

THE GILCREASE

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART



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LIBRARY

THE GILCREASE

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART

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Front Cover – *The Elder*, by Joe Beeler. bronze, 29" high, edition of 25 castings, 1979.

Back cover – *Down the Snake*, by Joe Beeler. bronze, 32" long, edition of 22 castings, 1974.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



Beeler

Joe Beeler has had a love affair with the Western frontier and the lifestyles of cowboys and Indians for all of his life.

During the upcoming months of May and June, 1980, a retrospective exhibition of Western artist Joe Beeler's work, featuring over 30 paintings and 50 bronzes, will be held at Gilcrease Museum where Beeler will be the featured artist of the Second Annual Gilcrease Rendezvous event. Don't miss it. It's a rare opportunity to take a peek inside the soul of a rare talent.

In this issue of the magazine, we offer a preview of Beeler's work in both words and photography. Gilcrease Director Fred Myers writes of the pioneering efforts of the artist in creating and promoting contemporary Western art on a national scale. He offers an astute insight into the many facets of talent which make up Beeler's painting and sculpture.

It's always a pleasure to write about an old friend, especially when you are reporting on his success. I was very pleased to recall the struggles of a young artist named Joe Beeler from Quapaw,



Hunting

Oklahoma, and his path to success. It was fun to do. I remember one night Joe popped in while my mother was visiting in our home. When he left my mother asked me:

"Who was that cowboy?"

"He's not a cowboy, mom, he's an artist."

"Well, then, why did he have on a cowboy hat and cowboy boots?"

"He just likes to dress that way."

"Seems to me he would be more successful if he dressed like an artist."

When I first met Joe Beeler I too had my doubts about his future. Mother and I were both very wrong. And, Joe still dresses like a cowboy.



Thomas Gilcrease, oilman, art collector, nature lover, rugged individualist, writer. Thomas Gilcrease, writer?

The library at Gilcrease Museum is a constant source of surprise to us. One of our recent discoveries was a packet of snapshots and a slightly faded manuscript by Thomas Gilcrease. It's the story of a big game hunting trip to Alaska which started in August and ended in October of 1924.

Mr. Gilcrease's story is a day-by-day account of the trip. It is very interesting reading in more ways than one. Besides giving a good description of the Alaskan



Belle Harlow Gilcrease

wilderness, the people, his hunting companions, the hardships and excitement encountered during the two-month period of over 50 years ago, it reveals other parts of the character of Thomas Gilcrease. One quickly discovers that here was a person acutely aware of the beauty of nature, the basic goodness and weakness of man, the lure of the hunt, and the challenge of survival for both man and animal in the wilderness.

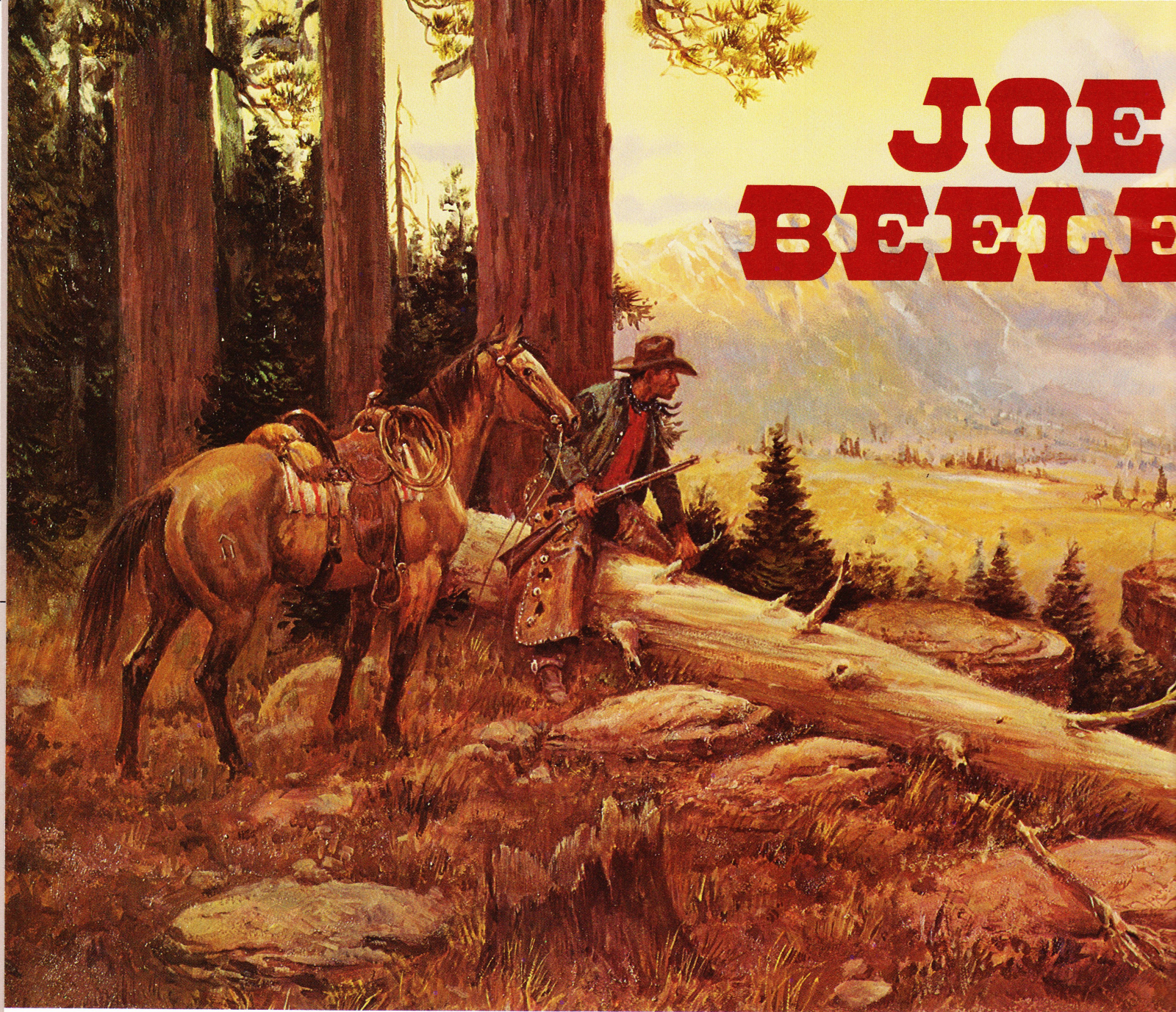


Mildred D. Ladner writes with a warm, sensitive touch about a spring evening shared with Belle Harlow Gilcrease.

It is a lovely story of Mrs. Gilcrease's memories about her life with Thomas Gilcrease. Driving her first car into Tulsa, purchasing art in 1915 at a San Francisco exhibition, visiting New York art galleries, their first house, child rearing, fishing and hunting trips.

It's a nice story. You'll enjoy it.

William J. Butler
Senior Editor

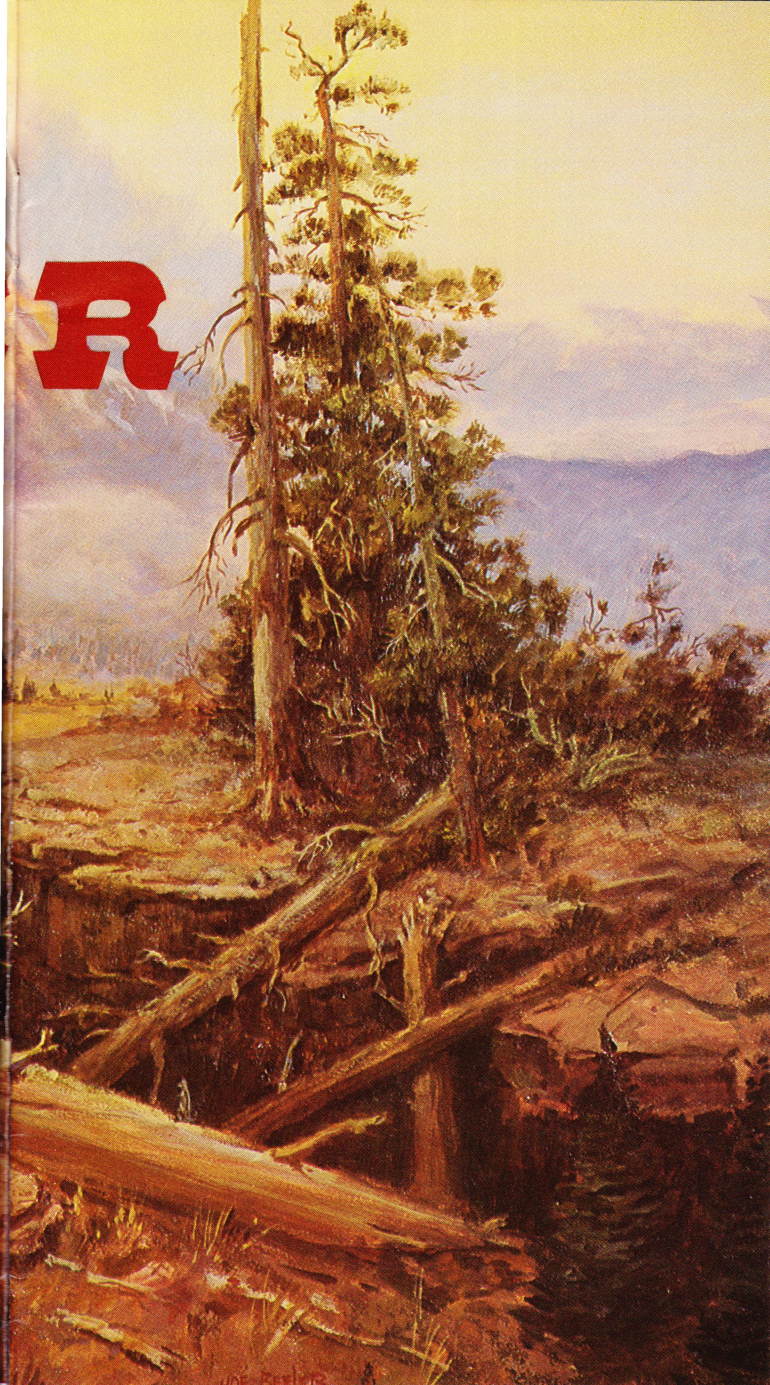


JOE BEELLE

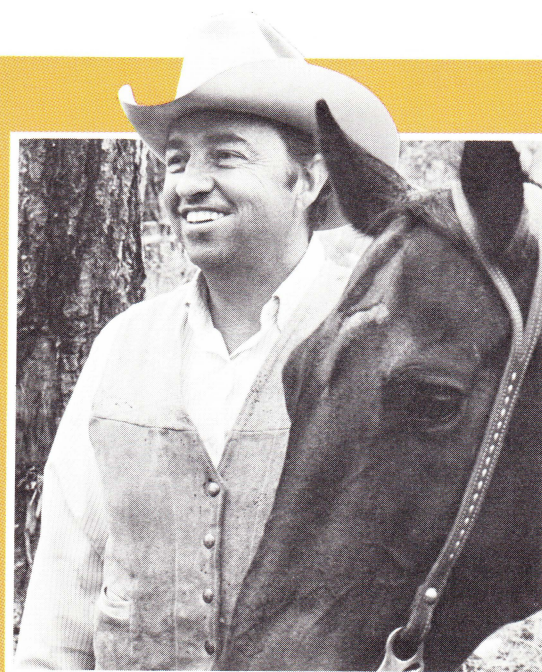
Pioneer Of Contemporary Western Art Now
One Of Its Most Popular Citizens

