

New Mexico

The Sunshine State's Recreational and Highway
Magazine



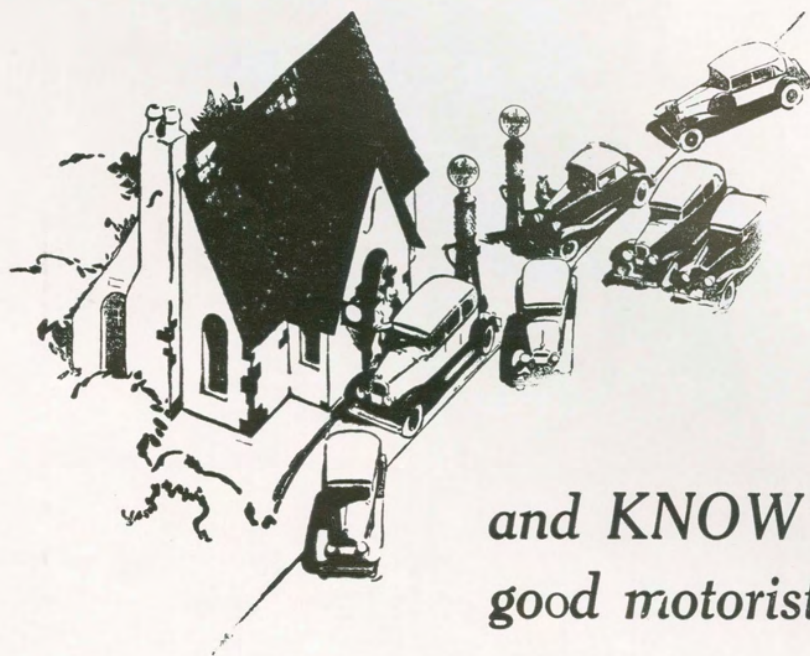
JULY

ONE
DOLLAR
the year

— IN THIS ISSUE —
Fiesta Time in Old Santa Fe — A Rio Grande Fishing Yarn
New Mexico at the "World's Fair" — New Mexico University

FIFTEEN
CENTS
the Copy

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**THE TIRE
SENSATION
OF 1934**

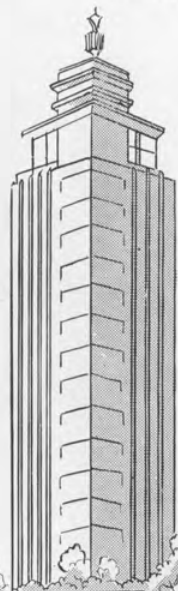
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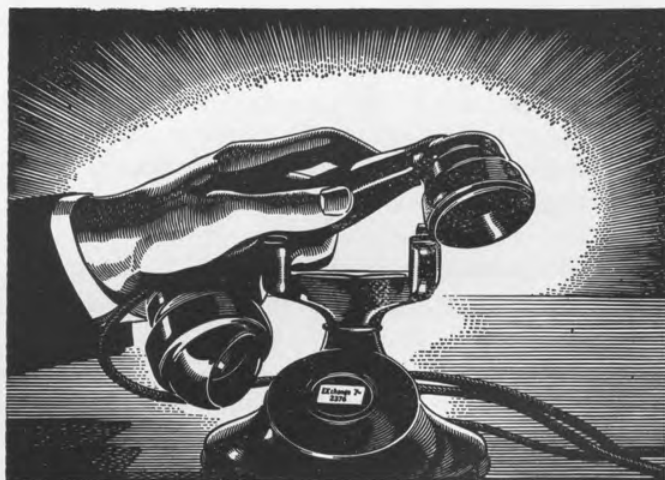
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Business men in other towns are as near as your telephone. A telephone call carries your message directly to them and brings an immediate reply.



*Just tell Long Distance the
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New Mexico



The Sunshine State's Recreational and Highway Magazine

Vol. XII, No. 7

Santa Fe, New Mexico

July, 1934

HARRY E. SHUART, *Managing Editor*

R. W. BENNETT, *Highway Editor*

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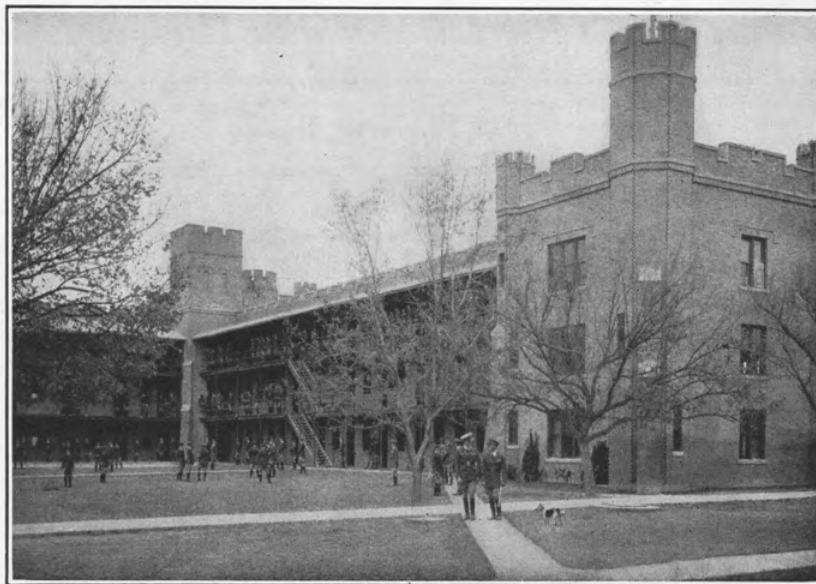
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New Mexico Military Institute

High
School



Junior
College

Roswell, New Mexico



Peaceful Places

By Julia Dangerfield Glass



HAVE you followed the
Hondo at dawn of a late
spring day,
letting your eyes rest on the
lush green of garden
and orchard and sloping hills
—purple in the early
light—with sheep grazing?

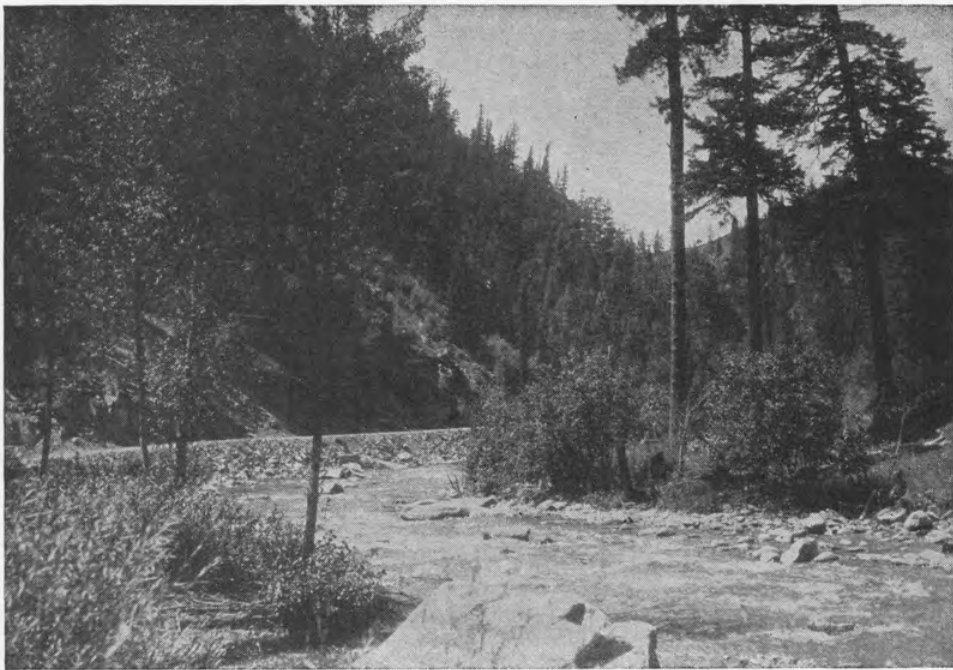


PHOTO BY HAROLD KELLOGG

HAVE you watched rays from the rising sun touch
lightly a grove of aspen, have you see mist blown
from rock crevices—rise and hover, and felt your
heart must break with the gazing?

HAVE you glimpsed the river as it winds through the
valley—
a silver thread, then broader, reflecting pink clouds,
and where the valley lowers, dropping—in a riotous
fall?

HAVE you stood at evening by Lake Bonito amid its
guardian
hills and watched a bird skim over the calm green
water, leaving a shimmering silver trail—and heard
its call?

HAVE you walked in Canyon Argentine, with spruce
and pine—
tall and straight like young Indians—on either hand,
below you a rushing stream, and far up the mountain
side—patches of snow?

HAVE you stood on Nogal Hill and looked out on the
Oscuros,
with their etherial veil—changing, ever changing
from violet to rose and from rose to blue, then—
watched the twilight glow?

HAVE you glimpsed through mountain trees—sky,
which no artist could paint in its marvelousness of
depth and exquisiteness of color, and as the stars come
out—one by one, watched it pale in the fading light?



PHOTO BY HANNA

If you have watched all these, if
—while watching, your
heart pained with a crushing
joy—that you must cry
out in the stillness? . . . then,
you have known your
GOD—in these peaceful
places . . . you have been
ONE
with the INFINITE.



(Dedicated to Jack and Verna
Steele, who made it possible for
me to "watch in peaceful
places.")

Gallup, New Mexico

"The Indian Capital of America"

*Invites you to attend the
Thirteenth Annual*

Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial

*in
"The Land of Enchantment"*

AUGUST 29, 30, 31, 1934

Wednesday - Thursday - Friday

Featuring 5,000 Indians---26 Tribes, in their ancient and
authentic dances, chants, sports, games, arts, crafts,
and craftsmen at work



GALLUP, NEW MEXICO

August 29, 30, 31, 1934

Fiesta Time

in

Old Santa Fe

The Spontaneous Expression of the Spirit of the City Different, Which is a Combination of Religious Processions and Gay Secular Celebrations



By Gertrude Harris

THE ROYAL CITY of the Holy Faith, the oldest capital city in the United States, is indeed a city different. It is a city of contrasts and quaint customs; a people who know how to play as well as how to answer the call of the bells of Saint Francis to kneel in reverence before the Little *Conquistadora*. And they also know how to combine the fiesta spirit with the keeping of their religious vows.

The first Sunday in June we watched a long procession pass on its way to Rosario Chapel to take the Little Lady of Victory to the spot where De Vargas had vowed she should be honored with a novena each year if she gave him the victory in the battle of the second re-conquest. The first week in September we shall join in a gay fiesta celebrating that triumphant re-taking of the villa from the Indians 241 years ago.

So far as the records show, this is the oldest celebration or fiesta now



HERE COMES THE PARADE!

observed in America. This present fiesta will be the 222nd annual observance of the victory of De Vargas. The celebration is based on the proclamation of Marquis de la Peñuela in 1712 that the reconquest of Santa Fé should be celebrated annually by a secular demonstration in the beginning of the month of September. And faithfully has this proclamation been obeyed by the Spanish-speaking people, the descendants of these first *conquistadores*, down through the centuries, and during the last quarter of a century the Anglo-Americans have joined hands with them in the merrymaking and in keeping alive all the beauty, romance, and colorful customs that form our heritage from Spain here in this little old-world villa set in the midst of modern culture.

Santa Fé's fiesta is not only the oldest celebration of its kind, but it is altogether different from celebrations and fiestas held in other cities. There are no hired carnival en-

tertainers; no ticket gates; no managers; no catch-alls for your money; no fattest ladies or wild men to be seen for a dime. In fact, it is not a fiesta in the modern sense at all; it is just a spontaneous expression of the spirit of Old Santa Fé — an outpouring of her love of beauty, of romance, of gayety. It is the play-spirit unleashed and abroad in a city that knows the art of carefree playing better than any other place in America in this day of



PHOTO BY KELLOGG

AN OLD STAGE COACH SEEN IN THE HYSTERICAL PARADE

hectic living. And we dare anyone to come and join in the fiesta, and then not say that it was worth the trip just to forget care for a few days—and just *play*!

No other celebration has as much history as this Fiesta de Santa Fé. It runs the gauntlet from intrepid *conquistadores*, patient friars, dauntless colonists, and yelling Indians within a walled city defying the power of Spain. It is a lurid, bloody tale that belongs more to the Middle Ages than it does in modern American history.

Following in the steps of Coronado, there came other *conquistadores* across the plains and mountains of New Mexico until it was finally colonized by Oñate in 1598. A few years later the capital was moved from San Juan to Santa Fé, and this little valla, built on the ruins of old pueblos, became the center of Spanish settlement and remained so until the Indian uprising of 1680.

This rebellion against the Spanish had been brewing for some time. It was headed by Popé of San Juan, and his captains were Cantiti of San Domingo, Tupatu of Picuris, and Jaca of Taos. Governor Otermin was warned by

Spaniards were sighted, the Indians raised a frightful yell and brought thick beams and logs and big rocks to hurl down from the walls upon the approaching enemy. De Vargas, however, had the *acequia* or water supply cut off and then sent a messenger to assure them that they would be pardoned if they would surrender. Our narrator, Don Carlos de Gongora, as translated by the historian Read, says that the Indians all answered in one voice and with derisions, and thanked the Spanish for coming into their homes like madmen; and warned them that they would all soon perish.

The battle raged on all day and toward evening Indians began to come over the mountains, on foot and on horseback, to reinforce the besieged city. De Vargas now tried to bribe the governor of San Domingo with presents, but when he tried to make peace with his people, they said they would rather die than let the Spanish in, and threatened to kill the governor. Finally De Vargas put two small pieces of artillery in place and threatened to fire on the city. This frightened the Indians so that they offered



WATCHING THE PARADE IN FRONT OF THE OLD PALACE

PHOTO BY KELLOGG

Juan Ye of Pecos, this being a friendly tribe, and he sent out word for the Spanish to gather at Santa Fé. The date of the rebellion was moved up from the thirteenth of August to the tenth, and before daylight of that morning the thousand Spaniards in the Old Palace were besieged by the Indians. Governor Otermin and most of the settlers escaped to El Paso, but all the priests in the different pueblos were slain and everything Spanish, even to their religion, was wiped out of New Mexico.

Governor Otermin tried to come back the next year and got as far as Isleta and Cochiti. Then Cruzat became governor and made seventeen entradas up from El Paso; but could do nothing with the Indians since they took to the mountains when they saw the Spanish coming. He did stage a great battle at Zia and killed 600 Indians. Then Don Diego de Vargas was chosen by the viceroy to subdue New Mexico.

De Vargas left El Paso in August of 1692 with his troops and came up the Rio Grande to Cochiti and Santo Domingo. He found both of these pueblos deserted, and so pressed on to Santa Fé. He reached there at two o'clock the morning of September 13th but waited till four to attack the city. He found the place walled and the Indians fortified within the Old Palace. When the

to treat. The next morning, De Vargas was invited to enter the city, if he would bring only six soldiers, and come without guns.

This offer did not daunt the intrepid general. He merely said, "That is nothing. Who will not risk himself in order to obtain with perpetual glory an illustrious name." And calling upon the Holy Mother, he stepped forward and entered a gate in the wall which was fastened on all sides with iron bars. He found a large cross planted in the plaza by the Indians. After proclaiming a general pardon from King Charles II, if the Indians would return to the church and submit to the King, De Vargas unfurled the Standard of Spain and spoke the following proclamation:

"The villa of Santa Fé, Capital of the Kingdom of New Mexico, I take possession of, and with her provinces and all the pueblos, for the Catholic Majesty of the King, Our Lord Charles II, long live him for the protection of all his vassals and of his dominion many years."

The people echoed the wish, "Long live, long live, long live, that we may serve him as we ought," and prostrated themselves before the Holy Cross and sang *Te Deum Laudamus*. They then built a shelter of branches in the plaza for the ceremony of absolution from their apostacy

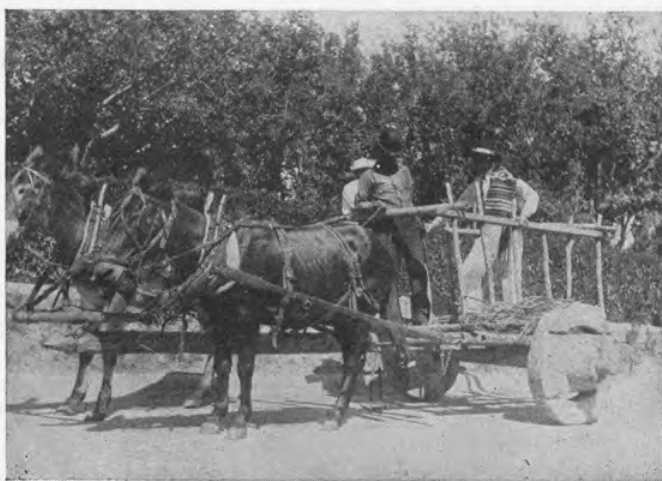


PHOTO BY KELLOGG

ANTIQUATED WOODEN-WHEELED CARRITA

and for mass and to baptize their children. A jubilee and devotion followed.

Although the fiesta is held in September, the same month as this first reconquest of Santa Fé, yet it seems that the proclamation of Marques Peñuela had in mind the second reconquest of De Vargas for this first retaking of the villa, as we shall now see, proved to be a complete failure and the whole thing had to be done over the next year.

Leaving Santa Fé subdued, so he thought, De Vargas made a sweeping conquest of the other pueblos and then returned to El Paso to give in his report of a reconquered New Mexico. His reward was the commission to return to the province with colonists in September of 1693 and to reoccupy Santa Fé. He set out in October with 100 soldiers and 70 families, 800 people in all, but because of hardships, he left the families in Socorro and hurried up the Rio Grande with a few soldiers to get food from the pueblos to send back to his people.

San Felipe, Santa Ana and Pecos gave food, but Cochiti, Santo Domingo, and Jemez were unfriendly and would

have nothing to do with the Spanish. The colonists came on up to Santo Domingo the first of December, and De Vargas set out for Santa Fé on the 15th, entering the city the next day without opposition. He camped out where Rosario Chapel is today and visited the Tanos Indians daily. He thought every thing was peaceful until, once more, he



COLORFUL COSTUMES ARE A PART OF THE ANNUAL FIESTA

received warning from Juan Ye of Pecos that the Picuris and Teguas Indians were plotting a revolution.

It was now bitterly cold and everything was covered with snow so the captains and men begged De Vargas to dislodge the Tanos from the villa so that the people might enter and live in the houses built by the Spanish before the revolution of 1680, De Vargas, however, was waiting for the Indians to go to their homes in Galesteo, and made no move to dislodge them until warned by a blind Indian on the 27th of December that the revolt was at hand.

The next day when he tried to enter the villa, the Indians gave their war cry and he found the entrances closed and armed Indians on the walls around the city. De Vargas besieged the city and sent an emissary to the governor and to Chief Bolsas. The answer was defiance, insults, and stones from the men on the walls.

De Vargas returned to his camp at Rosario and made

plans for an assault on the city; he knew that this battle was to determine the question of whether the Spanish or the Indians were to have New Mexico. He had brought with him a little statue of Our Lady of Remedies (it is said the same image that is known as "*Conquistadora*" today) and he knelt at her altar and made the vow

that is kept by the *Conquistadora* parade today, and then rushed down upon the walled city.

Helped by the friendly Pecos Indians, the Spanish battled fiercely all day to dislodge the entrenched Tanos, but to no avail. At noon the Teguas and Tanos from the other pueblos were seen coming down from the foothills on the northwest. Night closed in and stopped the fierce battle, but at daybreak, after again kneeling before the little statue of Our Lady, De Vargas led his troops down upon the city once more. Shouting "*Santiago!*" they rushed upon the walls, scaled them and fell upon the Indians. So fierce was the assault that the Indians fled in alarm; the governor shot himself rather than be taken; seventy of the warriors were captured and shot, and four hundred of the women and children were given out among the Spanish families—on the promise that they would be kindly treated.

After this great battle, January 1, 1694, which sealed the fate of New Mexico, the Spanish entered the villa, took the houses, and found corn and other provisions to sustain them throughout the cold winter. But the fighting was not yet over. There was constant war with the Tanos and Teguas till the autumn of that year when the Indians were finally conquered in the terrible battle and



PHOTO BY KELLOGG

ZOZOBRA--OLD MAN GLOOM

(Continued on Page 38)



NEW MEXICO'S EXHIBIT IN THE COURT OF STATES, A CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION

New Mexico Goes to the "World's Fair"

The State's Exhibit at A Century of Progress is One of the High Spots in the Big Show

By Harry E. Stuart

(Photos by Kaufmann & Fabry Co.)

THE Sunshine State of New Mexico has stepped from the great open spaces of the Southwest into the front rank of those bidding for the attention of millions who visit the greatest exposition of all time—A Century of Progress in Chicago.

Although the opening of the state's exhibit in the Court of States was delayed slightly due to the difficult nature of the construction of the distinctive *pueblo* type of architec-



RUFUS C. DAWES (RIGHT) PRESIDENT OF A CENTURY OF PROGRESS ACCEPTS THE NEW MEXICO EXHIBIT FROM KLAH, NAVAJO MEDICINE MAN, AND BERTON I. STAPLES, MEMBER OF THE NEW MEXICO COMMISSION

ture, when the doors finally were thrown open on July 9, 1934, New Mexico, in the vernacular of the theater, virtually "stole the show."

Pronounced by those who attended the dedication of the exhibit as the "most distinctive, authentic and outstanding thing done by any state at the fair" New Mexico's offering in the Court of States has been thronged every day by all of the visitors the exhibit space could accommodate.



KLAH MAKES NAVAJO SANDPAINTINGS



PISH-LI-KI YAZZA, THE SILVERSMITH

"I feel as though I had actually stepped into New Mexico, itself," said Rufus C. Dawes, president of A Century of Progress in his speech of acceptance at the dedication of the exhibit. "I congratulate the governor, the New Mexico Century of Progress Commission and the people of the state on this most beautiful and authentic exhibit. It is one of the finest things in this great exposition."

The dedication on July 9 was as different as is the exhibit itself. Klah, medicine man of the Navajos, assisted by Pish-li-ki Yazza, Navajo silversmith who is working in the exhibit, conducted the Navajo "home blessing ceremony." An invited group of notables watched spellbound as the old Navajo medicine man chanted the weird ceremony and sprinkled the blessing pollen at the four points of the compass.

Berton I. Staples, member of the New Mexico commission, welcomed the invited guests and spoke of the allurements that New Mexico has for the thousands of visitors that find health and recreation within the state's borders each year. Coe Howard of Portales, manager

of the exhibit, was master of ceremonies and musical numbers were provided on the program by Miss Pauline Francis of Albuquerque with Spanish songs, and Mrs. Eppie Greathouse Melton, formerly of Clovis, but now a Chicago resident, who sang the state song, "Oh, Fair New Mexico."

Constructed from plans drawn by Gordon Street, Santa Fe architect, and supervised by O. T. Jorgensen of the state highway department engineering staff, the exhibit is indeed a work of art of the *pueblo* building style. At each side is a one-story portal effect terminating in a two-story structure at the rear, with a balcony extending along the front of the second floor, where singers and musicians entertain the visitors at intervals.

