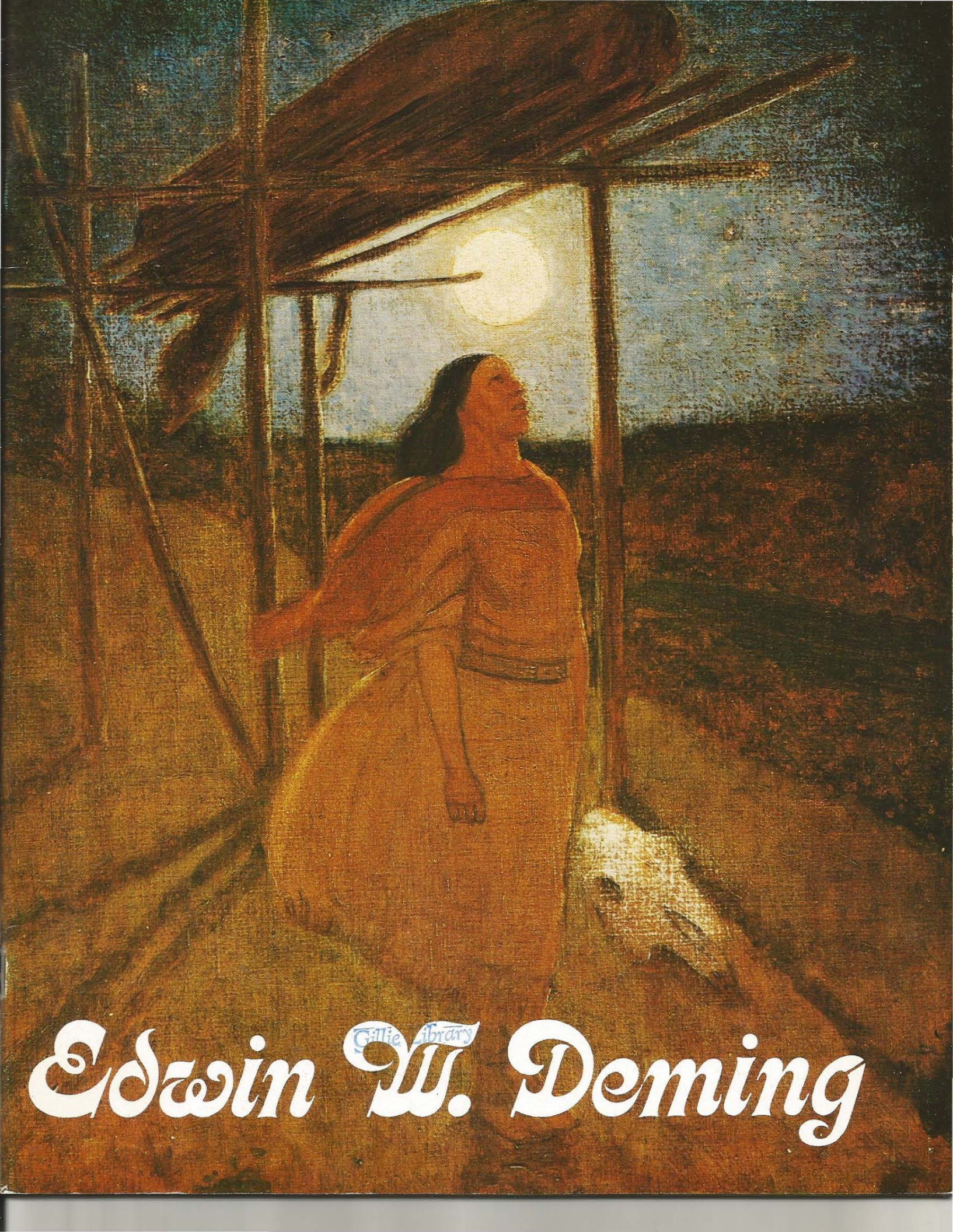




Edwin M. Deming

Gillie Library

American Scene

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Cover: **Indian Woman**
Mourning Her Brave.



Edwin W. Deming

"That Man, He Paint!"

by Maurice Frink

With this issue of the American Scene, the editors have made a slight departure from the past policy of presenting articles in a straight reportage fashion. Maurice Frink's personal association with Edwin Deming and his trained journalistic eye gives his story, "That Man, He Paint", a refreshing and personal insight into the character of a fine painter of western life and we felt it should be shared with our readers.

Maurice Frink is an Executive Director Emeritus of the State Historical Society of Colorado and was an Indiana newspaper editor from 1913 to 1951. He received his journalistic schooling at the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York.

From 1951 to 1954, he was a lecturer in journalism at the University of Colorado. Thereafter, for eight and one half years, he was Executive Director for the Colorado Historical Society.

Author, co-author or editor of a number of books—"Cow Country Cavalcade", "When Grass Was King", "Photographer on an Army Mule", "The Boulder Story" and "Fort Defiance and the Navajos", his "Pine Ridge Medicine Man" is scheduled for publication by the Colorado State Historical Society in 1972.

