



Leo Manso (above) is never without his brier pipe. Although his abstraction (right) is hardly graphic, preliminary sketches of the figure were made. Manso is also noted for his designs of book jackets and textiles



## SIX ARTISTS AND A MODEL

BY LEONARD A. PARIS

With cold weather and unheated studios, our model caught cold. So Milton Avery (below) graciously agreed to paint her in a cloak. Avery, known as an unusual colorist, is one of America's leading expressionists



**F**OR those few remaining simple folk who believe that art is merely a copy of nature, these pages may be something of a shock. "How is it possible," they are likely to ask, "for one young woman to look like so many different things?"

We are unable to answer this question, not knowing anything about art or even what we like. But this much we can say: It's the same model in all the pictures. Her name is Edith Franklin and she is nineteen years old and a native New Yorker.

Miss Franklin wants to be an actress, and most of the fees she picks up modeling for such well-known artists as those shown here go toward her tuition at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre. This, she assures us, is "the best dramatic school in America," boasting such graduates as Gregory Peck and instructors like Martha Graham.

So far our model hasn't hit Broadway; she says she has much to learn at the Playhouse. Meantime she pays her way by modeling.

Not that fine-arts models are rolling in dough. Fees run around \$1.50 to \$3 per hour, unless you're working for a magazine illustrator, in which case you may command a queenly \$10.

But Miss Franklin likes the work and she likes artists. While a painting is in progress, a model usually gets 20-minute breaks for rest periods, during which time she may relax with a good book or discuss the painting with the artist.

Miss Franklin hoards these golden moments to study her theater lines, and it is not uncommon to hear her reciting Shakespeare while taking twenty. This, we are happy to report, does not seem to distract any of the artists. After all, as Simonides said, "Painting is silent poetry." ★★★

Formerly the editor of Art Front Magazine, Joe Solman (below) is famous for his expressionistic scenes of city life. Much of Solman's recent work, like the example at right, stresses flat pattern and intimate color relationship



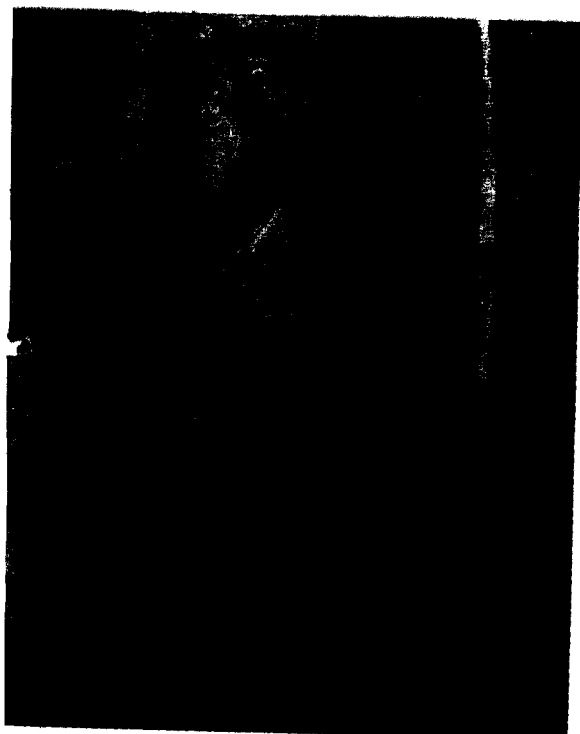


Earl Kerkam (left, above) gave up commercial art for the less profitable business of painting as he likes. His study of Miss Franklin (left) was made on a bitter cold day in a typical cold-water garret studio

Usually Hans Moller (right, above) works without a model. A semiabstractionist he has done covers for many magazines and has had one-man shows at some of the New York galleries. His study appears at right

Sol Wilson (below, right) discusses his painting with Miss Franklin while the latter takes a rest. Wilson is a romantic expressionist whose rugged seascapes and studies of fishermen have won many important prizes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HELEN AND ALFRED FUHN

