

THE GILCREASE

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART



Vol. 2
No. 4
October
1980

GILLIE
LIBRARY

THE GILCREASE

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART

Produced by the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association for the support of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Institute is owned and operated by the City of Tulsa.

James M. Inhofe,
Mayor, City of Tulsa
Fred A. Myers,
Director, Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART

Robert J. Riggs, Jr.
Chairman of the Board
Robert I. Mayes
Vice Chairman of the Board
Cecille Bales
David Carlson
James M. Inhofe
Ken Davis
Legal Counselor

Vol. 2, No. 4, October, 1980 *The Gilcrease Magazine of American History and Art* is the successor of the *American Scene*. It is published and copyrighted by the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association, an Oklahoma corporation. All illustrations are taken from the collection. Editorial offices, 1400 N. 25th West Ave., Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127, (918) 581-5311. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is strictly prohibited. No responsibility is assumed for unsolicited material.

SENIOR EDITOR: William J. Butler
ART DIRECTOR: Bill Patterson
PHOTOGRAPHER: Mark Haynes

CONTENTS

- 1 From the Editor's Desk
- 2 Harry Jackson
- 15 Treasured Moments of Nation's Life Preserved by Historical Photographs
- 20 Missouri River Lured Artists of Two Continents
- 29 Book Reviews
- 30 People and Personalities
- 31 Message from the Director
- 32 Holiday Gift Items Offered by Gilcrease Shop

Front Cover — Indian Mother and Child, polychrome bronze, by Harry Jackson, 25-5 1/16" by 35-1/2".

Back Cover — Cowboy Meditation, bronze, by Harry Jackson, 22" by 20".

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS OF THE THOMAS GILCREASE MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

Marian R. Bovaird
Chairman of the Board
Jack Zarrow
President
William F. Fisher, Jr.
1st Vice President
Priscilla C. Cotton
Vice President
Charles D. Schnake
Vice President
Joan J. Stauffer
Vice President
Roxana R. Lorton
Secretary
Charles E. Thornton
Assistant Secretary
William L. Schloss, III
Treasurer
Patricia W. Wheeler
Assistant Treasurer

Richard M. Barber
Lawrence Bernhardt
Donald L. Brawner, M.D.
Mary Brett
Mary Ann Burdett
Janice P. Daniel
Brenda B. Davis
Brummett Echohawk
Lucia Freeman
Barry J. Galt
Jim Halsey
Homer D. Hardy, M.D.
Peggy Helmerich
Frank X. Henke, III
Barbara G. Heyman

Burt B. Holmes
Vallee Kidd
Robert J. LaFortune
Patsy L. Lyon
Robert C. Moore
George W. Owens
Robert L. Parker
John E. Rooney
Celia Rosenberger
Beverly B. Sipes
L. K. Smith
Gerock H. Swanson
N. L. Swinson
J. Paschal Twyman
Carole Van Straten

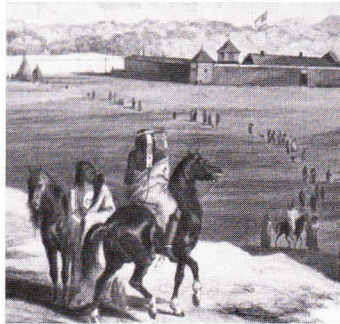
DIRECTORS EMERITUS

Alfred E. Aaronson
Lindsay L. Alexander
William S. Bailey
Robert F. Biolchini
George H. Bowen
Corwin D. Denney
Barton Gilcrease
Grace Gilcrease
Otha H. Grimes
Gordon T. Hicks
Paul H. Johnson
James C. Leake
David R. Milsten
Eudotia Teenor

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



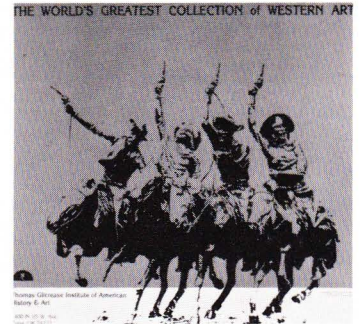
Jackson



Missouri River



Photographs



Gift Items

Most truly great artists are complex persons. Harry Jackson is no exception. In fact, he just might be the most complex of all.

But, it's according to how you define complex. If you define it as being multi-talented, hard-working, pro-America, tough talking, intelligent, and independent, then Jackson qualifies on all counts.

Above all, he is an artist who has become recognized as the top sculptor of the American West in today's art world.

Not only is he an outstanding artist, but he is also a success in the marketplace as the head of a multi-million dollar corporation which creates, produces, and markets his artwork worldwide.

An exhibition of 48 of Jackson's bronzes will be on display at Gilcrease from November 14 through January 14. It's a show we highly recommend.

And, when two ex-Marines, both described as being hard-headed, get together to shoot the breeze, a lot of things get said. We hope you enjoy our story about Harry Jackson in this issue.



In 1819 the Yellowstone Expedition composed of U.S. Army troops and civilian scientists traveled by boat up the Missouri River. For the next 30 years, other explorers found the river their avenue to studying the natural life in the area between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains.

Two artists, Titian Ramsay Peale and Samuel Seymour were among the civilians on that journey. Other artists followed on other expeditions. Among them were George Catlin, Carl Bodmer, John James Audubon, Rudolph Friedrich Kurz, Charles Widmar, William Jacob Hays, and William de la Montagne Cary.

Mildred D. Ladner tells about the hardy adventurers who journeyed up the Missouri River with sketchpads and brushes in her story about the artists on the Missouri.



Did you know that there were over six billion, that's right, six billion photographs taken in the United States last year? Photography has become the art form of the people, recording all the excitement, the sorrow, the happiness, the historical happenings of our life.

Historical photographs? There are thousands of historical photographs of life in early-day Indian Territory and early Oklahoma statehood days in the Gilcrease Collection. Our special photo story gives you an introduction to this unusual historical slice of life.



This autumn. How can we tell? Well, it's getting a little cooler, football fever has gripped the entire populace, and folks are beginning to talk about the upcoming Holiday season.

The Holiday season means we all begin to worry about our gift list. Let me put your mind at ease. I've got the answer. Give everybody on your gift list one of three things: A new Gilcrease Museum poster; a new Gilcrease Museum T-shirt; or a subscription to The Gilcrease Magazine. Better still, give them all three.

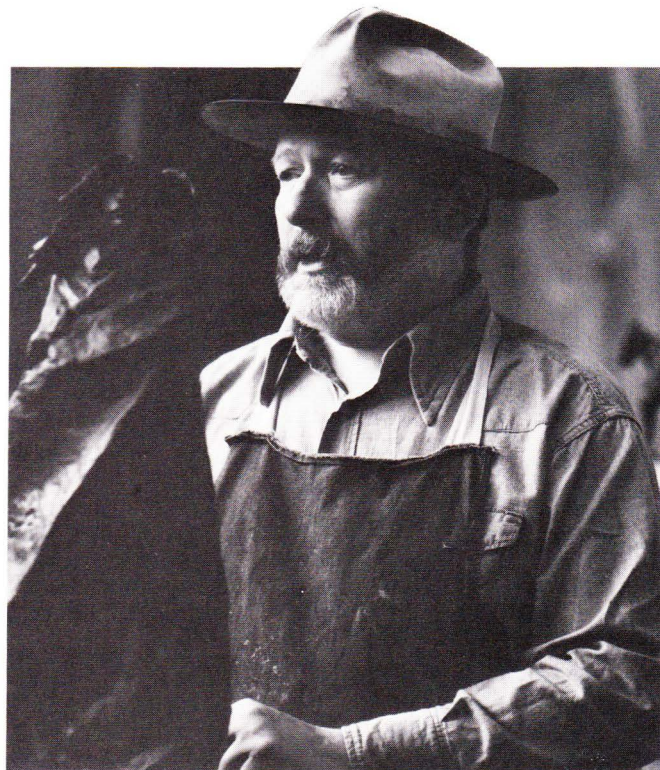
W^m B

William J. Butler
Senior Editor

Harry Jackson

Sculptor Of The American West Earns Top Success Doing Things His Own Way

By William J. Butler



It all started with a Hoot Gibson cowboy suit and a 1937 article in *Life* magazine about a Wyoming ranch.

We are referring to the career of a man called Harry Jackson.

Today he is a man recognized as perhaps the most notable figure, and one of the most controversial, in the field of American Western art, one who now ranks as the leading sculptor of the American West, and who is internationally known for his superb bronzes of the Western scene.

