

HOWARD ASHMAN PATTERSON (1891-1970)

Howard Ashman Patterson (called "Pat" by most of his friends and by his two wives) was born September 13, 1891, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was the younger son of Thomas Elliott Patterson (1851-1929) and Bertha Remington (1858-1935). An older brother, Elliott Remington, who became a civil engineer, was born in 1886. Their father was a lawyer, notable for a role in reform of the Philadelphia jury system. Their mother was the granddaughter of Eliphalet Remington (b. 1793), founder of the Remington Arms Company.

Bertha was a telling influence in the direction and support of Howard's career. In the summer of 1881, at the age of 23, she had visited the major museums of Europe, recording her impressions in a sturdy folio journal. (It is an extraordinary record in its own right, documenting departure from New York to Glasgow on June 23, 1881, and comprising more than a hundred carefully typed pages, with scores of tipped-in illustrations, maps, tickets of admission, and other memorabilia)

From the family home at 4032 Green St., West Philadelphia, Howard attended school locally—Friends Academy, Brown Prep—then the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Design, 1908-1910, and from there to study at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts between 1910 and 1914. He is represented by a painting in the permanent collection of the Academy and later served on its board.

Besides Henry McCarter among his teachers, Howard was influenced by others famously associated with the Pennsylvania Academy, especially Robert Henri (1865-1929), who had studied at the Academy in the 1880's, returning to Philadelphia in 1891, there befriending John Sloan (1871-1951). Sloan and his wife Dolly were to become close friends of Howard and his wife in Santa Fe and later in New York.

The experience of the exhibit by "The Eight" at the Macbeth Gallery in New York in February 1908 (five of the eight being from Philadelphia—Henri, Sloan, William Glackens, George Luks, and Everett Shinn) brought Howard to New York and to study at the Art Students League and to friendship with William Pene du Bois, who had been a student of Henri's at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1905. In Paris in 1926 du Bois stood godfather to Howard's son Remington.

The example of "The Eight" and the others, including du Bois, who were dubbed the "Ashcan School" for their depiction of street and tenement life, is briefly reflected in Howard's painting called "Derelict," which excited comment when later exhibited. It is, however, the greater influence of Impressionism on his work that follows in 1913 from the famous Armory Show of that year in New York. It sent Howard to Paris in the summer of 1914 and to a studio at 11 Rue Scribe.

The threat and then the outbreak of war in August 1914 concerned Howard's father, who wrote to the Secretary of War, whom he had known as a law student, asking his views on "the European situation." A letter of September 26 from Howard to his father (noting that he was now in his 24th year) assured him that "Paris is as safe as Philadelphia, as everything closes at 8 P.M.... It is absolutely dead." A renewed appeal for money declares that he has "exactly twenty-five francs no more no less," plus a debt of 200 francs for back rent. His father had applied in the meanwhile to the State Department for help and had received a telegram dated September 13, 1914, from the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, reading: CONSUL PARIS CABLES HOWARD PATTERSON SAFE WELL REQUIRES TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS MORE TO GO SOUTH. Howard could report in October that he had paid his debts and had in fact received \$10 deposit on two illustrations for a story a friend had written. He added: "All my efforts in the art game have been to a certain extent successful." He returned to the U.S. in November, having been away since June.

At home there followed further study at the Art Students League and a period of painting in Woodstock, N.Y. From the same period come Philadelphia scenes ("Night in Philadelphia") and canvases that reflect the Impressionist influence, "Independence Hall" and a painting of a wide rainy street (Broad Street, it would appear) with the Philadelphia City Hall looming in the background. Dated c. 1915 and titled "Wet," the painting was exhibited for sale (at \$30,000) among seventy-some other works, including a Henri landscape, at the Spanierman Gallery in New York in 2005 and reproduced in the Gallery catalogue: Fine American Art: from 1845 to 1960. (No painting called "Wet" appears in lists of Patterson works, and it may well be the "Philadelphia" that does occur.)

