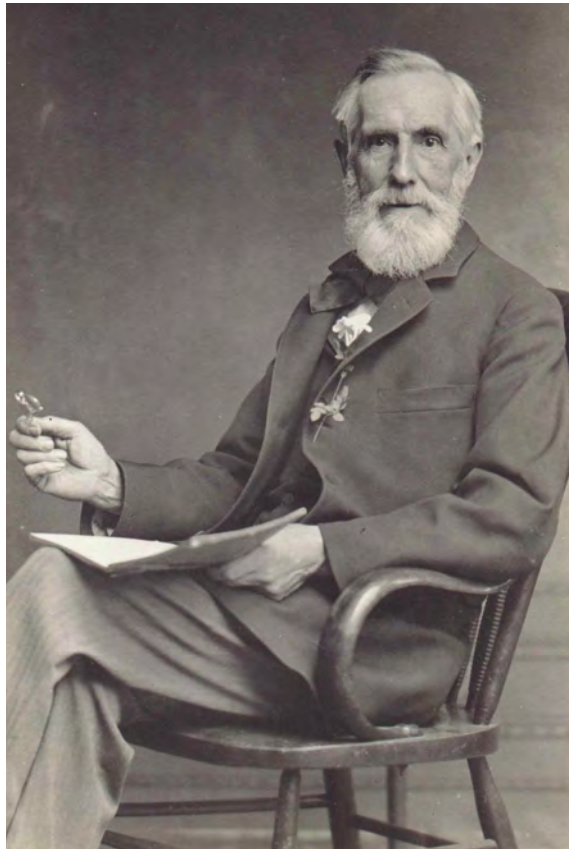
The Palette Club opened its inaugural exhibition of paintings last evening at the clubrooms, 417 Kearny Street, under the very favourable circumstances. So little time has elapsed since its organisation, that great credit is due to the executive members of the club for the very praiseworthy exhibition made last evening, especially when it is considered that the space at their disposal was so limited, in comparison to the number of works offered to the examining Committee.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted and the floral decorations, arranged by Mrs Tavernier and her friends, were in good taste and added greatly to the brightness of the scene. At an early hour there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, eager to inspect the various works of art, and in a short time the rooms were so thronged that a thorough examination became impossible, and the affair then merged itself into a pleasant conversation, during which the ladies appeared to be delighted with their hosts and surroundings.

The club already numbers more than 125 members and it is proposed to have its next exhibition in more commodious quarters, when assured of a firm financial basis.

...As usual in portraits, Yates has some fine specimens, chief among which for painstaking study and ample detail is the portrait of his father, which evidently has been to the artist a labour of filial love and veneration.

Also, on May 17th The San Franciscan reported that at the Palette Club Exhibition, Fred Yates exhibited a portrait of his Father. "A well preserved old gentleman sitting in his own easy chair by his library table."



A photograph of William Yates, Fred's Father

However, by June 2nd 1884 the press are really enjoying the story originally carried in The Alta and making the most of it. On this date the following article appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle.

STUDIES OF THE NUDE The Male Anatomy for Female Eyes.

ADAM ON A DRY GOODS BOX.

An Angry Father, Oblivious to Pure Art, Breaks up a Class of Modest Maidens.

An Oakland father of a young girl or rather lady, for she wear long skirts and disdains flirtations with men who do not wear mustache's, recently had occasion to be very angry at his offspring. She had discovered that she was not colour blind, and conceiving this negative qualification to be the only one which painters possess, she had prevailed upon tier parents to allow her to join a painting class.

This class met in the studio of Fred Yates, in the building formerly occupied by the Morse photographic gallery; It was the discovery of a "What is it" in his daughters portfolio of sketches that aroused the indignation of the Oakland citizen. No one having seen what this object looked like, it is of course impossible to describe it. It is not, however, impossible to tell the consequences. There was an angry father on the following morning demanding admission to Mr. Yates studio, with the result that a living and moving scene was caused which might be called a female painting class alarmed.

The angry Oaklander, who threatened to kick in the door panels unless admitted, certainly gave them good grounds for alarm for had he carried out his threat at that moment he would have seen a nude man, who a moment before was posing as "Adam Before the Fall," making frantic endeavours to crawl under a dry goods box which had served him as a pedestal while he posed as a model for the young ladies.

The model was not particularly handsome, but he was greatly scared; So much in fact that he paid no attention to Mr. Yates' anxious orders that he make a hasty toilet to look like the model of a classic Greek. He merely seized the cotton sheet with which the artist had tried to drape his limbs and renewed his endeavours to crawl under the box.

The class of ladies meanwhile with chattering teeth, all trying to veil their faces with the crayon drawings of the nude model. Two of the more self-possessed at last had the presence of mind to throw the Model his most indispensable garment. Into which he slipped as a streak of lightning flies into an Iowa farmers hay barn. This accomplished the irate Oaklander was admitted, but during the delay a number of scenes had been so arranged that the evidences of the nature of the studies carried on were no longer apparent. It is said that there was an animated debate for some moments and then the Oaklander departed for the new City Hall to listen to the testimony of the Sharon case.

RESULT OF THE RAID.

This raid, however crushed the zeal for art from the souls of the aspiring scholars. At first they denounced the lowness of a mind which could see bones and flesh before it could see art in a nude model, then they lamented the backward state of public opinion on the subject of nude models. Next they whispered to each other the story of the bewitched and vandalised models imported by the art association some years ago. and finally they concluded that while they themselves were ripe for nude art, the public and the times were not and with a sigh directed their model, to put on his clothes in their proper order, after which they paid him off and sent him out among his unregenerated, but pantalooned brethren who who were thronging the Montgomery Street sidewalks. Thus came to an fend the study in male nudes by a class of young ladies. Once more they produced the well-known and well-worn patterns of pansies, violets, lilacs and pinks, and once more they brought back to their mama's cords of painted plaques and panels as evidences of their progress and industry.

To Mr. Yates, who has just returned from European art centres, where the study of the nude excites no comment, the Oakland riot brought a broken spirit. The affliction was aggravated by the daily display of the pansy patterns, and a few days ago, when the class of ladies arrived at the usual hour, they were informed that he had gone to San Rafael to study "nude" still life amongst the mosquitoes. He left his will tacked up on the door of his studio. It reads as follows:

Mr. Yates wishes the janitor to clear the windows on the inside, to sweep the floor semi-occasionally and to have the ceiling whitened, as the young ladies will continue to take their lessons in the studio. The disappointed artist at all events wanted them to have a "nude" floor and windows.

The art circle, embracing the few who have sipped the heavenly draught, the effects of which are said to be the very reverse of those which the forbidden fruit had upon Eve, "for her eyes were opened and she knew that she was naked," are, of course, much grieved at the disruption of The class.

A PURE LOVE OF ART.

"We aren't civilised enough," said Jules Tavernier, (Who was to depart for the South Seas in December,) to a CHRONICLE reporter yesterday, "to stand that sort of thing, you know; Why, In Europe that sort of thing don't cause any comment. "

"Are there any young ladies learning to paint as an accomplishment in Europe?" asked the reporter. " I don't suppose there are," replied Mr. Tavernier. "Of course there are too many dilettante here. It spoils the business."

"And have the female dilettante enough of the divine sparks to see only art in a nude male?" "Oh, now, you know, I don't know." Said Mr. Tavernier winking like the light little red lantern over the door of a saloon on a wet and wintry night. "You see, it wasn't so bad as that. Mr. Yates wasn't at all afraid of the Oakland father. That wasn't it; no, sir.

"Besides, there was nothing improper about the business as I understand it. It was strictly a moral class – every member a Sunday school or a Bible class teacher. Of course Mr. Yates wouldn't have any others. It was pure love of art with him;and it was the desecration of art that made him exile himself to San Raphael. It was because his new plan of studying the human form divine did not work perfectly."

"A new plan? What was it?" "Why, you know, the models didn't really show themselves all nude before the young ladies. Oh, no. You see, I am told, he had a sort of screen in which there was an adjustable aperture, so, when they wanted to sketch a leg, or an arm, or a shoulder, or the breast, the model would just stick that through. That did not violate the proprieties, did it?"

"Not entirely."

"The trouble came in here. When the class had sketched all the parts and were then told to make a man of them. They got the things so frightfully out of their proper places, you couldn't tell if they had drawn a crazy quilt or the front elevation of a new patent coal oil-lamp.

The truth is, the Oakland man got hold of one of those monstrosities, and it was to prevent his daughter getting a wrong idea of the male form that he kicked up the row. You go up to the classroom and see some of the sketches now, and then come and tell me what you take them for."

THE SHRINE OF NATURALISM.

Adopting the suggestion, the reporter climbed the stairs leading to the cradle of art. He found "Mr Yates" still tacked to the door, and also the deep indentations made by the Oaklanders boots. The door was ajar and from within there came floating out the sweet whistled air "Over the garden wall." Knocking timidly, the whistling ceased at once; the door turned on its hinges and within the frame a young lady took her stand. Her hair was short, curly and tawny; her eyes, a merry blue; her face all a welcoming smile; her dress black, and her apron bedaubed with the whole range of colours. On the thumb other left hand –hung a palette. while in her right she held a camel's hair brush made out of pigs bristles.

Over her shoulder, the reporter peeped into the room. The first objects which struck his eyes were two sheets of cardboard covered with a crayon drawing. The faces were those of men apparently, and there were also discovered a pair of arms and legs. The remainder was as indistinct as the drawing of the desert of Sahara on the maps, or the disturbed fibres in one of the Sharon letters. The absence of the conventional covering, however, left no doubt that the figures were intended to represent real men. There were some more young women in the room, in addition to a gold-headed youth, at work on a canvas. An inquiry after Mr. Yates was answered by saying that this was no longer his studio, the only painter serving the class at present being Mr. Wores.

That gentleman was accordingly sought out. "I am not giving lessons from nude models," exclaimed that artist as soon as the reporter explained the object of his call. "I know there was a nude class in Mr. Yates studio, at least I have heard so. It was a mixed class of ladies and gentlemen."

"And male models?" "Oh no, they used whatever models they could get, male and female. I don't know who composed the class. I only know that it was similar to the classes which are attended by students in Europe. I had nothing to do with it. The class is disbanded, but the same persons are in Yates' studio still. And I merely go there once or twice a week to look over and correct their work."

Then they don't have any more nude models?" "For gracious sake, no. They just stick to ordinary painting lessons now. This town is not ripe yet for the other mode of doing business. No, not yet."

The June 29th edition of the San Francisco Chronicle 1884 tells us that "Fred Yates has given up his studies of the nude, and his art class disbanded, while he has sought the seclusion of San Raphael, there to sketch from nature and do a little portrait work." This may possibly have been the time when Fred first met Emily Powers Chapman.

On August 23rd 1884 in The San Franciscan, another satirical piece shows that the press are still milking the life class story for every last drop that they can extract. "...I asked Miss Potboiler, yesterday afternoon, what she thought of it, and – laying aside the brush with which she was putting on a half-nude study – she replied in her usually charming manner: 'Well I'm not one of Mr Yates' nude class, and my opinion mayn't go for much but...' The furore over the class continued for some time.



Emily Powers Chapman

However, out of these turbulent days,, the Art Students League was founded.

“The Art Students League.. was organised, August 1884 by six students, members originally of the San Francisco School of Design, and later of Mr Fred Yates class.” (March 6th 1886 San Francisco Evening Post.)

Some years later, on August 6th 1893 the San Francisco Chronicle ran the following story, which detailed the origins of the leagues origins.

TO ATTAIN THE IDEAL: Sketch of the Art Students League.

Purposes for which it was established.

Members who have won distinction by product of brush and palette.

Nine years ago, in August 1884, six art students in the School of Design of this city, engaged a large well lighted studio at 729 Montgomery street and formed a class which they called The Art Students League. Theodore Wores, who had just returned from his studies in Europe generously offered them gratuitous oversight and instruction.

This service he performed faithfully for many months, encouraging and stimulating the students by his unflagging interest and helpful suggestions. These services were held in the highest appreciation by the league and were enjoyed until Mr Wores departure for Japan, where he remained some time... The league under Mr Wores had rapidly increased in membership until it numbered twenty two pupils.

Fred Yates succeeded Mr Wores and inaugurated a life class that was composed of both sexes. There being a large number of young women in the league at that time. This was very unusual, and as it proved very startling to the San Francisco public, not then sufficiently advanced in artistic perception to appreciate the entire propriety of such a departure from the old time methods. The young people however were devoted to their art, and worked faithfully at their different models, unheeding the ill-advised protests that came from time to time to their ears.

The class was discontinued after it had been in operation for some months on account of Mr Yates departure for Europe. The league was particularly fortunate in securing as Yates successor, Oscar Kunath, who for the past three or four years has taught the portrait class in the San Francisco School of Design. He was director of the league for over a year, and his able services were productive of most excellent results. In time, fine attractive rooms on the upper floor of 8 Montgomery Avenue were engaged.

Here the league organised as a regular school with Emil Carlsen, Fred Yates, Mrs Mary Richardson, and Miss Elizabeth Curtis for instructors...

...During the regime of Carlsen and Yates, very delightful ‘Artists Receptions’ were given at intervals by the league. The rooms and the stairways leading to the street on these occasions, were tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns, potted plants, and other decorations often unique in design, always artistic. On every side the eye was delighted by some quaint and pretty device arranged by the deft fingers of the pupils. There was generally on these evenings, a lecture on art. There was always good music, and the opportunity for the exhibition of pictures by both pupils and masters was not neglected.”

Another retrospective view of events can be seen in a piece published in The Wave on June 25th 1892, written some time after Fred had left San Francisco for England, but before his success there meant that a return to San Francisco was unlikely:

“It is some years since Fred Yates shook from his shoes the dust of San Francisco. Since then he has prospered. he has obtained what is so dear to the artistic soul — recognition. In London where he has lived that has meant coin. In the field of portraiture he has won his success. An earnest worker, he can draw so well as to catch a pose exactly; and his tuition taught him colour.

Yates possesses a more aggressive type of individuality than is ordinarily found among artists. His fight with Virgil Williams, which led to the establishment of the Art Student’s League. those who are interested in picture painting will not have forgotten. How the younger institution prospered, how society flocked to its life classes, and the intense rivalry engendered will still be fresh in their memories.

There were endless stories about that life class. Mrs. Louis Haggin attended it, besides the daughters of several of our ‘first families. Mysterious whisperings anent nude models went the rounds, but little was said until the Alta came out one morning with sensational headlines and several columns that created the direst quality of consternation. Of course, it was said that Virgil Williams was responsible, for after that article the life class went out of existence and met no more. The pupils flitted to the country. Yates, however defiant, was almost crushed. But he revived. He worked on, went to Paris, and Mrs. Fair bought from him a picture that received honourable mention in the Salon. He returned, painted portraits, taught classes, and about four years ago left for England.

Prior to his departure he married a widow, Mrs. Martin, a sister of Dr Powers. She was then a very beautiful girl, with an absolutely classic type of face. A love match, of course. She will return with him. Yates has a villa at Chislehurst, where most of his work is done. Such is the demand upon his time, he has ordinarily fourteen orders ahead of his capacity to produce.”

Still further light is thrown upon these eventful times in a piece written with the knowledge of hindsight, and published on December 25th 1908 in Philopolis, San Francisco:

“The author of this piece was Arthur Mathews (Philopolis was his and his wife Lucia’s little magazine) who not only taught but was the highly influential head of the School during those years. Fred Yates was ahead of his time in culturally stifled San Francisco, breaking ground with a teaching practice that was common in Europe at that time. Mathews’s curriculum included segregated life classes with nude models almost as soon as he was appointed Director, and with no sign of further public objections that I have found.” (Steven Muzylowski)

“To Mr, Frederick Yates. that sincere and energetic artist and teacher, belongs the honour of establishing the first mixed life class, with any sincerity or energy behind it, in San Francisco : but the newspapers, instigated by, no one knows who, pronounced his life class immoral As said, I do not believe in mixed life classes ; still there is no moral difference between art students, male and female, studying in a room together before a live man in bathing trunks, and art students labouring in another fitted with plaster casts of the nude, with nothing to cover their nudity other than a plaster fig leaf. It is all a matter of habit, but I never yet found girls and boys working together in unconsciousness of each other’s presence —as a steady rule or habit. Therefore I don’t believe in co-education. And if you will know the whole truth, the nearest approach to unconsciousness of sex I ever , has been in a class of boys and girls before a nude model. So you will understand why I always considered the attack, from a high moral position, on Yates’ mixed life class a most dastardly deed. Of course the pressmen were merely amused at the situation — all the immorality consisted in the bad thoughts of the instigators behind the attack. And then again all the students studying in this life class were so gathered together out of necessity of economy.

There were not enough young men seeking a vital education, at that time in art (painting and drawing), to support a men’s class. However, through that disagreeable event the Art Students League was established, an establishment that was destined, through a train of sequences, beyond its organisers vision, to force a better system of “ art education”- into the California School of Design,

at that time only an absurd class in drawing from the plaster cast, It does not matter what happened in the art world of San Francisco before '83 and '84. The real formative period of California art (painting) dates from these years.

Three or four years later Emile Carlsen entered the California School of Design as head instructor, and while he failed (in some people's eyes) in making a visible impression on it. the truth is that he established there an atmosphere which the management could not eliminate.

The School as a whole, under Carlsen's kindly and sincere direction, learned at last the difference between a master in art and an art pedagogue. Now no artist, for very long, will consent to giving up the whole of his time to teaching cast drawing, or any other kind, to youths. So in 1890 the management of the "Art School" on Pine street felt impelled to abandon its pedagogic system and its dilettante methods of art culture, and adopt a system adapted to the requirements of artists.

From that time instructors in the California School of Design were only required to attend their classes once or twice a week during nine months of the year—the rest of their time being given to the practice of their professions, either as sculptors or painters.

The present writer taught, in this school, as its representative head, from 1890 to 1906, under this system, and never felt the strain except at those times when the reputed management showed signs of reverting to the pedagogic practices of the early day. And now the so-called graduates of the California School of Design, and the artists of California who have had experiences there, smile with something of derision when some people get reminiscent and sentimental over the early days of the "Art Institution" at 430 Pine Street We know, so the less said the sooner mended."

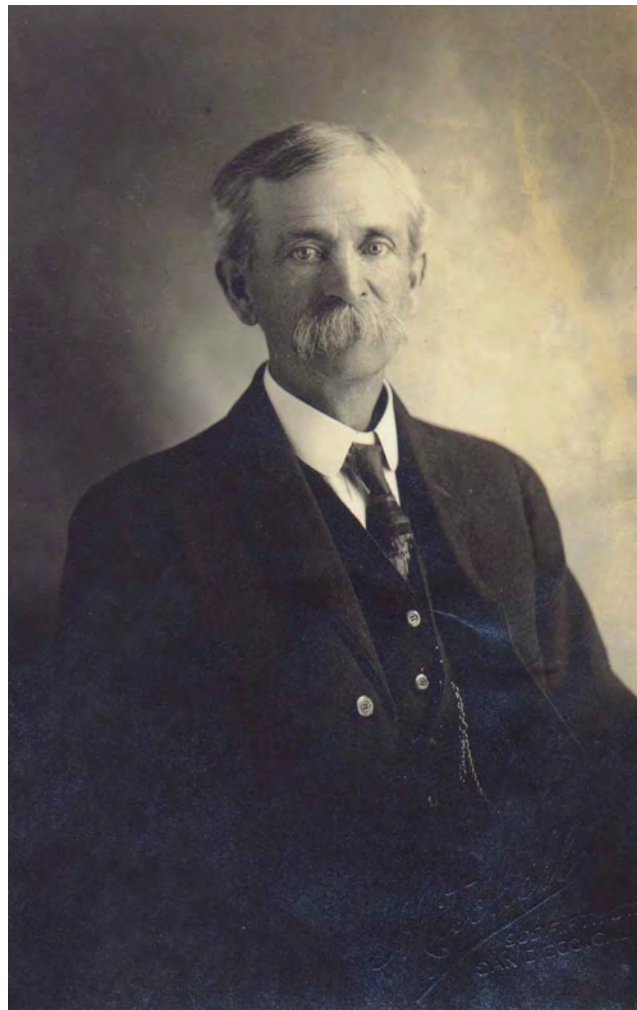
Fred is still out of town, as is reported on October 25th 1884, in The San Franciscan.

"San Raphael evidently has great attraction for Fred Yates, as he is rarely seen in the city nowadays."

This may be an informed comment upon a developing relationship between Fred and Emily Powers Chapman.

The Chapman family were descended from a Robert Chapman who left the Hull Area of Yorkshire, from Robin Hoods Bay, and arrived in New England (Saylbrook) 1635-6 via Boston. Seventh child of Russell and Maria Chapman. Born Newhaven, Connecticut 14.4.1855.

*Russell Chapman
Emily's father.*



Their house was near Yale University, and was later pulled down when the University needed to expand.

64 High Street

Several of her brothers went there, and that was probably how she met Claude Martin, a very good looking student.



Claude & Emily Martin



She fell in love with him, and though both would seem to have been too immature for marriage, and quite without “means” she married him before her 21st. birthday, very much against her family’s wishes.

He was the son of W.A.P. Martin, a missionary in China, who taught at Peking University, made a “simpler” Chinese alphabet so that other Chinese than the Mandarin class could learn to read their own language, in part.

He wrote several books on China, translated several Chinese Poems, and had many Chinese friends, who gave him the title “A Mandarin of the ninth button”, a great honour! He could not be awarded the top honour, “the Tenth Button”, because he was a “foreigner”.

He and his wife had several children, and how they managed to bring them up, being so much in China, one can only conjecture. He was in Peking at the time of the siege, and wrote a book about it. He seemed to take to soldiering with almost relish, there is a photograph of him with a gun slung across his shoulder, on his return to America.

The marriage did not work. Both parties were high spirited, and perhaps selfish, there was little money, and Claude obviously not mature enough for his responsibilities, and they parted in a year. She may not have known, however that she was pregnant when they parted. She did not tell her family, but tried to earn her living by taking a job as a sort of home help, though she was not used to much housework. After a month or two at work her mistress called her in to tell her, confidentially, that the reason that she had engaged her was because she was expecting a child in October. To which poor Emily could only reply, “So am I, madam.” This lady insisted that Emily should tell her mother or some elder sister who could take her in, so eventually Emily did this.

Her mother insisted she should go to San Raphael, California, where her sister Kate, now married was now living. Emily reluctantly went. Her sister, several years older, was inclined to “boss her” always, but she was very good to her in the coming years. Her mother and father retired to California about this time, apparently, for it was obvious that Kate and Mrs Chapman took care of baby Donald between them for the next three or four years while Emily taught music in a school in San Raphael, run by the Rev. and Mrs Lathrop. Could there be a family connection between this couple and Mr. Barbour Lathrop, journalist and prominent member of the Bohemian Club, mentioned in the account of the Bohemian Club Jinks of the previous year, for which Fred provided a cartoon? If there were, it could explain how Fred and Emily came to meet.

This kind couple became very fond of her and she continued there, able to have Donald with her once he was old enough, until Donald was 11 years old. During the difficult times before, she had written to W.A.P. Martin, asking if he could help her a little for the sake of his grandson, but he wrote a very cold letter saying he could not do so. When he returned from China he did go to see her and his grandson, and on meeting her apologised for having thought her just a designing woman who had trapped his son somehow into marriage too young, and acknowledged that, believing themselves deeply in love, they had both made a mistake in getting married.

Claude became an engineer, and built bridges among other things, but never acknowledged his first wife and son, never replying to a letter my father wrote to him in later life. Perhaps his second family knew nothing about his first, or the letter was suppressed by one of them, we'll never know, but it left my Father, (always feeling displaced by Grandfather and Mary in his mothers life) feeling as if he belonged nowhere. His mother adored him all her life, and wrote to him regularly wherever he was, until her sight failed towards her last days.

(From notes supplied by Joan Fox.)

Fred, however, could not remain ‘in the country’ indefinitely, and on October 26th 1884 the San Francisco Chronicle states that “Fred Yates is expected to return to the city next week after an extended absence.”

On November 1st 1884 The San Franciscan reports that “Yates has returned to his Montgomery Street studio for the winter, after a prolonged absence in the country.” Montgomery Street had become a centre for artists, and there were a number of studios in the vicinity.

By November 8th 1884, Fred’s activities are getting back to normal again. “‘The Better Land’ is a recent production of Yates. The subject is from Mrs Heman’s poem.” Considering Fred’s enthusiasm and commitment to his painting, it would be inconceivable that his time in the country would have been lacking in painting activity and sure enough, we hear that “He has also a portrait of his mother, and three landscapes, to show for his recent labour’s at San Raphael. The landscapes include Tampalais from the junction,, a roadside scene, and a hillside near San Raphael. They are all in the quiet style of Yates’s later works, and the hill scene is a little gem. From these pictures he will make a selection for the Palette Club’s exhibition” The San Franciscan.

A clean sweep for a decisive new wave of activity is evident, and on November 22nd 1884 The San Franciscan reveals that “Yates is painting portraits. His studio, which has been newly decorated and furnished, is now one of the handsomest in the city.”

By December 6th, there is even a return to life class activity in the city, as The San Franciscan reports that “Stanton and Rease – the latter a pupil of Yates – have opened a life class at Stanton’s old studio, No. 729 Montgomery Street.” At the Palette Club exhibition, Fred exhibits “Hillside scene near San Raphael.” The San Franciscan, December 13th.

On December 27th The San Franciscan reports: "Tavernier has left for the isles of the south," In the spring of 1889, in Hawaii, Tavernier died an early death, through drink. Upon Tavernier's departure from San Francisco, Fred Yates became president of the Palette Club.

His activities at this time are not confined to painting either, and on January 10th 1885 The San Franciscan reports on an amateur production of Romeo & Juliet in which Fred Yates plays the Apothecary. The programme cover, pen & ink work, is of course also by Fred. In between rehearsals and performance, he is still painting, and a portrait of Isadore Burns, "an old resident of the city often seen along the waterfront." is announced on January 31st 1885 in The San Franciscan.

On March 14th 1885 The San Franciscan tells us that "Yates is sighing for the hills of San Raphael." This may again be a further informed reference to Fred and Emily's developing relationship, It would seem however, that their relationship is soon to be tested, for Fred will shortly be departing for Paris and his second period of study.

On March 21st in The San Franciscan we hear that "Yates has finished a neat piece of work called 'Buttercups and Daisies,' a landscape with a wooded boundary, over which there is a strong play of light and shade. Three children are running about in the tall grass, picking flowers." He is also evidently exploring other subject matter, "A Servant of Buddha," is the title of another work not yet complete. A cross-legged Brahmin at his devotions, surrounded by the oriental accessories usually introduced into these pictures, is a figure into which Yates is putting a good deal of careful study, and with very satisfactory results."

Another report in The San Franciscan, on April 4th mentions this. "Yates is dividing his attention between his large class of young ladies, and a new study of oriental life." An interest in the oriental was popular in the arts during this time. It is interesting to note that Theodore Wores, 1858 -1939, another young artist in the Montgomery Street circle and who had met Oscar Wilde during his visit to the city, also left for study in Europe (Munich) in 1885. When he returned to San Francisco in 1889, he spent much time in the Chinatown area, exploring oriental subjects.

On May 30th 1885, The San Franciscan reports that "In a week or two Fred yates... leaves for a two years trip to Paris" (To study with Boulanger.) "On Thursday, his scholars, who are warmly attached to him, gave a farewell reception at the Art Students League."

Despite the enthusiasm of the artists though, euphoria was not universal. On June 21st 1885 The San Franciscan reported that a sale at Irving Hall had been a poor sale, and 235 pictures of various kinds had made poor prices. "meritorious" pieces by Fred Yates sold at prices which will "hardly cover the price of the frames." This must have been a grave disappointment to Fred, immediately prior to his departure for Paris, and it must have affected his plans to some degree. Some of his comments later in 1889, prior to departure for England, must have been coloured by



Programme Cover by Fred Yates

these financial set backs, and particularly so, following not long after all the unpleasantness attached to the treatment of his ill-fated life class.

There seems to have been something of an exodus of artists about this time. On July 12th 1885 the San Francisco Chronicle mentions that five major artists including Fred Yates, have all gone away. At this point though,

William Keith (1838 - 1911) returned from an unhappy stay in Munich, where he had been since 1883. Keith, born in Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, was an influential painter of landscapes, and a lifelong friend of John Muir (the naturalist and champion of Yosemite.) Keith's art developed slowly, and with a strong grounding in representational reality he was nevertheless something of 'a poet of the brush.' He was to be a painter whom Fred admired greatly, although there was evidently a degree of rivalry and an amount of sparring between the two, "they seem to have agreed to be enemies." comments Brother Cornelius, FSC, MA. in "Keith, Old master of California" (G. P. Putnam Sons, New York 1942)



Landscape by William Keith

Keith wrote to his friends Ina and Marie Brackenbury: "...Yates is doing a great deal of work and it is terrible, terrible. Mr. Scott wants him to paint me, but I don't want to sit, he has no colour, not a bit, and so terribly toneless—you mustn't say a word against his work, even in the kindest way; you would be surprised at his sensitiveness. ." (Letter of July 1897.)

"Yates actually painted a portrait of Keith—but what a portrait! The ground painting is strong, dark Indian red. The hair is a huge mass of wild scrolls of light granite gray; through the heavy-rimmed spectacles peer eyes that are keen, almost fierce. Coat. dull black. Keith holds rigidly to his palette and brushes. The picture is a wild dashing sketch. "Keith didn't like it at all," said Dr. Reginald K. Smith, who showed it to the author.



William Keith

Oil painting by Fred Yates

Keith in turn had fun at Yates's expense

when with a few chums, he would sometimes mimic the facial peculiarities of Yates in a way that was unmistakable and very humorous.”

On August 8th 1885, The Wasp informs us that “Yates has just arrived in Paris after a pleasant and interesting trip.” and on October 10th The San Franciscan tells that Fred is studying in Paris under Boulanger, and “...writes in enthusiastic strain.”

On March 6th 1886 the San Francisco Evening Post reports “Yates...working in the studio of Julian in Paris.”

Fred may well have been still exhibiting in San Francisco during this time as The San Franciscan of March 13th suggests he is included in the exhibition of Graphic Arts at “the new rooms of the Art League.”

On May 30th 1886 the San Francisco Chronicle reports on The French Salon – American Artists who are represented...

Fred Yates is mentioned as “an Englishman from Southampton.” with a work, in which the subject is taken from George Elliotts novel ‘Romola’.

On March 20th 1887 the San Francisco Chronicle reveals that “Fred Yates is expected to return to this city before the close of spring.” which is confirmed in the San Francisco Chronicle on June 12th 1887: “Fred Yates has returned to New York from Paris and will be in the city in the course of a week.”



Romola by Fred Yates

On his arrival in America, Fred wrote to Emily on July 18th from the Hotel St Stephen, 46 to 52 East Eleventh Street, New York. *“Morning today was just breaking and my heart gave a leap of joy at the glory of the Eastern sky. We have no occasion to praise God if we could feel the force of praise his works give him. I thought how beautiful was it all, and what an old idiot I was to have been so cast down this past week. I don’t think however I would have been cast down if I had not fallen sick. Dear Emily, life is truly sweet, in spite of the intense bitter that comes. Yours my blessed girl, Your Husband”*

In this letter, Fred refers to himself as ‘Your Husband,’ although he and Emily did not marry until December 31st of that year.

He is back in the swing of things right away, with The Argonaut reporting on October 12th 1887 that he has just completed a 2/3 length portrait of Mr Henry Heyman.

Fred and Emily were married on the last day of 1887, to start a New Year together. They must have been engaged for a while, as it was only in 1887 that she got a divorce, having apparently not troubled to do so before.

A new life began for her with Frederic Yates, "They loved each other dearly for the rest of their lives, and weathered hard times and various separations. They both loved music, and she was a competent pianist, a marvellous accompanist to singers, instrumentalists and choirs, able to play almost anything by ear, and transpose songs into other keys to suit any singer.

In her younger days she had a good contralto voice, and sang solos in church, when they could spare her from playing the organ, (in their Congregational church,) which she did from the age of ten or so. He was able to play the piano also (by ear only I believe) enough to sing popular songs and college ditties (as he played). She wrote very vivid letters, and when he gave her paints and urged her to paint a daffodil, she produced a lovely thing - but apparently never found time to do more.

With the true American interest in people, she was very hospitable, and throughout their life, though money was almost always short, welcomed all visitors, and would give away anything she had, if she thought someone was in greater need than she was.

Her housekeeping was only just adequate, but was not considered an important thing in the family, and her cooking hardly better than her husbands. All her family tended to say "Go and play to us while we cook the supper / or wash the dishes" so she would play the piano to order. When we were old enough we would sing part songs, and the jobs got done without being hard work. she would patiently play for us while we danced until we were exhausted, or play tunes and songs, to order, when we were in bed and putting off the awful moment of having to go to sleep!

What did children do in those days who did not have such a source of music! She never really learned to knit, and the only sewing I ever saw her do was fine embroidery of flowers on little bonnets and things which were sent in sacks of clothing for "refugees." She must have done the family mending at some time, but in our day Aunt Mary did all the mending, which she did as if it were embroidery, her darns were like fine bits of weaving. And she enjoyed doing it."

(From notes supplied by Joan Fox.)

The San Francisco Chronicle on January 8th 1888 reports that "Next week the Art Students League will begin its new term under the charge of Mr Yates."

A little later, on January 29th The San Francisco Examiner tells us that "Fred Yates formerly occupied Keith's studio. But his trip to Europe necessarily caused him to give it up. He is now comfortably situated in the Sutter Street building, No 712, the same which accommodates the French Library. 'Tuesday's and Fridays at Home' is the sign on the doors. Yates is almost incapable of painting with anybody looking over his shoulders. A few draperies, a throne, or platform, a number of interesting drawings and sketches, some by himself, many by his friends, relieve the walls.

The characteristic atmosphere of the French school clings to the surroundings. The storytelling side of art asserts itself strongly with Yates, and compositions which introduce children, particularly boys, seem to fascinate him most. He is tall, quick, and lively and his work shows evidence of mental characteristics.

By March 18th Fred Yates is busy on three portraits of a well known Judge, a journalist, and a doctor. Two or three landscapes also, developed from sketches made abroad. (San Francisco Chronicle) and on April 1st , a portrait of Barbour Lathrop (journalist) is "the subject of considerable talk at the Bohemian Club. " There is also a portrait of a Judge Boalt."

In the Spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. Fred exhibits various pictures. "The paintings that attracted most attention were those of Harrison, Carlsen, Yates, Jouillin, Stanton, Keith, Mrs Richardson, Strong, Yelland and Hill." San Francisco Chronicle April 25th.

An article revealing that Emil Carlsen is leaving for the east, appears on May 13th 1888 in the San Francisco Chronicle. It develops the theme of the poor support given to artists in San Francisco at the time. Carlsen states that "The people here do not buy pictures." and "People of taste have no money to buy pictures, people with money have no brains to enjoy pictures." He goes on to say that "Some of our best men have gone away because they had to go. Yates cannot live here and it is only a matter of time when he will go."

Emil Carlsen,(1853-1932) was an American painter of Danish birth. in 1887 he moved to San Francisco, having been invited to succeed Virgil Williams as director of the California School of Design. He also taught at the San Francisco Art Students' League.

During his four influential time in California, he shared a studio in Montgomery Street with Arthur Mathews. Exhibition and sales were poor and Carlsen was forced in 1891 to move back to New York. Carlsen exhibited regularly at the Bohemian Club. (Paul J. Karlstrom.



Emil Carlsen

On May 27th, The San Francisco Chronicle reveals that some lectures are planned. Fred Yates is to give a lecture on 'Art in Italy.' Also, it reports that the San Francisco Art Association exhibition was not a success,with only five pictures sold.

On June 10th the San Francisco Chronicle reveals that Fred is at work on two portraits for the Bohemian Club, and also at work on a jinks cartoon.



*Commencement Exercises
Fred Yates Jinks cartoon*

We learn on July 22nd that he exhibits at the San Francisco Art Association Teachers exhibition, 'A snow effect on the mountains.' (San Francisco Chronicle) and on August 5th 1888 The San Francisco Chronicle mentions a picture of a Mr. Henry Marshall.

On August 26th 1888 The San Francisco Chronicle reports that "With the assistance of Mrs Mary Curtis Richardson and Mr Yates, Mr Carlsen will open an Art Students League in opposition to the San Francisco School of Design."

Perhaps the poor climate of sales leads to a widening of Fred's activities, as on September 11th The Sacramento Bee states that "Fred Yates, a new exhibitor here, is represented by five canvasses."

The efforts to encourage a greater interest in the arts continued, and on October 1st The San Francisco Chronicle told of the Art Student League "Students Evening." when Fred Yates lectured to over 200 people on 'Architecture.'

Fred is by now doing a lot of teaching. We find in the San Francisco Chronicle, October 14th that Fred's classes are encouraging progress at the Art Students League.

He is painting portraits in the hours free from classes. On November 18th the San Francisco Chronicle mentions a Portrait of Mr Lathrop on exhibition, and on December 16th, Several portraits – Three life size. (San Francisco Chronicle)

There is the first mention of Fred's Millet lecture on March 23rd 1889 in the San Francisco Chronicle.

"FRANCOIS MILLETT The Art Leagues Studio Evening.

Fred Yates Reads an Interesting Paper on the Life Work of the Celebrated French Artist.

The feature of the fourth 'studio evening' of the Art Students League last night was a paper read by Fred Yates on the life work and struggles of Jean Francois Millett, the French painter. His paper was illustrated by lantern views of pictures by Millett, which were well presented by Mr. Treat, who managed that portion of the entertainment and were greatly appreciated by the audience. The reproductions were the work of a member of the league. Mr. Yates told of the early life of Millett and of how, even in infant years, the noble art found a cherishing place in his bosom.



*Joseph D. Redding
Bohemian Club*



Sketch from Fred's Millet Notebook

Mr. Yates graphically described the artist's early struggles, and told of his first endeavours and of the fund being raised at Cherbourg for his support while studying at Paris; of his first unhappy marriage and the death of his wife; of his subsequent and felicitous marriage; of his toiling for bread at the French metropolis and of painting signs for a livelihood. From a poor peasant boy Millet became a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and he who had hungered for a crust was awarded before his death a contract for \$10,000 to paint church decorations for the Government.

Millett died in 1875 in his 61st year. Among his best-known paintings are: 'The Sower,' 'The Angelus,' 'The Sheep-Shearer' and 'Death and the Woodcutter,' The last was refused admittance to the Salon. Most of the artist's best works are owned in this country. 'The Angelus' is owned at Paris. Millett did not believe in weakening character. The beautiful was to him the suitable."

Another review of the lecture reads "The reception of the Art Students League at its studio on Friday night was very enjoyable. The paper on Millett read by Fred Yates was instructive and entertaining, and the lantern views were well managed. The studio was crowded with many friends of the league who display great taste in the work being done by the students." April 7th. San Francisco Chronicle.

On April 27th in the San Francisco Newsletter, "Fred Yates shows a number of strong heads in portraiture, at the head of them being a 3/4 length of Thomas Nast, the former king of caricaturists." and on May 5th Fred removes his studio to 220 Sutter Street. (San Francisco Chronicle)

On June 1st Fred speaks out in the San Francisco Call which reports:

A PRIVATE VIEW.

Emil Carlsen, Fred Yates, and Mrs Richardson were the instructors of the League during the greater portion of the two last terms: the former has gone east, however and the two latter are now in charge. That their tuition has been conscientious is evidenced by the work of their pupils. Only a very select few were admitted to the private view last night.

After they had had an opportunity of examining the drawings Mr Yates made a very interesting address. He spoke of the league, of its organisation and of its objects. There were four classes, he said, the antique, study of the head from the living model, the nude and finishing. The landscapes shown,

Mr Yates explained were independent work, not done in school hours; still life alone was cultivated. There were no awards for the best drawings, the satisfaction of success being a sufficient incentive to hard work, and the only recompense.

He went on then to speak of the lack of encouragement for young artists who strove to do the character of work there exhibited. Were they to turn their hands and give an equal amount of labour to decorating plaques, or colouring photographs, fathers and mothers brothers, sisters and friends would be encaptured with their success and enthusiastic over their remarkable talent.

In this connection Mr Yates told a little story. On his return from Europe he met one day a young man whose sister had previously taken some lessons from him, and this young man addressed him thus: "How can I thank you, Mr Yates for your wonderful teaching? You have inspired my sister with the most marvellous love of art, and she is doing wonders." Mr Yates expressed his delight to hear of the young lady's ability, and asked what character of work she was doing – landscape, figures, historical or what? "Just after you left," continued the young man, enthusiastically, "down she went to a dry-goods store one day; she bought some satin and set to work on it. Ah you ought to see the fine things she turns out. They are great." "If she had been conscientiously working down here she would have had no such encouragement as that painting on satin. Faugh!" concluded Mr Yates.

He also told of a Parisian teacher who used to ask his frivolous pupils whom he saw were wasting their time, the occupations of their parents. On one occasion, a young fellow who was frittering his time away, answered "Mine's a farmer, sir." "Let me advise you, then, then to go help your father and give up art," was the caustic advice tendered, and strange to say, accepted.

All are not born to art; many come, few are chosen. Success can only be attained as the results of hard striving and much labour. It must not be undertaken lightly, or with hope of ultimate profit. The happiness, the pleasure of it, is in the execution. Why are not friends and relatives satisfied if their daughters simply obtain an education that must add much to their pleasure in life, that educates both eye and brain. If, for instance a girl knows music, it is not demanded that she should be continually exercising her accomplishment; her friends are happy in the conviction that she is not ignorant on the subject; they don't demand that she be a magnificent performer. All cannot hope to attain the goal. It is only the very few who really succeed, and at what a price.

Mr Yates expatiated on the lack of encouragement to art in this city. He thought that at least one of our multitudinous millionaires ought to expend some of this capital in the erection of a museum, whose lack here is a disgrace to the city. This absence of encouragement has driven Carlsen, Wores and many others away from the city. They had gone where work met with more appreciation. In conclusion, Mr Yates paid a very high compliment to the labour's of Mr Carlsen and Mrs Richardson. Next term, he said, he hoped to have Mr Arthur Mathews, a Parisian artist of great ability as a teacher."

The following day, the San Francisco Chronicle also covered this. "It is very pleasant to be able to give those who have taken up art as a serious life work a word of praise. The goal of a healthy ambition is afar off, and the nobler it is, the greater are the difficulties to be overcome before it is reached.

At the exhibition of black and white oils of the students of the Art Students League are seen many works worthy of the warmest praise. They give every evidence of ability, artistic feeling and conscientious painstaking endeavour. From this institution, of which little has been said in the past, will come steadily powerful painters who may realise the hope of the older artists by founding a purely American school.

Fred Yates, one of the instructors in the league and a painter of great ability, read an interesting paper at the opening of the exhibition of Friday night in which he spoke of the attitude of San Francisco towards art. He spoke of the difficulties thrown in the way of the student, and regretted the indifference of the public towards artists. 'We have no art here' he said, 'We have had among us artists of undoubted ability, but the best of them have been obliged to leave us. Our best painters have been driven away, and the newspaper critic is alone in the field. What art wants is encouragement, and not abuse.'

Mr Yates is in error when he says the best painters have been driven away. The gentlemen he mentioned were not in that class. The best artist who ever put nature in her most poetic moods on canvas is still here. The Art Students League will open again in September, when Arthur Mathews, a very distinguished painter, will take his place as instructor."

The story is continued on June 16th in the San Francisco Chronicle. "When Emil Carlsen went to the East some months ago it was believed he had gone back forever. One or two of his very many friends said he had 'come to earth' when he arrived here; that his going to the Gotham Art School was a 'translation'; and that his second coming would be looked for in vain. Mr Yates said he had been forced to flee to escape the wrath of the Philistines. In fact, Mr Yates said the best and the strongest painters had been driven from this city, and ended a paper on the subject of abuse of artists in the following cutting and sarcastic but misleading sentence: 'The San Francisco newspaper critic is alone on the field.'

The inference was certainly far from flattering to the thick-skinned and second-rate artists who still remained to hear the onslaughts of the 'critics', and doubtless the remark would have received a reply from some of the painters here had not Mr Yates disarmed protest by taking a front rank among those who had not been forced to depart."

Fred's work in portraiture is gaining momentum steadily, The San Francisco Chronicle of June 30th reports that "Mr Yates has completed an excellent portrait of a prominent member of the Bohemian Club. The artist is doing a good deal of portrait work, and has proved most successful in getting likeness, flesh colour and natural pose." Another Portrait completed in 1889 was of 'W.S. and Cutler B. Whitewell' and is now owned by the Society of California Pioneers. (Alfred Harrison, North Point Gallery.)

On July 14th in the San Francisco Chronicle the news breaks that Fred is to be bound for Europe to complete a portrait commission. "Mr Yates has received the congratulations of many of his fellow artists. He will leave for Europe soon to execute a commission for a titled member of the British Aristocracy. The work is in the nature of portraiture, in which Mr Yates is remarkably successful. He will remain in Europe for five months, the greater part of that time will be spent in Paris. The position he occupied at the Art Students League will be filled before the next term."

Fred's departure is reported in the San Francisco Chronicle on July 28th 1889: "Fred Yates left for London last week. He will spend two months in the British capital and will then go to Paris, where he will remain three months. He will make a tour of the Continent and may not return to this country before next spring."

Although this visit appears to have been initially intended to be temporary, it turned out to be a decisive event, and marked a turning point in the in the lives of the Yates.

1889 - 1906

Arrival and life in England. 1889 - 1906

The newspapers in San Francisco continued to report on Fred's activities in England. On September 8th 1889 The San Francisco Chronicle reports "Fred Yates states that the artist is at work on his orders and enamoured of the heathery moors, well defined hills, and 'beautiful cloudy skies' of the country downs." and on November 11th, the San Francisco Chronicle: "...Fred Yates ...winning fame in Great Britain and Ireland ... has received much attention and many kindly notices in Ireland and Scotland."

Fred had been commissioned by the Marchionesse of Downshire. He immediately becomes busily engaged in consolidating his position in the arts community on the other side of the Atlantic. This can be seen from a letter which she wrote to him from East Hampstead Park, Wokingham, on March 9th (Probably in 1889-90)

"Dear Mr Yates, I am glad you have seen Sir John Millais. He seems on the whole to have been encouraging. Let me know when you have been to Sir F. Leighton. I am not going to town at present, but when I do I will certainly let you know. Yours truly Downshire,"

In 1890, it still seems that a return to California is expected, as on February 9th 1890 the San Francisco Chronicle writes: "Fred Yates will soon return to San Francisco... trip to Europe most successful... all his time was spent in executing orders." but by March 9th, the San Francisco Chronicle states "Fred Yates... may not return for some time... given many commissions and will fill them before returning to America."

Plans for Emily to also move to England develop, and Fred writes to her on the 25th May 1890.



The Dowager Marchionesse of Downshire by Fred Yates

"Sunday Night My Dear Love, If you come to England I want you to bring the dresses no matter how old they are, and if Herman still has his camera get him to take some views about the dear old home – as we shall treasure them here....."

I had a most pleasant evening last night with Dr Browne. He is very like Mr Bates in many ways, but more subdued if that expresses any difference. Strange how he longs to see America. He knows something of the country and asks if I don't find the people less conventional and more generally cultured than they are in (America)..... *(Section missing)*

We talked on several topics I learning something at every moment. He is a perfect encyclopedia of information and gives it out with no show of pedantry. They look forward to seeing Buggy. Oh dear heart! That you may come – How you shall have love, and the dear boy, how we will assuredly never never leave one another again, - never!

I talked freely my opinions of the Academy and after that the Doctor said "Let us see how the Athenaeum Critic carries you out." - and we read perhaps twelve columns and all so carried out what I wrote you, that the Doctor said "Mr Yates, did you have nothing to do with their criticism!" – laughingly, of course. He said it would be doing a good work if I would take parties through the Academy rooms – "No, seriously I mean that," he said.



Room At Downshires, (from a sketchbook)

Today I lunched with the Newgasses. A lady there I liked – Miss Gova – refined and well informed on many things, and most womanly – her face quite a pleasure to contemplate. How miserably my nature behaves when I look from such a one to one whose only object in life is to exist, eat, what exists but which shows only at moments. Mrs Newgass at luncheon said "Now Mr Yates, you mustn't blush when I tell you" – (I'm given that may Buggie – but can't help it) – "Mr Geilgud was here the other day at dinner, and sang your praises. – He said that you have the true appreciation of nature and the bold assertiveness of Velasquez." I went scarlet, whether it is kindness in people to say such things to ones face I doubt it, but I feel gratified Mr Geilgud has a good opinion of my work.

Mrs Newgass says he is a newspaper art critic, but doesn't know for what paper he writes. He must do it for love, for his business is in the war office. I know you will be glad to hear he likes my work, and more glad when you see the manner of man. Entirely exceptional in every way, both in manner of expression and mode of thinking.

Their boy I have helped in advice how to paint still life. The good fellow was here one afternoon for an hour and I made everything quite clear, giving him only a few simple rules and ideas that will expand..." (Rest missing)

The work continues, on June 29th The San Francisco Chronicle: "Fred Yates is painting portraits by the score in London, and has more to do than he can soon accomplish."

However, Emily writes to Fred on the 4th July 1890 from the steamer "Mefied" bound for Los Angeles. "My love, You will feel neglected I know. It is, I don't know how long since I last wrote. But you will understand; I rest in this. Now I am coming! Farewells all said and we are actually started. Smooth sailing, we've not had an instants illness. Miss Birdshaw, my C.S. instructor is on board with us and shares our stateroom.

Dear Jack is downstairs with the Porter. Happy as a king at not being left behind! I visit him four or five times a day. He eats as he hasn't all the time we were at the Greggs. I think he felt the coming changes then, and feared separation. Grandma grew very fond of him and Nell said "I wish we could

have him." Dear people all! How my heart melts at the thought of them! But, it is all well, my life, life for me and with you, - wherever it is.

I send three tin lined cases round the Horn, and your Easel in another (not tin lined.) I shall soon see your Father and Mother, and my Brother Russell.

Dear Heart, the rush of packing is over and I have leisure to think quietly of my nearest and dearest. I can hardly realise that my old life in California is over. God give us wisdom and the will to serve Him truly.

You would enjoy the view from my stateroom, now still and placid blue sea, Last night glorious moonlight, reflected, and stirring thoughts of God's beauty and intelligence.

Mr Worcester went with me on Monday to Mrs Bennett, the last time I was to see her. I enclose the letter she sent me since. Dear woman, the tears came and her dear face trembled when I kissed her. She kissed me three or four times, and one was for you, "One of those for him." I asked when she said I was to kiss you for her - "No" she answered, "another, for him," and so I gave her one long one till I dared not press her dear face longer for fear of losing calm. I feel at rest about her, in leaving her with Mr Worcester. We shall soon be at Santa Barbara, where I mail this. I am yours beloved, this you know. E."

On July 30th. Fred writes to Emily:
"Deeeeerr O'gerresss.....This is to give your greetings to the Emerald Isle as I can't be there . - and when you are reading this I shall be in Liverpool sitting patiently on a wharf log awaiting your arrival.- patiently of course I don't mean. I began Lady McLintocks portrait yesterday.

Had a good evening at Chislehurst last week with the Millet lecture notice of it in the Daily News which I send you with this. - The disk in the sky is our honeymoon Buggy!

I have got a lovely temporary home for us at Chislehurst for two months , by which time we shall know best where to settle down.

A wee word for Mr.Sherwood - give him my love - I have all sorts of ideas about Don's schooling but we must wait and talk it all over. - My love to the dear fellow - Now go and sleep quietly and in the morning you will see the Buggin."

By September 12th 1890 they have settled in their new home in Chislehurst, and Emily describes her first impressions of England in a Letter to her Brother, Percy.

"Dear Percy, Long time I've had an envelope addressed to you but Fred (not having been able to begin at once, his sitters not being returned from summer trips,) has made Don and me serve as models. You know his continual thirst for being at work. So with sitting for him and reading to Don while he sat, and singing and playing for his inspiration while he painted the collie dog, flowers, and



Out of my bedroom window (from a sketchbook)

the house (in the garden) I've had no time of my own for letter writing. But I have wanted to write you, as promised, while I was fresh for impressions.

The domesticity of England first struck me, as opposed to the wildness and raw, colossal distances of western America. Every inch of the country, trodden for centuries, has the air of long use, of extreme cultivation. The people not so much so. They show the effect of ancient institutions but in most cases it is conspicuous in a hardened crust of conformity, rather than the mellowness of heart-culture always so irresistible. The types of character are so strong everywhere, they interest me intensely.

I like London, I love riding on top of a bus. It is great fun (tho' hardly Christian!) to look down on everybody around you. The vigour of the barrel-pianos amuse me without fail and the industry (if such it can be called!) of the grinder stirs me to laughter. Here we have rhythm in its full charm (tho' it may be bare of all other) and the runs that go pirrrrrp! Every few bars, answered by chup a chump a chump a chump in the bass, a sort of tumbling down, backstairs effect, filling in the rests at the end of a phrase, nearly burst me!

The shape of the loaves of bread familiar to me long in English books, struck me queerly. Venetian blinds too so universal here, I was green about manipulating. The old fashioned inconvenience of things, the being obliged to wait for people to do things for you rather curbs ones American restlessness; and Fred laughs at my finding so many things "broad in the beam" from the Queen to the fish women and steam engines.

The mis-applied h's of course are noticeable to a new-comer. The lost ones, one grieves at being unutilised, until one reflects that it is about counter balanced after all by their being added in other (tho' unlooked for) places.

But after all, the question is more vital "does England like us?" than "do we like England?" Of course there is much that we greatly enjoy. The charm and beauty everywhere, especially here in the country where we are fortunate to have found a beautiful house for two months whose owner wishes a portrait painted by way of rental. Servants run everything, knowing so well the routine and this leaves me free to enjoy and entertain of which latter we've done a good deal. The opportunity being so good to show attention and hospitality to Fred's friends.

Tom and Eric, Jeff and Rose have visited us here. Mr and Mrs Mill (whom Fred painted and thro' whom we got this house and the order which pays for it, and other orders here too which pay our expenses (here no small sum)) have also been here and their son comes tomorrow for the night.

Tennis court in a lovely garden shaded by Linden trees over gravel walk and turfed terrace bordered with bright flowers. Don said I must learn to play having such opportunity, as I do every day, and sometimes do well, sometimes very badly.

Herbert Pain and his wife came in last week and played with us – They live at Bromley, three miles away. Invited us there to dine today but I am busy getting Don ready for Rugby next week as we've put it off. The Lower School, you know, not the Rugby School, for which you have to apply for your boy years before, I believe, to get a vacancy.

What I hate most over here is the everlasting fee - ing. I can't see how self-respect can grow when in every face you see the eager look of greed for the possible shilling. Men or boys or women chase you for a block to do something for you you'd rather do yourself in order to give you the pleasure of a donation. What earthly chance is left for acts of common civility, untouched by morbid motive. Give me the "land of the free" every time in this respect. But I am enjoying the cathedrals, the galleries, and all by which we can grow. Dear Fred is off to work this a.m. – Mrs Fleming, his sitter, having returned.

We had a night with Tom and Eric at their pleasant home when we first arrived. Both most lovely and hospitable to me, and their boys are beautiful and well brought up. Harold is particularly handsome. How I wish you could get Jeff out to America! He came Sunday and brought his Zither, and played delightfully. He is very Handsome, full of dry humour and rather silent in general. We shall invite his sweetheart here soon, he seems quite devoted to her, Rose says. Of course Jeff and I find congeniality in music. Sunday night we had a great time singing "Lord for thy tender mercies sake" and other anthems. Rose was decoyed into it too.

I so often think of our lovely day with you at Juarez and El Paso. Nearly all the Pottery came safely and Fred mended all that didn't except one little one that was in small bits. He was much pleased at the little wax figures we had such trouble about and found for unwinding all the mummy-like folds of tissue paper that it was safe except the old barbers spectacles which had tumbled off – but that was easily fixed. The little horn cigar-ash-holder too, Fred admired much. But dear Percy shall I tell you that my wicked husband so fights me about wearing the silver snake you so generously gave me that life is a burden. I fear he will throw it away some day when I am out, so great is his aversion to those creatures, and he storms at me for having such a preference. Says "a mexican woman might wear it all right, or a gypsy, but you, of all women on Earth!" and what can a body do but promise never to put it on again. But I assure you it has troubled me greatly and taken away all my pleasure in it. Peace in the family at any cost! What would you like me to do with it! I feel so chagrined about it, but "you see my difficulty, don't you?" as the little Mikado heroine said when she objected to being burned alive with her husband at the end of the honeymoon. I have not yet seen Moggin tho' we've exchanged letters. She is out of town but we shall write her to come here soon and then I will give her your little gift.

By chance Hetty was in the station expecting her husband the day we arrived. If it had been all planned it could not have happened better, but Moggie wrote sorrowing at Hetty's triumph, and rallying her at not being the first to see Fred's wife!

I would like to go for a walk with you dear brother, over the common where a granite memorial cross is erected to the young son of Eugenie who was killed in Zululand. The Emperor died here you know and I look down the long avenue of Elms thro' the tall iron railing at Camden Park and think of the beautiful woman and her sad history. I send you some red leaves of the Virginia Creeper that covers the house and is now turning a glorious colour. I always think how you and Alice love them. Now do write, You promised you know not to treat us badly in this respect any more. Fond love from us all. Sister Emily."

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, in 1891 the newspapers continue to report on Fred's activities on the other side of the Atlantic "Fred Yates's many friends will be glad to know that his success in England grows rather than abates. For the last seven months he and Mrs Yates have been living in Kent at Chislehurst, but he has a studio in London where he spends much of his time. He has all he can do to fill commissions, but he intends to do something for the next Academy." March 9th 1891 The Argonaut.

Another report on the departure of Emil Carlsen, continued,

"FLYING FROM PHILISTINES, Another Artist joins the long list that have abandoned us, Emil Carlsen is going East...."

Fred Yates, as strong a portrait painter in picturing on canvas the character of him whom he drew as ever had a studio on this coast, could not make a living here and packed his colour box and went to England, where he is appreciated and making money painting pictures to go into private galleries for posterity to gaze upon." September 27th, The San Francisco Examiner.



Fred and Emily's daughter, Mary was born in Chislehurst on the 12th of November, 1891.



From a sketchbook, December 12th 1891

By June 5th 1892 it has become clear that Fred, Emily and Mary are to remain in England.

The San Francisco Chronicle: "Fred Yates, whose return has been expected, is not coming back to San Francisco. He has been so successful in England that he will remain there indefinitely." Also on the 10th of July the San Francisco Chronicle reported "Fred Yates is doing too well in England to think of returning here, and has denied the statements that he intends to return."

By 1895 The Yates appear to be very well settled into their new life. The Press in San Francisco now seem to enjoy printing stories about the success in society that Fred is enjoying in Europe.

The San Francisco Examiner reports on November 17th 1895: "An Artists Wife, Mrs Frederic Yates. The London 'Sketch' of recent date, gives a page illustration from a portrait of Mrs Frederic Yates, wife of the talented California artist, whose success in the great metropolis has been the talk of the artistic world. Mr Yates has devoted himself to portrait work, and has had many high lights of British nobility for his subjects. 'He's a fine, sincere, hard-working fellow,' said a California friend of Fred Yates recently. 'and deserves all his success.' Mrs Yates is also a Californian, and is a relative of George H. Powers of San Raphael."



Mrs Frederic Yates from The London 'Sketch'

Also on December 22nd 1895, prompted by the same piece in the London Sketch, The San Francisco Call has the following leading article.

SUCCESSFUL FRED YATES

A Former San Francisco Artist who is Painting Portraits in London

A Believer in Western Genius Who Says That California Has Plenty of Talent.

“Frederic Yates, formerly so well known In San Francisco, is making a great success in London,” said William Doxey at the Bohemian Club yesterday. “Plenty of his California friends will be delighted to hear of his prosperity, for we always had perfect confidence in him.”

Mr Doxey was looking over a recent number of the London Sketch, which contains Yates’ latest production. It is entitled “The Artists Wife,” and is a charming portrait of Mrs Yates.

Becoming reminiscent, Mr. Doxey continued: “I remember as if it were yesterday the time that Yates told me of his intention to go to England for a short visit as he expressed it. “ ‘I have received an invitation to go to London and paint the portrait of a young man, the favourite son of a wealthy nobleman, and if he likes the work I’m to be liberally compensated.’ he said. “I advised him to take a run out to Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House and such other points as he might be fond of in this part of the world “What for?” He asked. “Because, Fred, you’ll never come back here again,’ I replied.

“Yates pooh-poohed at my suggestion, but it has turned out exactly as I said. I knew that such a commission as the one that took him to London was bound to be followed by a great many more orders, and now he has more than he can do. I was reading in the London Athenaeum the other day an announcement to the effect that ‘Frederic Yates the portrait painter,’ had returned from a tour of Europe. You will notice that it didn’t say ‘Yates, a portrait painter from California.’ but Yates, the portrait painter’ I expect to see him sign ‘R.A.’ after his name before long.

“It is a great pleasure for us who believe in the talent of our Californians to see them go to the front in so notable a manner whenever they make the effort. I tell you, we have genius enough on the Pacific Coast in writers, artists, sculptors and the like to supply the demands of the rest of the world and have plenty left for our own demand.”



Mr. Doxey is very enthusiastic in regard to this subject of home talent, but it is possible that his remarks were slightly tinged with irony, it being confessed that the appreciation of the public has not in the past been commensurate with the merits of our chosen few, who dwell in the higher walks of literature and art.

In addition to Mr Yates’ London establishment, where he has his studio, he has a beautiful country seat, where he entertains his friends in true western style.

From the studio window (from a sketchbook)

In 1896 Fred is to return to San Francisco. Joan Fox continues the story in her notes.

“From around 1890 when they made their home in England, Fred Yates made trips back to the USA when he had commissions for portraits. He did several portraits in California in 1896. and with their only daughter, Mary, (born in Chislehurst in 1891) they went back to the USA to see both sets of parents, both by then living on the West Coast, and enabling them to see their grand daughter for the first time. From there they went on to Hawaii (he painted President Dole, etc), then to Japan for 16 months, painting portraits of people at the British Embassy and any others who cared to be done.”

His visit is duly announced in the San Francisco press, and on the 17th August, The San Francisco Call reports:



Fred Yates, the Artist Who Admires Keith's Pictures and Who Will Be Wined and Dined by the Bohemians.

When Artists Return from Meeker Grove A Dinner will be given to Fred Yates.

The picture painted by William Keith, which so fascinated Fred Yates, will be placed on exhibition in this city and then sent to London.

Mr. Yates has visited the school of design at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and talked with many of the resident artists since his arrival last Wednesday.

He recognises that San Francisco artists are doing excellent work and speaks highly of the advantages which the San Francisco Art Association presents to students on the Pacific Coast.

A dinner in honour of Mr. Yates will be given at the Bohemian Club, but the event will not occur until the artists who are now in the redwoods of the Russian River return. The preparations for the midsummer high jinks have called many artists to Meeker's grove.

Mr Yates' studio in London is visited by many Americans, and he has had the pleasure of entertaining Mark Twain, Alexander Harrison, Theodore Wores, and others there. When he returns to England, he will probably paint the portrait of Jerome K. Jerome. He has several commissions in the United States, so he may not sail from New York until late in October.

His sojourn in San Francisco after an absence of seven years affords him special delight. Nevertheless, he records the observation that as a young artist in this City he had many a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door of his domicile. Recalling his early experiences as a student, he says now that he gained in Italy more knowledge in the art of painting portrait's than he ever acquired in France.

Mr Yates is a member of the Hogarth Club and the New English Art Club of London. From the latter organisation several of the associate members of the Royal Academy have recently been drawn.

His first offering to the Royal Academy, which he regarded as an excellent head, was “chucked.” Yates’ called Shannon to see the picture and explain wherein it was deficient. Shannon asserted that in England there were not six men who could surpass the work, therefore he advised Yates to persevere. The result of the persevering was the admission of subsequent pictures to the academy.

Also, on August 29 1896 in *The Wave*, the following piece appears:

FREDERICK YATES

A Plea for Our Local Artists and for Intelligent Criticism.

One of the hardest thing a young artist born in this country has to learn is that, whatever his talent, he is without honour in his own country and among his own people until some foreign city has found him out and stamped him with her approval. The press of this city generally assume that if a thing is painted, written or composed here, it is necessarily of no merit, and the reporter’s whole duty is to be funny at its expense. The result is that most of our artists leave as soon as possible for a more sympathetic atmosphere, where criticism is based on knowledge and aims more at truth than at journalistic humour.

It was this spirit of antagonism that lost California an artist she should have exerted every power to keep, if she has an atom of local pride. Frederick Yates, whom all London knows as one of the coming portrait painters, tried long and vainly to gain recognition here. An intelligent critic would not have failed to recognise his talent, hut unfortunately that is not the kind of critic the press employs, even though it must know that in a community where artistic discrimination is not as yet widely cultivated, its careless word can make or mar a career.

Though Mr. Yates’ later work may be more finished, none of it holds more charm than a portrait of a little girl with red-gold hair and a dimpled chin, looking frankly out at you as she stands holding a Japanese doll by one arm. When this was exhibited here, it received just one press notice, which briefly disposed of it as “a portrait of a silly little girl, painted in a commonplace manner.” The little girl is so real and living that one half expects her to swing that dangling Japanese doll and ask the Question that is evidently just shaping itself on her inquiring little lips; and perhaps the critic thought that to paint things so that they looked like life was to be “commonplace.” That was only one of many incidents that induced Mr. Yates to give up trying to follow his career here. He was very poor. and at one time needed money so badly that he took one of his pictures to an auction room. He had to provide a frame, and that cost forty-five dollars, while the commission took live more,— and the picture brought fifty dollars!

Utterly discouraged at last, he found means to go to London, and there, within a month of his arrival, one of his pictures was hung in a prominent place, and the great Watts himself came and complimented the young artist. Commissions soon followed. and it was only a little while before Mr. Yates had gained a secure position as a portrait painter.

Personally. -Mr. Yates is tall and dark, with a narrow, interesting face and deep set eyes that take a somewhat tragic view of life. He has a nervous, intense organisation, and impresses you as one who would die for a cause or be martyred for a principle, but who could never, under any circumstances. find a grain of humour in life’s little ironies.

“Of course, over there one is merely a drop in the bucket,” he said, speaking of his position. “But if they once like you, they stay by you. Here they would drop you in a minute for the first new man that came along. They are not only changeable, but they need—” “They need ? “ I suggested, as he paused. “In a very fine house here, I saw a painting in a red plush frame, “he said, in a quiet, inexpressive tone that nevertheless conveyed a very clear idea of how the sentence could have ended.

“I had an art school here, and gave my classes nude models to study,” he went on, presently. “Do you know that a great many people thought I was depraved. I even received anonymous letters about it,

and many would not join the classes on that account, What can you do with a community like that? Of course, it is different now, but—no, I prefer London. But I want to say this: You have true artists living here; Keith—Oh, there's nobody like Keith! - Bruce Porter. Atkins, Peixotto, and a number of others whose work deserves worthy criticism. They don't need your praise, but they do need your discrimination; they need the stimulus of your appreciation. Do see that they get it! Keep them here, build up an art centre of your own. Why not ? Sargent, the foremost portrait painter of to-day, is an American, and so is Whistler, and so was George Innes. You have a giant among you already in William Keith. Do stop the wholesale abuse, and attack only what is false and ugly. Let public opinion be guided by men who know what they are doing and suppress the little cats that scratch.

The mention of Porter, Atkins, Peixotto, is indicative of a new group of artists and writers whom Fred had befriended, which also included the writer Gelleff Burgess, and on the fringes, the writer Jack London.

This group went by the name of 'Les Jeunes' and published a little magazine called "The Lark" which was printed artfully on rice paper and also was issued bound into two volumes.

Fred contributed a couple of items to this, whilst he was in the area.



'Les Jeunes'

In 1897 Fred's adventures continued. He travelled on from San Francisco to Hawaii, and on his return to San Francisco the San Francisco Chronicle on February 7th reported "Fred Yates will shortly have an exhibition at Vickery's. He returned Friday from Honolulu and some of his pictures were put in place yesterday. He brought back considerable new work."

On March 20th 1897 The Wave published the following story by Fred about his travels in Hawaii.

AN ARTIST IN HAWAI **Fred Yates Impressions of the Paradise in the Pacific.**

It was at the Invitation of Judge Hartwell of Honolulu that the opportunity offered for my visiting the Islands, and with little preparation for my journey beyond a goodly supply of painting materials I left San Francisco in October last on the City of Peking, bound for Hawaii. It was the ordinary experience of a seven days' trip.

We steamed out of the bay and crossed the bar with the usual accompaniment of a head wind and driving fog, the fog sirens booming. until after three hours sailing we found ourselves beyond the reach of that part of our glorious climate! The trip was un-eventful, beyond the fact that there were some handsome girls aboard and a more than usually gallant Captain, and as for myself, and being alone. I gave by my presence a touch of seriousness to the general air of gaiety of the other passengers. Each day after sailing the temperature gradually rose, until on the fourth morning the sea and sky prepared us for the beauty that was to meet the eye on our arrival at Honolulu.

On entering the harbour a subject ready for the artist is at the ship's side. Young Hawaiian lads from ten to fifteen years of age are swarming in the water, watching with eagerness the passengers on the Quarterdeck. Their beautiful forms and the reddish hue of their colour is in lonely contrast with the greenish colour of the water. By throwing a nickel to the boys instantly every figure is out of sight and vanishes into the depth below, the first boy appearing on the surface shaking the water from his head and smilingly showing the piece of money, deposits it, monkey fashion. In his mouth, and is ready for his next opportunity.

On going ashore everywhere there is the picturesque — groups of native flower sellers and fruit vendors. They do not vulgarly press you to buy. They are neither beggars nor peddlers. They give you a smile of welcome. You pass on unmolested, and you have formed your first impression of the dignity of the race. It is this impression which remained by me unchanged to the end of my visit.

Pressing on beyond the business parts of the town one finds the streets animated with a large proportion of Asiatic races. The Japanese women wear the costume of their country, and shuffle in their picturesque manner through the streets, carrying their children on their backs. The Chinese, more respected in the Islands than in the United States, have a cheerfulness of manner, a sense of equality that is unknown to them here.

Honolulu appears to have been little frequented by foreign artists, judging from what one sees on the walls of the residences. but there is an association of local artists, who are of sufficient energy to give twice a year a very creditable exhibition. Their President is Mr. Howard Hitchcock. A man beyond the average of ordinary talent. Mr. Allan Hutchinson is a sculptor, his work being accepted at the Royal Academy in London and other galleries on the European continent, is also a prominent member. Mr. Hutchinson is now engaged on a commission from Mr. C. R. Bishop, of a series of life-size figures for the Bishop Museum, representing the life and customs of the natives. The strongest types of pure Hawaiian blood have been selected for models, and these have been reproduced by casts made in plaster, giving an absolute reproduction of the body to the minutest detail. As the native race is so rapidly losing its ancient customs, the value of this work scientifically can hardly be estimated.

As I was a visitor to the Island for but a few months, I was impressed with the certainty that to live always in a country does not necessarily imply that one sees its potent characteristics. On the contrary one becomes deadened to them. We see, as it were, rather by contrast. during the whole day there are transient effects continually changing, which here would be but the effect of the moment. A glory of colour there from the first gleam of morning light to the moment of darkness .is always paintable, and a possibility, which, in California, we are obliged but to make mental note of and take our chances of reproduction in the studio.

At night, such is the brilliancy of the moon that on three occasions I was able to make sketches as though by the light of day, an assertion which I can verify by sketches brought back with me. In the matter of form as distinguished from colour, the charm of the Island rests in the latter. The characteristic forms are the mountains of Diamond Head, the coconut trees in silhouette and a tree known there as the monkey pod, but for the other parts of the Island upon which Honolulu is located it is colour alone which holds the spectator. On the beach there is the ever enticing subject, the Hawaiian fisherman, muscular fellows of gorgeous colour, who are for the most of their time engaged in watching for shoals of fish, which come within their reach beyond the coral reef.

I must make but one other exception in regard to the matter of form as against the charm of colour. — The Pali, a gorge that opens between two high bluffs, from which is displayed a view beyond the power of the brush to describe, but to the artist remains forever in his soul. a view of a world beyond — the unattainable.

I have passed months on the Island of Capri, which this Island recalled, but with all the romance of ancient history attached to that place I have never experienced there the rapture that possessed me on seeing the view from the Pali on the Island of Oahu. But I feel to have made the greatest advance in the art in what came to me in contemplation of the shell strewn along the sea shore. There one readily understands what locally affects Japanese art. On the Island beach I several times picked up crabs, shells, sea urchins, which might readily have served as models to the Japanese designs, explained, I think: by the fact that the same ocean washes the two shores.

I shall exceed the liberty of space extended me if I touch on the social aspect of Honolulu, but allow me a remaining line to testify to the genial hospitality of the intellectual community with whom I came in contact, whose members showed a readiness to be appreciative, a readiness to accept our point of view. and, although critical, are a people with whom an artist will, if true to himself, "make a station" for which in after years he will remain forever grateful,

On March 23rd 1897, in the San Francisco Chronicle reported on Fred, who had just bought some work by the young Californian Artist, Arthur Atkins.

The Young Artist Whose Pictures an Older Artist Has Bought..

When Fred Yates, the Californian painter who has gained fame in London, returned to this city from his recent trip to Hawaii, he saw in a picture store a landscape that excited his greatest admiration. For three successive days he studied the picture and then bought it. Inquiring for the author of the picture he learned that he was a young Californian, Arthur Atkins; only 22 years old and entirely un-taught. Mr. Yates found him at the studio of Bruce Porter, working with Mr. Porter upon designs for stained glass and there learned that Mr. Atkins is about to leave for Paris to study and that he had arranged an exhibition of his pictures for last Saturday afternoon at the studio. Mr. Yates asked him the price he had placed upon the pictures, and the reply of the young: artist was that the exhibition would be merely an incident to a social gathering at Mr. Porter's studio and the commercial feature would not be introduced. Mr. Yates insisted on knowing the prices at which Mr. Atkins would sell his pictures and immediately ordered two canvases in addition to the one he had bought from the dealer. At the exhibition, though Mr. Atkins insisted he would make no sales, orders were given for every picture on the walls, with two or three exceptions.



Mr. Yates says that his purpose in buying three of Mr. Atkins' pictures was entirely selfish. "I need them," said the London artist, "in my work. I have not found elsewhere such purity of colour, and, though the canvases show lack of instruction of the painter, yet they show that he thinks in colour and paints true pictures."

Mr. Yates, speaks of the young artist as a modern Georgeone and predicts for him distinction in Paris.



“Arthur Atkins, christened William Arthur, was born on Union Street, Liscard, England on November 3, 1873.

The family moved to Penarth, Wales around 1889. Arthur,s oldest brother Henry had emigrated to Piedmont, California that same year to work for their uncle William K. Vickery in his print shop.

Henry became a partner a few years later and with a third partner formed the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey Art Gallery, which became the finest and most progressive art gallery in the western United States for 50 years. W.K. Vickery had worked with his brother-in-law, the well known print dealer Frederick Keppel, in New York City in the early 1880s. A bout with tuberculosis sent W.K. to California in search of a cure by a better climate.

Arthur followed Henry in 1892 and he also worked in the gallery. Arthur,s first known painting was a tiny monochrome blue landscape done in 1891. He did sketches of California plants to include with letters back to England after his arrival, but his first serious venture into art was probably in August, 1893 when he enrolled in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art in San Francisco.

He exhibited one painting called “Evening” in the Spring of 1894 at the annual student exhibition which marked the culmination of the year’s studies. It was not until 1896, however, that he began to produce numerous landscapes in his own poetic style characterised by a muted tonal range and flattened, almost stylised compositional elements. The influence of the head of the Hopkins Institute, Arthur Mathews is clear and Mathews’s debt to James McNeill Whistler is well documented.

Mathews encouraged all of his serious students to study in Paris, and it was fundamentally accepted by most American artists in the 1890s that study overseas was essential for success. Arthur prepared himself for the trip in April, 1897 with an exhibition of his work at the studio of his best friend and fellow artist, Bruce Porter. The show was a smashing success with the sale of most of the works helping to finance the journey. He left a week later for Penarth, where he visited with his family and painted the shoreline and Penarth pier. He arrived in Paris at the end of August, a very excited and enthusiastic art student.

He spent many hours copying paintings in the Louvre and attended classes at Colarossi,s school for artists. He painted the Pont Neuf several times from his apartment window and made many excursions to paint all around Paris, at Charenton and the Luxembourg Gardens.

Bruce Porter met Arthur on the southern coast of France on Christmas Eve, 1897, another location where Arthur did several paintings. They travelled into Italy together and then back to Paris. Porter mentions signs of illness in Arthur at this time in later letters to the Atkins family.

Arthur returned to California in August, 1898, with his younger brother, David, and they soon took an apartment together on Post Street in San Francisco a few doors down from the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey Gallery.

Arthur grew progressively ill and finally died on a Sunday, January 7, 1899. He was 25 years old. He painted until the end. There are two paintings extant known to have been done the last week of his life. (*Information from Steven Muzylowski*)

There is more contention in the San Francisco artists circles reported on April 24th 1897 in *The Wave*: "After the disruption of the Guild of Arts and Crafts (which, however, seems to think itself alive and tries to gather a handful of men every Monday night into its Pine-street rooms) the artists quieted down for a while and there was hope of peace- But their petty rivalries have clashed again and there is a new feud started, originating in the Art Association, as usual, The Hopkins Institute has found the artists so hard to manage in the past and has been so much embarrassed by their hard kicking, in season and out of season, that this year it decided to leave all the arrangements for the Spring Exhibition in the hands of the exhibitors themselves.

A meeting was therefore held to select the date of the vernissage and adopt rules for the proceeding. Among the regulations that then became law was one clause excluding pictures that had previously been publicly shown. A clique of painters is now holding this rule over the heads of several members of the Bohemian Club whose canvases have been exhibited in the green room, with the attempt to freeze out the work of Yates, Keith, Strong, Peters and Latimer, on the grounds that the club rooms are 'public' since they are open to ladies escorted by members on Wednesdays. The absurdity of excluding such valuable additions to the Spring Exhibition was prevented by the action of the directors of the Association, who decided that the rule should not be held retroactive and so Yates portraits and Peters' nocturnes were on view Thursday night."



When shown, they were duly described in *The San Francisco Bulletin* on April 24th, "Portraits of Fred Yates show up in fine style among the lesser work of some of the younger artists" and then on May 1st 1897 in *The San Francisco Examiner*: "A slim and dreary Art Exhibition at the Hopkins House. Among the many portraits shown, Fred Yates easily took the lead in strength, that of General Barnes giving one a most intense sensation of vitality and power." *The San Francisco Call* on May 2nd continues, "Fred Yates, who at present has his residence in London, shows several portraits of a high order of merit. Mr Yates is a former San Franciscan and was here recently on a visit, at which time he painted the pictures exhibited. The pictures are those of Charles R. Bishop, General W. H. L. Barnes and Irving M. Scott. Mr Yates style in painting is full of vigour. He handles colour as if it were fun to him. There is nothing laboured about his work and all of his pictures are good likenesses and need no label to those who know his subjects."

W. H. L. Barnes
Bohemian Club

Fred's sitters are amongst the most influential Californian men of the day, as can be seen in the report of May 22nd 1897, in *The Wave*.

"The portrait of C. P. Huntington, which Fred Yates completed a few hours previous to the departure of the magnate for New York, is one of the very best pictures this artist has ever done. Certainly he had in the president of the Southern Pacific Company an admirable subject. It is seldom an artist has an opportunity at such an individuality.

Of the great railroad builders of America Mr. Huntington is the survivor. His is an interesting, a bold and very conspicuous figure in the history of the last quarter of a century. It must be confessed, however, that the photograph does the canvas an injustice.

The modelling of the face, which, in the original, is full of character, is not expressed in the reproduction, for in photographing we lose the effect of colour gradations.

The camera expresses lines and shadows inimitably, but it fails to record distinctions between tones.



C. P. Huntington by Fred Yates

However, the picture is not only an excellent likeness, but it also gives the beholder an impression of the forceful personality of the subject. Mr. Huntington's enemies do not deny his genius. He is a big man - mentally and physically — strong, self-confident, decisive but yet a philosopher, of alert mind and studious inclination who, had he not been a great trader, might have been a great artist, writer or ought else he had turned his hand to."

On August 29th, *The San Francisco Call* reports on the San Francisco Art Association Exhibition. "The one picture of the collection that has come in for the most attention both from artists and visitors is a small canvas by Fred Yates. This is the first landscape that Mr Yates has exhibited since his return to this city, and it is a surprise and a revelation. 'Old Cypress Tree' is all the title there is to the picture. But it does not need more of a title, It explains itself and tells it's own story, and tells that story in a most forcible manner. In the first place this small canvas has been painted in a style that has not been seen on the Pacific coast before. It is of the most modern style both in handling and scheme of colour. Broad, vigorous and graphic, only a glance is needed to tell just what the picture means. Just as a glance at a sunset sky tells the beholder what it is. But at the same time, the more this picture is looked at, the more there is in it. All the composition there is in this picture is a small clump of Cypress trees, gnarled and twisted by the wind. But how much Mr Yates has got out of them. The trees are really trees and seem to be swinging to and fro. There is a sense of atmosphere which

seems to hang over the Monterey coast, and you can almost fancy the beating of the surf just over the cliff. You cannot see any sign of it, but somehow you know that it is there. The colours used in this picture are of the strongest kind, and yet the result is soft and pleasing and of the most harmonious nature, The colours are laid on broadly, and produce the effect that some eminent painters have designated as 'fullness'."



The San Francisco Call on October 24th tells us that "The picture of Raphael Weill, painted by Yates is to be sent to the Paris Salon." and on October 31st 1897 that "It is reported that Fred Yates is contemplating a trip to the land of the Mikado."

Fred had been commissioned to make portraits of members of the British Embassy in Japan. The family had taken the opportunity to travel via San Francisco, revisiting artist friends and allowing Mary to meet her Grandparents and other relatives.

It is announced in the The Wave on November 27th, that Fred shows at the fall Art Association Exhibition. and on December 2nd, in the San Francisco Call that he exhibits at the Bohemian Club Exhibition. and also on December 9th that he is at a Banquet at the Bohemian Club. for a Toast to the memory of Jules Tavernier.

The San Francisco Chronicle reports on December 12th that Fred Yates sold two small landscapes at the Bohemian Club Exhibition.

December 25th 1897, The Wave

On March 1st, writing c/o Pacific Mail, Yokohama. Emily describes the experience of Japan. "How surprised you will be to hear we are in Japan! We have meditated it for a year, & finally sailed Jan 6th. A terrifying voyage of constant storm, but terra firma at last & such thankful hearts!

The sight of glorious Fujiyama, snow covered to base & pink with sunrise at 6 1/2a.m. from the harbour roused our enthusiasm. I remembered your request for stamps. Perhaps Fred & Elizabeth have recovered from the craze before this. We shall stay here about 6 months and then go to England via India. We are keeping house, my husband painting portraits . I have rented a lovely piano & am practicing (wonder of wonders !) Send me a line Fondest love unchanged - Emily Yates."



From a Japanese sketch book

Joan Fox continues: "The family then travelled on to Shanghai for three months. I believe they were called to Shanghai by a telegram telling them that Fred Yates' stepson, Donald, working as an engineer on the S.S. Undaunted, had become very ill with fever-

They left Japan for Shanghai where they nursed Donald back to health- Wherever he went Fred Yates had to find commissions to pay their bills, and Shanghai was no exception, I believe many fine portraits and landscapes were sold for much less than they were worth.

He did a very good portrait of Sir Ernest Satow at the British Embassy in Tokyo and they remained friends and met again when Sir Ernest retired to England." *From notes supplied by Joan Fox.*

Back in San Francisco, on March 6th the San Francisco Chronicle reports that "Fred Yates to exhibit several portraits at a show at the Hopkins Art Association." and on April 17th appears in the San Francisco Chronicle, the only positively bad review of one of his paintings that I have found: "There is a wonderfully bad portrait of Mayor Phelan by Yates... who can do good portraits when he is in the mood..." On the other hand, The San Francisco Call on April 24th, in praising the work says that "No one paints like Mr Yates..." and sometime later, on March 31st 1900 The Wave stated that "Yates Mayor Phelan is one of the finest paintings owned by the Art Association."



Gibraltar, from a Japanese sketchbook



From a Japanese sketch book

They returned to England some time in 1899 and lived in London. Emily, writing on September 3rd 1899 from 52b Campden St. Kensington, London, to an American relative, describes how the Japan episode concluded. "I think if one could only decide hour by hour, the things that are of the truest relative importance, and devote ones self only to those, ours would be a well ordered, beautiful life. But I have a foolish habit of devoting myself first of all to the things most people neglect – to make sure they are not neglected! And then I've no strength left for the great things of life when they demand energy and attention.

I've just returned from our tour around the world, by India and Suez, so didn't see New York, or you again. Don came out to meet us in Japan having served his four years apprenticeship at John Penn's Marine Machinery works in Greenwich. He got a position as fourth engineer on a tramp steamer, and when we met him he was at deaths door. I nursed him for two months in Yokohama, (jaundice, typhoid and pneumonia) and he was saved. We all came home together in a Japanese steamer,

(2nd Class) much reduced in finances through this unexpected illness. He is fine and well again now, and were so thankful to be home again. We've taken a Studio and home together and Don is at work again; at the Swan Edison Electrical Works in London this time, and we are beginning all over again.

Thank you dear, for your goodness to my dear brother Aaron. I won't write more now, tell your Fred I tried to get the stamps he wanted but can only send one (the 12c Hawaii.) Perhaps he has long since secured it. I think I may sell my collection someday if I can get a good price for it. We need the money, and I've no longer eyesight or time for it. Write dear, if only a short letter. Don't make a burden of it. Life presses. Ever yours with fond love Emily"

Back in England, Fred is soon travelling again, his enthusiasm and vitality undiminished, this time to Ireland, where he writes from The Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin on Monday, 5th August, "My dear Emily, I wrote you rather a long letter last night but I'd like just one short one now to tell you what I have done today . - I went to the museum and spent nearly four hours in the painting gallery. - The collection is a good one but not up to the New York - There was one fine Vander Helst and one by a painter I do not before remember Flinck. - a follower of Rembrandt - very much in his style - both portraits I am surprised when I see the Sir Joshua Reynolds, some are very indifferent He must have despised so much of what he had to paint. - he is certainly very conventional in the work that they have here - But how necessary I see is to be That I have work of other men within reach . - Anyone living isolated in S.F. must become small and one sided - shallow So many of the pictures I saw today tell me that tradition only is what attributes to their value - such rubbish some low degrading Tenniers known the world over that aesthetically are not deserving of a position they might take their position historically but not otherwise Landseer was delightful in a picture of the old Duke of Wellington visiting the scene of Waterloo some ten years after the fight - Full of pathos but it is the work of a poet rather than a painter.

Two Vandykes were in his noble style . - and one by Bellini 7 Giorgione combined . - of five Venetian poets - I tried to get photographs but none are to be had - Turner is represented well. I see in him combined the artist as well as the painter. - some clap trap in his foregrounds - but the scheme of every painting is grand & magnificent - a few pencil sketches of scenes done in a few minutes & washed over with colour - very effective & telling - but the weak point I find in his Venice pictures are that to thoroughly appreciate them one must first be acquainted with Venice - as much as saying of a portrait - that to fully appreciate a portrait one must first know the man. I came out of the Gallery into the Gardens of the museum and the thrill went through me, Nature again - what can compare ! My eyes wandered from the pictures sometimes to a small child - How poor the finest picture is against one child's face - and Love is the Open Sesame - not the finest draughtsman nor the finest painter , but he who is most capable of loving what he paints . The day is dark and rainy and I am undecided what to do but of this I'm sure that I love you!"

The pleasure of landscape painting, is becoming an increasingly strong attraction to Fred, despite the necessity of his portrait commissions, which must have been at times more drudgery than pleasure, especially when the sitter was not a particularly interesting person. A letter of the 10th of March '01. from The Crown, East Burnham shows these thoughts.

"Lordy Lordy! what a lovely place - you will do nothing but exclaim. I'm coming home, to arrive at 10.30 (at home) tomorrow, but I am laying plans for you and Mary to come down next time with me and see the place . - It is like Chislehurst magnified seven times. - The Burnham Beeches are like a lot of old men, bent, gnarled there never was such a place. - I long to be a painter of landscapes, Durn all faces!

I felt today that my insidence was all aglow in reverence - there is water - Birches, reeds. - gorse.- heather skylarks and the sweetest air - I did two things - and while I was at work I heard the peal of bells of Eton. - filtered through six miles of distance - Mary will be half cracked. - for it is a place

where there can be no people - and no houses - but heaps of fairies - Every Beech has an enormous hollow in it . - black inside - and the roots hold on to the earth like huge muscles - and the branches fly up as though they want to touch the sky, and there are fish in the water, for I saw a man fishing - & I heard pheasants calling and saw rabbits - I'll tell you more when I come home. - Darlin Yourself Bgn."

The portrait commission at Burnham, led to the opportunity for the family to escape from London into the country. Emily, writing to an American relative, on September 2nd describes something of their life in both London and outside it.

"I meant it to get to you by the 3rd, but couldn't manage it. I never have time for letters of self-indulgence, (you'll understand what I mean) at home, so I brought your letter and some foreign notepaper down here at Burnham Beeches, a delightful forest of Beeches, hundreds of years old – such delicious country air, where we have come for the weekend. It is a gorgeous place for Fred's landscape work and only about one and a half hours from home with it's prescribed life and duties, so we rush away here whenever we can. Lodging with a scotch family (gardeners) Mrs Reid a gorgeous cook, and we have freedom, though tiny quarters, as we get more refreshment out of a short visit here than we ever get visiting friends which we find "a mixed joy". We were here a month last Easter just after our "show" when I was worn out "receiving" 277 people. I perfected, while here, my knowledge of the bicycle which had only reached the same stage tho' I had made sundry attempts at long intervals for four or five years past. It is such a comfort to ride happily without the heart in the mouth, and I'm a bike enthusiast.



My Mary, you would love. She adores everything in nature, and with her simplicity and cleverness is great sense of humour, and a deeply affectionate nature, full of music.

I give Mary piano lessons and she is getting on. We have to be irregular in lessons and practice because the piano is under the Studio and disturbs sitters or Daddy at work perhaps.

I give her 1d. every time she comes cheerfully to the piano, for then she has a receptive mind and makes progress, but anger at interruption, and unwillingness shuts up all intelligence.

The piano lesson

She loves to build castles and fairy gardens out of dominoes and little figures and blocks, just as you and I used to strip the mantelpiece ornaments (shepherdesses etc.) from your Grandma's front room, when she wasn't about, and make flights of steps and what joys not? They're haloed now in my imagination, and Mary's magic building often remind me of old days.

Mary is becoming a "bloated capitalist" from her earnings from "sittings" for Daddy, so the other day at the dentists waiting, we found a most interesting book called "Homes without Hands" (natural history) and among others (it's profusely illustrated) a cut of harvest mice and their home. She became

immediately aflame to get one with her own mousy. She talks constantly of it, but when Daddy said such would not be happy in captivity she modified it to a dormouse, and for two days said nothing but "Dormouse". So off she went to the street where are many animal shops and returned in triumph with a little darling, a girl mouse with red brown hair, greyish towards the skin, enormous brilliant dark eyes, big head, thick tail, small body, so shy. Must be fed hemp and small green apples. It eats an apple a day.

It got away, the first thing, a flood of tears and nearly hysterics resulted till I got it again behind the curtain, clinging to the wall which is "papered" with a sort of coarse canvas of an artistic colour, and which was easy for the little feet to cling to. Mary names her "Nibble". Fred sat up till 12 o'clock making a box with 3 compartments. One for "Nibble" the other two for Brownie and Prim, one is bedroom and dining room. Little sliding doors communicate with the bedrooms on each side, so that when Nibble is a little tamer, we'll shut off Primrose's door and open Nibbles in case she would like to use the wheel. We don't yet know nor do we want to put all three together yet, for fear of a Kilkenny cat episode, they're all girls.

I envy those old ladies seeing you often! Oh, how I do long to see you. Sometimes it is intolerable! I wonder when! Notice I don't say I wonder if – for I do feel that it will be some day. We shan't always be so poor, and are pretty sure to be coming back to America, sooner or later – or you will be coming to "Europe".

Fred's travels in pursuit of portraits continue, and he writes (Sept or Oct. 1901): Allt-na Criche, Aviemore, Scotland. "My dear girl It is 1/4 to 10 Tuesday night and I am in bed. I shall telegraph you in the morning to let you know I am safely here. You know I got as far as Perth and now found I couldn't get on here that night, the 8.15 only went as far as Blair Athol, so I decided at once to sleep at Perth and left there this morning at 6.15. Got here at 9.00. Dear Henschel sent trap to meet me. Had m' breakfast and got to work. It was a lovely morning, in fact the whole day – I did a lovely one of some trees that Henschel loves. It will go with my new frame. I have some ready in town expressly for the small sketches I brought here after luncheon."



"In 1901, Fred discovered the Lake District when he was asked to paint the portrait of Charlotte Mason, a noted educationalist of the day. "Fred Yates was on a visit to Ambleside painting Miss Mason's portrait, Mrs Dallas Yorke came to Scale How. At the third sitting she said to him: "Don't finish the portrait; you have just caught Miss Mason as she is and a finishing touch might spoil it." Mr Yates took her advice and the portrait remains as it was, with the hand unfinished. He was already widely known as a portrait painter.

Charlotte Mason, 1901 by Fred Yates

During this visit he was invited to give a lecture to the students on the work of Jean Francois Millet. He had with him no reproductions of the pictures with which to illustrate his talk but the lecture room had been newly whitewashed. "What a lovely surface," he said. "Charcoal will easily rub off." He then chalked from memory upon the walls his admirable reproductions of "The Sower", "The Angelus" and other Millet masterpieces. Then he gave his lecture. Miss Mason when she saw them insisted that the drawings should be fixed to preserve them for students to come. The room is still known as "the Millet," for after half a century the pictures are still on the walls. Mr and Mrs Yates came to live in the neighbourhood soon afterwards with their daughter Mary." (from "The Story of Charlotte Mason")



Charcoal sketches by Fred Yates done for his Millet Lecture at Scale Howe

Their story is continued by Joan Fox in her family notes. "Accepting a commission to paint a portrait of Miss Charlotte Mason, the founder of the P.N.E.U. system of education and the Charlotte Mason College for teacher training in Ambleside, Westmorland, Fred fell in love with the Lake District and decided he wanted his family there. They moved into rooms in Ambleside in 1902. then to a semi-detached cottage in Rydal, then into Cote Howe.

Mary and Fred in Cote Howe, in a time-exposed Photograph, taken by Fred Yates



Fred Yates at Cote Howe, Sketching in the Snow, 1905



No 2 Cote Howe Cottages

Fred Yates had a studio in Marylebone in London and spent a great deal of his time there painting portraits and keeping in touch with art in general, dealers, exhibitions and so on. He came home whenever he could, or when he had a commission he could-do in the Lakes. As when he painted portraits of local folk, such as Canon Rawnsley, J.H.Badley (founder of the Bedales co-educational school in Petersfield, Hampshire), John Drinkwater the poet, some of the local villagers, etc.

What he liked most was fishing on Rydal Lake. Never a good walker (for a big man he had rather small feet), he enjoyed going on the Lake and wiping the sights and sounds of London from his mind."

Mary Yates at Cote Howe



Mary Yates and a 'Snow Bear', Cote Howe, Rydal

In 1902 Fred is exhibiting again in San Francisco, although whether this is part of a visit there, or has been arranged at a distance, from England is not clear from surviving correspondence. "Fred Yates exhibition of works at the Sketch Club Association. 'A large number of picture lovers visited the exhibition of Frederick Yates work yesterday afternoon at the informal tea given by the Sketch Club and Association of Applied Arts ... Mr Yates sketches, which were done mostly in England and Italy are bold and vigorous in treatment.'" (April 6th The San Francisco Chronicle) and "Fred Yates exhibition of works at the Sketch Club Association. More than a dozen sold "...although Mr Yates is in London, - many claim him as a Californian." (April 15th)

Fred was now dividing his time between commission work at the London Studio and elsewhere, and home in the Lake District, and on May 13th 1903, he wrote to Emily: "Friday will soon be here, and it all goes well. Dorothy Fletcher is done, and Mrs Fletcher oh so pleased. I have really done a lovely thing. - Quite lovely. You will see your advice come into force by Sir Ernest's letter. It is all well my dear child. I am going along just naturally, without shoving or striving, and it seems everything comes. Don't destroy Sir Ernest's letter. I was at Mr Rowley's yesterday evening. They appreciate my coming

although it put off the chance of accepting invitation to Lady Caller. Still I thought I had promised Rowley and it was right. Dear Girl – it is quite all right about the spring beauty, but don't only think of it regretfully. What I do is right here, your telling just what you are feeling brings it all so vividly up – it seems your soul for it goes into mind. Anyway I awoke full of the holy ghost this morning. I didn't hurry to get up – I read Ethels copy of C.S. The argument is not of this world, but what I told my mother years ago was what lies at the bottom of all great work. Dear mother said our faces are nothing nor our bodies – but she didn't see that art sees something beyond without being consciously able to say what that is. Mary knows, although not conscious of it. So, if I am not with you just tell me about the landscape. I shall know."

