

Seaver's Point
Maine

Monday July 5th
Introduction

I really must get this down on paper before I forget anything of what happened yesterday July 4th.

Well I am in my tiny bedroom. Down stairs Cina is warning James her two and a half year old son not to be careless around the fire. It is coal in my room. I can smell the wood smoke as the fires are stoked below. My bed is covered with books, the 18th Century books that we belonged to George II and from Paul Marat. The documents of the French Revolution, of Danton, Robespierre, Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette etc are also on the bed. All these I brought with me to show Mark and Cina's friend Annie Wyeth and perhaps even Jimmie, mother and father - Betty and Andy Wyeth.

As we headed out the driveway yesterday - Caravanier, with Cina's sister Emory, her husband Fred and their daughter (Halley?) I had little idea of what was to be in store for us. Our plans were to meet Jimmie and his wife Phyllis at the Harbor of Tenants Bay. And from thence to take a boat ride along the Coast and to home a Jimmie as we went. Cina mentioned as we turned down hill to the wharf that we probably would not see Andy and Betty. I was having such a good time that Cina's news was only a minor disappointment. Jimmie Wyeth's large black Cabin Cruiser

was moved dockside. I could see him
putting around in the cabin. Thylis, who
has been wheel chair bound since she
was 21⁷ years old and injured in a near-
fatal automobile accident was waiting
to receive us at the ~~base of the dock~~.

After our salutations to Phyllis, Jimmie
came over and introduced himself. As
we shook hands he said in an almost
surprised way. "Oh yes, the bird book." Wonderful.

We stood around looking while
Jimmie and two teenage girls (the boat
crew) began to load up our gear on
the boat whose huge motor was rumbling
and sending fumes in our direction. Before
I could say anything Jimmie had picked up
my portfolio and was carrying it onto
the boat. I could not help but remember
that ~~last~~ during Scott's first visit
to Andy's Studio in Chadds Ford in
the early sixties, Jimmie had also carried
his portfolio.

With great skill Jimmie Wyeth
maneuvered his boat away from the
dock and headed out of the Harbour. At
the ^{sea} entrance to the Harbour was one of
the Wyeth island, with the lighthouse
and various other structures all shining
and white. Jimmie's crew appeared as
Bloody Marys and then began to prepare
our lunch. It was not only the 4th of July
but also Mark For Jimmie's birthday
and we had brought a cake.

For a while it looked like we

were heading straight out to sea but
you could eventually make out a distinct
body of land. It was Monhegan Island,
the subject of so many artists' endeavors.
The weather was bright and almost
 devoid of clouds. The sun white and
intense. People were talking in small
groups. I sat next to Phyllis to try
to become better acquainted. She was
very accessible and a pleasure to talk
to. After about 30 minutes, we pulled
up to the seaward side of Monhegan
Island and stopped. No anchor, just
floating. The food was served and
Ginnie joined us and we talked out.
John Koch and others.

After lunch Ginnie took us through
the harbor past his house first the
bay that once belonged to Rockwell
Kent then past the houses and the
old hotel of Monhegan. I remembered
that there were a number of artists
at their easels among the Coastal
Grass and croppings.

I thought that we were going to
stop for a while and go ashore but
we continued on again out to sea. It
was then that Phyllis said that we
were going out to see Andrew and
Betty Needles to say, I was thrilled.
Again, it seemed that we were out to
sea for at least 30 more minutes.
Before two islands came in to view.
The sea was wonderfully calm,

And the "bay" between the two islands was almost glassy. To my left I could see a group of houses and outbuilding and wharf. They all looked right out of a Wright painting which they were of course. As we came closer to the dock a single figure could be seen walking carefully down from the house. He could see that it was Betsy. As we circled to come alongside the dock (By the way, Jamie Wright is an excellent pilot. He docked perfectly every time.) I could see someone else coming toward us. It was Andy. He can remember how white his hair looked. ~~even~~ I seemed to blame in that bright Maine sunlight even at that distance.

Jamie secured the ropes dockside. He was talking to his father. I heard him mention my name and the bird book. Andy looked over at me and yelled down at me "Where's your brother?" I had remarked earlier to Jamie that it was Scott and to who gave him father the costumes which he painted in "The Quaker" and also the dark blue velvet coat that Jamie had depicted in his own painting "Other Ocean." He seemed surprised and very delighted. I heard him say to his father that it was Scott and me who had sent the 18th Century

Costumes!

"Yes, I know" Andy said.

We unloaded Thyller on her portable
saw plant and all of us walked
to get up to the house. They had just
added a new wing to the house, an
old school room that Andy had placed
on the mainland and which had been
moved out to the island and lifted
in place by a huge crane. It was the
same room in which he painted his
tempera "Witching Hour" (1917).

Jonie had reminded me to bring
my black Portfolio. The interior of
the Wythe House, of course, looks
like a Wythe painting, simple, even
austere but very pleasing to the
eye - and restful. On the walls
were three Wythe paintings, as
I recall. I hardly had time to look
when Jonie asked me to show the
folding I had brought with me.