Between May 1917 and February 1919, with America having entered the war, Howard served in the army. He enlisted on May 14,

1917, and returned to France and duty, first, in Headquarters Company, 19th Engineers (Railroad) then in the Camouflage Section of Company B, 40th Engineers, A.E.F. (In July 1917 the President of the Pennsylvania Academy wrote to the commanding officer of the 19th Engineers recommending Howard's transfer to the "camouflage (deceptive scenery) service," adding: "He is an arrived artist of talent.":

Twenty-some letters from August 1917 to November 21, 1918, written mostly to his mother, record initial assignment to the military police in the Headquarters Company, then the welcome transfer to the Camouflage Section in February. He acknowledges, among other things, receipt of a pair of woolen socks from the President of the Pennsylvania Academy A letter of March 31 (Easter) to his brother Remington begins: "At last I am at the front." He writes his mother that "We are doing our best to conceal our boys and give them a better chance to beat the enemy." He reports that he sleeps with his gas mask at all times; sends photographs in July that reveal a mustache ("what France has done to me in one year"); reflects on the war in a letter of September to his mother, reminding her "how staunchly I supported Wilson and his crew before we got into it." On his 28th birthday (Sept. 13, 1918) he assures his mother that he is safe and well (except for a slight cold) and regrets that he is forbidden by the censor to write anything interesting. He notes, though, that three friends from earlier days—a classmate from the Museum School, a friend from the Catskills (Woodstock), and another from Paris—are in his Company. In October he writes that he dreads the approach of winter: "a summer war is much nicer, believe me." A last letter on November 21, 1918—ten days after the Armistice—gives thanks for a most thankful Thanksgiving.

Howard was discharged from the army on February 10, 1919, and something of the war experience, besides his letters, survives in several small watercolors that depict French soldiers in dress uniforms, an aerial barrage, a village street, and a weary American doughboy.

From France and the army, Howard's return took him in the early 20's to the American southwest, to New Mexico and Colorado, very likely on the example, if not the suggestion, of John Sloan and Robert Henri. Henri had come to Santa Fe in 1916 in connection with the building of the new Art Museum, and he returned the following year, joined by George Bellows. Sloan had come to Santa Fe in 1919

with his friend Randall Davey (1887-1964), who was Henri's teaching assistant and had exhibited at the Armory Show of 1913. Davey and others of the Santa Fe group, especially William Shuster, born in Philadelphia in 1893, were to become the close friends and neighbors of Howard and his wife in the later 20's.

A major exhibition at the Denver Art Museum, opening on November 5, 1924, displayed Howard's first paintings of the southwest, notable among others for two canvases picturing Hopi ceremonial dances, "Christmas at San Felipe, N.M." and "Deer Dance (Interior)" A review in the Rocky Mountain News of Nov. 9 notes that Patterson had spent most of the previous summer painting in Estes Park with his friend Alfred Hayward. Rehearsing Howard's earlier training, the reviewer writes: "Whatever Philadelphia and New York and Woodstock did in the way of laying the foundation, it was Colorado that first revealed Patterson to himself."

In Denver Howard met Elizabeth Mary Perrigo ("Betty" to everyone), born in Chicago on December 13, 1899. She had grown up in Omaha, Nebraska, where her father, an executive in a meat-packing firm, had transferred his family. Betty had gone West to teach dancing. She and Howard were married on June 13, 1924, and the reception opening the Denver show was to introduce "Mr. and Mrs. Patterson."

It seems likely that the Perrigo connections with Omaha and Nebraska explain the exhibition of Howard's work at the Art Gallery of the University Library, Lincoln, Nebraska, that followed only weeks after the Denver show. The catalogue lists 56 works, with prices: 15 oil paintings, among them "Circus" (at \$400), "Arroyos and Pinons" (\$400), "Derelict" (\$1,000), the two Hopi canvases at \$1,000 and \$1,500, and "Corn Dance" (\$800); and 41 watercolors, including "Estes Park" and "Santa Fe," priced at \$100.

A review article in the Daily Nebraskan of November 25, 1924, adds biographical detail, reporting that Patterson had "spent six years painting at Woodstock, in the Catskills," was a member of the Philadelphia Sketch Club and the American Federation of Arts, and that "His paintings have been displayed in such exhibitions and museums as the Art Institute of Chicago, the National Academy, the Society of Independent Artists in New York, the International at Pittsburgh, and annuals at the Pennsylvania academy."