Joan Fox continues, in her notes: "During the eighteen or so years that the Yates lived in Rydal before we came, Emily took part in a great deal of music in the area. She and Mary sang with the Grasmere Choir, and with the Willink family of Stavely who were much concerned with the Mary Wakefield Westmorland Festival, which took place every two years, all the villages that had practiced locally, joined together under a visiting conductor. In this way Emily got to know Henry Woods, who

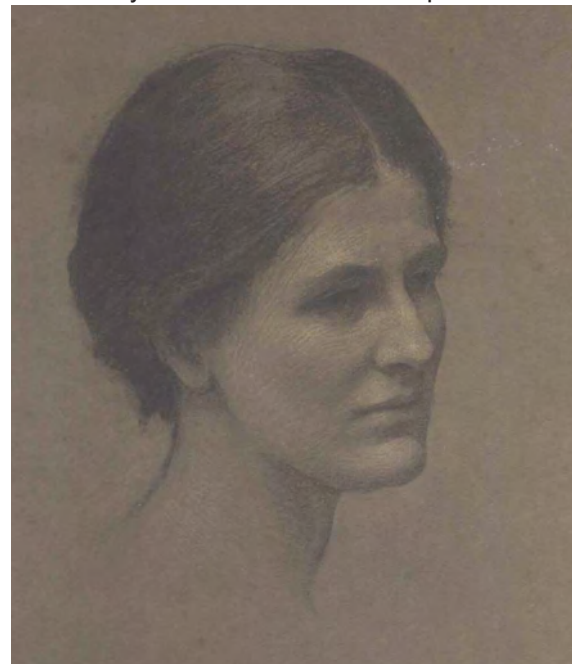
came to see them at Rydal, or they went to see them at the Willinks, and they exchanged several Letters over the years. Emily was very often asked to accompany singers and instrumentalists."



Mr, Alfred Henry Willink.

On May 13th 1903 Fred wrote to Emily: "It is probably hardly realised that (take the art of music) with all our efforts to express what we feel, in Symphonies, Sonatas, everything, what lies at the bottom of all is the soul as it does live in I suppose every form of art – and down to the very plants that grow in the field.

I see in Dorothy Fletcher a means to express – You



Dorothy Fletcher, by Fred Yates, London 1903.

were with me the first time we saw her, in fact you pointed her out. Don't forget that – it is what I delight to think about, and you will see now what grew out of you.



Mary attended school at Scale How, and there are various recollections of her bringing her pet lamb, Kinnie, to school.

The following is from a letter by one B.M.G, 1903: "It was a great experience to have a few extra lessons from Fred Yates, who criticised our portraits in charcoal of a student model his daughter Mary attended the school with her lamb!

Mary and Kinnie, her pet lamb, Cote Howe.

"A weekly event that interested us was the visit to Mrs Firth (a friend of Ruskin's) up the hill towards Kirkstone Pass (Seathwaite Rayne). Mrs Firth provided comfortable chairs which induced somnolence as did Mrs Firth's voice and it was a struggle to follow her interesting readings from Mr Ruskin on the pictures chosen and appreciate the beautiful reproductions she showed us; but nevertheless she kindled a love of art that has never been extinguished and opened a new world to many of us. Her adopted daughter gave us a course of cookery lessons in the Millet House. I still have the detailed recipes she gave us and have used some of them during the last five years, the first opportunity I have had since leaving of putting them in practice (forty years later) Her scone recipe is not to be beaten!" (From The Story of Charlotte Mason)

Mary maintained a friendship with Miss Firth, and Mary's notebook of limericks, (a favourite Yates family pastime,) records the following, recalling these days:

*There is a young Girl so contrary
You're quite sure her name must be Mary:
She plays with a sheep,
like little Bo Peep.
and dances a jig with a fairy.*

*I know a young girl so scholastic, she does not think learning fantastic;
She likes crystals of quartz,
and stones of all sorts,
yet her spirits remain quite elastic.*

Mary then retaliated to Mrs Firth with:

*At Seathwaite a friend ever kind,
and to cheering of others inclined,
forgot her own woes
writing verses to those
who, tho' absent were not 'out of mind.'*

(From Mary Yates notebook of limerics. March 1st 1906)

Pressure of portrait commissions meant that even the Yates' Christmas celebrations could be affected, as this letter to Mary from 18 Norland Square, Holland Park, W. on December 25th 1903 shows:

"My dear Darlin' Xmas Morning. 1/4 to 8. Just had m' tea. Getting ready for a pretty busy day. Wore all day y'day the jersey. When I came to take it off at night I felt I would have to get help – here is the smotheration of Daddy.

I worked on my big picture most all the daylight. There was an immense lot of other things to do.

The Sykes invited me for 1.30 dinner today – but I go to the Browns. by 7 I am to be at Mrs Newmarch's – Their family is Mr. And Mrs N. – Elsie a girl of 13 – and Miss Simpson perhaps 36 yrs old"



The following is from a letter written by Fred from London, to Emily, on the 9th March 1905 when they were living in Cote Howe Cottage.



"...but I must chuck this now. - lots to do! Oh how I love my work, and away from the temptation of that awful fishing; but the very solitude of those hours I am living on while doing my work.

Sunday, I worked all day long and really was actually in Rydal, so that I felt lonesome - horribly lonesome when I came out of my dream. But this is good, this seizing on the vitals of London - it seems to throw my Rydal life into a proper focus - I see it - I smell the woods and the river."

Fred clearly misses Emily and Mary terribly. On Friday April 14 he writes from 18 Norland Square: "My Darling, It is 4.30pm i am waiting for mrs. Hertz. She is to come by 6, if she comes at all.

Mrs. Fletcher came at 11, and I had an excellent sitting. Seems quite incredible. Funny to be writing all this when I want to only tell you what is in my breast, my deep love. It seems I shall never be able to tell you. Only it is all stuff to look back to the time when I held the skirt of your dress. That was a shallow time - today I seem in the deep waters unfathomable - so can't tell you. It is a deep rose colour - and this is my birthday present of myself to you, a fuller and increasing love - it seems I am more real this year than last year. I think my work is showing it too - that's the big thing.

I sent you through an order I gave Bumpus the Bookseller the life of Helen Keller - "The Key of my Life" is tremendous If there is anything deeper than that she is the one to say it It is simply a direct showing that we are all spirit - and these bodies that are so dear we shall wonder some day that we cling to them. It is too advanced for Mary, and yet sometimes I don't know, her spirit is formed now, and is its whole size, only needing liberty to be let out.

She shall go on. I am thankful for everything for I know the path is clearing & we shall grow closer together than any time before, it is all that we are here for, that and work."

Fred's interest in Mary's ability in drawing deepens as both her mind, and commitment to art, steadily develops during this period.

November 30th 1905, 18 Norland Square. "...I know she has the artist perhaps away deeper than I, but let her see to it. Great love alone does it. When she loves with her full soul it drops out like the heaviest sweat, it cannot be lightly done, and yet it must have the light beautiful quality as though it has grown like a flower. It must have the quality of depth and yet be as though invented by a butterfly.



If you tell her what I mean, the difference between art and artifice, The one has the highest poetic quality, the other is mere fine craftsmanship. I believe we all have it – this deep quality, but we must find it. Mathew Maris is deeper than Corot or Diaz. Rousseau and Millet, and Mathew Maris I would put all together.

You can tell her that why people who know, so vastly prefer my landscapes to my portraits, is because they are distinctly individual as I see nature as no one else sees nature. The men that have come have generally said "How refreshing to see a thing as no-one else has done it. I know well what they mean. One has only to go to the ordinary exhibition to see it. That wearisome thing done over and over again, but I need (I cannot tell you) to get deeper deeper down. I see it in Maris, I feel it in Keats. Thoreau is shallow beside it. I must stop now, as I must write a few people. My great big love to you both."

Mathew Maris, from a drawing by Fred Yates.

Mathew (Matthjis) Maris was born in The Hague, 17 August 1838. He was a quiet man who gradually moved towards a visionary and dreamlike quality in his painting. In 1851 he was apprenticed for one year to Isaac Elink Sterk (1808–71); from 1852 to 1855 he attended classes at the Academie in The Hague, and in 1854 he joined the studio of Louis Meijer, where his brother Jacob was also working. He settled in London in 1877. One of his few friends was Craibe Angus, an English dealer who set up in Glasgow in 1874 and introduced this work of the Hague School to Scotland, where it became very popular. William Burrell was an early collector of Maris' work, (over fifty works.) In turn, this work later became an important influence on the Glasgow Boys in the early years of the 20th Century.

In 1887, the daughter of Craibe Angus married E. J. Van Wisselingh (the son of H. J. Van Wisselingh,) who ran a London gallery and who, in turn eventually represented Fred Yates. Matthjis Maris became a good friend also of Fred Yates. Despite the popularity of his work, Matthjis Maris ended up in reduced circumstances, and was cared for by Mrs Van Wisselingh (nee' Angus) until his death in London in 1917.

Fred writes home again on June 15th 1906, from 32 Grosvenor Road, Westminster. "Dear Girl, I didn't write yesterday. The evening before I dined with the Fletchers and Mrs Fletcher sat yesterday at 4.30 for a slight alteration to her portrait.

I have seen Van Wisselingh. He said the whole of the landscape was too crude and needed a glazing. I am doing it now and the sky scraping. He got out some Corot's, Daubigny and Montcelli and put beside it. He is going to lend me something that he thinks will help me to put by side of my work, some master. He wants me to show Maris Mary's last group. He thinks it very good and sure that Maris will like it very much. The le Fleming landscape looks the best thing in my studio.

Dear Girl, I feel I have such heaps to learn, almost crushing. I am glad I came when I did."



Squire Le Fleming. A photograph by C. Hulbert

Joan Fox continues, in her notes: "In Rydal, Fred painted portraits of the le Flemings of Rydal Hall, the Squire, his wife and four children (the latter perhaps only sketches.)

The squire, who needed a house for his agent, agreed to build a semi-detached cottage for the Yates family to rent, and allowed them to choose the site.

They chose a spot at the top of a steep hill above Hart Head Farm and Rydal Mount. The latter was where William Wordsworth spent the last thirty years of his life, though he wrote his best poetry in Grasmere in his younger days. It was a wonderful spot to live and Mary was to live there most of her life, and Emily too. Fred divided his time according to the work he had on hand, between his studio in Marylebone and the cottage on the hill at Rydal. Here he also had a studio in the garden where he painted local sitters or visitors to the area, interspersed with local landscapes.“



Hart Head Cottage at the time it was first built



Such is the pattern of life, as it has now settled down into a kind of 'routine' although by no means a routine which could be called typical for the period!

Something of the families life during their Rydal years can be seen in the words of J. H. Badley, in his book, *"Memories and Reflections"* which was published by George Allen & Unwin in 1955. He remained a lifelong friend of Mary Yates, and was the Founder of Bedales School, and it's Headmaster from 1893-1935.

"For more than forty years I have spent one, if not more, of my holidays each year in the Lake district, where my sisters lived at Grasmere since the break-up of our old Dudley home.

I know of no piece of country anywhere in which, within equally narrow limits, there are so many distinctive combinations of natural grandeur (a matter not of size but of proportion) with the friendly aspect given by centuries of homely occupation. Besides the familiarity gained by tramping over every part of a district of such great and varied natural beauty."

One of the joys associated with these annual visits was a friendship to which such scenes gave a perfect setting. Fred Yates, the painter, after wanderings in three continents, had settled in Rydal. There for the latter half of his life he found abundant subjects for his brush, within a few miles of his home, when he was not engaged upon portraits of those who came to sit to him.



Fred Yates and J H Badley.

On the recommendation of one of our parents who knew him I went to his studio to ask him: to come and give a talk at Bedales on the work of the French painter Millet, whom he greatly admired. His first impatience at the intrusion of a stranger 'with an axe to grind' soon gave place to friendly interest when he saw how sincere was my admiration of the landscape on which he was at work, and of others that he showed me. Before we parted he had taken me to the home in which, from then on, never a week passed while I was at Grasmere without my spending many hours. To each new piece of work, as, indeed, to all that he did, he brought a youthful enthusiasm that was delightful to see and share. It was seldom that he did not think whatever he had just finished to be 'the best thing I have ever done', until a cooler judgment became more critical.

Before long we were on a footing which allowed me much freedom of criticism, so that I could even, on one occasion, tell him that the greens in a certain Spring landscape were too suggestive of an unripe apple—a comparison for which, though at the time he scoffed at it, he had later to admit there was some justification when, at the gallery at which he usually had an annual show of his work, they would not hang the picture till he had toned it down with a warm glaze. His work showed the influence of French painters with whom he had been a student in Paris and Fontainebleau, but was free from the extravagances of certain post-impressionist schools. His own theory and practice of painting he summed up in a few words: 'The conception is the great thing; then to say it as clearly as you can—but not just what the eyes see.'

It was his usual practice to be up by sunrise and out sketching in the early morning, then after breakfast work in his studio or do other things, resting through the middle of the day when, he said, both nature and he were at the dullest. He would go out again in the latter part of the afternoon to catch the evening lights and shadows in some favourite spot. Sometimes, as a variation, morning or evening, he would go fishing in the lake, a privilege specially granted to him by 'The Squire'. There were big pike to be caught there, and he declared that most people did not know what good eating they can be. Certainly with his cooking—for in this art also, from his student days in Paris, he was an expert—they were delicious.

Yates was a big man, standing six feet and broad in proportion, with a leonine head and, when I knew him a mass of grey hair—an outstanding figure anywhere. For his size his feet were surprisingly small, so that for active exercise they would not carry his weight for any length of time. Long tramps were therefore out of the question. Only once, when we were staying at Rosthwaite, where he had gone to find new subjects, was he seized with desire to climb Bowfell. To his great satisfaction he finally achieved this, though with no little difficulty, induced to persevere by the distraction of an epitaph composed upon the way, which I promised to turn into choice Latin and inscribe on the topmost boulder if he perished in the attempt.

With his many active interests he was no great reader, but enjoyed being read to while he was painting. When engaged on a portrait, in order to keep the sitter alert and interested without himself having to talk, he would get Mrs. Yates to read to them. Being herself a New Englander, she usually read from some collection of stories by a New England writer and by her expressive voice and dramatic manner of reading she would bring out their varied interest in a way that made them unforgettable. Often, too, if there were visitors to tea, someone would ask for a story; and while she read, he would be unobtrusively making a drawing of one or other of those present if some posture or effect of lighting caught his fancy. In winter evenings, if we were not playing chess, there would be music.

Mrs. Yates was a trained musician, and thus their home was exceptionally rich in the practice of a second art in which all the family illy could join. Sometimes on a Sunday evening father, mother and daughter would go to an old slate quarry on the far side of Rydal lake and there sit in the entrance to the workings and sing part-songs, which the overarching rock, like a 'loud-speaker', sent across the water to delight any who were passing on the lakeside road.



Whistles on the lawn at Hart Head Cottage

I remember also an occasion on which I met Yates and a painter friend (*probably Frank Carter*) on the road to Grasmere beguiling the way with imitation of an orchestra. I could only marvel how between them they kept up a triumphant march with what sounded like a dozen musical instruments, to the huge entertainment of all upon the road.

The zest with which he threw himself into all he did made him the best of companions; and no less marked was the ready sympathy that enabled him to adapt himself at once to any company and any surroundings, making him equally at home with Cambridge Dons or with Tommies in the train. And always he was himself, without pretence or self-consciousness, and without any trace of self-seeking or conceit.

His complete naturalness and spontaneity are shown by an incident that occurred in one of his later visits to the United States to execute commissions there. In earlier life he had spent some years in

America, where his work was well known, and amongst others he had painted a portrait of Woodrow Wilson for Princeton University. From then on they had been close friends, and each was a welcome guest when he visited the other's country. On this occasion, when Wilson was now President, Yates was dining at the White House. When seated at table he caught sight of an old negro butler with whom he had established friendly terms on previous visits; at once he jumped up to shake hands with him, to the shocked astonishment of some of the guests, but with the full understanding of his host, who valued highly this quality in him.

In his own work he was in no little degree dependent on the sympathy of those about him, and could make nothing of a portrait if—as rarely happened—there was no link to be found between the sitter and himself. His delight in simple things a pewter dish, the shape of a jug, a fine potato of his own growing, a generous action—found instant expression that made it infectious; and no less instant was his scorn for any kind of meanness, especially if shown by the well-to-do towards the poorer. No one could associate with him without being enlarged and mellowed by the contact. Himself a lover of life, he awakened a like love in others. Keen perception, intense love of beauty and the power to help others to see and love it, ready sympathy and a strong affection for those about him, awaking a return of it on their part; in the possession of these things, Fred Yates was one of the happiest men I have known.”

In the summer of 1906, Fred heard that Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University was staying on holiday at a cottage under Loughrigg, Rydal.

He set off to introduce himself, with his American connections and past history, the temptation must have been irresistible! In fact the two of them met almost half way between the two houses, in the middle of Pelter Bridge. After shaking hands, Fred characteristically told Wilson that they were “poor, but thank God, not respectable!” A quote which Wilson delighted in telling people for the rest of his life. The two men struck up an immediate friendship.

Woodrow Wilson's daughter Eleanor, later Mrs McAdoo said that “It was a case of friendship at first sights although they were unlike in many respects.

Fred Yates was an artist, delightfully uninhibited, careless of his appearance, unversed in world affairs, Yet the painter and the college president had also much in common. They both loved poetry; humanity, all forms of beauty, and laughter. Each had a devoted wife. Both were idealists.” (*The Priceless Gift*, E. W. McAdoo, Mc Graw Hill, USA, 1962)



Wilson's Daughters. Pastel by Fred Yates, 1906

The Wilson family boarded sailed on 6 October. In a letter to Fred Yates from the ship, Wilson wrote: “My dear Yates; We are on board well and happy, except that we are leaving, dear friends; the ship is steaming out of harbour; and we are actually homeward bound, All join me in the most affectionate messages to you. God bless you. What a happy; happy thing our meeting was.”

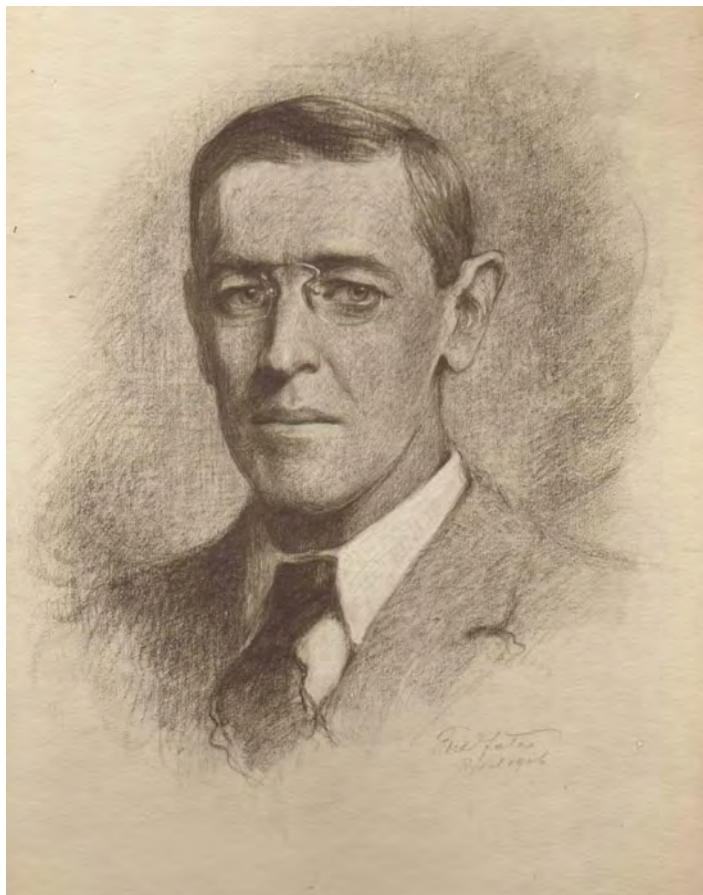
Correspondence, and an exchange of photographs continued.

Later, on 22 October; Wilson wrote to them: "Our dear; dear Friends, Forgive us for having let a whole week go by before telling you of our arrival home, but if you could know what has been happening to us! Such another breathless week I never had in my life! . . . I shall have to loaf for a week to get back my Rydal calm... This morning came two delightful letters from you, that made our hearts glow; and our thoughts rush back to Rydal; You may be sure they had never lost consciousness of you. What a happy; happy thing our meeting and our summer-long companionship was! I am sure that it has made us all richer in love and in happiness. Strange longings stir in us now as we turn over our photographs of the dear Lake country. It seems like another home, where hearts wait for us."

On the 3 November, Fred told Wilson that when he received two letters that he "advertised it with a loud shout to my two dear ones. They made me promise I wouldn't read a word until they were by my side, so there was a great settling down and then - the feast began. I tell you, you may count on it, we love you dearly and if ever you get so that you aren't quite sure, just come over again."

On the 6th of November, Wilson told Fred and Emily, "You have been in our thoughts constantly, and with every thought wanting deep abiding affection. It would be hard to say now what a mere summer in the dear Lake District would have done for me if I had got mere rest and recreation. It is always affection that heals me; and the dear friendships I made were my real tonic and restorative. It would be hard to overstate what the dear Yates did for me; and I shall forever bless them and seek them as I turn hither and thither in my journey." adding that his wife was "delightfully well" and that summer "did her as much good" as it had done him. "We both rejoice in being ourselves again."

This friendship with Woodrow Wilson is taken up in J. H. Badley's recollections: "It was at the studio of Fred Yates at Rydal that I met Woodrow Wilson while he was still President of Princeton University. He spent several summer holidays in the Lake-district, and in that year was sitting to the painter for an official portrait. One afternoon when I went to visit Yates, I found him at his gate seeing Wilson off after the day's sitting. He introduced us to each other and then had to leave us, as other visitors had come to see him. Wilson courteously suggested that I should walk back with him to the lodging-house near Rydal at which he was staying. At that time he was hardly yet known on this side of the Atlantic as a political figure, but I was glad to meet the writer of a book, *The State*, dealing with various forms of government, which I had found very useful in my school-work. We talked of this and of other educational matters as we walked back beside the Rotha and sat in the sunny parlour at his lodging over-



*Woodrow Wilson by Fred Yates
The pastel which was drawn at Rydal in 1906*

looking it. Knowing nothing of the political standpoint of the man with whom I was talking, I presently went on to speak with admiration of Theodore Roosevelt, whose book *The Strenuous Life* I had lately been reading, and especially of the open-air experiences of his younger days. After listening for a bit Wilson interposed with a smile that he found admiration for the politician less easy than for the man, and passed on to some other topic. It was only later that I realised I had been talking to him with so much enthusiasm about a political opponent'.

Several times that summer I met him at the painter's house or walked with him along the terrace-path between Rydal and Grasmere, and found him the best of talkers whose judgment upon any point was certain to be well-weighed and to be expressed both with sincerity and with delightful humour, as the following incident will show. One afternoon he was at tea with us at my sisters' house at Grasmere, and the talk turned to the Women's Movement and the doings of the Militant Suffragists. When asked what was his own feeling towards them, he replied that he could put it best in the form of an anecdote. On a wintry evening in a small New England town Deacon Abner was escorting two members of his congregation to Meeting. With a lady clinging to each arm he cautiously made his way along the frozen street. All went well until the cobbled road, now icier than ever, turned downhill towards the harbour. They slipped, recovered footing, slipped again, and presently began to slide down the hill with increasing speed. A post set in the middle of the road offered the only hope of staying their descent into the water below. Towards this post the Deacon managed to direct their course, and by clasping it he was brought to a standstill. But his two companions, detached by the sudden stop, lost their hold of him and went slithering on into the darkness, followed by a plaintive cry: "It grieves me sorely, dear ladies, that I can accompany you no further."—"That' (Wilson ended) 'expresses my own position as regards these militant women.'

It was during this stay of his at Rydal that I heard from him the limerick that he made about himself. A somewhat different version of it has been printed in *Daniel's Life*, but I feel sure that this is the one that he repeated to me:—

*'In features I am not a star;
there are others are handsomer far.
But my face I don't mind,
For I am behind:
It's the fellow in front gets the jar.'*

It seems that a taste for limerics were something else which they all had in common. The language of humour is something which binds people from varied backgrounds and practices together in friendship. This friendship deepened with the passing years.

Mary's Diary

1907

EXTRACTS FROM MARY YATES' DIARY

HART HEAD COTTAGE, RYDAL, WESTMORLAND, 1907.



Scale Howe, Ambleside

Mary was aged 16 on November 12th 1906. The diary starts just at the point when the family first moved in to the house built for them by Squire le Fleming of Rydal Hall, at Hart Head, Rydal.

In it, Mary paints a vivid picture of their life there, and that in the village around them. Some of the people mentioned in Mary's diary were connected with her school life at Scale Howe. These extracts from "The Story of Charlotte Mason" help to introduce the diary, and something of the character of her school life in those days.

"... We loved Miss Kitching's bird walks; and I can remember seeing with her my first yellow wagtails and hearing the song of a pied wagtail up towards Buxton's Jum (a lovely name); a song I have never heard since.

Those were lovely geography walks that 'V.P.' led up Wansfell and Loughrigg and round Fairfield Basin; and V.P. was always ahead leading us; although she would be twenty years at least older than any of us. Nature we learnt to love and appreciate from our fellow students; walks with the seniors were a great help. . . .

I owe much also to Miss Sumner the art mistress; who if not very effective with the majority of students did give much pleasure to one who had been bound by the rigid discipline of freehand and model drawing only. It was a great experience to have a few extra lessons from Fred Yates; who criticised our portraits in charcoal of a student model—his daughter Mary attended the school with her lamb!



Mary with Kinnie and 'butting stick.'

The students' appreciation of the visitors to the college is clearly seen in their letters:

"The chief visitors of my two years; 1900-1; were Mrs Franklin and Mr and Mr. Yates; when he gave his talks on J. F. Millet and decorated the new lecture-room with Millet illustrations which gave the new room its name. He also painted that wonderful portrait of Miss Mason. Mrs Stephen Winkworth was another visitor; also Mrs Hart-Davies who gave us an interesting talk on embroidery and nature; showing how the latter is a guide to us in the choice of colour. Mr Thornley also came and Mrs Dallas-Yorke's sister Lady Kennet-Barrington brought the Shakespearian actress Ada Rehan who had just returned from America; she recited Catherine's speech in *The Taming of the Shrew*. We also had

a Russian visitor to whom we gave a Russian reception in the drawing-room. I was the peasant girl who offered her a small loaf and salt on a tray with a Russian greeting. (This was arranged by the French lecturer who had spent nineteen years in Russia.)”

January 1st

Cote Howe. We went up to the house this morning, and found the linoleum being put down... Yesterday a rapid thaw suddenly set in, and a complete change. No snow is left on the trees, but it's pretty slippery. Last night, having no piano to play "The Last Night of the Year", Mother and I sang and shouted all the evening... We are pretty sure to move this week, think. The big mirror is going today, if it's not too slippery.

January 3rd

The snow is all gone except where there were drifts. We had a cart and two horses here yesterday, and took over two loads. Today we have been over there settling things a bit, and tomorrow the cart comes again. It is freezing now; the remaining snow was quite hard when we were out. The big cupboard in Mothers room has been "Durescoed" the colour of the wall and looks very well. The mirror's frame has also been painted white. There is a nice little cupboard below it. The piano has been sent for and the beds are probably on the way, so another week or so should see us up there. It feels quite homelike already.

January 8th, 6.15

The moon, with two bright waning horns, is looking into my window. It's a beautiful night, with hosts of stars... We are in the new house. Everything is in though by no means in order. The piano came too, and such a one! Such a beautiful soft singing tone! I couldn't keep off it last night, and am longing to be at it again... My room is just lovely. The pictures aren't up but things are pretty well in order. I have a rug and a cane mat on the linoleum. My red-stemmed begonia is on the windowsill, and some snowdrops in the little green pot Mrs Firth gave me, just ready to flower. My bed is a sort of greenish wood and very pretty. I must put down a conversation between him (her father) and Mr Bennett, the old man who helped us move. "Is your brother older than you Mr Bennett?" "Aw yus, sir, he's twenty years older." "Then may I ask your age?" "Ah was born in 1850." "Then your four years my senior, I was born in 54 , - I'm fifty three." ... "Ah thought at least ye were sixty!"

January 10th

We are gradually getting straightened out. Tonight is the servants dance at Scale How, and next Tuesday school begins... The rooks are cawing in the Hall trees below the farm. Their nests are in full sight from this window. The smoke curls up from the farm below, and the cottages through the trees. The church bell is tolling over in Ambleside; now and then a puppy barks in the barn, "And through it, and round it, and over it all, Sounded incessant the waterfall." A little hound puppy worries a bit of sacking below the bank, and starts and looks around at the sound of a blast and falling stones at one of the quarries. Great flocks of rooks have risen in the sky, and behind them are great clouds, pink and grey, and blue behind. Windermere has a grey, half-sunny, light on it. Mrs Parker (the farmers' wife) comes up the field in a blue apron, with a big basket, to where the clothes-are hanging. A black and white sheepdog trots across the field after her. Four others come in the gate, two of them puppies, and sit around on their tails, quite ready for a frolic, if anyone will begin. And away down in the valley winds the Rothay, through meadows, with trees on her banks.



Hart Head Farmand the Parkers.

Monday, Bedtime.

The afternoon spent in gardening. We made one bed between the bay window and the porch. We made it good and high, with a border of turf, and put in *tropaeolium*, lilies of the valley, a bit of ivy, a small bit of honeysuckle that I "struck" last year, and some bulbs that came with the *tropaeolium* that I think are daffodils. Then with an eye to a future rockery, and also a clear space in front of the window, we toiled with stick and stone for about two hours at a big rock by the path, and at last succeeded in placing it on the other side of the window, and in the right position. When we said, in triumph, that "la victoire est perche...!" and have felt dreadfully self-satisfied ever since. There is to be a bed under the front window soon, so that I shall be able to set cut my bulbs there after all. The soil is horribly stony right by the walls, but we got some that looks very good and rich and "soddy", from the regions near the illustrious stone. The house is now certainly getting settled, but the hall has got to be "durescoed" again, for the wrong red was ordered and it looks awful.

Wednesday. School.

We were very glad to see each other. We want to tree climb on Saturday... Tonight Mother and I are going to a play at Grasmere. Next (choir) is not till the 25th. Friday week.

Friday Night

Miss Mason sent for us at 12.30 today, and we went up to the drawing room. First she asked us how we liked our programmes, which we did, OK She wanted a very good terms work this term. She was much pleased with our last examinations, all of them... and she wanted us to give special attention to our weak subjects and try to improve Latin, French, and Mathematics. She wanted us to find occasions for speaking French among ourselves. And making progress depends not on our working out of time... but on "giving special attention during the lessons"... "Not allowing your minds to wander at all." Then she asked if we wanted to come there and be trained. Francis and I did... She then spoke to Dora about prospects, (she wanted to be a lady gardener,) and told her how it was necessary to think of what would pay, although it did seem a mercenary view to take. And how difficult it was for a lady gardener to find employment in England and Ireland.

Then she spoke to them about confirmation... Next, she surprised us all by saying, "Well, I hear that you are going with dear Mary to climb trees?" "Yes." "Well, you know, I'm very glad for you to climb trees, and it would be all right if you had a 50ft. tree with a 50ft. wall all round!... You have nowhere really quite private, have you?" and explained to us that that she thought we were just a little too big for that. And to make up for that she'd tell us a great secret, something not one of the students knew... we were going to have a gymnasium!...

Saturday.

.... Just before three, the girls turned up. I took them up here to see my pictures, minerals, etc., and showed them the embryo rockery, and plans for the garden.

We took our provisions and started Buxton's Jumwards. But we only got as far as the Hog'us, where we sat on the bracken, climbed the bar, talked and made a row, and had a generally jolly time, and ate our sandwiches...

After they had gone we went on with the largest stone yet in the rockery, and got it into position.



The Rockery, Hart Head Cottage

Monday 21st

Hockey! Miss Watters told us something of the working of the barometer during playtime. (She is "raingauge," "aquarium," and "washing," at Scale How!) Miss Williams is going to have us three keep a weather chart. I... tore into Ambleside, and home, and back, and arrived on the scene by 25 minutes past two. Miss MacFarlane brought me Miss Bennett's stick, (she hasn't come back this term) 'coz my own "done straightened out" to a useless angle in the woodshed last summer... Miss Drury, who was at S.H when I first came, has come in Miss Bennett's place... It's very nice to see Miss D. again.

Tuesday Night

Saw a tree-creeper on my way to school... Miss Watters told me about a bird, called a "poachard"... with chocolate head, black tail and grey body, which is to be found on Rydal Water. It nests in Iceland. So this afternoon I walked round the lake to look. I saw only some black ducks with white bars on their wings. But I found staminate and pistolate hazel out, and brought home some lovely sprouts of honeysuckle and some beautiful creeping ivy in moss, which we sent to Miss Minton.

Wednesday

A scurry of snow in the morning... we went to tea at the Hall and saw those lovely children. He took them some Lyra chalks, and drew a lot of pictures. They were all interested, Joan (aged one year, and seven months) too, but Michael stayed all the time at his knee, very absorbed and watching. When he gave Michael the choice of a blue or yellow box of chalks, he turned spontaneously to his brother (Dick) and said, "Which would you like, sir?" The dear boy, they are as sweet as can be. He didn't remember me till I mentioned the caterpillar in the wood where we played last summer.

Thursday 24th.

Ground too hard for hockey today. The last few days have been hard frost. I went back at three-thirty for the lesson on barometers etc. I asked about the way to use the word vacuum. I have put "The space above the mercury in the tube is full of vacuum." Into which they all went into fits of laughing... Also before when I asked for "the name of the thing which means nothing?" We had a fine lesson, the rain gauge as well. Today the seven volumes of Everyman's Library came, that Mr. Allen sent me. They are perfectly lovely, such fine binding, and all alike. Nibelungen (singing) tomorrow, and I hope hockey. Venus is a very beautiful in the morning, in the south.

Friday 8.a.m.

Snow on the ground, but not enough to prevent hockey! But it looks like more coming. There were twelve degrees of frost in the night. Before I went to school today, I went to the lake, as I had promised Miss Henderson, who is longing to skate. It was entirely frozen and seemed pretty strong... Ground too hard for hockey. Last night there was a big ring round the moon... Mother's gone to Burneside and I am to follow on the three-thirty. Frauleine seems terribly resigned to my getting no prep done. So, I go at 10 on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Saturday 11 p.m.

Just a little snow. The curtains have come, my own is awfully pretty. They have some very ingenious rings, which hook very easily into eyelet holes. The girls all went skating today. Eleven degrees of frost last night. This morning was very cold as we came from Windermere, but such lovely pink and purple lights on the mountains, some snow covered...

January 27th. Sunday 11 p.m.

Thaw and rain. Letters from Ruth (*A cousin who lived in San Francisco.*) and Mrs Wilson... (*Mrs Woodrow Wilson.*)

Bedtime, it's a wild night, a high wind but no rain, Moon nearly full and big clouds hurrying over her. The stars from behind are very clear and bright.

He (*her Father*) and I went over to see Kinnie (*the ram that had grown from her lamb*) at Cote Howe, and take him some Ivy. Had a little visit with Mrs Richardson, and I went down to inspect the ice on the Lake. It was still covered but in a pretty good state of thaw.

We came back by the wood where an owl was hooting. I quoted the verse of Burns about them beginning "Ye owlets in yon ivy bower..." It was lovely there in the dusk.

January 29th.

Snow again, and barometer very low. He and I have begun another snow bear in the garden... A very high wind now and full moon.

January 30th Weds.

My tobogganing proposal was received with joy by the girls, Pannie included. But we had to ask Miss Frost, who had to ask Miss Williams,... who had to ask Miss Mason... After dinner I went across to Kinnie, who the other day knocked down (the sinner) one of the little Kay boys. We sent the latter a little packet of chocolate from K.W. I took also a borrowed trowel, and a new Kinnie rope. Mrs Richardson was out, so I went like a thief in and a robber, unlocking the door through the window. I captured pen and ink and wrote her a note to explain my business, and asking her to give the packet to the little boy...

I waited ten minutes by Pelter Bridge, and then went home and found them (the girls) making the track. The Parkers would not let us be in the field, coz they had orders for nobody to trespass so we did it in the garden and Kinnie's fieldlet. It was huge fun but my sledge wouldn't go a bit, perhaps 'coz it was rusty. We had lots of lovely spills and were sighing for a tea tray when suddenly he re-appeared from the house carrying the saucer bath tub!!! Happy thought! Lorna tried it first, went a few yards and spilled out. Such was the fate of all, but the bath track got longer and longer... I invariably turned a complete summersault and the bath landed on top...

the onlookers laughed till they cried. We all enjoyed it hugely, but they could not stay to tea! So I snatched them up into my room, (as he was painting in the studio) to choose some books, as they were going to borrow some, for they said at Miss Cloudesdales the only literature was prayer books and "Guides to the Lakes." They took "Pride and Prejudice", with "Mansfield Park", and "Northanger Abbey" in the same volume, "Wives and Daughters", and "Emma", and "John Halifax Gentleman." Mother had been watching us through the north room window, and I went and sat with her when she lay down. She liked all the girls I was glad to hear...

Yesterday I began my new model, first making the "egg" about 2 inches high. An old grandmother with a girl holding a little baby at her side, and a child running up to her giving her something.

January 31st

Seventeen degrees of frost and the barometer steady ... I asked Miss Frost to ask if the girls could come and toboggan.

We've just been looking, through the binoculars, at Jupiter, high in the south at 8 p.m. and saw one of his moons quite well, and quite down in the south was another star. Not a planet I think, which seen through the binoculars flashed brilliant red and green, the red on the right and the green on the left, and a light colour in between, I think it must have been a double star I never saw anything like it at all.

February 1st

Fifteen degrees of frost in the night, and the barometer three tenths up. My snowdrops in the window have put out a flower in honour of the day.

February 2nd

Seventeen degrees of frost in the night, and the barometer steady... I asked Miss Frost to ask if the girls could come and toboggan... I went into Ambleside and got a new toboggan, 3/6d, and met the girls at Pelter Bridge at 3, and we went up past the old house to the steep hill by the "Lady Birch." It was two years ago, the 31st of January, that the Glens and Olive and I tobogganed in the same place...

The only fault with my new sled was that the first person got a lapful, a neckful, and clothes covered with snow... We saw a very large bird flying over the larch plantation, and at first thought it was a raven, but it must have been a heron and what we took for it's tail, it's legs. We pulled each other on the sleds down to the road. Kinnie looked at us, so I, having no corn, gave him some dry oak leaves and twigs I got a letter from Tonald (*Her half-brother Donald, 14 years her senior.*) to-night, dear boy!... We bought a kind of chest arrangement with drawers to keep music in. it is of oak and good and strong, but ugly, and it looked so ungainly we have decided to send it back...

Monday 4th

Last night we went out to the Lake to see how went the skating. There were a good many people on, some very good skaters. He asked would I like to get a pair of skates and try? Yes indeed, for I had been longing to, so he said I could. The stars were coming out beautifully, so we resolved to go to Miss Mason's (*at Scale How*) and get the telescope. I ran up and told Mother, and we went and sat a few minutes with Miss Mason and got the illustrious telescope.



Rydal, frozen over.

However, as soon as we got it home it clouded over, and but for my enterprise in getting up this morning should have had no good out of it.

We saw the moon pretty well, as the last quarter is to-morrow night, and I hung the telescope on the porch posts and looked at Venus. There was, however, or seemed to be, a change in the weather, clouds that looked like snow, so he said I'd better not get my skates. But when I got to school, Mr Bell sent a pair by Gertrude, that he kept to lend. Oh joy to me! and joy still more when we came down from French and heard that Miss Williams had given them a holiday from afternoon school in honour of the ice! So, we arranged to meet at two thirty. I donned two pairs of stockings, and a stray pr. of legs wrapped round my feet to make my boots fit, and went off.

In about quarter of an hour my skates were on, and with Mr Bell's help I started out. It was hard! but in some time I could stand, very wobbly, alone. Dora and I, equally inexperienced, tottered about together. I was an expert at falling, and she was pretty good...

Miss Dyke was not skating... Georgie was there and a lot of other juniors. Miss Williams, Miss Kitching (who was obviously a novice) Fraulein and Mademoiselle (who helped all the beginners into the middle)... Miss C. Henderson (i.e. the big one) took me about a bit and instructed me. I fell down and made her lose her balance too, and there we were! But ice isn't very bad to fall on...

When we were all together, the ice gave a crack and we fled in all directions... ..I do hope I'll have a chance to learn to skate decently this year. It was fun, in spite of the aches and stiffness: in our ankles.

Wednesday

We skated yesterday and today. Last night 15 degrees of frost. We are improving; I fell down four times yesterday, and only once today... Dora and I went right to the end of the lake...

Thursday

That crit. of awful apprehension came off today, and was for once, quite as bad as I expected. Latin... In all my five years experience of crits I never wished quite so much to sink through the floor as all through that lesson... As I was going out Miss Mason said I was going on very well and would soon do without coaching. But I hope she knew I wasn't always so stupid... That star of mine is Sirius, sure.

Friday

Nibelungen.

Monday 11th

The gymnasium is to be in the coach house. Everyone knows about it now I think... Half term is next Monday.

Tuesday Evening

Blizzard from the Northeast in the morning, and snow much thicker here than on the road. "I'm glad my hearts my ain," sings in my head. The wind is howling round the house.

Thursday

Drill crit from Miss Watters. Miss Blandy has come, came to drill this morning and seemed rather shocked at our progress, or rather our non-progress. Miss Bradford inquired into my half-term intents, and asked if I would like to go for a walk with some of the students who weren't going in the coach. So that's all right. Wonderful red sunrise...

Saturday

The snow's gone and I think spring has begun. It was mild and fresh, having poured yesterday, and the birds are singing. Yesterday he made a very pretty kind of window box with some moss-covered sticks and stones, on the book room window sill and planted a lot of snowdrops.

Noon. I'm going with Miss Frost and Miss Bradford on Monday, and we are going, I think, to the Duddon Valley, and meet at 9 at Rothay Bridge. Later. Mrs Franklin and Madge have just been here; the former has come for half term.

We borrowed some bread from Miss Garnett and had tea. They were delighted with the house and all. Mrs F. says Arthur Rackham is going to paint Cyril and Michael...



Miss Garnett's cottage, below Rydal Mount.

Sunday

...Lorna, Frances, and Miss Macfarlane came to say that Miss Williams thought the Duddon was too far, so we're going to Coniston.

February 19th. Tuesday.

Yesterday began with very threatening dark clouds. On the way, I stopped to visit the raingauge, which was a little more than half an inch...

Then I proceeded to Rothay Bridge where I arrived a little before 9. There were great flocks of very light-coloured gulls, common ones I think, and a few that flew higher were rather larger, and had pale grey over the tops of their wings, and black tips to them. The river was very full (the meadows by Pelter Bridge were flooded on Sunday,) and I watched the small bywhirls of the current. It rained and blew a good deal, and I hung my cap on to the leather strap which held the binoculars and my lunch.

At about 9.20 Miss Frost loomed into sight with Miss Winsor, and we started down the same road we went last half term...conversation did not flow very glibly. We crossed the Brathey Bridge... Miss F. suggested we go by Tarn Hows, which was about two miles further, she said it would be wet, however we went...

We came upon the tarn from a height, and could only see half way across. Beautiful mists were driven across. We ate some biscuits and stayed there some minutes, and the mists cleared a good deal, and we saw it all. We saw two birds, which Miss Thorpe later said were wheatears. We went down through St Mary's glen where the stream was very full and very pretty. We went down the Coniston Road, where Mrs Bell, Gertrude, and I crossed the stepping stones. We heard a Jay somewhere near that row of clipped trees. A little further on we sat on a wall by a by-road and had dinner. Soon after we came into Coniston, and after having some milk at the Black Bull Hotel, we betook ourselves to the Ruskin Museum. Here we found almost all the students that had come and the girls; none of the latter could be prevailed upon to walk back with me. I went with Olive Thorp and then to the churchyard and saw Ruskin's grave.

We went to what we thought was the waterfall, with Olive and Miss Mann. We met Miss Ross with her guidebook and Miss Blandy, but she was so long looking up our waterfall that we rashly went on. The stream came down a very rugged hill, as if it was frozen. We crossed a field and went up through a little wood...

We got back to the Bull in time and found Mrs. Franklin and Madge... The table was disarranged, and at first I was afraid they had finished... to my surprise, I found Miss Henderson was to be of our party. First we spoke of walking v. riding and driving... they had 20 ins. of snow in Aberdeen. Then we got on to music... I told her about our piano, and she told me about theirs, which was a concert grand, bought for 180 gns. for a new concert room, then by a newly rich man, who soon became poor, and as no one had room for the piano, they got it for £20! I asked did she like part songs... She did not know of our "Awake,! Awake!" and spoke of some music to Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses". I hummed some of "In winter I get up at night". but she did not know that tune. "I don't like some of these new drawing room songs, I like the old English ones, and the Irish..." She does not know "Ca the yows." Then I asked "Did she like Burns?" "I like some of his songs but not all. He's not my favourite poet. I don't think he's graceful exactly, do you?... You know Millet, the artist? Well I think Burns is like him." She doesn't seem to be much of a lover of Millet either!

Then we arrived at the old Italian painters...She admired the story in them and the thought, but the lines "were too hard." "I should love to live in Italy for a time and really get to know the pictures. You've never been to the continent, have you? "No, that is, only for two days at Marseilles - on the way home..." "Home from where?" and was surprised to hear we'd been to Japan.

The rain poured and poured and now and then, there was a big gust of wind. It was fun, but I began to feel pools in my boots, and now and then she poured the water from her hat, and pulled my hood over my hair in front. Soon after this, we arrived at Skelwith - and books.

She asked what I was reading, "nothing" I said, "just now, but school-work. I've just finished "Sense and Sensibility." This she knew and liked very much, also "Pride and Prejudice". Sir Walter Scott she could read over and over again, and Dickens. "But I like Shakespeare's tragedies as well as anything..."

She told me about her brothers and sisters at home, how they played hide and seek in the bottom floor with the lights down, and how three or four were bathed in one huge bath, and none wanted to be bathed first! There were twelve in the family and she was in the younger half. I asked about Aberdeen itself. It is very clean, she said, and built of granite, with hills around, and rugged cliffs down to the sea.

Saturday 23rd

I didn't go to the Nibelungen this time because of my cold. There were several degrees of frost yesterday, and five the day before...

On Wednesday, we had an inch of snow. The skaters are raising hopes again...

P.M.

The exams were read out, at last today. Mine were much better than I expected... They were the best I have ever had. Scripture 100. Geology 80. Everyday Morals 80. Composition 100. Arithmetic 70. Biology 100. Grammar 75. Astronomy 100. Exercise Books 90. Literature 100. French 90. Reading 90. English History 100. German 55. Drill 75. European History 100. Latin 65. General History 50. Euclid 90. Geography 100. Algebra 75...

Later - I've just had a lovely walk round the lake, by the quarries, to look at the larches, which weren't even thinking of coming out, and back by the terrace. The streams were beautiful with ice. A rush hanging down was covered with transparent ice round it an inch in diameter.

Some streams that were broad, crossing the road had three inches of lacy ice in patterns like it freezes on the window. I got some hazel, honeysuckle, and ivy from a wall, with moss on them. At the top of the terrace, I stopped about 1/4 past five to watch the sunset. Tonald has sent duplicates of the photos, so I shall bag the old ones if I can. I sat in the wood at the end of the lake and re-read my letters.

Monday...

Its such a heavenly morning. So clear, with Venus fading in the south and the white smoke curling up from the farm, and the robins singing.

P.M.

A real spring day. Almost hot. Mother is sitting sewing in the porch, and the roses, clematis, and a kind of Virginia creeper are being put out. - Yet there was skating on Lily Tarn on Saturday...

Wednesday. 27th

A year ago we were sitting in the Wythburn farmhouse, watching the blizzard and hearing the wind in the chimney. I forgot that I have to go to the dressmakers, and asked the girls to come to Buxtons Jum, but Olive had already asked for Ingrid to go to Strawberry bank, and did not want to bother Miss Williams again.

So, we are going on Saturday. Lorna's birthday is on Friday, (she's 17), and I am going to try and make her a sponge cake, Miss Garnett showed me how yesterday. This morning it was positively hot.

Mother is going to send my exam papers to Tonald, so now for some ninkum on his part. I expect to bring Kinnie over today, as the fence is about done. Miss Oliver is at Scale Howe. I met her with Miss Kitching on Saturday coming from the coach, but she had a black veil on and I did not recognise her. It was all owing to her that I am now so interested in the stars. Mother told her so, I think, in a letter to Miss Kitching. I should like to see her but don't expect to. It's just struck.

I am writing by the light of the moon, nearly full. All is silent, but for the murmur of the water, and now and then an owl from the woods. A white mist lies like a veil in the valley, a few stars are out, and its all beautiful, beautiful.

Thursday.

There were six degrees of frost in the night, but not during the day, so we had hockey. I was a back on Miss Dyke's side, so had very little to do. On my left Miss Blandy was complaining of their slowness and that, they did not coach each other, and away on the right, Miss Dykes was continually holding forth. "Miss Cooper you must keep up, Miss Henderson keep on a level with Miss Rigger, Miss Hart do try and keep the ball down, ...Sticks!"



Mr and Mrs Herbert Bell came this afternoon, and brought us two kinds of saxifrage. My cake is in the oven but not browning properly. However the small cake calls out, and I'll look at it.

Saturday.

The illustrious cake was in two and three-quarter hours and then the crust rose up and left such a space behind that it broke when we turned it out. It hadn't risen as it should but I took it all the same and Lorna was very pleased. I was so disgusted, however, that I made another yesterday. The oven, we thought, was very hot, but it was in two hours and a half. Lorna said the other was very good, so I 'specks she doesn't know very much about cakes. We meant to take out tea to the Jum but it rained in the night.

Sunday 3rd.

Those bad girls were an hour late. But we had a grand time (at the Jum) and came home to tea. Coming home, we were making up nonsense rhymes...

Tuesday.

Hockey yesterday. My place was often changed and I couldn't keep my place at left inner, and got awfully hot and disgusted with myself. Miss Blandy told me to go and rest, and I did, but we all stopped early. I then went on to Mrs Dawsons and had a lovely time. I was to meet mother there, but we met here when Mrs Damson was walking down with me... It's hailing now, March!

Thursday.

I asked Miss Henderson... if she would show me how to put on book covers. I had stitched Mothers "Elijah" as well as I could, never having had any lessons. This morning Miss H. said Miss Dyke had said she would show me if Miss Drury did not mind. I was delighted, it was lovely of her, and Miss H. had not asked her...

It cleared up early after dinner, but I went early to read up some Burnet I'd missed for crit, make my astronomy chart, and write up my bird list. I took "Rab and his Friends" in case Miss D. thought "Elijah" should be done again - we began with "Rab", and ripped and restitched him, and she got me some transparent sticky paper and some twine for the back. We had an absolutely lovely time, at least I did. She wasn't quite sure about "Elijah", but as there was doubt I said I'd rather do him again...

Miss Drury and Miss Kitching came to tea yesterday, and I brought Kinnie across.

March 10th

Little Ruthies birthday. I wrote to her and am going to send her the Real Queens Fairy Book. Coming back from post, "himself" told me, (Tho he didn't intend to) that the reason Mr Peterson resigned the curacy of St. Mary's was that Mr Hawksworth wrote to him that his sermons were too long, so he had to. O why didn't Mr H. know better, such a wonderful man as that!

March 11th

Frances brought me a note saying Miss Dykes eldest brother died just as he was to return from the West Indies, said Miss Dykes came down and gave them their scripture lesson as usual, and went twice to church. And the service was all about dead friends, and brothers, and Joseph's brethren. "One is with our Father and one is not" She says I am to come for my bookbinding, but I dread seeing her, yet long to express my sympathy... She came in for a book this morning, and I saw how white she was, but oh, how brave she is.

6.p.m.

She is indeed. She was just as cheerful as usual, perhaps a little more so. She'd been for a drive with Miss Mason, and so did not come until four, and took me up to tea at the house. She was writing a letter while I worked, and looked across the room a good deal, and wrote slowly, and I saw how sad her eyes were while she was thinking. Mother had written to her, and I gave her the letter when I went away.

The extraordinary news came today that Uncle Henschel is going to be married. This whole day seems a dream

Tuesday 12th

Miss Dyke sent mother a note by me this morning. I didn't know what she had said until Mother told me to ask her when it would be convenient for her to come...

Thursday 11th

All the bookbinding lesson was "snappit up" with cutting fly leaves. I tried three times. Then Miss Dyke did it and got one tenth of an inch wrong as I had every time, so she said I could take it home. She went up to the house and brought down a cutting board, a sloyd knife, etc. borrowed from several people... I have done my flyleaves now, 5th time lucky! The dear robin came in for ever so long whilst we were working.

I went to tea with the Fairfielders, and they walked home with me... as Miss Williams had let them off work for tonight...

17th

...Organ recital this afternoon. Joan le Fleming, behind us, had a remark to make at the end of each piece, and was finally taken out. Then we came back... We went up where we did last Sunday with Kinnie for ferns... the morning was full with clearing up... straw etc. as a small writing desk from London, sent by Miss Mason, was unpacked last night when he came home.

18th.

My finger being rather worse... he would take me to Dr. Haugh, school or no school... He gave us a prescription for a fomentation, I, being a large goop, turned faint and was put almost upside down in a chair and then sent on to the porch. (I always used to get very faint simply reading "Common Ailments" at school. Idiot!) ...School about 10.15. We read Pascal, regardless of timetables, as exams begin on Weds... I went on hammering the unlucky book on the windowsill. But the upper layer of cardboard would rise up... Next we put the long suffering book in the press and rounded it...

Saturday March 28th.

Tuesday was the last lesson, that afternoon we put on the corners, and she said I could finish it myself. Went up to the Millet Room to wash my sticky fingers, and found the juniors at basketwor

Wednesday.

We began exams.

Thursday.

We went to the gymnasium, which is a minute little thing, with only rings, horizontal bars, ladder and ropes. It was OK though.

Friday.

Nibelungen, fifteen sopranos and altos, and only five men. We sang the Litany "Awake, Awake" and "My heart it seemed..."

I went round the lake Thurs. looking for larch roses, but found only a primrose... I never noticed before that honeysuckle always goes round the same way, like a screw, from right to left.

Yesterday I waked at six and got up. It was a heavenly morning. I "Croke out", but Mother was awake. I took my writing pad and a pencil, and went up Nab, and sat in the sun just near "the Young Squires trees." and watched the sun creep down the mountains, and wrote to Miss Taylor.

The rooks were waking, and a white mist hung over the river and way down to Windermere. A woodpigeon cooed, and "aloft in the heaven" the sun rose high, and the birds sang "in the woods hard by."

Then, after a chapter of accidents, i.e. spilling my milk, and finding paraffin on my bread; I got to school about 1/2 a minute to nine. The exams were as awful as they could be... The drill especially was hopeless... The last lesson was grammar. "Give examples of words that have perished, that have changed in meaning, or that have changed in spelling." We had read pages of those words in French, but could hardly remember any.

Miss Dykes came down all ready to start, (to go to Rydal.) I told her about the Latin and found that "Cunctantibus", meant "delayed", and "proper", "because of", this last is one of the little words I cannot remember. We talked about the little ones, mostly Harvey, I told her how on Friday when he was doing exams with Miss Mann I heard him say, "You know when I am doing this I am always thinking of something else." (Miss Mann despairing glance at Miss Frost at that was very funny.)

We arrived (at Rydal) about 1/2 past one. She went up and saw my room, and then came down and I showed her my early attempt at bookbinding, and the Arthur Rackham pictures. After dinner she sat on the sofa where Mothers work was lying...

Miss D. was telling Mother that she was going to travel to Italy, France and all over with a Ceylonese lady who could not speak French... Mother asked me to play, and as usual I did "Angelus ad Virginem"... the "Ave Verum," and we sang it...and then Mother got on to it (the piano.) and sang and

played endlessly... I wanted her to do "la Madonna col Bambino," and at last she did, but forgot the words! Then "In dulci Jubilo". This Miss D. knew... so we promptly asked her to sing soprano, tried to do alto, but I could hardly hear her at all... A letter came from Don... She also had a brother in India, on the frontier, in the army.

Mother, speaking of the rush of Scale How, asked if she didn't think people needed time to moon about. "No, I don't think so," she said, "Miss Mason thinks that the more we do the more we have time for..."



Buxton's Jum, Rydal.

Then we and Kinnie went out and up towards the Jum and up that dear little mossy ghyll where we got all those ferns on Sunday. Mother was bewailing that Miss Dykes must go, and I said it was the fault of all the seniors, they always went! Mother said they ought to be called, as Uncle George called a certain political party, who pasted up "The Chinese must go!" the "Mustgolians"... I took Miss D. up to see the pretty transparent mosses by the stream, and meanwhile Mother had an encounter with Kinnie. He also tried to butt Miss D. when scratching his head on "Lord Arthur", whereupon I knocked him down...

I walked back with her some way... She told me of the stories her brother writes from India, which seem like fairy tales. How once he was going over the Khyber Pass with the Emir's son and a man with some flowers came up to the latter, but he prevented him, and luckily too, for he had a dagger and was going to stab him.

At Rydal Farm, I thought I'd better go back. "Good bye" I said, "in case I don't see you again. And thank you for the Latin, and all, I do feel I've learned a thing or two, and I have enjoyed it."

26th.

Yesterday afternoon she and Miss Watters came in "walk time"... Mother asked if she'd come and sing trios - and Miss Henderson, would she come?... Miss Dyke had brought me a little photograph of Donnatellos St. John...

April 2nd.

On Thursday I got three and a half sheets from Margaret Wilson, which it took us two days to read, and I haven't got all the words yet.

Friday, the Bells, the Tom Bells, the Manchester Bells, (Greta and Ursula) their cousin Allan, and Phyllis Rigby, and I went up Silverhowe, and found larch roses, and had a fine time.

Saturday, as He came home at three, I didn't turn up until 4.15 or so, (they'd asked me to tea) and Mr Bell took me home. About a week ago Jessie (Jessie Woodrow Wilson) wrote to me from Baltimore and sent me the films of the photographs they took in Loughrigg Cottage garden. The one of Jessie in the doorway is very cloudy, but the rest are pretty good...

Sunday we went to church in the morning, just mother and me, he stayed at home and dug the well deeper. The de Selincourts came to tea, (including Oliver, who is less improved than I expected by going to school.)

In the evening we went to Ambleside, all of us, but he couldn't breathe, so came home, (he brought a cold back with him from Leeds, where the portrait of Prof. Niall went very well.) The music before the service was "I know that my Redeemer liveth" the anthem, God hath appointed a day". At the end was the Hallelujah Chorus, as last year...

Yesterday afternoon came dear Mrs Dawson bringing us white violet, carnation, daisy and other roots. William Creighton sent a white carnation. Dr Cattley and Mr. Young came too, (they are from Leeds, and staying here a week,) and we kept our two batches of visitors carefully separate! I heard a tree pipit all day, up the hill...

In the morning (yesterday) being April 1st. I pounced on the post, and took out the Saint Saens that Mrs Carter has just returned, and put in some pieces of old linoleum. There was a packet from the tea co. In this, I found a tea canister, which I carefully opened stripping off the paper not to show. After hiding the tea in the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard, I put in finely broken coal and a card "with the compliments of M.Y."...He opened it not till this morning, and roared at it!...

6 p.m.

Mr Willink surprised us this afternoon with Mr Henry Wood and Miss Jones. Mr Willink, both of them, admired our beautiful piano. It turned cold this afternoon but we did not get all of the rain we expected.

We're going to the Hymn of Praise Concert this evening, Mother and I.

April 4th

The trees have come. White broom, bird cherry, double white cherry, red thorn, syringa, and willows. Irving is putting them in. Yesterday one of Donald's old Rugby masters turned up, (brother of "Icky Dennis".) I've begun to go on with my model. Had a letter from Miss Oliver, all about stars and things, what to look out for, and planets.

April 10th Wednesday.

On the way to Burneside on Friday, waiting in the motor, we spied Miss Parish, and Miss Firth, who came up to us, dear Miss Parish just bubbling over. After the practice, we sat with Mr. and Mrs. Wood in the dark before supper. I hadn't a very pleasant recollection of HER at the Festival, but I did like her very much this time, she seemed so human and kindly... I sorter felt she liked me too.

Next morning Miss Richmond came to breakfast, and afterwards had a lesson from Mr. Wood. Mother and I eavesdropped and heard him showing her how to make a steady tone and keep the vowels pure. She has a beautiful voice with only a little tremolo. Mr. Willink says it is too fluty.

The Woods and we sat on the lawn all morning, and I read "Persuasion" and the dogs played or lay in the sun. We didn't get to Windermere until 1/4 to 4, and found there was not a coach or anything until 5, so I set out to walk, it rained soon after I started - all the time. I started at 4 and got to the Waterhead milestone at 3 minutes past 5, where I scaled the wall for some larch roses. In Rydal, I spied "him", Miss Firth, Miss Parish, and Miss Allen, "the same (i.e. the hill) descending." They'd been to tea.

Then last night we were invited to Mrs Firth's. Monday morning Mrs Willink and Nan came to breakfast. They and Mrs Willink had been at Coniston over Sunday, as the Woods had left on Saturday, half an hour before we did...

She stayed all the morning and I had a great time with darling Nannie. She sat here on my windowsill while I wrote to Honor, and then went for a walk with me.

A certain Mr. Sing came in, a few minutes, with a lovely little girl of 13, Irene. At breakfast time Mrs. W. said (to the dog), "go to Mary", and Nannie leaped into my lap. Mrs. W. left by the 3.10 (which was more like the 3.30), and I went to Ambleside with her. Mr Cropper came about three. Waiting at Pelter Bridge, three students came up, Miss Fountain, Miss Lawrence and another I did not know, and we walked on with them.

We got to Seathwaite at about 7.15 and Mrs. Firth told us where everybody was to sit. The guests came at 8. There were Mr. Bartholomew, Dr. George and Miss Johnston, Mrs Boyle, Miss Fountain, three Miss Hardings, Mrs. and Miss Jones, Miss Drury and Miss Dora Thomson, (now Mrs. Esslemont).

After supper she sang a Welsh song, "The Slender Boy", very well. We did "The Nightingale", and Miss Drury and Miss Johnston played. Then our carriage came, and Mother asked Mrs. Esslemont to come and see us...

Friday 12th

Mrs. E. brought Miss Roff with her. We took her all over the house, kitchen and all, and to the fishpond, and had tea... She seems very happy. Her husband is an electrical engineer, (a manager) and they live in Newcastle. He's just three months older than Donald... Mrs. E. said she must photograph us, and pulled out something like a man's watch, and it was a camera... She said it took pictures the size of a postage stamp, but so clear that they enlarged very well...

Then we came in and Mother tried to sing the Litany, 4 parts! I tried the 1st. soprano and Miss R. and Mrs. E. took another part together. Then Miss Joan Fothergill came in, sat on the sofa, and listened.

After that, we did Saint Saens of course. Then Mother sang "Abend-simmung"; Mrs. E. liked it better than all the others of his she sang. It was getting time to go, as Mr. E. had to be written to... The de Selincourts came in the morning bringing Mrs. Macan and Norah. The latter I liked ever so much.

April 17th Wednesday.

Last Saturday was the "Schumann Recital." We girls were invited by Miss Williams. She said it was a grown up party and we would have tea...

The raised platform, on which was a hired grand piano, (from Ulverston, I afterwards found out), was very prettily decorated. On the floor at the back were tall arum lilies with ferns at the sides. On each of the front corners was a lampstand with smilax hanging down and lots of daffodils, stuck in moss, at the front.

The first thing was Orientalische Bilder, or (some such thing) played by Fraulein and Miss Drury. The latter played beautifully, and looked the artist, but Fraulein pounded away and kept the pedal on... Next came Miss Henderson's song, "Sonnenschein", and Miss Lorimer's Cello Solo. There was hardly room for her, and she couldn't get her arm out properly, but it was quite nice. It was called "Traumerei". Then Miss Bradford played a piano solo... Then the recurrence of Fraulein for two short songs, the second I knew, "Die Rose, Die Lillie" Well, I know now what playing German is, and singing too... I did want to laugh... I "ain't showing a Christian sperrit," it seems to me...

We then hied off to tea... Silence reigned... Then we cleared away quick and proposed Miss H. should sing. She said she would if I'd play, a frightful idea! They got Pannie to, and as she finished Ingrid took me by surprise and literally swept me from my seat on the table, so I had to. It was such an

unreliable piano and I wasn't sorry to be interrupted "coz Mr. Yates is going to sing "the Royal Wild Beast Show" and wouldn't begin till Mary came". He had an eye to his chorus! So, he did the "R. W. B. Show", a "Japanese Love Song", "Lord Lovell", "Mother Hubbard", "Willie Had", and "Clementine". Mother, I and Mrs Esslemont left before he did to catch her train, and Mother was going to try and capture a coach home... Prof. and Mrs. Niall went today, having been here a week. Mr. N. and I had three walks together, first to squelchy bog, by the lake past the Toby field, and the third, (after they asked me to tea,) upon the terrace. Mrs. N. went too, as far as Nab Wood.

He told me the most wonderful things. About an aquatic insect (Similium) which has its first stage in the bottom of a swift running stream. The fly is very delicate and is found hanging on the bushes above. The pupa case remains fixed to the stones at the bottom. I could not think how it was managed, and at last, he told me. The pupa takes in air and inflates itself. Then it splits, and the insect goes up in a bubble of air in a split second and never gets wet at all. We found a very pretty kind of liverwort in flower, called Junger Mania. This I wanted Frances to put on the flower list with a lot of other flowers I'd found, viz. ivy-leaved toadflax, ground ivy, ash, rue-leaved saxifrage and others, but Olive said it wasn't a flower, coz it had spores like a moss...

It was Mother's birthday on Monday, we all forgot it until I looked at my calendar and rushed into her room to wish her many happy returns. Mary Garnett... sent her some white stocks, very sweet smelling. I had darned her 15 pairs of stockings during the holidays as a birthday present. He and Irving have found a perpetual water supply, and Mother and I are daily and hourly called upon for congratulations, as the pool will always be full for watering, and is lovely and clear.

April 23rd

I have been drawing again. He told me a long time ago that a talent buried in a napkin will be taken away. But I realise it now... I went to a choir practice at Burneside yesterday. We sang "Hear my Prayer", and "Blessed they that mourn", from Mendlesohn's Requiem. It's to be given on Trinity Sunday, and Mr Wood is to play the organ... My fate seems settled regarding the crit... Frances said... Miss Dyke was going to start a school... I am very glad if it's true... for she was such a wonderful teacher.



April 26th

Miss Mason came down to school today, the prudent, restraining element being absent - Miss Kitching is away today, on her holiday... She said my books were "very good work", but my writing seemed to be getting careless, perhaps I had been hurrying, so I am writing carefully now. The picture of the large cherry trees in autumn is accepted by the R. A. the other two only passed the jury. He went to London today. Mother has a bad cold and cannot go to Henry Wood's lecture tomorrow, at Kendal...

Yesterday he took me fishing; we caught nothing, but some boat-flies and water beetles in the boathouse. The boat-flies escaped, but the three little, shiny beetles we put in the pond.

But I am afraid the one trout has taken them. When we were out on the water, I heard the cuckoo...

*Mary on Rydal Water, fishing in the Squires boat.
Photograph by Fred Yates.*

I don't think I ever saw anyone quite like Miss MacFarlane, she takes the world as one great joke... But she's a dear, though! There's simply no provoking her.

27th

I've just been stargazing a little, and became really acquainted with Drace. But that moon, full tomorrow night, makes me most crazy! A little time ago it was just behind a dark cloud, as dark as the hills below, with a silvery edge, and Rydal was in shadow, while the mist that hangs over Ambleside and the Rothay glistened and shone in the beautiful light. Now the moon is just approaching some thin fleecy clouds, and the roof of the farm, and the gate and the wall are bright and shining in the moonlight after the heavy rain and hail we had this evening. I sowed the seeds Grandpa sent to day. Mother is ever so much better, and would have gone to Henry Wood's lecture in Kendal, only she missed the "Yellow Peril..." (*The motor coach to Kendal*)

April 30th

Yesterday afternoon I went for a walk with Silva (Bell) as arranged and stayed the night... We went across the fields to High Grove, the old ruined farm where the owls sometime build, with larches round it.

We got into part of it easily by the door, but there was a back room with stairs in it and the door walled up. This was most accessible through a hole, about 2 by 2 and 1/2 feet wide, in the back, about 5 feet from the ground. We shoved a few more stones out and I got hold of an old sort of trough of cement, and set it up against the wall, and got my legs through the hole, I squirmed over and landed successfully, and went upstairs. Here I found nothing but broken floors, ceilings, and mess generally. By the time Billy, with grunts and groans crawled through the hole and ascended, skirt tucked up like mine, she found me half out of a window, some 9 feet from the ground... trying to get a foothold. I had to come back and go down the proper way though. We went up the hill a little and came to the coach road that joins the Kirkstone road just below the High King Gate, and went along it for a mile or two, till we got to Troutbeck. On the right bank, for quite a mile there were hundreds of primroses, such lovely ones, and violets. After a while I could not resist them and gathered a big bunch, the smell was so lovely. Then there were steep rocks on the right, and heather and bilberries grew among them. They were in flower, and we climbed up and got some. I got a lovely little bush, with roots, for the garden, and two roots of common bell-heather and ling. On the left the fields dropped very steeply (there were lambs in them) to Troutbeck valley, which was very flat on the bottom where the stream ran, and the three peaks of Froswick, Ill Bell and one whose name I have forgotten, rose on the other side. Just after we passed the three wells, Margaret's, St James and St Johns, we came to that little house with the long flagged passage, and barrel and stone bench outside the door, where Honor and I got that home-made bread and butter last August. Billy and I, being hungry, (I also wanted to know if the woman would remember me) went up to the door, and after hesitating some time, as we heard men's voices, knocked. The same woman came to the door, and by the way she smiled I specked she did remember me. We asked for 1 pennyworth of bread and butter. She gave us six pieces, which were as good as last year. When she came back, I said, "You see we've remembered the Bread we got before!"

We got some shiny leafed cranesbill out of the wall for Mr. Bell. Some way before we got to Skellgill, Gertrude met us. When we got back we had tea (very hungry) and then sat in the drawing room reading, sewing and knitting, until 9.30, when we went to bed. That is we went upstairs, and I did my hair in their room, and went downstairs to put my shoes to dry (and found Mr. and Mrs. Bell in the drawing room, I thought they'd gone to bed!) in my knickers and dressing jacket!

Today is wet, so its lucky the walk was not put off... Juniors again. In playtime we played "Cat and Mouse" with the little ones. Harvey got under me and we fell down together, but he did not mind when he saw Lance was within reach... It was fun.

Mary's 'Wilson' Diary 1908

Mary Yates journal of Woodrow Wilson's visits to the Yates.

In August, 1907, Woodrow Wilson wrote from America to Fred: "I cannot tell you how we enjoy the sweet and generous letters that come to us from Mrs. Yates and you or how often and with what deep affection we think of you". He told Fred that he was preparing lectures on the government of the USA and added how he had been "homesick for Rydal all summer and don't see how it is going to be possible for me to keep many summers away from it."

In 1908, Woodrow Wilson was back in England again. On Wednesday, the 15th of July, he cycled from Keswick to Grasmere and "after a glorious ride" arrived midday and went to the Rothay Hotel for lunch. That afternoon, he walked by Nab Scar to Rydal (the Yates now of course being comfortably settled into Hart Head Cottage, at the end of the Nab Scar path. "Ah; my dear,, my dear, what a walk it was!" he wrote to his wife, "every foot of it was eloquent of you, and of all my dear ones. At every turn I came upon some tree or nook or sweet outlook that you had admired and loved . . ." "And then I found the Yates! ... I knocked at the door; Mrs. Yates opened it, and we faced one another with delight. She almost embraced me. Yates himself was in the garden up the hillside, putting in some lettuce, and before my greetings with Mrs. Yates were over, I had him too by the hand!"



Emily and Mary by the side path, Hart Head Cottage



Mary must have realised that she was witness to meetings with someone of great importance, even at this stage. She kept a very closely observed and detailed diary of all the visits to which she was a party.

*Emily and Mary by the porch, Hart Head cottage, 1908.
July 16th 1908*

'I found Miss D. here and a gentleman opposite - father? No, he turned round, Dr. Woodrow Wilson We had been wondering about him because he arrived at Glasgow on the twentieth He told stories, lovely ones, all through tea, just as he used to do, I wish I could remember half, I really ought to have a piece of paper to jot down the heads of his conversation. As it is. I don't remember the connection and point of half he said. Speaking of heat, he said in Chile they can always tell an Englishman because he and the dogs only, walk in the Sun.

An Irishman was working with others on a sunny road without his hat and someone warned him "Pat, don't you know that if you work in the sun without yer hat it'll spoil yer brains?" To which pat replied -D'ye think a'd be workin' a day like this if a had any brains?"

And a lovely Limerick:

*There was a young girl who said "why
Cant I look in my ear with my eye?
I'm sure I could do it
If I gave my mind to it.
You never can tell till you try."*

That came a propos of Margaret Axson and the way she used to say "There was a young man so benighted"

He told us a lot about Bermuda, where he has often been lately for a rest. As soon as he found himself on the island he found it impossible to have a serious thought, He had to give a series of lectures on the United States government, and when he sat down to his desk in that little island he found it took a serious effort of the will to think of anything so complicated as the U.S. Government. There are no spring there, but rain falls nearly every 24 hours and is collected on the whitewashed roofs of houses which are kept clean by law. He was laid up with a bad knee last time he was there, because in coming on the steamer he slipped and "tried to fall anatomically."

He became an object of great interest to all the old ladies, each of whom told him something he ought to do to that knee, and if he had done them all he would have had to have it amputated". The doctor was himself laid up part of the time and he (Dr. Wilson) was left wholly to the mercy of the old ladies, one of whom asked him every morning if he had done what she recommended, which was rather embarrassing. There are two towns in Bermuda and no motor cars but one public one that runs between the towns at an advertised hour – "That everyone may get out of the way". It was the doctor's horse taking fright at this thing and dragging his master into a ditch which consigned Dr, Wilson to the old ladies. He told various stories of the regiment then quartered there, the endless game of billiards - with a time limit! - the colonel, singing with a voice which could not be heard 10 feet away – Dr. Wilson

July 18.

Yesterday Mother and I went to tea at Rydal Mount where Dr. Wilson was invited to meet the old gentleman (Mr. William Wordsworth, nephew of the Poet) who left for Capri today. . . . Dr. Wilson came here in the a.m. as well to make arrangements because he had to go to tea with some friends at six. He couldn't stay to lunch on account of being the only guest at the Rothay Hotel (Grasmere) and lunch made for him only.

As well as the Wordsworth's a certain Mr. Coleridge was there. The grandson of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I cant remember much of the conversation which was carried on mostly by Dr. Wilson. Mr Wordsworth was rather tired I think He asked several questions about Princeton University which is the youngest of the three - Harvard and Yale founded in 1740 - something for men only, Co-education had been tried, but Dr. Wilson thought the young men and girls rather distracted each others minds,

and in politics naturally the young men knew more. Then he went on with his strings of a propos stories, though what they were a propos of I cant remember.

One was of a boy whose Roman Catholic Grandmother was telling him of Paradise, Purgatory and Hell and how we only know for certain one inmate of Hell, Judas Iscariot. The boy wondered how it would pay them to keep it up for one. (Parallel case. Dr. Wilson at the Rothay!).

A bright little boy was taken to the Zoo, and saw, among other things, some sea-lions. He made up a story about them, which was not remarkable in itself, but had to be told for the sake of the sequel. "A Sea-lion ate an elephant, and a monkey, and at dinner would eat nothing. The keeper tapped it on the head and the elephant and monkey walked forth unharmed. About a week after, the father read the boy the story of Jonah and the whale, and the boy became very excited and said, "Father. do you s'pose that the little boy who wrote that had heard my story about the sea-lions?" Later still, his aunt read him the story again, not knowing he had recently heard it, and went on to the story of the gourd. He asked if that was in the book really. "Yes" "Well, that's not in my papa's Bible. Dear me, how hard it is to get at the truth." This same boy was much interested in the city fountain and asked everyone to explain about it. Finally a lady sat down on the kerbstone and told him elaborately all about the city waterworks. He listened very respectfully and when she had done, he remarked, "Dear me, how many words it takes to tell a simple thing!" This boy was directly descended from George Washington's sister, and one day his mother told him of the fact. Next day he came back from school in a dirty, bruised, torn and tattered condition. "Why Francis, what has happened?" "What made you tell me I was descended from George Washington's sister? I've had to lick every boy in school to make them believe it!"

Mr Coleridge told about a grandson of Queen Victoria who wrote from school to ask for a sovereign. The Queen wrote back to say certainly not, he had had quite money enough, etc. etc. The boy replied, "Dear Grand-ma, I have sold your letter for £3, so never mind about the sovereign." (Parallel case of Mr Ruskin and the subscription for the corrugated iron church.)

Hearing of the law against motors in Bermuda, Mr. Coleridge told a good story of a country village in Scotland, bitterly opposed to motor cars. An old lady sat in one of the front pews in the kirk, pointing her ear trumpet up at the minister. He was about to begin the service when he saw her, descended from the pulpit, and tapping her on the shoulder, said, "Noo then, the vera first toot, and yer oot!"

Dr. Wilson was here again today from about 12 o'clock till 9 p.m. Father was off drawing Mr. W. R. and Dr. Wilson sat with us till dinner. About one I wrote down what I could of the heads of the talk, and during dinner took notes on the sly. Those I took at dinner are partly illegible unfortunately. However here goes for what part of the conversation has survived.

He told of an Indian custom to tie a red cord round the wrist of a very brave man at his death - A regiment of white soldiers were killed by Indians in a narrow gorge, and when the bodies were found, each man had two cords round his wrist.

From Mother's saying she had met little Mary F. who "retaliated" with a smile, we got to the literal meaning of "retaliation" and Mother spoke of her own uneasiness until she had repaid obligation, which I said was like Aristotle's great "minded" man, Then Dr. Wilson told of some lectures he had given about politics and Aristotle who speaks of national education. In a time for questions afterwards, a custom which Dr. Wilson thinks breeds thoughtless inquirers, someone asked, "What would you propose to do with boys between the ages of 15 and 21?" Dr. Wilson replied, "I think you are labouring under a delusion. This is not a lecture by Aristotle, but on him," ("It was a senseless question which would require another lecture to answer.")

He told of various adventures he had had when travelling about to lecture. On one occasion he had to address a Literary Society (?) whose president was a small and timid lady and the vice-president tall, robust, commanding and assured.

The address was to be given in some kind of a hall which had any number of rooms, passages and all but wine-cellars in connection. Led by the president. Dr. Wilson "plunged into the bowels of this establishment", followed through endless corridors and was left at last in an isolated room with little furniture for an interminable time - quite helpless in such a labyrinth and with nothing to do. At length he was asked whether he was ready to go on the stage, and in half a dozen steps was landed directly on the platform of the brightly lighted hall. There was a large audience to which the poor flabbergasted Dr. was precipitately introduced.

From this subject, by gone means as devious as those passages, we arrived at a certain Mr. Pettigrew, a friend of Dr. Wilson, who is buried at Charleston by the aide of this best friend and greatest opponent. On one occasion, when he had lost a case, not at all by his own fault, his client followed him into the street calling him every kind of abusive name. Mr. Pettigrew said nothing till his client nailed him federalists, Then he knocked him down. Afterwards someone asked why he had knocked him down for that "it was the least offensive thing he said." "Yes, sir," said Mr. Pettigrew. "but it was the only true thing he said."



Mary and Emily in the lounge, Hart Head Cottage

At another time (I forget the connection) Dr. Wilson was telling a story in which all the occupants of a sleeping car confer vindictively about some snorer safely concealed behind his curtains to be quite disarmed in the morning at seeing a lovely golden-haired girl emerge from the chrysalis. Once when sleeping with his father. Dr. Wilson was long kept awake by his snores, till his father gave a crescendo snort, waked himself and said, "Turn over, Woodrow, you're uncomfortable!"

Dr. Wilson met Mark Twain in Bermuda. Mark Twain he said had a great fondness for small girls of ten or eleven. He attached himself to one in Bermuda, hired a donkey cart and took her out in it, but it was so uncomfortable that they walked as soon as they were out of sight of the hotel. Mark Twain said of the child "I think she's having a good time. Before I came she had nobody of her own age to play with."

Father asked for the story of "How to eat 'possum", which he had not heard (don't suppose can remember it all, but I'll try, here goes) - "Furst you go out and get de possum, a'

you cook him twel he's just right. Den you git a chair an' put it by de cubbard an' you climb up on de chair an' you put de 'possum away on de top shelf Den you go out and you work. An bi-em-by de ole woman call out "breakfast ready" an' you go in but you don't eat nuthin'. Den you go out and work and work in de sun till de 'ole woman holler out "dinnners ready". You go in but you don't eat no dinner, you Jes' sit and smoke. An' den you a° out to work agin and you work and work and work till at last de ole woman holler out "supper's ready". You go in but you don't eat nuthin'. You jes' sit by the fire and smoke and smoke. Bineby you say, "Ole Woman, you' sleepy." "No, I aint." "Yes, you is." "No. I aint" An' you set and smoke agin - long time. Bimeby you say to de ole woman, "Ole Woman, you sho' is sleepy". An she say "Well, maybe I is" An' she go up ter bed. Den you git up and knock de ashes outen yo' pipe and go over to de cubbard. An' you git a chair and set it agin de wall an' you climb up on de chair an' git de possum, An' you put de dish on de table, and de pepper and salt and all de udder fixins'. An you pull yo' chair close up to de table - an' you give yo'self up to de Lord!"

Father told about a nice little American boy he had net on the coach and who had asked about the height of some of the mountains, and remarked, "I don't see how you could accommodate a larger mountain on this little island." Dr. Wilson said that some American tourists he knew had been much disgusted with St, Peter's at Rome, because, as they said, "Niagara would fill it in a minute." and you could get the whole thing inside The Mammoth(?) Caves twice over.

.., ... M. and H. (neighbours' children) came up the path and we went into the back garden to weed. We had nearly emptied five sieve-fulls when Father and Dr. Wilson came out to say they were going up Nab with Mother and would we like to come too.... We went up slowly, M. and H. picking flowers, running on ahead or hiding in the bracken. We went up rather crookedly to the right not quite to the top....

We sat on the peak Just below the top and looked over the hills. We could see the sea a little, over beyond Coniston. Rydal Water lay like a map at our feet. Dr. Wilson told of the reply of a friend of his who heard a tale of one of George Washington's feats of strength, that he had thrown a dollar over a river which was the better part of a mile broad. Dr. Wilson's friend remarked: "Well, a dollar went further in those days."



Fred and Emily up Nab Scar

Monday, July 20.

Yesterday morning brought some ordered paper and a stretcher as Father wanted to draw Dr. Wilson again, so I went off to Grasmere at 9,15 to tell him.

... .. Mother and I were present during the sitting, up in the bedroom (only room with a skylight). Again I took notes, all but two of which are decipherable at least. The picture was outlined in to a certain extent when we came in. Father put it down beside him for a moment, sideways to Dr. Wilson, who said that reminded him of a saying of a certain Professor Cunningham who gave a lecture on castles in a country town. The man who ordinarily managed the lantern was absent, and his substitute was too anxious over getting the slides in to notice that one was the wrong way up, and a castle had appeared standing on its turrets. The Professor, timidly suggested that the slide was . . "a little upside down." Another professor, teaching Latin, asked the case of a certain noun, "Genitive". "Genitive? yes, yes, but rather in the accusative."

We spoke of the Harpers. At home, Dr. Wilson says, Mr. Harper tells extraordinary stories with the wildest fancy and will not say whether they are true or not. Once he rather annoyed a family living in an old wooden house (brought from Connecticut) by saying - as he passed the house he had fancied the possibility that one of the young ladies had fallen through a hole in the floor down one of the broad hollow pillars in front. Another story, which was true, was how Mr. Harper, riding late at night, came to an old inn, tied up his horse and went in. He found everyone congregated in the common room with the landlord and no one offered him a seat. He asked someone to go out and feed his horse, "Just give him a peck of oyster shells". "Oyster shells?" "Yes". The landlord went out and by degrees all the men followed him to see the horse eat the oyster shells. Mr. Harper took a comfortable chair. Soon the company returned, "He wouldn't eat 'em." Mr. Harper, in astonishment, "Wouldn't he?" "No," "Then give him some corn."

When Margaret and Jessie were little he told them the most wonderful fairy stories about a little Gnome who slid down a moonbeam on to his window sill. ... Thence to his system of bringing up his children.

Dr. Wilson said he was a very good fellow but that the children were extraordinarily badly brought up. He added, "now, I think those children who were here yesterday have ideal manners, and they are so natural too." He considered that, with children over twelve principles of moral suasion might be useful, but younger ones must learn first to obey. Such systems as Mr. Harpers made children unbearable. This wife of a certain John Westgate had similar ideas. She got worn to a shadow looking after her children - and died. Her husband was brokenhearted and Dr. Wilson turned the university upside down to give John Westgate something to do and save his life. Two years after when Dr. Wilson was fortunately in Bermuda, the life of many a husband was made a burden by the sarcasm of his wife, John Westgate had married again. About this time Mrs, Wilson defined men as "imperfectly monogamous," In a school where they try to teach sociology, a small boy was asked what kinds of marriage there were. "When a woman has many husbands it is called polyandry, When a man has many wives it is called polygamy. And when one man has one wife it is called monotony!"

A man expecting sympathy said to his friend, -"I've lost my wife" and was answered with, "How careless of you."

In some connection Dr. Wilson told of a little girl who asked her aunt to tie her apron strings. . The aunt said "You are a big girl now and ought to be able to tie your own," "Oh, but, auntie, I'm in front", said the child. "Did you ever hear of a child who had never spoken before, uttering a complete sentence?" Some friends of his had a child who had never said a word. But one day when they were all out for a drive, they passed a lady with a phenomenally enormous hat, and the child said suddenly, -Good gracious, look at that hat!"



Fred Yates with dogs, on the front lawn of Hart Head Cottage

Dr. Wilson is rather fond of dogs, but some people's behaviour about them passes his understanding. For instance, a lady, who passed years in Europe because no steamer would allow her to take her dog back to America in her cabin, and she thought it too sensitive to bear travel in the ordinary canine way, and she spent the time writing to the newspapers trying to find a line which would allow dogs in a cabin.

Another lady had a beloved dog which was just too large to go under the tea table. In the midst of tea-time it would come bounding in, walk under the table and carry off the table etc. on its back, its mistress meanwhile uttering only affectionate names.

Mother forked out and read to him her last letter from Mrs. Wilson containing several photographs of "Prospect" with Margaret and Nellie in the grounds.

The talk returned to dogs and little boys. A child saw a very wretched and dilapidated dog and asked who made it. His mother met the crisis by saying "God made it, but He didn't make it like that, and He didn't mean it to be so." The boy looked at his mother with admiration and said, "How well you know God. Mama!"

When he had been out one day in a big thunderstorm, a little boy said, "The heavens opened and shut up again with a bang. How lucky God wasn't standing on the edge for if He'd fallen out. There would have been no one to keep things from getting us at night."

Here two of my headings are too rubbed and badly written to read, but the next topic I remember was the blunders of reporters and the wrong ideas to which such blunders lead. His book on The United States Government which was given in substance in the Bermuda lectures, had to be rewritten because the stenographer had practiced only on a certain vocabulary, and Dr. Wilson, being different, the report could not read his notes.

As an instance of a blunder which gathered seriousness and size like a snowball among those who had no means of knowing better. He told of an address he gave in which he spoke of public opinion "You, in New York," he said, "have no public opinion. A man, going to business in a street car, buries his head in a newspaper, and experiences a reaction which he calls his opinion. But this is not an opinion. He has read no other side to the question, and has not considered the matter seriously," Dr. Wilson went on: "Then I drew a picture of a group of men sitting in a country store, chewing tobacco, discussing politics, comparing ideas and finally settling the public opinion of the place. I ended by saying that whatever may be said against chewing tobacco, it does at least give a man time to think between his sentences." That last sentence was the only one the reporter took down, and it appeared in the newspapers, isolated from its context under the headline, "Woodrow Wilson advocates the chewing of tobacco."

This newspaper too had a very large circulation. Interested persons held a meeting to find out how many of the greatest statesmen had chewed tobacco and to trace thereto the source of their greatness. There was a report that the sale of tobacco had increased; and to cap the climax, a firm of tobacco growers stuck Dr. Wilson's words on to the labels on their tins! He asked them to remove the quotation, which they did and apologised, but they had no means of knowing better. He also spoke of another reporter who had been sent to gain information from him. On a difficult point of politics Dr. Wilson had said, (if I have got it down correctly) that men needed a common counsel, - and the reporter went away and said Dr. Wilson advocated a "common council." Dr. Wilson complained, and the reporter was blown sky-high and sent flying back to "await Dr. Wilson's pleasure," Dr. Wilson could not see him for 24 hours, and in the meantime wrote out by dictation what he really had said. He gave this copy to the reporter saying he might preface it as he liked so long as he printed it with the force of a correction. The poor crestfallen fellow asked him to write that down too.

Certain Scotch stories followed, Two Scotsmen were travelling in a railway carriage. One lighted a pipe, The other said, "Sandy, mon, I hae nae a match." Sandy produced a match. After fumbling in his pouch - "Sandy, mon. I hae nae ony tobacco." "Oh then, ye'll no be needin' the match!" Another man said he didn't care for smoking, If he filled his pipe with his own tobacco, it soon burned out, and if he used anyone else's, he packed it so tight it wouldn't draw, Another Scot was attached by two highwaymen, and had a desperate fight but at last was overcome and searched. The highwaymen found sixpence, and one remarked, "If it had been a shilling he'd have killed us!"

Dr. Wilson spoke of ---- and said he had a desire to tack down his upper lip but feared it might not reach over his teeth, and, A propos of his repeated "Yes yes, yes", told of a friend who invariably replied "Quite so quite so," and even, to a negative statement, "Quite not so, quite not so!"

July 26th.

Dr. Wilson was here on Thursday and again yesterday. On Monday, seeing settled fine weather, he went off for two or three days on his "wheel", up the Duddon valley, to Dunnerdale, Drigg, Seascale and various other places. He came back full of his trip! Thursday morning he arrived, ignominiously by char-a-banc, being stiff! Father was at Mr. Rawnsley's, so he Just sat with mother and me till dinner, telling of his experiences - a mountain which rivalled Wansfell for gentleness of slope, a hill (on the road. A different matter!) A mile and a quarter long - "when I reached the top I was profane." - of a very narrow escape of slipping into the gutter coming round a corner, the friendly advice of a railway porter who sent him to Cocker mouth on his bicycle. He had been to only one inn which was not pleasant.

As he sat in the bay window he spied a small darn on one knee and told us its history. It, or rather its predecessor the rent, had happened when he went somewhere to take an honorary degree, dressed in "These trousers, frock coat, silk hat, silk waistcoat, oh glorious!" - and with no other clothes but his academic gown. He rashly started from a moving street-car and fell flat in the street, getting up covered with mud and adorned with a rent in his knee and elbow, which were badly and tardily mended by a valet at the hotel next morning.

(There was a lot more, but my notes, scribbled under cover of my pocket are unintelligible. Except "Scotch baby" and I can't remember what that referred to!)

In his youth, Dr, Wilson was a lawyer and wore side whiskers, two conditions equally incompatible (to us) with his present clean-shaven self. In court once, the sheriff, who is privileged to keep his hat on, and put his feet on the table if he likes, gazed at him long and seriously, and then walked up and asked him "if he knew one side was shaved higher than the other?"

Here's another thing I only partly remember. One lawyer to another young one, after some serious advice "and another thing you need, I need it myself, - a shave!"

After describing the unruly bicycle which was like a runaway horse, he began to tell of a cousin of his, a girl, who played with him and his brothers in their youth. She could out-run them, and out-throw them, and was "the best boy that ever lived." One day she was riding through a wood in the Virginia mountains on a pony, he after her on a one-race horse sixteen hands high. A low bough hung across the path and the horse was going at full speed. Dr. Wilson threw up his hand to shield his head, and in doing so, suddenly pulled up the horse, who had a curb-bit. As his hand fell with the shock, off shot the horse, nearly taking off the top of his rider's head against the bough. Horse-riding and losing prestige by falling, were talked of.

Father was in to dinner. Only two stories I remember during dinner, a propos of the d-o-g advertisement at Chislehurst both of Irishmen, " a dachshund is two dogs long and one dog high", and a description of the electric telegraph, "Suppose a dog had its tail in Boston and its head in New York, if you pinch its tail in Boston, it barks in New York. He spoke of various authors, Bernard Shaw, Seth and Augustus Thomas, - how the latter was speaking at the election of a friend, and after he had spoken a reasonable time the crowd shouted. "Come down. Come down! You've had your advertisement!!"

Dr. Wilson went back to Grasmere early as he had found an avalanche of letters awaiting him. He wrestled with them all Friday and we saw him not again till yesterday.

...Dr. Wilson was sitting for the portrait yesterday morning, and I, in the shelter of a rug over the foot of the bed and "The Colloquies of Edward Osborne" which I read aloud, took copious notes, but still trusted too much to remembering the hang of things.

Through a Moss Grove Hotel visitor who without any intent to defraud, asked Dr. Wilson if the address of a certain American college professor was correct, they began to speak of swindling in general. Dr. Wilson once lent money to a young man at Oxford who told him a very, plausible tale. He knew he was being taken in at the time, but didn't know how to refuse.

Once, at a series of mid-day law lectures, the Dr. saw a man come in who afterwards asked some very intelligent questions. Then he said he was a friend of Dr. Patten (who had married him), said he had just arrived but the banks were closed, and asked Dr. Wilson to lend him some money. Afterwards it was found that all this was quite true but that the man, who could have worked as a lawyer himself, had for weeks been living by borrowing money from lawyers.

The next topic was an old unmarried lady who had a craze for animals and was a staunch supporter of the S.P.C.A. . . . Once she set upon Dr. Wilson and thanked him for "the noble deed he had done." The poor Dr. was quite in the dark as to any noble deed, till it occurred to him that six months before, he had driven away some boy and a dog who were chasing a cat and making a row when he wanted to work - and incidentally saved the cat's life. In much the same accidental way he once gained a temporary reputation as a fireman. Mrs. Wilson wished to burn some dried-up holly after Christmas and she put it on the fire, "not aware of what dried holly will do." It caught fire and "went up the chimney like a torchlight procession", floated out at the top in fragments, setting fire to some pine needles in the gutter of the roof. The roof being shingled, there was danger and the fire engine was sent for. In the meanwhile the Wilsons brought their own hose which would not reach far enough. A young student climbed out of a window and brought the water to bear on the right spot. Dr. Wilson giving some minor assistance; so that by the time the town arrived, and the whole town did come! - the fire was out. But that made no difference to the story of the newspaper report whose headlines read:

"Professor Wilson acts as his own fireman" . . ."\$5000 worth of damage" (whereas there was not one cents worth.) And for months afterwards friends spoke condolingly of his "great fire."

Then father spoke of Mr. Sommerville's fire at Harrow, and Dr. Wilson told about a certain professor who was saying, just as an example, "now suppose my son were playing with matches and set fire to a neighbour's barn", when there was an alarm of fire and that very thing had happened.

The Dr. had intended to call on Miss Arnold at tea time, but father had arranged for him and me to go to lunch there instead. Dr. Wilson said Miss Arnold had overheard some of her own family history as told by a charabanc driver: "There is the house of the great Dr. Arnold where lives a descendant of his who is now in her 87th year. . Who was Dr. Arnold? . . He was physician to the Queen and his name was Dr. Matthew Arnold." Then somehow he went on to the Duke of Manchester who, at a dinner party insisted on cutting up his food for a man who had neuritis in one hand. The hostess asked whether one of the waiters should not do it for him and the disabled man replied, "Thank you, I prefer my Duke." Her solicitude was over-hospitable, like waking a guest at three in the morning to ask if he wanted hot water or anything! The chambermaid at the Rothay, Dr. Wilson said, waked him at a quarter to eight every morning, for 9 o' clock breakfast; "by moral suasion I have induced her to wait until eighty but she will not be kept later. Perhaps she wants to get the beds read, like the Irish girl who said she always got the beds made before the family were up in the morning.

A professor asked a student what made phosphorus, on the face of a clock, for instance, shine at night. The boy had no idea, but hazarded the guess that it shined because of reflection. The Professor remarked severely that that showed "a double lack of reflection."

It was 12 o' clock and father, had to go. Dr. Wilson and I read until one. He, Peter Ibbetson, I, Romola. It was half raining when we went to Fox How, where we arrived at 1.30, "warm, but punctual."

Miss Arnold welcomed us most beamingly, and talked education with Dr. Wilson till dinner, during which he mentioned that Nellie was wanting to go on the stage, and Jessie to be a missionary, that each was violently opposed to the other's plan, and both liable to be at home quite a while longer. Returning from the dining room, Miss Arnold read us some verses on the exploits of her great-niece in Canada, She gave me some scraps and photographs to look at, whereas I would much rather have listened to Dr. Wilson, and did. - even as Mary Smith watched the ladies' caps over the Cranford card-table, when Miss Betty Barker had given her fashion plates to look at.

One story he told us again at dinner today _ of Mr. (now Sir William) Van Horn when he was president of a small branch railway in Canada One day when he was writing in his office, he heard the door open behind him. Thinking it was his office boy he didn't turn round till he became aware that someone was standing beside him. He saw a young red-headed Irish-man, with his hands in his pockets; and his hat on the back of his head, smoking the end of a cigarette "at an impudent angle." "Is your name Van Horn?" "Yes." "Are you the president of this railroad?" "Yes." "Well, my name's O'Hannessey, I had a job I didn't like at Chicago, and I heard you wanted a yard-master, so I came to see if I could get the job." Mr. Van Horn gave him to understand that he was not used to having young men come into his office in that fashion, without even knocking. "Oh, I beg yer pardon." O'Hannessey walked out of the room, shut the door and knocked upon it, Mr. Van Horn, feeling somewhat embarrassed, said, -"Come in." In walked the Irishman, took off his hat and bowed, - "Is this Mr. Van Horn, sir?" "Yes", "I think you are the President of this railroad, sir." "Yes". "I come from Chicago, sir, my name's O'Hannessey, and I thought perhaps you would like to look at these papers, sir.- Van Horn took the papers, very much embarrassed, but seeing no way but to go through with it. The very first reference was from a man he knew, saying that this man had voluntarily left a job at Chicago, that he was a trump, and Van Horn would be a fool if he did not take him. Van Horn looked through the other papers, which were of less importance, to cover his confusion, and then said, "Well, these are very good. The fact is, we do want a yard-master, and I'll be very pleased to have you take the job. O'Hannessey put his hat on his head, replaced his cigarette in his mouth at its same old angle, struck a match on his trousers and lit the cigarette and then said,

"Van Horn, you can go to hell (only at Miss Arnold's the Dr. said "Thunder") I don't want it." He was going to march out of the room when Van Horn said, "Oh come off, let's go down and have a drink." And O'Hannasay is still Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Our visit progressed swimmingly until Dr. Wilson unadvisedly spoke of the curiousness of the "Ouija" board. This Miss Arnold evidently considered an unorthodox tampering with spirits. She drew herself up and became very stiff while the tabooed subject reigned. Dr. Wilson did not fly from it, though he dismissed it sooner than he would otherwise have done, Afterwards he described our situation, from that period of the conversation, as "sitting an a springboard."