Harry Jackson was born in Chicago in 1924 and began drawing and riding horses at the age of five. He studied art in Chicago as a youngster.

Two major events happened in the life of the young boy in 1937 that were to help shape his future. A cousin gave him a Hoot Gibson cowboy suit for Christmas, and the following February, Jackson picked up an issue of *Life* magazine which contained an article on a Wyoming ranch. The photographs of cowboy life in Wyoming fascinated the young boy, and he became completely hooked on the great American West.

At age 14, he put on his cowboy hat and boots and hitchhiked out of Chicago headed for Wyoming with the intention of becoming a cowboy. And he did, and still is. After several jobs he ended up as a cowboy at the Pitchfork Ranch in Meeteetse, Wyoming, which became home for him. There he took part in the independent, romantic, but lonely and raw life of the working cowboy. He did all the chores of a working cowboy, but always had his sketchbook with him, drawing the various aspects of life on the range.

He joined the U.S. Marine Corps when he was 18, was wounded twice in the South Pacific battles of Tarawa and Saipan, and at 20 became the youngest official combat artist of the Marines.

After the war he went to New York in 1946 to study art. He quickly gained increased recognition as an abstract expressionist and was in the top echelons of the movement and considered a major rising star in the elite Eastern art circles. But, after a trip to Europe in 1954, much personal turmoil and a determination to validate his life in art, he broke away from abstract painting in 1956. Then he began moving toward



Iroquois Guide, polychrome bronze, 19-12" by 13-12".

Trapper, polychrome bronze, 20-3/4" by 15-12".



Jackson . . .



realism and returned to his first love, the American West.

While in Italy in 1958 on tours of Europe to study the great masters, he began his venture into sculpture at the Vignali-Tommasi Foundry in Pietrasanta, 65 miles northwest of Florence. Pietrasanta is near the marble quarries of Carrarra where Michelangelo lived from 1517 until 1520 while choosing stones for the Medici. Since that period, sculpture has been associated with the place. Several contemporary sculptors have chosen the area to live and work in, including Henry Moore, Jacques Lipchitz, and Harry Jackson.

Harry Jackson learned to sculpt at the foundry and his first bronzes were studies for "Range Burial" and "Stampede," two of his now famous murals. Two years later in New York a one-man show of his Western bronzes was an overwhelming success. In 1961 he built a studio workshop and house in Camaiore, near Pietrasanta in the Tuscany section of Italy. With the help of Italian craftsmen, Jackson developed and perfected his modeling techniques, while learning all the intricate methods of casting in bronze, all the traditional Renaissance methods of the lost wax casting process. Three years later he created his own private foundry.

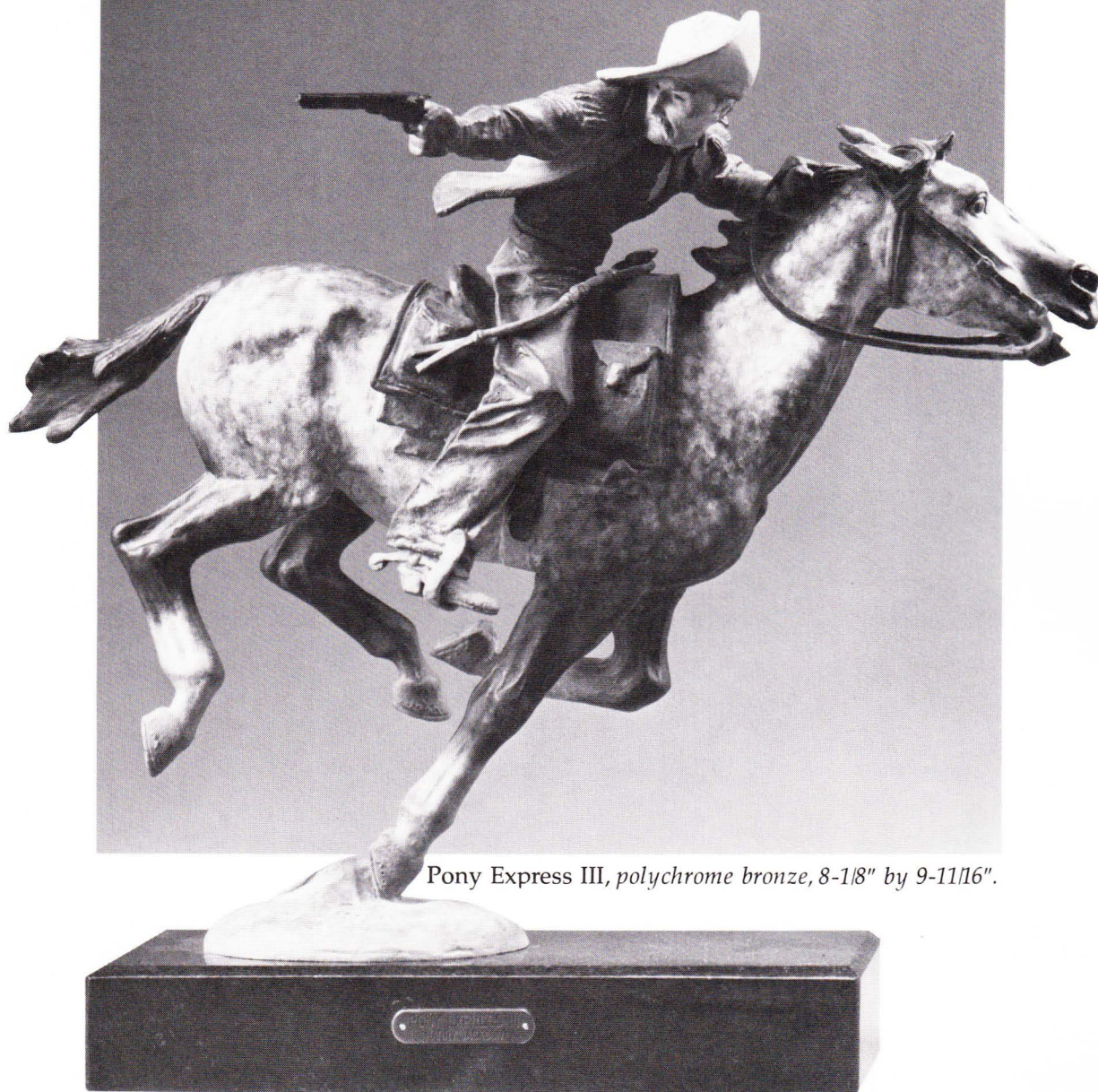
He has won numerous awards and honors during his career, including gold medals from the National Academy of Design, and the Pennational Show, and is represented in major museums and private collections



Washakie, bronze, 36" by 28-1/2".



Marshal III, polychrome bronze, 11-1/8" by 12-1/4".



Pony Express III, polychrome bronze, 8-1/8" by 9-11/16".

Jackson . . .

throughout the world. His popularity reached a new peak in 1969 when *Time* magazine asked him to create a three-dimensional polychrome model of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in the Western movie, "True Grit," for the cover of their August 8 issue. In 1972 his book on lost-wax bronze casting, the only complete treatment of the subject, was published. His bronze titled "Two Champs" was presented to Queen Elizabeth II by President Ford at the Bicentennial celebrations, and his work was collected avidly by John Wayne.

His most recent work is also one of his most spectacular. It is a 10-foot-tall monument titled "Sacagawea," the Shoshone Indian woman guide for the Lewis and Clark expedition across the Rocky Mountain wilderness. The figure of Sacagawea, wrapped in a boldly striped blanket with an infant on her back is

a polychrome bronze and is Jackson's major public sculpture. It stands in the garden of the Plains Indian Museum of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. Jackson began work on the sculpture in 1976. It was installed during the summer of 1980.

Harry Jackson is indeed a man of many paradoxes. Harry Jackson has always been, and still is, his own man. He has the courage of his own convictions, the tenacious courage of the best traits of a cowboy trail boss and a Marine top sergeant, and an inquisitive mind which continually searches for the true values of life.

And, it would be an understatement to say that he is a success in the marketplace. The fact is that he has achieved spectacular success in the marketplace. He's done it his own way, despite the howlings of



some critics and dealers in the art world, and other artists.

After trying a succession of dealers, Jackson decided that it was better to market his own works through his company. By 1967 he had begun to develop the resources and mechanism for dealing with every aspect of artistic production. Believing that "the artist is the creative center of his work and it is he who should have complete control over his work," Jackson became involved in the whole range of conceptual, technical, political, and economic factors that support the existence and propagation of art and formed his own company. From its beginnings in 1968, the Wyoming Foundry Studios corporation has grown to employ more than 30 master artisans and apprentices at the Camaiore foundry in Italy, and an administrative, marketing, and restoration staff of 15 in Cody, Wyoming and New York City.

