

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

BY

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THE

SAND DUNES

OF

Indiana and Vicinity

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

MAY NINTH - - - JUNE SEVENTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

THIS EXHIBITION IS GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES

OF THE

Friends of Our Native Landscape

The Dunes Pageant Association

AND

The Conservation Council

CONSISTING OF

The Wild Flower Preservation Society of America

(Chicago and Riverside Chapters)

The Geographic Society of Chicago

The Audubon Society of Illinois

The Prairie Club

The Horticultural Society

The Municipal Art League

The Outdoor Art League

The Arché Club

The Ridge Woman's Club

The First District Women's Clubs

The Second District Women's Clubs

The West End Woman's Club

The Sand Dunes of Indiana extend along the south end of Lake Michigan from Gary to Michigan City. They cover an area approximately one mile wide and twenty-five miles long. Beginning in 1916 efforts have been under way to have these dune lands created a national park. All interested should write to the National Park Service Division of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for the pamphlet "Report on the Proposed Sand Dunes National Park, Indiana."

The Dune Country of Indiana represents the work of one hundred times one thousand years, by such artists as the glaciers, water, wind, and sun, until you find there a park perfect, beautiful; a fairy land; a land of dreams; a land of remoteness; a land of solitudes; a land of long beaches; a land on whose frail shore strong waves beat at times with a thunderous roar; a land so fair and fine no city park could be made to equal it by the expenditure of countless millions.

THEODORE JESSUP.

TITLES

1. The Land of Sky and Song
2. The Old Mill
3. Autumn Silence
4. An Indian Summer's Day
5. One Winter's Afternoon
(Lent by Municipal Art League)
6. A Winter Trail
7. From Mount Tom
8. Mount Tim
9. Along the Creek
10. Silent Hillsides
11. A Winter Garden
12. The Pageant.
13. A Dune Forest
14. Snow Clad

TITLES

15. Juniper Valley in Winter
16. Mountains of the Prairie
17. In the Path of the Dune
18. Guardians of the Dunes
19. Duneland
20. In the Shelter of the Dune
21. The Shadow March
22. Across the Drifting Sands
23. Autumn
24. Windswept
25. A Garden of the Desert
26. The Home of the Lupine
27. Among the Dunes
28. Along the Trail
29. A Memory
30. Winter (a sketch)

"These sand dunes are classified as among the finest in the world by scientists who are qualified to speak on deposits of sand of this character. I have never seen sand dunes that equal them in any degree. These are readily accessible to approximately 5,000,000 people, and, furthermore, they are ideally located with respect to the center of population, which, when last determined, was in the State of Indiana.

These sand dunes, contrary to the generally accepted notion, are not mere accumulations of clean white sand from Lake Michigan with which the wind plays at will. They are deposits which constitute the action of the elements for ages past. The sand in hundreds of acres of this region has remained untouched for decades and perhaps centuries. Trees, large and small, have grown on the sand piles, and to-day form one of the scenic features of the dune country. Various vines, shrubs, reeds, grasses, and sedges thrive in these areas which are not in the process of diminution or augmentation, and wild flowers are found in great abundance.

These dunes are beautiful at all times of the year."

STEPHEN T. MATHER, Director National Park Service.

"There are two great beauties of this region, two things which are distinctive. One is the lake, and the other is its product, the dunes. I am very happy and proud to be recorded as having a word to say for the preservation of this very beautiful spot which so appeals to the imagination. Its vision of vast open spaces, its billows of sand and their silent sentinels; the gestures of its weird trees silhouetted in the twilight—all conspire to make of it an enchanted land. By all means, let us spare no effort to conserve this wonderful place for ourselves and for the generations to follow us."

LORADO TAFT.

"Three years ago I had the great privilege of conducting through our country, a large number of the greatest scientists of Europe, the greatest botanists of Europe, men representing all the countries which are now at war with one another.

As there was so much in our country to see in the brief time that we had to see it in, I asked these people who had come here to indicate what they wanted to see in the United States in two months. There were three or four things that all of them mentioned as highly worth seeing, even in the briefest trip to the United States. One of these was the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; another was the Yosemite; another was Yellowstone Park; and the fourth was the Lake Michigan dunes."

PROF. HENRY C. COWLES, Univ. of Chicago.

“The dunes of northern Indiana are one of the great expressions of wild beauty in our country. They are the greatest of nature’s expressions of this beauty in the Middle West and as a type of landscape they are unequaled anywhere in the world.

From an artistic standpoint the color expressions of spring and autumn are not equaled anywhere. Added to this is the movement and history of the dunes, dating back into geological ages thousands of years ago.

The dunes represent a book of the great outdoors which man can never fully comprehend; but it is not the great dramatic things, which appeal perhaps more to the eye than the more intimate and hidden treasures, that gives the real charm to this bit of nature’s landscape. It is among the sand hills that the real mystery of the dunes is to be found. In the dune meadows, in the bogs or tamarack swamps, or along hidden trails one feels the exquisite beauty of the hidden shrines of nature’s great work. Carpets of flowers cover the hills and valleys of the dunes during spring and early summer—in fact during the entire season. Here the lupine brings the first joy of spring to the visitor, with its beautiful handlike leaves upon which the rays of the rising sun turn the dew of early morning, glistening in its palm, into millions of diamonds. Later a sea of blue covers the forest floor, and in late autumn we have the same expression in its beautiful leaves as in spring. Also in late autumn the gentian puts its color on the dune meadows, holding out until the winter blasts shrivel up the last flower. Along the trail asters stand in a blaze of glory as so many candles lighting up the way of the pilgrim who ventures into the woods on dark and gloomy autumn days, and in the wind rustling through trees that have seen generations pass below one fancies he can hear the chanting song of the Red Man, or the cradle song of the Indian squaw when listening to the murmuring waves breaking over the sandy beach of this dune country.”

JENS JENSEN.

SONG O' THE DUNES.

Sandland at twilight,
All hushed in brooding gray—
A place to find your heart again
And cast your cares away.
Duneland at sunrise—
Life's glory risen new,
The arms of freedom flinging wide
The gates your dreams saw thro.'

Sandland in starlight—
The night-song's voice is dear,
And folds the peace you thought of God
Where held your heart its fear.
Duneland at noontime—
What sorry stuff is gold,
That royal pride and miser greed
In foolish passion hold.

Sandland in shadow—
Or shining in the sun—
What care you for the fame of men
Or what their wars have won?
For Duneland is dearest
Because no place is there
For echoes of the battlefield
Or scars its victims wear.

GEORGE E. BOWEN.