

The

American Scene

presents

Frederic Remington



"Coming Through The Rye"

Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art
Tulsa, Oklahoma



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Remington Issue

This issue of *The American Scene* is devoted to Frederic Remington. The one hundredth anniversary of his birth will be celebrated October first. The West he painted and sculptured from personal observation is gone but the memory of it lingers in part because of Remington's work. The following pages present a catalog of the Frederic Remington Exhibition to be held at the Gilcrease Institute beginning September 22, 1961. At this time the entire Thomas Gilcrease collection of Remingtons will be on exhibit.

Dean Krakel has been appointed Director of the Gilcrease Institute and assumed his duties June 16th. He comes from the U. S. Air Force Academy Museum where he was Deputy Director. He was formerly at the University of Wyoming.

Glen R. Ames retired as Acting Director in June and received a special Resolution of Commendation by the Board of Directors. Mr. Ames achieved a notable success during the short period he was with the Institute and is responsible for a number of improvements made recently. This Remington issue of *The American Scene* was suggested and made possible by him.

Charles Proctor, Curator of the Museum since June, 1956, resigned June 30th to become Curator of the Palace of Governors in Santa Fe. This is the history component of the Museum of New Mexico.

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CONTRIBUTORS

JEFF DYKES' essay on Frederic Remington is an outstanding interpretation of the man's work. Mr. Dykes is an official of the U. S. Soil Conservation Service. He is a keen student of the American West and owns a large collection of Western Americana. He is a leading authority on Frederic Remington and the printed record of the art and writings of Frederic Remington in his collection is probably the largest ever assembled by a private individual. Mr. Dykes is also an authority on the literature of the Texas Rangers and of Billy the Kid. His study of the latter has been published in a fascinating book that promises to become a classic: *Billy The Kid: The Bibliography of a Legend* (Albuquerque, 1952). He is also the author of three other books and of numerous articles on Western books and conservation. Jeff Dykes is now serving as Sheriff of the *Potomac Corral*, *The Westerners*, and since 1950 has been associate editor of the *Chicago Westerners'* monthly *Brand Book*. Mr. Dykes lives with his wife at College Park, Maryland . . . GLEN LAWRENCE's photographs of the Remington sculpture create a third dimensional effect that accentuates the qualities of the original bronzes. A native of Kansas, Mr. Lawrence is staff photographer and a specialist in museum and art photography. He approaches every assignment with a critical effort to get pictures of superior quality . . . BRUCE WEAR traces the development of Remington as an artist and presents salient information about the bronzes and casting technique. Mr. Wear is Art Curator at the Institute and has made a special study of Remington's art . . . Notes on the paintings are by Jane Slocum, Charles Proctor, and Martin Wenger.

Frederic Remington

The Thomas Gilcrease Collection

featuring

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TULSA - GILCREASE INSTITUTE - 1961

FREDERIC REMINGTON - -

- WESTERN HISTORIAN -

By JEFF C. DYKES

"The world over, he is recognized as *the* picture historian of the Wild West" is the last sentence used by Malcolm Vaughan in his brief article on Remington, "Master Artist Of The Wild West," in *The Reader's Digest*, September, 1960. Perhaps Vaughan was a little over enthusiastic—if he had said "one of the greatest picture historians of the West," there could be no quarrel 'twixt us. Frederic Remington was one of a long list of distinguished western artist-illustrators who made outstanding pictorial contributions to western history and literature. If the old saying that a picture is worth ten thousand words is anywhere close to a correct estimate, Remington's contribution was substantial indeed since he left behind about three thousand oils, water colors, drawings and bronzes. Well over eighty percent of his total output was western.

Vaughan was by no means the first western buff to praise Remington as a historian. "As long as there are such pictures and books as Remington's, Americans will remember the heritage of the dim frontier" was the late Zane Grey's way of saying that Remington was truly a historian. Perriton Maxwell, the art critic, in writing of Remington said, "It is a matter of self-congratulation that in ringing down the final curtain on the great Wild West drama the relentless course of empire has left us at least one auditor with skill and enthusiasm and courage enough to perpetuate on canvas and in enduring bronze the most inspiring phases of its colorful existence." Theodore Roosevelt writing about Remington in *Pearson's Magazine* in 1907 noted, "He is, of course, one of the most typical artists we have ever had, and he portrayed a most characteristic and yet vanishing type of American Life. The soldier, the cowboy and rancher, the Indian, the horses and the cattle of the plains, will live in his pictures and bronzes, I verily believe, for all time." Owen Wister paid his tribute in *Collier's* in 1905—"Remington is not merely an artist, he is a national treasure . . . I should like to hear him receive his degree in these words: Frederic Remington, Draughtsman, Historian, Poet."

Not only was Remington one of the most prolific—only Charles M. Russell, the great cowboy artist of Montana, can be considered a challenger as a producer—he was the leader of the artist-illustrators of the West in breaking with European art traditions. They dared paint the West, its people, and action in an entirely realistic and authentic manner. The new, raw country, the harsh desert sun, the shaggy buffalo, the hard-riding cowboys, the trail herds, the gold rushes, the mountain men, the overland caravans, the fiercely resisting Indians and their conflict with the land-hungry pioneers plus the sweep of the plains, the flat-top mesas, and the rocky mountains cried out for a different treatment—Remington and those who followed met the problem head on. In doing so, they

achieved America's one major and still largely unappreciated contribution to the field of art. I say largely unappreciated, for it was only a dozen or so years ago that my daughter's art teacher in a supposedly progressive school system, with much reluctance and only after it was pointed out that the President of the United States had named him as one of the *five* artists to appear in the *Famous Americans Series* of stamps, permitted her to write a class essay on Remington. This situation is improving, thanks to Tom Gilcrease, the Phillips, Amon Carter and many others, but it is still common to pick up a book on American art, turn to the index, and note the absence of Remington, Russell, Schreyvogel and the other great western artists. The publishers and the general public seem to be more understanding and appreciative than the art world of which these historians were certainly accepted members.

Who was this Frederic Remington, this leader in revolt against the traditional art forms of the old world, this largely self-taught artist? Simply told, he was born in Canton, New York in 1861—his father was a soldier-newspaperman, and minor politician. After the Civil War was over father Remington resumed his newspaper work until he was appointed collector of customs at Ogdensburg. Before leaving Canton, Frederic was mascot of the Fire Department but he spent his teens on the St. Lawrence. At his new home he became a strong swimmer, hunter and all-round athlete and in time he went to Highland Military Academy at Worcester, Mass. to prepare for college. He entered Yale in 1878 and for two seasons was a member of the football team captained (and coached) by Walter Camp. He did study art at Yale and someone has recalled how out-of-place big skinned-beak Remington (a football forward in the days of the center rush) looked in the art classes. His father died while he was in college and that ended his schooling. Without much question Remington did learn something in the art classes at Yale but it didn't help him much in the kind of art work he had his heart set on doing.

Remington tried several jobs in Albany but couldn't get the urge to go West out of his blood—late in the summer of 1881 he was on his way to Montana. He had only one published sketch (*Harper's Weekly*, 1882) to his credit as a result of this trip. But in 1883 he was in Kansas where for a year he was a Butler County sheep rancher. This was the only time Remington actually established residence on the Plains although at the end of his brief ranching career he spent some months in Kansas City as the one-third owner of a prosperous saloon. His partners cheated him and he lost almost everything he had—he sent his bride of a few months back to her mother and he rode a \$50 horse out of Kansas City on the old Santa Fe Trail. He was in Arizona, New Mexico,

Frederic Remington wrote, painted and sculptured. Perhaps his greatest achievements are in the latter field. His bronze studies of western life have universal appeal. The artist is pictured here working on the model of *The Buffalo Horse*.



Texas, and Indian Territory—he wandered, he looked, he studied and he sketched and when he got back to Kansas City he had a huge portfolio of crude but powerful drawings. He took them to New York—success did not come easily but the persistent young artist had something to sell and he stuck with it.

Harper and *Outing* bought the simple and forceful black and white sketches as magazine illustrations and Remington was on his way. When Teddy Roosevelt started his great book, *Ranch Life And The Hunting Trail*, he selected Remington to illustrate it—a joint venture that paid dividends many times over to both author and illustrator.

Remington went West many times after he settled down in New York City (and its suburbs). He was a war correspondent, he hunted, he fished and always he sketched. The soldiers, mopping up the last pockets of Indian resistance, adopted him as their own—they called him the soldiers' artist—and the trail drivers, and the cowmen claimed him, too.

If Remington's only contributions had been his stark black and white book and magazine illustrations, his place as a western historian would be secure. However, he was much more than an illustrator—he made himself into a competent reporter and during his last days with *Harper's* he doubled in brass—reporting in two media, words and drawings.