Success in the marketplace for Harry Jackson is indicated by the fact that the number of collectors of his

work has increased to more than 3,000, and total sales of his art amounted to over \$3.5 million in 1979. Sales look good for 1980 also. In a few hours following the dedication of his new work at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center last July, he received orders for sculpture, mainly bronze casts of the "studies" for "Sacagawea," amounting to \$300,000.

Pardners, that's not bad for a kid who left Chicago in a Hoot Gibson style cowboy hat and boots.

But, times change. Meanwhile Jackson jets from Wyoming to Italy, operating in both places a complex workshop and multi-million dollar corporation in the world of art. He spends his time about equally between the two places, sculpts at his studio in Wyoming and in Italy, and does all casting in the Italy foundry. He enjoys both places and seems to take the different cultures and distances in stride. Anybody who can drive a Mercedes with Wyoming license plates in Italy should be able to cope with anybody, anywhere.



Stampede, polychrome bronze, 15" by 60".

Detail from Stampede bronze



Jackson . . .



Sacagawea, bronze, first working model, 26-1/2" high.

How about Harry Jackson today? What are his work habits, his present and future projects, recollections of old friends, his thoughts on art?

Q — Harry, looking back, what do you consider the highlights or major points in your career as a sculptor?

A — Oh, Bill, that is a very difficult question to answer. Every single minute, from the time I first began to model something, on the fourth of March, 1958, every single minute, each one of those, up to this minute, were equally important. That may sound corny, Bill, but even when I was working on a work which turned out to be quote, a failure, or the most wonderful, I think all of that is equally important.

Q — Well, you put so much of yourself into each piece, that it almost has to be.

A — Yes. Even those pieces considered a failure are as important as the ones the outside world may consider to be your master work. And, it may be even more important, because you are trying to do things on a more subjective level.

Q — What really pushed you into doing more sculpture. Was it your meeting with Thomas Hart Benton?

A — Well, that helped a little bit, but, I had already started to sculpt. It was in 1961, I had seen and read articles about models Benton had sculpted to help with his paintings, and of course, I had been acquainted all my life with Remington bronzes. I was aware of wax models being used to help with paintings. I started doing sculpture of models only to serve my paintings, then I got away from that and it developed a life of its own and became a major part of my life.

Q — Are there any one or two favorite pieces, or ones you are most pleased with?

A — They are like children, Bill. You like this one because he's a good sport, another one because he's tougher than a boot . . .

Q — Each one for a different reason?

A — You betcha! Another because, oh, there's something good about each one, and there's times when you want to sell any one of them for a dollar and a half, and figure you are lucky to get that out of them.

Q — How many individual pieces of sculpture have you done?

A — Right now, about 85 to 90. I lose track, I don't keep track, Bill, because so many of them are stillborn and never see the light of day. I think I've probably done a couple of hundred things, of which we've decided to cast 85 or 90. In my mind it's a whole different type of ball game than in the number published or issued.



Two Champs II, polychrome bronze, 23-12" by 13-3/4".

Jackson . . .

Q — Are you working on anything at this time?

A — I'm working on several things. Uh, I'm working on a Rocky Mountain trapper. I've been playing with the idea for several months now. I'm not making much headway, but it's cooking inside me. You know, Bill, that Sacagawea took five years.

Q — Oh, yes, and that's a lovely, wonderful piece of work.

A — Well, thank you, I'm glad to hear that Bill. I'd rather hear that about my last work, instead of, Oh, yeah, I liked that one you did six years ago and you've been going downhill ever since!

Sacagawea With Pack Horse, bronze, 27-1/4" by 19-1/2".



Q — You doing anything else besides the trapper?

A — I'm starting a piece, a portrait of an old cowboy friend of mine. And, there's another one I've been working on for some time, it's called "Do to Ride the River With." That phrase is the greatest compliment a cowboy can give another man. He'll say two things, Bill, "He'll do to take along," and "He'll do to ride the river with," which means he'll give his life for you.

Q — Is it a single figure?

A — No, it's a double figure, one cowboy rescuing another cowboy out of the river. I've started the sketches.

Q — How about your work habits?

A — I work very subjectively, Bill, very disorganized, it'll drive a lot of people nuts. I work in spurts, according to the outside world. I work with a tremendous amount of concerted energy. I work sometimes without a break for 24 hours, straight through until I damn near collapse. When I get my wind up I just go. I get on something and I go. If I get off a project, my mind gets on something else, Bill, and Bill, one reason I run my own outfit, WFS, is that no other outfit would put up with me. So, I had to organize my own outfit and gather people around me who understand me. I got a pretty stout bunch of people, they don't take any crap from anybody.

Q — Do you work both in your studio in Wyoming and your studio in Italy?

A — Yes I do. I sculpt in both studios, in fact I work anywhere. I carry a box with wax and tools with me. I might set up in a motel room and go to work. In fact, one of my pieces, "Silent Partners," I did all over the world, literally, completed on the road, in motel rooms all the way from California to Italy, I carried it with me, worked on it everywhere. Another one, the small version of the John Wayne, the Marshal III, I carried it all over the world, and finally took it out to John Wayne, just before he went into the hospital for the last time. He was a wonderful man, he really gave a damn. He was a great friend of mine.

Q — I understand that he had a piece of your sculpture at his hospital bed, and that was the only thing he allowed in his room. Is that true, Harry?

A — That's a fact. He had the painted Pony Express, and Mike Wayne, his first son, said that Duke would not allow anything else to stay in the room, he didn't want flowers, he didn't want anything brought to him by the children. He had the Pony Express put over by the window so he could see it when he looked at the foot of his bed.

Q — That's quite a compliment.

A — Oh, yes, Bill, that's a man who devoted his



Plantin', bronze, 26½" by 13"

life, Bill, to the American West, the American cowboy and all it stands for. I first got a letter from him after my cover of him appeared on *Time* magazine. He invited me to Mexico to watch him make a movie and I went down as his guest. That man was my friend for 10 years and he was one of the best friends a man ever had.

Q — Tell me a little bit about your setup in Italy. You have a group of craftsmen there?

A — I spend about four to six months of the year there. Everything is cast there. But, we have done some casting at a Callix foundry in New York state. Our men fly over from Italy to do the work. We use the Callix facilities for large editions we can't handle in Italy.

Q — Do you have any plans, foundry-wise, for anything in the U.S., like in Cody?

A — Yes I do, Bill. I was talking to my ranch manager about that this morning. We want deeply to bring, to establish my foundry here in Cody. But, this is most important, a foundry is as good as the men who run it, like anything else, and the government still has this to learn, the machinery can't do a damn thing. When I can get my guys over here, to take up residence in Wyoming, then we can build a foundry that will be to my liking, and, I'm courting them,

gracefully and very properly. I had two men over here this summer, and their wives. I'm devoted to those people, I've got the most marvelous people working for me, one man who was here has been with me for 20 years, Bill. My foundry manager in Italy has been with me for 15 years.

Q — Do you have any other future plans regarding your career kicking around in your mind?

A — Well, by God Almighty! I've got that enormous monument I wish to do, I have a great desire to do, that really monstrous big "Stampede," on the Colorado-Wyoming border. I want very much to do that, and when the time is right, we'll do it. It'll be up on a butte, a mesa, right on Interstate 25 going north between Denver and Cheyenne, right along where the big cattle drives were.

Q — What size?

A — By God, I don't know, Bill, it's going to be enormous, a lot bigger than the Statue of Liberty, it'll be out of pounded copper, better than cast bronze.

Q — Harry, do you have any thoughts on the state of art in today's world?

A — Yes I do. I think that art is profoundly misunderstood and there is a great deal of confusion about what fine art is on all levels of society, from the man on the street, to the so-called intellectual. It's got to



Algonquin Chief and Warrior, polychrome bronze, 31-5/8" by 14-12".

Jackson . . .

be one of the most unanswerable questions, it's got to be close to the question, what is religion with a small r. Some of the most terrible things have been performed in the name of religion and in the name of art that man could think about. All the killings, in the name of religion, and all the unbelievable nonsense in the name of art, God, what a bunch of phonies and hypocrites they are.

Q — Do you think we're making any sane progress?