We were home about three but father did not turn up for an hour and a half, having waited three quarters of an hour under the little arch of Pelter Bridge because of the rain. The sitting went on again after that. Dr. Wilson told me a story I had missed when going up Nab - a darkies account of "how de fust man wuz made. Befo' dat.dere weren't nothin' tall. An' de Lawd tuk some clay an' mixed some water wid it an' made de fust man an' stuck him aginst a fence to dry". "You say dere weren't nuthin' befo' dat? nuthin' tall?" "No, dare weren't nuthin'. "Den whar dat fence cum fum?" "Go 'long dare, Sambo! a question like dat would obfuscate any system of theology ever was!"

At first various stories of religious views prevailed. A young man, who had led a very wild life, got ill. When encouraged to seek divine forgiveness he said he thought that after such a life as his, it would be "dog mean to take advantage of God's mercy and get out of the wet at the last moment." But he got well, and he straightened up. Fathers telling of Mr. Van Wissellingh's objection to praying only when one was in trouble reminded Dr. Wilson of an old lady who said, "Then, as a last resort, there's Providence."

We heard it thunder - the rain was coming down in sheets, American fashion. Dr. Wilson said it amused him to hear people say "it's thundery. When they meant that perhaps somewhere 30 or 40 miles away there was a thunder-storm. "When it's thundery in America it's not done in a corner, There's no private thunder. You know it!" From that we somehow reached a story of a naughty little boy whose mother slapped him with a smile on her face and he asked "Is that a pat or a pank?" Another story (connection lost) concerned a teller of tall tales who had travelled much and often began a story with "When I was a prisoner in Morocco" - and the cautious way in which a young man was warned against him: "So-and-so is a very good fellow, but we have no reason to believe - ahem, that all that he says is - ahem -true!"

Because of the rain Dr. Wilson went back to Grasmere by the Yellow Peril, because the coach was late. As we walked down the hill he fell to complaining of the -----s high wall and said "There are the -----s who have done nothing but descend for 800 (?) years." Which recalls a story Dr. Wilson told last week about a man who boasted that his ancestors had come over with William the Conqueror. He was answered with "I do not doubt it, but I never heard of anything else that they did!"

July 27th.

Dr. Wilson was here to dinner and all the afternoon, not to supper because of the head waiter at the Rothay who would look as reproachful if his only guest was out then! . . . He told a story of some children who had kittens and dogs, and the dogs in play, buried the kittens in a sand heap. The children rescued them too late and one was suffocated. One of the children took the kitten in her apron and said "Look Mama, a perfectly good cat spoiled!" During dinner he read aloud a bit out of Mrs. Wilson's letter telling how Nell had received the message we telegraphed on the 15th by telephone, and had come up to Jessie quite flabbergasted thinking, G.R.A.S.M.E.R.E. was a code word. Jessie gave the key: "Why, it^s Grasmere, and only means he's there!" Whereupon Nell burst into a passion of tears and they embraced each other for five or ten minutes."

When we finished dinner Dr. Wilson read us two or three very beautiful poems, one of Matthew Arnold's, Philomela, one anonymous, two or three sonnets of Shakespeare's, and one called The Lady of the Lambs beginning "She walks, the lady of my delight, a Shepherdess of sheep."

Wednesday, 29th

Dr. Wilson came on Monday p.m. He brought two very characteristic letters from Jessie and Nell, They were just as different as could be although describing the same holiday. Nell's was graphic and full of funny accounts of their drives, bathing etc. with a very funny P.S. about an old gentleman who had told them all about the President of Princeton, Woodruff Wilson!

Jessie's letter was peaceful, thoughtful and descriptive of the scenery on a lovely moonlight drive... Dr. Wilson had heard from Margaret a few days afore. He finds her handwriting as impossibly difficult as we do. Says she writes very fast and generally with a very bad pen "which scratches audibly like chickens on tin."

He read us Uncle Willam till tea.

I gave the guinea pigs a jam jar to lick out, which they enjoyed, but got so sticky I had to put water on them. Dr. Wilson said it reminded him of how he once went shopping with a young lady on a Saturday afternoon. After finishing business they bought some molasses candy which had not been properly pulled and stuck down the moustache he then wore, on to his lower lip in the most merciless way. And then the young lady took him to call on some strangers. He abandoned his moustache not on this account but because when lecturing in a women's college he had sometimes made jokes which the students, not seeing that he smiled took down in sober earnest. Also, as a public speaker he found it a handicap.



Mary with Guinea Pigs

That clock Father was so boastful about, stopped again, and Dr. Wilson told about an Irishman who bought a clock. The storekeeper said it would go eight days without winding. "And how long will it go if ye do wind it?" asked the Irishman.

He told about some people who had suddenly become rich and able to afford to send their children to good schools, but were themselves quite uneducated. Mrs. Lighter became proverbial for misapplied words, (Her daughter, Lady Curzon, married the viceroy of India,) Someone remarked what a fine arm her daughter had, and Mrs. Lighter said, "Yes," she's going to have a bust made of it," And again, when someone supposed her daughter to be delicate, she said, "Oh, no, she's the most indelicate woman in Washington." Another story about William of Orange was much in the same vein. When William of Orange landed - "wherever he landed" - he made a speech (Dr. Wilson illustrated with his hands) "Mine friends, I have come over for your goot - for all your goots!"

He was here yesterday afternoon too, so were Mr. and Mrs. G., Miss A. J., and Miss D. For some time various actresses were talked of, but chiefly Duse - how the Dr. had gone to see her, not knowing she was Italian and thought everyone spoke abominably badly he couldn't understand! But when she came on the stage she no longer needed to.

He spoke of a wonderful modern Russian actress who learned English, and this led to foreigners queer mistakes. A young Frenchman said a lady "had her leg spoilt" in an accident and the same man exclaimed, when he saw a funeral pass by at a trot. "It desolates me to the heart to see an interment running."

Dr. Wilson told us about a man he had stood beside on the bridge at Grasmere, scraping a conversation and listening to the village choir practising in the church..

He told his companion the following story. A young lady and gentleman sat listening to a church choir practice, and in at the church door floated the chirps of birds and crickets. They had been speaking of the crickets, and after a pause the lady said (of the choir) "How sweetly they sing!" And he replied "Yes" and I've heard that they do it with their hind legs After some time Dr. Wilson's friend on the bridge had smiled and said, "Just so."

Dr. Wilson spoke of pests of grasshoppers which sometimes come to the southern states of the U.S.A. and of the trials of a bald headed lecturer, a friend of his who had to make an address during a very hot summer. Gas-lamps used for lighting brought the temperature of the room to 105 degrees and clouds of grasshoppers pouring in through the windows and walked over his head and occasionally down his neck during the whole hours lecture.

After Miss J. and the rest had gone Dr. Wilson and Father were recalling the "What is a Biddle?" story, and he told an experience of his when a very consequential lady told him she was Mrs. Benson, - you've heard of the Bensons of Philadelphia of course?" Dr. Wilson said he had, but after the lady had departed. Mrs. Wilson asked him where he had heard of them, and he could only reply. "I'm sure there's a Bensons Porous Plaster In Philadelphia."

July 31

.... Dr. Wilson was here yesterday again. Miss D. came later too. He told a story of the sister of the little boy Francis Read (whom he has mentioned before). She is younger, and matter-of-factly like her father. Francis is like his mother, who said to Dr. Wilson "Doris is an infidel. She doesn't believe in fairies, and, mark the result, whenever she falls down she hits the right side of her face! -That's right, she does!" says Francis.

One day, before Doris could talk, they were both trying to get the nurse's attention at once, and Francis said, "Doris, that's the reason the good Lord hasn't put words into your mouth, because you interrupt people!"

Dr. Wilson spoke with amusement of the use of the word "slops" (in the sense of soft or liquid food) in England. and of the word "sick" - and told how an American boy had compared "sick" "sick, ill, dead." And mother quoted "First get on, then get honour, then get honest."

He told about a certain Ben Butler who came to a meeting in Boston - a meeting to which he was hostile and uninvited, like a bad fairy at a christening - and effectually broke It up. Also about Henry Clay who wanted to speak at some meeting and persuaded some young men to shout "Clay Clay! Clay!" The authorities saw no other way of quieting them than to send for Clay. But still they called "Clay Clay!" Then the authorities were angry and remonstrated but the young men said, "But that's the man who told us to shout for Clay,"

Public speaking was further talked of - the effect upon an audience of Mr. Gladstone's manner of seeming the man to say a certain thing. Then, of violin practice (a propos of stiff fingers in writing.) Someone said that if he omitted to practice one day, he noticed it; if for two days, his friends noticed it; and if for three, everybody noticed it. Palmistry - the left hand is said to be the powers you're born with, the right, what you make of them. Dr. Wilson thinks it is not true that a man knows himself

better than an intimate friend knows him. If he has a violent temper, for instance - he knows the awful "murder in his heart," while his friend sees how he conquers it. And bad-tempered moments are common to almost all.

At tea, Dr. Wilson spoke of the distaste most people have for Americans. He thinks the latter are characterised by self-consciousness which makes them often objectionable, and yet often makes them also pleasant and forbearing in a crowd or under inconvenience when an Englishman merely growls and doesn't help matters.

He told about a coloured cook his family had employed who needed winding up about every three weeks. He would then go down and artificially get into a raving bad temper. She would be frightened and for a week after would be superb, the next week, fair, and the next, abominable again. The only way to deal with coloured servants, he said. Once, when he and Mrs. Wilson were first married and living in lodgings the cook came up and began to row her mistress. Dr. Wilson flew at her and she retired and revenged herself (knowing him to toe a Southerner) by muttering 'Slave-driver!' as she worked. Thence to the social position of educated Negroes. A man living with a very comfortable relation between himself and his darkies, was asked by one of them whether he had seen the President. He said, "No, and I don't much want to see a man who has asked a black man to eat with him." The darkey answered. "Misser Roosevelt, he don' know niggers like we know em!" - Another darkey at a white man's dinner-table was asked if he ever ate with them down south, -Oh no, they're gentefolks there!" Individually many Negroes are splendid, but they are exceptions. Dr. Wilson thought it unwise and a piece of bravado in President Roosevelt to put that Negro over white wholesale traders - too much for them to stand. And intermarriage would degrade the white nations for in Africa the blacks were the only race who did not rise. Our greatest civilisation came from Egypt, therefore it is not the climate. The Chinese rose to a certain point and stayed there, but not so the Negroes. Social intercourse would bring about intermarriage.

August 1

Yesterday soon after dinner came Dr. Wilson equipped for calling at He was not going till four, and as Mother told him Mrs. went to see her mother after tea, he explained that he wasn't bent on finding her in - only on calling. Mother and I mended and patched while he talked. I did not take notes enough unfortunately, but remember that at one time he was telling about mules - an exceptional and the only beautiful pair he ever saw, when he rode on the luggage van, as a boy, when crossing some mountains and had nothing to do but watch the animals and notice their intelligence in choosing the smooth part of the road, which was a very rough one, for the cart-wheels, and going in the ruts themselves. And he told about a mule on a steamboat which ate up the tag on which its destination was written, and an old darkey exclaimed "Dat 'ar muel done et up whar' he gwine ter!"

August 5

..... This afternoon came Dr. Wilson, but not in very good form, not being well. He sat in the armchair however and talked. One of his first tales was about a barn-like country church with rafters visible and columns down the aisle. An old man fell asleep with his head back against a pillar and his mouth open. On the beams above a little mouse ran about, watched by some of the congregation. How and then it came part way down the pillar, and then ran back again. At length, enticed by the stillness, it ventured much farther down, near to the sleeping man and then, startled by some sudden sound, popped into the nearest hole . . . and the man jumped up with a yell. Unbelievable as it seemed, it was true. So was a story of a small boy who dropped a wasp into a sleeping man's mouth. A little boy, sent to buy some eggs, was tormented by street boys on his way home. He could not leave the eggs to defend himself, but meeting Mrs. Wilson's sister asked her to hold the eggs while he licked the boys. She did so, and he succeeded. Later Dr. Wilson spoke of Hamilton Gibson and his wonderful power over animals.

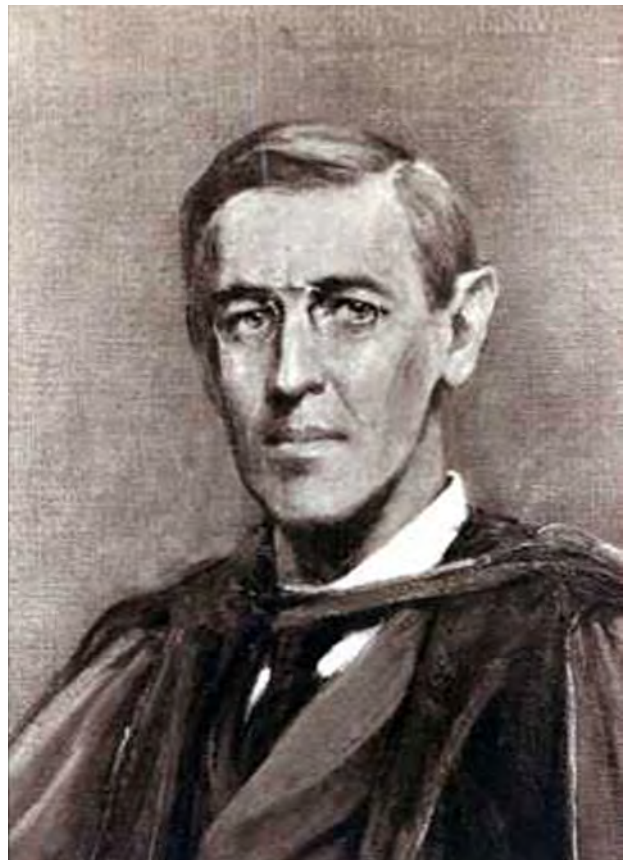
August 10

Home from London the end of the week... Dr. Wilson was here on Sunday, and as Uncle William was finished he talked during the sitting. The first topic was Mr. Robey. Someone on whom Dr. Wilson had been calling told him he had shocked the old gentleman. And the Dr. from the depths of his memory, brought forth the following story, about Grover Cleveland's daughter Esther. Esther had had a present of a tricycle and her mother was impressing upon her that though it was her own tricycle she must be nice about it and let her little sister ride it too. Esther said, "Yes, mother, Marion can ride it. But if she rides it while I'm at school, and hurts it. God help her!" Dr. Wilson declared that he had confined himself to chaste language while calling upon Mr. Robey which probably suggested this story. In Grasmere he had met an American lady, who belonged to a society of which he knew, and they found a topic and a bond in their strong dislike of its president, one Martha Carey Thompson. He told of her oddities, and of strange sentences which occasionally slipped out in a public speech, as for instance when she mentioned the recent death of a noted man and added, "I shall frequently speak of the death and birth of great men."

On Saturday Dr. Wilson went for a picnic near Thirlmere with the S---, Dr. - and --. He finds Dr. ... much more agreeable this visit, and told a story they had enjoyed together as they lay in the bracken. A farmer, watching a herd of pigs eating out of a trough, pushing and shoving, putting their feet in the food and shewing bad manners generally, remarked, "They're well named 'pigs' they eat like pigs." Dr. ---'s characteristics suggested to Dr. Wilson another friend of his, the annoying combination of being "very dogmatic," and generally right! A small boy who was of the party was constantly on his father's mind, rode his bicycle all over the road making it very difficult to calculate upon him and covered his face with machine oil and bilberry juice "as far as nature could spread it."

Mother read aloud a delightful and unusually legible letter I had had from Margaret. I said her writing looked very neat and pretty from a little way off. The Dr. assented - "Very neat, but oh Lord!" He told us a little about them as the letter went on, of the horse they drive to the sea three miles away, a staid horse. Once they did get him to trot, but when they got back his owner accused them of ill-treating him and would not let them have the whip next time. As soon as they were out of sight they got a switch out of the hedge, but even then "Could not get more than an alert walk." When Margaret's letter was finished he gave Mother one of Jessie's to read which he had received this morning.. She was very funny about "Aunt Margaret's suitors." and said that all the family's powers or speculation would die for want of exercise when Margaret Axson was finally married.

The picture was going on well. I forget how it was that Dr. Wilson came to speak of a Dr. McCush (I think that was the name) who declared of a sculptor who had done his portrait in high relief: "They say it's genius. It's not genius, it's hard work. He spent a week on my foot!"



Woodrow Wilson by Fred Yates.

It was this Dr. McCush who had an argument with Augustus St. Gaudens about the relative merits of Scotland and France. St. Gaudens, after exhausting arguments of military excellence, spoke of the splendid vintage. "Humph!" said Dr. McCush, "I prefer a gooseberry."

When Dr. Wilson said he must go we accused him of fear of his head-waiter. But no, he is no longer alone and unassisted in his duties as guest, there are a number of others, "stolid Englishmen, isolated facts", and two old ladies "one of whom is a horse in disguise".

We got the Dr. to tell the 'possum story' again, which he did with slight variations. And he told some lovely conundrums; viz; "Why is a short Negro like a white man?" "Because he's not a tall black." - "Why is forgery like sick eagle on the wing?" "It is an ill-eagle proceeding". "Why is new bread like a chrysalis?" "Because it makes the butter fly." - "What relation is bread to a motor-car!" "Mother; bread is a necessity, and a car an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention." "What is the difference between the top of a table and a leaden image of Satan?" One is a dead level, and the other is a lead devil." What is the difference between temptation and eternity?" "One is a wile of the devil, and the other is the devil of a while."

August 19

. . . Yesterday mother had to go to Ambleside in the afternoon, and soon after, Dr. Wilson turned up again. He has been away for ten days. He sat down and talked with Mrs, Kirkman in the porch. After tea he sat (for the portrait) upstairs, a little, I went up part of the time. He was telling anecdotes of Matthew Arnold's tactlessness, such as recommending a certain dish to his wife when they were out to dinner, as "not half so nasty as it looks", and a similar tale of Thackeray, at a rather Epicurean table, speaking of the cost of living in America, how he had given a dinner to some friends in New York, at great expense, and it was "not much better than this". He was once properly sat upon by a lady whom he told that he had heard she was rather fast. "Ah, Mr. Thackeray," she replied, "we should not believe all we hear. I heard you were a gentleman."

The conversation was most interesting when Honor and I sat with them downstairs, but taking notes was not possible. The talk ran upon conduct, and the opinion Dr. Wilson has quoted before about self-knowledge. We went down to post and then helped with the omelette for supper. Dr. Wilson at our request told the history of the Newspaper tobacco blunder, and of Sir William van Horn and O'Hannessey.

August 20

Yesterday after dinner Dr. Wilson came. We pounced upon him at once to sing "pea-nuts." It is glorious!"

*The man that hath some good pea-nuts
And giveth his neighbour none,
He shan't have any of my pea-nuts
When his pea-nuts are gone.
When his pea-nuts are go - o - o - o - he,
When his pea-nuts are gone,
He shan't have any of my peanuts,
When his pea-nuts are gone.*

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, etc.

And the familiar variation,

The man that hath some good fresh roasted Californian pea-nuts,

Also another variation,

The man that hath some good Lorellard's fresh out unadulterated chewing tobacco.

He also sang some delightful words on a June bug's aspiration to be a hippopotamus or a rhinoceros, a June bug and a beetle who could "fly and bump his head against the wall" - this to the tune of "I'm a -pilgrim" - Then we all sang "John Brown's body", leaving off a word at each verse till we got to -"John John John . . . as we go marching on". The great force of the last bit all together was screamingly funny, and still more in the last verse which was perfect silence and just rhythm inside us till -"As we go marching on."

...Honor and I read "Emma" on the porch till Miss Amy and Mr, Robert Somervell arrived and we made tea. He and Dr. Wilson seemed to enjoy each other. After they had gone we had supper. Dr. Wilson. Mrs. Kirkman and us. During tea, points of law were talked of. An Irishman was acting as a witness in a murder trial, and he was asked how far he had stood from the scene he was describing. "Eight feet, six inches." "You have a very accurate memory. How do you know it was exactly eight feet six inches?" "Bejabbers, I measured it, because I knew some fool of a lawyer would ask me!" Mr. Somervell told about a lawsuit where an agreement was broken on account of a machine's being unusable. This had to be proved. A workman in the shop testified that the machine went badly. He worked on the other side of the shop. The lawyer asked how he could possibly know about this machine when he worked so far away. "Why, I could hear t'mon swearin' at it all t time!" Dr. Wilson told how some students had made up a tale to conceal some consequences of a frolic. The court adjourned for a fortnight, and the men had somewhat forgotten their tale. It adjourned again, and the tale was again very considerable varied.

While dinner was being got ready Dr. W. and Mrs. Kirkman talked of Ouija. Honor told how an aunt of hers had produced a mathematical equation. Also, Dr. Wilson told of instance of sympathetic sight in a blindfolded person.

During tea Dr. Wilson had told us epitaphs. One was on the tomb of a child who died at four months old:

"Since I was so early done for, I wonder what I was begun for!"

An example of anticlimax: "In memory of --- ---, who was a sincere friend, an indulgent father, a faithful husband, and a native of England." A woman who was a faithful and loving wife to the seven following persons " A man, "shot by accident by a revolver, old style, brass-mounted. And of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He mentioned a very small man who said to a very tall one (this a propos of the Somervelle's) who had insulted him, "If you do that again I'll get a stepladder and lick you!"

After supper, father shewed the Millet slides, most of them.

August 24

Went down to post . . . and returned to "sit at the feet of Gamaliel" H. expressed it; though certainly, while Gamaliel discourses we are usually making tea. We made the tea and I returned to the dining-room, and my netting, while the tea was drawing - and forgot it. On which father said bother the netting! and when I returned (with the tea) Dr, Wilson said, could I define a net. We all tried, and I didn't know before how hard it was. Dr. Wilson said he only knew Johnson's definition, "a retination or decussation with interstices between the intersections" (and the first word shouldn't be used in a definition either really). Father said."Can you define obstinacy?" Dr. Wilson said, "It in firmness and resolution carried beyond the point of reason." "Then what would you say to the obstinacy of a

donkey?" "Well, he would have no point of reason, so in his case I should call it stupid unwillingness." "What fixes the point of reason?" asked Mrs. Kirkman. "Ah, I was hoping when I said it that you would not ask me that!" said the Doctor. Next came the definition of a spiral staircase. H. spirated her finger, and said, "That's it, no one ever tries without doing that". "I did not," said the Doctor, "true to my father's teaching, I tried to give a true definition in words." "What did you say?" "I think I said it was a staircase arranged around a central column, and turning as it rose." "Returning to the definition of a net, how would you distinguish it from a sieve?" "A sieve is not knotted." I looked up "net" in our much abridged Webster - "something used in catching fish or birds" - just like Webster.

When I returned from some pilgrimage to the kitchen. Dr. Wilson was speaking of the size of Texas and how once his father had tried to annoy a Texan by affecting astonishment that they were up-to-date enough to have railways there. "So," he said, "you travel on rails in Texas?" "No," said the Texan, "we travel on parallels of latitude." Soon after this father carried off Mrs. Kirkman upstairs to sit (for a portrait). Dr. Wilson went too, to read to them, and father said we could "allow our attention to wander".

During supper Dr. Wilson was telling golf stories. One was about General Grant to whom a friend was going to shew the game. Grant was perfectly silent, which somewhat embarrassed the other. He aimed at the ball but missed it and was nearly carried off his feet by the jerk. He became still more confused, tried again - same result. Then Grant spoke in all good faith, "It seems very good exercise, but what is the ball for?" Another golfer, under the observation of his caddy, did likewise, and exclaimed, "Dear me, I never played golf so badly before." "Does yer honour play golf?" asked the nasty little caddy.

Saturday, August 29

On Thursday ... Dr. Wilson came soon after dinner in quest of father to go to Dr. Heard's with him. He was off sketching, but Dr. Wilson sat some time with us and sang "I'm a June bug", explained the propensities of that beetle, and sang "The man that has plenty of ..." to new versions we gave him, such as "Gilbert's concentrated carbolic disinfecting powder" for instance. He could not say "Peggy Babcock" a bit, though we made him sing "Peggy Babcock's copper coffee-pot". Oh dear, it was so funny! He sat back with his arms folded, his eyes shut, struggling with "Pebby Bagpot's coffer oppy pot", and other such distortions, and looking at us and slightly raising his eyebrows if he ever arrived with tolerable success at "Oh that will be joyful". One of his own concoctions was "plenty of idiotic idiosyncratic insane asylums" which sent us again into fits of laughter not only over the difficulty of saying all that, but at the idea of a friendly offer of half a dozen insane asylums. He also sang rounds with us, "A southerly wind" - "Scotland's burning", etc.

Soon after he went. Honor and I went into Ambleside to look up her trains, etc., and opportunely met him. He disentangled Bradshaw for us otherwise than by Honor's method of looking right through everything.

September 3 (Thursday)

... Honor left for Astrop today, and the day has been full with Mr. Badley's being here to sit, stand, rather, and the reading, meanwhile of not-to-be-missed Uncle William and Joseph Vanoe. My Wilsonian notes since Sunday will probably be confused though I specially want to disentangle them intelligently now the dear Doctor's gone. .. Sunday we were reading the Vicar of Wakefield and working, I cutting up beans, when Dr. Wilson arrived unexpectedly. He had said he would not be here till Monday because of a friend who had come. But he had just gone off on the coach and Dr. Wilson had come with him as far as Rydal. Mother said, "There were two stories I was trying to recollect to tell them that you told the other day." The Doctor, after deliberation. hit on this. At some University, Professor Brackett taught mineralogy. One moonlight night an undergraduate was going back to his rooms the worse for drink. The lamp posts and fences had been fresh painted dark

green, which he either had not known, or had forgotten. He grasped a lamp post and leaned against it, and when he noticed his hands he muttered, "Damn old Bracket!, all these years I've been under him and he never told me cast iron would melt by moonlight,." "There was one you were talking about, mother, a week or so ago when I was winding the clock, that you wanted Dr. Wilson to tell." Dr. Wilson: "One about a clock, was it? and a drunken one? A Southerner coming home late at night - coming to bed - his wife said reproachfully, "John, what time is it?" "Just twelve." Just then the clock struck three. "now John, what can you say?" "Why, my dear, you wouldn't believe that damned Yankee invention against the word of a Southern gentleman?"

A propos of making speeches, he told about a man who arranged all that sort of thing in a certain community, who had an unconquerable dislike for two persons. One of these was a Dean something whom he had secured to come and speak, and who, when on the platform before the audience refused to speak without higher pay. The other was a man by the name of Parker, whom he had cabled for, to England, to speak at Henry Ward Beecher's funeral. Parker had agreed to come for 200 dollars and expenses. When he arrived he refused to speak for less than 400 dollars. "What did you do?" asked a sympathiser. "Do? Why, I paid him the 400. I had to. Beecher wouldn't keep."

Some things I put down openly at the time were two or three strange sayings of a lecturer on Greek poetry. One was: "The throbbings of Sappho's heart reached out and grasped ..." I forget what they grasped.

Another was: "Pindar's poetry was like Greek minarets which reached to the lowest depths of the highest Greek thought.- Dr. Wilson, his right hand making porpoise-like up end down motions remarked, "Most active minarets!" Another man, speaking of war secrets, said, "As soon as he arrived he allowed the cat to escape from the bag. It was a fatal mistake to let loose the cat upon the dogs of war."

What induced these quotations was Dr. Wilson's reading aloud The Lakes Herald's account of "Mr. Yates' Pictures" (the little exhibition last October). Mrs. Harries came in while he was at it, but he finished it after she had gone. It was so funny, the dramatic way he read it, for instance, "A characteristic sketch is one entitled "Thunder" (with sudden sternness,) and how he enjoyed the sketch of Levens Hall in which the pigment lay in ponderous but picturesque abandon, although there were some delightful little touches of colouring effected in momentary inspiration, the whole being a remarkably successful specimen of lightning painting." "Thunder and lightning!" Then he turned over the clipping and found a scrap of the serial on the back and read, tragically, "A bitter Remorse." "The Hidden Hand." and, looking blankly serious and dramatic, "Face to Face." Mother said, "Oh do tell him the bit you saw at Middletons" I had been standing, waiting to be served one day and turned up one of the penny novels on Middletons counter and came on "She turned on him a look of questioning inquiry," It was after I told Dr. Wilson this that he began about Sappho. A propos of the Henry Ward Beecher story, Father told one about a chapel which put up on its notice board "Spurgeon departed for Heaven 11.15 this morning." And somebody wrote underneath, "12.30, as yet have not received Spurgeon, Peter."

During tea Dr. Wilson was talking about his name. Though Wilson is common enough, Woodrow is not; yet a friend of his said he had seen a shop in Glasgow with "Woodrow Wilson" written over it. Dr. Wilson said when he went back he would look it up and perhaps go in and accost the man with "What do you mean by keeping my shop?" People sometimes wrote his name with a hyphen, thus depriving him of a christian name. He had been christened Thomas Woodrow Wilson, but had dropped the Thomas. "Once, a man in Canada, by the name of Woodrow, wrote to ask me what right I had to my name, I answered him, and replied meekly that Woodrow was the name of my Mother's family. I remember once being very much crushed by an Uncle of mine, a terrible individual, he always knew what he was talking about And remembered things and looked them up afterwards I was

quite young, and I observed how uncommon our name of Woodrow was - that there were probably no others in the United States." "There are only four other families of that name here," he said. He was accurate. He had taken the trouble to ascertain the fact. I felt crushed.

Mother had been humming a tune and now sat down and played it, and she and father began to argue over it, he declaring it came out of "The Gondoliers" and Mother, that it was in "The Mikado." Honor joined in on Mother's side, saying she remembered it, and she only knew "The Mikado." They argued long with don't you remember...?" "The Grand Inquisitor...?" "A man with lace ruffles and wonderful little hands sang it, in the Mikado?" etc. etc. "Witness must address the Court, and not each other," said Dr. Wilson. "First Witness!" Father: "it's in The Gondoliers, sung by the Grand Inquisitor, of course it is." "Well, Second Witness?" Mother: "I'm perfectly sure it's in the Mikado - there's no doubt - no possible doubt whatever!" Honor: "I'm sure it is, for I know it and the Mikado is the only one I've seen." Dr. Wilson: "There's not enough evidence, unless you have a copy in the house. Yours is an impression, and yours is an opinion. The case is dismissed."

On Monday he came again, and as his last time I took refuge to write notes and get the hang of the conversation as best I could, on the hearth rug or by flying into the kitchen! So here goes.

Mother was finishing and stamping a letter when he came, which reminded him of a picture of a busy business man in his office stamping letters with a little boy standing by, with his tongue out, to lick the stamps - a disrespectful attitude to cultivate, Mother said.

After one of the silences which introduce an entirely new subject between which and the last outsiders "miss the connection," Dr. Wilson said, "Oh Mary, I've thought of a definition of a net - 'filaments so interlaced or knotted as to leave interstices between the intersections.'" This H. and I pounced upon by saying it's all one string knotted and knotted upon itself, but he soon overcame us in spite of the netting lesson we gave him. On going out to the kitchen, I was greeted by squeaks from the Guinea Pigs, "My gracious, they need oiling!" exclaimed Dr. Wilson.

(Here is a forgotten note, alas, "There ain't that much systematic theology....."whence?")

Father was eating plums. By skilfully dropping a stone with his penknife stuck into it, he managed to crack it. The kernel was a phillipine, so he and I ate it together. It wasn't a bit nice, objectionable in fact, Dr. Wilson said. "Poisonous. And you're a perceptible degree more likely to die than you were two minutes ago." This introduced some more stories. A man coming home in a rather dilapidated condition said "Well, I've done my duty. But if that's loving my country, I'll be damned if I'll ever love another!"

Another man, who had escaped no more fortunately, said, "Well, anyway; I killed as many of them as they did of me!" "I think the most gruesome war story I ever heard is this," said Dr. Wilson, - "A wounded man on the field called to a passing friend to help him. The friend threw him over his shoulder and went on, A shell took off the head of the wounded man, but the other walked on unconscious of it, till another called out to ask what on earth he was doing, carrying a headless man. The carrier turned and looked, and exclaimed, why, the beggar told me it was his leg.

Somehow the offences of J..... and other coach-drivers rose up at tea, father very wroth and Dr. Wilson began a very spirited critique upon dictatorial and unobliging coach-drivers who ruled the roost without anyone but innocent and transient tourists to domineer over. Mother remarked that J... had no earthly reason for being crabby, "he has the nicest wife in the world." "I deny it!" cried Dr. Wilson fiercely.

Looking out of the window he remarked, "The bloomin' wind ain't blowin' at all That's Irish. In other words. 'The bloomin' wind don't exist."

Father said "There's something I want to read you, Doctor, out of Joseph Vance, just find it, Mary, where Joe and his father walked back from Poplar Villa, - I can turn to it." (So could I, but I was writing notes in its shelter.) He read the passage where Joe's father is musing upon culvert or barrel drains, etc. etc. Joe, in his perseverance, getting in a word or two edgeways at last wakes his father to ask what the young nlpper was talking about with his Miss Looeys - an example of very independent trains of thought in a "Conversation."

Dr, Wilson had been driven to Grasmere with a friend who was much absorbed in mechanics, but who had usually great interest in literature. As they passed Nab Cottage, Dr. Wilson said, "There de Quincey, Southey, and Hartley Coleridge lived. His friend said, "Oh indeed! Do you think the education of mechanical engineers...." So the Doctor did not point out any more local celebrities, but he was sure that these things would return to his friend's consciousness afterwards.

He told of the visit of some friends who talked him out of countenance and knowledge with political economy. All through dinner the subject reigned to the destruction of digestion. When the gentlemen went off to smoke, Mrs. Wilson nudged him to ask the lady if she didn't mind tobacco smoke, which she didn't, as she smoked herself. Political economy went on, till Dr. Wilson felt himself nearly to have talked out all he knew, so he took to stratagems to change the subject. He offered to shew them round the university. They submitted, and, as Dr. Wilson pointed out places of interest, went on talking political economy. One was a man long and thin "With spectacles at this angle". the Doctor illustrated, setting his own horizontally at the end of his nose. He walked round and round the town with them, still listening to political economy and praying for train time.

Speaking of Joseph Vance, Dr. Wilson wondered if it had ever been done to write a whole biography of an imaginary man, making it all quite probable, with dates and places and all. There are three kinds of biography - biography, autobiography, and ought-not-to-be-ography.

Soon he had to take leave It was the last time I saw him. He had to go on Wednesday in order to get his bicycle on the steamer before Saturday. We all assembled at the door to see him go down the path and out of the gate, dear man, I wonder when we shall see him again!

1908: Article from 'The Studio' Magazine

By the Autumn of 1908, life was once more settling back into the 'routine' of life at Hart Head, and work in London for Fred.

On November 26th, Fred writes to Emily , From London. (Probably Highwood Studio. 18 Norland Square.)

'My dear girl, Mr Van Wisselingh wants me to get more sittings on Badley before I show it. Urges me to keep it until next year and then show it. He thinks well of the head, but all the rest he wants more completed. - So I have withdrawn it and written Badley and Miss Badley's. The photographs of it I hear are good - but haven't seen them yet. The drawings are hung. They look very well.

V.W. likes Miss Webb very much – particularly the sheep shearers - The terrace he has only seen under electric light. He seems pleased with Mary – doesn't like the heavily painted sky of the evening glow - and doesn't care for the little landscape I did with the palette knife that Mary loved so, the one that hung under the Maris, so I can hardly tell you how I stand. - He likes many of them - The Academy snow looks a little hard - but he likes the distance and middle part, takes exception to the tree. - Which I am going to work on.

Then on November 27 he writes to Emily, (this time From Fallowfield, Chislehurst, Kent.)

"Dear Girl, At shirts - bless him - beautifully done - Ernest here dinner last night. Dear Pat in great form. They are all quite grateful to me. He rang Manchester. He is a dear fellow I love him more and ore. I really think he may come to the show. I haven't said a word. I am going to borrow Miss Webb's group. - and take the original to Fulham today - y'day not a moment. - It attracts more than the bronze - Howell said last night how it surpasses what is done by professionals.

The photograph of you is simply marvellous (Harold Clarke at show) and Allen has made one of Mary that eclipses the swan. - The only blot is the "Badley" - it is a great sadness to me. - but V.W. seriously said "Yates it will do you harm!" so if he is asked he is going to say to people that I am going to get more sittings - I don't think however that Badley will do it. I shall hear from him today I expect. It does look beautiful. V.W. distinctly pleased. That is more to me than anything. There is not one thing that he feels goes against him. - He took Howell round last night - and pointed things out that he liked hanging on the window side.

Tell Mary that I think she will get the Palette Knife one - I still love it.

By the end of 1908, Fred's reputation in England is well established. An article on his work had appeared during the year, in The Studio, (Volume XLV.)

Frederic Yates, Romanticist

In the small band of painters who are striving at the present time to express in their work the true poetic sentiment of nature Mr. Frederic Yates occupies a position of unquestionable importance. During the last few years he has proved in the clearest possible manner that he possesses an unusual measure of that sensitiveness neither blankly realistic nor elaborately artificial, it depends not at all for its success upon tricks of expression, and it is not designed to appeal to the careless passer-by. It is too reticent, too earnest, and too personal in aim to achieve that sudden but by no means permanent popularity by which the labour's of the man who lays himself out to please the public are commonly rewarded.

It is, perhaps, permissible to count Mr. Yates as a follower of the Barbizon tradition, not because he is a deliberate imitator of any of the painters who were members of that school, but because he has

set himself to work out in his own way much the same problems as they were accustomed to study. He is occupied, as they were, with the decorative rhythm of nature's arrangements, with the beauty of colour harmonies, and the subtlety of her atmospheric effects, and he seeks, as they did, to convey to romantic influences which is the mark of the really sympathetic student.

His work has qualities which are found only in the productions of men who have learned to draw the right distinctions between the matters which are vitally essential in art and those which are actually of little moment though apparently worth attention. He never concerns himself with superficialities; it is in the larger aspects of Nature. her dramatic significance and her poetic grandeur, that he is chiefly interested,

Yet in his pictures there is no hint of bombast, and there is certainly no trace of straining after effects which are not strictly legitimate. He has based himself too surely upon a sound tradition to lapse into errors of taste or to commit the rudimentary mistakes of the seeker after popularity; and his conviction is too sincere to allow of his departing from the right aesthetic principles. His art is neither theatrical nor prettily conventional, neither blankly realistic nor elaborately artificial; it depends not at all for its success upon tricks of expression, and it is not designed to appeal to the careless passer-by. It is too reticent, too earnest, and too personal in aim to achieve that sudden but by no means permanent popularity by which the labour's of the man who lays himself out to please the public are commonly rewarded.

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His method is primarily one of elimination. Which excludes from the pictures he paints everything that does not help to strengthen the idea formed in his mind as a result of close observation; and with a view to this elimination he subjects the material that he proposes to treat to a process of careful analysis, disregarding unessentials and dwelling only on the vital matters which give to the pictorial design its proper coherence.



*The Day's Work is Done by Frederic Yates
(The property of A. E. Littler, Esq.)*

That this analytical habit does not lead Mr. Yates into conventionality is a point that must be insisted upon. He refers everything so scrupulously to nature that he escapes entirely the risk of formalising his convictions, and does not sacrifice his spontaneity for the sake of conformity to a rule of practice. Just as his study of the Barbizon masters has not diminished his capacity for individual expression, so his love of investigation has not made him any less responsive to natural influences. - He can seize with certainty upon the right aspect of a landscape and can realise it upon his canvas with a breadth and dignity of statement which can be welcomed as wholly satisfying. He plays charmingly with subtleties of colour and with graces of design, and the way in which he treats relations of open-air tone is always to be commended for its delicacy and sympathetic understanding.

Best of all, he shows by the firm construction of his pictures that he has fully that instinct for decoration without which no fine pictorial achievement is possible. He balances judiciously the masses of his compositions, and he spaces his design with a perfectly correct sense of proportion, neither over-insisting upon the dominant lines nor weakening them in a mistaken belief that strength is of less importance than elegance. This feeling for construction he tests very severely in one particular branch of his landscape work—in his snow scenes, which by their inevitable vehemence of tone contrast are calculated to show up mercilessly any defects there might be in his scheme of construction. But in these his pattern is as well adjusted and as rightly related as in any of the less exacting motives with which he concerns himself, and they show no lessening of his control over the mechanism of his craft.



*Snow at Rydal by Frederic Yates
(The property of E. Howell, Esq.)*

Some idea of the determination with which he has striven to fit himself for a high place in his profession can be gathered from the fact that, though he is still to be counted as a young man; he did not devote himself to painting till he was twenty-eight years old- Before that he had been obliged to suffer the discomforts of a business career—as has been the fate of so many men who have risen after all to distinction in art—and had to suppress his artistic aspirations in the uncongenial atmosphere of a City office. But when he gained his freedom he went first to America and then to Paris to spend four years in study under Bonnat; and at the end of this period he betook himself to Italy, seeking that deeper in sight into artistic truths which is only to be obtained in the home of great traditions. Since then he has travelled widely, to countries as remote as China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands, and has enlarged his outlook by studying nature under all sorts of conditions. Now he lives in the English Lake Country—at Rydal—where he is in the midst of scenery which satisfies entirely his love of romanticism.

It can fairly be said that he owes the complete development of his powers to his study of the subjects by which he is surrounded in his English home. That he learned much by his travels about the world can scarcely be disputed, but they only laid the foundation upon which he has built the personal and characteristic style that marks his practice to-day.

Among the hills and valleys of the Lake District he has grown from a student to a master, inspired by the rare manifestations of nature's charm which are revealed to him there, and led by her guidance into the fullest understanding of himself.



*Snow in Rydal Park by Frederic Yates
(The property of H. W Brooks, Esq.)*

In emphasising his claims to attention as a landscape painter it must not be forgotten that he excels also as a draughtsman and painter of portraits. To this side of his accomplishment he brings a remarkable shrewdness of characterisation and a real power of summing up the facts of a personality. His portraits in oil, pastel, and back-and-white—he works with equal facility in many mediums—have a sterling merit which claims frank admiration. They are never spoiled by affectations and they are never obvious in pose or manner. Indeed, affectation is impossible to him because in his nature there is that valuable strain of simplicity which helps so much to make an artist great.

Only the man with a simple faith' can be really sincere, and only the man who is really sincere can achieve great things - and Mr.Yates has done many things for which greatness can be claimed.

A.L.B.

Lectures & Teaching 1909

1909 is a year in which Fred spends a lot of time giving his 'Millet' talk at various places. On February the 8th, he is at Bedales School, Petersfield, at the invitation of his friend J.H. Badley To give his lantern slide talk on Millet. He writes to Emily: "9am Monday - at Bedales. Dear Girl. Badley has just left the breakfast room we have had our breakfast together alone - he is very pleased - and thanked me - It was two nights but the interest never slacked - quite informal I hardly looked at my paper 1 hour 1/2 both nights and all the school there. - About 150 pupils and teachers - about 20 I should think. It is now 6.30pm. I am at the Franklin's now - waiting for Mr F. to come in. Mrs Gets here at 10. - So I am going to post this to you with the key of the basket trunk, which perhaps may have arrived already. - Unpack it carefully. - The tongue is wrapped up in the yellow satin!! I am glad the flowers reached you on Sunday. - As Badley and I were out walking he said "about now they will be getting their flowers and the mushrooms." We had the Millet after the service. The little ones had particular permission to sit up. - Badley looks very well. I could buy no corn so sent Succotash. - Try it - and tell me. If you like the Lettuces, I will send you some more. - I want you to use me so that you can have variety. Oliver's is very good and quite done. Tomorrow I finish Pooley, and the day after probably begin Mrs Pooley. Write me here I shall get your Friday night postings."

Then, on the 11th, he writes to Mary, from 18, Norland Square, London: "I leave about 10 for Cambridge on Saturday. Dear Girl, I have been doing all kinds of things, No end to things to be done and letters pile up that stagger one. - but I like your letters - It is dark here - storm coming - and you will probably have snow. I am laying tracks for having my own Millet slides. I have been to Browns today; they have the whole series of published work - over 200 different subjects.

Goodman has a show on has been evidently at the Lakes all this summer. -Water colours - about 50 drawings - at Dowdeswell's Gallery. The whole lot show that he hasn't got the innards nor the meaning of any of it. - impossible and only three small ones sold. So that he will drop money on it. They say at the gallery that he thinks a lot of himself. I am so glad he didn't come and see us - you know I told him a long while ago that I hoped he'd never come to see my show. He depressed me always, I find he doesn't even speak in my language. The very thought of him disturbs me. - "Whatsoever things are good (Whatsoever things are lovely and c. and c." My love to that lovely bird that frequents our garden. If you have snow tell me. I like you to talk about the house and the garden and Kinnie. Eat well. Do you want money? "

Then, writing on February 13th, from Ravensworth, Brooklands Avenue, Cambridge. "Mrs Hughes has just given me this paper. "Yes it is all right only would have been more so if she had been here with you." I have seen the hall, not yet seen Nuttall. (Prof. Nuttall was a long time friend.)

Just seen Birrell who asks me to come any Sunday I like at 12. Isn't this splendid, then I avoid the crowd and it gives them a chance to ask me stay lunch. - Lovely day here, warm beautiful light - as full of beauty - just been about with Mrs Hughes. Prof. out and about but none too well - looks thinner - but huge energy - enough to raise the very dead. Everyone asks after you - the servant Maude - sweet and lovely as ever. - I'm in for a good time."

Writing back to Emily, from Cambridge after this talk, on the 14th of February, he describes the events: "(Saturday) morning - and I have just had my tea in bed - an hour or so before breakfast. I don't know what time it is nor when is breakfast. I awoke full of thoughts of you - because I wished much y'day many times that you could have been here. It would have been complete then. The Millet went off just as you would have wished it. Mrs Hughes had "generated" it with such tact - all the right sort of people - quite representative, not of course the big Moguls of the different colleges - but a decidedly fine sprinkling of the faculty. Nuttall introduced me - saying that probably he knew me for a longer time than anyone in the audience and then proceeded to quote Baldry on Yates until I got red as a beet. ("Baldry" was a painter and art critic.)

Didn't of course dream I was going to be offered up - so I when it came to the end quickly dismissed it. Told them to discount it all and that I would someday get even with Prof. Nuttall, which made everybody laugh and got everyone into good humour. - I saw Miss Berrall in the audience. Prof. Hughes came and our dear Mrs Hughes. Nuttall's wife brought two children which were a personal godsend as I am always at home with children - but here everyone is really simple in manner - any one with anything to them, no "Louis Quatorzo" about anyone - lots of live thinking people, all hungry. I felt the room with me - it was packed full up - and perfectly delightful men and women came up afterwards and thanked me - Mr Cockerell the head of the Gallery here - spoke warmly of the periods of silence - he said - "it is not done here - it was eloquent." At dinner here Mrs Hughes brought together a goodly lot of folk, fifteen sat down. Prof. Hughes at his end of the table bringing everyone in touch. He really is a most genial and lovely character - and stubborn withal. - I am going to sketch him this morning. - A little bon bouche for our dear Mrs H. There is a fellow here named Baynes - 26 - quite a splendid fellow, real as they are made and healthy in mind. Ought to be a somebody someday - but he will stand alone - he has strong social qualities and goes well with his socialistic ideas of which he seems to carry a large stock, but he is healthy and not high falutin'. F. sang feelingly last night - he does everything with a fine sincerity and I have enjoyed him.

Emily also received from another hand, an account of the same occasion. This one is perhaps a better indication of how the audience found Fred's lectures, rather than his own rather self-effacing descriptions. From Brooklands, Cambridge, Valentines Day.

"We have just finished breakfast in the sunshine & your dear Husband has given me his morning offering which I am to send you with a few words of my own whilst he is shut up in the dining room, with sheets of brown paper, chinks, charcoal and my dear Tom presiding at the head of the table, as he did last night only without the guests. Just a white table cloth and the great brass tray shining on the sideboard behind him like a halo. I just feel so excited about what's coming - something for all time. I hardly know how to write.

Twenty minutes have gone, and Tommy and I have just been fetched to see what has happened - the shadowy spirit - the real Tom is there already.

How can I tell you about yesterday? We wanted you so much all the time to see and feel for yourself and be with us. Since Wednesday at 10 in the morning when we had the final telegram from him to say that he would lecture at 5.00 on Saturday, everything has moved so quickly. Professor Nuttall was dear, and offered his lecture room with the best lantern in Cambridge. We rushed round and round - got out notices and told all friends who would care for the message, and then yesterday when I got in at 1.00, there was the great man actually here. A nice boy with a grand voice arrived before we had got through lunch and they made friends at once. We just went down to see if all was right with the lecture room and have the slides warmed and had a few minutes in the Fitzwilliam on the way home. It was great - seeing the pictures with him. We had a few words with Mr Burrell too, then a quiet tea at home before the Millet began at 5.

The room was overflowing. At first, that lantern which usually works without a sound - made a horrid buzzing and cackling and I felt like killing it, but that got right, your husband went right on and gradually got hold of the audience and held it to the end. The pauses, when we waited to hear what he would say about the living men and women on the screen, when he just made us look and feel the thing through him without a word - those were the great moments. I was sitting next our great friend Mr Cockerell - the new director of the Fitzwilliam Museum and he whispered "That's just right - that's the real thing." Everyone was enthusiastic - it was all so simple, so unexpected and such a relief to the people here who are smothered with intricate epigrammatic talks, or floods of words on every subject.

I wish that the lantern had behaved better, and that the room had been larger, but the whole thing was a great event and a great success as far as he was concerned. Our little party after in the evening was friendly and we were all happy because he made us so. Mother Hubbard sent them all into fits, it came in just at the right moment after two nice songs by Mrs Baynes and took off all feeling of asking for a "performance to entertain the guests" which is so apt to come with after dinner music.

Only we missed you so much. – If you had been there what songs we should have had and what a time! But I hope he was fairly happy, and I do think he was, and certainly we were.

Now Professor Nuttall has come to fetch him for lunch. The portrait is coming wonderfully, it's a miracle to see such a likeness grow out of the air!

We have had lunch and he has gone away with Professor Nuttall – to lunch there. The new Tom is looking at me from a safe place on the sideboard, leaning forward and following me with his eyes if I move. How shall I ever thank for this wonderful possession, but I think that giver will know what I feel about it, however poor my power of expression may be.

This is but a dull letter – next time you 'mun cum an see fer yersel! Your affectionate friend, M C Hughes p.s. Your picture had a little offering of snowdrops before it on the table under the lamp last night.

Fred's Notes on his Millet Talk survive in a notebook. They give some idea of the content of his lecture, although his delivery was clearly something of an impromptu performance, based on a sound knowledge of his subject. In some respects these notes also indicate some of Fred's deepest reflections upon the nature of art, as he saw it and felt it. They start with a brief biography of Millet, and a description of the physical appearance and nature of the man., then they continue in the form of cryptic quotes and notes.

"To be taught drawing is to be taught to see.

1848 – An age of universal brotherhood about to dawn on the world, when the old school of art for art's sake was changed into art for mans sake.

Beauty in art is truth bathed in the impression, in the emotion received from nature.

I want people I paint to look as if they were dedicated to their station, that it would be impossible for them to be anything other than what they are.

I wish to say distinctly all that is necessary, so much so that I think things said weakly had better not be said at all.

"Nothing must be introduced but that which is fundamental. Every accessory which is not there for a purpose and does not complete the picture must be rigidly excluded. Concentrate all your powers of attention on the principle subject. Decide once and for all where the chief interest lies and make all other parts resolutely subordinate to that central and essential fact."

The drama is surrounded by beauty.

The forest was beautiful, but I am not sure that the modest things, the bushes and the briars and the tufts of grass, in fact all the little sprays of every kind were not the most beautiful of all.

You are sitting under a tree enjoying all the comfort of which you are capable. You see come from

a narrow path a poor creature loaded with faggots. The unexpected and surprising way in which this figure strikes you instantly reminds you of the melancholy lot of humanity – weariness. Every subject is good, only it must be rendered with strength and clearness. In art there must be a governing thought expressed eloquently.

We must have it ourselves and stamp it on others as a medal is stamped.

Pain is what makes the artist express himself most distinctly.

Every landscape should contain a suggestion of distance – we should feel the possibility of the landscape being definitely extended on every side.

Every glimpse of the horizon should form part of the great circle that bounds our vision. The observation of this helps wonderfully to give a picture the true open air look.

Nature immense – immeasurable. Man himself but an infinitesimal atom of nature – yet in some sort the equal of the universal whole, because he bears within himself the mystery of consciousness and suffering.

I would wish those who look at my pictures to feel the splendours and terrors of the night.

The Sower: The night is coming on, spreading its grey wings over the earth. The sower marches with rhythmic tread – flinging the grain in the furrow. He is followed by a cloud of birds – he is covered with dark rags, his head by a curious cap. He who has nothing pours upon the earth with a superb gesture the bread of the future. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow. (This detail is one of the charcoal sketches Fred left on the wall of the room where he gave his talk in 1901, in a building alongside Scale Howe, Ambleside, and which has been called 'Millet' ever since - the meaning lost to many who have since passed through!

(a piece of the notebook is missing at this point.) ...and so he has taught us the great secret of reaching the hearts of men by deep feeling and great love.

*Romanticism lies not precisely in choice of subject or in exact truth but in the way of feeling.”
Baudilaire.*

Beauty in art is truth bathed in the impression. In the emotion that is received from nature. – When grace and charm of a view strike you, never neglect it. Seek truth and exactitude but with the envelope of sentiment which you felt at first. Never paint a subject unless it calls insistently upon your eye and heart.

Nature never poses theatrical.”

on December 11th 1909, The Letchworth Citizen reported on the 'lantern lecture' which Fred had given for “the Art Workers Guild, at the Howard Hall on Monday evening. Mr. Frederic Yates (himself an artist of repute) lectured on the work of the great French painter Jean Millet. Mr. Yates, who spoke in an unassuming and conversational style, said it was necessary that they should not confuse the work of the great master; they had come to study with that of Sir | John Millais, the pronunciation of the two names being practically identical. Millet was a native of Normandy, and of humble parentage, and remained a peasant to the end of his days.

The cottage in which he was born proclaimed the poverty of his earliest surroundings, but so far from despising that environment many of his best sketches were associated with it and with the people among whom he lived and worked, as a tiller of the soil. Yet they must not suppose he was not a cultivated native. He was acquainted with Milton, Burns, and Shakespeare, and was taught Latin by

the cure of his village, so that at the age of twelve he could read the Bible in Latin. Simplicity and directness were the striking features of all of the works of Millet, and he never made use of any unnecessary details to obscure the subject of his sketches. He never sallied forth with easel, but made his notes in a simple sketch-book, and often times on odd pieces of paper and envelopes.

He never made a picture for the sake of making it, but because he had some impression to give of what he saw in his surroundings, so that there was no imitation in any of his work and no portraiture ; his figures were merely types and none of the villagers could point to them and say, "That is old so-and so!" Neither did he make any pretension to cleverness, and in none of his paintings were there any dextrous dashes of the brush. To quote a translation of his words on painting a picture : "Nothing-should be introduced but that which is fundamental to it. Everything, which is unnecessary should be rigidly excluded. Concentrate your attention on the principal subject and decide once and for all where the chief interest lies and then make everything else subordinate to the central fact." The lecturer also quoted another of Millet's dictums : " Learn to draw as simply as you can and to see beauty only where you find it for yourself." As an instance, a lifelike picture of an old man carrying a bundle of faggots was shown on the Screen, Mr. Yates pointing out that the stoop was not overdone, and, as could be seen was perfectly natural and clear.

The fact that Millet also painted from memory, was mentioned and illustrated by pictures drawn by him years later of scenes which he witnessed as a child of four or five years old, of a shipwreck and drowned sailors on the coast near Cherbourg. The famous painting of "The Sower" was one of the first shown, and in this, as well as in a very fine drawing of a girl leading her flock of sheep, -the lecturer made a note of his sense of the enormous immensity of landscape curling around the figures in the foreground and of the fact that while only three or four of the sheep could be picked out the whole of the flock were shown to be there. Millet never showed that life was easy; indeed many of his drawings pointed out the truth of the Biblical saying : - "Thou shalt eat thy bread by the sweat of thy brow," instancing the pictures of a milkmaid carrying her huge pitcher on her shoulder and the labourer with his fork which showed signs of hard work.

His choice too, of feminine beauty was referred to in his remark : "When I take a woman as beautiful, I try to show her beautiful by the way she looks at her child. The pretty girls one sees in towns don't seem fit to come out into the country to work. They would be burnt up by our summer sun - or frozen in our winter snows, Mr. Yates said that at a lecture he gave a short while ago he was asked the title of a picture of a young couple starting off to their days toil carrying the necessary equipment, and he suggested in his reply, "Love under a basket." As a matter of fact, he continued, that was the very opposite to what Millet intended. He called it the " Peasants going to work."

The chair was taken by Mr. L. C. Miall. The lantern (kindly lent by Miss Lawrence) was manipulated by Mr. Randolph, and there was a good attendance."

Fred's pre-occupations in teaching also extended of course to the practical, and his methods were advanced for the day, his reputation and influence as a teacher having far greater effect in America than in England, where his teaching was confined to a few individuals, and of course his own beloved and talented daughter, Mary. Something of the point of view which had made him such an influential and popular tutor in the Art Institutions of California in the last part of the previous century can be gleaned from surviving letters between himself and people whom he tutored, (or whose children he tutored,) and in the letters exchanged between him and Mary, whilst she worked at home in Rydal and he in London or America. There are also some rather more formally structured notes which survive, for a "Talk on Teaching Children to Draw."

"Most parents thinking they see talent in their children immediately are possessed with the idea of "making" them artists• To teach children to draw is quite a presumption on the part of any adult if a child be considered an unknown quantity. Personally, I find a shyness in approaching any young

child who has not yet been “taught” to draw - and on the other hand I am filled with hopelessness by the child who has gone through the usual teaching. To begin to draw is to learn to see - and many children before they come under the cramping influence of the average teacher of drawing, see much clearer and deeper than the grown up people around them. To keep this clear insight and perception that they are born with, is to me the most important point in education. Among modern artists - say rather of the last sixty years - those who have taught us the greatest lessons are the ones who saw and told us clearly what they saw. The insight of children and their natural perceptions are so clear at the start, let all teachers beware lest they intrude their own knowledge and ideas upon them.

Such is the frailty of human nature that all fond parents see signs of genius in their children who show the least inclination to express themselves in drawing and immediately possess the idea of “making”^{*} them artists, take them to the nearest art school or call in a teacher of drawing and the work of destruction begins. They draw and paint and join the innumerable band of those producing at the best accomplished work, but not one work of art. My experience is that from the very first parents cannot be too careful about what is brought under their children’s daily observation in the nursery or the bedroom as their powers of observation at that early age are already so active. Not only artists but writers testify to the importance of education, e.g. Francois Millet and our Robert Louis Stevenson, When my own child was only 4, I gave her three of the primary colours - red, yellow, and blue (in water colour or chalk rose madden - pale cadmium and cobalt blue) - in addition to this, after three years, Paynes Grey - and paper of any size, loose sheets, of grey or white, or brown, and an abundant supply of white chalk and charcoal. This gave her the means of expression and whatever was drawn I accepted criticism - things she loved or hated, say of the latter the ugly sisters of Cinderella, or awesome dragons of which she had great knowledge! When these were brought to me I received them with a show of fear entering into the idea but never for a moment intruding upon her by criticising or showing my idea of a dragon or my version of the ugly sisters. Her bedroom had been free from the popular children’s illustrations such as periodicals supply at Christmas» but what books of illustrations have attracted her were Charles Robinson’s and Arthur Rackham and Tenniels drawings in Alice in Wonderland. The walls of her room hung with reproductions of Francois Millet and Watts.

To bring all children under this training I do not of course suggest - only let all parents beware how they force their own ideas on a child; let the child have the means of expression and be left free to exercise them without any criticism. Most children would naturally express themselves in drawing if the drawing lesson could be free of the pedantry of the teacher and made more entertaining, they being allowed to draw and choose their own form of study,

Few children are attracted by a ginger jar - pots and pans - cold plaster of Paris models of cubes and pyramids. It may be said that all children by nature love flowers and butterflies - and green fields, and some of them notice the skies and clouds. Therefore let it be that in whatever way they are brought together for the drawing lesson that the end in view shall be to give them the means of expression of their love or their interest in what surrounds them in their life or in their imagination.

To draw from memory cannot be too highly valued. Exercising that faculty early in life not only helps to develop the .imagination but increases the power of observation,

Regarding colour - most children are attracted to colour before form. A child will select a flower for its colour rather than for its beauty of form. Many boys are attracted to things that show power like the locomotive or steamship - indeed one may say that all boys are attracted by machinery. Consequently we see so many boys drawing trains and engines, preferring them to anything else. It is for the parent and the teacher to notice this. to encourage the expression of natural inclination, Too great latitude cannot be given to colour, since hardly any two artists can agree on a colour when working from nature.

The treatment in the German school and the Japanese is totally distinct and at variance. I have not mentioned clay and Plasticine modelling. The instinctive delight of a child making a mud pie is surely enough to suggest to a parent the necessity of utilising this means of education.”

Of Mary's work, in an undated letter (probably about 1902) he writes to Emily from 18 Norland Square: “Mary's drawings are delightful. I could not wish nicer. Beg her though to do everyone to her very utmost – one learns so much in trying to complete. I have learned so much on my landscape – learned what is in me if the appearance nature has which of course lies stored up in the memory. Difficult though to make Mary understand this as the power to complete only comes when one is in the heat of the enthusiasm of doing. To say I will complete that, of course can be done without getting all the spirit out of it.” Another letter to Mary (Undated, probably about 1903) shows how easy their relationship has become when discussing drawing: “My dear Cocky, I like your troubadour very much I wish now that you would really try and do more imaginary work. I shall frame this drawing – it is loose – and not hard like your drawings have been lately. Do imaginary things only.

I have sent you some pencils and drawing cards – get out your idea roughly on some paper first and then put in boldly and without hesitation what you see in your mind and when you draw on the good card afterwards draw with just the same spirit of freedom.”

In another undated letter, from Enyeat, Kendal, he writes “My dear Mary, I have been reading a book this morning that I want you to read – on Francoise Millet. Better than the Cartright life, or the (Sensier?) life of Millet. It seemed to me as I read about his early life that yours is just what he would have enjoyed too. To see natures daily poem – the coming and the going of daylight “The hour when the great shadows lengthen out.”

I did not realise that Millet's father had so greatly helped him. He remembered his father saying “Look at that tree – how large and beautiful! Beautiful as a flower.”

“See that house half buried in the field – it seems to me it ought to be drawn that way.”



(Sketch from letter.)

I have been thinking very much about you – and about your art. Don't you think you might begin to think about making direct illustrations of some parts of fairy stories, not to deliberately illustrate a whole story, but to think out for instance, that part of a story that affects you most, say in “Cinderellas” or any of Grimms – or Hans Anderson. I don't want you to give up these that you do already but try and think about what I have said. I think you would find it good practice to draw Dinah when she doesn't know it. Scrubbing, or washing up, or cooking over the Primus. – But you ought to make these quite as beautiful as the little girl smelling the flower, because ‘washing up’ is quite as beautiful to draw as ‘smelling a flower!’ Dear Mary – my love - Daddy.”

Another undated letter, (from Highwood House Studio, 12 Upper Marylebone High Street,) “Dear Mary, I know there was a mended crack in the palette but when I packed it there was no crack. – Give it a touch of glue or Seccotine.

I don't want you to do any work besides gardening. Nothing fogs me more than that – and hockeying. Put a whole lot of that healthy stuff into your life every day, but hang the needle work. I mean the kind that really wants eyesight like those scarves you make for Isabel Taylor.

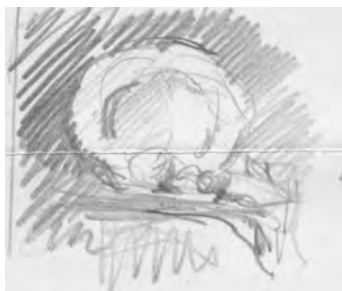
When I realise what was at the back of your oil painting, (and some day you will realise it) It seems just wicked waste of eyesight to do small work.

Do anything else than that and I will be quiet for evermore. Keep your thoughts on the Atkins way of larger line. And in your thinking when you can, broad flat tones – but when you come to the painting, do it entirely your own way. That Vanderlip vase was your own way, it has the envelope of atmosphere and mystery. Mr Patterson thought the brass and lemon, cauliflowers wanted contrast. It was the arrangement only that made him decide that it was a pity to disturb the high standard of quality in your others. It shows how important it is to arrange. – and you say sometimes “will you arrange something for me to paint.” And I like a goose have done so – and of course as in the case of the apples you did a fine thing. Paterson likes it very much – and equally as well as the Vanderlip and next to that undoubtedly he puts the pastel near the boat house. Your five things are all alone and finish up the catalogue. In future I think you ought to do your own arranging of a still life. Your letter pleased me ever so much about the garden of the Poughs. – and I was comforted about the fire in the studio. I believe that your best way to take Honor’s plaster is to pack it in sawdust and put the box inside your trunk – you could take my steamer trunk if you like. I am not sure if the key is there – tell me – if not it may be on the mantelpiece in mother’s bedroom. – and then send the trunk “Luggage in advance.” You will find that you can buy your ticket beforehand at Windermere. They will date it anytime you like, say that you want it for at least two weeks return, and you will want luggage in advance forms for Bennett. Will you send me Mrs Nellie Smith’s address - I will see the half crown is refunded, but the portrait will have to be boxed. I have the address and the “Not to be Forwarded” and I want her address for the Strand engraving as well. Autochrome as well as the photographs. They are awfully well done well printed. I am doing Muller exercises in the middle of my writing invitations. Haven’t seen Frank yet. Love to Darlin’ Spite, D.”

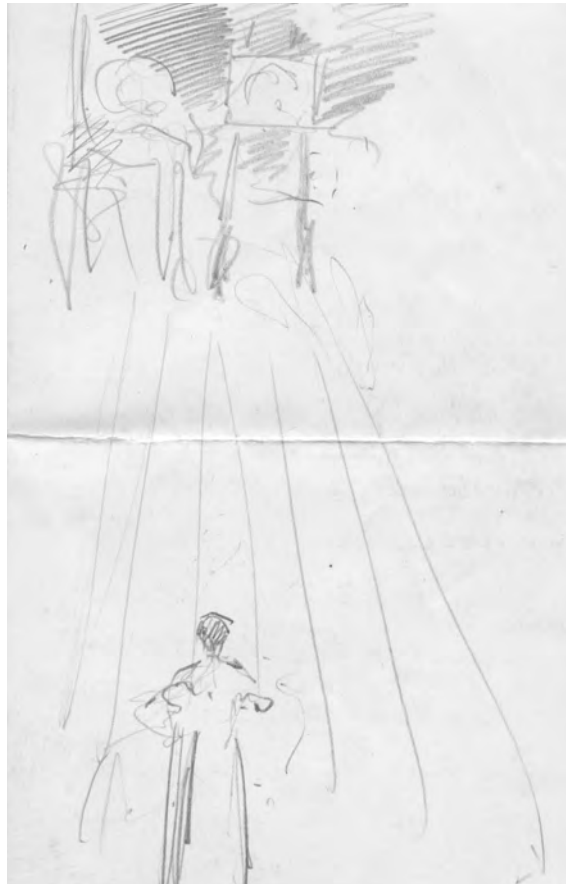
This tuition of Mary continued for the rest of Fred’s life, and with him often becoming the pupil to Mary’s developing insights, for him, forever fresh and stimulating.

Thursday 22 February 1917: “Dear Girls both of you and I thank both of you for the long homey letters and you don’t know how much I look forward to ‘em when they do come. A sort of contentment, I feel just how things are exactly going in the place I love most on earth.

After MY has done her bleu bleu - I wish she would do a standing up vigorous pastel of any blooming still life high enough to work at it afar off with a strong top light if you can – and go in for painting the light of it – of course darken up the still life somewhat.



Pewter plate, cloth whitish, onions or potatoes, or both. And make the subject look really jolly interesting before you begin it. Get your north window free if you like, and stand on your





head if it will make you see more freshly. Try and work as though you are amazed at what light does. – On the brown paper, my advice would be to put in your lights first – the great big leading ones – the romance will steal in on you without you seeking it if you get interested.”

In later life, Mary distilled some of her father's ideas for teaching children to draw into the following:

“In the days when children were too often ‘taught drawing’ by means of no more inspiring subjects of study than the conscientious copying of cones, cubes and old boots; my Father held views on art education that were in advance of his time. Most people believed “artistic talent” to be peculiar to a few ~ he declared artistic perception to be inherent in every child to be aroused by right environment, and theories of heredity he trampled upon with vigour. When talking to teachers (he avoided the word lecturing) he sometimes showed his own child's drawings to illustrate a point. Murmurs of “heredity” he would pounce upon with “Fiddlesticks! Any child with her environment could express herself in such a way.” Years afterward, his stepson's child, whom he greatly loved, grew up surrounded by his pictures and in an atmosphere of interest in the beauty of mountains and trees, and took naturally to expressing herself in landscape that had a lovely freshness. Again came the murmurs of “heredity” - from a step grandfather!

He had respect amounting to reverence for every individual's point of view and believed that what each has within himself to give should be helped to find its expression without being swamped by too great emphasis upon technique. He deprecated the methods of the art schools of his day which too often, he believed, turned out students with technical ability to express, but nothing to say. Such instruction as he gave to students (and it was excellent instruction) was given with the greatest care to guide them without intruding upon their way of seeing. Yet he roused them to see. He used to say “to teach anyone to draw is to teach him to see.”

Many a time one might bring him a drawing in which some spot of colour had usurped attention - perhaps an intensely blue lake among hills. He would cover his eyes from the blow! And when one said “Oh but you have no idea how blue it was!” He would say “keep your eye moving across and across the scene - Look at the sky and the mountains and just drop on that lake colour in passing - Then you will get it in relation - The beauty and power of colour lies in relationship.” One day in the Louvre he paused before a Rembrandt nativity where the light fairly shone out of the gloom« Taking a white bit of paper he held it beside that brilliance to show how the radiance was not attained by using the lightest coloured paint obtainable .

He seemed able to get his meaning over to a student often in spite of his words rather than by means of them. To one whose expression of nature's grandeur seemed cramped he exclaimed “Get it in a rotund, large, feeling of going on!” And again, to counteract a stilted precision I heard him say “No – get it all more bl.. bl.. bl.. (Illustrated with loose flapping hands) “Bl.bl's” became a family saying and a useful disciplinary teaching practice - to rouse imagination and a free sense of composition and arrangement we set each other bl.bl's - broad “scribbles” which we turned upside down and sideways until we could imagine something into the queer shapes and go ahead with it - it might turn out to be a landscape or a crowd of children romping - an architectural interior or a still life. Animals in motion - anything to loosen up a tendency to cramped copying - so one went out to nature with a freer and larger more than technical appreciation and perception. This was one side of the discipline - another was still life, in which one could seek true tone till one found it.

Once looking at an exquisite still life by B.W. He said “You see arrangements of piles of fruit and drapery and books and flowers. A complicated subject can conceal any amount of poor drawing and

of shoddy colour tones that have not been honestly seen. But if you get one white plate on a plain background – you have got your hands full.” Though he said “A colour isn’t a colour if you can tell what colour it is! He saw at once where a pupil had dodged a colour instead of seeking until he found it. He delighted in still life and in the discipline of “love it and treat it as a study...”.

You asked about Father’s attitude to work; hard work and working by inspiration. He didn’t often use that much abused and distorted word - and hard and regular work at his art he certainly believed in and practiced. He said to me once when we had arranged a beautiful still life together - Now go to it! Love it. And treat it as a study.

Hard worker though he was he guarded against mechanical work with hand and eye only. The conscientious “finishing” (he preferred the word completing! Which to him had no finicking implications). If he found me mechanically “tidying up” a picture he’d say “Go and saw wood or dig in the garden!” He believed in returning to work with perception alive and keen and zestful. Many were the devices he practiced to “get a fresh eye” lest work should become mechanical, I remember his saying so often “Great love alone does it” - never do a line without feeling.” But no one was ever further than he from sentimentality or dilettantism.

To draw from memory cannot be too highly valued. Exercising that faculty early in life not only helps to develop the imagination but increases the power of observation. Most children are attracted to colour before four.” *Mary Yates*

Fred’s painting, and his ideas were fully part of the international currents taking place in art at the time. His tireless championing of ideas associated with Francois Millet and the painters of the Barbizon school had begun during Fred’s time as a student in Paris, when he had been influenced by these painters of the Barbizon. Such art had been popularised in The Hague by a branch of the Paris dealer Goupil, and by the dealer H. J. Van Wisselingh. Prominent among this group of painters were the brothers Jacob and Matthijs Maris. Matthijs Maris (1838 – 1917) was a quiet man who gradually moved towards a visionary and dreamlike quality in his painting. He had settled in London in 1872. One of his few friends was Craibe Angus, an English dealer who set up in Glasgow in 1874 and had introduced work of the Hague School to Scotland, where it became very popular. (William Burrell was an early collector of Maris’ work, this work was to become an important influence on the Glasgow Boys during the early years of the 20th Century.)

In 1887, the daughter of Craibe Angus had married E. J. Van Wisselingh (the son of H. J. Van Wisselingh,) who ran a London gallery. He, in turn came to represent Fred Yates. Matthijs Maris became a good friend also of Fred Yates. Despite the popularity of his work, Matthijs Maris ended up in reduced circumstances, and was cared for by Mrs Van Wisselingh (nee’ Angus) until his death in 1907.

These circles which he had come to know in London, were providing him with rich food for thought. Van Wisselingh, his dealer, had put him in contact with Henry Muhrmann, who was an artist Fred admired greatly. He was born in 1854 in Cincinnati, Ohio, although there is no evidence that their paths had crossed in America. He died 1916 in Meissen, Germany. He had studied at the Cincinnati Art Academy and the Munich Academy of Fine Art. He was a member of the American Watercolor Society, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters & Gravers, and the London Pastel Society, of which Fred was also a member. Such enthusiasms for work were held mutually amongst Fred’s group of friends. In May 1898, Arthur Atkins had written in a letter, (probably to their mutual friend, Bruce Porter) “I am so glad to hear that you liked that canvas of Muhrmann’s. I never had a doubt of him: not that I would place him amongst the greatest, by any means, for there have been so few really great. To me he is away ahead of any man painting landscape here. The fact of the matter is that unless a man be a poet, as Muhrmann is, or an interpreter of character, as Degas is. There is little sense in his painting, for apart from these things, painting is only justified by its relation to architecture.

Of course a man without gifts is at liberty to paint for his own amusement, but a life of amusement is hardly the thing to make it worth while to live."

Such were the patterns of thought in Fred's mind in 1910. In a letter of January the 8th 1910, (from 3 Rosen, Meissen, Saxony,) Muhrmann wrote: "Dear Mr Yates, Your letter with the two five pound notes reached me safely for which please accept my thanks. I am very glad that my work finds your appreciation and gives you pleasure. I see Mr Van Wisselingh has made no charge for commission which pleases me. Kindly give him my best regards, With greeting, Yours Truly, H. Muhrman"

In a letter dated Friday morning, 14th of May 1909, Fred reveals something of the way his views on painting were developing, and of the importance of the "poetry of painting." This is probably indicative of his friendship with Matthew Maris, which must have been growing at this time. "I was tired and went to bed early - Had a sitting from Mrs Howard Fletcher and then went out and got me supper. Mrs Fletcher attended the sale at Christie's - I saw the "goose girl" of Millet go for 5000 guineas, M. Maris 2500, and another M.M. for 2000. Little things - not one of the three much bigger than this paper (about 10" by 8") say about half as large again. Leonard Borwick was there - and Mrs Sanderson (Alice Fletcher). Borwick asked me if I was buying - I told him I had made a bid on a small Muhrmann. "How much?" 3 gns - "Ah! I have marked it at that. - I am glad you want it Yates, I will not bid against you - but I do not even hope to get it. - It is a little thing - about the size of this square, but so beautiful what there is of it.

I put 2 gns at first on it - but went back to the office and said 3 gns - then I shall not have to attend the sale. It is today again and Sat. and Monday the engravings - of course I don't want anything really but the Muhrman. Borwick was pleased that I wanted the Muhrman - Van W. has some that he is holding at 630 each - but personally I would rather have this little one - it really is little more than a few strokes but Oh the beauty of those strokes. He did years ago remind me of the tones of a fiddle - I still realise what I first felt - It is why I want to keep Mary away from schools of Art. I was dining last Monday night with Velten at his house, a house you have not seen. A lovely house with the loveliest of Corot's and co. for the dining room - beside the Ricketts Bronze was Mary's toad group - it gave me a thrill, "Yes" said Velten, "that is good, has she done anything lately?" I said "Yes - she is doing good work." "I am glad," said Velten "It is because Mary is not clever that her work will last. - do you realise this Maris of yesterday - the three windmills - was done entirely out of his head) - Feeling deeper than all thought!

It is what Bruce Porter has had before him - and Arthur Atkins - and all the poet painters - what V. Wisselingh saw in my Shearers - and what the Bernard Jenkins saw in my drunken scene - remember! Leonard Borwick liked it best in one of my shows - the girl feeding chickens of M. Maris - that had just sold for £2000 - is distinctly out in drawing - "I resent the bad drawing" said Frank (Carter) as he looked at the picture. - I confess if did not think of the bad drawing as I was wholly taken with the sentiment of the colour.

I am determined to come home for next week end - how I long for my home! and yet you see what I get here - the isolation of summer is good, the working away alone. The post has just come but nothing from you - may be I'll get some parcel later on - we have had rain two nights so I am hoping to hear that you have had rain also. The Corot's sold at reasonable prices - the greatest lesson I learned I think was over a Corot Frank woke me up to - a quiet unobtrusive lovely thing, where everything had been done from nature plane by plane - like a child.- So simple and unclever. I have not written Miss Mason since you I saw her - so you can tell her I have about 50 absolutely new slides of Millet. I want to write so many letters - Badley, Hoffmann - so I will shut up now - I think Daubigny quite amongst the very greatest of the French men - quite the healthiest. Most helpful to students. ' All love love love to you both."



Mary Yates, Frank Carter and Fred Yates at Hart Head Cottage

Frank Carter (Born 18th December, 1870) was a particularly close friend of Fred's, unsurprisingly, as they both had a keen interest in music, and after Fred's died, he remained a good friend of Mary Yates until his own death on the 14th of April, 1933.

He had Studied at the Slade School under Legros, and held scholarship for three years, afterwards studied a year in Munich under Ludwig Schmitt Reutte. Chiefly painted portraits and landscapes.

He was a member of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, the Pastel Society. He exhibited at the R.A., New English Art Club. International and Paris Salon.

The following extracts by Max Plowman, come from a memorial exhibition catalogue of September, 1933. describe him: "A small man, whose body is rather too heavy for the Legs. A long head; set low between the shoulders. A Fine, aquiline, bearded face, very broad across the brows, with a touch of Rip Van Winkle about it. As a child he broke a collar bone playing the violin, and a leg by slipping off the pavement. He could play in an orchestra, and who that heard his fine tenor voice will forget his singing of Schubert's songs?"

Then, in the prime of life, he fractured his thigh. It was execrably set and the leg shortened. That did not daunt him, it did not even abate his joy in living. Two inches of boot only put hills and rough-going out of reach, he continued to portray human features and rivers and gardens, and to draw the soul out of them. But a little later he broke the other leg, and this time it refused to set. His whole concern was to paint as well as he could, and thus to be always narrowing the breach between what he could see and what he could do.

Friendship was as the breath of life to him. And it came to meet him. It is as impossible to imagine him going out of his way to make a friend as it is to think of him without the wide circle of them. He loved their happiness until it became his own."

The following letter was written just after the first time Carter had gone to Rydal, and met Emily and Mary: "Tolson Hall, Kendal, Sunday – midnight. My Dear old Yates, I can't go to sleep for thinking of the splendid time I have had with you people! It has been a beautiful and unforgettable experience, this little glimpse into the life of you three. I have often marvelled at your enthusiastic optimism and outrageous joy in life and supposed it was just constitu-tional, but now it all seems perfectly reasonable, in fact quite unavoidable. With a wife like yours, any excess of spirits would be excusable, and as if that were not enough for mortal man, they go and throw in Mary into the bargain! You have



Frank Carter, 1933.

often said to me about Mary. I have always listened with sympathy, tempered with the indulgence due to a fond and foolish father, but I have come and seen, and Mary has conquered, and I no longer think you a foolish father but a justly proud and happy one. I think I can imagine the kind of joy it must be to have a child like that, and the kind of influence she would bring into one's life—strong, calm, pure and beautiful, the surest proof "that God's in his heaven, all's well with the world." It is a joy to, see a face like hers and what an intense delight it must be to watch her progress, in her art and general development.



Frank Carter at Hart Head Cottage

I do love your Rydal very much, tho' I know you don't think I properly appreciated it, that first day. I thought it lovely, but I think it's rather natural that continuous rain should damp one's enthusiasm for nature. But even at the best of times I am really more interested in human beings than in trees and hills, all the same I fancy I see more in landscape than you give me credit for.

This finish up at Burneside has been most delightful, and I do think the Willinks and Miss Cropper have been most awfully kind to us. Altogether, people in these parts seem to be uncommonly hospitable. I am so glad the Willinks thought of asking us to join in the singing, it was most enjoyable, in fact altogether we have just had a ripping good time, my boy, and I for one mean to come up again before so very long. Long live the Yates say I, and much love to them from, Yours Ever, Frank Carter."

On May the 17th. he describes an evening at the De Selincourts, whom they also knew from the Lake District, where the De Selincourts also had a house, at Grasmere. "Mrs De Selincourt played divinely - wonderful - for nearly 3 hours - Francis James there, the flower painter, Frank, Van Wisselingh much more cheerful. Hugh de Selincourt - lovely to see his adoration of his wife – quite beautiful!

The letter that didn't come from you on 1st post arrived on 2nd post. Do you know that when I came home last time - Mary met me near the post box and you came out of the door - and when I thought of you yesterday Mary was standing at the post box and you just like that."

Also in 1909, Fred writes home to describe Varnishing day at the R.A. "18 Norland Square, Today is varnishing day at the R.A. They have chucked my snow - and "Mrs Hoffman" These have both come out "unable to place" - and the little bright Landscape of Howell has saved the situation - at any rate makes one respectable!

When dear Shannon* came on Friday morning to see my Howard Fletcher portrait, to help me with my background he filled me with such a sense of security in myself that as he went out of the room I felt the huge power of the art rising, so high above the temporary disappointment of the Royal Academy. - This vile Institution!

**Charles Shannon, (1863 - 1937) Painter and lithographer. While studying wood-engraving at the City and Guilds Technical Art School in Lambeth, London, he met Charles Ricketts (1884) with whom he then lived and worked. In their agreed working pattern Shannon concentrated on investigating and perfecting lithographic techniques, woodcut illustrations and painting, as well as contributing to their shared publishing concerns. Like Ricketts, Shannon drew his greatest inspiration from the Old Masters.*

He took a particular delight in my river scene done for Mrs Macmillan. - It was my background that was troubling me in the portrait - hardly had he said good morning - than he stood first looking at Mrs Carter's Muhrman that she has lent me - then when his eyes got used to the light I turned my picture. "Yes, it is the background." I opened the box that contained the skins of the bodice. "There you know it - under your eye - cant you see - look at the colours of the box - that is your background." - my eyes seemed suddenly to open! You see - if I do help others certainly so many help me, and this dear Shannon I love him - I at once got to work after he left and suddenly my portrait is assured, in fact it is quite another thing - so tremendously striking."

Fred was thinking long and hard about the developments in Mary's work, and his thoughts turned to his own student days in Paris. He therefore planned a trip to Paris for himself and Mary, to introduce her to some of the art and also some of the places, such as Fontainbleau and Chartres, which had meant so much to him as a student.

Trip to Paris 1909

During this visit to France, Mary spent much time keeping a detailed diary of the trip. Fred also wrote back to Emily to keep her up to date with events. To give an indication of Fred's to narrative and perceptions of the trip, these letters are inserted (*in italics*) near the appropriate entries in Mary's diary.

On July 20th, he writes to Emily: "Dear Girl, It is 6.30 a.m. Tuesday, and I am awake with the most awful roar going on outside that I quite wonder how I have slept so well. It is a lovely morning. I am at number 4 Nottingham Terrace. (The De Selincourts) Mary is next door. We had great music - Bach, Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, and Schubert - mighty fine. Mary sat as one bewitched. - The V.W's were at the restaurant, Pagani's, all nice and quiet, with the de Selincourts young friend Weiller who is French - and is about 23 - who lives now with them. - An artist and everything that is artistic - and a nice nature - but how they can do it - have their life as complicated I don't know. I think de S. loves experiences - Mrs Van W. calls them all by their Christian names - even this French lad "John", Janet, Hugh. The restaurant at Paganis is good service but personally I don't like to see fine stuff there like Janet de S. and Mary - that's why I did not want to go there - But Hugh did it well and modestly - rather sweet of them.

Mary sat in the big sofa with Mrs Van W. while they had music.

Mary is coming in to get breakfast with me. I have ordered it at 8. - Then we shall go back, get our things, and be off. I have to buy some French money.

Got m' shirts - 4 like you said - 2 the next nearest they had - They look a better sort I think. My socks have been hanging up in my window all night! I haven't told you a word about the lovely weather - the second day here that it has been fine. Everything was washed and lovely yesterday - the sky full of light - and as we walked down to Paganis right down Portland Place with the buildings all tipped with red sunlight it was a grand sight and quite a memory for Mary. There is something very lovely in bringing her; she does not seem to consciously absorb anything. - I dreamt about her last night. She was in trouble in Paris with 4 bad five pound notes. - She couldn't understand how she got there - couldn't understand why anyone should want to make bad five pound notes if they wouldn't buy anything - She tried to assure herself that they were good, and wouldn't throw them away or destroy them.

Van W. has given me his agent's name in Paris in case we need it. Mr and Mrs F. and J. Tempelacre, 36 Rue Lafitte. Mary will have this card with her "in case -" in case "but there ain't going to be no 'case'" - P.S. Lucky I brought that soap - I am washed in innocency!

I did not enquire for telegrams - I was too busy with Mary and baggage. Miss Drury and family aboard."

The Paris Diary of Mary Yates.

An account of her visit to Paris and Chartres (aged 18) with her father, July 21st - 27th 1909.

This old diary, about 7" by 4" has 56 pages, closely written on both sides, without paragraphs. At the top of each page, she wrote a heading, useful for finding any special place. The diary also contains 26 postcards, 2 or 3 small ones cut out of a guidebook perhaps. Also about 9 quick, rather rough and faint sketches by FY possibly 1 or 2 by M" Y. S done to remind them of shapes and colours that they wanted to remember when they got home.

The Hugh de Selincourts London. 21 Rue de Penthievre. Paris. July 21

Mrs. Hugh de Selincourt met us at Euston when we arrived on Monday.

The journey down was very pleasant and didn't seem nearly as long as usual. She came really to re-persuade us to go with them to Paganis restaurant as Father had refused before, because they had secured the van Wisselinghs ! and were going to spring us upon them suddenly. We went first to 5 Nottingham Terrace. I found I was to sleep there and Father next door. ! Since a French boy, John they called him, I s'pose he is "Jean", Verler (strangely near her maiden name.) has come to lodge with them. They have! taken more rooms at Nottingham Terrace The top of the house where Mr. de S. now has his study. Last time I was here, he wrote in the big alcove - really another room - just where she plays. They changed because friends of the one coming interrupted the work of the other, so now the little extra room is a dining room. The rooms were full of wonderful flowers from Northwood - roses and several shades of blue and green larkspur six feet high. At 7 we went to Paganis and Mrs. V. Ws blank astonishment especially at seeing me, was very successful. We had a very nice time.

Music and Twilight.

The French boy came in later and sat there taking little part in the conversation, Sometimes listening, or apparently dreaming and splintering up a match. We got back to N. Terrace a bit before 9 and settled ourselves for the music. The great piano put up its wing like a pigeon in a thunderstorm and waited for her to ease its mind - The room was dark and shadowy. The heavy curtains shut out what little light was left which is not much at 9 o'clock in London. The tall lamp over the piano shed a very dim light upon it and her. When she touches that piano one sees all the fire, or a good part of it, that lies unexpressed under her usual quietness.

Bach,

Sitting on the sofa I saw her face well. When she is playing, it always reminds me of Miss Taylor, especially as her eyes then, as she looks up at the music, look darker than by day. I wish I.D.T. could hear the music we heard that night. Words fail. We began with a Bach prelude- not one I have in my books, much longer and most magnificent in all the entrances of the theme which she made very pronounced...

Brahms, Chopin, Schubert.

After the prelude, which I heard at Christmas, there was another Bach, then a Brahms. Then Schumann then a magnificent scherzo of Chopin, in which she used the full power of the piano, and that is tremendous. At the end of it, while she was resting, Mr. v. W. said, "No schoolgirl need attempt that." Last, we had a beautiful Schubert, which I also heard at Christmas. Anyway, it was most glorious.

Mrs. de Selincourts Picture.

In the room in which I slept was Fathers picture of her. It is a beautiful thing - dim and shadowy as when she is playing in the dusk - but he says he can do a much better one of her. We had breakfast next-door at 8 next morning, having seen both of them in dressing gowns.

Mr. de S. saw us off to the top of the stairs.

Charing Cross and Miss Drury.

We were at Charing Cross about 9.30 when the train came in, and there were many people, so father left me with the bags and went off to see about having them registered. I was just looking round me at the scurrying crowds bound for the trains and a few waiting like myself, two little West Indian girls in black dresses, with quite black thick fuzzy hair, when someone said behind me - "Mary! I never thought to see you here!" It was Miss Drury, going with her Father, Mother, and sister also to Paris via Folkstone! She had spoken of it that Sunday p.m. she spent with us, but it was queer she should be going the same hour and route.

London to Folkstone

She introduced us to her family, all of whom are very nice. - Her mother especially - who is quite like her and quite a bit like Miss Parish. We did not go in the same carriage with them until we got to Boulogne. We passed Chislehurst on the way to Folkstone - and saw the chimneys and gate of "Sitka". Further south the country changed gradually to round hills with close grass and chalk screes and little cliffs showing here and there. - and furze bushes growing out of the steep sides of the railway cuttings.

Kent and the Sea.

Some places the hay was being taken in still. The carts were quite different from ours at home. At Folkstone the hills were fairly large-for Kent-not unlike a picture of Mr. Carlsens we once had - they rolled up to the coast, bare and of a peculiar green, and then became white chalk cliffs. The train ran right out to the pier, and we only had a few yards to go to get on to the boat. The sea was a most glorious green blue, and the sun just not too glarey on account of a light fleecy shawl of white cloud through which the blue sky showed.

The Smell of the boat.

With the exception of the one day when Donald left England in 1904 I had not stepped on or smelt a steamer for nearly ten years. Yet it all seemed so familiar, the dim horizon line looking much further away than it really was, the smell of hawsers and deck and sea, and the jolly wind. We sat down on a huge coil of rope near the wheel. As the boat left England I saw the white line of cliffs as far as Dover. - That line we hailed with such delight ten years ago, and a flock of shining white gulls followed us, and floating after us as easily in the air. As they did on the crest of a wave, when they dropped to pick up the pieces of bread the passengers threw them. The crossing was much quicker than I expected. Miss Drury came over to visit us once and I was just in the middle of a letter to Donald when France hove into sight - a long line of coast with fairly high white cliffs, a white lighthouse at the top. Then we came in sight of Boulogne harbour, which we entered backwards, and many assembled at the stern to see. In the harbour were several "Uncle William" like fishing boats with old men in them, little boys in black pinafores fishing off the pier.

Boulogne.

The train was very near the harbour and we had a carriage with the Drurys. Everything round shewed evidence of being equipped for English. "Sleeping Car" was written on the train next us... which is disappointing when one studies French in order to fit oneself for going to France! The country we passed through was very French-pretty flat with cornfields and masses of scarlet poppies - a few windmills, grey green trees grown for timber - very tall, with the branches cut off a long way up, some only having a feathery tuft at the top. They were all planted around the edges of the fields. One pair oxen we saw ploughing, and many peasants working in the fields. Every inch of the soil is cultivated except woods, and we saw a lot of their red roofed houses and several churches. Carts too, of a pretty blue, quite heavy ones on wheels, well balanced. Now and then, a quiet river with trees beside, aspens, or old silvery grey pollarded willows. Avenues of Lombardy poplars appeared sometimes - national roads maybe. They were such a different shape from all the others. Some of the corn was stacked in sheaves, the extent of the fields especially when they were flat, gave very much the feeling of Millet's Pictures.

Paris.

When we arrived in Paris we took a fiacre and drove up one of the boulevards. I saw the lovely stallion's mother has talked so much of, harnessed three abreast to the large buses. They are always three of the same colour, and usually white. Such lovely faces they have, and very long manes and tails - the latter usually tied up in a knot like a cart horse parade. There existed a super London row - predominant cracking of whips, occasional neighing, the voices of men at almost all times like a violent quarrel - especially in paved streets the shindy was tremendous.

On the 22nd of July, Fred writes back to Emily: "It is Thursday morning and we feel we have been away a week - here in a moment, you seem to live such a great deal and forgetting everything except a continued one "wish mother were here with us." One goes on living and experiencing these new sensations and then as Mary and I did yesterday. I said "Mary we have been in Paris just 24 hours-" We both realised it with astonishment.

My dear Mary is keeping up her reputation as a traveller - she has had trouble with those new shoes that Elliott brought her down to the coach - so we got another pair yesterday at the magasins de Louvre - Even these we couldn't get large enough for our Giantess. and today she will take to her hobnails again.

We had a great day chucks full of the biggest things - I haven't yet written up my diary so that you will get this ahead. - We walked down to the Louvre - her first was the Venus of Milo - then the Victory - then the Frescoes of Botticelli - then the Waves of Courbet and the portrait of Courbet - the orchard of Millet with the storm cloud and the rainbow - which Mary was disappointed with also the gleaners which I could see also disappointed her the Manet woman and negress she hated as much as I do - In Spite of dear Atkins who loved it. After looking round those glorious

Daubigny's and Corot's in the same room we went in the Galleria d' Appollon - which leads into the Salon Carrie where the Giorgione Fete Champetre is. Mary got aboard so to speak instantly. She was at home with it - In pointing out things in it to hand brought to light in myself much that I had not realised before. - Leonardo's "Jocund"(Mona Lisa). I don't know what so thought of it, she was just getting tired, so as soon as I saw it I said "let us eat" - and on her way out she told me her boots troubled her. - So we went to magazin de L - and then to Duval Hotel (the big one, where the bottle fell from the balcony - remember-) and hot was no name for it - so we looked about and soon got near a window. The eating Parisian is a terrible sight the way they tuck their napkins into their chins - prior to battle - I felt I had brought a goddess in amongst them - but they don't stare long, soon have their feet in the trough again.

We came back to the Louvre Botticelli side - there it was frightfully hot 1.30 - so that all we did was walk round - and our intention is to be there at 11 this morning when it opens, (later than the Louvre). - We then went to the Rue Panthione (?) - but there was not a letter (for we got your first last night, enclosing Beatrice Willink's and Mr Fulshen'

Evangeline - If you get more strawberries give em away or make jam of them -) - then I had a sleep and Mary did some writing and then we started for St Cloud. Deliciously cool, and Mary got a first rate idea of everything. - Lovely weather. - The average crowd of French people. - At St Cloud, we followed some Americans who had come hurriedly. - We followed them - then we heard them say that they must not stay longer than 5 minutes - however they could say they had seen St Cloud - and we went on wandering - through great loveliness thinking at every step of dear Arthur Atkins - we felt his sensations everywhere. But I felt sure we could find the pool where he painted and we walked a long way and then after all found it - felt sure it was the very place. Got back here and dismally saw that it was not the place - so we may go again to find it. I have read through the Paris part of his book this morning, as I want to try and find the lovely things he speaks of. - I must confess to you that I have come this time with a less feeling of surprise upon many things - I was wondering very much why.

- The Venus and Victory and the Botticelli and Giorgionne are all bigger to me more wonderful than ever - but the Millet's and the Rousseau's and even the Courbet's do not surprise me so much. - I wonder why - I wonder if, and I think it likely (I am sure) I have moved on and want something bigger. - The Giorgionne has increased greatly to my understanding I realise it more - you see, it is two years ago since I was here - But this morning we shall go fresh to these men - these Barbizon men!

21 Rue de Pentrievre,

We went to Rue de Pentrievre at once, and had such a nice welcome from M. Bourgade - whose wife and daughter were also there to greet us. The daughter he says speaks some English. Our rooms open one out of the other; Father took the outer one so the garcon won't come into my room. Altogether, everything is very nice indeed. We went out again almost at once to the Duval near the Madeleine - which has pillars in imitation of the Parthenon - we took a table by the only open window (lack of which is remarkable here.)

Le Jardain des Tuileries.

It was where Father and Mother saw Cerfeuille two years ago, but she wasn't there. Then after we went for a walk and saw Jeanne d' Arc's statue (which has been gilded in late years,) in the twilight, with just the first little bit of the new moon. Then we walked through the Jardain des Tuileries. It was lovely and quiet. - The trees, the houses silhouetted against the sky. The white clouds turned to dark grey - the lovely golden moon, the statues, and the fountains. Paris is certainly a very beautiful city. The large buildings are well placed at the ends of avenues, almost all of them. The Arc de Triomphe can be seen for miles along a quite straight avenue. On the way home we saw a man cross a road with four large dogs, and followed him to see it again. He was evidently pleased to be asked, and it really was remarkable. Coming to the kerbstone the four stood in a row and waited, and when there was an interval in the traffic he said "Allez, cours!" and they raced across the road at full speed. They were lovely creatures, Gordon Setters, black I think, but I couldn't really see, as it was quite dark except for the street lamps.

