

THE GILCREASE

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART



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Front Cover — Meat's Not Meat 'Till It's In The Pan, oil, 37½" by 25", by Charles M. Russell.

Back Cover — Lewis And Clark Expedition, oil, 47" by 29½", by Charles M. Russell.

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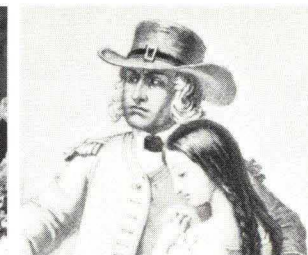
FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



Russell



Southwest Culture



Boone

Wintertime at Gilcrease can be a delightful time of year.

It's the season that offers a different attitude, different sights, and different sounds. After the Holiday season with its messages of joy and hope, everybody, both visitors and staff, seem to feel just a little better about life in general.

The museum grounds put on their winter dress with the evergreen trees sparkling through the snow, the giant, old wrinkled oaks look even more majestic devoid of leaves than they do in the spring and summer months, the figures in the sculpture garden appear quite elegant in their icicle coats, and the surrounding Osage Hills look grand in their winter colors of brown, tan, rust and gold.

Red berries on the holly bring forth a great chorus of song from all the wild birds, squirrels chatter busily, and the sound of barking dogs from the valley and hills beyond tell perhaps, of a cross-country chase of the grey fox who has been known to peek through the window in one of the galleries.

And, inside the museum, out of the nippy weather, it's warm and the perfect place to spend a winter day, surrounded by the objects of one of mankind's most unique treasury storehouses.

Wintertime, and life. They are both beautiful.

Charles Marion Russell has attained such stature as a Western artist that most of us forget that he had many other talents, including being a fine poet and writer, a good working cowboy, and perhaps most important of all, a real person.

Gilcrease has 88 works by Charles M. Russell and displays many of them permanently in the Russell gallery. We see them so often that we sometimes forget just how great an artist, and a man, that he was.

Probably just about everything that can be said has been said about Charlie Russell. The cowboy artist from Montana carved a spot for himself as a great recorder of the Old West. We thought you would like to read a review of his life and take another look at some of his work as we pay tribute to him in this issue.



Visitors from throughout the nation and the world pass through the doors of Gilcrease Museum.

These past few months we have had guests register from such distant places as China, Ireland, Germany, Mexico, Japan, Liechtenstein, England, France, and South Africa.

The guest from South Africa happened to be Dr. Peter Becker, author and student of Southern Africa tribes. He is the author of 14 books, a radio and television broadcaster, and a Fellow of the Explorers' Club, an international association which includes men such as Neil Armstrong and Sir Edmund Hillary. He also produced a television series on tribal cultures which won an award for best television documentary series of 1977.

Dr. Becker is an old friend of Gilcrease Senior Curator Dan McPike, who guided his friend from South Africa on a trip through the Southwest United States this past October. Dr. Becker found our Southwest culture interesting and graciously consented to write an article about his Southwestern American journey for us.



The first time I heard about Daniel Boone and Kentucky was my pre-school days at the knee of my Grandfather Nolan. Ah, the tales he could tell about the man from Kentucky fighting off Indians, bears, and other hazards of the wilderness. And, since Grandpa was from Kentucky, he waxed poetic about the beauty of the land, especially when he had taken a drop or two.

Gazing out over a valley and mountains of the scenic country of Kentucky must have been quite an adventure in the 1700's. Jeanne Snodgrass King writes of Daniel Boone and a painting by William T. Ranney showing Boone and his party looking at Kentucky for the first time, and of some of the adventures of Boone in Kentucky. My Grandpa would have liked the story, and I'm sure you will too.



It's nice to be recognized for doing good work. Our director, Fred Myers, tells about recent honors awarded to The Gilcrease Magazine. Producing an award-winning magazine is impossible without the help of others. We wish to thank our art director, Bill Patterson for his super graphic design work, our photographer Mark Haynes, and others who have contributed to the publication. We also thank the countless number of people who have encouraged us with so many kind words during the past year.

Wm J. Butler

William J. Butler
Senior Editor

CM Russell



He Was A Top Hand Telling The Story Of The Old West

By William J. Butler

What was the Old West really like? Take a look at a Charles M. Russell painting, view and read his illustrated letters, or read one of his poems or stories, and you'll know.

Charles Marion Russell portrayed the West with a blend of intimate, authentic realism, mixed with a love of nature and mankind that is perhaps unmatched by any other American artist.

This very uncommon man left a legacy of approximately 2,600 paintings and drawings, plus hundreds of individual bronze statues and wax models, book and magazine illustrations, his famous illustrated letters, and his series of Rawhide Rawlins Stories which are classics of Western literature.

When Sioux And Blackfeet Meet, *watercolor*, 27-14"
by 16-12".

Russell. . .

Charles Marion Russell was born in St. Louis, Missouri on March 19, 1864. He began drawing pictures and modeling figures out of clay when he was four years old. At the age of 12 he won a blue ribbon for one of his drawings at the county fair. But, he was not winning blue ribbons in his school studies. Because of his poor grades in school, Russell was sent to military school in New Jersey in 1879. Charlie continued to draw cowboys and Indians instead of studying and he only lasted one term at the military school. In 1880, just a few days before his 16th birthday, Charlie's parents gave him permission to take a trip to Montana with a family friend.

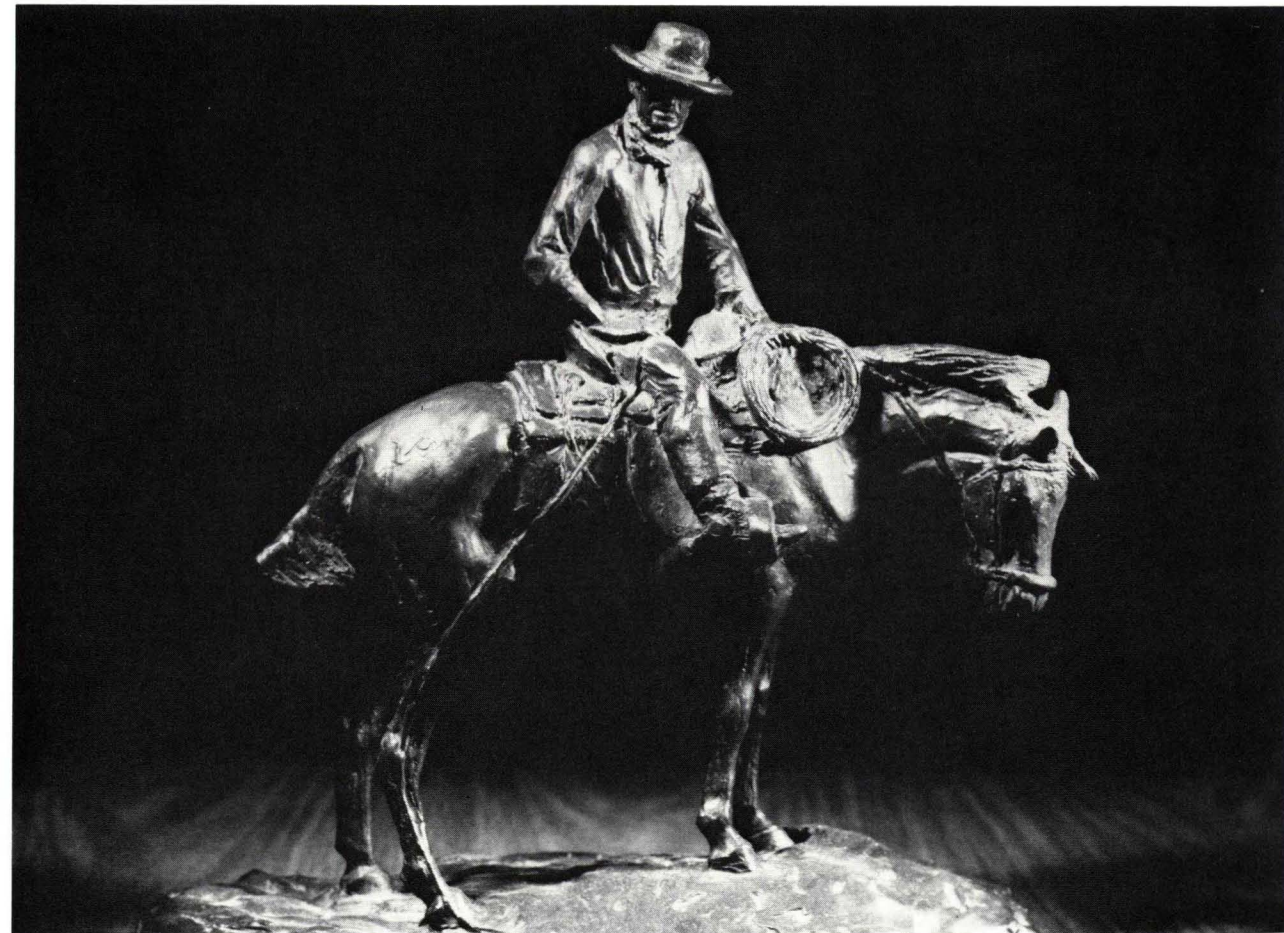
He traveled by rail to Ogden and Fort Hall and on to Red Rock, Montana Territory. That was the end of the railroad so he took the stage to Helena, and then on to a sheep ranch in the Judith Basin by horseback. He was to spend the summer working on the sheep