Back at house I had chosen everything
from our collection that had to do with
revolution - fitting for our own 4th of
July. I had my documents of the
French Revolution, my Godey the III
vest, miniature by Richard Collins, a
letter from Cornwallis, Marie Antoinette
Quis IV, a vest, draped by Marat etc.
they were a huge hit! The gathering
broke off in 4 smaller groups looking
at the documents and signing on being

George's ~~water~~ paint. Annie tried it on. Andy seemed as giddy as a school girl. Betty, more serious, spent time reading Cornwallis letter and worded it to her self. Soon I was pulling out some of the Giclee prints I had brought along. Annie marvelled at their quality. John thought they were better than the gicles done of his own work. Andy kept marvelling at our detail work, how superb it was. I asked him jokingly if he would put that in writing.

When I pulled out Death Painting of President Bush at Crawford Andy seemed to be really impressed and full of praise. So was Annie. Betty looked at it very seriously and declared it truly splendid. All in all our show and tell session was a huge success. I really think it made the Wrights 4th of July something really special!

In a few minutes every body had left the room but Andy and me. We talked about everything. Some how our conversation got around to Unicorn hats. I told him that Scott and I had finally acquired one after 35 years of searching. Andy said I wore one that Robert Montgomery, the actor, gave me years ago, in its original box. I'm pretty sure it's original. Perhaps you can tell me whether or not it is.

Wed

He led me into the "new" school room addition. There on a bench attached to the wall was a triangular wooden box with a hat in it - an old hat - a very old hat. I asked him if I could hold it. Of course he said I pulled it out and was amazed to see that it had once been made of beaver felt, the old fuzz now almost entirely gone.

I asked Andy if I could photograph it. He said "Certainly" and left the room while I ponded the hat ~~had~~ in and out of its box. For a minute or two Andy was back with Billy. He came over to me and said, "Would you like me to wear it?" "Yes," I said. Could I take your photograph. He said he'd be delighted. Andy then suggested that we move acon, the room for a better background. He put the hat on, took it off. Tried again until he was comfortable. I was adjusting my light meter not believing my good luck. Suddenly he turned to his side, placed his hands behind his back like a sea Captain, I thought, and looked at me with a wonderful slightly sinister look. I snapped his picture and then followed with a few more with him posing straight on looking into the camera. Billy sat at the side with a bemused

look on her face, making a couple of helpful suggestions. I can only hope as I write this that the photos come out. If they do, I believe an incredible portrait could be done of Andy. Of course I asked him what if the photos were any good could Scott or I paint his portrait. He said he would be delighted and flattered.

After the photo session Andy and I sat down and simply talked in the lovely afternoon light. There were some old glasses on a bench nearby - found in a cleaning and we talked about them. Jimmie came into the room and sat at the table. Then I was with Betty and Audie Wyth and Jimmie Wyth alone and simply talking about a whole range of subjects. It was really a very special moment.

Somebody blew the whistle from the boat. It was an cue to leave. We all walked slowly back to the dock. Andy, Betty and Jimmie a little ahead of me. I was talking to a blond lady who I thought I had seen in one of Andy's paintings "Witcher Broom".

When we reached the dock plans of shulark pin were being worked out in honor of Mark's birthday. We all posed for a last round of pictures. Then loaded ourselves onto the

boat. With a couple of land blasts
of the horn we were on our way.
I'mie to a shorter route home and
at much higher speed. In a half
an hour we were back at Teardrop
Harbour. Hk

It had been a wonderful afternoon,
one I, of course, will always cherish.
Mark and Cava and Phyllis and I'mie too
could not have given me a better
present. In a way it was the culmination
of a gesture which Brod and I long
ago made when we sent them the
Cladon Costumes to Billy and Andy. Over
the years they have appeared in both
Andy's and I'mie's paintings and even
in the introductory photos of one of their
Catalogues. It had been an fondest hope
that our gift would somehow become
part of the Gorgeith legacy - and now
with this very special visit and a very
special day (the 4th of July) our story
had made full circle.

Shad Gault
Maine, July 5, 2007

Dreadnaught

Side
Outline

Wyrth Castaway Story

↓
The Creation of Quaker, attem

↓
Return to Junior Brat and Lund
and trip to Montezuma Harbor.

↓
Surprise turning out to fear!
Were on our way to Andigst Betzys!

↓
I muse at our lost contact. We
send big book in 1987. We get a call.
We send trade edition in Dec. 2001 and
they send nice letter and a catalogue
of "Close friends!"

↓
We sight the two islands! and
Betzy coming to meet us.

↓
Story at Home; Wyrth
Moss for a portrait.

↓
return home. Paint 4 of July
the next day

↓
2nd - "From Turn to Turn" - our aims with
our own art.

Wyrth Content
Moss Hb -
Betzy's story