Thursday July the 21st

Yesterday morning we went to the Louvre, passing Jeanne d' Arc's statue again, looking beautiful shining in the sun. We went through a great open space where there were large statues. One enormous one we saw at the top of a huge column in a square, Napoleon of course. We passed the Salon, a most beautiful building, especially the bronze statues on the corners. - Horses springing out into the air, urged on by victory (I suppose) The movement is so fine that one can hardly imagine that the mere fact of their being bronze should prevent them from rushing through the air at an incredible speed. The Louvre is an enormous building forming the sides of a huge quadrangle and I don't know how much more. We went first to the statuary, through the first part quickly till we came to the Venus of Milo. She is beautifully placed in a little room by herself and we saw her at the end of several other rooms, along a gallery as it were, with the other statues doing homage to her - she standing out beautifully against a dark curtain behind. She is most wonderful. "Wax is the Life, Plaster the Death, and marble the Resurrection." The incredible softness of her throat - the lovely folds of the drapery falling over her knee, her outlines shewing practically no curves against the dark red velvet. Her look, more than any casts of her, supports the theory of her having had a tablet resting on her knee on which she wrote. There is a light in her face, as if she were looking intently at something. We sat a long time with her.

Botticelli.

Next we went upstairs and came suddenly upon the Botticelli's we have the photograph of at home. They are very beautiful, especially the woman receiving wedding gifts. Altogether, the colours are very much lighter than I expected. The delicacy of the woman's face and hair are very beautiful. There was a young man copying the whole fresco, it was a good copy - pretty good, but he had nothing of the exquisite purity of the face...

I am so glad I know it so well by the pictures at home - Father remarked how the distance between the figures, the perspective, is made only by the drawing, unassisted by colour.

The Flying Victory.

Up the stairs once more and there was the Flying Victory. It is wonderful how all these things surpass the photographs of them - yet ones glad to have the photographs. Then we went into the galleries and saw many wonderful things, which we shall of course see again.

Courbets (Gustave)

Courbet's wave - wonderful in the way it curves over toward the white cap - really rushing onward, such wonderful deep colour in the sea and sky - wonderful. Courbet's "man with the leather belt" is profound too, the deep soft darkness of the colour - the hair melting into it, the drawing of the face, the downward turn of the eyes - there seems something mysterious about it. We saw some very beautiful Corot's. He was so fond of these lovely silver grey willows - they hardly seem green at all - and the atmosphere seems to have something in it that is transparent and luminous the furthest possible remove from *paint!* Some large Troyons we saw, and Daubigny's - one or two very finely drawn Rousseau's. A lovely one called "Le Printemps" was Daubigny's too I believe. "Le Printemps" Millet was disappointing.

Millet etc.

The foreground greens crude. I liked the colour best in the trees against the sky behind - but looking with one eye, or both half closed, made a wonderful difference, and seemed to bring the green into focus, and shew the shining of the grass after rain. The Gleaners too is disappointing and much more so. The colour reminds me of reproductions of it I have seen postcards and raged at the stupidity of those who ruin the reputation of beautiful pictures. But oh! when we got to that room upstairs! Father says few people ever see it. But what treasures are there, Millet's "woman sewing," Soins (?) Maternelle (lovely) and many others. A lovely little Rousseau of Rome where he studied. Millet's Bathers and the people raking hay. Several times, I saw the brilliant blue he used for the peasant's clothes. But we really only glanced at this room and saw how great things were there, for it was getting on for dinnertime and that room was terribly hot tho' it was almost empty. Elliott's sandshoes were the wrong shape and much too tight, so Father took me into the Magasin du Louvre to get something else. It is an enormous place. It all seems to be in one huge room with a labyrinth of counters. Looking glasses wherever there is anything to support the roof, and all open in places up to where the gallery runs right round. We went upstairs by what looked like an easy slope up - but it took us by surprise for it sloped up so actively! The canvas moved under our feet, and the banister moved with us and after a few seconds of what felt like being drawn downhill on a rug when there wasn't snow for tobogganing we arrived at the top. The canvas was rolled over a cylinder apparently. All the ladies shoes were "trop petite," so we had to resort to the men's, and got some sandshoes which later were also unsatisfactory - but bought some gloves for the first time in my life that were long enough in the fingers.

Rue de Penthièvre,

Then we came back here, rested a bit, and watched a magnificent dappled horse outside the window. His master was playing cards inside the restaurant opposite, where we see them all night and hear them as if they were in this room too, the street is so narrow and the houses high. The horse was very well behaved, and didn't move the cart much tho' he neighed and took a most lively interest in every horse and mare that passed, and twisted his beautiful neck around. There would have been beer bottles flying in all directions if he had run away.

Up the Seine.

A little after 4.30 we took the bateau up the Seine to St. Cloud. It was most interesting on the way. The landing stages float and are chained down. There are lots of great slow barges deep laden, drawn by tugs and having huge great rudders. Men fish on the bank and in little boats in a way illustrative of

de Morgan's remark that "fishing is rather a state than an action." We passed under lots of bridges, and all different.

These five that I remember, and I think more. We saw the Eiffel tower on the left, a very graceful shaped thing built of very strong steel and having an appearance of pliancy somehow. It didn't look especially high from below, but Father believed it is the highest thing in Europe. As we neared St. Cloud there were rows of Lombardy poplars on the right - beautiful grey green they were - and far away against the blue sky and the tiny white clouds a tiny balloon bobbed and shone in the sun. On the right, we saw a woman in blue kneeling by the riverside and scrubbing clothes which she dipped in the river, which was not particularly clean itself.

St. Cloud.

The tickets which we gave up at St. Cloud were of metal, about the size a penny but hexagonal and with a round hole in the middle. We walked up the hill to the park and had a most lovely view of Paris and the Eiffel Tower, with the evening sun on them. Then we turned and saw a long line of white steps and stretches of green grass beyond, and an avenue of very tall chestnut trees with the sinking sun sending long shafts through them and falling on the white stone jars of flowers. A bed containing these, and rows of small pale pink begonias ran up the centre, and at the end were signs of water and more white stone steps. - But oh, those glorious gold green chestnuts! And looking down the other end Paris in the sunlight with a little blue distance and a few shining white buildings, and terraces.

We walked up the avenue a little way and then went across it to the left into another - up that to a pond with carp and goldfish, which we fed with some rather leathery gingerbread we'd brought with us. Here too it was very beautiful, but we turned again to get where it was wilder and found yet another beautiful avenue going up what here would probably be called a hill. - Quite long with the huge trees looking very close together at the end. On each side, there were quite thick woods with all the sunlight kept out except one or two brilliant rays lighting up the foliage. There were thin trees and thicker ones, but all tall reaching up to the light. After some way up this avenue, we came to an open space from where several others radiated in every direction and we again caught sight of Paris.

Father asked of a man who came along if he knew of an e tang some where about. He did he said, it was about an hours walk away, towards the sun, pre's de garons - so we set off down the avenue again, but not quite the same one tho in much the same direction down the hill. This one wound more and almost like a path in our woods at home. The undergrowth - something like wild violets, enchanters nightshade, brambles, very thin ones with hardly any thorns and small flowers, came right up to the roadside, the path was trodden earth only, and wound about quite naturally among the beautiful trees.

We went on some time and the path got smaller till we came to a fence. There were lots of tall weeds, and between them Father caught sight of the railway, so we turned off to the right and went along further. After asking the way once more and being told it was impossible trop loin, we went along a straight road for a while and then turned off across the field. But on the road we met a troop of hilarious little boys, a school probably, playing some game, or holding a fete, and making a most terrific shindy, shouting, carrying each other on their shoulders and having a high old time. On the field, I found several strange flowers - white campion, knapweed, much redder than we have it, a bright blue racime, a very wee morning glory, a ribwort plantain with a bright halo of white stamens. Getting into a country road again we saw a black and white goat tied by a railway line. We went up to it and fed it leaves and grass, and unsnarled its chain, and tied another black goat further along the fence for which I hope they were deeply grateful. They munched hard enough anyway. Their noses were so nice and soft and much more slender than Kinnie's. They were nannies and had no horns.

"We came back from St Cloud by rail - from a place called Garches - where the "Etang" part is - where we found artists galore. "Not any like 'Milie'." - It was near 9 when we got back. - We had taken bread to eat - and so on arrival had a meal, and walked home - finding your letter. Mary sleeps well, noise doesn't disturb her not me - The horses are neighing and the same cries of the men - same horns - tinkling bells of the horses, cracking of the whips - only hoy is not here - Mary will have all she wants I think by Tuesday.

It is clouding over and much cooler. Sunday morning about 6.30 I have been writing up my diary - but not in any interesting way - just enough to show how we have used the time. We certainly have done enough walking, for yesterday after we had been two hours at the Louvre we went to eat and then took a franc fiacre up to the Madeleine driving through the best street in Paris - Avenue of the Opera - to the Madeleine. - There we sat - little inspired - seeing the people come and go - the woman going to confessional. - Until a little crowd arrived with a child's coffin - which we saw enter, and then we got away. - Taking then from the corner, as I did with you, an Omnibus 3 horses to the Bastille, in this way as you know we saw Paris - the common everyday Paris - I am afraid I do not love them any better.

We got to the Bastille and then took train. - Metropolitan to Etoile. - So that we came out of the ground like rabbits just under the great Arc de Triomphe - we decided not to try to go up it - then we started walking to the Boise - and walked right through it, talking of the day when I was there alone with Jack. How little I ever thought I would have the happiness of walking on the same spot with my own child. People say better not wish to know the future but it would have made those lonely days happier. I can realise how right we have been to get the solitude of Rydal. I simply long to get back.

Well - we walked to the St. Cloud side of the Seine - then bang direct in a boat as before for the third time up the Seine so that Mary by now has the journey by heart. - Then we went on to Duval Madeleine - and I thought I spied "Cerfeuille" - but wasn't quite sure. She looks much stronger and much happier and yet with that full, determined character - well - we shall go there again today - and have our lunch or dinner - I am not quite sure which.

We are going to St. Roch at 9 - mass at 10 or 9.30 - and then we shall come out and take train to Etoile - for the Greek church service.

There - my dear - this is rather a perfunctory sort of letter but I am restless. I don't feel I want anything more but either the very best art and time and freshness - or finest music and a quiet mind to take it in - but a Rydal tree is what I want most of all, and the quiet. - We have been uncommonly free from smells this time.. and these rooms are absolutely clean and comfy. I think I shall do better when I get to work. I don't regret not having brought my oils here. One sees things and really, what one wishes to put down is only the very superficial things - I have occasionally seen rather good things to draw. - That would make something - but, I am not bathed in it. I must have the isolation, the solitude. - I did not once wish I had my colours when Mary and I walked through the Forest of Fontainebleau. - "Cerfeuille" came right over to our table - I introduced "ma fille" to her, and told her of you - and then as we went out went and sat down at one of her empty tables with Mary merely to say we would come again."



Carches.

We came to the village of Carches. After a while we came to an 'etang in a park which seemed very much the character of a picture by Arthur Atkins, for which we had sought it. There were beautiful masses of trees - aspens, lovely Corot-y grey shimmering willows, and some Lombardy poplars standing sharply against the sky as dusk came on - chestnuts and many others whose species I did not notice or did not know, on the island and around the further end.

Fish were rising, even jumping out of the water, and I noticed a kind of St. Johns Wort on the bank, and a little flower about the shape and size of grass of parnassus, but growing quite deep in the water beyond the sedges.

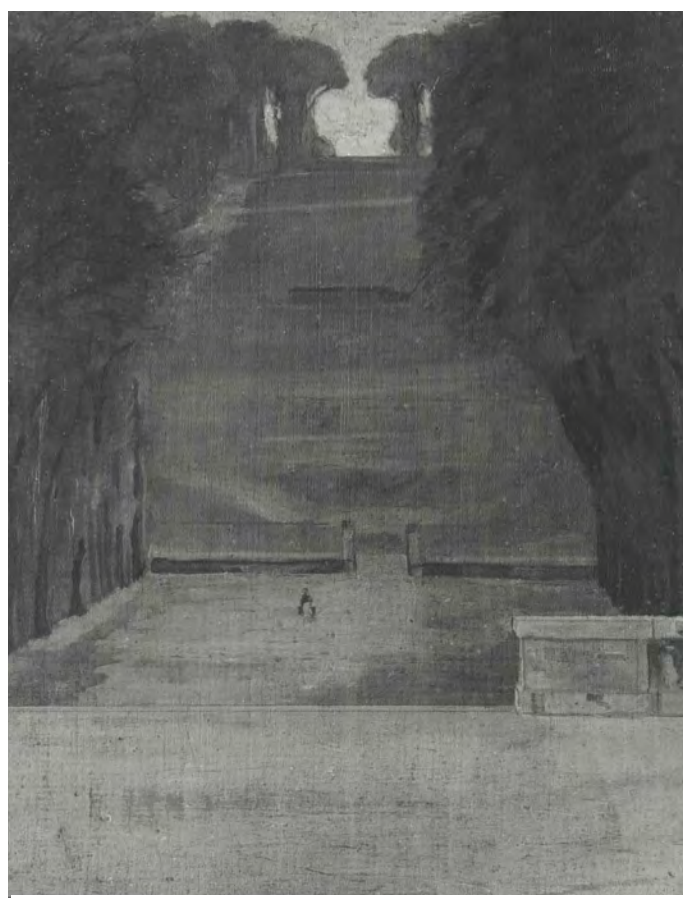
Paths went round the pond, on some of which artists were working, but "nothin' like Willy." We walked all round and found what seemed to us very like the picture. It was just the time of night he would have loved to work - 8p.m. when we left. The grass was long and damp with dew, all was silent and the willows looked greyer still with the water dark underneath.

Arthur Atkins would have loved it all, but I'm afraid it wasn't the right place after all, for we looked when we got back and the picture was quite different from what we remembered, (at least I) and had a rim round the pond and was called the Basin St. Cloud.

We came back by train. They are such funny little carriages and the engines are absurd. One climbs up two steps always to get into a train here - the platform is barely above the lines. The carriage we got into was very low and narrow, with white or very light grey cushions a little peephole into the next carriage, and windows at the sides to open as well as the middle. First instance yet of an openable window which is not so in England.

Twilight.

On top of the carriage were a lot more seats, just covered over the top, and reached by an iron stairway at the end. It was getting quite dark when the train came, and as we went along the sky was very beautiful. Very pale yellow behind which the little new moon getting brighter and brighter.



Vista toward Meudon by Arthur Atkins

A shade larger than when we looked at Jeanne d Arc by its light - and covered near the horizon with small dark grey woolly clouds - and some that looked as if they had been pulled apart and spread out. Just after we left Puteaux and Suresus (?) it was best - a very broad expanse of sky with dark houses standing out against them - and dark poplars - a light here and there and the golden moon behind the trees - and lovely air coming in and blowing the curtains. The guards shouted indistinguishable names at the station, and, people scurried about with baskets - even here, people get home!

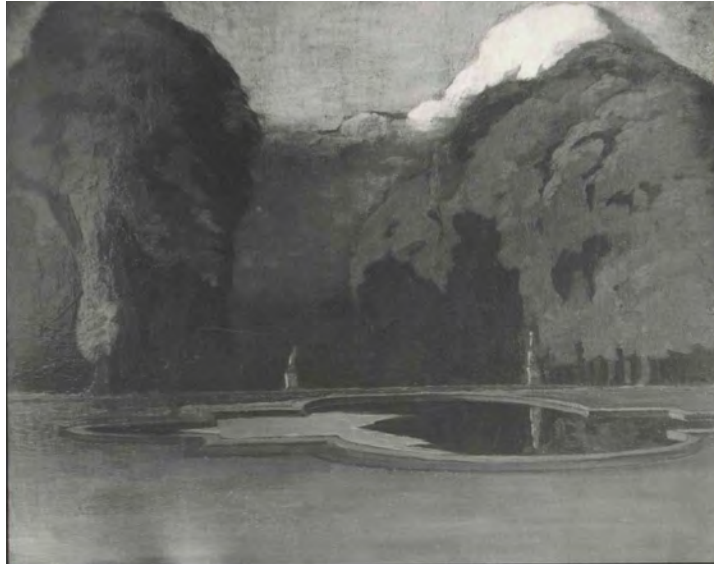
Garches is about three miles beyond St. Cloud I think. For the last few pages I have been in a bateau...

On the Seine going again to St. Cloud in the evening light (6.40) to look for le Baissin.

The bridge (near S.C. 'etage) is golden with the sunlight, the river shining and quite calm but for our own ripples.

The Seine and the facade of the Louvre.

A red barge on the opposite bank is a brilliant bit of colour, and there are long low clouds slightly pink and purple behind the trees on the horizon.



The Basin, St Cloud by Arthur Atkins. 1898.

Friday 23

Yesterday we were at the Louvre at 10.30am. to go to that room upstairs before it got so awfully hot. But we found it only opened at 1.0 clock... We'd come by bus, inside which costs double what it does outside, and came up to the front door of the Louvre, where Father shewed me the beautiful long facade with the Parthenon-like columns the whole length.

The Stone Cutter, Notre Dame.

Finding it closed, we went to Notre Dame past the Palais de Justice, near where was a man sawing a huge block of stone with a saw on a square handle. We stopped to look at him. He was bared to the waist and very brown and the muscles standing out all over his arms were magnificent. We came on Notre Dame across a large open space. It reminded me rather of a picture I've seen of Rheims Cathedral, having two square towers in front. Altogether, it was smaller than I expected - but very beautiful - and deliciously cool as we stepped into its shadow after the white glare of the road. The pillars go up to an enormous height and then spread out in interlacing rounded arches. They look all the higher because the aisle is quite narrow.

The last windows are very brilliant with red predominating in the mosaic far far away up in the blackness of the curve at the corner where the central aisle is met by one running north and south. The pillars are grouped as they are at Westminster, and at each end of that aisle, high up is a gloriously beautiful purple rose window. An altar was I placed at the crossing of the aisles, with a small statue of the Virgin on it, three tall candles on each side and 15 small ones arranged in threes. A yard or two from the altar were two more large candles with pretty ~ tapering ends, and near them were two large red velvet chairs.

We saw a man light the candles, thirty-eight in all, besides two that were burning before a larger statue of the Virgin of which I have seen a picture somewhere - may be in Crighton's History of France. We walked round behind the pillars in the dusk and noticed one or two horrible 1 statues. One ghastly one of death and the resurrection of the kind that 1 frightens people into buying masses. From the number of people about and the altar, Father thought a wedding was going to be so we sat down to wait.

One or two nuns of the order of St. Francis came up the aisle in grey dresses, and huge white starched caps as broad as their shoulders with a stiff poke out in front and large stiff flapping wings at each side. Soon half a dozen or more of girls of 15 or 16 gathered in the aisles covered with long

muslin veils which came over their heads, turned back from the faces, and fell in soft folds nearly to their feet. One of the sisters seemed to be with them most of the time - they seemed to be a convent school. They gathered together in the aisle more and more of them, and hopped about and chattered and snickered like most girls the world over.

They looked strong and healthy, and had more colour than most of the children I have seen yet. The only thing they had alike besides the veil seemed to be a blue ribbon across their shoulder with something hanging to it in front. Half a dozen nuns went up the aisle and sat down, and two were with the children, one stout and commanding, the other 1 smaller and shorter with a little mousy face, that seemed very much eclipsed by the big white cap. After a while she hushed the girls who began to pull part of their veils down over their faces about 5 - 8 inches of muslin being reserved for this purpose, and quiet down a little, giving their veils a tweak now and then as they didn't seem to have anything particular to keep them from slipping backwards. A big white banner with something written on the back (I believe it was Anno Domini 1730, but I am not sure) and a figure probably of the Virgin, on the front, was brought in, and some of the girls took hold of the white streamers from it.

A Wedding in Notre Dame.

At the stroke of twelve, the procession went up the aisle. Forty of the white veiled girls, the banner, a nun or two, the bride and her father and the guests - We went and stood on the right hand side so as to have a sight of the doings at the altar. The bride and bridegroom sat down in the red velvet chairs. The organ had begun, a little one on the left side further up the church - not the big'un over the door. It stole softly around the curves of the arches and kept wandering about during almost all of the service - with now and then a trill and a Handelian end of phrase perceptible.

The first thing was an address by an old priest, which I heard pretty well and understood parts of... Something about seeing their children brought up Christians - and something puzzling about "reveillet comme l'hirondelle." There were mentions of other birds and beasts too. The service went on until 12.45, his voice echoing through the arches, and the congregation seemed to me to take no part in the goings on beyond bowing when the priest held up something. I don't think it was the host, and crossing themselves every time he blessed them. Most of the service seemed to be done by him anyway - he read the bible to himself on both sides of the altar, drank the wine, and washed out the cup. Except when they were doing something in the service two little boys in white robes stood behind him, or rather knelt most of the time, one of them ringing a bell once in a while.

The little girls sat facing the altar on the left of it with their veils turned back again, and the banner facing the congregation on the right of them. They sat quite still now, perhaps because the nuns stood on each side of them and kept an eye on them. The priest's vestment was also white, something like silk with a broad gold cross on the back. Father said this comes from "Take my cross upon you." For that matter the candles might mean "let your light so shine before me." When the bride and bridegroom took the sacrament they both held a candle. Towards the end the collection was taken up by a man and a woman of the congregation and also by four children, before whom a man with something like a broad gold chain round his neck and across his shoulder, and a cocked hat, walked around with a heavy silver-topped stick, and tapped the ground at intervals so that it resounded all over the church.

After a while the bride and bridegroom went to sign their names at the register and all the congregation went with them. After a quarter of an hour they returned and knelt for a few minutes before the larger statue of the Virgin. The organ played again and they went out. The congregation dispersed too, one of the convent girls flying about like a white bird here and there securing her veil meanwhile. Then we went off and had lunch at a Duval. Then to the Louvre where we again went to the Millet's and the Corot's in the upper room. The Diazes have almost all the sun effect that we saw at St. Cloud, like Father's picture of Diaz's house. There were several unfinished which shewed the way he did them, picking out the light from a dark canvas.

Diaz, Millet.

He has some lovely dogs in some of his wood scenes. There is a beautiful Courbet with deer coming to drink too, and there are some wonderful bronzes of animals done by a man whose name I forget who lived at Barbizon. Going along the long gallery at the foot of the stairs we discovered some Millet's Father had never seen before, the woman churning, a drawing of a man mowing, and some drawings of the man and woman going to work. Further on we found some delicately drawn pictures of about the 15th century, among which were Françoise (?), his son D'Angouleme, and Renee' daughter of Louis XII.- but in the room above we spent most time.

The Rousseau's are very carefully and delicately painted and some of the trees very realistic, but I don't care very much for them. The Moissons are wonderful in detail and were evidently painted under a magnifying glass. We were just thinking of leaving this sweltering room when we caught sight of Miss Drury and her sister who Father took around and showed things and they were most grateful. We went also to show them the Botticellis, and the Victory - Mr. and Mrs. D. came with us too, but he got tired and they went home and the daughters stayed with us.

We went to the Courbets, the wave and others, some Velasquez, some Titian, Fete Champetre of Georgeonnes, which I'm afraid I don't appreciate, as I ought. The men's figures and the landscape and the distance are splendid, but the women's figures go against me - especially the shapeless puffy one on the right. This is awful heresy, but I begin to like the picture better at once now I've said it. We saw some lovely Holbeins, Anne of Cleves, and) finished with some glorious Rembrandts. I was most taken with Le Philosophe "en Meditation." lisant - quite a small thing, with a winding staircase on one side, and a rounded window with the light coming through it with the old man and his book before it - most lovely.

It was then five and we had to clear out, so we went and looked at the facade from outside, (and at a Velasquez- like square door at one side of the main entrance,) where three very picturesque played, with black pinafores, which almost all the boys wear - and white collars. The little girl had a white apron and a touch of a red hair-ribbon. Miss Drury was immensely grateful to Father for taking them round, for it is their last chance at the Louvre as they leave today and only come back for a Sunday and a Monday. We took the boat to St. Cloud again. The view of Paris was again very beautiful. The} tall chimneys, red roofs, blue distance with a dome here and there and the winding Seine and again the great chestnuts were beyond words. We went into the woods a little, and had the pleasure of an ivy grown path and having to bend down between the bushes.

The sun came through the trees again and made the ground look quite red. We decided that the basin is the big pond with lots of goldfish and the big carp and silver fish which all come flocking expecting to be fed.

We moved about till we got as close as possible into the position of the picture, saw the lines and masses in the trees and how much he had arranged it. The position of the pond and the statues.

We came home by boat about 8. The moon was bright and I watched her reflection in a smooth wave, sliding along, suddenly stretching to four times her size - shrinking again, and moving gracefully backwards and forwards.

The sky was yellow and the water strangely blue unless one saw that of the sky at the zenith at the same time. The remains of the sunset looked lovely behind the row of poplars, and the lights on the banks and the bridges gradually came out. We saw the Trocadero standing black against the yellow with a flying figure on the middle point. - and the bronze on top of the salon looked magnificent in silhouette. But one of the loveliest views was just after we passed the Eiffel Tower. The sky was pale behind it, and the bridge with the one very gentle curve threw a shadow on the water. Behind were low roofs and chimney pots and the black towers of the Trocadero, very dark and dense compared

to the Eiffel Tower - thicker grey clouds than the night before, forming a network right above the trees - and the moon over all.

We may be going to Barbizon one day - tomorrow maybe. It is after breakfast and a good deal cooler today. There are clocks in both our rooms, which are exactly right, twice in each twenty-four hours. They have gold ornaments and marble pillars and yet they don't go. The pendulum of mine is off its hinges and out of joint and one of its hands is considerably shorter than it was intended to be and lacks one pointer.

Musee du Luxemburg p.m. Barbizon,

Barbizon - In a little cafe shed arrangement where Father used to come when he was a student and finds it Tout a fait change except the trees under which the tables are set, but it is raining pretty hard. This a.m. we went to the Luxembourg which is filled with a lot of veritable stuff and rubbish. One or two Rodins were nice especially one of a girls face coming out of an untouched block of marble.

There were some nice Laverys, and Watts "Love and Life." did not see Le Baiser de L.A... Some of the statues were interesting with regard to the material, bronzes, marbles, some pieced with different colours, grey or red for clothes, coloured wax, wood, and one lovely little thing, a cameo of opal, blue and red. But there was nothing worth going all the way there for except the portrait of Whistlers mother. We spent a good three quarters of an hour with it. Father spoke to me of it for some time and shewed me things, and then a half American lady spoke to him and asked how long the picture had been there - and they got to talking of it a propos of its awful surroundings. - The impossibility of making some people see beauty - and seeing she was receptive and wanted to be told things he began to point out things that made for the beauty of the picture. Whistler first thought of making a beautiful decorative design, a gamut of colour. In this case it was shades of black and subdued colour running up to white, the highest tone is the picture above her, and the other of which only a little shows keeps her from looking as if she were in a box. Then the cap, collar, and cuffs carry out the white and keep the picture from looking spotty. Then the lowest black is the Japanese curtain, the dress is another black altogether, and the cornice is yet another. The Japanese matting is a tone or two higher - the footstool higher still - and the wall a most beautiful grey somewhat dimmed by being too heavily varnished. Then of the design. All the lights and darks balance each other and every line makes for decoration. That round the bottom of the dress runs up to the shoulders on the right like the arc of a great circle, yet not a waltzing line of any sort. On the other side is carried up by the curtain.

Paris 24th.

The light of the footstool suggests the chair behind, which if it had been too much accented would have spoiled all. The points of the face have none of them too high a light. The design of the curtain, even, runs up sideways and helps the sweep of the dress upward. The face and head are painted - especially the feeling of the cranium under the back of the cap, it's not possible to say how it's done - and the little decoration running up the cap. The hands which we looked at closely, looked as if they had been done with two or three strokes. - "No homage to the wedding ring" - but he probably spent weeks on them - they are perfect - and take their place just right in her lap, tho looked at closely the dress is a flat tone. The feet on the stool "to attempt to beautify his mothers feet he makes her comfortable."

Then the tender way the body is painted across the breast. The little body of an old woman, showing the greatest possible refinement. She is the mother of everybody in type. The lady said she had an old mother of eighty-six, and her body was so small. "Long may you keep her. My father died last year at eighty six." She thanked him very warmly for what he had shewed her, shook hands with him and hurried off probably taking his advice of looking at nothing more.

Shopping.

We got a p.c. of the picture, a bad one but better than nothing- and went to find a "tramway" for the Gare de Lyons. First we got some fruit, cakes etc. and at the latter shop, Father said they took us for husband and wife! and the woman weighed everything so correctly because with our big bag and all she thought we were keeping house here. Before we went, we had time to go and see S. Sulpice, which Arthur Atkins spoke of. It was very beautiful- quiet and cool, less touristy than most places.

A faint smell of incense; tall round arches, a candle burning here and there before the altar of some saint; a lot of gold about the large altar, big heavy candlesticks and angels, an old woman kneeling before it passing some wooden beads thro' her hands. We went round behind and saw in one place some sculptures of heaven, clouds and angels, a virgin and child far away up high beyond some tall pillars, and above the same subject painted on the round hollow roof. It did really look far away, but I prefer less select and unsociable saints. Jeanne d'Arc for instance, I hope they wont shut her up in a box to do nothing but roll up her eyes - it wasn't her way a bit. The sort of things we saw of her in shops. Those of the Rue de Tivoli and Rouen were something like this. But poor Jeanne, I don't believe she more than half likes this.

Bois-le-Roi.

The journey to Bois-le-Roi was very nice. The train was larger than the little puffer we took back from Garches, and as we went on, we saw Millet's country coming more and more. There were fewer trees and broader stretches of corn; lovely flowers grew by the roadside. Scarlet poppies of course, cornflowers - a very pretty pink pea or vetch, morning glories, something like a yellow foxglove, lovely silvery teasels whose spikes might have made part of the armour of a fairy knight. We saw some ploughing, some just yoked together. Beside the railroad the foliage was very luxuriant, here and there were forests, and we caught sight of the river winding in and out among the trees. At the station we asked directions of the station-master, such a nice little man, and discovered that we should have got out at Melun for the tramway for Barbizon and Chailly - we might get there through the forest but we didn't know the way and we'd be sure to egarer. However, he gave us what seemed very full directions, and as we had loads of time, we decided to do it. He refused to take Fathers franc which is not what one expects here, and was altogether very nice.

The walk was, I think, almost the most delightful I've had in France so far at all. The forest is a heavenly place- quite wild even to reputed adders and literal clouds of flies and mosquitoes. All but the long straight roads which cross each other at intervals- lovely avenues running in a straight line for miles. We wen down a lane for some distance before we reached the forest, getting several little roots of wild flowers. The beginning of the way we had oaks but there were more and more Scotch pines, the ground below them giving out a delightful smell of resin and stickiness. Father got his full share of both of these by using a large fir cone to hold the bag on his shoulder. Every bit of the forest was beautiful and as wild as our own woods. For some time we went on a national road (which in the country is distinguishable by rows of trees at the sides) tarred for the traffic and paved in the middle so it could be used for cannon if need were.

We went off the road a bit to get flowers. There were some lovely little spikes of an almost Ricketts blue. A bird started up suddenly about two yards from where I had been standing, - and flew as if it wasn't well, and rather like a sparrow-hawk, it was greyish-brown too, and had a small head and a hawk-like beak. The undergrowth was thick and wild, small bushes, sedges, heather, tall grass but whenever I went among it to get a root I was besieged by a perfect cloud of mosquitoes which were perfectly blinding. After a mile or so we left the tarred road and followed a smaller one on the right. We were overtaken by a shower or two with such big drops that we thought it was going to be a thunderstorm, but it was soon over and we sheltered under some trees. Up and down the trunk of an oak we saw crowds of black ants trooping, bent on some errand or other.

Now and then the sun came through Diaz fashion, onto a Reine ' blanche, which was mostly tall and straight and much smoother on the bark than ours. But the sun was there amongst the branches most of the time. There was lots of light soft sand the road. Twice I found a spider's nest, a twig of a heather spun all over with gossamer with a white bunch of eggs in the sanctum within and a lanky light brown spider watching guard. Once we passed a high road of black ants, A little runnel about an inch across, covered with ants running in both directions, ... Once we saw a veritable marsh, with rushes as at home, but more watery. The trees in it were all dead on that side of the road, like white skeletons holding out their arms, a company of ghosts. At first, we thought it was the undrained land that had killed them, but later we decided it had been a forest fire. A little further on we went off the road to see some beautiful rocks, great big sea-worn boulders covered with most beautiful grey and green lichens, pretty tufts of a close grass of a peculiar green, and heather etc. and small trees growing among them.

Here and there I saw what looked like small heaps of salt but was white sand, very fine, which had been brought up by ants. Small oaks grew near but it was in the path of the fire and all the big trees were killed. We saw many square stacks of cut and barked tree trunks all ready for the charcoal burners. Now and then we saw Chaffinches, and heard them and other birds high up in the branches of the trees by the road; twice I heard a chiffchaff. The trees now were less of pines and more oaks and birches- and not the sign of a house for miles.

Once we asked the way of some bicyclists on the main road. They were nice fellows but pointed out a road much in the direction in which we had come. We didn't take their advice, and really, that way would have been very long, if we had got there at all. We took another path with trees growing low over it like the one we had left. The signboards did not commit themselves "'Ch de Barbizon" a ..." and at last when it was beginning to rain, we came to the village of Barbizon. We went off the road, as father wanted to get a Barbizon stick, but did not find a suitable one. It was quite wet walking in the heather, which was some 18 inches high and smelt delicious. I got a big bunch of damp moss to put to the roots of my plants On the wet shining leaves of the young oaks by the roadside we saw a lot of beautiful snails with shells marked by a dark brown spiral and tinted between with pink and red. We took seven fine large ones for our garden. That's original, at least. We passed by Millet's house evidently freshly painted and done up and uninviting.

The Medaillon.

We went to see the bronze heads in the stone which are much bigger than I expected, the rocks are lovely, but all trees and vegetation around them are gone.

The Garden of Diaz.

Through the gate, I saw the garden of Diaz where the little sketch was made. Of course in the rain, the aspect was very different, but there was the pointed roof, the blue vase, the tall silver birch very like his studies for the "Reine Blanche." On one cottage, we saw the vine Millet so often used. We were going on to Chailly but decided to eat first, so we went into a queer little cafe where Father went when he was a student. Over the courtyard, the Virginia creeper was trained so that it made a perfect bower. The room they shewed us was gloomy so we went to one with a glass wall and a large cat, beside a yard with trees and tables set under them. It was raining pretty hard, but when it let up a little we decided to walk to Chailly. On the way, we got some red poppies with bad roots and some cornflowers with good ones. Fields of russet and golden wheat stretched almost to the horizon, but usually there were dark lines of trees before that. The sky was thickly overcast with dark grey clouds and it rained pretty steadily and the wind was rising, it was bleak in the extreme. We saw Chailly church against the sky and the turning to the cemetery, but did not go, it was too gloomy a night to go to his grave especially as it was an ugly one.

We passed one stopping place of the little growler, the tramway (rather like a miniature train, very jolly and noisy) thinking it wasn't worth waiting an hour in our wet clothes. So we walked on and on, and

it got darker and darker, and I felt more and more fit to walk any distance, tho I had been tired at Barbizon. I pinned up my skirt and we went on at a pretty good pace. At 8.15, we left Chailly. At 8.45 there was another station shed, at 9.15 an "arrete conditionelle" but we were afraid they might not see us - so we chanced it and walked on, expecting to hear it at any moment, and looking, in vain for another stopping place. I think we only passed three houses all the way. It was a lovely walk. Now and then, the rain ceased altogether and most of the time there was very little. The heavy clouds made it completely dark before 9. Now and then, there was a break in them, and poplars stood out, dark and clear against yellow- near the horizon on the left the thick grey clouds shewed. The trees by the roadside were very beautiful, large and warm and soft in colour, beautiful masses with the road for some time distinguishable between them. Sometimes we had a glimpse of open country, level cornfields broken here and there by groups or lines of trees.

Glow-Worms.

Soon after we left Chailly I saw a bright greenish light in the bank. It was a glow-worm. We picked him up and the palms of our hands were lit up by his lovely luminous tail. We put him in the bag and he shone right through it as bright as on the outside, but when we saw another by the roadside, we put the other there too. Another and another appeared, and by 9.15 at the "Arrete condotionelle", we had seen seventeen. We were stopping here when I heard- down the road that turned off at this place- a peculiar bird call, a lovely soft mysterious note, probably a plover. We heard it again as we went on, thinking it best to get to the next arrete.

Somewhere in the woods and (presumably) marsh, I heard what I think was a frog, which I haven't heard since Japan ten years ago. More glow worms appeared sometimes half a dozen at once, in the grass on the banks, on the tram lines, far away in the woods, even a few feet up a tree. We sometimes caught sight of them 30 or 40 yds. in front of us. Altogether, it was perfectly heavenly, the whole walk - and I was distinctly sorry when we came in sight of a village, about 9.40. Melun was un demi heure plus loin some women told us thro a window so we thought it safer to sit outside the inn and wait. The stars were quite bright now, and the colour of the little church opposite and the buildings was beautiful. Sky grey and cloudy behind the tower, walls a yellowish white from the windows of the inn, from which issued the sound of billiard balls and French voices whose owners generally sound near to coming to blows in the most peaceful employment. Roofs a dark warm rich brown, and the shadows under a dormer window opposite. There was a deliciously cool wind, which we greatly enjoyed.

Then came the growler, by no means so enjoyable, at about 10, and we soon got to Melun where we had about 20 minutes to wait and I wrote under a dim electric light. We slept most of the way to Paris where we found all the restaurants closed of course, at about 12.30, and M. Bourgade also in bed. But he advised us to go in opposite which we did, and it was quite nice. With tying up the flowers roots in moss etc. I wasn't in bed before 2.a.m. The time when the streets go quiet.

Sunday 25th.

Sent the snails to mother. Yesterday a.m. we went to the Louvre fairly late as we had to have our clothes dried after the garcon came at 7, and I slept two and a half hours. We only really ran through the Dutch rooms, they need a lifetime, and went again to Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Van Eyck, Tintoretto, Titian, Constable and a great many others, especially in a little side room. We also saw some beautiful tiles in a doorway.

At 1.00 we had lunch, went and got M.G.s gloves, and to look for a hat for me for Charley Tennysons wedding and the saleswoman tried to give us a 19 franc one, which was much too big and heavy- unsuccessfully.

Then we went to the Madeleine and sat there some time looking at the great pillars, the domes, the candles, the poor statues on the alter, the chandeliers hanging right from the roof, the confession

boxes with people coming and going, and we talked about the strange faith and the strange attractions to it and the way it gets its hold on such numbers of people.

Some candles were lit before some saints altar on the right, there was to be a funeral. We saw the little coffin brought in- it must have been a very young child - and covered with a white cloth and some very beautiful wreaths.

Then we came out and took a bus to the Place de la Bastille, right down one of the boulevards. Really, the French people are an awful set. The men are horrible, beastly, the women not much better but not so universally and wholly despicable, so utterly selfish. The children are most of them delightful. I longed to pick them up by the dozen and carry them off to the country. Most of the country people are jolly nice.

The horses are the best, on an average. That is to say, the bus and carhorses, The state of most of the poor cab horses is awful. I love to see the splendid creatures on the drays with scarlet tassels on their faces or foxtails flapping about to keep off the flies. I saw one with long hair yesterday blowing off his black face, and a lovely expression, like somebody's portrait " d'un jeune homme," or at wonderful psychic face of Titian in the same gallery as the Rembrandts.

The Bastille is only represented by a huge pillar with names graven on it and a victorious golden figure atop. From there, we went to the Arc de Triomphe; a splendid thing covered with the names of great men and Frances victorious battles. From it radiate many avenues each with some great building at the end- a gold domed church for instance, or the Place de la Concorde with the Needle in the middle.

Le Bois de Boulogne

From the Place des etoile we walked down to the Bois de Boulogne. - We saw more children than anywhere before- and the bois was pretty too, especially when we got away from where people usually went, where it was more overgrown - and Jack used to go off yelling after rabbits twenty years ago.

We walked beside a stream, which hardly seemed to move at all. There were quite Diaz-y effects of light on the trees, but after Fontainbleau, there were too many people. But I think every town ought to have a wild bit like that. We had a long walk thro' the Bois, to St. Cloud and came back on the bateau for the third time in the evening light. The tickets were different in shape again.

The Seine was as still as Rydal can be, everything perfectly reflected. We watched the shadow of I the trees undulating and changing as the roll came from the boat. We went to the Duval near the Madeleine and there with joy found Cerfeuille. Father caught her eye and she recognised him at once so he was sure of her, and she came up and asked after mother and really was charming. We're so glad to have found her. She'd heard someone had been enquiring for one of the waitresses and thought perhaps it was he. We know now which is her table and will go there.

Last night we watched the doings in the restaurant opposite. a man regularly playing the fool' but awfully cleverly, it was screamingly funny. He played the violin quite well too, and cut all sorts of capers. But for the strong electric light, the scene would have been very like Jan Steen. 5.p.m. Father has gone to sleep. We came back feeling we couldn't take in any more- it seemed unfair to the Louvre, so were just loafing.

We went to St. Roch this a.m. about 9.30, but no great music seemed to be going on to the grand messe at St. Sulpice. It was very fine. The great square pillars with feather ornaments at the top, round arches, high placed windows which made the candles much less impressive than in the evening. Round windows, quite small ones, below in the hollow of the arch. The grey curling smoke of the incense. The scarlet and gold robes of the priests, the white ones of the little boys with red

sashes, and the beautiful organ, the boys clear voices and the rich tones of the men. Yet I'm not so clear of it as I might be of it as far as a description goes, it's a dreamy impression of light and shadow and colour and music stealing round the arches, as Horace says cares do even under carved roofs.

L Eglise de Russes.

We got to the Greek Church - L Eglise des Russes about 12 but the people were all coming out. We went in and some special service was beginning. The air was heavy with incense, which a priest in a gold robe swung once or twice before he began to read or chant in a deep rich resonant voice entirely different from those of the Roman Priests. But before we could get settled and begin to take it in a man came along and said the service was over and this one was pas public. Father was disappointed as he'd waited to hear that more than anything, and there's not another service today, so with drooping tails we went out and had lunch.

Then to the Louvre again to look at the Japanese pictures Arthur Atkins spoke of, but misfortune had her back up and the Japanese part was only open vendredi. We went through several galleries, and saw many beautiful things by people we never heard of, as well as old friends and some things in the same room as "La Femme Inconnu." But we were really too tired to take them in, perhaps because it is heavy thundery weather. So we came out into the Jardin des Tuileries and saw the man who feeds sparrows, two in fact. The elder had a crowd round him and was selling postcards, while a score of sparrows passed the time by sand baths, and we went to the younger man who was on a seat all by himself with sparrows all round his legs, eating out of his hand. Sometimes or flying in the air to catch bits of bread he threw them. They did this very neatly, sometimes even had a tug of war together.

They seemed a bit abashed by our presence, then I sat down and tried it too. I think I could do it in a short time, for they came very close to me. Then we went to look at the other man, whom we heard calling the birds by name "Francoise, Frimie" we heard pretty often. He was a cock sparrow with a dark brown cravat- and Francoise flew instantly, took the bit of bread held out to him, bore it off, and devoured it on the grass. "Maitre Jaques" was another, a great many had names, it was wonderful.

At 3.30. we went again to St Roch on speck, and found them in full swing of a chant. On the left of the middle aisle were about 30 little convent children- dear little things. I saw them too, in the morning- wonder how many masses they go to in a day. They were all dressed alike in very pretty quiet costumes. Hair twisted up even in the smallest who must have been 6 - 8, little round white muslin caps, dove grey cloaks in two lengths, blue, mauve or pale ribbons round their necks, holding a crucifix maybe tho I didn't see it. They behaved beautifully every one of them, and were a striking contrast to some gegawed girls behind them, no less in behaviour than in dress. Two nuns, (St. Francis) were with them too.

I saw two other orders of nuns- one in brown skirts with black drapery over their heads, coming to a peak behind like a folded shawl, the other with a white frill over the face round the forehead, and a white linen band across it. We sat at the bottom of the aisle, in full view of the altar with some very tall candles and groups of small ones in threes at the bottom. A crucifix of gold stood in the middle, and another one behind by imitation rocks round the hole.

The music was lovely, the clear reedy voices of the boys and the deep ones of the men. The organ notes in still greater contrast, high light flute like notes forming an obligato of runs and trills, bursts of full organ harmony swelling out with their deep heavy trembling bass notes that made even the pavement vibrate. When we went in they were singing a chant alternate voices of men and boys. I took it down as fast as I could in Tonic-sol-fa, but not very satisfactorily.

But the most beautiful one, unfortunately I have hardly got at all. There were more changes of key than that- but even that little brings it all back- the beautiful voices, and the march of the priests with the incense swinging. Part of the time we sat up near the choir but we couldn't see much unless we stood up. The little boys were all dressed in scarlet underneath their white surplices. I didn't get the rest; it may not be right for I scribbled the notes as they sang them. (I left the music coz the train was so wiggly and have now rubbed it out, goop!) The third of these is my favourite by far, wish I could get at the music and get it right. I have missed the lovely minor key of some of them.

"Saturday 24 July 1909 Well - we did have a day yesterday. We posted one letter to you then went to the Luxembourg - after getting some money changed at Cooks on the Rue Rivoli - Mary caught sight of a Rodin head at the Luxembourg carved out of a solid block of marble. Then we wandered - Mary then and there caught hold of the right thing. - The little wax heads at the end of the gallery. - The paintings she was so utterly disgusted with that I really was very pleased for suddenly we came on Whistlers Mother when Mary was utterly absorbed, and we stayed in front of it I should think nearly 3/4 of an hour - Well! There was, as Whistler would have said himself - nothing else. - I think a thing well seen like this is all one wants. - The artist poet and painter combined, so we came away without hurting our vision by anything else, bad. -

We bought fruit and cakes mixed - had our rubber coats and Mary's big boots (nailed) in the black bag and we trained to Gare de Lyons. - Took train straight for the Forest of Fontainebleau - we ought really to have stopped at Melun and taken the train of tram cars from there - but our friend B. (landlord) advised us Boise le Roi station - They looked at us aghast! "Mons - cest une affaire de nuit kilometres a Barbizon - par le Forest." However we rejoiced and started - Mary was in such high feather - for she wanted only the lovely country after that mother of Whistler - she was in her element. She is a most delightful companion. - She started collecting flowers - bringing roots and joying over every one as she found them. - Once she started, for a hawk flew in a bewildered way just out of the grass beside her. - She chased it. - You ought to have seen her - flying in her great strides. - "I saw its small head and the hooked beak - Sparrow hawk - I think - fancy, I am out of practice, I have no breath left after that little run" but the dear child got her fill before the day was over. She is in bed now 7.30 - had her pint of milk and I have just asked for another for her - fast asleep - looking rosy and lovely. It was a hunt - the finding of Barbizon. -

We persevered - and went to it as directly as was possible - keeping of course to paths. - We had no map nothing to guide us except when we met anyone which was only 3 times, and quite against their advice for they advised me to mount the hill they had first descended - and we found the rock - with the two heads. - It had begun to rain - and then, Mary slightly disappointed with the trampled look of the ground round the Millet rock we went on to Barbizon. Mary first seeing the Diaz garden - of course no sunlight - from there across the road the Millet house - this last gather shocked her - all painted up and "A Vendre written on it. We went back a few yards - got our meal at Sirons - and then started for Chailly - in the rain at 1/4 to 8.

The steam engine affair was to start from Barbizon for Melun at 9.15. We saw the church - what there was to be seen of it - and walked on following the rails on the road - where we had a glimmer of sky and a cessation of rain - and the glow of glow worms came out. We got to a small village about a 2d ride from Melun when the car caught us up - we could easily have walked it but I was anxious not to lose the connection on the railway for Paris - we had to wait 25 minutes at Melun. Mary in that while writing her diary. Then when the train came up - in five minutes - we had compartment alone. Mary was fast asleep - it was like nothing at all in matter of time I slept too - holding my arms round her to keep her warm.

At 1/4 to 12 we arrived at Paris, took the Metropolitan (same as you and I) and arrived at about 1/2 past 12. Mary was still undressing for bed when she said I was snoring in the next room. She arranged her flowers doing all the roots up in moss - and confessed it was 1/4 to 2 when she

put her light out, but she is fine now and still sleeping - another pint of milk waiting for her - her skirt is being dried.

She wore her hob nailed boots so today I shall wear her Elliot shoes and she will wear her Magazin de Louvre shoes.

She is going to send you 6 snails to put out on my cabbages - she says.

Mon, July 26th.

In a very wiggly train on the way to Chartres. We can't think what to do today as everything but churches closes on Monday- so we decided to be extravagant to the tune of 14 or 15 francs in spite of a council of war in f my room at 11.30 last night. We had supper at the Madeleine Duval last night and talked to Cerfuille. Then as further extravagance we went to the circus thinking to see some beautiful horses - but it was rather a sell! Station, what a blessing! *(Here her writing returns to normal.)*

There were three absolutely sweet little dark brown ponies - such lovely neat dainty little feet- round gloss bodies, long manes and tails. The hobby horses cavorting was really screamingly funny, two men in a cloth horse; skin - so that the animal tied itself into knots and carried itself about in the most absurd fashion. The girl who played with four balls on the slack rope was rather wonderful, and the acrobats, but I kept thinking, what will the old age of those women be when they can do that no more, and it must be ruinous to any woman's health, tho' it was very wonderful. As Father said it was a typical French audience for the circus, no people of the better class. The children were delightful. It was a queer performance for Sunday; I thought how shocked the sober Westmorland or Scotch folk would be. The ballet dancers were horrible. That was what Agnes spoke in contrast to Maude Allen. It was more gymnastics than dancing - and more clothes would have been an improvement- something soft and loose- even a nightgown would have been better. *(Here the train starts and her writing becomes difficult again.)* We have just seen the Chateau of Versailles where Louis Phillippe was. The country is flat and covered with trees, but is now turning more to cornfields again. Good gracious- I never saw such a train, it's hopeless! The sky is glorious, blue and the most beautiful clouds of all shapes and any colours, white, grey, pale purple, mauve as delicate as the dresses of the convent children.

"Monday 26 July - last letter before Paris. (Along side:) Mary has given hours and hours to her diary. Dear girl, Nearing end of our stay -

We had a disappointment yesterday. Too late for the Greek Russian music - it got our tails low drooping on the ground. Today we are going to Chartres for the cathedral - then we have dinner. May get back for something but as it is Monday and everything closed, may not hurry, as we both love the country. Indeed, I do not know what we would do without it. It has been the regenerating of us. - Each time - no matter the walk - or the distance - one sees with freshness and not in a way one has seen before, this is why the country is so necessary. 'Not the artificial country of the Bois de Bouloigne exactly, although that is better than nothing. But I have really never so remarked it before - when one comes to the end of being able to see freshly better not go at all. I love to think of a remark of Mary's when I said, "Shall we go once more to the Botteleur picture gallery." (All Corots, Diaz, Rousseaus, Millet.) "I don't think it would be kind to the pictures."

It is an education to watch her. - She never oversteps herself. - Never at high pressure and yet she sees the best and whenever she remarks something it is something worth it. - No, she has brought to Paris - I am very pleased and grateful to you, for bottom of it all is you... - well and good eh! - You ought to see her flowers all in their separate groups ready to send to you. I think the best way may be when they reach you is to be put in the shadiest place you can find - and they will not hurt that way. - With a lot of earth just thrown on their roots. Taking off their grave clothes they are done up, some in

moss some one way - some 'tother, some in paint cloths - suppose I you put them near the mint that I planted near the pool. We can then plant them out afterwards as she likes.

Chartres 1 p.m.

At a delightful little cafe at Rue de Soleil d or it has a curved vaulted roof, a brick floor in hexagons, a grey and white kitten, a little boy of three to whom we gave a peach.

The Cathedral is the most beautiful thing of architecture that I have ever seen, The old town too. We never saw anything like it. It has been the time of our lives. On the way, we saw several Millet subjects- women working in the fields, some old ones reaping with sickles- others each leading a cow. Father made this sketch.

When we first came upon the Cathedral, it knocked us flat so to speak. The colour was wonderful- the whole front with the sun on it was a sort of yellowish white and sandy colour. Behind, a brilliant blue sky, and a mountainous bank of white clouds on each side- we could not have seen it under more perfect conditions. Then we went inside... It was very dark after the blaze of sunlight. Wonderful pillars running up to long shadowy arches under the roof. Long east windows letting in almost no light through the deep colours - wonderful mosaics with predominant blue and purple. We never saw anything like it in our lives.

There were few people in here too, we were almost alone. The most beautiful pillars were in the east side, where they were made of small groups of small ones, twenty or thirty, each of which ran up all the incredible distance, even to the interlacing arches into which the pillars divided. On the north side the red of the windows predominated- on the west blue, and a sort of orange. Above was a round window in which the spaces of the stonework seemed to be more considered than even the beautiful glass. But it's all about as impossible to describe as to photograph. We walked round the cloister of the choir and saw the carved stone screen.

The decorations and design were really more wonderful than the figures - little patterns running along the edge of the stonework. Carved wooden doors - everything perfect, perfect. Then returning to the nave, where I felt a desire to sweep my hand up the pillars to the roof, as if it all was modelling wax. We went out after that and off to have some bread and peaches and milk, which we bought in the streets in the little cafe I have mentioned.

Then we went for a walk round the town, to the old part where the guidebook said there was nothing to see. I never saw such a beautiful town. On every side were pictures, the little winding irregular streets, uphill and down, houses very irregular too, many of them abutted on the streets. A glimpse down a passage to a doorway with the sun across it and a tuft or two of grass was worthy of a Hammersen.

Father made the 4th. 5th. and 6th. drawings within fifty yards. The 4th. was a little irregular house with trellis stairway running down outside- growing (they are so perfect that they seem like products of nature) over a still pond with masses of bright green duckweed, dark green shadow, and reflection of the blue sky. On the right the edges of more houses with a tall chimney behind and some pink and scarlet geraniums on the upper windowsills.

The next picture is a view from the other side of the bridge- the slow-flowing river with trees on each side, dark green shadows, green weeds, deep blue sky reflected in the river. On the left a little low shed with women kneeling on slabs of stone washing their clothes in the river- One of them beat them with a flat wooden thing, as the Millet woman did- and two little children were scrubbing with might and main- a fist and brush too.

Then we went a few yards further on and he did the view of the Cathedral overtopping the town. The bridge in the foreground on which sat two men in bright blue trousers, the colour Millet was so fond of- talking. One had sabots over his ordinary shoes. Soon after we saw Port Guillaume. The people were all delightful- we saw much of the Millet blue- and of his people altogether. Almost all the old women wore snow-white caps tied under the chin, or with picturesque little wings- and looked lovely. Many of the faces were beautiful, and as different as could be from the townsfolk.

The children were lovely too- one little barefoot boy of about two went trotting through the street with his hands full of one large newspaper- such a curly head he had. We passed along by the river and saw many people washing clothes, and no end of lovely cottages. The old church of St. Andre had evidently once had a bridge over the river. We came upon it from that side first and saw the fragments of a bridge filled with small trees and greenery. We walked round it and saw the beautiful Gothic front, somewhat damaged but with much of the decoration still remaining.

Then we came round, looked through the yard, and saw a magnificent piece of massive masonry, white stone with the sun on it, which shewed up the beauty of the way the shadows fell round the buttresses and holes. Father made a sketch of it. At the bottom of the walls grew grapevines, little tufts of grass grew out of crevices, and red flowers grew beside the steps of the end that looked inhabited, and the blue sky and bright white cloud beyond. Some trees on the right of the peculiar grey green one sees so much in France. Then we came round by the riverside and he sketched it again there.

In the foreground were men in little broad boats, cutting the grass and weeds at the bottom of the river with scythes- great wreaths of green were floating down and behind, beyond the trees that grew by the road, was the nice old grey bridge by which we had come. Looking up the river from where we were we saw a lot of little houses piled up together, and looking quite Japanese, with the little washhouses on each side... Having seen this we went up to the station to see about our train (6.48). Then in search of the museum, in which there were some pictures Father wanted to see, but it was closed. But on the way back we came upon the church of St. Aignon, which was lovely, so he sketched it.

There was a flying buttress on one side and a very pretty tower behind. We went back to the Soleil d'or and had more milk and peaches. Then we went back to the Cathedral and looked at the beautiful south front, the carving and design, the fine solid walls of stone, the evidence that more spires had been intended in several places- very fine flying buttresses - the lovely side views of the south doors. Some Americans came to look too, and Father and I took them down to see St. Andre.

Then we returned to the Cathedral, finding fresh beauties in every corner- a lovely little Renaissance clock tower- All the way up the walls were fascinating little tufts of grass and flowers. We stayed inside until it was time to go. The clock had a beautiful deep tone and we heard a sort of Angelus ring at mid-day, three strokes three times. On the way back to Paris, the sunset was glorious. First liquid gold all over the cloud behind which the sun was, and some way round the horizon- This turned to fire, giving every cloud an aureole of flame. Slowly, slowly this turned to yellow with grey clouds. The last glimpse we had of the Cathedral was from the train. Dark clouds were round it and on each side was a fragment of a rainbow.

LIST OF POSTCARDS PASTED INTO THE DIARY.

Statue de Jeanne d'Arc.

La Victoire de Samothrace.

J. F. Millet. Les Glaneuses.

Paris. Notre Dame, vue d'ensemble.

Rembrandt. Le Philosophe en meditation.

Auguste Rodin. La Pensee. (detail)
 Foret de Fontainebleau. Route tournants des hauters de la Solle.
 Foret de Fontainebleau. Medaillon des peintres Millet et Rousseau
 Hans Holbein. Portrait de Didier Erasme.
 Paris. L Arc de Triomphe.
 Chartres. Les Fleches de la Cathedrale. Vue prise Flace Chatelet.
 La Cathedrale. (du XIle au XVle siecle)
 Chartres. Rue de la Porte Guillaume.
 Chartres. La Porte Guillaume, XVle siecle.
 Chartres. Les fleches de la Cathedrale. Vue prise du haut de la Porte Guillaume.
 Chartres. L Eglise Saint Andre. Cote sud.
 Entre a Chartres par la Porte Guillaume.
 Bord de l'Eure a Chartres.
 L'Eglise Saint Aignon.
 Chartres. Portail de Saint Aignon
 Portail ouest de la Cathedrale
 Details de la cloture du choeur.
 Cathedrale de Chartres: cloture du choeur.
 Facade de la Cathedrale de Chartres
 Port Guillaume.
 Chartres. Maison du Saumon, XVle siecle

"Re Chartres. July 28 09 (Probably later, from London.) Dear Girl, We are with the Leetes. It is Wednesday. 9.45. Mr Leete just gone off to business. Mary sitting near me on the floor booking". Gwen is in bed with a bad throat - Mary very disappointed. - Nothing dangerous or catching, one feels though a lack of stamina in the family. - I have been contrasting Sir Joseph Swan, Lady Swan - and Miss White. - and then Mr and Mrs Leete. - Almost the same class of offspring - same ideas about health. - Temperature taking, looking out for the arrival of ill health. Just the place to plant the enthusiasm of C.S. but eyes drop instantly on the mere mention of the words C.S. - I only referred this morning to the newspaper of the C.S.

We arrived in a storm of wind and rain - Mr Leete met us at the station. I telegraphed you on arrival, - as I found we could not get the night mail. We are so glad to be back and the feeling of being nearer you. - It is good. - We have had a great time - could hardly have been greater. - The last day in France when every public institution is locked up. We started at 9 for Chartres. - For the Cathedral. Mary's joy was unbounded - how glad we both were - It is I think one of the most beautiful things in the world. - It is far enough from Paris not to be visited by the average tourist, and the people and the town seem undisturbed. The recent French law of bringing all Church property under Government inventory has cause a large number of people of the Monastery and Convent order to leave Chartres - so that there is not half nor quarter the number living there that were there two or three years ago. It is like a rookery disturbed - they have flown off to England - many of them taking up their abode in Devonshire. We had time to make drawings for Mary's "book", and time to come and go, - making two visits to restaurants, eating bread, peaches, milk and wine. Then refreshed, we would sally forth again.

The Cathedral foundations go back to over 900 - 1100 - 1200 - some of it pure gothic - some florid - but the ensemble is what inspired us both. - the inside and the outside. The town lies all below it, and around it, down the south eastern side of it flows a sluggish river - which suffers from being used to dump garbage. - But there were fish in plenty, the water kind enough for that. We saw four men with scythes cutting the weeds with them under water - a strange sight - they were in punts - and women along the edge of the water washing linen. - It was all wonderful in a matter of colour alone. I rather wished I had my watercolours, but only to tint the drawings. One could only suggest the colour to help the memory. - I feel we shall certainly go there again someday. The people we found rather

fine - particularly after the terrible Parisian type, of which we were both of us, heartily sick. I think if we bring back a memory, the grandest will be The Victory - The Milo - The Botticelli Frescoes - The Whistler Mother and some small Rembrandts. - And this Chartres Cathedral. These are all distinct and independent - and the Giorgione Fete Champetre.

It took us about four hours "the coming of the going", - and Tuesday morning we left Paris with every prospect of a gentle channel passage - which was quiet. - With nice people. - With four French people going to Boulogne who did not like air, - and then crossing the channel - with a young Irish governess who had been teaching near Paris. We made the crossing placed next to her - but I expect she had an ordeal crossing over to Ireland last night. - It seemed strange that all the while we have been in France we have had at no time a wet day. - A shower now and then the same as at Chartres, which greatly added to the beauty of everything. - At Barbizon was the only time I could have wished for fairer weather, for Mary's impression mostly. - But Barbizon is very played out, I can only wish it to die back into its once primitive condition.

London was pouring rain when we arrived. - We sent the flowers from the Strand, and then we came on here at 4.20.

Meanwhile, Fred's activities in California continued to be reported, on September the 12th, the *San Francisco Call* reported "Another notable canvas on view in the same gallery is one of Fred Yates landscapes that has just arrived here from Yokohama. It is faithful of nature, as the artist himself would phrase it and is of particular interest to Californians from the fact that a Yates painting is a scarcity out here.

Since he established his studio in London some 10 or more years ago and began his portrait painting, only an occasional landscape or two ever reaches San Francisco. The one at Courvasier's has the true and unmistakable Yates touch, and should find a permanent home on the coast."

A little later, Fred writes to Emily, on November the 24th, at the opening of an exhibition, full of paternal pride in Mary's work, from 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street London, on the note paper of E. J. Van Wisselingh and Co. Amsterdam 23 SPUI Telephone No 1548 Gerrard. Telegraphic Address: Wisselingh, London. "My dear girl, And the evening and the morning was the press day - and not one press man came in!

But Mary takes the whole cake today. - And her work is my greatest uplift - it is lovely - Van W. is going to have it done in bronze - and Frank wants a bronze copy too - a bronze silvered over. - it is quite the best thing here - it is the red hot way that she did in - there is really nothing like it. The other as Frank says is not in it in comparison. - Well dear girl this ought to joy you too this being as how's she's your making.

I am going tonight to a C.S. meeting with Elsie. - I enclose catalogue, have sent Mrs Peterson, Mrs Herbert Clegg, Brown, Groves, Badleys of Winterseeds and several more whose names are written in it.

I think I told you V.W. threw out John Macuillan's - doesn't like it. - and what remains - lovely.

I long to see what I can do with Mary in landscape next term. Tell her the wax is destroyed but the copy we have is exact. Only one copy —I have refused all invitations.

1910 - 1911

The Yates had formed a friendship with Sir Henry Wood, in part due to Fred's painting, and also through the Willinks of Staveley, who were deeply involved in the music of Westmorland through the Mary Wakefield Festival. Emily, of course was very active in musical matters, and the Willinks were great family friends. On May 16th 1910, Henry Wood wrote to the Yates: 4 Elsworthy Road, London, "My dear friends I cannot go to sleep tonight without telling you how truly beautiful the Japanese prints look in my room and what a radiant thought of simplicity and truth they shed over my garish mantel-piece. I am only grieved to think you should part with your precious art treasures in this way, – but thanks, thanks, thanks. It was sweet to welcome you both to my little home. Always the same, Henry J. Wood."

Mary also had singing lessons from Wood, writing from Heathdown, Hampstead Heath, "I went to Sir H. W. this morning. Most interesting lesson – jolly natural method he has. At present he told me to practice only between E flat and B flat. I go again Tuesday probably. Glad I went to him rather than Mr Wilson. We are going to the Magic Flute tonight, and eat dinner in the queue at 1/- each. I mean the seats, not dinner. Nice letter from Aunt Ethel, said Uncle P'd been in to breakfast and seemed very happy. Asked news of Agnes etc. which I have replied. I've written Donald too today and sent him the Ponting programme – hence only this postcard to you with much love M."

Mary's letters to Fred have by now developed into acting as 'eyes' for him to see Rydal, whilst working away, and to keep him up to date with events. on June 8th she writes: "It is thundering somewhere not far off and the sky is very black over Loughrig. The wind you went away in still continues though it let up in the night and was very hot. The Spite is still in bed, and I'm dispatching you and Tonald for her today.

We had such a scrumptious time on Monday - went right over Wrynose Pass into the Duddon Valley and back again. It was awfully hot, dry going up the pass, and just before getting to the top we crossed a bridge over a mountain stream, and in the shadow of it there was a most delicious deep pool. We bathed in it in turns and it was the most heavenly sensation I've had in years! It was 4ft. deep or so and quite wide and a little waterfall slid down a slanting rock into it - Lovely! That was about 12.30. At 1.00 we had lunch on the top and then went down the other side. In the Duddon valley, we only saw two farmhouses surrounded by trees, and a barn or two. In one of the latter, we found a swallow's nest in a hole in the wall. Four little featherless creatures with eyes shut and mouths wide open and raised to heaven to welcome any favours! Great cavities on small stalks like crocuses with yellow frills round the edges against the escaping fly or woym! We saw several new birds, and lots of flowers and no end of "hinseck" that the heat brought out.

Yesterday I went for a walk with 20 or so of the students and Mr Thornley. We had an awfully interesting time and found several "quite good beetles" - One that Mr Thornley had never seen alive before. He really does know a lot. -We scoured the roadside and bogs and the fell all the way up to Sweden Bridge, (it is one and a half miles from Ambleside and took us three hours there and 2 back!) - and brought all sorts of things to him. Flowers, sedges, grasses. flies, moths, spiders, butterflies, and beetles, and in almost every case he would tell us their names and habits. Many nice beetles presented themselves by walking up the skirts of the party, so one could find a lot by just walking round outside the group - It was chiefly insects - There were swarms of them about and it was hot! We saw four kinds of daddy long legs and some beautiful butterflies. I brought one home to paint in a match box and when I get home the matchbox was bare, having somehow opened on the way and lost the butterfly and also a small fly whose acquaintance I was cultivating because his larvae feeds on greenfly!

I must write Don now. We're going to the Willinks for Sunday probably and then Spite goes on to you from them. No rain yet. Love M."

Also on June 8th. Fred writes to Mary from London: "I am in an ABC - it is 6.15. Bagot sat 1 hour and

40 minutes. Excellent - he very pleased too - comes at 8 am tomorrow morning and I'm giving him his tea. I shall finish it in two hours - but he will sit only till 9. and then go home for his breakfast at home and come again afterwards. Mrs Cooke gave me the commission for her husband to be done from a photo and sits for one of herself Saturday morning - same size as Mrs Illingworth. Wants to buy my landscape in the Park - her daughter wants another - one of the small ones - left over from the last show. Very nice people - the girl reminds me of Madelaine Hartwell. Jacobs telephoned that the headmaster of Mill Hill is willing - so things is just bustin'! Thank God.



Some of Mary Yates Bronze figures. She had been very active in her modelling work, and Fred was very enthusiastic about this aspect of her work.

By all this it is hardly possible for me to go to America before Don comes, so dry your dear eyes - and think of me when you get this for I shall be full swing with Bagot. Glad Mrs Legh is better.

Storms here - at Chislehurst, a nurse at Cookham Dene killed by lightning I must send you a paper Saturday aft. I take the Cookes to Nikkish concert at Queens Hall. They are all going on Friday at 8.15 to Gerhardt. I go to Thomassons.

Young Leete wants to buy one of Mary's bronzes for Gwynn.

I think this is all - now I'm going to bye bye.. Thank you very very much for watering my garden."

A few days later, Mary writes angrily from Rydal, to Fred and Emily, both in London, " July 18. 1910 Spites, I am alive and kicking and very savage because the dear flycatcher's nest on the terrace has been robbed. - Disgusting! - It's a protected bird too and by Act of Parliament in 1880 and anyone other than the owner or occupier of land or his agent taking, killing etc. during close season, or possessing or selling any Flycatcher after March 1st is liable to a penalty of "5/- for each bird." So let us hope nemesis will overtake him (wonder if he's one of those little beasts at the farm - in which case he is a little beast) but I'm afraid it won't.

This telegram is the result of F.Y.C.'s red tape - Though I do not see what benefit it would be to Don that all the other Yeates's and Yeat's and Yates's in England that might have been us are prevented from meeting him in Paris! Dora Tolson came re pig this a.m. - and 2 tramps c'est tout. Post. M."

The following day, July 19th: "All well. Irving is cutting the grass - and such lovely roses, and picked this a.m. - One was quite perfect - pale pink, every petal in just the. right place - the centre round and just unfolding - the whole was' wonderfully complete - More poppies too, and for the plaster vase, those very dark purple sweet peas with one or two lavender ones and silver grey sprigs of willow. I put a lot of roses in the green lily-of-the-valley bulb bowl standing in leads and they look lovely.

My tempera colors have come. I was going to work this a.m., but, have mended my green skirt - it looks nice and took some time. I got a reel of exactly the colour.

Billy Garnett picked up a letter of Speaklet's by the church gate. M.G. forgot to bring it up but said it had Edinburgh postmark - must be Mrs Cooke's.

I got some curtain rings, the nearest I could get, rather smaller than sample. Last night I watered everything and weeded a lot. It's been overcast all day, but I'm afraid the rain has passed by on the other side. I didn't have the fish for dinner yesterday and meant to today but it had gone sour, all of it - also the remains of his soup - pity - but we had corn and tongue and and Aldis's scrumptious potatoes and did very well. Love. nice spites - M."

Fred had Written to Woodrow Wilson,telling him that he had planned a visit to America to undertake a series of commissions, and that whilst there he would visit Princeton "to see all you dear people." Wilson replied, "how happy we are at the prospect of seeing you. You must come at once to Princeton and stay as long as possible. Come straight to us and at once. How I wish the other dear ones were coming too." and in a letter of the 9th of September, Wilson told Fred that "Things are thickening about me politically!" ... "It seems probable that I shall be nominated for the office of Governor of New Jersey by the Democrats of the State at their convention next Thursday, and I must take it if it comes." The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

By September th 25th, Fred is aboard the R.M.S."Campania" bound for America, on what was to prove one of his major visits, and writes: "Dear Mary, I have time to send a word with the dear Spooks letter, I drew the picture that was in my mind of the car turning to go - your head turned and hand up . - And mothers (hand: small sketch) darling both of you - it made it so easy for me - for my heart was in my mouth at the toime!



Francis Thomasson, Hallsteads by Fred Yates.

When dressing I heard a moan continually and thought it must be some poor bullock waiting his time - and full of imagining that he hadn't any water - and co. and co - came up on deck and found it as the land fog horn, busting itself. It isn't a bit foggy where we are and quite calm. I know you are having a lovely lovely time - I do feel so bustingly grateful, feel I'd like to shout it loud like a fog horn. Daaarrlins! Barbara - and Marjorie - give em my love - love."

Mary writes back on September 29th from Hallsteads, Near Penrith: "You will have arrived by now I expect, and perhaps in a few days will have your letter. She really likes him! But you can't beat me! Oh alas, I am nowhere with Miss Buist however, which is an everlasting grief to me. I get just as paralyzed as last year, when she begins spat - spat - spat with the cards on which my unstuckness depends!

Mr Richards is gone, and we do miss him! We are a tiny party in the evening now, just Mr and Mrs Clauson, six in all, most unusual for Hallsteads!

I haven't had very much more tennis, except a game or two with the Spite, she's a furriner to be so keen on it.

On Monday, we motored to Kirkby Thore, about 8 miles the other side of Penrith, to see a cousin of Mrs Thomasson, Mrs Bright. She was such a nice little woman, and gave such comic accounts of her shopping on market day at Penrith. She asked the price of a large price of eggs guarded by a saleswoman, and all the answer she received came from the womans husband rather crossly "Can't you see she's counting?" and later when she timidly approached the same man on the same subject he remarked "I can't be bothered with yer!" !!!

The Brights have taken Kirkby Thore Rectory for a few weeks. It is a large sad old house, or perhaps it feels sad only because we know the old Rector lives there absolutely alone with his housekeeper now that all his eleven children are married and his wife dead. But one can't ever imagine that it was a happy hilarious family. It is very dark. The great hall was dusky even when we arrived at tea time, and it is the sort of house Aunt Bess might have inhabited. There's a lively old porch with deep red sandstone floor and steps, and coming in, one looks down through the hall, through a window at the end of an interminable length of dark passage. Then are two or three such scenes that Hammersen (?) might have painted beautifully. We could see the square red church tower from the drawing room window, and we heard the bell strike. It is more than 100 years old and cracked. It sounded most peculiar, like a tin can filled with earth or a wooden box, and is very penetrating. Mrs Bright says that when it strikes in the night and all is quiet, it sounds as if it were in bed with you.

On Tuesday we went with Mrs Thomasson to tea at another rectory at Edenhall, (the village) to Mr and Mrs Hale who really belonged there. Before tea we walked through the grounds of Edenhall. Most beautiful they were, with as beautiful trees as at Sours up the drive, limes and one huge cedar. Then we came out on a great sloping lawn with bright flower beds and a terrace, at the end. Above the garden stood the hall, a low rambling building covered with glorious masses of scarlet virginia creeper which just matched the red blinds in all the windows. We saw the fairies spring where the Luck of Edenhall was found. There is a legend about how the little footpage got it from the fairies to give Lady Isabel to "loose her deadly swoon." It is set to music which the children sang at the 1908 festival. The Luck is a glass cup. "If that Cuppe shall break or falle, Farewelle the Luck of Edenhall." Was written on a scroll that the page brought in, and the Luck is now safe in the cellar while the hall is let.

Every night when I have dressed for dinner I go in and sit on Barbara's bed and we turn the gas down very low and tell stories. Sometimes she sings them to me, and I tickle her arms meanwhile, which she loves, - till Marjorie comes in from her bath, and Mr and Mrs Thomasson and various visitors come in and say goodnight, and the gong sounds. Barbara told me very serious that she really couldn't believe in fairies at all, but she gave me a long and equally serious account of how Santa Claus came, and John and Marjorie actually saw him vanish up the chimney! Please give this note to Nellie Wilson, her birthday is the 15th. Lots of love. M. (p.s. The children loved their fireworks but aren't going to let off many without John. He's gone back to school.)"

On the 7th of October Fred writes To Emily From the Vanderlips house in Scarborough-on-Hudson, 30 miles from New York. Fred has begun his portrait of Mr Vanderlip. He went several times over the years, to paint many members of the family. Scarborough-on-Hudson. U.S.A. "Emy darlin' You can destroy all these letters when read. Mrs Weston's so particularly beautiful. And tell me that you have paid the enclosed £1.12 to Scot. Amicable. I have begun my picture of Mr Vanderlip.

I go to New York tomorrow about Mrs Hardins dress, all aloud in their motor to meet her at N.Y. - 30 miles ride. Mr Vanderlip most enthusiastic tells me not to think of Los Angeles for quite a while - "You'll have lots to do here." Address F. Yates c/o F.A. Vanderlip Esq. Beechwood, Scarborough-on-Hudson. USA."

The following day, he writes to Emily: Beechwood, Scarborough-on-Hudson, Telephone Two Hundred Ossining, Sunday Evening, "My dear one - I am uncommonly peaceful tonight - although there's a big tugging going on - you mustn't pull too hard. I got your first letters Friday night and yesterday evening brought a lot again. Useless trying to tell you which they were. - Donald had not yet arrived at Hallsteads. Mrs Thomasson had first told you to tell Donald to meet him at Lancaster, so by that you'll about know. - and Richards had already left - and Mary reports having been buisted by Miss Buist. Darlin girl - it was nice of her to write me. - I like her letters, I seem to be missing a lot of fun - but I am having a very good time here and a healthy experience. This man Vanderlip is healthy. - His wife diffident to a fault - but how splendidly she has gradually unfolded and led me in. I don't know where it began. She is different to many women - in fact, I do not know what category to put her in. She is young as wives go, with four children. - A large supply of common sense - not an ounce of make believe or humbug about her - she was against my coming here to work as was Vanderlip. - When I had done my first excellent start he and she both showed approval "But" he said "you have a lot to do before you'll please me. I don't trust any one of you, you are all alike - not one of you"....! Rather a bomb shell, and tonight he said it is as fine a portrait as I have ever seen of anyone - and turning to Mr Cox he said "If you want to know what you look like, look at that portrait.

His brother in law wants me to paint his wife and three children. I said \$1500 but he said he couldn't run to that. Then I said \$1200 which is the price I mentioned for painting Mrs Vanderlip and her two children. However, I don't know, he thought it rather much - but I shan't work under.

A nice woman she is - the one I took the car ride with - she is sister of Mr Vanderlip. - Last night there was a bit of a dinner party. Everyone in full war paint." (Rest missing)

Then on Oct. 12th: From Scarborough-on-Hudson, USA. "Dear Girl, and Mary Girl and Donald Boy. I posted to you last on Saturday. I expect you may get that after you get this - any way don't worry. - Some mails really catch up after "quicker" ones - The one that will take this will probably be a Cunarder - a greyhound.

It is 5 am. - I have just washed and brushed, and got up because I got thinking. Mr Vanderlip came back from Virginia last night, is very pleased with my picture of Mrs Harden, his manner so changed towards me - the hard business man never shows now. We went over and dined there at the Hardens, and after dinner, I had a positive desire to smoke for the very relaxation of it - but I didn't. It rested one to even sit and watch Mr Vanderlip and Mrs Harden (Mr V.s sister) smoke. Mrs Harden sat on the sofa, looked weary with her day - she sat to me 4 and 1/2 hours. The only other lady there was Mrs Woodworth, who is always there - an aunt, a very very silent person, nice though - but so shy that she seldom speaks before the men, and when she does she works her mouth afterwards and rubs her lips with her hand. Her eyes are a very light blue and her hair a grey brown. She appears as though she always had been sent to the laundry and got washed out, - you know - she is one of the old people, a little - I don't know - kind of New England - Mary Wilkins and all that.

I am not sure if I told you of a dinner at the Nallys while Mr Vanderlip was away - where we had a bright dinner - and a gramophone after of Tetrassini and Caruso after - and some other lesser ones that I really enjoyed. It was a machine all shut in a box - you saw nothing - it was in the drawing room." (Rest missing)

Another letter to Mary, on the 27 Oct. 1910: Scarborough-on-Hudson "Dear One, Your letter of 19 Oct. arrived 27th. Hereafter going to Princeton and your 14th Oct arrived about six hours before that.

It is 6 p.m. now. I go only to catch this post to say all is well. Mrs Harden does not sit till Monday, and Mr Vanderlip sits tomorrow. Mrs Vanderlip comes back from Virginia on Friday next, 4th November.

1 am getting restless to finish - I took a whole holiday today 27th and took a little Harden fishing with the Chauffeur - car with us - we caught only one - Chauffeur caught it. We came back in two hours. I lunched with Evans, and some friends.

No time for more now. Glad Elsie Teichmann is engaged I wish someone else were! Daddy Yates"

Then, on the 13th of November, to Emily, (Only one sheet of paper, written both sides.)
Scarborough-on-Hudson: "Do get copies of photographs of BH And you, Don, and Mary - and Kuththa - and Kinnie. - I see you have moved Kinnie's box up to the north. I think he does better to be under cover of the hedge - particularly if the snow comes. It is suddenly cold here. Snowed yesterday before I got to Princeton. I shall look up all the Thomasson friends and probably stay in New York at the Collingwood Hotel - send letters here to Vanderlip's till I tell you to contrary.

I think what Whiteley's will find is that the 6/- was paid to my washing account. I am almost sure that this particular amount is for the carpet and anyway tell them to wait till I return.

Yeeees - use the durned £40, and never mind the 3d interest! Goop. - I like to think of the bird box.

I paid Prince £1. - he sent receipt to me. Prince of Oxford - ought to send you roses - some standards - let them be put in manure and earth mixed - and then tied so as not to blow over. I sent the money to Prince before we went to Chartres.

I am so glad Don puts into words what he feels about the difference of atmosphere with the Croppers and the Willinks. You know I think we are rather silly to constantly warp our judgement by wishing to throw a rose coloured light where we can see plainly it doesn't belong. Same difference here with all their kindness between Princeton and Scarborough - There I simply bathe in them - drink them - all the same folk have been lovely to me here.

Rowley would have lost £3 had I not intervened and assured Cropper that it was a first claim. Poor Cropper - he has miles to go."

On the 10th of December, Fred writes to Emily: "Beechwood Scarborough-on-Hudson Telephone 200 Ossining, I got some sweet letters last night - full of the Arthur Robinson's photographs. So delightful to have. You ought to have seen me lying on my bed with the electric light at my side, "magnifying" glass in my hand scanning those dear faces. I think Don looks fine and I show my boy "round with a pride - for haven't I done a part of him - the one of you three is ripping fine" - 'Scuse my French - particularly the expression of movement, Mary's dear eyes almost move - d'rings! All the bloomin' lot of you.

Well dear girl, I am going to give my Millet today to about 50 people down in the big living room - this afternoon - six children the rest all grown ups. Mr and Mrs Vanderlip and their immediate neighbourhood and their servants - gardeners - governesses - nurses - housekeepers - everybody - cooks, scullery maids, "chauffeurs" - everybody and I am ready. It is just beginning to get light - 6.25am. - I have been quickly through my slides - and shall long for the 3.30 p.m. when we are supposed to begin. Mr Vanderlip sits this morning - and tomorrow - so that I shall finish easily my big portrait of him tomorrow, Sunday 11th. The frame has come. He promised to sit every morning this week, but really only sat once - however he is too splendid to think of blaming - and I have a real feeling of reverence for him. There is something quite monumental about him in his mere simplicity - quite as simple as one of his own gardeners and yet here he is assisting in the making of laws regulating the currency in not only his own country but foreign countries as well." (Rest missing)

Fred kept in touch with Woodrow Wilson, whilst working in America, and on the 14th of December, Wilson wrote to Fred at the Vanderlip estate at Scarborough-on-Hudson, where Fred was working

on portraits of the Vanderlip family (and commenting on the stature of Fred's sitters.) "We have kept track of you as well as we could and are perfectly delighted at the great success you are having and the powerful friends you are making . . . My own affairs go very strenuously but you may be sure that again and again throughout the days my thought turns, with the thought of the rest, to our dear friend." The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

On the 2nd of January, 1911: Beechwood, Scarborough-on-Hudson, Telephone 200 Ossining, Fred writes: "1/4 past 5. Monday morning. I thought I'd get up - got lying about and tossing my clothes off. It is a warm night - yesterday so cold in early morning that I took out food for the birds. I have done it all through the frost - from here to the Evans studio about 500 yards - perhaps 400 - a stream of grain.

Saturday was so bitter that I felt the wind blow through my clothes - and everything in the evening "stood out distinctly." Mr Gage is here - arrived yesterday. He has married a young wife. She was at the Vanderlip table last theatre night. I haven't seen her yet; our two dining rooms were adjoining. They went to Bernhard, we to the New Theatre. Mr Gage is very simple in manner, expresses himself with a finality - not a bit courtly or ingratiating - and yet not brusque - beautiful silken hair - neat and yet informal. I haven't once felt his eye - he is so shy. He almost always avoids the eye - so if I paint him, and I am to, it must be done with the head turned away. A quiet loving man I should think - has long stretches of silence at table. - The children come naturally to him and they climbs over him - We (Mr Gage and I) sat left and right of Mrs Vanderlip at table yesterday - Miss Baker - Mr Evans, who looked handsome either side of Mrs V. Miss Dolfinger left for Chicago at 5 p.m. - after tea. I took them both (Miss Baker and Miss Dolfinger) to the Metropolitan for an hour on Saturday. - Then they went on to Bernhardt.

I made a short call on Carlsen. He is painting a glorious night picture - Christ walking on the sea. Carlsen said he has shown it to no one but me.

They haven't decided yet what to get. I have advised a "Sen" \$800 and a still life \$300 - Mr Vanderlip told Mrs Vanderlip before Carlsen that he did not think the still life worth doing, meaning that the labour might be expended on something more useful - he is so funnily frank. Carlsen squirmed a bit - but he (Carlsen) is quieter and better tempered - and I think is improving under a little encouragement of fortune. Mr Gage came down in the automobile after lunch to Evans studio, stood for a long while - and then turned and said seriously to Mr Vanderlip "Good portrait, good likeness, - go there and stand beside it." I fairly shouted when my dear friend stood beside himself - because my portrait was infinitely more like him than he was, and everyone saw it - Miss Baker, Mrs Vanderlip, - Mr Cox, all there. Then Mr Gage told an amazing story (parable) how some people west opened a keg of 40 year old whisky... a connoisseur tasted - declared he detected the taste of iron and leather - the whisky otherwise was perfect. Keg was all drawn off, then opened - and a leather carpet tack of iron and leather was found - and then with a playful look, waved his hand towards the picture "Otherwise very good whisky." Imagine how merry we were - can't you -?

Mrs Newland left at 2 just after luncheon - she was a Macalister of San Francisco - lived same valley as the Hoffmanns. Knew Nell (one of Emily Yates Sisters) slightly, "a bright little woman" she said - she wants me to come and paint the senator in Washington. Mr Vanderlip without asking me - said "I'll bring Mr Yates." and then to me "you mustn't go away without seeing Washington Mr Yates."

I was working at 7.45 yesterday morning (Sunday) on his portrait with the baby. I have never been able to finish him, but now that I am at Evans studio it all comes easier. It is quite astonishing how much Mrs Harden's background improved, I worked on it three times. I worked all over it - got it simpler - I feel to have learnt a very great deal here - a little "Snow" that I am sending on to the Vickery's. You, and Mary, would go mad with delight about, the same one Dr. Barnesby wanted to buy. But I feel I'd rather he didn't, it will really do me more good out there - and that is what I meant

by saying I want to establish a market out there. I have given no limit to Vickery - only told him to sell - and not keep the pictures till they are too old.

Yesterday, Sunday evening we had the gramophone - a thing in a box, - rather wonderful contrivance - they turned on most beautiful singers, a sextet of Lucia - heaps of good things. Mr Gage sat most contentedly, smoking, and looking into the fire. The company sat round in a circle. Mr Vanderlip and I at the chess board. He has been playing better, but yesterday I got ahead again, - he takes a losing game very well, simply saying "I resign" not going on to the bitter end, and he is never elated on winning. His knights are his strongest. I am as mad on it now as I was on "Demon Patience" and there is actually no chance in Chess - either you play well, or you don't. I think Mary would expand over it, it seems to me that it would suit the shape of her mind. Will you please see that she doesn't work too long on that group she is doing - and put it away and not show it to everybody, - just put it away, and I think perhaps safest in Don's room now - not north room. I love to think he has been in it, and expanded in his love towards us. Did you let him have one of my photographs? Do you think he would care to have one - say distinctly - you know I never like photographs as a rule. This one of you three standing outside in front of the house is absolutely lovely of all three of you. Mary looks like a blooming angel in her happiness and you, so proud thing, just look up at her, loving her. - I know you - who 'air yer? Who ain't you? - I read to the servants last night, the "Christmas Jenny" and "Gala Dress" last night. Richard the old darkie was there, he leaves on Sunday, and Saunders was sweet in his gentle suggestion - not liking to ask me directly to come and read "Richard goes away Tuesday Mr Yates" I left the company at 9.5pm, I finished reading at 10.30." *(Rest missing)*

Then on the 20th January, "My dear Mary, I have just got your lovely lovely 5 o'clock in the morning letter - and how hard it pulls. I feel almost that I must take the next steamer back. You make it all so plain - and the quiet of everything - and mother asleep therein her room - oh thank you so much for it. It tells me everything. I can almost see the place. The garden of course I always see - but less vividly than when I first came here - that is it doesn't so often recur. I have been working hard since Saturday and yesterday Thursday had a holiday. Went to New York to get a frame for Mrs Vanderlip's picture. It is LB wood - old worm eaten thing, but fine colour, and at 12.50 Mrs Vanderlip's brother. - The C and correspondent of New York, met me at the Metropolitan Museum and we had a heavenly time - he is about 42 or 45 I should think - and the quietest and best man that I have met in New York, next I'd say to dear Woodrow Wilson.

I seem to have learnt a very great deal - not only in art but in the life - and learning the different qualities of these dear people here.

Last night Mr Vanderlip got out a lot of slides. They have bought a lantern, a beauty - and a sheet that rolls down in an instant from the end of the room, and at 9.30 - I couldn't leave before, I went down and read "Uncle William" to the servants. We had a real time, and all of them, dear people, simply glowed their thanks and gratitude. -I stayed and talked with them afterwards - and made them realize the beauty of "Uncle Williams" daily life, how he daily lives for the living of life." *(Rest missing)*

Fred's impending return to San Francisco seems to be turning into a much-anticipated heroes return, judging from The San Francisco Call of January 22nd, which reports: "The friends of Fred Yates, and they are legion, are planning to welcome him with open arms on his visit to the coast. He is especially well known among the older Californians by reason of his portrait work in the early days.. Since making his home in the metropolis, Yates has spelled success in all of its phases, and his trip to the west is one of work and pleasure combined. While essentially on a visit to the members of his family, he is planning incidentally, to turn out his usual amount of work, having accepted commissions for four portraits in Los Angeles, and one here of Judge Henry A Melvin, president of the Bohemian Club. These five will represent Yates labours on the present trip, as he is planning to hurry back to London with all possible dispatch.

He is taking much interest in the work of his daughter, who has been doing some phenomenal work in modeling, and her success, in spite of her youth, has been the source of no little gratification to him. A piece of Miss Yates work will be on exhibition at the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey galleries within a few days." As can be seen, Fred is making sure that people know about the work which Mary is producing, and about which he is so enthusiastic.



A Photograph of some of Mary's figures, taken by Fred.



Bronze Figure by Mary Yates

Mary writes back on February 28th: "I've been meaning to write you all day but I got out of my Tommy calculations with its being light now when he comes - But I've just been wanting to tell you about the garden. First - no rabbits. The yellow crocuses are in flower, and there are snowdrops and snowflakes in little bunches all over the lawn, and the daffodils are three or four inches high and have a good many buds. You know the tiny nut tree over the pool - it has two catkins and one or two of the tiny crimson female flowers.

The roses are sprouting like anything. I haven't cut them at all, thought we might let that rip for this year and see how they do. Except I shall cut off the ends of some of the Oxford roses, they are a bit dead just at the ends, one or two of them, and the buds are not as big as on the other trees - I do hope they are all right. I put them in, you know, and it wasn't until some days after that you wrote for me not to put the manure next the roots, and I left it then, thinking it would do more harm to mess with them again. I put them in the very day after they came, and they were all wrapped up in straw and in the wood shed overnight so they can't have taken any harm that way. Do you remember the dog tooth violets above the pool under the broom bushes? They are coming out, dear little purple buds among the dark spotted leaves. The cabbages and splow are fine; we've had lots. There is a pansy out on the window box, and the tulips are coming up well below. I'm afraid all but one of the larkspurs are dead - the two lighter blue ones - on the right looking out of the window - don't seem to be coming up at all.

Did mother tell you about Mr Legh and the clematis? How he put in the white one he gave me and gave

me lots of good advice about cutting back! I hadn't the heart to cut off the purple clematis right at the level of the stairs window-sill, especially as it was sprouting quite a lot, so he did it for me, and said it would go farther economically and flower better if I spread it about where I wanted it instead of letting it grow into a wopse. It wants cutting back well every year - but the Montana, the white one he brought, is not to be cut at all, only carefully trained; it is like the one that grows up to the top of Miss Armitt's chimney. It likes to go straight to the top and to flower only there, and if it does there's no getting it down. It must cover the premises well below first and we're not to be in a hurry to get it up high.

We put it in where the Longworth rambler used to be, and it will go well up to the roof and all round mother's window. I thought it looked bare there, as we have so little ground space for creepers, but the clematis won't mind being climbed over by the tropaeolum. We must put wire netting right up to the top - its fine stuff and doesn't show a scrap. Primroses are out too, and the Carter's fertilizer has come."

"March 4. Yesterday was half term. It should have been Monday, but the rain put it off three times. I went over to Kentmere with Gertrude Bell and Kuththa. I'd never been there before; it is a lovely place. G. and her family used to stay there when they were small. It is 5 or 6 miles from a shop, a straggling little village of whitewashed cottages and farms, with winding lanes and a lovely river that was very full, and huge rocks - 14 or 15 feet high.

We went across Troutbeck and over Garburn Pass. The top of it was covered with mist, but the road was well defined. Now and then, we got glimpses of clear washed blue, but in general the clouds were thick and low. The top of the pass and the slope on the Kentmere side are heather covered, and grouse live there. It was lovely to hear their cries "go back, go back - back" over and over, coming out of the mist far and near, and then see the grouse themselves fly across at a tremendous pace, and disappear into the red brown masses of the heather.

As we came down we gradually got below the mist and saw it blowing away beyond us, and the fields in the flat-bottomed valley below gradually coming out. We had lunch lying in the heather on top of a huge rock near the top of the pass, looking down into Kentmere and, onto the hills round. All of that faded green of the mountain grass, and big rocks, and a few patches of red bracken, and lots of rich dark heather. I gave Kuththa his lunch of 3 puppy biscuits broken up, and it was fun to watch him burrowing into the heather after pieces the size of a 6d that got pushed down further and further from his nose! He thoroughly enjoyed his walk and wasn't a bit tired. We went to a farm where Gertrude used to stay, that she hadn't seen in seven or eight years, and discovered that the old woman there was the mother of one of the girls who drove down 9 miles to Burneside every week for two winter's to go to Mrs Willink's choir practices. And the daughter had been to the February 9th concert, so we had quite a talk over it

On the way back, it rained steadily from the top of Garburn home, steadily, but not hard, so it was some time before we were really wet through so to speak.

Now I am going to do some gardening. Don't you envy me? Oh how jolly glad I am we've not gone to U.S.! There's some hope of your coming home some day as it is! I am longing to hear about Ruth Powers particularly, when you see her. Lots of love to dear Aunt Ethel and you. M."

In California, Fred's father had died, and he made a visit to the Grand Canyon with his sister "Ethel. He wrote back to Emily, "Yes my dear girl - It is Saturday the 5th March, and I am writing at dear Father's table in his own bedroom, with his book and things all about. - His Science and Health - all scored through, written in the margins, - in his neat hand - he must have been a thorough student - and until Ethel told me two days ago I had not an idea that he had been first reader for two years.

But where can I begin to tell you anything. So much to tell. - At the Canyon I couldn't get myself to do anything beyond the little I did in trying to sketch - it seemed almost an impertinence for a speck of a mortal to sit amidst all that glory and express his emotions. I think of it now - the stupendous silence, the glory... I said to Ethel it looked like a place God had prepared for Heaven and then changed his mind. My sketches give me some memory of the colour and by appreciation of ideas will help me to tell you. I worked in tempera but it froze in fact almost all the time except the last two days when it moderated a little. - I sat in the snow. - The wind blowing the first and second day pretty hard. - And at one's back - so that I sat as near a tree as could, but later as I became accustomed to the 3000 ft. drop my sense of fear left me. I could at the end sit quite quietly and work - but even now I don't think I could if the wind blew hard at my back. I long someday to really fly... to float away - wouldn't it be lovely, like one does when listening to great music. Ethel of course was with me. Except the first morning, for she had in some way misunderstood my telegram and stayed down at Williams, the junction awaiting the arrival of the eastern train and later came up the canyon which is by train quite 3 hours from William's.

This of course is absurd, but it gives you an idea of the high skyline - that is 13 miles away. The (thumbnail sketch) temples or palaces are each in themselves about 1000 feet high - from their own base and these mount and tower up from the valley, which is 6000 feet deep. - Eight over here (line drawn from this point in text back to a point on the sketch) say from the roof of this house you see a chasm of at least 3000 ft. at your feet. The canyon is 250 miles long. I suppose one looking right and left can see about 30 or 40 miles in either direction. Ethel says you see at least 100 miles in either direction, and then to make it reach your imagination a little - you walk say three miles right or left you come on the same variety of foregrounds - the palaces that you might expect to see say a little more east or west as you have moved - there they are - like the north star, in the same place. Darn folk would come prancing up over the rocks and want to see my work. I turned in each case and said firmly, "will you please go away and leave me - " To another astonished individual I said "Goodbye" before he had got up to me. - poor dears - they wanted a human - or something to measure their intellect by. I know just how they felt - how I should have felt if I hadn't my foot rule colour scheme on my palette - talk about "brushes of comets hair" nothing in the world can say it - except a suggestion of a poet. There is something on dear Fathers dressing table of Browning... .. The larks on the wing. The snails on the thorn. God's in his heaven All's right with the world.

The suggestion of infinity... I can imagine - in fact while I was there on the spot. I thought how perhaps Turner might have said something about it all - by suggestion - but when one thinks of local schools, of little local societies clumping together to agree to see nature in their own particular way, calling themselves New English Art Club - or anything with a boundary. - How really silly it all seems. The poet suggests the bigness - and anyone leaving the hold of this important quality of suggestion and once become conscious of his means of expression or his particular way of seeing - must fail to say anything at all.

