

Article from the August 24, 1902 issue of the New York Daily Tribune (p.9)

ART IN ADIRONDACKS
COLONY PAINTING PICTURES ON LAKE MASSAWEPIE
WHERE W. W. CHURCHILL, E. I. IPSEN AND W. H. SHELTON ARE SPENDING THE SUMMER

"You can't paint pictures," said W. W. Churchill, "unless your heart is in it," and he added a fresh touch of color to the water scene he was painting.

Mr. Churchill had just stopped painting long enough to greet The Tribune reporter who entered his rustic little studio, overlooking beautiful Lake Massawepie with Major Henry G. Dorr.

It's a jolly little company, that "bunch" of artists and art lovers who are studying nature on the shores of Massawepie. Major Dorr, who comes from Boston and is proud of it, is chiefly responsible for this concentration of art on Massawepie. The major loves art next to a good story. He glories in a beautiful picture, and studies it with all the love and interest of a connoisseur. Probably that is why he has settled Messrs. Churchill and Ipsen in rustic studios and told them to paint. W. W. Churchill and E. L. Ipsen are both members of the St. Botolph Club, Boston. Both are well known in that city, and Mr. Churchill enjoys a reputation beyond the borders of Boston. Still another art lover in that little colony is William Henry Shelton.

It was raining great guns outside when The Tribune reporter paid his visit to the little art colony at Massawepie, and it required no little skill to get there without becoming saturated. The colony is at the end of Massawepie's board walk, and this walk leads along the lake shore from the Hotel Childwold through a beautiful stretch of woods. There beyond the other cottages occupied by New-Yorkers who are spending the season at Massawepie, nestled down among the great trees, are the studios of Churchill and Ipsen. There they are getting lessons in art at first hand from Nature herself, the greatest artist of them all.

Mr. Churchill was at work upon a sunset scene on Lake Massawepie when The Tribune man called. There could be no guesswork about that picture, no chances offered for high colored flights of imagination, for on the evening of any fair day all he needs to do is to open the door of his studio overlooking the lake to see the ideal reflected in the waters at his feet.

"Oh, yes, I like it immensely here," said he.

"We have him pretty well fixed," said Major Dorr, throwing open a door off the studio and disclosing cute little living apartments.

The greater part of the structure is, of course, given up to the studio, which is supplied with ample light through great windows at the end furthest from the lake. The interior finish of Mr. Churchill's studio is dark enough to suit any artist. The walls are covered with dark green cloth, while the paint and interior furnishings are of the same color. All this sets off to advantage the light colors and gilt frames of the paintings on the walls. Mr. Churchill has had a few of his best paintings sent to his mountain studio, among them some portraits that have taken awards and are considered by his friends exceptionally fine.

Mr. Ipsen has established a reputation as a golf player and gets the greater part of his recreation on the golf links. Mr. Churchill is an inveterate smoker, and finds almost as much pleasure in his cigarette as in his brush.

Camp Sorghum, where Major Dorr and Mr. Shelton spend the summer, is a picturesque spot. It is low and rambling, and vines run over it. Its interior finish and furnishing are in keeping with the picturesque outward appearance. So far as comfort will allow the rustic idea has prevailed, and the effect is particularly pleasing. Mr. Shelton's fondness for etching has been humored to the full extent and the walls are hung with many examples of skill in this line.

Major Dorr a capital story teller and never wearies of telling of his experiences in the Civil War. One of his best is the story of his capture by Colonel Dickinson.

“They wanted to hang me,” said the major, “but they didn’t.”

There’s any amount of good fellowship in that little group of artists and art lovers on the shores of Massawepie, and a man does not have to be an artist to appreciate the welcome always ready at the hands of these picture making, picture loving men.