Under one of the portals is found the various exhibits of New Mexico resources, such as *minera's*, including potash, grains and other products of the state. Above these along an *adobe* colored background are displayed paintings by eighteen New Mexico artists, some from Taos and others from Santa Fe. These paintings,



THESE SENORITAS WELCOME VISITORS TO THE EXHIBIT.
LEFT TO RIGHT--PAULINE FRANCIS, CONSUELO ARMIJO, CARMEN ESPINOSA AND HELEN BURT.



LEFT TO RIGHT--COE HOWARD, MANAGER OF THE EXHIBIT; MRS. MARGARET ABREU, REPRESENTING THE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT; MRS. EPPIE MELTON, NEW MEXICO SONGBIRD, AND JUAN VIGIL, STATE COMPTROLLER.

valued at \$80,000, were hung by Will Shuster of Santa Fe, and a requirement was made by the artists' committee which selected the paintings that none should be hung for any artist who had been in New Mexico less than fifteen years.

Near the front entrance of the exhibit under a smaller portal are two Spanish weavers producing work of the Chimayo type. Under a portal on the opposite side of the exhibit are working A-henna-bah, a Navajo rug weaver, and Pish-li-ki Yazza, Navajo silversmith. In a space set aside in the center is Klah, Navajo medicine man, making the colorful sandpaintings for which the Navajos are famous.

In another portion of the exhibit near the front entrance is reproduced an old New Mexico corral fence with the weathered cedar posts and the corn-stalk covered shed which is so often found adjoining the corral in the smaller settlements of the state.

In the corral and the shed are the oldtime wooden plow used here by the early Spanish settlers and even by some of their descendants as recently as a couple of decades ago, and many other of the relics of the pioneer days of this state. A bell cast in Spain in 1355 and hung in one of the old missions by the friars who accompanied the *Conquistadores*, is also shown. It was loaned by former Governor M. A. Otero and Mrs. Arthur Seligman, who now own it.

On the floor of the exhibit is a carpet of the white sands from the famous national monument near Alamogordo. This snow-white floor covering, which presents a striking contrast to the rich brown hue of the *adobe* buildings, is an unending wonder for the thousands who visit the exhibit every day. Many express disbelief that it can be sand and are deeply impressed when they are told that there are dunes of the glistening sands extending for miles near Alamogordo.

In the center space at the rear of the sandpainter's stand are showcases filled with Indian jewelry of silver and turquoise, filigree jewelry of Spanish-American make and other handicraft products of the people of the state.

All of the furniture used in the reception rooms, and the office is the hand-carved type produced by the Spanish descendants of the *Conquistadores*, while Navajo and Chi-

mayo rugs are used lavishly as floor coverings and wall decorations. All of the light fixtures are the products of New Mexico artisans who work so wonderfully in tin and other similar metals. The beams and *vigas* were carved in New Mexico and shipped to Chicago and the windows and doors, for the most part, were carved in this state. Some of them were carved many years ago and were removed from buildings in New Mexico to be taken to the exhibit.

No citizen of New Mexico need feel in any way apologetic for the showing being made by the Sunshine State for it has been acclaimed by every visitor as one of the really remarkable displays at A Century of Progress. There can be no doubt but the exhibit will awaken an interest in New Mexico in the minds of the hundreds of thousands who will see it before A Century of Progress closes on November 1, and it undoubtedly will bring to the state many hundreds of guests and tourists who otherwise probably never would have come.

Credit for the showing New Mexico is making should be given to Governor A. W. Hockenhull, who persevered in his idea that the state should be represented at the great exposition, even though he faced discouragement many times before he was able to carry out his plan successfully. He has been largely responsible for the raising of the funds from private sources, for the most part, which have made the exhibit possible.

After he was assured that the finances would be obtained the governor named a New Mexico Century of Progress
(Continued on Page 43)



A-HENNA-BAH, THE NAVAJO RUG WEAVER

Santa Fe Dedicates "El Puente de Los Conquistadores"

*New Type Concrete Arch Exemplifies Recently Developed Type of Bridge Design
To Conform With the Indigeneous Santa Fe Style Architecture.*

By Pierre Woodman

(N. M. State Highway Department)

THE new Don Gaspar Street bridge, U. S. Public Works Project N. R. M. 14-D was formally dedicated June 23. Governor A. W. Hockenhull, State Highway Engineer G. D. Macy, Mayor C. B. Barker of Santa Fe, Frank Andrew, Forest Supervisor and Jesse Nusbaum of the State Park Commission, made commemorative

crete, 56 tons of reinforcing steel, 1,200 square yards of concrete pavement and sidewalks, 3,406 pounds of structural steel and steel castings, besides other small miscellaneous items. The cost, including engineering, is approximately \$37,000, of which 61.6 per cent, or \$22,750 was spent on the span, 10.6 per cent on retaining walls, 11.1



NEW CONCRETE BRIDGE OVER THE SANTA FE RIVER, DESIGNED BY W. E. STROHM, BRIDGE DEPARTMENT

speeches praising the new bridge and State Park improvements. Secretary John De Huff of the Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce acted as master of ceremonies and introduced the speakers.

The bridge was gaily decorated with colored lights and the *Conquistadores* Band furnished the music. Miss Jean Barker formally christened the bridge as "*Puente de los Conquistadores*", before an estimated crowd of 1500.

The Don Gaspar bridge was described in detail by State Highway Engineer Macy as follows:

"The project consists of a 50 foot span reinforced concrete rigid frame bridge, concrete retaining walls, drainage structures and concrete paved approaches and sidewalks.

The rigid frame type of span was adopted for this location and an elliptical curve of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet rise in 50 feet of span is of pleasing appearance most suitable to the stream. The bridge is 57 feet 10 inches wide, providing a roadway width of 41 feet, 6 inches between curbs and two sidewalks, each 7 feet wide. The span is designed for modern heavy live loads based on 15-ton trucks.

To build this project required 755 cubic yards of con-

crete, 56 tons of reinforcing steel, 1,200 square yards of concrete pavement and sidewalks, and 4.8 per cent on removing the original stone arch bridge.

Construction was started on February 6 and completed June 16 when the bridge was opened to traffic.

Structural designs were prepared in the Santa Fe office of the state highway engineer under the direction of E. B. Van de Greyn, bridge engineer. The architectural treatment was worked out by Trent Thomas, architect, U. S. park service and was selected from among several architectural layouts, by John Meem, Jesse Nusbaum and state highway department and bureau of public roads engineers as most nearly conforming to Santa Fe style of architecture. F. D. Shufflebarger of Albuquerque was the contractor. Construction was under the direction of Harry Miner. Roy Robertson was project engineer for the state highway department.

This project was made possible through the U. S. public works national recovery funds out of that portion of the same allocated for construction in municipalities.

(Continued on page 49)

Mister Mountaineer



The Conclusion of a Two-Part Story of New Mexico Mountain Trails, in Which a Very Independent Young Woman Bows to Dan Cupid.



By S. Omar Barker

(Illustrated by Tomas Nomas)

PART II



NATALIE

MUCH as he tried to check his anxiety, Bill Dial was worried.

Once, far up the narrows of the Johns Canyon he thought his ears caught the faint sound of a cry answering his shout. He pulled out his .45 and fired into the air, then listened again. But his ears were on edge, and a tumbling little mountain creek makes many queer noises. Besides, the sound had seemed to come from

up over the next ridge south, an area too rough for her likely to have reached even on foot, much less horseback. And Bill felt sure that Natalie, plains cowgirl that she was, would not abandon her horse. For ten minutes or more he shouted there and listened. Finally he decided that it was the talk of the creek that had answered him, and he rode on.

Late moonrise found him topping Spring Mountain, hopefully. But once more his shouts and shots brought him no answer except far echoes. He carried wood up on a little rocky point and built a huge fire. Even if she could not come to it, he felt, she might see it and take heart at knowing that he was out looking for her. Unable to wait patiently for dawn, he rode a big circle down into the black timber west of the rim of the range. When he came back to his fire faint hints of dawn were showing far off over the rim of the distant plains. Even riding, he shivered, for the high mountain night was full of frost.

Then suddenly, a way off to the south where the range crooks out eastward into an arm called the Big Burn, he saw a flicker of light that grew swiftly into a red splurge of fire. Swiftly he remounted and rode, heart pounding against his ribs, his pony crashing, zigzagging, log-dodging through timber and open burn, southward along the range top.

Yet even as he hurried toward it, he realized that the fire probably was not of Natalie's making. He felt sure she had no matches. But he rode on anyway.

In the grey of dawn he emerged into the west edge of the Big Burn to meet Al and Hank Sawyer riding up from the smoldering embers of what had been a huge bonfire. It warmed his heart to realize that they had not waited till morning to come out.

Together they turned and rode swiftly back along the rangetop, past the burn where he had left Natalie and on up to where he had last seen Zebo's track the evening before. A hundred yards from where they hit the track it disappeared on a gravelly rise—gravelly, but with a matrix of gray clay that was dried and caked as hard as a stone floor. And where he rode on to where the track should have shown again, on their back trail, there was no north bound track there but his own.

The three men separated and circled, Hank Sawyer and Bill "cut sign" around the east rim of the mountain where, if she had taken the right direction to turn homeward, she would have been likely to pass. Al circled into the timber on the west. They got down from their horses and walked slowly, stopping to watch for some faint scuff mark of hoofs. An hour later they met again. The circle was complete and they had found no track.

"A horse can't fly," said Hank Sawyer. "Let's swap sides an' circle it agin!"

This time, well down into the timber on the west slope Bill found a chewing gum wrapper, and when he got down on his knees beside it, the faint imprint of a hoof.

He called the others. Together, Bill and Hank, with Bill most of the time down on hands and knees, while Al followed with their horses, they inched along on the dim trail for more than hour. Evidently the girl had not let Zebo have his head, and evidently she was "turned around" herself, for at intervals the track swerved a few yards to the eastward, only to turn west again.

Presently they got into heavy timber where the ground was softer. Here they remounted and followed the trail almost at a trot. But even as they followed it, Bill was worried. For the direction it was taking would lead into terribly rough and rocky ridges, cluttered with windfalls and down timber, at the head of Bear Creek—an area fraught with the danger of a fall for even the surest footed of horses. If she kept on in this direction she might even try to get down into Bear Creek where, so far as Bill knew, no horse had ever been able to go and whence, certainly no horse could ever climb back out.

Mid afternoon found them starting down the first steep slopes of slide rock at the head of Bear Creek,



BILL DIAL

and still on the trail. Then suddenly the trail of faint hoof marks turned back uphill again. Then it zigzagged and circler until presently they, too, were travelling in circles. They had to give it up to "cut sign" again and see which way the trail led out. For a brief distance they found it, heading up a side ridge, back eastward toward the top of the range—the direction of home. Then on a hogback of solid rock they lost it again.

Circle after circle they made, but they could not pick up the track again.

The sun set redly and a chill wind rode in out of the northeast with twilight. The night was going to be cold. Bill Dial dreaded the thought of its coming. Never before had he felt man's vast helplessness in this great silent-timbered wilderness. He wanted to cry, but he kept his lips tight. Fear, a slow dread fear that some accident, not merely a lost sense of direction, had befallen Natalie, surged up in him and sickened him.

"We better git up on top an' make up fires agin, an' rest some," said Hank Sawyer. "Caint do no good in the dark. You look about wore out, Bill."

"Do that, you boys," said Bill. "No, I ain't tired. This track was headed east when we lost it. If it kept on that way, she'd drop down one fork or other of the Beaver. I'll head on acrost an' do down the north fork. If I don't find her I'll go on in to the ranch, check up, an' bring out some grub. Then I'll come back up the south fork."

"But yuh caïn't make it down through there in the dark, Bill," protested Al. "It's too much fer a horse even by daylight!"

"I reckon I'll make it!" said Bill.

He made it. But he found nothing—heard no answer to his shouts.

He rode up to the Jimson door, his horse's legs bleeding and bruised from snaggy logs, his own face sweat streaked and scratched as if a cat had clawed him, along toward midnight.

The Jimsons came running out anxious, Uncle George with them. They had no news. Old Zack Jimson, too old and crippled up to do much riding had been out in a little ways up the Sapello, as far as the lower end of its cliffy box, but had found no sign.

Aunt Mary Jimson had hot coffee and a comforting word for Bill, but Uncle George was snorting.

"Mighty funny to me," he said, "that you can't find a girl in a little patch of mountains like them."

Bill Dial's eyes narrowed. He blamed himself unsparingly, not only for letting Natalie get lost, but for not finding her. But that kind of talk from a man whose idea of mountains been gained from a few scrub-timbered

knobs out on the plains, made him plain mad.

"Quite a bit of country up there, Mr. Messenger," he said gravely. "We're trying to track her. Won't git nowhere just tryin' to cover the country. Take the dozen men that's out—it'd take 'em months to do it."

Uncle George snorted again.

"Then let's git more men. The National Guard's in camp at Vegas. Cavalry detachment. Git word to the Governor to send them out. They'd—"

"They'd git lost—ninety-nine out of a hundred of 'em. Take the next six months to find 'em all. Don't talk foolish! You just don't savvy mountains!"

"I don't eh? Listen here, young feller. You took my niece out in the woods an' lost her, an' you got the nerve to tell me I don't savvy mountains. Why—"

"Hush, George," broke in Aunt Mary. "You—"

"I'm not denyin' it's all my fault," cut in the young cowboy, "but I reckon findin' her means more to me, Mr. Messenger than to you nor anybody else. But if you ain't satisfied we'll find her, suppose you step on a horse an' try it. You'd be lost yourself in the first hour! Then we'd have you to hunt, too."

"Come daylight I'll show you somethin' young feller! You show me where you left her, I will!"

"Suit yourself," said Bill, holding back his anger. "But if you're goin' up there with me, get your hat an' coat. I ain't waitin' for daylight. I'm headin' back—now."

"George!" protested Mrs. Jimson. "You'll be in the way!"

"Let him come, Aunt Mary," said Bill, getting up to go. "Course he won't do no good, but he won't be in the way—because I don't aim to be looking out fer him. If he can stay with me, all right. If he slants off and gets lost, he'll just have to stay lost—anyhow until after we've found Natty! Are you comin' with me, Mr. Messenger?"

For answer, Uncle George, still 'humphing' and snorting, got his hat and coat.

In spite of what he had said, Bill Dial did look out for Uncle George a little in the trip back up. But chiefly it was the good mountain horse he rode that looked after Uncle George. Fortunately by the time they had left the trails and reached the rough going of the south fork of Beaver Creek, the moon was up, and that helped.

In the black pocket of big spruce timber just under the brow of the range they heard what seemed to be a strange, muffled answer to their shouts.

"There!" That's her hollerin'! Hear her?" panted Uncle George. "Holler agin!"

Instead Bill reined quickly to the right and spurred his horse up over a sharp ridge. There he drew rein and



TOGETHER, BILL AND HANK, WITH BILL MOST OF THE TIME ON HANDS AND KNEES, WHILE AL FOLLOWED WITH THEIR HORSES, THEY INCHED ALONG THE DIM TRAIL FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR.

shouted again. Suddenly, startlingly, right below them in the next little canyon, there arose an answer. It started in a wail, rose to a shrill scream and wavered out in a weird, throaty moan. Bill Dial's new half-hope died suddenly. In its place came the swift chill of fear and dread. It was the cry of a mountain lion, not of a woman that they had heard. And the fear that leapt into Bill's heart was as terrible as it was unreasoning. Only once before had he ever heard a mountain lion scream, though there were many of them in the woods. That was over the carcass of a horse it had killed. He knew that mountain lions do not attack humans. Yet in this other case the horse had been saddled, and its owner not far off. Suppose—suppose Natalie's horse had fallen with her—it might easily have done so in such a place—and suppose—

Swiftly Bill's spurs sent his horse goat-footing down the hill. But in the canyon whence had come that weird cry he found nothing—at first, and then only the half eaten carcass of a deer. The lion had skulked away, unseen.

"I'm gettin' the jumps!" he told himself as he climbed back up to Uncle George. "'Course no lion is goin' to tackle a human—not even a hurt one!"

But somehow that wild, weird cry rang in his ears, ominous, threatening.

Around daylight on top of the range he met other solemn-faced searchers. They had found nothing. Ordinary anxiety had begun to curdle into dread—dread that they would not find her—safe. Low toned, business-like, yet giving no vocal hint of their discouragement the half dozen riders "split territory" for the day's search.

Bill and Uncle George rode up the main ridge again. Bill showed him where the girl had been left.

"But it ain't no use to circle any more here," he said. "We've done trailed her out of here."

But Uncle George had his own ideas about it. Bill left him riding off around the timber's edge and started on. All at once he heard the other man's loud halloo, calling him to come.

He whirled and went back at a gallop, new hope rising in him again. Uncle George was pointing down at a track that headed off southwestward toward the log-cluttered pocket burns back of Elk Mountain.

"Here's her track!" he announced. "Let's foller it!"

Bill glanced at the track. It wasn't Zebo's. Same size, but pigeon-toed.

"It ain't her track," he said, "Some of the searchers, likely, yesterday."

"It's a number one shoe!" argued Uncle George. "Like you said her horse had. I'm going to foller it!"

"Suit yourself," said Bill, turning to go on. "But if you get hung up down in there, don't expect us to come hunting you!"

With a snort of impatience, Uncle George set out a-slant down the hill. Bill rode up the ridge.

Noon found him and the Sawyer boys with whom he rode still baffled. Each had his guess, but the trail had been lost. Something of the grim ominousness of the Bear Creek country where the girl had first headed preyed upon Bill's imagination. Suppose she had turned back that way again—if she had gotten down in these she could never get back out alone.

"I'll check Bear Creek again, boys, you check the east rim."

By four o'clock Bill had to give up Bear Creek as a chance. He spurred his lathery horse back up across the range. He gazed anxiously down upon the yellow-green grass parks of Lone Tree Mesa, but no smoke of a longed

for signal fire met his gaze. He lit a cigarette and sat down to think, mapping out the whole vast country in his mind. When he got up he had a new plan.

Swiftly he rode back up to Spring Mountain. There he dropped off over the east rim and headed south along the steep slant above the heads of the eastward canyons. Here on this steep a horse could not fail to make tracks. The going was like clinging to a mossy wall. He walked and led his horse. Even so, a dozen times the pony fell. Yet he kept on.

He headed out two canyons with no result. Before the steep, loggy head-cove of the Sapello he decided to go up and around. He

doubted whether a horse could get across at this level. Then grimly he changed his mind and went ahead. Surely she could not have come down through here—even on old Zebo, but—

All at once he saw a freshly broken spruce branch out ahead. He left his horse and ran. Sure enough, there, skidding and sliding, tearing up the moss of the steep slope, zigzagging, leaping criss-crossed logs, was a familiar track—Zebo's track! And half covered by its diggings, the print of a small boot heel.

Bill Dial trembled all over as he ran back for his horse. Now, lest he lose it again, he got on the track and followed it, never leaving it as much as a dozen feet, no matter what dangerous spots he could have thus avoided. But there was no need to lose the trail here. It was plain enough.

Down below jutted out a rim of snaggy cliffs. He could see ahead that the loose rock at their edge had been dis-

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"MIGHTY FUNNY TO ME," HE SAID, "THAT YOU CAIN'T FIND A GIRL IN A LITTLE PATCH OF MOUNTAINS LIKE THEM."

ART AND ARTISTS OF NEW MEXICO

By Ina Sizer Cassidy

Mootzka, The Painter from Oraibi

"WHERE did you learn to paint?" a visitor asked Waldo Mootzka the young Hopi painter.

"I didn't learn to paint. I always knew how," he replied.

In short this sentence he answered as well as it ever will be answered, the question always asked by the Anglo:

"Where did the Indians learn to paint?" and the only answer to be given is "*They have always known how.*" Herein lies the secret of Folk Art, folk who never had to learn the difference between folk art and sophisticated art. The first is the spontaneous expression of the natural artist, untaught he simply *does it*, while the latter *learns it*.

Born in Oraibi the farthest west of the Hopi villages in Arizona, the well known Third Mesa, Mootzka comes of the group who believed in and wanted government education for their children. They wanted it so much that they were willing to fight for it, which they did against the more conservative group who refused to allow their children to be taken away to school. That was in the days

before the day school were established in the pueblos, and to accept education at the hands of the government, willingly or not, meant sending their children away several hundred miles to government boarding schools for years, where often, among the youngest children, they were kept so long that they actually forgot their mother tongue and returned at last to find that they could not talk to their own parents without an interpreter.

From this hardy stock came this young artist who has "always known how to paint," and his work proves his assertion. He specializes, as other Hopi artists do, in paintings of the ceremonials, and katchinas, the Hopi seeming not objecting as do the Rio Grande pueblos, in showing these sacred ceremonials and figures. He painted a number of the most interesting of the winter ceremonials for the collection of dance ceremonials which John Loew Nelson has been collecting for a forthcoming book on Hopi

Katchina ceremonials. He also was the first to do murals in the Oraibi Day School several years ago.

His work is full of the mystic imagination of the Indian, his symbolism accurate and in form and color and his dance ceremonials constitute an invaluable record of his tribal life. His green bean dance, shown herewith, is of a ceremony given in the winters, generally sometime in January, as a prayer for the next year's bean crop. The great pyramids of green beans between the dancers are made of beans which have been grown in the kiva especially for this dance, while the objects appearing to be corn ears, are made of a baked corn bread colored orange, and are

to represent the huge beans which they hope will grow as a result of their prayers, and are afterwards offered to the gods as a thank offering. This is one of the most interesting of the many interesting winter dances.

Mootzka's katchinas are carefully painted in the round typical Hopi touch, which may come from seeing the kat-

chinas always carved as they are in the round. Other Indians paint their figures flat. The effect of the katchinas done in this manner is very intriguing, making them appear lifelike and strange, as mythical beings from another world should appear. Mootzka can always be depended upon to portray the correct colors and symbols belonging to the katchina or to the symbolic decorations used, making them not only artistic records, but at the same time anthropologically authentic, thus adding to their value as historical records of an interesting people.