His books, *Pony Tracks* (1895), *Crooked Trails* (1898), *Stories Of Peace And War* (1899) and *Men With The Bark On* (1900) are collections of his magazine writings, illustrated by himself, which greatly enhance his claim to the title "historian." His great picture books, *Drawings* (1897), *Frontier Sketches* (1898) and *Done In The Open* (1902) add to his reputation. Generally overlooked in considering Remington's contributions are his two historical novels, *John Ermine Of The Yellowstone* (1902) and *The Way Of An Indian* (1906) and the book of short stories, *Sundown Le Flare* (1899). Both of the novels are high spots of western fiction and *The Way Of An Indian* has been widely appraised as the best novel by a white man about Indian life—the loves, domestic problems and the fighting mores of the red warriors.

No one else has been able to look at these problems from the Indian viewpoint quite as well, before or since.

During his illustrating and reporting days Remington continued to work with water colors and oils. His techniques improved immensely and he had numerous commissions to illustrate books. *Collier's Magazine* signed him to a long-term contract with a proviso under which it essentially agreed to publish in color all the paintings Remington brought to them. Many of his best paintings appeared in that periodical.

Remington left a tremendous historical record on canvas. He also left a historical record in bronze. He was 33 or 34 years old when the sculptor, Ruckstull, set up a tent on a vacant lot in New Rochelle to work on a statue of General Hartranft for the State of Pennsylvania. Remington was living in New Rochelle and he, along with his friend, E. W. Kemble, and others of the local art colony, watched Ruckstull at his work. That winter Remington, with no training except that of a summer of merely watching from time to time a sculptor at his work, modeled "The Bronco Buster," his first of 21, and among his best, bronzes. There are those who say Remington was a better sculptor than artist. It is true that while many of the great American museums generally over-looked Remington's paintings when they were still fairly easy to obtain (and at reasonable prices), the greatest of them accepted his bronzes from the start.

Perhaps one of the strongest arguments that can be advanced for Remington as a historian is the continued use of his pictures by authors and publishers. Remington was dead at 48, the victim of our lack of knowing how to deal with appendicitis, in 1909. After half a century his art is often the best available when a good western picture is needed to illustrate a point or event. This continued use is a real tribute to the undated freshness of his art. With two associates I write the column, *WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP*, and we have been impressed over the past six and a half years by the number of new books sent us for review using Remington illustrations. The word-historians of Remington's era have long since been replaced—the record he left is permanent.



BATTLE OF WAR BONNET CREEK

1. BATTLE OF WAR BONNET CREEK

Oil 26½x39½

The battle of War Bonnet Creek climaxed one of the most tragic events of our western development. It was the end of a remarkable march of the Northern Cheyennes from Indian Territory to the land of their own choosing.

The beginning of the end for the Northern Cheyennes was in the Spring of 1877 when Dull Knife and his band surrendered to the army along the Powder River in Montana, their beloved homeland. The government ordered them to Indian Territory, where these nomadic, buffalo-hunting people fell prey to disease, hunger and most of all, homesickness. Desperate and seeing no hope of any kind, about three hundred Cheyennes under Dull Knife and Little Wolf broke for the north and home in September of 1878. The facts of this long flight are incredible. The Cheyennes had perhaps one hundred warriors; the remainder were women, children and old men. They had few guns, little ammunition and insufficient horses. But the Cheyennes sought the mountains, rivers and grass of their homeland and so set a killing pace across the Great Plains, which was strongly gar-

risoned by troops and criss-crossed by three railroads. Against all odds and the more than 10,000 troops which eventually pursued them, this little band managed to cross the North Platte in Nebraska. Here they separated; Little Wolf to work his way to the Powder River country and Dull Knife to go to Ft. Robinson in northwestern Nebraska. Dull Knife's group once again surrendered to the Army and once again was ordered to Indian Territory. Heartbroken, they decided they would rather die fighting, so on the night of January 9, 1879, they fled through the windows of their barracks prison. More than half were killed or captured that first freezing night and those who escaped were pursued relentlessly. Fifteen managed to evade the troops for thirteen days and reached the high bluffs west of Ft. Robinson. There they took refuge in a frozen creek bed, sometimes called the War Bonnet, and prepared to make a stand. But they were too few to stand long against four troops of cavalry and by the end of the day only three women were left alive. The Cheyennes had come a long way and now would go no further.

2. PURSUING THE INDIANS

Oil 17x27½

Pursuing Indians was not the easy, romantic life so often pictured. For enlisted men it meant a terribly monotonous, and sometimes hazardous existence for three or five years at \$13.00 per month. Few could find anything romantic about walking hundreds of

miles through sometimes unexplored mountains and plains, carrying a blanket roll, haversack, canteen, gun and ammunition and subsisting mainly on hard-tack, bacon and coffee in what usually proved to be a fruitless chase of elusive Indians.

3. THE NIGHT RIDER

Oil 17½x11½

This rider is returning from a hilltop where he has been making medicine. The spirits told him he must do this. It took three days and nights chanting and singing without food or water to bring the vision this man needed to guide him. This vision told him clearly how he must prepare himself for a coming battle. A special design must be painted on his body, and a

favorite horse should be adorned in an unusual geometric manner. The night rider is coming into his lodge where he will get food and be able to rest, now that he knows what to do. When daylight comes perhaps he will ride through the village and shout of his vision, warning the people that at this very position of the sun an enemy is planning to kill them.

4. THE RABBIT HUNT

Oil 26½x39½

At the edge of a pine forest a canvas lean-to shelters four rabbit hunters of the North Country. Their dogs watch eagerly as two of the men return

to camp with recently slain rabbits. Snow and heavy clothing indicate that the temperature is cold. The painting is done entirely in black and white.

5. MOONLIGHT SCOUTING PARTY

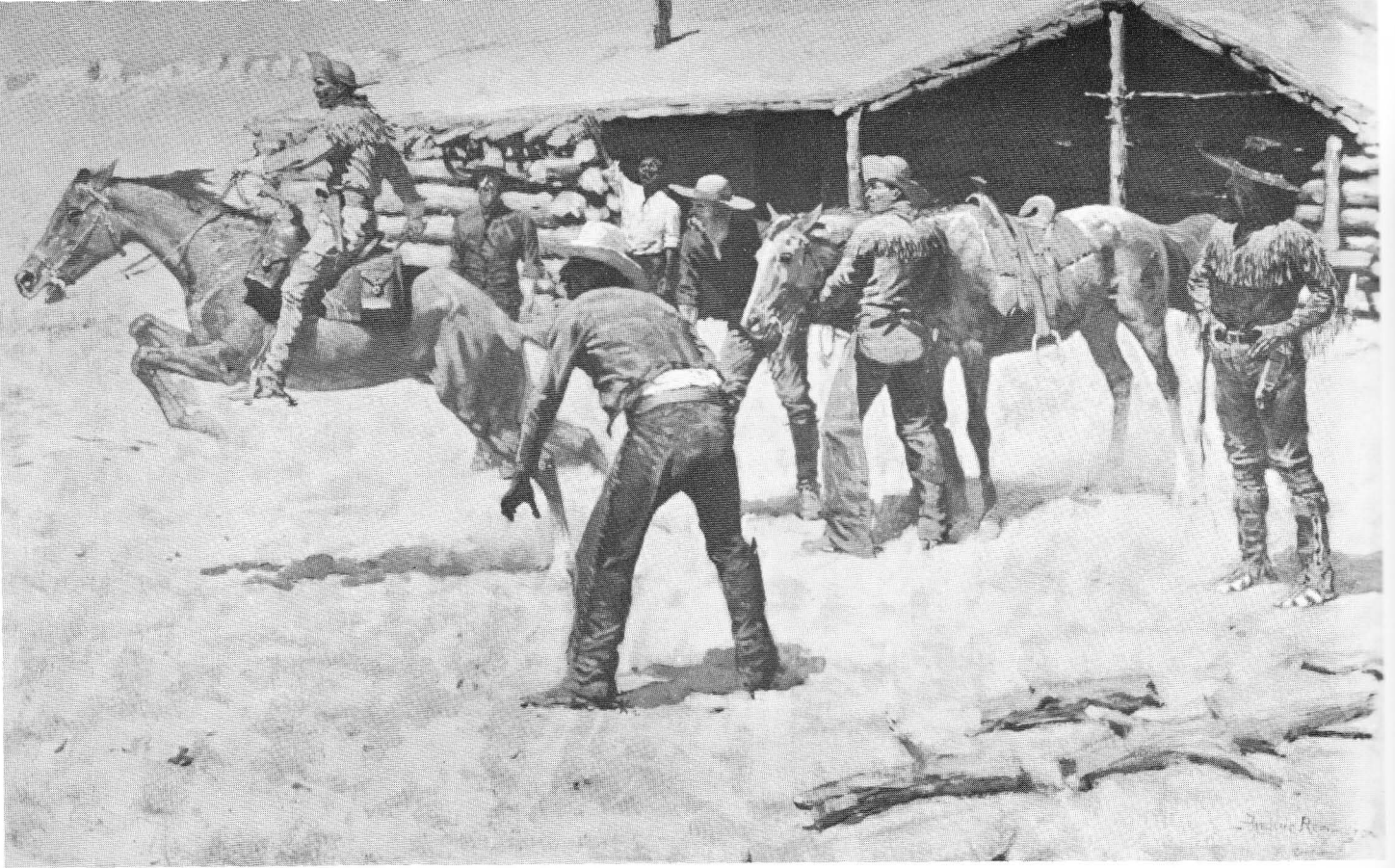
Oil 26½x39½

The Plains Indian seldom attacked his enemy at night. Darkness provided opportunity to rest, dress wounds, talk and to make medicine. But for the scouts it was a short interim to gather vital information for the warriors. It was important to know how strong the enemy was, the kinds of weapons he was

using, condition of his horses and the number of wagons. To be a scout took courage and wisdom. It meant remaining silent for hours at a time, crawling great distances, and going without food. A scout also had to be able to read the signs of nature and mimic the calls of birds and animals.

