

"The PIONEER WOMAN"
BY *Bryant Baker*
SOUVENIR PROGRAM



UNVEILING CEREMONY
APRIL 22, 1930
PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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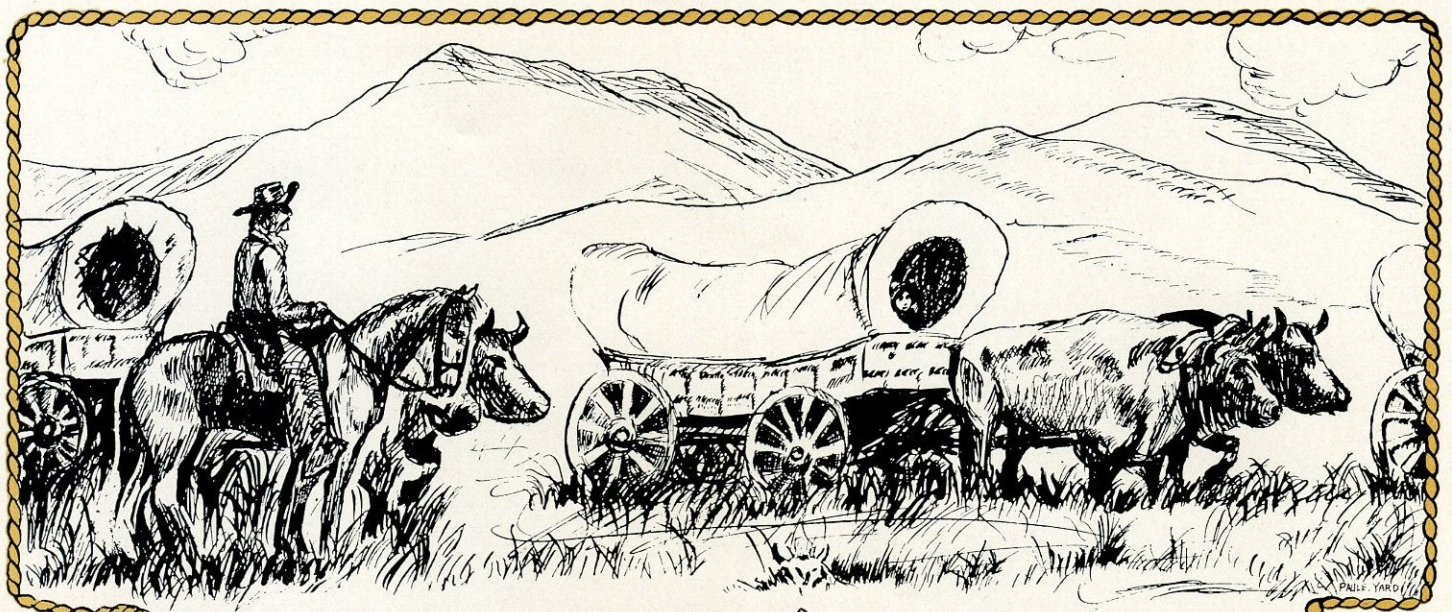
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The Covered Wagon

By LENA WHITTAKER BLAKENEY

*Through a mist of tears I watch the years
Of my youth go by again—
The golden years when the pioneers
First peopled an unknown plain.*

*By our camp fire's gleam on a far off stream,
Like a light in a drifting haze,
I journeyed back by the old dim track
That leads to the vanished days.*

*As the phantom trains of the wind-swept plains
In shadowy outline pass,
The cottonwood trees stir with the breeze
That ripples the prairie grass.*

*The prairies swoon in the radiant noon—
And I catch the low perfume
Of the cactus, blent with the faint sweet scent
Of the yucca's waxen bloom.*

*The cattle drink at the river's brink
At the close of the peaceful day—
They are dim-seen ghosts of the trampling hosts
That, far-flung, once held sway.*

*I hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And a note from a night-bird's throat,—
The deadly purr of a rattler's whir,
And the bark of a lone coyote:*

*And the muffled thrum of the Indian drum
As it beats a weird tattoo
For the wild war dance—the old romance
Still stirs me through and through!*