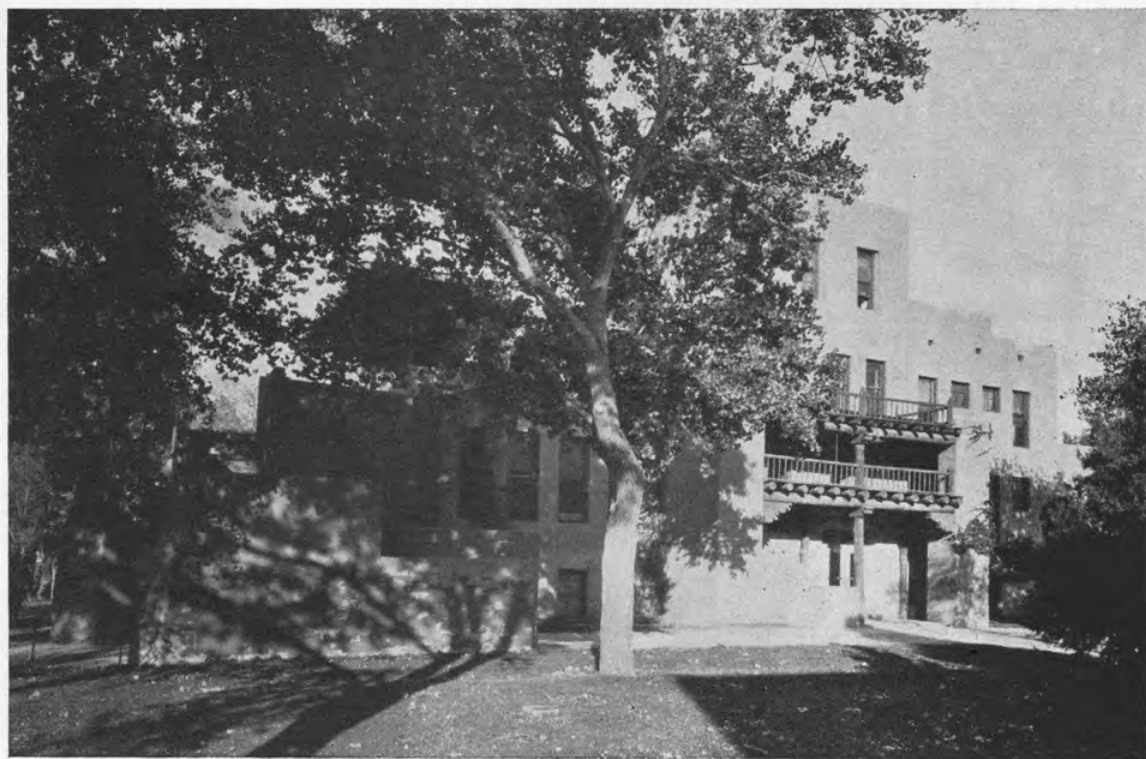
Mootzka attended the Albuquerque Indian school for two or three years, but this was before the government had introduced the arts and crafts department into the school. After finishing school there he returned home and lived and painted in Oraibi until nearly two years ago when he came to Santa Fe. In Oraibi he knew nothing

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COURTESY THUNDERBIRD SHOP

HOPi GREEN BEAN CEREMONY AT ORAIBI



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

U. N. M.

A University Discovers It Does Not Have To Be Big to Be Great

By Paul Walter, Jr.

HERE was a storm of controversy when Dr. William George Tight, then president of the University of New Mexico, proposed in 1905 that its buildings should be constructed with a distinctive *pueblo* type of architecture. For some time before he had seen the unusual opportunity that might be capitalized. He had traveled to a number of the Indian *pueblos* of the state, and there had made detailed studies of the truly indigenous style of building, which fit so snugly into the landscape. Then he made his recommendations to the board of regents, which was preparing to have constructed a power house, dormitories and a dining room for the 150 students who were in attendance.

Many people declared that such an adaptation was impractical for buildings to be used for classroom and laboratory purposes; others found it unconventional for an educational institution. But a few of the far-sighted men and women of Albuquerque and the state rallied to the idea, and it won. As a result the university pioneered the way in what has come to be recognized as one of the chief gifts of this state to America—a type of architecture which “belongs.” The power house and dormitories were con-

structed and attracted wide interest and favorable comment from the start. The administration building, condemned as unsafe, was remodeled and partially reconstructed, to conform. Rodey Hall, adjoining, followed soon after. Since then all of the buildings of the score which now house the university’s educational and research plant, offer to visitors a delightful and refreshing variation from the usual gothic college buildings of other campuses. Architecture gives to the university the distinction which is typical of its whole policy—a policy which recognizes that the institution, because of its location, is favored by unusual opportunities.

This policy has led the university to build up its departments of archaeology and anthropology, history, Spanish language and folklore, geology and botany until they draw students and scholars from all parts of the world. Principally, however, it prepares New Mexico students to meet those problems which are peculiar to the state, and to appreciate the wealth of resources and opportunities which New Mexico offers her own sons and daughters. In addition, a score or more of research projects is constantly under way to aid New Mexico’s citizenry in de-



AN INVITING CORNER IN WOMEN'S DORMITORY



INTERIOR OF CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

veloping their natural resources, in improving the system of public education, in understanding her own past and turning it to account to bring about a richer future. The knowledge thus painstakingly discovered is constantly being broadcast through a varied group of publications which come from the university's press.

It was in 1854 that the foundation was first laid for the university. The territorial assembly at that time set aside 46,080 acres as an endowment for the university, to become available when statehood was achieved. At the close of a stormy session of the legislature in 1889, an act was passed providing for a state university to be located in or near Albuquerque on 20 acres of land to be donated by G. W. Meylert. Two years later the institution was opened with one building, as a preparatory school. The common school system had not yet been set up, so that there were no students prepared for college entrance. Since that time the growth has been steady. The student body now passes 1,000 students each semester. The preparatory department has been eliminated. The university now contains three colleges—the college of arts and sciences, the college of engineering, and the college of education—as well as a graduate school and an extension division. The one building has been multiplied to more than twenty, and the campus has grown from twenty acres of gravelly hill top to about 1,000 acres, much of which is in lawn and beautifully landscaped.

Plans are constantly in the making for continuing the growth of the university and expansion of its usefulness to the state. The past year has seen the addition of a steel stadium and fine athletic field, which includes two sodded football fields and an excellent cinder track, as well as a large addition to Hadley hall which houses the departments of engineering. This year has seen all kinds of construction and improvement work about the campus, including an addition to the press building, and the razing of the art department building, one of the oldest structures on the campus. A contract has just been let for housing

in the stadium, to provide quarters for physical education equipment and work, and more classrooms, laboratories and museum space. The university is awaiting final approval of plans for a new \$250,000 administration building, which also will include classrooms and laboratories. A \$25,000 gift from the Carnegie Corporation extending over the last few years is making possible the enlargement of the library book collections.

It is forecast that the student enrollment next fall will be more than 1,200. The number of men of wide note in their fields, on the faculty of the university, grows steadily, and the academic standing of all members of the faculty

is constantly being improved. Of a faculty of eighty, thirty-five hold doctor's degrees, and a half dozen others are completing their work toward such degrees. Considerable expansion in graduate work, especially in the fields for which the university is best fitted, is planned in the next five years, and the "general college" plan of the University of Wisconsin is being



SECTION OF NEW STEEL STADIUM

studied with a view to its possible adoption in New Mexico. It is among the ambitions of those who are guiding the destinies of the university, that within a reasonable time, it shall have the country's leading department for the study of American archaeology and anthropology; a research center which will make it the logical link between the American and Latin-American cultures; a school of fine arts which will make outstanding and distinctive contributions to American esthetic values; and departments which can offer professional training in several lines to meet the needs of a growing state.

At the present time the university offers students from out of the state several real opportunities for pleasant and profitable work, and there is a growing response. It is situated in the heart of an interesting and picturesque region, with a year-around climate favorable to much out-of-door work. The altitude is 5,000 feet and the air is dry and exhilarating. Summer heat is not excessive, and

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Accidents

A Story Which Proves That "Mummy" Knew Her Fish Below the Forks

By H. W. Wallace

(Photos by Author)

SEATED in the smoking room of my hunting lodge, Charlie Lamb and Will Beacham were nonchalantly listening while I explained freak catches I had made on various units of light tackle mounted in a little plush-lined case which lay open before us.

Charlie sat with his usual open-eyed interest, as did Will, carefully weighing each word and scrutinizing each article from behind a richly-flavored cigar, the unmistakable fragrance of which heralded its birthplace as Havana. Will's right hand still held the unburnt portion of a match, the fingers of his left gently fondling the Cuban treasure.

I had just finished the last of a half-dozen short anecdotes with—"and this is the tackle on which I landed a brace of Rainbows, with an l-z leader—had a three pounder on the point and one on the dropper that lacked just two ounces of three pounds."

The boys were settling back in their chairs, having endured it all with a graceful silence which seemed to me almost indifference, when little "Daught" pointed to a small constellation in the center of the case and ventured the remark, "This is Mummy's."

"Oh, yes," I hastened to explain. "On these two little flies, her Mummy took sixteen trout in twenty-five minutes."

Instantly there was a shuffle of feet. Charlie's eyes opened wider than ever. The match in Will's right hand

took a tail spin into the open fireplace with a stinging whine. The cigar was abruptly removed from his mouth which he had suddenly decided to use for another purpose. Both listeners exclaimed almost in unison,

"How Big? Where? When? How?"

At this moment a yellow-crowned head appeared at the door and Mummy's level voice answered, "It was all an accident."

Both boys had shifted to a position resembling an airplane in a three-point landing, the responsibilities of their chairs being equally shared with that of their toes.

Having vicariously secured the coveted interest of my listeners, I eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to unburden myself of a few more narratives of past experiences—this time concerning accidents.

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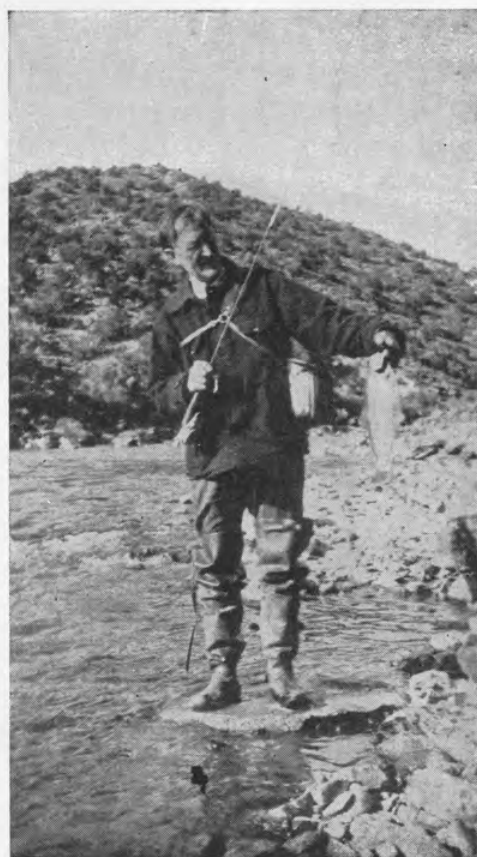
We were headed for the Forks. I had reluctantly decided to give up the day to satisfy Mummy's illusion that there were trout in the waters below the Forks.

Once before we had driven to this rather out-of-the-way place, intending to try it out, but just as we reached the trail leading down a long trek to the stream, we met Joe Peyer, who explained to us that fishing down there would only mean disappointment.

"I have tried it four times this season," Joe said, "and when I can't catch 'em, a-a-h!"

A year later, however, Mummy again insisted that we sometime try the Forks. So, today the little sedan was purring along headed for this beautiful, yet, to me, unpromising stream.

"Why do you insist that there are trout



THE AUTHOR ADMIRING A SPECKLED BEAUTY



"DADDY! MUMMY HAS TWO MORE ACCIDENTS!"

in that stream where so many others have tried and failed?" I asked Mummy.

"Because", was the only answer.

This lucid explanation was followed by frozen silence characteristic of a mind possessed of an intuition which no written language contains words to express.

When we reached the stream I had to confess I felt that, if there were not trout in that water, there ought to be.

As soon as the car was safely parked on a grassy bank Mummy started to serve lunch, for it was a rule we always held inviolate never to start fishing on an empty stomach.

I started to assemble two sets of tackle, but Mummy interrupted with—"I will fix my own tackle today. It will give you more time to fish."

I appreciated this, for I had recently received a package of six dozen special flies which I felt might all be necessary to compete with the crafty denizens of this much-whipped, but unyielding, stream.

English style, I fixed four flies, one point and three drop-pers. "Daught" had removed her shoes and tossed them into my creel. As we waded in about three P. M., two weary anglers were wading out—quitting.

I stopped to compare flies and ask, "What luck?"

"They're there," one angler replied, "but they just simply won't rise to anything. I've tried ever since yesterday noon. Only caught four and my partner has done no better."

By this time Mummy was some distance ahead of me, little "Daught", barefooted, beside her, alternately testing the velvety softness of the grassy bank and the cool water with her dimpled feet.

Mummy was deliberately working each deep pool. I was too busy to notice with what success, but was sure the situation was too difficult for anyone with less than my superior skill and equipment.

I had taken one fish but was unable to check which fly it was on, for it shook off just as it hit the grass, so I hurried along to overtake Mummy and offer her some advice.

"Well, I have one fly that will take them," I told her. "As soon as I can check which one it is we can start business."

Just then "Daught" knelt down on the grass and picked up four fine trout.

"Where did you get them?" I shouted in irrepressible admiration.

"Mummy caught 'em," she replied.

"What did you catch 'em on, Mummy?"

"I don't know," came the reply. "I never paid



SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE--MOST FAMOUS FISHING STREAM IN THE STATE

any attention—anyhow, it was only an accident."

I quickly slipped my leader off without taking time to change flies. While I was thus engaged Mummy swung another speckled beauty out on the bank.

I gallantly offered to remove the hook for her, carefully noting at the same time what tackle she was using. While I was assembling exactly the same equipment, Mummy and "Daught" disappeared around a sharp curve in the canyon-walled stream.

Fully equipped with the working tools of my profession, I started out again with a light heart and a rather heavy creel, the latter caused by the five good-sized trout Mummy had deposited in it.

I was a willing burden-bearer, for, with Mummy out of sight, I had decided that if I met a fellow-sportsman and were asked "What luck?", I would proudly raise the lid of my creel and say nothing.

I was also determined to equal, if not excel, Mummy's performance by the time I overtook her again. I could not believe that her accidental luck could equal my scientific skill.

I had heard a lot about the perversity of fish, but was fast being convinced that, in this fine art, trout had the world beaten.

They were there, but were post-graduates in returning my hook empty. Overhead casts, side casts, snap, rolling, wind, loop, underhand, backhand, and spey casts fished both dry and wet, were all without success.

Just around the corner Mummy and three other anglers, including an Indian friend of mine, had concentrated on an especially attractive riffle, and when I came in sight of them "Daught" triumphantly held a trout in each hand and

(Continued on Page 36)



A SOFT LITTLE ARM CUDDLED AROUND MY NECK, AND "DAUGHT" WHISPERED, "I LIKE YOUR CUTE LITTLE FISH BEST OF ALL, DADDY!"

A Chronicle of Johnson Jackson Jones

*A bunch of the boys were a whooping it up,
According to the Sun,
When up walked Johnson Jackson Jones,
Who weighed about a ton,
And he told those guys a lot of things
That Jackson Jones had done!*

HERE they sat on the sunny side of an *adobe* wall. The boy from New Jersey with a cough like a wind storm in a rain barrel—the lad from Iowa, the lad from Michigan and two or three more who had drifted into the West—all in search of health.

"What have I got ahead of me?" Jersey asked. "Lungs all shot to pieces and me out here in this wind-swept country just waiting around."

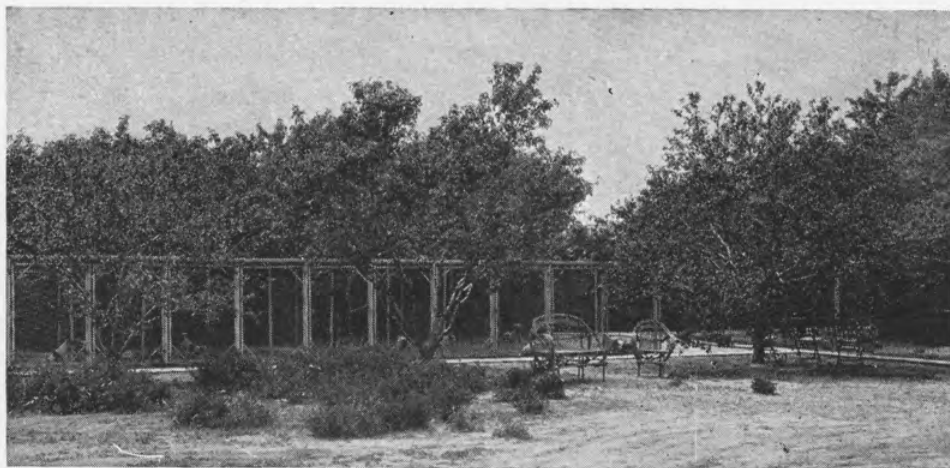
"Yes, or me?" Iowa broke in, "Four years in a sanatorium back East. Gad I'm sick of it!" and his voice trailed off.

Then this Jones boy came along, and walked with them back into his own past where the shadows lay. Back across the years when he himself had come into New Mexico with fear in his heart and a vast wonder as to what the future had in store for him. And the heartening story he told about what had happened to many of the tribe of Jones, sent the lad from Jersey, and the boy from Iowa, and all the others gathered there, back to their job of getting well with a new idea of what they had ahead of them. For New Mexico has been kind to John-

A Story Showing the Important Part
Healthseekers Play In the Business, Social
and Civic Life of New Mexico

By Carey Holbrook

(Editor of The Health City Sun)



A VIEW SHOWING PART OF GUARDWELL KENNELS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE, OPERATED BY MR. AND MRS. GEORGE P. GEAKE. MR. GEAKE, A FORMER METROPOLITAN OPERA SINGER CAME TO ALBUQUERQUE FOR HIS HEALTH IN 1918.



KATHRYN KENNEDY O'CONNOR, FORMER BROADWAY ACTRESS, WHOSE HEALTH BROKE DOWN TEN YEARS AGO WHILE ENGAGED IN A THEATRICAL CAREER IN NEW YORK. MRS. O'CONNOR IS DIRECTOR OF THE ALBUQUERQUE LITTLE THEATRE

son Jackson Jones. And plenty of his clan are living here.

Stretching down from the north through New Mexico is the valley of the Rio Grande along whose stretches are fertile acres that have been in cultivation for many years by natives of the state. Only recently a vast project has been undertaken, and is now well on the way to completion, by which this valley has been drained of the surplus water, and a modern system of irrigation ditches installed, thus putting many additional acres to work. Along the highways traversing this valley there are springing up many small homes. Modest houses perhaps of *adobe* or frame, and around them a chicken house, a rabbit hu'ch, a garden with fruit trees and berries. Contented men occupy these homes, and contented women. Homey fo'ks who perhaps work in town, and come back each evening to dig in the garden and fuss around with the chickens, finding that much of the expense of living may be taken from the soil that in this valley produces an abundance of things.

Don't be deceived by the names stamped on the mail boxes placed in front of each of these homes. To the casual eye they may appear to read Frank P. Winterbottom or Winthrop Williams, but I know, and when I get through with this story you will know, that the actual occupant of many of these homes is none other than Johnson Jackson Jones who once sat in the sun beside an *adobe* wall and wondered about the road ahead—even as Jersey and Iowa and Michigan.

But this is not all of the tale. In fact it is only the beginning folks! Only the b-e-g-i-n-n-i-n-g!

For the tribe of Jones, swept into the state on the winds of ill health, has made a place for itself in every line of business, every profession, every organization, every line of activity—political, social or what have you in the entire

state. If you will enter into conversation with the first man you meet at Second and Central in Albuquerque, or the second man you meet at First and Central, you will stumble on the amazing news that he himself, or his wife, or his wife's cousin is a Jones, and that now he is a taxi driver, or banker, or merchant, or perchance a raiser of Rhode Island Reds four miles out on the Old Town Boulevard. And he will probably swell up, beat his chest and offer to take you on for a foot race or wrestling match if you feel ambitious. For they get pretty cocky in New Mexico after they have put old man TB down for the count.

Perhaps we had better get this story settled down to something we can lay a finger on. "Boy—page the Jones family! The Johnson Jackson Joneses if it is all the same to you, and bring them around so we can take stock."

In Albuquerque you will find they have done very well for themselves thank you. Either old man Johnson, or his neighbor Mrs. Jackson, or some of the Jones branch are represented in the city as follows, viz and to-wit:

They own and operate the largest furniture store in the state.

The largest printing establishment in the state.

The largest advertising agency in the state.

One of the largest modern laundries in the city.

One of the largest sanatoriums and hospitals in the state.

One of the largest dry goods stores in the city with branches in several other towns.

One of the largest and oldest men's furnishing stores in the city.

Fifteen of them, and maybe more, are practicing attorneys.

Fifteen of them, and perhaps twenty, are real estate dealers.

Four of them are leading TB specialists in the city, and that means in the



CAREY HOLBROOK, THE SKIPPER OF THE "SUN"



STRONGHURST NURSERIES, OWNED BY E. J. STRONG WHO CAME WEST TO REGAIN HIS HEALTH



MRS. GRACE THOMPSON, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF N. M., WHO REGAINED HER HEALTH IN N. M.

United States.

One of the family is head of the music department at the University of New Mexico.

One is the president of the YMCA.

One is the head of Albuquerque's Little Theatre and a nationally known actress.

One is head of the Albuquerque Civic Council.

One is head of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce.

One is mayor of

the city, he having come here for his wife's health.

One of them has been state treasurer, National president of the Rotary Club, and according to reports now plays a mean hand at bridge.

One of them is United States Commissioner.

One is a Nationally known artist.

One is a Nationally known short story writer whose name appears regularly in Liberty, Blue Book and all the big ones.

One is the owner of the largest book store in the state.

One is manager of a National Credit Bureau.

One is manager of the Home Loan office in the state.

One is head of the art department at the University of New Mexico.

A couple of them are members of the city commission.

One of them is an ex-congressman of the state.

One of them, although he does not live in Albuquerque, is United States Senator.

One is editor of one of the largest daily newspapers in the state.

