



## VESPER LINCOLN GEORGE

ALL who have visited the Edward Lee McClain High School—and their number in legion—have carried away with them a distinct and lasting impression of the three beautiful mural paintings which adorn the building. The artist seems to have caught the very spirit of youth and to have transferred it to the canvas in brilliant blues and greens and golds and softer shades and tints. Many Greenfield people still retain a vivid impression of the artist—Vesper Lincoln George—gained through contact with that most delightful and engaging personality on the occasion of his frequent visits to Greenfield while his murals were being installed. To all such, the news of his recent death comes as a distinct shock.

Mr. George had received the news of the death of Mr. E. L. McClain in the morning mail. He sat in his office for a long time, holding the letter that announced the death of his friend, very quiet, tears in his eyes. He then went about his daily duties. In the evening, they found him in his studio—dead. He was attired in the artist's smock which he always wore when at work. Near by was the brush he had just been using; on the easel, an unfinished painting. He had died, as he would have desired it, doing the thing he loved best.



VESPER LINCOLN GEORGE

Mr. George was born in Boston June 4, 1865. He was educated in the Boston schools, studied art in Boston, New York and Paris, under such great teachers as Benjamin Constant, Jules Lefebvre and Lucien Doucet. He painted many beautiful landscapes, portraits and imaginative subjects but his greatest fame was won in the field of mural decoration. The murals in McClain high school are among his most celebrated decorations and have been highly acclaimed by critics. Mr. George was not only a great creative artist of authentic touch, he was a famous teacher in the field of art, the founder of the well-known Vesper George School of Art and a celebrated lecturer on arts and crafts.

Mr. George was one of those rare men of whom it may truly be said that they had a genius for friendship. He had a joyful appreciation of life, color and beauty. He was a charming companion, a brilliant conversationalist, an inspiring comrade and teacher. He was gentle, kindly, sympathetic, tolerant, with a discriminating and sane outlook on men and affairs. His was a healthy, happy, zestful philosophy of life, and he fairly radiated that philosophy to all with whom he came in contact. He was very happy in his family relationships and attributed any success he may have attained to the inspiration and devotion of the sweet, gentle, understanding wife who was his helpmate for more than forty years.

Many incidents are related by Mr. George's associates illustrating his kindly spirit—a bunch of violets presented to a wistful-eyed girl who had turned sadly away after inquiring the price from an itinerant vendor of flowers; a penniless mother who had come all the way from the West to bid good-bye to a son awaiting execution, whom he found, took to his own home and entertained at Thanksgiving dinner incidents such as these serve to illustrate his kindly, generous, impulsive temperament, with its touch of Don Quixote and its dash of Galahad. Something, infinitely sweet and precious, vanished from the earth with the passing of Vesper Lincoln George but he still lives in the beauty which he created and in the beauty whose creation he inspired in others. In our own school, the silent tuition of beauty will always recall that rare and delightful personality.