A — Bill, you know, I don't even understand the word progress. I do an awful lot of thinking about this, especially when I have devoted my life to art, and to know one's self better. You kinda like to know what you're doing. When we were boys, Bill, you would rather say you played piano at the whorehouse than say you were an artist. They thought you were some kind of fruitcake fag that only came out after dark, not a part of the real world, like there was something wrong with you. I need to get my own mind clear to what I'm doing as I can, that's where I'm at really, and if I can clarify it for myself and the more clear I am about it, I don't worry about anybody else. Because I figure they will just look at my work, and they'll look at me and they'll say, well, he likes what he's doing, he's proud of it, and maybe he's worth looking at. I want to get to the point that I'm so damn proud of what I'm doing that I can't see straight. Those are my thoughts about art. Being a hard-headed realist about it, Bill, the only way I can let folks enjoy what I do and have them consider putting something of mine in their homes and living with it and enjoying it, is let 'em know who I am, not hide under a bushel basket. I think that's the art of life and more important than being a good sculptor or painter, is being able to enjoy meeting people, telling them of your work. If I can die being one inch closer to knowing what the true value of things is, to having an inner sense of right from wrong, I figure I lived a pretty good life. 🙏

Treasured Moments of Nation's Life Preserved By Historical Photographs



White Eagle, Ponca

Since the beginning of time Mankind has been obsessed with communicating information and has invented amazing ways to perform the chore.

Vocal grunts became languages. Then visual efforts from drawing in the sand, and on cave walls, to sculpture and fine painting. Books, newspapers, radio, television, and computers. All have played major roles in man's efforts to communicate.

But 154 years ago an invention that has been called a miracle came into our lives. It's called photography.

Although the camera was invented in the 11th century, not until 1826 did French lithographer-inventor Joseph Nicéphore Niépce begin to mix various light

sensitive compounds with photographic chemicals. He coated a sheet of pewter with an asphalt solution, inserted it in a camera obscura device, and after an exposure to sunlight of eight hours the world's first photograph was produced. It was a dim image of the inventor's farm yard in France.

In 1837, Louis Daguerre invented the Daguerreotype and Henry Fox Talbot introduced a photography process that made photography practical through the use of a negative.

The technical aspect of photography continued to improve and it became known as a new and popular art form throughout the world.

Photography has proved to be a matchless recorder

Photographs . . .

of our life, its moments, its people and places. And, luckily for us, there were dedicated individuals who captured and preserved the images of our ever changing country of America as its frontiers moved westward.

Photography has proved to have major historical value and the photographs of life in past years are often the only view of those days that now exist.

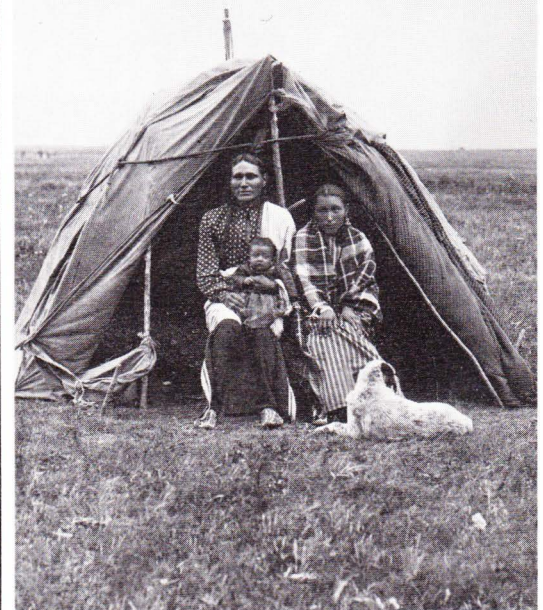
And, once again, the always surprising archives of the Gilcrease Collection contain an amazing treasury of over 5,000 historical photographs of early-day Indian Territory and Oklahoma state people and places.

Most of the Gilcrease Museum photographs are by unknown photographers such as portraits taken by commercial studio personnel, objects of historical value, or merely snapshots by amateurs. But several prominent early photographer-historians such as William Henry Jackson, William S. Prettyman and Edward Curtis are represented in the Gilcrease Collection. Jackson was the first to photograph the Yellowstone country and the Grand Tetons. Prettyman worked to a great extent in Oklahoma, and Curtis dedicated most of his life to recording the Indians of North America.

Now, for the first time, the Gilcrease Collection photographs are being displayed in a new Graphics Gallery. The gallery will also feature selected contemporary photography, such as the current exhibition of a Pulitzer Prize winning photography essay on the modern working cowboy.

Photography has indeed become the peculiar art form of our modern technological age. It is an unmatched way of spanning time and space. It freezes images of the many fragments of history, human faces and emotions, and retains them, virtually forever.

Some of the treasured moments of life preserved by the photographers who followed the development of our nation miraculously live again at Gilcrease. 🏠



C. C. Stotz

EL RENO, OKLA. TERR.

Mr. and Mrs. Twins, Cheyenne



Dwight Mission, near Sallisaw in Northeast Oklahoma territory



A general store in Northeast Oklahoma territory



Steamboat on the Grand River at Fort Gibson, Oklahoma

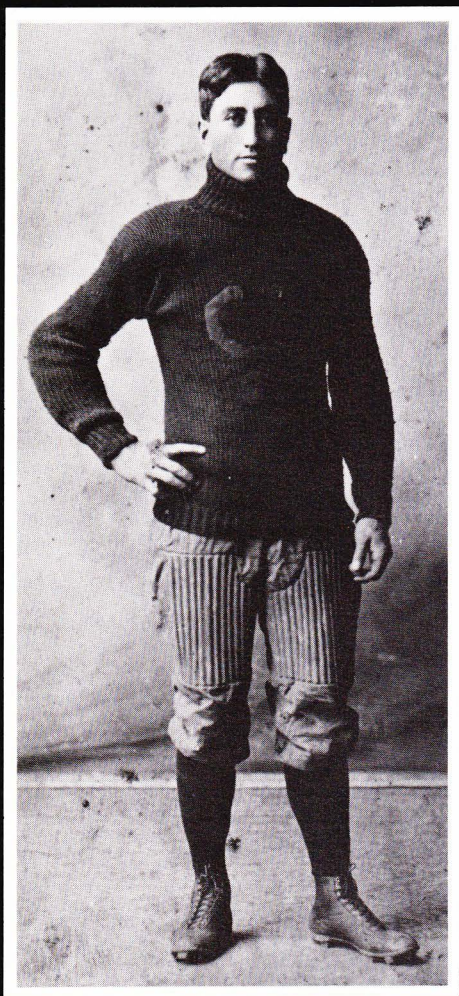
Photographs . . .



A group of cadets from an Indian boy's school in Oklahoma



Delegation of Cheyenne and Arrapahoe Indians to Washington, D.C. in 1891



Charles Dillon, Carlisle varsity football star famous for his victorious touchdown against Harvard University with the ball concealed under his jersey