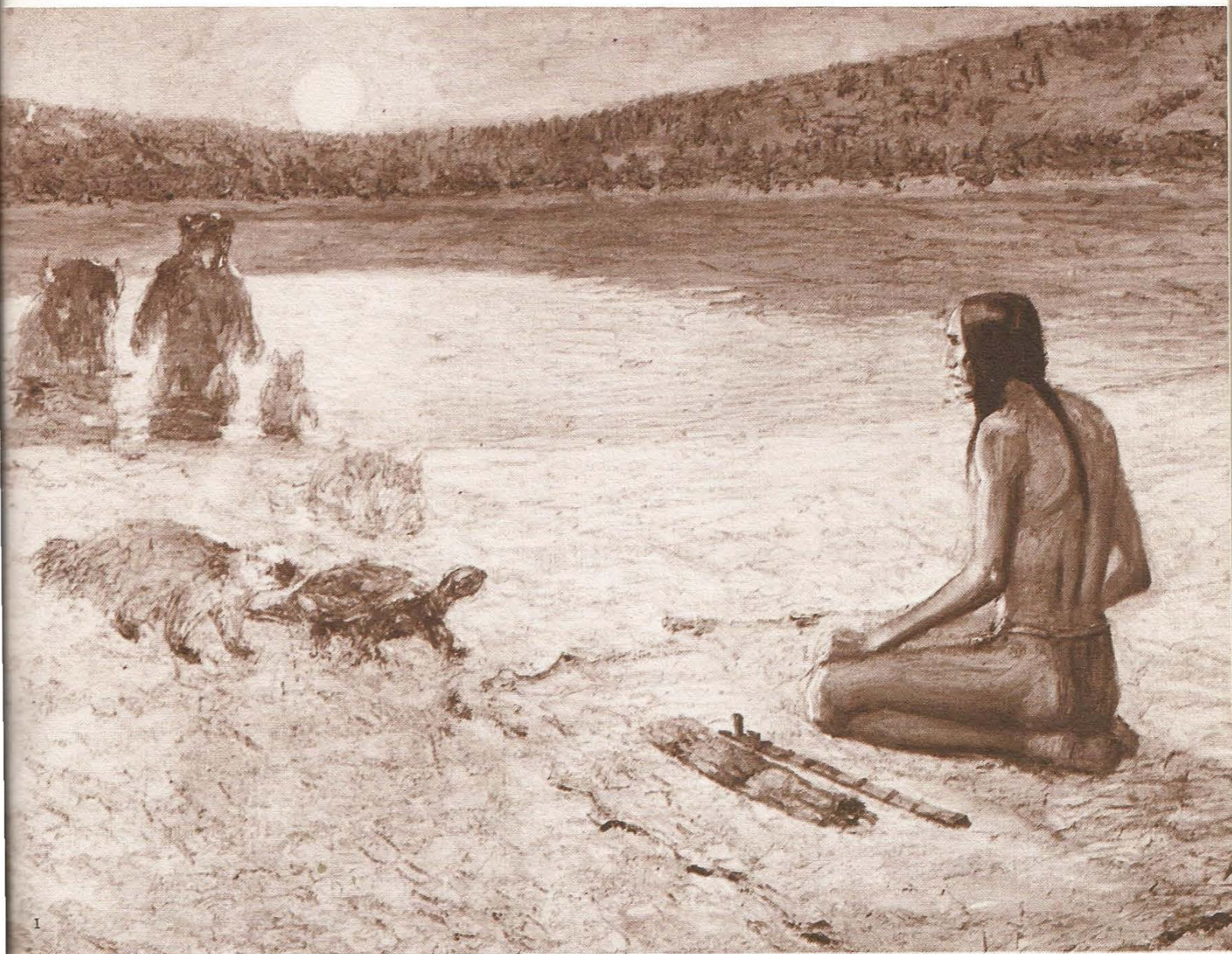
In 1910, Frederic Remington wrote to Deming that his work was "a credit to you and to American art." Frederick Webb Hodge, one of the great anthropologists, remarked of Deming and the Indians: *"He knows their souls and thus has been able to preserve in colors much of what they thought but did not often tell."* Clark Wissler, another "great" in the field, said Deming had been *"able to get inside Indian life and see the world as the Indian saw it."*

In a review of one of Deming's exhibitions in the 1920's the New York Post recorded: *"If it were safe or fair, and no doubt it is neither, to deal in a picturesque fashion with those who deal with the picturesque, one might say that Mr. Remington has seen the story of the hard-pressed native along the sights of a rifle, and Mr. Deming wrapped in one of their own blankets."* In 1925, Henry Fairfield Osborn, who served for many years as president of the Board of Trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, predicted that Deming would be remembered as having "superior insight" into Indian mysticism and a "masterly" way of portraying it. Osborn's prophecy came true within Deming's lifetime.

Of the many tributes to Deming's work, I suspect that the artist took special satisfaction in the few words of an old man in a group of Indians from a western reservation who were visiting Washington on tribal business. They were taken one day to see an exhibition of Deming's work in the National Gallery. They silently scrutinized the canvases. After they had moved on, seeing many new and wonderful things, they asked to go back to the Deming pictures. A second time they looked a long while in silence. As they finally turned away, one old man sighed and quietly said, *"That man, he paint."*

1. **Medicine Man's Vigil.** Having gone to an isolated place to seek, in solitude, communication with the supernatural, in hope of obtaining a favorable sign and message, he fasts and dreams. In his dream the Great Mystery sends the underground and underwater people, and the animal that comes nearest to him becomes his totem.

2. **Woman Threatened.**





1. **Medicine Man's Vigil.** Having gone to an isolated place to seek, in solitude, communication with the supernatural, in hope of obtaining a favorable sign and message, he fasts and dreams. In his dream the Great Mystery sends the underground and underwater people, and the animal that comes nearest to him becomes his totem.

2. **Woman Threatened.**

dwin Willard Deming was born August 26, 1860, at Ashland, Ohio. His grandparents had wagoned there in 1815 from Massachusetts. When he was six months old his parents moved to Geneseo, in western Illinois. There, within sound of Mississippi River steamboat whistles, the embryo artist grew up on prairie-land which had been occupied by Sac and Fox Indians, some of whom had lingered in the area or occasionally returned to it. Roaming Winnebagoes were sometime neighbors, so Edwin had Indian playmates. He attended a country school.

It was still wild game country, and he speared fish, trapped beaver and muskrats, learned about horses and firearms. He was twelve when one day he rode home from a jaunt into the hills, across his saddle a big gray wolf he had shot.

His first painting was done with house paint scraped from thrown-away containers. He dug clay from riverbanks to model into shapes of animals that he and the Indian boys saw around them.

While still in his teens Deming went by railroad and stagecoach to Indian Territory where he sketched Ponca, Osage, Oto, and Pawnee Indians; some of them still living in earth lodges.

In 1880, his father decided Edwin should study business law and sent him to school in Chicago. The young man stayed there just long enough to confirm his own intention of becoming an artist. Then he went back to Illinois, sold some of his belongings including Indian ponies, and paid his own way to New York and into classes at the

Art Students League. In 1884 he made it to Paris, where he attended lectures at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and studied under Gustave Boulanger and Jules Lefebvre.

Autumn of 1885 saw him back in the United States, working to improve his style, subsisting on the income from painting cycloramas, huge dramatic canvases of panoramic battle scenes — fore-runners of the modern movies' "wrap around" wide screen.

The purposeful Deming believed that his mission in life was to help pay to the North American Indian a debt that he believed the white race owed to the red, namely, "*a pictorial preservation of the life of the old, unspoiled Indian.*"

Indian country called him. In 1887 he was in the Southwest, studying the Apaches, Pueblos, and Yumas, and in Oregon with the Umatillas. In 1889 he was on Montana's Little Big Horn with the Crows. The year of Wounded Knee — 1890 — he was at the Standing Rock Hunkpapa Sioux reservation on the present state line of North and South Dakota. There, from life, he painted Sitting Bull, Gall, and Rain-in-the-Face, and heard their accounts of the Sioux wars.

