

Christ Episcopal Church Cemetery Inventory

State and Water Streets, Dover DE 19903

Lot Number: 28 Space: J2

Find A Grave # 272641984

Name: **Corson, Emmasita Register**

Birth date: November 23, 1880 Death date: Burial Date: about 1966 Age: about 85 or 86

Spouse: Charles Corson – artist (m. December 8, 1919; Brooklyn NY)

Children: Emilie T. Corson

Parents: Dr. John and Wilhelmina Register

Siblings: Mary Duhamel Register Browne (1875-1958)

Residence: Brooklyn, NY

Service/occupation information: Artist; part of New Hope PA artists

Cremains

Officiate:

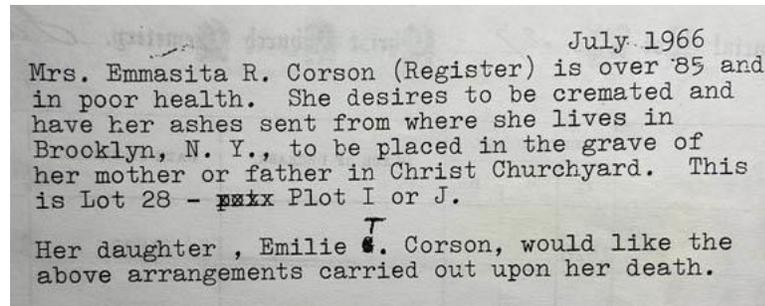
Lot Owner: Mary Duhamel

Cremains scattered NO MARKER

Family Monument

DIMENSIONS: H 75" x W 32" x D 32"

From Christ Church burial records:



July 1966
Mrs. Emmasita R. Corson (Register) is over 85 and
in poor health. She desires to be cremated and
have her ashes sent from where she lives in
Brooklyn, N. Y., to be placed in the grave of
her mother or father in Christ Churchyard. This
is Lot 28 - ~~plot~~ Plot I or J.
Her daughter, Emilie T. Corson, would like the
above arrangements carried out upon her death.



There is no record of this burial but it is recorded here, with the assumption that the burial was completed.

Inventory date: April 20, 2020 Recorder: Nancy Quinn

10/27/41
DO

STATE OF DELAWARE
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH 5382
(UNDER PROVISIONS OF CHAPTER 110, ACTS OF 1928)

1. PLACE OF BIRTH
COUNTY Delaware STATE OF DELAWARE
NUMBERED _____ OR VILLAGE _____
CITY Milford NO. _____ ST. _____ WARD _____

2. FULL NAME OF CHILD Berna Sita Register

| | | | |
|--|--|---|---|
| 3. SEX <u>Female</u> | 4. TWIN, TRIPLET, OR OTHER BIRTH <u>Single</u> | 5. LEGITIMATE MATE? <u>Yes</u> | 6. DATE OF BIRTH <u>Nov. 23, 1880</u> <small>(Month, Day, Year)</small> |
| 7. FULL NAME OF FATHER <u>John Elijah Register</u> | 8. NUMBER, IN ORDER OF BIRTH | 9. FULL NAME OF MOTHER <u>Wilhelmina Ann Hamel</u> | 10. RESIDENCE (USUAL PLACE OF ABODE) (IF NONRESIDENT, GIVE PLACE AND STATE) <u>Milford, Del.</u> |
| 11. COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u> | 12. AGE WHEN CHILD WAS BORN <u>34</u> (YEARS) | 13. COLOR OR RACE <u>White</u> | 14. AGE WHEN CHILD WAS BORN <u>30</u> (YEARS) |
| 15. BIRTHPLACE (CITY OR PLACE) (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>U. S. A.</u> | 16. BIRTHPLACE (CITY OR PLACE) (STATE OR COUNTRY) <u>Mower, Minn.</u> | 17. OCCUPATION <u>Housewife</u> | |
| 18. NUMBER OF CHILDREN OF THIS MOTHER (AT TIME OF THIS BIRTH AND INCLUDING THIS CHILD) <u>2</u> | BORN ALIVE AND LIVING WHEN THIS BIRTH OCCURRED <u>1</u> | BORN ALIVE BUT DEAD WHEN THIS BIRTH OCCURRED | |

CERTIFICATES

I HEREBY CERTIFY THIS CHILD WAS BORN ON THE DATE ABOVE STATED. I AM THE Sister OF THIS CHILD, AND THIS CERTIFICATE IS BASED UPON MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE FAMILY.
Mary Register Browne
Signature

I COUNTERSIGN THIS CERTIFICATE, BEING AWARE OF THE CORRECTNESS OF THE STATEMENTS ABOVE MADE.
William S. Stearns
Signature

THE ABOVE SIGNATURES WERE MADE IN MY PRESENCE, AFTER OATH. Nov 17-1941
Clara H. Jones (REAL)
Signature of Attending Authority

FILED Nov-17-1941
VS-21 34-941 Berna Register

The Philadelphia Inquirer,

Sunday, May 21, 1905

Cape Ann, next Friday, May 20. Phila. Inquirer, Sun. May 21, 1905

Harrison S. Morris and family will summer at Jamestown, R. I.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emmasita Register, of Ardmore, to Mr. Charles Corson, of Philadelphia.