Hunting Horse, Kiowa



Quw-ah-clah, Comanche camp

Missouri River Lured Artists Of Two Continents

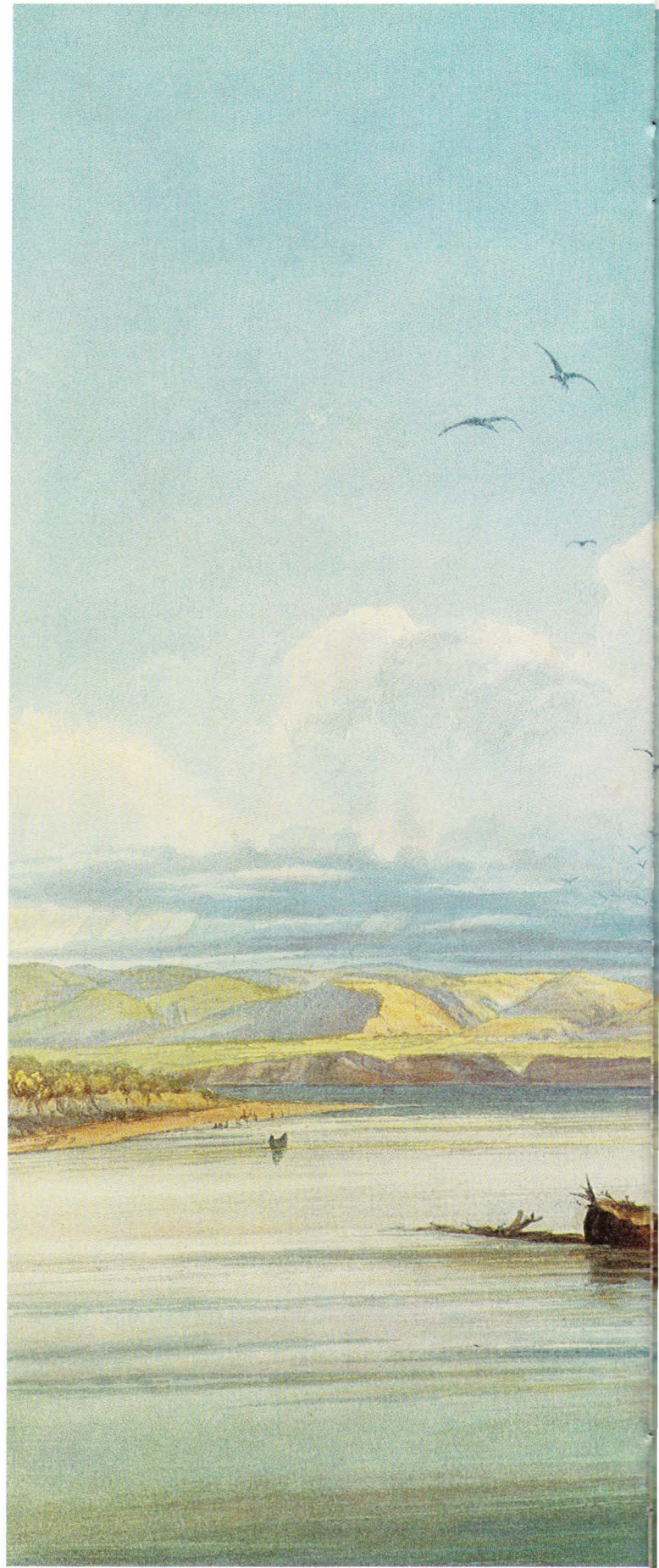
By Mildred D. Ladner

I have drunk the limpid waters of its sources and the muddy waters at its mouth, distant more than three thousand miles from each other. The prodigious length of its course, the wildness and impetuosity of its current, have induced the Scioux (sic) to call it "the Furious." Whenever I crossed this magnificent river the sensations which I experienced bordered on the sublime, and my imagination transported me through the world of prairies which it fertilizes, to the colossal mountains whence it issues."

So wrote Father Pierre Jean DeSmet, the Jesuit missionary who first traveled from St. Louis to the land of the Flathead Indians in 1841. His was a romantic description of as capricious a body of water as could be found in North America, and one that beckoned explorers for most of the 19th century.

Compared with the Missouri, the Mississippi rolled peacefully along its broad course, fed by tributaries with seasonal vagaries but overall a placid and dependable river. (Charles Dickens described it in 1842 as an "enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud, six miles an hour," and asked rhetorically: "what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who [praise be to Heaven] has no children like him!")

The Mississippi may have had "its strong and frothy current choked and obstructed everywhere by huge logs and whole forest trees; now twining themselves in great rafts . . . now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair . . . and now writhing round and round in the vortex of some small whirlpool, like wounded snakes," to continue Dickens' elaborate description. But the "Big Muddy", a spiny, slithery artery whose course plunged in con-



Mandan Village, color engraving by Carl Bodmer



Missouri River . . .

volutions through the heart of the American wilderness, had all these pitfalls to navigation plus cataracts resulting from the gathering of a thousand streams plunging out of the Rockies and powdery channels from spring floods that often changed radically the course of the river and made charting expeditions a recurring necessity.

If the Mississippi was the writers' river, the Missouri beckoned to the artists of two continents for 60 years between the Lewis and Clark expedition in the opening years of the century and the coming of the railroads. Whether accompanying fur traders, joining in the rush for gold, taking part in scientific expeditions to record the flora, fauna and aborigines of the wilderness or simply hankering for adventure, a dozen fine artists found their way up the Missouri with sketchpads and brushes.

For some, such expeditions became crusades for the recognition of native culture and a plea to halt wanton killing of natives and animals. For others, their river sketches and memories would be a precious lode to be worked over during a lifetime of easel painting in Manhattan studios or European ateliers.

Perhaps the first to sketch along the Missouri was the intrepid Captain William Clark, a "cartographer of considerable ability, although self-trained, and also an artist who could make incredibly accurate likenesses of whatever he fixed his eye upon." Clark's work was included in his reports and this aptitude probably was behind his interest in providing access to the wilderness some years later for the established artist George Catlin.

At least two artists were named for the Yellowstone Expedition under the command of Major Stephen H. Long of the U.S. Engineers in 1819-20 when a party of scientists accompanied 1,000 troops up the Missouri for the twofold purpose of impressing the Indians and bringing back more detailed descriptions of natural life in the area between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

The Long Expedition traveled by river boat from Pittsburgh to St. Louis in the spring of 1919, thence up the Missouri to the Yellowstone and from there overland to the headwaters of the Platte. Due to logistical errors and gross underfunding, the expedition met with many mishaps and had to be abandoned before more extensive plans could be carried out. From this fiasco, however, came more than 100 scientific sketches by Titian Ramsay Peale, the second son of Charles Willson Peale to bear that name, and a number of landscapes by Samuel Seymour, a Philadelphia painter.

Secretary of War John C. Calhoun instructed Long's party to "acquire as thorough and accurate knowledge as may be practicable, of a portion of our country

which is daily becoming more interesting, but which is yet imperfectly known," and to furnish sketches and portraits of distinguished "groups of savages celebrating their festivals or sitting in council."

Peale was designated assistant naturalist. When the official botanist, William Baldwin, died in the first summer and the geologist, Augustus Jessup, left the expedition, it fell to Peale to make the sketches used to illustrate a number of papers published by other members of the expedition.

As part of his mission, Seymour painted some 150 landscapes, 60 of which he had finished upon his return to Pittsburgh. Only eight were chosen for an atlas issued in 1822, a year before the two-volume journal of the expedition was published. Although of documentary value, Seymour's work on this and on a subsequent Long expedition to the lake country along the Canadian border fell "short of inspired art," in the opinion of Harold McCracken, an authority on early Western artists.

In the spring of 1830, against his family's wishes, George Catlin set out to explore the Upper Missouri. In the following 30 years, he would record in colorful prose and on canvas the ways of the American Indian tribes before their existence changed totally through the influx of traders and settlers. Furthermore, he would take his work to Europe to feed the insatiable appetite there for more knowledge about the American aborigines. His achievement in this area would never be equalled.

Catlin was a lawyer with a passion for painting. Largely self-taught, he associated in Philadelphia with Thomas Sully and several natural scientists while eking out a living as a portrait painter. His dream was to become an historical painter, and his life was changed upon seeing a delegation of Indians pass through Philadelphia.

When he set out from St. Louis on his 4,000 mile odyssey, he accompanied Pierre Chouteau, Jr. of the American Fur Company on the maiden voyage of the *Yellow Stone*, the first steamboat to penetrate beyond Council Bluff. His avowed purpose was to "select and study the finest models in Nature, unmasked and moving in all their grace and beauty." Some would have it that he was stung by the criticism of academicians brutally critical of his classical portraiture and the call of the wild fed his romantic nature.

Thanks to the influence of his mentor, General Clark, then governor of the Missouri Territory and superintendent of Indian affairs, Catlin was to achieve his dream. From the time of his arrival, he made copious notes as well as innumerable sketches and portraits. The longer his acquaintance with Indian ways, the more impatient he became with the treatment afforded them by his countrymen. He wrote:

"The reason why we are ignorant of (the Indian) and his modes is that we do not stop to investigate – the world has been too much in the habit of looking upon him as altogether inferior – as a beast and a brute . . . If they stop long enough to form an acquaintance, it is but to take advantage of his ignorance and credulities – to rob him . . . and to make him drunk with whiskey . . . By this method his first visitors entirely overlook and never understand the meaning of a thousand interesting and characteristic customs, and at the same time, by changing his native modes and habits of life, blot them out from the view of the enquiring world forever. It is from the observance of a thousand little and apparently trivial modes and tricks of Indian life, that the Indian character must be learned. . ."

Here are Catlin's first impressions of the Missouri, following his arrival after a voyage of nearly three months:

"The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River,

which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2,000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turgid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting-place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in of its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque; having, at all seasons of the year, the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it."

What Catlin lacked in his training as an artist, he more than made up for with his perceptive eye, his empathy for his subjects, and the meticulous manner in which he set about recording those details which would cause him to be remembered as an accomplished ethnologist as well as for his artistic work.