Wherever he traveled, Deming sketched, drew, painted, and made voluminous notes which enabled him later to write succinct statements explaining the historical or legendary backgrounds of his major paintings.

He participated in Indian life, and in later years said he had become proficient in many of their ways but could never equal them in tracking.

Deming respected the Indians' way of thinking, their spiritual life and their esoteric traditions. He understood their kinship with the natural world because, to a great extent, he felt about it as they did. He had a fondness for painting moonlight scenes in subdued shades befitting a mood of mystery and awe. He was, however, equally at home with the strong colors and bold strokes appropriate to depiction of Indians in action — dancing, hunting, scouting, fighting.

Deming spent 1891 in New York, working up his field studies. That year his first Indian paintings appeared; thereafter for fifty years oils, watercolors, murals, sculptures and book illustrations flowed from his studio.

In 1892 he married Therese Osterheld of Yonkers, New York, who was eighteen and whom he took for a honeymoon on a camping trip among the Navajos, Zunis, and Hopis. She soon became as much at home with the Indians as he. As the family grew, the children too were exposed to nature and Indians in line with the Demings' belief that education should begin at birth and include large doses of outdoor life.

Mrs. Deming told an interviewer from the New York *Sun* in 1916 that they wanted the children to exercise their imaginations, so they told them Indian stories, and took them to the Indian country, where by contact and observation the children learned to "*love Nature in all her moods.*" The children knew old Indian traditions before they knew the legends of Greece and Rome or the fairy tales of Andersen and Grimm.

3. Prayer for the Spirit of the Dead. The primitive Indian believed everything had a spirit; he never killed just to kill. He apologized to the manes (soul) of a slain animal, explaining his people's need of meat for survival. The bear was thought of as a medicine man among animals.

When the children numbered six, including twin boys, a temporary complication developed with some Blackfeet Indians whom Deming had known since 1898, when he had visited them in Montana and White Calf had made him an honorary member of the tribe. In 1914 Deming sojourned again among the Blackfeet, taking his entire family, whom the Indians "*adopted*" — except the twins. White Calf explained that twin boys were special gifts from the supernatural hence bringers of good luck — if they survived. But male twins were likely to be sickly, and the demise of one or both would mean very bad luck indeed for the survivors. After thinking about it for some time, however, tribal elders Big Moon and Medicine Owl found a way out. The twins were given hallowed feather charms that assured their longevity, and then they too became honorary Blackfeet.

Because Deming was a five-foot-nine-inch friendly blue-eyed bruin of a man with a wife and six children his Blackfeet brothers-by-adoption called him Eight Bears; thereafter the family's unconventional studio-home at No. 5 Macdougall Alley, in the Greenwich Village part of New York City, was the Bears' Den. There, in those halcyon days before world wars began, the artist and his family "*lit the pipe and spread the robe*" for *camaradas* from near and far. Through the spring of 1916, fortune smiled on me and gave me a place on the rim of that happy, harmonious circle of friends.

I was a newspaper man away from my job

4. **Good-luck Arrow.** An Indian, about to go on a hunt, shoots his best arrow into the sky as an offering to the supernatural, in the hope of a productive hunt.

5. **Song to the Wild.** Deming Indianized the Greek legend of the Thracian bard, Orpheus, whose voice and lyre charmed man and beast. The Indian Orpheus plays a cedar flute.





4. **Good-luck Arrow.** An Indian, about to go on a hunt, shoots his best arrow into the sky as an offering to the supernatural, in the hope of a productive hunt.

for a year to study at the Pulitzer journalism school at Columbia. There a newly formed acquaintance, learning of my interest in Indians through some articles of mine that were then being published in the old *Outing* magazine edited by Albert Britt, took me to an Explorers Club meeting and introduced me to the man who had painted the picture of the Indian warriors running their horses across the postcard tacked to the wall of my boyhood bedroom back in Indiana.

Deming then was fifty-six; I was not quite twenty-one, but our mutual interests outran our conversational opportunities in the crowd which was assembled that night at the Explorers Club. At parting the artist invited me to visit him in his work rooms at the American Museum of Natural History to see some murals he was doing for the museum's Indian rooms.

I remember his kindly smile, the brightness of his eyes, the necktie that had somehow got shifted around toward one ear — the evening had been long and animated — as he pulled an envelope from a pocket and on it drew directions to help me to find him at the museum: enter on the 77th Street side and go straight ahead, past the telephone booth, the big canoe, the Eskimo picture and the lecture room, upstairs and kick the door. If I became lost I was to ask someone where the preparations department was. But I didn't get lost. The following Saturday morning I found him at his work in the museum.

The American Museum of Natural History was established in 1869, dedicated to the study of the

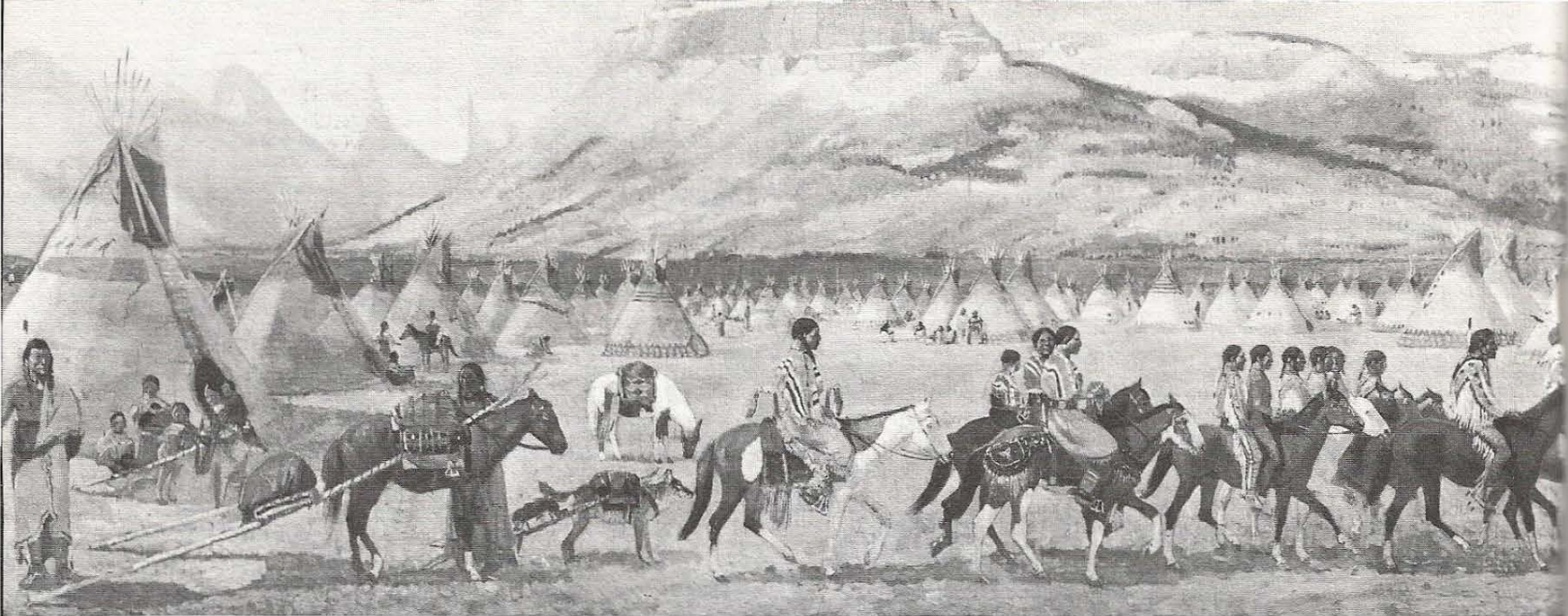
5. **Song to the Wild.** Deming Indianized the Greek legend of the Thracian bard, Orpheus, whose voice and lyre charmed man and beast. The Indian Orpheus plays a cedar flute.