MOONLIGHT SCOUTING PARTY





THE COMING AND GOING OF THE PONY EXPRESS

6. THE COMING AND GOING OF THE PONY EXPRESS

Oil

26x39

The rapid settlement of California after the discovery of gold and the influx of Mormons into Utah created a persistent demand for a direct overland mail service. To fill this need, William H. Russell, a partner in the freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, organized the Pony Express.

Though it took only four months to organize, the Pony Express was by no means a slap-dash enterprise. Great care was given to the selection of route, animals, riders and equipment. One hundred and ninety stations dotted the 1,980 mile line from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California with nearly two hundred men employed to care for the animals. Five hundred of the best saddle horses were used; many of them cost \$200, which was quite a sum for horse flesh in the early 1860's. The riders were a hardy group of young men selected particularly for their light weight, but also for their capability to withstand exposure and hard, pounding rides. They were paid from \$50 to \$150 a month with board, depending on the risks involved, and it was their business to keep going rain or shine. The stations were from ten to fifteen miles apart and each rider was ex-

pected to cover three of these, with a change of horse at each. Two minutes were allowed for a change of mounts, but careful planning of equipment cut the time down to usually fifteen seconds. A leather covering, called a mochila, was designed to be thrown over the saddle, making it unnecessary to change saddles at each relay station. The saddle horn and cantle projected through holes cut in the mochila and four hard leather boxes for the mail was attached to the skirts. To protect the mail from water, it was wrapped in oil-silk before being placed in the pouches. Each box was locked and keys were distributed at various stations along the line. The total weight of the mail was limited to twenty pounds and the rate of one dollar per half ounce did not encourage writers to be wordy.

The Pony Express met the needs of the country and served the people well during its brief existence from April 3, 1860 to October 26, 1861. Mail from St. Joseph to Sacramento was delivered in eight days, half the time it had previously taken. But this enterprise could not compete with the telegraph and when the line was completed in 1861 the "Pony" vanished.

7. CAMP ON THE CHEYENNE RIVER

Oil

11½x15½

This painting is inscribed "To the Smiths in memory of our trip to Cheyenne River, Frederic Remington."

It was probably given as a gift and treasured most for the pleasant memories it evoked.

8. THE ESCORT

Oil 39½x26½

9. THE MESSENGER

Oil 39½x26½

During his brief career Remington did well over two thousand drawings and paintings for magazine articles and books. *The Escort* and *The Messenger* are two of three Remington's which first appeared in the book *A Daughter of the Sioux* by General Charles King. Published in 1903, the book is typical of the frontier novels written at that time—highly romantic, filled with flowery phrases and the heroes and villains are clearly defined.

The setting is a lonely army post supposedly in the heart of Sioux country. The hero is Lieutenant Field, post adjutant, who has fallen under the spell of the darling of the fort, "brilliant, beautiful, brunette Nanette Flower," a visitor to the post. Naturally, Nanette is the Daughter of the Sioux and she is also secretly married to the warrior who is leading the Indians on the warpath, a handsome young buck by the name of Eagle Wing. Another prominent character is Esther Dade, "the sweetest girl in the garrison," who is obviously very much in love with Lt. Field. Obvious, that is, to all except the Lieutenant, who only has eyes for Nanette. Esther, not being as forward as Nan-

ette, missed out on the rides with the Lieutenant, such as the one pictured here, but she didn't miss out entirely. Her "fair heart and comeliness" eventually won the Lieutenant's love and they presumably lived happily ever after. No so for poor Nanette and her Eagle Wing. The young warrior was killed while trying to escape from prison and Nanette was heartbroken to the point of doing away with herself. In the process of throwing herself over a cliff she takes Lt. Field with her and very nearly ends his life too. He survives, however, and is able to clear himself of the charge that he deliberately helped Miss Flower disclose troop movements to the Indians. He did help but not deliberately so the Major was very understanding about the whole thing.

Between these romantic incidents are plenty of good, old fashioned fighting scenes. The Calvary is forever chasing the Indians who in turn surround the troops and keep them pinned down until a messenger could get through to the fort and help. The Army eventually outwits the hostiles and brings at least a temporary peace to the frontier.

THE ESCORT



10. SITTING BULL

Oil 11½x9½

Sitting Bull was born in the early 1830's near the present town of Bullhead, South Dakota. He was an only son and a member of the Hunkpapa tribe, a division of the Teton Sioux—the largest and most powerful Indian nation of the Northwest. His influence among the Hunkpapa grew rapidly and by the 1860's had spread to other tribes. Warriors from the Minniconjou, Sans Arc, and Oglala bands followed Sitting Bull and his Hunkpapas on the warpath from 1869 through 1876 as they raided frontier posts or made war on the Crows or the Shoshoni. Sitting Bull's participation in the Plains War was mainly a defensive measure; he tried only to keep his homeland for his people, a practice common to all nations. Nevertheless, his role created the image of a fierce Indian warrior, riding across the Plains bringing death and destruction to settlers and soldiers alike.

In 1875 all the Sioux were ordered to reservations. Sitting Bull refused to have his people become agency Indians so in the winter of 1876 General Crook began a campaign to round up the hostiles. Sitting Bull accepted the challenge, gathering nearly 3,000 warriors

from hunting bands of Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho to meet the oncoming Crook. After the tribes had gathered, Sitting Bull had a vision of victory. He saw soldiers riding into the Indian camp with their heads upside down which meant all the soldiers would be killed there. Indeed, the Chief's prophecy came true—all the soldiers under General Custer rode "upside down" into the great Indian camp on the Little Bighorn River in Montana that fateful day of June 25, 1876. Despite this spectacular victory, Sitting Bull realized his days on the warpath were numbered and took his people to Canada where they were safe from Army pursuers yet close to the buffalo herds so necessary for their survival. In 1881 he surrendered and became an agency Indian, though still undisputed chief of the Hunkpapa. When the Ghost Dance religion swept the Indian nations of the West, Sitting Bull was ordered arrested for allowing his people to participate. On December 15, 1890, Indian Police attempted to make the arrest, but loyal followers refused to allow their chief to be taken. In the ensuing battle the old chief was shot twice by Police.

11. THE HUNGRY MOON

Oil 19½x25½

The day's hunt had been good. The herd was caught just right. All had listened to the words of the headman, who said the buffalo must be driven into the motion of the whirlwind. It was easy. It is cold and late in the season and blood freezes on the cutting edge,

but the women work on late into the night, cutting, eating and laughing. No one can stop, no one can look away, or these thieves the wolves will come like demons to gorge. No this meat is Redman's! It is taken best at night when the moon is high and hungry.

THE HUNGRY MOON





MISSING

12. MISSING

Oil 29½x50½

The trooper knows the end is near. He wishes it would come in an instant, but the warriors will wait. The white man will not be killed before he is tortured and tells all that he knows. Then perhaps he will be staked to the ground to die a slow death brought on by heat, thirst and the insects. Perhaps he will be killed by having a rattlesnake placed upon his chest. Death in this manner was painful but somewhat quicker.

It was an unwritten law that an Army man fighting Indians should take his own life rather than be reported as "missing." The trooper had one bullet left. He pondered his fate. He knew he was to die, it was only a matter of how. His decision was to kill an enemy, a hated enemy. Let them do to him what they wanted. He knew he would not break—and there was so much satisfaction in taking careful aim and squeezing the trigger gently and fatally.