Catlin's *Letters & Notes on the Manners, Customs & Conditions of the North American Indians*, included 400 illustrations carefully engraved from his original paintings. It was published in 20 American, English, German, French and Belgian editions between 1841 and 1860. Some 217 of his original works are in the Gilcrease collection, along with a folio of 50 water-colors and a sketchbook of 217, soon to be published.



View of the Stone Walls on the Missouri, color engraving by Carl Bodmer

Herds of Bison and Elks, color engraving by Carl Bodmer





Missouri River . . .

Perhaps the most accomplished of the Missouri River artists was the Swiss watercolorist Carl Bodmer (also Karl), who was only 24 when he accompanied the Prussian naturalist, Prince Maximilian of Wied Neuwied, on an expedition to gather and sketch wildlife. Maximilian took the *Yellow Stone* on its second voyage, a year after Catlin, then went beyond Fort Union on the *Assiniboine*, which was caught by low water, forcing its crew and passengers to remain at Fort Clark from November to April.

Bodmer, who had studied in Paris before his venture in the Far West, worked in an almost lyrical style. He sketched and painted Indians in their decorated garb, scenes of the badlands, of daily life among the Teton and Yankton Sioux, Mandan, Blackfoot, Nez Perce, Utes, Snakes, Crows and Crees, contributing to the visual history of the area as far into the interior as Fort McKenzie near the Teton River.

His work supplemented the publication of Maximilian's *Travels in the Interior of North America*, published in Germany, France and England and considered as the finest documentary on the Missouri frontier extant.

Maximilian also was impressed by the waywardness of the river and its hidden dangers:

"The Yellow Stone had several times struck against submerged trunks of trees, but it was purposely built very strong, for such dangerous voyages. . .

"The drift wood on the sand banks, consisting of the trunks of large timber trees, forms a scene characteristic of the North American rivers; at least I saw nothing like it in Brazil where most of the rivers rise in the primeval mountains or flow through more solid ground. On the banks which we passed, the drifted trunks of trees were in many places already covered with sand, a border of willows and poplars was before the forest, and it is among these willow bushes that the Indians usually lie in ambush, when they intend to attack those who tow their vessels up the river by long ropes."

The bound atlas of Bodmer's polychrome plates that accompanied Maximilian's text is regarded as one of the finest picture histories of the Missouri frontier ever published. After the two-year American tour, Bodmer returned to France to become one of the most influential of the contemporary Barbizon school. In the collection at Gilcrease is an original engraving in three stages — including mezzotint and a mixed media process with wash — of one of his most famous works, the interior of a Mandan lodge. The museum also has two sets, with 139 engravings in each, of the color engravings used in Maximilian's journal.

Although a scant dozen years had passed between Catlin's initial visit and an expedition John James Au-

dubon made in behalf of his *Quadrupeds*, and as the guest of Pierre Chouteau on the sidewheeler *Omega*, the effect of outsiders was already apparent in Indian life.

Audubon borrowed from his friend Edward Harris to finance the trip, which included Isaac Sprague of Hingham, Massachusetts, taken along to assist with drawings, as well as a taxidermist and Audubon's secretary, Lewis Squires. It was the *Omega's* 14th annual trip, but the usual difficulties of wind and erosion were encountered. In spite of this, the *Omega* was by weeks the fastest boat on the river. In 1841, the *Otter* took 80 days to get to Fort Union and 21 to get down; the *Shawnee* spent 76 days upbound and 22 coming down in 1842. The *Omega* reached Fort Union in 49 days with the naturalist's party aboard, and made her downstream run in 15 days.

Audubon, filling his time happily with the study of new species of birds, was unimpressed with the record-breaking trip. "What opportunities," he once wrote, "have been lost in making the most valuable observations on the habits of our birds by scientific men being attached to what may be called Galloping Parties."

Of particular interest is Audubon's change of sentiment toward the Indians:

". . . sights daily seen will not bear recording; they have dispelled all the romance of Indian life I ever had, and I am satisfied that all the poetry about Indians is contained in books; there certainly is none in their wild life in the woods."

After describing the "destitute and hungry" Indians feeding upon the "bloated and putrid" carcasses of buffalo drowned in the river, Audubon commented: "Ah! Mr. Catlin, I am now sorry to see and to read your accounts of the Indians you saw — how very different they must have been from any that I have seen!"

(Included in the Gilcrease Collection are Audubon's "Wild Turkey" and his "Pair of Cooper's Hawks.")

Rudolph Friedrich Kurz, animal and genre painter whom Harold McCracken dubs "a soldier of fortune with a sketchpad," was 28 years old when he left his native Berne, Switzerland to join the westward movement. Most of his six years on the frontier were spent between St. Louis and Fort Union. He worked as a clerk for the American Fur Company in order to earn his passage and keep.

Inspired by Bodmer, who urged him to undertake a Missouri expedition in order to become more proficient in drawing animals, Kurz settled for a time at St. Joseph, Missouri, where he sketched and painted Potawatomi, Fox, Oto, Iowa and Kickapoo Indians. In 1850, he married the 16-year-old daughter of an Iowa chief, but in the spring, "I found my bird had flown. That was the end of my romantic dream of love and marriage with an Indian maiden."

After this incident, Kurz took the fur boat to Fort Berghold, wintered at Fort Union, and subsequently returned to Berne in 1852. Thirteen watercolors and



Fort Union on the Missouri, color engraving by Carl Bodmer

five drawings or wash sketches in the Gilcrease Collection are possibly the only examples of his work extant in the United States.

Charles Wimar (also known as Karl Ferdinand) is generally known as a St. Louis artist, but he began painting when he was a 12-year-old youth in Cologne, Germany. Three years later, he emigrated with his mother to join his stepfather, operator of an inn near an Indian campground in the St. Louis area.

Young Wimar returned to Germany to attend the Düsseldorf Academy, where he studied with Leutze, in 1852. Upon rejoining his family, he made a six-month trip up the Missouri and Yellowstone in 1858 (sketching at Forts Berthold, Union, Clark, Chouteau, Benton and Kipp) and a two-month trip the following year.

A romantic realist, he is known to have painted only 60 pieces. Seventeen of them are in Düsseldorf. His depictions of buffalo and Indian life are noted for their maturity and authenticity. The Gilcrease Collec-

tion includes nine oils.

Wimar took the latest model box camera with him in 1858 when he boarded the first boat of the season bound for the headwaters of the Missouri, but he was not the first of the river explorers to experiment with the camera. John C. Fremont, who made a trip on a fur boat in 1839, was equipped with a Daguerreotype camera. He commented on "the incessant crumbling away of banks and bars, which the river was steadily undermining and destroying at one place to build up in another." The Daguerreotype wasn't up to taking pictures of topographical features. Wimar had more luck with his camera. He made the earliest photos of Indians, along with his sketches.

In 1860 and 1861, two New York City artists took to the river for sketching trips that would provide material for the remainder of their careers.

When 30-year-old William Jacob Hays left St. Louis on the *Spread Eagle* on May 3, 1860, his craft was accompanied by two small "mountain" steamboats, the *Key West* and the *Chippewa*. A letter to his father, dated six days later, provides a glimpse of the rigors

Missouri River . . .

of river travel even at that late date:

"We are now about 350 miles on our way. The thermometer has fallen from 90 to 50 degrees . . . the wind is blowing a gale and it looks like a sandstorm on shore, yesterday it blew so hard that the steamers were blown ashore and remained so for nearly five hours, so that we only made thirty miles all day – when they get out of fuel and there should happen to be no wood yard near, they send men ashore to cut it, at night this is done by fire light, the effect is very picturesque. . ."

Returning to paint in the East, Hays exhibited his canvases of Western game animals in New York and London. Some were reproduced in lithographs. In his prime, he was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Gilcrease Collection includes a single Hays oil, generally known as "The Herd on the Move." This painting, however, has a colorful story behind it. Shown in New York in 1861-62, the canvas disappeared for many years until Professor Walter P. Webb uncovered it in a London bookshop in 1938 and purchased it on a return trip in 1942. (According to a recent article by Walter Randall, Jr., Webb turned his \$100 investment into a \$5,000 sale to Thomas Gilcrease shortly after it was shipped to Austin.) The canvas has been given its original name: "A Herd of Buffaloes on the Bed of the River Missouri."

The youngest and the last of the artists to travel up the Missouri before the advent of the Civil War signified the end of an era was a 20-year-old New Yorker named William de la Montagne Cary, who shared with two contemporaries an adventuresome trek that eventually took them, through many hair-raising experiences, to the West Coast and home by sea.