natural sciences (except biology) and of anthropology. In 1916, the museum, under the long-term direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn, had for several years been bringing in artists to co-operate with the scientists in improving the effectiveness of its educational exhibitions. This was done by the painting of wall panels with panoramic views of prairie or woodland, giving habitat groups a wider dimension that might include the great circling sweep of a plains Indian tipi village, or the environmental background of a sun dance ceremonial.

This "*new type of story-telling picture*," a blending of the scientific with the artistic, enabled the painter, after he had satisfied the requirements of ethnological accuracy, to impart to the scene a "*poetical and more or less mystical interpretation*." So explained the American Museum's *Journal* (XIII, 3, March, 1913), adding that the artist's success was directly dependent upon his knowledge and the degree to which he entered into the spirit of Indian life.

The same issue of the *Journal* said that the idea of mural decorations was tried out first in the museum's Eskimo section, with F. W. Stokes as the artist, and in the North Pacific Coast room under the brush of Will S. Taylor — and that E. W. Deming was making studies for the Plains Indian hall. The *Journal* added: "*As a subject for American art there could be none greater than our American Indian of the past, if the artist but understand him.*"

Also in the March 1913 issue of the *Journal*,



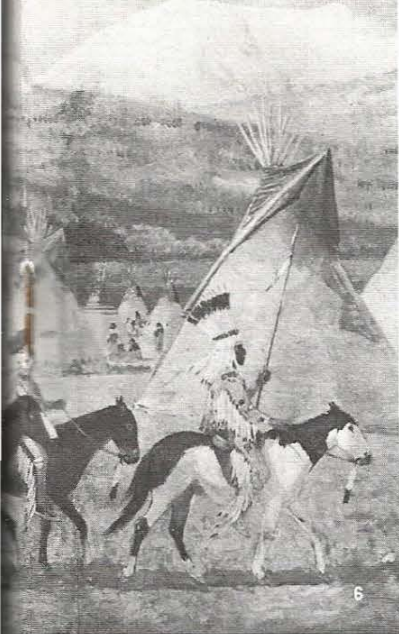
Deming, in an article captioned "The Indian — A Subject for Art," established his qualifications for doing the American Museum panels as a contribution to "that true pictorial record of the American Indian that both art and science demand." At the same time he made clear his philosophy in regard to the Indian as human being. Deming wrote, in part:

"The Indian of the old time has passed away . . . and we have certainly very little to be proud of in the record of our dealing with him . . . It has been my good fortune since a time some fifty years ago to live with many tribes . . . (and) in all this intimate knowledge of them I have never had an oldtime Indian betray a confidence. My grandfather, who knew Indians well throughout his life, said that he had never refused to trust an Indian and had never had an Indian betray his trust . . .

"The white man owes the red man a debt greater than he can ever repay and is in honor bound to record as true a history of the oldtime Indian as possible, that future generations may know and appreciate this stone-age people surviving until today. There has never been in literature or art a more splendid subject to treat. Here is a man different from any other, with deep poetic and religious tendencies but never a fanatic. It is

this man and this race, as far as possible uninfluenced by civilization, that I wish to set forth in the decorations at the American Museum . . . the way of living, customs, decorations of lodges, life in the tipi, transportation, everything that can be told; besides a hundred thing that there is no record of at all, children playing with make-believe travois, animals, tame crows, around the camp — matters that give color and reality to life. The Indian boy of today does not even know of these things with the changed way of living and the lack of the oldtime way of telling stories."

On a Saturday morning in March of 1916 I visited Deming at the American Museum where he showed me the "new type of story-telling picture" he was in process of creating for the museum's Indian rooms. Three panels, each seven feet high by twenty feet long, portrayed the visit of a band of Sioux to a Blackfoot village on the high plains. There the Blackfoot chief, in a typical Blackfoot "stand-up" eagle feather bonnet, empty hands extended in a gesture of friendship, stood in front of his tipi to greet the Sioux leaders riding toward him. Behind the head man rode three sub-chiefs, and then more warriors. Women and children followed, some riding — in one case a woman and a girl on the same horse — some walking beside a travois, or pony drag. This conveyance



6. **Blackfeet Indians on the Move.** One of the examples of the three panels Deming painted for the Indian exhibition hall in the American Museum, New York.



Photo courtesy Sy Seidman, New York

7. **Custer's Last Stand.** This version, one of three Deming painted, shows "the grand charge that ended the fight."

was the pre-wheel, sledge-like, luggage-toting vehicle of the oldtime Plains Indians, a crude platform lashed to poles that served as shafts on the animal providing the motive power. The Deming panels showed travois drawn both by horses and by dogs.

The overall effect of the three paintings was to preserve on canvas an episode in the lives of pre-reservation Plains Indians. They were shown en masse but also in authentic, individual detail on an occasion reflecting the better side of their nature — panoplied solemnity, in primitive color and motion, at a time of peace, against the background of mountains fading — like the era — into misty distance.

These three panels, I am told, are still in the American Museum in New York, on the walls of the "old" Plains Indian exhibition hall. Photographs of two trial panels for the display were reproduced in the museum's *Journal* of March 1913.

At the end of my visit that day at the museum, Deming gave me what he called a standing invitation to the family home, then at 5 Macdougall Alley — "*Lodge of the Eight Bears*."