13. HOPI INDIAN GIRLS

Water Color 21x17

This painting shows the traditional dress and hair arrangement of Hopi maidens. On reaching maiden-

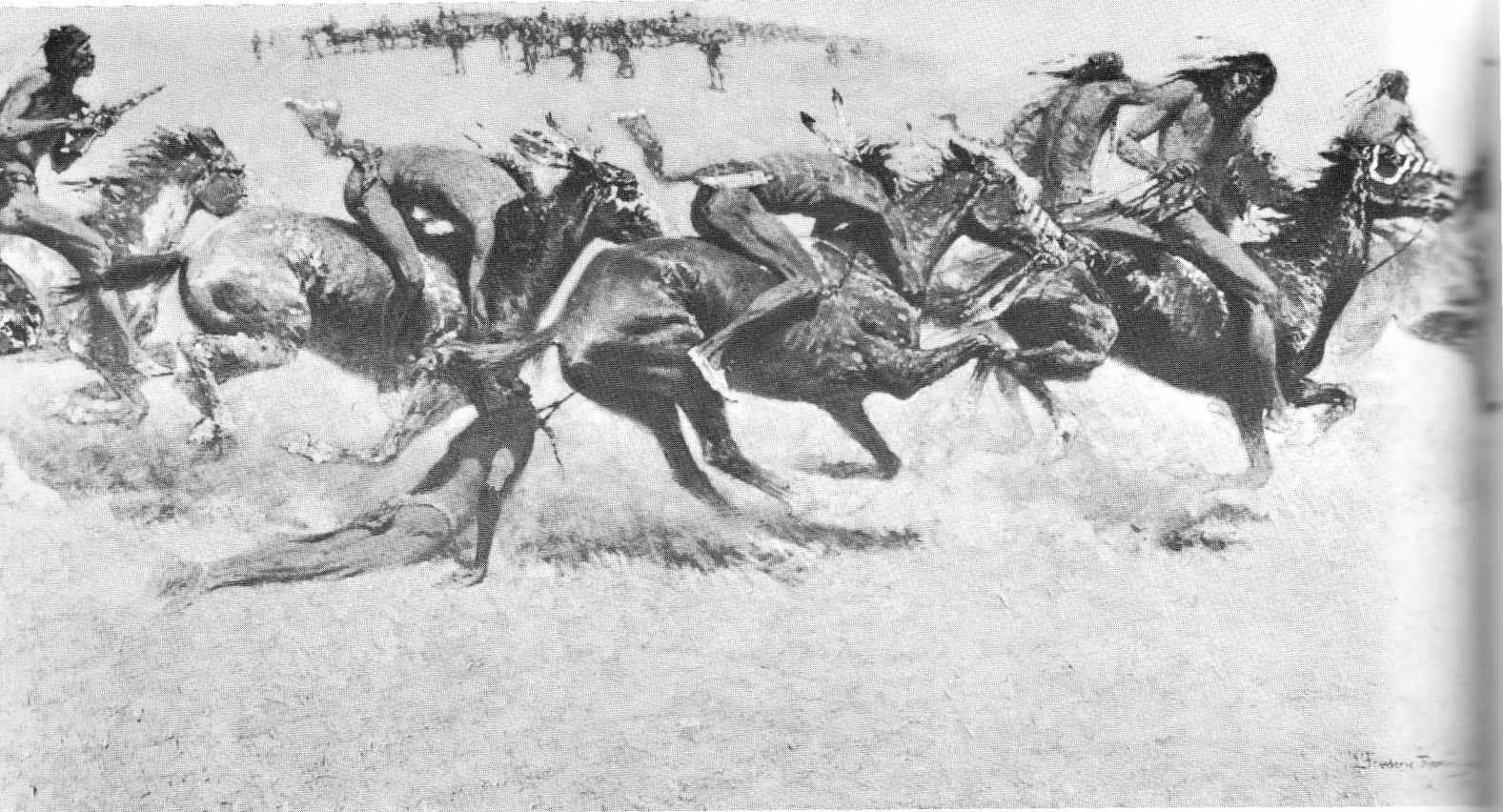
hood the Hopi girls arranged their hair in whorls in imitation of the squash blossom, a symbol of fertility.

14. ARREST OF THE SCOUT

Oil 26¼x39½

The story that lies behind this black and white painting is told by the artist in his book *Crooked Trails*. It is concerned with a Chiricahua Apache of Arizona by the name of Massai. There was somewhat of a mystery about this Apache in the days when he lived and roamed the Southwest. Massai was a wild savage who lived alone shunning white men entirely, never allowing them to even catch a glimpse of him. Remington got the story from an old Chief of Indian Scouts who stated that Massai was one of those

Apaches who had been sent to Florida after the Geronimo War. Massai escaped the train while enroute and made his way to Arizona. Here he lived his wild ways—stealing, kidnapping and murdering. Often sought he was seldom seen and never caught. The incident of the painting is a minor point in Remington's story and has to do with the arrest of an innocent Indian in an effort to track down a murderer. The innocent scout was released and helped identify Massai as the true culprit.



INDIAN WARFARE

15. INDIAN WARFARE

Oil 29½x50½

With a sudden rush the war party has hit the Army wagon train. The fury of this first attack has not had the desired effect of placing its defenders in a state of panic. The soldiers have driven off the attackers and calmly formed a line around the wagons. Because the first charge did not carry the train, the battle has entered its second stage. Now the warriors wheel in a large circle around the train, swerving in to fire when they see an advantage and then swinging back out of range of the soldiers' guns—an endless ring of shrieking, gaudy-colored men and horses as violent and unstable as a summer dust devil.

To the soldiers there was contradiction in this. Some were to say later that these Plains Indians were the best light cavalry the world has ever known. At the same time the way these Indians fought was neither logical nor practical from the white man's point of view. Individually they were superb, but they fought for different reasons than the soldiers. The Plains Indian's position and prestige in his society was determined by his status as a warrior, and his type of war was conducted by a strict set of rules and mutual understanding. War was not oriented towards con-

quest or the destruction of populations, it was an opportunity for the display of individual daring. For example, touching an armed enemy with the hand or a club was infinitely more prestigious than killing with a gun. The warrior who wanted to win fame strived to do the things that his society defined as proper—and thus frequently did not coincide with a different society's view of military logic.

In the instance of this painting a group of men working under close range of the soldier's guns are attempting to recover the body of a comrade probably killed in the first rush. They have to keep moving at top speed to make themselves poor targets, but have somehow gotten a rope around the man's body and are now trying to heave him up on a horse. From the point of view of successfully attacking the wagon train this is not good tactics. Many men are being endangered in an operation that distracts from the main movement, but to them they are doing the honorable thing. No matter how the battle turned out they would feel it was not successful if they left the man behind. The Indians lost many battles because they were so concerned with glory and honor.

16. AN INDIAN BRAVE (Back Cover)

Pen And Ink 28½x22½

This large pen and ink sketch shows a Comanche of the Fort Sill country of Indian Territory mounted on a pinto pony. It first appeared in *Harper's Monthly* for May, 1891, when it was used as an illustration

for an article by Colonel Theodore A. Dodge entitled *SOME AMERICAN RIDERS*. The writer pays high tribute to the Comanche Indian as a horseman indicating that he was a good breeder and a great rider.

This painting illustrates a story "How Order No. 6 Went Through," one of a series written by Remington about a French-Indian scout, Sundown LeFlare. In this instance Sundown is lost in a blizzard, and in a state of delirium has an experience which he describes in the following way. "My head she swim; my han' she shake; my belly she come up een my neck un go roun' lak she come untie. I almos' cry.

Well—I dun'no' jus' what den. 'Pears lak my head she go plumb off. I was wave my gun; was say I not afraid of de Sioux. Dam de Sioux!—I was fight dem, un I was yell terrible. Eet seem lak all de Sioux, all de Cheyenne, all de Assiniboine, all de bad Enjun een de worl', she come out of de sky, all run dar pony un wave dar gun. I could hear dar pony gallop ovar my head. I was fight 'em all, but dey went 'way."

18. WITH THE EYE OF THE MIND

Oil 26½x39½

Is it a sign to us—what does it mean? These are not frivolous questions that are a part of a dreaming game of finding images in the clouds of a hot summer afternoon. To these three men the proper interpretation of what they see could be a matter of great importance.

For the Plains Indian, religion was primarily a personal mystical experience. After great concentration and sacrifice a man's "medicine" was revealed to him by a supernatural being who appeared as an animal or other natural form. Throughout a man's life information about his behavior and his fate would come to him through revelations by his messenger animal or dreams. A man's success in life might literally depend on his willingness to quest for this kind of power and his ability to understand and use it properly once it was given to him. One requirement would be

a constant alertness to messages from the supernatural and a willingness to ponder their interpretation.

This attitude would naturally incline the society to a very serious consideration of what they saw as omens. Any unusual occurrence in nature could be a message that must be understood and acted upon. In this case the three men traveling together in the late afternoon have seen something in the clouds. They have not all interpreted it in the same way, and their gestures and expressions show their concern with arriving at a proper understanding.

Unlike most Remington paintings the exact details are purposely vague. The viewer is not told who these men are or what they are doing—the emphasis is on the intense drama Remington saw in the Indian's view of his own universe and the way he tried to understand and work in harmony with it.

WITH THE EYE OF THE MIND



19. THE VICTORY DANCE

Oil 25½x35¼

"Hoo-ee, ee-yi-yi!!" warriors sing and chant of bravery, while whipping horses excitedly, racing in and around the camp circle. "Aha" women shout. They tell how brave their men are. "Chee Chee," they have killed the enemy, driven him from his own buffalo ground, taken his horses. Ach, the enemy was brave but no match for these warriors. They are the Lacotah of Pa Sapa. Now the raiders stop and tell what has happened. "See-chee," the scalps they wave are red with blood. "Look," one is of a white skin. Yest, the white skins, those traitors who would pit Redmen

against Redmen. But greater than the trophy is the tale of the man who touched the enemy with his coup stick, yes, he was without weapons.