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The New Deal *in* Little Tesuque

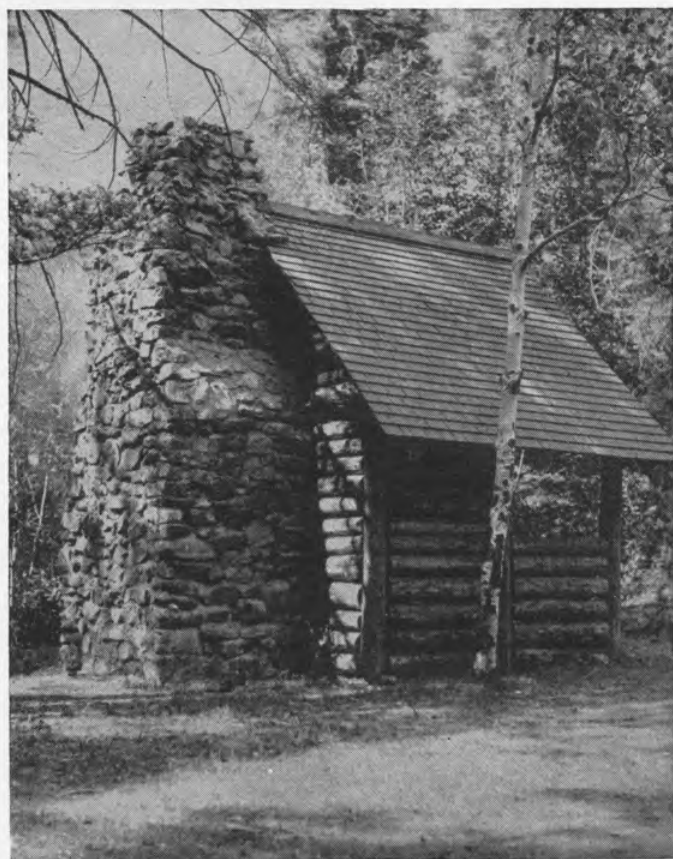
The Boys of the Civilian Conservation Corps Combine Picturesqueness with Convenience While Improving upon Old Mother Nature

By Mary Wright Coan

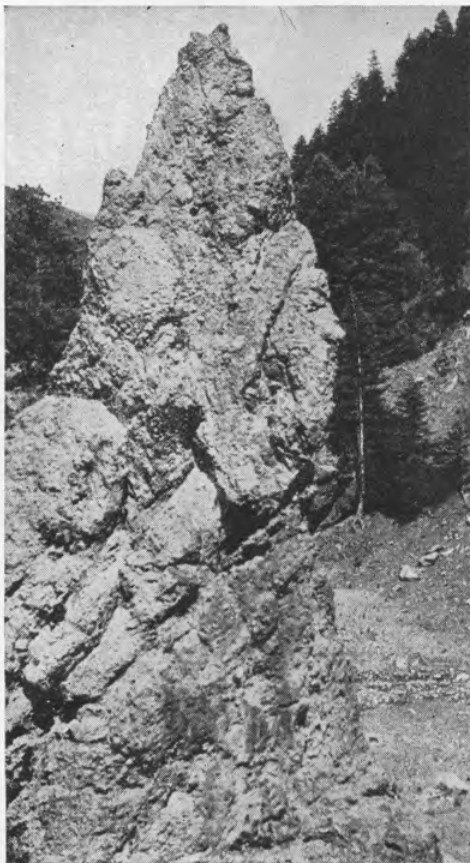
(Photos by Ronald E. Daniels)

HOW the vogue of the New Deal is spreading! From its penetration into the intricacies of our social, industrial, and commercial life it has now set forth a new code for picnicking and outings. Virtually an Elysian paradise has been arranged for your picnics and pleasure jaunts under the wide spreading wings of the Blue Eagle. Those of you who have been hunting release from the hum-drum business world, and the conventional social gyrations can now enjoy the wilds, and in the latest and newest way, in this perfectly idyllic spot. Here can be found on all encompassing inspiration: poems for the poet, sermons for the minister, scenes for the artist, and dreams for the dreamers.

The place is Little Tesuque some six miles northeast of New Mexico's historic capital, and undoubtedly familiar to most Santa Feans, though not perhaps as it has been lately developed, through the ingenuity of the Civilian Conservation



DELIGHTFUL CABINS WITH HUGE STONE FIREPLACES



LEFT--SUGGESTING THE GARDEN OF THE GODS. RIGHT -- DEEP CANYONS, HIGH MOUNTAINS, AND SPACIOUS SKIES

Camps. Lying in the domain of the Santa Fe National Forest it is an ideal combination of densely wooded mountains, traversed by a windingly attractive roadway, trees, both coniferous and deciduous, and a sparkling brooklet all as Nature's special offerings. It has often been said that man cannot improve upon Nature, but this old adage has certainly been discredited and can be placed in the category of a platitude in the case of Little Tesuque nestling in the Sangre de Cristo range.



SCENIC BEAUTY--PICTURESQUE BRIDGES

The improvements made by Man have been conceived with the idea of combining picturesqueness with convenience. The full initiative and imaginations of all the personnel employed in this work has been utilized, apparently, to an exhaustive degree as can be verified by talking personally to the boys who were engaged in this work. Inflections of pride are frequently heard as they enthusiastically talk of their achievements. They consider as personal accomplishments the numerous rock and cement fireplaces, steel grates imbedded across their tops for broiling and roasting, which have been built in nooks and likely spots, where picnicking may be enjoyed while being partially secluded from the chance observation of one's next door campers.

Shafts of kaleidoscopic sunlight sift through the branches and leaves of the tall bushes and paramounting timber in the early evening, and later the bed-time songs of the birds lend an enticing enchantment to the entire occasion.

In the choice glens adjacent to the clear watered brooklet unique three sided cabins have been constructed of rough hewn logs with the exception of the shingled roofs. Large stone fireplaces add to the coziness and warmth of evenings which may be spent in roasting weiners or marshmallows, or in the spinning of long yarns of fishing and other experiences. One is repeatedly surprised on his first trip up the canyon as he catches glimpses of a shaded cabin here, and another there, spotted ingeniously along the fringe of the Little Tesuque. Truly Mr. Roosevelt was inspired by Divine tuition when he chose to utilize the wasted energy of homeless boys whose minds were befuddled for lack of self-expression, to turn such spots into magnificent playgrounds.

In many instances in Little Tesuque the fallen trees and dried brush that littered the floor of the canyon have been piled in juxtaposition to the grates and cabins. This fur-

nishes abundant fuel sufficiently accessible so that even the most lackadaisical picnicker is not at a loss in arranging for a crackling fire. For years those connected with the preservation of our National Forests have fought for the finances and equipment necessary to remove these dried trees and brush as

they have been the underlying cause of the horrible ravages of forest fires, evidences of which can be seen from the great slope in the upper range.

Icy mountain spring water has been piped to within a few steps of the various picnic grounds and cabins. Sturdy tables constructed of two inch planks bound with steel, and combined with side benches have been provided upon which the banquet may be spread. Those who have been dis-

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BANQUET TABLES--BROILING GRATES



SMOOTH ROADS -- GREAT TREES



{Reviews by Withers Woolford}

GUN MAGIC

By GEORGE M. JOHNSON

(Edward J. Clode, Inc., Publishers)

ONE of the best action westerns of recent months has come from the typewriter of George M. Johnson with "Gun Magic". In this salty tale of the west as it never existed outside the realm of fiction Author Johnson has surpassed himself, and many of his previous yarns have been top notchers.

It is the story of Wes Farnsworth whose troubles started when he stopped to get a drink of water in a country where horse thieves had been active.

Thirsty in a strange country, Farnsworth came to a steep canyon with a foaming stream at the bottom of its precipitous banks. Fearing to risk his horse he dismounted and climbed to the bottom. Slaking his own thirst he filled his hat and climbed back to the top to give his horse a drink. There he found, not his own mount but another nag, blown and much the worse for hard riding.

As he was pondering the situation a group of cow waddies arrived and strung him up for a murderer and horse thief. But their work was done hastily and not well. By an almost super-human effort Farnsworth reached the rope above his head and pulled himself to the tree limb. Afterward he proved his innocence and went to work for an old rancher who was so completely under the domination of his foreman that he was not permitted to carry a gun. Later he watched as the old man was murdered and was himself dru-gulched by a cowboy who had been in the hanging party.

After lingering between life and death for weeks in a hospital he was permitted to go home and left vowing to return and find out how such things could happen, also, to settle a score. As he rode away he caught a glimpse of Molly Parsons, the 18-year-old daughter of the cowman who had bought the ranch.

A few years later when Wes returned to the country of his undoing he set out to live up to the reputation his father had given him when he said "Wes aint no professional gun slinger. He don't go hunting for trouble, but God help the Jasper who forces trouble on him." He was a harder and more experienced Wes who had learned to battle bad-men and understand their tactics.

Al Hurley, the city's crooked boss, tested the stranger much to his sorrow. But he lived to send his hired killers to settle with Farnsworth. After the guns spoke the killers had ended their careers.

It was not until Hurley grew anxious and tried to force Molly Parsons, who had grown to womanhood, into matrimony that the mysterious situation clears up. But to clear it here would be to encroach on the province of Author Johnson.

The tale is rich and salty; quite worth while, if you are a reader of "westerns".

FRONTIER FIGHTER

By GEORGE W. COE

(Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Publishers)

OF all the mass of material which has been written about Billy the Kid George Coe's story, "Frontier Fighter", is, with the possible exception of Pat Garrett's Billy the Kid, the most important. Others who have written of the famous "killer" have attempted to fictionize. This has not been necessary in the stories by Coe or Garrett. They were there and saw.

Undoubtedly, having been a friend and follower of the Kid has to some extent colored Coe's vision but his version of the Lincoln County War is the most readable that has come to our attention and is quite as accurate as any of those which came before.

Sitting under the cottonwoods at Glencoe, N. M., George Coe "smokes his pipe serenely and tells you how it all happened". Per-

haps he is inclined to lionize The Kid in spite of his gruesome record of killing a man for each year in his brief career for Coe followed him through the Lincoln County War. Fighting with the McSween faction against the Murphy crowd he shared in The Kid's vendetta enthusiastically and engagingly, stopped a bullet or two and still "doesn't give a damn".

The story is gripping from cover to cover, and no chronicler of the period has written so naively of the events in the Lincoln county war. Nor has any other, with the possible exception of Coe was a friend of the killer's lends added punch to the story.

Burns had the story telling gift in such degree. And the fact that

And while Coe is a partisan he is willing to give a worthy enemy his full due. Writing of Pat Garrett he says, "Some critics have claimed it was cowardly of Garrett to kill The Kid without giving him a ghost of a chance. They are dead wrong. Garrett was anything but a coward. It took nerve in no small package to face danger as he did. He was the only man living who could have taken The Kid alive; I must give Pat Garrett his due. I knew him well and now feel no bitterness toward him for killing the Kid."

None interested in the Lincoln County War can feel that his information is complete until he has read Coe's book and it will supply all the hairbreath drama that the most avid western reader can want.

FIRE IN THE NIGHT

By RAYMOND OTIS

(Farrar and Rinehart, Publishers)

SANTA FE'S inimitable fire department, rushing to save life, limbs and homes in dress suits, pajamas and something that crosses the two has been immortalized by Raymond Otis in his "Fire in the Night". To those who know Santa Fe, Otis' rare gift for story-telling will take on added color and interest as the characters unfold to be recognized as friends about the Ancient City. And they are recognizable, though many of their characters have been "cross-bred" for reasons best known to the author. Probably for purposes of concealment or to avoid the possibility of a suit or two.

The story of the firemen is draped like a cloak around Claire Mosley and her love affairs. Claire is a quite lovely person who is happily married to one man but can't seem to keep her affections, or curiosity from wandering. It is not a new theme, but those who have spent considerable time and energy proclaim there has been no new theme since sometime prior to the Greek tragedies, so one can hardly consider that a criticism of the work. And it is well developed.

The characters in the drama are splendidly done and one finds much to admire in all of them, even though it is sometimes difficult to see just why they "do what they do do".

Otis, who is himself a veteran of the Santa Fe Fire Department divides his story (of the marital mixup) into three parts, Alarm, Fire and Ruins, which splendidly describes the progress of the story. The book is filled with the sound of the fire siren, the roar of flames and the streaming of the hose and the members of the department fill most of the important roles in the yarn.

The characters and events are mostly easily recognizable, but those who attempt to identify their friends will find it somewhat confusing because of the crossing of characteristics by the author.

Some of those who appear in the book are Juan Sedillo, attorney; the late Ashley Pond, capitalist; Norman Magee, merchant; Edwin Brooks, advertising; Senator Tom Catron; John Evans, writer; Mabel Lujan, capitalist; Witter Bynner, poet; Bill Roberts, mortician; and Nathan Salmon, real estate owner and theater operator.

It is a fine book and gives promise of much more to come from the same typewriter.



Ruidoso

RUIDOSO!—with its magic of skies—
 Snug on a slope, where the White Mountains rise;
 Where a cool breeze dallies the live long day,
 And tall pines sing, in their tuneful way—
 Where streamlets cold
 splash boulders bold,
 and wild flowers peep
 from the cañons deep!

From above New Mexico's sunny lands,
 And hard by her billowy, great White Sands,
 Looms Baldy's crest—afar to be seen—
 Beholding his guests, with lordly mien:
 And cabins wee
 with folk care-free,
 lend warmth to the scene
 of mountain-side green.

Here, is a play-ground, for the vast Southwest—
 In summer days, when abundantly blest.
 And up to the zones of "spice-laden" air
 Hies yokel along, with the debonair—
 long trails to "do"
 when fair days woo,
 or to lounge, or roam
 in the Red-man's home.

What valor was here!—and what deed unsaid?
 When dim, lonely trails but to danger led;
 When Bruin grim, to flinted shaft would fall,
 And midnight knew the panther's weird waul!
 But now, browse deer
 in safety near,
 and wild gobbler shows
 where the Pale-face goes.

Here, fain the angler, invites one to try
 Helpings of game-fish, browned in the fry.
 Here, the summer-girl moves—with flashing eyes;
 And with rivals at hand, she deftly vies—
 in togs to hike
 with chum alike,
 or fit for a ride
 in saddle astride.

Ruidoso!—yea, when the moon looks down,
 And clothes the earth in radiant gown!
 Lo, the stars seem near—so brilliant their gleam,
 And night takes on but the hue of a dream—
 as light comes thru
 and gilds the yew,
 and rights in the green
 show the blue between.

Where pray, is the soul whose fancy would lag
 When beauty's about, and castle in crag;
 Nor to music doth wake, in nature's song,
 As tumble of stream, would bear it along?
 How steps do lead
 unto a meed,
 when story-books old
 fair pictures unfold!

—Hugo Herschel.

Carlsbad Nocturne

UNCONSCIOUS of daylight the blind bat flies,
 The dark of the cavern is balm to his eyes.
 The prism of light that the sun lets through
 The mouth of the cavern is lost to his view.
 The dank, dark smell of the limestone cave,
 The aisle of air through the cavern's nave
 He knows more vivid than light or sheen
 On a whorled stalactite. The emerald green
 Of a hidden pool in a grotto or rock
 Is lost to his vision; his sense's stock
 Recalls the touch of the damp and the cool
 That circles above the frosty pool.
 He feels the cavern's downward swing
 As pressure of air on his furry wing.
 Rosettes of stone and the draperies hung
 From a ceiling studded with spirals flung
 To drip below on a chasm deep
 He knows as a rest and a roost; his sleep
 Is broken by flight through the cave's wide mouth,
 An upward whirl for a course turned south.
 But by dawn the rock-lipped magnetic funnel
 Has caught him to circle the cave's cool tunnel,
 To breathe again the musty dank
 That circles above a pool grown rank
 With stalagmites that cluster its rocky bank.
 The bat, hanging high o'er a glittering chalice,
 Sleeps blind to the grandeur and pomp of his palace.

—Harvena Conrad Richter.



Desert's Spell

SILENCE that's almost sound
 Beneath the azure of the skies;
 The moon's warm yellow light;
 And a *señorita's* big black eyes—
 Canyons deep and the wild wind's knell
 That is the desert's spell!

Sweeping miles of silent sand
 In the dancing, waving light;
 Gray-green *mesquite* ever moving
 Thru the silence of the weird night—
 Secrets that the belled *yuccas* tell
 That is the desert's spell!

—Gilbert Cureton.



New Mexico

AMIGOS MIOS, come with us
 To the Enchanted Land
 Where friendly people welcome you
 With cordial, mystic hand.
Poco tiempo it will hold you
 As it weaves its magic spell,
 With its romance and its grandeur
 And its ring of mission bell.

—Edna Coe Majors

Report on Draining of Lake McMillan and Resultant Loss of Fish

By Elliott S. Barker

(State Game Warden)

THE prolonged dry weather in New Mexico has resulted in a shortage of water not only in practically all streams of the state, but in the larger storage reservoirs as well. Among the lakes suffering from the drouth are Lakes McMillan and Avalon, which furnish water for the Carlsbad Reclamation Project in the lower Pecos Valley. For the past three weeks it has been evident that water in Lake McMillan was getting low, and that without rains sufficient to replenish the water supply that it would sooner or later be necessary to do something about saving the fish in this lake.

District Deputy M. Stevenson had been watching the lake for sometime and had noted the falling of the water level from time to time. On June 24 and again on June 28 he made an examination of the lake, and estimated that in view of the amount being taken out that there would be water in the lake for at least two weeks. Others had been informed that there was still a 12-day supply of water in the lake. Mr. L. E. Foster, manager of the Carlsbad Project, had agreed some time ago not to drain the lake entirely without giving the Game Department and the sportsmen an opportunity to salvage as many of the game fish as possible. This assurance that the lake would not be entirely drained had been given to Mr. M. Stevenson personally, and also to W. A. Losey, President of the State GPA many times. It was therefore assumed that should it become necessary to drain the lake down to a point where the fish life in it would be jeopardized that the sportsmen, the Game Department, as well as the Superintendent of the federal hatchery located at Dexter, would have ample notice in order that whatever steps were necessary to salvage the game fish could be taken.

On Saturday morning, June 30, Mr. L. E. Foster, manager of the Carlsbad project, came up to Lake McMillan and raised the gates there letting out a large additional amount of water, so that in 12 hours the lake was drained dry and practically all fish were lost. No notice whatever was given to any sportsman, sportsmen's organization nor to the officials of the Game Department, or the Bureau of Fisheries of this action, and the first that anyone knew that the lake was being drained was about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, when Mrs. Josephine Plowman, caretaker at the dam, in accordance with Mr. Foster's request

phoned to him giving him the readings on the gauge at that time and advising him that the water was getting extremely low. The reading on the gauge at that time was 13 feet. This meant that there was very little water left in the lake, and Mr. Foster, according to Mrs. Plowman's statement said that he would come up in the morning and attend to it. Just a little after that Mrs. M. Stevenson, who happened to go to the lake fishing, noticed the very serious condition and how rapidly the water was going out, and that the fish were going out in great numbers. Im-

mediately she called Mr. Stevenson at Roswell, who arrived at the lake sometime about 8 o'clock, or just a little later, that evening. By that time the water had practically all gone out of the lake, carrying the fish with it on down the stream. Thinking that there was still enough water in the sump and channel immediately above the gates to save some fish, Mr. Stevenson phoned to Mr. Fos-

at Carlsbad, urging him to come up at once and close the gates. Mr. Stevenson states that Mr. Foster's reply was that he would be up in the morning to attend to it. Mr. Stevenson advised him that in the morning would be absolutely useless and urged him to come at once. It appears that Mr. Foster did go up about 10 or 10:30 and close the gates, but by that time the lake was dry and no good was done, except to start impounding water again above the dam. Within 48 hours enough water had ac-

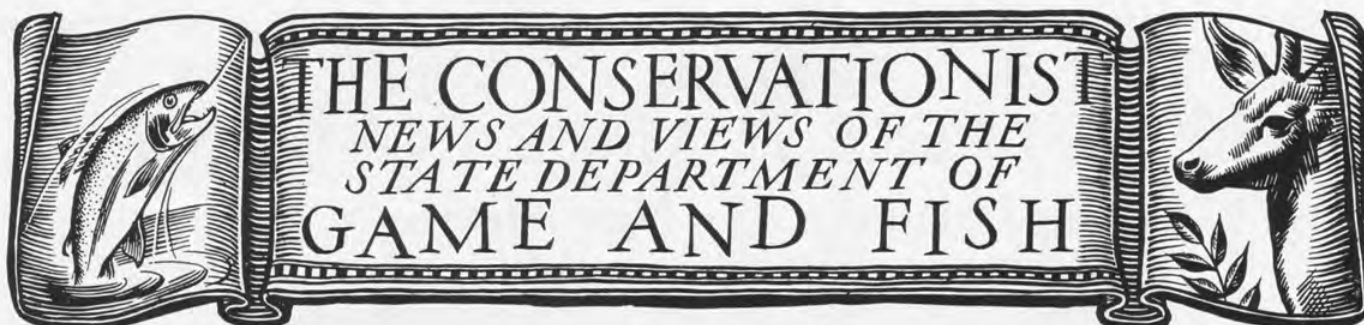
(Continued on Page 31)



SEINING POOLS IN CHANNEL IN EFFORT TO SAVE GAME FISH



VIEW OF RIVER CHANNEL AFTER DRAINING OF LAKE McMILLAN



PERSONNEL OF THE DEPARTMENT

GOV. A. W. HOCKENHULL, CHIEF EXECUTIVE

GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

JUDGE COLIN NEBLETT, *Chairman*.....SANTA FE
 ROSS L. MALONE, SR.....ROSWELL
 A. GILBERTO ESPINOSA.....ALBUQUERQUE

ADMINISTRATIVE

ELLIOTT S. BARKER, *State Game Warden*.....SANTA FE
 R. B. COOMBS, *Office Deputy Warden*.....SANTA FE
 MINNIE B. CARTER, *Clerk*.....SANTA FE
 JOSEPHINE LYNN, *Stenographer*.....SANTA FE

DEPUTY WARDENS

MILLER AMMONS.....SILVER CITY
 M. STEVENSON.....ROSWELL
 BERT W. BACA.....ALBUQUERQUE
 CARL WELCH.....MAGDALENA
 THOMAS HOLDER, JR.....TAOS

HATCHERY FOREMEN

JOHN P. BENGARD, *Lisboa Springs*.....VALLEY RANCH
 M. E. AULT, *Jenks Cabin*.....CLIFF
 JAMES JOHNSON.....TAOS
 FRANK BENGARD.....PARKVIEW
 W. B. BLETCHER.....SEVEN SPRINGS

PREDATORY HUNTERS

W. A. MULLINS.....HIGH ROLLS
 HOMER C. PICKENS.....SANTA FE

CONSULTING GAME SPECIALIST

J. STOKLEY LIGON.....CARLSBAD

The Game Warden Says:

Editorial Comment by Elliott S. Barker

State Game Warden and President of Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissions

Forest Service Regulation Ursurps States' Rights. Is Illegal, Unconstitutional and Impractical of Application

NO ACTION of any Federal Bureau has ever created as wide spread and vigorous opposition among game officials and sportsmen as Regulation G-20-A recently promulgated by the Secretary of Agriculture. This regulation ostensibly to protect National Forest lands and provide better game management provides that upon recommendation of the Forester the Secretary of Agriculture may upon designated Forests or portions thereof, establish hunting and fishing seasons, fix bag and creel limits, specify the sex of animals to be killed, charge fees for hunting and fishing permits.

Regulation T8½ would make it illegal to hunt for or take any game, or non-game animal, game or non-game fish, fur bearing, or predatory animal, or game or non-game bird on any Forest so designated except under permit of the Forest Service, for which

a fee is to be charged. The States' authority over game is ignored entirely by the regulation. No reference whatever is made to State laws, or State authorities, nor to requirements for State hunting and fishing licenses. The fact that letters of instruction to Forest Officers indicate that the regulation is to be applied only in specific cases where cooperation of States has been unsatisfactory does not justify an illegal regulation wholly impossible of practical application. The Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissioners adopted the following resolution at their 14th annual convention at Portland, Oregon on June 15, 1934, protesting this regulation. The committee consisted of Judge Colin Neblett of New Mexico, Dr. Irving Vining of Oregon and Newell B. Cook of Utah.