In June 1925 Howard and his wife left the States for two important years in France—Paris, once more, and La Gaude in the

Alps-Maritime, above Cannes, for the winter of 1925-26, and Villefranche-sur-Mer for the winter of 1926-27. More than a year of work had fulfillment in an exhibition of 17 paintings at the Allard Gallery in Paris, September 16-30, 1926. A review in *Le Figaro* remarks on Patterson's "exceptional qualities as a colorist," and adds that "he may well be proud of the manner in which the French connoisseurs have welcomed his exhibition," concluding, he is "a real painter." The critic for *Le Temps* praises Patterson's "clear and calm interpretation of landscapes," but prefers the "new and subtle sensitiveness" of his interiors.

A measure of appreciation and success is marked by the French government's purchase—for 500 francs—of the still life "Flox" for the Luxembourg Museum, Paris, and no less by the purchase of another still life, "Iris Noir et Anemones Double," by the Italian Ambassador. Attention is reflected in the American press as well—interestingly in the *Philadelphia Daily News* of October 5, 1926, which under the caption "Philadelphia Artist Seeks Fame in Paris" prints a photograph of Howard at work in his studio, and below it a picture of Ezra Pound, "American poet and former Philadelphian."

Pictures from *La Gaude*, several still in the family, include a view of the village ("La Gaude, Alpes Maritimes") and interiors of the house, which a friend, Helen Henderson, describes at the time as being notable for "a front room with an elaborate figured wall paper and a red tiled floor in a neat octagon pattern." A "Staircase" and "Interior" depict features of the house, and a large portrait of Betty shows her seated in the front room, quietly reading, with a ray of sunlight on the patterned wall behind her. Another picture of her, called "Sewing," was probably painted in Villefranche, where they had moved the following fall—to a house owned by the retired chef to Queen Victoria (and who Betty said taught her to cook). The painting either reflects or anticipates the birth of their first child, Remington, who was born in Nice on December 16, 1926. At his christening, as noted, Guy Pene du Bois stood godfather, along with another painter friend, Stanley Reckless (1892-1955), with whom they later renewed close ties in Santa Fe.

Here, too, Howard almost certainly renewed contact with Stuart Davis (1894-1964), fellow Philadelphian and almost exact contemporary, who was part of the group inspired by Robert Henri and the Armory Show of 1913 and who had found their way to Paris in the 1920's. Howard and Davis were later to find themselves in the

WPA in New York in the 1930's, but nothing in the record on either side seems to illuminate their relationship or reflect on the development of the artist now recognized as a major figure in twentieth-century American art.

Perhaps owing to the demands of parenthood, or impending new ones, Howard and Betty returned to America toward the end of 1927, sailing on September 27. The return was to Santa Fe for what was to be a productive, if trying, five years between 1927 and 1932, and for the birth of a second son, Robert Burns, on February 1, 1928 (named for the poet, extending a family line of descent on the Patterson side through a John Burns who settled in Pennsylvania in the early 1800's). An adobe house and studio on the Camino del Monte Sol (No. 542) was home, with Will Shuster a neighbor, and renewed association with John and Dolly Sloan, Stanley Reckless, and Randall Davey, among others. The wider community of the arts included the poet Witter Bynner and, in Taos, Mabel Dodge Luhan. It lost a mentor in 1929 in the death of Robert Henri, whose Art Spirit (1923) was a manifesto for many. In the same year, too, Howard's father died, at the age of 78.

With Shuster and other painters from Santa Fe, Howard exhibited work at the Little Art Gallery in Joplin, Missouri, in May 1928. Another exhibition of artists of the Southwest at the Beaux Arts Gallery in San Francisco in April, 1929, included Howard's "Olive Trees, Corsica," one of several Corsican scenes he painted, including "The Coast, Corsica."