I am glad I brought away my two sketches. I gave them each three sittings - so that there they are - reminders - and Ethel seems to think they remind her - dear girl - how good she was - she went away and left me, that is took her body away, but I felt her power, her help. - Personally, we couldn't make much of it together. She is set and I am set. We are brother and sister. Same interests and attachments, old associations. - But she is as detached from it all as I am. - Indeed I don't know whether in a sense she hasn't succeeded in detaching herself from things more than I have - and her means of expression is like "Christmas Jenny's" - "which may be is better than givin' money to missionaries." - She has the big thing, and her concentration on her work." (*Rest missing*)

Mary wrote to him on March the 10th: "Our Scoop has been tearing all over the village the last few days. - Choir rehearsal, Mrs Legh, stitching at Mrs Jenkinson's, losing a pig in the garden while I was away yesterday, and chasing it all over for about an hour - so now I have forbidden her writing, and she is sitting in the long chair with General Efficiency. She wants you to have this Scottish Amicable

thing - hope it's a comfort to you to know that the receipt of your communication is being given attention - not "their best attention at all times" for once!

The Parkers are going after Whitsuntide - to Wray - Mr Legh told mother so its probably reliable. How about the £1 for the field that you pay in March? Nothing's been done about the path yet.

It was such a heavenly sunset and evening last night. I played in a hockey match at Kendal in the p.m., and on the way back the light on the clouds was wonderful. The Spite went to choir practice and incidentally church too, and left me to go to post - which I did, with the Yipe of course.

It was bright starlight and moonlight too, though the moon was small. I went to the end of the lake and sat down by the edge, where the lines of dry washed-up reeds are, and looked. It was very still and the reflection was perfect. Venus was big and bright over Silverhowe, and the sky very clear except a thin soft grey cloud rising behind the mountain - It was glorious.

When I came in, I took my sketchbook out to do the farm from beside the gate, in the moonlight. But the leaves of the sketch book (which I got from Maddertons on my own responsibility) are "Bark Tint" - a nice brown, and I couldn't see - so I got a lantern! I spex you'll think I was a goose, and probably I was, it was hard, for I had to look at the lamskip some time and remember hard, coz the light put my eye out and I couldn't see - but I enjoyed it, and I don't think the sketch was half bad. I also did that bit of the lake with Venus from memory.



Hart Head Farm from the gate. (Photograph taken in 1919.)

Imagine me leaning against the Parker fence with the sketch book resting on the top, the box of pencils on the ground, the Yipe nosing about the enclosure, and the lantern balanced very teptiously on top of a post in the fence - it wouldn't bear a touch!

Kuththa is such a dear when I am sketching, he wanders round and smells and never goes out of sight, and just comes up once in a while and sticks his nose up to me to be patted, the dear boy. I took him to the hockey match at Kendal; he kept on losing me amongst the nine others, which made him hunt so anxiously with such a distressed face, just like Kinnie! In the train, he loves to look out of the window, just like a child when I let him sit on my lap. Mother has her feet up on a chair, and him lying the whole length of her, asleep, and a guinea pig in her hands. "I don't see but what she's fairly well fixed."

The Parkers, i.e. Mrs, sent her a root-of her white primrose - now what do you think of that? What is going to happen? Mother'd been down the night before and played on their little organ, and they seem to have unbent to the point of being even complimentary!

The larch roses are just out, just a few. Lovely things. I'll send Mrs Van Wisselingh some when they're more cut. Goodnight - I must go to post. It's windy and raining pretty hard. Ever so much love. Mary.
p.s. Miss Badley told Mother that Bedales is having an awful time with measles - and measles turning to pneumonia - one case not expected to recover, and three sets of parents there."

She continued on March 23rd: "Mother has gone to choir practice. She s been getting her courage up to ask them all for 6d each for the Festival this year again. I was with her when she attacked Isaac Parker and Dick Huck, and the experiment was very successful - they were so nice. It is a lovely clear cold night. The stars just coming out – I've just been down with the Yipe to lend Mrs Aitcheson Science and Health. I've been reading it a lot lately.

Yesterday Kinnie was dipped. Parker told me to bring him early as they were going to have clean water and would do him first. I wanted to go out to work so I put him in the shed next the barn, gave him his corn and left him "to be called for". Two hours later I went to fetch him, and found him washed and nearly dry, feeding with a flock of other sheep in the open space below the barn - feeding, but standing aloof from the rest! He was so delighted when I called him from the gate, he came rushing and tearing to me and brayed all the way - dear buffalo - I expect he felt abandoned - with none of his own family, only strange Parkers and strange sheep!

I do like my little cactus - I put it in a pot, not knowing if it would like the garden, and it looks quite happy. It is the little round one with a nice long root - and ever so spiny. You must have had a job getting it up. The two little soft grey plants seem quite dead, and the little century plant, like the huge ones Aunt Nell used to have in her garden, is pretty dry, but a little green in the centre, so it may recover. There's a good lot of primroses in the garden, the wild ones, the Parkers white, and one root of bright blue just above the pool. The dogtooth violets are lovely, the forget me not's and white violets full of flower, and the daffodils coming on bravely.

I have three kinds in bloom in a bowl - one beauty (Mrs Henry Ware,) large and pale; and one tiny one not much bigger than a big snowdrop, and quite white - it is most lovely, we must have plenty more of it for growing in the grass. It grows wild in Spain, and is called Mosehatus of Howarth for some reason, poor darling.

The dear Yipe is fast asleep in his basket, having had his supper - which takes two minutes at the longest. He keeps a very strict eye on me after breakfast now, as I've been sketching every morning lately. While I'm at work he invents all sorts of little games to amuse himself. Sometimes he lies quiet beside me, but generally wanders about and chews sticks and bracken, or digs, or tears the turf up in his teeth. This morning we were down beside the river at the other end of the lake and he was tearing the moss of the stones under the water and chewing it and enjoying himself immensely. Now and then, he sticks a cold nose into my lap, but he never goes out of sight or chases rabbits or anything.



Mary with Kuththa in the porch of Hart Head Cottage.

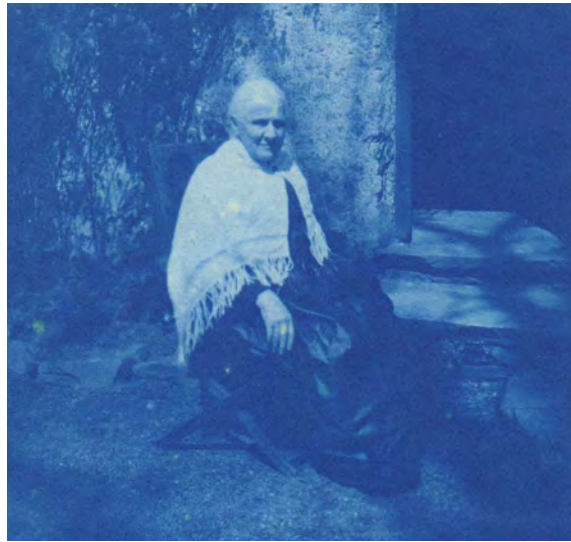
I have got quite a lot of work done in the way of pencil sketches. Many of them I have coloured with chalks, but one loses such a lot of fine drawing that way. Yesterday I started using tempera as a watercolour, on paper, which is very satisfactory, I don't get awfully stuck up that way or lose my drawing under the paint (or, by courtesy, colour if you like!) I got some lovely black Koh-i-noor pencils, and the little brown paper book is so nice - what fun materials can be!

That lovely little brown leafed almond tree on the bank - oh it is beautiful, whether you look at it in bits or from a distance, The shape and colour and the delicate sweet little flowers. The larch roses are out, and the willow, the golden pollen flowers as well as the little silvery female ones, and the primroses - Those all I am glad to have again. And soon there will be wild cherries, and then bird's nests! The honeysuckle is out, just the way you love to have it sent to you, fresh and green, with the stem full of its own particular twirls and twists.

I'm turning out your old chest and taking an inventory of the pictures, we have found all sorts of interesting things - some lovely San Rafael sketches - one of the Yokohama garden, which I have bagged - also one of the Honolulu beach, and two photographs of Demeter. You know, I am sure her head has been moved, for it is undoubtedly in a different position in the two pictures.

Also on March 24th: " Just back from Hockey with the Ambleside Ladies Club. We played a match against the Kendal High School and beat em nicely. It is a lovely evening - the lights on the hills were beautiful while we were playing. I was goal, so I had time to watch everything. But it is a lonesome and inactive position when it isn't altogether too exciting and desperate!

The Scoop is going down the road to Mrs Huck so I'll send this by her. Lots of love. Mary.
p.s. If you were to ask me, I should say it was time for you to come home. Six months today since you left."



Mrs Huck

Only a few of Fred's letters home have evidently survived, but Mary's letters continue. On May 3rd she writes: "The Spite says I am to confess to my speeches about you behind your back! I found her reading over your letters and destroying some, when I'd thought she'd been keeping every vestige sacredly. She said better to burn some, those that were very personal, but I think they should be saved anyway till you get home - to let you see how wrong lots of your "first impressions" were, and "puff you down", you who pride yourself on distinguishing "character", and "natures" that "never change" in a single first interview - Like's hoy??? - each letter being the final judgement cancelling all previous ones - like a will!!!

Tinues? These Skeap!

It is "pouring intorrence" though it was lovely starlight last night. Well, it will be good for my seeds - make up for their being in so awfully late as May 1st. I couldn't do it before, being at Burneside. I haven't planted all yet as I've been waiting for the Nitrobacterons to work, and it hasn't yet - in 36 hours - so I don't s pose its going to now and I shan't wait any longer. The powders were all sugary and sticky, as they had no business to be. They may have got damp since last year.

I find we have seeds of almost everything - except Shirley Poppies - we must have more of them. I think I will have peas in 5, sweet peas in 6, poppies along the top of 1, ramdishes and lettuces between everything else. I think that will alternate well enough with the ground things were in last year.

May 5. I have been planting all the a.m. peas, sweet peas, Shirley poppies, eschscholtzias, and more broad beans. I also got a packet of sweet corn from Carters, which is said to be acclimatized - and planted some in the frame. Probably you will smile over this - you're welcome!

We had a lovely day with Mrs Willink yesterday - she was here with Bob and Mary Whitehead from 3 till 8.30, and did seem to let go and enjoy herself thoroughly. - At one time we romped on the lawn with the dogs who had tugs of war with a sack and jumped into the air like wild things and had a high old time generally. Then for ever so long, while Mother was getting tea we three, impeded by the sympathetic dogs, played ball with a large potato.

Then we all paid a visit to Kinnie, fed him corn and had the butting game with the stem of one of the little cypress's that he ate the bark off.



Kinnie and the butting stick



Emily with the Willinks, at Rydal Quarries.

After tea, we went up to the quarry with him and the two dogs. - We all went down that dark passage in the lower quarry and sang there in the dark, and it sounded lovely; then coming out we found a little wheelbarrow such as is used for carrying slates, and we all wheeled each other about in it - it was larks! You should have seen Mrs Willink screaming with laughter and the constant fear of being spilled, and yet enjoying it and insisting on mother having a go!

We went up to the top big quarry, climbed in over a barricade which was intended to keep the sheep out, but Kinnie had no mind to be kept out so he knocked it down, and walked in after us!

On the way home I went up among the juniper trees to look for a certain rare flower that ought to be out but isn't, and joined the rest a few minutes later. But Kinnie stopped where I had left them and looked after me and brayed till I was out of sight.

Then he must have gone on for a bit, but when I came down, I found him standing still about 50 yards behind the rest, looking back and braying systematically.

When I appeared he gave me one more good blast for a welcome and then followed on quite content. Now wasn't that 'remarkably nice of the dear old buffalo!

I was delighted with him - never thought of his really caring about me to that extent, especially as he's generally kept his eye on mother more, as being the party less likely to escape and leave him in the lurch! I've been feeding him parsley roots this a.m. that I dug out of the frame as I cleared it for the wild goose chase sweet corn!

It is such a delicious day, soft cool wind and hot sun, the voices of lambs all around. Dear tiny new-born midget's with very pink insides to their mouths - occasional cuckoo, a few swallows just back, blackbirds, thrushes, and -tree pipits - you remember those we watched on the terrace with the parachute like tails.

I have planted him some more broad beans - likes hoy? So that shews just how much longer we give you to stay away! I hope things won't suffer from being planted so late, but besides being so busy at Burneside, I had a sort of fossilized idea that you were coming back in the spring, in time to plant, and only lately I've waked up to the fact that the date is moving on underhandedly and the spring doesn't stay a month or so ahead like your homecoming does!

Haven't done any "work" today - only gardening. The nitrobacterine did get cloudy after all, after about 48 hours and had to be used at once. I gave Mrs Willink what I had over, as it wouldn't keep. The sweet peas I paraffined - lest mice.

Just going to Grasmere now, re. dressmaker etc. and to find out where the Peterson's are. The dear Yipe is eager - a walk having been mentioned! I brought this cut by the lake to finish as Irene Clay and a visiting friend came and I wanted to walk down with them. I went to Mrs Willie Backhouse to see about rooms, as Isabel Taylor wanted to come somewhere hereabout for June with her sister who's just home from India. Got m' sketching things in case of a sunset on the way home, or anything sim'ler. An inconsiderate cow has just waked the echoes with an unmelodious note. It is cool with a soft breeze and the sun low, a lovely sound of lapping water - sandpipers along the edge of the lake, and lambs from the other side! Shrawk of a pheasant from Nab wood - a match for that cow! Now I must go on and post this at Grasmere. How lovely it all is! Goodbye dear - Lots of love always. Mary;"

May 16th: "Everything is up! - The things I planted in the garden of course! I went for a voyage of discovery last night, looked at things, and soused 'em well, with the result that this morning the peas are nearly half an inch higher. The broad beans are coming up and the scarlet runners, a few sweet peas and poppies, and all the splow and ramdishes. And there are 8 or 9 shoots of sweet corn showing! - I have put in some slices of carrot to catch slugs for them - you can smell the sweet briar strongly as you go up the steps by the pool. The strawberries along the edge of the beds in the back garden are flowering well; I gave them each a taste of the fertilizer last night before watering. The roses are full of leaves even since Mackenzie cut them back - lovely rich red leaves. There are masses of pansies, the Canterbury bells and the pinks are covered with buds, the white foxgloves have a lot too. The white broom is beginning to flower, one or two plants are full out already, and the two smaller cherry trees are too. Funny the big one by the style always finishes first. The honeysuckle is getting to be such a fine strong plant, and is going to have as many flowers as last year or more.

I am sitting in the porch, and a female blackbird is clucking, now in the hedge, now in the little white beam tree. She is obviously taking great exception to me for being here - for, would you believe it?

the dear thing has built in a tangle of Dorothy Perkins just below my window and west of it. Now if you'd have been home you'd have cut the rose back and that nest would never have happened. She's been sitting two days now. She's very timid and generally flies away when any head appears round my window. But today she was so kind as to sit tail toward the window and I had a good look at her. I think she's taken courage in both wings and gone to her nest now, for I heard a flutter round the corner and now she's quiet. She was only gone about a quarter of an hour, to feed, I suppose, but she hung around for ten minutes on my account when she came back. This morning there were two pairs of greenfinches in the rose bed - never saw so many up here before - they abounded in the valley, in Scale How garden, and at the Willinks - heaps of them. The two males sat on the fence and sang and quarreled by turns, while their wives hopped around getting their mouths quite full - of Kuththa's hairs! So I immediately combed him and strewed a fresh harvest of the soft puppy fur, which he still has under the other, on the rose bed, pro bono publico!

Oh you should have seen him last night when I was watering! He hadn't had much exercise during the day, and towards evening, it became cooler and he became too skittish to live. I meant to play with him, but the watering had to be done. Of course he came tearing after me into the back garden, leaping the fence beautifully and he watched the watering gravely though now and then he got some of it on him. But after a while he thought he understood the phenomenon and that it ought to be used for a sensible purpose. So he began to play with that stream of water, made dives and snaps at it, could hardly refrain from chasing it on to the flowerbeds. Oh it was funny! - and the stream of water, in the internals of doing its duty, made darts at him and he dodged and bared his teeth and snapped just as if it were another dog! He is getting less and less afraid of water. While I was sketching by the lake yesterday a.m. he went paddling on his own account, playing in the water for ever so long.

Mother will have told you how I've been seizing all possible opportunities of bathing this last week. It has been delightful. I am pleased to find how little I've forgotten from my lessons last September. If this hot weather holds, I think I shall manage to swim quite decently after a bit. But I certainly shan't do anything foolish, so you needn't telegraph!

Thursday I went to Alcock Tarn with Mary Whitehead. It was hot on the way up. (The tarn is just on the other side of the top of Nab). There was a wide, hazy view and quite a breeze when we got up to it. There is an old boathouse there, but no boat, and it made a capital dressing room. - It wasn't altogether delightful when we did get in, for as soon as we got in deeper than our knees, there was a thick slimy layer of very fine mud that rose up in clouds as soon as we began to try to swim, and that our feet sunk into in a way that was anything but pleasant. - However it was cool, and better than nothing, and certainly great fun. The Yipe could not understand his missis taking to the water. He waded in as far as he dared and looked at me and whined.

He has been lying on the rug asleep all the time I've been out here, but has just come back from a pilgrimage to the kitchen, bearing a long green flannel rag in his mouth. It is one that came from Burneside the same time he did, at first, and made his bed for some time. It always betokens a game, and when he fetched it out to me he was just spoiling for a romp - I tugged it with him for a little while, and then he retired to the lawn where he still sprawls, chewing it now and then when he's not too sleepy!

It is hot and almost too sunny to write. This a.m. it was so dark, atmosphere thick, heavy and thunderous all down round the mountains. - There was one peal of thunder that shook the house, and then no more. But there will be more, for though the sun is out now and there's lots of blue sky, all that muggy haze has cleared into great white bunched thunder clouds that mean business.

On Saturday when I went bathing with a Scale How girl there were clouds just like that, and oh it was hot! We went to Scandale beck, near Sweden Bridge - in the next valley east of this you know. We found a most heavenly place with three pools and little waterfalls between, quite a nice size and



*Mary Yates with Peregrine.
All her life, Mary was very interested in birds.*

For a further bird outfit, I have made myself a rope ladder that's quite easy to carry, and can be fastened to the lower branch of any tree that I may suspect of an otherwise inaccessible birds nest! It works very well.

This is after lunch and I'm going into Ambleside though the thunderstorms not come yet. M.

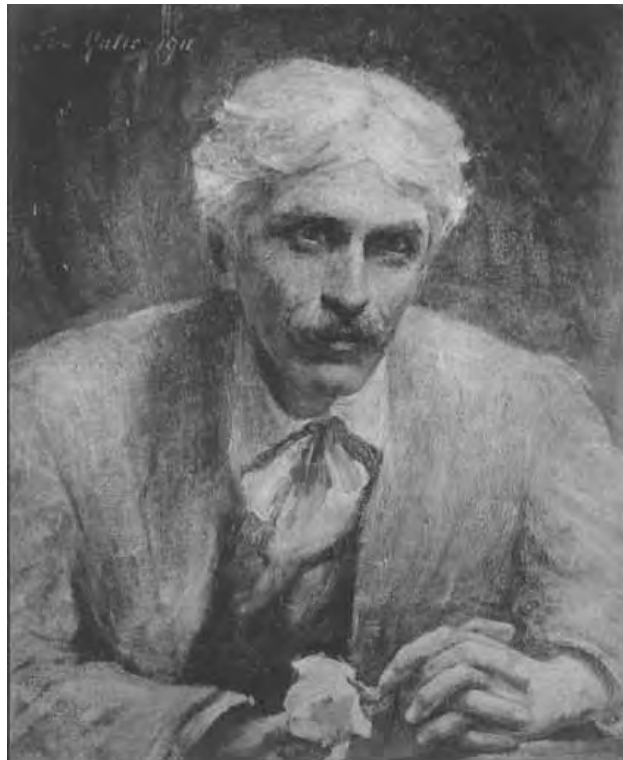
p.s. Have you read the Spiritualism chapter in Science and Health? Be good for you in your present state of mind and much more reasonable "Tinues!"

Another letter from Fred, dated Thursday 18th May: "And this is U. - For I have written nothing since Sunday morning. I finished Mr. Fishburn down to the fingertips quite as much as I did Thomasson, and Monday morning I started with Robinson and Fishburn and young Lanier of this Hotel for Cuyaniaca Lake.

depth and very clear and cool. The rocks, covered with little trees, mosses, ferns, and flowers rose up almost perpendicularly for 30 or 40 feet, and the thick trees closed in above and below, so it was as private as we could wish in spite of the path to Sweden Bridge running just above.

There was a big rock to make a dressing room, and little hanging trees to put our clothes on. It was glorious in the water. Now I've got a little used to it I can go in at once instead of standing in water up to my waist and shivering. The thunderstorm came on while we were bathing, and with the rush of the water and my head being wet, I didn't know it till the drops were coming hard enough to splash up from the pool. As for the Yipe, he hung round the edge and whined and longed to dare to share the fun.

I have found 17 bird's nests with eggs so far, though ordinary ones, most of them Blackbirds and Thrushes. And you have given me a little bird telescope for my "birthday 1910 I specify lest there be some mistake"! It cost 6/-. Set that against those worthless little binoculars you got a year ago for 7/6! It folds up to about 1 by 6 inches and goes in my pocket. She thanks him very much even tho' he didn't know about it!



Robinson, Point Loma, California by Fred Yates

We started Monday morning in Robinson's car - he driving - he is a splendid driver - and not once in a matter of two hundred miles up and down terrible grades and awful roads did we once have the least cause for anxiety.

I sat back in a back seat - Fishburn sat with Robinson, I with Lanier - we went off in fine spirits and returned with many many happy memories. I suppose I shall never again in n~ life see such a wonderful country - throughout the wilds of the most wild part of California - 5300 ft elevation where we first stopped at Cuyaniaca Lake. It was all spring - many of the trees had not thrown out their leaves, and the birds were busy and the bees buzzing about the myriads of flowers, it was all wonderful. We saw no Pines till we reached about 4000 ft. The most part was a variety of the Live Oak. (Here a small sketch) Great round solemn looking old fellows with grey bark, and the grass all beautiful and green, for it was only beginning to be dry in the valleys.

It was cold enough to wear all the time an overcoat and an overjersey that I bought in New York.

We came on an old mining plant in fact many places we passed where people had claims, but almost the towns and settlements that we passed through there was the same air of comfort and anything but poverty. There is no poverty. The very Indians are all thriving and well to do. We passed through many places reserved for them.

At Cuyaniaca we we went fishing - but the cold was too much and the wind. I however succeeded in felling 12 about 3/4 each - and some a little smaller, whereas the others only got 7. I was alone in a boat and enjoyed the solitude and as you may imagine after drew the parallel of Rydal Water - it was not much bigger but full of fish.

At the house where we stayed were three half Indian girls - and their mother, and by second marriage two whiter boys. It was a little the sort of (Ingrams?) only perhaps a little (softer) and we shot for a prize with a rifle - and I was the only one who hit his target - an oil can at a great distance. The mother of the girls gave me a lovely arrowhead and I gave her a piece of turquoise (a piece I bought for 50 cents in San Diego) by way of exchange.

We started next morning, Tuesday, for Warner's hot springs. 53 miles - and went through indescribable beauty. It would be folly for me to try - The great everlasting hills. - The smells of the California wood - sagebrush - no eucalyptus except in settlements. - One plain we crossed was 9 miles - a flat road with a river running through a lovely part of it, where the thousands of cattle drank. It would have been hot walking - but the cool of the air, the speed, never over 30, was exhilarating. I could have shouted and did many times in my joy. Such colours, such constant surprises - I was about 7 years old! Sometimes I think I am younger than that. I made a sketch at Cuyaniaca, which I gave Mr Fishburn and I gave Robinson one at Warner's Hot springs. That was a place I can tell you. given up mainly to people who come there to bathe and drink the sulphur water, coming out of the ground at 128 degrees. I drank all I wanted and bathed and felt happy, and lazy, and then went off walking alone - and made a sketch, a beauty, for myself. - For you - I shall bring it home - no hills - and sagebrush. It was done in tempera - I am in love with tempera more than I ever was. It won't do here unless very liquid because it dries so rapidly, and of course freezes if cold - so It has its drawbacks, but for sketches and clearness of colour and keying one up to paint light it is invaluable. I wish I had known of it many years ago. It plays pranks - peels off a little when it hasn't been properly attended to, not enough preparation of egg. But take it altogether I am very much inclined to it for rapid work.

Around the hot springs, the Indians used to congregate - but never built or lived near it. It is a shape of eight, the water coming slowly in and at the same time from several places are bubbles of hot air being thrown up - and a smell of Old Nick about everywhere.

The ride back 70 miles to San Diego was done in 4 hours. Down grade lots of it. Down the mountain gorges, wonderful. It is all too conglomerate in my mind to state anything, a mixture of passing sensations - a hawk flying with a snake - sees us, drops the snake - I saw it, a gopher snake about 1 yard long. Dead. And we saw a lovely yellow one quite one and a quarter yards long - quite harmless, but I didn't get it for Mary - it would be a bit difficult to get home. I got a lovely cactus flower, which blooms by me at this moment and one has just come out.

I mustn't write more now. It is the reception tonight, I have lots to do. These flowers are for you, picked by him for hoy - and a small piece for little hoy."



Chalk portrait drawing of John Muir by Fred Yates. From a photograph of the drawing, which has been autographed by John Muir. The whereabouts of the original drawing is unknown.

Sometime during this trip, Fred made this portrait drawing of John Muir, the great naturalist and founder of Yosemite National Park. There is no mention of the sitting in any correspondence, but a photograph of the portrait survives, which has been signed by Muir, possibly as a memento of the occasion. How Fred came to meet Muir is not known, although it is possible that this could have been via William Keith who Fred knew well, and was a great friend of John Muir.

Fred's correspondence continues on the 17th of July from Salt Lake City: "In an hour, I am leaving this beautiful city. - Wide Boulevards - and trees (poplars) stretching out on all sides. - At the ends of the streets leading to the east are large mountains, on the west the immense inland sea, salt lake - a curious feature is water fountains; people stand and drink like animals do at a bubbling spout.

The heat was at 5.0 Clock 88 in the shade. A lot of pretty women - dressed for the most part in gauzy nothings - and the men are just ordinary everyday Americans. I went over the Mormon tabernacle with a crowd of perhaps 12 people.

I am sitting in the railway station - just had a cantaloupe melon, 25 cents, awfully good and thought of you both.

Saw some people eating iced watermelons - but here every one drinks water. The Mormons do not drink wine nor spirits nor tea nor coffee. They are just good kind folk, what I have seen and ordinary - so why should they drink coffee or tea - only superior people are allowed that. Last night I was at Faithful Inn - about 200 people there - about 20 stage coaches - some taking a two, some a three,

and some a five day trip. I am so glad to have this great opportunity. One is so far not so struck with the beauty as with the wonderment of it all. The enormous lake 30 or 40 miles across, and out about 3 yards is a big cauldron bubbling - all boiling - and they seem to be shifting - these cauldrons, sometimes coming up in the midst of a lot of pine trees. Huge forests and Bears and Deer about - quite free of fear - at least of man - no gun ever heard nor shooting of any kind - no one allowed to carry firearms.

Things here called "paint pots" for want of a better name, bubbling whitewash and pink whitewash bursting - bubbling - groaning - and wonderful. One realizes how truly we are living on a fireball. Steam rising everywhere. In front of my bedroom window last night every 70 minutes a geyser throwing boiling water 150 ft into the air - nearby heaps and hundreds of smaller geysers - all doing it differently.

I sit on a rock all lichened and my feet - boots! In hot water running from a hot spring close by - and these blue gentians growing a yard away, Oh Lord how wonderful, I keep whispering to myself. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? At a place called Thumb in front of us a huge lake at an altitude of 7195 ft. Snow hills and mountains all around.

Immediately in the neighbourhood are bubbling springs and some boiling - throwing up their water - which is all colours - sometimes emerald sometimes greenish bluish - all smoking. There are thousands of these over the Park. It is an enormous reservation I should think as large as Yorkshire - but I don't know - only 3 months then snow snow snow." (Letter ends.)

It is not clear exactly when he arrived back, but there is a letter from London, dated December 9th: "Well my dear Mary, I have been hard at it every minute since 10.30 and now it is 3.30. Small holes to fill up, small knobbls of plaster to take off, and to hollow out the lily. I was afraid really to run the risk of its going so long a journey. This is the only copy, even the mould is gone and purely mechanical the alterations. Now they will make a jelly mould, which may break or not. If something breaks at the first or the second, they never know, but they are going to tell me when they can take it in hand again. Meantime if it is here covered up carefully. It is useless my wishing you were here to see it. My idea is to have this copied, and the copy I will send to you in sawdust. There is really no risk and you can then work on it, polish it with a bit of muslin, or the very finest glass paper to make a smooth surface, but a bit of muslin does all you want.

The baby's ear didn't look quite right but having the photographs it was quite easy to remedy it. Lord, it is so beautiful it makes everything else in my studio look pretty sick I can tell you. You little beast - although you own you can't draw a tree, of course you can't. Carlsen said there is no living person who can really draw a tree.

Your letter this morning is a bit more hopeful about your work. You only learn if you feel really sick - that's just the time - or else art would be nothing but a blooming tea party. Haven't I told you that before! But about Bedales - you know if there's no excursion it will cost you and mother alone £6. £2.3 each from W'mere MY 6 coach MY EY 3.3 from W'mere EY 1.10 Rail returns to Petersfield 1.10 4 cabs to and from Petersfield. £6.6 for you and mother alone. So if there is no excursion just chuck it - and I will go down alone if Badley doesn't kill me for not bringing Mother and you. £6.0 is a lot of money. I have got the match boxes - 6. Nine pence halfpenny each. Very nice. And tell the Spite that I feel sure I shall get that portrait for Mill Hill - The head man came last night to see me. Have yet to see two of the committee and then it is done.

Thomassons asked me to dinner and billiards tonight but I told them I promised Leo Reid to go to the Russian Dancers. It is the last night tonight, corking! Mrs Illingworth sits Monday.

Tell mother I haven't that letter of Donald's about my writing the club to pay Don's subscriptions. Did Don say how much he would need, I think he said I was to pay £1.1. and the entrance fee. He didn't say how much the entrance fee was. I shall wait till he sends the money.

Van Wisselingh didn't say he didn't like the Oaks, on the contrary he said it was a good picture, but the last one done with you he said he wouldn't mind living with!

Did you work again on yours? If you did, what you painted on it, would all wash off – and leave what was there before, because it was varnished, but you have to do it rather quickly – a bit risky. Yes – isn't Gissing fine Love to my two cockies. D.”



Mrs Alfred Illingworth by Fred Yates.

1912

The correspondence continues during 1912, between Fred, Mary and Emily.

Highwood House Studio, 12 Upper Marylebone High Street, (February/March?) 1912 7.15 am
Wednesday: "I have just a moment my dear Mary – I have not been able to write, as you know what heaps there is to do. I keep catching sight of your mushrooms. They are – as far as they are gone – quite all right. The plate needs to look more a plate, and the glass salt cellar more glassy in fact it wants more Mary Yates. Don't for lords sake get discouraged. It is of course then when you are at your best – because who can be really content.



Fred in the Studio in London, time-exposure taken by himself

Your three Bronze will be on the mantelpiece at Van Wisselinghs in front of the big snow – the one done years ago.

Try experimentally to paint a tumbler, Say in half an hour. With your fingers - or your toes if you like. Do the tumbler a long way off, first against a light background, and then against a dark background. – Just one glass alone, Two separate studies, say of 1/2 hour each.

Van Wisselingh says I am not to take less than £7.00 for my still life. He came yesterday and saw my full length and is really quite pleased with it – only very small suggestions.

I'm working hard – but sleeping when I can – got up at 3 this morning – just posting 18 letters! Daddy"

17th of February, to Emily, from Highwood House Studio, 12 Upper Marylebone Street. "It is just 7.20, Saturday morning. Dear Mary asleep with the umbrella over her. There is light for me now at this hour to write by. We have both of us had a lovely time, and I think it good that we should have these opportunities of experiencing things and seeing things together. It has been chuck full of experiences from the time that I met her on the train - the going from Euston by tube to Warren Street. - then walking carrying our luggage, then cooking our own food. - We had kidney first night and mushrooms and Mary enjoyed the water from the main - she will tell you of the tube attachment.

"Fanny's first play" - we got a seat at the far left of the first row in the pit. It was really fine - and next morning Wednesday I took her to the Nat. Gallery and left her there at 11.30 and went back to Dr McClure who came at 12.30 and stayed till 3.30 - then I took him in Taxi to the Nat. Gallery and he saw Mary. At 4.15, he took us in Taxi to Chancery Lane where he had to go, and we went on by bus, short distance to Street. Paul's. The organ and the choir, boy's voices particularly heavenly. The horse and rider is now on top of the Wellington (Stevens) monument.

We got to bed at 12.15. I got up Thursday early. Washed everything, and at 10.30 went with Mary first to Leonard Borwick's. He was with a pupil, couldn't see us - I wanted to show him Mary's "Arum" that we were taking on to Mr Matheson. Left Mary at Matheson's and she came back alone to the studio.

I have ordered a head of the Demeter in the National Gallery. It will come up when you go back home - for I look forward to your being here."

22nd of February, Highwood House Studio, 12 Upper Marylebone Street. "Thursday afternoon I shifted round my draperies in the studio, for the background reversing everything, and am going to look in the mirror.

The portrait is quite all right. I have got you several kind of graddier – which you will wait till Monday to arrive, and some of your favourite grape juice and honey cakes and marshmallows, you dear thing. I have thought of you all the time. The Rawhip Festival question you will allow to go just as I have put it. I feel we should have no time at all for the enjoyment of anything, and I must have you up here for my show, but let alone that I need the quiet test when I come home, and last spring we entirely lost the birds and all, and this spring I am so looking forward to, that I couldn't stand the unrest and the weariness of constant practice. I would rather stay here in London! Likes him?



The head of Demeter ordered by Fred.

Thursday was "Superman". Not as complete as when you saw it, but Mary realised it. – and Juggins in the "Fanny" she has several times recalled in the most complete impression of all was Bunty. That was perfect quite, the art. – and every memory we have of it. The 'miracle' she saw enough of after the uplifting of the virgin's figure as it floats above the angry crowd. She goes home full of happiness to you and her dear Yipey – and I shall work with happier memories of her. She will tell you of Miss Drury vis' visit to us, and Mary saw where the Slade School is, and afterwards had a swim.

On his return from America the year before, Fred had received a letter forwarded to him, concerning more portrait work: "Miramar, California, May 17th, 1911, Mr. Frederic Yates, c/o Marine National Bank, San Diego, California. "My dear Mr Yates, When some time ago I received a letter from you and also a photographic copy of a portrait you had made of Mr Willard, I presumed that you had already left not only San Diego, but southern California, and did not notice until after I had heard from Mr Willard, the date mark of your letter, which was Point Loma.

I wish to thank you for the kind attention and the great compliment you paid me in sending me this portrait which I value highly both on account of its original and its maker. I will cause it to be framed and it will occupy a place on the walls of my room.

I requested my secretary to call you up by `phone just because the `phone is to me an instrument of torture. It always makes me have evil thoughts and draws to my lips words unworthy of a philosopher.

I really did want you to visit me and my invitation was not based upon mere politeness. But I only wanted you to visit me if by so doing you could gain pleasure for yourself. For months I have been suffering so much from bronchitis that I have kept as far away from the sea as possible and hence away from San Diego, but I fully intended to make a break and get down to see you but now it must be too late. I have been very much occupied by a number of other things lately.

Had it not been for something Mr. Gage said while at my table with you I would have offered you one or more commissions. In fact I was thinking of doing so just at the time Mr. Gage spoke of your having your time fully occupied and of the necessity of your early departure from San Diego.

There is one portrait that I have been for several years very desirous of having painted by a competent artist and it struck me that your presence in San Diego was going to give me the opportunity that I have long waited for.

I must thank you again for Mr. Willard's portrait and also for the pleasure you gave me by your all to short visit. Sincerely Yours, E. W. Scripps"

Fred's replies are interesting, in that they reveal something of the processes involved in his dealings with his sitters. He replied to this letter some months later, on May 18th 1912: "Highwood House Studio, Dear Mr Scripps, You may remember me, calling one day about a year ago with Mr Lipman Gage. I am hoping another trip to California, to be on the wave with the Exhibition of 1915. You had some work for a portrait painter when I was with you, but I was forced to go on to San Francisco, having already promised a date there.

The portrait of Mr Fishburn and Mr A. D. Robinson were both shown together at a reception they gave me on leaving. In San Francisco there are several. The last one I did was of Mr Heller, the lawyer, and Judge Melvin for the Bohemian Club.

I left them six portraits. Joe Redding amongst them. My other sitters on a visit before the fire, even Irving Scott, Will Crocker, Colin Huntingdon, Genl. Barnes, Tom Brown, Donohue, all of which I have reproductions of and could shown them to you had you come to the Marine Bank in San Diego, but you arrived the very morning everything was removed. Mr Fishburn's portrait is at his house, my best - that is, what I would like to do for you.

It will be some time before my plans are made. I am to go to San Francisco, and Los Angeles. I have you in the minds eye. Your collie dog, the house, the grounds, the wild cat, the Landeau, the big bird cage, - this just a memory as you sat talking with Mr Gauge.

Mr Gauges portrait is at Mr Vanderlip's. I painted 7 portraits for Mr Vanderlip, so by all this you can judge. The small print is a portrait just painted for the governors of Mill Hill, (8 foot canvas) The other is Franklin Thomasson of the Tribune paper, now at the R.A. Truly Yours, Fred Yates." (*E.W. Scripps papers. Archives and special Collections, Ohio University Libraries.*)

Then another letter: "Highwood House Studio, June 19th , My dear Mr Scripps, Your warm, kindly letter I have received at my home and I thank you with all my heart for it. I evidently did not make it clear that I intend coming to California very soon. When I left San Francisco I left commissions behind me but got to a point when if I had gone on with them I would have been simply working for money without the most essential, the desire to paint. There is now a commission there that I shall delight to do, as I became well acquainted with my sitter, one of the Judges, of which I will tell you later when it is all practically arranged.

I did all my work in the court room of the Supreme Court as they were out of session when I was there. Everything was so thoroughly to my liking and the general feeling towards me so kind that I shall return there with much pleasure.

If you will give me one good commission, say, to paint you, as I remember you - and on that let future work rest, that is all I should ask. A three quarter length 40 to 50, price \$1000. I can come at your bidding, if you will cable me on receipt of this which would give me then the time to arrange my San Francisco work.



I would rather come to you first because San Francisco this side of November will be in a turmoil of Election, and in the feeling of unrest, one is happier in the country. Yours sincerely, Fred Yates." (*E.W. Scripps papers. Archives and special Collections, Ohio University Libraries.*)

Fred then writes again on Wednesday, am. 26th June , "Highwood House Studio, Dear Mr Scripps, I am just off to Venice, Last night I received this copy of my wife's portrait which I send to you under separate cover. I have just painted it.

Emily Yates by Fred Yates.

The dark picture, the woman in a hat is Mrs Illingworth now at the Academy and Birmingham 1910. I thought that these two portraits would give you some idea of what I do with women's portraits. Make it clear to anyone asking, that I do not paint smoothly. I believe first of all in good technique, and solid colour, rather than flimsy water-colour-sort-of-oil painting which never lasts after a few years, the likeness I rarely fail with. Fred Yates." (*E.W. Scripps papers. Archives and special Collections, Ohio University Libraries.*)

Woodrow Wilson won the Democratic Party nomination on the 2nd of July 1912. Ellen Wilson had told reporters gathering outside their New Jersey home during the convention that, defeat appearing likely, her husband told her "to prepare for a trip to Mount Rydal in Westmorland, England". She then showed an oil painting of Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home, which was "done for us by a friend who lived in another cottage."



Mrs Illingworth by Fred Yates.

By August, Fred is in Venice, as we learn from Porter Garnets Column in the San Francisco Call on August the 4th. "Fred Yates writes from Venice, 'I am Tintoretto mad. All the time I have been in Venice I have done little else. Do you know that after his rupture with Titian and when he had started his own studio he wrote on his wall: 'The design of Michaelangelo, The Colour of Titian'? I have been copying 'The Miracle of San Marco', - a wonderful canvas - copied only so far as to get the further sensation out of it. In line and colour. Millet must have got heaps of honey out of him. In 'The Crucifixion' there are two figures which might almost be Millet's own expression of energy.' All of which is very interesting, but not so important as the fact that Yates, with his stimulating personality will be with us again before long."

Fred writes back to Scripps on his return from Venice, on the 25th July 1912. "Highwood House Studio, My dear Mr. Scripps. I received your letter of 3rd July and have already booked my passage by the "Campaina", 24th August from Liverpool. I have some work that I must complete here or would come earlier, but I ought to reach you about the 9th or 10th of September.

I am going by way of Los Angeles, and will stay there one night, this will give opportunity to know where I am to go on arriving at San Diego. I shall be at 153, West 22, Los Angeles.

I have asked my friends in San Francisco to arrange for me to work there after I have been to you.

In New York there is also work through the Vanderlips, but if I begin that I may never reach California at all! Mr Vanderlip is here now, we got back from Florence on Sunday 21st. I was in Venice years ago, but until this visit had no idea of the work of Tintoretto, I concentrated wholly upon him. His motto was 'Design of Michael Angelo, colour of Titian.' Rather fine, considering that Titian as good as gave him up as a pupil and spoke of him as a dauber. Tintoretto was a titan. I must talk to you about him when I come, I shall bring a photographic copy with me of the crucifixion. While at Venice I was able to make a small colour study of his miracle of San Marco. 32 figures in it, the whole picture has a unity that is astounding the more that one considers the infinite lines of composition and the harmony of colour.

You have decided against sitting to me, but I have my wishing cap on and...

Mr Fishburn's portrait I shall show with his permission at the San Diego 1915 Exhibition, and Robinson's portrait (of Point Loma.) Mr Gauges portrait is at Mr Vanderlip's in New York.

Well, write me if you care to. I am at my studio in London until the 18th of August. The remaining days I shall be at my home. Rydal, Ambleside, Westmorland. Yours, Fred Yates."
(E.W. Scripps papers. Archives and special Collections, Ohio University Libraries.)

Another visit to America is now due for Fred. On August 18th the San Francisco Call reports: "Fred Yates will sail for America on the 25th Inst. He intends to go first to San Diego and should arrive in San Francisco some time during the winter. His visit a year ago was the first he had paid us since the days 16 years ago when he was an important figure among the artists of San Francisco and the Bohemian Club. That he should return now, after an absence of only one year, may be taken as an indication that he finds San Francisco rather attractive after all."

By the 1st of September he is back at Beechwood, Scarborough-on-Hudson and writes to Mary: "And I have just said "Rabbits!" and you will have said it three hours ago. It is just six. I awoke with memories rushing crowding in - and come first to you two dear ones before I get on and write a letter to anyone. You see where I am. Not in my same rooms - but with everything in it the same that I used before. I am the children's end of the building - and Saunders has put my coffee making arrangements in the usual place, unasked, just as though I had never been away. I am really more touched by his devotion than I can express. He simply purrs as he serves me at table.

In the drawing room last night where there was a company of about thirty people, every one in full dress, come to be entertained by the exquisite singing of two young men and a girl accompanist. - Saunders assisted by a young liveried footman (English) brought round about the middle of the evening a claret punch. Annie the housemaid is here, she stood at the front door, the same chauffeur Edward - only driving a new car, met me at the railway station when I arrived about 9.10. Mr and Mrs Vanderlip were at dinner with the children - and the two young singers and their accompanist - Narcissa - Charlotte Brother sitting in his accustomed place by his mother. -Kelvin (4 months) of course in bed - as the 4 year old Virginia. I had but just got off my overcoat when Mr and Mrs Vanderlip came out together to give me welcome, both in full evening dress, darlings, and with both hands out Vanderlip called me "Yatsey" - their term of endearment. I went round and kissed the three darling children bending their little heads back kissing the forehead.

The ship got in at 2.50 (Saturday afternoon) but it was a dead impossibility to get away before nearly 5.20. The unloading of the hold was so slow and the obtaining of the cabin trunk (Rob's) and the article I store my "peace" in! Mary Yates - you little beast! I hear you chuckle. The customs made me declare everything. The appraiser was really comic, as he didn't know what price to put on my blessed portrait. So after much getting about and examining my photograph books and my autochromes they asked me to put my own values on them - so I swore to \$15 Autochromes, and your portrait and the heads, which puzzled them terribly at £20 the lot. - Then I was taken off to pay the duty which came to \$1.65, but as they change nothing under \$2 I went off Scot-free. As I came back, the custom house officer putting on the "pass out" tags said, "I wonder you didn't bring that wife with you, it must have been pretty hard leaving her." No one dare offer the slightest gratuity under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, and instant dismissal of officer. My two trunks I left of course at the landing wharf.

I was about the first person to leave the ship out of 360 first cabin passengers and as I went up the gangway, I heard a shout from the Captains Bridge "Yates!" I stopped, turned round, and there was dear Captain Warr, hat off, courteously waving me goodbye, it was very beautiful. The people I had helped when ill - and Mrs Birkbeck - all so in harmony, the whole crowd. I almost left reluctantly. An English girl and her sister that I found and brought into a quieter part of the ship came up and said she would never forget my kindness - I didn't even know their names - she had fainted in the passage outside her stateroom. It was beastly hot - I didn't see then, not till they got her on deck. My mate Cooke Clarke and I missed each other, - our dock letters Y and C were of course far apart. I wouldn't have seen Mrs Birkbeck but something brought her down. I busted one balloon (Mary did up two) the other one I gave to a little girl named Drinkwater (Boston) and as we had time and opportunity after the radiant child got it - I took her up to the Captain - leading her up the "forbidden to passengers" stairway and the little 11 year old curtsied in the sweetest manner. The Captain then showing her where he slept, and all his little household goods. My little portrait of him which was already hanging among his home treasures. "Why Captain!" said the little girl exclaiming, "Why Captain you have a real bed haven't you!" - She and I were the only people who visited the Captain that trip - she simply radiated in her extreme privileged position. We have quite decided to write one another! - There were other children aboard but they were nasal and loud in speech and I didn't speak to them.

At the concert I saw a lovely face singing "My country 'tis of thee" and with an expression so beautiful that it comes clear in my memory as I write now - in fact has done several times. She was nurse to some family, of the children that were boisterous, and I hadn't seen her. She came to second table each day, two relays of the first cabin meals. I had no opportunity to meet her. Jessie Wilson wrote me again - I got it on the ship on landing. Mr Vanderlip said, "it is almost a sure thing that he will be President." I shall stay here till Tuesday as Monday is Labour Day, and so shall hope to go there Tuesday evening when I shall write you again. God bless you both and keep you. Daddy. Another letter, Undated, September, to Mary, Beechwood, Scarborough-on-Hudson: "We have come down to our last chapter, and tonight I shall probably finish it. Then they may ask for it all over again. I shall read it if they do. One of the housemaids said Wednesday morning "Mr Yates we miss you

downstairs – won't you come soon." I hadn't been since Saturday. The Butler Sanders brings his wife, they live at the lodge gates. The Chauffeur was there, he generally is, all the dear people reaching out for the big thing. I feel it such a privilege to be able to help them, and I am quite conscious that I do. Mrs Vanderlip says she may sit this morning, but it rests with Mr Vanderlip, who is not going to NY today.

He has been working hard, and did not get up, and may want Mrs Vanderlip to be with him. He is overworked, and for three days has been despondent. He doesn't try very hard to be cheerful, but last night at dinner I got him out of it. He talked of his boy's days. At breakfast y'day, I told him I had written my friend Carter about being in a room with seven Rembrandts, in New York. "Yes," he said "they have the Rembrandts, but not the happiness!" Poor man, this is the sadness that I have felt here all the time, the stretching out for it in every conceivable way to find it – doing every possible act of kindness for everyone, denying nothing apparently, and yet cannot find the rest. I talked to Mr Cox y'day about Mrs Vanderlip, saying how near she is to it all. "Yes," he said, "she will get it, when she knows she needs it." Her mind is shaped like Mrs Woodrow Wilson's, intellectual, and fine enthusiasms, overloaded with domestic duties. If you could see cheques put out for her to sign in the morning, bills to endorse, invitations to accept or refuse, you would be perfectly amazed. To wish to marry a wealthy man, I can imagine nothing more terrible. When he talks of his boy's days, he says proudly "Yes, I was working in a machine shop in those days, earning 75c (3/-) a day and sometime ago I gave him one of your lovely letters to read. He wanted to send for you and mother by next post!

They would give everything to have you come, but I am determined to finish up here, and off to California and then home. I can't take any commission in California. I am not even going to do Mr Gaze, it isn't worth it. I only want home. Do write me again. I love your letters. Kiss mother for me, and mother kiss you, Daddy."

Mary writes to Fred on September 9th: "Daerlin father. Mother is asleep after gardening this a.m. and I have been weeding too, and transplanting foxgloves up into the buffalo's field beside the wall. It is a glorious day, sun streaming in the window, and the b'rom about 30 for the first time in weeks. I expect we're in for some good weather now Honor's gone. I have just been re-reading your California letter, which arrived Saturday, and while sitting here quietly (on the sofa) heard tic-tic on the linoleum and the Robin had come in the back door and was investigating under the dining room table and on the rungs of the chairs. While I was in the garden he sat within two yards of me and sang in a whisper Robin fashion so it sounded far away - and I threw him worms.

Last night Mr. Badley was here and Mr Gumson (remember him? an old Bedales boy, now teaching there. (Came to Rosthwaite with Mr B. last year.) We had some reading and then supper (broiled chicken by M.! also excellent peas and scrawn-flower out of the garden) and Spelka after, a jolly evening for Honor's last. And the night before we had lots of music which she enjoyed - Brahms Requiem, Ophelia and Bach Magnificat of course - The latter is a perfect snare! I heard Honor humming scraps of the "misericordia" about the house.

Friday (I'm going backwards!) We went down to Lakeside with Mr Badley to meet Mr G. and went up a small hill near there - about 1000 feet it was, but it was one of the loveliest views we have ever had on a walk (robin only just flown out of the kitchen!) It was better than from the highest mountains - less mappy. And further away from other mountains, around us were only low hills covered with woods or heather, one all whitish limestone (that was Whitbarrow Crag - do you remember it on our right that day we motored to Grange-over-Sands with the Willinks for Henry Woods rehearsal?) And beyond, the hills toward Kendal and Burneside, green, or yellow with stubble or blue with distance. - On the south, between the hills were stretches of light brown sands, and more on the west, golden with the glint of sun, but far off - and we could see the chimneys of Ulverston and Barrow, far enough to be misty and picturesque with their light grey stains of smoke against the sands and sky. Right below

us the far end of Windermere slipped into the broad quiet silvery river Leven, running between green fields and broad rounded masses of tall trees, and on the north was the line of all the dear big hills that we'd climbed before and knew well. We had never realised the beauty of that south side of Westmorland, but we wished we had time to walk along the next heathery ridge and get to know it all better.

The day before (Thursday) we'd meant to go to Rosthwaite and start early, but it rained, and it was only about 11 that we thought we'd go and hunt up Mr B. in favour of a shorter walk. It was all day, to say the least! We went up the fell on the left of Dunmail Raise and from there across to the Langdale Pikes, passing quite near Greenup the way you and I came back from Rosthwaite last year, remember? A dozen times we sheltered behind rocks as best we could and thought longingly of the nearest way home. There was a violent wind the whole time, and walking in it with the rain stinging on your head and ears was "no tea party"! But every time the rain stopped, we felt it was quite fun enough to go on, and it was certainly very beautiful. The mists being driven across the fells, now covering some of them altogether, now shewing a pale ray of sun far away and travelling in any direction but ours! When we had lunch in the storm with drops trickling down our necks from well-meaning but ineffective sheltering rocks, and a wind cold as Greenland and with gusts of rain rushing round every corner - it reminded me of "a form of pleasure"!!! Mr Badley parodied Mme Roland "Oh Pleasure, what follies are committed in thy name!" Underfoot it was the very squelchiest walk I've ever had in my life! We just reached the Langdale Pikes before a tremendous shower and sat under a rock just above the precipice, and looked over the valley, while it was getting on. - Sheets of hail passed between us and Bowfell and the other great ones on that side. - You know how it looks, vertical grey lines blowing along across the hills, lovely - and it soon stopped thoroughly enough for us to get down to Easedale Tarn and into old William Wilson's wee hut for tea before the next shower came.

You're a dear to be figuring out my plans for Edinburgh from the "mighty ocean"! Probably I shall make use of them after all. Isabel Taylor wrote to ask me to go and stay with her after leaving Adam's, and I think I shall go up on the 21st to 28th, by which I can get an excursion return for 16/- The trains go at reasonable hours, not night ones. Isabel's father has taken a house for a year in Dollar, a little village I and 1/2 hours from Edinburgh on the main line to Perth - Her two sisters are there, and "wee John" the beloved baby nephew a year old whom I should love to see. I should be all right in Edinburgh in any difficulty - there's the cloak people Romanes and Paterson who know me, and Adam's mother very near, and her sister and Shack at a College in Edinburgh, and two families of Isabel's friends, one a doctor, and his daughter (who knows me.) The head of the City Dispensary, and so quite easy to find - so you needn't have nightmare about my purse being stolen and my being stranded, dear! And if I have to change stations it'll be Saturday p.m. and I could ask Shack to meet me and show me the way and see me off - so that's all right! The only thing that bothers me is that in the event of my going the scarlet runners will perhaps get ahead of me!

Nice letter from Donald this week, dear boy. Agnes is not well, has had a touch of typhoid, but very slight, he's not worried about her a bit tho she and her mother are. Now I'm going up to the studio to have a look at my colours and see what I must order by tonight's post. Goodbye Daerlin (dear comic thinking about the ash barrel!!!) Lots of love."

Undated, September. to Mary. The Complete Hotel, Congress Hall, Washington DC "I have only got as far as his getting his first idea of New Orleans. It is strange how things knit by overlap. I find reference in the first book of the first Campaign life of Lincoln was written by Scripps of Chicago, evidently E. W. Scripps father, we shall see. In it Scripps had stated that Lincoln had amongst other books read Plutarchs lives, and sending for Scripps he told him this was a mistake but that to make it as truthful as possible, he told Scripps he had already bought and read Plutarch although it was not read early in life as Scripps stated. This shows his character that was stamped from his earliest days.

The desire for truth. He seems always to have had the desire to put into an almost concrete form any leading thought, stating in words, and then speaking them.

Don't give me away to anyone that I have been in Washington. I want to see it and enjoy it in my own way and Mr Broughton of the Treasury I shall see at 12. A most delightful fellow whom I met at Beechwood last year. A great admirer of Mrs Harden's portrait. "Yes Fred, had she been born in 1830 and lived in Paris in more strenuous days she might have proved herself a genius!" I didn't say anything for there's nothing to say.

On the same idea if Shelley were born now he wouldn't have been Shelley, but I wouldn't argue. Environment goes of course for a great deal, & you of all women have an environment – and you develop, as I believe you would. – and have acquired the habit of work and the habit of thought, - so there is nothing else necessary. So go on, my darling and I'll go on here. It's easy to save money here. I intend going on sending to mother more and more. Daddy."

September 22nd, The San Francisco Call, Porter Garnets Column: Among the pictures offered at the sale which took place on Thursday at the gallery of H. Taylor Curtis was a particularly fine example of the work of Rosa Bonheur. A painting of an antelope, also by Bonheur, and a canvas by Sir Joshua Reynolds were among the most notable examples exposed for sale. The collection included as well, pictures by Keith, Peters, Rix, Ivey, Latimer, Yates, Jorgenson, Deakin, Robinson and many others.

On September 22nd, Fred writes: "My dear Mary, Your B. deserves a letter all to its lone. - It is Sunday evening and I am in my bungalow. - The enclosed print will show you enough what the room is like. - I ran quickly and sat in the chair. - You see the four electric lights above the couch - at the back of me the mantel piece and open fire place - which doesn't show, and I fear the doorway. The ceiling is rafters and filled in with a golden stucco.

You will both of you be pleased to hear that Mr and Mrs Scripps came over today from Miramar to see the portrait and such praise - "Oh Mr Yates, How beautiful." "I never saw such a portrait." The only criticism is about my background, which as yet isn't finished. It is all most satisfactory, and I am very very "thank god" - very much if not all the cause of my success is that my sitter has been perfectly angelic - mind you forceful - and with any amount of independent spirit - and yet angelic.



Ellen Browning Scripps by Fred Yates.

Mr Scripps wants his wife to sit - and Mrs Scripps wants Mr Scripps to sit -

I don't know yet how it will come out - she reminds me very much of Mother - and he will make a sort of Franz Hals subject.

It will take me quite a week to complete the portrait that I have in my hand - and as the safety of the likeness is accomplished, you can realise how peacefully I shall work.

I love your letters so that I hope you will write me, let them be ever so short.

This is a five long one.

You have been with Mr Badley over Kentmere with Honor Browne - and you're bathing in the Ullswater the time before that. Yes it is fine to think of your having such a man friend, only I m afraid it will spoil you for every other man that you will ever meet. - And you agree with me about the choice of the Illingworth girls. I am glad, for there is nothing so good as to see the distinguishing qualities of one as against the other in almost any position of life. In trouble or adversity, give me Margery all the time. - Marion seems to me to be the lighter side of her mother - that bright vivacious quality and quick wit against which I think Mrs Illingworth would outshine any woman that I have ever met. - I am however never perfectly at my ease with a bright sparkling woman, one always feels it calls at for once hitting the ball back and I am slow at that - And your telling of the visit to the dear Bells that is so refreshing - your true appreciation of their worth. This seeing down deep into people is a joy isn't it; my happiness lately has been the discovery of the grand qualities of Abraham Lincoln. To think, that all these years I might have known of him - he is a monument of simplicity - greater than any emperor - much more like Jesus and yet in a sort of way reminding me now and again "! Francois Millet. Night night dear girl, Daddy."

Mary is herself travelling, visiting an old friend. She writes to Emily on September 22nd from Dollar. "Well, my dearest Spite, and father, here I am at 6.30 on a fair still morning with no sound but an occasional rook and the continual efforts of a persevering young rooster in the distance. I'm curled up very comfy in bed in a tiny room under the eaves and can see out over the weathered brick wall of a shed with ivy at one corner. A little back garden, a red tiled roof and a slate one beyond. A row of yellowing beech trees and behind them the big round hills just a little blue and haze the way they look before a very fine day.

Isabel met my train last night, very crowded Saturday night train. - I didn't get a seat) and carried me off in triumph up to Oakbank, just meeting her sisters in a grocers shop by the way and dropping my bag here at Mrs. Oxburgh's. - Her father hadn't been well and was in bed, also was wee John, but we stole up and looked at him in his crib - little peacefulness. Fast asleep with his ayah lying on the floor in a brown blanket and the firelight winking behind. The ayah never waked when we stepped over her to look at him - Isabel says she always sleeps so, it is the thing for the natives to carry their bedding with them everywhere. I found your letter awaiting me. Spite dear and read it while I had supper. Beefsteak, potato, cabbage, rice pudding and apple sauce and the most delicious bread, so didn't do badly! Miss Taylor and Mrs McColl came in again a little while and I loved them both straight off. Beautiful quiet faces, and quiet manner

After supper, we went out for a quarter of an hour up the street beside the burn and along a lane into a path that led up to the hills everything was very still and fresh. The great round trees stood out against the hazy background of the village, with a street light here there and the moon above, deep orange through the mist and shining through the trees in a way that reminded me of that "Stormy Sky" of Diaz. The air was full of the scent of autumn leaves. We turned back before the road got far up the hill - and just as we had started down we saw a bright light that cast our shadows in front of us, and turning quickly, caught sight of the last instants of the largest meteor I have ever seen. - It glowed big and round for just a moment as it fell off into the darkness. We came back through the grounds of the old academy, which looked quite stately and impressive in the moonlight with its white columns, all round and great dark masses of trees behind. We stopped at Oakbank for my hat and green bag.

Oakbank is in a row of modern small houses such as you might meet in any village or suburb, with a tiny slice of garden and a heavy iron gate with a loud squeaky voice, in front. On our way back we met 'Mary and Vettie" again coming in from another such night-walk beloved of the family! Now to tell you a bit about my journey. I changed at Oxenholme. and had the carriage to myself a good deal of the way and nearly slept when the windows weren't too interesting - going along all that high part Greyrigg, Tebay, and Sowgill. There was a heavenly view of our mountains in the morning sun - Langdales, and Coniston Fells. Scafell under cloud and Kentmere hills with a foreground of dewy fields and the gentle hills about Burneside.

I changed at Carlisle and had to scoot as the connection was late, and we started less than a minute later. - The guard waved wildly to me and I jumped into the hole he beckoned me to which happened to contain an unimpressive young man (quite inoffensive) and a would be impressive not particularly young woman in untidy and unsuitable magnificence. A nice middle aged scotch lady got in next and talked to a very scotch friend at Lockerbie station, and thence forth I thought we must be over the border because all the stations except Lamington and Crawford admitted of a reasonable doubt in pronunciation.

Then the country became low round monotonous hills quite bare and slightly tinged with heather. Prince's Street Station is not as large as one might expect, - has 6 platforms and things are written up intelligibly so I had no difficulty in finding the Colinton train. At Colinton Station (pronunciation normal, only the accent is somewhere else) I left my basket in charge of a very fatherly old station master and started off for Lanmoor and soon met Adam tearing down the hill to meet me and very apologetic for being late. She had to go to the station to arrange about her luggage (she got to London on Thursday and sails Saturday) and meanwhile I looked around the station master's room one wall of which was hung with pictures very close together, between the railway guides and other official necessities. There were Ingres and Corot and Rossetti and Franz Hals and many others that I knew. Shack turned up by the next train; she'd tried to meet me but missed the 12.40.

We had a very pleasant afternoon on the lawn at Lanmoor, a tiny house in a little garden but shut off by trees so that one quite forgets it - and it looks over a broad undulating field to the Pentland Hills. We had lunch on the porch and then sat on the grass and sewed "Lady Pentland" clothes and the dogs sat there too and occasionally became all three overwhelmingly demonstrative at once. They were two hound puppies with sweet pathetic faces - and a huge grey bob-tailed sheep dog, Sam, who belonged to Mollie's college and had come out with her for the day. I darned stockings and heard all about Shack and Mollie's college, and their plans, and Adams scout's camp in Yorkshire. Shack was hemming a beautiful blue dressing gown, and Mollie and Mrs Smith did coats and blouses and things and Adam tried on and sewed and wrote letters and discussed insurance of her baggage and did various other necessary odds and ends. She shewed me the ring and things for Agnes In the bottom of her jewellery box (which was very Lady Pentland indeed!)

The Windermere station master told me my train for Stirling left Princes Street at 6.2. So, I stayed at Colinton till about half past five. But behold, when I got to Princes Street the only train to Stirling was at 10p.m! I went to the enquiry office and took my ticket and the station master's letter, and the official there told me there was a train from Waverley if I hurried. Of course, I didn't know where to hurry to! and for a moment I thought of a cab, but luckily I didn't see one until I remembered that the train, if I caught it, might not connect with Dollar and that in any case my ticket only allowed me to travel Caledonian. So I "asked a policeman" who said I could take the electric tram - the street teemed with them and I thought they might be as complicated as London buses, but they weren't. All those going down the street went past the Waverley quite simple and nice, and the conductor told me when we got there and then I asked somebody else the way to the station which was almost under my nose. I have been asking right and left all along and everybody has been so nice. When I came out of the tram, the scene was a dream! - It was 6.30 and getting dark and everything was blue and hazy and I could only see the outlines of things - Arthur's Seat, big and mountainous in front of me, all dim, with twinkling lights on top and pale. Bright street lamps below, and the Scot memorial standing dark against the sky. If I should never see Edinburgh again, I have that one lovely picture of it in my mind.

At Waverley station, I found the platform for Stirling but the ticket collector being North British Ry.) could not take my Caledonian ticket. First, I thought I would go back to Lanmoor as I'd promised Adam I would in case I missed my train. But I went to another enquiry office there, and told the man about it and he advised my taking another ticket and then writing (giving the number) to the L.N.W.R. after as, seeing it was by the mistake of their official they might refund it possibly. This I did - took

ticket for Dollar 3/- as of course there was now no point in going by Stirling. I took my seat in a carriage with 8 other women, and then, having 5 minutes to spare, wrote a telegram 'caught train for Dollar no change at Stirling' to you Spite, which I hope you got. My train went at 6.38 and I wrote it on a postcard and stuck stamps and gave it with 3d to a ticket collector or some such with gold braid on his hat. (Which I thought was guarantee enough.) - Because I had asked a very nice girl on the platform whether there was a telegraph office in the station, and she thought not. I had to change and wait a bit at Alloa - and the platform got more and more crowded with country folk returning Saturday night, and a really truly Scotch piper walked among them with his bagpipes tucked under his arm, and ~ wished he would play but he didn't. And there were little children with their mothers, and a good many dogs and the train was ever so full. - But most o' them got out at Tillicoultry and then a woman told me next station was Dollar, which it was, and I hailed a black silhouette under a platform lamp, and it was Isabel.

Now I'll go and have my bath and then see if I can send you another telegram - We're to have a long walk somewhere today - I feel very fit indeed. Tomorrow we are to go over to the Beveridges at Saline, that is Isabel's last post - she wants me to meet them. Father met Mrs B. at his last show. They are to send the motor for us, isn't it kind of them! and as for the other plans, I've not heard them yet, but I believe they are legion - Isabel looks much better than when I saw her at Winchester - and is as full of fun and ninkum as she can be.

Lots of love to you - daerlins! M. Shackanadam sent their love to the "Spite"!!"

On September 25th Mary writes to Fred, "C/o Rev. John Taylor, Oakbank. Dollar. My Daerlin' Father, Here's a big bundle of letters for you to read at your leisure, and I expect the Spite has sent on to you my long letter of Sunday, as I intended. We are having a quiet morning and go on the hills this afternoon. Isabel has been sitting enjoying the baby instead of writing letters, and eating an apple meanwhile which wee John enjoyed immensely in his turn and had to be watched lest he should bite off a hunk with his four nice new teeth. The picture of the two of them reminded me of "There ain't goin' to be no core"

Yesterday afternoon we walked to Rumbling Bridge, about five miles from here. We went over fields and then down across glens, and a long way along the side of a river with no path. - It was a broad rushing stream with trees on each side right up the banks, beech trees and cherries mostly with the most lovely autumn tints, now and then a golden leaf sailed slowly down onto our path, floating in a spiral in the still air.

The smell of the woods was delicious. - Leaf mould and greenery and toadstools, (such lovely pale purple ones we found and brought them home in Isabel's hat for her father who spends his time studying them out, and we only see him at meals. - "Puddockstools" they call them - a puddock is a frog). There were innumerable dippers flying up and down the glen every moment, chasing each other, or standing a moment curtsying on a stone in mid-stream for a scrap of a song. Some way up the river we came to the Cauldron Linn (waterfall) where the glen seemed to end in great walls of rock with the fall coming down a narrow gorge carved to weird shapes by the water. Great rocks lay in the river bed, fallen probably from the sides of the cliff, to which clung ivy and weeds and small trees on every possible crevice. We climbed a zig zag path to the top, and looked down into the "cauldron." A set of enormous "pot holes" some quite 10 feet across, quite round and polished smooth by the whirling water and stones - In one place a tiny natural bridge was formed by the pot hole being worn through at the bottom. The white water shot down into the cauldron and ran along away down at the bottom of the gorge whose dark sides were slippery with water and moss and grotesque with fragments of old pot holes left "high and dry", half way up. Then we walked along beside the river again to Rumbling Bridge, which is built over the deepest gorge I have ever seen. The river runs a way below over water worn rock, and the echo coming up from side to side is confused and makes a distant rumbling sound. All the sides are clothed with trees and ferns and greenery, and there were

all lovely shades of green and brown yellow and red in the leaves on the trees and paths. We had tea at a prosaic and deserted hotel nearby, and sent a telegram that we'd be late to supper. So we had a lovely walk and took our time back, and the moon came up all red in the mist, and we could stop and lean over the wall and look when we liked, and enjoy it by going a longer way round where there were fine tall beech trees on each side of the road.

We've had a moonlight walk every night and being four could go wherever we liked - all the surrounding fields are full of sheaves of corn piled in "stooks" - long perspective lines that made me think of Millet. Blue hazy hills in the distance all the bluer for the yellow moon above, and a tinge of warm colour in the dark trees on the edge of the cornfield. Dollar is just at the beginning of the rolling Ochil hills - a glen begins just at the end of the road and runs up until the stream divides into two little ones from the hills. And there, a grey castle stands on top of a rock, from which it can be seen all over the valley. There Mary Stuart was once confined and is said to have named the two branches of the burn Care and Sorrow. On Monday, we were over at Dunfermline. This town was once the capital of Scotland and is full of History. It is Carnegie's native place and is well endowed by him. The beautiful old abbey, the ruins of a palace, the surrounding park, and the glen below, have been bought for the nation. The inside of the abbey is all old Norman. - So stately and grand though not large, and the park that was left of the monastery impressed me much - what a soul there is even in the ruins of fine Norman work, such a feeling of strength and solidity - suitable and all just what it appears. The porches were tiled with flags 3 inches thick. They did no tinsel work in those days! I sat in the abbey by myself for about half an hour before we went home, and the west door was open, and a narrow ray of pink sunset light shone across the round grey columns and intensified the sombre shadows. Part of the outside was beautiful too, but all the east park had been either built on or indiscriminately restored - it was all painted up nice and clean inside. - The piers all in bands of various shades of yellow and snuffy brown, Carnegie will need to steer his money a little more carefully! Goodnight, we are just going up to the castle tonight and to explore "Cares source in the hills. I have been amusing wee John in between whiles of this so I'm sorry its so scrappy - Aren't these Indian letters satisfactory? Lots of love, M."

Then on October 7th: "Father dear, Your letter in answer to my B. came today - quite worth while to have written a B. to get it, even tho' I can't remember what B. was about. You say Badley will spoil me for any other man I ever may meet, well yes, but I notice you and Mr Willink don't stand it badly, the comparison.

Did I tell you both mother and I thought Honor immensely improved in the 3 years since she was here last? - She seems to have broadened out so, got wider sympathies, and more appreciation of all kinds of people. - She's also 'very much' less observant than of old you'll be glad to hear. She herself thinks that habit was formed in the days when she was expected to be "seen and not heard" in a large family party. - Not being allowed to talk, and not usually interested in the general conversation her only outlet was in the formation of a habit of minute observation of externals. ("I say Spite, this rooms rather hot, what about a door open," "Oh please, its just comfy!"

I've been getting to work this last week, feel a bit rusty, but I came back from Dollar feeling all ready to go at it - and the little studio is a most loveable place! The last 4 days I've been to one place in the park, some oaks with a red and yellow cherry tree behind, lovely - not so my results, to any extent, however. The first day I tried in oil - mud pie was no



name for it. Then for two days I tried chalk, working on the oil in the studio after I came in. Today again, I went out with chalk, but came in soon because of gnats and instead of going out again armed with strawboard, I started another larger chalk in the studio of the same subject.

I want to try to work more from memory. On Sunday I tried my own head and shoulders nude in pencil, its rather interesting, that, though I'm no good at it. Still it's highly instructive to see all the extents of what one doesn't know! Personally, I say hang Gertrude Martin! Don't you think so? These durned people who write books - one classes 'em with Nellie Caldwell and Mr. Banks and Mr. Fry and and and... Tinues! (and Bob, ..and 'Darsie', Kuththa!) The state of mind this list is intended to produce reminds me of myself this morning, strawboardless among clouds of gnats. We've had one or two good frosts, so my preparations were only for keeping warm - They (the gnats!) assailed me on head, face, and drawing board; and on just one little corner of my paper, 2 inches square I counted 27, brutes!



Yesterday we had Mrs Dawson here. I went up to see her on Wednesday, hadn't seen her since we were in Italy. She is looking wonderfully well, dear woman, and so beautiful. She had on her usual blue blouse the colour of her eyes, and I did wish you could have been there to draw her whilst she was talking to me. I took her my Italian photographs and post cards to see - she really has a most wonderful interest in anything foreign - and fine taste too; what struck her most of all was the Ducal palace - I had cards of the facade and the Giants stair. But all the same, if she catches sight of a picture (however bad) of "Mrs Yates" it's not a bit of good telling her about cathedrals and campaniles on the same page! - I asked her to come up on Sunday and she said at once; 'I will, and Ill come alone. I'd like to come alone; it is such a long time since I've seen Mrs Yates. Well, isn't that something to look forward to?' for once the haunting fear of "ladies" seemed not to enter her mind! She made a point of coming alone because she was going to enjoy herself! - and Jack Braithwaite came to fetch her home last night.

Mr & Mrs Dawson.

She did so like the Ridgeway tea. - Mother said, "It's all poured off the leaves, so it can't possibly hurt you." "I don't care if it does," said Mrs Dawson "I like it." and had still another cup when we said it would be wasted! She saw the studio and your pictures, and the photographs of Donald and Agnes, and mother read her various letters about them, and sang the old Italian song Mrs Dawson always remembers and loves from Sunnybank days. I shewed her my stones, and what she loved the best of all and came back to again and again was the rough turquoise - wouldn't a bit of it be a good idea for Christmas? On Wednesday after going to her I went to tea at Street. I Anne's Home, which I enjoyed immensely - They are such dear simple, interesting children - such little things please them.

The cards I sent from Venice delighted them, and Norah says they talk for weeks about their occasional visits here and seeing Kuththa and Kinnie and the flowers and the guinea pigs. And what a nice girl Norah is, queer how the same family I produced her and Pannie. The Street. Anne's Home children are singing at the concert at Grasmere tomorrow, where mother and I go to sing trio with Margery Cropper.



The Grasmere gardener has been here today, and I have bought two insurance stamps for this week and last, 1d each, as Dr Paige is not here. I also got 5/- worth of M.G. ones today, 5d each - that will last us about to the end of the year. I have taken your Italian pictures in for Miss Mason to see - she was so pleased. The eschaltzias are still going on, and the roses, and the beans somewhat, though rather spoiled by the frost. They were planted too near together, otherwise I think they would have borne more - but we have a good jar full put down The spinach and chards are doing well, and cabbages. I'm painting the yellow chairs in my room white with the same paint I've done the tins in the kitchen. - Won't it be nice to get rid of that horrid yellow! and as the cane seats are worn out I have boarded them over and shall cover 'em with blue felt like the walls.

Lots of love daerlin' Mary.

Sorry, letter came unstuck. Those envelopes I am "finishing up" - but they're all right if sufficiently and efficiently licked!"

Vanderlip & Child by Fred Yates. A photograph sent by Fred.

On the reverse of the photograph he wrote

"Scarborough U.S.A. October 18th 1912

This gives the merest ideas of the picture - the little baby I have got gloriously and Mr Vanderlip is beyond question.

The one begun of Mrs Hardew is perhaps my best of all."

On October 16th The San Francisco Call reports: "...La Jolla, near San Diego. Fred Yates is there also and writes of being busy with some portraits. He promises to come to San Francisco as soon as his work will permit, which is not likely to be for some time yet."

Mary writes to Fred again on October 18th "Father dear. I haven't written you for ages, chiefly because of the engrossingness of white enamel paint and crab apple jelly!

Did mother tell you about the lovely morning when we went down to pick up the crabs beside the lake! You'd have been pleased that she was out so early instead of "doing the wash" or whatever, indoors! I took a little photograph of her under the tree, to send to you, and you shall have it later if it comes out well. It was a quite perfect morning, the lake so still and blue and hazy, and all the lovely

colours on the trees - and dear thing, how she did love to pick up those apples! Do you remember last year over acorns how she wouldn't leave the pile she was at (more than she could have carried in a cart) to go even where there were more bigger ones!

I've got a good lot of work done in the last 10 days, in spite of apple jelly - nothing great in results, but I certainly do feel I've learned. This week I've been holding a "life class" in mothers bedroom, and find it very satisfactory being artist and model as well. - It makes one so free having no one else to consider, and is so interesting that one forgets that one's getting very stiff and "pins and needles" in feet! I am learning a thing or two about the structure of myself, bones and things, which is interesting - also getting into the application of the method you showed me.

Today and yesterday I've gone for the other kind of drawing that I need most, buildings - you know about the place from which you did the Wansfell and pine trees that was in the L.A.S. I sat there and drew the farm, you having once recommended it as a good exercise. Lawsakes it was so difficult - don't know how many times I rubbed out, but it took me two solid hours to get it anything like right - and most of that was measuring Demeter fashion. I never would have believed how large the end of the barn looked compared to the house - and when all the buildings were drawn in it was most amusing to see how the slightest wrong angle of the barn roof had got it all wrong! This morning I took chalk and grey paper and went at the same subject more freely, having learned the carpentry of it. It surprised me to see how different it all looked - the end of the barn was like my drawing to start with, instead of lying in wait for me, to change suddenly as soon as I began to measure!! It's raining this p.m. because I wanted to play hockey. "But it's been so lovely for weeks that we can't gowley. The Yipe is snoozing in his basket beside me, nose on paws, quite comfy.



*Tommy Tullet the postman.
He delivered the post and took mail for posting.*

Outside the "rain it raineth every day" - The ash tree is quite bare, but through the rainy grey mist there is a glow of gold and russet beeches behind. It is all quiet but the rush of the river that I can hear even through closed windows, and the soft beat of rain, and just now the clank of a pail that means the impatient young calves are being fed. Isn't it nice that Adam, after her weeks of see-sawing uncertainty in the summer, is very happy with Lacy Pentland and loves the whole family? She says Lord and Lady P. are so devoted to each other and to their little boy and girl, and the children are so charming - so it is all very pleasant.

It's near Tommy time now, so, I won't write more as I don't want to go down in the wet. I'll go and label the newly painted macaroni tin and then strain the next batch of jelly. I got about 6 lbs more crabs yesterday from the same place. Lots of love daddy dear - I wonder if you've heard from Agnes yet - you'll send the letter on to us won't you. She asked for your address last week. but mother thinks she's sent it to them before, so I expect she'll write to you soon. M."

On October 28th she writes, "Daerlin!! I am quite delighted with Lichertier Barbe's Tempera colours - They are such a nice consistency, neither dry nor sloppily wet. I got the large tubes, the only ones they had in stock, but if they keep wet, it doesn't matter if they last a good while. I am doing something from the top of the

Owl field looking towards Silverhowe. I've worked on it out there two bitterly cold mornings when the white mist was rising from the valley after frost in the night.

Yesterday I went on with it in the studio, and today too, just going out for half an hour to get a drawing of the tree in it. I work with Carter's paraffin stove in the studio - it is so simple and effective and most satisfack. I have "fixed" my nude charcoal drawings - and in using the spray thing felt quite like him! We are having such delightful quiet times these days and getting things done that have long needed it. Yesterday Mrs Peterson and the boys came over to tea - the only visitors we've had for ever so long.

Mrs F. is cultivating de Selincourt thorns (or probably developing them unconsciously) and they do not become her. They, or their causes, whatever they may be, seem to have changed her face completely from what it was in old days - strange! and she's looking much older. It's pouring cats and dogs today - pity for the weekend, the Paige's are here! Yipey and I have just been into Ambleside, and he is now asleep in his basket which he much enjoys in the daytime now, he's getting very lazy, but I expect he likes to have a place where he can't be stepped on to have his snooze out. Sometimes I give him a turn by rushing out the front door and slamming it, whereon he cataracts down the stairs to the scene of the action i.e. possible walk!) with the speed of a fireman hearing the bell.

Almost all the leaves are off the trees in the last few days - the rain brings them off, many have fallen in still air, making a brown carpet each about its own tree. Its lovely to be out in the woods or, on the terrace with everything still and silent, and then hear just the soft rustle of a falling leaf. Sometimes I hear more rustle than the still air warrants and it is a squirrel gathering acorns rippling along from tree to tree, and very busy at the extreme end of the swaying twigs. Looking beyond the candlelight out of the window everything looks strangely blue, and all misty, shutting out Wansfell. On Saturday Mother went over to see Mrs Bramley and Miss Richardson on the way back, and intended walking back over the terrace. I went to Mrs Dawson and took her some crab jelly by the time I got back it was blowing and raining, Lawsakes how it did rain! I set off at dusk to recover my wandering parent, and it was so nearly dark and blowing that I took off my skirt and hid it under the wall. After that, I had such a Jolly run! It wasn't quite as easy coming back against the wind and with the spites umbrella to contend with. She walked from the Bramleys all the way home over the terrace - isn't she fine? You'll have to look after your walking powers I tell you!! with such a boundastic wife as that! I'll go downstairs now as the Paige's have come in.

29th. Last night after the rain had stopped, (temporarily only of course!) I went out for a run about 8.30 with the Yipe - it was pretty dark in spite of the moon behind the clouds, so I left my skirt behind and so got along at a great pace. I went up the hill behind and to the top of the next field, the round topped one where there are rabbit holes and occasional owls and one or two wizened and scraggy little larches. There I lay on the grass a few minutes and looked over the valley, which looked strange and vast in the dim light, all details suppressed, great and sombre, - magnificent! and just for a moment the moon looked out from the clouds and then went in again and the silver edge she gave them slowly faded.

This morning I have a letter from Alice Cooke who has received the plaster safely after much customs red tape. She sends £3.4 cheque, which I shall pay in to my account next time I'm in Ambleside. I'll acknowledge it by this mail of course. She and her mother are to be in New York for the winter. Have you heard from Agnes yet? Lots of love dear, - nice letter from you this a.m. Mary."

Fred wrote back on November 3rd, Pacific Navigation CO. Steamships, Yale and Harvard. "Dear Girl, I am on my way to San Francisco by steamer. I have sent you by this same mail to the Bank of Liverpool, £103.00, so will you now send Mr Jacobs the full rent to Christmas, £32.10. I like to think he is paid up. I did not send him any in Sept.

November 4th: "...Spent three hours with Russell (*Probably Russell Chapman - brother of Emily Yates.*) and his wife last night and their son in law and his wife Ethel. All most pleasant. - It was all that was necessary. Keeping them in close touch with you. I found him much more comfortable and Russell's wife much more cheerful, and they were all so kind to me - it was an unpremeditated visit done over the telephone and Russell's wife did not even know I was coming. - She was on the same car with me. As I went to their home..."



Fred Yates with Billy Garnett, who helped out in the garden.

Mary wrote back to Fred on November 5th "Dearest Father, I did mean to have written you today decently - but have been down to the Hall with Mother and that's taken up all the time. This is Election Day - I've thought about the dear Woodrow Wilson's all day, wonder when we'll hear the result. Do you remember last year how we saw a fire over on the Gale and took binoculars to look at it and hoped there was no damage done and so on and so on, until somebody said it was Guy Fawkes day! There's a fire tonight in the same place - We had the pleasantest time we've ever had at the Hall - and we did so dread going!

Mother will have told you about Billy Garnett's insurance. - She brought it in so naturally and we found the Squire didn't even know he wasn't in the infirmary nor how the land lay - and he got to talking about the family of Garnetts in old times, and the Tyson's and such fine old Westmorland folk, as Strickland - and the Woodrow Wilson's and the Squire spoke of your having sent him a paper. It was all most niceable and pleasant and on the way home (it's a pitch black night) we went and had a little visit with Mrs Hunt, and she spoke so affectionately of you - said all manner of nice things about you - Daerlin!

I wish you'd been here on Saturday to the tea party of the Fairfield girls - the Practising School. You would have loved them, I do - dear things, We did have a time! There are nine of them, and the advantage of numbers is in the freedom they feel to prowl about and do what they like. - This privilege is particularly enjoyed by a little sister of girls are just dears. - The two that sat in the front row by the wall at your Millet, very quiet and took it all in. - They are full of character, interesting and most loveable - and there's a charming little new Irish girl, an original little being, impulsive and utterly unconscious, who has a delicious tone of voice in speaking. We had for tea a chocolate cake on which I had white-iced a peewits head, our badge, and round it, all their initials and ten little candles. These gave a sweet soft light and we pulled the curtains to enjoy it making tea, while speculations went on as to whose candle would last longest - Then there were chestnuts to roast by a fire of logs in which I'd put copper tacks to make blue flames. And Blind Peter, which was as much fun as ever, and particularly amusing to the onlookers. The firelit silence was disturbed by suppressed laughter as e.g. cat and mouse at once would slip quietly under the table and into each other's arms! - And now and then a chestnut exploded with a bang and the fragments were gathered up and handed round the audience by Dorothy, the solitary child who sat on the rug - tongs in hand - in the firelight

Nearly post time so I must stop. I worked on a still life in the studio today - The Squire asked after the studio and was pleased to hear it was such a success. Don't forget to write to the Bells for their silver wedding, which is January 9th. Do you remember his telling of their honeymoon, how they walked to Howtown to a farm where he'd been before and had said, (to avert suspicion, when the

time came, of their honeymoonism) "I'll walk over, with my wife one day"! Thank you for your letter. Lot's of love, Mary.

P.S. Mrs Willink has just been here and carried off the Spite. She is deep in her pictures lecture in Kendal in December and wants to know how one sets about getting slides. I told her I thought those she could not buy ready made she would have made from any good reproduction e.g. Braun, or out of a book, first asking the publishers about copyright. - I suppose she would have to do that, you don't do it for money of course so copyright doesn't bother you - or is it always all right in the case of old pictures! She says there is a firm (Newton's) dealing expressly in lantern slides, and she thinks to get most of what she wants there."

Fred wrote to Mary on her 21st Birthday, 12th November, from the Bohemian Club, San Francisco. "My dear blessed Mary, I began the day with you and you have been with me ever since. It is 8.30pm with you now and I am thinking of you and dear Mother together nearing bedtime. I had the impulse to send you a cable but I am sure you will know that I have been all day with you. It is only on anniversaries that I feel lonesome and I am horribly homesick today. But I shall soon again be at work on my portrait of Mr Sweeney, but everyone seems kind and good to me.

A man just before I began this came up and gave me welcome. He was at my dinner last year; I had to ask his name, Bates. "So glad to see you, wish you could be with us all the time, you bring sunshine with you." They all more or less feel that way to me and even this makes me want to run away home. - But I will go on working. I don't loaf a moment in the club. In my room, I have a quiet time and four nights last week and again last night was with Ruth. (*Niece of Emily Yates.*) I go for her sake more than anyone. - She hugs and kisses me on the slightest provocation poor little darling - she is got so thin - sings - but the full rich quality has gone still she sings - sings joyfully. - Like a bird sings. Tonight I go to Mrs Hooker - and Thursday to Osgood Putnams - I have seen Bruce several times, he comes today at a quarter to two - the same beautiful spirit."

Mary, in turn wrote to him on the same day. "Dearest Father, I'm having a lovely 21st birthday. Wish you were here to celebrate daerlin! But seeing your not I am specially appreciating your birthday present, viz. Shackadam's pictures!

We asked the dear Willinks to come to tea today but I'm afraid they won't turn up, as Tuesday's a busy day with them. - M.G. made me a magnificent little pink and white cake and brought some pink and white chrysanthemums which she sent up to my room by the Yipe in a napkin!!

I had a glorious long letter from Shack, this a.m. not for my birthday but very nice - and a p.c. from a little girl whom I was at school with, a sweet note from Miss Firth, another from Miss Williams, a book on India from Miss Mason, and one of Miss Mason's books. From Miss Drury, some letters of R.L. Stevenson from Miss Kitching, and letters from Isabel Taylor and her sister, and one of my London school friends of 10 years ago.

Isn't it lovely of em all to have been thinking about me? Isabel has got the post in India that she was trying for, I am glad to hear, and she sails probably in December - India again! Honor doesn't yet know whether she's passed her B.A. exam, and won't hear until next month. Meanwhile she's taking a much needed rest. I am afraid she's been overworking dreadfully and has pretty nearly given out - dear girl.

Yesterday Miss Drury spent the day with me as it was half term and she wanted a quiet day. We had a lovely time, reading and working and talking American politics most learned like! -and in the p.m. we went over to the quarry to study geology and saw and heard from Robinson much that was very interesting - then came in to tea and mother read us Dr Lavender. When Miss Drury went I walked part of the way back with her. It was such a lovely night, no moon but starlight with big dark clouds

being driven across the sky by a tremendously high wind that still rages and sweeps all the leaves into a rattling whirl and leaves the ground beneath clean and fresh and dry. - I ran all the way home last night - couldn't help it in such a thrilling wind! and the Yipe danced backwards in front of me the whole way and was only kept from barking inordinately by ineffectual discipline on my part! He has now gone to sleep - goodness knows why - on the narrow ledge of my window sill with his hind legs and tail hanging over space, I cant imagine anything more uncomfortable!

I'm sending you some of my struggles in mother's bedroom - the rest are larger, in charcoal. Lawsakes if it isn't the Dickens! My still life looks hopelessly vulgar, today - (The Vanderlip vase and a Japanese bowl without bitumen.) But I realise the vase in itself is a desperate thing to attempt at my stage of development - I shall try it again by itself some time - I've tried the same subject in charcoal with a slightly better result - I've got to buy more drawing paper.

Position of that poor snoozing Yipe - now he's trying to curl up, which is more hopeless yet - and I've offered him his bed! Night night dear - lots of love to you every minute! Mary."

Porter Garnets Column on November 17th in the San Francisco Call: "Fred Yates, who is at present in San Francisco after a years absence, will remain here several weeks. He is showing a number of canvasses at the Bohemian Club Exhibition."

"Fred Yates is represented by two English Landscapes, charmingly composed and painted with marked individuality and knowledge." Garnet continues with the news on December 15th in his Column: "Fred Yates has accepted the important commission of painting an official portrait of Chief Justice Beatty of the supreme court. The painting has been begun brilliantly. Yates completed recently a portrait of Raphael Weill, which has been acclaimed a success by everyone who has seen it. In addition to being a capital likeness it is a remarkably spirited characterisation."

Mary wrote again on November 19th: "Daerlin Father, We've just had Mrs Bernard Fletcher here for ever so long, chattering away in her own fashion and very loud and on all possible subjects - she is a charming child creature!

I'm sending you one or two of my birthday letters - isn't Ellen's lovely, the dear, it was one of the most loveful boxes I had! These last few days I've been doing tempera - the Lichertier colours are fine, also a palette knife I got there a few days ago as I couldn't find one and s'posed you'd taken it.

This p.m. being a perfect drencher I've been doing a tree and sunset from memory of last night - not bad. What delightful photographs of Uncle Russell's farm - we have screamed over the dining pigs!

I've not been for a walk today which has made the Yipe so impatient that I have just been out for the sake of self-defence! Onto the lawn making him jump till he was tired over my hand and a white handkerchief in the dusk. Now he is snoozing, exhausted, and I have a minute's peace!

The wind's getting up, whistling and sighing around the house, blowing gusts of rain against the windows. Last night when I was coming home from shopping after hockey, on the west was a glow of sunset through the bare trees, crimson against the edges of heavy clouds, and in the south east, the pale new moon was growing bright, just working it's way through a thin cloud and making a cold green halo to keep off the sunset glow.

It was a wonderful day yesterday, full of constantly changing clouds. In the p.m. I was working by the lake near the quarry and part of the time Birkhowe was clear, in a glow of light that made the bracken on it look pink - and as soon as I began to get that effect on my panel it was gone, and blue heavy clouds were down on the hills from the N.W. and a cold damp mist blowing up the lake from the south. - However when earth's vain effects fled, I went off for a run and watched pochards on the lake

through my telescope a long time and crawled along under a wall till I could see them pretty close. On my way home coming suddenly round a headland I came on a small tufted duck not fifteen yards off, she shewed no particular sign's of fright so I sat down and adjusted my telescope as she was a bird I have long wanted to see closely. But seeing I was going to "make a night of it" the wretched fowl dived and left me gazing at the water that rippled and smoothed again while she came up again a long way off - she was a doyned poyson!

Goodnight dear. Has Agnes written you yet? Ever so much love, Mary. Short letter for fear this fat embloke should bust, which by the way your last one did, same letter in which you counsel spite to get linen ones and not risk it!"

She writes again on November 24th: "Daerlin!! It's a wild night with big fast moving clouds and a prompt storm of rain whenever one goes out - It was pouring just now when I came in - having been to ask Dora Tolson to tea on Wednesday. The stepping stones were deeply covered so I could not take the short cut from Ambleside. - It was dusk and the river brimming over and running fast and deep with a smooth surface that reflected in silver the wide yellow expanse of sky between clouds. - I stopped to look at it through the trees just below Lords Oak. - It would have made a study for Arthur' Atkins. - The bare trees against the bright water and sky, nothing visible but silhouette, all in a rich warm tone, and all the trees showing their several characters, a fine mass of Scots pine foliage in a Japanese effects among the twigs of sycamore and alder.

This week I have been working from memory in tempera and enjoying it - doing sometimes at dusk unintelligible scrawls to fix things in my mind. It is wonderful how much it adds to one ' freedom. And lately we have had wonderful sunsets and clouds at twilight that one's glad not to lose entirely.

Tomorrow the dear Bell's are coming to supper and Demon! - Mr and Mrs and Silva - I was up at their house on Thursday and found them gardening, working at the new bit they have taken in since the land belonged to them. We sat on the little seat in the garden. - The removal of the fence, small as it was, gives such a different feeling of air and space to breathe, and for some unreasonable reason I thought I had never enjoyed a sunset there with the fence beside me that I could step over, with one stride. They seem so happy and contented now, their beloved home secured to them, and the girls provided for. Silva is doing pretty well at her bookbinding and has about as much as she can do at present - and Gertrude's post is settled, she goes in January to a family in Devon with whom she stayed last summer as a holiday governess, and whom she likes.



*Herbert Bell by Fred Yates.
(Bell was an Ambleside Chemist and notable local photographer.)*

I think some day you should draw Mr Bell again, now you know him better - he is so much more of a person than your picture shows - and also he's better in health than when you did it. You'd have liked to see him in the twilight pottering about over the new bit of wall in comfy old clothes and smelling "of the earth, earthy"!

25th Sunday. Daisy and Phyllis Rigby were here to tea and supper and we had a most delightful and musically awakening time. I brought down the Leonardo Madonna, which Daisy always loves so and longs to see - it stands for her quite alone among pictures. She is a nice girl, such a worker and full of such a deep love of beauty. She is ever so proud of Phyllis whom she had taught everything in music and otherwise up to a year or two ago. And she has reason to be happy over her, Phyllis really plays beautifully, we loved her music - She has a beautiful touch and her hands are very supple as well as strong and sure. She played a glorious Rhapsody of Brahms that is with us yet.

It has rained cloudbursts today, and the water has come into the house at all possible and impossible points and washed all the cinders down the path. It's stopped now and is only blowing a gale, a nice dry gale, so I'll go out and have a run before the Bells come through that'll just make me remember more I want to say to you. Lots of love dear Mary."

Fred wrote back to Mary on the 25th of November from the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, Monday Morning. "My dear Mary, Please don't fold away any more drawings my dear girl - they are far more beautiful than you imagine - perfectly exquisite - if you send any more let them come between a couple of mill boards. I can't regret how they came now I am so delighted that I only long for Bruce to see them - Well - go on - just draw your own way - suggestively - they have the quality of having grown like a flower grows. Don't pray limit yourself to work without bitumen - and don't neglect the use of orange madder - luscious stuff - I could wallow in it. Your talent is so great that I hope you will go on working - just as your finest self dictates, but everlastingly experimental, throwing out your energy like a volcano throws out fire, and again throwing out your love like a bird singing. Don't fret as you appear to do over the Vanderlip vase, - because you can't tell - whatever it has let it show your feeling - and that's better than the vase itself. Muhrmann did that - he'd paint a shell - that Lordy you couldn't take it for a shell at all, it is at Van Wisselingh's now. You'd look and almost want to ask what it was and it is like the sound of the finest violin more than it is like a shell. I see it now as I write you. Well my darling you had a lovely birthday and all that day I was with you. - I wonder if Mother loves you as much as I do, if she does you ought to be lifted off the ground, leaving the poor Yipe to bewail - but I expect you'd take him with you!



Well - my dear let us drink the wine of enthusiasm and paint only when we are bursting with love. - Let us go on helping and loving people - and when de S.o. and Peterson turn on their spleen keep away from them - just as much as you would not leave onions too near to fresh milk!

Talking of onions - I made at Mrs Hookers last night an omelette with 18 eggs... Osgood and his wife, the divine Elizabeth. Mrs Musgrove and Marion - it was Sunday. Ah! As good an omelette as Mary Yates can make. Daddy."

Mr Hooker & Marion, and Fred Yates Parents

Mary wrote back on November 29th. (Their letters must have often crossed!) "Dearest Father, The Yipe has gone to sleep with a nice warm flank on my foot, The latter being felt slippered and comfy. The room is cosy and still, with the scratch of the Spite's everlasting pen and the lapping of the fire; and the excursion to the cold outer regions just now at the sound of Tommy crunching up the path, make the fireside specially well appreciated. I wish you could be enjoying this heavenly snow.

Has mother told you about last night? Oh what a sight it was, after the whole day steady snowing in still air. Soft snow piled high on every bar of the gates, little pyramids on the gateposts and the rosebushes, the walls seemed unnaturally high, and every branch, every twig, weighted with all the snow it could hold, unstirred by a breath of wind. The moon had not risen, but we could see our way clearly by the pale, mysterious all pervading snowlight - and the stillness was wonderful, even the distant sound of the falls seemed muffled. What a fairyland the village seemed, and what a romance the snow gave all familiar things. The light by the post box streamed across the road and upwards, touching the light feathery over - arching trees. The oaks were full of delicate tracery, and the firs looked like great Christmas trees with great layers of snow clinging to them, and the laurels were bowed nearly to the ground "The last flake of snow" would be as good a metaphor as the "last straw"!

Up to the Vicarage the snow was almost untrodden, and when we got there we found that we were the work party, with the addition of a small girl who had gone off, in the absence or non-existence of the meeting, to do puzzles with Harvey. We went and sat with Mrs Legh who was very glad to have us, and mother had a good rest and did, commendably, absolutely nothing. Harvey came in, full of a small electric machine which gave us shocks as much as we could put up with - he looked lovely, far more beautiful than he ever was as a baby - he is a dear boy. The Yipe chawed him on the floor and they enjoyed each other, and little shiny brown John lay curled in his chair with his head up watching, his pointed nose and dark bright eyes make him look just like a little snake, as Mrs Legh said. She seems to me to have grown old lately, and her face has settled into a certain coarseness about the mouth - as if the expression has at last managed to make an impression on the flesh. Yet I think in a certain way she is growing. She is handicapped by what can only be described as a lust for perfection in every thing she undertakes - whether of sewing or cleaning, gardening or furnishing a room - it seems to leave less margin, mentally, than she might otherwise have for "living", in "Uncle William's" sense.