By Fred A. Myers

R



The Elk Hunter, oil, 30" by 48"



Joe Beeler was a pioneer in the territory of contemporary Western art. He was there at the beginning of the tremendous development of that territory that got under way in the early 1960s. Furthermore, as is often the case with pioneers, when they are good public-spirited persons, Joe Beeler has become a leading citizen in the territory in which he pioneered. His talents, his industriousness, his honesty have — in the great American tradition — established for Joe Beeler a secure and widely acknowledged position at the top of the world of contemporary Western art.

The key event in Beeler's pioneering activity was the founding, in 1965, of the Cowboy Artists of America. From that association of like-minded people flows a stream of fine art works — making exhibitions which

are eagerly anticipated and commercially successful.

Not to be overlooked, however, are other important milestones that Beeler established. His book *Cowboys and Indians* published by University of Oklahoma Press in 1967 was the first book to devote text and photographs to an in-depth exposition of work by an artist of the West who was living and breathing in the second half of the 20th century.

Other significant firsts were the one-man, full-scale exhibitions of Beeler works at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, the Montana Historical Society, and here at Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art. These exhibitions, which occurred in 1965, 1961, and 1959, were more or less radical departures for these museums which had previously displayed only older Western art.

Beeler...



Such exhibitions strain the natural conservatism of museums, and they are therefore not sponsored without considerable soul searching and tea leaf consulting. Despite the "good museum seal of approval" furnished by them, however, it was the founding of the Cowboy Artists of America that was the watershed in the art career of Joe Beeler and many another artist of the West.

The circumstances surrounding the founding of that organization have been recounted by Beeler and others: Joe and some of his Arizona acquaintances, among them Charlie Dye and John Hampton, went on a trail ride and camp out in Mexico in 1965. They had such a good time on this break from their art activities that they wanted to do it again. Back in Sedona, Arizona, at the Oak Creek Tavern, they shared their experiences with illustrator Fred Harmon and artist George Phippen. Before long they had decided to do something about their mutual concerns: They would form an organization that had regular trail rides, for fun and for fellowship, and would hold exhibitions of their art work

and the work of others who had similar points of view. What was born was a mutual benefit society — an informal organization of people who had similar work and similar hobbies.

By now the success of this informal organization is well documented. Fourteen shows, much magazine ink, and many, many sales later the Cowboy Artists of America is a powerful organization. An interesting historical parallel is often overlooked, however, in that similar associations are typical of the way lots of pioneering artists have found their way in the world.

Up until the close of the 19th century there were other mutual aid arrangements. The artists and craftsmen of the Middle Ages had their guild system; Renaissance artists had a fragmented version of "guilds" in the various studios of recognized masters; later artists in Europe had a system of training and patronage that had more or less official help from government.

With the dawning of the modern world, however, such official support systems were scuttled, and artists



Up The Trail, bronze, 17" by 25"

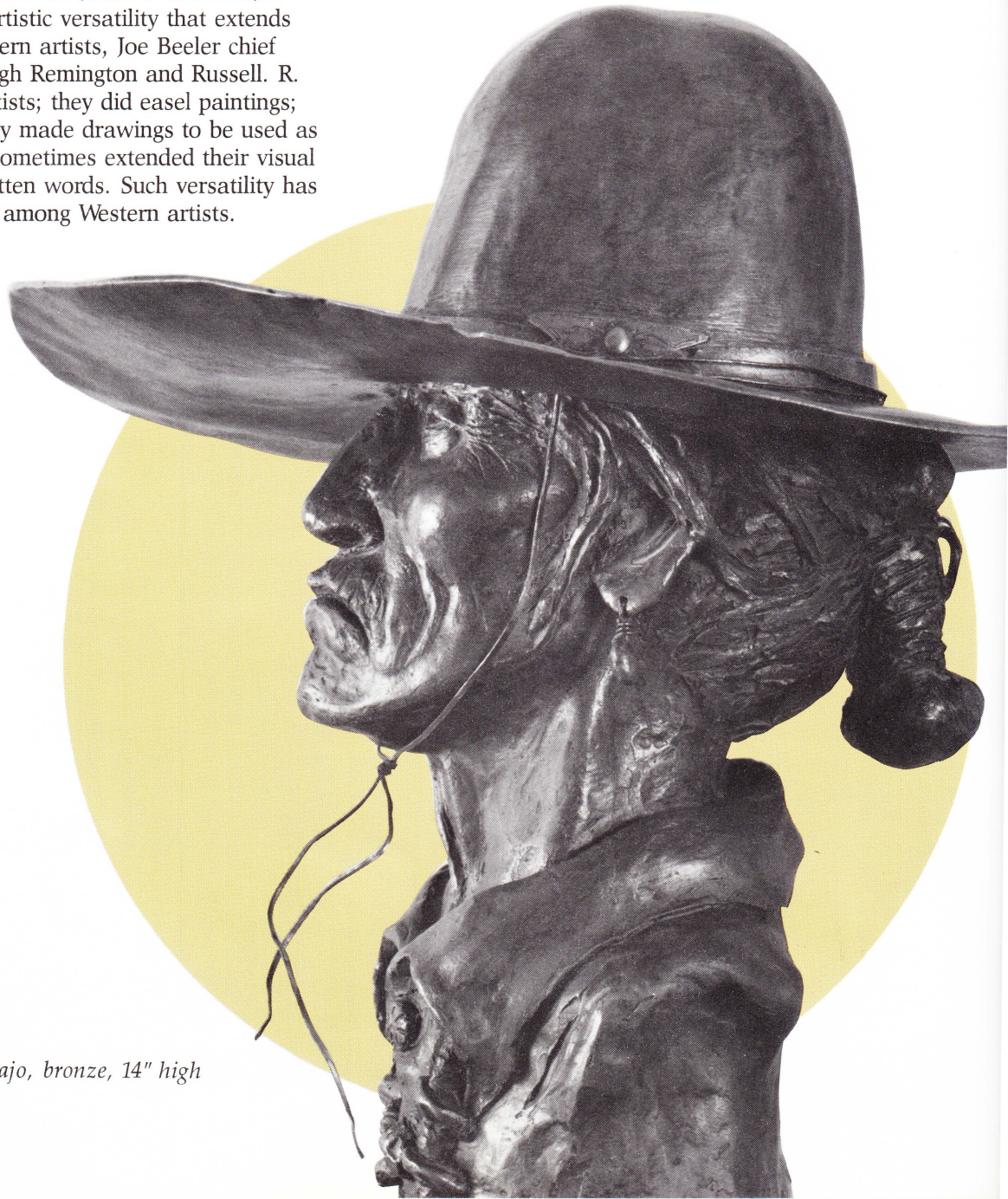
Beeler...

who had similar interests formed their own mutual aid societies. It was like that in Europe with the French Impressionists, the German Expressionists, and numerous others. It was like that in this country with the Hudson River School, the Ash Can School, the Taos group, and many others. The pattern is the same — you get together; you state your credo, usually in writing; you organize exhibitions; you educate collectors to the point where they might even buy what you produce. It is a time honored process, even down to the habitual rallying place being a suitably scuzzy bar. This last rather negligible but historically accurate fact should not take away from the basic serious point which is that the Cowboy Artists of America and, indeed, the whole flourishing of the contemporary Western art scene is part and parcel of a recognized historical process.