Major recognition and acclaim followed a month later, in May 1929, with the opening of an "Exhibition of Paintings by Howard A. Patterson" at the Kraushaar Galleries in New York. Fourteen paintings, almost all from the French years, were displayed. Notable and represented in photographs accompanying press reviews were "Sewing" and "The Coast, Corsica." A more recent painting, "Early America," impressed the critic for the New York American, who wrote: "It is not too much to say of (Patterson) that he is an artist of decided distinction both as a craftsman and as a colorist." He calls attention to "the telling effect he produces in so simple a composition as his still life called 'Early America,' which is simply a white China teapot placed against a Paisley shawl. The work is stunning in color and in the realized value of surfaces, and stands out as evidence of how, more and more, our younger American artists are becoming the leading still life painters of the world." The Times critic remarks on the

“smooth planes and definite brilliant colors” of the landscapes, and the “delicacy and precision” of the still lifes.” The Parisian scenes, he adds, display “an undercurrent of quiet humor.” A long summary review of the New York press coverage appeared in the Santa Fe New Mexican of May 16, 1929.

Despite critical success, however, and perhaps already a sign of the financial distress to come for the country, the New York exhibition posts a significantly lower range of prices than those of five years before at the University of Nebraska. Here, \$1,000 for “Late Afternoon, La Gaude” was the single highest price of the fourteen canvases. Five others are priced at \$800 (including “The Coast, Corsica”), the rest at \$500 (“Early Morning,” “Sewing,” and “Carousel, Luxembourg Gardens” among them).

At home, in 1930, Howard is named with Sloan, Shuster, Davey, and others in a list of artists invited to submit works for an exhibition at the Santa Fe Museum. In January 1931, he exhibited at the Highland Park Galleries in Dallas, Texas, then in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in February. To the paintings of the French years now are added the landscapes, still lifes, and a portrait of young Remington that are the subjects of the Santa Fe period.

In January 1932 Howard exhibited 33 oil paintings and 22 watercolors at the Arts Club of Chicago. It was the largest and most comprehensive show of his career, in a range of subjects from the French Riviera to the Tesuque Pueblo, N.M. The critical reception was again positive, one reviewer commenting, as others had, on the “exquisite rendering of the China teapot, ‘Early America’,” seeing in the still lifes “the particularly happy facility of Patterson’s genius,” and calling attention to “a splendor you had never seriously regarded” in two pictures of “the inward and outward detail of automobile mechanism.” Another critic looks skeptically at the painting “Fig Tree,” lent by Cyrus McCormick: “I was amused at the canvas belonging to Cyrus McCormick, Jr. It is a sort of naked, squirming tree in a cemetery, with two or three cheerful tombstones in the foreground, a glint of blue sea between the graves. I can’t imagine why ‘Cycy’ wanted this picture of a cemetery, except for the oddity of the composition. The artist told me this amusing place was a hill back of Cannes.”

Chicago was in most respects the high point of Howard’s artistic career, the climax at the age of 41 of the productive decade of the 20’s, yet also the end of the sequence of major shows from

Denver in 1924 to Paris in 1926 to New York in 1929 that established Howard as a serious American painter. Not until 1949, at the Academy of Arts in Newark, New Jersey, was there another—and last—showing of his work.

Howard was himself well-received in Chicago, entertained by the McCormicks among many others, and he remained in the city for most of 1932 (living at 18 East Elm Street). In October he was invited by the Art Institute to exhibit "Sewing", and in November he showed oils and watercolors at the Marshall Field gallery. But critical success did not translate into sales as the country sank into depression, even with prices at \$300 and \$400 for an oil painting, and the result was disappointment and debt. (The point comes home in the arrangements made by Mrs. Howard Linn, a patron and sponsor of the Arts Club show, who telegraphed Howard in January to confirm the reservation of a room and bath at the Ambassador Hotel for \$2.50 per day. Was that all right?, she asked)