Cary, W. H. Schieffelin and E. N. Lawrence left St. Louis well equipped with various refinements including saddles, and currant jelly, to temper the taste of wild game. They were reduced to the status of frontiersmen rather than gentlemen travelers when the *Chippewa*, to which they had transferred from the *Spread Eagle* at Fort Union, caught on fire and exploded shortly after its passengers were safely on shore.

In addition to losing their gear, Indian annuities, trading goods and the 80 sketches Cary had executed, the passengers were forced to scrounge along the shore until they discovered a flatboat on which they

returned to Fort Union, where they waited for six weeks. This was a happy time for the artist.

Andrew Dawson, chief factor for the American Fur Company, made his way 400 miles up the river to Fort Benton to bring back wagons to transport the *Chippewa's* passengers, trading goods and annuities for the Blackfeet.

The three youths, whose journey had been inspired by reading the tales of James Fenimore Cooper, now began to live their own adventure. They continued in an old River Cart, were feted by friendly Indians, seized by hostile ones and rescued on the word of their former hosts, who sweetened their release by trading blankets and provisions for the captives.

Once arrived at Fort Benton by slow ox train, the travelers bought 15 horses and a cart, hired some hands, and turned westward. Bad luck dogged their trail. By the time they reached "Hell Gate" in the Rockies of Montana, they were grateful to join forces with Lieutenant John Mullan's surveying party and continue with it on horseback to the Coeur d'Alene Mission and thence to Walla Walla, from which they went by stage to Portland and by steamboat to San Francisco, arriving with 25 cents among the three of them.

Cary sailed for home ahead of his companions, and although he would return up the Missouri in 1864 and again in 1874, he would spend most of his lifetime painting from sketches made on the first trip. Most of his known work, some 186 paintings, sketches and bronzes, is in the possession of the Gilcrease Institute, including the most famous, "Return of the Northwest Boundary Survey." His paintings are of great documentary interest.

It will be obvious to those acquainted with the Missouri River period that I have not included the "river portraitist," George Calbe Bingham; the military artist, Seth Eastman, whose collaboration with his wife, Mary Henderson, made their names familiar in many late 19th century households; the fine German sketch artist and prolific novelist, Henry Balduin Möllhausen, and the prolific "Western American Raphael", Alfred Jacob Miller. Each of these is worthy of consideration, but their work was done along the shoreline (in the case of Bingham, two of whose paintings are in the Gilcrease Collection) or in the neighborhood of the ambunctious river, but not while sharing the rigors of its navigation. 🐾

BOOK REVIEWS

BY MILDRED D. LADNER

"William Robinson Leigh – Western Artist" by D. Duane Cummins has just been released by the University of Oklahoma Press (\$19.95) as the Volume II in the Gilcrease-Oklahoma Series on Western Art and Artists.

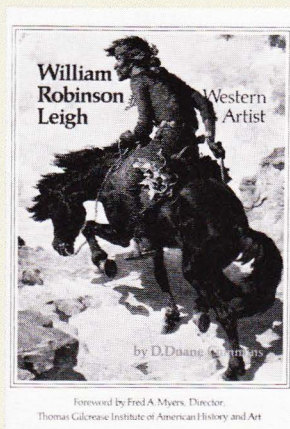
Dr. Cummins, who wrote this book as his dissertation for his Ph.D. from the University of Oklahoma, based his book largely on paintings and documents in the Gilcrease Museum. He explores not only the enigmatic career of Leigh, who (in the words of his wife, the former Ethel Traphagen) "let his brush roam the windy plains" from his studio in New York, but also writes in some detail of Leigh's unconventional ideas concerning religion, capitalism and the exploitation of man, particularly as demonstrated in the Southwest.

Born in West Virginia in 1866 into an aristocratic family reeling under its losses in the Civil War, Leigh was deprived of opportunities offered his older brothers. He was taught largely by his mother but eventually managed to raise the money among more affluent relatives for an art education in Germany.

Leigh stayed in Munich until he was 30. Settling in New York, he became an illustrator, eventually earning his first trip west in 1906 by painting a landscape of the Grand Canyon in return for a Santa Fe train ticket.

Each summer he returned to the Southwest, drawing his inspiration from nature and the individualism of the American Indian. It wasn't until the post-World War I period that his paintings began to draw critical attention, but he would paint for another 35 years and live long enough to achieve acclaim.

There are 923 of William R. Leigh's works in the Gilcrease Museum, as pointed out by Director Fred A. Myers in his foreword to the book, as well as a replica of the Leigh studio as it was furnished in New York City, complete in detail down to the artist's brushes and his books.



One of the most delightful books to come our way in many months is *On the Road with John James Audubon* (Dodd Mead, \$19.95) by Mary Durant and Michael Harwood, with a hefty assist from the journals of the great naturalist.

The Harwoods spent 13 months on a 35,000 mile camping expedition to retrace Audubon's steps. Using his journal, essays and letters, they have woven skillfully a colorful fabric blending his words with their own descriptions of the same sights today and their experiences in finding them.

Sections are attributed to MH (Harwood), MD (Mary) and JJA, the presence felt throughout their trek, yet the whole is brought together into a fascinating chronicle of times past and of the present.

This is an exceptionally beautifully printed and illustrated book. Although entirely in black-and-white, the prints used have been chosen with discrimination and the contemporary photography by Harwood is first class.



The very thought of tackling the Lewis and Clark "Voyage of Discovery" to learn about it has always frightened me. So much has been written about it; more is still being uncovered. Inspired by the facile mind of Thomas Jefferson, this significant exploration of the Northwest

had so many aspects — geographical, botanical, zoological, geopolitical, ethnological and historical, among others.

Now David Freeman Hawke has brought it all together in a chronicle that deals also with the personalities of the expedition's captains and many of their stalwarts. In *Those Tremendous Mountains* (W. W. Norton, \$12.95), Dr. Hawke quotes from Meriwether Lewis' and William Clark's journals and illustrates his text in part with credible sketches that Clark made for the record.

If one can fault this slender book, it would be for the rather hurried manner in which the author returns the weary party from Fort Clatsop at the mouth of the Columbia River in the Spring of 1806. He devotes fewer than 30 pages to the trip which saw the expedition make its only retreat (because of "eternal snows") and then break into four smaller expeditions before rendezvousing for the less exciting trip down the Missouri. Because of the endearing manner in which he acquaints us with the brilliant but mercurial Lewis and the practical, unruffled Clark, one is tempted to call "Encore!" and demand a second book extending the return material.

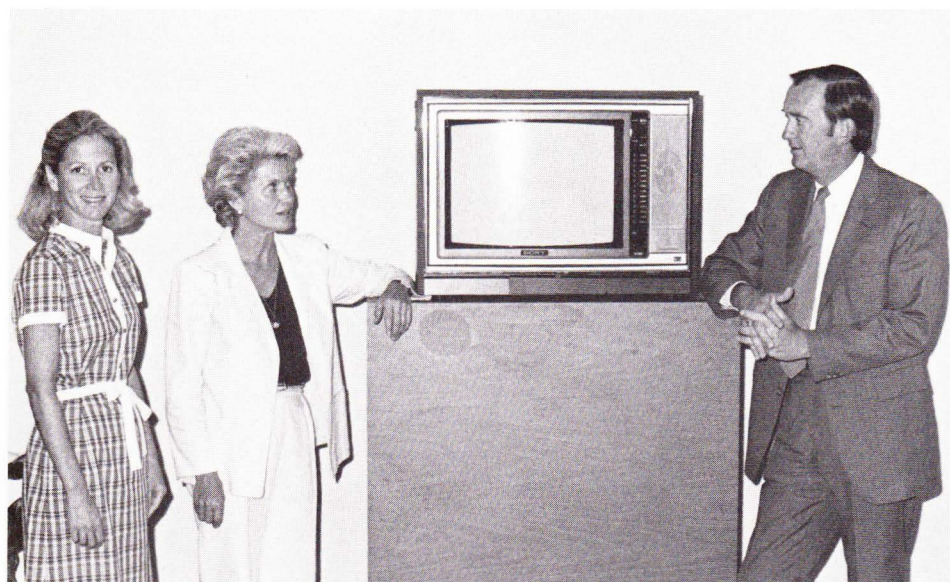
Here is Lewis' Journal entry on his birthday in 1805:

"This day I completed my thirty-first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this sublunary world. I reflected that I had as yet done but little, very little indeed, to further the happiness of the human race or to advance the information of the succeeding generation. I viewed with regret the many hours I have spent in indolence. . ."