Mr Legh was painting a chest of drawers upstairs - and several nooks and corners shewed wonderful improvements he had made - he's a real genius in practical ways - pity he's so mistaken his vocation! Poor man, he looks worn and worried and seems always forlorn as a lonely child might be, always feeling himself at a disadvantage, with only the stilted conventions of his office instead of self-confidence and tact.

December 3. M.'s discursions on the neighbours!! Yipe and I have just been up to feed the worthy buffalo. Yesterday I brought home a huge amount of cut ivy in big pieces, thrown out from George Aitcheson's garden - it comes in very handy when there's a cold morning and the business of cutting frozen privet is not attractive!

The pile of things destined for the Rummage sale is positively refreshing to think about - and one begins to build aircastles in the extra space there will be next week!

(Blobbing of my pen is a weather protest!) I have written a letter today to the child I played with in that garden in Venice, the day of the Regatta - do you remember the seven little girls? Louisa Coen was the name of my special one - such a dear child.

Did we send you godmother's letter that told about her? - Oh now I remember it came before you went away - The father insane and the mother entirely occupied by him. - Do you remember

godmother writing about the little girl who said to an aunt who was trying to talk gossip "over her (the child's) head" - "I understand what you are talking about, but if you like I will go away"! I was thinking about her in the night, so I thought I would write - The composition in Italian was rather a job, but fun!

Big rumbling sound of a sheet of snow sliding off the roof - Raining today - The snow is still pretty from the house, but outside the weather merits your adjective "sti::k:ng"! Lots of love. M."

On the 4th December he wrote to Emily and Mary (*Possibly from the Bohemian Club.*) "I am sending you the photograph of the dinner celebrating the Woodrow Wilson victory. They are not all members of the club - very few - two thirds are lawyers, two Senators, three or four Legislature. To my right Van Wyck - Osgoods partner.

Last night I forgot to tell you, I gave "Millet" at Miss Murisons and had a most enjoyable time - and it went well. Neuhaus the artist who teaches them introduced me. I invited the divine Elizabeth there and she came with little Rathbone girl who danced so prettily that night at Osgoods - and Sam Story's two girls - the eldest frightfully nervous - both about 18 and 16.

I sent Robinson a sketch that I had here when I was here before of Rydal. His letter is with this.

I sailed from San Diego on 4th November - the day that dear Van Wisselingh died. The sunset is almost sacred in my memory - the memory of it has so frequently recurred that I shall remember him always by that evening - I watched the change come over the sky for nearly half an hour - the boat rolling - I almost alone on the upper deck. I told Mrs Van Wisselingh about it.

The room Jacob speaks of is the little room that he gives me - for no payment, it belongs to no.6 flat. Yes - the calf was suckling the mare - (*Russell's Photo.*) The moaning sound was from the mother rabbit. The deer sinews and porcupine quills given me by Mrs Fred Scripps."

December 7th 1912: Bohemian Club, "My Dear Mary, I m glad to hear about the working from the imagination - a sunset, dark clouds, purple mist. My belief is that you cannot do too much of it. You will find that now and again you will get something fine.

When I was out here last time I made heaps of resolutions to do more work that way on my return to Rydal. - But somehow I got on to that large canvas of McClure and it took it all out of me. Bruce has one of Keith done in such quality straight off - no yellowing over like he usually did, but it has a note of freshness. He used to make thumb box sketches and strike the note of them, take a bigger canvas and put that in with great rapidity - and then let his imagination go - often to spoil it sometimes 'tother way. "To teach, art must be obvious. To be obvious is to be inartistic.

Art cares nothing for utility or morality." "Art transcends life - art is above the world - to keep it there is our tack. Creativity is the greater in life, but it racks you body and soul. - yet for it a man will break every tie, sacrifice every happiness." A man and his work are not one - I and mine nor you and yours - nor the next man and his - we are individuals, we are not to be worked out by any moral rule of three. A man is oftenest himself in some aspect apparently quite minor - the prominent thing being a parasite which he must spend his energy in casting off. We are ourselves only the final summing up - the end of it all. It is easier at times to be moral to the death of your work than to sin to it's saving" I have just copied these lines out of a book called "The Sign." by Mrs Romilly Fedden.

You can get what you can out of the quotation. The final idea is that a man's art stands before everything, as Carlsen's did. In that, I am then not an artist, preferring to be a man. All the same, I wish I could paint as Carlsen painted. His only conscience was to make a true tone.

I have had a little anxiety about the £145 sent to the bank. I did not go to the Post Office and register it myself and so left it to the office of the Club to do it. I got yesterday after four days of waiting only a "duplicate" receipt and so I am going to telegraph the head London office on which the draft is payable to tell them to hold over payment until they are quite assured that the Bank of Liverpool at Ambleside are applying. This obviates the chance of the draft being (possibly stolen here) cashed in England by thieves. You will get it a week later that's all, and it makes it safe. Daddy. I have been to two studios today with Bruce - there is plenty of talent here, no question of that."

On December 8th in the San Francisco Call, Porter Garnets Column: "Fred Yates has recently finished a portrait of Charles Sweeney of this city. He is engaged at present in executing several other commissions which will keep him in San Francisco for some time to come."

He wrote on December 9th "I thought it would amuse you to know that this is the first sketch that I made of Raphael Weill. - Put this on the canvas in exact size of his head - and measurement of collar to bottom of waistcoat, took the actual measure of width of body - and had that all laid in a monochrome so that when any sitter arrived I went straight ahead. It was an excellent thing to do. I begin the Chief Justice something in the same way tomorrow morning. It is all settled at last - I have waited long enough. I shall have autochromes of this and Sweeny to show you when I come home.

Yesterday was Nell's birthday. I went in and stayed long enough to hear a new record that George had given Nell. "And the Glory of the Lord." - Full chorus, - quite wonderful - and then I went on and had supper with Dr and Mrs Sherman and the two children and read Christmas Jenny to the bewitched children. - Left them at 20 to 10 and abed by 20 past. I am quite well, tell mother and living sanely so she's not to worry. I do Muller exercises every morning - wonderful weather - wearing my summer clothes and only my overcoat at night no need during day.

Mary wrote back to Fred on December 10th: "Daerlin!! Your letter was a solid delight and encouragement to me. I'm so glad you liked the sketches I sent, but I'm surprised, I didn't know they were any good except in what I learned in doing them. I'll have plenty to show you when you come home, 10 or 11 temperas so far, and a good many chinks etc and various scribbles in my sketch books. Yesterday I did rather a nice tempera, not finished yet, but half bad - on the terrace, looking west from the Wordsworth well. It was practically all done in the studio, so this a.m. not being rainy for once, I went out and drew it in pencil. And between whiles I wallow in the delights of silk scarves. - I'm enclosing a scrap of Isobel's to show you the colours, but on such a small bit the gold is overpowering instead of being a jewel shining out of the green and blue and grey that, as mother says, suggest the Russian metal work. - The design I make up as I go along, like a fairy story - and it gives me tremendous satisfaction' Its like a new medium. - Wish you could see it and Agnes's one of irises too. but I like the other ones better - its the last you see!!

Isn't this photograph nice of the spite? I took it on purpose for you the day we picked crab apples all the morning by the lake - Mother is holding a basket and 3 bags full of them, but they are partly hidden by the blackberry vines. She's sitting on the steep rock down which I crawled to fish 'em out of the lake. What a lovely morning it was! The Roman hyacinths are coming on finely - There's a bowl of three bulbs on the table and one lonesome looking but sweet flower spike sticking out of the middle. This p.m. coming from Ambleside, Park and the coach overtook me and stopped, and Park said with a broad smile, "Now Miss Yates you get up for a've nothing else to do." - It being a long ago planned project to give Park the chance of trying to cure the Yipe of barking at the horses and rushing round and round the coach - and we only wanted to try when there wasn't much traffic and no passengers. I got up on the box but so did the Yipe with equal speed just as Park said "Now you just say nothin' to 'I'm and we'll see what we can do." I told him to jump down and the coach started and all the way home Kuthka raced in front, dashing back every few yards to dance before the horses, barking maddeningly. But not once did he come anywhere within reach of Park's whip! P., however, still

cherishes the belief that, having plenty of sense, K. can be cured. He's going to try again - He was delightful today! Lots of love, dear, Mary."

On December 27th Mary wrote: "Daerlin Head Gardener, This a.m. Parley Charker brought a huge sack of bracken for 3d, and I put it round as many roses roots as it would go (I have sent for more) (it wasn't raining for once) and then planted various things that the wind had blown up by the roots and gave them bracken too and they liked it. Its dry and will blow away easily if the wind gets up, but its perfectly certain to get drenched first, "so that's all right best beloved, do you see!"



Mr Parker, Hart Head Farm.

I did a good mornings work at the garden, plenty more than Borwick would have done! We must not have him again unless I can give the day to gardening too' and not leave him to his own (absence of) initiative.

We've had a delightful Christmas, every bit of it, I specially enjoyed my walk up to Sunnybank, on Xmas Eve after dark in such a gale of wind that was very "grateful and comforting" on my back and helped me up the hill with my parcels. Then there was a pleasant half hour visit with dear Mrs Dawson and Tom and she pried into her own and "The men's" presents (though Jack was out) and delighted in them, especially a little Japanese inlaid box, and said we shouldn't, of course! The wind was just howling round the house, and it's blowing along the little passage by the well gave a peculiarly deep roar, and round the corners came a weird whistling sound. The other people were out, so I left their gifts for Mrs D. to deliver. I came home down through thistly wood where the bigger trees tossed and creaked and groaned so I expected to have bits of them falling about my ears any moment; and that one tall Scotch pine near Rydal Farm swayed so wildly that it seemed about to snap off in the middle at every fresh frenzy of the wind. The wind is getting in its work this winter! Did mother tell you about the day, two weeks ago, when I went round Fairfield? When I got to the top of Nab I could not nearly stand up in it and thought I should never get anywhere at that rate, but after lying flat for a few minutes with the wind howling round the rocks and singing through the grass and my hair, I went on. Either the wind became less or I got used to it, but anyway I could creep along fairly slowly along the ridge, leaning against the wind, and resting now and then, hot with the friction and the effort, under rocks. On the bare top of Fairfield I got the most furious force of the blast at my back so did not dare to go over to the cairn which is at the north edge, above a steep drop, for fear I couldn't stop myself.

But I made the whole round. I was glad of the shelter of the rocks at the west end of Fairfield, and lay among them to rest and looked up through my tangled knotted hair and saw great greybrown clouds, dark ragged ones blowing across from the black settlement which shut out Scafell and hung darkly over the Langdales - racing across the sky. And now and then, there was a gap which revealed white floating fleecy clouds in the far-off blue above the turmoil near the earth. The Yipe enjoyed it all too, but he hugged close to me (and stuck his bushy tail in my nose) when we rested, and slept like a log and dreamed it all over again before the fire when we got in.

These photographs I took the day of the heavy snowfall I wrote about. They are dim, because it was very dark when I took them and my exposure perhaps rather short, but they're pretty and give a little idea of the beauty of the white landscape and the delicate tracery of the trees. In the one looking

west, you can see the flock of forlorn sheep wading and burrowing over eyes and ears to eat. Which reminds me of my hungry buffalo - lucky I cut his privet before it began to pour again.

Mother's told you about our evening with Miss Mason so I won't go into that - we did have a lovely time, and what a magnificent moon light night it was when we got home! Nothing but the accumulated sleepiness of (at least) two late nights, kept me from taking the Yipe up Nab to enjoy it.

While I think of it, shall you be back in time to prune the roses? Or shall I get (if I can) Mrs Field Foot Aitcheson's gardener Jenkinson or Mr Legh to do it, or to show me how? I'm not afraid I should be ruthless enough when the delight of those sharp pruning scissors got hold of me, you know the spell they cast on the unwary. They induce a sort of hypnotic state in which one cuts all the branches within reach. That's the influence under which you cut off all the limbs of that poor little white flowering tree - yes, and I got somewhat carried away by it this a.m. beginning innocently enough by removing a big bit of dogwood split by the wind.

Little Joan De Fleming sent me a very pretty calendar for Christmas - at least I suppose it was she. There is another little Joan with a small sister whose acquaintance I have made out of their nursery window from which they shout greetings to me across the road when I go to Ambleside - and sometimes one hears a muffled and utterly ignored remonstrance from the powers that be. Sometimes we meet on the road where they take turns learning to ride a shaggy Shetland pony. First I meet the riding one, exultant but with most of her attention absorbed, then the waiting one, quite prepared for as long a conversation as I have time for, to beguile the tedium.

Their mother, (who is Mrs Arthur' Jackson and sings at Ambleside concerts) evidently knows all about "introductions" and thinks her daughters forward, for when she is by they (sometimes) confine themselves to the broadest possible smiles. They are jolly bumptious little mites. The elder is somewhat conscious of herself, but the other, who's about 5, is a dear. I wish the little Le Fleming girls enjoyed life as much as they do. Joan is a lovely creature, but Diana's a pathetic little thing, shy and shrinking and looking always on the point of tears.

Why this dissertation on the children of the neighbourhood? Ask me something easy!
Lots of love M."

December 31street: "Many happy returns! I have sent you tonight some of M.G.'s -(I mean Mother's, made by M.G.!) wedding cake, letter post, and hope the Post Office will be lenient. I marked it "wedding cake only" not "silver" lest they should suspect a quibble - w'en its post offices there's no knowin' - look at the fuss over that little bit of gorse!

We have kept the wedding day in a morning drencher that stopped for lack of breath (i.e. rain) after lunch, so we've had a lovely walk on the Terrace, with the Yipe, coming home at dusk in a fresh wind that blew great clouds up from the west, big thick ones that made the pale yellow sky look clearer and deeper than ever, where it faded into the blue about, and the light was reflected in the lake, flooded over the marsh, - and the intensest light of all was Jupiter glowing steadily over a hard bank of cloud.

I've just got your letter this evening, just on the day, and the telegram came yesterday.

Did mother tell you of Miss Arnold's niece being so much impressed with your picture of Dr. W.W.? I met her yesterday, and after seeing her, I was more than ever struck by her having given such praise. I went in to Fox Howe to take Miss Arnold the pictures of the rest of the Wilson family that she wished to see. I had a very pleasant visit with her; and in the middle Miss Arnold Forster came in. She is a little thin old lady whom one would not suspect of enthusiasm except in an ecclesiastical line. - She

has a disconcerting smile that affects only her mouth and not all of that, and leaves the rest of her face cold, and then vanishes so suddenly that you don't believe it ever was a smile at all. She sort of fires remarks or questions at you, propelled by the smile, and then looks so piercingly at you when you reply that you wonder if you've failed to say the only thing that would have saved you even a fragment of her approval - or else you want to ask if you may write down your answers so's to have time to express them clearly and concisely, lawyer wise, coz if she is trying to elicit things it would be so much easier that way!

I think I'll leave the "Glory of Clementina" till you come home unless I run across it anywhere, which isn't likely, as I'm now finishing War and Peace, and the Makers of Venice, and reading a book of Ed. Spencer edited by Dr de Selincourt that Miss Badley gave me, and an Education book by Miss Mason that causes me to look up things in Goethe's Autobiography and Sartor Resartus, - and Woman and Labour, and E. V. Lucas's Wanderer in Florence, and Stevenson's Vailima Letters... so I think I'll do for just now, don't you!

Hooray for the walks when you come home! The one day a week, long walk that you promised Mr Badley you'd take with me, and have actually performed twice!! Tinues'!! Now Yipe and I see favourable signs in you see if we don't nurse 'em and make 'em fructify! Oh there are such a lot of lovely places about here to take you to!

I took two photographs today of the Spite and her cake and the decorations on the Utimaro, and you shall have them if they come out.

1913 tomorrow! I am very fond of 1912! There have been more landmarks (and happy ones) and more beautiful things to remember and (I think) more things learned than I've ever known in a single year before. - I think I shall want to hug 1912 always, even if I only see him in a book or the driest kind of catalogue. - Other people may think he's like other years, but I alone know what's in his heart!

Must go to post now. I have just written a short note to Ruth. Ever so much love, M."

1913

Switzerland

On January 5th 1913 in the San Francisco Call, Porter Garnets Column: "The latest portrait to be executed by Fred Yates is one of Colonel Alex G. Hawes. It is full of the life and character that every true portrait should display."

9th January: Fred writes from the Bohemian Club, San Francisco. "My dear Mary, I have found this little bit of silver in my pocket. A man gave it to me in Los Angeles - it is exactly as it comes out of the earth, in a soft crumbling rock. All the veins of silver stretching into the ground like veins in the body. You can put it if you like in your collection.

I wish you could feel how little I care how much you give to actual working. I can never imagine you lazy and the actual doing is nothing. I have thought so much lately of the necessity of variety in thought and particularly of action. I would give something to have my garden to dig in. We seem to need the quiet that seems to take hold of the mind in more gardening - to sweep a room would to me now be real luxury.

Ethel's collapse could have been avoided if she had realised the necessity of variety. I think there is nothing more that I love to hear of than your being up occasionally at Mrs Dawsons Will you consider the case of the little (Cleudeunen?) girl who had to chuck her position with the 'waifs' It is quite similar to Ethel's case.

My blessed girl keep mother up to her Muller (a set of 'keep fit' exercises) and I hug you with all my might. Daddy."

A letter comes from Frank Carter, dated January 11th, 12 Clarendon Road Holland Park. "My Dear old Yates! I have not exactly pestered you with letters have I?... ..How excited you must have been about Woodrow Wilson's success - He must be a fine fellow. It will be very interesting to see what he will be able to accomplish, he certainly has his work cut out.

We have been greatly agitated here about the Balkan campaign and the possible European complications. The whole thing seems still very uncertain. Some friends of mine, the Buxton's have been out there organising relief for the wounded.

There are great discussions here in the Tory party about Tariff Reform, rather amusing. Home Rule will be sent up to the Lords in a few weeks and will be rejected, I suppose. But it looks as though the Liberals may remain in power long enough to force it through. I hope so.

I know how distressed you will have been at the news of dear Van Wisselingh's death. He was a unique man. We shall not see his like again. There was a wonderful atmosphere about that quixotically honourable man, with his keenly critical yet kindly 'silently sympathetic' nature, who had powers of enjoyment and suffering far beyond the ordinary man. I believe he was a deep and subtle thinker and a sincere searcher after truth and a lover of justice. There was something intensely pathetic about his expression of gentle melancholy with a sort of deferential modesty, combined with genuine dignity. I never met a man with a more honest intellect, and I think he was incapable of flattery, which was rather wonderful in so sensitive and kindly a man. I wish his last years had been less full of anxiety and worries, but on the whole, his life must have been happier than most. He certainly had a wife in a million and was absolutely devoted to her. She bears her loss splendidly, as one knew she would, but I'm afraid her life must seem terribly empty without him. I think she intends to sell the house and later on to wind up their business. She talks vaguely of settling in London, which I think would be wise, as she has so many friends here.

I long to see your dear old face again. Give my love to America and don't over work yourself, and come back soon with your pockets bursting with money! Ever, Frank."

January 12th: San Francisco Call, Porter Garnets Column: "The portrait of Chief Justice Beatty by Fred Yates is an admirable likeness, but its greatest merit lies in something more than that. Something more profound, more essential. This something is the expression of character – of personality. One finds this quality occasionally in portraits which lack something of likeness, the mere physical identity, and not infrequently such portraits are superior as works of art to such as convey perfectly the external characteristics of the sitter. The difference is that which exists between presentation and representation, between suggestion and statement, between fact and overtone. In one we are made to feel that we are in the presence of the sitter, in the other we see merely the draftsman's manipulation of paint on canvas, the face simply a mask, a perfect counterfeit of the original, perhaps, but still a mask behind which there is no vitality, intelligence or spirit.



Chief Justice Beatty by Fred Yates

It was C. W. Furse, the English artist who said of Rembrandt: 'I see a remarkable human sympathy between himself and his sitters; he is always more interested in that part of them which conforms to some great central human type, and is comparatively uninterested in those little distinctions which delight the caricaturist and are the essence of that much applauded quality, the catching of a likeness. I don't believe he was a very good catcher of likenesses, but I am sure that his rendering was the biggest and fullest side of that man.' Without assuming that Yates is to be bracketed with Rembrandt, it may be said with truth that he has the biographers talent highly developed."

"Fred Yates has engaged a studio in the Hirsch and Kaiser building. He expects to execute there a number of commissions before his departure in February."

Mary wrote to Fred on January 12th 1913. "Daerlin!!, Snow galore and him not here to paint it! John Parker said yesterday was the worst storm he'd ever been out in and he had doubts if he'd ever get home. - He was up on Nab in the blizzard and dug 35 sheep out of one drift and 40 out of another. - I saw him this morning tramping far up the hill with a huge sack of hay on his back, and the dogs beside him leaping like rabbits through the snow that was deeper than their legs. - The Buffalo (Kinnie) lost his cud again - or whatever ailed him before (aside from E.Y. doing up the bills "was it the 28th we had shin and kidneys from Chew?" (Chew was the Butcher) and today she said with forlorn hope when attacking the earliest end of a long bill "I s'pose you don't remember if we had liver from Asplin before we went to Hallsteads summer before last?") (To return to the Buffalo) - I don't know why he should, coz he's had a little corn once a day and huge armfuls of privet or Ivy all winter. This a.m. when I went to him he refused privet and ivy and corn, and didn't bray though I was late in going out. So, I brought all the delicacies of the season to him and this evening he's all right but not owing

it because invalids diet is more exciting than his usual fare. Today he has consumed nearly two large raw onions, a big lump of salt, half a dozen peppercorns, half a raw potato, two cold baked ones, a boiled carrot (the raw ones are too hard for his ageing front teeth), a little dry wormwood, some hay, a lot of Quaker oats, dry, two cabbage leaves and some corn, so I think he'll about do. - Oh, also the skin of a navel orange, carefully peeled without a knife and dried by the fire to make it taste old!

We had a delightful time at the Bells last week. I came home on Thursday night, though the Spite stayed till next morning - because I felt I must get back to work. I had doubts whether I ought to go at all, but I'm glad I did. Somehow when one's been doing various other things for a week or two it is easier to get back to work if ones away from home a day or two first. It makes a sort of break, a period so that one forgets all the little odds and ends duties and comes so fresh to the other. Then also comes the time when one can't wait another minute! (Had to fill m' pen.) Its something the same freshness and energy I felt when I came back from Scotland - but then I had done no work for all the summer before, practically.

The dear Bells were so good to us and mother had a fine rest. Silva seems to have developed so just while my back was turned, in the satisfaction of having her own work I expect, the bookbinding, that she can do so perfectly and so independently. - I wish you could have heard her talk, she just sends us into fits of laughter by her dry little accounts. - E.g. she was talking about a bygone Ambleside dentist at whose hands the family had suffered much. - He was an old man, slow and with poor eyesight and he "used to leave things in your mouth, all sorts of things, a looking glass and a serviette and a crochet hook and then forgot about them" - and all this with round staring eyes above her bread and butter, and not a smile!

Mr and Mrs B's silver wedding was on Thursday, and Wednesday p.m. after other shopping in. Gertrude and I skulked single file up the lane with a lovely fragrant nodding sheaf of white Madonna lilies, mostly buds, in a hideous blue paper (I got em at Shorts, ordered long beforehand, 2/6 worth.) We were in fear and trembling of Mr Bell overtaking us, but managed to smuggle them into a dark corner of the barn in a green jug, till tomorrow morning when they were on the breakfast table, festively, in the early morning lamp light, adorable things, leaning toward each member of the family and giving out a faint scent to flavour the porridge.

Ever since we came home, the Yipe has been sleeping inordinately whenever nothing more exciting offered. The Bells are defective in appreciation of dogs, though they owned one, and loved him dearly, when the girls were small. It's so long ago that they've lost the habit and they are polite and kind to other people's dog's, but they still consider them dogs and not superhumanly cheerful and good-natured members of the family. So the Yipe slept in the hall and stayed in the garden most of the day, and spent his time rushing from door to door trying to watch for mother and me at every possible exit at once lest we should depart without him. With this and all the unnecessary exercise he takes when out with me, and the difficulty of getting about in the snow he is heavy with sleep tonight, head on fender, paws sprawling across the hearth rug. Last night he actually howled in his sleep, waked me up, and then ran miles on my bed and I felt him through the bedclothes.

Talking of silver weddings, the old iron kettle has honourably worn out, after being many times mended, and mother has bought a nice light broad-bottomed aluminium one that is the joy of M.G.s heart, and ours.

Friday I started a drawing of the Demeter, thinking it good exercise to begin my "term" with - next day the snow came and spoiled all my shadows by its reflected light, so I began again. I found the measurements difficult without you to hold the brush, so I "invented an invention" of a plumb line hung before her face with knobs of modelling wax to shove up and down, get em at the right points of top of head, chin etc, seen from a distance, then measure the thread. I think its what Honor would once have called a "tweaky idea", don't you? The drawing is much more nearly right than I thought I could

do without you, so far I have not found any tell-tale measurements of wrong proportions relied on. And the study more and more shews me the grandeur of the head, the elusive simplicity, - and what a soul, the earth mother, Demeter, godlike, womanly and ideal, but sexless, expressive of the state wherein there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. The snow light is beautiful on her, and the studio is every way satisfactory. I have rigged up strings to the ceiling to draw up the felt window curtains. I expect the temperature I work in would freeze your very marrows. I had the lamp in there all day today and when I went in to work, turned it out and opened door and window and enjoyed fresh air for awhile! I keep the old felt soled socks up there for slippers, and they're nice and warm to walk up and down in for my drawing.

M.G. came up this morning digging a path up the hill and enjoying it like any child - nice dry snow it was, over a foot deep, much drifted and still falling fast in fine flakes, the sort that shew their shapes to perfection especially through my lens. I looked at them as they fell on my black cloak - when magnified they are incredible little marvels, exquisite, fragile, law-formed perfect stars - varied in pattern, all made of transparent spars set at angles of 30 and 60 degrees - some compound, six small stars together forming the six points of a larger one. What a wonder to think of all the multitudes of them irresistibly burying the fields and the walls, bowing the trees, and even breaking them with their weight. Today it is a blanket over everything, softening everything, softening every sharp edge that it made of itself yesterday. - I walked along the terrace in the worst of it, when the hills were shut out from sight by the scurrying flakes, those that were falling and those that were blown from the edges of the drifts like shining dust in eddying whirls of white, leaving sharp points and ridges, a range of Alps in the small. In such a storm, the drifts seem almost as shifting as waves with their tops changing each instant into flying spray.

14th. On Sunday I went up by the shooting box and sat in a foot of snow on top of a wall and made two quick sketches, 20 minutes each, which I have worked from since in tempera.

It wasn't cold a bit as that violent wind had gone down and I'd got so warm tramping up the hill.

Tonight we re going to a Woman's Suffrage meeting in Ambleside - and I spex it'll be very interesting.

Mothers coaching with the Miss Badleys and co. and I'm walking - its moonlight.



Pastel by Mary Yates from beside the "shooting box", Rydal.

Last night going down to join the "faithful few" (very few) at the sewing meeting I left a zone of clear air with Jupiter and the golden crescent of the little new moon shining frostily, and went suddenly down into a thick, chill, white fog that left all the trees next morning white with its breath. There were 15 degrees of frost.

The dear buffalo's hale and hearty again, not to say bumptious and self willed. The Parkers are all hugely amused to hear of the fare I brought him round on, specially the onions! Today and yesterday, he's made two or three quite bulgingly "square" (paradox!) meals of Yipey's molassine terrier food! I have brought up huge armfuls of ivy, which Hunt has saved for me, but Kin declines 'em after all my trouble because they were sheltered in the garage until I could fetch them!

Now never say this isn't a letter and a half! and I haven't remembered half the things I've thought of in between whiles that I wanted to say to you! Oh how I would like some skating!

Lots of love to you dear - Mary."

Fred wrote to Mary on the 18th of January: "My Mary, It is six o'clock in the morning and I have been thinking of the end of your beautiful letter that you wrote on 31st of the year - particularly its ending up - your love of 1912 - I think it is one of the most beautiful things that I ever read. - I shall keep it always in spite of this separation - for in a sense it is no separation. I can say the same of 1912. So go on learning and in such strides as I feel that I have done, not only in my painting but in my experience, in all the people I have met, and then above all to feel that those who are truly married are in heaven and angel which is what I grow and live to everyday, my past self your blessed mother and then my surer understanding of the great over-all, of our daily life. Yours at home, mine here our going out and coming in - and I have grown to understand. Daddy. (I think of you at 6 and you have both finished dinner 2pm!)

Mary wrote on January 28th: "Dearest Father, Thank you for your two lovely letters to me this week, and the beautiful little twisted bit of silver ore - I never saw any "raw" before, its like filigree, isn't it? I laughed over your writing that you had perhaps the habit of work but my way was best and you didn't care how little actual work I did - These spites! Misleading injunctions! Only not having your news at hand to explain your own meaning to you and fly speck your letters with corrections I injoy that isn't what you mean at all -tinues?

Law sakes I haven't got the habit of work you have, but I have got to understand lately how much regularity counts for and how if you do wait for the spirit before going to work, you just have to waste it removing stones and digging a channel that should have been all prepared for it in the dark hours. I think I have of late gained a little of control of hand and pencil in a mechanical way, as an instrument. I do realise what you mean about variety - I should have plenty of that here, should I not? This last week I have been planting things for Mrs Paige and in our garden, some things I got from Bare, a lavender bush and a few rock things which called for the complete overhauling of the top of the rockery. I moved the ferns from there to above the stream. The wet bank, which you and I agreed to devote to ferns, and moved the daffodils from there to down on the bank in front, the driest place in the garden where they flower well. Today I've been in to see Mr Aitcheson about the wall in Kinnie's field that's tumbled down, and on behalf of Mrs Paige, about those hideous washy pink rhododendrons. - She's got some nice one's which I shall plant, and Mr A.'s going to send a man up to remove them to the park for pheasant cover - so there'll be the holes all ready for me!!

Last week I went into the Armit Library for an hour and began a book on the study of mosses. Here my lens comes in, and oh, the unsuspected wonders there in the commonest tuft of moss! One could not wish a better "moss-garden" to study from than the wall in the back yard, full of beautiful things!

Last week I expect mother told you, we had the little le Flemings to tea, minus Diana. - They are pathetic little children, love hungry, all but Joan - well she is too in another way; she's evidently the favourite, much indulged, securely selfish and not above suspicion of "crooked ways" - but enough in need poor mite, of the right kind of love. The boys are very shy and quite cowed, inexpressive, except twice when Michael lost himself for a moment in the joy of a purple crocus that had opened

in the lamplight, and again over the flash of blue in my bit of Labrador feldspar. Dick is shallow and common, but there is a refinement and power of appreciation in Michael that I would like to see let loose. Isn't it wonderful how something like that grows in a child, independent, or even defiant, of the environment, whose power we think so much of? The boys and Diana scarcely ever meet one full in the eye and shrink away into the corners. Joan stares you out of countenance and appropriates whatever she's a fancy for, generally under the guise of generosity to the absent!! I think the squire and Mrs were very pleased at our having invited the children to come.

There is another group of children I have discovered and what a different circle! - The little Parises, Miss Elletison-under-Loughrigg's gardener's children. They lost their mother a little while ago, and their father, a very delicate-looking thin-faced man, has been without a housekeeper for some weeks. He looks more like a tailor or a town clerk, than a gardener. I went, the night after Michael etc. were here, to take them a pot of baked beans which could be warmed up daily without trouble - and it was delightful to get among real, live natural children again. I took the little brown guinea pig along on a visit and it was an open sesame! It also allowed me to talk to the father and study the children meanwhile without confronting six pairs of round eyes at various levels! They are delightful children. The eldest little girl is 13, and the youngest about 4. The little girl in a nightgown leaned against my knee and cuddled the pig, and the rest were all reaching for bits of the brown silkiness - They had observed me thoroughly on a previous visit, so the charms of the pig were an absorbing interest!

I meant to have written a while ago to clear myself of your charge against us both of having pulled! We have never felt that you were staying too long, so please don't go and have us on your mind and hurry away from your work. "The end of March" sounds delightful. But we'd much rather you'd stay longer if you feel you should, instead of leaving work behind that will make you come home in a temporary sort of way.

These last few days I have been working ineffectually on a beautiful subject that would make your hair absolutely fall in ringlets over your ears! - The Chinese bowl, my best beloved with the very small bottom, with very pale purple crocuses in it, just two in flower, standing against an old yellowish white window curtain.

Oh it is lovely, makes you think of Whistler and all sorts of things, but it is the dickens - one of the most difficult things I've ever tried to do, - "I scrapes and scrapes, makes no complaints"!

The buffalo has been enjoying the Paige's grass and is hale and hearty again - I've just been up to him.

Kisses hoy.
You'd better! Mary.



The blackbirds have begun to sing; I hear them in the morning - joy birds! and the robins are "at it continual" weather permitting or not!"

The San Francisco Call of February 2nd, Porter Garnets Column: "Fred Yates recently spent a week at the Hotel del Monte. (An old resort Hotel in Monterey, California, Near Carmel. Very exclusive.) While there he painted a portrait of Mrs Downey Harvey. He also gave the illustrated lecture on Jean Francois Millet which he delivered with such success at the Bohemian Club during his last visit. Yates brought back a number of sketches from Monterey, among them a marine, very simple and very beautiful in colour."

Porter Garnets Column again, February 9th, San Francisco Call: "There seems to be no end to the industry of Fred Yates. He has recently added to his list of portraits painted since his arrival here an excellent likeness of Mr Frederick W. Hall, former president of the Bohemian Club."

Fred writes again on the 9th of February from the Bohemian Club, San Francisco. Sunday morning, 9th February: "I am thinking of you both - begin my daylight that way. Had rather a restless night but read my Leonardo - it gives a very reverse side of Savonarola compared to what we have been brought up on. Wonderful works of art, and priceless M's.s. were destroyed by him. Meret Kowski is the man who writes my book. It is called a romance. I have a letter from Mrs Vanderlip telling me that they are in Florida till May. - She also asks what I will sell her portrait for that is in London, but I don't want to sell it and told her so. - I think we all three have got to love it, and it is what I consider to be my best work - something that I can aim at. I must get to still life and paint with a bigger and fuller brush. - I have done a head of Fred Hall since I had my talk with Bruce, and they consider it quite the best head I have done here - only strange to say there is another class - and perhaps the most insistent that calls for more likeness in the same canvas. - The likeness! What a riddle it is. But I must strive for the quiet tone of still life - the jewel quality at the same time. - Technical. Porter Garnett who you know was editor of the "Lark" with Gellett Burgess - I have read to him pieces of Mary's letters, he is tremendously keen about them - as Bruce is and predicts that she will write. He said to me "I think Mary would be glad of a suggestion - tell her to get the habit of paragraphs." He said it is easily acquired. You can tell Mary this if you like - it isn't my show exactly - but Garnett is so interested in her writing that I don't see it can do any harm."

Mary wrote on February the 11th, "Dearest Father, Isn't it delightful about Honor! I don't remember anything so utterly satisfactory for quite a while, considering the eventfulness of the last happy year! She is all ready for being ever so happy now, just as Donald's marriage came just at the right stage of his development - and all we saw growing and welling up in her last summer is overflowing now and enriching her nature. A few years ago Maurice Gibb might have been criticised in the fault finding sense - now she can criticise in the sense of "appreciate", which is distinctly more difficult and useful! Scratchings out are caused by Tommy coming then, and my reading a letter from Ruth Powers in the middle of my sentence. Did you receive the bit of your wedding cake we sent? Here at last are the photographs, and there you see the whole of the cake lying in state, since scattered all over England, India and U.S.! Today we've had a glorious bit of spring, and a correspondingly glorious game of hockey that went well and gave me lots of exercise and the Yipe lots of vocal practice - heart rending sobs and moans! I am doing a luscious bit of still life in oil, the bronze vase with pussy willow, and the wee silver ash tray, against an old bit of dark green velvet which for some reason is a beautiful rich brown at one end. I have had to do it less than 1/2 life size, but I revel in the colour, bitumen or any other immortalities going! Kuththa is most grateful to the senses at present, fluffy and clean and suggestive of attar of Jeye's fluid and soap. - He had a bath yesterday, and for some reason wasn't nearly as miserable as usual - and today he had a haway on the way home - I'll write Ruth now for tonight's post. Lots of love, Mary. What an untidy scrappy letter - I don't think joyful excitement and hockey and spring and things agree with me!"

Fred wrote home on the 13th of February "Lincoln's Birthday." from the Bohemian Club, San Francisco: "I am returning these letters of Aaron and dear Weisse - Dear Weisse - ! I think you had better keep Belias letter.

Your lovely letters - you and Mary's - It makes me only long and long to be home. I don't really think I can stay longer here if work does come up. I think only of home - and I will see Mrs Orr somehow. My big trunk is on its way (freight) to New York. - C/o Raphael Weill. N.Y. They have a home there. This will stand storage in New York and when I get back from Washington, I have only to notify them to send my trunk to my steamer. Seems awfully like coming home doesn't it, and I hear the birds! I have learnt beyond anything I can tell you - with Henry Atkins on the 11th Feb with him I saw 14 Arthur's pictures and I have copied one and I have begun an oil of Bruce, and begun Hall over again. He has given me a lovely Jap bronze woman - Bruce chose it. Mary's lovely lovely letters - you two blessed! D."

Porter Garnets Column in the San Francisco Call continues to report, On February 16th:
"The recording of Fred Yates industry must continue, it seems, until he leaves San Francisco, which he will do shortly in order to attend the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, all the members of whose family have been Yates sitters. The latest evidence of his industry is his portrait of Bruce Porter."

Fred writes on the 21st February, Friday: "My dear ones, I am leaving S.F. on the overland Limited - at 10.20 on Tuesday 2nd - I go to Detroit first to: Mrs Kate Chapman 139 Gladstone Avenue Detroit. I get there on the 28th I leave on the 2nd March, Sunday and reach Washington on the 3rd - I am to be the guest of the Wilson's at the Shoreham Hotel and on the 4th, we are to go to the White House. Letters coming here after I leave will be forwarded to me at Washington. I am besieged with duties. - I am going to be selfish from now on. Folks want too much. How I long for Tuesday, to be on my way home, home home.!!!! D."

Mary writes on February the 21st "Daerlin Father, I meant to have written you a long letter today, but when I came in from shopping Miss Flora Campbell, from Grasmere, was here, and we had to do musics. The photographs of you omletting with Mrs Harvey are delightful, you are actually there! and in my grey jersey too! and I know just what the scrape of the fork on the bottom of the omelette pan felt like! This is our 11th day with no rain, and a nice steady brom. and E. wind - isn't it quite unheard of? - Unheard of at least since last September! I have been painting the rocks with the yew trees up on Nab, and that big rock that we've done before (also with Yew tree hanging over it and deep shadow) - near "Daddy's seat". This I do in the studio, from memory, and from a pencil sketch, and take it out now and then. I'm rather wanting a good day's walk or two - half term is on Monday, and I may go off with Miss Drury or perhaps with the children - and I think I'll work better after it. (Big sigh from the Yipe by the fire, curling his paws under and sinking into the next heaviest degree of sleep. There are several degrees of dog-sleep. Sometimes when he's on my bed and yiping bad dreams I can kick him through the clothes so's to wake him onto another, and a dreamless plane of sleep, not waking him up.)

We had such a happy afternoon yesterday scouting on Loughrig, the Fairfield children and I and one or two students. We have just divided up our unwieldy numbers into patrols, 5 of them - and I have been made leader of the children's patrol, 11 of them - which is delightful. I love working with them. We are all practising signalling just now - it is such a keen interest to them all. Tomorrow they are all coming to tea - the great once-a-term event. I am so sorry mother won't be here for it, it's such a jolly occasion.



They are such dear girls, all of them, and its so interesting to watch them grow and develop in all their different ways, and to find the little grain of something that's worth while even in the little monkeys and butterflies that one did not think very promising! The Yipe realises his kinship with them as peewit and wants to tear after them if he sees em in the distance, and barks if I pass them on the road! Night-night! Ever so much love. Mary.”

On the 23 February , in the *San Francisco Call*, Porter Garnets Column: “Fred Yates leaves tomorrow for Washington D.C. where he will be the personal guest of President elect Woodrow Wilson at the White House. Yates' stay in San Francisco has been fruitful of many fine portraits, and after he goes a number of these will be on exhibition on the 'long wall' at Vickery, Atkins and Torrey's. They will comprise the artists highly successful portrait of Chief Justice Beattie: a portrait of Colonel Alexander G Hawes, painted for the Bohemian Club, one of Mr. Frederick W. Hall, one of 'Mrs. G.', A free piece of painting of excellent colour, and a drawing in pastels of Miss Elizabeth Puttnam, remarkable for its delicacy. Another portrait of Mr Bruce Porter is to be added to the collection. The painting of Mr Hall is one of two for which he sat. They differ markedly, but both are admirable likenesses and intimate renderings of the sitters personality. Another recent portrait by Yates is of Mr Hugh Burke.”

Another San Francisco Newspaper cutting (source unidentified): reads: "ARTIST YATES TO GO TO THE INAUGURATION. Intimate with Wilson will be Special Guest at the White House. Fred Yates, the artist, will leave for Washington on Tuesday morning to attend the inauguration of his friend Woodrow Wilson. He is to join the Wilsons at the Shoreham [Hotel] before the inaugural and after that ceremony is to be one of the party in the first night at the White House.



Yates painted the coming President's portrait for Princeton University and has long been an intimate of the famous Princetonian. During his stay in California the famous painter has had many sittings and he is leaving behind him an exhibition of some of his best work . . . The artist will go off to his English home from Washington, but says he hopes to be back in California in a year or two.

At the dinner party at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington on the eve of the inauguration, Fred sat next to Mrs. Ellen Wilson at a table of 32. Writing later to Emily and Mary, (*The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press*) he told them "Next to Mrs. Wilson was John A. Wilson [the host, who was a cousin of Woodrow Wilson, and at the far end of the table was the President-Elect, Jessie, Nellie & Margaret all looking lovely as queens, princesses rather."

He said the next day, he was "in the President's party everywhere" and "was three rows off and could see the President's face all the while" during his inauguration.

Jessie Wilson

After taking the oath administered by the Chief Justice, Wilson gave his inaugural address. He started it by announcing simply: "There has been a change of government". He ended it by saying: "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of the party, but the forces

of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us, men's lives hang in the balance, men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to that great trust? Who dares to fail and try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side."

The new President and his wife held their first dinner that evening. "We were all of the family except myself," Fred told Emily and Mary, "and as I entered, the President said Fred, go and sit on Mrs; Wilson's left. There I was for my second dinner, sitting next to that dear darling. We numbered only 14. As you may imagine we talked often of you two dear darlings at home; the President sitting across the table from Mrs. Wilson, flowers galore on the table."

At 8.30 next morning, Fred had breakfast alone with the President. "He had two eggs, unbeaten, and swallowed them in orange juice, whole, like oysters, that and some porridge and coffee. He is looking very well and weighs more than he has ever done in his life. 179lbs. I played accompaniments for Margaret to sing and at lunch time we sat down again, 33, when again I find myself at Mrs. Wilson's left, and a gay time we had I can tell you; with the President in fine story form seated in front."

Fred told Emily and Mary that in the afternoon, the President took his wife for a short car drive round the Washington Monument, and invited Yates to accompany them. "I alone was with them and the man - the body guard who sits by the chauffeur. Great crowds cheering. Then when we left Mrs. Wilson, the President took me off alone with him round the park. We were gone about an hour and you may imagine your dear husband's distinction!" ... "Mrs Wilson most lovingly asked me to stay longer and the President said; "Why surely Fred you are not going to leave us." I said "Yes I am, my cup is filled to the brim, and I did the square, for I know the crowds of relatives they want my room for. It was palatial, and Lordy; how well I slept awaking this morning not in the least realizing where I was; nor that our dear friend was actually the President of America."

"He was longing to go home after some months of being away so he was only there a day or two. Woodrow asked what he would like as a memento of the occasion and Fred Yates asked for the large American Flag on which he had his hand when he took the oath of office.

This was given to him and was for many years in the attic at Rydal - only brought out on great occasions such as the end of the Great War and later on V.E. Day when it was lent to the local town to add to the celebrations.

It was fetched by one man on a bicycle, but an American Serviceman who saw it recognised it as the "real thing", told the town officials it was rather special; and it was escorted back, carefully folded and packed, by two or three men.

It was so large that it had to be hung out of the top window of the cottage and reached the ground, covering most of the front wall.



"Old Glory " flying from Hart Head Cottage.



Later Mary Yates offered it to Princeton University, telling them of its connection with Woodrow Wilson (whose portrait we presume they already had) and they gladly accepted it, saying it would make a good background to a display they had, or were planning."

From notes supplied by Joan Fox.

On February 25th, (not being yet informed of events in America.) Mary wrote to Fred: "Blessed Father! It is now nearly 6pm. and being post day, not really time to write, except that I have this of mother's to send you, and your dear J M.B., just arrived!

It's been raining a little today. Ordinarily this would not be worth the mentioning (except the "a little") but having enjoyed nearly a fortnight without it makes it feel dryer to tell you as an interesting coincidence that we have had a little rain!

It's getting lovely and clear now after sunset, leaving a cloudless sky for blackbirds to sing into until dusk.

We had a glorious day for our half-term walk yesterday. I went with 3 new students, strangers to me, and Phyllis Bowser, a little girl whose just come to Scale Howe and was in the Practising School. She's a dear girl who gives one always a sense of inner quiet, she's 19, but I always think of her as a child, having been a class or two below me in school and always young for her age. Of the others, one was pretty and ordinary, one might be nice if she had not grown up in a scowling de Selincourt attitude of mind and conversation, unpleasant and wearisome, the third was a contrast, sweet natured, slow, unconscious, and comically lacking in the slightest sense of humour. We walked some nineteen and a half miles. I can't make it out 20 in the map with all my pains, but with our many ups and downs, I daresay it was as much. We went to Hawkshead first. Then to Tarn Howes (I think I've been there with you haven't I?) Then to Coniston, and back through Tilberthwaite, up Tilberthwaite Ghyll, where we went the day of the choir party, remember? (Only yesterday, it was sunless between the rocks and hanging with fringes of icicles) - Then home by way of Little Langdale with a beautiful soft sunset behind us. All day it was hazy and blue, and without any outlines to distant hills, until the sun spread pink behind Wetherlam and sank down behind the dark shoulder. - After that we could feel the chill mist of the valley and we knew it was cold, our own walking circulation's to the contrary..

I stayed to supper at Scale How after a "grateful and comforting" wash - everyone was so full of their various expeditions, fresh with the wind and the days freedom and contentedly sleepy and physically self-satisfied. And as for the Yipe, he lay and slept like a log in the veranda and has done whenever possible (i.e. when I was safely in sight) ever since. He has yet to learn to save his strength on a long walk! He invariably goes 3 times as far as the rest of the party, and has no idea of denying himself a h'away or any other temptation!

Oh my children's party on Saturday was delightful! They enjoyed themselves to the full! let off steam in tree climbing two solid hours. Then came in with hunters appetites and demolished bread and butter as fast as the elder ones and I could cut it. Then they curled up in all the cozy corners of the room and enjoyed the firelight while I played to them. We finished up with uproarious games of Blind Peter - and long after their "peewit" calls had died away with the lantern's light down the hill, the quiet room was fairly thrilling with their presence's.

Near post time, and I must get mothers forwarded letters together and write to her.

Hunt thinks the roses will do well enough till the middle of March, But he's got his early peas in. So I expect I'll have to keep next Monday free to watch that goose Borwick dig the garden and keep him from sneaking off to cut the hedge that I don't want to have cut or to some other paper pattern job that needs no initiative.

But don't you hurry home, dear, get your work done so you can stay home hard next summer and go walks with me! We're not pulling you know! Lot's of love, Mary."

On February 28th Mary writes to Emily, (who must have also been away at the time) "Dear little Spite, First to answer your, so far, neglected questions. Re. Muriel Perrin - Scale How breaks up middle of July, but Miss Mason and Miss Kitching always go away a fortnight or so before that.

Yes, both Kinnie sleeves were nearly through. Of course I remembered Miss Somervell had asked us - lawsakes these spites! I went there, and Miss Drury to the Hamiltons where I joined her later and we walked about 1/2 way home in lovely clear starlight before the 7 coach overtook us.

The Somervell tea was beastly I wd. have made a rush for the 5 coach to escape it had I known it was going to be so full up and crowded with durned people we don't like to be with - barring Mr Willink - Mrs Bee wasn't there. The concert wasn't bad, Mr W's Ballade was gorgeous, but the piano hadn't so to speak the courage of it's convictions, Tho' it wasn't to say out of tune. The Bassoon soloist wasn't there so we filled up with Miss King, violinist, and Antonia Somervell the former colourless, toneless and generally somewhere near being in tune. Antonia S. has a pretty voice, but, I thought, very badly trained into an artificial production about as unlike a human voice as it could be. I'd like to have heard her before she took lessons. Her choice of songs was very nice, and she looked pretty, beautiful neck, shoulders and figure and very simple becoming dress. Probably I'd have appreciated it all more if it hadn't been an awful stuffy room and not room for m' legs, and a lovely day outside so I just felt caged all the p.m.

I'm so glad you're to see Ellen, and the dear Teichmanns. Give 'em my love.

Oh, Miss Drury said to tell you she'd enjoyed it ever so - she did I know. The room was quite full so I hope they made a good bit for the Festival. While I was gone two of the Willy-Willink children and their mother (?) came over and brought the song books - sorry to miss the children - so tomorrow I hope we'll have a good go at the rounds when we're out scouting. Miss Parish comes for the weekend. I'll write father now unless I fall asleep. Gowligowly letter isn't it? Lots of love. M.

I'm sending your letters on to father just in case you have been too busy to write him. Wonder why Elsie says to write her myself. I will do so in a day or two. I haven't written Mrs Carter yet, thought maybe I could get her some twigs or something if I waited. Nice letter from Isabel."

Another letter from Mary to Emily on March 2nd: "Mother Dear, How delightful Ellen's coming up! Can't little Ruth be got too by hook or crook? Here's Tonald's letter, unopened, after a prolonged argument that is not yet conviction! for Brutus was an honourable man! If you post it to me tomorrow night, I'll have it to read Tuesday morning!

I have not paid Mrs Stuart yet for "the storkins more by token it was the nipper's birthday" as I had only about 8/- in the world.

I have a short letter from Ad. this a.m. in answer to mine when you wrote too, so grateful for them both. - She wrote all round the edges of her paper in such a maze that she made out a plan with arrows to be followed, to help me find my way through it, and I've nearly had the everlasting hicksterics over it all by myself!!

Yesterday we had scouting on Loughrigg only about 8 of us, and practised signalling and rounds, which latter went not badly considering the short time we had for them - people were very keen on "Summer is" etc. The juniors invited me to their play in the evening which was delightful - wish you'd been there. The first part was a play of Browning's that I'd never read, "Colombe's birthday" - excellently acted, not an easy thing to attempt - and the second, some bits out of the Mill on the Floss, scenes between Maggie and Tom in their childhood, and with the "aunts and uncles" when they came to lunch. - They had a big dinner table on the stage, and oh dear, funny wasn't the word for it! Delightful to hear Miss van der Mersch's imperfect English struggling also with the dialect and from under a hideous bald grey wig!!

Miss Parish was there, and is coming over here with Miss Kitching this evening, or was until she heard you weren't home. Miss K.'s getting absolutely giddy isn't she? - Twice in 8 days! Miss P. goes tomorrow a.m.

3.30. I'm going to look for larch roses, unless the quarry road is too much infested with "loves young dream!" I hope Honor's Hartlepool visit is not going to be instead of Blea Tarn! Lots of love Dear. Hang the oranges, of course they're all right, all but two, discovered before your letter came! M."

She writes again, on the move herself, on April: "Just past Warrington. Darlin Spite! I have written two letters, Adam and Nora Ely, in shakiness unutterable at times. When it becomes quite illegible through speed (the train's speed, not my writings, no such luck!) I wait for a station, so I don't get on with any extraordinary alacrity. Haven't yet tried to write anyone respectable, e.g. Mrs Paige!

I have seen and enjoyed my group of pink-smoked chimneys at "Wiggin," - since when we have passed a field or two under water with a flock of gulls dipping over it pretending it was a real lake or such. Here and there I see a ploughed field with quite a "shot" appearance, of pale green and red brown, wheat or oats coming up in such fine new blades as only to be visible when you look through them e.g. on the crest of a hill. Trains getting shakier, - I shd. like to say to it "more haste you less speed me" - it always "behaves" quite a while after leaving a station, then gets reckless!

Miss Annie Somervell is sitting opposite me, which is nice, We have a Ladies only, but have admitted two hilarious but subdued factory youths by common consent, their being two seats vacant. When they feel the restraint of the Ladies only too much for them they go out into the corridor and consort with a territorial. Cockadoodledoo! I see a post box. By Yipe! Lots of love dear, do rest! M."

On the 26th of May in 1913, in a reply to a letter from Fred, Woodrow Wilson confided in a hand-written letter, his feelings as the new President. "I cannot tell you what pleasure your letter gave me, - gave us! The voice of a dear friend amidst the clangour of these days of rush and confusion and anxious responsibility is like sweet music and renews everything that is fresh and normal and invigorating in me. Thank you with all my heart!" *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.*

Wilson told Fred that "everything is on course" and "the signs that our programme will go through are all good so far and the opinion of the country continues to back me in a most encouraging way," adding "We are all well, and go at our daily tasks with zest, and how often we think of you all, God

bless you! The day after I am released from this great job, I shall take ship for Rydal! These are but a few, hasty lines, but they are freighted with deep affection for all three of you from all five of us."

A little while after Fred's return to England, Mary took a holiday in Scotland, and she wrote back home on August 1st: "Oban. Dearlin' Spites, I have been trying to work with only this result which however may give you a slight idea of the colour before me as I sit under a tiny shady bit of crag on the hot hillside with a chorus of flies round me, - they don't alight often though so I've no objection to their buzzing all they like. T. is somewhere on the opposite hillock reading in the sun. The hills of Mull are getting slowly slowly clearer, but are still all of the same hazy blue - now and then a white shining gull sails across, or our grey friend the curlew (of our encounter with whom last evening I will tell you.) flies over us screaming maternal anxiety, so near that we can see her long downward curved bill and her peculiar round head quite distinctly. There is a wonderful golden red tinge in the grass, and on the hills where there's a low clinging growth of heather not yet in flower just now we found some white heather, lucky on the "Rabbits" of August!

Oh it is all so lovely with this hot sun and hazy hills! We had a beautiful sail yesterday right round the island of Mull, which I am quite in love with and longing to walk there, to the island of Iona where there is a very old cathedral, and the remains of a monastery.

All the morning it was overcast rather with haze than clouds, and the water was sometimes blue grey and often silvery grey with the sun, pale as the moon reflected double in the smooth continuous wave that followed the steamer. Crowds of gulls went I am sure the whole round from Oban back again with the boat and did pretty well by it too with the bread thrown to them.

There were common gulls, dipping and sailing along level with the vessel so easily, often for minutes without moving their wings. Now and then one of the black backed gulls would be taken with a fit of laughing and fly back and round up the others screaming away so comically with its bill open as if it was out of joint. (Another name for it is the Laughing Gull.) Now and then we saw guillemots sitting on the water or flying in a straight line a few feet above it. The common ones have dark brown or black heads and backs and white on the wings that twinkles when they fly. They dive while sitting on the water, with just a leap up and then plop! down head first. Cormorants too we saw, they fly so low in the water that only their heads and long necks are visible, we saw them also sitting on the rocks drying their wings.

The boat was very full of not very interesting people (I don't care for the sort we see here in the town, but being that sort they don't frequent lovely places like this where we go. There was no one else at Gowly Villa but ourselves till yesterday, and now there are two little children, dears, parents not striking but all right and generally invisible, but the two babies, about 3 and 5 we meet on the stairs and on the steps. The little one has blue eyes and smooth red hair and reminds me of the pictures I've seen of Joan and Celia Bedford.)

("Quarter past 12, had we better be going, considering washing?" "I think we can give ourselves 'other five' minutes.")

There was a delightful typical German party (while I think of it I've received the 2 pairs Lisle thread storkins M.B.T.I.N.T.N.B. from Tolson and like `em, - subject suggested by slaying a cleg who was biting through them.) Mother and Father, two girls at a guess 22, 24 (T. thought younger) dressed exactly alike even to yellow shoes and storkins etc. petticoats and blouse patterns ("I watched!") Elder one had a large very German face, not good looking a bit, but somebody was carrying on in "geweben" and became the centre of the very lively conversation wherever she was, the rest of the party being 4 oldish men. A stout old fellow with a beard who looked like Brahms, another with a German army moustache, one more like a Jew, one more stout, and clad in a tight brown tweed suit, and the girls father, a lean man with grey pointed beard. There were also a quite ordinary but

very pleasant French family, parents, girl 17 with a face as broad as an Esquimaux and as broad a smile, another girl 14? with a lovely fat pigtail, and a boy of 11. Such a jolly family, no end of fun and laughter going on.

T. remarks the prevalence of general conversation among continental families as contrasted with the way British parties split up into 2s and 3s or, in a larger group, the way the "general" conversation is kept up by 2 or 3 only, the rest listening.

After lunch we had much less time on the islands than we would have liked, and during most of what we had at Iona the guide harangued the crowd. So I chucked the information and went on ahead and had a good look at the cathedral while the rest, all but one or two, were safely held by him, and walked around the ruins of weathered yellowish stone built in with dark pink granite, hot in the sun, and everything scented by the cushions of large clover flowers.

Just near the pier where we landed was a row of tiny cottages, whitewashed and thatched as if there hats were pulled down over there eyes, each apparently containing only two rooms - no stairs, and over the door of one was a sign "Laghlan Maclachan, General Merchant"!!

We had lunch on board and amused ourselves discovering the former histories of the dishes, e.g. "roast" beef, boiled and then browned in the oven, said T., the new fledged housekeeper, apple tart, boiled apples with a square of pastry which the apples had obviously never met before; it was unutterably stuffy, but Mr T. always prefers his meals set out whatever they are.

At Staffa, a wonderful island of the strange formation of the Giants Causeway, made up of 3, 4, 5, and 6, sided columns, we had still again less time than we would have liked. We longed to explore it all, it is only one and a half miles round and so full of wonderful things, caves above the sea and others only to be reached by boat, and these extra ordinary rocks, some broken into steps like the Giants Causeway, others in rows supporting an entirely different stratum all broken by pressure, others curved and contorted most curiously.

We all went along into Fingals cave, and not even the crowd could spoil its wonderful beauty. I'm putting in the two p.c.'s because it's easier than explaining the strangeness of the caves shape. I hope to find some to show the rocks better, but looking down from the side of the cave on the right where we walked along into the deep dark blue green water, in which waved huge brown palm like leaves of some sea weed, and on some of the rocks that were only shallowly covered with water all lit up by the sun. The colour was as beautiful as anything I have ever seen. The yellow grey of barnacle covered rocks in the liquid (literally!) light, and the sea anemones like live pale jewels, Oh it was lovely!

So was the journey home around the north of Mull. But the people and the sight seeing and the inaction made us all tired, so when we'd had supper T. and I made off to the hills soon after 7 and had the most heavenly walk until dark and weren't in till 10. It was one of the nights one lives for. We went up on the hills where we were this a.m. where one gets remarkably quickly away from civilization.

We were soon up along a path by a sweet smelling pine wood, into a little bare glen with a bog in it; and there was the mother curlew screaming and wailing and flying across in such distress. We looked and found as we thought, the footprints of her and a young one in the mud on the path, and so immediately organised a search.

I had not gone a yard from the path, poking about in the rushes when T. cried "Look!" and there to my right, low among the sedges crouched the young curlew not stirring a feather, but breathing hard. We picked him up and had a good look at him, sweet thing, with his long blue grey soft legs and big feet, his long curved bill, and light coloured downy body, mottled with darker brown, and the

floppy little helpless undeveloped wings. When we set him down he made off in clumsy haste into the bracken, uttering little plaintive cries. But T. was seized with a desire to know the sequel.

She was in white blouse and grey skirt, no good for scouting purposes, but I in my green would do well enough so we went together to a small tree, a hawthorn among rocks and bracken, and there with some bracken over my face I lay down and she walked openly up the glen. (I read in that book on the Golden Eagle that birds are content if they see some of the party go away, and can't count.)

I heard the curlew following her up the hill and screaming, then it came back and after some time a soft voice so like its own that at first I thought it was an echo, answered out of the bracken nearer and nearer to me, and then I saw the baby curlew walk past within two yards of my stone, pecking this way and that, helping itself to any insects that were about, and always piping back to its mother on the hillside above me, whose cries had now sunk to soft conversationing.

I watched the chick down to the stream and up the hill again into the marsh. But the mother seemed settled on the look out point for hours to come and the gnats were enjoying my neck and parting, and T. having all the sunset to herself from the top of the moor. So I crawled out and followed her up, again pursued by the screams of the curlew.

The view from the top of the Sound of Mull and all the islands in the bay and the hills of the mainland, was just my ideal of a scotch scene, and the smell of the heather and of the little pine wood below all fitted in with the beauty and the silence. We went down the hill through the wood from where we saw highland cattle, lying against the sky on the hill above us, and down across the railway line onto the road by dusk.

Oh a most perfect walk, and so restful and beautiful after the long day on the steamer. T. has just been reading a life of George Elliot and was telling her a lot about her, most interesting as I've been reading Harriet Martineau, to compare notes, and about Charlotte Bronte and other great women of that time.

This letters long enough, glad I haven't got to read it over! Love M."

Fred wrote to Mary on August 3rd from Rydal, (*their letters crossing*): "My dear Mary, It is all going well with mother and me, we are a bit lonesome and the poor Yipe is lonesome and wandering about dejected like everlastingly on the watch for sounds coming up the path, so I have pampered him once or twice with biscuits. - They fall by accident and he crunches and forgets his woes.

Tonight we are going to give him an "away" down at boat house. It looks a bit thundery and a sense of something coming. Mother sat this morning at 6.00 and looked fine and now she's resting so as to be fresh to sit again a little later on. I did distinctly good work this morning but not enough pigment and otherwise large and collective sort of feeling to it.

We had quite a nice evening at the Legh's. The dear Yipe in his corner opp. Harvey, and later Legh and I had a sensible get-to-know-one-another kind of a talk and Mrs Legh and mother had something of the same experience. I picked roses galore - and gave some to M.G. for her sick friend and tonight we are sending some to Mrs Browne. Your brushes go with this, Daddy."

Back in the London studio, Fred writes to Emily and Mary on November 13th or 14th: "My dear Girlies, The gallery looks corking - you will be very "thank God." - I have Mary all alone on a wall. - Her "Lily" and the two still lifes - and two landscapes and the pastel.

She would feel very gratified - I think the Vanderlip vase is going to take the cake - but the very first picture in the whole gallery that Mr Patterson noticed when they were on the floor was the apples. "That's fine" he said. You will delight to hear that he likes the Hopmann landscape immensely - and the portrait of Mother alone he said could hang with the best work of the century and I needn't be ashamed.



Emily Yates by Fred Yates.

I have told Miss Mason this - but no one else - it is better not to say more. I told her how everyone is delighted with Mary's still life. He ruled out the cauliflower, thought it would impoverish the panel. And now absolutely private to your two selves -

He has shown me a Rembrandt today, that he found in a sale I believe. It belongs to him. - A superb thing. Small found it at a sale. Not a soul knows about it, but keep this sealed up in yourselves, not a word to anyone - he has shown it only to two people. I think I shall ask him to show it to you when you come up. I have opined this again just to say this - "Will you please be quite certain that you mention to no one about the Rembrandt - it is as beautiful as a jewel on a panel - what a prolific painter he must have been. The face is like Mrs Rowley, just that sort of sensation. Honest, modest, and detached kind of expression.

Another letter, on November 21st: "I have to go to Janet's recital tonight - but I am a bit too tired. Sales today of Mary's "whirly girls" - to the Baroness de Knoop and Badley bought one for his young newly married friend. (*Bronze. De Knoop sold it to John Yates in July 1915 for £10.00 at his request.*) Those darling Poughs. I dined last night with them and Velasquezed with them at 10 this a.m. - and they presented me with a 5/- season ticket.

Shackleton simply adores your portrait. "Quite one of the finest things that I have seen for a very long time and to me much finer than anything in the room - by far." and then excepted Mary's Vanderlip Vase, and the whirling girls. - "They are both worthy of a master," he said. Now Mary Yates don't please hurry the "Elephant". Let it be thoroughly dry - I have arranged that you are to start with Badley for Switzerland on 26th December. Good night my darlings."

This is a reference to a trip which Fred had arranged with J. H. Badley, for Mary to travel with a party from Bedales school, to Switzerland. Once again, she was to maintain a detailed diary of her adventures in the form of a series of letters home.

They give a wonderful glimpse into the experiences of the party during the end of 1913, and the beginning of 1914. A year which was to change every single life in Europe for ever.



Mary Yates Swiss Letters.

Dec. 27 9a.m. 1913

In the train somewhere past Berne- sunlight and delicious cold air. Thin snow over everything. Fallen lightly on every twig of the pine trees, barely covering the grass- now and then as the train turns a glimpse of jagged mountains probably miles and miles away, but seeming in the clear air within walking distance. - Ever since sunrise, or dawn I have been approaching nearer and nearer to the point at where one "goes off the pop. "

It was an awful crossing, by far the worst any of us have ever seen. We rolled violently as soon as we left the pier. - It was a grand sight as we left Folkstone, approaching dusk, and all the lights and a cold streak of green sky between wild clouds, and the dull laden green sea with the spray flying off the top of each wave. Isabel and I walked for a while, or rather progressed somehow up and down the pitching and slippery deck, adventurous business and exciting, but hard work- Then she gave up and went down- I was all right but kept walking and didn't exactly enjoy it. The Chief (*J. H. Badley*) took another train from Boulogne.

Mary Yates at Hart Head, about to depart for Switzerland.

I suppose he'll turn up again some time- he went by Basle and we by Berne. - What a miserable homeless station Boulogne is, nothing to tell it from a street but the herds of porters that chivvy you into the custom house and chase you round under the noses of the engines. And there's nothing to tell you "where you gwineter." We found our carriage and Isabel's booked seat next it, and next that a compartment with only one nice middle aged English lady. - The other 5 seats had been reserved but not claimed- so I stuck Isabel in there where she could have a whole seat to lie out on, for she was white as a bloomin' sheet - and later on as we found the train did not fill up I went in there to sleep at the other end of her seat, so we all had half a seat apiece and Dorothea Taylor betook herself luxuriously to the floor. I had not at all a bad night. - Two can dovetail beautifully as three can not. - I made myself a jolly pillow out of the Times, and we had the window nicely down, which was very necessary coz the heating apparatus was on the rampage. We turned it off to "Froide Kalt" and nothin' come of it "if this is war" etc') and stifling hot air rose -from under the seats. The train went along at a moderate ambling pace, uttering scared little screams and sighing deeply with its brakes at every station. We had much unnecessary attention from the ticket collector who pointed out as near as we could understand him that we were only 4 (another nice young English lady had taken the 4th corner) and that the carriage held six and there were lots going to Italy who wanted to come in. Of course, he wanted a tip, but we did not understand any too readily and he went off promising to warn us

20 minute's before the customs - and never an Italian traveller appeared! He made one last attempt (successfully) when he bade us goodbye, very deliberately before the customs. About 6 (I think by Swiss time) when I waked dawn was beginning and so was the real Switzerland- there lay a wide valley surrounded by hills, dark, with fir trees and pale with snow, and warm lights glowing in the village. We circled round this valley, and, I suppose, rose higher, and soon had a glimpse of a great stretch of plum coloured clouds behind a wonderful line of jagged mountain peaks- and then gradually it all brightened to gold and fire and then to sunlight, and the snowy mountains grew blue in the shadow

At Berne, I lay in wait for some coffee for Isabel. - Amusing scene, one small boy dispensing from jugs and pots and surrounded by hungry travellers just crawled out of bed in various stages of dishevelment. - The cups of coffee were pounced on as soon as poured, and the boy was so absorbed in dismay at the coffee coming to an end at about a dozen cups that by no means could he be got to say how much they were. - I carried off a cup unhindered and afterwards returned to elicit a price but the poor boy was still scatterbrained so I left 50cm. and maybe he found it later!

Today's journey was very slow, but oh so beautiful. We arrived at 2 and were met by the 5 boys with a large sledge on which our luggage was piled. All fell off when they began to pull it, piled up again and started along the road, growing unruly down the slope and flying along with boys hanging onto the sides. We had a large and welcome substantial dinner, since when people have been trying on skis and boots and beginning to flounder about, Isabel and I have to get things in Gstaad so cd. not begin- not sorry, after our journey - so we watched and laughed until we cd.nt laugh no more - now on our way to G. with 2 other' to get me boots and hire Isobel skis - she's a delightful sight in Honor's cousins enormous boots!! She is enjoying herself immensely already and so'm. I. - They're all so jolly and UN Louis XIV one feels at home with 'em at once. Isobel has a palatial room in a chalet across the road and I share a small one in the Pension with Dorothea and Margaret, of whom more anon - they are the 2 I wd. have chosen had I had the chance. Were glad were born! Darlin' Spites, Love M.

C/o J.H. Badley Esq. Pension Alpenrose - M.O.B. Schonreid (better underline Schonreid in the address) bei Saanen Switzerland.

December 28 1913

Before supper in the dining room, everyone lazing in different ways after the day out of doors. - Jock and Roger Powell (at one end of table discussing and puzzling over the combinations at the of the "Spelka" book- (were going to play afterwards, Jock hailed the presence of Spelka with great joy) H.Q. was the first, Mr. Badley suggested Moth queen!! The speculation gradually spreads and those who are reading or sewing or writing letters become possessed by the puzzle. - I give guarded hints and for a long time no one gets any forrarder, then The Chief shouts he's got it, and one by one the wave of intelligence spreads- XQ has just been vanquished. The table was spread an hour beforehand so we can't start playing yet. There is a long table the length of the room, an another shorter one by the stove. The walls are bare boards unpainted, lace curtains, double windows, tall stove, and a map and that's about all. Diana is writing letters and scribbling HQ combinations on the blotting paper- she is the girl with dark hair and rather hard dark brown eyes, I don't know if you remember her at Charing Cross. She sat by the window nearest the platform, - she is very jolly. I like them all- perhaps Ivy Turner least there is a certain coldness and lack of sympathy about her; I have a sort of feeling she'd have been nicer had she not been head girl at Bedales. Theo Fordham, the youngest, is a nice child, full of life and interested in birds and things. And Margaret and Dorothea are quiet and sweet and nice to live with, thoroughly nice dear girls both of them.

29th.

We spent the morning practising skiing, yesterday it was grey and cloudy and at lunch, it began to snow and blow like anything and the whole landscape was blotted out. We went out again about three

and went on till five when it began to get dark, and we'd also had quite enough by then. Spelka went finely in the evening- imagine playing it with 13! They all learned it wonderfully quickly, and we had a great time, using peas and coffee beans for counters.



Exciting day today- I sent you a p.c. this a.m. as I knew I wouldn't get much done tonight.

30th.

Very glad of the dear Spites letter today! Yes, I meant to leave those slippers behind, they were fathers. I didn't get out my extra jersey for the crossing as Mr Badley had registered the big things through, but all I wanted was extra stockings, and those Isabel lent me as if I'd lent her a pair of mine to wear inside her ski-boots. Were all having a slack day today, being pretty tired. Diana, Theo and I went down to Gstaad this a.m. to shop, about 3 miles by train (electric train, the M.O.8.) I called in at the post office by Schonreid station. - It is a little chalet with green shutters, the rest dark brown wood. - It is the school as well as the post office, and while I stood there the children came trooping down the stairs from the top storey and began eating their lunches, and sliding about on skis, such jolly children they were. - I couldn't get in, so a small girl came and pulled the bell for me- I had not seen it, and a little man presently admitted me - funny little post office! A counter, a shelf of postcards, a bed in one corner on which the letters had been sorted!

The sleighs are delightfully picturesque. - Especially with their delicious sound of jangling bells in the clear air. - The other day I saw one drawn by a single horse, with three small sleighs fastened on behind and loaded with hay, and when it went over a mound its movement was exactly like the gait of a woolly bear caterpillar! In Gstaad, I had to get cotton wool for Ivy the invalid. - I asked the way to the chemists shop of two or three English people (who swarm there and are the sort who go to Switzerland rather to dance than ski)- and found myself among various chalets large and small just stuck down anywhere not beside the road. - An old woman was coming out of a small shop and I asked her in English, bringing in the word Drogherie (my "gewesen" has to be carefully made up beforehand with other peoples help!)- She caught on at once, and crammed her parcels hastily into an already overflowing basket on a small sledge, threw a rug over it to keep it from spilling for a minute or two, and took me along to a tiny shop no bigger than our home kitchen. In the shop were 3 or 4 English ladies (of the same hotel type) in quest of castor oil, literally in quest, for being unable to explain themselves they were rummaging on every shelf and every corner, while the owner of the

shop looked on awaiting enlightenment. She was a beautiful woman of the finest Swiss type, blue eyed, clean, spare, with a fine feeling of thrift and kindness. - They are fine people, they seem to have the good points of both French and German peasants - This woman had a beautiful serenity of expression even in the midst of serving customers with she knew not what!

Finally, she despatched her daughter to find an interpreting neighbour who soon threw light on the subject- the girl was nice looking too, about 12 or 13, fair-haired and large for her age. At last, the castor oil was found, and I got my cotton wool. Margaret having previously told me it was called Baumwolle. I got along beautifully, accounts and all. This is a day of drying of clothes. - The stove in the passage is hung round with them, and every stair and inch of balustrade above it holds jerseys, ski socks (usually not in pairs) gloves (ditto), snakelike puttees that trail over the shoulders of passers-by, ski boots on the floor catching the drips! We had a fire in our bedroom stove last night to dry underclothes and it heated us out by the time we were undressed, so we opened the window well when we got into bed. Result: next morning my skirt hung over a chair by the stove was frozen stiff, my knickers scrunched with ice, basin water frozen; sponges and wash cloths hard, frozen to the soap dish, and soap dish frozen to the washstand!! In spite of which the snow is very soft and dry and powdery, and it doesn't feel cold a bit, I find I don't need gloves when walking or ski-ing. | Well, I haven't told you about yesterday.

At screech of dawn (i.e. about 8.00) Jock came shouting at the doors "Expedition starts in half an hour"- of course we knew better. We didn't get off until after 10. There was much to be done in roping the skis to keep them from slipping as we climbed, and greasing them before that so that the snow wont stick to them. - There are cakes of black stuff we rubbed on, and then took them below for Harris to iron for us, in a smell like beeswax and tar. (Jolly boy, Harris- he keeps us laughing at meals; now and then one gets a glance that brings Pistol to mind as he sat eating the leek- e.g. last night when we were all struggling with long sinuous spaghetti, very slippery!!!

The rest of the boys are Jock, who is quite delightful, so helpful and nice and companionable as I never would have thought he would grow to be, his school friend Schnaps, who I believe has quite another name really, a silent sleepy looking boy most useful when one needs German spoken. Roger Powell, quiet, slow, and disposed to be pleasantly amused at his own slowness; and Bensaude, who looks like a Jew and is Portuguese, but thoroughly Bedalian.)

Joy, Isabel and I were the last to start, owing to ski-difficulties, except Harris, Roger and Jock who went to Saanenmoser to pick up some of M. Swartz's party who were coming with us. It was a hard climb, very hard to get the ski to stick even with cords, it needs extreme zigzagging unless one can manage the right kind of stamp, or "herring boning," which is tiring. The snow became deeper as we went higher, and falling became softer and getting up again more difficult. It was snowing very slightly, and we were covered with delicate microscopic stars - it was all clouded over. Cold and grey. After an hour or two's climbing, we entered a fir wood. Such beautiful tall straight trees growing close together- picturesque, but to zigzag up between with 7-foot skis "no tea party!" Joy, in a state of concentrated growl admitting of no appreciation of beauty, had taken off her skis, and regretted it, for at every step sank above her knees, her moans followed us up the hill. Jock came along behind with an enormous pack of the whole party's food, and also hauling Roger who hadn't been able to get but one ski rope. J. had sealskins on his skis or he couldn't have done it.

A hundred yards above us, the whole party were awaiting the lunch - Harris called down to enquire after the food, welcome voice, we knew we had not much further to go. The sun was beginning to come out - through the trees I saw down in the valley a streak of unexplained golden light with no break to be seen in the clouds. - Then the sun touched the snow through the trees, and we came out onto a glittering white slope with a stretch of deep dark, blue sky above. And soon we were up to where the others sat having lunch. They had taken off their skis, comfy at the time, but regrettable when it came to putting 'em on again with chilly fingers! It was a view to eat before! Trees not far

away, half covered with snow, and a great circle of snowy hills- sky above the hills greeny blue, shadows purple, and the zenith such a dark, blue by contrast with the snow. When we started again Isabel's ski went wrong and we got a bit behind, so that we saw, not 30 yards away, two huge ravens setting down upon the remains of our lunch. I'm sending you a card, which shows you roughly our route- we went up on the right, had lunch just above the trees, and then climbed the slow slope to the top.

There we had a fine view around - it was steep the other side, and in the distance it was dark and snowing so we lost no time in getting off our ropes and starting down- What a glorious run down the first slope! I went a lot of the first bit without a run, and it was joy! The light balancing motion, the wind whistling in ones ears! - till one fell into the snow, and then how one floundered! Nothing but two crossed sticks to lean on was any good toward getting up, coz ones arm dived in up to the shoulder, and felt no ground! After passing the first line of trees I did nothing but fall every 20 yards for fear of going too steeply, and while trying to get up and disentangle my legs, two men came up on skis and helped me and showed me how to zigzag down. - They were experienced ski-ers, both nice people, one delightful man about SS, a little like Mr Hough and Mr Matheson and very much the feeling of the Priestman brothers.

It wasn't much use being helped at the time but after I profited by their suggestions. We had passed the 2nd group of trees when we saw a bunch of people beside the dot of a chalet in the field below. - Ivy had twisted one of her (very weak already) ankles, and the rest of the party whom I'd met took her to the little uninhabited chalet, and because the top part was locked, put her into the cow byre below. - Two stayed with her, The most expert shot down the hill to Shonried to send up a sleigh, and we left what we could and came down as quickly as we could. We got a good deal of experience, as we could not choose our slopes, but it's always open to the doubtful to tumble comfortably into the snow to consider! I went through one gate beautifully, and then fell on the other side through sheer excitement! I was slowest of all because I fell so much and took so long getting out of the snow- but it was jolly! As soon as the light begins the least bit to fade, it's impossible to see the shape of the ground at all. It was good practice because it was specially bad snow being frozen, with a deep layer of soft above it except on very steep slopes where one slithered- We met the Chief and Jock going up with Herr Tochtermann carrying wraps and the sleigh our luggage came on. They came in about supper time, gay enough, Ivy and all- but the dear Chief looked utterly tired out. She'll be all right in a day or two, but I doubt if she'll ski any more, her ankles are too weak always for skating and such.

5 p.m.

Demon patience going on wildly. Isabel just come in having slept 3 solid hours, fine! Think I'll do likewise till supper time. We are having a time! Daerlins, lots of love. M."

January 2 1914 Schonreid

Dearest People, This has been the heavenliest day yet. Absolutely without drawback. The two miles back along the road from Saanenmoser I walked alone with Isabel and Dorothea, we took it easily because of the beauty, not because we were tired, and when we got in we were so full of it that we could hardly bear to smudge the beautiful impression by going down among all the others for supper.

When we came out of the little Saanenmoser hotel where we had tea (I cant help telling things wrong end first) the sharp range at the end of the valley was standing absolutely clear and cut out against cloudless sky of pale yellow. - That was where the sun had set. - In the east all along the horizon was a strange purple tinge, plum colour, fading into the blue sky. -

As we walked along there grew a deep rose colour out of the yellow before us, that shone through the pine woods against the hill sides, and lingered and lingered until all the eastern purple had gone

and all the colour left in the north and south was a mysterious greenish blue such as one never sees except with snow.

High in the sky was a little golden crescent of moon which actually cast shadows for us before we got in.

It was strange to notice how the brightness almost amounting to sunlight stayed on the mountains behind us long after we would have thought all the sunset had gone. It was a hard frozen road, and almost all as much down hill as would be imperceptible except on skis, - 60 we got along at a good speed.

Now and then we stopped and sat on the fence sideways to drink it all in. When our skis were quiet and the squeak and grinding of the snow, all was as silent as it could be, except some far off sleigh bells, and not a breath of wind stirred. I don't think any of us will ever forget it- I was glad to have to have these two along to help me appreciate it, was more than I could take in alone or digest after the glory of the day.

It is the first clear day we've had. The last two have been very brief and sunny. (Its queer how seldom it entirely stops snowing even when there's nothing to show of in the way of clouds) but most of the day there have been fairly luminous clouds hanging along the tops and sides of the Rublihorn etc., most lovely. But today was clearer than I have ever seen it anywhere, so that we could not gauge distances in the least - when up the hill we were surprised to see a range of rocky peaks just close behind the Hughgrat. When we were up there, we seemed so far from all other peaks that were shut out by snow falling.

We set out about 10 this a.m. Dorothea, Theo and I had to wait at the station behind the others, for the boys had gone down to Saanen to bring up our skis which we left there when we went down yesterday, so the rest were all out of sight long before we got our skis and cords on and started up. Dorothea soon vanished after them (she is a year in advance of us, having been here with Honor last year,) but Theo and I got on quite well and easily; we had our cords well fastened this time which makes all the difference, and were both in better practice. I didn't feel the least scrap tired at any time today and could have gone on indefinitely more than we did. Theo is quite one of the best of this years beginners (and indeed Dorothea and Diana are very little if any in advance of us). She is very athletic and good at all games, and enjoys them wholeheartedly-entirely for the games sake without a thought of her own excellence. It did not seem half as difficult climbing as before. We went most of the way through trees at intervals but they were seldom as maddeningly close together as on Monday. We walked up in the cold blue shadow, gaining at every step wider views of the sun lit valley between the dark snow laden pines. The shadows on the sharp edges of the snowy mountains showed up their shapes and took on many delicate shades of blue from the sky. There was not a



cloud to be seen except one or two white mare's tails, far above. After a while we came out into the sun, and how it glittered on every facet of snow that happened to be the right angle for it! Beside a chalet, we found the rest sitting in the sun awaiting us.

The boys, who brought up our skis from Saanen, Jock, Roger and Harris, had gone back to the Pension in search of various things that the Chief had brought for them after all. Bensaude and Schnaps (I learn his name is Vergut, much good may it do him, we never hear it, - he's a comical specimen- absolutely stolid his expression never varies, and when he sits at table he moves only his eyes)- hurt themselves yesterday and did not come, so we were only about 16 in number, including M. Swartz and his party. (Ivy is down again and able to walk, but not hankering after (any more skiing expeditions.) M. Swartz is a delightful man, French Swiss, and like enough to Mr Badley, in feeling, to be his brother, though less brusque in manner. - Of his party were a very nice Frenchman, quite the nicest I've ever met, a real gentleman and with more to him than polished manners. (I think) his wife, a nice woman, and another French woman, fair-haired and loquacious wearing too few clothes, too typically French for my taste. A very nice bedalian-feeling English boy called Austen; another English boy, common as common, called Tom. A nice little red haired fellow very much like Donald's early pictures, called David; and various others.

We gave up waiting for Jock and Co. and started up the hill in a long zigzagging line headed by M. Swartz and tailed by the Chief. (Thanks to Monday's adventure, we beginners are having the benefit of the Chief's eye upon us much more.) It was very deep snow but not slippery and we got on finely. The sharp "kick-turn" at the end of each zigzag needs to be neatly and quickly done or one succeeds in burying the point of one's ski, or crossing 'em and starting legs in opposite directions, awful confusion! - but I found myself not by any means the worst. We sat on a fence on the edge of a wood for lunch, and it was really quite hot! Most people wore dark spectacles, but I did not feel the need of them.

As we got up the trees became more and more covered with snow - a very white world indeed - and the view was simply beyond description. The mountain we went up (Hornfluh) ended in 100 feet or so, very steep and rocky and wooded, not conducive to skis. Before we came to the bottom that the snow grew very thick and much drifted in mounds in strange shapes like sand dunes, many of which, I think, were formed by small trees bowed to the ground and covered over, with the drifts edges cut into strange shapes by the wind. In this strange place we waited for H. Swartz to direct us, and when the others came up, found our path lay along a slope of an angle the least bit less than 45 degrees- not climbing fortunately, but straight along- It certainly looked exciting! It was a cold northern slope, and the snow was as fine and powdery as flour and made a good path the width of a pair of skis- M. Swartz and one or two others went over the top. We went round it, along the slope, then down it at the end (exciting at such an angle and in soft snow a yard deep, we just sat on the back of our skis and tobogganed!) Then up and round to the top of a ridge looking over the other side just at the bottom of the rocky top part.

On southern aspects the snow is usually ice coated, from being melted and frozen, not at all nice to ski down, but we were on the N. and NE all the time- On the top of the ridge we took our ski ropes off. The view of far distant hills, peak after peak the whole way round all white and clear enough to touch, simply took one's breath away. A party of very excellent ski-runners were going down from the ridge straight, and I should think nearly half a mile without a stop, and were a fine sight to watch. We got down to Saanenmoser in an incredibly short time. -

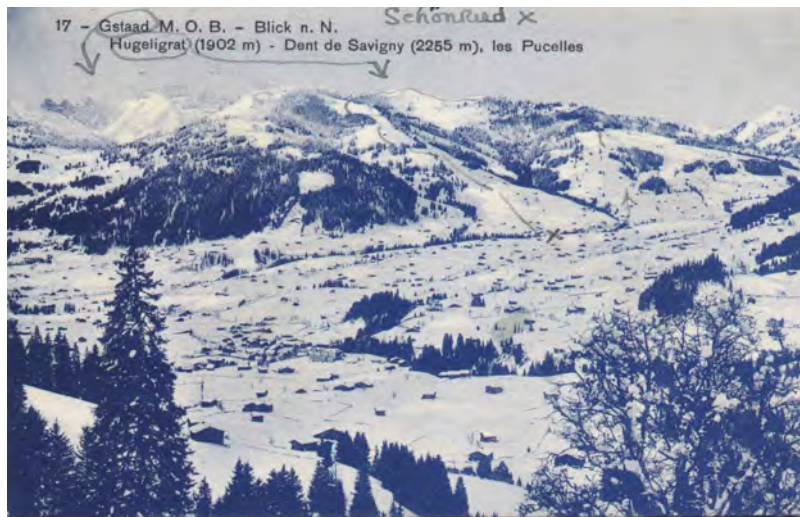
There was field after field of the most magnificent runs, which we accomplished not uncreditably and with the most intoxicating delight- I can manage quite (within reason) switchback runs successfully sometimes now, and in the last two mornings have begun to learn how to steer. When one gets enough used to it to let oneself go (and one can always sit down when necessary, subject only to half-burying oneself!) There is absolutely nothing to equal the joy of it for motion. We were down to

Saenenmoser all too soon, had a cozy tea there, finding Jock, Roger and Harris already there before us. They had reached the top, after all, shortly after us, raced us down without our seeing them, and were making up for having had a hasty breakfast and no lunch, which last two hardships Harris has harped on most of supper time which he found came too soon after a huge tea! On these occasions its always a question whether to leave ones gloves etc outside to keep frozen and dry, or bring 'em in and get 'em thawed and therefore soaked through by the time we're ready to go on.

I must go to bed tho' I'm dying to tell you of the joys of Wednesday and Thursday. - I may have time tomorrow if we don't go up the Hundsruck, hope we don't, not that I'm tired the least bit, but I want to digest the Hornfluh and practice my skiing turns some more.

Jan. 3

I dreamed I was teaching "At the very end of the circling year" in tonic sol fa to a large class on a gently sloping hillside. - I had a large blackboard and modulator but never got beyond the first phrase before a lot of parents and guardians came up and began to ask me the names of various butterflies they'd found in the snow; and in the meantime my class all floated away skiing down the hill and had to be fetched up. We are now beyond the point when we ski all night in our dreams and go down impossible slopes, and we only dream of our grandmothers when we have our windows closed as last night. Frau T's nightmare is frozen pines, so now and then we close our windows and it's awful, 3 in a room! While I think of it, may I have some more money please! (Money order to Shonried) I'm writing down all I can remember having spent, but I despair of getting my accounts anything like straight- for one thing people are always buying stamps for me. Most of my expenses so far have been stamps, postcards, book, train fares to Gstaad, various things for the Chief, not yet repaid, candles (I invested in 8 for evenings, the lamps are beastly) etc. I'll want some more for the maids when I go and to put "in my innards" as well as between now and then. On Wednesday, new Years eve, we planned to go to Saenen in the p.m. to see some ski competitions, which I believe, are held annually. We went down in the bobsleigh. Six of us, but it wouldn't go, snow was too soft or too hard or something, and somebody had to shove at intervals - at best we went at the rate of six miles an hour whereas the average time it ought to be is 5 minutes all the way.



Postcard: January 4th

A message from M. Swartz who was to meet us at Saenen told us to bring skis, but most of us had the energy to ski down having been practising hard all the morning. However, we found out that the competitions were not to come off for lack of entries, so M. Swartz had hired horses for us to do some skjoring on the field of battle ourselves. There were two "peasant luges" on which we who were ski-errs sat or rather clung- Things not much more commodious than gridirons and cold as Greenland

when the horse started and kicked snow over us at each step. Those on skis behind held by ropes tied onto our sledges and were pulled along. - I tried it myself later in fear and trembling when we got to the field where the competitions were not being held, a round course of a little over a mile- it was glorious once one got ones balance, and it was killing to watch, especially beginners. I took some photographs of it and hope they may come out, there may not have been light enough.

New Years Day we went "tailing" to Gsteig- we were 28 with M. Swartz' party, and had three sleighs each holding 4 or 5. The rest sat on strings of little toboggans (luges) which swung wildly from side to side and did their level best, often successfully, to spill us off into the deep snow or ditch. - It was most enlivening for the last of the string (Diana in our case) who got the biggest swing, and was also nearest under the nose of the following horse if he came near. Now and then, we passed other sleighs with more tailers who pelted us with as near snowballs as the frozen snow would make. We did not get much view on the luges except the back of the sleigh. Gsteig is right in the centre of the mountains, right underneath the Oldenhorn, which was edged with sunlight when we arrived, and the valley in shadow - it is 18000 ft, 6000 up from Gsteig, towering above us.

We were quite frozen by the time we arrived at the little inn for tea and took off and thawed boots etc. It was stuffy beyond words (what is familiarly termed "fug") but warm and the boiling hot cocoa most welcome. We went for a walk to get warm before starting again, I missed the others and had a beautiful half hours walk by myself up the hill from the hotel until I could see right up the pass with the yellow sunset shining through. I went back in the sleigh beside the driver and waked him up every time the horse wanted stopping because of luge spillings before or behind. - He'd been dancing in the hotel basement to the discordant tune of a double bass, concertina, two fiddles and an aspiring clarinet. We heard the sounds during tea and went down to watch; it was quite a "Dutch interior" scene, the orchestra on its platform, 4 or 5 couples going slowly round the central pillar, and men drinking and looking on from a corner.



Postcard: January 4th, 1914

The drive back was unspeakably lovely, though so cold that our hair and eyebrows grew hoary and we could feel ice forming inside our nostrils. The afterglow lingered on the snowy tops long after the valley was dim with twilight. On our left rocks lowered up fringed with yards of icicles falling from the roots of the trees. All the bushes beside the slow half-frozen river were white, and now and then, we

passed through bands of white fog. In front of us went the 2-horse sleigh with 7 tailers, such a wild sight to watch, swinging hither and thither and sticking on marvellously. Two small Russian girls of M. Sw's party hung onto one luge, and beside them on another Jock rode prone, steadying himself with his toes on the road till his boots froze and he came in with us. I wish I'd time to tell you it all! We go up the Hugh again the opposite way this p.m. rest tomorrow and then have a long exped. on Monday. I forgot to tell you Frau T's 3 little children sang us 3 part carols on New Years day-delightful! Goodbye dear Spites! Love, M."



January 6th 1914 Schonreid.

Snowy afternoon - demon patience going on mildly between Diana, D.J. and the Chief, the rest gone down to Gstaad for want of anything else to do. Such larks this a.m. - more skijoring was planned, both Isabel and I were somewhat tired after yesterdays adventures but did not want to miss skiojring whatever! The rest backed out because it was snowing so hard, all but Schnaps and Harris and the Chief. The latter ski-ed down to Saanen but the rest of us were for saving our legs and so went by train - starting from the house some 15 minutes after the train was due, we had quite a while to wait in the station, such are the ways of the M.O.B! (Montreux Oberland Bahn or Bernois) We were both in blissful ignorance as to the plan for securing our steeds and the boys not in an explanatory mood.

They were both grumpy, goodness knows whether from weariness after yesterday or coz the snow prevented their skating this p.m.- Harris was merely rather short and quiet and less sunny than usual. Schnaps was gowly in the extreme and Isabel and I could not help fits of laughter in our innards at his exasperation every time we asked innocent questions as to what was going to become of us!! We obediently took tickets to Gstaad, tho' we knew the Chief was going to Saanen, and when we got off it transpired that we were to skijor without "ledges to Saanen, 2 to each horse, and that the boys were going together!! We were aghast at the idea of driving ourselves, Isabel had not driven since she was 8, and I, never, - we both though we'd have enough to do to hang on! Schnaps growled scornfully that it was perfectly easy, if you want to go to the right you pull the right rein; and as they started off with the friskier horse Harris promised relentingly to catch our horse for us as it passed them if we lost it!!!

However it was made somewhat easier by the man at the stable tying the reins to the same stick as held the traces, so we could hold on to it without fear of losing the reins and guide the horse whenever equilibrium permitted!! We started off and enjoyed it enormously.

The fresh snow made it softer going than the icy roads would have been and the horse trotted along gaily and seemed to know the way to Saanen perfectly; we could not see much for the snow driving in our eyes and shutting out everything at a short distance. We trusted the horse not to run into things, and it didn't fortunately, and we managed the mile and a half to Saanen in beautiful style, and wound through the village and found our way (with suggestions from the horse) to the field course where we skijored the other day. - The boys were still far in the distance so we went on and had a jolly round by ourselves, and then another when the horse galloped without a hint from us, and one of the reins came off. We yelled and shouted in the vain hopes of striking the particular noise which meant "stop" which the man at the stable had told us, and somehow by pulling at the one remaining rein we did stop, and Isabel fastened on the other again unprofessionally, and we started once more. It wasn't so easy on the field as the road, but we had a magnificent time and arrived at the starting point again without a spill.

The Chief was there, having made a 3rd at the boy's horse, and now timing them round one by one. Our horse now said it wanted to go back to the stable and in pulling and hauling to dissuade it, Isabel turned it too far round so that it got tangled up in its own ropes. - Seeing this, I, like a goop, let go with the result that, instead of disentangling itself and waiting for us, the beastly creature sailed out of sight and galloped all the way back to Gstaad. We gazed after it and swore at it and ourselves till Mr Badley told us to go back to G. lest the owner of the horse should be sending out search parties for us. - It would have been a long walk and made us miss our train home to lunch but that a sleigh came by and let us hang on behind for the sum of 0.80. Several people we met on the way told us our horse had gone at great speed and had its traces hanging behind, which we were relieved to hear.

Your letter came this p.m.- now for answering of questions: No, that wasn't Isabel's hotel, hers was the Montague- Monsieur Swartz is the headmaster of a school at Geneva (?) on the lines of Bedales - he was a term or two at the latter to learn it's ways and principles. Jock was with him for a year. By "without a run", I must have meant "without a fall"- goop! But I never re-read my letters to you, can't bother, there's too much of 'em. - No new Spelka words to speak that I remember- we had PORR one time for porridge and Ivy wished she had an A for it - we waited breathlessly to challenge and then found she meant "sporrau". Ivy's ankle is quite recovered; she is ski-ing again in moderation, but no exped's.

The Chiefs cold is much better, we all thrive on the spartan regime. Can't remember a bit what the substantial dinner was! These Spites! They feed us well here- first invariably soup of uncertain flavour equal to Spites Maggi- meat undefined (tastes like veal or dried and preserved mutton, no, I think it is veal) with lots of gravy, taty and splow or hard peas or haricot verts mysteriously preserved. Pudding or stewed fruit with biscuits- and a basket of bread in the centre with lots of holes, I mean the bread, just like cheese -Isabel is snickering over a p.c. she's writing to you, wonder if (she's telling any more "bit of brown paper" stories of me?) So glad about Dr Browne's portrait, and the Leete dog!

Yesterday was a long and arduous expedition- much of it rather "a form of pleasure". Only Isabel, Theo and I went, The Chief, M. Swartz, Harris, Schnaps and Bensaude. - I borrowed Margaret's ropes and fastened 'em on my skis as well as my own, and it was luxury. I got up the hill finely and kept up with The Chief and his sealskins. - We went up the Rinderberg. - Trained to Oscheite (?), one station beyond Saanenmoser, starting at 9.15. It was again as clear as could be, not a cloud in the sky, and just a white fog hanging over Zweisimmen. - We had lunch in hot sun beside an empty chalet high up the hill- against the edge of the snow we could see the air dancing with the heat just like a summer day. Around the remains of lunches of previous generations, we saw Ravens footprints. - There are lots about, and, in the valley, large numbers of magpies, but almost no other birds- We lost sight of the sun over the top just a few minutes after 12, and chased after it up the hill. (Up to that chalet I think is our tomorrows expedition, as there is a splendid run for ski-ing about 4 miles down to Zweisimmen from there, it would be fine to do it in the fresh snow fallen today, and with plenty of time.)

Above the chalet the mountain was windswept and various little plants were to be seen- green sweet smelling moss, little creepy brown leafed things, empty gentian seed vessels, and lots of what Isabel says is mountain Rhododendron, a sweet little tiny shrub no higher than bilberries. The top of the Rinderberg is bare and pointed and steep. - On the east it goes down steeply with overhanging snow at the top, so the Chief told us to keep to the right (while walking on the top we saw big cracks on our left in the snow that might be an avalanche any minute- a row of posts told us where the firm top was).