Chicago was to be the end of Santa Fe, too, and other separations had already begun and were to come. Betty did not accompany Howard to Chicago, where she was born and her parents again lived, and a separation followed that ended in divorce ten years later. Earlier their son Burns, at age three, had contracted polio, from which he was among the lucky few to recover fully. In addition to his father's death and growing financial worries, friends were moving away. Stanley Reckless had gone to the west coast in 1930, where he wrote Howard in August from Los Angeles, "this terrible city," saying he was "laying off the movie thing" and had gotten a teaching job in the meanwhile. He adds: "I must get myself a playmate. Lots of them around," ending with regards to "Betty and the boys." (Interestingly, a Reckless painting figures centrally in a 2007 mystery novel by John Sandford, Invisible Prey: "There's an artist called Stanley Reckless, his paintings are worth a bundle. . . . A good Reckless painting, today, could be worth a half-million dollars.")

The frustrations that increased throughout 1932 are manifest in a series of mostly vain proposals for work that Howard put forward. In February he was informed by the publicity agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway that owing to "the heavy drop in railway traffic," it was not possible "to add in any way to our commitments for painting." Howard submitted a more ambitious proposal to executives at Chrysler and Packard in the summer. With a view to the upcoming World's Fair, the Century of Progress, he wrote friends asking their

assistance in persuading Walter Chrysler to divert \$50,000 from his advertising budget to commission eight or ten of the foremost American artists to paint "three or four creative interpretations of industry," and that he add a gallery to his building at the World's Fair in which to exhibit "these thirty or forty pictures." Doing so, Howard concluded, "would show the way for others in industry." The response here and to similar modified proposals was polite but negative

Other proposals were no more successful. In August he was told that there were no openings in the faculty of the Art Students League in New York. Nothing came, either, of an application to go to Russia on a Guggenheim Fellowship. (A friend at the University of Chicago had written in November to support the idea: "probably the best thing you could do right now.") The year that had begun so promisingly in Chicago ended in disappointment, a hotel debt of \$400, and plans to go to New York. In November, Mrs. Linn wrote Howard to say how much she liked the show at Field's, hoping he would make a sale before he left for New York, and adding the hope "that you will have a happier fate there than here."

The winter of 1932-33 brought both Howard and Betty East, but living apart, he to New York and she to Ossining and later Croton-on-Hudson, where she rented Max Eastman's house. Letters to Howard in December reached him at the Hotel President ("48th Street, off Broadway"), then for most of the following year he was addressed "c/o Robert Garrison, 125 W. 55th St." His stay is represented in a picture of Garrison's sculpture studio, "Robert Garrison's Studio." Unhappily, it is one of the relatively few oils Howard painted during the rest of his life. Increasingly, and perhaps of necessity, watercolor was the medium.

Throughout most of the grim decade of the 1930's Howard found common cause with his brother Remington ("Rem"), who had lost his job and was living at home in Philadelphia with their mother and his wife and children. In April 1933 he wrote that he hadn't had a job in over a year—and forwarding a letter informing Howard that he had been dropped from membership in the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution "for failure to pay the dues for the past three years, amounting to \$9.50." Other letters, now to 306 East 52nd Street in December, record mutual failures to find work. Adding heavily to the emotional as well as financial depression was the death of their mother in May, 1935.

That summer Howard moved briefly into Betty's house in Chilmark Park, Ossining, to cope with their two boys, Rem and Burns, while she was in the Caribbean recovering from surgery. The boys had spent the winter of 1932-33 in school in Santa Fe, and had come East to live with their mother after she had found newspaper and radio work. A small painting of Remington at a desk dates from that summer. Though divorce was to come in 1941, Howard and Betty's separation was friendly and accommodated frequent weekend visits to New York by the boys to see their father, who moved in 1937 to a studio at 119 East 19th Street.

Like many others in the mid-30's, Howard found work with the WPA, here the U.S. Works Progress Administration of the City of New York, taking an unlikely part in the construction of the Bear Dens for the Central Park Zoo in New York and the Prospect Park Zoo in Brooklyn. This and related experience are sketched by Howard in April 1942 in an application to re-enlist in the Army Engineers: "5 years with Park Dept. City of New York W.P.A.—titles—Supt. Construction—Associate Architect—Artist—Designed & supervised construction of Bear Dens in Central Park Zoo and in Prospect Park Zoo Brooklyn, N.Y. Organized and supervised poster unit for Parks (silk-screen process). Have done stage designing and pageants."