*The trail grows dim . . . Ah, now the rim
Of the sunset sky bends low,
And the gray-green sedge at the prairie's edge
Is bathed in a blood-red glow!*

L'ENVOI

*The measured beat of my mustang's feet
Still lures me down the years—
And I want to ride back by the strong man's track
That I see tonight through tears!*





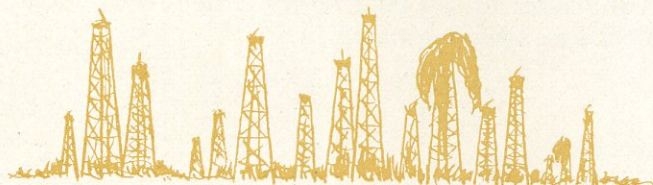
ONEY means nothing to Ernest Whitworth Marland except what he can do with it. Ever since he has had more than a modest fortune it has poured generously from his coffers to build churches, parks, recreation grounds, hospitals, for the beautifying of his home, one of the finest in the middle-west and for the adornment and improvement of Ponca City which owes much of its development to his ever-watchful interest.

Mr. Marland who was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, inherited qualities of leadership from his father, Alfred Marland and his grandfather Ernest Whitworth, the latter a greatly beloved educator of England who perhaps exercised as profound an influence upon education in the British Isles as any man who ever lived. Mr. Marland's father served in the Crimean War where he saw the charge of the Light Brigade. He was wounded at that time and he had the distinction of being nursed by Florence Nightingale. Shortly after bringing his young wife to America, he became a leader of politics in Pittsburgh. From both his father and his mother Mr. Marland learned to love beauty, art, good books and all things lovely. Nothing could be more logical than his conception of the *Pioneer Woman* and the presentation of the monument to Oklahoma and the world.

Mr. Marland's father wanted to make a soldier of him—his heart was set upon sending his only son to West Point. After receiving an appointment and passing all scholastic tests, Ernest Marland failed to meet the physical requirements. While his parents were discussing his future, he announced that he would go to the University of Michigan and study law. Armed with his diploma, he returned to Pittsburgh and hung out his shingle. The practice of law, however, was to be but a stepping-stone to business. It was while a crew was drilling a coal structure on a piece of his land in West Virginia that the derrick platform staged a sudden upheaval, and he found himself the owner of a gas well.

In that moment the lawyer became an oil man. Obtaining a sum of money he was soon producing oil in the field he had discovered. New and striking developments in Oklahoma attracted him. He came to Oklahoma where by dint of hard work and abiding faith in the territory adjacent to Ponca City, he developed one of the greatest oil fields in the world.

Unlike so many great industrialists, there is scarcely an intellectual or artistic field in which Mr. Marland is not keenly interested and widely versed. He knows books. He is a discriminating critic of art. Few men have invested so much time, thought and money upon landscaping. He is a dreamer of dreams which he puts into execution. He is a creator and builder of the highest order. From his boyhood he has been filled with the pioneering spirit—in the realm of business, in science, in culture. That he has given the *Pioneer Woman* to Oklahoma is a logical step in a magnificently generous and romantic career.





ERNEST WHITWORTH MARLAND



RYANT BAKER who won the Marland contest for the colossal statue of the *Pioneer Woman* in competition with eleven eminent artists is descended from a long line of sculptors; his father, John Baker, having been the foremost ecclesiastical sculptor of his day.

Mr. Baker has many notable works to his credit, among them busts or figures of six presidents, Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover and Cleveland, his latest commission, the statue to be placed in the City Park of Buffalo, New York.

Both Calvin Coolidge and his father, Colonel John Coolidge posed for Mr. Baker in the White House shortly after President Coolidge's inauguration. Mr. Baker has made a marble bust of President Hoover to be placed in the Academy of Fine Arts and Sciences in Brussels, Belgium. Among other distinguished American sitters have been General Pershing, Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court, General Peyton C. March, Surgeon General Gorgos, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the late Ambassador George Harvey, the British Ambassador to the United States, Sir Auckland Geddes, Hon. Newton D. Baker, and Percival Lowell of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, where the trans-Neptunian planet was discovered recently.