ranch, but Charlie and the rancher didn't hit it off too well so he quit his job. He met a trapper and mountain man named Jake Hoover and spent two years as Jake's partner at a log cabin in the hills, trapping and hunting.

Life in the rustic cabin offered a lot of time to draw, and to watch the deer, elk, bear, beaver, mountain sheep, and other animals in their native habitat. Russell learned the habits and appearances of the animals, plus skinning and preparing the animals for market taught him anatomy.

But, most of all, he had fell in love with the lush prairies and mountains swarming with wild animals, the creeks full of fish, the beautiful land of Montana, the country he would make his home for the rest of his life.

Although Russell enjoyed his days with Jake Hoover hunting and trapping and gaining a tremendous knowledge of game animals, he still wanted to be a cowboy. His chance came when he met a cattle outfit one day and asked for a job. He was hired to night



The Night Herder, bronze, 14" high.



Her Heart Is On The Ground, oil, 35-1/2" by 23-1/2".

wrangle the horses, keep them together while the rest of the cowboy outfit slept. He worked as a night wrangler or herder for the next 11 years, working during the spring, summer and fall, and spending the winters any place he could find to sleep.

As a night herder, Charlie had nearly all the daylight hours in cow camp off duty. After a few hours of sleep, he would be up watching the cowboys work. He made quick sketches of them roping their horses, riding a bucking bronc, branding cows, and all the other details of life in a cowboy camp on the range.

During the 11 years he worked as a cowboy, Russell experienced just about everything there was to experience in the frontier life of Montana. He worked roundups and cattle drives and lived off the land when he was between jobs. He rubbed elbows with cowboys, saloonkeepers, mountain men, gamblers, and Indians. One of his friends was Black Eagle, chief of a tribe of the Blood Indians in Canada. In 1888 Russell spent the fall and winter (six months) in the lodge of the tribe, which was a branch of the Blackfoot tribe.

As a result he acquired invaluable knowledge about Indian life, and developed an understanding and appreciation of the Indian philosophy.

Fittingly, Mother Nature had a hand in bringing first fame to Charlie Russell. A wind called the chinook is a part of the winter weather scene in Montana. The chinook comes blowing over the prairie one night during the long winter and melts the snow. By daylight, the ground is bare and the cattle can eat once more.

During the winter of 1886 in Montana the chinook didn't come and thousands of cattle died. Rancher L. E. Kaufman wrote to Russell that winter inquiring about the condition of his herd of cattle. To explain the situation to the absent cattle owner, Russell sketched a small drawing of a starved-looking cow, its head bowed, ribs sticking out so lean you could count them. He scribbled "Waiting for Chinook" below the cow and mailed it to Kaufman. When Kaufman received the drawing he knew exactly how his herd was faring. He showed the drawing to everybody in town, had prints made and it was later reproduced on a



Jerked Down, oil, 36" by 22".



Buffalo Runner, bronze, 10" high.

postcard and sent throughout the Northwest area. After that, everybody knew Charlie Russell's name.

And, that Russell drawing was to haunt Montana and its climate forever. On October 22, 1971, a news report transmitted by United Press International from Billings, Montana to the press throughout the world reported:

"The mayor of Billings has ordered all City Hall employes to label outgoing mail with the top temperature of the day – to dispel Montana's frigid image.

"Mayor Willard Fraser blames Montana's image on famed Western artist Charles M. Russell.

"Charlie Russell with his damn cow convinced the whole world Montana is but a mile and a quarter – no more – from the North Pole," Fraser said.

"The mayor was referring to Russell's 'Waiting for a Chinook,' which pictures a starving cow in a Montana blizzard."

Charlie Russell drew, painted and sculpted in cow camps, cabins and saloons. He developed the habit of carrying modeling clay in his pocket and of fashioning figures while he talked or listened. One of his first oil paintings was for a saloon in Utica, Montana and was on a piece of pine slab, the oils were house paints.

In late fall of 1892 he decided to quit being a cowboy and settled down in Great Falls to paint for a living. And that's when it all came together. The good and the bad times, the excitement, the danger, the knowledge, all the elements of those past years on the range.

He began to recreate all the things he had seen, experienced, and imagined. It all flowed from his paint brushes: cowboys, trappers, Indians, roundups, cattle drives, wagon trains, gunfights, cowtowns, sheep and bear hunts, hunting buffalo, bucking horses, and saloons. He was painting, he was recording, he was telling the story in minute, accurate detail of the raw action, the violence, the spirit, the glory of the Old West.

In 1896 Charlie Russell married Nancy Cooper. His wife became his business manager and promoter and kept Charlie working on two or three canvases at a



Carson's Men, oil, 35-12" by 24".

Russell. . .

time in a studio he built next door to their home in Great Falls, Montana. His paintings and drawings soon began to appear in several national magazines, as well as illustrations for books. Russell paintings began to turn up in leading galleries and collections throughout the nation. He also became well known for his colorful writing of tales of the Old West. He lived and worked in Great Falls until he died at the age of 62 in 1926.

Russell's recording of the Old West has no equal in the world of art in the realm of accurate realism. Old timers, historians and naturalists consider him near perfect in his work. His paintings and sculpture are a visual feast and an emotional happening. And, if you listen real close you can hear the slap of leather on a bucking bronc, the zing of an Indian arrow, the growl of a bear, the bellow of a cow, and the tinkle of a piano in a cowtown saloon.

Charles Marion Russell was a multi-talented man. He was a cowboy, painter, sculptor, poet and writer. He could tell a superb story, in pictures or words. But, most of all, and perhaps it was the secret of his suc-

cess, he was a real human being.

Oklahoma native son Will Rogers, a close friend of Charlie Russell, said it this way in an introduction to the book, *"Good Medicine,"* a collection of Russell's letters published in 1929:

" . . . he wasn't just 'Another Artist.' He wasn't 'just another' anything. In nothing that he ever did was he 'just another' . . . He was a philosopher. He was a great humorist. He had a great underlying spiritual feeling. . .

Will Rogers continued: "His belief was peace and contentment, let everybody go their own way, live their own lives, so long, of course, as it didn't trespass the rights of others. He wanted to see an "Injun" let alone. He believed that he was as happy, and as great a contribution to mankind, on a pony as he is in a Ford.

"He had lived and associated with the Indians, and he knew that if you talked with a wise old Indian you would receive more real philosophy and knowledge than you could attending 32 Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, and Kiwanis luncheons.