Howard and his brother were in touch again through much of the bleak year of 1939, with small loans--\$15 and \$25 on two occasions—from Rem and an aunt who lived in the substantial family homestead in McConnellsburg, in western Pennsylvania. (Rem advised his brother that fall that "You could rent a whole house or apartment in McConnellsburg for \$15 to \$20 a month, \$12 a week would rent the Court house." Adding to, as well as causing, other problems shared by Howard and his brother was a retreat into drinking. The upshot for Howard was in fact admission to the Veteran's Administration Hospital in the Bronx in the summer of 1941 and the end of drinking.

The new decade, despite setbacks and world war, opened a new chapter in Howard's life, both personally and professionally. He and Betty agreed on a divorce in 1941, releasing both of them for new marriages. Betty remarried that same year, removing with the boys and her new husband, Edmund David, to farm and country living in Columbia and later Dutchess County in New York, and then to Winter Haven, Florida, for a number of years. She died there on December 26 1992, less than two weeks after her 93rd birthday.

Howard's marriage, in December 1942, was to Dorothy Sargent Henry (b. September 18, 1889), and he moved into her apartment at 65 Irving Place, below Gramercy Park and conveniently across from Pete's Tavern, which they had regularly frequented. It was a happy marriage, spanning the decades of the 40's and 50's, in effect, sustained at first by Dorothy's part-time position as a department store buyer and by Howard through a succession of freelance projects, teaching, greeting-card illustrations, and fabric design.

In December 1941, actually, at the age of 50, and no doubt motivated by patriotism following the attack on Pearl Harbor but just as certainly by the need for a job, Howard had applied without success to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point for a position teaching camouflage, citing his experience in the First War. He applied again the following April, as noted, again without success, for service in the Army Engineers. A further attempt that spring was for a teaching position at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Outlining his professional qualifications, perhaps in the context of the unfolding war, he stressed again his experience in camouflage in World War I: "I came through eight months actual work at the front with a perfect score, having lost no position and having drawn enemy fire into dummy positions of my own construction." There was simply no opening, he was told.

The early 40's brought Howard back into touch with John Sloan and involvement in a venture called The Art Appreciation Movement. In a prospectus in June 1942 it defined itself as concerned with "the problem of selling oil paintings." Sloan and Howard and a panel of three other judges (Reginald Marsh, Walter Pach, and Alphaeus P. Cole) were to invite artists to submit works for exhibition and sale at a range of prices from \$5.00 to \$100, anticipating that "an entirely new market is going to be created." The Movement ("Under the Direction of Publishers Service Company, Inc.") had a preview at Gimbel's in Philadelphia in September 1943. What was actually marketed at the end, with brief and modest success, were framed reproductions, among which are Howard's "Carousel" and "Gramercy Park."

In the mid-40's Howard and Dorothy spent a summer in Madison, Connecticut, and Howard was freer to paint again, mostly in watercolor, in works called "Barnswallow," "Country Squire Inn," "Well Sweep," and "Town Hall, Killingworth, Conn." He was able also to re-connect with both sons, who had been discharged from military service—Rem from the Air Force, and Burns from the Marines.

The eventful decade ended for Howard on the faculty of the Academy of Arts in Newark, New Jersey. He was appointed in May 1948, and a year later the Academy presented what was to be Howard's last major show: "Exhibition: The Work of Howard Ashman Patterson. The Academy of Arts, Newark, N.J. April 12th to May 8th" (1949). Exhibited were 22 works, oils and watercolors, ranging across the whole of Howard's career from the "Dear Dances" of New Mexico to "Pino, Corsica," "French Riviera," "Camino del Monte Sol, Santa Fe," "Sculptors Studio," "Gramercy Park, New York," and the scenes from southern Connecticut.