This from the leader of an expedition that discovered 24 Indian tribes, 178 plants and 122 animals then unknown to the world, and who would take his own life a few years later.



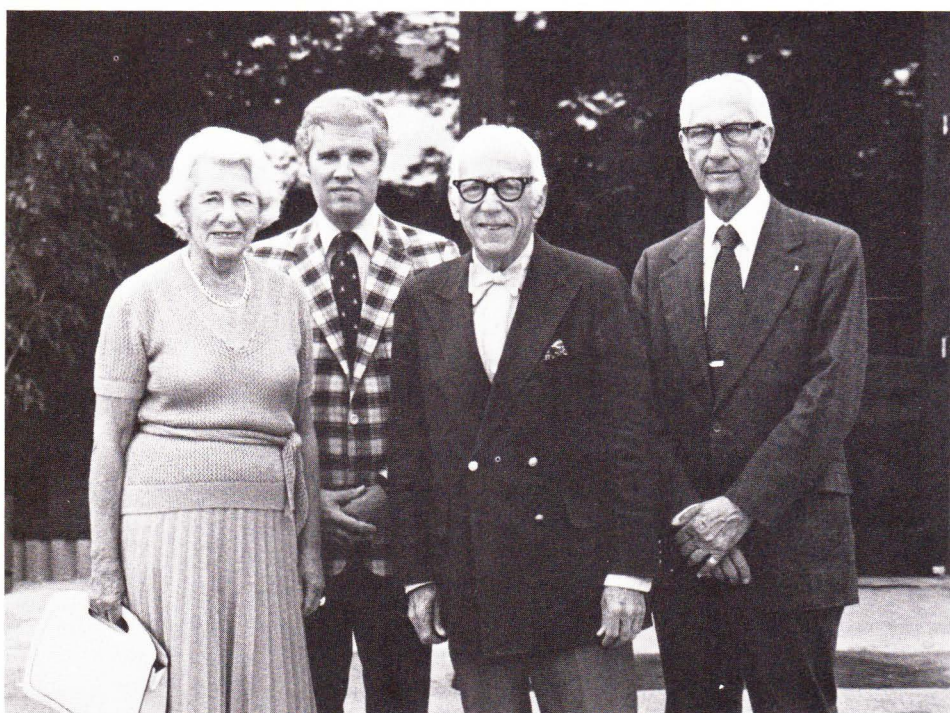
PEOPLE & PERSONALITIES



Checking the new videotape monitor in the Gilcrease briefing center are Barbara G. Heyman, Patricia W. Wheeler, center, and Charles D. Schnake, all directors of the museum association.



Television star Paul Lynde was delighted with himself in an Indian headdress during a recent visit to Gilcrease. Solomon McCombs, acting on behalf of the Creek Indian tribe, presented Lynde with an appreciation award.



Among recent visitors to the museum were Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Marks, president of the Palm Springs Desert Museum in Palm Springs, California. Shown are Mrs. Marks, Fred Myers, Gilcrease director, Walter Marks, and David R. Milsten, Gilcrease Museum Association director emeritus.

Marian R. Bovaird, left, and Patricia W. Wheeler, of the Gilcrease Museum Association, discuss museum landscape design plans with David Carlson, of the city Parks and Gilcrease Trustees boards.





MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

By Fred Myers

Regular visitors to Gilcrease Museum have been commenting often in the last several months about a "new look" at the museum. Such comments always surprise me because the place looks to me pretty much the way it has always looked. When questioned "what changes?", people have responded with comments on some of the galleries, on the new gift shop, on something that I had forgotten was different from the way it used to be. I guess it is a case of being too close to events to really see.

If there is a "new look", and I am willing to allow the comments to convince me that there is, it most certainly begins with our new front door. More gift shop space was the main reason for the recent, modest building expansion at Gilcrease. A most welcome by-product of the new gift shop is the enlarged and good-looking new entrance furnished the museum. Gone is the old glass vestibule with its chairs and cigarette urns that sometimes reminded me of a hospital waiting room and, at other times, of a day at the beach when it was raining cats and dogs. The new entrance is spacious, quiet, simple, and it will be improved by outside greenery as soon as the Oklahoma weather allows for the planting of trees and shrubs. One of the more amazing changes that came with the new entrance is that the messenger bird that used to



An expanded gift shop of 3,500 square feet offers many unique items

be painted on the wall above the door has, phoenix-like, been reborn as a huge bas-relief at ground level.

Another by-product of the expanded gift shop is our new briefing center. Located in the space where the gift shop used to be, the briefing center offers information about the museum and the collection. Hopefully, this information allows the first-time visitor to have a more enjoyable and enlightening tour of the museum. Facts about Thomas Gilcrease, about how his collection became a museum, about what the visitor ought not to miss in his tour are written on the wall, and, for those who prefer to take in their information from the TV, those facts are amplified in a video program in living color and sound.

Other electronic aids newly available are tape cassettes that can be rented and taken by the visitor to the galleries so that the staff, by means of the taped messages, can pour information and little secrets right into the ears of the unsuspecting and always fascinated gallerygoers.

Once in the galleries, there is also an obvious "new look" here and there. There is a new graphics gallery, for instance. On view here are photographs and original prints. While the gallery is modest in size, it is the first one in our area to be regularly devoted to the display of graphic works. The observant visitor who has been in the museum before will also probably notice that there are more artifacts and documents on view than there used to be. This change is the expression of a staff program to amalgamate wherever possible such material with paintings and sculpture from the art collection. Part of the "new look" in the galleries is that there are simply many more things on view. It is hoped that the increased information available to the curious gallerygoer will excuse any tendency for the galleries to look a bit like grandma's attic.

In addition to the increase in the number of things from the permanent collection on view, there are also more exhibitions of borrowed material on the schedule. Fitting somewhere into the usual topography of Gilcrease galleries this season will be exhibitions of photography by Skeeter Hagler, of paintings from the Western collection of Mr. and Mrs. Anschutz of Denver, of bronzes by Harry Jackson, of paintings and a special Gilcrease bronze from Gordon Snidow. It becomes clear from the schedule and the evidence of the eyes that even though the entrance may be more spacious, the galleries are more crowded.

Now what we really need is more gallery space. That way we could display even more of the multi-valent Gilcrease Collection at the same time we offer the stimulation of featured, borrowed material.

. . . More gallery space; that certainly is a pleasant thought. 

New Museum Poster, T-Shirt, Other Holiday Gift Items Offered By Gilcrease Shop

Gilcrease Museum's new expanded gift shop offers many unique gift items for the upcoming Holiday season including a poster and T-shirt being offered for the first time.

The new Gilcrease poster, the first one in the history of the institute, is a colorful, creative piece of work which is sure to become a collectors' item. Printed in three colors on high grade glossy coated paper stock, the poster measures 19 inches by 25 inches. It features an illustration of Frederic Remington's "Coming Through The Rye." The Gilcrease poster will lend itself to being pinned to a wall, or when framed becomes an exciting addition to the decor of any room.

A new T-shirt, also the first one in the history of the institute, again features Remington's "Coming Through The Rye," printed on a beige shirt, in dark brown with accent of orange. The Gilcrease T-shirt is available in small, medium, large and extra large adult sizes, and small, medium and large children's sizes.

Both the poster and the T-shirt make ideal gifts for any member of the family, young or old, and would also serve as unique business gifts.

You may purchase the poster and T-shirt in the Gilcrease museum gift shop. Prices are \$4 each for the poster, and \$5.95 each for the T-shirt. Mail orders will also be accepted and should be addressed to Gilcrease Museum Gift Shop, 1400 N. 25th W. Ave., Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127. Enclose your check made payable to: Gilcrease Museum Association. Also add \$3 for postage.

Many other items are available in the Gilcrease Museum gift shop, which will fill the needs of everyone on your Holiday gift list. You'll find sterling and turquoise earrings, belt buckles, rings, and necklaces, plus Kachina dolls, sculpture, note cards, reproduction prints of paintings in the Gilcrease collection, prints and numbered prints, and special art portfolios. The gift shop also features a wide range of art and history books.

For a really different Holiday gift, place your order now for everyone on your list with a gift from the Gilcrease Museum gift shop.

Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association
1400 North 25th West Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127



MR & MRS ROGER V DEVLIN
3506 S BIRMINGHAM AVE
TULSA OK 74105

Non Prof. Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Tulsa, Oklahoma
PERMIT NO. 226