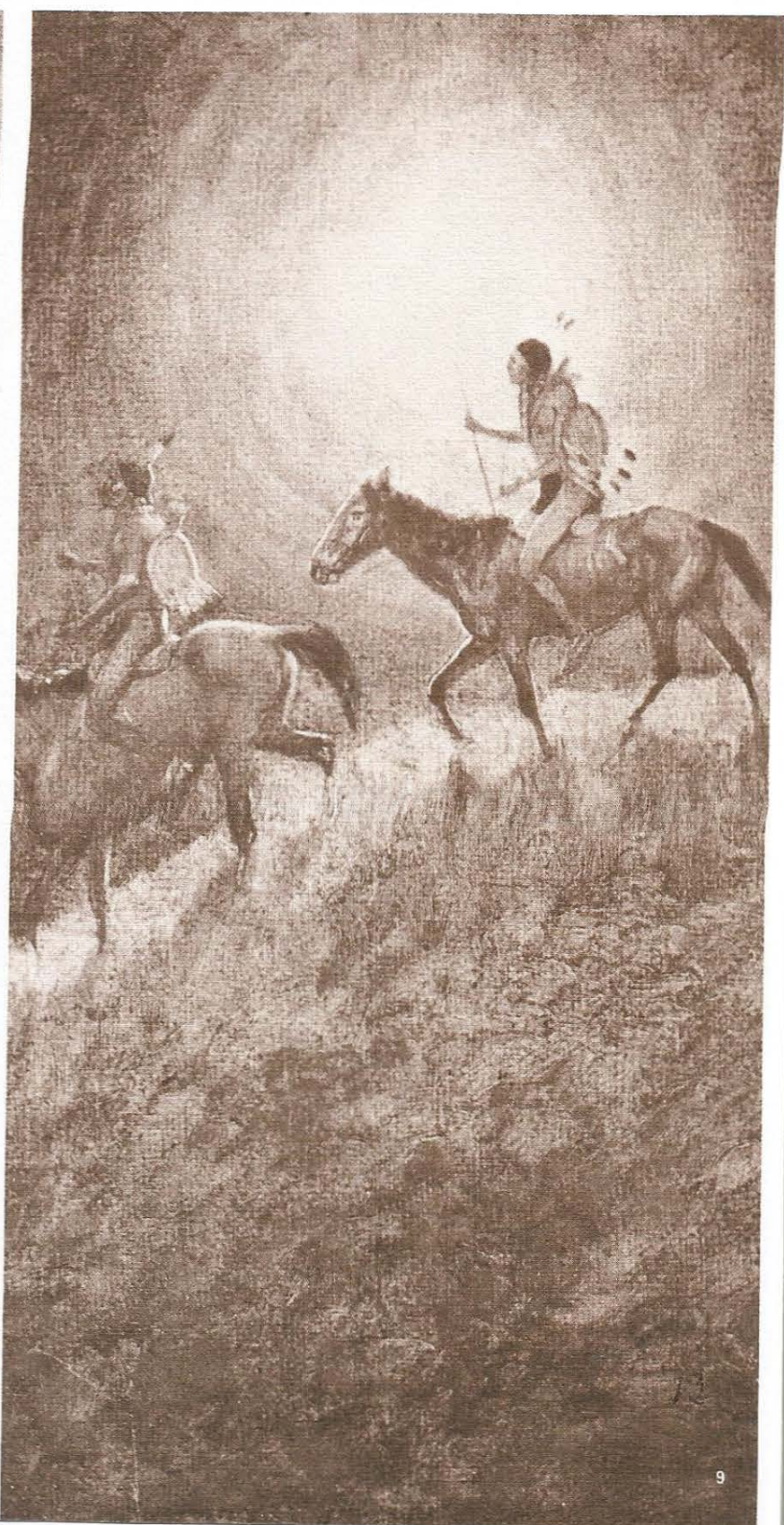
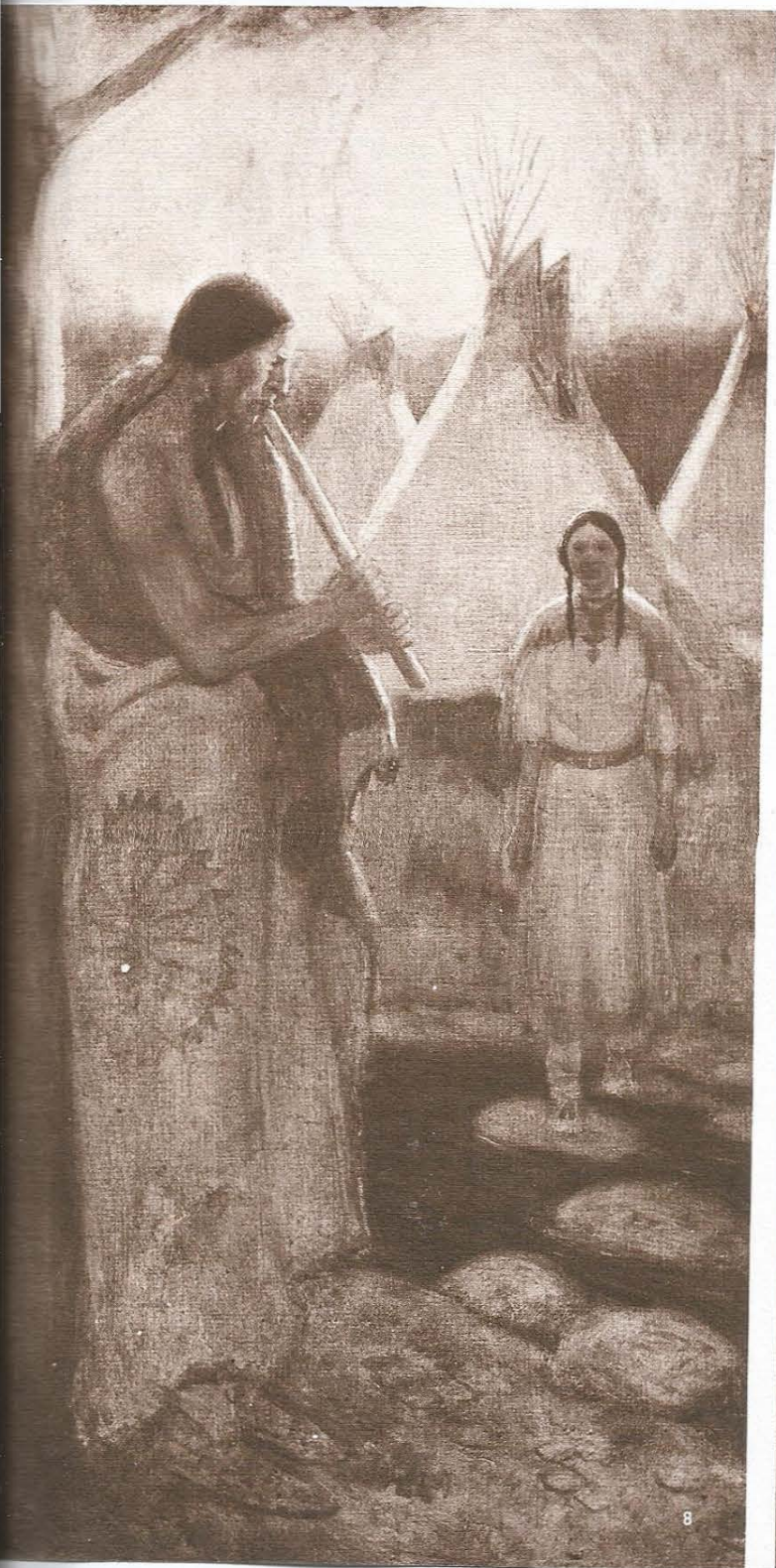
A knocker shaped like a bear was on the door of the brick house that was No. 5. Inside was the fragrance of fireplace smoke, of dried sagebrush in Pueblo pots, of roasting meat and glowing tobacco pipes, of hot elderberry wine — and the paint, oil and varnish aroma of an artist's hearthside. Indian gear and animal hides hung on walls, buffalo robes covered chairs, shelves sagged with