In the lifetime of King Edward VII, Mr. Baker made fifteen marble and bronze busts of His Majesty to the order of Queen Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family, and a heroic statue of the King was unveiled at Huddersfield, Yorkshire by King George V in 1912. Mr. Baker made a marble bust of Prince Olaf of Norway, who recently married the Crown Princess of Sweden. This bust is in the Royal Palace of Oslo.

Mr. Baker has much ideal work to his credit and a number of his pieces are in permanent museum collections. During the war he was detailed to the Surgeon-General's department at Washington and did valuable work making plaster casts of America's crippled soldiers. His models for false hands and casts of shell-torn faces were used by reconstruction surgeons.





BRYANT BAKER, Sculptor



MRS. JOHN A. HULL



T. E. BRANIFF
General Chairman of Committees



RT. REV. THOMAS CASADY
Bishop of Oklahoma

The Pioneer Woman

By JOSEPH B. THOBURN
Curator Oklahoma Historical Society



THE stories of pioneers and pioneering, if it were possible for the same to be recounted and recorded, would fill many, many more volumes than the most comprehensive cyclopedia ever published. Indeed, almost every part of the earth's surface, except those where men first appeared, has probably been subject to the exploratory visits and occupancies of pioneers, at one time or another. Some branches of the human race have been much more given to pioneering than others. The people of our own race—the Aryan—have always excelled as pioneers. This remarkable race is believed to have originated, or, at least, to have developed in the high plateau region of Central Asia, whence, thirty-five to fifty centuries ago, it swept in migratory waves, southward into Hindustan, southwestward into Persia and westward into Europe.

When the Aryan migrations left their ancient Asiatic swarming ground, their people were illiterate, semi-barbarous and, from a cultural viewpoint at least, quite inferior to their Mongolian neighbors on the east. Of their journeyings to Europe, of their arrival there and of their settlements, not even a single dim tradition seems to have come down to us through the intervening ages. It is only by the deductions and inferences of the philologists, in their study of the languages of Europe, Persia and Hindustan, that our present conclusions concerning the origin, development and migrations of the ancient Aryan peoples have been formed.

During the past fifteen centuries, the people of the Nordic branch of the Aryan race have exercised the most pronounced influence in the world and its affairs. Throughout the course of the first two-thirds of that period, the Nordic people had a swarming ground of their own, in the region of the Lower Baltic. Thence, like ancient Arya, it, too, sent forth wave after wave of conquering migrations, which swept resistlessly and ruthlessly over Southern and Western Europe and even over the Mediterranean, into Northern Africa. In the British Isles the Nordic Angles and Saxons, and later, the Viking Norse, and Danes, battled with but never wholly expelled the Celtic Briton, Pict, Scot, Welsh and Gael. Likewise, in France, the Nordic Franks, Goths, Vandals and Norse overran but never exiled the Celtic Gauls. In France, the blend of the two stocks has long been prac-



tically complete. In Great Britain and Ireland, while the amalgamation has been less complete, each stock has contributed so much to the upbuilding of the nation that neither can claim a monopoly of the accruing credit. Beginning a little more than three centuries ago, the people of these two great Celto-Nordic nations of Europe pioneered and possessed themselves of the temperate portions of the North American continent.



THAT part of the United States which is east of the Rocky Mountains has been pioneered, if not settled, at least twice. Beginning, probably within a century or two after the Christian Era, and continuing at intervals of approximately 100 years each, throughout a period of about ten centuries there came a series of mass-movement migrations of people of the native American race from racial swarming grounds in the tropical end of the continent. That the highly developed cultures of Central America and Southern Mexico were thus partially transported into the temperate regions of the Mississippi River drainage basin and thence to the regions adjacent to the Atlantic Coast and to the basin of the Great Lakes and the Upper St. Lawrence, is evident. That, in a country so sparsely populated and fairly teeming with game and fish, wild fruits, nuts and edible roots, there should have followed a cultural deterioration and a relapse of the descendants of such immigrants into primitive conditions, can be readily understood.