**EXHIBITION BY LOCAL
ART CLUB TO INCLUDE
OVER SIXTY PICTURES**

**List of Watercolors to Be Shown
Here Contains Work of
Prominent Artists**

**Display Will Be Made at Wil-
liams' Hall of Arts for Two
Weeks Beginning Jan. 1**

Argus Leader 12-18-1915

Five big crates containing more than sixty different watercolors,, recently shown at Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, were shipped December 15 by the American Federation of Arts for exhibition here during the two weeks beginning January 1 under the auspices of the Sioux Falls chapter of the national federation.

The pictures are expected to reach Sioux Falls within the next few days, according to an announcement made today by Miss Regina Teigen, president of the local chapter who has just received the following list containing the names of the artists and the titles of the watercolors to be shown:

Artists and Titles

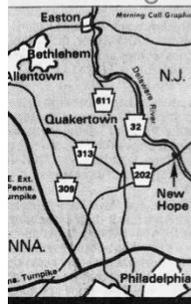
- R. Kinsman-Waters, The Grind Organ Man.
- Emmasita R. Corson, Battery Place.
- F. W. Howell, Old Fish Houses.
- Thornton Oakley, The Pyrenees: Gavarnie Valley.
- Thornton Oakley, The Pyrenees: The Maladetta from the Port de Venasque.
- Thornton Oakley, Toria in Aragon.
- Elizabeth S. G. Elliott, The Old Cellist.
- Elizabeth S. G. Elliott, Celemene's Diamonds.
- L. Hazlehurst Vinton, Old Houses, Tours.
- Alice Schille, East Side Wash Lines.
- Alice Schille, Joyous Color of the East Side.
- A. B. Many, Ploychrome No. 1.
- Frank Reed Whiteside, The Closing Day.
- Corinne Cunningham, In Virginia.
- W. C. Watts, Watering Trough, Bosnia.
- Emmasita R. Corson, Solebury Farm.
- G. Howard Hilder, East River, N. Y.

In New Hope, past and present mesh. At the foot of Ferry Street, beyond the trendy restaurants and chic boutiques, you can imagine the foot-weary soldiers of George Washington's Revolutionary Army. Before the staccato bursts of motorcycle engines splinter the morning, it seems you could even hear the brogue-flavored curses of Irish laborers come 3,000 miles to build the Delaware Canal which still courses through the town. Among the rivulets of humanity that people a New Hope weekend, the mind's eye might spot a turn-of-the-century lady, trying to catch the fleeting shadows with paint on canvas. In the barroom of the Logan Inn, imagination finds literary New York of the '20s and '30s bubbling with wit.

But New Hope cannot live off its ghosts. As a tourist mecca of the 1980s, it must cater to both well-heeled matrons and couples on motorcycles. Mercedes Benz and battered Volkswagens share the street in a rough form of commercial democracy. Behind the antique shops and restaurants is a town that the casual tourist seldom sees.

You can catch the essence of this other New Hope best on a weekday. Walking toward the Delaware River, you pass schoolchildren struggling with overloaded book straps. A thin thread of cars full of workers from Lambertville, N.J., just across the Delaware, move toward the Union Camp bag plant. On an almost empty Main Street, friends exchange first-name greetings. It is then that you realize New Hope is, at its heart, a small town.

Morning Call, Thur. 5-20-1982 pg. 1



But on summer weekends this small town must transform itself into a metropolis. New Hope lives on the crush of tourists. And it approaches this role with ambivalence. On the one hand it is generally tolerant of the diversity of people it attracts.

Carl Lutz, owner of the Logan Inn and former mayor of the town, describes New Hope "as a little ahead of the rest of the country." This has been for many years a very cosmopolitan community," says Lutz.

At the same time that residents recognize the need for tourist revenue, there are some New Hoppers who resent the intrusion.

Perhaps it is summed up best by the emphatic message printed across one resident's T-shirt: "No, I am not a tourist. I live here, but don't ask me any questions."