books. Along one wall was a rack of guns and rifles (the family summer home at Redding, Conn., was equipped with a 1,000-foot range where even in his later years Deming maintained his family marksman championship). A table in one corner was covered with a collection of revolvers and pistols.

Everywhere there were Deming sketches and paintings, all sizes and subjects, in varying stages of completion, framed and unframed, hung on walls, standing on easels, stacked in corners, piled under the stairway.

Studio, home and haven, No. 5 was a place redolent of family devotion, creativity and friendliness, especially when in addition to the Eight Bears it was thronged with the kind of people that a house like that would draw into its brickwalled bosom. There, from March until I left New York in June, I was a frequent visitor, a wide-eyed pilgrim in a new world of artists and writers, cowboys and ship captains, explorers and hunters — individuals of widely varied lives and achievements, pulled together by a common interest in the American West and its oldtime Indian, and by love for this artist whose talents were helping preserve the record of that rapidly receding part of the American scene.

Sunday evening supper was at two long tables — bean soup, meat, graham bread, baked apples — and afterward the room was cleared and Deming would "show and tell" the work he was currently doing or had recently finished, or would show pictures taken on his latest trek into Indian





8. **The Flute.** The young man's love call brings girl from parental tipi, to stand enwrapped in his robe. For anyone to pay any attention to the wooer and the wooed would be bad manners.

9. **Night Raiders.**

country, or spin a yarn of his earlier travels. Others would help keep the good talk going until midnight. After most of the guests had drifted away, a few of us would stay to help with the dishes, dance to victrola music, and wrap it all up with a game of tag in the Alley.

Memory still shows me Deming in that milieu, standing near his sculptured bust of Iron Tail the Oglala, beside an easel bearing his painting of *"The Blackfoot Promised Land"* and speaking the lines he had written for the picture:

*"Forever and forever through the barren
wind-swept sand hills
Plods the ghostly Blackfoot band,
Ever moving, drear and hopeless,
On this never-ending trail,
This, the Blackfoot Promised Land."*

He talked about Rain-in-the-Face, the Hunkpapa, whom he painted at Standing Rock in 1889, and who had slain so many foes that he had acquired a second name: Enemy Taker. "Rain," said Deming, *"had great loyalty for his own. One time his wife in a fit of anger slashed him with a knife and was thrown in the agency jail. Rain went to the agent and pleaded that his wife was ill and he, Rain-in-the-Face, wished to take her place in jail and have her freed."*

Deming frequently made a succession of prefatory studies for a major work in progress. Three different versions of his concept of Custer's Last Stand on the Little Big Horn River in Montana, June 25, 1876, are extant. One of these is a twenty-by-twenty-two-inch oil painting in the

10. **Women Cooking.**

11. **Women with Moose.** Woodland Indian women skin and dress a moose their hunters have slain.

Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum at Cody's grave on Lookout Mountain, Golden, Colorado. This version shows, as do the others, what Deming described as *"the grand charge that ended the fight,"* with mounted Indian warriors overrunning Custer and a doomed handful of officers and men. The central figure is a Sioux in an eagle-feather war-bonnet that trails over the horse's rump; the warrior is about to pierce Custer with a lance and run him down. Another galloping warrior aims a rifle at Custer, who defends himself with saber in the right hand, revolver in the left.

Another Deming painting depicting the same scene, in differing detail, was reproduced in *The Mentor* magazine, July, 1926, captioned "a preliminary sketch." In this one Deming has rearranged some of the figures. He omits the feathered "tail" on the Indian leader's bonnet but still arms him with a lance. He has put a warclub instead of a rifle in the hands of another Sioux. And he has replaced the saber in Custer's hand with a revolver. This is historically correct. No sabers were used in that fight.

Deming's third painting of the Custer fight is owned by his family. In this final version the artist has put a campaign hat on Custer, who in the other two is bareheaded. The charging chief's lance has become a Winchester repeating rifle, such as the records show some of the Indians did have. Troopers are correctly armed with single-shot carbines and revolvers. In all three Custer paintings, a principal figure in the foreground is a Sioux, still gripping his Winchester as he plunges to the ground over his falling horse's head.

Deming's third Custer painting was loaned by the family to the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, Texas, in 1968, for temporary exhibition in a roundup of two hundred artists' different delineations of the Last Stand. Deming's was one of sixteen chosen for reproduction in Don Russell's book, *Custer's Last*, published by the Fort Worth museum at the time of the special exhibition. Other artists whose work was reproduced in the book included N. C. Wyeth, Thomas Hart Benton, William R. Leigh, R. Farington Elwell and Nick Eggenhofer.

To insure the accuracy of his Custer picture, Deming induced Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, the general's widow (who survived until 1933) to visit his studio, see his painting in progress and advise him on details that supplemented the information he had obtained in 1889 and 1890 from the lips of Indian participants in the historic fight.