When the Aryan colonists, from the British Isles, France, Holland and Sweden, planted their settlements along the western shore of the At-



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lantic Ocean, they brought thither the culture, ideals and standards of their race, which were destined, first, to sustain themselves and, afterward, to become so developed as to lead the world in its advancement in arts, crafts, industries and sciences. Under such circumstances, it was inevitable that this Celto-Nordic occupancy and domination should eventually be extended over all of the temperate portions of the entire continent.



BEGINNING about a generation after the establishment of the first British colonies on the Atlantic Coast, the inland immigrants of American-born colonists was inaugurated. These not only went forth to face the hardships, vicissitudes and dangers of pioneer life but, being a generation removed from the mother country, its institutions, traditions and sentiments, as they were, they also left behind them the seashore and the shipping which, down to that time, had seemed an ever-present tie between them and the old homeland of their parents, in Great Britain. The result of this inland immigration was that, though these inland immigrants and their descendants for several generations to follow, were destined to continue to regard themselves as British subjects, there began to be developed a measure of courage and resourcefulness and a degree of self reliance which had been unknown among the original colonists—in a word, the spirit of American pioneering and that of American independence had appeared and was in the process of development. Each new wilderness settlement and each successive generation of American-born pioneers saw this spirit augmented and further developed. It was a slow movement at first, each advance being but a few miles beyond the limits of the existing settlements,



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~ A Native Son



which had hitherto faced a continental wilderness. The settled region had but barely reached the eastern foot of the Appalachian highlands at the time of the French and Indian War and the first few settlements on the western slope, in the upper valleys of the Ohio and its tributaries, were but newly planted at the time of the outbreak of the War for American Independence.

WHEN the colonists left their homes in Great Britain — homes where their ancestors had dwelt for more than a thousand years—to go down to the seaports, there to embark upon ships in which they were to sail to the new, strange land across the ocean, there was sadness in their hearts, despite the great urge which impelled such a momentous movement on their part. Yet they voyaged in company with relatives, friends and neighbors, with whom they were later to settle in compact neighborhoods. So, too, in the generations immediately following, their children and their grandchildren also migrated farther into the western wilderness in company with kinsfolk, friends and neighbors, to settle contiguously in a single neighborhood. But, with the continued development of the bold, courageous, self-reliant character of the American-born colonials, there also developed the restless individual initiative, which was ready to answer the beckoning invitation of ambition, even if it had to go alone and unaccompanied. In so doing, it bade an affectionate farewell to kindred, friend and neighbor, that it might fare forth with a young family, to travel, it might be, beyond the end of the last trail and out into some fertile valley in the unbroken wilderness. There, it cleaved and slashed a clearing in the pri-



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meval woodland; there, it reared a log cabin, laid a rough hearthstone, lighted the fire of hope and erected the altar of faith. Then, as the work of home-building proceeded, it calmly and confidently watched for civilization and industry and education and progress to follow in the pathway thus faintly blazed. It was of such that the poet wrote in his verses entitled "Pioneers":

*Brave men are they who push and climb
Beyond old formulas,
While the plodding ranks that sere Old Time
Pull back for Time's old ways;
Strong men are they who hold their own
On the outposts of the new,
Till the world hath to their stature grown
And seen that the false was true.*

*Hopeful were the men who cast their lot
In the heart of a wilderness
And, homesick, in their toil forgot
An old home's blessedness.
Great faith had those of an endless quest
Who marched till the years were done—
Then lifted their eyes to the golden West
And died in the setting sun.*



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P R O C

Unveiling of The "Pi

Ponca City

April 22

THOMAS E. BRANIFF, *General C*

1:00 P. M.—Music—Military Band—189th Field Artillery, Oklahoma National Guard

1:30 P. M.—Artillery Salute for Secretary of War by Battery C, 158th Field Artillery, Oklahoma National Guard

National Anthem	- - -	Military Band
Invocation	- - -	Bishop Thomas Casady
Address	- - -	E. W. Marland
Address	- - -	Bryant Baker, Sculptor
Unveiling Statue	- - -	Mrs. John A. Hul