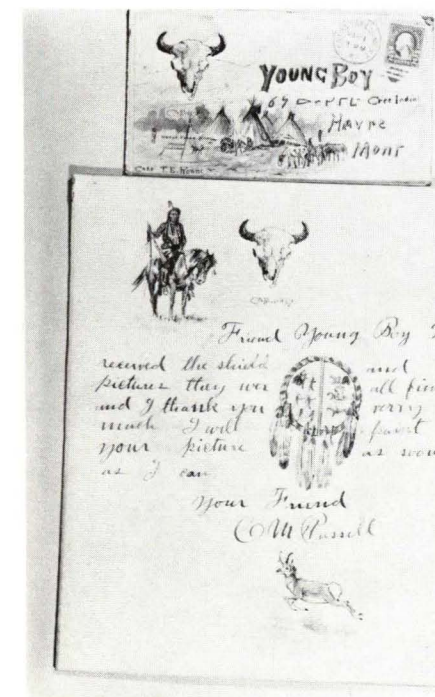
" . . . He loved Nature, everything he painted God had made . . . If he had devoted the same time to



Oh Mother! What Is It?, bronze, 4" high.



On The Flathead, watercolor, 16-14" by 11-14".



writing that he had to his brush, he would have left a tremendous impression in that line . . . He was a great story-teller. Bret Hart, Mark Twain or any of our old traditions couldn't paint a word picture with the originality that Charlie could.

"No man, in my little experience, ever combined as many really unusual traits, and all based on one – just Human.

"I think every one of us that had the pleasure of knowing him is just a little better by having done so . . . He not only left us great living pictures of what our West was, but he left us an example of how to live in friendship with all mankind. A real downright, honest to God, Human Being."

Now, over 50 years since his death, whenever you wonder what the Old West was really like, all you have to do is look at the paintings and sculpture, and read the words of Charles Marion Russell.

Charlie Russell. He was a top hand. 🐾

Friend Young Boy, illustrated letter dated Sept. 10, 1920.





Ruins of the Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde, Colorado.

Southwest Culture Captivates Visitor From South Africa

By Dr. Peter Becker



Gilcrease Senior Curator Dan McPike, left, and Dr. Peter Becker examine a piece of pueblo pottery.

Since the beginning of my writing career I have derived great pleasure in studying the paintings, sketches, woodcuts and etchings of itinerant, pioneer artists, particularly those who tended to select as their genre historic or ethnological situations.

For many years I was to direct my attention almost exclusively to the 19th Century artists of Southern Africa, a hardy breed who covered great distances by ox-drawn wagon in pursuance of their various talents. Dauntless and prodigiously diligent they appeared to thrive on endless discomfort, hardship and loneliness. Neither the ravages of malaria, smallpox or dysentery in distant parts, nor the deprivations of lion, hyena, elephant and buffalo, nor possible attack by hostile tribesmen could stultify their enthusiasm. Their dedication to art was seemingly boundless.

Until my first visit to the Gilcrease Museum, in October, 1973, the pioneer artists of the American West, with the exception of George Catlin, were virtually

unknown to me, and I had made no more than a cursory study of the traditional cultures of a handful of American Indian tribes.

Will I ever forget my introduction to the museum's vast display of original Western art? I was being ushered by Dan McPike, the sturdy, softly-spoken curator of the Gilcrease Museum through the Gilcrease galleries. A miscellany of scenes unfolded before me — Indian braves, cavalymen and cowboys astride a host of galloping mounts; stampeding cattle, buffalo in flight, rampant grizzly bears and skulking wolves; bronco busters, pioneer traders, hunters, miners and other adventures; mountain ranges, monumental weathered sandstone cliffs, rivers, waterfalls and snow-swept plains.

I padded wide-eyed among the masterpieces, the realms of Catlin, Remington, Russell, Leigh, Cary, Seltzer and several other artist giants. One felt awkwardly humbled, yet privately all the more mindful of the worthiness of one's own career.

Although deeply impressed with the Gilcrease collection of art, it was only on entering the storage area, the enormous treasure-house of Indian artifacts, that I became suddenly obsessed with a desire to visit some of the Indian peoples myself. Later in the Gilcrease library, while examining George Catlin's sketchbooks and writings, I seemed suddenly to know that in the course of time my wish would come to fruition.

And indeed it did. Two days later I was introduced to groups of Oklahoma Creeks and Cherokee, sharing with them several hours of the most convivial camaraderie. Soon afterwards I was taken by Dan McPike to Locust Grove, and thence to the hillside home of the internationally famous Indian sculptor, Willard Stone. Aware that Willard's work had long been housed in the Gilcrease Museum as well as galleries in other parts of the world, I was thankful for the opportunity first to meet him, and then to photograph him at work in his studio. In due course on my

Southwest. . .

return to KwaVulindlela in Southern Africa, I kept regularly in touch not only with my Creek and Cherokee friends, but also Willard Stone and, of course, the genial Dan McPike. Friendships have remained intact to this day.

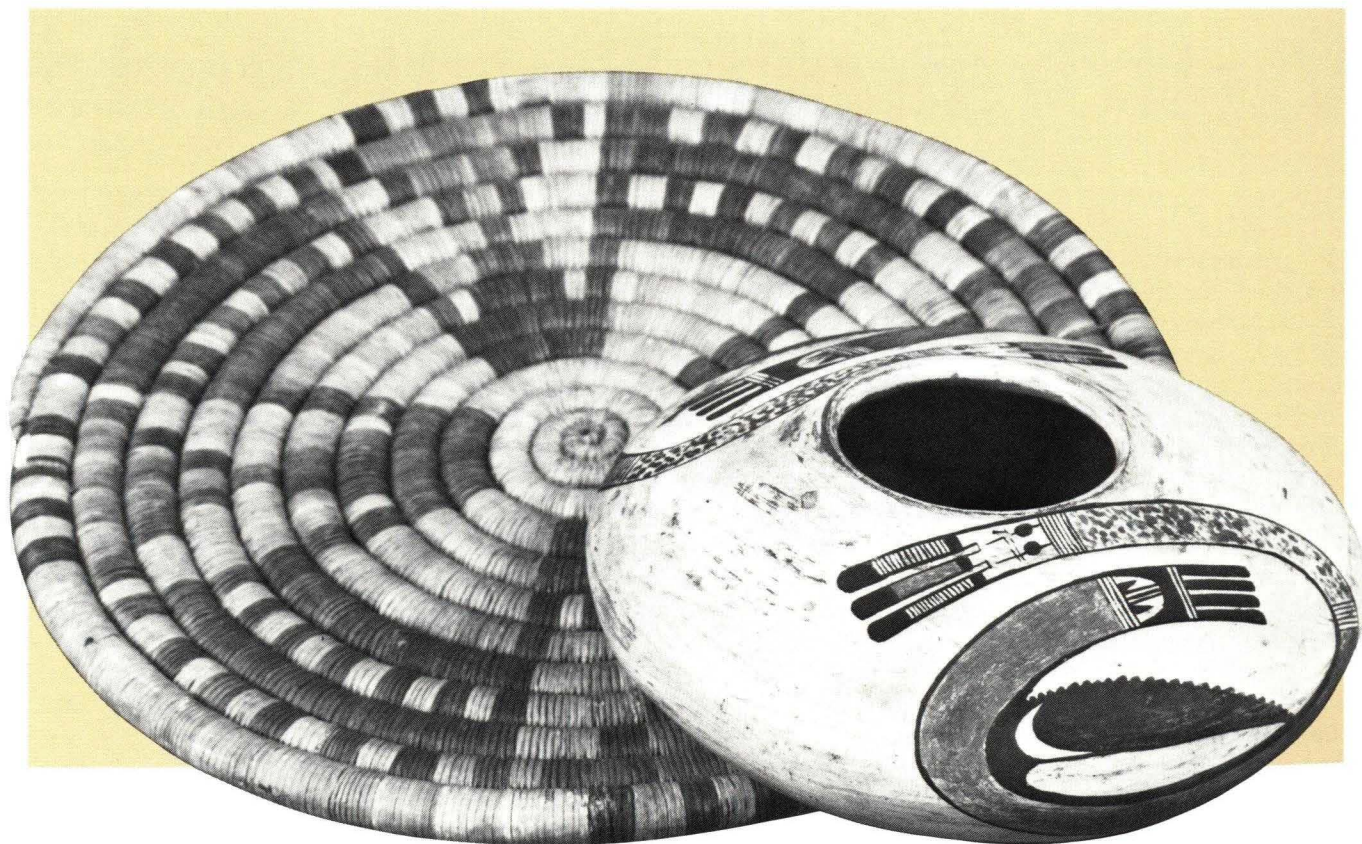
My second visit to Tulsa and the Gilcrease Museum came about in June, 1976. On that occasion I was to find myself in Osage territory, and even now that joyous experience remains vividly on the screen of my mind. In the autumn of 1980, however, on the occasion of my third visit, I was to be treated to the most rewarding experience of all — an outing to the distant Southwest, previously arranged by Dan, a camping trip through some of the Indian reservations. There were to be two other members of the party — Dan's wife, Caroline and Nandi, my 19-year-old daughter, then temporarily resident in Toronto as a Rotary Exchange scholar. The four of us set off by road on the first morning of October.