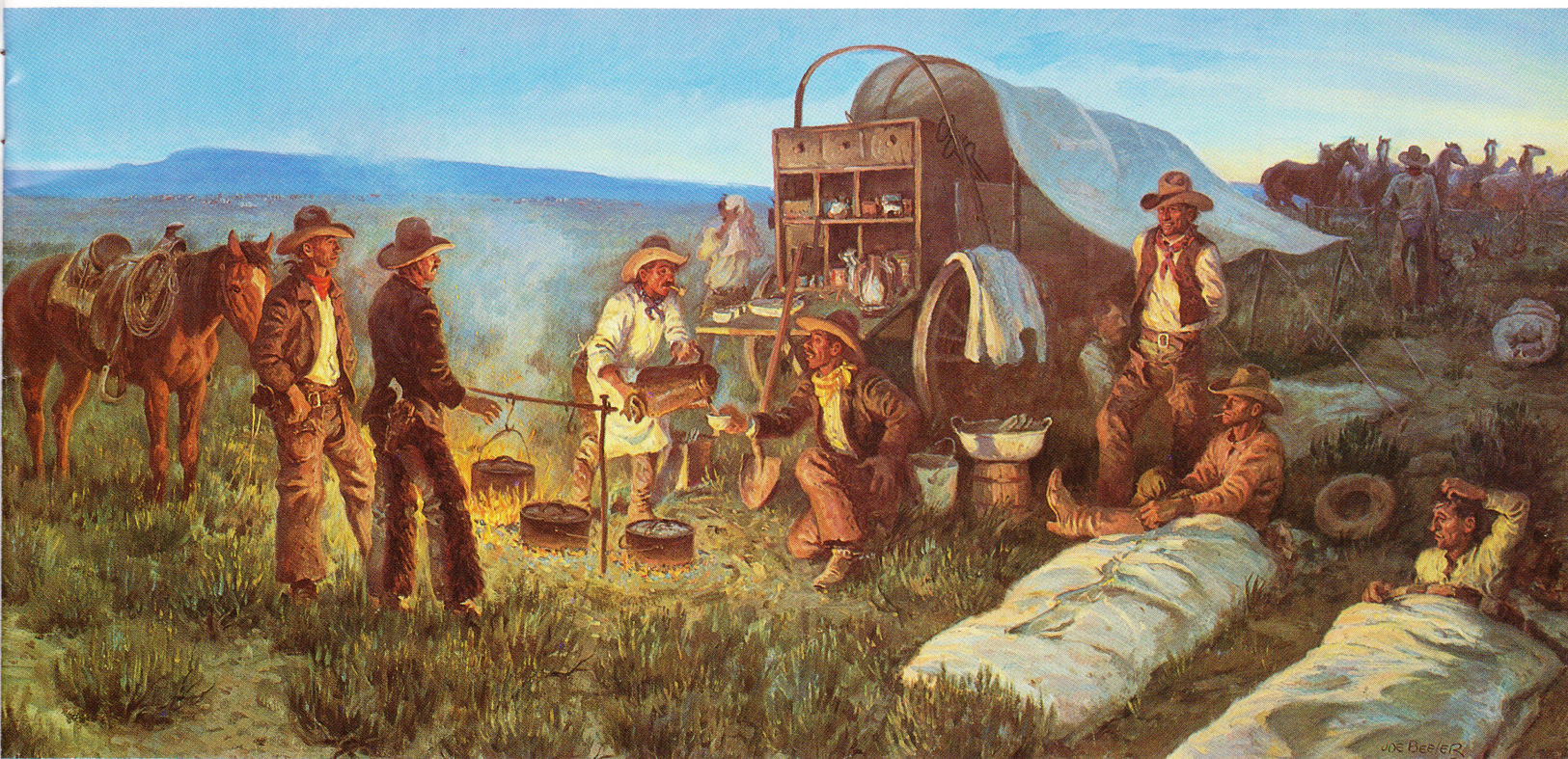
Another historical connection (often overlooked) is the very real strand of artistic versatility that extends from contemporary Western artists, Joe Beeler chief among them, back through Remington and Russell. R. & R. were all-around artists; they did easel paintings; they made sculpture; they made drawings to be used as book illustrations; they sometimes extended their visual images by their own written words. Such versatility has continued to be an ideal among Western artists.

When you look at the career of Joe Beeler in this light his accomplishments in varied fields of art endeavor are dazzling. Most important is the fact that Joe is a painter and a sculptor. He is not a painter who sometimes tries sculpture, nor is he a sculptor who uses two-dimensional art primarily to work out an idea for a final three-dimensional realization. While he began as a painter, the push towards sculpture that he received from George Phippen has greatly enlarged his range of expression.

And like Remington and Russell, Joe has devoted his serious attention to book illustration. Among the first bucks he made from art activities were the illustrating jobs he did for the University of Oklahoma Press and for book publisher, Grosset and Dunlap. Similar activities have continued to receive Joe's best attention, as is demonstrated in the *Joe Beeler Sketchbook* that was published in 1974.



The Navajo, bronze, 14" high



Morning in a Roundup Camp, oil, 24" × 48"

Part of the reason for Joe's continuing involvement in quality illustrating is his love of drawing. He has what is almost a physical need to record the world by sketching. For Joe, drawing is very close to thinking and remembering. It is a way of ordering his perceptions of

the world. His is the case of the little kid who drew pictures in school for his own amusement, who later gained enough confidence to show his drawings to his friends, who acquired enough skill by his time in the armed services to avoid some of the more burdensome duties by sketching for armed forces newspapers, who was eventually fortunate enough to make his long romance with drawing the basis of his adult work.

Before leaving the parallels to Remington and Russell, mention must be made of the shared use of humor in what, in an unfortunate expression, has always been called "serious art." Beeler is aware of the funny or incongruous aspects of the world he observes. This good humored point of view runs through Joe's conversation and is the basis of his well-known story telling ability. Like Russell, Joe is not afraid to let his humorist's eye for life show up in his easel painting.

Although the roots of humor, like so many good things in this world, are mysterious, it seems clear that Beeler's humor is based on his broad understanding. It arises from sharing the successes and joys of his world as well as the frustrations and failures that just naturally will happen. Beeler's humor is part and parcel of

a crucial truth about Joe and the world he depicts, which is that he is part of that world, has deep and broad understanding of the activities of that world, and has great empathy with the people of that world.

People have always remarked on Joe's knowledge of the cowboy. It is manifest in the way he has chosen to spend his life. Joe moved from Northeastern Oklahoma to the red rock country of Arizona partly to be near lots of cowboying. His horses are stabled right next to his painting studio. He continues to indulge his love of roping cattle despite the possible threat to his artist's fingers. Joe's art works display his intimate knowledge of horses, cattle, and their handling; it is the basis of their look of absolute authenticity.

Few people have always been aware of Joe's involvement in America's Indian heritage. Joe's blood includes a pint or two of the Cherokee variety. His family taught him to be proud of this heritage and allowed him as a young man to do what young men do at pow wows — including dancing. When Joe moved to Arizona he maintained his interest in Indian ways by learning from what were new tribes to him, the Navajo and the Apache. Again, Beeler's familiarity shows in his art. For example, in Joe's works, if an Indian is depicted, it is usually possible for the knowledgeable person to distinguish tribal affiliation. It is not coincidental that Joe's first book was called *Cowboys and Indians*.

What needs to be said additionally and finally is that Joe's art works are shot through with an emotional un-

Beeler...



*The Brush Popper, polychrome bronze,
20" by 12-1/2"*



Deneh (The People), bronze, 27" high



Memories of Yesterday, bronze.

derstanding of his worlds. He has said that he prefers in art work the ring of emotional truth over photographic accuracy. This is perhaps surprising coming from an artist whose works are technically so sound and based on such skillful drawing. But an emotional identification with subject matter is a necessity if the work of art is to distill a true aspect of the human condition.

Joe Beeler has such emotional identification. It is what makes his humor not bitter but life-affirming. He understands and empathizes with his cowboys and In-

dians, both those of bygone time and those of today. And he has forged, through patient practice, the necessary artistic skills to convey his understanding to a wide audience. As unquantifiable as such translation of basic human emotion is, it is nonetheless something people sense in Beeler's art. Expressed through the medium of paint, or bronze, it is Joe's understanding of the joys and difficulties of life that makes his art come alive for a huge audience.

Beeler is in that respect like the Hallelujah Chorus, he is both good and popular at the same time. 🎭



Dog Soldiers, oil, 30" by 48"



IT WAS TOUGH, BUT FUN

Personal Experience Helps Mold Truth, Realism In Beeler Work

By William J. Butler

There's always one in every group. Just recall for a few seconds your grade school class, or your high school group, or your college days. Remember the guy who was always drawing pictures of some kind? They all had a specialty, like streamlined cars with supercharger pipes coming out of the hoods, or sleek, low-winged racing airplanes, or a cartoon character.

But, the one I remember best was a freckled, red-headed, kind of country-looking guy who drew a little Indian brave character all over his history class papers at the University of Tulsa.

His name was Joe Beeler.

I was introduced to Joe, and his cartoon drawing, by my future wife who was in that history class with him at the university. They both flunked the course, and, if anybody had told me then that Joe Beeler would become a famous artist, I would have told them they were crazy.

That was nearly 30 years ago. Today Joe Beeler is recognized as one of the most important painters and sculptors in the field of Western art. But his path to the top was not easy. It took a lot of work, skill, determina-

tion, luck, patience, common sense, and just plain old American courage for him to hone his unique talents to fit the tempo of an ever-changing art world.

Joe's cartoon skill brought him, I believe, his first commissioned art job. I left the University of Tulsa with the girl from the history class and took my first job in Oklahoma City as public information officer with the Department of Safety. We needed to illustrate a scrapbook entry in a national safety contest. I thought of Joe and his cartoon Indian character, contacted him and commissioned him to illustrate our scrapbook for us for \$200, which in those days was a small fortune. A short time later, he left college for U.S. Army service in Korea.

After two years army service, Joe Beeler returned to the States, married Sharon McPherson and reentered school at Kansas State Teachers College where he graduated with a fine arts degree. Then the Beelers headed west where Joe enrolled in the Art Center School in Los Angeles. While in California he worked painting signs and decorating wagons, stagecoaches and other props used in motion pictures. While in California, he met Joe de Yong, protege of famed painter Charles M. Russell, who encouraged him to stay in the Western art field.

During the mid 1950s, Western art was not a highly popular subject. Beeler decided he would take a chance and stick with Western art, so he headed back to Oklahoma.

A native of Joplin, Missouri, Beeler had been reared in nearby Ottawa County, Oklahoma, near the small town of Quapaw. In 1958 Joe and Sharon and their first child Tracy moved into a small cabin on Five Mile Creek not far from Quapaw. It was tough going for the struggling young artist who often provided food for his family's table by shooting game and catching fish in a nearby creek. But he hung tough and devoted hours each day to his painting, improving his technique and developing his subject, the cowboys and Indians he had known since childhood. He took part in area rodeos, danced with Indian friends in pow wows, and helped ranchers herd and brand cattle.

In order to obtain transportation, Joe traded a 24 by 48 inch painting for a broken down pick-up truck and began to contact various persons in surrounding cities to sell his paintings. It wasn't long before the Beelers were able to move into a farmhouse where Joe set up his studio in a small enclosed back porch. Then some things began to fall into place. A local rancher commissioned him to do some portraits of his prize livestock. He received some assignments to illustrate books from the University of Oklahoma Press, and also a series of book illustrations for Grosset and Dunlap.