PROGRAM

"Pioneer Woman" Statue
Perry, Oklahoma
February 2nd, 1930

Chairman of Committees, Presiding

- Address - Honorable W. J. Holloway, Governor of Oklahoma
- Address - Honorable Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War
- Music—Military Band
 - - Oklahoma Military Academy, Claremore
 - - Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater
- Military Units—Oklahoma National Guard:
 - Battery C, 158th Field Artillery, Perry, Oklahoma
 - Battery C, 189th Field Artillery, Blackwell, Oklahoma
 - Band Section, 189th Field Artillery, Enid, Oklahoma
 - Company C, 180th Infantry, Chilocco, Oklahoma





AND thus was ushered in the era of American pioneering, which was to last 250 years and which was to witness the spanning of the full breadth of a vast continent by the orderly settlements of civilized men, under the flag of a single nation—an achievement than which there is no more thrilling story in all of the pages of human history.

Such, in brief, is the setting in which, or, if the reader please, the background, upon which, the Pioneer Woman is to be envisioned. And, pray, who was this Pioneer Woman? And where and when did she live? And how did she die and where was her body laid to rest?

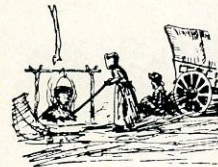
Well, to answer the first question, her name was legion; and she lived, in spirit, at least, through ten generations, aye, more, she lives still, though her years among the living are numbered at last. She it was who walked for a last time into an English countryside church-yard, there to kneel in prayer but once more by the graves of her loved ones; she walked through every room in the lowly thatched cottage in which she had been born and reared, with a fond but hasty glance at each; again she trod the garden paths, where she had played as a child; and then, with a long, lingering, clinging farewell to brother and sister, to father and mother, aye, and, perchance, even to a surviving grandparent as well, she resolutely turned her back on most that had been near and dear to her, knowing certainly that she never would meet those loved one again and that never again would she look upon the familiar scenes and associations of her early life, she went aboard the frail barque that was to bear her over an uncharted sea to a wilderness continent.



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BUT the story of the Pioneer Woman does not end with the landing at Jamestown or Plymouth or Boston, at Charleston, or Philadelphia, or Annapolis—ah, no, for it was her daughter who, as a bride, rode on the pillion behind the proud young husband, when they went forth from the tidewater country to open up a new farm in the interior; and it was her granddaughter who rode in the cart that contained the movable belongings of the household, when the family went out to make a new settlement at the eastern foot of the Blue Ridge; then, later, successive generations of daughters and granddaughters crossed the Alleghenies and the Cumberlands in great, rumbling Conestoga freight wagons; they skirted the shores of the Great lakes in a sloop; they walked across the portage between the Chicago and the Des Plaines rivers, to finish the voyage to a new home in a birchbark canoe; they were wafted down the flood-tides of the Ohio and its tributaries in flat-boats; they ascended the treacherous channels of the Missouri and the Arkansas in keel-boats and early river steamboats and they crossed the Plains in prairie schooners. And, always, the smoke of the campfire, at the evening of each day's journey, was as an incense of peace ascending to Heaven, even though grim, pitiless, savage warfare sometimes lurked in the shadows near by.



And how did this Pioneer Woman live? Why, she was a wife and a mother and a neighbor in all that those terms imply, for, like the Greatest Pattern and Exemplar of humanity, she "came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister unto others." Self-denial was her unspoken name. Her industry was endless and seemingly tireless, from dawn to dusk, and her spinning wheel, her loom and her needles were busy—spinning, weaving,



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fearlessness

sewing, knitting and darning, far into the night. She gave birth to a new generation of potential pioneers, whom she reared and trained in the way that they should live. In the homes of her neighbors, she welcomed the new human life at its portal and wrapped it in its swaddling clothes. She bound up the wounds of the unfortunate, she nursed the sick and she closed the eyes of those who has passed from the land of the living. Oh, she not only knew how to live her own life but she knew how to help others to live. In her own modest, quiet, unostentatious way, her courage would have matched that of any martial hero in the turmoil of battle, only hers was the ~~carelessness~~ of spiritual faith rather than that of physical courage. As a rule, she was too busy with the cares and duties of temporal life to make much pretension in the way of high-sounding professions, but what she did was infinitely better—she lived her religion. What wonder that “her children rise to call her blessed!”