When coming into contact with a society unfamiliar to oneself, one tends to be drawn initially to the more

material aspects of that particular culture. The visible details of a people's lifestyle arrest one's attention continuously — habitations and architectural idiosyncrasies, modes of dress and subsistence, crafts, weaponry and dietary preferences.

Imagine the impact of the Mesa Verde and its chain of Anasazi pueblo habitations on a student like myself, one who has devoted a lifetime almost exclusively to traditional cultures, past and present, of Southern Africa. Gazing down on Cliff Palace, for example, I was instantly captivated; thunderstruck to say the least. A superb example of prehistoric architecture and masonry, I told myself, and as avariciously I feasted my eyes on the intricate labyrinth of storage and living rooms, circular Kivas (ceremonial centers) lofty towers and the network of pathways, I drifted momentarily into the haze of reverie.

I pictured myself as standing beside the two cowboys, Wetherill and Mason who, in 1888, had come upon this Anasazi architectural phenomenon quite inadvertently. Later, reflecting on Southern Africa, I recalled there was nothing on that subcontinent that compared with either Cliff Palace or Spruce Tree House. Then suddenly the great Zimbabwe and



Hopi coiled basketry plaque and jar.



A Navajo weaver at work shown in this Edward Curtis photograph.

Khami ruins of the Zimbabwe Republic came to mind. These, I concluded, although huge and immensely impressive differed architecturally from the ruins of Mesa Verde. They had been built, moreover, not within gigantic caves, but more conveniently in rugged yet open terrain. On the other hand the caves alone could not be considered unique to Mesa Verde or even the American continent. In my mind's eye I could see myself dwarfed within the gaping mouth of Lehaha-la-Malimo, in central South Africa, the great Cannibal Cave I describe at length and show photographically in one of my books. Probably as large and lofty as any in the Mesa Verde complex, in an historical sense its significance paled when compared with Cliff Palace or Spruce Tree House. Lehaha-la-Malimo had served merely as a temporary refuge for hunger-stricken, Sotho tribesmen caught up in Lifaqane, an era of internecine warfare that bludgeoned the central plains of South Africa during the third decade of the 19th Century.

Whereas on arrival at Mesa Verde I had found its pueblo ruins among the most exotic sights I had ever come upon, three days later, as we drove through Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, and pitched camp for

the night, I felt strangely familiar with the environment. Chaco Canyon was as arid and bleak as any place I had known in the western thirland of Southern Africa, and in appearance not unlike parts of Namibia.

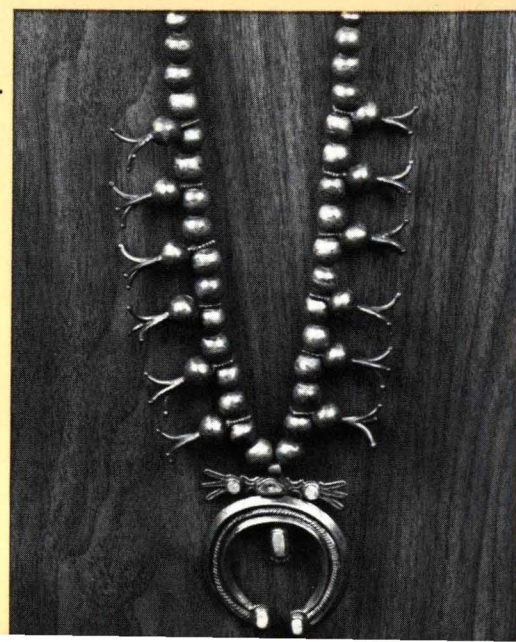
At sunrise on our first morning in Chaco Canyon, I strove to visualize the area as the flourishing Anasazi, urban habitat of some ten centuries ago. Later I abandoned the task as beyond my capability, relishing instead the beauty of Pueblo Bonito and the ruins of the other Anasazi towns that follow the canyon's cliffs. Wandering through Pueblo Bonito, the single largest building of its time throughout the American Southwest, I was mentally captivated. With its more than 600 rooms, 30 Kivas and towering, protective walls, there were moments I imagined the drone of Anasazi voices around me.

Moving on from Chaco Canyon and the remains of a civilization long extinct, our arrival at the thriving, New Mexican Indian village of Taos brought the lifestyle of present-day pueblo-dwellers into perspective. As we entered its gates I gazed in wonderment at the scene before me — the run of rectangular, flat-roofed homes, some plastered together, cheek by jowl, and



The Balcony House section of the ruin at Mesa Verde, Colorado.

Navajo silver necklace and belt.



just as many piled one on the other forming a sprawling conglomerate of four or five-story buildings. Built throughout of adobe, it was not so much the quaintness of this style of pueblo architecture that engaged my attention, as the numerous adobe, dome-shaped, outdoor ovens that punctuate the village. They were to strike a note of nostalgia within me, for in Southern Africa, as in Taos village, outdoor earthen ovens form part of an age-old cultural heritage among many rural communities.

I photographed and made tape recordings of the



Zuni Kachina doll.

Taos villagers at work, some baking bread or shredding and stacking Indian corn, and others turning out ornaments for markets as far afield as Sante Fe and beyond. I also interviewed War Chief Morning Talk, genial head of the ancient settlement. From the moment of our meeting we were in total accord, with the result that later, on parting, he made me promise to return one day and make a thorough study of pueblo culture old and modern.

The tribes of Southern Africa are renowned for their outstanding beadwork, pottery, wood carving and basketry. As I myself have a large private, research museum at my home, KwaVulindlela, I was enthralled by the excellent standard of workmanship as revealed by the people of Taos and, indeed, the Hopi and Navajo. The states of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, I was soon to discover, abounded with artificers of the highest order. The Navajo silversmiths as well as the blanket and rug weavers of the old Hubbell Trading Post, Monument Valley and Little Colorado Canyon were of special interest to me. I marvelled at their handiwork, always mindful of the fact that these forms of craft were in general foreign to Southern African tribes.

In all other branches of craft, the skills of indigenous peoples to the south of Africa's great Zambesi river, compared more than adequately, in my opinion, with those of the Indians of the American Southwest. In Hopi territory, however, I was to come upon a striking exception, namely, the Kachina doll. Having visited the Hope village of Shipaulovi on the Second Mesa in Arizona, I had to confess that in all my years of field research, I had never seen this particular craft — the carving and dressing of human figures, as delicately and beautifully done. Certainly not in Africa.

As already mentioned my introduction to the American Southwest had stemmed directly from my association with Dan McPike and the Gilcrease Museum. While travelling in those faroff parts, therefore, my thoughts flashed frequently back to the American pioneer artists who so expertly had recorded on canvas and paper a diversity of episodes in the drama of Indian cultural metamorphosis. In this frame of mind I had not the slightest doubt I would be returning again and again to Gilcrease in the years ahead. In any case, according to McPike, I had no choice in the matter.