Who can say what will come of tomorrow. The tall-black-hats come often and talk much. But who understands what they say. The Great White Father is not a man of his word. Today our men are strong and fearless. They ride hard and long. Now a feast must be had and dancing and singing for all. The fattest of calves must be killed for this is the greatest of occasions. This is the Victory Dance.

20. THE DISCOVERY

Oil 26½x39½

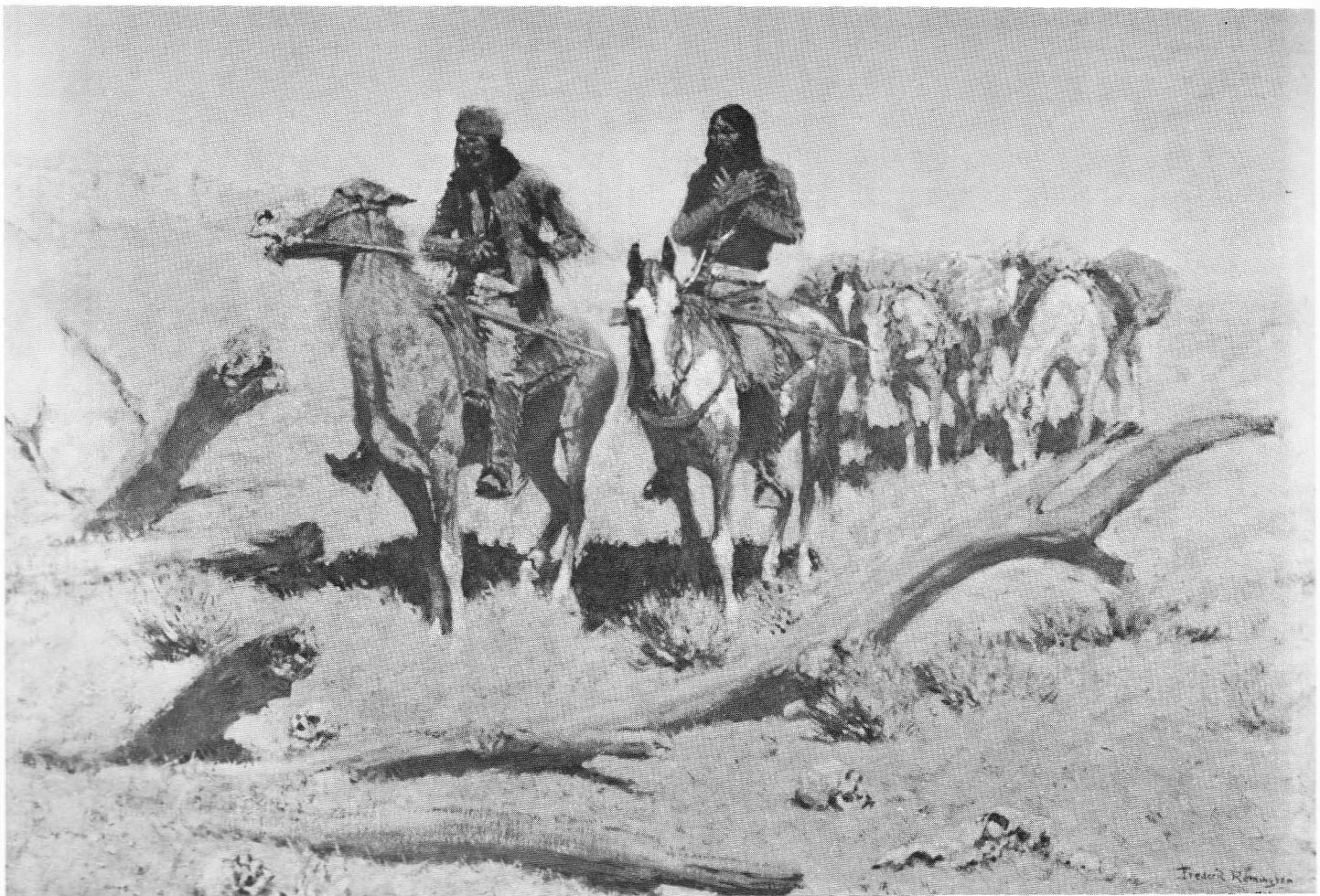
The skulls were placed along the trail of the whiskey traders—they would see them. The warriors hate the fire water men, these paleface who come for the "swap" and want everything and give so little. For a small drink of the stuff they want a robe, for many drinks - pelts. And for a keg even a horse. They leave a camp stripped of its wealth and pride, and stomachs filled with sickness. Ach! the skulls are the sign to stop whiskey men. Skulls bleached without eyes, and flesh taken by the ants who sting and eat like an army of needles.

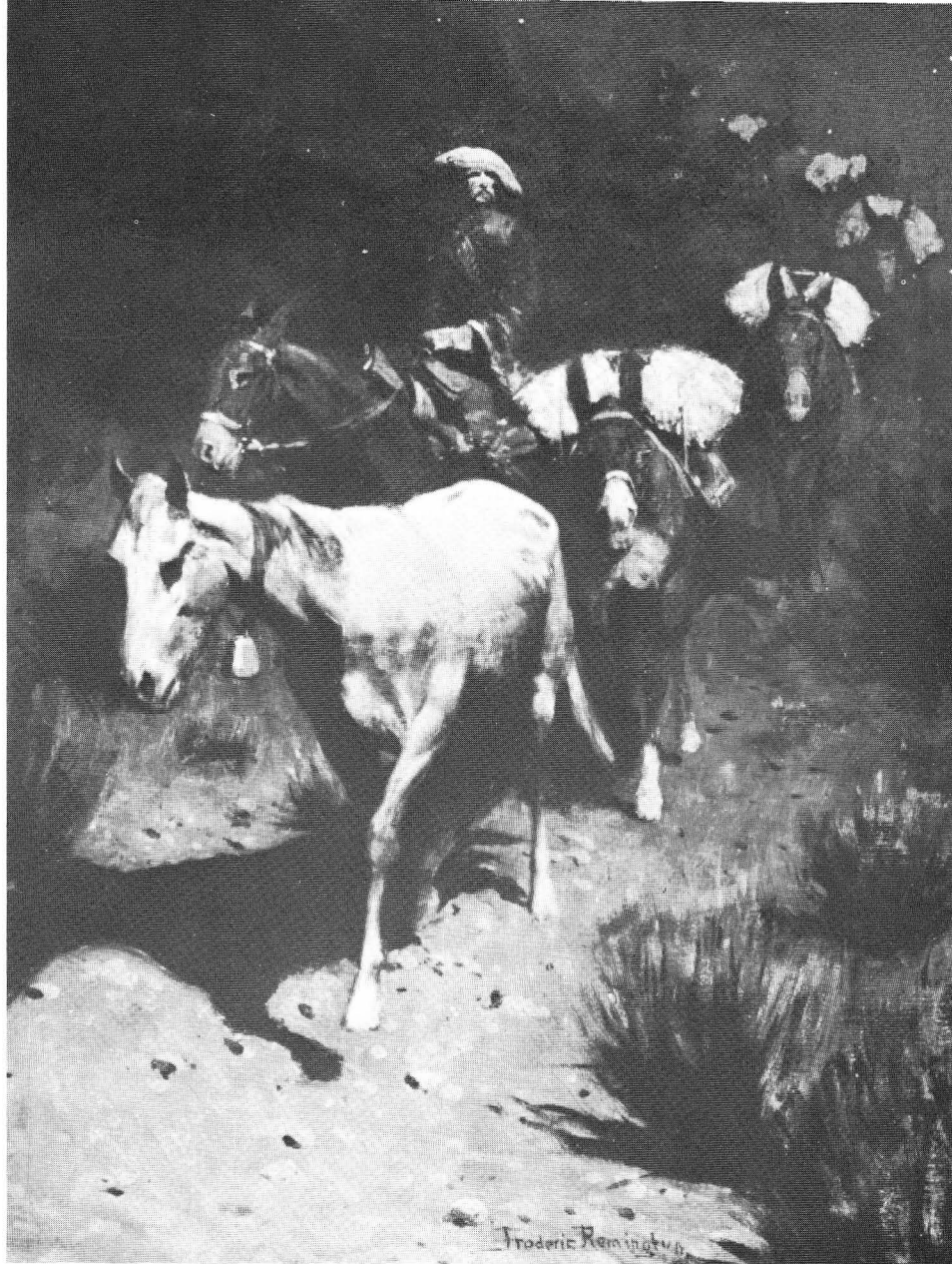
The traders reign up. They are hard men but will read and listen to the winds. "White 'uns," the head man mutters, studying the skulls. "Gawd, the Shey-

ennes is at it again! We will stay here tonite." They will not pass nor will they run. There are other camps of injuns. A detour is simple and the wise way out when a heavily laden caravan is in hostile territory. Three days north and three days west without fire and without noise is the wise way out when the sign of the skulls has been discovered.

The warriors smiled, the trade would be right. No sick whiskey. They would get guns, powder and lead! Yes, blankets, needles, mirrors, beads, kettles for robes. Women would smile too and children would laugh. White man's water was bad for everyone. When the honest palefaces come up the trail the skulls would not be there and all would be well.