The west slope was very steep and went down ever so far without stopping, not a bit nice to imagine oneself slithering down; and along the side of it we went, just a bit below the top, a hundred yards or so, at each step banging our sticks in and stamping our feet to get a foothold in the frozen surface of the snow, never making more than half an inch impression. It wasn't a bit nice.

The view was wonderful, when we had half an eye for it, mountains all round, the Jungfrau too we thought, - a level of cloud like the sea over Jura, everything else very clear. From the beastly ice slope we crawled slowly to the top (I don't think The Chief even liked it a bit) and then took off our skis and carried 'em, which we'd been longing to do and that was worse than ever, for it would have been difficult and slippery walking with nail-less boots even without that great weight to carry.

It was over at last, and then came a walk of a mile and more along another mountain side, a narrow frozen slippery track we got jolly sick of before we came out on the lower slopes of the Hornfluh. By that time we were so tired we couldn't do justice to the only decent ski-ing ground we'd had that day, but fell and fell till we couldn't help falling, while Mr. B. waited and told us to hurry up! Once coming across a steep untrodden bank I fell head down with feet and skis upward in a tangled condition, dropping both my sticks in the snow behind, and driving snow into the innermost parts of my underclothes!

It was beautiful just as we were descending into the mist of the valley and saw the yellow sunset and the sharp Rublihorn getting dimmer and dimmer. We came down to Saanenmoser again and had lovely hot cocoa and rolls which fortified us, though it melted our clothes for the walk home in the moonlight.

Theo and I had a concerted growl in our room at night after our bath, to the sympathetic audience of D.G. and Margaret, after which we felt better and enjoyed looking back on it!

Going to bed now, having greased and roped my skis against tomorrow. Isabel says she may drop in on you Sunday night, so she'll tell you lots of news then. We get back Wednesday p.m. so let me dentist on Thursday and then scuttle straight home! Lots of love M."

Rather gowly letter, but it doesn't mean I am gowly. These experiences once over are pleasantly historic!



Postcard: January 7th 1914.

January 8th 1914 Schonried

Darlin' Spites, Received the 50.40 francs safely. - Got fathers letter at the P.O. this a.m. while waiting for our train for Oschseite which we rushed for at 9.30, and waited, and waited, and then heard it was taken off and there was nothing till 10.22- so we sat in the waiting room and played games, clumps etc. One of the things Margaret gave us to guess was my first fall today! Yesterday p.m. we girls, minus Ivy, and the Chief ploughed to Gstaad in the fresh snow, and M. and I had a competition as to who fell least. Our score came to 7 for me and 9 for her, the rules being that we must get up between each fall!! The snow must have been nearly a yard deep, and the first part till we struck a sleigh track was literally ploughing, for the Chief who went first, especially, - we floundered after and it was some business to get up when we fell! The difficulty going down anything at all steep was that we were quite blinded by the falling snow.

We had tea cosily in Gstaad, shopped a bit and came home by train- and felt very virtuous over the boys who'd been hanging round here all day just practising jumping in the near field. - They didn't come with us today thinking it wasn't good enough with the deep snow. Geese, they did miss it!

Its all very well to say sneak away and draw, but where on earth can one sneak, and when? Two other girls in my room, the boys pounding all over the house and expeditions or some activities all day- it may be possible after half the party goes on Saturday (we will miss 'em, wish they could have stayed to the end.) I had a try one evening when Isabel and I walked to Saanenmoser and then she went off the other side of the valley to practice on a nice slope and left me with my sunset. - But at the most beautiful time it was too dark to see my colours (I have only chalk with me) as well as being a bit cold - it can only be done from memory I know.

Those walks back from Saanenmoser are some of our loveliest memories. - We had another tonight- Training back from Zweisimmen at 4.30 the tops of the hills were an exquisite pink, and again that lovely plum colour in the east, but we could only see bits of it without opening the window which produced shrill invective from the only Swiss lady in a carriage full of English people, and the conductor shut it at once. So Dorothea and I got out and walked from Saanenmoser. The road was not as good for ski walking as usual, being thick snow roughly cleared and trodden. Half way along we stopped for a romp with a dear dog friend of mine who reminds me of Yipey. He is a very mongrel

with a lovely head, very thick coat, black and tan and white, a bushy tail curling like a Spitz over his back and absurdly short legs. Isabel and the Chief caught us up there, having wearied of the trains waiting for the Gstaad one to pass it (it's a single line.) The colour was about gone by then, the pink had faded off the little fleecy clouds- The first clouds we've had at sunset, and the moon was coming through a greenish yellow veil. As we walked along our skirts, thawed in the train, froze like boards behind us nice and dry.

Margaret, Isabel, Dorothea and Ivy leave on Saturday- the first 3 I'm awfully sorry to lose, The last not at all- I'm afraid I've no use for her. In a party like this the one essential seems to be good temper and helpfulness and passing over small difficulties- and most of them are so delightful that way- you do get to know people, being shut up together like this, especially when the weathers bad.

We went part way up the Rinderberg again today. As far as the top chalet where we had lunch before. We were well roped (our skis) which makes very easy climbing and we left Oschseite station at 11 and reached R. Chalet, (having stopped just below for lunch) at 11.15. It was a grey clouded day looking like snow when we started, but gradually there appeared wonderful streaks of blue sky, some very pale and green, others almost purple and the sun came out beautifully on the snow. The woods were all a soft indescribable colour being so thick with snow- generally they stand out in black masses.

The run down to Zweisimmen was one of the most delightful we've had at all. The snow was very deep and the first steep bit we floundered somewhat sending up blinding clouds like smoke whenever we fell, and almost disappearing altogether! But it was the first long run we'd had not the end of a long exped. when we were hopelessly tired and our only object was to get down somehow. - It was absolute bliss! There is no motion like it, especially over fresh snow when there's nothing to tell you how fast you're going.

We got down to Z. at 3, had tea, and then prowled around fascinating shops till past time- I managed to spend nothing, though I was sorely tempted by some lovely sealing wax! and sponges! and baskets! There aren't many shops at Z., though it's a big place. The Chief first went into a promising looking shop and asked a woman for tea and she said "Ja, ja" and began wrapping up some packets! and then he said we wanted it zutrinken, and she said "Oh nein, nein, we must go across the river by the station."

Time for bath now- we reduce a franc bath to 25 each by going 4 together and I study the nude and wish I had charcoal etc! Dorothea is a dream in this state, such a lovely cream coloured skin with her red hair, and strong compact little figure. We have another exped. tomorrow, as the others time is getting short. Bye dears. We arrive 3.35 (or 3.25) at Charing Cross on Wednesday. M."

January 9. 1914. Schonreid

(While I think of it, both c/o J.H.B Esq.- and bei Saanen in address are quite superfluous)

Pouring wet day, beastly! And on top of all that deep snow simply st-k-g!! However we've had so much heavenly weather we can't growl. We get up very leisurely on such days, as Jock does not announce "Expedition starts in half an hour" and pound on every door in turn down the passage.

Isabel, the Chief and I had breakfast alone (of our party) before anyone else turned up at all. There are various other people in the pension. - The only lot that have been here all along are 4 English people. Dr Power, a very commonplace type of man, much travelled and talkative and 'infallible", Mrs Power, a wizzled little rabbit of a woman- when I contemplate her each day at lunch I always long to fit on big ears. - Their daughter Evelyn (?) about 16 with her mothers mouth and fathers staring light blue eyes, and a niece of the mother, about 17, a young lady of an exceedingly prunes and prisms kind of prettiness with an enormous black hair ribbon.

Until a few days ago there was a quite nice French family, such as one associates with black and white checks; nice stout kindly mother, less agreeable but very civil father, jolly little boy, and girl with pigtails. All so polite and deprecatory that they would hardly ever go out of the room before anybody. The little girl if obliged to go out before anybody else would send thro the door like Yipe when he expects to be whacked! -It was sometimes a question if they and two French ladies who lived opposite, above Isabel, and sketched, would ever get out of the dining room at all. For 3 or 4 days there were two English ladies en route from India with two very quiet but charming girls of perhaps 10 and 14 whom I'd have liked to see more of. - The little one looked like Rackham's frontispiece to Alice in Wonderland, with wide blue eyes and precise little ways such as Alice might have had.

This A.M. I sewed and mended (will you believe I have made a tear in my corduroy skirt, barbed wire probably) in Isabel's room while she packed. After lunch we, the Chief, D.J., Theo and Ivy went ski-ing down to Saanen by road for exercise- it was quite decent going on the road, wet, but we didn't fall down; but crossing the fields it was beastly; the snow was deep and of a strange consistency with the rain and either stuck or gave way suddenly under our skis most unreliable like. If we got our skis under the snow they stuck like grim death even if one fell over em, and going sideways down hill they would give little lurches on their own account.

The rest walked to Gstaad, and Isabel and I went to a bell makers where she'd been before in Saanen. S. is quite an unsophisticated little place of tiny shops and winding streets, and shop signs in French and German indiscriminately. Arrived at the bell makers house (or lodging more likely.) We dodged under the heavy drip from the eaves, slipped off our skis and went up the stairs on which the door opened. - Bare stairs as usual, made of massive wood planks- The bell makers son, who is, I think, both bell maker postman and guide met us and took us into a small room with a large bed in one corner, windows along the front, before which stood a long rough table. In one corner was a large wheel with a treadle, turning a small hand machine for boring holes. Rows and rows of horse bells stood on the table, oval in shape and varying from 2 to 5 or 6 inches in height; behind was a row of round ones of all sizes up to 8 or 10 in. diameter. All of them were tongue less and bright and new, covered with the marks of files, except the round ones, which seemed to have been cast as they had small ornaments and devices on them. We sat on the table I should think 20 minutes striking and testing the bells tones, which were almost all different and made such a nice jangle together. One or two had notes in them where the metal had run short, but it did not seem to affect their tone in the least. I chose two with nice singing tones for 2.00 and 1.'0- I thought I would send one to Honor, as she uses at table a very jangly cow bell which however nice it may sound far off on the mountains far off is not nice close to, and Maurice objects to it.

When we had chosen our bells the man put their tongues in. - Seized one tongue from the pile of rough metal blobs on stalks, fastened it in a vice, and filed away at it until it was smooth, shedding bright brass dust, and then turned and twisted the stem rapidly into shape and fitted it in. Then we set off for Gstaad. It was so hard walking on skis in such hard slush that we tried 5 shops and got string (always one shop further on.)- Beautiful strong string at 5 centimes for about 2 yards in a little hank (if one lived in Switzerland need enough to save string!) and took our skis off and trailed 'em by their noses which was much easier. It was the first time we'd walked anywhere except that little bit on top of the Rinderberg, and it did feel queer! -I've been going on with this since I came back alone from seeing the others off.

The house felt very quiet and the rain was very warm and misty and the station and track very empty as the train scaly-leaf-slugged off at a pace disproportional to its desire to hurry up with the luggage. Margaret was congratulating herself on having left nothing behind. - So, since coming back to turn out the remote corners of our bedroom I have found a blouse, a hot water bottle, a wig pin, pen, thimble of hers, and combinations and hank of D.T's And since the others have come back I learn that Isabel left her skis at Schonreid station- Lucky some of us come after with all the belongings!

This a.m. the Chief proposed us all ski-ing to Zweisimmen and those who were going taking train from there, horrible damp idea, Isabel thought, so she and I said we'd go in the a.m. and train back in time to pack. -Margaret joined us, and we set off about 11.30, Isabel in my blue jersey, oh glorious! Not to wet her own before packing, with shoestrings round neck and waist, lovely!

We soon took to dragging our skis, even the easy gradient to Saanenmoser being too slippery in the state of the roads. But though hard to ski up it wasn't nearly slippery enough to ski down, for the others at least. - For some unknown reason (weight or abundance of ski grease) I kept up with them who were walking and pushing with sticks, for long stretches (once for 10 minutes) without moving my feet or pushing at all, just a slow smooth motion giving me plenty of time to look round. The streams are suddenly much swollen and dark with mud -The one just near the house now roars at night, while when we came it was quite silent and coated with grey ice.

It was a lovely walk down to Zweisimmen, much more beautiful than it seems from the train. The mist hung all over the mountains and around the tops of the trees that filled the deep and narrow valley along whose side the road wound. Besides the pines, which abound, there were lots of small Alders. Not quite like ours, with brilliant red catkins (quite little hard ones, of course, waiting for the spring); and some red stemmed Willows and Hazels with a few rusty leaves hanging on -and through these thin warm colours the dark pines looked wonderfully rich.

The walk was about 6 miles, all downhill from Saanenmoser. We passed over two remarkable old roofed bridges, most picturesque with their massive interlacing rafters. - They are so built that the weight of the snow may be taken off by slipping from the roof. We sat on a fence with our skis sticking through to have lunch, two fat ham sandwiches each, biscuits, orange and sticky plums- which we 1/3ed as M. had started without provisions. She's a dear girl, Margaret. I like her, sweet tempered and sensible and with plenty of fun in her. - She has lovely dark hair sort of shot with red if you look close, and is very satisfactorily pretty, a rounded, complete sort of prettiness that goes with a sort of intrinsic tidiness of dress that some people possess.

When we got back the rest had gone, walked to Z., except Ivy who was to take the luggage down. She went off in a characteristic swirl of despair and bad language -poor girl, she's the kind that doesn't want to be happy - its the lifting of a cloud cold and critical and overbearing, to have her gone -Its very queer not to have Isabel here. There was a kind of permanence about us here, and I could not realise till she was gone that we weren't going on indefinitely living together in this community! Dear girl, what a holiday she's had. She has enjoyed every minute of it to the full extent of her great capacity for appreciation- The weather of course made it easier to go away- it looks so uninviting and so unlikely to mend I could almost wish I d been going too.'

The Rinderberg (2nd time) was one of the very nicest of our expeds. One of the advantages of the small number we were then, is that we see so much more of the Chief. - He lets go so much more than when all those kid-boys are there -they are nice, but they are kids and no mistake; with their mighty frames it is constantly surprising to discover how very young they are. Weather worse than ever this morning-

The Chief and I finished breakfast without seeing hide or hair of the others. We thought of a walk to Lauemen, a valley branching off from Gstaad just for the sake of something to do, and I went up to see who would go and found Di and Theo still in bed and saw fragments of the boys in pyjamas and dressing gowns rampaging about in each others rooms. - Everyone shuddered at the idea of a walk in such slush and sleet, so the Chief and I set off together pursued by the lazy others sarcastic hopes that we would enjoy it. We ski-ed down the cart track to Gstaad. Slushy it was and no mistake, but quite good sliding now and then; -left our ski at the tea-shop we always go to, fixed on iron clamps with spikes to our boots and set off up a winding road between trees and beside a rushing river.

The wet snow was deep and slippery underfoot, the rain rained down our necks, and everywhere else but raised our hopes with a bound every few minutes by turning to snow. We could see no view whatever and very little distance above us. The edges of treetops like teeth of a saw showed fainter and fainter one row behind another like a Japanese drawing, with the mist hanging between and the falling snow over all. Everything was singularly formless - the snowy hillsides might have been perpendicular curtains with the masses of trees painted upon them. (It is almost always impossible to tell the form of a now slope you're skiing down on a grey day until you are in the middle of it; if it's snowy it never appears to have any other characteristics).

We had lunch in a nice hay filled barn on our way, and got to Lauenen at 2. There are some nice old chalets there. - The wood with age becomes such a beautiful dark brown, and there are quaint old ornamental devices above the windows and carvings on the rafters under the deep eaves, and across the front inscriptions in picturesque German writing about who built it and when and his wife and children. It came altogether to about 12 miles, but the laboriousness was at least equal to 20, Mr Badley said, and we were glad enough to reach Gstaad again and to go into our little tea shop, which we had to ourselves at the early hour of 3.

We hung all we could take off of our wet things over the stove (wet things to the extent that we get wet are extremely uncomfortable when they don't immediately and tidily freeze as usual) and at our leisure did justice to the hot chocolate and rolls and butter (which comes in hollow rolls like hair curls and is so brittle it drops all over everything) and cherry jam (which is unique and rummy!) There are thick serviettes of crepe paper which we always save carefully having learned their value as hankies when we are short, and somebody always is.

Gstaad was miserable and wet and slushy and particularly forlorn as it's a mushroom place grown up for tourists who are dependent on ice and snow. We had some time to wait at the station, which was full of visitors taking flight. I enjoyed watching them. I have not often seen such a set of people in the mass. I was jolly glad I hadn't been born among 'em, and that our party was not staying at Gstaad.

One looked in vain for an honest thoughtful face. They were all young or trying to be -all very young in living one felt. The young men were the most extreme of the type, slouching, cigarette smoking boys with weak shallow faces and empty voices- The whole shebang belongs more to the ballroom than to the mountains, dancing and Bridge rather than any form of amusement involving hard effort. The girls, mostly dressed in flaming crimson or yellow jerseys and wool caps, all the "correct thing" for skiing, seemed to me just a degree less vapid- their faces were meaningless masks of features when they talked, but one could just imagine they would be different when they were alone. Folks is comical!

The boys are upstairs packing tonight. Harris went this evening- one misses his bright ridiculousness, but none of them are the better for not going exped's. because the weather was bad and having nothing specially absorbing to fill up the time- They bought a funny little ineffective gun and amused themselves more or less harmlessly with that yesterday. Tomorrow Jock and Schnaps go.

Down below I can hear the Tochtermann children singing part songs together over their work- Joy! Its snowing and freezing, what a blessing we'll probably get one more good exped: I won't write again I think or you'll be getting letters after I arrive and there won't be anything to tell you! It is queer going to bed alone again, don't know what it'll feel like to have a solitary bath again! I had a jolly hot one last night with Di and Theo; while waiting, I played my penny whistle according to her lights.

Diana is I should think, from a "society" sort of home. She is slightly of the feeling of Sibyl Cropper; not pretty but quite picturesque with very dark hair and eyes and bright colour. - I don't trust her at all as a friend, but for just as much as I've seen of her she's quite jolly and amusing as a companion. - I don't suppose Ivy is doing her any good, or Theo either, who seems to be the most fond of her of

any- but Theo's a nice child, refreshingly bumptious and happy and agile. She came into my room last a night and lay on my bed and we both put our feet on the ceiling where it slopes, and she strove to emulate the Tommy cricklement of my toes, and went into fits of laughter because they reminded her of the roots of seaweed. She imagined them rooted to the ceiling and the rest of my legs sinuous waving weeds! She rejoices in being a little brown, for though she's strong, she's very pale, and her face and hair and eyes and fawn coloured S tie all look as if they ought not to have been boiled in the wash!

Goodbye dear spites - Won't it be jolly to get home to Rydal and Yipe! But what joy to see the snow nice again! Lots of love till Wed. 3.25 p.m! M."

1914

By January 23rd 1914 Mary is back in England again and she writes to Fred: "Mrs Mellis Smith, Lanmoor, Colinton, Midlothian. (And just in case she might not be home yet perhaps it would be well to send a p.c. telling of sending off the pictures, to 68 Montpelier Park, Edinburgh - but I think she went home to Lanmoor some days ago.) And Adam - c/o Lord Pentland Government House, Madras, India.

I rather hope Mrs M.S. keeps the 65 one and sends me back my original, but we'll see! Daerlin! I've the wherewith for a huge long letter to you in my mind, but no time to write it so far. Last night when I wanted to do it, I acknowledged three Xmas presents instead. Virtuous kid? (And high time too!) I've been at still life all a.m., having spent yesterday p.m. arranging it, long business! Yesterday morning I tried to get a model of some kind started, and put in some good solid washes, over it, that I had embraced any other kind of a career and firmly decided (as often before) that I hadn't a spark of anything an artist ought to have. And then later in the day I became consumed with enthusiasm for a little earthen pot and the way Velasquez would have painted and longed to "go and do likewise"! What do you think of the idea of a small clock fitting into a hole in something like a "grandfather's clock" with a group around it - e.g. my present "egg" - man holding baby up to see clock face and little child absorbed in dandelion clocks down below. - Only a tentative notion, but it seems to me that's better than trying to stick the clock in casual like into a rock or somewhere where it doesn't belong. And what suggestions have you for the lily's substitute?

Michael and Dick coming to tea this p.m. to talk stars afterwards as arranged last summer. It has cleared off without a cloud for the first time, almost since we got home, I'm so glad - its more inspiring to talk about stars when you can see 'em. Rydal is wonderfully balmy since our return - I mean the personal atmosphere - almost to the extent of saying its glad to see us. I went in to see Mrs Parker the day after I arrived, and saw the old man, most beaming, in the yard, and he wanted to know when you'd be back (had often been enquiring of M.G. in the past few weeks, she said) - and Mrs P. most interested in Switzerland etc. - They all like to hear about places away, but in general, unless open sesamed by a postcard or a picture, they are so entirely ignorant that they can't even frame questions and so appear to have no curiosity at all.

When I come back on the coach with Parke, he inquired what yellow dog (Tim) he'd seen me out with in the autumn, just as if that unasked question had been in his mind steadfastly for 3 months in connection with me, as most likely it had. That made me realise how, with so little variety in their lives here, people stick to one set of ideas year in year out just as old Parker's growl can be drawn out of him by anyone at will! Parker and I on the coach talked dogs all the way as usual with no more change from my having been away than my introducing Swiss dogs, and the horse we skijored with, which made him chuckle indulgently.

Saturday evening I went to see the Tysons. - The old lady was more beaming than I'd ever seen her and greeted me most warmly without a trace of her usual (though probably only superficial) attitude of resentment toward me for being young and strong and belonging to the idle younger generation. She may think I'm old enough now to be approved of because my apple jelly was such a success - for her opinion no doubt is that "arts all very well", but if you can make successful and economical jam you're all right! Miss Tyson was delighted with the receipt for cherry jam I had elicited from Frau Touchtermann and brought home to her. Mrs Hucks' illness has had a softening influence I think - someone definitely in trouble has been a nucleus to collect all the crystals of kindness before hanging in solution and rather to be believed than seen - chemical metaphor probably wrong, but expressive. Mrs Tyson told me how Mrs Huck had been to see her every Sunday night while Mary was at church for 40 years - and sometimes she would say to her Marg'et (she always called her Marg'et, not Margaret), Marg'et ye're late! But they'd never had a wrong word in all the 40 years - and how good Mary and Elizabeth were to her, poor things! and that daughter-in-law too, and Dick, and Mary Ann Garnett too, she was good, always bringing her things!

Fred writes to Mary on Thursday morning, 6.30 am February 5th from Highwood House Studio 12 Upper Marylebone Street, to tell her about Sir Ernest Shackleton's lecture, "My dear Mary, I wrote you rather hurriedly last night, but I have just gone through the experience of this wonderful lecture..."

It is so wonderful that I almost want you and mother to come and see it. It is in Great Portland Street. I was taken last night by Mr and Mrs Hamm, who dined me first at Pagani's. you must read the synopsis – every film was given. I thought of you so often and burst out so often "I wish my wife and Mary were here." The dogs would simply have made your day, "dear Yipies" - their anxiety to get away, - tugging at their ropes - one big biscuit a day - you see them all being fed - and the sledge in this way. - Seven dogs and one not harnessed to relieve any weary animal. - The men carried those things you had in Switzerland.

No whip - "right" and "left" The leader understands. The Penguins are the dearest things - something quite human as they run about. You see them making their nests of stones - and such a fuss made over two eggs. There are Gulls that sweep down and steal eggs that are unprotected. You see the whole thing. As Shackleton's letter says in the announcement "it is like experiencing it all again in the memory." and added to all the interest is the thrill one feels all the while of the bravery of these splendid men. Four of them died on their return journey - the whole party of four had gone on foot and were within 12 miles of their ship when food gave out. I had such a lump in my throat. These last four had taken a camera and photographed the point reached - the South Pole but already the Danish expedition had reached there before them. They found the flag flying. Daddy."

Mary replied on Feb. 6th, "Daerlin, I'm so glad you went to the South Pole Lecture! I heard Shackleton on his expedition and also another lecture by one of his party, and the penguins were fascinating, I'm so glad you've seen them. Capt. Scott's party was even better fitted for photographing all the birds and things I see by the programme you sent.

My model goes well, it will be practically finished inside of a fortnight - I have felt myself being lead, all through it, doing nothing of my own will - indeed, I wasn't there or in it at all - working peacefully and snag less; and interruptions (if any) nor anything else made any difference to me. I m longing to know what you think of it. I do wish there was some other medium to cast it into. Something as beautiful and delicate and exact and sensitive as that hard green wax Singer sent (which by the way I haven't touched yet). I suppose you can't cast things in porcelain or any very fine kind of clay - is there no other possible metal or alloy other than bronze? This thing is so small that the detail and the texture will matter more than they did in the others.

Glad you liked the honeysuckle. They'd been cutting down the little copse wood at the end of the lake, and some of the honeysuckle was cut too so I laid in a stock, also took two roots that were pulled up, and planted one beside the studio steps, and the other by that lanky little mountain ash opposite studio window. Love M."

On February 16th, "Dearest Father, I am by my lonesome tonight, but the Spite is at Burneside. The Yipe is loudly crunching molassine and the guinea pigs make little noises now and then, and the fire, which is low and not worth making up, licks now and then as cinders cool and subside.

I have been reading down at the vicarage sewing meeting as Rotha Clay is away. The reading is very necessary; they are all so shy in each other's presence and can only be made to talk by means we know nothing of. - Either no one or everybody talks, we hear them chatter as they come in through the kitchen, but once seated together with the large work table in the centre no one says a word but sometimes Mrs Clapham, and her remarks are by her own nature so irrefutable that they don't help start a conversation. Half way through Mr Legh comes in, timidly affable, and reads a prayer or two in sad and sepulchral tones. - But it's quite a nice and pleasant evening for all that. - One or two who

are responsive help the reading to go, and I know more of them enjoy it than would ever betray the fact! I am reading (at home) John Bright, and wonder if you found time to look into it, it is delightful. J.B. married another friend, Elizabeth Priestman, when you see the brothers of that name again I would like to know what relation it is.

It is a heavenly night, such stars! Sirius was so bright as actually to cast a path over the lake the way the moon does - it was wonderful looking up through the beech trees, you know the big wide space between them opposite Rydal Mount - an arch like a huge church window filled with stars. It has been a glorious spring like day - the sort that makes you poke about the borders to see what's coming up - and things are, lots of grey green daffodil leaves, like praying hands pressed together, pushing up, and hard noses of Darwin tulips, lots of 'em.

Tomorrow I shall go to work again. I have gloated on my still life as far as its gone, and decided that the real bowl and crocuses are immeasurably more beautiful - so I'm just aching to get at it again. I gave Beryl the chance to come and try it today (without showing her mine of course) not to have the lovely things waste - and she was most grateful. (The little subject is so beautiful I wish someone were there soaking it in every moment!) By the way, next time I want to study nude Beryl says she will most willingly come and sit for me - rather nice? She offered to. I am delighted with what you say of the Wedgewood possibilities - it's wonderful; do you know anything of the cost, and the process? I think it should be the ideal form, but did not know casting was possible in china ware. Sometime when I'm in the south, I should so much like to see something of the processes of the C. Smith and Singer business. Very sleepy! - Going to bed now, 9 o'clock - I'm sorry I haven't written for so long, dear. I s'pose it is partly laziness and partly a reaction from thinking in letters to such an ~<tent when I was in Switzerland when I wanted to so much to keep you posted up in everything, and enjoyed it all the more for passing it on. Oh yes, I think my model's all right! It does look jolly under the lamp, I m having a nice gloat agin' the morning!

Tuesday. I meant to have finished this nice and long, but have been working all the a.m. and some of p.m. - about finished m crocuses. Spite not coming back tonight, gone to Carlisle Festival with Mrs Bee. Elsie and Mrs Bedford and I have been having lovely music's together - Brahms and Schumann - must stop now and do up your one boot tree!
Lots of love, M."

On February 18th Fred is visiting Sir Ernest Satow, whom he had first met whilst commissioned to paint the Embassy people in Japan, and who had become a good friend. Sir Ernest had now retired to England. writes to Emily and Mary: Beaumont, Ottery St Mary's, Wednesday 4.30 "Well - my dears, here you see I am. Sir Ernest and a nephew, a Satow from Malay. A young man not unlike Hugh Allen. - Shy - a dog named Joe. - and old fellow. - A garden - a lovely view - and expanse of sky. A warm welcome and a sense of freedom. I shall stay till Monday, by then I shall feel sufficiently rested, If I do stay longer I shall telegraph you.

Got m'boot tree and Mary's letter this morning before I left. Sir Ernest just gone out and left me with a lot of Jap prints.

Mary's portrait hangs on the left of his mantle piece in the library. Greeted me instantly. How loyal he feels.

This is six miles from the sea. Excellent fishing in the river I should judge - but Sir Ernest says that is all preserved, and Sir Ernest is no fisherman himself. - "Hence brethren!" I shan't get any fishing.

I am sending this off, as I don't know yet when the mail really does go. Let me know when you get it - I 'spect you'll get it Thursday evening.

He writes to Mary on the 22nd of February: Beaumont Ottery St Mary's "My Darling, It is Sunday

evening and tomorrow I reluctantly go back to m' work. - It has been a rich experience, so quiet and easy and such perfect freedom that I feel I have got to the very depths in my intimacy with my host. Today he said, "It is seldom I get the chance for what the Americans call a heart to heart talk." - and many heart to heart talks we have had together. I went to early communion with him today and at 11 to the morning service. It is a beautiful old church and dating away back to the 15th Century.

I have made two small pastel drawings, which I shall be leaving behind me. One of his home thro' the trees - and the other a view from the bedroom window. Both rather good. He has given me some Japanese things in his own sweet open way, but it is good this finding my own worth in such a man, - his perfect openness - his freedom in speech and in the expression of his opinion on almost any possible subject. Mostly hinges on books - the few that I have happened to read really seem as I come to talk over them quite a formidable number. Will you please pack up and send to Sir Ernest my copy of Woodrow Wilson's George Washington. He will return it to me, - he reads rapidly and with a joy in what he reads and oh what good times I have had with him in talking about men and things. He is so utterly free of pedantry, seems to look for the natural expression in a human being and as tender to one as he would be to a mouse.

There are two dogs. - Joe and an old dog of 9 years, that Sir Ernest says, "I consider 63 years old, the age of a dog being 1 to 7. The other dog is only a year and half but such a darling. His name is "Dan" He only came on Saturday and seems to have brought new life into "Joe".

Sabars is the name of the Japanese servant. Mrs Cassbury is the housekeeper. A scotch lady - an old dear. - And three maid servants. I went into the kitchen yesterday and made an omelette, which turned out rather well - anyway it pleased Sir Ernest immensely.

The nephew, young Satow went home on Saturday morning.

We have had great walks and Sir Ernest walks such an awful rate that I almost have to cry out for mercy. I wish I had my big walking boots here - unfortunately, they are at home. Well, I shan't want them now; I shall be in my studio at work tomorrow aft. I get there about 2.33. This goes tonight from here at 8.

Goodnight my dear girl. I know how happy you will be to realise the pleasant and rich time that I have had here. Daddy. p.s. I met at tea today Mrs Llewellynn's aunt and Gwynn is to be married next month."

Mary wrote on Sunday Night. 22nd February, "Daerlin' Father, You may be interested to know that the bloomin' barometer has been sitting at 28.20 all day! Its driving rain and wind, beating against the windows - s't'k'g weather! but hasn't been bad all day, only a nice blustery wind.

Old Parker has suggested our using the new gate in the wall near the little quarry where our house stone came from. It was a day or two ago when I went into the Paige's garden to pick willows and he was just closing the barn and came and helped me pull down the branches - just imagine old Parker lending a hand! He who never takes his feet from the mantelpiece and talks to you over his shoulder if you go into the kitchen of an evening! - And then began to talk about the gate which would be more handy for us and they would. rather we went that way for they weren't always so tidy like. - "An it makes no difference to anyone if it makes no difference to oos" - and also people wouldn't see us so much that way and it didn't matter where we went if people didn't see us and think anyone could go, "but if it makes no difference to oos, it makes no difference to anybody but t'squire 'd put in't contract about not lettin" folks trespassing and t'ould scoundrel 'd found fault with 'em for not stopping folks etc etc etc" in the half unintelligible growly undertone. - He ought to hire a phonograph to listen to him - wonder if he ever does get anybody to hear him to his reiterated end!

Wednesday. Such a jolly time on Saturday with the 7 Fairfield girls (the little ones couldn't come then so we had 'em yesterday on their way back from their all day walk to Grasmere). When Mrs Willink

was here last week Bob went and dug up the rabbit's nest and killed one and frightened the mother away, so we had to feed the remaining ones. We found a fountain pen filler with a rag to suck at the end was the very thing, and it was charming to see the little things taking it as quietly as a baby, and little red tongue licking off the milky lips afterwards - sweet! They were so funnily different to the pigs, blunter noses, and much fluffier. They were a great joy to the children. The feeding them and watching them wash off every trace of milk from themselves and each other after the meal.

That night they departed "on their own" from the palace of the rhubarb pot, thro" the hole (the old one, been there ages) that communicated with the next garden. Hope some of 'em found their mother, but I rather doubt it. It was annoying that they didn't wait to see the Elf and the other little girl - but these two enjoyed their day nevertheless.

The guinea pigs, climbing trees such as were possible to such short legs, with assistance - and the cake with a white bas-relief rabbit on top! They were dear little things, so refreshingly full of joy over everything, and bubbling with conversation and activity and wonder, and yet never dreaming of doubting the wonders, even that asbestos that looked so fluffy or tourmaline that was like a sweet, or rhubarb, were really stones.

My work goes all right, it is heavenly outside sometimes now that I'm beginning to hanker for landscape again; but I want just to stick to my model for the present, not to get out of the feeling of it, which one needs especially over details, I think, not to get mechanical. I had rather a snag last week and felt rather bothered about it - but I see my way through again now - I try not to be afraid to change a thing radically when I feel it doesn't go, even if its nearly completed and is beautiful by itself. Today I have been operating upon the studio!!!

On the 1st of March Mary wrote again after a visit to the Willinks at Burneside: "March Rabbits - which we invoked before going to bed at all, we were so late home from Burneside - but it was jolly! We went early in the p.m. and took Beryl. Her joy and appreciation of the beautiful house and the atmosphere were delightful - she had never imagined such a house, she said, and "what a long time they must have loved beautiful things!" We saw a lot of Mrs Willinks work - beautiful, and atrociously framed, as usual! and lovely things lying about in no kind of preservation, the beautiful chalk of rams she did here has got a beastly grease spot on it - I "talked seriously" to Mr Willink and he said he would. see to its being taken care of. I must tell you such a funny thing Mrs Bee said, in her serious thinking aloud way. -



*Beryl Clay, a friend of Mary's
and a pupil of Fred.
Her father was the rector at Ambleside.*

I went to the Institute with her to arrange the chairs for the evening, and coming back we looked over into one of those flat fields by the roadside, where a few hens were scattered about pecking in the grass. I said it didn't seem right with no lambs in that field - "yes" she said, "they do seem to belong there - hens aren't so nice - there's something about a hen that's so - sudden!"

We had a hard practice, three solid hours. - The most reliable people, with both sopranos and altos being absent it came hard on the little new mill girls and did not go as well as it ought to have done - dear Mrs W. was on pins at not having them do as well as she knew they could. It is the weirdest strangest music one could well find to sing, but very fine - only today I find myself fighting the followingness of many passages - often I can't remember the notes but the grotesque rhythm torments me!

If you have "Her Infinite Variety" with you, do look up and read Wm. Barnes's "Maid for my Bride" - page 50 M. Oh how the birds are singing!"

March 10th, Mary continues: "Daerlin' Father, Many thanks for the pads (poor dear, couldn't he endure all my half sheets!) It is jolly paper and just suits my pen (the blobs are due to its own cussedness and temporary tantrums! what a mess!)

I have been helping Miss Kitching pack the "Princess", she being in much trepidation over it and involving my superior experience. I'd never packed a thing without a frame before and hope you find it safe.

Last night Elsie and I had oh such a heavenly walk beyond Grasmere to the Hill's house to take one of the Spites Festival notes - it was just an excuse of course! Oh what a night it was! when we came out of the sewing meeting there was still some rich colour left that was not quite like sunset and yet did not seem quite appropriate to the cold colours of moonlight either - a sort of warm mouse grey on the western clouds.

Soon all the clouds vanished away and there was nothing but haziness over the moon, and such brightness and quiet, of air and of sound; nothing to break the stillness but weird far-off owls and waterfalls, and occasional noises of water birds - It did seem strange to go along that road toward Easedale at such a time - for it has before been only associated with hot dusty expeditions I've had with Shack and Adam in that direction, sometimes to Helm Crag but generally bathing, hankering for the "cool silver shock" at the end of the walk, and wanting it again almost as badly when we got home again! I took Elsie over the field and shewed her Dead Man's pool, dark and rushing in the shadow, - even by moonlight, it pulled me hard!

Out of the fresh brightness, we went into the warm, yet bleak little sitting room at the Hills. - Big bookcase, high ceiling, small dim yellow lamp shining on a chess board where the two old people were playing - The nice daughter always feels like 'Becca Wheat (of In Butterfly Time) to me, in her capacity of daughter, not so much when I see her alone. Mrs Hills was sweet as ever and just the same, but her husband seems aged and feeble.

Outside seemed so much brighter than the house and the walk home was so delicious we could have gone on for miles - I've never before had anything approaching my fill of the moon!

Post time, goodbye! My love always, M."

She writes again on March 15th, Rydal, in response to a photograph of a portrait which Fred had enclosed in a letter, "Beloved Father! Oh that is a fine portrait! I don't wonder you feel so happy over it - it is so magnificent, how you have gone ahead! Isn't it just worth everything to find oneself learning things? What ever must the original be like if you are not quite satisfied with the autochrome! I m so glad you have sent it up for us all see, for we now so understand and enter into your enthusiasm.

I m so glad you're coming home so soon, but I want to send you the model just the same, for I simply can't wait for you to see it now. I see no more that is essential to be done; I should only go on and tinker, because towards the end I get on such a minute pair of spectacles as it were. I long to know

what you think of it - you can bring it back when you come for me to do anything you wish altered. You will despair over how the peacocks crest and environment are ever to be cast! So do !! But, then a peacock's got to have a rest! I have discarded the notion of a clock. I made the hole in the centre just so I cd. slip in my own watch (it couldn't be any bigger) some time ago. When I'd got everything as I thought finished, I asked Beryl if she had anything to say. - She gave me one small and helpful criticism, which I profited by. (Should that have two t's I wonder?!) and she also took exception to the hole in the centre and indeed to the "utilitarian" idea altogether, and I agreed with her perfectly, especially when I saw the hardness and "suddenness" (to quote Mrs Willink!) of the rigid watch face in the composition - it didn't belong there, so I hereby chuck it.

I don't know what you will think of the dedication - if you don't like it just rub your finger over it, I leave that entirely to your judgement. I have never heard of its being done before, but it is done for books, which exist in numbers more than the presented copy, so I thought why not? And the thought of Honor's Alison has been so constantly with me in the last few months. It seems to belong to this time, so I would. like her to have a copy, because I wasn't at all satisfied with her wedding present "lily" when I got it there, all the previous mendings shewed so.. And I wanted like the child I love to have my fairies to grow up with. But do exactly as you feel about the words I have put on. Oh I am longing to know if you like it, it has been so strange to complete it to this point, without you. I shall feel it like a child gone out of the house when Tuesday comes. I signed it yesterday dinner time in all state! and now I'm taking a couple of days holiday (that is unless I can't resist the landscape tomorrow) which accounts for my being writing a letter in the morning, the spite being gone to church. It does feel queer, doing anything else in the mornings, which I have not except 5, last month, since Jan 26, except when I was at the crocuses 3 days.

I am also anxious for you to see what Beryl has been doing - to my way of thinking her tempera of crocuses knocks my oil ones all to smithereens, and makes me astounded at the little colour I have seen. Hers, of the same subject, done on the same background in the next cottage, has such a jewel like quality, such a feeling of light. I am sure you will be pleased with it. She has enjoyed the tempera and the medium has not been such a stumbling block as the oil still is, and the intense feeling for colour which I have always believed she possessed, seems to have found expression. She did the tempera after two separate and completed chalk studies - never seeing mine, of course until hers was finished. It is mine that really look's like tempera.

On Tuesday I shall ask Beryl to sit to me again, tomorrow if Elsie and Mary can come I want to go up Nab or some other nice walk for a burst, like! and then I'm going at my work again. I have never felt such sustained enthusiasm or such satisfaction in it before, only fragmentary keenness that generally left me before I finished anything! - Lately it all seems to be opening out before me with such a glorious sense of freedom and power.

Yes, of course Mary Bedford goes back with Elsie on Tuesday. I think it is 5.40 their train gets in - Elsie will be glad to know you will meet them, for it was just the journey to Euston which she felt might be risky for the model. But I have arranged the packing fine, it is safe as safe, in the box the wax ex-lily came in from Frome, and I have made it exactly fit the little revolving stand which cannot possibly shift, and I don't think anything in the range of possibility could move the wax from the stand. I've been turning it upside down to work on for months. I dare say when it gets off that stand we shall feel it needs to be raised about 1/2 to 3/4 of an inch on something. - I'm dying to know what are the new possibilities of reproduction, I do hope we don't have to fall back on plaster or bronze - however that part is none of my business, and does not really bother me.

Last afternoon when Spite had to go to Ambleside I brought Elsie up to darn stockings with me and I read to her a lot out of Emerson and found such splendid, stimulating things! I had just discovered certain things in him for myself and in finding them to read to her I came on such a lot more pure gold - I read most of the essay on "Friendship", and a lot out of "Compensation", "Spiritual Laws" and "Self-reliance". There is lots I want to share with you too, only I expect you know it better than I do.

There's a bit about "a foolish consistency being the hobgoblin of little minds" that seemed to apply so directly to this last move of Woodrow Wilson in the matter of the Panama canal - and also to what you so often say in teaching - that a rule of today must not be brought up tomorrow if then you give a diametrically opposite suggestion. "Speak what you feel today in hard words, and what you feel tomorrow say also in hard words - what matter if you do contradict yourself? With consistency, a great man has simply nothing to do - It concerns him no more than does his shadow on the wall. "I don't know if I've quoted it right, but that's the substance. And I've had that volume of Essays some four years and its never said anything to me till just lately - I remembered one sentence "the condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it," and that started me looking into it again.

I have discovered such a ripping Bach fugue, which I hope to have learned by heart soon - you will love it when I can play it - Daerlin! This is a pretty long screed isn't it? I feel I can write now I've got that length in my work. I look forward to your coming home - of course, we can be alone, dear! Don't go calling up any more bogies! I am saving Shack's letter to read to you when you come home - I wanted to send it, but Spite said better wait as you were busy- it is a feast, that needs to be enjoyed in company!

I am sending the photos after all - may I have them back please? I want to find out what I did wrong, so's to know what exposure to give again.

Goodbye dear! My love always. M."

Mary is not working in isolation, and it is clear that she and Beryl Clay are deriving mutual benefit from Fred's tuition, and each others work. On the 16th of March Fred writes: Highwood House Studio, 12 Upper Marylebone Street "My dear Mary, I find Elsie's train gets in at 5.40. I will surely meet it, so will you tell Elsie, and - I am quite sure from these photographs that the model is superb. I am sure of it, but how can I live until tomorrow to see it.

Portrait of Rappard is delivered - and you will both be delighted to hear that they are completely overjoyed. I have never had a greater enthusiasm. Unfortunately it brought tears for Mrs Rappard said in the studio "you have never done anything finer" and when I got it home (we went in a taxi, 8 miles) poor little Olive completely broke down. - Much blowing of noses.

We hung the portrait and it looks magnificent. I stayed the night. This morning with the early sun it was wonderful.

I also delivered Mrs Hamm at the office in the city today - I am longing for home. Mrs Illingworth sat today - beautiful - Illingworth here, quite entranced. Daddy."

He wrote again on the 18th of March: Highwood House Studio, 12 Upper Marylebone Street. "My Dear Mary, I have just had a sweet time with you. I got out the model as soon as it was light. It is beautiful!... Yes, you have gone ahead in many ways, and I agree with you that it is best without any utility.... I shall show your model to no-body, unless Michaelangelo comes in! I think he would like to see it!

He wrote on the same Day, to Emily: "The Russian Dancers have had a collapse, too bad as Stravinsky has been ill from over work. - poor fellow. I went three times as you know, I only wish dear Mary could have been there to see Nijinski catch Nijinska by the wings - it was wonderful, and she gave way butterfly like and flitted back to the far end of the stage. It was the art. - I so often wish we didn't live quite so far away."

It is not clear exactly when Fred had seen the Ballet Russe, but it must have been some time after 1911, Serge Diagilev's Ballet Russe had recently had a season in Paris, and now moved on to a

season at Drury Lane, London. Diaghilev's policy was to mix the more popular with the less popular ballets. Daphnis etc. Chlöe was extremely well received, but the triumph, as in Paris, was Le Coq d'Or. The last new work to be shown in London was La Légende de Joseph which Diaghilev spared no effort to advertise. Richard Strauss conducted in person and Diaghilev succeeded in exciting more enthusiasm for Joseph than it had provoked in Paris. On the night of the première of Joseph, Diaghilev received a telegram from Count Harry von Kessler, the company's sponsor in Berlin, effectively cancelling the forthcoming season. It was a warning to Diaghilev. War clouds were brewing and within a fortnight war had broken out. Like most of the world the company failed to take the rumours seriously and the London season ended in triumph on 25 July, when the ovation seemed endless. But this was to be the end of a whole era of the Diaghilev Ballet.

April 1st 1914, Wednesday: "I said Rabbits! Highwood House Studio, 12 Marylebone Street. My dear Mary Bird, Your model is at Brucciani - 258 Goswell Road E.C. — I went to Wedgewood but is evidently quite out of the question. They assured me that we wouldn't like it if we saw it. It would have to be cut up in five or six different blocks - and the man who moulds them would have to work on the blocks himself - so I did what they advised, went to Brucciani and now let us hope that it will be all right.

I came away like leaving a piece of myself somewhere. I wanted to go back and say "Please take great care of it."

They are going to make first a block cast, and a gelatine from that. They will send us two casts to Rydal and keep four here. Daddy"

On May 4th, Mary writes to Fred and Emily: "Beloved Spites! The dogs have just arrived, with much luggage in the shape of tins of food etc. I was having a snooze, but wasn't quite asleep `coz I hadn't taken the trouble to provide for Kuththa's lying on the bed too, so he wandered around and clawed me and the counterpane, and being only us two I hadn't the heart to tell him to lie down sternly!

George brought cabbage, lettuce and cauliflower plants, which I've given to Stobbart to plant. Also some beautiful celery, wish I liked it! And the Spites spectacles! Joy! The Yipe was overjoyed to see me emerge safely from the sound of a departing motor, but when we got home and no spites, he was rather quiet and depressed and I had to fool a bit with him while we cleared out the studio. I've been most of the day clearing up, as yet not much shews, but the studio is considerably less knee deep, tho' I haven't got as far as sweeping yet, only sorting things. - Have cut the glass for the drawing wanted it, made beds etc. but can't find the sheet for fathers - shall I have to take it off the studio roof?! It's poured cats and dogs all day; and doesn't look like being "my effect" or anybody else's for weeks.

I saw Miss Sumner come in the gate about three, but haven't seen her to speak to. Elsie and Mary just come, - E. is sewing blue knickers, and Mary is being left to set the table according to her lights, - she's slowly discovering necessities out of the cupboard and drawers, good practice for her, tho' not easy in someone else's house. - Choruses of pigs come from the kitchen and a dog lies in every corner. Stobbart is doing fine (I won't forget his tea) - he's been at it all day in spite of rain, and I lent him the black waterproof.

We've been reading Tam O' Shanter and Infinite Variety and having a high old time - and darning storkins "more by token it was the nippers birthday." This p.m has come this card - so glad Christopher's to be married at last! How glad they'll be, the Brownes! Moreover, I have some photos. from Greece from the Putnams - and, address me as sir!! An invitation from O. Putnam 3255 Pacific Avenue S.F. but you know they're in Greece now. I had some photos from him 2 days ago - I can't find the wrapper, but am pretty sure he gave no more address than Athens.

May 7th: Last night after I finished my scribble to you I went out on the terrace with my chalks - but the clouds were more wonderful than beautiful, huge marching masses like the Bach Fugues, dwarfing the hills. I sat out there listening to lambs and watching clouds and experiencing gnats! till nearly dark, then came in and had a bath - virtue, since it entailed removing out of it most of the kitchen's pots and pans put there out of Vitey's way! (The Ambleside Plumber)

Today it has still rained most of the day. I worked under umbrella in the "bull field" - rather too long, and didn't like my result when I brought it indoors. I hadn't realised how the colour had changed and hardened as the rain stopped. However, I've cleared up the studio, and this p.m. made a portfolio for the loose sketches that have been hanging round there, and stretched some paper and done up flowers for Mrs Grundy. Post now! Goodnight dears! A case has come from Abbots - don't know what's in it yet - Miss Sumner here today again.

Bob and Tim will meet you at Burneside on Saturday to come back! Love M.

p.s. The Lake Artists Society to send some sculpture to its exhibition!!! Can't think why it amuses me so! I gave Stobbart tea, also Miss Sumner who's coming again tomorrow. - She was very grateful, and not unduly independent! Ever so much love dear things. M."

May 6th: "Daerlin' Spites, Just back from a heavenly walk to Troutbeck. It showered all day except for brief intervals and we got superficially wet, but it was delicious, specially the woodsy bits where the rain brought out the smells of birch and bird cherry and bluebells and things, and the bracken was a deeper red on the hills than ever I have seen against the fresh spring green. We met two darling lambs quite close to, lost in a lane, and proclaiming the fact - and then later on a nice shepherd with a big flock. - I longed for Mrs Willink, it was so picturesque as they turned down the lane between an old hog'us and a huge massive sycamore.

The puppies were delightful I do hope Beryl can have one - 2 or 3 weeks old, crawling little black and grey sausages - and I've selected a wife for Kuththa! Their mother, Wm. Airey's "Pink", a very slender little grey dog with rather rough hair. Airey agreed. He had saved all the puppies for Beryl to pick from - nice of him - I mean he hadn't promised anybody else as I'd written so long ago. He's a nice sort of man to deal with, nice straight feeling about him, so one would. not hesitate to take his advice about the dogs.

We came back over Skelgill, and saw on the way such a sweet family of tail-less robins and parents, and ever so many wild flowers - and the reddish twigs of young oaks against the deep blue of the hills was beautiful. I had my chalks, but it rained too continuously to think of them

Done no work today, shocking! We looked in on Mr and Mrs Bell on the way back, he was working in the garden, we had a short but pleasant visit, their hospitality is always so beautiful.

Vitey has been, and finished! Mirabile dictu! and the house reeks of duresco, horrid homeless smell! and I solace myself with a lovely handful of bay and thyme, sage and French Lavender that I picked at Strawberry Bank. I have enjoyed my day, its such ages since I've had a day out, not since Switzerland - except that nice hot scramble up the Langdales.

Oh, the concert last night was quite nice, and very well attended - Mrs Argles came, nice of her! and dear Stella Hamilton worked right through the programme like a trooper. Miss Wright, the red haired violinist of Windermere, had an accident of some kind and couldn't come, so vocal quartets etc. made up for the string ones. The children were charming, and when all else failed, (at a comic song in the middle) we enjoyed their dear little faces. We left before the comic song at the end, only one item being after, and with several encores (including the comic! of course!) it was already 10 O'clock. I see Miss Sumner working on her trees from the cabbage bed again.

All right about Mr Rappard at the farm. I went to see the Millers, did I tell you? and heard Mrs. was as "well as cd. be expected."

How very funny about the sea kale! I gave Elsie some for tea on Monday, and she ate it like a lamb! and the rest to M.G. who ate it raw for breakfast this a.m. and thought it didn't taste very strong of celery somehow! Oh lovely clouds! and not raining! Must go out. 'Bye daerlins, Love M. Specs found in Willinks car."

On the 2nd June Fred writes to his sister in America: "My Dear Ethel, So you are at Boston – I write quickly to greet you... ..We are all of us pegging along as best as we can, times are hard, to sell a picture is a jolly hard thing to do... but occasionally I get a portrait.

Since I was in California I have studied very much as a student studies. Almost going back to my early California way of working. Mary is doing landscape that quite excels mine – I tell her that I am going to sit in an armchair and let her work and keep me and mother! It is not clever work as mine might be called clever – but so deep in feeling that she already has got where I can never follow. Strange thing this deep quality in one so young. Her work is not on the surface at all now. Brother Fred"

On the 25th July Fred writes to Beryl Clay: "...When you want a pull up, don't hesitate to bring your work. If you work in colour I would rather urge your going more directly for colour tone with a frank way of saying it, and careful drawing of trees. In black and white, Pencil I prefer. The important thing is keeping the balance, so that you think colour and think form. There is no art without form. Very truly yours, Fred Yates."

On July 28th, Mary writes to Fred from London: Highwood House Studio. "Mother's appointment with Mr Thomson is tomorrow - we've just come back from tea with him and Mrs and Douglas, dear boy! We went there straight yesterday after doing the Harris packet, and made this arrangement. This a.m. I telephoned the white star (telephone wouldn't work, but I discovered a wire displaced by the paperhangers and set it right - pom-pom!) and with some confusion and difficulty discovered that the packet had arrived somehow (tho' the office closes at 5.30) and was attended to last night. Telephoned also Mrs Field who went away today, but comes back Thursday and is longing to see mother. Then about 1.30 while Spite sewed, after we'd cleaned up the Studio, I took my first sally out into the world! and went to University College Hospital to look up Shack's nurse sister Lily - a big clean tiled empty busy place - the doorkeeper sent me to the matron's room, and the matron and I parleyed through a nurse, and she said I cd. go to ward 6 wh. was near by - wh. I did, and met a girl so deliciously like Shack in voice and manner and more or less in features that I could have hugged her right off but didn't! But I hope we'll see more of her, she's so very close, not more than 5 or 6 minutes via Howland St. as I explored later; She couldn't tell at all what time she would. have off beforehand, but will come round to us when she sees her way. I felt considerably more cheerful for my little adventure!

I begin to like London better by the intervention of the tape map and knowing where I am and where I'm going a bit - more interesting to keep my wits about me! We paid Ryman on our way to George St. this p.m. and bought vegetables at Gt. Tichfield St. on the way back -

The Capt. Scott expedition lecture is on at the S. James Hall (that was) - so we're going tonight. The dear Spite's quite by way of being skittish this afternoon. Tomorrow a.m. I hope for a swim - swimming baths only open Wednesday at S. Pancras.

Goodnight dear - going to post now, and then rest till 8.15. Love M."

July 29th Highwood House Studio. London: "Drying my hair after a delicious time in the S. Pancras Baths. I hoped for a lesson in diving, but no teacher turned up. So after a prolonged swim round and round, I sat on the edge and waited for one of the 15 or 20 little schoolgirls who were in possession to come and ask me to "come and hold me up in the shallow end, miss!" After which I enjoyed a delightful beehive of small girls for nearly an hour, and only came away then for fear Spite shd. be back from the dentists and be having visions about me. They were dear kids, whatever slums they may have come from, with much of the freshness and free manners of the S. Anne's Home little girls. I enjoyed them thoroughly.

This morning I scrubbed the window and walls of the w. beneath! And oh the grime! I almost feared it would. clog the drain pipe. Its not to say clean in the corners yet, but at least one need not fear to be defiled by touching the walls!

Jacobs has a parcel here about a yard by 4 feet flat, from Madderton and one from Whiteley with your curtain for round stairway beautifully cleaned - Carpet and modern tapestry are also back, clean. What's to be done with the old tapestry that's beautiful but falling to bits? And can we send off the Putnam box of bronze? (Whiteley bill is receipted at top I see.)

We had such a time at the Scott pictures last night, I'm so glad you've seen him and enjoyed all the dear animals, Penguin's etc! 1/- each it was. We are living on almost nothing and faring sumptuously. At 6.30 tonight we go to dine at Pagani's - beastly place - with the Thompsons, thence to the meeting at First Church.

Sorry you had all that to do for the Weulzes without us! How goes the grandmother's grave?

The Forsyth G.G. I have hung for safety and privacy discreetly behind the mirror. I have cleaned this place so unknowably, but I'm afraid it won't keep until you come!

The nice girl at the milk shop sounded so regretful when she heard you weren't here.

You forwarded me such a nice letter from the girl I told you of last week whom I wanted to ask to Rydal instead of going to W. Hartlepool at present. - (Old school friend, now a nurse in Dublin) - she is delighted to come for the 1st week in Sept. - That's all right for us isn't it? for you won't want to be away when Mr Badley's there - I mean you won't want to be working with me here at that time. I didn't at all think she'd come, I'm so glad. I think you'll like her, if she's at all like what she was at 17.

I'm getting the hang of the immediate neighbourhood - it's a much nicer feeling to know where you are! The Spite is relieved at getting her dentistry mostly done - I am so glad I came with her - we've had some good talks and are helping to disentangle each other - Sometimes "one another's burdens" are so much more of a "fresh eye" to see clearly!

Much love to you dear - (I did think of my Yipe too last night when I saw the pictures!) I feel quite jolly again now! The first night and some of yesterday I was so miserable and clouded and confused that I could hardly think and could hardly bear to write. But I've got my balance again now - "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world". Love again M."

Joan Fox continues in her notes: "Fred Yates continued to go to London a good deal after the war broke out in 1914, He describes the zeppelin raids over London and going out into the streets afterwards to see if there were any folk he could help. The war was responsible for the deaths of many of his friends. He kept many letters from the front, some from young artists he knew who did not survive the war. It was a time when "his sensitive spirit battled with the mental and physical horrors of the war as one friend wrote "and it affected both his work and health". His daughter once told me that she always felt that it was the war that really killed him.

To my sister, my brother and I, however, it always seemed as though he was still at Rydal, surrounded as we were by his pictures and hearing stories about him from Aunt Mary and Grandmother. He was full of fun, could sing old songs and could manage to accompany himself at the piano, which Granny would imitate for us. We were told many of his favourite stories, often against himself such as one where he met a crusty old colonel friend after he had first had a picture accepted at the Royal Academy - "Congratulations, Yates, on getting your picture accepted - astonishing rubbish they take there sometimes!"

Tuesday August 4th 1914 (After outbreak of war.) Mary writes: "I have had a truly great time. I am here now in the studio and Phineas is chewing up paper and littering the place all over - but it really is remarkable how adaptable he is. All the journey through he hasn't cried once except as a protest when I had to ram him into his basket on nearing Euston, and then hardly audible. Strange how he seems to fill the air of the studio with comfort. - Little beast, he had milk the instant we got in, and the studio is so comfortable and warm. - I only gave him those bits of dry chicken to pull at coming down in the train and just before he had been lugging at his strap and when in place of it I introduced something edible he hardly knew at first what to make of it.

There were two ladies in -the carriage, one from Kendal and another from W mere or thereabouts. Her name was Hanley - I must ask the Willinks about her - She is running a hospital near L'pool. Her husband carries the patients about in his car. The other lady was going to Chester. But I knew nothing of either until Phineas emerged and captivated them - Mrs Stanley taking him on her lap - by the way en passant - he wetted in the corridor same as any other joummeau what's got on forcibly - and I mopped it up with the duster and rolled up the duster afterwards - and quite forgot to take it out of the carriage at Crewe where I had to change.

He is walking round the studio now investigating, having chosen a secluded corner, which has a piece of paper and some coal dust by way of association. He investigates everything. Smelt the coalscuttle, tried to get into it - and the whole jolly lot rolled bodily over him.

I must teach him things that have lessons in physical laws. He got on the model stand and saw in the mirror another dog, and backed - I just caught him falling - he hasn't made any further acquaintance of that other dog - when he gets lonesome I shall further stimulate his imagination regarding that other. I don't a bit want Florence to come and take him and yet I can't carry him round London and if I left him here he would raise Cain. He is a little beast, he has given me no end of trouble and greatly upset my appetite this morning, and I had to stalk round Rugby station with him at the end of a string inviting him to do his "dooty" but the constellations evidently weren't all in proper conjunction and our promenade ended in his feeling a bit weary and sleeping with his head back - chin in the air - in my arms till I shoved him into his basket at Euston.

He has tried twice to get back into the basket but it wont hold still and he has lost confidence in things that have no pied-de-resistance!

Arnold's old picture, the Rydal water is I really think a corker! I love it. It seems to have increased in beauty since I painted it, and I love this blessed studio more and more. The housekeeper tells me that a Zeppelin did actually pass right over the house. But I guess that everybody within a three-mile radius would swear by now to the same fact regarding all the other houses. It really was over Tottenham Court Road though.

I didn't try to write you earlier. My train was an hour late and I got here at 7.00 - too late to write. I got the Sphagnum Moss bundle and shall take it tomorrow after Florence has gone off with Phineas. This is he - the durned thing changed his position the instant I began it.

He is lying in my waterproof. I shall go to bed early and get up early because I want to get my walls dusted with the Ocedar mop. Everything was here when I got here - delivered by the beloved Felix. Bread, Butter, Milk...

I didn't try to read coming down - just rested - and listened to men talking - after Crewe - six men if you please in a heated compartment and would have windows and doors closed - and then one old rooster lighted a cigar, a good one, and asked me if I objected. I said certainly not, only you must have the door open if you are going to smoke - so I had it open. I quite agree, men are much worse than women about air. Had it been in France we would have cussed and thought how vile the Frenchmen were in comparison with our noble countrymen.

Law sakes! I'm still a talking. I saw at Crewe a troop train of 600 dear fellows off to the Dardanelles - they were the jolliest lot you ever saw. Not a civilian on the train.

London is dark as your hat. You couldn't believe it possible. Everything down. You just see people bobbing in and about between buses and taxies - but at 7 a very few people are about although the vehicles all seem crowded.

Now I'm really ending with my paper."

In October, Fred receives a letter from a lady seeking advice on teaching her children: October 21st, The Field House, Stourbridge "Dear Mr Yates, You said at conference in April that you would be good enough to help anyone who wrote about how to teach painting. I am in such a quandary now because I am very keen on teaching it as well as I can and don't know how to!

I have three little girls of 7 years old to teach and none of them have ever had any lessons of any sort before and have never used a paint box. They are very keen, and because I often try to sketch, that is their great ambition! Please tell me the right way to begin?! So that I shan't spoil any talent that they may have. Once or twice I have taken them out in the garden and have let them try to paint what they see, but that is not quite satisfactory as I have to help them so much to make it presentable....

...I was wondering how Mary ever began to draw such dear little figures and scenes, as she did in those you showed us....

With kind regards, Lois Channing Pearce."

Fred replies to her on the 3rd of November. His reply gives an insight into his teaching methods with the young. He writes: "Dear Mrs Channing Pearce, I am sorry that I have not replied before to your letter and beg you to forgive me.

With little children as young as seven - if they were mine - three of them, you say. I would first look out for the one that shows the greatest keenness. - Children are so imitative that one with a power of expression would lead the way and fire the others with enthusiasm. You speak of Mary's early drawings, - quite right, but you must remember that Mary did actually believe in Fairies - assured me that I couldn't see them because I was a mortal. In return I made her feel her deep privilege that she was able to see that which others couldn't.

Whatever work she brought to me, and no matter what it appeared to represent I took her description of it and accepted it, paying due respect to it. Pinning it up on my wall. Making her feel that what she tried to express I had understood.

A really great picture - or a really fine landscape, you find that you have to bring in another faculty besides sight. - Shall I say you have to listen for it's meaning. - that is the nearest word I know.

What children draw away from their teacher has always more meaning than what they do with the teacher. Let them draw what mostly attracts them – and if they show no desire take a book – set it on end – and let them draw the right proportion of the rectangle, and draw it perfectly. Give them different sized books. Sometimes upright, sometimes oblong. Then gradually turn it until it shows (the pages.) This gives the first line of perspective. – Don't say the word for heaven's sake!

On a piece of paper of this (light grey) colour put a flower. (and another similar piece of paper.) Let both be laid flat on the table. Give them chalk nearest the colour of the flower. Let them draw the flower outline carefully with pencil.

I do not think children want water colour – unless of course they show some ability. Water colour is the most luscious of all mediums but only beautiful when freely handled.

Then later on, a ball, or a square box. The eye in this simple way will get a natural training.

I would urge accuracy and neatness. This knack of teaching is like five finger exercise at piano.

Brown paper and chinks, white, pink red, yellow, blue, lavender or purple, and black. You can buy these colours at Lechertier Barbe, 95 Jermyn St, St James, London, S.W. Say two light blues – (different shades) and two yellows (different) and two reds.

You will find the children delighted to draw on brown paper, about the size of this sheet (six by nine inches) In this work I would attempt no kind of teaching unless they come to you begging for help. Teach them to see a tree all round, even now, with all the leaves blown away.

I have told you just a little and when you want more, let me know, - and send the children's drawings to me with the ages upon each, and if boy or girl.

As the evening draws on I think children see a landscape better – everything silhouetted and simplified, - and the mystery is also increased.

Take them into the garden, when the stars shine, and tell them to keep silence.

Oh you teachers! What a responsibility is yours. – But let me help you when you are in need.

Fred Yates."

At the end of Woodrow Wilson's first year in office, Wilson received a telegram from Fred. He replied to it on the 7th of March 1914:

"My dear Fred, It was like you to send me a telegram on the anniversary of my coming into this office and it warmed my heart to read it. You certainly are a dear and thoughtful friend. I cannot tell you how often our thoughts and our talk turn towards you and your dear ones or how welcome are the letters that occasionally cheer us from Mrs. Yates or Mary or yourself."

The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

1915

Jan. 29. 1915. Rydal. " Dear Spites of mine, I've just been in Ambleside delivering boots to Mrs Bow, May Hardy's mother. - I wrote to ask Elsie for some, and next morning but one came two parcels from Northwood and Gerrards - nice little pair of shoes, and pair of boots and bedroom slippers. - Mrs B. was "set up", Thought they'd fit the child, but if not asked if she might pass them on to her sister who has 7 children, youngest 2 weeks, husband at the front and not been heard of for a month.

We had a long talk in her tiny dark room opposite the mill wheel and underneath a pile of tiny crowded old houses. She was staying with her sister, but found me at the door and let me in. - It was homelike in spite of being for the time fireless. - Away in a dim corner - the next room - I saw a large bed, filling most of the room, and the tiniest of windows tucked into a crevice. She is a strange woman, strangely un-Westmorland - very handsome in features and very young looking and strong; quick changes of expression, flashes of bitterness or defiance or contempt - a certain hardness of self respect - but one feels that one meets all of her attitude fairly and can trust her.

There is something one likes about her, though it is overlaid with a hard sort of sediment left by the seamy side of life - her own and other peoples. She told me news came last night of Stanley Hawke's being killed (the second boy) last Monday - poor Hawke's!

I have made Honor's brown skirt tidy to wear today - and made a belt to it. Dora says the Paiges were coming tonight, but haven't heard them yet. Miss Millar should be along to supper tonight, so I must write Mrs Bedford and Marjorie Ortman before she comes, to thank them for the shoes.

'Night dears - you'll be home this time tomorrow! I've done wondrous little of all I meant to get done while you were gone, nevertheless there's a pair of stockings more by to knit - twas the nipper's birthday to greet mother, ready darned!

Heard from Honor yesterday asking me to be godmother to Alison in September!

Give my love to the Weisses.

March 1. "Very dear Spites. I have uneventfully found m'train and expended 2/4. 1/2 on m'ticket - which, as it is 2.23 and nothin' come of it, I seem to have paid for the privilege of shelter in this carriage and the rights of a caretaker to air it!

Ah, off now - but as I have to change at Wiggin I might just exactly as well have gone as far as that with father. We are passing quite close to the docks and I've just seen the 4 funnels in a row which. Father pointed out to me on Thursday.

2.55 Rainford Junction. - Where an extremely small (but uniformed) boy flings open my door and shouts to the universe that "all change here" - and I hear him being corroborated in the distance so get out and confer with a ticket collector, and wait for the 3.12 on a sunny and windy platform of a station that is just a junction and has no other object in life. - Doesn't look as if anybody ever stopped here - express just gone rampaging through looking neither to right nor left - and then the station is again left to itself and the singing of the wind in broom bushes and telegraph wires. A luggage train, more modest in its deportment, somewhat apologetic for its extreme length - and again the wind in the wires.

6.81 Blackburn Rd. Bolton. No change at Wiggin after all - I arrived safely and found D train as instructed and took 1/2 hour to get here - huge long way - and was dropped at Hilda's room with the undertakers sign beside the door. H. looks lovely - younger than ever though hair a little whiter - but such a peaceful face in spite of her excitable manner. We've been up to the Woods to tea - of which. I'll tell you when I get home. Helen is working at the Red Cross hospital - but is home this p.m. and

come in for the evening - she is a dear. I'm afraid I shan't manage Mrs Leslie J. - she lives rather further than we are from the station in the opposite direction.

I'll be home tomorrow p.m. by the 8 coach, walk from Ambleside. I'll look in at Violet a minute to fix about 1/2 term. Post. Love to you both. M.

I shall see the children tomorrow - so glad I've managed it at last!"

March 23. Rydal. To Fred. and Emily. at London Studio, Highwood House. "Just what I was wanting to write my Spites upon! It came in a fishing tackle catalogue, such as lives merely to "keep temptations fatal power still alive in every heart" and flourishes in its career - such as is as well burned - patent eel trap, line drier - screw tail phantom, duplex spinner per doz.: Aqua glue, waterproof fluid glue always ready for use - that sounds interesting!

I have been up to Mrs Dawson and had a lovely time - read to her - and presented the irises for which. she couldn't thank Mr Yates, but I would find that Dora Bowe, the child with brown eyes and a huge head. - Nice kid, cow-like, one can just see her sitting among a swarm of children of her own at the age of 40 - is Mrs Clark's sisters child, now I think of it I've seen Mrs Bowe in the P.O. drawing separation allowance - a stout dark eyed little woman, quite like Mrs Clark in a way but for the cow quality which. Mrs C. "Altogether wants. She lives at the wasp's nest. It is interesting to see how people's families fit in.

I took my bat to Fairfield and Scale How where he was immensely appreciated - and have now hung him up under the windowsill again. I fastened in the picture. Saw B. Millar and we planned another moonlight spree up Nab, she to come to supper and stay the night if she could get back unbeknownst - Miss Wilcock is a safe person to tell! it would be larks! but I'm afraid the moon won't come off - it was nice this p.m. but rained as I was coming home, just enough to make things smell heavenly - resinous pine, ivy, wet moss, dampening hay, all sorts of nice undefined things.

I have sent off Miss S.E. Dodson's parcel, but can't find the Forsyth letter, hope father didn't send it off by Tommy after all insufficiently stamped? I met T. tonight and got merely catalogues - where can the Indian mail be?

I went in to the Clays a few minutes on my way home (carefully carrying the bat clinging to the inside of my little brown basket.) - Beryl herself let me in. - She is ever so much better, arm almost right now - and announced me to the others as "Mrs Stephen Marshall" which. lady they said, comes very seldom and always on a day when they're in a "scrow" and looks round with a lorgnette sort of gaze.

Piano tuner came this a.m. - and I tidied the studio beautifully! Oh the Clays new girl has gone as suddenly as she came, they found her quite hopeless and hooliganish!

There's a hedge sparrow shouting in the back door and its nearly dark and pea soupy of complexion - the evening I mean - I won't write more for tomorrow's Sylvester's birthday and I want to send a word to C.H!

You are all cosy and comfy in the studio by now. Nice Spites! I kiss you goodnight by the forelock! Shan't tell Honor you're away. M."

April 29. Rydal. "In the sun drying my wig. Dearest Father, Today Adam reaches England - I think what with other things I shall most likely go off pop when I think of it!

I've just written her a little landing note, which became, by forces unknown to me and unlooked

for, 3 pages! And the lovely Sop. and Alto duet out of the Mathew Passion is going smoothly and peacefully through my mind all the time. B. Millar and I worked at it yesterday a long time and I nearly know it by heart.

Yesterday a.m. I saw the Chief off at White Moss - Park didn't stop but I stood by and handed up a pie (wrapped up!) as they passed! He is very much better - we went up Helm Crag on Monday, he just wanted to bag one little more hill for these holidays, and he did enjoy getting on the fells again. I went over to lunch both days, and we played chess after, before starting. The second day we came home over Nab.

When I arrived Mr Badley said in private: "I think you'd better not let on to the good people here that we're going over Nab - they're rather nervous about tops!" - Then Miss Laura, having guilelessly suggested my washing in the bathroom, met me there to warn me against mentioning bathing in the Chief's presence (I had done so quite without sinister intent, knowing that he neither ought to nor dreamed of it). I felt like a poor little pawn round whom pieces are dodging - in imminent danger of being taken, but that its necessary as a shield! Such a pawn doubtless would if it could "automatically" cease to exist and leave the persons confronting each other and their own dark schemes. But I didn't!

The Spite panders to cabbages altogether too much - we stalk each other downstairs in the mornings - and she's always up first, and I just grab a hunk of gingerbread and fly out to my cherry trees and lamb wishing I'd been an hour earlier. I snoozed after breakfast this a.m. so I'll have a shot at 4.30 tomorrow.

The sun is altogether too officiously early these days. Like the housemaid who got all the beds made before the family was up in the morning. It is so beautiful early that I have difficulty settling down to anything at all specially when I know its going to change in 5 minutes. "Best kind o' weather! best kind!" The anemones are beautifully out - I must do m'hair and write Agnes. Love. M. But my signature doesn't compare with yours!

Oh I forgot to tell you about Joan and Diana yesterday - it was very nice, of course I wish I could have had the children alone, but I hope to some time before they go.

Diana does not seem unhappy, dear child - but Mlle is not of course nearly sensitive enough to her and I fancy rather resents the patience and waiting necessary to gain her confidence. Joan realises the uses of popularity with the powers that be! But Diana seems to live along and take and enjoy her own little crumbs of happiness, and Joan is always delightful when one can show her insects and things, the interests that belong to every child. It is beautiful how Diana is always the same when I'm alone with them.

When we meet in public, she makes no sign of recognition, but when we're together, we go on just exactly where we left off. I have never the old ground to win over again - she never forgets anything. Some day we shall have time and opportunity to build on these firm foundations.

On the 2nd of June 1915, Woodrow Wilson wrote to the Yates family expressing his concern at the events shaking Europe: "We think and speak of you all constantly, and with such deep affection as I am sure you know.

Our hearts go out to you in these days of trial as perhaps never before, and you may be sure that if we are sometimes stupidly preoccupied and silent; it is only because the things that are happening seem too big to talk about; We can be sure that you know our love and trust and that the bonds between us can never be slackened."



On Thursday July 1st The San Francisco Examiner reports:

Yates Portrait of Late Chief Justice Hung

A portrait of the late Chief Justice William H. Beatty, painted by Fred Yates of London, shortly before the eminent jurist's death, was hung in the Supreme Court room yesterday,

It was given the place of honor on the wall directly behind where the justices sit en banc—in fact, just behind the chair so long occupied by the venerable chief justice,

The portrait was painted at the direction of the San Francisco Bar Association, but; there were no formal ceremonies at its hanging. It is understood ceremonies of installation and eulogy will be held, later.

The artist, Yates, painted the portrait of President Wilson for Princeton, and is a great friend of the nation's chief executive. He also did a portrait of Justice Henry A. Melvin for the Bohemian Club, of which organization Justice Melvin was then president. The Beatty portrait is considered one of the greatest things Yates has ever done.

Saturday 17 July, Fred writes: "How wonderful it all is, life seems so much of a dream I awoke in the night only momentarily, and wondered where I was. - Quite thought I heard you stirring, trying to steal a march on me then, decided I didn't and went off to sleep again. You know the whole place is different since the Willinks were here. It isn't only the joy of feeling that they have been here, but everything I touch seems to bring them to mind, the way they left things in the cupboards and the contents of the bedroom laid out spic and span - everything clean as a whistle. - I wished you could have enjoyed it with me. Blankets, pillow cases all in squares like a chessboard. I must write and tell them when I have time - now I am of course not going to write any more, I am going off to get my bath and revel in it up to my full depth. Mrs Firth wanted me to come for a weekend. Dickens! How did she know I was coming? I hope to goodness no one else knows. I wrote and told her it was impossible - cocky! In the studio - on the right hand of the long shelf is the Zal poison. Will you simply put it all saucer, box and all into a larger box. It is the only thing I forget, that and the kindling. It looks like this.

You might empty the contents of the saucer down the W. That would be quite safe since only rats could find it there.

Don't keep any of the peas for me, eat them - or the sparrow will most surely get them.

I am longing for my work this afternoon. The studio is spick - polished - the downstairs W. clean in every corner. I think there must be a new housekeeper - signs on the floor of cat's paws - imprinting the white that I put on the doorstep.

The wallpaper is perfect now. Those eggs that Mary Garnet got were a godsend - I had one in m tea this morning - and one last night when I got in. I was pretty well played out - that hanging is hard work, but it's worth it - I like to think of Beryl's two pastels looking their best. Those damned Turners though, even when I think of them here make an awful memory. Thinks of the biggest "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" darn the fellow, he got no help from there - the devil must have helped him.

Do you know when I was going round with Percy Mason numbering the beastly things I felt glad there was a hereafter in store! Mason told me he is a fine handsome looking fellow - six feet - Brute! Crossland runs him mighty close and some yellow gorse by Barlow Wood marked £20 each five of `em will remind you of Colman's mustard. Percy Mason cleverly suggested mustard. - I like to feel Mason has done better, he really has - and Collingwood has a lovely bit of Westmorland Alps - spoils a little by a dead sky but the lower part is like an opal - that and Mrs Collingwood simply ripping - and Arthur Suches has one biggun near Coutts biggun both good but not soul stirring but as craft really good. - You will see what I mean. - The Tucker could be copied perfectly, inch by inch.

Mary is to take a holiday with friends, and on July 17th. she writes. "Oxenholme 12.2 all serene in fact a minute early - in spite of 12 carriages to the train. Such a lot of people! We were 15 minutes 1 ate leaving Ambleside, there being 2 maids and mountains of trunks at the Bernard Fletchers gate (their house is let) -no possible room for the luggage, consequent palaver, abstracting one maid from the house, promises of sending back a float from Ambleside and so on. Finally, we took just the 2 women one of whom was very like an overbrowned biscuit.

At Ambleside more people, and the big trunks next to me had to be moved on which account came murmurings from the rear. Then at Waterhead, crowds more whom we had to leave heartlessly behind us, for as the driver said there was no time to stand "an argue with `em. He was quite nice and humanly concerned about them, but calm with the knowledge of possible charries or motors to be had, and he wouldn't mind their having another company's coach so long as they got the train. The horses pulled fairly, they do a days work! but one kept biting at the other, and there was no time to scrap! Driver said he'd run it all winter and it was always like that perhaps not always used to a companion and would keep tell'n it to coom along an do its part! I asked if (*) the clocks at Grasmere weren't forward and he thought they were, "you may tell them about station time but of course every clocks right!" (*) Here

I heard the train coming so packed up. Theodore was looking out for me, brought me in through a crowded carriage to a crowded corridor with Adam shining in the midst. We are sitting on my baskets, quite comfy with soldiers to right and left of us, serenely knitting, that is Ad's still - we have been talking hard of course, recollecting Winchester, our last journey together, hearing the subsequent history of Adams silvery and peacock hat - her prospects of Loch Riddon - what larks! Its getting finer and finer, lovely colours - we'll have a sunset to arrive by.

We're hoping to drop our soldiers at Carlisle and have room to sit. Spiteful strawberries! There is a delightful 12 months baby tottering about at the door of next compartment - Ad. has just been on a friendly expedition - much cooing and smiling. Carlisle. M."

July 24th . Craig, Ormidale, Glendaruel. "NB. Steamer in sight - rest to follow! "Dearest Spites Both of you together before this I hope! So glad the Anderson portrait has gone so well - that's fine, will you send me the Lake Artists Society catalogue please, or tell me which are nos. 118 and 123 - Do you think I ought to write to Mrs Bennet, father, or leave it till I come home?"

As I think father must be home now I'm sending back the gowly letter - if I have it by Wednesday its time enough to send to Isabel - daerlin' spites to plan Oban! It wd. be lovely - but I vote for waiting till Isabel comes home and can go too - with Spites instead of Reverends we should feel so free and happy and have chance for all the walks we longed for and could not do. I wonder if you'd love it as I did - rather long distances to get to places, steamer or otherwise, but gorgeous!

Now to answer the dear Spites questions - Croe's gone back to Lanmoor which. has been let till this week - and expects Elizabeth and her husband and 2 babies in a day or two. She asked me to stay with her on my way home, and I think I shall, one night. Then I can stop an hour or two in Glasgow and see the Millets, and also see Miss Edgar at Edinburgh - old student, friend of Isabel and Miss Hilda Smeeton - now quite an invalid and grateful for visitors. It'll be better than risking the awkward connection south. Theo revels in Bradshaw (distant discussion in the Kitchen as to 2's or 1!) so he'll look up everything.

He was in bed one day, and part of another, but was up when we got back from Glendaruel, bearing sorrel leaves etc!! It wasn't a success, that "spinach", but emerged from the boiling water a loathly brown! (Thanks ever so for owls, dear, they were corking!) My next experiment was mussels, which. seem to me full of possibilities. "Real good clam chowder" (Theo remarks "Gilp will be giving us rat pie net") - but there is something so - personal about a mussel, when first you look into it! Just now I m resting on my laurels having taught the family soft fish roes are good to eat!! and have been watching Adam's baking of scones - in a green apron, and her hair tied back n a little tuft. Dear Ad., I feel as if we'd lived together here always, and always were going to! It is lovely being so sort of used t' each other - occasionally we have a good talk about India and so on and things we used to do, - but usually we're absorbed in getting the fire lit and planning the next meal and so on.

This a.m. we had our first salt-water bathe. I was up at 4.30, and slunk out to work on the shore - The sun was just across the to of the valley - and I longed for a colour of light! It clouded up at 6 when I was just done. I sneaked back, The Adams still slumbering, and snoozed an hour - then crope down again to start things - swept up all I could without making a noise, and then did a bl'bleu which. I felt the need of - and then about 8 the day really began - Theo came down and started the porridge and Ad. and I put on our bathing things and waterproofs and sallied forth to beside the pier. There is the Burnley Campbell's shooting lodge beside the pier, but empty, so we went and used their pier to bathe off. It was delicious and fresh, but very cold, much colder than the stream - but the sun was hot, even at 8 a.m. or so. - We had porridge and fried saith - we caught 11 of 'em and a mackerel (was ever such gorgeous colour!) yesterday p.m. at "the narrows", between Bute and the mainland - a very narrow passage.

We had lunch on a beautiful little rocky headland beyond the island, scrambled up slippery seaweed covered rocks, for the tide was low, on to hard dry sunny rocks with a grassy crevice where we sat, and a little scrubby but shady oak tree. - Behind the hill was covered with little thick trees, and at ones feet the water was deep and green and clear with waving seaweed's. - We found a most beautiful spiny sea-urchin which. we fished into the baler and watched - and as soon as all was quiet delicate tentacles, blue and pink and transparent, with little suckers at the end, grew out from between the prickles, and by the time we got back in the boat had mysteriously lifted the creature half out of the water. We put it back in the seaweed again.

We looked across at the island of Bute, low undulating heather and grassy hills patched with sun and shadow, and splendid nubbly and swishy clouds in clear blue sky fading to green. I drew for an hour and got something I shall probably like when I get away. Ad. was knitting so Theo went down to experiment with a long line from the end of the boat. We'd dug worms in the garden that morning (I pick up worms for him on condition of his dealing with slugs for me if ever necessary.) but noth'n come of it Fish here prefer a bit of hens feather! I drew Adam while she was winding her wool, just to make it easier when she does sit for me some time, she was moving all the time but looked nice

in the sun. - Then we rowed on to the Narrows about 6 - and it began to blow and was jolly hard work getting back. That a.m. we'd got in such a great store of wood and sawed it up - necessary to do while weather's good.

Sunday. We had such a beautiful walk yesterday, oh so beautiful that I can't even write about it or express it at all. - We got in at 8.30 and while we were sitting at supper without a light the full moon rose over Bute, in a blue mistiness, and all golden and shining down on the loch. We stood at the door and watched it before going to bed - so clear and still and cool - and after the day, we'd had we felt it was just painting the lily. It felt like a long all day walk it was so full of the stretching of ones mind and soul to take in beauty and appreciate and absorb joy. But we only started about 4, as we had to wait for the post for an important letter of Croc's that might need forwarding by telegram.

We went up the hill at the back, - windy paths and high bracken the first bit, then bogs thick with lovely pink heath and bog-myrtle - of course we kept picking sprigs - and here and there were grey rocks with honeysuckle or a patch of brilliant bell-heather. Then it grew rockier and thick with heather not yet cut (real ling heather, not bell) and craggier - and up above we saw some birds, kestrels we thought - and a sheep bleating on a bit of crag, by which we tried to judge the distance. And all the time as we climbed, Loch Ridden and the Kyles unfolded, and the hills beyond the one the sun rises over, long flowing lines of hills mostly, with crags here and there. - And there were big brilliant shining clouds casting big shadows on grass and heather and bracken slopes, and now a whole ridge stood out dark; and near to us were tiny trickles going down into our bathing pool! and in crevices spleenwort, the little fern with black stems, just enjoying itself in private, holding hands and making bleu bleu designs - and hard fern, and even a patch of filmy fern in a perpetual drip - and bluebells (harebells) just coming out, and a kind of bedstraw I've never seen before - and heather thick but not out.

I saw a bit of white up a crag (just a bit of bedstraw said Ad.) I went up and it was white bell heather which neither of us had ever seen before! Happy Gilp! We picked some, there was lots, and then Theo found a patch of real white heather full out - and such jubilations! The sheep "above mentioned" had got to a place where it couldn't get up again - so Ad. and I scrambled over to the place to rescue it - It was quite easy with 2 legs and hands and I soon got onto the rocks amidst heather where it was standing. The place was covered with manure and the poor creature's sides very hollow, must have been there some days. I caught it by the horns and tried to boost it up to Ad. but she could not get footing within reach, so I tried to shoo it up a place I thought it could run - but it fell or turned back, and as I was on its only rock, it went down and fell over the edge. - It was horrid to see it disappear, but when we got up and around we saw it trotting away below.

We went up ridge after ridge and kept on finding more white heather - 8 patches in all!! and besides the white, such lovely shades of pink and red, pale pink, and purplish pink and grey pink, and oh such a smell! Quite different to the bell and the real heather. - We could not resist gathering ever fattening bunches, and oh such lovely colours, they were all setting off each other - I've never loved individual heather flowers so much before - And the scene below us kept unfolding - oh there are just no words for it! - one may try to say the colours and the wideness but oh oh oh !!

Arran came in sight beyond Bute, all blue and jagged and fine, but not so fine in outline as from near Largs - And away to the north what should I see but our beloved Ben Cruachan! And when we got to the top of the ridge (Cruach na Broilegg - which information I got from the map - pronounce it if you dare!) we saw over into Loch Fyne, all dazzling with the sun. - Oh the hills all round, and the pale line of sea away beyond, and the big glorious clouds, and the diaphanous blue distance, and the deep purplish blue near shadow - and the Kyles of Bute stretching away from the end of Loch Ridden - and far beyond Arran a faint blue line that might be Galloway.

Oh there is no place like it in the world! It is so like our country in so many ways, with the extra joy of

the sea - and all on so much bigger scale so that one gets such brilliance of distance. As we came down in the evening down another glen to Chellfield higher up the loch, we were all in shadow - still refraining from more lovely bits of heather - and the sunset clouds before us were so wonderful that one simply stood silent and felt oneself getting absorbed into it. - It was almost unbearably beautiful - The way Ad said he was so happy he didn't know how to bear his happiness in such great chunks at a time and that was why he couldn't write letters!

We've been sitting on the bench outside writing he to Shack, and I began one to Shack too. Were going to send S. Margaret Croppers Poems from here and put in some of our lovely heather. We read them together one wet day, I shewed Ad. the 3 or 4 I loved and then we read them all through together (not aloud) and found more we loved.

It is sunset now and Ad. has gone in to start supper, which is sacrilege, he must come out and see it - (Theo's voice through window "What about the owls?" - we found 3 midgets last night - and the Adam's have fallen naturally into the phraseology!)



- Mrs McIntyre coming up with the milk remarks a flock of gulls feeding busily near the top of the loch - fish galore and "if it were a weekday it would be a splendid haul!" She is a grey haired woman with spectacles and very deep set grey eyes - her husband is the pier man who meets every steamer and catches the ropes, getting an old man now.

When this cottage is let they live in a tiny place at the footing The Craig - They have a cow and hens, which strange to say never mix with Mrs McPhail's hens. We generally give cur scraps to the McIntyre's, and manage to deliver them by taking them to the back of the house.

The McPhail's live in front and assault us when we're cleaning fish by the wash house. For two nights we watched a sort of endless pigs-in-clover process of the McPhail's getting their chickens to bed.

They have a leaning towards camping out in trees which must be nipped or as Vance wd. say, shipwrecked in the bud. It is a long business - complicated by a small white Aberdeen terrier, and a very spoilt small boy of 5 - Mary, of 6, is a little woman and helps in the delicate task.

The moon is up - we've been watching it nearly 1/2 an hour, standing in the doorway - all so still but occasional woodcocks and far off gulls who ought to be in bed - and once the skrawk of a heron. The moon was deep yellow, as it rose; the reflection crept out from the "listening tree" and spread right across to the opposite shore.

Going to bed now. Miss Drury is coming for 2 nights from Galashiels, and we go to shop and meet her at Rothesay, starting by the screech of dawn boat.

Isn't it nice Miss D. is within reach - awful long journey but she will love it! Love to my Spites. M." Aug. 3 1915. Ormidale. "Adam, Ed and I left alone this p.m. sewing and darning I patching Ad's ridiculous old skirt with bits from the turned up bottom, and inventing a pocket out of some braid so he needn't always be borrowing hankies. Gilp went after a biscuit being empty and gave Ad one - and Ed shewed signs of relenting, so I went for another - Ad called after me "Don't bring me another,

Gilp. If you do put some treacle on it!" Consistency! Growing out of the waywardness of Gilps. Imagine eating treacle on brittle biscuits with holes in 'em!!



We are sitting round the fire now, Dr T. writing letters, Adam and Mrs knitting, Ed sewing for her baby nephew, Theo reading the paper (how well the Russians are holding out! We longed to hear about Warsaw - we only get Sat. papers on Monday p.m.)

Rene and Bill looking up flowers, Bill is great on botany - Its a jolly wood fire hissing away like anything.

We had such a delightful Sunday evening of music - Rene played and Ed and Bill sang lot and lots of such beautiful old Somerset and Berkshire songs, lovely old tunes as unusual as the Hebrides ones - including The Keys of Canterbury. Ed has a class of working girls to whom she teaches these old tunes and has dress up concerts once in a while, and they all love them. She has a sweet little voice and sing away so simply, and the 5 go on together ad infinitum just like us. Adam danced Highland fling (The real one not just reels) and Sword Dance - and we ended up with songs out of Patience and by rolling on the floor in very nearly concerted hysterics while Rene tried to "think of the grave" enough to sing the recitative before Lady Jane's song.



4th. Ed, Bill and I have been washing up, and degenerated into Ed finishing while I sat on the table and piped Selinger's Round and Bill, towel in hand, danced it across the kitchen - she dances beautifully. I am so glad about dear Capt. Willink! That is good to hear! and how dear of the woods! Will they be there next week?

Tell me, for I don't want to miss that lesson if possible. I am glad that they want my lamb! Does lady W. want to take the peacock one away with her? Don't let her have it until I've worked on it.

I send you my next lot of photographs - all rather good I think. The family here is immensely struck with the baking one particularly.

I've been trying to remember that dear little dance tune father plays, the one I always think my whirling girls dance to - I think he found it at the Vanderlips - would you just write me out the first bar or two and then I shall remember!"

Woodrow Wilson hoped to avoid involving America in the war in Europe, but eventually it became impossible to continue to remain uninvolved. He referred to this in a letter to Emily on the 4th of August, 1915. After saying "our thoughts run more frequently across the sea to Rydal than to any other place where dear friends are", he continued, "We are struggling in the midst of many grave perplexities on this side of the water and I have a daily debate with myself what the real duty of the country is, but you can imagine these difficulties and doubts without my dwelling upon them. They keep me so absorbed that I have no time for personal letters; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of sending you our love-" *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.* By this time Woodrow Wilson had found new happiness in the Edith Boiling Galt, a vivacious Virginian

whom he had first met in March. "Wilson fell in love almost at once and then pressed a warm and irresistible campaign to win the lady's hand and heart" The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.



Mary's correspondence from Scotland continues: Aug. 8th Ormidale, Sunday 5pm, "We have all got tidy for church on the boat at 6 and I look around the glorious company and gasp and try to get used to them, as the outside world knows them. The final shock is Bill in pink cotton crepe and white lace collar.

Theo is browsing through a Harrods catalogue in the dreamy way that at breakfast he finishes up all the dishes for us to wash - he is held by a fishing tackle page - spoons and phantom minnows! Rene, unrecognisable in white jersey and her hair up, is foraging in her writing case.

Adam likewise on the other side of the kitchen table - very busy, seizing the chance of a dull mizzly afternoon - Theo is the peaceful mooching element - The rest of the family is spread over the sitting room.

At Tighnabruach (oh such a lovely walk it was there along the bluff. Rene, Ed, Ad and I walked and the rest went by steamer and we met just outside and had tea on the hills.) T. and I both were separately enthralled by yellow mackerel flies outside an ironmonger's shop, and both bought some, I found out after he'd seen `em too! On our way we went about 100 yards along the shore and stopped to pick up gulls feathers for flies and big shells for stones spoons, and Ed found a German beer jug of earthenware, most thrilling thing.

Something like that, very small hole at the top and a curling ear, and disproportionately long for its fatness, and some writing on it of which. I only remember Rheinprensen - we left it in a bunch of nettles to call for when we haven t a walk before us.

Theo has gone off to do bills with Ad, his energy flared up as suddenly as if he d seen a flounder. We went out after tea yesterday to row up the river, minus Dr. and Mrs who aren't fond of the water, and took the flounder spears along.

We rowed slowly when we approached the place as we've sometimes seen flounders when we were going too fast to get `em, and then dire are the moans! This time we got 5 quite nice ones and 3 plaice, sand-



coloured things with brick red spots. The tide was coming in and in exploring likely places we stuck on the sand, so Rene Adam and I hopped out and waded and pulled and then left the others as we thought marooned and went off to see where it got deeper, and danced and splashed, having left our skirts in the boat. Very soon we saw Theo had got the boat off and was rowing round to us, and when we got close he turned and we gave chase over knee deep and Bill and Ed looked on and jeered - It was a most beautiful still evening. Bute away down the loch was all purple, and the edges of the near hills sharp against the yellow sky.

Adam's timetable is working finely. I being temporary am put down for odd jobs; i.e. I can do about anything I like. I'm having a last attempt at going tomorrow! Dear Ad. has tried again to demoralise me into staying longer, but I've asked Lady Wood to write me to Lanmoor, if they'll be there Tuesday or Wed. - so I may not be home till Thurs. even now - oh dear, what a time I've had! Shan't believe I'm gone till I get to Edinburgh, after all, I feel so settled and at home here.

Conversation between letters - Rene. "I wonder if it wd. be extravagant in wartime to have a piano next year?" Theo. "Advertise, Rene, Good quiet home for a piano! " Excellent idea! "Comfortable inland home offered to piano" - She's going to do it.

After supper, washing up, donning of aprons and discussion of who should. be on duty. Rene. "I'll do it - my lirns are goided!"

We went a nice misty walk along the road after church. It was raining slightly and things smelt, and curlews whistled, and a flock of peewits on the edge of the loch.

The service was held in the 2nd class saloon - Most of the ships crew were there, and the MacIntyres and McPhails and the children who behaved marvellously, especially considering how they are always on the go - and one or two from Shellfield.

The minister was a dear little round barrel of a man with short thick fingers and a thick grey and white moustache, looking altogether more like a sea captain than anything else. He was an experience. His voice and speech were rough enough - and his delivery was calculated to reach any of the boats crew that might be lingering on the pier.

He began by "Let us sing the 97th psalm" and sat down and listened. Then a long prayer and another psalm and another prayer and an address prepared for the occasion, yards of it wandering around. - The sins of the Germans, The graspingness of the colliers, and the coal owner's, and the middlemen while "men of sense and worth" were at the front - and men receiving 5 to 7 pounds a week who only gave their poor wives 1/- for the rent and the housekeeping. - And he knew for a fact (here he dropped into a confidential natural tone, comical contrast) of some men in Fifeshire who received 5 pounds a week and were at home sleeping on (he consulted his notes) filthy rags and sitting on boxes (just like us) and the highland shepherds receiving only 1/- to their 10/- were altogether on a higher plane, mentally, morally, physically etc. And another sorrowful point he made was the arrogance of the rich toward the humble. - But here he missed out some - out of consideration for us sitting on the front row.

Between the depressing statistics he held for the quite in the strain of England being the chosen people and how one faithfulness to Belgium was rewarded by our having such valiant services, no allies, and how thankful we ought to be that we were still alive when so many Belgians weren't. (Mr Copstick said we should rejoice that so many souls were hurled into eternity and it might have been me and my father.)

The text was The Lord reigneth let the earth rejoice and The isles. - The isles, Tasmania, Australia, New Zealand - ... and we ended up by singing to the honours and glow-ry of God the 23rd. - (The

rhymed version all) - he read it through with footnotes to us, such as Yea - now this is the men of sense and worth laying down their lives, they said beforehand - Yea... in presence of our foes. Yes, in spite of our foes and their submarines - and then again - Morag MacIntyre lead the singing and the rest joined in and someone somewhere "growled a bass" just a 5th below the whole way. - The little minister spoke to Adam as we went out, and his voice became quite normal and cheery - he's going to call this week.

Wish I was going to be there, dear little man! He came soon after the Ads first settled down, and held forth upon the family dissent ion caused by a wife's bad cooking. We wonder if he's married, but think not as he knows such an awful lot about it.

This is Monday. I am going down to the Kyles of Bute - and from a rainy morning with the mist right down the hillsides it is clearing to a silky silvery grey of smooth sea, and clouds, and blue sky looking between goldeny white clouds breaking. We are at Tighnabruaigh - presently we'll pass the end of Loch Riddon again as we go through the narrows.