"You'll be coming back soon," he said to me one evening as together we sat puffing our pipes in camp.

"Is that an invitation?" I asked.

"Indeed not," he quipped, "it's a command!"

And I have no intention of being found insubordinate. 🙋

Ranney Painting Depicts Daniel Boone Taking First Look At 'Second Paradise'

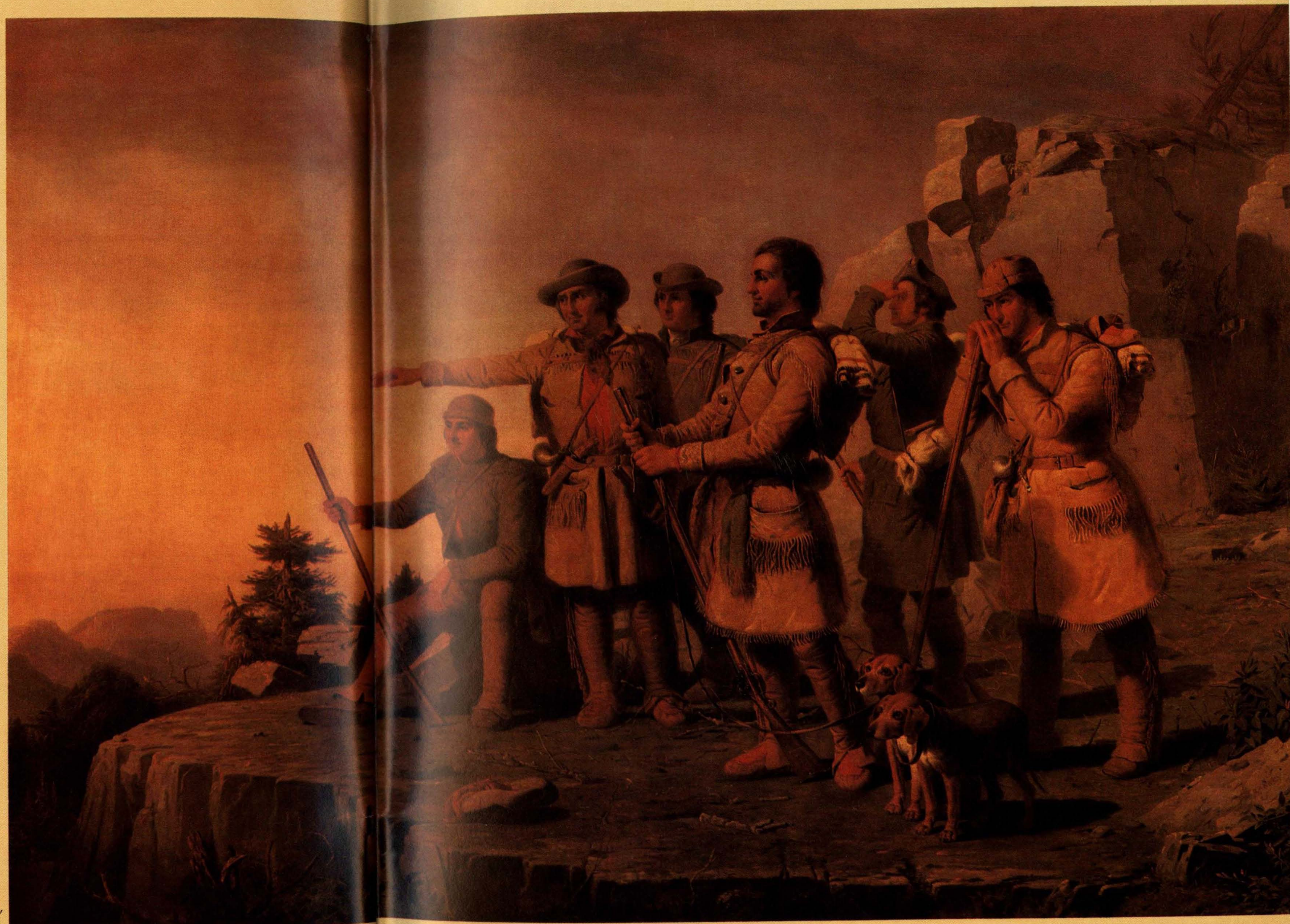
By Jeanne Snodgrass King

Six men stand on a mountain promontory. The joy of the moment overshadows the fatigue their bodies are experiencing.

These are not ordinary men. They are pathfinders — men seeking the way to a new “promised land.” This is their first real view of what would become the State of Kentucky — some ten million acres which would later, in 1775, be purchased from the Cherokee tribe as a result of the Watauga Treaty — an area abounding in rich and fertile land, with “noble rivers,” and a bountiful number of deer, buffalo, turkey and smaller game.

Each of these men in the painting by William T. Ranney is dressed in hunting shirts and leggings made from deerskins. Several of the garments are adorned with fringe. Encircling their waists are leather belts from which a tomahawk (or hatchet), a hunting knife, a powder horn and bullet pouch are suspended. Their garments are soiled and show they have been sub-

*Boone's First View Of The Kentucky Valley, oil,
painted by William T. Ranney in 1849.*



Boone . . .

jected to heavy rains and the wild growth of forests and mountains. Each man holds a rifle, probably the most important object they have brought with them.

The scene occurred in the spring of 1769.

One man in the group had seen this country earlier, in 1767. He was John Finley who had been trading with the Indians and had led a hunting party into the area at that time. When he later returned to civilization, he met his old friend, Daniel Boone, and enthusiastically described the virgin country to the west. It apparently was only a short while before Boone expressed his eagerness to venture out as the leader of a new expedition to the west — the expedition shown here.

Cecil B. Hartley's 1879 publication on Boone's life, quotes Boone regarding his first venture into Kentucky and the situations surrounding the subject of this painting:

"It was the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart [Stuart?], Joseph Holden, James Monay [Moncey?], and William Cool [also called Cooly]. We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction . . . and from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. Here let me observe that for some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather, as a prelibation [sic.] of our sufferings. At this place we encamped, and made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season. We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. . ."

With a base-camp established, Boone and his brother-in-law Stewart, often ventured into the countryside to hunt and left Holden, Monay and Cool with the responsibilities of tending to the camp (the job they were probably hired to do). The men may have prepared boiled or roasted bear and venison meat; roasted pheasants by hanging them before the fire; made journeycake from cornmeal beaten in mortars or ground on hand mills, shortened with bear fat and flavored with stewed dried pumpkin.

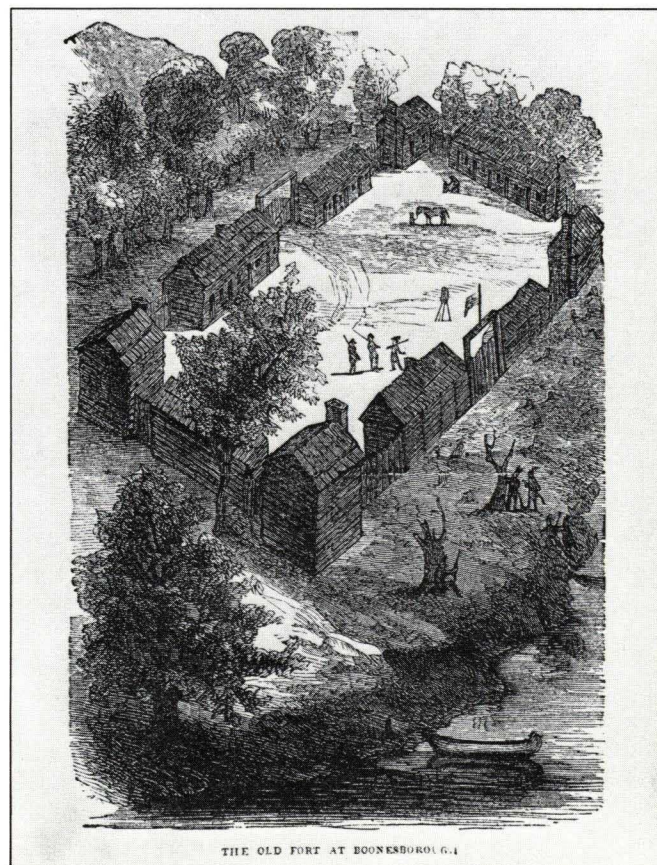
In December, while Boone and Stewart were on a hunting and scouting trek, they were surrounded by Indians and taken prisoners. It was seven days before

they managed to escape. When they finally reached their camp, they discovered it had been plundered and their four companions were gone. A short time later, Daniel and Stewart were found by Daniel's brother, Squire, and a companion. Soon after this joyous reunion, Stewart was killed by Indians and Squire's companion returned home alone. At this point, Boone reflected on his and his brother's situation:

"We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death among savages and wild beasts — not a white man in the country but ourselves."