Theodore Roosevelt also is said to have visited Deming in his studio — and vitally influenced his career. On the occasion of Teddy's visit, Deming was at work on a cowboy painting. Roosevelt, forthright as always, is reported to have said to the artist: *"Only one man really portrays the cowboy and plainsman understandingly, and that man is Frederic Remington. On the other hand, you know Indians as no other artist has known them. Why do you not confine yourself to Indians and leave the white man to Remington? Future historians will of necessity turn to both you and Remington."*

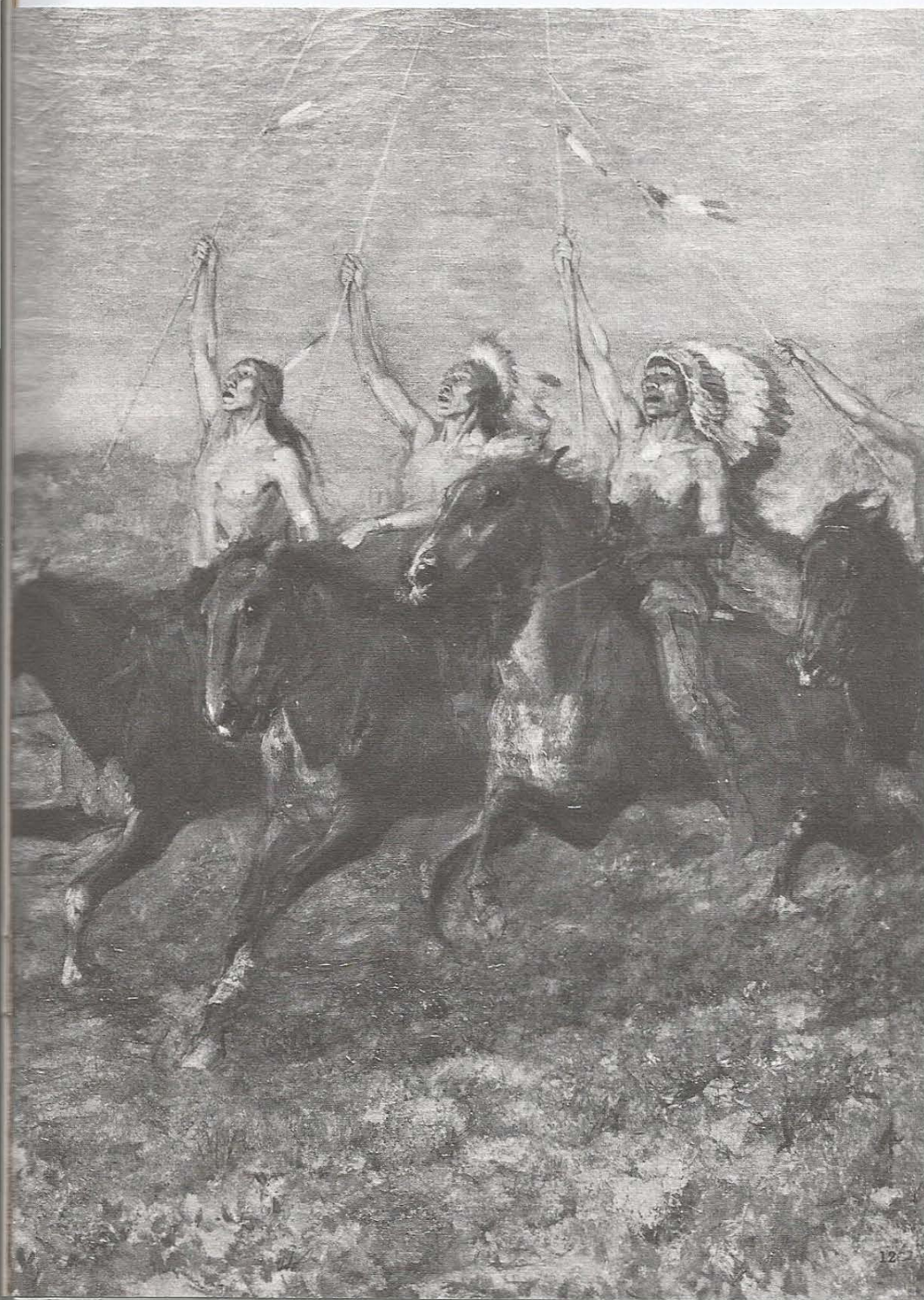
12. **"Song of Victory,"** showing the triumphant return of a Plains Indian war party, was widely sold on a color postal card copyrighted by Deming in 1904. Maurice Frink, author of this article on Deming, still has one of the cards, marred only by the tacks which fastened it to the wall of his boyhood bedroom.

Deming took Roosevelt's advice. He never finished the cowboy picture nor started another.

My first evening at his home, Deming gave me an Indian name — Longman, because of my height — and he called me that the rest of the time I was in New York and long after, when we kept in touch by correspondence. On his 1916 Christmas card, which was a color drawing of his *"Indian Orpheus,"* he wrote: *"Dear Longman — We wish you were here to share our turkey."* The 1917 holiday greeting came from Washington, D. C., where Deming had reported for volunteer duty with the armed services in World War I. His drawing on that card was a doughboy in the trenches, and the text was a prayer for peace. Then for a time there were no Christmas cards. Deming, at the age of fifty-seven was commissioned a captain in the army. He became an instructor in marksmanship, designed and painted new types of camouflage, developed modern targets for gun practice, invented an improved army rifle stock.

His 1925 holiday greeting card carried a Deming drawing of the Eight Bears and their dog around a different fireplace, at 40 West Ninth Street, New York, and a message that *"the latch string is out, at the new lodge."* In April, 1931, he wrote: *"We have been on the move, a couple of years in Washington, three years in the war, seven months in South American jungles, now back in New York, at 121 Madison Avenue."*

The family was living at 36 Gramercy Park when, on October 16, 1942, Eight Bears rode away toward the happy hunting grounds.





13. Edwin Deming, courtesy Deming Collection, University of Oregon. "He knew the Indian Soul."

14. **Prayer to the Hunt.** As buffalo hunters pause in quest for herd, a medicine man opens sacred bundle and prays for plenty meat.

By the time the artist died the authenticity and vigor of his book illustrations had been acclaimed and his paintings and sculptures had gone into such private collections as those of President Theodore Roosevelt, Ogden Mills, Willard Straight, Irving Bacheller, Louis Hill, Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. E. H. Harriman and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and into the collections of such institutions as New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, American Museum of Natural History and National Arts Club, Washington's National Museum, Arts Club and Cosmos Club, and many others.