There it is, the little white cottage against the dark blue hill - and the little one tree island. The sun just touching the heathery tops of the hills behind. - It'll be Ed and Rene washing up now; this p.m. they're all going to walk to Glendaruel. - Now I expect Adam is coping with the monster catch of mackerel.

Theo and I went out before breakfast and got 31, including 4 saith. - The best of these I've sent to you, and the rest I'm taking to Croe wrapped up in my black apron, and if there are more than she wants I'll take them to the Willinks. I put in also for you one handful of herrings I picked out at a clutch. They are going about now in rolling globes, near the surface - we watched the shoals of mackerel dashing in amongst them, scattering them in all directions, particularly good mackerel, the biggest we've seen - one just under 1lb. and for a while a lot of herring followed the shadow of the boat, actually touching the keel, and the mackerel after them, - and some way off we saw 3 porpoises after the mackerel. Theo took the others out after breakfast and got 43! So, there'll be great boiling and vinegaring going on now!

Passed Colintraive - how different it all looks now. We've been shopping there, and the shape of the Kyles all has a meaning now. In train for Glasgow - no Arran alas this time, it was all in clouds, as often happens. I came on a train with a delightful family I met on the boat. - A nice motherly typically scotch woman who darned stockings



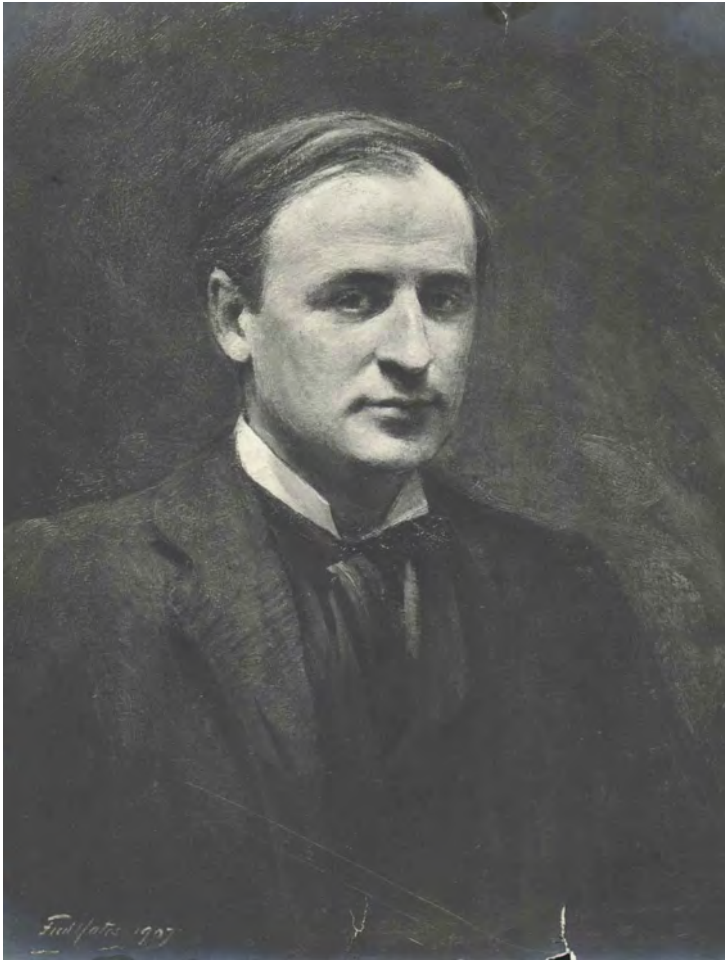
on the steamer, a niece, about 27, charming girl, also very scotch, but a younger generation, the strong characteristics modified by education and travel, had been in Holland. I should think very likely teaching there before the war - And two girls, about 13 and 11, the younger one a lovely child, with light brown hair just the colour of her bare legs, and bright dark eyes, full of expression and life. The mother told me of Lloyd George's visit to Ardrossan when he looked north south and east and west and asked where Arran was - "very stupid of a politician not to know the direction even, if it was in cloud!" They had a big explosion in the dynamite works on Friday week - and the population mostly fled - but the cause is concealed. I'll post this and your fish in Glasgow so I'll be too late for country post in Edinburgh I expect. Goodbye dear Spites. M."

Sept 3. "Begun before breakfast. West Hartlepool. The dear Ads arrived by the 3.11, I met them and brought them home to Honor in triumph -, and it was a lovely visit! We were only sorry Maurice wasn't in time, they had to leave here at 20 to 6 and he was late home. But otherwise it was perfect - and they all liked each other and enjoyed everything. Sylvester was delightful and took to Theo immensely and promptly. We had to tea ("I like things done nicely"! Annie's elegantest, contrast to our last meal together!) (Sylvester has come in for his usual game with the fire irons, he brings me the tongs (here a tiny sketch) to make clippy noises with, but has already learned to put his little hand round it. The poker is not to be found, we took it out with us in the pram yesterday. He has my comb and is doing his hair in the glass!) It was a most happy visit! I am so thankful for Ad and Honor to have met - such dear people. I went down in the tram with them to catch the 5.24, and there was such a sunset as harmonised with our feelings, gorgeous great clouds big and bunchy with the sun across them, golden, and that wonderful purplish red brightness that seems to dissolve all form in an indescribable colour. We see it over Silverhowe sometimes at sunset, and it was so the night we reached Loch Riddon. - And as I walked home I could see it all ahead of me at the end of Grange Road where the tram line runs down from the Park, passing the end of the Grove, down town past the station (and then turns to its right to go to Seaton.) I feel so more than ever settled down and belonging here having had Adam here. She will send "Uncle Tom" home in a few days, so open him and send me an enclosed letter if any! They are going across to France and so don't leave till 16th? instead of 11th.

I now dissolve into fragments of questions and news! Do you think it wd. do if I left the servants till I bring Sylvester back? There's Annie, and new little Margaret, (her 2nd day, and H. hopes peace is in sight - There have been 4 since the original young Maude left) and nice Sarah, who comes in mornings only. Will you send me the old Chinese petticoat for Honor as I know you don't want to keep it? She was debating what to get to go with a gorgeous Chinese jacket Norman sent her, and I told her of this and she'd love to have it but says we shouldn't, so to speak. But if she could use it, I know we'd all be glad, I love it, but I would meet it here.

There came a Vice Admiral to supper last night on short notice - such a nice old man, who got Maurice on to much gossip of his sea experiences that H. and I love to hear about. His present business is seeing that the Admiralty work is not interfered with by zeal of munitions enthusiasts - the V.A.s I mean.

H. was tired and went to bed early - said she felt queer and wondered if Alison was going to arrive at once. "Tiresome of her when the nurse isn't here, but I don't mind anything with you here" (very proud aunt M.) - She's been in bed these 2 mornings and I have ladies maided, and this p.m. read her Mary Wilkins - very cosy. Mrs Coulson is here and H. is waiting to take me round her garden - lovely golden evening - those dear Ads! It was good! I am thankful for it! Thanks for Father's letter today, and Dorothy's yesterday - so glad her work goes well. Give her my special love. Has she a dog to sleep with? I took S. in to the bathroom with me yesterday. He ceased playing and looked on round eyed till I was in my clothes again, then went ~n as usual, H. says he can't bear Maurice undressed, but doesn't mind her. Probably he was astonished at my being in some mysterious way like his mother!



John Drinkwater by Fred Yates

Have those prints come from Lawson yet? Please send when they do - but not the negatives.”

Although Fred had evidently painted the portrait of John Drinkwater some years previously, it seems as if an unusual ‘second sitting’ took place in 1915, and sparked off a closer friendship.

On the 17th of September 1915 Drinkwater wrote “My Dear Yates, Here be books of mine. I need not tell you not to be in any hurry about reading them, and i only hope that they give you as much pleasure as your picture has given me. My visit to Grasmere was in every way delightful, and it was enriched by beginning what is, I am sure, to be a good friendship. I was glad to see your peaceful figure fishing as I paused on Thursday morning. Power t your rod, though you won't often have a better bag than on the memorable morning. I wonder how your painting appeared through the peversity of my sitting when you saw it again. Don't forget to let me have a copy of the Painter rhyme will you - at your leisure. And don't forget to come to Birmingham.

My kindest remembrances to Mrs Yates and to your other painter of whom I caught a glimpse on the road. Yours, John Drinkwater.”

J.H. Badley recalled this friendship in his “Memories and Reflections”: “On one occasion when John Drinkwater, the poet, was on a visit in the neighbourhood, he joined Yates on an early-morning fishing expedition on Rydal lake, he taking the oars while Yates plied the rod. A pike was hooked, of such size as to be beyond the fisherman’s power to draw it into the boat; so, keeping it between boat and shore, they manoeuvred it into shallow water where Yates, jumping overboard, seized it in his arms, landed it on the beach and carried it home in triumph.

There is still, I think. a board to be seen on which the exact size was drawn. The occasion received threefold commemoration in verse. It had been a sunrise of special beauty, which the poet has caught in a lyric to be found among his published poems. In that, however, there is no allusion to the purpose which took them to the lake, or to the exploit which crowned the expedition. This was sung in heroic strains in a sonnet by Canon Rawnsley—‘Blow, blow the trumpet, sound the drum’ and so for him, while I made it the subject of a Wordsworth parody, with rhymes on the model of his ‘squirrel girl’, which shocked the good Canon by such irreverent treatment of the Master, but gave much amusement to the Rydal household.”

Drinkwater's Rydal poem is as follows:

Sunrise on Rydal Water.

*Come down at dawn from windless hills
Into the valley of the lake,
Where yet a larger quiet fills
The hour, and mist and wafer make
 With rocks and reeds and island boughs
 One silence and one element,
 Where wonder goes surely as once
 It went
 By Galilean prows,*

*Moveless the water and the mist,
Moveless the secret air above,
Hushed, as upon some happy tryst
The poised expectancy of love;
 What spirit is it that adores
 What mighty presence yet unseen?
 What consummation works apace
 Between
 These rapt enchanted shores?*

*Never did virgin beauty wake
Devouter to the bridal feast
Than moves this hour upon the lake
In adoration to the east;
 Here is the bride a god may know,
 The primal wilt, the young consent,
 Till surely upon the appointed mood
 Intent
 The god shall leap, and, lo! -*

*Over the lake's end strikes the sun,
White flameless fire; some purity
Thrilling the mist, a splendour won
Out of the world's heart Let there be
 Thoughts and atonements, and desires,
 Proud limbs and undeliberate tongue,
 Where now we move with mortal oars
 Among
 Immortal dews and fires,*

*So the old mating goes apace,
Wind with the sea, and blood with thought,
Lover with lover; and the grace
Of understanding comes unsought
 When stars into the twilight steer
 Or thrushes build among the may,
 Or wonder moves between the hills
 And day
 Comes up on Rydal Mere,*

“John Drinkwater (1882 - 1937) was born in Leytonstone, Essex in 1882. Unlike most of the other Georgian and Dymock Poets he was born into relative poverty after his father gave up his career as a teacher to become a professional actor and theatre manager. John Drinkwater left school at the age of fifteen and entered into a safe, secure but unartistic life as an office clerk - a million miles from the literary life he longed for.

It was the opening of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre by Barry Jackson in February 1913 which presented Drinkwater with his escape route. Like his father he gave up the security of his office work to become an actor and the new theatre's first manager. Jackson also encouraged Drinkwater's literary ambitions. As well as becoming a prolific poet he also wrote biographies and works of fiction. It was, however, to the theatre that he was constantly drawn. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Drinkwater lacked the financial stability to give full freedom to his artistic vision. The theatre represented his most constant source of income, leading him to devote more and more of his energy to producing dramatic works. Initially these were written as poetic drama such as *Rebellion* (1914) and *The Storm* (1915), but as Drinkwater sensed the popular shift away from these poetic works he radically changed his style. The first of these new productions was the highly successful *Abraham Lincoln* (1918) - a traditional full-blown historical drama which received popular acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic.

Drinkwater became a regular visitor to the Abercrombie household at 'The Gallows' in Ryton. Although apparently keen to embrace their country living he remained a city dweller at heart, quite out of place amongst the realities of rural life. Despite this, and the reservations of Edward Marsh regarding his suitability and dedication to the enterprise, Drinkwater was included in the creation of *New Numbers*, contributing five poems to the first issue.

Drinkwater and his family moved to a cottage in Far Oakridge near Stroud during the latter years of the First World War. Drinkwater loved his new rural home and it proved to be a productive time for the playwright and poet with the success of *Abraham Lincoln* in particular giving the family financial security for the first time.

By 1921 the Drinkwaters had left Far Oakeridge and three years later were divorced. John Drinkwater remarried the noted violinist Daisy Kennedy, but was only to live until 1937 when he died aged 55.”

(Extracted and abridged from Lynn Parker, 'Those are celestial chimney pots': a reading of John Drinkwater, Occasional Paper No. 6 (UofG, 1998); Sean Street, The Dymock Poets (Border Lines, 1994); and Keith Clark, The Muse Colony (Redcliffe Press, 1992)

J. H. Badley continues, in his memoirs: “Mention of Drinkwater recalls another incident belonging to the same visit. He and I had arranged an expedition to Buttermere by way of Rosthwaite and over the Honister, and for starting-point were to meet at a particular spot in Easedale. The morning in question looked fine enough, but having some experience of Lakeland weather I went armed with macintosh and umbrella. When Drinkwater joined me he proved to have neither; but he had brought in his pocket a valued copy of Wordsworth in a special binding. When, sure enough, the day presently changed to a drizzle, and that eventually to a steady downpour, first the umbrella had to be borrowed as protection for the precious volume, and then the macintosh as well. But the walk was well worth the wetting.

We talked, I remember, of Whitman and Edward Carpenter. Drinkwater said there was little of Whitman's output that he cared much for, owing to its looseness of form: and in *Towards Democracy* he found nothing that he could call poetry. (I instanced *The Secret of Time and Satan* as a test case, but this he did not know. For novels also he said he cared little—what they give, as studies of character, could be given better by poetry, and in more concentrated form.

Drinkwater wrote to Fred again on the 21st of September, "My Dear Yates, My wife, who much desires your better acquaintance, says that she gathers from your letter that the decision is against the picture coming heretowards. But she is very anxious to know what it is like, and asks whether you could at some time get a photograph of it for her.

Mary tells me in a post-card that you scolded her about me, but hat you 'didn't mean it really.' The sooner I see you again, here or there - the better I shall be pleased.
My remembrance to all, Yours, John Drinkwater."

Drinkwater's wife also wrote to Fred on the 23rd of September, "Dear Mr Yates, The pictures of yours that John brought back with him excited me so much that I felt that I must see your painting of him or a photograph of it. I think it is splendid of you to have sent it to me and it has just turned up, As a painting I like it very much as I knew I should do from your other pictures and as a portrait I think it goes a long way towards being excellent, but if I were talking to you with the picture in front of me I should make half a dozen suggestions about detail, with some of which no doubt you would disagree. But it is very kind of you to say that I may keep it until you have a chance to paint him again.

I hope I may see you one of these days before long, either here or at Grasmere. Sincerely yours,
Kathleen Drinkwater."

Fred and Drinkwater had evidently discussed proposals for some kind of a lecture series, as On the 12th October, Drinkwater wrote again, "My dear Yates, You will, I know, forgive me for writing but a short note, but I am in the midst of a production of 'The Merchant of Venice.'

I think that the scheme outlined in the circular that you sent me might be of real use, but I'm afraid that this would be subject to a condition that the promoters would be unwilling to accept. A course of lectures designed to show that art in it's finest intention is really aiming at the same thing as religion in it's finest intention might do much. But no considerable artist would consent to the doctrine that art should acknowledge the methods of the modern church as being likely to achieve the end that is the aim of art, and that is where the cleavage is likely to come I think. Am I clear? If not, I'll try again.

I see that your fine American friend (Woodrow Wilson) is to be married. Would he, do you think, accept 'Swords and Ploughshares' on the occasion? If so would you forward it for me if I send it to you. Don't hesitate to say if you think it wouldn't interest him. My best wishes to you all, Yours,
John Drinkwater."

"The volume of poems called 'Swords and Ploughshares' was published in 1915. 'Mamble' shows Drinkwater's skills as a lyric poet and his love of ordinary countryside. One of Drinkwater's most well-known poems is 'Cotswold Love', another fine lyrical poem published in Tides in 1917. At this time Drinkwater was discovering the beauty of another part of the Cotswolds. He had become friends with the artist William Rothenstein, a painter who had bought a farmhouse at Far Oakridge, near Stroud, and was playing host there to many artists." (From *Once They Lived in Gloucestershire: A Dymock Poets Anthology* by Linda Hart, the Green Branch Press.)

Another letter followed on the 15th of October: "My Dear Yates, I'm very glad that my note was of some use. I enclose the book. I'm not sure whether any particular process is necessary to comply with the censor's regulations for sending books to neutral countries. But you will know, I expect, and if there is any charge will you let me know? It's very good of you to take this trouble.

The enclosed commemorates our morning, it is to be in the December 'Fortnightly' and it may be in the Atlantic monthly in America in the same month. My kind remembrance to Mrs Yates. Yours, John Drinkwater." (*the enclosed was probably a copy of his poem 'Sunrise on Rydal Water.'*)

He wrote again on the 17th November : "My dear Yates, Thank you very much for sending me Mr. Wilson's letter. I enclose a short note, which I want you to forward or not as you think fit.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, and I wish I could answer it as it should be answered. But work comes along in loads. I hope you and Mary (if I may call her so) are painting lots of jolly pictures. The four I brought away are now duly framed and on the wall, much to the profit of the wall. My kindest regards to all. Yours, John Drinkwater.

I was with deSelincourt and another man last night, deS. told the story of the 17 1/2 pike in great style. Of course, I keep the letter with great pleasure. It is good of you."

By November 29th, Fred was back at work in London. Mary wrote to him: "Dearest Father, The Spite and Miss Pulleine are trying over chants till you can't rest - Miss P. scuttling over the tunes and words gives one a sense of shock as of the irreverence of behind the scenes. I've meant to write you all day, and to get it off tonight - but such a beastly night that after going shopping I haven't the resolution to go out in the slush and slipperiness again. Thanks so much for the slippers - they are exactly what I want, especially for writing up in my room - I'd have written more consistently tonight if I'd been out of all going on down here.

30th Had another day at Pompilio's the blooming dickens which. shows how much I've needed it! Not much result, but grand and salutary! I've wanted you today to give me fits! Towards the end I got it more accurate, but none of the beauty, - I was working small, the usual size (and by the way Ethel Chapman whom I did on Saturday looks better in values than the last.) Tried it large before and well, tearing my hair wasn't in it! My fourth start, small, got on better, second try today.

What do you think? Geo. Grundy has joined the Army Service Corps! I don't know how I've forgotten for 4 days to send you a telegram! I heard a rumour of it from Norah Clenduinen on Thursday, and when I met Mrs G. on the ice on Saturday I fished for more news and got it. Dear little woman, we must try to see something of her when we can if she stays on here. I hope I didn't congratulate her too openly.

It was lovely ice - never seen better. - Only one rough place in all the lake. - The Styx between the two islands - and passing that the solitude of Hades little skated upon was wonderful. I went with another girl almost to the end of the lake about dusk, and the ice was so smooth and lovely reflections (there were skate marks - we weren't being foolhardy!) and it was all misty and shadowy. The islands and Nab all soft and undefined - Snow on Sunday, freeze yesterday, an inch of rain today - pity!

Lily is having her tea and having pity on some peanuts I burned yesterday. I think she's having a nice restful time, dear girl - she's not strong yet, and I'm so glad she doesn't have to go back next week. She's so like Shack that I almost feel I am slow to get at her on that account! At first I felt she could not have that face and voice and manner, without having been here often before and knowing all about it and such things as "Spites" and "Grandmothers Graves" and so on! And now I should think she will know me long before I do her as I'm trying all the time to divest her of Shacks image and see herself - I class her characteristics as like and unlike Shack.

It's like translating ones transactions through a two language phrase book, quicker to get a dictionary of the language you really need! As Shack said of her she has had little of looking out of windows into big worlds of art and beauty, yet I think she has naturally good taste, which would develop easily. - The first thing she remarked was the Utamaro.

She doesn't yet know about the big things Shack knows about - but there's something there ready to meet big things. At present she is resting. She does all the housework she can lay hands on, and plays with Roger by the hour. We played some chess after lunch today and I think she will enjoy

it. Though it's a bit strenuous for her at present. Dorothy comes for part of every day and the two are very happy to be together. I have a telegram from the Leek's tonight saying to let Roger go to Letchworth. Give them my love. How fine about all the Dr. Wms. materials - but sad all the circumstances somehow. We'd better put aside the Lefranc pastels till I can test them in the sun next summer. I feel there are lots of things I want to say. This is the reverse of "provided we conclude not with 'I have nothing more to say!' Our love. M."

On the 25th of October 1915 Woodrow Wilson wrote: "Our thoughts constantly turn back to the dear Lake region and to our dear friends there... I hope with all my heart that when the skies clear again and the world is once more in a normal temper; I may have the pleasure of bringing my sweet partner to see you all. I am sure you will love her, as I am sure that she will love you." The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

Dec 1. Letchworth, "Mary mine. - I am so glad you are struggling - Go on - I don't care how hard it is. - This really is what Miss Mason didn't realise she was suggesting that with the easy medium one needs a restorative for energy But if you come to fretting over the work, chuck it.- The easiest way is to feel it - and if you fret- of course feeling ceases.-

I am thankful I passed through the fire of those Grandmothers graves. It did me good but I own I am a bit tired of quilts! Your Daddy."

December 8. 1915. Rydal. Ambleside. "Dearest Father , As to Roger - Lilly is staying over Christmas - (Thought Spite told you and she thought I had.) I haven't asked Beatrice yet about taking him, but I'm certain she will - you see a lot of the students all going together will obviate any difficulty of "other passengers objecting" - and he isn't liable for a dog ticket till 3 months old. I know B. would joy to take him home for a night and Miss Firth could go after him next day to Hampstead and bear him off in a taxi. But if you do come this weekend all the better, though not much the sooner, - I think, Scale How goes home about the 13th or 14th. It seems rather a "swot" for you to come for so little time, surely I could pack off the pastels - but perhaps you want to choose your own. I'd be awfully glad to have some work with you drawing a child on Saturday - and Pompilia. You will find my torn out hair lying in tufts about the studio - and mighty little else to show for my work, since you've been gone! I've done little out of doors, weathers been too bad - and not finished anything. - Two beginnings I love, if ever I get another chance at them - one sunny morning, and one ice on the lake, delicate colours, but I stopped that coz I froze sitting in about 12 degrees of frost - and then it snowed and I could not finish it. I've never had another hoar frosty morning for the one with the rooks, Nab top - but worked on the colour of the hill you remarked in the studio - it might do for the P.S. - I'll look up the measurements. I've mighty little unsold good enough to send. I suppose you would only send those for sale? There is also the one with the reeds, but I would not wish to send any less good than those I was elected on. I'd like to send Miss Brights if you think so - And Miss Parish would love to send her big cloud in the gold frame - that's a beauty. You have Clouds and snow on Crinkles - This of course you will send - and substitute a borrowed one for any others you think not good enough - unless I do another "corker" before the show opens. What are its dates?

6.30 p.m. Just telephoned again - Bell says he's "mending every day" - eats and sleeps well. Good! Thank you for what you said about "fretting." - "When you fret, stop, for then you cease to feel." - I must read Beryl that - it wd. help her. - She never understood what you meant about working with your feelings, or your use of the word "emotion", which most people take to mean uncontrolled feeling. - But in your letter you make that so clear. Oh no, I haven't worried about it - but I'll be glad of some work with you and some grind! Nice about Gwendolen Garston isn't it? You'll do a beautiful thing of her - and I bag a photograph of it! I had a nice visit and such a warm welcome from her mother - G. was out. Who would willingly have G.G. for initials!! Love always M."

1916

In 1916, Mary took on the care of young Joan & Donald, and her time became more preoccupied as a result. The war was dragging on, and various of her friends were affected by it. The family maintained as far as possible their routines, with Fred working on portraits in London, travelling home, and Emily visiting London. Mary also travelled around, visiting London, Bath, Oxford and other places, and exhibiting works with the Pastel Society, and the Royal Academy.

January 5th 1916 Hampstead.

Dearest Spites, We've had such a nice day today. Went to the Magic Flute last night, B. Vi & I. We laid in buns and chocolate & got bananas and grapes off a barrow. We waited some 35 mins in the queue (I know you laughed over my yesterday's spelling, and I really did know better!) and read Uncle William aloud by the light of B's torch. The grapes we finished when we got in, a matter of some difficulty as B. bought them in the dark, and they needed some very sticky selection and cleaning and it wasn't easy not to drop the skins among the audience as we were packed pretty close.

We enjoyed the music, but the rest of it did distract rather than co-operate most awfully. The play itself was silly and obscure and one couldn't manage just to let it go, and the acting and scenery poor and shoddy. The recurrence of worn out gestures "made one tired!" One scene alone was really fine and did not spoil the music. When the 20 or so priests of the Temple of Osiris stood round in a semicircle in a blue light for some solemn conclave. There the voices came grandly as from a normally grouped choir, and the quiet of the figures was in keeping, but we all felt in general that we hadn't been allowed to hear the music and were oppressed by the tawdry unreality. "I think to paint well and naturally... .." So this morning B. and I decided to antidote it without delay. We made beds as usual and transferred our belongings into Vi's room (she's going to sleep with her mother when B's been doing.) Then we took tube to the British Museum in search of Demeter. Closed alas!

However next best thing we went to Brown's to select Edrie's present of a picture for her room at Fairfield. We looked through all the Millets the house afforded, saw the Leonardo cartoon, but it wasn't near as good as ours. We saw several Millets new to me and dozens of old friends. There was a photograph of a painting of the little nude goose girl, just same composition, but nothing like the beauty of it. We went through the lot together and then I left her to chose, and then I left her to choose and prowled round the shop and had a good time. When she did make up her mind (That lovely figure of a girl carrying milk and singing) we waked to find it was quarter to one.

We felt disinclined to return to respectability, so telephoned we'd be out to lunch and then considered possibilities. "Neville Bread" greeted us from a shop at hand and we bought a loaf and a quarter of a pound of butter for 9d. and the saleswoman cut up the loaf for us before paper bagging it. I think somewhere in her depths she was amused. Then we visited a fountain pen shop and a bookshop where we prowled long. B. had promised Olive (Vi's twin) H. G. Wells last book, and I inquired for the Drinkwater essay I wanted.

Then we betook ourselves to the Embankment by Waterloo Bridge, walked and improved our sense of direction. The sun was out faintly, very yellow in haze and clouds. We found a little strip of public gardens that might have been made for us and encamped upon a seat to enjoy the beauty and have lunch. I spread the butter with my Willink knife and B. had the privilege of noting the expression of the few passers by. I think most of them would have liked to be WW too!! We finished the whole loaf (smaller than the usual shape) and most of the butter and the 4d chocolate and 2 bananas and never enjoyed a meal more even at Buckstones Jum after a bathe.

Then we went along the Strand (I think) and past Piccadilly Circus (does it sound probable? haven't looked it up yet. We were surprised to find the book shop just round the corner from the Aldwych Theatre where we went last night. We got to it by various ways in the Tube, but no more Magic Flute for a minute or two, thanks!)

At the P.C. we ran against one of the present students, a very sweet young scotch girl who lives in Edinburgh, with her mother and a brother going back to France on Sunday. (I met Miss Macfarlane in the Tube last night) Thence we went to the National Gallery. I've mixed up the route. P.C. of course came after. We found it was a pay day, but we were there and ready for it on top of the Millets.

The students drawing were more disturbing than the general public of ordinary days. But we had an uncommonly good time. We soaked in the Guardi, and all those we enjoyed together, father. We went from the Guardi to the still life's and back again, and to Martha Horton of Sowerby, and had a last look at the Guardi. I had such a glorious sense of the "cleaned up eye" one has after a morning of doing still life! I've never felt it just by looking before, but I think trying to tell B. a few things to notice and enjoy made me see them more, and I felt it was giving her a new sense too. When we came out I felt I wanted the Del Mue badly to put it in our room, so we walked up to the studio and got it, and then walked up to Portland Rd. Station before we got a bus (bus to Camden Town and then Tube comes cheaper.)

We must have walked some miles. It was nice, all of it, we learned lots about the connection of places and had such a nice satisfactory quiet sort of day just by ourselves, a nice rest from all the other people and their pressing affairs and interests. I do like them all and am interested in their doings, but being such a lot of them they seem just a little insistent sometimes and none of them know quite so much of the great and universally needed art of getting along with people as Beatrice does.

B. talks of changing tonight on Gilbert's account. He sounds to be a respectable sort of character. I haven't worn one of my silk blouses yet. I feel very thoroughly at home in the family now. I now am privileged to scrape up the pudding dish lest the edges should be wasted. Mrs Millar is washing my blouse for me tonight as she's other things to do. I have to do it almost every two days.

January 24th 1916 At the Vicarage, Wheatley.

Dearest Spites, We had a gorgeous walk yesterday away over Sholover Hill a long way round on the way to the Antrobi. We got so hungry that we made a bargain to put good manners behind us and keep each other in countenance eating. P's heart failed her after we had between us eaten half of a most excellent wartime cake, she could have eaten more!

It was only a mile back, along a very muddy lane frozen, rocky, and full of pitfalls. It wasn't pitch dark but we couldn't see a trace of our footing, only ragged hedges against the sky. Our lane led along the top of a hill above the station and passed the old two armed windmill and a tiny cottage beside it where P. says a witch old woman lives alone, with long grey hair, piercing eyes and a black cat all complete.

When we came in and got nicely thawed by after supper, and then remembered that we had under the influence of the morning's temporary sun filled the ice cream freezer with ice and asked Kate to make us some custard. Nothing for it! I put on the Rev's coat and we betook ourselves to the cold back doorstep, and there churned and sung various ancient classics such as John Brown's body and, to raise our spirits, "Sumer is acumen in" in the darkness and the whole village as long as we'd patience. It, the ice cream, might have been harder, but it was good!

This P.M. we've been into Oxford. Saw Christchurch and Magdalen and did some shopping. That beautiful Christchurch stairway below the dining hall with the one supporting pillar to the fan vaults, growing up as delicately as if it were considering the example of the lilies of the field.

We had tea with Violet's friend Rosalind, who is awaiting her first baby at the house of her father who is master of Balliol. She is a most lovely person, I kept thinking how father would draw her. She is frightfully clever, but it isn't that one thinks about, her mother is, as V. said, the least little bit like my Spite "but not so comfortable, rather uncomfortable, over absorbed in good works," but she wasn't this

time. Quite delightful and sociable, discussing chickens, a subject next her heart, with many amusing and original little spiky bits.

We had an agreement on our way as to paying for my ticket. I wouldn't let V. of course, she's not earning anything now and doing everything else for me, and she chucked my 2/- down on the platform and that wasn't the place to fight! So when we were browsing about a most delightful second hand bookshop, I found at a far and private end a beautiful little leather copy of Aurora Leigh and other poems at 2/-. We read it on the train coming home, and I gave it to her "in memory of." She loved it, but was wild with me and "smell of smoky candle" & "oniony butter" are the least of the impotent epithets I have to put up with!

She has to go to London probably sometime next week, and I'm really contemplating the extravagance of going with her for a day or two's jamboree, and then coming home from there. We are so little likely to be in London together again, and would like to do Romance and the National Gallery and some possible music. But it's aircastle so far. Bedtime.

Thursday. Dear spites - so glad to hear from you. One of you, at least! I haven't had any from you for two days. Pen filler and storkinlegs received but not whatever Isabel sent. I don't know where she is at present, home address, Oakbank, Dollar, but thinks she's probably in London by now. If she'd told me when I'd have stayed over a few days to see her, but o' course she never suspected me, knowing I was away from home at Xmas.

All that's left of my cough is a very occasional froggyness dear doubtful Spites, and Thomson said he'd never seen me looking so well, so there!

V. immensely pleased with your message about Miss Badley. An outside does carry weight. Yes I have a warm nightie, you sent, you know. I have a fire in my bedroom despite protests, can't say I don't enjoy it, and V. too, it is frightfully cold certainly, and rather unprecedented for here.

Oh no, Mary B. didn't twig the sarcoph you blooming suspicious Spites, father's coat was hanging on the door. No one knows but Beatrice and she only that Joan and I slept there on that particular occasion. So glad you like the mole silk. Is there enough? I answered your question re. Sentinel on back of a letter, it doesn't want another stamp.

Sorry about butter dish! I didn't get your letter about the salt celler till I was here. Both came from Harrods.

Village concert tonight, so I'll close this up as soon as we get the 3 post. There might be more from you! Lots of love to you. Blesseds! Mary.

6p.m. Got the Mary Wilkins parcel etc. Thank you! and a nice letter from Isabel, and a note with a cheque from dear Mary Benson wanting one of my drawings. She must come over and stay a night or two when I get home and choose one from among the Pastel Society ones perhaps, and the new ones I shall do, she'll like to see pochards and things too.

I taught V. chess after lunch until it was time to go for the letters. Great event every day! and then we had a short walk around the windmill hill. It was the clearest day we'd had and we saw the Chilterns (V. gone to practice my Dvorak.) and hills beyond Oxford, lovely, colour. I'm longing to draw if it would only be a degree less cold. Since tea, V.'s been lying down and I've read her Object of Love and In Butterfly time. She was charmed, and when I stopped said "Now let's shut our eyes and be on the sofa at Rydal and I've got to go in a minute, - coming down the hill with me?... .."

May 26th 1916. Rydal.

Dearest Father, 11.30 and I've had m'pike - excellent! almost as good as his! What a long time it takes to cook. I think it must have been 7 or 8 minutes each way. I've finished it almost all, having got up at 5.30 "modern" time. It was a beautiful morning in scraps between cloudinesses. In my work I feel the need of some grind at some other medium, not to say another kind of subject. - not instead of pastel but to come back to it fresh and untrammelled. I'm thankful I do fail utterly and don't do things easily and pretty prettily when I feel like that. I shall try again at a child tomorrow. You know even when I'm feeling uncomfortable and non-progressive I do feel so sure our way is right and feel thankful I've never been where I cd. learn such facility of technique as goes on mindlessly and without feeling and can draw what's before it, or on a machine made imaginative tack! Better nothing to show for ones work than a thing without a soul. When you come can you bring back my ex. R.A. ones for the Lake Artists Society?

I chased down to the lake this a.m. hoping to catch un-Tommy with your New English Art Club papers, but was too late (I was out when the letters were left) I would have taken them to Ambleside, but reflected they'd be too late for you to fetch the pictures tonight, even if they caught the 10 mail. So I gave the letter to Strickland who promised to give it to any trustworthy person going towards Ambleside, or to post it himself later.

The puppies are asleep in their Ruhleben in the sun. Last night I cleaned out all the old hay in their box and gave them fresh, and then Nancy made no bones about sleeping with them though I had to shut down the lid as I feared it would rain. Its blazing hot and clear again and when I've washed my blouse etc and the wisp I shall have a snooze.

I did love Mary Benson! Naturally! She's quite unlike anyone I've ever met, and quite indescribable beyond being the most graceful (inside and out) being I've ever seen. I could only think of that lovely old portrait of Mrs Llewellyn Davies and fancy she might have moved or spoken as Mary does somewhat. I came back in the train with the Miss Simpson's, and Nellie said she thought Mary was remarkably like Alice Jones. I quite see it, don't you? Either would do as a very peculiarly English picture of an English lady!

Mary very nearly came home with me, didn't because she's not been well and would rather come when she's feeling more able to do things, but we have planned various thrilling birding expeditions, I have been to the marsh this a.m. but found no nests, heard snipe drum and saw buntings and sedge warblers and got a good bunch of watercress.

I'll post this evening when I go for the letters and tell you the Indian mail if any. You'll have heard from Spite that I stopped at Burneside and saw her and Mrs Bee and Gwendolen.

Ever so much love dear. M.

June 2nd. 1916 S.M.R. T.P. B. Beloved Spites. Very glad of your letters this a.m! Yes the big embloke was Bill Taskers negatives and my own returned which I'd lent her. The H.M.S. is my war loan 1/2 yearly interest - 2/3d "Time to sew" is a quotation from Spite, obviously! Yes, I talked to the lady next me on the coach who offered me a corner of the rug! Poor Spites, sorry your being drenched. I thought of the puppies in the field, but it only rained a very little till we got to Windermere, not after. Lovely day today - a little soft rain yesterday, but not cold at all. I shan't want the cloak. I only took the offending grey duster to keep me clean and because the coat felt so awfully heavy for the weather. I quite agree it's not chic so to speak. I suppose I ought to have a tidy summer cover up thing of some sort.

So glad Mr. Hough goes well. What position? I laughed till I cried over "Rabbits" _ "Where!!" _ it tickles me still! Such a picture!

We had such a pleasant p.m. at Twickenham. Went about 8 miles by very ratty public motor, then 20 minutes or so walk through lanes between high hedges and huge Elms. Wonderful to look up through them. Wild roses we found, and lots of flowers, some new to me and travellers joy scrambling everywhere, covering the hawthorn hedges and climbing all over the trees of a wood we went through, dropping lank yellow stems to the earth like tropical lianes, tying all the trees together, blackberry too grew high over the smaller trees. There are such splendid trees here. Immense oaks, elms and horse chestnuts, great yews in woods stretching up out of the crowd of hazels etc.

June 6th 1916. S.M.R. Bristol.

Dearest Spites of mine. The silver handled umbrella is in the north room by the fireplace hung up. Postage to France 2 1/2d for 1 oz., 4d for 2 oz., 5 1/2d for 3 oz. etc. - waste of 2 1/2d?!

Busy shopping yesterday a.m. Much necessities for Beryl. going to Ireland! New slippers and odds and ends innumerable. We have just brought down the trunks from the attic. I sit and jeer at the huge number of evening dresses and hats! - and feast my eyes moreover - "admiration veiled by disapproval!"

4 p.m. More vanities of dress or I should have sent this earlier. Well, yesterday p.m. Beryl took me to see Mr. Tikomb who once taught her drawing. She is very fond of him but sees less and less of him and his wife as time goes on, and so was glad of the chance to take me to see him. It was 15 Vivian Terrace - a sort of crescent of very old fashioned houses with a little 'square' in front. High stately old houses with a pavement some 3 feet above the road and three steps leading down into the road opposite each door.

The wall below the pavement held wisps of grass and a few tiny stray ferns, and as we walked along I was thrilled to discover two kinds of Liverwort, both strange to Westmorland. One quite new to me. The other I'd only seen with Adam near Tighnabruaich, such pretty things with spore cases like tiny toadstools growing out of the leaves. I pounced on them and took specimens and nursed them carefully in my white glove during our call. Beryl was much amused at my discovering botanical excitements in the middle of Bristol!

I liked Mr. T. ever so much, not his work, such as I saw of it - visionary war subject beloved of the R.A! - but he was a dear, and knew father in Paris! He wrote out the enclosed 'identification plate' with the place they met and a colour he'd used for years, and always associated with father who first recommended it for an evening sky as not so heavy as yellow ochre and not too bright like cadmium - sort of Naples yellow, must be the same as father likes, to take the staringness off white clouds. It was so exciting rabbiting it out.

He'd known an artist Yates in Paris about 1885 or 6 - an American -tall dark, good looking man - could not remember if he were bachelor, married or engaged - we discussed and I was sure before he was, but he remembered Romola in the Salon, which clinched it. Such fun! Wondered if father would remember him - but father had evidently made a great impression on him! He knew Mr. Bramley very well before he was married.

I went with Beryl to a dentist this a.m. Their family one, and have an appointment Thursday a.m. as I have a bit of stopping come loose. The drop scones were much appreciated. Miss Budgett came to tea, so I made a big batch with some difficulty on a too thin frying pan.

Just met an old student, Edith Frost, going down Park St. Sister of the little girl who played son beautifully - remember?

I now go to concoct a blue tie for Beryl! Love to my dear Spites - M. Isn't this dreadful about Lord Kitchener? I just heard it in a shop.

June 8th 1916. S.M.R. Bristol.

Dearest Spites, I think unless I hear to the contrary from you, I'll stay here till Saturday and come home from Bolton on Monday. If you want me to come straight, there'll be time to start tomorrow after post comes I think. I had such a pleasant visit with the T.P.'s yesterday. I went to the station with Beryl (& saw her safely into the 4.10 with the Mackays and the luggage properly labelled. Then took 4.30 to Pill and walked. It was less than 10 minutes from the station, fortunately I saw the name of the house - or I should have posted on much further. They have two children, the age of Poose and Joan. The baby Christopher is a darling person, very brown with very fair hair, rolling about everywhere, equally happy when tumbling or upside down. Yes - she is a dear woman, much younger than I'd expected, and till her husband came in, very shy, perhaps because there was a second visitor, a neighbour who'd come for her two children who were playing there and we didn't get much ice broken until she left.

I arrived about 5. Mr. T.P. came in at 6, and I left by the 6.42. They both came with me to the station. I enjoyed my visit. Liked him ever so much better than father's description, perhaps because I saw him with his children. I got back soon after 7. Took tram then walked up Park St. to the C.S. meeting and wrote Donald and Agnes in the cloakroom before 8 as I'd feared the mail had to be off that night.

The meeting I have never enjoyed more. The selections read (chosen by 1st reader) were glorious and the singing, even of a small congregation was fine and full. I have never heard more perfect and beautiful reading nor any that came home to me more, and some of the testimonies were very interesting. Had a little talk with the first reader after; and in the evening Helen and I did music's again and discovered treasures among the Elizabethan love songs. I feel her affection more and more strongly in spite of her stifled manner. I've never heard her speak with enthusiasm of anything, but last night she was freer than she's ever been. I shall come home on Monday, prepared to cope with dogs and their problems! Dear Spites! Have finished my dentistry, and been to church with a lady I met at church and had a jolly talk. Much love to my Spites. M.

1917 - 1918

February 20th. 1917. Fred writes to Emily: "..... tell just as jolly soon as I can – Mary says it isn't pastel weather I'd like to urge her to do another layer drawing out of her head – hope she won't be angry at my suggesting – she was hopping the last time, that I am not over my trembles yet. Composing is infinitely more difficult than copying nature. You'll have to content yourself with a tin kettle there isn't an aluminium one to be found in London – and no kind of a salt cellar of our sort. Tell Mary not to try to draw Beryl she is almost impossible I am quite sure Mary will never draw her. Tell me when the ice is gone & I'll come home & we'll go fishing BgnBans"

He writes again to both Emily and Mary on Thursday 22 February: "Dear Girls both of you and I thank both of you for the long homey letters and you don't know how much I look forward to 'em when they do come. A sort of contentment, I feel just how things are exactly going in the place I love most on earth.

After MY has done her bleu bleu - I wish she would do a standing up vigorous pastel of any blooming still life high enough to work at it afar off with a strong top light if you can – and go in for painting the light of it – of course darken up the still life somewhat. Pewter plate, cloth whitish, onions or potatoes, or both. And make the subject look really jolly interesting before you begin it. Get your north window free if you like, and stand on your head if it will make you see more freshly. – Try and work as though you are amazed at what light does. – On the brown paper, my advice would be to put in your lights first – the great big leading ones – the romance will steal in on you without you seeking it if you get interested."

April 23rd, Rydal: "Dear Girlie. It is Monday evening and all is quiet and peaceful and I really selfishly wish you were here and felt so this morning at 7. 30 when I went out on the Lake. I got only one perch but it was 6 1/2 oz and hope was strong in my breast. - But I tried every kind of enticement and had no luck. - the water so much too cold for pike to feed.

Badley was here yesterday and I had to fall back and take a Bishop from him - anyway I hardly think he can be sure of winning with that odds. - I laid him out well. - He was in a delightful mood - and later with a little pupil (16) Mary & I accompanied them back to Dunnabeck & we went on to de Selincourts - leaving Badley & his pupil mounting the hill to do a Greek reading! Law sakes!

I have been illingworthing - and Mary amidst much enthusiasm has been making a hay box - Oh she is a darling! with such fire of enthusiasm.

Sunday night we had Reginald Dixon here for supper and Mary was delightful. After supper he and I had chess & Mary washed up - and made scones and left me to bake 'em we made rather a late night & I unfortunately won both games. Funny how I like winning at this time and somehow always regret it next day.

Wednesday 16th. January 1918, Highwood House Studio, Upper Marylebone street, "Dear Girl, The telegram about Eleanor I got last night already too late for post time. I had not written you as I got rather in a rush with the Badleys turning up, At once I am telegraphing Ethel as I must be with her at the funeral. Dear old Jeff would like me to be there. I am punched in between times here, a man going away to Salonica to be done, and one of the Bingley boys yet to complete, but it will all come out all right. The day and time of the funeral is what I want to know. I shall send reply paid telegram.

I got no letter from you yesterday, the first time really since I arrived here. I finished a really fine portrait of the elder Bingley boy yesterday morning. He came at a quarter past 12. A really fine young boy, very capable and of great powers of concentration, alone he was delightful, with other boys shy, he seemed to be a little acid and teasing. As a senior in his school he must be odious. I have the best side showing and am really very happy about it. A drawing that I shall show at the next pastel show.

I went there yesterday to meet Badley and his sisters. The dear man came in as happy a mood as I have ever seen him. Miss Laura I saw with him. Miss Mary came into the gallery a little later, they were three quarters of an hour late, train late, but I had already gone round the gallery. It is undoubtedly a very good show and Mary is unquestionably amongst the first best.

Badley was in great form. You could see him almost hugging his shoulder, he stayed a long while looking at Mary's comparing, choosing. I hope he will write Mary now that he has seen them.

Duff was there fortunately and gave me quite a little of his time talking about Mary's work. He evidently was one of the hangers, for he said "this wall – where we have placed her is the best wall in the gallery." He said "I wonder that centre one hasn't sold, it is as fine as anything here. The man that bought that one (Baldry) was going to buy it, said so, when he was hanging them. He's got a good one, - but that cloud now on that side hill, come and look at it, it is wonderful. Who can do that, the colour of the ground against the sky, awfully good.

That one (Rothay) is spoilt by its frame, you ought to give some attention to framing. Now that one – (Field by the side of us) isn't framed at all. It had better have had no frame. Great question, this about frames. Wish I could tell you. I personally go to white mounts and frames, it heightens the colour. Of course I can see your influence all through her work but she is distinctive now. A hue of her own.

All the members here appreciate her work. Does she ever come to London?" – and so on, first saying what he could in short pithy sentences. I told him of our having his book on pastels which gave him pleasure to hear. We went round the gallery. Mrs. Bedford is top notch of anything there, - of her daughter's portrait Dorothy, it is as absolutely satisfactory as any drawing that I have ever seen done by anybody. The reserve power, The beautiful appreciation of line. She can draw, but with the exception of the little baby that I got a copy of, that is on my bedside, none of the other work carries any conviction with it at all. She cannot do anything unless it keeps still and posing. I think this is also the conclusion that I also come to about Frank's work. He has two drawings.. One of Mrs. Ronald Carter in profile is as good as anything that I have ever seen of his, constrained, and a power held back just as one sees in Mrs. Bedford's best work.

Baldry has one drawing of a hilly country that really has attraction. Badley got hold of it. "That's got something in it." It is not like Mary's work but I am sure he has been influenced by it. This is the important thing of course – My own things I cannot say I like. Even the little Lack child I would like to do all over again. But Badley seemed to be much taken with it.

There are some remarkable things that have been attempted by pastel. Cleverness reigns! I pointed Duff to one, of some flowers, (by Davis Richter) "Yes I know, but would you like to live with it." "No" I said – "Well, that's the test." I think Mary ought to keep the name of Duff in her book, for there is no one who sees more deeply than he does, besides, he knows things technically. Talking of technique, there are two charcoal heads by Melton Fisher that are top notch for cleverness. But for nothing else. Badley quickly caught on. "Sentimental" they are put right and left of his four landscapes which are horrible. Melton Fisher is the President. But there is no end of good work. Some pencil drawings (Anna Airy) and three children's heads quickly done. – Miss Florence Small.

A small thing of Tuke, a ship in full sail is a little jewel the only thing he sent. Dear Bee hasn't been very well placed and I spoke to the secretary to have the drawings all pushed out from the bottom to catch the light. It is a little what mine also suffer from. The light is so right above that it doesn't light the drawings. But dear Bee's drawings really suffer more than mine do. But we must all give our attention to framing. I am going to get Mr. Rowley to meet me there some day and talk it over. He may have suggestions to make. Frank and Mrs. Bedford give much more attention to that. Only they have those lined mounts round a drawing and unless a drawing is finely drawn technically in great restraint,

I do not think the lines around the drawing help matters. I do not think it would help Bee's But I'm going to take her things in hand as well, and seriously consider the framing. She would never have been cornered if her framing had been better. Miserable things, the frames.

Arthur Wardel has a leopard marked 12 gns, that is a corker. Beautifully framed and the mount made to help the drawing. Of course as Duff said, if you expend on the frame you must necessarily ask more for the drawings. But as I told him, all Mary's things at £2.2 to £3.3 have sold, but £5,5 people stop. Nowadays they only think two guineas, three guineas.

I have written this rather at length, but it will help Mary and may influence Bee, although with her I fear she does not readily take any suggestion without giving me a jolly good kick afterwards. The big thing for the hanging committee is to send in the drawings so that they collectively make a good panel."

Undated: January, 1918.

Fred writes: "Wednesday morning - 1/4 to 12. - I am all ready for my work - Mrs. Stern phoned that she would come up as soon as she could so I got things all straight - my studio is nice and clean. Even Mary would acknowledge that and the portrait of Mrs. Stern on which I have really had only three sittings glorious - Quite up to yours only with more action - the eyes away from the spectator.



Portrait of Mrs Stern by Fred Yates.

The Raiders didn't get through last night we had two or three of them and the machine guns were firing at an awful rate - The same crowds in the basements. - but I slept on & off in the studio until the firing got too close - and then for your sakes (not mine) I went to the Basement of Highwood House.

I went out to the little gate and heard the boom- boom coming near and nearer. Tho quiet night not a person in the street. - something very horrible - the desire of a winged Beast to destroy - (as I write now one of our own aeroplanes is buzzing overhead 12.10pm) and I stayed there until I thought better to be inside - When the enemy is at a distance you can plainly hear the hum of their beastly machines - and the thud thud of a bomb dropping - The anti-aircraft is Bap! Then three seconds -Bap-pap (quickly) they fire up to 10,000ft. and all the while, when they can, these winged Goths drop their bombs not always able to choose exactly where because of the aircraft guns worrying them. It isn't a nice world to live in - the horror and the vulgarity of the way things are done - no chivalry - not really bravery - any more than there is an a submarine.

“ This vile thing “ Woodrow Wilson called it - There's nothing open about it - we shall I hope have a quieter night tonight - it is sleeping with one ear open. - The first notice is a policeman going through the streets on a bicycle with a whistle & (Take Cover) about 1/2 an hour after the warning maroons fire a rocket in the air - that tells people the hostile aeroplanes are near - then you hear soon after - Bop-Bop! Bang Bang! bop! BANG and a smothered lull. - something has been hit. Then the rush of traffic. Fire engines soon after - and all of it in a quiet street with not a soul about - the moon peering through the warm coloured haze - the houses silhouetted . It is really frightfully weird.

I put my pictures all in different places - far apart - some at the end of the passage way to the front gate.

Shrapnel is the greatest likelihood & even if a bomb fell & the glass got shattered not all the pictures could be damaged .- I saw a whole row of houses on Monday night with all the glass gone. The usual crowd last night only a little smellier - These Russian Jews don't like soap!

“28th.. January, “My Dears. - It is just 1.10am.- I sent my telegram to you in the Gt. Portland St. Post box at 1/4 to 12 . - The box had on it cleared at 9. (of course it wasn't) - The raid began at 1/4 past 8 and kept on steadily until 1/4 past 10. - and slackened off at 1/4 to 11. - Then I went out, scurrying through a crowd of women hurrying home. Highwood House basement was a sight. - Russian Jews & all the Jews of Jerusalem - and the smell! Well - I helped a lot of women folk brought 'em down biscuits for their crying children but they evidently wouldn't take food of a Christian. - One man took a biscuit out of courtesy and put it too quickly into his pocket for my observational eye not to see. - It was a safe business - not anyone could have been hit . - The basement walls are thick.

I hurried away to St.Pancras & Kings Cross for there they seem to have concentrated, but nothing of importance was hit - a few buildings of very ordinary size. I wanted to get on quickly - went into the old Gower St. station now the Euston Square . There was no one in the booking office and no one at the wicket - so I came along by train - all alone in a big third corridor. - not a soul in that nor in the next carriage - got out at the King Cross - walked up the steps and instead of my ticket gave a penny (cheap at half the money !) Boys about the streets hunting for shrapnel .- The crowd by this point quite kindly and cheerful lovers with lovers and much hugging.

I walked back - picked up an Australian soldier who seemed glad of my company and we talked. It is just 1.15.- I have just heard the all clear signal.- for I got back here at 12.30 - and sent my telegram . - came into the studio at 12.30, ready to turn in and 5 heard again the Boom Boom of the guns . - So I went down again .- to the Basement. - It is a horrible experience for one thinks only of the extreme absurdity of these silly Germans what earthly good can it do them

I understand by sinking ships it may starve us out but these senseless air raids only harden the people to retaliate. They are utterly heavy gruesome people, idiotic strubenhagens ! (I hear Mary say 'words of the Master" .) But I can now surely sleep, - and dear people I hope they will sleep . - what dear tired children I have seen .- I jollied them in a lull of the firing I made all the dear little kiddies laugh by dubbing a little Russian Jew boy 'Lord Kitchener" because he wore a military hat with a crown on it- the dear kid about 5 - such a sweet smile that he had.- a mother with him and a girl about 8.- and a baby in her arms and she said she had the laundry in Cleveland Street and didn't I know it ?

I wish there was a hundred of me for I was only one to cheer 'em all up. - The porter brought me a bit of shrapnel picked up on the side walk just outside the front door, and the boy, his 10 yr. old boy , the head of a shell both of which they have given to me.

I am so thankful you are not here dear girl - you must not come - wait till I have done my work and these pigs of Prussians are all dead.”

Undated, Saturday Morning 7,25 Highwood House Studio, Upper Marylebone Street, "Dear girlie, I have been having about 20 minutes think of you, and about my work that lies before me today. A little boy at 9.30. Doreen at 11 – till 3. When her father takes her away. Mary is going to help me all the while, not the little child, for I do that best alone. Betty may come for that.

I began Crawshaw yesterday, a small one for our wedding present to Betty, - in the distant future, perhaps not for a year. We shall see. I've finished yesterday with Mary's help what was the necessary in the alterations of Mrs. Sterns portrait, and Stern came in at 5.30 while Mary was at Gertrude's and he expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with the alterations. Mary was surprised at the beauty of the picture when she saw it in the studio. It is more now, like Mrs. Stern – but not so dreamily beautiful of course that could not be the moment one comes to realistic criticisms. But it is not hurt.

It is still a fine canvas. Mary thinks first as I do – and as they are satisfied it is a miracle.

Even the cook, the children, the sister, and Dr. Ingram all have been consulted to decide whether it is too idealised. If poor Mrs. Stern could only see herself actually as she is she would be terrified to see it painted. That is, if I decided to see her realistically, but I feel she is only covered by what is not her. She is so much finer and yet she is hardly as fine as she was. Something has crept up into her face. She is too busy too much in the world. She needs the quiet of a simple life. Stern still keeps a boy, in a strange degree, with his intuitions keenly alert.

I've met Capt. Roberts the father of Betty's little nephew that I am drawing. Capt. Roberts is a quiet gentle man with fine insight, and I should judge intellectually and morally well balanced, - as far as I can judge perfectly balanced. Betty's fiance I have yet to find out. Underdeveloped rather, but so young. A sense of possessing her like possessing a horse, hardly realising that the spirit is the only thing worth while, that one shares and lives with. But as I say, he is young, capable of a sullen temper, a desire to be open and affable, but too young to have a judgement of the same weight as Betty has already, partly in formation. Betty of course is sure in the end if she is loved with a real love, but she will grow morose and sad if she marries what does not wholly love. – But I have yet to draw the man, and then I shall find out more perhaps of his value. It is easy to see the common or garden side of anyone. I would quickly then become a cynic if I contented myself to see without loving as one regards, say, an omnibus!

I have told this man, Crawshaw that if any man is in for a Heaven he is. It is within his reach if he will become worthy of it. I question if realises that he has to live up to a higher life. He does not give one an idea that he has ever suffered, and he likes to live easily."

An undated letter from Fred, probably 1918: "Arthur Franklin is actually talking of having my painting photographed as it is so life like - to give away to the family. Poor family!

I went to see Elsie and Winifred Ashton at Arnold's flat last night and Thursday I'm going to do a quick drawing of Winifred.

I went up and had a look at the devastation of the Hun bombs in Warrington Avenue. It was a mighty wreck Maida Vale way, not more than a quarter of a mile from Arnold. The night I was at the Stern's. They must have been enormous bombs, and the houses are pitted with the iron bursts of the shells. Holes by hundreds, big as this paper, (10"X8") Several houses completely demolished and for a half mile found windows and roofs and smoke stacks are knocked over.

I wish you had seen it while you were here. No attempt to mend it up yet, only the patching up where a house is able to stand, parts of the house are in the middle of the street now.

Fifty two people were killed, such freaks the explosions played, you go down a terrace, every window and door smashed 200 yards from the actual explosions, then a house untouched, other side of that perhaps three houses all windows gone. Then a house or two houses intact. They must have unloaded their bombs all at once that night. Yesterday was the 47th. day of the battle, and we hear of preparations for another thrust, which if it fails, will be the beginning of the end for the Huns. They are likely then to start in resuming their raids on London. I think we are getting the upper hand.

I have got on with Fletcher's portrait and it really is pretty good - short sittings, before I get wearied by him. I am quite well, and quite free from pain."

March 6th. 1917 "Dear Girl, everything is done, & I'm really coming tomorrow. The Squire has asked me to bring a bag full of china in a small collapsible bag, and I'm horribly anxious about it. How angry he would be if one piece is smashed, and the bag won't even close. However, I'm doing my best. It would be quite £80 so I'm told. I have finished dear old Dr Brown today - 2 hours and 15 minutes. You ought to see Jacobs prance round, "Wonderful, not another stroke must Yates put to it." both hands buried in his pocket and his legs sticking out. He is such a dear, & so funny."

Fred wrote to Beryl Clay on May 24th. 1918: "Rydal, My dear Beryl, The loveliness of your beautiful drawing meets my eye and fills my longing. It is so far ahead of mine that I am afraid the bargain wholly topples over my side of the scale. You have been a dear girl to give it to me, it is not only to me either, for Mary shares it and my wife – a joy forever. What fools people are not to see! But do I beg you go on – strike your beautiful note – sooner or later they will assuredly hear it. It is like a bell, as true as a bell. Do you know it has interpreted nature to me today – and I am quietly grateful to you. I want you in this year, in our Pastel Society. If I have to go purposely and pull their long furry ears – they ought to have had you last year. They elected four out of twenty five and you stood No. 5. And missed only by one vote being a tie to number 4. This ought to be enough to encourage you. Frank Carter asked if you could try and do something a little larger. I personally do not urge this, but I know competitors do send in bigger things and perhaps it would make it easier for your sponsors. Well, do what you can, you will stand well when once we get you in. The Grasmere show will help you to realise what you look like in a gallery. Your things will feel shy there, kind of 'don't belong here' sort of feeling, but people with eyes come along and see. You cannot be hidden. That is why I am so glad Mary nominated you at the Lake Artists Society meeting for invitation. Yours sincerely, Fred Yates."

He wrote to her again, on December 6th. A letter which reveals some of the anxieties which were troubling him about his worsening health. "My Dear Beryl, Things go along with us much as usual. I am glad to tell you that I am on the mend whatever the dear Doctors may think. Mr Hough wrote me a serious letter which I got yesterday morning and in spite of it I go on improving, and the trouble may be there all the time and I not conscious of it. Well that is the Dickens of the whole situation, so if I go to London, I'm to see some one who will tell me straight out. All this is quite private and you are to tell no-one, or Stalker and Dixon will be sending me estimates for a decent funeral, - astonishing how things get about. I may yet live to read my obituary in the Lakes Herald!

PS. If I get there before most of my Rydal friends, some will have specially prepared haloes – Mrs Thompson certainly, and Mrs Willink, and possibly one nice one for you!

Fred wrote to her again on Christmas Day, "Dear Beryl, I think you may like to see this letter of Frank Carter as it makes a long reference to you. - anyway it rather backs up what I feel about your work. My only regret about you is that you never seem free of your family duties - you are handicapped - nature has to be wooed to be won and she is jealous and hides away if you don't give your life to her. - it is the only way. - Return the letter to me from Frank Carter when you can. Your friend, Fred Yates."

1919 - 1920

During 1918, Fred's health had deteriorated and had become an increasing cause for concern, and he had been in considerable pain for some time. Emily firmly believed that the strains of the war had worn him out. It was eventually discovered that he was suffering from a serious abdominal complaint of some kind. After spending Christmas at Rydal, Fred returned to London, and the work he had in hand, but by now was quite seriously ill. He faced some medical and dental consultations, and he must have been making a valiant effort to remain in good spirits. It was agreed that Mary would go with him to London, to help out. Fred and Mary travelled down to London together, and on the 4th. January 1919, Fred wrote back to Emily: "It is just like a picnic here but my thoughts keep flying back to you lying I expect with one eye open by habit, but I don't worry about you that dentists have to be faced and by the time you get this it won't be so dreadful as you anticipated.

Koot I somehow think will be sleeping on my bed and when you come to go won't he be the most forsaken lovelorn thing!

When we got here after really a most delightful trip in company of young soldiers. Mary and I played chess and the games stood two & two - it was unmistakable who won each two for the whole company watched Mary's joy in beating her Lon'non Father and when I was cornered there was evident joy in the Gallery - the young fellows somehow got to learn the moves - when I eventually won the final I was as sorry as the whole carriage, for they were all wholly in favour of Mary's winning. However they were good fellows with fine qualities - These men who have fought for us, what a whole and entire change of manner is in them. They know they have won their freedom - and feel their own value - no longer in the gallery but in the Family Circle a nice place to be, better than in the stalls. When they left the carriage there was such a hearty feeling in them all and handshaking - one good fellow from Dumfries and another. A young farmer near Preston another. A ship steward and there was a mother too that got in somewhere. Rugby I think with a divine baby - we were packed - but how willingly those men gave up their places .-

At Euston there were no porters. I got all our things out of the train with Mary's help- and then put them all together and bided our time - the porters that are in existence look after army officers . I caught one just as he got a 1/- tip and told him I wanted a taxi- the usual question - "How far are you going?" The taxi men won't take you beyond two miles - the whole thing now is money- however I got my taxi . Got the big picture case into the taxi and all our baggage and arrived at the studio everything as usual. Gave the cab man 2/6! and when we got in Mary I saw had schemes & plans . I went out and bought some nice smoked bacon- splows (2d 1/2 lb.) and 1/- of fresh herrings - getting back I found Mary had commenced fighting dust - everything centred on the little room - where she swept and washed and dusted buckets of black water came out and soap flew and Mary scrubbed and meantime I cooked supper. No one could possibly be happier than she was - her eyes flashed defiance at dust. I got milk at the Felix's and they nearly ate me up - asked after you - and a general nice feeling all round - asked them to send 1 pint of milk up every day - Mary rigged up a bed on the chest in the little room - plenty of light -and air- and freedom. I am glad she carried out what she planned the Angel Gabriel couldn't have stopped her she was in a whirl of innovations the light in the wc doesn't go so we had luckily the night lights and candles .- Something is broken in the switch. - We have plenty coal and the fire has been going well all night and I have been fairly free from pain .

Just a bit after I tried to move the big case from the guards van and when I awoke at 4.- usual thing wanted me cocoa Mary rigged up a string pull to her pillow in case I wanted her in the night - tied it to the corner of her pillow."

January 5th. Sunday Morning, 4.30 "Dear Girlie, I thought I had better write now, for I shall have no time in the day. We have planned Mary attends two services, so I shall go to the Sterns at 11.00 and Mary come there afterwards and same at 6.30. when Mary will come in to supper. She is going to take Doreen, as Doreen has asked to go.

Well. I want to tell you about the day the Endeavour arrived and the 'choruses'. Beeches I've done up with love – it all told of you and I put things quickly to use and all comfy. Mary thought of you Dentist time, "So did I!" We went after we had got things straight at the studio, to the Pastel Show. It is jolly good, small things mostly, all in a play-about-trying-to-say sort of a show, except one simple thing of a Hayrick and landscape and all in a quiet evening light. It really dominated the whole show. Conception is the first, great thing, and then to say it plainly. Not what one sees with the eyes at all. My things all had that limitation, Mary's things hadn't. Neither had Bee's her things look distinguished though small. Helen Bedfords are good, not so sensitive as usual, but good, two of them, the rest according to formula rather.

Mrs Carter was there with Mary Bedford and Mr Bedford. – a parson – Mrs Carter bought Mary's Pewter which pleased Mary very much, for she was a little disappointed with two of the frames that Rowly had put on the little academy picture and the Nab Scar Frost. It is quite essential to go to such a show, the quality of ones own work, and to see ones own faults. I was pleased with the placing of my group had not an offensive white pen and ink been put in at the last minute left and right of mine. I hold a wall, but I wish I liked my work when I see it in a gallery. I plainly don't. It lacks sensitiveness, much too much a desire to be exact, to imitate nature so that ordinary people will understand. I suppose this is really in my desire to be sure of earning my living.

I think I ought to send nothing but sensitive sketches, before I carry them too far. Even Lunatis wasn't sensitive enough. Pastel is a medium for expression only, useless when it begins to approach the reality of nature. I think we both learned a good deal, and it was so good our going together. Mary in her freedom of choice, she usually found the best things, but we are going again, purposely to see a Baby's head that she has missed. And I want her again to realise the Hayrick. It is a picture that you are not ready for when you come on it.

After the Pastel Show, Mary and I went to an ABC, got some fish and cocoa, then back to studio, where Mary made me comfy, and got clean. Then on top of a bus to Charing Cross, to take underground to Sloane Square. We got there in time. In coming to Piccadilly Circus some Royal Carriage held up the traffic, and the Metropolitan from Charing Cross had a chronic habit of stopping in tunnels. However, like Mother Hubbard, we got there.

Mary on to her meeting, I to my Sterns. They fairly ate me up. Even Stern kissed me, such warmth of affection. Doreen hardly let me go for a minute. I was so fortunate in finding them in, for the car was first waiting for them to go to Highgate. They gave me some more cocoa and some butter, and some eucalyptus branches – they were old, but still beautiful. Stern afterwards took me on to Franks, on their way to Highgate, and Mrs carter let me in. I had to wait half an hour as Frank was sleeping. It was arranged that I was to be there at 4 (with Mrs Carter at the Pastel Show.) But Frank didn't see me until 4.45. He looks well and the vigour of his mind wonderful. After I had been there about half an hour and he had told me the details of the exact accident – when – where – how, then we got on to subjects of social reconstruction, and was so interesting. Mary unfortunately had left the room to go and sing. I tried to whistle her back, but Elsie and Mrs Bedford had got hold of her and I suppose they got what they wanted, but Frank is more wonderful than they and for her talk wills his soul, and to me is a very, very wonderful mind. He is all mind. I even envied his nurse, who has to care for him, and I don't suppose she realises how she is waiting on a piece of god.

Franks mind is speculative, free from all precedent – thought precedent. We talked on many things, or rather he did. I had all I could do to keep up with the rapidity of his thought. I would not have had Mary miss a word of it. However, she was jolly well chuck full already with the thoughts of her meetings at C.S. and knew what she wanted. After leaving Frank, I pinned on a door, two sprays of Eucalyptus which gave beautiful hues. Mary and I went to a pork butchers and got some sausages, enough over Sunday. At 10, housekeeper comes in to wash the place. It is pig dirty. This dirty, dirty London, - but dear me, how I love it, and I feel so well here. Pain.

Only one all day yesterday just after we got back. I was cold. So was Mary. She tucked me up, and lawsakes, forgot absolutely nothin'. Our Mary & her durn Father."

(Stern has given Mary and me two seats – stalls – for Monday night. Chu Chin Chow, so that I shall not have to wait outside the theatre. He flouted the idea of me waiting outside, his eyes bugging out :You shan't do it, I won't let you." Can't you see him. I believe I am one of his dearest possessions.)

5.50 am. Monday 6th. January: "My Dear girl. You are having a deluge of my letters and I have the fun of writing them for I like to keep you in touch with what we are doing. I am still keeping well - and walking so much better.

I think I must keep Mary a little longer and you won't be too lonely I hope - We did what we planned to do yesterday - got the studio clean and Mr. Mrs. Hamilton came in here and it really is a transformation crooked places made straight and " a smell of soap pervades throughout "

Mary had her two services and took Doreen Stern to the evening one and she had her hearts desire with Mrs. Urquart and Doris- quite a little bit of heaven when we got there , and I'm sure Jacob's ladder had fewer rungs. 4 flights of 24 steps each - but a welcome awaited us and the little tea party was added to by a Mrs.Ryley an artist and her boy Noel - a fine young fellow of 14 with promise written all over his face and a modest bearing that pleased me very much.

His mother is a little woman - rather bristling - her face with struggle written all over it- of experience -and threw light generally on what was been discussed - but it was a tea party - and I lolled in a soft couch - two of Mary's drawings brought from the still higher realms above Mrs. Urquart's bedroom and it was a joy to see them - a great spiritual refreshment - Doris was brimming over like a cup with love- Mrs. Urquart so evidently happy to have Mary there and mannorised (?) me by making me comfortable . Mrs. Riley when the mention came of my sickness launched into the usual "Error " talk - but it blew away and died away which I was glad for - I suppose if any of us die we die " in Error" saints and sinners alike - it is an argument in a circle. However there is the enthusiasm and the cheerfulness - for me a little too much of a tension if I had to live it all the time. I suppose at heart I really love to dwell in the tents of wickedness! I think that is why I can't stand some of these saints all the time - I long to be back where living and thinking is too rarified. I think Mary strikes the right medium in the world but not of it

I've had two meals with the Sterns and thought Monday we go to Chu-Chin -Chow and the Sterns go with us.- so nothing could be better - we meet them there - and they will bring us home in the car - well- not home exactly - but to the studio - Miss Cholmondely is here at Beatrices and developments are likely - for a drawing - talk of luncheon at the Oasis Mary has it in hand. I don't care as long as she has a good time and so I leave her free to arrange what she likes so I'll write no more now - may add to it later."

Mary wrote to Emily on January 6th. "Beloved Spite, I think it is well for me to stay a bit longer dear, hardly for father, he is so very much better, but he seems to want me for Doreen's picture and Mrs Stern's. And I'm learning things dear, and feel I'm in my right place. D. came to church with me last night, dear child, and we had a big talk after. I felt it was right to be there, and felt so thankful to have got through what had attacked me before, before I met the Stern's again.

The Moniter meeting was great. I felt as if I could not possibly have been anywhere else. It was an opportunity to wake up to the need of greater consecration.

My little 'dugout' is delightful. ...I feel free here as I have never done before, my own corner was a right and a necessity and I am thankful for it.

Father is waiting to take this, Betty is here, Miss Cholmondely and sister just gone. Father did a new beginning of her, but will probably have no chance to go on. Such a comic picnic lunch!! It was fun. Father begs you not to write on scraps, blessed Spite, I would give a lot to be mothering you. Will you send a note to miss Hicks? M”

Then Fred wrote to Emily on the 10th. January “Dear Girl, It all goes well, I only think you are a bit lonely and it pulls hard on me here, but Mary will soon be back to you. She is benefiting from the experience and she is such a comfort to me here, the mere seeing, realising what my struggle is, will be a benefit to her. There is so much to meet if one is earning a living painting portraits and it is well that she realises it. Every portrait is a separate experience and she is glad I think besides to be here at a time when Betty particularly needs her, and when she gets back home again, all the quiet of the landscape will come fresh to her. The very contrast to what she experiences here will be helpful. My soul cries out for St. Pauls great organ more than for anything else here, but the days are full up before we begin them and folk waiting to see me. I will however have my own quiet whatever happens.

Tomorrow when Mary goes to her service I shall be drawing on the Stern black and white begun long ago, of Stern himself. I do this with thought of the children. Mary got some cocoa butter from Simpson’s Ambleside and has made me some chocolate. Fry’s breakfast cocoa is almost unobtainable here. We had sheeps liver last night for dinner. Mary was hungry and enjoyed it. She had a fire in her room you will be glad to hear. “I wouldn’t be surprised if she isn’t coming to her senses!” Bryan Binns has invited me to lunch next Thursday at 1.00 at Monico’s restaurant. Will you send me at your leisure my copy of :November” by Binns, a small book. Don’t put letters inside as there is no knowing what time parcels get here.”

On the 10th. of January, Fred wrote to Beryl Clay: “Dear Beryl, I have just put in a word with this to your Father, for his kindness in writing me. On top of your own appreciation it was a joy to get a word from him.

I am gradually getting into shape here, Mary’s love helps me a great deal, the rest of it I am struggling out alone but I am decidedly mending in the health of my poor old body. Rejoice with me for out of a clear sky has fallen a great boon. I am to meet Bryan Binns, - he has invited me to meet him at lunch, giving me actually the choice of two days. He wrote the “Freedom of the Spirit” the book I lent you. The whole opening has come through Frank Carter. The dear fellow is lying in bed with his leg broken.

It appears that Bryan Binns goes frequently to see him, and I don’t wonder for Frank Carter, although his poor body is suffering, the energy of his mind is an inspiration which Bryan Binns evidently realises, and I should judge that conversation must have turned on me and consequently this sudden invitation to meet Binns. I am not equal to it as I am slow at thinking and these men flash out thoughts with a lightning quickness. However it will be a great opportunity.

I am drawing a dear little boy of 3, a man of 24 and a girl of 14, and my largest canvas of the Wordsworth outlook from the garden I have sold for £25. The man who buys it feels its quiet and peace. Addio! Fred Yates.”

Enclosed with this letter the was one he had written to Beryls father, “Dear Canon Clay, I thank you indeed for your letter. It is little enough that I have done, for Beryl has so quickly responded to my suggestions about her work. At every step she broadens her outlook and her vision opens out. The path is lonely, the old saying is only too true “L’art, c’est la guerre” but there is with this an inward joy that sustains the seeker, which alone is a reward. Add to this your loving encouragement, and she has all she needs. I again thank you for writing me and send you and to Mrs Clay my sincere regards, Fred Yates.”

Also on the 10th. Fred wrote to Emily: "I had a kind letter from Canon Clay which I have answered and another from Bryan Binns (Frank's friend.) "The Freedom of the Spirit" & "November". You saw my letter to Frank which evidently Frank showed him. Anyway, we are to meet. He has given me choice of two mornings to lunch with him at Monico's I feel unequal to it from the intellectual side of it, but it will be an experience, and only good can come out of it, otherwise it would never have happened. We are here suddenly in a whirl of work. The little boy nephew of Betty is here, being drawn. Betty's young man of which I give her a drawing by way of a wedding present, (that won't be for a year yet) and Doreen Stern comes today after her mother, who wants a mouth altered or a nose or a something. Some little tinkering that may help. Anyway, Stern is already pleased and owns himself that all he is doing is his desire to satisfy the remarks of others!"

January 15th.: "...Something drastic will have to be done as pus is at the root of some of them and apparently has been for some time. I suppose I am getting old like old Kinnie, but Lordy!, my spirit is more alive it seems to me, than ever it was, and judging from my work I am in perfect trim.

I meet Bryan Binns today. Mrs Cropper comes to see her deceased sons portrait at 11, and my afternoon is free. Stern paid me £10 for Doreen's portrait and that settles all money as he has paid me for the landscape £26.5. already. He bought the bigger one of the two. The other is worth at least £15, but I think I shall send it to Mrs Cooke where it would be well worth £40, unless I do a still larger one, which I may.

Yes, I got the Rose, and the Broom. I saw that Rose coming on in the top garden, long before you picked it. It was on a long stem, trust me for seeing that. The dear thing is burnt now after bringing its little message of love. I got some good draperies for the front of the piano – a joy forever - Beryl's present to us. I spent £2, I don't know if she meant to go that far, anyway, if she doesn't think it too much, I shall feel always they are from her whether she pays for 'em or not. They are lovely, carrying with them a big feeling, the modern things aren't worth anything in comparison and every one I have bought is old, 5 of 'em.

Yes – don't send any pumpkin pie, we have all we want here. The tongue evidently palled on you, I'd oughter have been there and made a dainty dish for you. I get about 10d. of Celery for Mary every day, she "likes it better than fresh me!" It is fun to hear her crunching like you and your pea nuts. She shall bring onions, they are about 5d here.

No more now. Mrs Cropper really very pleased. Met Bryan Binns. Faver."

January 17th.: "Dear Blessed, It is just quarter to eight, and I have had some Horlicks that Mary made for me in the Thermos by way of variety.

We want more Horlicks. I turned in at 8.30 after a game of chess and Mary I think must have sat here sometime, she wouldn't have a fire in her room. She gets stubborn a bit about it, and the room sadly needs it, for the sake of the wallpaper.

I am going to have a bath at 9.

Mrs Stern comes to see her husbands portrait this morning some time. I meet de Selincourt at 4. – at 47 Bedford Square (why 47?)

I am really thankful that you can go on living up there all alone as I don't want to let Mary go just at present. Some of my teeth have to come out, but not until I have had my preliminary x-ray exam on Monday. Nothing much of an ordeal. I have to castor oil myself on Saturday and a meal I have already bought that I am to eat on Monday, something they watch digest, from hour to hour. I rather look forward to it. I have found coffee quickly stopping pain. If I have bread in coffee and milk I go a long time without trouble.

I had a really good time with Bryan Binns, he knows Mrs Firth. Keith in California was there in 1897 when we were, and his grandfather built Flemings house that faces the Langdale Pikes. He is tall, a clear open face, full of light and freedom. I hadn't a moment of restraint with him. I told him how Beryl had got her own copy of the Free Spirit and quoted her own words as living now a life of expression, no longer one of suppression. He at once said "Ah!, that is good, well worth while." He took it as his reward. He told me it doesn't pay – to write and publish, of course he will go on writing. The act of creation he can do, that costs him only the pouring out of his love.

So much of it must be pure inspiration and yet kept so healthy, not "high-falutin' " in the least. Indeed it is, as I say, pure inspiration - heaven guided. He talked freely and threw back the ball merrily and with a quick humour and a ready laugh. I was afraid at first that he would be too intellectual, too high flying for me, but we met on human grounds, and I think it will last a long while and may develop into a friendship. A high grade man. This is all at Frank's door. I wrote and thanked him last night for his goodness. Binns spent Wednesday night with him, stayed all night, and I gather that Frank had shown him most of my letters.

You can read this to Beryl if you like. The draperies we have got are superb. Some for over the piano. F"

18th. January: "My Dear Girl. I have had a good night and feel decidedly better after our Mary had badly beaten twice her Father. Had just a bit of pain before I turned in, but it went off with a little coffee and milk and some crumb. (Mary eats the crust.) and I slept on and off about every three hours. Then some Horlicks out of the Thermos. I am reading by way of a change Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." It is so splendidly playful in apparently a way of telling his life. – which is a supposed autobiography anyway. It is so philosophical enough in its reflections to make me forget myself and I find a few chapters whirls my brain and I get dizzy and fall off to sleep.

My first business yesterday was to go off and get a bath. When I returned at 11, Mrs. Stern had been here, brought me a vest – a beautiful woollen thing, but much too small, so it is going to be changed. She had many a comment, adverse criticism of the sketch I made of her husband – but as it is impossible for him to attend here I'm inclined to let it go. – until they return here in August. She thinks it looks too much like Woodrow Wilson! And as that was his own comment also, unless it is a case of direct telepathy it is remarkable and amusing. But the air is full of Woodrow Wilson, for I was at Westfield College yesterday and was making the alterations suggested to Miss de Selincourts portrait (Prof. De S. was lecturing below) and Miss Richardson the President said how much she thought I looked like W.W. Poor Woodrow! The world must be bristling with his counterparts and effigies!

Miss Richardson and the staff seem very grateful for what I have done, but they produced an excellent portrait that de Selincourt has never seen, better than all they sent me, and de Selincourt says so too. – So Miss Richardson has asked me to make another 10 gns. copy for her, and she will pay for it. I am glad of this work as I shall be somewhat disfigured by the loss of my teeth that I shall not be able to work from the life whereas I shall now be able to do this from a photograph which anyway will keep the pot a boiling, and it is so good a portrait that I am certain to make a fine copy.

Mary was at Kew yesterday with her friend Miss Willoughby. I like her to go – to get away as much as she can from me, as Monday may call her to a closer duty. I am glad you are not here, if you can stand being up there all alone. Here you would be a care, whereas with Mary she can so easily do things, and her mind is so orderly. Not that yours isn't too. I'm not going to have a word said against Mrs. Stone! She gets the work done and so easily does it, going up and down the stairs like the Koot, saving me endless journeys.

We are so well off for wood. Do you know it is almost unprocurable. Stern sent me a fine lot. Japanese box wood. Easy to cut up. I have done a lot of things too that had to be done. Today I am devoting myself to Canon Loft's copy, and may be getting off the young Cropper portrait anyway, may get it into it's box.

You will get this on Monday morning. I shall post it at once, and get it off, and if I have time will send off another perhaps Sunday from Wimpole Street.

It is nice to think those "Ash Trees" in the studio now belong to Mrs Paige, to be sent to her friend. I think a Mrs. Newton but she says I am to wait and let her see it before it is sent off.

It is getting light and Mary will soon be in from her room. I have enjoyed the quiet with you.

January 19th.: "Dear Girl, Twenty to eight and the light is just coming, it has been really so since seven but now not much lighter. Mary is going to have a bath at 9. I may go with her if I can get the studio ready for the housekeeper who comes in to clean. They have it all to themselves until 10.30

That Mary of yours beat me last night for the third time in succession, and I was badly beaten too. I'm getting really afraid of this bland and kind hearted Mary, she is a terror, sits there in front of me with blandest wouldn't-hurt-a-mouse kind of expression, next thing I know she has me tight in her grasp. Awful! I'll have to be more careful. We went to the National Gallery yesterday, surprised to see such a lot of people about, like a private view day, of course many foreigners. We saw a Rembrandt that we shall go and see again very soon, a marvel, fine quality of paint, moonlight coming through a high window on the wall. It is a wonder, jugglery of paint and yet so profound in feeling.

January 22nd: "Dear Girl, It is about 7. I have just written Mrs Firth. Florence has been acting – taking Muriel Manner's part of the Kitchen Maid. Mary has turned on her light, and is reading. Will come in here as soon as the milk comes below stairs. Mrs Hamilton brings an early supply from her milk shop an hour earlier than Felix.

I go to x-ray at 10.30 the 3rd. inst.. I think he was a bit more optimistic about me yesterday. I do look well, and good at walking, but I'm glad of Mary's grin to hang on. Sometimes I can manage anything but stairs, the worst I had was Gertrude Urquhart's 97 up to the 4th. floor. I did it twice, and got there!

The days are getting out and are you not glad, the month of February the afternoons get out so that it is light at 6.30 in the evening. Will you watch for the snow drops coming, and in the rose bed near the dining room window you will see the little bulbs throwing up their green. Dig them up, roots and all, take off the mould, and put gravel that you will; I find in the bottom near where we fill our jugs. You can wash it quite clean and you can fill up the little bronze. The mould is in no way necessary when once the blossom peeps through. M.G. (Mary Garnett) I am sure would bring you up some. They are more beautiful to see grow direct out of the bulbs.

I have had a good night, ran short of milk.

January 22nd: "2.30. That durned kid of yours has beaten me again at chess. I wiped off two of her three.

I am much relieved as there will be no operation. I go again in a week's time, the trouble is in the bowel, but do not tell anyone as the information ought to reach us through Hough, but he told me to quiet my surmises. In a week I am to have the final test, a coloured enema, where he will watch the flow of the infection.

I am taking paraffin now by the tablespoon, - tasteless. – and tomorrow a lot of my teeth come out at 2.45 to 3 o'clock. Seeing Mrs Hope-Edwards this afternoon, and Bryan Binns comes here for supper tonight. Mary goes to her service, will just miss him."

January 24th.: "Dear Girl, I am calculating to get Mary back to you about this day week, if possible on the Thursday. She will be ready then to go, and I shall by that time have got over my last x-ray exam which is next Wednesday, and I am so fast getting well. This week I shall be on a soft diet and I rather expect it will improve matters. It is just 7.15 and I awoke and found my fire out. With the Stern wood I can build it up and have it in full blast in five minutes and a roaring furnace in ten.

I've tried the milk in the Thermos last night and it won't work. Milk does not keep unless boiled, so I have had Horlicks and a dash of coffee in it.

I awoke myself in the night many times by the shape of my mouth insides, and yet how very soon one becomes accustomed to the new circumstances. It will be nearly a month since you have been alone and I do hope you feel a little more rested. If the rain does let up I hope you will make yourself get out for Koots sake and give him a run with you, you have no idea the way I am beginning to walk. I go as fast as Mary wants to. My legs are getting better too in going upstairs, as the wind is north and likely to be crisp and bracing, Mary and I are going to the zoo, walking up through the Park and taking in Dixon, Albany St. on our way back, as the portrait of Mr Stern is being photographed again. If they don't succeed this time then I shall have to fall back on the Strand Engraving. This latter is now doing Canon Lofter and Doreen Stern. I am writing this in the sarcoph: on my back, quite free from pain which I awoke with but which is dispelled at once by the Horlick and Coffee.

We had our electric suddenly go out last night and Mrs Hamilton got a man here in an hour and fix it. A bulb went, and fused the circuit. Easily done with a bit of wire. Astonishing how very simple it is. Price, half a crown. While I yet had my teeth I went down to Stern's place of business and took him a good leather copy of a Religio Medica, it was luck getting it, and Stern was so pleased. Mary went with me, and we ABC'd luncheon coming back, and I took her into the Inns of Court of this more and we saw where Dr Johnston wrote. Then we bussed back to Oxford Circus and Studio, and returning at 4 found George Reid had been here and Mary had given him tea and said she had quite a nice visit with him."

Mary Yates Diary: January 1919.

Monday 27th.: F. to doctor early in a.m.

Mrs Howard Fletcher & Frieda came at 3.30

I went with G.H. to help pack up and hear news till 6.30.

Walked to Charing Cross with F. then on to Ministry of Health, and meeting at first church.

Tuesday 28th.: To H.I. at 10.30. Last X-ray.

F. & I to Peter Robinson's and got drapery for studio at H.J.'s

Back to H.I. at 5.30 meeting Gordon Taylor, surgeon.

Advised operation! Stern at studio at 7.00.

Wednesday 29th.: Good morning cleaning of studio!

Just going out gate I met Gertrude not gone!

She went to H.J.'s with me and back to lunch.

I to H.J. at 4, and to Mr Gordon Taylor at 6.00

To 2nd church. at 7.

Thursday 30th.: F. finished little John Robset's portrait in am.

I took it to Rowley's, left book at Stern's

Went to HGT at 5.30. F. & I tried for CS lecture in Soc. but no room.

*Friday 31st: To H. Murton in a.m.
Fetched things from Pastel together
G.T. came to tea.*

February 1919.

*Saturday 1st: AM cleaning up, letters etc.
Met mother at Euston at 5.40.
I took an old lady who'd arrived un-met to Hendon.
Back by bus and tube at 9.00
Mother pleased with my room etc.*

*Sunday 2nd: I to 1st church. F. & M. to St. Pauls.
Queens Hall in pm. Gorgeous!
2 nice Canadians next us.
G.U. rang from Maidenhead in evening.*

*Monday 3rd.: F. & M. to baths in am. I to Gt. & Beaumont St. Nursing Home to investigate.
Most of pm. happily transferring F. there. Home at 9.00.*

*Tuesday 4th.: Spent am 11.00 - 1.00 with F. at N.H. 2 games of chess. Most cheery time.
Operation at 4.30. We to Regents Park and to G.T. at 6.00 to hear result. Favourable.
G.T. rang up at 9 and came in at 12.30.*

Woodrow Wilson was deeply involved in the search for a lasting peaceful solution to the wreckage the war had left behind. J. H. Badley continues in his 'Memories & Reflections,' George Allen & Unwin 1955: "I never saw him again after his election as President in 1912.

"When he came over to take part in the Peace Conference in the summer of 1919 he was hoping to find time to come North. If he could do so, he would not fail, we felt sure, to stop and look in on his old friends at Rydal. Throughout the Sunday on which his visit was expected I waited with them in the hope of seeing him, if only for a minute or two, to tell him how many of us on this side of the Atlantic looked upon him as our representative at Paris no less than as representing his own people, so that he could count on a large body of supporters even if our official representatives should oppose his aims. But he could not spare the time to come so far. Three years later his widow came to Rydal to visit the friends who lived there and to see the scenes he had often, in those last troubled years, thought of as a haven of rest.

Woodrow Wilson gave the impression of a man of great intellectual power, slow to form or to express an opinion, but, when he did so, lucid in exposition and absolutely sincere, with no least suspicion of talking for effect. A like impression, formed by his public pronouncements during the war, made many hail the principles laid down by him and embodied in the League of Nations as a gospel to save a dying world. There are times when one wishes that he had never come to Paris, but had remained in his isolated point of vantage 'above the battle' from which to view the tortuous plans and counter plans of the rival statesmen, and to give an unqualified 'No' to trickeries that falsified the terms they professed to be carrying out. What could he not have done for the world, one thinks, if he had not been himself drawn into the controversies of Versailles, hoodwinked and edged into an impossible position from which there was no way of retreat, until he seemed a broken reed and lost his hold on men's imagination and on their hearts. Yet, at the time, how we all looked to his coming as the best hope of a reasonable settlement. How we rejoiced that he would be the one honest man, as it seemed, in a world of politicians, far sighted, sure of his purpose and unable to be turned from it. He seemed to bring us a standard round which to rally, a banner under which right would be invincible."

Badley's usually precise memory seems to be inaccurate here however, as although President Wilson had hoped to meet the Yates in Carlisle or Manchester, that was not to be possible, because Fred was ill. Fred wrote to Wilson on the 4th. of February, from the nursing home where he was being treated: "Dear Mr; President, We so much regretted, - my wife and Mary and I, that we could not see you when you came to Carlisle and Manchester. I was too poorly, having had some mysterious ailment, which X-rays now have discovered, and in about an hour I shall be in the hands of the surgeon. My wife and Mary are brave and I have only to go through with it and be worthy of them. My house is in order, - bills all paid, my will made, and Mary taking on the duties should anything occur.

I want to give you my love and reverence. You have lifted us all up, dear Great Man. I send this to Washington so as not to disturb you by even adding one feather weight to your cares. I know you love us, Your friend, Fred Yates. (I am reading Lord Charnwood's 'Lincoln' in my bed, if all goes well I get out in a month, I have the best surgeon there is, Gordon Taylor.)" The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

*Wednesday 5th.: AM to see Father, about 20 minutes. He slept most of the time.
PM Writing bulletins. Tube strike. Cd. not get to church.*

*Thursday 6th.: AM to see Father - more talkative and rather harrowing.
PM Telephoning Gertrude etc. Reading. G.T. came in at 10.30.*

*Friday 7th.: AM to see Father, More satisfactory. Gertrude U. came to lunch.
I took her by Regents Park to Paddington for 4.50 train. Most satisfactory talk! G.T. came about 11.30.*

*Saturday 8th.: Not allowed to see Father in a.m. "coz of a bad night.
Went to Carters' and washed wig. Home at 2.00 Mrs Vanderlip to tea.
F. sent for me at 5.30 for message to D.R. G.T. came at 10.00*

*Sunday 9th. E.Y. early to Father. I to 1st church. Met Mrs Alan Frazer! Such a charming Parsee lady in bus on way home. Cosmopolitan London! I to Queens Hall with Elsie. In pm E.Y. back to Father.
We both to 1st church evening service.*

*Monday 10th.: Early phone message calling me to the home. I read the lesson to myself with Father.
Mother went to join him pm. G.U. came in just as I was needing her badly.
Half an hour after she'd left, another message. Went to Home and Mother & I stayed in F's room all night. G.T. said he would not live till morning.*

*Tuesday 11th.: I called up Mr Peter Donaldson after G.T. said no hope.
Gertrude arrived about 12.00 Mr D. came at 1.00 and gave treatment.
G.U. took Mother out to walk and Father passed on between 2.00 and 3.00.
Room dismantled by time E.Y. came back. We returned to studio and I went to undertaker.*

*Wednesday 12th.: Busy day of arrangements. Registrar. Up to Golders Green alone.
Mrs Vanderlip at studio. G.U. & I to church in evening.*

*Thursday 13th.: Cremation 9.30 at Golders Green. Here - Willink. Elsie, Frieda and ourselves only.
Ps. 23. Lords Prayer. 1 Cor.. 13. 1 John 3 1-3 Steady sunshine throughout. A happy day with Mr Willink here.*

Friday 14th.: Writing letters. Capt. W. here in am. Left at 12.30. Started for H.M. Seaton but went anti-bolshevist meeting instead.

Monday 24th.: Grand clear up in studio.

Tuesday 25th.: Back to Rydal alone leaving Gertrude with Mother. Lovely welcoming quiet of Rydal.

Wednesday 26th.: Valuation by Stalker. Sorting of studio etc & Fathers clothes.

The President replied to Fred's letter on the 26th. of February: "My dear Fred: Your letter gave me a pang, because it spoke of an immediate operation, but its date, the fourth of February, encourages me to believe that by this time you have not only come through but are beginning to feel a bit normal again. My heart goes out to you. It was generous of you to write me, and you may be sure that it touched me very much; I want you to know how deeply you have established yourself in my admiration and affection. Please give my love to the dear ones, and above all things take care of yourself and get strong." The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

*Thursday 27th.: To Grasmere to see Miss Smith in bed in am. Lovely walk.
More sorting in pm. Betty came at 7.00*

March

Saturday 1st: The night journey to London. Broken by 2 hours at Burneside, and 2 at Preston.

Sunday 2nd: Mother in bed still.

Tuesday 4th.: Mother got up a little in evening.

Wednesday 5th.: Mother better.

Friday 7th.: (Mother up all day.)

Wednesday 19th.: Valuer 10.00 am. Goodbye to Spite 10.30 (Chislehurst etc?)

Monday 21st: Packing.

Thursday 24th.: Up at 7.00. No Taxi so borrowed truck etc. from Leigh and boy from Bonelet & got to Station in time for journey home with Mother.

Friday 25th.: Gardening. Unpacking.

Canon Rawnsley had cabled President Wilson, and told him of Fred's death, and of plans for a fund for his dependants, since Emily and Mary had been left unprovided for. Wilson replied to Rawnsley from Paris on the 22nd of March "I have been beyond measure distressed at the news of Fred Yates' death. After receiving a letter from him written just before the operation, I wrote to him and I am afraid the letter will distress Mrs Yates rather than cheer her because it was full of expectation that he would recover; I shall be very glad indeed to contribute to the fund which you and other friends are raising to buy an annuity for Mrs Yates and would be very much obliged if you would tell me in what form to send you the money. You may be sure that I will contribute to the utmost of my means; Cordially and sincerely yours, Woodrow Wilson"

The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

The President of the United States contributed £200 to the Yates Fund, from Paris on the 2nd of April. In his accompanying note to Canon Rawnsley he said that it gave "great pleasure to contribute to the fund you are collecting to buy an annuity for Mrs; Yates." Even whilst playing a such major role in such historic world events in Paris in 1919, the President told his cousin Helen Woodward Bones, in a letter written from Paris on the 26th. of May: "Thank you for your letter about Fred Yates. I had already learned of his going. It makes me feel very sad and in a sense lonely, because he had such a vital individuality that his departure seems to make the world a bit emptier. Of course, Mrs Yates and Mary will face the loss with their usual beautiful spirit, but my heart grows sick for them."

The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Princeton University Press, U.S.A.

There is Nothing more in Mary's diary until July.

"After Frederic's death in 1919, Emily was very desolated, and only her splendid daughters care comforted her. Two years later Mary was made Guardian to Donald's three children, his marriage having ended in divorce. This gave Emily a new interest in life, and she was the meet marvellous grandmother. Full of stories, songs, and jokes. She tried to teach us music, and though not very successful, she did give us an appreciation of good music, which has enabled me, at least, to enjoy singing in a choir, and playing the piano, (in private), the one thing I want to do when feeling sad about anything.

Looking back on her, after living to be a grandmother myself, I appreciate all she was to us, warm, loving, and comforting. but can also see how we only knew her in her late years. Her life with Frederic was loving to the end, and she must have given him inspiration, support, and encouragement through all the hard times and separations that they went through.

Not least I appreciate that she never complained of taking second place to Mary, who was her Fathers pride and joy, but kept the family trio happy by accepting this unselfishly, and loving them both.

She gave spirited readings of New England tales to amuse Frederic's sitters, or regular visitors like F. R. Badley, founder of Bedale's school. She hid behind her large umbrella when she met cows, and shared her copies of the National Geographic by lending them to all the villagers."

From Notes supplied by Joan Fox.

It clearly took Emily a long time to get over Fred's death, and she evidently could not bring herself to write to people about it until a good while after. Sir Ernest Satow replied to Emily on November the 2nd: "Dear Mrs Yates. Thank you very much for your nice letter of the 20th. October about your husband. What a gift he had for making friends, amongst them I have so great pleasure in counting myself, and I often have occasion to think and speak of him to people to whom I like to show the sketches for me of Lake Chinzenyi and the surroundings of this house.

Yesterday there came to me the little notice of him from the 'Westmorland Gazette' and the delightful little photograph of yourself and him and the dog standing at the door of your house, which I still carefully preserve. He gave me a number of photographs of Mary and the neighbourhood, which I value very highly. I should like to see you again in your own home, but I do not know when it will be possible for me to go so far afield. I am getting an old man, already in my 77th. year, and have not been away from home for more than three years. Yours ever sincerely, Ernest Satow."

Mary's diary for Saturday 22nd of November records a journey to London, and through November and December: she is busy with preparations for an exhibition of Fred's work.

On Monday December 22nd she returned home to Rydal.

In 1920, on January 1st Freida Reilly planted a Plum tree in the orchard at Hart Head Cottage.