And, his paintings began to sell. He received extensive publicity as the result of a feature article in a Tulsa newspaper, and his friend from the college history class gave him a show in her Tulsa gallery which resulted in a good volume of sales. In fact, during one month she

*Detail from Thanks for the Rain,
bronze, 11" high*





Spring Along the Verde, oil, 30" by 48"

sold more of Beeler's paintings to Tulsa and area collectors than had ever been sold.

Joe Beeler was beginning to make a name for himself as a painter. Everybody seemed to like his work and enjoyed spending time with the personable young man who dressed like a cowboy, was as common as an old boot, and was always ready to talk a while, on almost any subject, as long as it concerned cowboys and Indians, or art.

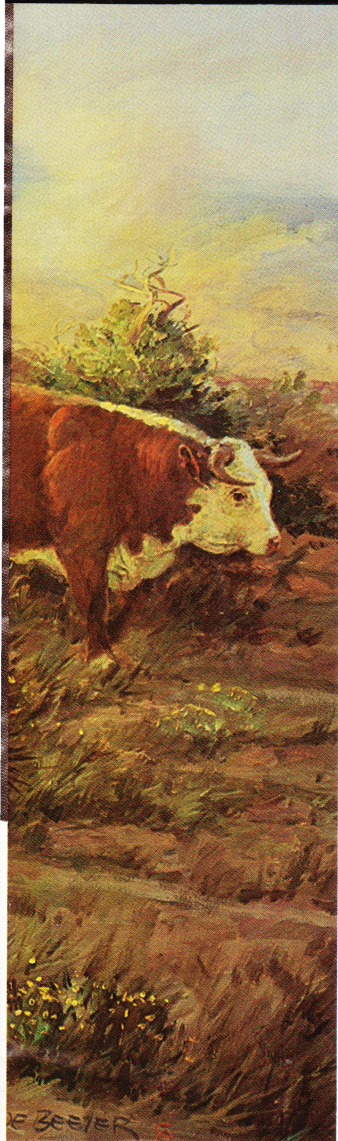
He continued to work hard and turned out paintings like he was headed for the last roundup. He became a familiar visitor at our house, in fact, he was there so often that the kids and dogs didn't even pay any attention to him. Joe would hit town with a new painting or two, stop by to show them to us and to ask us what we thought about them. Sometimes the painting would still be wet and the canvas would be on a stretcher, unframed. We would make a few calls, set up appointments, and usually within a few days the paintings

would be sold by either my wife or Joe.

Then he hit pay dirt. One evening in 1959 Joe roared up in his old station wagon into our driveway, and fighting his way through kids and dogs into the house, proudly announced that Jim Forrest, director of Gilcrease Museum, had invited him to hold a one-man show at the museum. Neither one of us had the money to buy even a beer, much less a drink, so we celebrated in the kitchen with a cup of coffee.

The Gilcrease show produced only a few sales, but it was a high honor for the artist to exhibit there, and as a result people began to take him seriously as an artist. This initial success was followed in two years with a one-man exhibition at the Montana Historical Society, and then in 1965 he was asked to exhibit his paintings and sculptures at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, the first artist to have been granted this honor. He was also the first artist to have a one-man show at the C. M. Russell Gallery in Great Falls, Montana.

Beeler...



Prelude to Warfare, oil, 22" by 36"

Following his Gilcrease show in 1959, Beeler traveled throughout the West visiting galleries, museums, art collectors and artists. He sold many paintings and made several new friends both in and out of the art world. Both he and his wife particularly liked the Arizona country and in 1961 they decided to pull up stakes in Oklahoma and move to Sedona, Arizona, where they live today.

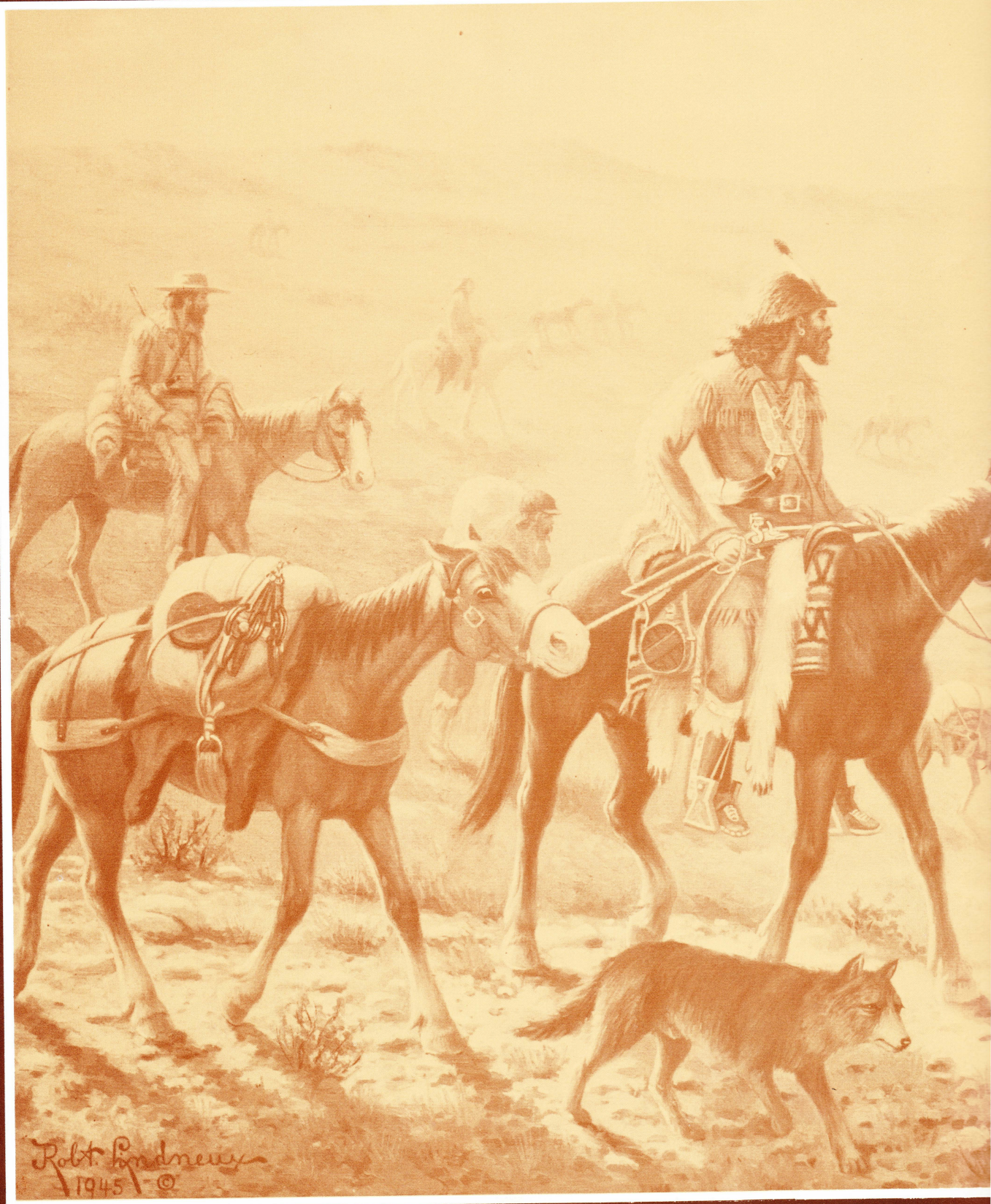
How does one describe Joe Beeler's art work? I like to think of it as truthful realism. His work has the ring of authenticity to it. Just take a look at one of his paintings or a piece of his sculpture and you instantly feel that the artist has been there, that he knows his subject matter thoroughly. Be it historic or contemporary, the subject matter portrayed is honest, truthful, and real. But to me the unique element in Beeler's work is his ability to instill into his paintings and sculptures a certain feeling or personality, or individual character. His work is something you not only see and touch, but you

also feel and identify with as well. In the field of Western art, his work is a grand statement of our American heritage.

Today Joe Beeler is at the peak of his career. He has paid his dues. He has reached the summit as a professional painter and sculptor, as an artistic reporter of the Western scene, and also as a pretty darn good hand at riding, roping, working the range with the best cowboys, and telling windy tales. He is now considered an artistic and commercial success.

A lot of things have happened since the hungry days on Five Mile Creek near Quapaw. The struggle for success often changes people. Being successful hasn't changed Joe Beeler very much. The hungry days are long gone. He's older, fatter, and wiser.

But, best of all, Joe Beeler is still good folks. 🍷



Trappers Rendezvous by Robert Lindneux

Gilcrease's 2nd Annual Rendezvous Set May 2-4



The second annual Gilcrease Rendezvous has been scheduled for May 2, 3, and 4, 1980 with a variety of events planned for both Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association members and the general public.

Gilcrease's Rendezvous is patterned after the old Western frontier trappers' rendezvous originated by French-Canadian and other fur trappers in the Rocky Mountain region in the mid 1800s. At the annual rendezvous in the far country, the trappers and mountain men met with the traders and the friendly Indians to socialize and barter during the early summer after spending the past year in the mountains and primitive areas of the West. The annual rendezvous was a time to trade their pelts and hides for supplies and money. It was also a time for fun and competition in such things as rifle matches, tomahawk throwing, wrestling, horse races, dancing and story telling.

Joe Beeler, nationally famous Western artist, will be the featured artist at this years Gilcrease Rendezvous. A special exhibition of over 80 Beeler paintings and bronzes will be on display in the museum.

Gilcrease members are offered a special preview of the Beeler exhibition at a social hour and auction-sale of Beeler works on Friday night, May 2nd.

Another event is scheduled for members and their guests Saturday night, May 3rd. It will feature a social hour, Western barbecue dinner, and special musical entertainment.

All activities on Sunday, May 4th from 1 until 5 p.m. have been planned and are open to the public free of charge. Rendezvous activities on Sunday, May 4 will include muzzle loading rifle matches, Indian dancers, square dancers, country and Western music, a special presentation of a skit from "Oklahoma," and showings of the classic Western movie "Stagecoach" starring John Wayne in the Gilcrease auditorium.