The two brothers constructed a crude cabin for protection from the winter weather and continued to explore and hunt for one year. Finally, in May of 1770, Squire began his homeward journey for the purpose of replenishing their supplies in the wilderness.

During his brother's absence, Daniel reported how he "undertook a tour through the country" and from the "summit of a commanding ridge . . . beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below" and "surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity, making the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld



The Old Fort At Boonesboro, woodblock by an unknown artist from Hartley's 1879 book on Boone.



A lithograph by G. W. Fasel of Daniel Boone rescuing his daughter Jemina in 1776.

the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds . . . I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on a loin of buck. . ." In the midst of danger and inconvenience, Daniel spent many sleepless nights "separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold — an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

In July, Squire returned to the campsite with the needed supplies and the two made no effort to return to North Carolina until eight months later, in March of 1771.

Although Daniel had been away from his family for two years, he promptly informed them that as soon as he could sell the farm and other possessions which could bring needed cash, they would travel together to

establish a new, and hopefully the first, settlement in Kentucky.

Almost two years passed. It was then 1773 and Governor Dunmore of Virginia sent James Harrod with surveyors to Kentucky to survey public land which was to be used as payment to the men who had fought in the French and Indian War.

Daniel Boone's plans were to be superseded by others, yet he could not have known it at the time he started for Kentucky with his family and five other families (plus a number of single men) on September 25, 1773. After only 16 days on the trail, the Boone party was attacked by Indians and Daniel's eldest son and five other people were killed. The party retreated about 40 miles and set up "temporary" residence on the Clinch River in Virginia. There they remained for

two years.

Meanwhile Harrod had found a fine location for a community and with 31 men, in June of 1774, began the construction of a few cabins on a hill west of the upper Kentucky River in "Bluegrass" country — an area of gently rolling land which encompasses about 8,000 square miles. Those few cabins constituted the first settlement in the State of Kentucky and it was named Harrodsburg (or Harrod's Town), for the leader of the surveyors.

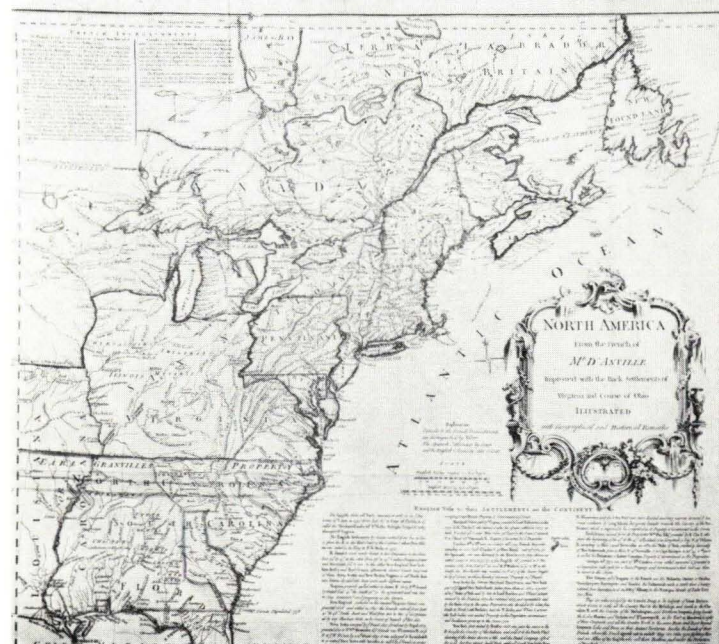
By midsummer, the Governor of Virginia received word that the Indians were on the warpath — one man from Harrodsburg had already been killed. The Governor called on Daniel Boone to bury his grief and go to the aid of the surveyors by warning them and by instructing them to return immediately to Virginia until the end of the Indian war. With considerable haste, Boone and his companion, Michael Stoner, covered 800 miles in 62 days of that summer in 1774.

In March of the following year, Colonel Richard Henderson's Transylvania Company obtained Kentucky land which was made available at that time through the Watauga Treaty. It was during that same year that the battles of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and the Siege of Quebec occurred. In the spring Henderson hired Daniel Boone to lead a group of 30 men to blaze a trail to Kentucky and to establish a townsite. Boone chose a plain located about 60 yards from the Kentucky River at the mouth of Otter Creek and began construction early in April in what would

eventually be called Boonesboro. Although Boone had not established the first settlement in Kentucky, his stockaded fort is credited with having had the first religious service ever performed in Kentucky in May, 1775. By June, Boone felt he could leave the construction site and bring his family to the fort from their home on the Clinch River. His wife, Rebecca Bryan Boone, and his daughters thus became the first white women to set foot on the shores of the Kentucky River.

In later life, Boone recalled the death of "two darling sons and a brother" [or brother-in-law?], and several good friends at the hands of Indians; he also reflected on his fears when his daughter was kidnapped by Indians — and later rescued. In spite of all the adversity he experienced, he considered Kentucky a "second paradise."

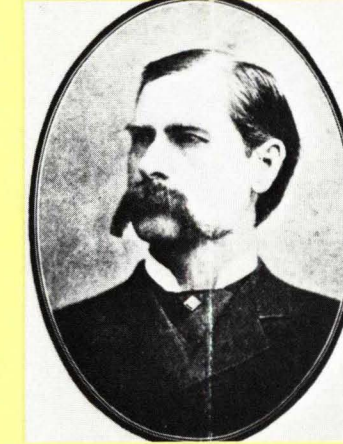
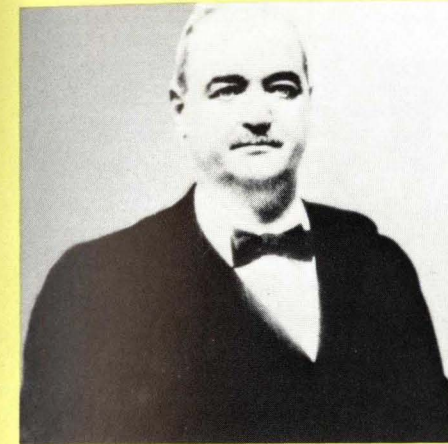
Throughout his many years in Kentucky, the state failed to bestow honors on Boone. Finally, just before he and his wife moved to Missouri to be near their son in 1799, the General Assembly of Kentucky created in 1798 the County of Boone. Twenty-five years after his death, the state had his body returned to Kentucky for proper honors. The graves of Daniel Boone and his wife, Rebecca, were marked by a monument on a hill near the Kentucky River. The spot reflects the solitary grandeur of the country which brought him an inexhaustible source of admiration and delight during his years as a trail blazer. 🌿



This map, published in London in 1868, as "North America from the French of Mr. d'Anville. Improved with the Back Settlements of Virginia and Course of Ohio. Illustrated with Geographical and Historical Remarks."

BOOK REVIEWS

By Mildred D. Ladner



Bat Masterson, left above, and Wyatt Earp are two of the legends discussed in *The Authentic Wild West: The Lawmen*, by James D. Horan.