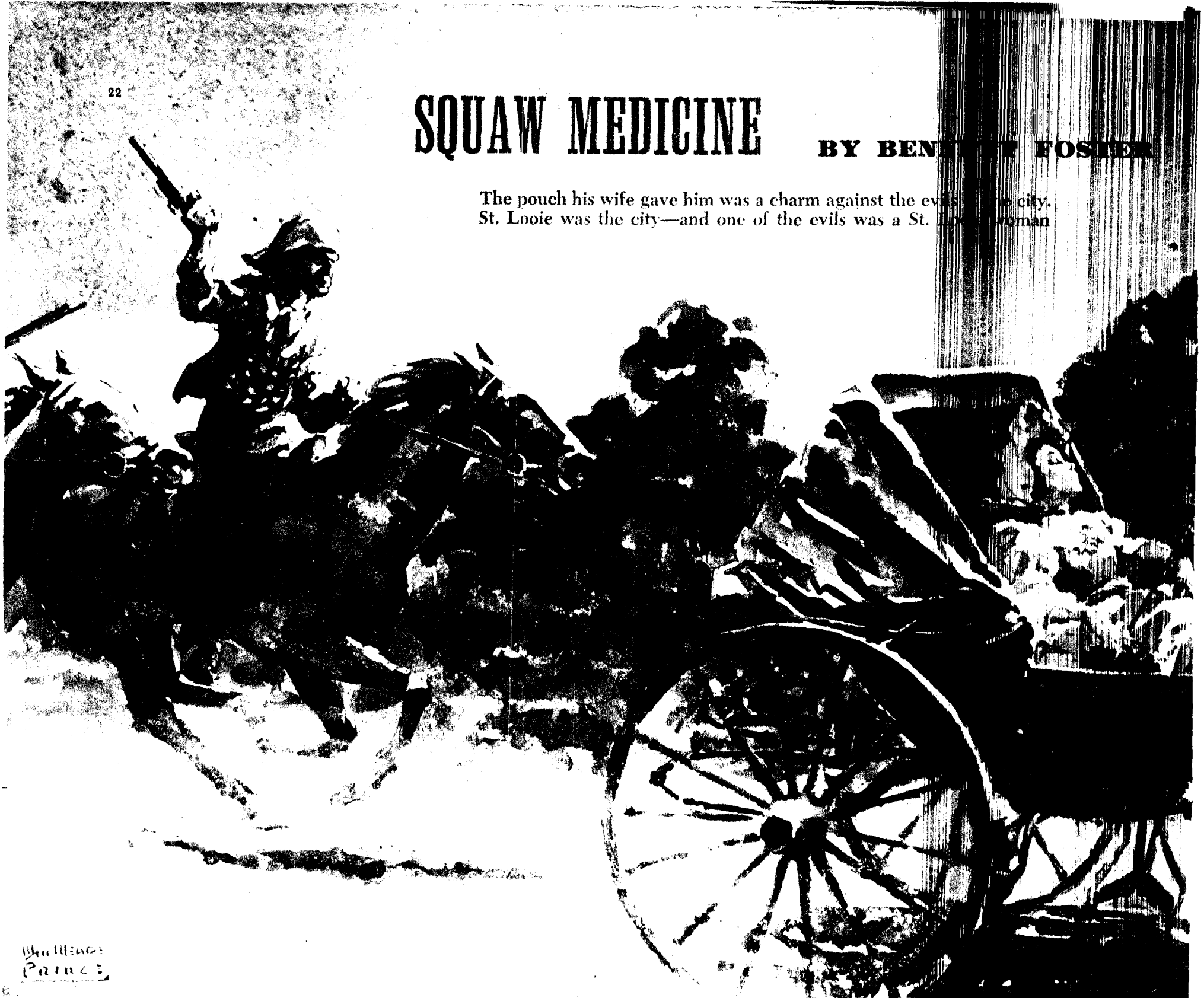




# SQUAW MEDICINE

BY BENJAMIN FOSTER

The pouch his wife gave him was a charm against the evils of the city. St. Looie was the city—and one of the evils was a St. Looie woman.



Musselshell  
Prize

**D**AVY CONNOR was a Cheyenne man. He trapped wherever there was fur, but he always tried to winter in the Cheyenne country; and along in 1830, he married Dull Knife's daughter.

Her Cheyenne name was "Woman who stands by the water like a willow," but Davy called her Nell. She was handsome for a squaw, made good moccasins, kept a clean lodge and looked after Davy fine. When he came in from a hunt she always had warm water for his feet; she tanned his robes and cooked his meat and Davy was real fond of her.

In '31, having finished his fall hunt on the Musselshell, Davy and Nell pulled down into the Black Hills and joined Dull Knife's band. Henry Bronte was already there and Henry and Davy were old friends.

While Nell was putting up the lodge the two men smoked a pipe together and Henry had some comment to make.

"I'd heard you got married," he said, watching Nell set up the lodge

poles. "How is she, Davy? Pretty good woman?"

"She's all right," Davy admitted, scowling a little, "except that she's plumb hell for fofurrow. I taken her to rendezvous, Henry, an' I swear there ain't enough goods in Sublette's packs to satisfy her. She's always devilin' me for vermilion or scarlet cloth or beads or some such, an' if it ain't that, it's a new knife or a kettle."

Henry nodded. He had been married to a Crow and to a Flathead, and right then had a Sioux woman in his lodge. He knew what Davy meant.

"After the spring hunt," Davy said, "I'm goin' to take my beaver to St. Looie and leave her to home. I'm goin' to get Jake Hawken to rebore my rifle, an' I'm goin' to buy a suit of clothes an' a wool hat an' get some trade. Then I'm goin' to get drunk an' disorderly on St. Looie liquor. You comin' with me, Henry?"

"No," Henry said, "I ain't. I'm goin' to rendezvous an' have a time. St. Looie don't shine for me."

When the spring hunt was over,

Davy loaded his fur on horses and started east. There was many a mile between the Black Hills and St. Louis but he wasn't worried. A mountain man went where he wanted to. He left Nell with her people and that wasn't the first time, or the last time either, that a man has gone to market and left his wife at home.

**N**ELL was upset when Davy left. She said his heart was bad toward her: she moped around the lodge like there had been a death in the family. She daubed dirt in her hair and tore some of her clothes and did some crying. She let Davy know she wasn't pleased, but he petted her and set her on his lap and made a fuss over her until she perked up. The day he left she gave him a beaded buckskin pouch to hang around his neck. Davy thought it was a new pipe case until Nell told him different.

"This is woman's medicine," she said, "for you to bring back. You will not forget me when you wear this. Open it when you get there."

Davy promised that he would. He put the thong over his neck and stuck his left arm through so that the sack hung next his hide under his armpit and out of the way. He gave Nell his two pistols to keep and told her goodbye.

With his Hawken's gun on his saddlebow and his Green River knife in his belt, he pulled out. By the time he had made a day's march he had forgotten the sack.

Luck had her arm around Davy Connor that journey. In Cheyenne country he was safe enough and he had better than an even chance through the Sioux hunting grounds, for the Sioux and the Cheyenne were allies. He worried some about the Pawnees, but most of them had moved south to meet the buffalo. When he got to the river at Fort Atkinson he struck it right. There were two keelboats loading at the fort.

Fort Atkinson was an American Fur Company post and when Davy told the *bourgeois*, the man in charge, that he wanted to take his fur down-