THE DISCOVERY





BELL MARE

21. BELL MARE

Oil 34¼x26¼

Indian campaigning was at best slow, hard work. Expeditions lasting several months required an enormous amount of food, forage, ammunition and equipment. Wagon trains, necessary as transportation of these items, were too cumbersome and could not always travel over the rough, broken country, and too, they couldn't keep up with the troops. To overcome this problem, the use of pack mules became more and more common.

The average mule could carry a load of two hundred and fifty pounds and could march thirty miles a day on the plains and fifteen miles a day in mountainous country. Not only could the mules keep up with the troops, but they could go anywhere a horse could travel. This was especially important when the troops were called upon to track Indians through the

rugged country of the North and Southwest.

Mules are notoriously stubborn and ornery critters and unlike horses, will not follow each other. However, they will follow white horses or mares, so to save time and trouble the packers would include one of these at the head of a train. Sometimes, because of darkness or crooked trails, the mules could not always see the mare but with a bell slung around her neck she could be heard and the mules would continue to follow contentedly. Even at night when camp was made, it was not necessary to hobble the mules as they would never leave the bell mare, so only the mare was hobbled. The exception to this was an inexperienced young mule. He would not mind the bell and was said to be "the source of more profanity than he was worth."



AN EPISODE OF THE BUFFALO HUNT

22. AN EPISODE OF THE BUFFALO HUNT

Oil 29½x 26¼

The modern American might in moments of tension and frustration envy the Plains Indian and his life of wild independence. Yet how many would be willing to make his living in such a way that the most minute error in judgment or falter of a reflex could result in death or serious injury. This was the case with hunting buffalo on horse back, which was in the most literal sense the way the Plains man made his living. Riding the highly trained buffalo horse, which he prized over all his possessions, the hunter would charge from the nearest downwind cover towards the herd. As the herd broke and began to run the riders would approach in lines down either side of the frantic mass of animals. The rider picked the animal he wanted and guided his horse in. Then the horse's training and instinct took over. The mount's job,

which was to keep the hunter in proper shooting position with a minimum of guidance, required tremendous speed and agility, along with an innate ability for judging the actions of the buffalo. What happened when a mistake was made is shown very graphically in the Remington painting. The buffalo usually ran in a fairly straight line, but, particularly when wounded, was perfectly capable of swerving to charge his tormenter. Although the bulk of the animal gave it a rather clumsy appearance, these charges could come with frightening swiftness. If the horse was caught it could be knocked over or thrown in the air on the horns of the powerful buffalo. The fact that Remington did this subject in several different ways would make it seem rather certain he had witnessed an incident of this sort.

Frederic Remington painted the West as an observer. His home was in the East but he traveled much and among these travels were trips to Mexico. *Hacienda Mexicana* is a delightful pen and ink sketch of a thatch-roofed adobe located perhaps in

the Chihuahua country of northern Mexico. Chickens are seen feeding in the yard and a goat and a dog lie asleep. A woman and a child holding water jars on their heads stand before the doorway. *Hacienda Mexicana* catches the flavor of Old Mexico.

24. STAMPEDED BY LIGHTNING

Oil

26½x39½

After the Civil War the great demand for beef in the East and the great supply of cattle in southwestern Texas started great herds on the trail. Most of these were driven across Texas and Indian Territory into Kansas where the cattle were loaded on trains and shipped East. Other drives were made to Colorado and Montana and west to New Mexico. This was the great day of the cowboy.

The cattle taken up these trails were Texas Longhorns. They had their origins in the Spanish cattle that were brought into Texas during the founding of the missions about 1700. The most notable feature of these long, flat-ribbed, high shouldered bovines was the horns. The Longhorn head is still today pretty much the symbol of cattlemen and cattle country.

The Longhorn was a rugged, durable cow, high-strung and wild but nonetheless well adapted for herd travel. A leader would take his place at the head of the column and the other animals would fall in behind in a position determined by each one's vitality and physical condition. A drive to Kansas would take from less than a month to more than three.

The one fear that always haunted the drover was the possibility of a stampede. Such a danger was always present but was reduced considerably after the first two weeks since it was the unfamiliar that was most likely to panic the cattle. However it was the suddenness of a disturbance that would start the stampede rather than merely a strange sound or movement.

On the Southern Plains, then as now, storm clouds had a way of gathering quickly, especially in the springtime, to burst forth in a violent downpour accompanied by terrifying lightning and nerve-jarring thunder. Nothing would trigger a stampede quicker. When such a stampede got underway the cowboy was left to the mercy of fate. The herders would ride forward and endeavor to turn the leaders and force a circle which would be drawn tighter and tighter until the cattle would mill and be halted. During such a storm, particularly at night, a ride could be fatal should the horse meet with an accident. In this painting, *Stamped by Lightning*, Remington conveys the urgency of the moment very effectively.

STAMPEDED BY LIGHTNING



The Art of Frederic Remington

By BRUCE WEAR

Frederic Remington was an adventurer, sportsman, and gentleman. He was always at ease whether in the refined atmosphere of a private club in New York, in a camp pitched deep in the western mountains or on a saddle in the southwestern desert.

From 1886 when his first published work appeared until after the turn of the century, Remington was an artist-reporter. He painted and sketched just what he saw. His work of this period appeared in national magazines and books illustrating events he had witnessed. He utilized his technique deliberately and with calculation, motivated by the concern to reproduce his subject faithfully. Remington used both paint and brush in a simple yet direct manner to outline the subject and depict a visual impression, as for example in *The Escort*. In later years his method changed. He developed and mastered his own style of painting. He took deliberate interest in the use of the medium as an art form. Maturity brought individuality and feeling to his canvasses and his paintings became more than reproductions of nature. Each work was a new experience based on impression as well as on knowledge.

Indian Warfare is a fine example of his later work. Here the temperament of the man is transmitted to the canvas by the manner in which he handles the brush and pigment; through his brush strokes we get Remington's love and feeling for the strenuous life. The oil-aged painting surface is especially interesting. His colors are raw and dazzling. Burnt red figures move across the violent yellow earth under a stark blue sky. An emotional impact of energy is conveyed by the moving forms. The brush work of the painting erupts at times into a volcanic textured surface to reinforce the dynamic forms of the moving figures. It is this ability of the artist to permeate his work with a life force that contributes to greatness and marks him as more than an illustrator.

Frederic Remington's bronzes embody originality, energy and feeling for facts; they capture the spirit of ruggedness—men and animals “with the bark on;” they reveal the Indian, the cowboy, or the soldier in the spirit of their own times. His sculpture requires no verbal interpretation. His rhythm haunts the eye and then the mind. The eye moves from detail to detail and the mind never ceases to be amazed at the realism in miniature. People of all ages are awed by the men and horses in bronze and for a moment time stands still as the artist's work evokes the spirit of youth that lingers in everyone.

Frederic Remington painted and sculptured the life he knew and loved. His work reflected his own aspirations. He had ridden with seasoned troopers in pursuit of the Sioux on the broken plains of the north and of the Apaches on the hot glaring sands of the Southwest. He knew the cold ridges of the Sierras and the rugged mountains of Mexico. Of all this the horse was his favorite subject. On the Sahara he sketched the blue-blooded ancestor of the American horse; in Germany he sketched the horse of the Prussian cavalry; in Russia he sketched the horse of the Cossack and in Arabia the horse of the Bedouin chieftain. His



DETAIL FROM INDIAN WARFARE SHOWING
BRUSH TECHNIQUE USED BY REMINGTON.

sketches, paintings and sculptures of the horse of the West show it in nearly every situation it experienced on the frontier.

Frederic Remington's work touches us profoundly as he depicts our character as empire-builder. He presents a pageant in frozen motion, a procession of the last frontier. He himself might be considered a personification of that frontier spirit exemplified in the straight-forward manner of his greeting: “Come up here boys and smoke my cigars, drink my rum, eat my grub and you're always welcome.” Such a greeting as this sounded out nowhere but in America, just as the straightforward realism of his art could have been done in no other time. We are richer for it because the art of Frederic Remington created in permanent form the romance, glamour and reality of the Old West and did so in an artistic manner that has universal appeal.

THE MAKING OF A BRONZE

A BRIEF AND SIMPLIFIED EXPLANATION OF THE TECHNIQUE OF CASTING BRONZES

By BRUCE WEAR

The production of a statue of bronze involves many skillful operations beginning with the modeling of the original figure in clay by the artist to the casting of the finished piece in an alloy of copper and tin by foundry artisans. This forms a durable medium made of a thin figure of bronze which is hollow inside. All of the Frederic Remington bronzes were cast by either of two methods. One was the French sand method. The second method was adopted later and permitted the casting of more intricate and delicate pieces. This method was known as *cire-perdue* or the lost wax process.

Sand Method

The French sand method is not termed so by chance; it gains its name from the fact that a sand deposit found in France has just the qualities required for a superior sand casting. This sand has a fine texture and a high clay content which enables it to retain moisture thus permitting the sand to bond together and hold a pattern. The Henry-Bonnard Foundry of New York City, which cast the first Remington bronze in 1895, used this French sand for its work.