"Your committee, appointed to study and report upon Section G-20-A of the order of the Department of Agriculture, has met and considered the said section and has heard arguments thereupon, and the committee unanimously reports as follows:

Since the days of early England, it has been the unquestioned right of the sovereign to control the taking of fish and game. Prior to the Magna Charta, the title to fish and game was fixed in the crown and since that time, and particularly since the adoption of the system of English common law by the sovereign state of the United States, it uniformly has been held that the title to the fish and game within the boundaries of a state is vested in that state in trust, however, for the people thereof. This theory has been upheld uniformly by the decisions of courts of last resort in every state where the matter has had judicial cognizance; and by the supreme court of the United States where it has been on appeal many times. It is submitted that inasmuch as the question presented by section G-20-A here in question, already has had the judicial interpretation of our courts, the states affected should take a determined stand, that these judicial decisions shall not be reversed by usurpation by any ambitious governmental department or bureau.

We feel the threatened enforcement of Section G-20-A is an unlawful appropriation of the property of the people of a sovereign state which the officers of that state, and particularly the fish and game commissions thereof, are sworn to defend. Any attempt on the part of a federal bureau or agency to transgress upon this duty and right is in the direct violation of all the principles of the organic acts and constitutions of the states involved as well as of the federal constitution itself. It also is in direct violation of the spirit of all statutes and acts promulgated by the Congress of the United States, the legislatures of the several states, and of the judicial interpretations rendered thereupon. We believe the states involved should, if necessary, curb this threat before same is accepted, in any part, by the public, for while the initial steps toward the enforcement of this section of the order may seem wild and only inconsequential in result, still it may be the initial step in complete usurpation of state rights amounting to confiscation of property without due process of law. We feel that the principle is entirely unsound, unjust, and uncalled for. Therefore, we respectfully recommend that all states involved unite in most strenuously resisting any attempt of the federal bureaus in effecting the menacing threats contained in said order.

We have been and still are appreciative of any cooperative work done by the federal bureaus in cooperation with the fish and game commissions of the several states in furtherance of propagation and protection of wild life, and we shall continue to welcome such cooperation as long as same does not ripen unto usurpation of state powers; and to the end that the state rights be safeguarded and that any attempted usurpation might be checked at its inception, it respectfully is recommended that this Association appoint an interim committee to consist of three members and to be appointed from the states constituting this Association. Such committee to me appointed by the president and to devise ways and means to bring about an early determination of the question herein involved. Such committee to be subject to the call of the chairman of the (Turn to Page 31)

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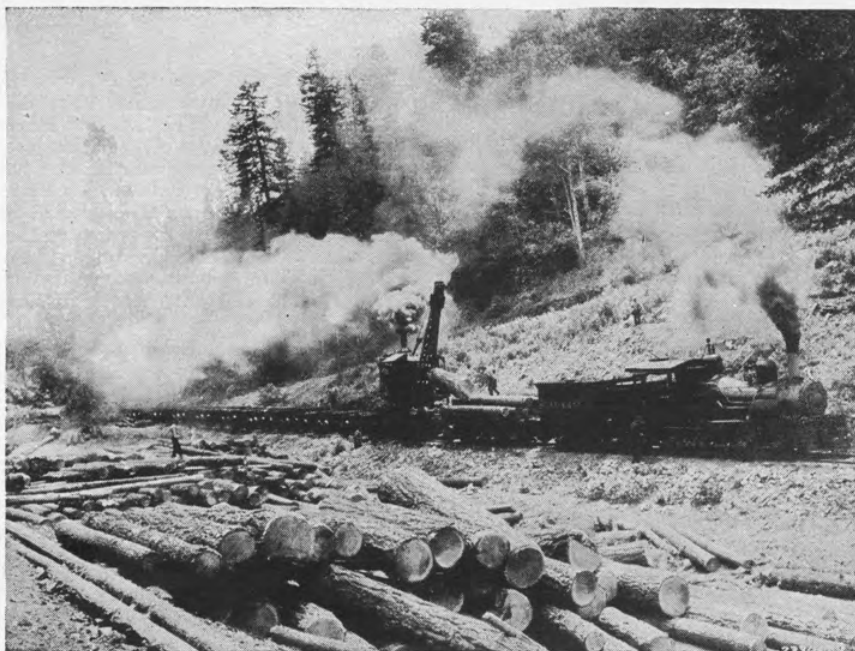


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committee." This resolution sets forth clearly the legal side of the question, and little remains to be said on that angle.

But, let us look for a moment at the practical side from an administrative standpoint. Suppose the Santa Fe Forest, for example, or any other Forest, for that matter, were so designated and seasons, bag limits, etc., for game birds, and fish, were established by the Forest Service different from State regulations. The Forest boundary is very irregular dividing streams and hunting units; within the Forests are many privately owned lands, and fishing streams are alternately on Forest and private lands. With dual control separate licenses, different bag limits, conflicting seasons, etc., for intermingled Forest and private lands, administration and control by either the State or Forest Service would be utterly impossible and unlimited confusion and conflict would result. Instead of better control the sportsmen would be confused and hampered by dual control and conflicting regulations. Not only that, but if by virtue of land ownership the Forest Service can control hunting, charge fees, set seasons, fix bag limits, etc., by the same token the owners of private lands can do the same thing. Therefore, if regulation G-20-A were applied we would not only have the burdensome difficulties of dual control to contend with but it would soon branch out into a multiplicity of regulations which would soon break down all control, and put the State Game and Fish Departments out of business.

Congress should be called upon to set by law procedure for protection of Forests from over grazing by game animals in the very rare instances where this occurs and where cooperation can not be secured from State authorities. Specific cases should be dealt with by specific action applicable thereto. No justification exists for a general regulation such as G-20-A to be held as a club over State officials who are, and have been, fully cooperating with the Forest Service. Furthermore, it is unthinkable that both the State and the Forest Service have authority over game animals, predators, birds and fish on the National Forests. One or the other of the two agencies has the authority and is responsible. Therefore, if the Forest Service has such legal right, then the State Game Departments do not, and vice versa. Can it be that the States are administering the game laws and regulations on the Forests merely by the Grace of God and passive consent of the Forest Service, without any constitutional and legal right? We think not, and we shall fight to the last ditch to retain our legal heritage to control, and manage the use of the game we are sworn to protect.

...
MR. FRED SHERMAN, former president of the New Mexico Game Protective Association, endorses action of Game Commission in protesting Forest Service Reg. G-20-A.

Under date of July 13, 1934, Mr. Fred Sherman wrote the State Game Warden as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barker:

I fully agree with you and the Commission in the position you are taking. (re: Regulation G-20-A.). A dual control of the game and fish resources of the State would be entirely unsatisfactory to the sportsman, I am sure. It would be confusing, expensive, impossible to regulate and enforce. I am quite certain that the sportsmen of the State would oppose any such regulation.

I shall be glad to cooperate with you in any way possible to nullify and secure the cancellation of this regulation.

With kindest personal regards.

Yours truly,

(S) Fred Sherman."

Report on Draining of Lake McMillan and Resultant Loss of Fish

(Continued from Page 28)

cumulated above the dam to have saved the fish temporarily at least had this amount been left in it two nights before.

When the water from the lake was exhausted the fish that had gone out through the gates into the pools and in the canyon below were in such bad shape from the muddy water and the congestion that they were cast about upon the rocks and shores and died in countless thousands. Some undoubtedly were washed on down in to the permanent pools and running water in the Pecos River about 5 miles below, but the great majority of them were lost in the channel below the dam.

Soon after this catastrophe occurred, people began coming even that night in considerable numbers and picked out the best of the fish and carried them away in great numbers. Soon literally hundreds, if not thousands, of people came to the channel and picked up and carried away fish. The public, of course, selected the better species taking away the catfish and the bass first. There were

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a great many rough fish lost also, consisting mainly of carp, buffalo and suckers, and by late in the afternoon the public was picking out the better fish among this class and carrying them away in great quantities. In spite of this endeavor to save as much of the food as possible, many tons of fish went to waste in the channel. A conservative estimate would place the amount of fish lost at no less than 200 tons. The food value would reach a total of from \$50,000 to \$75,000 aside from the value of the fish from a sporting standpoint.

Had notice been given of the proposed action to drain the lake entirely and a little reserve supply of water retained in the lake for a few days, the Game Department in cooperation with the Bureau of Fisheries and sportsmen could undoubtedly have saved alive the very great majority of game fish and made arrangements for salvaging for food purposes a large amount of the edible rough fish. Local canneries could have been put in operation, and this immense amount of food which is so badly needed for relief purposes at this time could have been saved at a minimum of cost. Innumerable sportsmen have told me that they would have gladly donated their services to assist in this work.

While the lake might have gone dry within a limited time, even had 500 or 1000 acre feet of water been left in it, yet there is no reason why this amount of water could not have been left in the lake for a few days and notice given of the proposed action in order to give interested agencies an opportunity to save as much as possible out of a bad situation.

Failure on the part of the officials of the Reclamation Service and the Water Users' Association to advise of their proposed action is beyond comprehension. Subsequently in conversation with Mr. Foster he stated to Mr. Losey, President of the State GPA, Mr. Nelson, superintendent of the Dexter hatchery and myself that the reservoir had silted in until there was 2 feet less water in the lake than he had thought and this is the only alibi that has been given as to why notice was not given in accordance with promises that he had made on several occasions to both Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Losey.

Can it be possible that the manager of a Reclamation Project does not know within 2 feet of how much water he has available in a lake? If that is the case, it is difficult to understand how proper use of the water of the project could be planned.

A committee appointed at a meeting of sportsmen held at Artesia on the evening of July 5, consisting of Mr. W. A. Losey, President of the State GPA, Mr. T. F. Nelson, foreman of the Dexter hatchery and myself, interviewed Mr. Foster and members of the Board of Directors of the Water Users' Association on July 6 to determine what, if anything, could be counted upon in the way of cooperation in the future should the lake be restocked when it again fills with water. The only assurance that was given was that in the event that the lake should again become as low as in this instance that they would give us notice, as had been promised in this case, and afford the Game Department, the Bureau of Fisheries and the sportsmen an opportunity to salvage the fish in the lake. However, it was emphatically stated by a member of the Water Users' Association that even a limited amount of water under circumstances similar to those existing at the present time would be held only for a few days.

In view of the great value of this lake for recreational use, and the immense amount of food fish produced there it seems most unfortunate that officials of the Reclamation Service and the Water Users' Association evidence so little spirit of cooperation in going even to a reasonable extent in preserving the fishing resources of what could be one of the very best fishing waters in the state.

Lake McMillan has been heavily stocked by the Game Department and the Bureau of Fisheries and its value from a recreational standpoint has increased rapidly for several years until during the past 2 or 3 years literally hundreds of people have found it an excellent place to go and fish, not only for sport, but those in need of fish for food have gone there to catch carp and suckers and have utilized them in this time of great need.

It is most unfortunate that two agencies of the Government, namely the U. S. Reclamation Service, and the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, can not more closely harmonize their efforts. We are sure the fault is not in the Bureau of Fisheries.

Airplane Fishermen Have Hard Luck

DISTRICT Deputy Welch reports that two fishermen coming in to the Middle Fork of the Gila from El Paso, Texas, in an airplane on the opening day of the season wrecked their plane in landing and thus spoiled what might otherwise have been an enjoyable outing. Fortunately no one was hurt, but these aerial anglers have decided that a better landing field will have to be provided before they try such a combination of sports again.

Report of the 14th Annual Convention of the Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissioners, Portland, Oregon June 14, 15, 16, 1934

DELEGATES from New Mexico attending the recent Western Association convention were Judge Colin Neblett, Chairman, of the New Mexico Game Commission, and Elliott S. Barker, State Game Warden.

The convention was well attended and great interest was displayed throughout. The Honorable Frank T. Bell, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries and Fred J. Foster, District Supervisor, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, were present and delivered very practical addresses.

There were present also a number of Forest Service officials, including Mr. C. E. Ratchford, Assistant Forester. The Biological Survey was represented by W. C. Henderson, Assistant Chief, who delivered an enlightening address on waterfowl conditions throughout the country.

The subject of greatest importance, and the one overshadowing all other considerations was Forest Service Regulation G-20-A, which provides that the Forest Service may take over all control of hunting and fishing on the National Forests. The western states were unanimous in their opposition to this regulation characterizing it as "unconstitutional, illegal, usurpation of state's rights, impractical, unjustified and uncalled for." This regulation and the resolution relating to it are reviewed editorially in this issue.

Mr. Ratchford very ably and vigorously defended Regulation G-20-A, but did not succeed in convincing anyone of its legality or necessity. Other resolutions are as follows:

The Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissioners assembled in its fourteenth annual session in the city of Portland in the state of Oregon makes record this sixteenth day of June, 1934, of its deliberations and conclusions in the following articles of resolutions.

- I. By vote of the delegates and representatives present from the states and provinces other than Oregon, we express our great appreciation of the care and forethought of the Oregon Game Commission in the preparation and conduct of the proceedings of this conference, and for the hospitality extended by them and by the city of Portland, and in particular we record our thanks to Miss Fay S. Hacker for her cheerful assumption of the effort necessary to make this meeting the success it has been.
- II. To the United States Bureaus of Forestry, of Fisheries, of Biological Survey and to the National Park Service, the conference extends its thanks for the presence of representatives and for the annually increasing cooperation between those federal and the state agencies engaged in the conservation and promotion of wild life resources.
- III. In respect of the question whether there shall be placed by federal regulations restrictions upon the feeding or baiting of migratory water fowl in shooting grounds, it is the finding of the conference that in the eleven western states constituting its membership that objectionable and unsportsmanlike practices are so rare as to be negligible; that the necessity exists for supplying not only food but in many areas water as well to take the place of natural supplies destroyed by the hand of man; and that benefits in excess of possible disadvantages result from water fowl feeding operations in the western areas of the United States; and that no regulations should be imposed which would discourage or make burdensome their continuation.
- IV. The comprehensive plan of rehabilitation proposed by the president's committee on wild life restoration has the hearty endorsement of the states here represented and of our neighboring province, British Columbia, in which much of our water fowl flight is nurtured, and we hope for early executive approval of this plan and of its being put into immediate operation to the extent of all financial resources available.
- V. WHEREAS a program for the improvement of wild life resources on Indian reservations has long been felt necessary by the game departments of the western states, and

WHEREAS the lack of control of Indians hunting on their reservations has not only resulted in the depletion of their own game supply but has made administration and enforcement of game laws on adjacent areas extremely difficult, and

WHEREAS Section IV of Senate Bill No. 2529, known as the Coordination Bill, recently passed by Congress, authorizes the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Commissioner of Fisheries, and the Chief of the Biological

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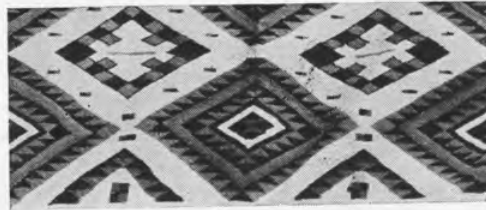
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Survey to formulate a program for rehabilitation and administration of wild life on Indian reservations,

NOW, THEREFORE,

BE IT RESOLVED by the Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissioners that we urge as a necessary measure of control the adoption of regulations which will make hunting seasons and bag limits for Indians on reservations conform with the regular seasons and bag limits of the various states, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that we hereby tender our full cooperation to the agencies concerned in the formulation of regulations under the Coordination Bill.

VI. WHEREAS it is desirable to avoid the introduction of undesirable or unsuitable species of fish in the public waters of the western states, and

WHEREAS it is desirable that all public waters receive equitable plantings of fish of the species to which the waters are best adapted,

NOW, THEREFORE,

BE IT RESOLVED by the Western Association of State Game and Fish Commissioners assembled this 15th day of June at Portland, Oregon, that we urgently recommend the abandonment by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries of the old application system insofar as the stocking of public waters is concerned, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that we recommend instead the establishment of a budget system of planting to be followed by both state and federal agencies, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this organization expresses its hearty appreciation for the cooperation being rendered by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and especially the fine spirit of constructive cooperation being shown by Commissioner Frank T. Bell and Regional Supervisor Fred J. Foster.

VII. Be it further resolved that the secretary of the association be instructed to forward to the persons or organizations who may be concerned copies of the articles hereof which may be respectively appropriate.

An interim committee consisting of Major John L. Farley of California, Dr. Irving E. Vining of Oregon, Virgil B. Bennington of Washington, Newell B. Cook of Utah, and Roland Parvin of Colorado were appointed to combat regulation G-20-A.

Santa Fe, New Mexico was selected as the next meeting place and the following officers were elected:

Elliott S. Barker, President.
 Roland G. Parvin, Vice-President.
 Josephine Lynn, Secretary.

Presented by Committee on Bonneville Dam

THIS committee has listened to detailed testimony of representatives of the United States Bureau of Fisheries (Messrs. Fred J. Foster, Harlan B. Holmes, H. F. Blood, C. I. Grimm; Milo C. Bell, engineer; Budd I. Davis of the Washington game department; Claud C. Drake of the Idaho game department; Ralph P. Cowgill, engineer for the Oregon game department and M. T. Hoy, Master Fish Warden of the Oregon State Fish Commission—on the proposed construction of Bonneville dam; their theories as to the effect of its construction on the fish run of the Columbia river; the result of their investigation as to what precautions should be taken to preserve the fish; their statements that no similar construction in a similar river with similar fish life has ever been made in the history of the world; their statements that the result on fish life in the Columbia river, with the best possible precautions for conserving the upstream and downstream migration, are purely theoretical and opinions.

The committee, realizing that the fish life in the Columbia river has a commercial value of \$10,000,000 annually to the states of Washington and Oregon in the Columbia river pack alone, and that the value of fish life in the Columbia river from a sportsman's standpoint is above monetary computation to the states of Idaho, Washington and Oregon and the province of British Columbia, is apprehensive as to the effect of such construction on such fish life, and petitions the Federal Government and its agencies to use every possible precaution to conserve such fish life.

We further petition the Federal Government and all its agencies to keep the game departments of Idaho, Washington and Oregon and the province of British Columbia informed of all contemplated steps in construction and in the conservation of such fish life.

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"Well, if the Duck Stamp sale brings in a million dollars this fall, and this money buys 250,000 acres of inviolate wildfowl refuge, and if there is a big hatch and rearing this summer—which isn't likely on account of the drought," said the man with the arithmetical arm, "and millions of ducks take advantage of the refuges, get plenty of food and return a 'saved' duck-to-the-acre to the breeding grounds next spring, and these saved ducks rear a brood of only five each, anybody can figure it out that a dollar will buy and save a—considerable number of ducks, which is another way of saying that nobody knows how many wild ducks a dollar will buy or save.

"However—to continue the dissertation—it is reasonable to assume that refuges will save millions of ducks, not only this year, but in the years to come. The refuges, islands of safety well supplied with natural food, will cut down the kill to a great extent and also keep the birds in much better physical condition, making of them better breeders in the spring. Bigger and better breeding grounds must be restored. But keep this in mind, no matter how ideal the breeding grounds may be, you've got to have parent stock returned to them to keep the duck supply normal.

"Somewhere between providing adequate breeding grounds for wildfowl and regulating the annual kill of them lies the answer to restoring American wildfowl to an abundance sufficient to meet the growing demands upon them. The Duck Stamp will go a long way toward finding this answer; for it will provide the means for establishing refuges and restoring sufficient breeding grounds. Without duck hunting, however, there will be no funds from Duck Stamp sales; for the law requires duck hunters only to purchase the Federal Duck Stamp to be affixed to the duck hunter's state license, or a Federal card if the individual hunter is not required to have a state license. So, to give an added help to the ducks, Buy Your Duck Stamp early

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Accidents

(Continued from Page 21)

shouted, "Daddy! Mummy has two more accidents,—nice ones." Noting this, and that there was a tantalizing bow in Mummy's rod which a Taos artist afterward described as "action", I realized it was time for me to stop fishing and take a picture.

After several minutes of action, during which no one seemed quite so calm as Mummy, the cause of the "rainbow 'round her shoulder" made a sudden and powerful dash for liberty.

Mummy deftly guided this dynamic energy into an unexpected direction and, instead of reaching deeper water, twenty-four inches of speckled beauty apparently swam right out on the grass. It proved to be an exotic, planted there by the State several years previously and, being pleased with its surroundings, had adopted itself to the situation and was determined to grow up and, no doubt, would have reached maturity but for this untimely "accident".

"You can fish back. 'Daught' and I will cut across and have lunch ready when you reach camp," said Mummy as she folded the five-pound lunger and stuffed it into my creel.

When she was out of sight and hearing I drew it out and held it up before the other anglers, whose luck had been little better than my own.

"Why in heck is it," I put the question, "that when a bunch of anglers are using practically the same tackle in the same waters for the same fish, the fish determinedly and stubbornly congregate around one hook?"

In excited unison there came replies in three different languages, proving the unanimity of opinion of different nationalities on fishing, no matter how diverse on other problems.

"Ah ka nacha! Wa machee. Wa Anee!"

"Ich weiss nicht. Forelle sehr klug."

"Quien sabe? Las truchas mas sabias que los hombres."

"Yes," I admitted. *"Que los hombres, pero que tocante alas mujeres?"*

Fishing upstream is my long suit,—this time, however, a disappointed suitor.

Half way back to camp I stopped and dressed the fish, to learn what they were feeding on. My estimation was fourteen thousand to half a million mosquitos in each maw.

Imitating mosquitos is delicate work. I tried it the balance of the way to camp, leaving out nothing but the hum. No results.

On reaching camp I unburdened myself of the heavy creel. As it struck the ground the unfastened lid flew open, allowing the contents to roll out, the big fellow, of course, in the lead, my little eight-ouncer bringing up the rear.

A friend of mine, named Parkhurst, had repeatedly explained to me that the best grouping for trout pictures was to place the smaller ones in front. I was just reaching to do this when a fatal click from the camera in Mummy's hands notified me that I was too late.

"Oh, I am sorry," exclaimed Mummy, "just re-arrange them and I will take another picture." After this had been carefully and painstakingly done, she discovered that another picture was impossible for she was out of films.

A soft little arm cuddled round my neck and "Daught" whispered, "I like your cute little fish best of all, Daddy."

When her velvety cheek touched my haggard face I missed something.

"Where is your bonnet, darling?" I asked.

"Oh look, Daddy! Mummy filled it with berries."

Looking in the direction indicated by a chubby index-finger, I saw "Daught's" bonnet nicely lined with live oak leaves and heaped full of ripe red raspberries.

"The patch is right over there behind that oak thicket in a little blind canyon," explained Mummy as she drew a thermos bottle of ice cream from the lunch basket. "Sis and I found it by accident one day when we were kids while we were chasing wild turkeys."

Wild, fresh, ripe, red raspberries a la mode! A daintier morsel never graced a camp table!

The next morning I called my friend Wright, station operator at Espanola, and told him to look for a trout on No. 425.

On conversation was snappy in Morse. (See any dictionary for interpretation of Morse Code).

"Thanks. Who caught it?" came the taunting query.

"Usual luck," I flashed, "eight to one."

In dots and dashes came the reply,

"-----"

When I carried this fish to the train a musical shout greeted me from an open coach window. It was the voice of Gertrude Sharp, a music teacher from Texas making a circle tour of New Mexico.

"Oh, what a beautiful fish," she cried. "Are such fish easily caught out here?"