And what of the death and burial of this Pioneer Woman? In her family, as in most others of her class, it was but seldom that two generations were buried in the same place. Sometimes, it happened that she was suddenly called to a seemingly untimely end, during the course of a long, tedious migration, to be laid away in an unmarked grave by the side of the trail, leaving the stricken family to pursue its journey in sorrow. If so, the place of her grave was forgotten in the flight of years, though it is remembered by Him who marketh the sparrow's fall. But this Pioneer Woman may have lived to a ripe old age, aye, more, even in those advanced years, she may have left her own pioneer home, with its hallowed memor-



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ies, to go a-pioneering to another new country, farther west, with some one or more of the pioneer sons and daughters whom she had given to the world but, if so, all this mattered little in the end, for she had lived and labored and served and sacrificed and had richly earned her rest, whenever or wherever it might come. In the closing verses of his poem, "Pioneers," already quoted in part, the bard sings thus of the Pioneer Woman:



*Brave men—great souls—God's sons—and tall—
Full swift and passing strong—
They have taken the lands and are lords of all—
They have chanted their deeds in song;
They have told their tale with a sounding tongue—
Have painted their hopes and fears—
Yet when hath a word or a note been sung
Of the bravest pioneers?*

*How strong were these in the weary road—
How brave in the silent land!
What smiles bestowed to lighten the load
That could never a tear-drop stand!
What hopes saw they through the drouth and flood?
Did they look in the future wide,
When their throats were parched and their fevered blood
Ebbd fast with the final tide?*

*This did they—yea, those silent ones—
The women of the West!
Lord, let that heart beat in their sons
That counted patience best—
God gave them courage measureless,
From Heaven came their faith;
White was their hope in the wilderness,
Their love has conquered death.*



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THE greatest monument to the Pioneer Woman is not for men to build, for it is what she has given to the world in the way of her own priceless service and in the measureless inspiration which she has left to those who have followed and who are still to follow in the paths that she helped to make. In this age of high-pressure ambition, with its absorbing passion for business success, with its dreams of wealth and ease and luxury and social distinction, with its hunger for power, its thirst for preferment and its mania for speed, it is eminently fitting that monuments, at once significant and beautiful—significant memorials of the highest artistic type and of the most enduring materials—should be reared to visibly remind us of the debt of gratitude which we as a people owe to the Pioneer Woman. There are many, many monuments to the pioneer women as individuals but this is the first artistic tribute to be paid to them in their splendid aggregate. Like the monument to the Unknown Soldier, it is national in its interest and significance.



MR. ERNEST W. MARLAND, who first conceived the idea of a commemorative statue of the *Pioneer Woman*, is himself a pioneer. It is true that he did not come to Kay County with those other pioneers who "made the run," at high noon, on that hot, dry day in September, 1893, but he came five years later—early enough to experience pioneer vicissitudes. However, when he did come, it was as a pioneer of a great industry, in which he was to be a constructive factor and to wield a profound influence, not only in that community and county but in the state at large as well. Moreover, he has not only been interested in the development of a great industry and



A Pioneer Oklahoma Company pays tribute to the spirit of the Oklahoma "PIONEER WOMAN," so fittingly symbolized in the statue, the gift of E. W. Marland, unveiled April 22, 1930.

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in the making of money but he has also found time to be interested in the aesthetic and artistic sides of life and to aid in the cause of education and in scientific research.

MR. MARLAND has not disclosed just how and why he happened to center his attention upon the Pioneer Woman, and to undertake to have produced and installed a fitting commemorative statue in her honor. His idea of the Pioneer Woman was not that of Kay County, merely, neither of the Cherokee Strip nor of Oklahoma, even, nor yet of the entire West, but rather, the Pioneer Woman of America. Be that as it may, however, he is known to have tentatively discussed the matter with friends and advisors, something over four years ago. Some months later, in October, 1926, he invited a number of leading sculptors to submit competitive designs in the form of models for such a statue contracting with each that he would be remunerated for his work, regardless of whether his design was accepted.