When the sculptured figure is completed in modeling clay the artist makes a plaster cast of it which he delivers to the foundry. Here the plaster cast is dissected; that is, it is cut into a number of separate parts or sections. The sculptor and foundry artisans consult with each other on the complications and limitations of the particular figure to decide just how and where to dissect the plaster cast.

The next step is to fill a metal frame called the flask with sand. This flask is in two parts which are hinged together and resemble two small sand-boxes face to face. The sections of the plaster cast are then placed in the leveled sand which is packed and tamped very tightly to hold them in place to provide a good mold. It is then closed. When the flask is opened the plaster sections are carefully removed from the sand and a perfect impression is left in their place.

The open flask is placed in a kiln and baked at a temperature of 350° to harden the mold. After this sand mold has been baked and cooled, a core of silicate sand and oil is built into it suspended by pins thus leaving a small space between the core and the impression in the mold. The flask is closed again and taken to the furnace room where the molten bronze is poured into a small opening provided for it. The flask is then set aside for cooling and hardening.

When sufficient time has elapsed the flask is opened and the once hollow pattern in the sand mold is now revealed in bright shining bronze. The many sections of bronze are removed and the core dug out. There remains a great deal of precision work for the

foundry artisan to do as he must file and hand-fit perfectly the many sections before they can be assembled by means of bronze pins. These pins hold the sections together until the final sweating and brazing is done.

Minor finishing work is still required. The bronze pins need burnishing, perhaps some changing of details is required or color added by chemicals. And now for the first time the completed figure stands forth in one piece of time enduring bronze.

Lost Wax

The *cire-perdue* or lost wax method of casting permits the casting of more intricate bronze work and offers the artist the opportunity to work with the model just before the final casting so that he may give each cast a touch of individuality. The first lost wax casting of a Remington bronze was done by the Roman Bronze Works of New York in 1901.

The original figure is done in clay and a plaster cast made of it. From this a negative gelatin mold is made and cut into sections. This negative mold shows all the details in reverse. A new plaster cast is then made from each gelatin mold section.

The inside of each of the new mold sections is oiled and hot wax is applied with a brush to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch. After the sections have cooled the wax impressions created are removed and the several pieces are joined by the application of heat. Thus a hollow wax replica of the original has come into being upon which the artist can once again work.

He now has the freedom to alter the pliable wax model and make fine distinctions upon it. He can change the swing of a horse's tail or alter the position of a leg. Each wax model can thus be modified to give each casting of the subject its own individuality and uniqueness.

A core of silicate material is built into the hollow interior of the wax model and coatings of the same material are applied to the outside surfaces of it until a thick mold is built up. This is baked in a slow fire and the wax melts and is lost through vents made for that purpose. This leaves a hollow space in the mold that will receive the molten metal to thus duplicate in bronze the wax model "lost" by melting.

The mold is removed from the kiln and packed in a foundry pit. Molten bronze is now poured through vents into the space formerly occupied by the wax and it is allowed to cool very gradually. When this has been done the outside mold is taken away, the bronze cleaned and the core picked and scraped out. The bronze is now toned to the color desired, any appurtenances that may be required are added, such as a lariat to a saddle, and the final figure stands completed in permanent form.



THE BRONCO BUSTER



THE WICKED PONY



THE WOUNDED BUNKIE



TROOPER OF THE PLAINS, 1868.