"Yes," I replied. Then, remembering how I once heard Judge

Neblett explain that the truth but partially told might be more damaging than a deliberate lie, I briefly recited the experience of the previous day.

"Would music have any attraction for trout," I asked. "Could I interest them by playing or singing?"

Gertrude's hearty laugh and attempted answer were smothered by the engine bell and Conductor Lowe's lusty shout, "All aboard."

The following day I received a postcard from her which read, "My dear Mr. W. . . ."

To interest a trout you must sometimes Be sharp, Never be flat and always be natural.

Harmonically,
B Sharp."

While I was pondering over Gertrude's message, I walked my old friend and preceptor, "Cal", a dry-fly fisherman equalled by few and excelled by none. ("Cal" was not his real name.)

But one day in early Spring we had driven two hundred miles to a favorite stream, only to find the water roily on account of recent rains.

On this occasion, Holder, (for that was his real name) justifiably accepted a contribution from my bait box in order to worm his way out of driving back home with an empty creel. Ever since, in a spirit of mutual good humor, he has been my good friend "Cal", and just now my emancipator, for I was sure he could answer concisely and finally my puzzling question.

"Why is it, Cal," I hopefully asked, "that when several anglers are working under exactly the same conditions the trout seem to favor one special hook?"

With a twinkling eye and a quizzical glance down his wise old nose, there came in "Cal's" humorous voice,

"Purty hard to tell—that question has been asked before."

—•••—

"Charlie!" exclaimed Will as the heavy stub of his cigar landed in the bright embers with a dull thud, "we must be getting down on the river,—we dropped in here to chat only a minute and we have stayed more than an hour."

Wild Life Demonstration Areas

By JOHN D. CLARK, Ph. D.
University of New Mexico.

IN discussing the future of fish and game, an old, successful, experienced farmer made the remark that just as scientific research had been the making of farm productivity, he felt that scientific research could multiply many fold the production of wild life. The average sportsman is ready to agree with that idea.

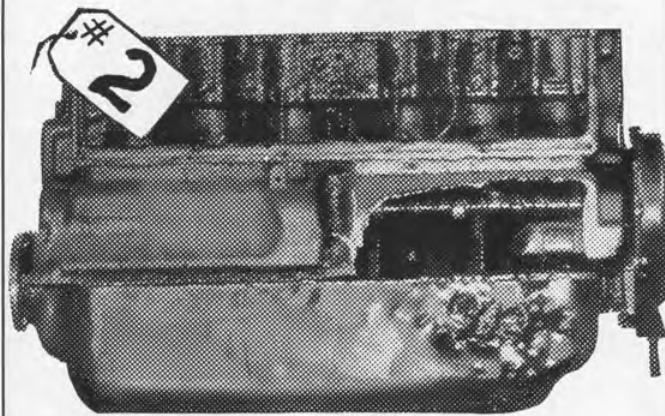
Now if the idea is sound, it might be well to carry the analogy further, and to see just what are the logical steps to follow if the idea should be put into action. Years ago Congress passed the Morrill Act, which set up agricultural experiment stations in each state. The stations took on trained agricultural experts, who carried on research, and then to demonstrate that success could follow the findings of the experts, the stations set up experimental and demonstration farms.

Never before has so much scientific research been devoted to wild life as is going on at the present time. The Federal Fish Stream Survey in the Pecos country is a fine local example of this, and we may be sure that, in-so-far as the findings of the Survey can be used by the Department of Fish and Game, they will be utilized. However, not until the landowners along the streams, and the fishermen, become familiar with the facts which the survey brings out, can we expect those facts to be of maximum service.

Now the Federal Government is setting up a wild life demonstration area in Maryland. Here is an example of what needs to be done everywhere. Not much from Maryland will fit New Mexico, and here at home, the findings from a demonstration area in the Lower Sonoran will have little bearing on the Transition Zone. New Mexico needs a number of demonstration areas.

Sometime in the distant future the Federal Government might give us some areas—maybe. Sometime the State Department of Fish and Game may have funds for this—we all hope so. As an immediate and practical matter, a demonstration area can result whenever any large landowner wishes to establish one. There are men in New Mexico who have enjoyed fishing and hunting all their lives. What could constitute a more appropriate or more useful memorial to such men, when they leave us, than an endowed wild life demonstration area? Such an endowment would require a relatively modest sum. Any philanthropic sportsman could leave such a memorial to his name, and to his interest in wild life, by inserting a few appropriate words in his will.

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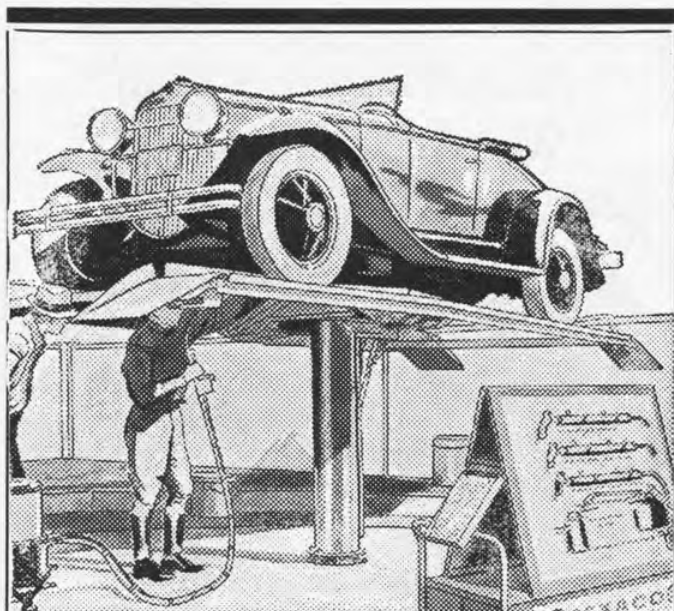
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Old Santa Fe Fiesta

(Continued from Page 9)

siege of Mesa Prieta, that frowning black mesa that is seen behind the pueblo of San Ildefonso today.

And it is these bloody battles of the reconquest of New Mexico and the intrepid exploits of De Vargas and his men that are remembered in song and story, in religious processions, and in gay fiesta celebrations in Old Santa Fé today.

The vow of De Vargas to the Little Lady of Victory, is kept in the *Conquistadora* parade, the first Sunday after Corpus Christi Day, and is wholly religious; one procession taking the little image out to Rosario Chapel, another bringing her back the next Sunday. But the fiesta is in the fall which celebrates the second reconquest of Santa Fé is a combination of religious processions and gay secular celebrations.

The merrymaking starts Saturday night with the *Conquistadores* ball. This is the great social event of the year in which the leading citizens of the entire state take part. It is marked by gorgeous costumes for both ladies and gentlemen; many appearing in old Spanish style and many rare old heirlooms are displayed. It is indeed, a gay and colorful scene and the ball ends at daybreak.

Monday night there is a ceremony peculiar to the happy spirit of the old city of the dons; a ceremony that is as funny as it is different. This is the burning of Old Man Gloom, a giant effigy of Zozobra which is built by the firemen on the lot east of the city hall. He is suspended from a tall pole and under him is gathered a great bonfire of all the dead weeds in the city. Just at dusk a great throng gathers to watch the burning at the stake this enemy to good cheer. After speeches by some of the leading townsmen, the ceremony begins. The fire is lit, and to the accompaniment of unearthly groans from within the suffering gentleman, a hideous snapping of his huge jaws, the flames gradually rise higher and higher around the victim. Just as they close about him, the long rows of bonfires around the place of execution are lit. Fireworks hidden in the weeds and grass begin to shoot into the heavens; there is a great tumult of noise and shouting and shrieking sirens and dying groans from Old Man Gloom, then the figure is consumed in the general holocaust . . . and the people turn and make a rush for the pleasures of the plaza, knowing that Zozobra is happily dead.

The religious part of the *fiesta* comes Sunday night with high mass and vespers in the cathedral just at dusk. Then the long procession forms, led by the *Conquistador* band playing religious music, and with lighted candles held high, thousands of the Faithful wend their way out to the Cross of the Martyrs on the high hill north of town. Here a sermon is delivered and honor done to the faithful friars who laid down their lives that New Mexico might be.

No one who has joined in with this solemn procession can ever forget the scene . . . The priests with the crucifix leading the way—long lines of people, nuns, black shawled women counting their beads, flickering candles, soft music, the chant of voices, the procession silhouetted against the tree-lined streets by the eerie light of little bonfires of *pinion* wood; the fragrant smell rising like incense on the air . . . and then the steep climb to the Cross; the reverent hush that falls as the sermon begins. And down below the old city is outlined by thousands of lights placed on the flat roofs of the *adobe* houses. These lights are made by placing lighted candles in paper sacks filled with dirt—a custom peculiar to Old Santa Fé and which cannot be copied by any other city because of the fire hazard.

Monday morning sees the *fiesta* formally opened with the entrance of the De Vargas pageant. This tells the story of the second retaking of Santa Fé by De Vargas in 1693, as told in the beginning of this article. First comes the Royal Alférez and heralds announcing the *bando* of 1712, issued by Peñuela. De Vargas rides at the head of the army of conquest and occupation, all of them in costume, then comes the *cabildo* of administration on the justice of the *villa* and the Spanish officials on foot. There are troops of Spanish lancers on horseback, Franciscan friars, and many captive Indians. The procession halts in front of the Old Palace where the friars erect a large cross. The Captain General once more takes possession of the province of New Mexico while the captive Indians kneel before the cross in submission to the conqueror and his religion.

Having done their religious duty by the journey to the Cross of Martyrs and their patriotic duty by keeping the De Vargas pageant as ordered by the Marquis, the people are now ready to turn their entire attention to having a good time; and this they do with a fervor that is not known elsewhere in America. Many and varied are the activities and chances for entertainment offered during the

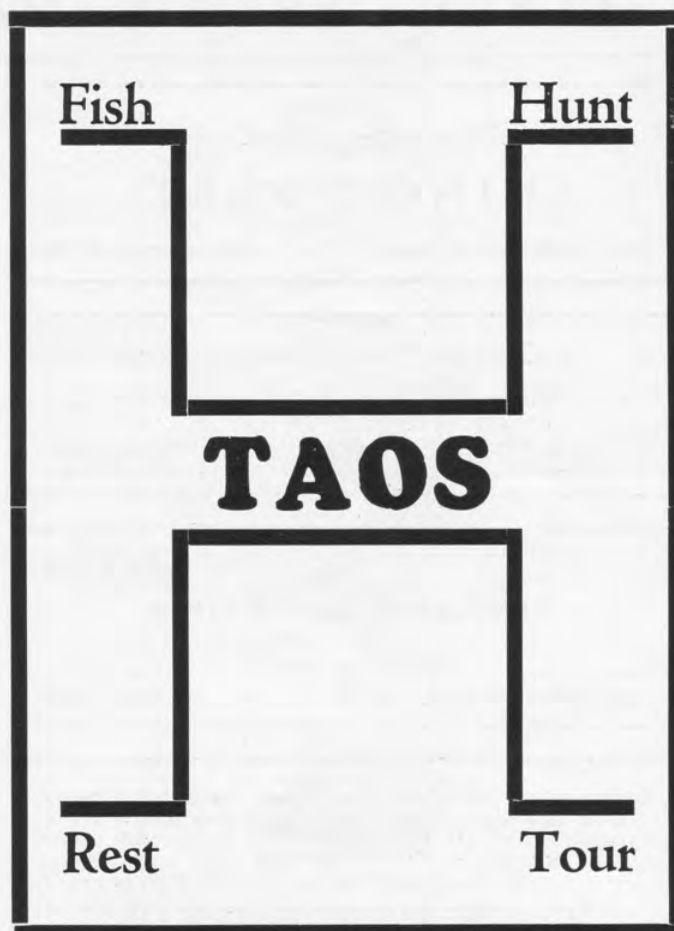
two days left of the *fiesta*.

The *plaza* is surrounded on the south side by Spanish markets where you can buy all kinds of Spanish foods, cooked as only these direct descendants of Old Spain can cook them. In the back of each booth is a wood stove set up and on the stoves simmer the *frijoles* and *chili con carne* and other native dishes. Some years see these markets set up on Lincoln avenue where the broad, tree-shaded street offers an ideal setting for the impromptu Spanish dances that are put on all day by the fun-loving natives and which are the fascinating features of this informal *fiesta de Santa Fé*.

Nobody is left out of the celebration; it is a free for all for all classes and occupations. Early on Monday morning of the last *fiesta* a burro-loading contest is staged on the *plaza*, and no more picturesque sight can be imagined than the old men trying to see who could load their donkeys or wagons the quickest . . . and haste with these patient animals and their slow-moving masters seemed extremely incongruous and funny. The children have their own particular celebration when they put on their pet animal show; everything from billy goats to waddling ducks are shown, and the most interesting entry gets the prize. Over in the New Museum is being shown a wonderful exhibit of the Spanish arts and crafts—which no visitor should miss seeing, and prizes are given to stimulate this revived industry handed down from Spanish-Colonial days to these natives of New Mexico.

Under the portals of the Old Palace, you will find the Santa Fé art colony exhibiting their paintings, and you can buy sketches direct from some of the leading artists of America. Well known writers are selling their books and illustrated booklets. Across on the *plaza* different bands are taking their turns in furnishing gay music. La Fonda is staging a *fiesta* all its own with its Mexican music, Spanish dances, and graceful Indian hoop dances and the beating of the *tombé* before the broad fireplace. The Santa Fé Players put on a *fiesta* play, a local talent one for which a prize is offered, and this is the only money-making affair held during the *fiesta*. Funds are donated by the merchants and public spirited citizens and rich visitors who admire a place that can put on a free carnival—and never come out in the red.

All over the quaint old city the *Pasatiempo* carnival is being staged all day by people who know how to dance on rough pavements or just sit and enjoy the music, or exchange greetings with old friends on every street corner. But the crowning event of the merrymaking comes in the Hysterical Pageant . . . and its name



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has not been misspelled; it is exactly that.

This procession is just a long line of jokes and tom-foolery that will leave the hardest hit depression victim limp with laughter and make him forget there ever was a depression or crime wave. Many of the jokes are local, aiming at such celebrities as Witter Bynner and Dolly Sloan, who comes down from New York to lead the procession every year, and other well known artists and writers who make Santa Fé their home. There is always a bridal procession, with a big bride and a tiny groom, a womanless wedding, and the wedding party dressed in the height of Spanish Colonial style. A tumbled-down wagon will be filled with pioneers, even to the dog under the wagon; an old fashioned stage with its gay-garbed occupants will bring memories of Old Santa Fé Trail days; a screeching wooden-wheeled *carrita* will take us back to the days of Spanish settlement. A modern joke is aimed at the neighboring state, which has as its point the question of highways, when a large pre-historic monster, manned, or legged by a number of boys, labeled "Texas" comes along following close upon the heels of a terrified maiden, New Mexico, who is throwing flowers in a vain effort to keep from being devoured.

As night closes down upon the gay old plaza of Santa Fé, on the last day of the *fiesta*, the *Conquistador* band takes its place, the streets around the plaza are closed to traffic, and there begins an old time *baile* which lasts into the wee hours of the morning. Leading citizens, writers, artists, Spanish-Americans and Anglo-Americans, visiting tourists from all over the world—all join in dancing in the streets that have echoed to the footsteps of *conquistadores*, intrepid generals, fearless pioneers, Indian warriors . . . a mighty caravan of actors whose passing across its sage marks Santa Fé as the romantic outpost of modern times.

U. N. M.

(Continued from Page 19)

winters are mild and open—so much that students make field trips and carry on excavations without discomfort or inconvenience from cold.

Automobile drives varying from an hour to a day include dozens of points of unusual interest—the beautiful Sandia range, the Manzano mountains, Jemez Hot Springs, Santa Fe, Taos, Eagle Nest Lake, Chaco Canyon, most of the New Mexico Indian *pueblos*, the Carlsbad Caverns, Gran Quivira, and the famous old missions of Cuaraí and Abo. Most of these places can be reached over good, all-weather highways.

All comforts and conveniences can be had in Albuquerque, a city of 35,000, located on main transcontinental highways and transportation lines. Living expenses are quite reasonable, and houses, apartments or rooms can be had that are within a few minutes walk of the university campus. For students there are fine and comfortable dormitories and a dozen fraternity and sorority houses at or near the university.

Mister Mountaineer

(Continued from Page 16)

turbed—as if something had slid down over the brink. A greater fear than ever seized him. Certainty that she had fallen over those cliffs clamped coldly upon his heart.

But his fear was groundless. Somehow—the Lord only knew how! This slip of a girl had zigzagged her way safely down past the cliffs. Only a rolling rock had disturbed the slide rock. She was headed homeward, leading Zebo down a steep that even Bill had never tackled before horseback. He felt a surge of admiration for her nerve—her strength.

But why, since this was the home canyon, leading on down to his ranch and Jimson's—why had she not come on in? She could have circled around the Box.

It was twilight when he came suddenly upon Zebo just above the Box Canyon, leg-bruised but on his feet, tied to a tree and empty saddled. Bill filled his lungs and yelled. From down in the Box Canyon came a faint answer. Running, leaping like a mountain goat he hurried toward it.

It was getting dark when Bill Dial let his rope down over a ten foot brink to where Natalie, stiff and sore and frightened, but safe, had trapped herself by jumping down over a ledge she could not climb back, after failing to find a way around the Box Canyon. Forty yards farther on another greater cliff had stopped her, headed though she was for home.

The tears of joy that ran down their two faces mixed before they fell, when Bill's strong arms had hauled her up on the rope, and then, dropping it, hugged her with a fierce tenderness to him.

Bill Dial knew a way around the Box—a way that they could

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ride. In another two hours Natalie was in Aunt Mary's arms, crying again for joy. Bill sent the Harkins boy up to the Mesa to light the signal fire.

There was no question of obedience when Bill told her to kiss him good night that night.

By morning all the searchers were in—except Uncle George, and Natalie because of him, was up and worried, though little the worse for her own two chilly nights alone in the woods.

"Oh, Bill," she cried. "He must be lost. I'm so sorry, but can you—do you think we ought to look for him?"

"Oh, Bill," she cried. "He must be lost. I'm so sorry, but can you—do you think we ought to look for him?"

Bill's eyes twinkled.

"Sure, honey!" he said. "But he asked for it, didn't he Aunt Mary? And he's got matches. Another day won't hurt him—besides maybe he'll drift in. Today—we don't need him. In fact it's even lucky he's absent, because—well, there's a Justice of the Peace down the canyon. Not quite like havin' a preacher but—"

"But we must find Uncle George, Bill! He—"

"That," said Bill Dial definitely, "can wait till tomorrow! This can't."

Nor did it. Nor did it occur to either of them to notice whether the word "obey" was in the ceremony.

The next morning Bill Dial and Mrs. Bill Dial on two horses, leading a third with a pack, climbed Spring Mountain. It might have been noted that they stopped occasionally to enjoy the scenery and other delights of trail riding double.

About noon they located Uncle George just where Bill had expected to, hung up in the loggy pockets of the Bear Creek Burns. They soothed him and brought him back to the brink of Spring Mountain. There Bill, in the lead, paused and pointed.

"Jest give the horse his head, Uncle George," he grinned, "an he'll take you right in home!"

Uncle George still looked a little sullen. Also dazed. Now he looked foggier than ever.

"What's this nonsense?" he growled. "Why don't you go on ahead and lead the way? Come, Natalie, what are you grinning about?"

"Sir," answered the grinning Bill Dial, reaching over and drawing the girl half out of the saddle so that her glinting black hair snuggled at his chin, "please proceed! Mrs. Dial and I are off on our honeymoon—" he jerked a thumb over one shoulder—"somewhere back here in this—er little patch of mountains!"

It might have been noted, as the two horseback honeymooners threaded their way westward through the dark spruce timber, that the black haired cowgirl seemed perfectly content now to let her saddle horse follow exactly in the tracks of her mountain cowboy husband.

New Deal in Little Tesuque

(Continued from Page 25)

couraged with picnics by having to eat with the lunch spread on the ground where it has been accessible to crawling insects and loose sand are hereby assured of the elimination of these camping detriments.

Rustic though substantial bridges add to the beauty of the scene as the road winds gracefully back and forth over the brook, now on one side and then on the other side of the canyon. These bridges act as backgrounds for snap shots of girls in tennis shorts who are seen posing for each other. On Sunday afternoons the shouts and laughter of children fill the air; groups of two, three, and more persons are seen as they take short forays up the little ravines.

Short hikes to the tops of the not too high ridges ultimately lead the more adventurous to a wide flung view of the sun browned expanses of New Mexico's truly spacious landscapes. To those whose footsteps have led them to these heights from the noise and nerve wracking life of distant cities the immense solitude of this section becomes immediately salient. This colossal contrast acts as a powerful narcotic and balm to the soul of those who are seeking utter relaxation. Even to you who are acquainted with New Mexico's natural delights a new thrill may be easily expected.

Away to the southwest, 150 miles, is seen the great Mount Taylor thrusting its hoary snow-encrusted peak high into the clouds which at times float above the lofty San Mateo range. Eleven thousand three hundred and eighty-nine feet it stands in glorious outline. And to the north just within the range of a young, clear eye, are the San Juan mountains just over the distant Colorado boundary. To the South is the famed Ortiz mountain which years ago beckoned the desert prospector to its treasures of gold and turquoise.

A glance through a field-glass brings from afar, into the im-

mediate foreground, the locations of ancient *pueblos*; epitomes of antiquity. Cliffs formed by winds laden with diamond edged desert sands suggest the frame of an immeasurably great and beautiful picture as though the best painting of the Greatest Master were laid flat on its back in this land of yellows, reds, blue-grays, orange, green, and turquoise.

Into this attractive enterprise went the efforts of the Civilian Conservation Corps whose membership included native sons, boys from West Texas, and other nearby Southern states. Boys who upon completion of their schooling found no employment due to no fault of their own. Hitch hikers, enforced transients, and others who found themselves without homes or necessities were encouraged into participating in this admirable work. Here they recovered a lost self-confidence, a lost self-respect, and in many cases, a lost perspective, as they poured their energies into the task of beautifying such places as Little Tesuque, and in assisting their families with part of their earnings.

During the work on this project the number of boys actively engaged averaged about 185. The work was planned by and under the direct supervision of F. G. Chesser, in cooperation with the Army engineers and the regular staff of commissioned Army officers, stationed in Santa Fe. Diligently these boys applied themselves in Little Tesuque from May 24, 1933 to November 17, 1933. One of the greatest advantages accomplished by this undertaking is not immediately apparent to the casual observer, namely, the benefits these boys derived from regular outdoor labor accompanied by three full meals of high quality foods daily. Another fine influence of national importance was the character building environment afforded by their association with their Army officers and other leaders. Coupled with this was added their physical rehabilitation all of which tended to perfect their individual orientation.

This, of course, may not be of very much importance to the person interested in a pleasant week-end in Little Tesuque, but it is important to all of us when considered from a national and social aspect as the case of this project must be multiplied several hundred times in dozens of camps throughout the United States.