The museum will also be open Sunday to all visitors. In addition to the Beeler display, a special Trappers and Traders exhibition will be featured.

The new Gilcrease main entrance, briefing center, and gift shop will be open during Gilcrease Rendezvous weekend. The new addition features a 3,200-square-foot gift shop, visitors kiosk at the entrance, museum information center, refurbished public restrooms, and visitors lockers for checking valuables. 

Gilcrease Found Adventure On Alaskan Hunting Trip



It was the good ship Alameda and her kindly purser, Mr. Large, that gave me and my friend Mr. George P. Taubman such a wonderful trip through the inside passage from Seattle to Seward, Alaska, where I had arranged to outfit for a hunt on the Kenai Peninsula. Mr. Taubman returned with the good ship to Seattle, thence by rail to his sunny Southern California home. Mr. Taubman has proved himself to be a most successful hunter of big game by bagging and teaching the largest men's bible class in the world. He's a young saviour.

Husbands, wives and sweethearts, with tear-filled eyes blew kisses upon the soft breezes as we embarked from Pier No. 2 and that day brought them no joy, but two days later all were most happy and there were more than friendly meetings aboard. We steamed alongside and between hundreds of islands varying in sizes from "wee" ones to large ones, towering up through fields of ice and snow and piercing deep the blue heavens.

There were large beautiful waterfalls, small ones and some thread-like, streaming down the steep mountain sides and through the dark green firs and hemlocks to the sea — like always returns to like. Better be careful of our living. Salmon fishermen were netting along the way. Wild ducks flew for the next bay while the sea

gulls floated lazily upon the cool breezes and the lonely cry of the loon was heard now and then.

Aboard, rich gold veins were discovered, oil gushers brought in, great salmon catches made and marketed at high prices. Large pulp mills were built and millions made. New towns created in the broad pass country. Natural gas was being piped into the towns from new fields. Alaska was waking and claiming her own. Yes, card games and drinks were had in the cabins, stories were told, both good and bad. Men loved and were loved — and after leaving Kitchikan there were real big times as Kitchikan is not a dry town — actually.

Great glaciers, old almost as the mountains, were seen throwing into the sea many bergs, which floated around our ship. Sunsets were wonderful, beautiful and inspiring and mountain peaks kissed the heavens. Snow storms raged and the sea went mad. Soon the sunshine quieted all and we were glad, more than glad, to step on land which didn't tilt, and to sit in a chair that didn't rock, order T-bone smothered in onions, with French fried potatoes on the side, and eat it with pleasure and keep it. That means a lot.

At Seward with kindness and pleasure they will give you a bed that after three nights with it you are in condition to enjoy a camp bed and you will. Big-hearted folk, however.

We left Long Beach, California, August 29th, 1924, and we met my guide, Jack Lean and one packer, Wallace McCreary, Wednesday eve, September 8th. After getting provisions, we waited for the train to leave Saturday morning the 11th which took us to Kenai Lake, 20 miles northwest. There we loaded our row boat and had a small gas boat tow us across the lake to its outlet about 25 miles. Passed another gas boat

Alaskan Adventure

By Thomas Gilcrease

*Thomas Gilcrease
climbs over a glacier near Skilak
Lake in Alaska on his 1924 hunting trip.*

towing a barge with a horse on board. This boat was wrecked, drowning the owner.

Saw a black bear on mountainside eating berries. One mile below the outlet on the river, we camped for the night and picked up one other packer, Andrew Norlin and our cook, Bill Williams. Morning of 12th we started down Kenai river and had a fast and wild ride down to where it empties into Skilack Lake. Here we saw several large eagles, gray and bald heads, feeding upon salmon; crossed lake to Kaisers cabin where we secured some potatoes, carrots, and the hind quarters of a big fat sheep and went on down the lake to its outlet and camped over night.

On the 13th we made it down river to Kenai. Here we bought some more provisions from Bill Dawson, who is some character. He knew Frank and Jesse James and the Daltons and many other boys of the frontier — including Buffalo Bill, who, he says, was a coward and never had anything but good looks.

Some years ago Dawson went into his little store with both feet frozen, climbed upon the counter and asked for the hammer and chisel. Taking off his shoes he remarked that a man was a damn fool to freeze his feet and should not have any toes, so he set the chisel on one. Down went the hammer and off went the toe, and so on until all were off. Then he took his razor and trimmed down to the live flesh. He has no ingrown nails to bother.

Two small boys came in while I was there and purchased five cents worth of candy, stood around and ate it and asked for another five cents worth and Bill remarked; "why in hell didn't you get a dimes worth at first".

Bill has never married but he is friendly with lots of

squaw women. A little girl entered the store and Bill swore at her and seemed to dislike her coming in. At the same time he walked behind the counter and got some candy and chewing gum and gave it to her. She thanked him and left. He remarked very soberly, "that girl could have any damn thing in this store. I'm not sure but I think she's mine."

An Indian came in and asked for some credit. Bill answered, "you can't have a damn thing." As the Indian turned to walk out Bill said; "Ah, what do you want?" and he got it as they always do from Bill for his heart is big, kind and tender.

Kenai is on the Cook Inlet and as the water is dangerous for small craft, I asked the captain of a good sized boat to take us to the mouth of the Tustamena river 12 miles distant. The captain remarked that he would gladly do so could he find his crew which had gotten drunk on home brew and gone off with the squaws the evening before. Not being able to locate his men we bucked it down Cook Inlet to the river with our Evinrude, making it just at dark. Here we camped over night at one of the Alaska Packers Canneries, Mr. Jones being in charge showed us every courtesy possible, for which I am very grateful. If all food stuffs were canned as fresh and cleanly as are these salmon we would never be poisoned by eating canned foods.

Morning of 14th the tide carried us miles up-stream, then we put jigger pole and rope on, lined up about two miles and camped. I'll never forget that evening sunset as I sat leaning against a big birch tree, (with its beautiful yellow leaves and overhanging branches nearly touching the swift blue murmuring waters) gazing into the distant wonders of that magnificent ever-changing coloring upon the great snow covered Alaska

Adventure . . .

range with old Mt. Lliamna pouring its smoke into the picture of my dreams. To my back was the crackling camp fire. The smell of bacon floated past me and it seemed that all the world loved me and that I was loyal and grateful to it. A part of it all am I — though small.

Early morning of 15th found us wading and pulling up-stream and as evening came on, we tired, camped early, had a cold swim, big feed and a night's rest. The 16th we passed some meat hunters who had two moose hanging near the rivers edge. Made Tustamena Lake at noon. Half way across we were caught in a storm, (here our cook, a big husky, showed his yellow) but made it into shelter overnight.

The 17th calm, and noon found provisions stored and packs ready for trail. Here I left my Savage taking my 30 Newton with me. At 3:30 we walked up within 50 feet of three big black bears. Two of them standing up. Saying to myself, "I'll take the three of you," I pulled on the largest one's head, snapped, tried to throw in

another cartridge but could not and found that the bullet of first cartridge had stayed in the barrel. While the bears ran away through the woods, I took from packs my ramrod and punched out the bullet, and "without praise to the Newton Arms Company," as it was a Newton Arms cartridge. Had these bears been brown-ies there could easily have been no story told.

Several moose came out into the openings to look us over. They were just beginning to shed the velvet.

About five p.m., I found a young porky which we had for supper. Had a short walk upon the mountain side, saw a bear, three moose and could hear two bulls hooking up and down on dead trees, rubbing off the velvet and polishing their horns for the many big fights ahead. They are proud to parade before the cows with a big set of antlers, each one feeling confident his antlers will win for him every fight and the cows of his choice. He has not seen much of the cows since last spring when his antlers started to grow, as he went away alone to some quiet place to grow them big, strong and sharp-pointed, as a surprise to his rivals



and as an attraction to his cow friends. He is big, fat, dressed in coat of new hair, his antlers have grown hard and are being polished. He is listening for the call of his mates which comes to him about this time and he is going to be the wonder of his kind.

Eighteenth. Ate big cup of oats — rolled oats — two, thick sheep steaks, some peach preserves, then feeling like a wampus cat I climbed upon the mountain side from where I could see four moose and a black bear. I worked my way up to within 65 feet of the bear. As he was lapping up the blueberries I pulled down on him, the cap fired, powder spewed and the bear ran. Rifle half lowered, cartridge finally fired. This seemed to interest the bear so he stopped and stood on hind legs looking at me. I threw in another cartridge, leveled on him, pulled and snapped. He beat it through the alders while I cursed and forever damned the U.M.C. people who had manufactured the ammunition for Newton.

The 19th. Looked over several nice rams but they were not what I wanted. Also saw about 65 head of ewes and small stuff. Camped just below glacier in bad wind and snow storm. The sheep in wild wonder looked down upon our flapping tent, while a bull moose stood looking at us and wondered whether we were going to stay or move on. We stayed and he moved. A black bear also was seen across the river feeding upon the berries.

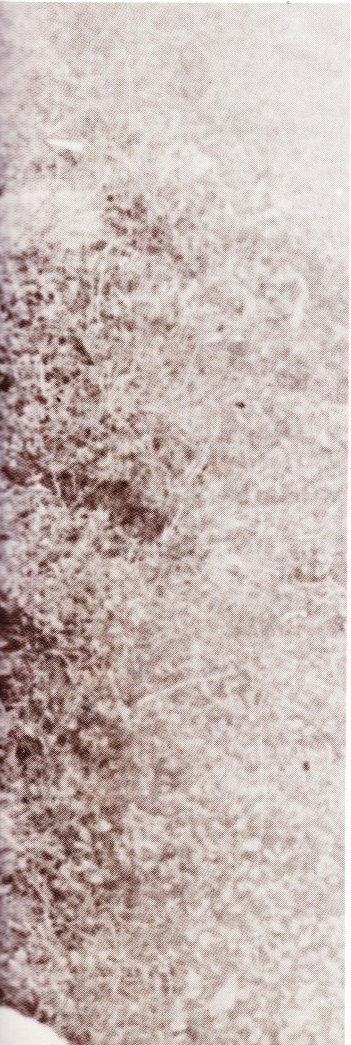
The 20th. Saw about 100 head of sheep, playing and feeding around a beautiful little lake.

