EXHIBITION OF MODELS FOR A MONUMENT
TO THE
PIONEER WOMAN

AT THE
Chicago Architectural Exhibition
East Galleries, Art Institute of Chicago

JUNE 25 TO AUGUST 1, 1927
This Exhibition is being shown throughout the country under the management of the Reinhardt Galleries, New York.
EXHIBITION OF MODELS IN COMPEITION FOR A MONUMENT TO THE PIONEER WOMAN, TO BE ERECTED ON THE CHEROKEE STRIP IN OKLAHOMA BY MR. E. W. MARLAND.

SCULPTORS

MAHONRI YOUNG
JO DAVIDSON
BRYANT BAKER
JOHN GREGORY
WHEELER WILLIAMS
MAURICE STERNE

A. STIRLING CALDER
MARIO KORBEL
ARTHUR LEE
F. LYNN JENKINS
H. A. MACNEIL
JAMES E. FRASER
Speech of E. W. Marland at the Dinner Given by Him in New York, February 25, 1927, to the Sculptors Engaged in Designing a Model for the Statue of the Pioneer Woman of America, which is to Be Erected on a Site Near Ponca City, Oklahoma.

All ages have honored their Heroic Dead.

After the last great war, every civilized nation entombed the body of an Unknown Soldier in its most hallowed spot:

France, beneath the Arc de Triomphe;

Britain, in Westminster Abbey;

We, at Arlington.

Every city, village, hamlet, in this nation of ours has erected monuments to the memory of the heroes of our wars.

Occasionally, we see the statue of a statesman, a scientist, a poet, a musician—builders of national character.

Latterly have been erected memorials to our pathfinders, scouts and guides—men who sought and explored the wilderness and the expansive prairies of this continent.

Brave men, men of vision—Miles Standish, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Jim Bridgers, Kit Carson—they found and explored the land which supports this nation we are so justly proud to call our own.

Plymouth Rock and Jamestown alike furnished their quota of adventurous explorers; hardy souls who braved the dangers of the trackless forests and trailless plains in their search for new lands for settlement.

Plymouth Rock mothers and the Virginia brides bore land-hungry, healthy broods.

The ambitious, forward-looking, best of European blood kept pouring in—demanding land for homes for their children.

From Plymouth Rock or Jamestown, to the Presidio del Monte Rey is a far cry, even in these days of comfortable Pullman travel; but in the days of the pack horse and the covered wagon, it meant months of arduous toil and terrible dangers.

Yet every mile from coast to coast is dotted now with homesteads of descendants of these nation builders.

The blue-eyed Saxon maid and her dark-eyed Latin sister married their men and set out with them on their conquest of the West.

Many a honeymoon was spent with no shelter save the boughs of trees 'neath the canopy of heaven;

Many a bridal couch was lighted only by the stars;

Many met their God with the blood curdling yell of savages in their souls, or in the agonizing pains of unattended childbirth.
Pictures have we in abundance of the stern Pilgrim Fathers and the gallant gentlemen of the friendlier Virginia soil; but we are forced to draw on our imagination somewhat for pictures of the Mothers.

We see the men with their rifles and knives—their breastplates and swords.

We imagine the Puritan Woman with her blue homespun dress and blue sunbonnet; we visualize the Mother of the South in her white apron and dainty white bonnet. But instead of arms in their hands for protection, we always see them with children in their arms to protect.

When these women started West, all their earthly possessions could be packed on a horse or in a wagon.

Surely their heavenly inheritance is greater than their earthly one.

Little did they have or know of worldly pleasures or comforts.

Cold and hunger were frequent experiences—danger, their constant companion.

In their most luxurious moments their shelter was meager, their menu limited; iced water, hot baths, fresh vegetables, milk—were recollections only.

Amusements, none—unless it struck them as amusing when a darling child escaped unhurt from a fall, or mistook a deadly serpent for a childish toy.

What sturdy broods they bore—they, their daughters and their daughters' daughters—ever pushing Westward, ever making homes on the lands their husbands gained.

Loyalty, courage, fidelity, ambition, was in their mothers' milk.

Love of home, husband, children, made the wilderness to smile.

Fertile fields and blossoming orchards sprung from hot, eye-aching plains, tended by weary bodies and trod by bleeding feet.

The Conquest of the West was not made with the accompaniment of flaunting banners and martial music.

Theirs was a lonely victory.

Few eyes witnessed the dangers and hardships they endured—greater by far than those of a militant army.

They had no supply trains nor base of supply to support their advance.

They had not only to conquer, but hold and live off the land they conquered.

The toll of life resulting from these hardships left millions of unmarked graves across this continent—graves of women who died that we might live and love this homeland.

Unknown soldiers of the great battle for civilization and the home.

All races, all creeds, all nationalities, gave of their best and bravest women.

We, here, who have had a part in designing a monument to the Pioneer Woman of America, to be erected in the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma, where she finished her last task of settling the land formerly occupied by Indians, and evolving the civilization of the West, should be proud that we have had this opportunity to pay our tribute to the most heroic figure in all history.

And, I extend my personal thanks to every one of you for the contribution you have made to this inspiring purpose.
MODELS FOR A MONUMENT TO

THE PIONEER WOMAN

BY

1. MAHONRI YOUNG
2. JO DAVIDSON
3. BRYANT BAKER
4. JOHN GREGORY
5. WHEELER WILLIAMS
6. MAURICE STERNE
7. A. STIRLING CALDER
8. MARIO KORBEL
9. ARTHUR LEE
10. F. LYNN JENKINS
11. H. A. MACNEIL
12. JAMES E. FRASER
2. Jo Davidson
3. **BRYANT BAKER**

This one was popular choice.
Erected with some modification.
4. John Gregory
6. MAURICE STERN