If as yet you have not taken advantage of this new type New Deal picnicking you should at once plan an evening or a week-end amid the charms of Little Tesuque, or one of the other spots improved by the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Let the critics have their criticism, but let the industrious find their recreation where the wonders of the Master Mind have been rendered more useful by a far sighted Administration.

New Mexico Goes to the Fair

(Continued from Page 12)

Commission made up of Arthur Prager, Albuquerque, chairman; T. V. Conway, Las Vegas; Col. Nathan Salmon, treasurer, Santa Fe; Herman Schweitzer, Albuquerque; Mrs. Margaret Abreu, Springer; Berton I. Staples, Coolidge; J. G. Valdez, Raton; Col. A. T. Woods, Artesia, and Frank Knight, Las Cruces. The commission named Coe Howard of Portales, secretary and manager of the exhibit. Under his direction this notable show has been staged.

In conjunction with this exhibit Mr. Howard has arranged with A Century of Progress for "New Mexico Day" on Tuesday, August 14, when the state will offer a program in the big stadium in the Court of States. Special trains are to be run from New Mexico, leaving on Sunday, August 12 and reaching Chicago on the morning of August 14. They will return leaving at midnight Friday, August 17 and be back in New Mexico, Sunday, August 19. Those who make the trip will be gone just one week and have four full days at the fair. Mr. Howard has announced that very low round trip railroad rates have been arranged so that the trip can be made comfortably and economically for those who may desire to go from New Mexico.

Every citizen of the state who can go to A Century of Progress will profit by the trip, there is little question. It is a wonderful exposition and the fact that New Mexico has one of the best showings there adds to the pleasure a citizen of the state can get from the exposition.

More than 22,000,000 persons attended A Century of Progress last year. That record seems endangered this year despite the fact that it is the first time that so great a show attempted doing an encore. But the investment in the exposition was nearly \$40,000,000 and the sponsors felt so large an investment should be entitled to a full run before the wonderful and colorful structure and exhibits were relegated into the discard.

A Century of Progress—and the writer knows from visual experience—is the greatest show of all time. It is an education and a liberal one. And, best of all, New Mexico is taking a real and important part in the show.

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A Chronicle of Johnson Jackson Jones

(Continued from Page 23)

One is editor of a Spanish weekly newspaper.

One of them is president and one vice-president of one of the largest banks in the state.

And one of them is editor and owner of the only weekly newspaper in the United States devoted exclusively to the Johnson Jackson Jones family, with subscribers in thirty-five states, Canada, Mexico, China and a couple up in Sandoval County.

To end this chronicle of the house of Jones without some mention of those of the family who lost their fight would not be giving the reader a true picture of things as they are. Not every man who came to New Mexico looking for health has made the grade. There have been many who neither drove a taxi nor became a merchant prince. There has been heartbreak and tragedy in the lives of many of the Joneses, and the sun that shines so warmly on the south side of *adobe* walls has also looked down on blasted hopes. For New Mexico is not a magic land where men leap from ill health into glowing robustness over night.

But the Johnson Jackson Jones family does flourish here, even as herein set forth. And even as herein set forth the boy from Jersey, or Iowa or Michigan, who today is whooping it up out in the sun, may next year be one of the bankers in the state, or a printer, or a laundry owner, or even perhaps (Heaven help him!) editor of a weekly newspaper with subscribers in thirty-five states, and possibly, by good management, a couple over in Tucson, Arizona.

Art and Artists of New Mexico

(Continued from Page 17)

of what the Rio Grande pueblos were doing with their art, neither did he know of the Kiowa art, so when he came to Santa Fe he found so many Indians doing paintings that he was surprised and wanted to know why? For he had been working alone at home, and knew only one or two other Hopi artists, and in his isolation he thought they were all who were painting.

He met with success from the start, and his water colors are sought by collectors every where. He has exhibited with the Tribal Arts, Inc., and now has a showing of his work at the University of Chicago, and in New York. His paintings are included in the government's collections under the PWAP at Washington, at Stanford University, in California, as well as in the private collection of Miss Elizabeth E. White of Santa Fe and New York, Mrs. Katherine Harvey and the Princess Tsianna, of Chicago. A number of his paintings are soon to be reproduced in the School Art magazine.

At the present time he is engaged in doing some mural decorations in the new Plaza Hotel in Santa Fe, showing symbolic designs and decorations, done in the brilliant and arresting colors always found in the work of our Indian artists. The future career of Mootzka will be watched with great interest because of the very promising beginning he has made. He is still young and much can be expected of him.

Price of Baby Pheasants Proves Very High

TWO small boys at Roswell recently found a pheasants nest, picked up four baby pheasants and sold them to a Mr. Steve Williams for a nickel. Later they secured six more and it is reported traded them to the same man for a bottle of pop. Next comes District Deputy Stevenson and takes over the situation, gives the boys a good talking to, and cautions them against further robbing of pheasants nests. The purchaser of the pheasants was prosecuted, convicted, and fined \$100, and now Deputy Stevenson is trying to raise the 10 baby pheasants with a hen in his back yard.

A New Penalty for Violation of the Game Laws

JUSTICE of the Peace Don Quintana recently fined Don Duran of Penasco \$25 for fishing without a license. Mr. Duran was unable to pay the fine and was therefore sentenced to serve 25 days in jail. This looked like a waste of time to a local Forest Ranger, and therefore the Forest Service agreed to feed him for 25 days and put him to building fish dams in La Junta Canyon to improve fishing conditions there. This arrangement was agreeable to the Justice of the Peace and to the defendant as well. So as a result of this violation we will have a considerable amount of stream improvement work accomplished.

The Highway Journal

A Record of the Activities of the
New Mexico Highway Department

GOV. A. W. HOCKENHULL, CHIEF EXECUTIVE

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LUIS C. DE BACA, <i>Secretary</i>	MOSQUERO
P. L. RAPKOCH, <i>Member</i>	LAS CRUCES
H. H. DORMAN, <i>Member</i>	SANTA FE
C. E. MAULDIN, <i>Member</i>	CLOVIS

ADMINISTRATIVE

G. D. MACY, <i>State Highway Engineer</i>	SANTA FE
F. G. HEALY, <i>Assistant S. H. Engineer</i>	SANTA FE
N. W. McCLUSKY, <i>Assistant S. H. Engineer</i>	SANTA FE
R. L. ORMSBEE, <i>Chief Clerk and Auditor</i>	SANTA FE
R. W. BENNETT, <i>Office Engineer</i>	SANTA FE
E. B. VAN DE GREYN, <i>Br. Eng. & Ch. Drafts</i>	SANTA FE
L. C. CAMPBELL, <i>Materials Engineer</i>	LAS CRUCES
L. D. WILSON, <i>Right-of-Way Engineer</i>	SANTA FE
FRANK HORN, <i>Supt. of Equipment</i>	SANTA FE

DISTRICTS

C. G. WILLHOITE, <i>District Engineer No. 1</i>	DEMING
FRANK SCOTT, <i>District Maintenance Supt.</i>	DEMING
W. R. ECCLES, <i>District Engineer No. 2</i>	ROSWELL
L. J. VAUCHLET, <i>Assistant District Engineer</i>	ROSWELL
H. H. ROBINS, <i>Office Engineer</i>	ROSWELL
F. D. HAWLEY, <i>District Engineer No. 3</i>	LOS LUNAS
T. G. BROWN, <i>Assistant District Engineer</i>	LOS LUNAS
GEORGE W. BROWN, <i>District Engineer No. 4</i>	SPRINGER
L. B. TYSON, <i>Assistant District Engineer</i>	SPRINGER
GUY MAYES, <i>District Engineer No. 5</i>	SANTA FE
F. M. LIMBAUGH, <i>Assistant District Engineer</i>	SANTA FE

PROJECT ENGINEERS—NRH AND NRM

C. A. PARR—NRH 4.....	Laguna
P. M. MORRISON—FLH4 and SP830-A.....	Carlsbad
C. B. CASE—NRM 25, 63 E and 142-A.....	Clovis
W. O. EDGINGTON—NRM 51.....	Socorro
C. G. GROSVENOR—NRH 54.....	Rodeo
CHARLES JOHNSON—NRM 65.....	Espanola
A. L. MEADOWS—NRM 68 and 104.....	Hot Springs
FRANK ESTES—NRM 97-F.....	Vaughn
E. L. STOCKTON—NRM 101 A and C.....	Aztec
J. H. MORGAN—NRM 137.....	Portales
O. D. COWART—*148-E.....	San Lorenzo
W. E. BROWN—*148 F.....	Kingston
A. J. GILBERT—NRH 151-A and B.....	Albuquerque
M. L. ILFELD—NRM 152-C.....	Las Vegas
K. D. McCARRY—NRM 163-A.....	Carriazo
J. R. ISLER—NRM 165-B and 165-C and D.....	Alamogordo
C. F. GREER—NRH 178-B (Surfacing).....	Albuquerque

LOCATION ENGINEERS

R. P. NELSON—179-B.....	Vaughn
L. C. DAVES—218-A.....	Dixon
L. M. CARL—89.....	ELIDA

* State Aid Projects.

State Highway News

Santa Fe is Selected for First National Convention Ever Held in New Mexico

ON November 12th Santa Fe will be host to the annual meeting of the American Association of State Highway Officials, representing every State in the Union and including territories of Alaska and Hawaii.

Several days will be taken up in session by the visiting delegations of State Highway Officials.

Over four hundred highway officials and engineers will attend this major convention. Elaborate plans are under way to welcome the visitors to the Sunshine State. Tours and sightseeing trips to Carlsbad Caverns, Indian Pueblos and other points of interest are being arranged. La Fonda Hotel has been designated as official headquarters and Charles J. Murphy, Publicity Manager, will have his office there.

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Bids Opened June 26

The Highway Commission awarded three contracts at the letting on June 26. Three National Recovery contracts were awarded as follows:

U. S. PUBLIC WORKS PROJECT NO. N. R. H. 4 SECOND SECTION

U. S. Public Works Project No. N. R. H. 4 Second Section located in Valencia County on U. S. Route No. 66 between Los Lunas and Gallup. The approximate length is 4.005 miles.

The proposed work consists of grading, minor drainage structures, base course surfacing and miscellaneous construction. Contract awarded to Dudley Stone Products Co., El Paso, Texas for \$35,954.56.

U. S. PUBLIC WORKS PROJECT NO. N. R. H. 165-C (Top Course Surfacing)

U. S. Public Works Project No. N. R. H. 165-C (Top Course Surfacing) located in Otero County on U. S. Route No. 70 near Alamogordo. The approximate length is 2.754 miles.

The proposed work consists of triple asphalt surface treatment and additional shoulder surfacing material.

Contract awarded to Dudley Stone Products Co., El Paso, Texas and Capitol Construction Co., Santa Fe, N. M. for \$16,706.30.

U. S. PUBLIC WORKS PROJECT NO. NRS 209-A

U. S. Public Works Project No. NRS 209-A located in McKinley County on State Road No. 68 between Gallup and Fort Defiance beginning approximately 8 miles north of Gallup. The approximate length is 6.023 miles.

The proposed work consists of construction of two concrete box culverts one being a triple 8'x7'x36' and the other a double 6'x8'x56'; and base course surfacing.

Contract awarded to Brown Bros., Albuquerque, N. M. for \$22,236.79.

"Roads To Cibola"

NEW OFFICIAL TOURIST GUIDE OF NEW MEXICO
Published by the New Mexico State Highway Department
IS NOW AVAILABLE

THE attractive state advertising booklet "Roads to Cibola", completely revised and profusely illustrated with strip maps and scenes of the magnificences to be found only in New Mexico, are now ready for distribution.

Requests should be directed to the New Mexico State Highway Department at Santa Fe for "What to see and how to do it" in the Sunshine State, as described in this handy little travelogue, which will be mailed out free, along with the new 1934 highway map of New Mexico.

Highway Transport Topics

President Roosevelt Said

WHEN he signed the great road bill on June 18, the President said: "As long as the roads of the Nation are used by more than 24,000,000 automobiles and trucks, construction and improvement of roads will be of major importance.

"The Hayden-Cartwright act seeks to stabilize highway building with Federal and State funds by insuring a work program for the next three years of far-reaching proportions and benefits.

"Highway work under the national recovery act now is more than 90 per cent under contract or advertised for contract, and the new program is necessary to sustain highway employment on an adequate and reasonable scale for the remaining period of recovery.

"The act also provides for a gradual tapering off of emergency highway expenditures and lays the foundation for a return to normal expenditures."

"The act provides that States, to be eligible for full participation in Federal aid, must continue to use for roads at least whatever portion of their revenues from taxes on motor vehicles now is authorized by law to be expended for highway purposes. Notice also is given to the 44 State Legislatures which will convene early next year that unmatched emergency grants are to be abandoned, and that there is to be a return to the established plan which requires that the States shall meet the Federal Government half way in paying the cost of new construction."

Motor Tourist Business on Increase

EXPENDITURES by motor tourists in the United States during 1934 will exceed any year since 1929, the American Automobile Association predicts.

In a preliminary survey of the outlook for recreational travel this year, the national motoring body declared that if the current trend continues motor vacationists will spend during 1934 some \$450,000,000 more than they spent in 1933.

"This sum," says the A. A. A. statement, "will represent an increase of approximately twenty percent and will bring total tourist expenditures close to the three billion dollar mark." It continues:

"Our estimates in the main are based on the tremendous increase in recreational business at the winter resort areas during the winter and spring months of this year, on the early interest in accommodations and facilities in the summer resort areas, and on the large volume of inquiries addressed to A. A. A. clubs throughout the country by club members and by the general motoring public as regards plans for summer and fall tours. Even if there should be a seasonal slackening of general business, there is every indication that motor travel as a basic asset to national business is very definitely on the upgrade."

Citing figures to show the distribution of the tourist dollar, the Association says:

"There is a great deal of misunderstanding as to where the tourist dollar goes and whom it benefits. It goes, in effect, into every channel of trade and commerce. If this year's total bill should, as is now indicated, reach \$3,000,000,000, it would be divided somewhat as follows: Transportation, that is, car operation, gas and oil, and so on, would account for some \$600,000,000. Hotels and other types of accommodation would benefit to the extent of \$600,000,000. Retail stores, patronized largely by women for outfits, linens, lotions, rugs, and whatnot, would get the large slice of \$750,000,000. There would be spent in hotel dining rooms, restaurants and eating places in general, \$630,000,000. Theatres, golf courses, riding clubs, fishing, hunting and other forms of amusement, would account for \$240,000,000, while expenditures for refreshments, candies, confections, would run to \$180,000,000. There is no type of expenditure that flows so evenly and so continuously through the community as a whole."



Year's Work on Federal Highways Nearly Equals Road Around Earth

RECORD speed in putting highway work under way is reported by the Bureau of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture. On June 23, 1934, just one year after apportionment of the \$400,000,000 highway appropriation provided by the National Industrial Recovery Act, an average of nearly \$1,000,000 a calendar day had been put to work by the State highway departments in the construction of public works highways. The improvement of more than 22,000 miles of public roads and streets—a mileage sufficient to build a road almost around the world—will be the result of the expenditure.

The record of the road building operation under the supervision of the Bureau of Public Roads showed on June 23, 1934 the following disposition of the \$394,000,000 apportioned:

Status	No. of Projects	Public Works Funds	Miles of Highways
Projects completed	2,161	\$ 66,040,000	6,360
Projects under construction	4,963	266,190,000	14,062
Projects awarded but not under construction	580	18,258,000	1,006
Total contracts awarded	7,704	350,488,000	21,428
Projects approved but not under contract	394	15,440,000	871
Total obligated	8,098	365,928,000	22,299
Amount apportioned		\$394,000,000	
Percentage of apportioned funds obligated to projects		92.9	

The task was complicated by the fact that new relationships between Federal and State highway authorities had to be established in municipal and secondary road construction. The preparation of programs by the various State highway departments also was necessary before construction could begin. In spite of the new relationships necessary, the State highway departments functioned smoothly and effectively in the \$400,000,000 highway program, as had been anticipated by Federal authorities.

Of the part of the \$394,000,000 fund available for roads on the Federal aid highway system outside of cities, 95.4 percent of the available money has been allotted to projects for improvement of

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11,922 miles of highways, of which 4,061 miles have been completed in the year. On extensions of the Federal aid highway system into municipalities, 89.3 percent of the funds has been obligated on 1,813 miles of wide city streets with much complicated construction, of which 433 miles have been completed. In the secondary road program involving improvement of rural roads not on the Federal aid highway system 92.3 percent of the funds available has been obligated for improvement of 8,564 miles of highways of which 1,866 miles have been completed in the year.

Employment under the program totaled 246,192 men on June 23, 1934. This is only the direct employment on the roads and does not include the workers indirectly employed in quarries, mills, and factories and in the transportation of road materials, the number of which is estimated at nearly twice the direct employment.

The elimination of many traffic hazards is one of the chief results accomplished in the year's work. Hazards such as narrow roads and bridges and dangerous grade crossings at both railroads and highways have been reduced in number. Sidewalks have been provided to protect pedestrians on heavily-traveled highways. Every State is now making provision for roadside improvement to increase the attractiveness of the roads.

The Federal highway program inaugurated by the National Industrial Recovery Act not only is providing direct employment for almost a quarter-million men and stimulating employment in industries related to highways but is also serving to reduce the dangerous congestion on the public highways.

**Motor Vehicle Registration Declined Slightly in 1933**

THERE were 23,827,290 motor vehicles registered in the United States in 1933, a decline of 1.2 percent from the previous year, according to reports from State authorities to the Bureau of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Passenger vehicles in 1933 numbered 20,600,543 as compared with 20,883,625 in the preceding year. Trucks totaled 3,226,747 as compared with 3,229,315 in 1932, a decrease of 0.8 percent. There were 472,789 trailers registered in 1933 and 91,987 motorcycles.

Considering the trend of motor vehicle registration from the peak of 26,545,281 in 1930, the declines in total registered motor cars and trucks have been 2.8 percent in 1931, 6.6 percent in 1932, and 1.2 percent in 1933. Truck registration also declined in 1931 and 1932.

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Santa Fe Dedicates

(Continued from Page 13)

This work was under the direction of the U. S. bureau of public roads, John D. Slye of Santa Fe being the local engineer, and J. A. Elliott of Denver, the district engineer in charge for the bureau.

Great credit must be given Mrs. N. B. Laughlin for her donation of right-of-way which made the project feasible.

This project was subject to rigid inspection on the part of the highway department and the bureau of public roads, and we feel that Santa Fe has a structure which is one of the finest and most durable in the southwest and one which the city can well be proud of. This project was constructed without any cost whatever to the city of Santa Fe."

The designer of "Puente de los Conquistadores", W. E. Strohm of the bridge department gives his views as follows:

The reinforced concrete rigid frame bridge recently erected in Santa Fe over the Santa Fe river is the first of its type to be built in the state by the Highway Department. Although used to a considerable extent by the Westchester County Park Commission in New York State and on a limited scale by other road departments, and by the Bureau of Public Roads for small spans on the Mt. Vernon Memorial Highway, its use has not yet been widely adopted.

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Usual methods of stress computation for rigid frames are somewhat lengthy, and each individual structure requires a separate analysis for which time is not always available. In the case of articulated short bridge spans, design computations are readily and quickly worked out, and sometimes design drawings are already available. Therefore in cases where time is a factor, the selection of an articulated structure is probable, and the use of the rigid frame will be confined to locations requiring a span of the aesthetic qualities obtainable in this type.

The rigid frame type of construction consists of span and abutments built monolithically, in contrast to the usual articulated type of structure where the span is supported upon abutments whose function is to support the vertical load of the span and the horizontal pressure of the backfill.

In the rigid frame type the horizontal pressure of the backfill on the vertical legs relieves the stress in the center of the span caused by the vertical load. Heavy bending stresses occur at the haunches or junction of span and vertical legs, requiring greater depth of section there, than at the crown. This results in a profile somewhat resembling an arch, except that a smaller ratio of rise to span is obtainable than is possible in a reinforced concrete arch,

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HOBBS

NEW MEXICO

and thus providing larger waterway area than an arch where spans are equal.

The prominent location of the new structure and the proposed State Park landscaping along the Santa Fe river suggested the selection of a bridge with the graceful lines of the arch.

Speedy Justice Meted Out to Game Law Violators

DISTRICT Deputy Tom Holder gets the record so far this year for securing prompt conviction of 3 game law violators near Las Vegas. It seems that Fred Fore of Las Vegas, and A. L. Messic of Tuttle, Oklahoma, drove out into the mountains near Las Vegas on June 19 where they killed a doe deer, and transported the meat back to Las Vegas on the 20th, only to be picked up there by Tom Holder who took them before Judge C. N. Douglass where the men plead guilty to illegal possession of deer meat and were each fined \$50 and costs amounting to an additional \$28. This is one of the most deliberately planned, and one of the boldest violations that has occurred in recent times, and we are mighty glad that the violators were so promptly apprehended and brought to justice. We hope that this may be an example to the residents and non-residents as well, and prevent future violations of this nature.