Twenty-first. Located several head of sheep and got up to a fine big ram with much more than a full turn; just the prize I had long worked and looked for. I pulled down on him with the driving snow pelting my face and snapped; threw in another and snapped and repeated this until I had snapped 15 cartridges, being all I had. Raised up cold, hungry, cursing and sick at heart; watched the sheep lope away across the mountain side; made my way back down the mountain side across the canyons and through the alders to camp. Here we all damned Newton and U.M.C. people, for each make of ammunition failed us in time of need and had bear been brownies we could have had our last hunt. Ordered lots of hot mulligan and joked with the boys; threw into the river four boxes of Newton ammunition. Sent Andy back to lake after my trusty little Savage. Next afternoon at 2 p.m., Andy arrived with rifle, some butter, preserves and dried apples. We had been watching some rams all morning so started right after them and found one to be a nice one which we packed to camp. I'll tell you it's nice to have a gun that will shoot.

Twenty-third. One of the boys went after some of the meat which we could not pack in, while guide and I located some more rams and after looking them over we took one, waved to boys in camp to come after him, then located between 50 and 60 rams in one herd and about 400 yards away to our right were about the same number of ewes and small stuff. We watched these rams all afternoon. Two of them staged a real battle for



The author poses with the second ram that was taken on the mountain side near his hunting camp.



Adventure...

us by standing on hind legs and swinging themselves into each other, then backing away and rushing at each other. The crash of their horns sounded like hitting two big rocks together. The crack of their horns is yet resounding in my ears. Some of them were lying down chewing their cud while others played by butting each other. We took some pictures at 100 feet which are fairly good. Leaving them, we hurried down across the glacier and into camp.

That night, just as our eyes became heavy, all sat up in bed at the same time listening to the breaking of frosty twigs outside and believing that a bear was after our fresh meat. I took my rifle and stepped outside but couldn't see anything. Next morning we located some sheep across a large glacier, crossed it to within 100 feet of the mountain side, where going became impossible, (owing to great crevices in the ice) causing us to back track to camp.

Twenty-fifth. We looked over some nice rams at about 100 feet distant. Finally, deciding that they were no better than the ones we had, let them go. I'll never forget seeing one big old ram standing on the very top of the highest snowcapped peak making a survey of the surrounding country. To me the sheep has the most wonderful home of any animal. This day we must have seen 150 head, also a wolverine.

Twenty-sixth. Moved camp. Took from mountain some ptarmigan and put in skins to be mounted. Arrived at the lake on 27th.

Twenty-eighth. Washed clothes, shaved and had bath. Got an eagle and put in skin.

Twenty-ninth. Went down lake about 12 miles. At noon we had started into the moose country and had not gone far when we saw one bull and two cows near trail. A few minutes later a lost calf came running toward us and up to within 20 yards, bellowing like he was badly hurt. Fifteen minutes later we met a big bull on trail at a distance of about 60 feet, having a spread of about 59 inches. He almost refused to give us the trail. The weather became cold with a sleet, so we camped. Next morning we had not gone far along a well beaten moose trail when we came up to within 40 yards of a bull and cow, the bull having a spread of about 61 inches fairly heavy with 12 points to antler. About noon the bulls were heard grunting in every direction and the old cows bellowing as though they were dying. We camped here on a small lake and could see several moose within a few hundred yards of camp. One old bull came quite near which we tried to photograph but seeing the boys at work he ran. On the lake playing were some big mallards. After having lunch we went out among the moose, looked over about 18 bulls but none going over 61 or 62 inches, and not very heavy. Some having very freakish antlers. Cows were everywhere.

Thirtieth. Saw about 12 bulls and 40 cows.

First. Saw about same number as day before. While





I was trying to take a picture of an old bull 80 feet away he saw me just as I stepped out into an opening. Seeing that his eyes were focused upon me I stopped and stood, silently still. Not being sure that I was a live object he kept his eyes upon me for some time; then started walking toward me, grunting low, coarse penetrating sounds; from deep down, his stomach way, by the jerking upward of his stomach. I stood still and he, thinking that what he saw move must have been the movement of a limb by the breeze, stopped. Yet, undecided as to what he had seen, kept his eyes on me and again grunting he walked slowly toward me. At 14 feet away he stopped, grunted, turned, bowed his side in, swung his big antlers around and seeing that I was deathly still (without) he decided that I was a stump (tree stump) turned and walked back into his herd which stood and lay in the timber about 90 feet away.

Second. Saw about 75 head. Got some good pictures at distance of 15 to 35 feet. While we were sizing up some bulls, and especially two of them, as they were milling around with 14 cows, just to our left a cow waded into a small lake to drink with young bull following close behind, making a wonderful picture which we began to try for, but before I could get it two bulls started fighting and we started toward them.

At the same time the two big ones we had been looking at in the herd to our right began to crash into each other. We stopped and of all the echo of crashing horns we heard then. For 10 or 12 minutes they crashed into each other. Going down on their knees and being rushed backward over logs and against quaking aspen trees, filled with wild, mad passion they would rush at each other from a distance of 25 feet smashing each other as no other animal could, then they would spar for each others' sides, trying to bore deep into the guts of the other; then they would turn away as tho they were leaving and of a sudden would wheel crashing into the other as each was always met half way; there were no surprises. A bull came running out of the spruce timber and up to within a few feet of the fighters. After seeing them smash each other he decided he had better keep clear and he did.

This cow and young bull which had been in the lake came up to within 70 feet of us as we were watching the fight and put on the most loving stunt I have ever seen in the woods. I'm sorry that I can't make plain the many interesting things which I saw. After the fight was

A fine trophy is this bull moose with an antler spread of 68 inches, shown at top. A bull moose that got away pauses in a grove of birch, spruce and aspen trees.



Top, the hunting party crosses Tustamena Lake to reach moose country on the mountainside.

Thomas Gilcrease at his sheep hunting camp in Alaska. He reported that the sheep and moose watched his party build the camp.

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over we saw the winner as he came back into the herd, the loser going into the heavy timber. One-third of the winners' left antler had been torn away and most of his points were broken. One long point dangled alongside his jaw. Had large opening torn in shoulder and bleeding. His neck was punched full of small holes, hair being in wads and his face was badly peeled.

Thirty minutes later found new herd and chose bull. My Savage wouldn't jolt him but weakened him. He waded into lake and swam. At half way across he began to go down and down until all was under except his horns. At three-fourths the way across his horns were under, then came bubbles and he kicked his last against the bank. Pulling him in and resting his antlers on bank we started for camp as it was almost dark. Next morning we went back to the lake and there spent the day. It is small, deep, cold and calm. Its clear depths portrayed the beauties of its surrounding banks and seemingly did not want to give to us our trophy. Just before reaching camp with it we saw a bull on the

trail about 30 yards away so I picked up a dead stick and brought it across horns of our moose. The old boy on the trail thinking he had found a herd, stopped and challenged us back by hooking his antlers into the brush. As we walked toward him he didn't once look up but kept horning the brush, and pawing the ground, until we had advanced to within 40 feet of him. Then he decided to size up his next victim. He did and was some surprised bull and I must say showed yellow by his unusually quick get away and the noise he made going through the brush.

The fourth. Took sleeping bags, some grub and started out to get a big one; saw several cows and bulls but not the big one. At noon we left bags and grub on small stream. As we started from there, we heard the breaking of brush and the thud of fast moving feet. A few seconds later a cow moose was within 70 feet of us and a few feet behind her was a bull, both going full speed ahead. The bull was trying to get the cow away from the herd which was a short distance behind. Thirty minutes later we were nearly run down by another bull and cow, the bull coming within four feet of me. Saw several bulls but none going better than 61 or 62 inches. Returning to our bags, we found them to be very soft and comfortable through the night.

Next morning the wind was low and the ground frosty so we could not get close enough to them to get a good look at their heads. That afternoon we located a big one which I believe would have measured 70 inches, but we let him get away because we had not had a side view of his antlers. Later we saw two other fairly good ones but returned to camp leaving our moose for the next day's hunt.

Next morning, the sixth, we had real luck. Twenty minutes from camp we located a big boy trying his best to keep to himself a herd of six cows. Was he selfish or a great lover? They finally got away from him, going into the timber where we found several bulls milling around through a herd of cows. After looking one of them over carefully we took him and he proved to have

a spread of 68 inches with 19 points to each antler. Returned to camp on lake.

Seventh. Made our lake camp after a hard days tramp in the snow and rain. Eighth. Washed clothes, bathed and took a big porky to mount. Ninth. Crossed lake down river to the inlet. We were two and a half days going up this stream with only two hours going down. Some boat ride.

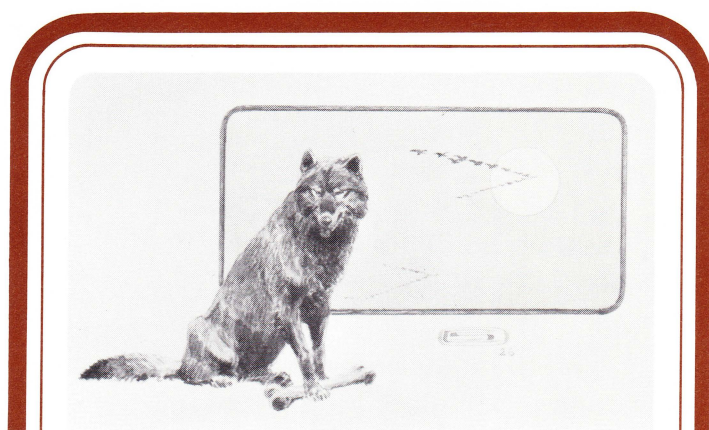
Tenth. Our gas boat didn't arrive until night, so we loaded our provisions aboard and started across inlet next morning at five o'clock, arriving at mouth of Crecian river at five-thirty. Not being able to land we stayed aboard that night. Next morning, the 12th, we took some food stuff, and my sleeping bag and started for a cabin eight miles toward the foot hills. Going was hard as it snowed several inches the night before and alders were thick. Nightfall found us on the edge of a big swamp. Not knowing where the cabin was we made camp. I mean we dragged up some logs and built a fire upon the snow, then broiled some sheep meat over fire and ate supper. We didn't have a knife, fork, plate or frying pan, nothing but canned goods as we had expected to make the cabin. I must say that this seemed to be an example of roughing it. Next morning. Guide looked about for cabin in vain, so I thought it

time to go back and get a camping outfit as I didn't want us to become night prowlers. I believe the boys will pack their bags hereafter when on trail.