New Hope was not always a tourist spot. No resident knows this better than Ann Niessen. Although a relative newcomer, she has immersed herself in the borough's history. This petite 43-year-old first moved into town in 1974 and operated a flower shop until 1976. Niessen regards the experience as valuable but would not try it again. Recalling some of the troubles of being a seasonal merchant, she says, "This is not a village of milk and honey." Since 1976, Niessen has been a writer for the weekly New Hope Gazette, became a real estate broker, and ran for public office. She lived along Ferry Street for many years until the expenses of her small house were too much, "That place was nickel and diming me to death." Foregoing quaintness for comfort, Niessen moved to Village 2, a modern housing development built in the early '70s as second homes for part-time residents. When the developer went broke in 1976, residents started to buy the dwellings as permanent homes. Now Village 2, set back on a rise and hidden from the view of tourists, is home for many of the borough's recent arrivals. They have swelled the population from 973 in 1970 to 1,473 in 1980.

Like many new arrivals, Niessen plunged into the local history of the community. But unlike some, she has used her background in New Hope history as a way of understanding the town's present and future.

From ferry crossing to industrial town, New Hope used its location along the Delaware River and later the Delaware Canal to advantage. No one could have known in 1860 when the canal was jammed with between 2,500 and 3,000 boats that it was already obsolete. "When the railroad went in over in Lambertville," says Niessen "that was pretty much the end of the industrial side of New Hope."

By the turn of the century, New Hope had sunk into genteel isolation. But fate provided something else. On the outskirts of New Hope a group of artists imbued with the radical notions of

NEW HOPE

Continued From Page D1

French impressionists, started an art colony. From 1905 to 1935, the quiet river town of about 1,000 acquired a worldwide reputation.

When the railroad arrived in 1891, New Hope was less than a train trip away from the New York and Philadelphia art markets. Then, the Depression and subsequent decline in the art world scattered the colony. "Just about the time the tourists discovered New Hope, the artists were leaving," said Niessen.

New Hope's first tourists during the '30s were those who could afford it. The opening of the Bucks County Playhouse in 1939 brought the leaders of New York's cafe society. Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman and Dorothy Parker were the vanguard of a tourism that created New Hope's commercial economy. The booming America of the '50s and '60s had its price. "In the early '60s," says Niessen "things began to get trashy."

By trashy, Niessen means that members of motorcycle gangs and also street people or "hippies" wandered into the "head" shops and what she calls "shot and beer joints." New Hope is still beset with remnants of the leather-jacketed bikers and hippie holdovers. To Niessen and others, these people add very little to New Hope's tourist economy and may even scare away the more affluent.

Niessen would like to see New Hope set aside as a national landmark area. As Republican committeewoman, she is sensitive to the charge that this might be considered federal overregulation. But to her, it is necessary to preserve the fragile ecology of the community.

Although most New Hoppers would

agree with some of Niessen's goals, they are not at all certain about the way she wants to get there. Among the skeptics are Bettylou Smith, borough manager. Ms. Smith has long been involved in city politics. She came to New Hope in 1968 and has served in various posts. In April, she became New Hope's first manager. To Smith, who has worked with the federal government, landmark status has too many strings. "I am initially and temporarily opposed to it," she says.

One of Smith's primary concerns is raising money for the little community. The average taxpayer pays \$186 in local taxes. Smith must meet an annual budget of roughly \$500,000 with limited resources. She describes the federal government as less than sympathetic. "They tell me in Washington that an affluent community like New Hope does not need federal help." The problem comes when people from the estates of Solebury Township start telling everybody that they are from New Hope. Remarks Smith. "It leads to everybody thinking we are rich."

Yet in spite of their disagreements, Niessen and Smith find common ground. "This is one of the most extraordinary towns I ever lived in," says Smith.

With its mixture of small town and big city, New Hope manages to draw a unique blend of people that add to its flavor. Among these is Emilie Corson.

In 1974, Emilie Corson returned to New Hope to die. After three muggings and an attack of hypertension in New York City, she assumed that she had no future. When she had left New Hope in 1924 with her painter mother, Emmasita Register Corson, the 15-year-old retained a story house of

New Hope memories. Between puffs on her cigarette, she shares them with a visitor.

The New Hope of Emilie Corson was the tight little world of an art colony. Born in 1907, Miss Corson remembers her mother's fiery independence and drive. "Mother," she insists, "was one of the boys." The "boys" included artists Edward Redfield, Daniel Garber and Charles Demuth. Disputes over art and life raged in the colony and sometimes spilled over into the community.

Around 1917, Corson's mother, to make ends meet in between commissions, was running the Logan Inn. A temperance advocate, Emmasita Corson closed the Logan Inn barroom. This did not sit too well with local tipplers, who had her ousted as innkeeper.