The Exhibition program was introduced by a long testimonial from John Sloan: "Howard Patterson is an adult artist who has maintained his integrity through the rising tide of "modernist" influences and imitation, and the financially successful monkey-shines and mysticism of the past and present hectic decade. . . . His painting of the Southwest and our Indians and his landscapes and figure subjects, interiors, vigorous still life and masculine flower pieces, while showing a subtle consciousness of what is wholesome in the modern movement are very personal and never academic. Patterson is a thoughtful and independent painter whose work has charm, color and individuality. His exhibition has particularly timely interest."

Howard's appointment at the Newark Academy ended in 1950, and he turned to commercial work, greeting cards for the most part, but also illustrations for a children's book that, unfortunately, did not find a publisher. Among other activities in these years, Howard had served as President of the American Veterans Society of Artists. He ended his term in 1954 and was honored by the Society for his service. Chiefly, however, in the middle years of the 1950's—from April 1955 to April 1958—Howard worked for the textile manufacturer M. Lowenstein & Sons, doing fabric design and travelling to the company plant in South Carolina to assure quality and color values in production. Letters to Dorothy from the South do not suggest that he much enjoyed the experience.

Howard was "let out" from Lowenstein, as he put, in April 1958, and the year ended in hospitalization and leaving New York. Tests in June had detected a spot on his lung, and an operation in July was followed by a long convalescence in September and October at the New York State Veterans Rest Camp, Mt. McGregor, near Saratoga. In December, at the end of the Irving Place period, 1941-1958, so to

call it, Howard and Dorothy and their cocker spaniels moved to Princeton, New Jersey (Vandevender Avenue), where Dorothy's son Jim lived and worked.

Dorothy herself had not been well during this time, and within the year, on December 15, 1958, she died, age 70. The sequel was Howard's removal to nearby Hopewell (N. Greenwood Avenue) and eventual sharing house with his brother Rem, with whom he had renewed contact. Rem had worked for New York State through most of the 1950's, employed chiefly in bridge construction upstate, before retiring to Portland, Maine. His first wife, Doris ("Dot"), had died in 1939, and in April 1962 his second wife, Harriet, died. Howard responded with an invitation to Rem to join him in New Jersey, and in the summer Rem moved to Hopewell. They lived together until Rem's death in 1968 at the age of 82.

They were the odd couple in many ways—the painter and the civil engineer who quoted Carlyle, or Macaulay, or Byron in his letters to Howard, often with an off-color joke at the end, while confessing to a drink or two too many on the way. He wrote to Dorothy in mock complaint at the time of her marriage to Howard that "Nobody appreciates the beautiful sewers I have built. . . . or how sublimely I investigated. . . . to be sure that that bridge would stand forever." A son William and daughter Marjorie survived him.

There are watercolors from the slim Hopewell years, and Howard managed on his Army pension and a small and unexpected bequest from a cousin, Jessie Remington. There were visits, too, from his married sons and their families—Rem, a Professor of English at Barnard College in New York and his wife Duane, and Burns, an art director and TV producer in advertising, and his wife Bobbie (whose sons, David and Michael Patterson, are established painters themselves).

Brief hospital stays and an interval in a retirement community in the late 60's lead finally to Howard's admission to a nursing home in Ossining—nearer to family and the closing of a circle in a sense. He died there peacefully on December 18, 1970, age 79. He is buried in the Patterson family plot in the Union Cemetery in McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania.

Howard experienced "freakish adversity" his brother wrote at one point, and it seems true that his work has not had the recognition it deserves. He was part of the important group of Philadelphia painters linked to the Pennsylvania Academy early in the twentieth

century, influenced by the Armory Show, by Paris, and by Santa Fe. He painted perhaps no more than 50 or 60 canvases—it is hard to say, though some 30 remain in the family, and others have come on the market from time to time. He painted many more watercolors—in the hundreds probably. Beyond that, there remain pen and ink sketches, amusing cartoons on scratch board, Christmas cards, a detailed series of drawings of Hopi Indian costumes, magazine covers for *The New Mexican*, fashion illustrations for both *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, and a handful of small watercolors of little girls in leggings and winter hats and coats. His family remembers, too, his signature mouse at the end of his letters. Over all, it is a legacy of “charm, color, and individually,” as John Sloan said.