Four months later, on February 25, 1927, MR. MARLAND gave a dinner to the competing artists, in New York City. Upon this occasion, he made the following brief address:

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



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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, David Crockett, Jim Bridger, 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 trackless forests and treeless 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, the 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 agonizing pains of unattended childbirth.

Pictures have we aplenty 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



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Salutes



The Pioneer Woman

The Daily
Oklahoman

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City Times

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their rifles and knives—the 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. Their amusements were 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 daughter's daughters—ever pushing westward, ever making homes on the lands their husbands gained. Loyalty, courage, fidelity, ambition was in their mother's 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 the continent—graves of women who died that we might live and love this homeland. They were unknown sol-



As a Pioneer in the Real Estate business in Oklahoma, G. A. Nichols, Inc., congratulates E. W. Marland, Ponca City, and Oklahoma on the superb monument to the *Pioneer Woman*.

Dial 3-7341

G. A. NICHOLS, Inc.
115 N. Harvey
OKLAHOMA CITY



diers of the great battle of 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 the 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.

AS yet no choice had been made as to which design should be accepted. There was so much popular interest manifested in the contest that the models submitted in competition were placed on exhibition in New York City. Then came a request that these be exhibited in Boston and this was followed by similar requests from other cities. People were not only interested but they clamored to express a preference in the matter of first choice. To this, MR. MARLAND acceded, finally concluding to let the people who were thus interested settle the matter by popular vote. When the models were brought to the West for exhibition, they were received with less enthusiasm than they had been in the East. The people of the West were somewhat inclined to be coldly critical; they had always lived with pioneer women in their homes or as their neighbors, or both, and they knew the type and many, if not most, of the westerners, felt that the artists did not. Still, many western people voted their preference in the matter.



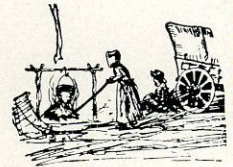
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PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA



When all of the ballots had been counted, the design submitted by BRYANT BAKER had a big lead and he was awarded the commission for the completed statue, with a proviso that there should be some modification of details. MR. MARLAND said that, since he had left the selection to an interested public and hundreds of thousands of people throughout the United States had voted for this model, he proposed to abide by the public's decision.



The *Pioneer Woman*, as designed by MR. BAKER, would not be recognized as being of the pioneer type in that part of the country that had been most recently brought under pioneer dominion. That this should have been expected, under the circumstances, was not at all surprising, since the sculptor was not only a resident of New York but he had been born and raised in England. His figure of the *Pioneer Woman*, aside from some details of costume, might have typified the pioneer women who landed either on the banks of the James River or on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, three centuries before. She certainly typifies the artist's conception or ideal of a pioneer woman—which was a faithful one, when his viewpoint and his environment, past and present, were taken into consideration. The calm courage of her countenance, her appraising estimate of the scene which greets her eyes, the dignity of her poise, the elasticity and firmness of her step, the identity of the Book of Books which she clasps to her bosom—all these bear faithful witness that, regardless of whether she was but freshly landed from the Mother Country and of whether she were of Puritan or Cavalier stock, she was destined to be the mother of eight or ten



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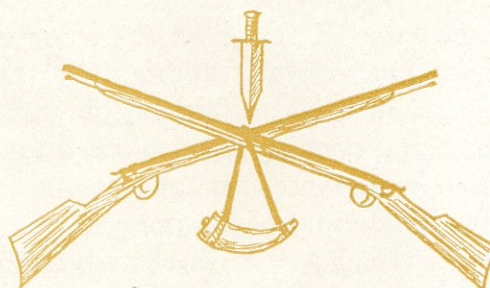
Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Co.

Bartlesville, Oklahoma



generations of American pioneers and, as such, a most worthy type of the Pioneer Woman.

And so, in this bronze figure of heroic proportions, we are not to seek our own peculiar fancy as to what should constitute the ideal physical type but, rather, to recognize, in its beauty, dignity, evident intelligence and strength of character, a faithful delineation of the spirit of the Pioneer Woman, to the blessing of whose gracious influence this greatest of the nations of the world owes more than to any other contributing factor in its history.



ALL HONOR TO THE PIONEERS!

Men and women of courage and vision—who believed in the future of Oklahoma.