As with most things in her life, Emmasita Corson's marriage to illustrator Charles Corson was a stormy one. He hated Impressionism. The younger Corson recalls the day her father took a painting by her mother's teacher Stuart Chase "and threw it in the chicken coop."

At the progressive school of Miss Holmquist, an English woman with unorthodox ideas, the art colony children gathered around one big table. Corson remembers that the reaction of the boys to Greek dancing was less than enthusiastic.

But most of Emilie Corson's memories are of idyllic days spent swinging from trees and quiet walks along the canal. It was this simpler New Hope that brought her back from the high-powered world of show business and government. Despite all the changes in New Hope, she appears content. "Mother, always said, 'I should have never taken you away from the towpath.' She was right."

If Emilie Corson is New Hope's past, then Carl and Nadine Glassman are the borough's future. The Glassmans are part of the new class of young professionals who reject suburban conformity and urban complexity. It was the life of the small town that drew them. Carl, a researcher at a Princeton-based think-tank, does not mind the 30- to 40-minute ride to work each day. Says Carl Glassman, "New Hope is the closest thing to a college town for adults."

When they came to the Delaware Valley, the Glassmans settled in Lambertville. Largely because of its location, Lambertville is going through a transformation from blue-collar to professional. As part of a community of young people, the Glassmans felt some coldness toward their group. Although happy in Lambertville, New Hope offered an opportunity they could not pass up.

"Carl and I have always been interested in running an inn," says Nadine. "When this place came along we could not pass it up." "This place" is the Wedgwood Inn, a large Victorian home that has been converted to public use. To get a feel for hotel work, Nadine and Carl share responsibilities for the inn. "We made a commitment to the area when we bought this place," says Carl.

Nobody knows that the tourist business is the business of New Hope better than 25-year New Hope merchant Frank Boas. As owner of the Ember glo gift shop and head of the Chamber of Commerce, Boas has seen the business climate wax and wane with the seasons. He admits that he was lucky to have opened a business when he did. "The days when any Tom, Dick or Harry could be a success in a New Hope business

are over." Ann Niessen agrees, based on her experience from her days in the flower shop. About 10 percent of the New Hope business now in existence could fold annually, she estimates. Boas says he would not like to put a figure on business failures, but admits it is very hard for new people to get a foothold. "Credit is just too tight today," he says.

In response to complaints by some that New Hope's tourist trade has turned sour, Boas disagrees. "You have all types of people here and toleration has always been New Hope's strong point. Just because something is attractive to one type of person does not mean it will be attractive to all." Yet Boas sees some sort of restriction on growth as a given thing. "Since there is so little land, something must be done to keep New Hope the way it is."

Keeping New Hope the way it is, is the passion of Carl Lutz, the 65-year-old partner in the Logan Inn, one of New Hope's oldest businesses. Lutz, who has been involved in the inn since 1969, has steeped himself in the lore of the 254-year-old hostelry.

Founded by the first ferryman John Wells as the Ferry Inn, the Logan received its present name in 1828, after an Indian chief who had adopted the name of one of William Penn's original proprietors, James Logan. Sitting in the dark barroom of the Logan under the eyes of a portrait of Prince Albert of England, Lutz talks about the inn's celebrated past.

In the 1930s, the inn became a watering hole for the New York-based members of the "Algonquin Round Table." The "Round Table," named for a New York hotel where the members used to congregate, were attracted to New Hope

when one of their number, playwright Moss Hart, purchased a home in Bucks County. When the Bucks County Playhouse opened in 1939, the Logan attracted more and more of the New York theater crowd.

"For a joke," says Lutz, "Hart had the driveway to his estate lined with royal palms." Returning to the Logan from a visit to Hart's place, critic Alexander Woolcott was asked what he thought. "Well," he replied, "it just shows you what God could have done if he'd only had the money."

Thanks to the Bucks County Playhouse, the Logan Inn has been host to many stars, including Tallulah Bankhead, Joan Bennett and a then little-known actor named Robert Redford. "Ann Miller, of 'Sugar Babies' comes in sometimes for a Monday lunch," says Lutz. "She just loves the place."

Lutz is a firm believer in preservation and would welcome the borough getting National Landmark status. Asked if he sees change coming to New Hope, Lutz bristles: "Not if I have anything to say about it, it won't."

The reason New Hoppers feel so protective about their community is that they have seen what happens when growth is left to chance. The endless rows of fast food restaurants and gas stations that line the highways around New Hope are taken as a warning of what might happen if the community decided to mortgage its irreplaceable past for a fast buck in the present. In New Hope, too much is tied to the past for either the preservationist or the merchant to let it be destroyed. To keep the charm without losing the tourist revenue is the very narrow tightrope New Hoppers find themselves walking. It will take all their skill to walk it well.