James D. Horan, noted Western historian, has completed his trilogy, *The Authentic Wild West*, with a volume on *The Lawmen*. (Previous volumes dealt with *The Gunfighters* and *The Outlaws*.)

The new release, profusely illustrated from Horan's own priceless collection of old photographs, contains chapters on Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Theodore Roosevelt, William Wallace, Charles A. Stringo, Bear River Tom Smith and Wyatt Earp.

Those familiar with the Gilcrease art collection will be particularly interested in the photographs taken of Billings County Deputy Sheriff Theodore Roosevelt on an expedition down the Little Missouri during bitter winter weather in pursuit of some horse thieves who had made off with his boat.

Roosevelt, whose political career became more distinguished as time went by, cropped some of the photographs to instruct Frederic Remington on the making of sketches used in connection with publication of the daring capture.

In *The Sweet Grass Lives On*, (Lippincott & Crowell, \$35), J. M. Highwater has compiled the work of 50 contemporary North American Indian artists in an extension of his earlier work, *Song from the Earth*.

In the opinion of a recognized expert on Indian art, Gilcrease Registrar Jeanne Snodgrass King, Highwater's new book fills a gap and provides a badly needed reference to illustrations of the new directions in Indian art. Mrs. King is quoted in Highwater's introductory essay.

Each of the artists, representing tribes in Canada as well as in the United States, is accorded a brief biography and photograph along with from one to six examples of his or her work and — in some instances — a brief evaluation of interpretation, sometimes in the artist's own words.

The University of Oklahoma Press has published *New Native American Drama — Three Plays* by Hanay Geigomah (\$9.95 hardback, \$4.95 paper) with an introduction by Jeffrey Huntsman. The playwright, a native of Lawton and graduate of the University of Oklahoma, has taught Native American Theater at the University of Washington.

Those interested in ethnology will enjoy *The Ways of My Grandmothers* by Beverly Hungry Wolf (William Morrow and Co., \$9.95.)

Reared on the Blood Indian Reserve, the largest in Canada, Mrs. Hungry Wolf was determined after her return from college to learn the traditional tribal rituals and keep them alive for generations to come. She is particularly interested in exploring the customs followed by the women, the mutual "grandmothers" of her people. The book is well illustrated with photographs, many of them never before published.

The University of Oklahoma continues its policy of re-issuing classic books about Indians and Western life. Among reprints: *The Sac and Fox Indians* by William T. Hagan, first published in 1958 (\$14.95); *A Sioux Chronicle* by George E. Hyde, originally published in 1956 (\$15.95); *Bad Medicine and Good — Tales of the Kiowas* by Wilbur Sturtevant Nye, a third printing in paper of a 1962 book, (\$7.95); *John Selman, Gunfighter* by Leon Claire Metz (\$9.95), originally named *John Selman, Texas Gunfighter*, and a second printing in paperback of *Bill Doolin, Outlaw O. T.* by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes (\$4.95).



Gilcrease Magazine, Editor Take Two Top Bronze Quill Awards

Readers of The Gilcrease Magazine will be pleased to learn that the magazine and its senior editor have recently received two awards for excellence.

In competition with 150 other entries the magazine itself, and two feature stories written by Senior Editor William Butler were recognized as tops in their categories by the International Association of Business Communicators/Tulsa. Recognition is symbolized by the presentation of the Bronze Quill Award.

Competition for the awards came from major business firms and associations throughout Tulsa and the surrounding area, including well-known firms such as Reading & Bates, Cities Service, Parker Drilling, Phillips Petroleum, Southwestern Bell, Public Service Company, Oklahoma Natural Gas, TRW Reda Pump, Williams Companies, Getty Oil, Sun Oil, AAPG, and Philbrook Art Center.

Judging was conducted by experienced professionals outside of Tulsa. Head judge of the feature stories

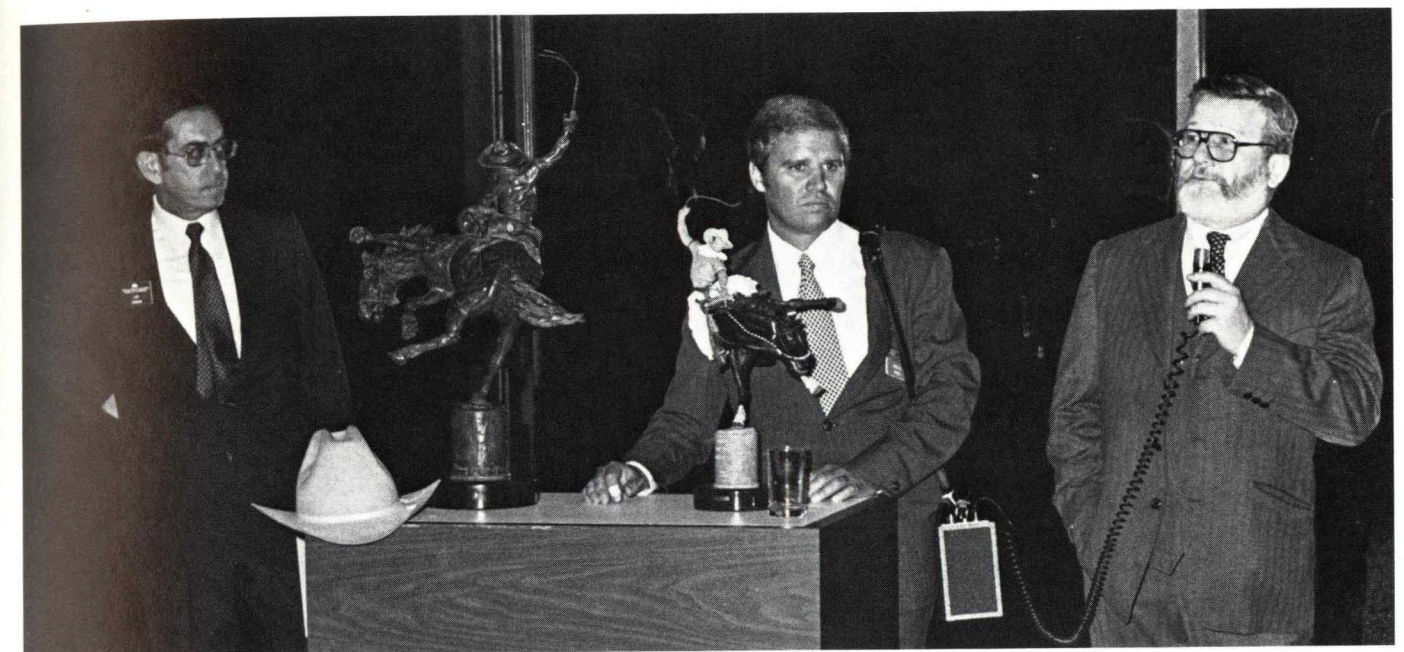
competition, E. David Carlson of Kansas City, in an unusual procedure, awarded Butler the Bronze Quill for not one but two feature stories that have appeared recently in The Gilcrease Magazine. In a letter to Butler referring to his winning stories on artists Joe Beeler and Willard Stone, Judge Carlson said, "Your work with words is as much art as the wood and oils created by your colorful and interesting subjects. Obviously, you care about art and you care about people. You make us care, too."

Judging for the "Best Magazine" award was conducted on a point system in seven areas with a perfect score of 70 points being possible. The Gilcrease Magazine scored 68 points. Judge's comments on the Gilcrease Magazine were: "A classy publication . . . very impressive."