He illustrated writings of George Bird Grinnell, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Charles F. Lummis, General Charles King, Hamlin Garland — Deming was natural for Garland's *Boy Life on the Prairie* (1899) — and others to a total of eighty-one books, according to Jeff C. Dykes, in *American Book Collector*, XIV, 3, 1963.

Mrs. Deming wrote a series of children's books — *Indian Child Life*, *Red Folk and Wild Folk*, *American Animal Life* and others — that became standard in school libraries and classrooms. Mr. Deming illustrated these, as he did the book *Manabozho, the Indian Story of Hiawatha*, written by a daughter, Alden, of New York. Another daughter, Kathryn, now of Stamford, Conn., has likewise achieved success as a sculptor, painter, and illustrator.

Robert Taft's *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900*, published in 1953, included Deming as one of "a select group" of artists who

before 1890 realized that the Indian was a subject for artistic presentation.

Today the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma, possesses probably the largest single collection of Deming's work — twenty-nine pieces. These the late Mr. Gilcrease purchased from Mrs. Deming, the artist's widow, shortly before her death, July 15, 1945.

In 1970, the University of Oregon, at Eugene, acquired from Deming's descendants an extensive collection of his correspondence, manuscripts, sketches, drawings, biographical and anthropological data and other memorabilia. The seven-page inventory of this material stated that other Deming collections were at Dartmouth College, Springfield College (Massachusetts) and the New York Public Library.

In 1971 the University of Colorado Museum received, as a gift from an alumnus of the university, a large painting, unsigned, which was said by the donor to be by Deming. It depicted an Indian herding horses, against a mountain background. The donor of this painting valued it at \$6,000. Also in 1971, a Denver art gallery was readying an exhibition and sale of a number of Deming's works ranging from large oils to miniatures such as he painted as gifts to friends.

As long ago as 1926 I planned writing something in tribute to Deming and his work — his successful accomplishment of his self-assumed mission to pay a little something on the big debt owed by the white race to the red. I wrote and asked his permission to write such an article as

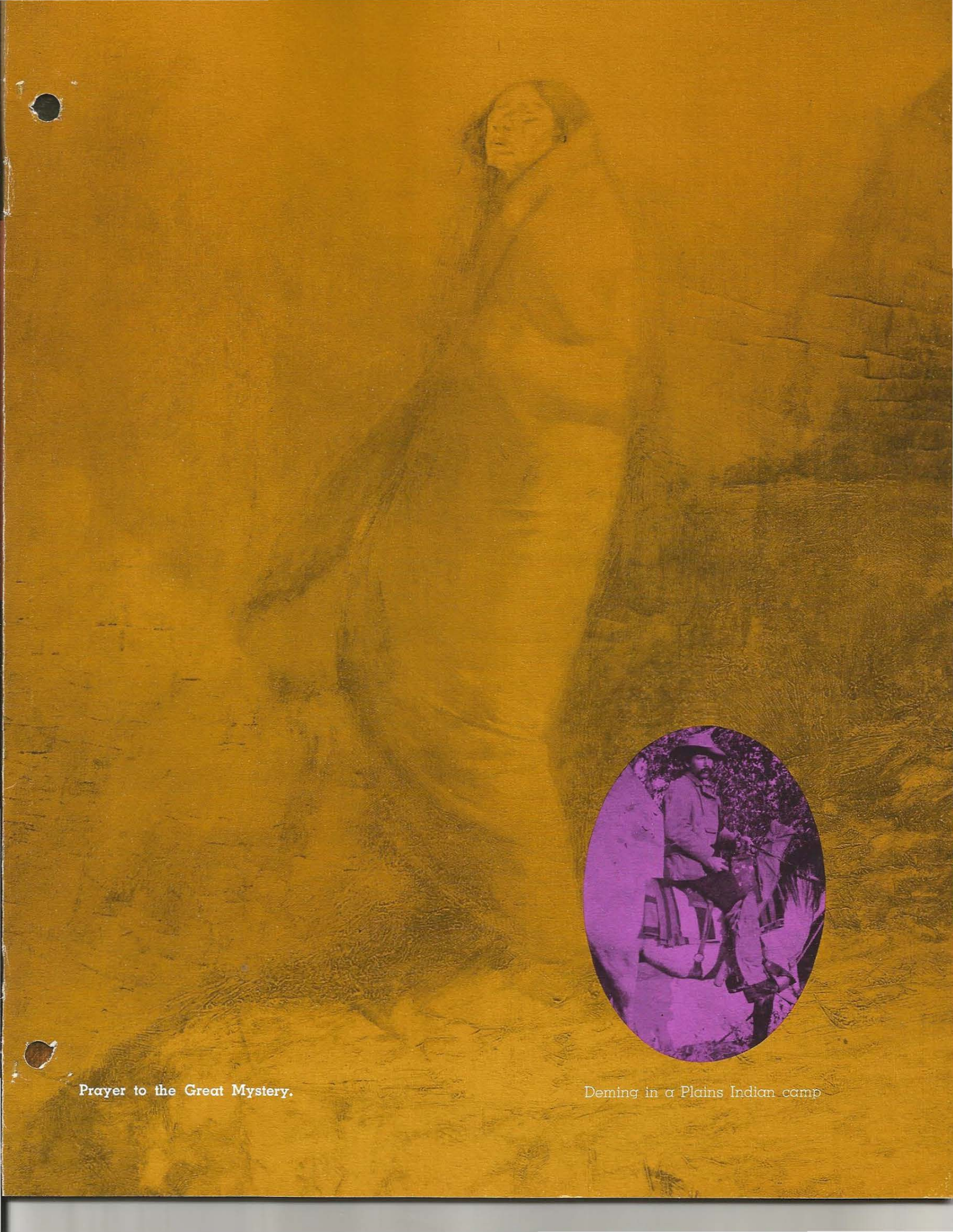
I had in mind and he graciously gave me a go-ahead, but I never quite got around to writing him up, as he put it, until now. I saw him, a time or two, in his later years, and I still have his last letter:

"Dear Longman: We were delighted to hear from you but sorry you will not be able to make us a visit. We congratulate you on your growing family. I am afraid you would hardly recognize

our bunch, even the twins are taller than their mother. I am finishing a set of panels for the Great Northern Railroad building on Fifth Avenue. That book you gave me [it was a copy of the War Department report for 1876] has been very useful to me in doing several pictures. All the family send kindest regards to you and yours and hope that we may all meet up one of these days. Faithfully yours, E. W. Deming."



Deming's 1925 Christmas card depicts drawing of the Eight Bears and their dog.



Prayer to the Great Mystery.



Deming in a Plains Indian camp



American Scene

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HISTORY AND ART



The Outriders.