Getting back to the boat in a bad storm the captain advised us to go to Anchorage with him or stay there until next spring and of course we went with him, being nearly shipwrecked in bad wind and snow storm. There were two other such craft as ours went down, also three row boats, hunters losing their entire outfits. We were happy to arrive in Anchorage just in time to get the last boat of year out for Seattle.

The people of Seward are very kindly and will give one the best they have. Alaska's best guides for Kenai peninsula are Andrew Berg of Kenai and Andy Simonds of Seward. 🐾

A Gray Eagle with a wing spread of 7-1/2 feet was taken at Tustamena Lake and added to Gilcrease's collection.



BELLE HARLOW GILCREASE



By Mildred D. Ladner

The sudden death of Belle Harlow Gilcrease in San Antonio, Texas, last August 24th, brought sadness to many long-time Gilcrease Museum supporters. In my case, the loss was alleviated by memories of a spring evening we shared a year earlier.

I had met the petite Mrs. Gilcrease at several receptions, always with a brief exchange of pleasantries. But nothing had prepared me for the buoyant spirit, keen memory, astute observations and bubbly personality she displayed in her 85th year.

Shortly after Mrs. Gilcrease learned of my interest in recording oral history, Beulah Mackey, widow of Mrs. Gilcrease's nephew Clabe, invited us to dinner in her home a mile north of the museum. As the sun set behind the Osage Hills, our hostess left us alone to visit about the days when Mrs. Gilcrease, a young matron with two little boys, came to live in the residence which now houses the Belle Harlow Gilcrease Geological Exhibit. What follows is gleaned from the tape of our conversation, now a permanent part of the Gilcrease archives.

Born west of Skiatook into a large and devoted Osage ranch family (they were the first to import Hereford cattle into Oklahoma), Belle Harlow met Tom Gilcrease when they both attended Bacone College. Married before her 16th birthday, she already had the two little boys, Tom, Jr. and Barton, when Gilcrease purchased the newly-erected house built on land once part of her allotment.

She laughingly recalled her first car, "one of those old, long white steamers," and the day a driver brought her and her husband back from Kansas City in their newly-purchased Packard. When they came to the Tulsa city limits, the driver said, "Now you get under the wheel and drive it in so you can say you're the first woman who drove a Packard in Tulsa!"

Mrs. Gilcrease's most absorbing anecdotes in that memorable twilight conversation concerned an Alaskan hunting trip she made with her husband 60 years ago. After the party hiked for four days (Belle sleeping in a foxhole prepared for her comfort with a charcoal fire to pre-heat it and breakfasting on simmered dry apples and blueberries), the guide reported spotting some sheep through his field glasses. After another day of climbing, the party came to the proper spot from which to take aim on the five sheep. Tom Gilcrease offered his wife the first shot. In spite of the fact that the recoil from her high-powered rifle knocked her down several times (the guide finally placed her against a boulder) Belle picked off two of the sheep, as did Tom.

"Mine was a record," she recalled. "I always took a

little sewing along — a little handwork — and I had my tape measure with me. When we measured those horns around the base, mine was bigger than Tom's!"

Mrs. Gilcrease recalled that Thomas Gilcrease's earliest art purchases, (other than "Rural Courtship," bought at the Hotel Tulsa in 1911) were made at the San Francisco Exhibition in 1915. Here they selected two bronzes, "one of an elephant, with a tiger on his back, stepping on a tiger," which Gilcrease bought from a Japanese sculptress. He also purchased some silk floss pictures.

New York trips meant a round of galleries, where Gilcrease displayed endless patience in studying paintings that interested him. "I would get tired, and go back to the hotel," she commented, "and then he'd come in and say, 'you know, I'm going back tomorrow to get that painting.'"

We talked of a wide range of things that soft May evening. Of child-rearing (Tom took away the boys' cars to discipline them at one time, forcing them to share a jalopy they named Nellie), of Rose Kennedy, of the campfire incident at Lake Tahoe that led to her being nicknamed "Wanita" or "Wannie" for most of her years; of the pair of buffalo Tom Gilcrease once kept in the pasture below the ridge, fencing them in with strong railroad rails but being unable to restrain them; of duck-hunting in an icy pond near Mounds; of happy times in more recent years when the entire family gathered at the Gilcrease cabin near Jackson Hole for father and sons to enjoy fishing together; of Tom Gilcrease's restlessness which led to his constant traveling and eventually to his single-minded devotion to collecting art and historic documents.

"The other day, when I saw the movie, I wept all over the place," she commented quietly, the twinkly fading momentarily (a biographical film recently produced).

"But there are so many happy memories."

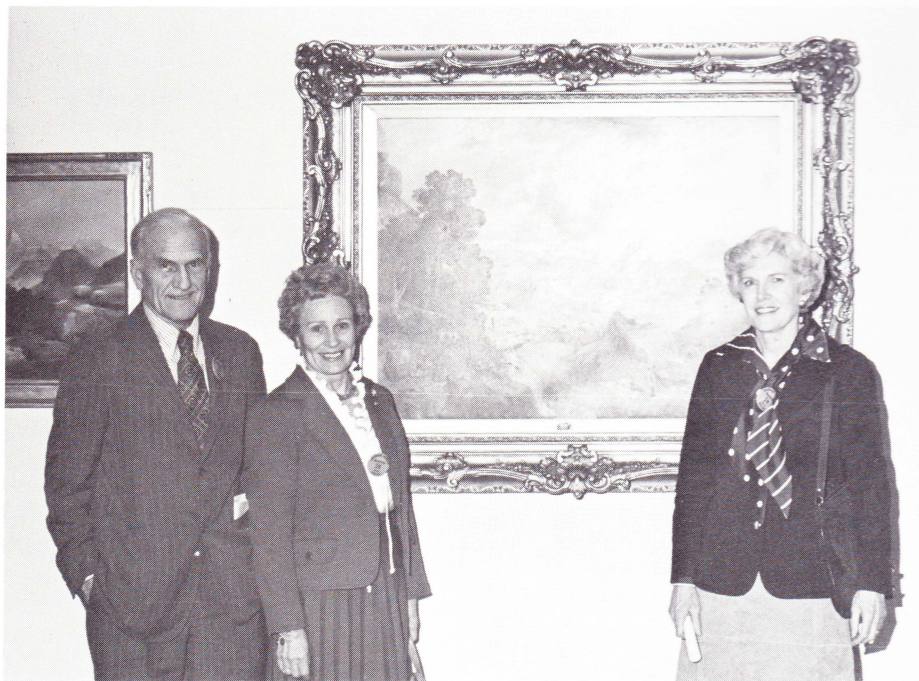
This lovely, spunky little lady, who registered at the University of California when her one little boy was in school and the second in kindergarten, spent 20 years in California before taking up residence in San Antonio some 30 years ago. Devoted to her family, she had the enviable gift of being able to recall and enjoy again the happy memories from the past in Black Dog Township, in the Osage Hills.

Whenever there's a gathering in the Vista Room at sunset to honor the founder of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, there will be those who will think back on the quiet presence of Belle Harlow Gilcrease and miss her. 

PEOPLE & PERSONALITIES



Artists in their own way is this group of Gillies who put a new coat of paint on the walls of Gallery 10. This is just one of the many volunteer projects of the organization.



Bradford Washburn, director of the Museum of Science at Boston, Mass., Mrs. Washburn, and Tulsan Mrs. Robert Sellers take a break in the Moran gallery while visiting the museum.

Darcy Brown, left, Robert J. Riggs, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Gilcrease Museum, Patsy L. Lyon, board member of the museum association, and Mrs. Brown stop to chat in the Russell gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown traveled to Tulsa from their Colorado home to visit the museum.





Joan J. Stauffer, vice-president of the museum association, points with joy to a new Gilcrease exit directional sign on the Keystone Expressway, the result of much personal effort on her part.



Robert Anderson, Chairman of the Board of Rockwell International, looks at a Remington bronze with Fred Myers, Gilcrease director, on a recent tour of the museum.



Ruth Beebe Hill, nationally known lecturer and author, was guest speaker at Gilcrease recently. Here she signs her latest book "Hanta Yo," a book on the Sioux Indians.



Touring the storage area of Gilcrease was a special treat to this group while in Tulsa attending the National Association of Petroleum Analysts meeting. Left to right: Philip Anschutz, collector of Western art from Denver, Don Texton, Tom Petrie, Paul Leibman, and Mrs. Anschutz. The center of attention is a marble bust titled "Portrait of General Lafayette," by Houdon.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Mildred D. Ladner

Gilcrease members and friends attending the second annual Rendezvous will be interested in a new book about its featured artist, Joe Beeler.

Cowboy Artist – The Joe Beeler Story by Don Hedgpeth (Northland Press, \$10 paper) is an informally-written biography/art book about a foremost artist of the West who claims he spent his honeymoon at Gilcrease.

Joplin-born Beeler, a former student at the University of Tulsa, visits the museum frequently and pays tribute to it in this accounting of the early days of his career, supplemented by a 52-page portfolio of his sculpture and paintings.

Reading *Pioneers & Preachers – Stories of the Old Frontier* by Robert William Mondy (Thomas-Hall, \$21.95 cloth, \$10.95 paper) reminds one that the frontier may have been an impressive place to visit, but few 20th Century Americans would have enjoyed living there.

Mondy, history professor at Louisiana Tech until his retirement in 1975, spent seven summers gathering material on frontier life and customs dating back to Colonial America (when bundling was practiced) and continuing through the Vigilante movement as it spread from Mississippi to Montana.

Attempting to choose carefully between myth and reality while leaning on anecdotes as old as the nation, Mondy takes up such matters as marriage and sex; health and medical practices; the perils of travel (including loneliness and isolation); illiteracy and the close-mindedness it spawned; and even the crudeness of table manners as exhibited on Mississippi steamboats.