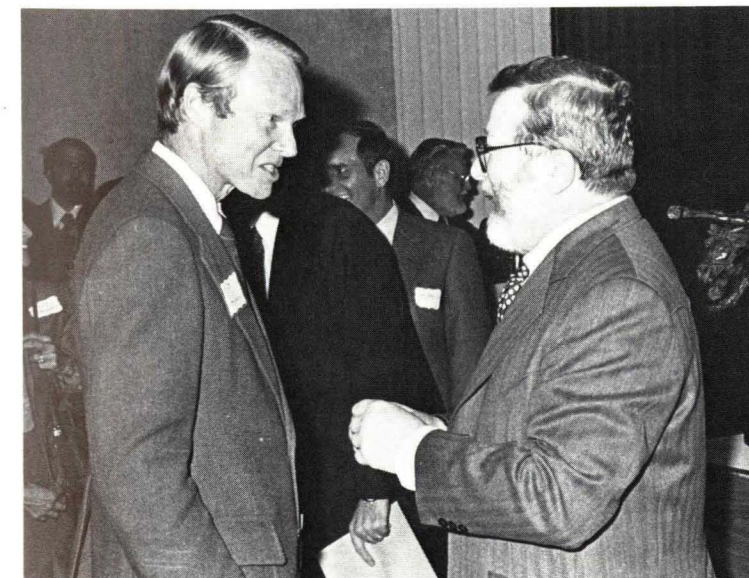
It is entirely pleasant to have such recognition of a Gilcrease Museum staff member and a Gilcrease publication. It is hoped that each museum member will share in the sense of satisfaction in a job well done.

— Fred A. Myers

PEOPLE & PERSONALITIES



Artist Harry Jackson talks about his work at the opening of the Harry Jackson Exhibition at Gilcrease. Association President Jack Zarrow, left, and Director Fred Myers listen intently.



Burt B. Holmes, the lucky door prize winner, discusses Italy with Jackson.



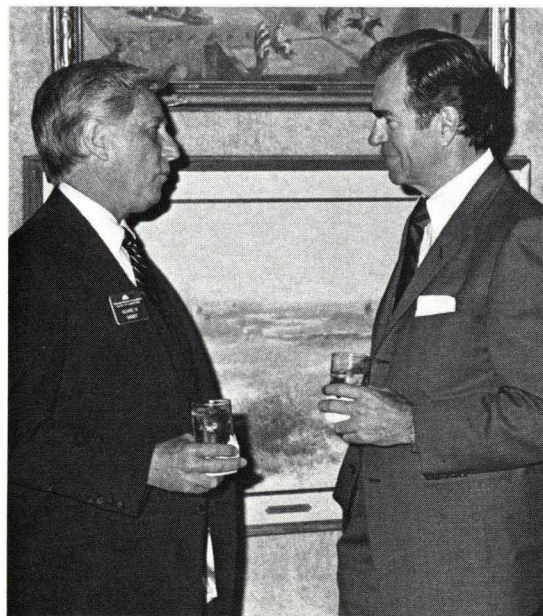
Jack Zarrow, left, and Robert J. LaFortune compare notes on the show.



Harry Jackson lost his cowboy hat to Mary Ann Burdett while telling a story.



Maxine Zarrow offers her views on the sculpture exhibition.



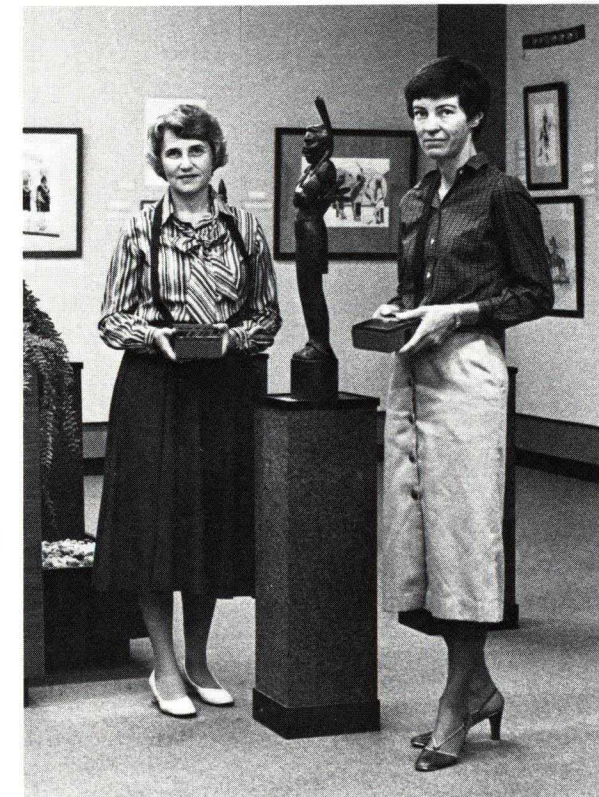
Richard M. Barber, left, and Walter H. Helmerich III, were deep in conversation in one of the Gilcrease galleries.



Patsy L. Lyon, center, was one of the many board of directors members enjoying the Jackson activities.



The final touch is put on a piece of sculpture by guest artist Harry Jackson.



Beverly B. Sipes, left, and Mary Ann Burdett, check out the new Acoustiguide tape tours of Gilcrease. The taped tours of the museum are available to all visitors.



Marian R. Bovaird, chairman of the board of the museum association, and William L. Schloss, III, treasurer, check the Harry Jackson catalog.



Martin Hilti, top official of The Hilti Company, Liechtenstein, second from left, along with his wife and son Marcus, toured Gilcrease recently with museum director Fred Myers.



MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

By Fred Myers

It seems to me that there is an "underground Gilcrease" and that you might be interested in some of its aspects. In this case the reference is not to the extensive area where the collection is stored. Nor is there any implication of secret or hidden material.

My idea of underground in this instance is that while most of the museum is on view to the public other aspects of the museum are less obvious; and, although less obvious now, will probably be central to Gilcrease in the future.

One such item is the new status of the museum grounds. Just begun is a program of maintenance and development that will sprout next spring and bear first fruit in the seasons beyond. I suppose that underground is not a good word to describe the actual grounds. They are, after all, what we unavoidably walk on from car to museum entrance.

The extent of the grounds, however, may not be so obvious. Did you know that there are 22 acres of cultivated land surrounding the museum? And that the museum owns land extending to 33rd West Avenue amounting to a parcel of about 85 acres? And that in the past five years or so only one lonely (and tired)

gardener has been doing what he could to keep this domain healthy and looking good?

As far as I am concerned one of the nicest things that has happened at Gilcrease recently is that help with the grounds is on the way, in fact, has arrived. This fall marked the beginning of the assumption of the maintenance function by the Park and Recreation Department of the City of Tulsa. Although the park department is overextended with its own core operations, many things that were difficult, nay impossible, to one gardener are now practical and will likely happen. Aided by an extensive irrigation system that will be installed this winter, Gilcrease should be flowerier, greener, and better clipped when warm weather returns. Additionally, it now becomes possible to plan more intensive use of the uncultivated land.

The new and handsome planting at the museum's main entrance was completed in mid-October, thanks to the creative efforts of Mrs. Roger Wheeler, the support of the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association and a special gift from Reading & Bates Corporation. The main entrance planting is so perfectly attuned to the building itself that it wins the ultimate compliment of looking as if it has always been there (unless you just happen to be aware, as I was, of the battle scarred area it replaced.)

A second underground Gilcrease function now about to happen is the establishment of an artifact conservation facility. Good care has been taken through the years of the art collection. But the artifacts, which number over 40,000, have never had a systematic, regular program of conservation.

Most of them are in surprisingly good condition because they have been well housed and carefully handled. But it has not been possible to undertake active procedures for repairing and maintaining such fragile things as feather headdresses, quill decorated clothing, weavings whose colors result from natural dyes, baskets made from a wide range of fibrous plants.

Now this less than perfect situation is about to change because Gilcrease is going to set up a laboratory to study the problems of artifact conservation and to perform necessary repairs. It is foreseen that the laboratory will provide a vital service for private collectors and museums from a wide area and will work closely with such institutions as Philbrook Art Center and the University of Tulsa. Setting up and staffing the laboratory for one year has been made possible by a grant from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare with assistance from Hilti, Inc. and the Dayton-Hudson Foundation.

Thus ends this particular report from the underground; others will follow. 

The Camp Cook's Troubles, oil, 43" by 29", by Charles M. Russell.



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