None the less broad-visioned were those men of our earlier days who pioneered in the beginning of electrical development in Oklahoma—those who made our electrical progress possible. They, too, were state builders and industrial Pioneers.

OKLAHOMA GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

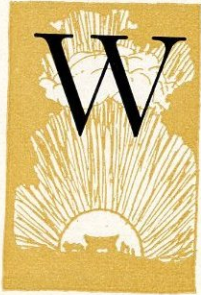
J. F. OWENS, Vice President and General Manager



Pioneer Women

By EDITH JOHNSON

(This article by Miss Johnson first appeared in
The Daily Oklahoman February 28, 1927)



WHAT woman's heart is not touched by E. W. Marland's decision to honor the service of the pioneer woman and to commemorate her virtues, which some of us might emulate more than we do.

Too easily, we moderns, men and women alike, forget the debt we owe the pioneer woman—history has so much more to say in tribute to the pioneer man.

In a day of silk lingerie, beauty parlors, cards, clubs and matinees, home industries carried on outside, birth control and limited families, large leisure and various pleasures, smart dressing and prolonged youth, how little thought we give to the pioneer woman upon whom inexorable nature laid such burdens as town and city women do not dream of today; and how inexorable man was content that his pioneer wife should share the burden of his adventure, together with the burden of her service to the race.

If he faced risk and danger, she faced them, too.

If he worked hard at the clearing, sowing and reaping, she worked harder still. If he was weary, she was more so, for her labors were longer and more various.



Pioneer

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This Program by TRAVE-TAYLOR



Pain he suffered, and she greater pain, by far. Sometimes this pioneer woman endured until she almost forgot how to suffer. The sentient instrument of her man's desire and nature's purpose, mercifully, one hopes, often lost a measure of her woman's sensibility.

From her none too joyous youth she toiled, and the bloom of that youth withered long before it had passed.

Yet, if the pioneer woman's lot was a hard one, she had her compensations. She had a dignity which comes of being necessary, that not all women have today.

If she was restless, the world never heard about it.

If she did not express herself through art, music, poetry or public speaking, she revealed her soul through her children, and through the civilization she helped to build.

By no means was she inarticulate. She cast her vote without dropping a ballot in a box. Her philosophy of life, her beliefs and her character, were deeply impressed upon her children, more deeply than many a modern mother impresses hers.

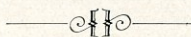
She and her husband knew none of the modern fret and worry over the divorce problem. They did not debate the question "to separate or not to separate." Had they not taken each other literally for better or for worse?

Hers was a generation of women, none of whom suffered the humiliation of being called parasites. She was a real helpmeet. That is to say, she was "meet," or fit, to share the struggles and adventures of her partner.

No pioneer woman lolled in bed while her man rustled his own breakfast or dinner. Nor did she send the children to the neighbors' while she sallied forth to save the world.



GREETINGS and CONGRATULATIONS



SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

R. J. BENZEL, General Manager

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA



When she married her man, she had him. She did not have to keep on intoxicating him with strange perfumes or drugging him with the sensuous look in her eyes.

She was obsessed with no predatory sex-intentions, like some of the scantily-petticoated females of today.

She was as sane and as salutary as the tree that stood in her dooryard, as the little stream that purred through yonder meadow.

She was no half-tragic, half-comic little doll of Eros. For she had much more important business than beguiling any number of males. Was there not meal to grind, food to be cooked, clothes to wash, and nearly always a babe in arms to tend?

If there are strong women today, women who valiantly take life as they find it, who have the courage to labor without ceasing, to sacrifice, to suffer and endure, theirs you are likely to find, is a heritage from pioneer fore-mothers who, it may have been, left ease and comfort and luxury, and joining hands with their hardy young lovers and husbands, set out to grapple with the terrors and hardships of an unknown land.

Many of these strong modern women are pioneering in other ways, in other things.

Some are groping toward race progress, and social progress through class-ignorance and sex-ignorance, bitterness and bigotry. And the strain of their pioneering efforts often is very great upon them, greater, by far, than their easy airs, their smiling faces and their finished and prosperous appearance reveals.



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