Eye-gouging, dueling, "claim clubs" and "squatter's law" and the ruthless practices of claim jumping are dealt with chronologically as the young country's frontier is pushed ever westward in this carefully documented treatment of frontier life, illustrated by Albino Hinojosa.

Remember the Bat Masterson TV series of the 60's, glorifying the raw courage of the peace officer on the Western frontier?

Robert K. DeArment, a specialist in 19th Century American history in general and the Western frontier in particular, spent more than 20 years researching Masterson's life to separate fact from fiction. This monumental effort resulted in *Bat Masterson, The Man and the Legend*

(University of Oklahoma Press, \$14.95).

Buffalo hunter, army scout, professional gambler, sportsman, promoter — Masterson was all of these. After he was 50-years-old, he settled in New York City as a reporter and columnist on the Morning Telegraph, then managed by Finley Peter Dunn of "Dooley" fame.

Such was his enjoyment of reportorial duties and his thrice-weekly column, "Masterson's Views on Timely Topics," that he turned down President Theodore Roosevelt's offer of an appointment as U.S. marshal for Oklahoma Territory, with the following explanation:

It wouldn't do. The man of my peculiar reputation couldn't hold such a place without trouble . . . I'd have some drunken boy to kill once a year. Some kid who was born after I took my guns off would get drunk and look me over, and the longer he looked the less he'd be able to see where my reputation came from. In the end he'd crawl around to a gun play and I'd have to send him over the jump . . .

Masterson did, however, accept the appointment as a deputy U.S. marshal for the Southern District of New York, a part-time job that never seemed to interfere with his newspaper work, according to DeArment.

This is an absorbing biography.

Three University of Oklahoma Press reprints deserve mention. Ten years after it first appeared, *Fort Smith – Little Gibraltar on the Arkansas* by Edwin C. Bearss and Arrell M. Gibson is released in a paperback second edition (\$7.95). Bearss is research librarian for the Vicksburg National Military Park and Gibson, familiar to those who attend Gilcrease lectures, is Cross Professor of History at the University of Oklahoma. Their colorful, detailed history of the fort, established in 1817 to guard against Spanish aggression in the Southwest, will be a welcome addition to any collection on the American frontier.

Down in the Holler – A Gallery of Ozark Folk Speech by Vance Randolph of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and George P. Wilson of the University of North Carolina, first appeared in 1953. It has been out of print for years. Now reissued (\$14.95 cloth, \$7.95 paper) it depicts the speech and folkways of the deliberately unprogressive folk living in the Ozark Mountains of Southern Missouri, Northern Arkansas and Eastern Oklahoma. 🌟





Two views of Gallery 10 at Gilcrease are shown above. The present temporary exhibition features 26 paintings and 7 sculptures of such artists as Feke, Copley, Homer, Eastman Johnson, Inness, and Whistler.



MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

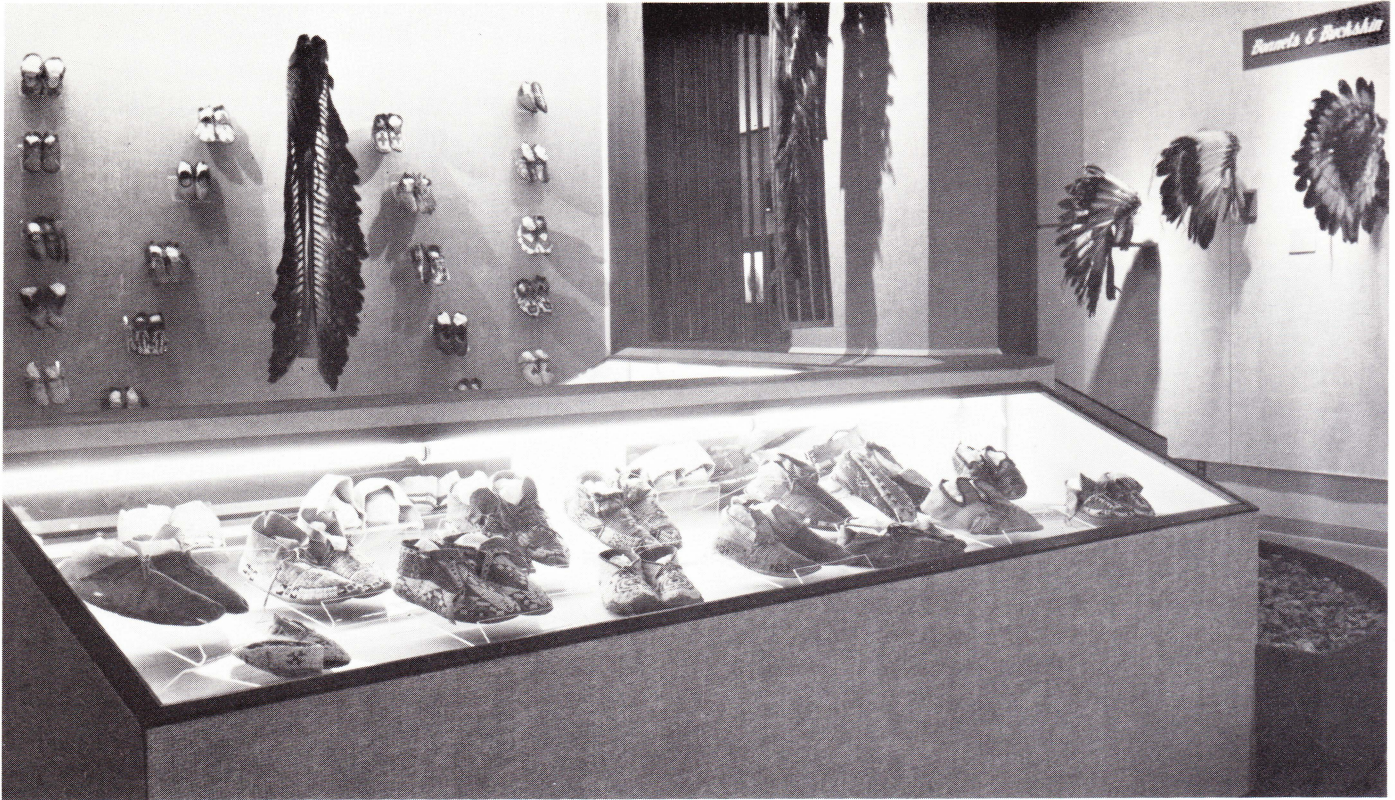
By Fred Myers

Permanent exhibitions are the bedrock of the museum business. They are what establishes a museum's character. A visitor expects to see, and would be highly disappointed if he couldn't see, the Mona Lisa at the Louvre, the Elgin marbles at the British Museum, the Copley paintings at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the French Impressionists at The Art Institute of Chicago.

Similarly, the character of Gilcrease Museum is established by its Russells, Remingtons, Morans, Catlins, et al. Many works by these artists have always been on view at Gilcrease and will continue to be on view in the future even if in a somewhat changed context. Also in the future, however, are projected more temporary exhibitions for Gilcrease. Upcoming this spring is the Joe Beeler exhibition, introduced up front in this magazine. The future will see the occasional scheduling of other temporary exhibitions of a variety of material that extends or throws new light on the permanent Gilcrease displays.

One of the things that is so wonderful about the Gilcrease collection, however, is that it is possible to, in effect, make up temporary exhibitions from the permanent collection itself. Two such exhibitions have just opened in the museum's galleries.

In Gallery 16 is an exhibition called "Bonnetts and Buckskin." Shown are nearly every one of the museum's



Gallery 16 at Gilcrease currently features an exhibition titled "Bonnets and Buckskin," which displays all of the eagle feather war bonnets and the bulk of the moccasin collection of the museum.

eagle feather war bonnets and the bulk of the museum's collection of moccasins, 151 pairs of moccasins in all. Assistant Curator Betsy Olson put together the exhibition not from an ethnological point of view but rather from a design/handwork point of view. In other words, she is offering the visitor a chance to look at a large number of handmade things with the expectation that the visitor will be overwhelmed by their variety, ingenuity, and, yes, their beauty. Even casual attention leads to comparisons of designs, to speculations on the potential for the designer in using beads rather than quills in her designs. The large labels help to get such speculation going by providing a bit of historical context, but the exhibition is on view mainly for the visitors own enjoyment and exploration. A wonderful lagniappe is the pioneering photographic work of Edward Curtis as exemplified by the display of 22 of the original Curtis portfolio. Here can be seen such apparel photographed as it was worn on the plains during the middle part of the last century.

The other temporary exhibition does not yet have a name. It might be called "A Gilcrease Sampler," or "Potpourri," or "Another Point of View," or some such thing. It is 26 paintings and 7 sculptures that are not usually shown because their subject matter is outside the predominating Gilcrease theme of frontier, the West, and the Indians. They are things like seascapes, East-

ern landscapes and genre scenes, Colonial portraits of people who were undoubtedly worthy but who were not governmental leaders.

The permanent displays at Gilcrease tend to treat artists as reporters on the historical past, and this point of view is quite appropriate because such historical documentation is the focus of the entire collection.

The sampler, however, which is on view in Gallery 10, tends to treat these particular Gilcrease artists as artists regardless of what they are reporting on. Such a format accommodates some big art names that don't often get out of Gilcrease storage — names such as Feke, Copley, Homer, Eastman Johnson, Inness, and Whistler. In addition, the exhibition includes atypical or particularly masterful works by such familiar Gilcrease artists as Bierstadt and Moran. All in all, it is a darn good exhibition, all the more impressive because it was put together essentially from Gilcrease storage.

Yes, Gilcrease Museum is in the temporary exhibition business, and in the future perhaps more often than in the past will be in the business of borrowing material for temporary exhibition in Tulsa. But the marvelous thing is that if for some reason no material could ever again be borrowed, Gilcrease can do wonderful temporary exhibitions from its own collection. Witness "Bonnets and Buckskin" and the Gilcrease sampler, or whatever it is called. 🏠

Col. Goodnight Entering the Palo Duro Canyon, oil by Joe Beeler, 24" x 48"



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