THE SAVAGE



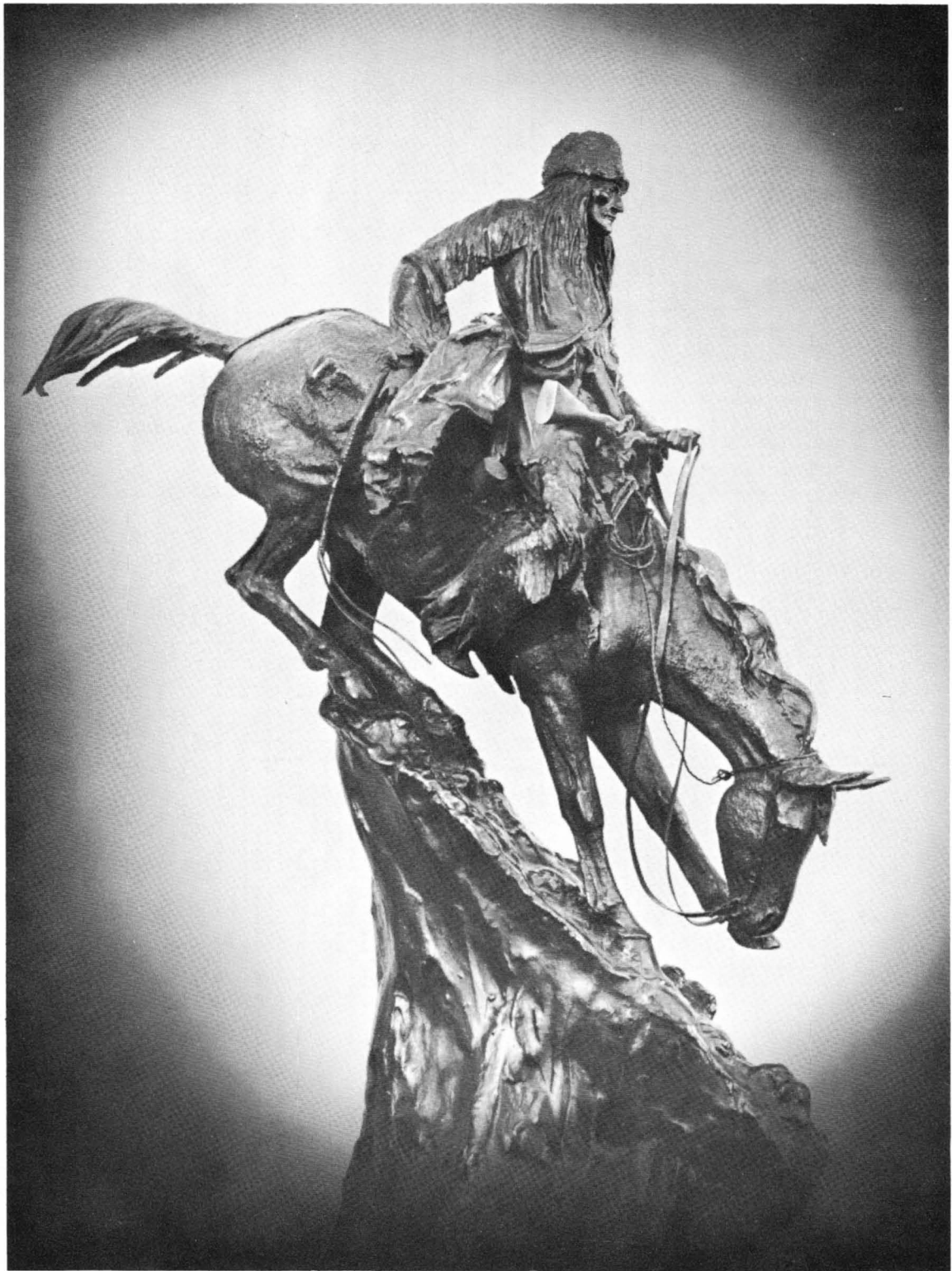
THE SERGEANT



THE NORTHER



THE BUFFALO HORSE



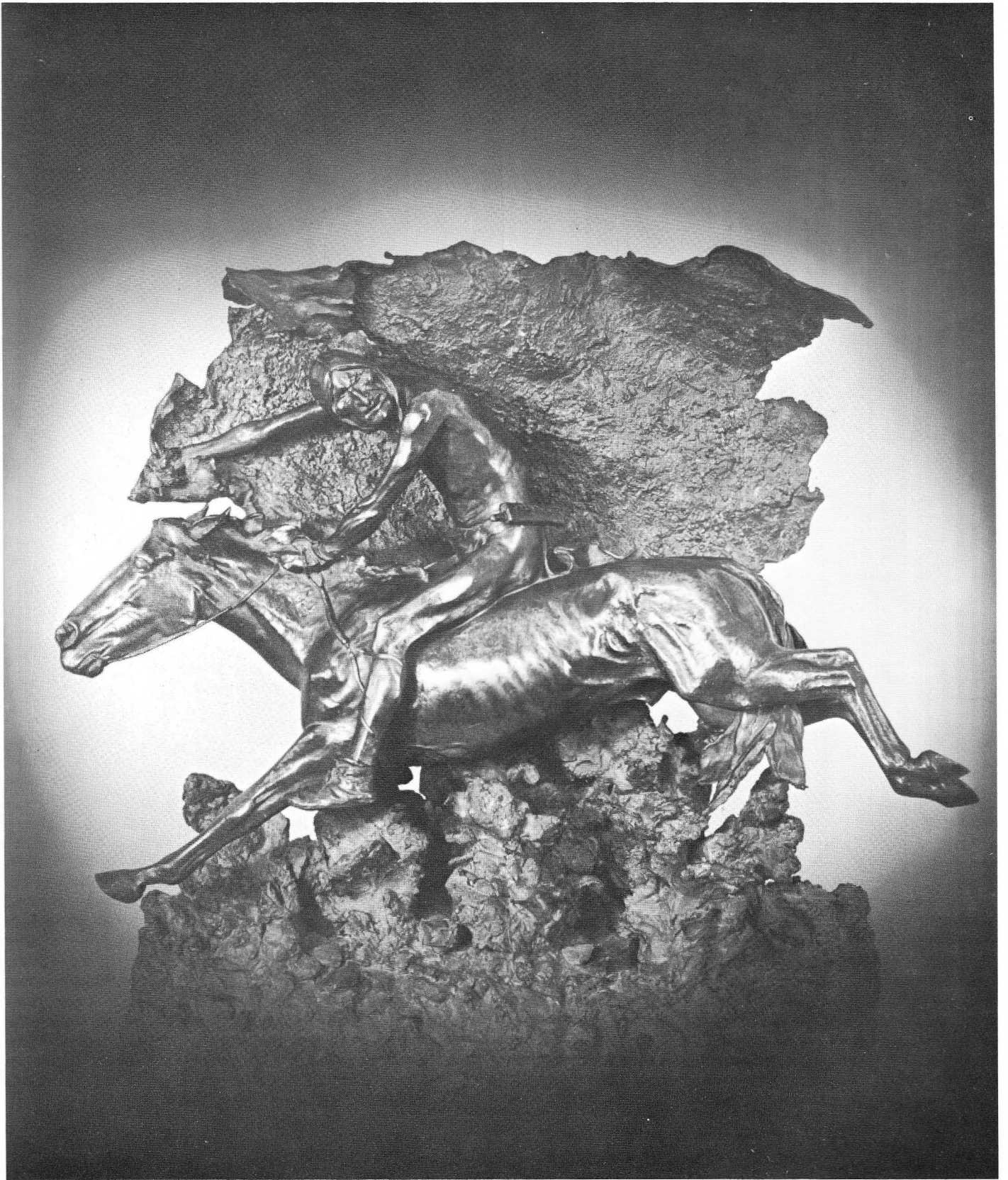
THE MOUNTAIN MAN



THE CHEYENNE



THE SCALP



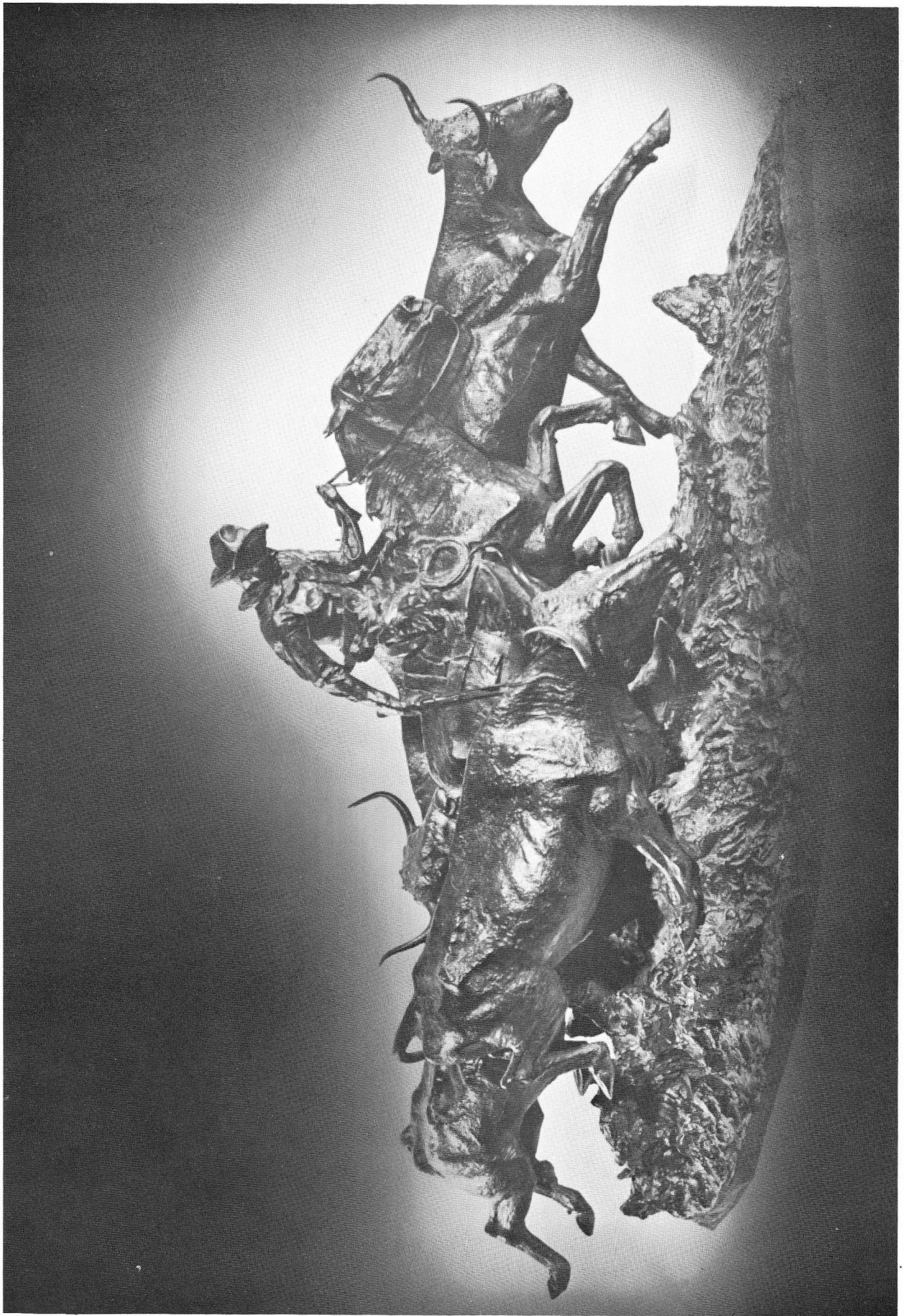
THE HORSE THIEF



THE RATTLESNAKE



THE OUTLAW



THE STAMPEDE

DATA ON THE BRONZES

THE BRONCO BUSTER

HEIGHT: 22¼"

CAST NO. 67

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1901

This was first cast by Henry-Bonnard by the sand cast method in 1895 and was Remington's first work in sculpture. Upon their return from Cuba the Rough Riders presented a cast of this bronze to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as a farewell gift. Lost wax castings were made later. In 1909 ten large versions, 32 inches in height, were cast by the Roman Bronze Works. These differ in that the outstretched hand has fingers spread instead of grasping the quirt. One or two casts of this figure were made in silver.

THE WICKED PONY (THE FALLEN RIDER)

HEIGHT: 22¼"

CAST NO. 1

HENRY-BONNARD FOUNDRY SAND CAST 1898

Inspiration for this figure was derived from an incident witnessed by the artist in which the rider was killed.

THE WOUNDED BUNKIE

HEIGHT: 20¼"

CAST NO. NOT GIVEN

HENRY-BONNARD FOUNDRY SAND CAST 1896

TROOPER OF THE PLAINS, 1868

HEIGHT: 26½"

CAST NO. 9

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1909

THE SAVAGE (THE INDIAN BRAVE)

HEIGHT: 11"

CAST NO. 11

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1908

THE SERGEANT

HEIGHT: 10¼"

CAST NO. 49

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1904

THE NORTHER

HEIGHT: 22"

CAST NO. NOT GIVEN

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1901

This is the only known cast. In a letter to Riccardi Bertelli, founder of the Roman Bronze Works, Remington states that he had the plaster model destroyed after the third casting. Although copyright application was made in 1900, the piece was not cast until 1901.

THE BUFFALO HORSE (BUFFALO HUNTER)

HEIGHT: 35"

CAST NO. NOT GIVEN

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1907

The only casting.

THE MOUNTAIN MAN (MOUNTAIN TRAPPER)

HEIGHT: 28½"

CAST NO. 24

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1903

THE CHEYENNE

HEIGHT: 23½"

CAST NO. 32

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1901

THE SCALP (THE TRIUMPH)

HEIGHT: 25"

CAST NO. 4

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1901

This piece was first cast in 1898 by the sand method in the Henry-Bonnard Foundry. The Institute owns cast No. 7 of this method and a comparison of it with the lost wax Roman cast indicates the different results obtained by the two processes.

THE HORSE THIEF

HEIGHT: 25¼"

CAST NO. NOT GIVEN

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1907

THE RATTLESNAKE (SNAKE IN THE PATH)

HEIGHT: 23¼"

CAST NO. 28

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1905

THE OUTLAW

HEIGHT: 23½"

CAST NO. 31

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1906

THE STAMPEDE

(CAUGHT IN THE STAMPEDE)

HEIGHT: 21¼"

CAST NO. 2

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1910

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

(OFF THE RANGE)

HEIGHT: 27¼"

CAST NO. 1

ROMAN BRONZE WORKS LOST WAX 1902

This piece appearing on the cover of this catalog is distinguished by being the first casting of one of Remington's most popular works.



Frederic Remington.
copyright 1890