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NR-WR (DROUTH RELIEF) PROJECTS—STATUS JULY 1, 1934

Project	Sec.	County	Location	Mileage	Total Expended to June 23, '34	No. Men Employed	Project Engineer
NR-WR 1	1	Union	Clayton-Moses-U. S. 64	35	\$198,424.00	680	G. J. Johnston
	2		Clayton-Gladstone	57			G. J. Johnston
	3		Clayton-Nara Visa	53			G. J. Johnston
	4		Grenville South	10			G. J. Johnston
	5		Des Moines-Folsom	10			G. J. Johnston
NR-WR 2	1	Harding	David Hill-Rosebud	23	88,722.00	138	N. W. Murphy
	2		Bueyeros-Ute Creek Bridge	17			N. W. Murphy
	3		Mills toward Yates	8			N. W. Murphy
	4		Roy, East and West	18			N. W. Murphy
	5		Logan-Mosquero	10			N. W. Murphy
NR-WR 3	2	Quay	Ragland-Grady	21	75,259.00	223	Geo. Davidson
	3		Logan-San Jon-Grady	40			Geo. Davidson
	4		Ragland-House	23			Geo. Davidson
	5		Ragland-Melrose	16			E. R. Parr
	6		Endee south	12			Geo. Davidson
NR-WR 4	2	Curry	Portair-Ranchvale	10	103,116.00	116	C. B. Case
	3		Grady-Ragland	5			C. B. Case
	4		Grady-San Jon	7			C. B. Case
	5		Hollene-S. R. 18	15			C. B. Case
	6		Pleasant Hill-S. R. 18	15			C. B. Case
	7		Melrose-Ragland	16			E. R. Parr
	8		Claude-Fields	30			C. B. Case
	9		Bellview-north	5			C. B. Case
NR-WR 5	1	Lea	Lovington-Portales	45	106,149.00	228	Philip Ernst
	2		Hobbs-Texas line	53			S. I. Samson
NR-WR 6	1	Roosevelt	Portales-Lovington	43	110,852.00	99	J. H. Morgan
	2		Portales-Floyd	15			J. H. Morgan
	3		Dora-Elida	20			J. H. Morgan
	4		Roosevelt Co. Panhandle	6			J. H. Morgan
Totals				638	\$682,522.00	1484	

NATIONAL RECOVERY PROJECTS COMPLETED DURING JUNE, 1934

Project	County	Mileage	Type	Contractor	Estimated Cost	Date of Completion
NRM 14-C	Santa Fe	0.441	Concrete Pavement	F. D. Shufflebarger	\$ 49,213.86	June 19
NRM 14-D	Santa Fe	0.034	50' Bridge and Pavement	F. D. Shufflebarger	37,322.67	June 16
NRM 35	San Juan	0.998	Triple Pen. Asph. Surf.	New Mexico Const. Co.	28,959.32	June 21
NRM 77	Torrance	0.741	Triple Pen. Asph. Surf.	Capital Const. Co.	14,863.17	June 2
NRM 97-A	De Baca	1.933	Oil Processing	Walter H. Denison	48,857.09	June 14
H 104 & 107-G	Sierra	10.053	Triple Pen. Asph. Surf.	S. H. Veater	39,147.18	June 8
M 108-B & 116	Eddy	1.381	Triple Pen. Asph. Surf.	Armstrong & Armstrong	27,114.40	June 12
NRH 114-D	Guadalupe	8.808	Oil Processing	Cap. Const. C.-Dudley S. P. C.	74,694.57	June 29
NRM 122-B	Socorro	2.641	Triple Pen. Asph. Surf.	A. O. Peabody	32,946.18	June 9
H 78 & 155-C-E	Mora & S. M	19.919	Oil Processing	Cook & Ransom	99,478.65	June 29
NRM 158-A	Harding	0.500	Rock Asphalt Widening	Capital Const. Co.	8,057.39	June 22
NRS 205	Taos		Structures	Leone Bros.	8,424.29	June 8
NRS 222-C	Otero		Structures	Armstrong & Armstrong	15,946.48	June 30
NRS 226	Rio Arriba		Structures	Cook & Ransom	2,500.00	June 25
NRS 235	Lincoln		Structures	Armstrong & Armstrong	7,303.61	June 21
Totals		47.449			\$494,829.86	

STATE AID PROJECTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION JULY 1, 1934

Project	County	Mileage	Type	Built By	Estimated Cost	Est. Date Completion	Est. % Complete
148-E	Grant	6.5	Grade and Drain	State—Day Labor	75,000.00	1-1-1935	30
148-F	Sierra	9.3	Grade and Drain	State—Day Labor	90,000.00	1-1-1935	75

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N. R. SECONDARY ROAD PROJECTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION DIRECT LABOR BASIS, JULY 1, 1934

Project	County	Location	Mileage	Type	Project Engineer	Allotted Amount	Estimated Per Cent Finished
201-A	Rio Arriba	San Juan Co. line-Forst. Bdry	7.0	Sand Clay	C. O. Erwin	\$ 42,500	88
201-B	San Juan	Blanco-Rio Arriba Co. line	3.0	Selected Material	V. E. Sparks	25,000	99
*203-A	Sandoval	San Ysidro-Cuba	13.0	Selected Material	G. R. Roberts	87,500	42
203-B	Rio Arriba	Lybrooks Northwest	3.0	Graded and Drained	V. E. Sparks	20,000	86
203-C	San Juan	Bloomfield south	6.0	Selected Material	V. E. Sparks	55,000	77
*205	Taos	U. S. 64-U. S. Hill	7.5	Graded and Drained	H. W. Stephens	75,000	82
206-A	Chaves	Elk-Reeves Hill	2.6	Caliche	G. M. Hart	26,500	85
207-B	Santa Fe	Lamy south	9.7	Selected Material	D. N. Townsend	45,000	94
*208	Colfax	Raton-Folsom	13.3	Gravel	J. P. Pearson	45,000	38
*209	McKinley	Gallup-Ft. Defiance	6.0	Cr. Stone	M. Wylie	40,000	90
214-A	Torrance	Bern. Co. line-Tajique	9.0	Selected Material	L. F. Carden	29,000	70
214-B	Bernalillo	Tijeras north	6.5	Graded and Drained	Roy Robertson	35,000	96
214-D	Santa Fe	Madrid-Golden	2.2	Graded and Drained	Arthur French	42,000	90
214-E	Bernalillo	Cedro Canyon S.	6.2	Selected Material	L. F. Carden	50,500	75
215	Dona Ana	San Miguel-S. R. 3	5.8	Gravel	T. H. Card	71,000	99
217	Catron	Datil-Horse Springs	27.0	Gravel	A. B. Gregg	47,500	87
219-A	Santa Fe	Santa Cruz-Chimayo	5.2	Gravel	Baker Flowers	26,000	95
*220-A	Taos	Taos Jct.-La Madera	1.9	Gravel	Arthur French	17,500	98
*222-C	Otero	Tularosa north	4.6	Gravel	J. R. Isler	30,000	85
*226	Rio Arriba	San Juan-Hernandez	3.1	Gravel	Arthur French	20,000	95
230	Santa Fe	Pojuaque-Chimayo	7.4	Gravel	Wallace Cheetham	50,000	68
231	Sierra	Elephant Butte	0.9	Crushed Rock	A. L. Meadows	13,500	95
*235	Lincoln	Ruidoso-Alto	3.3	Gravel	J. V. Duffin	31,000	53
236	Socorro	Magdalena-Fields	7.3	Gravel	C. H. Muchmore	20,000	90
Totals			161.5			\$944,000	

*Structures by Contract. 205, 222-C, 226 and 235 structures completed in June.

NRH AND NRM PROJECTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION OR CONTRACT JULY 1, 1934

Project	County	Mileage	Type	Contractor	Estimated Cost	Completion Time	Estimated Per Cent Finished
H4 Sec. 2	Valencia	4.005	Gr., Dr., and Base Surf.	Dudley Stone Prdcts. Co.	\$ 39,550.01	75 w. w. days	—
FL4 & 830-A	Eddy	19.506	Gr., Dr. & Crush. B. C.	Walter H. Denison	175,136.78	175 w. w. days	10
H20-A-B-, 164-B	Linc. & Chav.	15.920	Triple Pen. Surf.	Armstrong & Armstrong	76,990.04	100 w. w. days	95
M25	Curry	0.842	Underpass and Pave.	New Mex. Const. Co.	144,836.35	150 w. w. days	18
*M35 & 101-A-C	San Juan	1.692	Gr. Dr. and Triple Pen.	New Mex. Const. Co.	34,321.73	110 w. w. days	65
M51	Socorro	0.448	Gr., Dr., Base & Oil Proc.	Kirchhof-Hanes Inc.	71,486.45	125 w. w. days	—
H54	Hidalgo	32.620	Gr., Dr. and Base C.	Skousen Bros.	235,457.11	250 w. w. days	75
H63-A-E	Curry	11.786	Rock Asphalt	Heafey-Moore Co.	160,255.28	150 w. w. days	95
M63-E & 142-A	Curry	1.138	Rock Asphalt	New Mexico Const. Co.	42,462.15	120 w. w. days	30
M65	Rio Arriba	0.748	Conc. and Rock Asp.	F. D. Shufflebarger	45,913.82	125 w. w. days	15
M68 & 104	Sierra	1.458	Conc. and Triple Pen.	Hayner & Burns & Veater	74,092.53	150 w. w. days	30
†M77 & 95	Torrance	1.625	Triple Pen. Surf.	Capital Const. Co.	28,924.99	110 w. w. days	95
M97-F	Guadalupe	2.747	Oil-Processed	Walter H. Denison	53,767.46	100 w. w. days	15
H113-B	Valencia	7.527	Gr., Dr. and Base C.	Everly & Allison	208,796.74	185 w. w. days	85
M124-C	Hidalgo	0.249	Underpass and Pave.	Brown Bros.	58,949.02	175 w. w. days	75
M125-C	Valencia	0.589	Conc. and Oil Proc.	Wheeler, Carrico & Silver	37,706.36	120 w. w. days	95
M137	Roosevelt	1.476	Conc. and Oil Proc.	New Mex. Const. Co.	29,006.25	100 w. w. days	40
H151-A-B	Bernalillo	15.291	Rock Asphalt	New Mex. Const. Co.	278,315.45	150 w. w. days	55
M152-C	San Miguel	0.471	Concrete and Bridge	Hayner & Burn	58,048.85	150 w. w. days	17
M163-A	Lincoln	1.174	Overpass and Oil Appr.	Armstrong & Armstrong	59,434.57	120 w. w. days	30
M & H-165-B-D	Otero	3.303	G, D, BC and Oil Proc.	Lee Moor Const. Co.	84,722.49	125 w. w. days	35
H165-C	Otero	2.754	Triple Pen. Asph. Surf	Cap. C. Co.—Dudley S.P.C.	18,376.93	50 w. w. days	—
H-167-D	Socorro	9.689	Triple Pen. Surf.	A. O. Peabody	48,425.46	100 w. w. days	—
M174	Chaves	0.847	Concrete Pavement	Armstrong & Armstrong	30,600.62	100 w. w. days	90
H178-B	Bernalillo	11.736	Base Surfacing	Cook & Ransom	76,522.83	75 w. w. days	10
H178-B	Bernalillo	11.739	Grade and Drain	State—Day Labor	85,974.82	225 w. w. days	95
S211	San Miguel	7.466	Gr., Dr. & Surf.	Cook & Ransom	37,779.26	90 w. w. days	20
S222-B	Lincoln	2.234	Gr., Dr. and Base Surf.	Henry Thygesen	30,294.19	100 w. w. days	—
S227	Rio Arriba	2.644	Gr., Dr. & Surf.	Cook & Ransom	25,534.88	75 w. w. days	15
S229	Taos	0.771	Steel Bridge & Appr.	J. H. Miller & Co.	39,023.81	160 w. w. days	12
S234	Sandoval	1.913	Gr., Dr., Base & Bridge	Wheeler, Carrico & Silver	39,319.31	100 w. w. days	—
Totals		175.778			\$2,430,026.54		

† 77 Completed in June. * 35 Completed in June.

Travelers' Business Directory of New Mexico

FOR the convenience of visitors in the state, this handy reference guide to hotels, garages, service stations, auto camps and other lines of business that travelers patronize, is compiled by towns and cities.

THE New Mexico Magazine uses every precaution to carry in this directory the names of business concerns that are reputable and dependable and recommends them to its readers as such.

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Travelers' Business Directory of New Mexico

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BORDERLAND AUTO CO.—R. A. Durio, Pres. General Auto Repairing. Expert Mechanics and Speedy Service.

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BOB'S CAFE—Tourist headquarters. Open day and night. Where the best meals on U. S. 80 are served.

PULLMAN CAFE—Las Cruces' Newest and Finest. Dispensary in connection. In the heart of Las Cruces.

TORTUGAS CAFE—Bowman & Main St. Highway 80. AAA. Spanish-American and Chinese Foods. The Place Different.

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CAMP BROADWAY—On Highways 3, 80 and 85. Largest in Las Cruces. Private Garages. Rates from 75c. Newt Glisson, Mgr.

Las Vegas

GARAGES—

B. M. WERLEY MOTOR CO. Complete Ford Service. General Repairs. Day and Night Storage.

MELODY CHEVROLET CO. Chevrolet Cars and Trucks. General Automotive Repairing.

WELDERS—

CHAS. GIESE—BLACKSMITH
Chassis Repaired, Axles Straightened. Welding.

Raton

GARAGES—

GATE CITY GARAGE—I. L. Woodward Dodge and Plymouth Cars and Trucks. Complete Service and Storage.

MOTOR SERVICE—

NIXON-FOSTER SERVICE CO. Automotive Electricians—Specialists on Bearings, Ignition, Radiators, Etc.

AUTO COURTS—

SPANISH BUNGALOW CAMP—South Side of City. Colfax County's Best Tourist Camp. A Place of Real Comfort.

Roswell

SERVICE STATIONS—

BURROW'S SERVICE STATION
"We Know the Roads"
Tourist Supplies. Efficient Service.

GARAGES—

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Complete Automotive Equipment Supply House.

McNALLY-HALL MOTOR CO. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick. Complete service.

ROSSELL AUTO COMPANY
"Home of the Ford"
24-Hour Service.

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ROSSELL MACHINE AND WELDING SHOP—Electric and Acetylene Welding. General Machine Repair Work.

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PENDLETON OIL COMPANY
Roy - Farley - Des Moines, N. M. Phillips Petroleum Co. Products.

MESA CONSUMERS FUEL ASS'N. Gasoline - Kerosene - Oils - Greases. A Service Station That Gives Real Service

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES—

SANTA FE BOOK AND STATIONERY COMPANY—Books, Magazines, Stationery, and a Full Line of Sporting Goods.

GARAGES—

CLOSSON AND CLOSSON—Buick, Pontiac. A Complete Repair Service. Storage, Gas, Oil and Goodyear Tires.

SANTA FE MOTOR CO.—Chevrolet and Oldsmobile. Sales and Service. General Repairing. Storage. Everything for the Motor Car.

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SOUTHWEST ARTS & CRAFTS—Julius Gans. Retailer, Wholesaler. Indian and Mexican Goods. Come in, Watch the Weavers and Silversmiths.

SERVICE STATIONS—

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.—Opposite State Capitol. Gasoline, Oils and Complete Greasing Service.

AUTO GLASS REPLACEMENT—

BIG JOE LUMBER CO.—309 San Francisco St. Specialists in Auto Glass Replacement. Service While You Wait.

Socorro

HOTELS—

HOTEL VAL VERDE—Socorro's Best Hostelry. Famous for Food and Service. Popular Rates. W. T. Paxton, Manager.

SERVICE STATIONS—

AZTEC SERVICE STATION—On the Plaza. Standard Oil Products. "24-Hour Service With a Smile." Highways 85-60.

GARAGES—

CONLIN MOTOR CO.—Opposite Val Verde Hotel. Chevrolet Sales and Service. Day or Night. Storage. Phone 10.

GEO. E. COOK GARAGE—Gas, Oil, Greasing. Machine Shop and Welding. Repairing All Makes Cars and Trucks.

Springer

SERVICE STATIONS—

THE OIL INN—(C. N. Ford) On U. S. Highway 85—Standard Gasoline, Pennsylvania Motor Oils—Tires—Tubes.

CONOCO SERVICE STATION—Webster & Son. Wholesale and Retail Distributors. Germ Process Motor Oil—Conoco Bronze Gas.

AUTO GLASS REPLACEMENT—

STRONG & ADAMS LUMBER CO. Quick Service on Auto Glass Replacement. Wholesale and Retail Lumber.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE—

FLOERSHEIM MERCANTILE CO. Tourist Supplies—Guns and Ammunition—Complete Line of Fishing Tackle.

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DON FERNANDO TAVERN Real food and liquors. Where people meet and eat. Curios.

COLUMBIAN HOTEL AND CAFE—In the Land of Enchantment. A trip to Taos is worth its time. Karavas Bros., props.

TOURIST INFORMATION—

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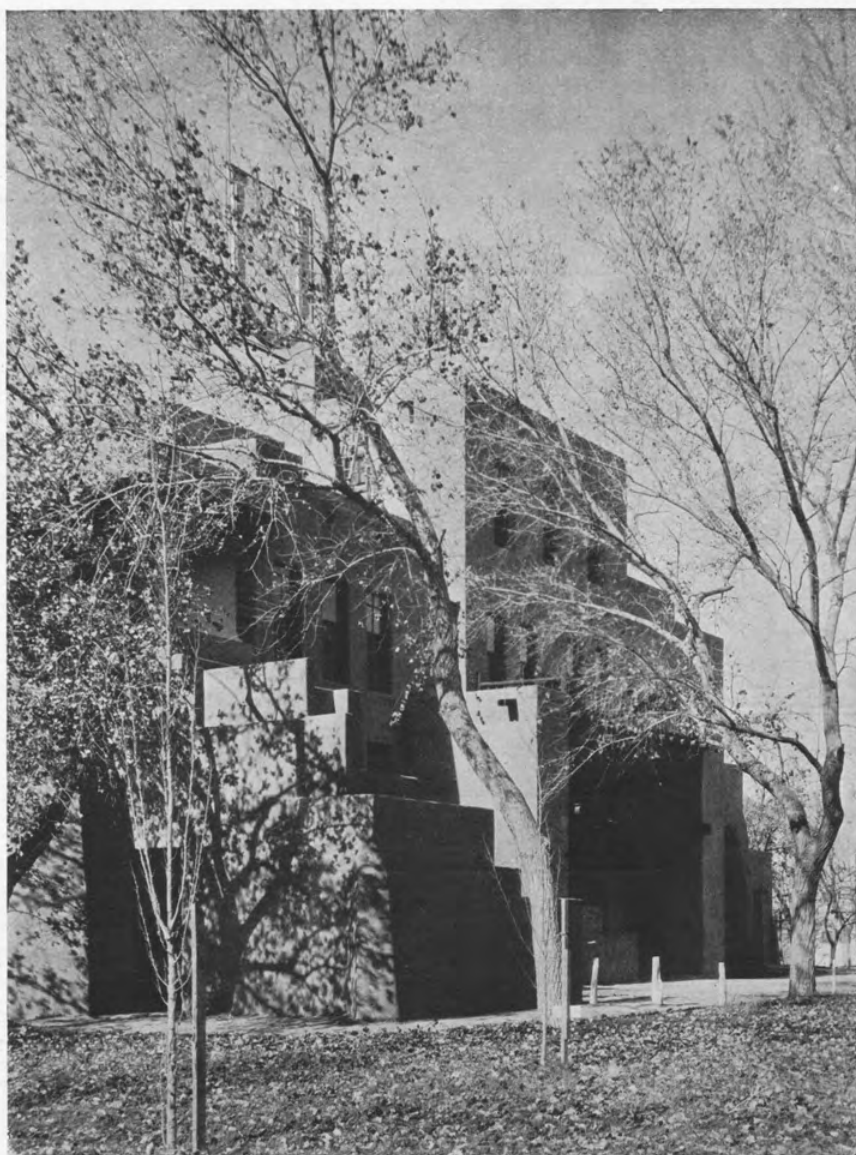
GARAGES—

G. A. EAGER—Phone 58 Ford Sales and Service. Accessories, Tires and Tubes. Repairs.

SERVICE STATIONS—

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.—On Highways 66 and 54. Bryan Cozier, Agent. Phillips Stations Give Real Service.

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The Goodyear margin of safety prevented this accident because Goodyears GRIP and STOP quicker! Tests show that smooth, worn tires skid 77% farther—and other makes of new tires skid 14 to 19% farther than the “G-3” All-Weather!

WE get a bit tired of all the “scarecopy” that’s crowding into print these days. Collisions, cars overturned, people hurt—just to sell you a tire.

So let’s take a look at an accident that never occurred—because Goodyears stop your car quicker than any other tire—and keep their grip 43% longer.

Skids—not blowouts— the real danger

The fact is, most “scare” advertising talks about blowouts, and yet only 4/10ths of one per cent of all automobile accidents are due to blowouts or punctures.

Five and a half times as many accidents are due to skidding—but tire-makers say very little about that, because their tires lack the

sure-stopping grip in the center of the tread which you can see on Goodyears.

What “the Goodyear margin of safety” means

Look at the Goodyear pictured here—and you will see big, husky, sharp-edged blocks of rubber in the center of the tread—the spot that counts, because that’s where the tire contacts the road.

Your own good judgment tells you that this center traction is important—and your judgment is verified by other car owners, who buy more Goodyear All-Weathers than any other tire in the world.

But you do not even need to trust this overwhelming proof of safety. 8,400 stopping tests, using all types of treads, showed that smooth tires

skid 77% farther than Goodyears—that the Goodyear “G-3” All-Weather will stop a car quicker than any other tire tested against it.

And that’s what we mean by “the Goodyear margin of safety”—it’s the difference between the spot where you stop with Goodyears and the spot where you stop with other tires.

Of course, Goodyears give you protection as complete as it is possible to give from blowouts, by using patented Supertwist Cord in every ply—but remember, that skidding is the real peril.

Why tempt fate on slippery treads, when Goodyears cost no more—and when the spectacular new “G-3” All-Weather gives you a bonus of 43% longer non-skid mileage?



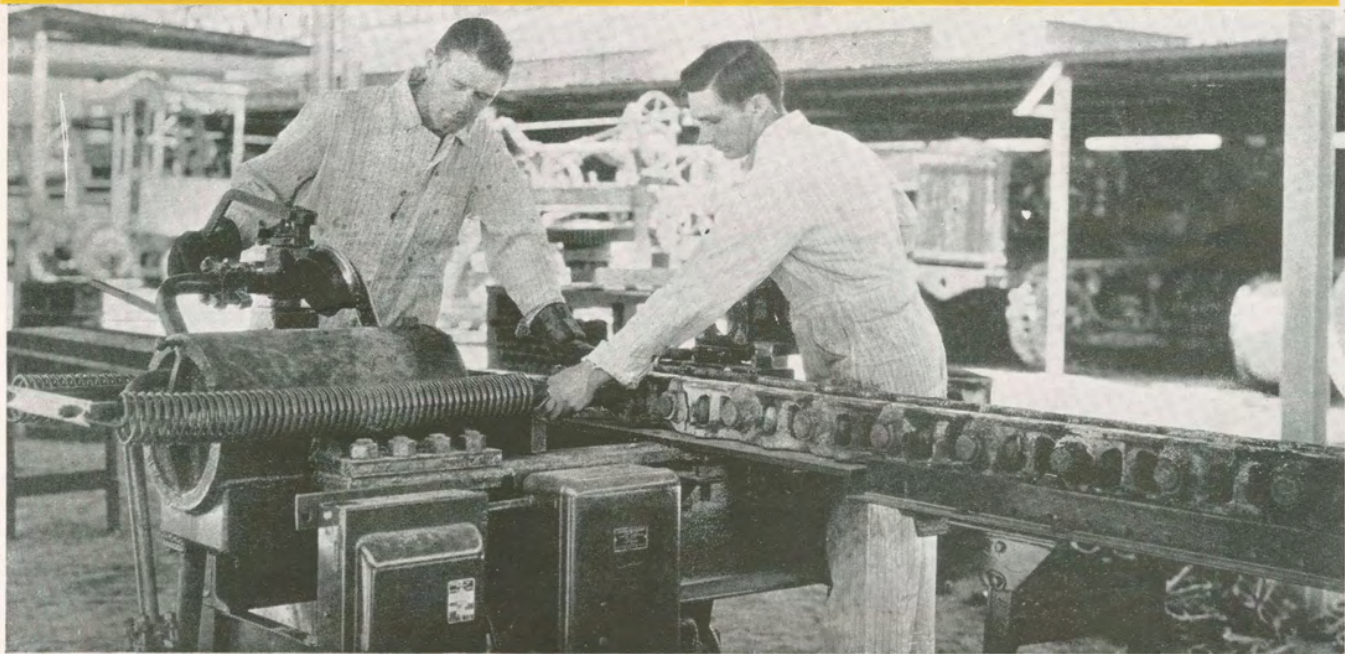
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