

HOPÍ INDIAN HOUSE

CANYON COUNTRY

WOODCUTS

BY

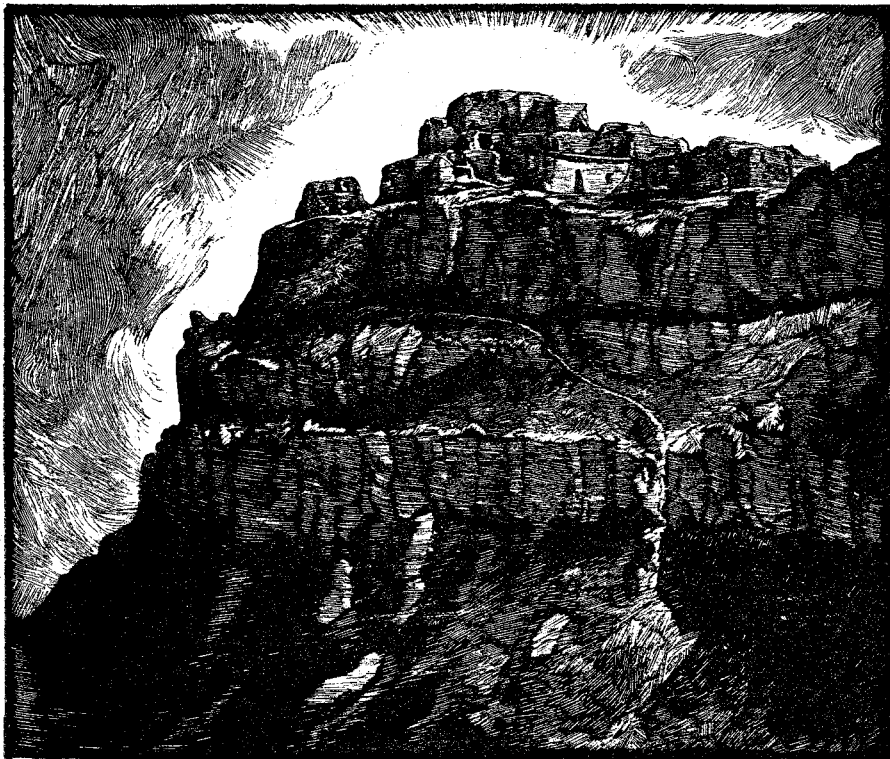
HOWARD

COOK



PUEBLO IN THE DESERT

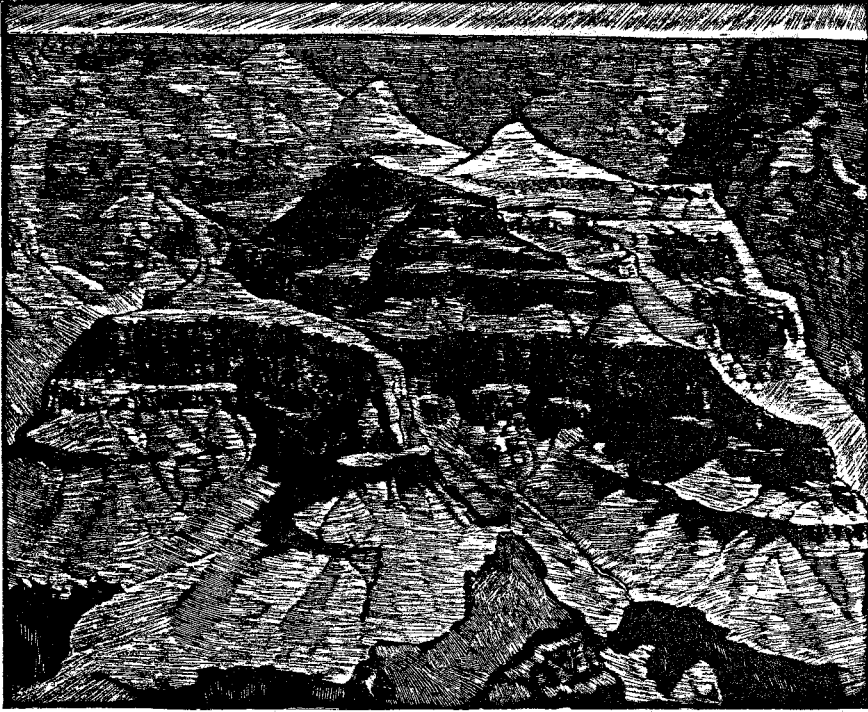
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WALPI MESA, ARIZONA - HOPI INDIANS



COLORADO RIVER



GRAND CANYON - KAIBAB PLATEAU



ARE HEROES HEROES?

FITZHUGH GREEN

Drawings by Erick Berry

THE technique of hero worship in most countries falls into a formula that, like the Einstein theory, limits the infinite. England embellishes the home-coming of a popular idol with all the colorful stage properties available in a kingdom. She then relegates the superman to a niche in her staid English country life and keeps him safe thereafter, conveniently on display like a piece of classic sculpture or a painting. Such was the fate of Marshal Haig. Spain knows that every toreador will sooner or later be gored by a bull. So she fêtes each silken hero to mad proportions, conscious that chance will terminate the frenzy of popular acclaim before it consumes the acclaimers. There was the passionate Velazques, disemboweled before his admirers only last July. France, dowered with centuries of experience, makes of Joffre a "Papa," of Gouraud a useful bestower of decorations, of Clemenceau a loved cartoon.

Not so America. Without discrimination, we seize upon the man who has become colorfully conspicuous and accord him a notoriety which, alas! expresses our emotionalism a good deal more than it does our admiration. We are as indiscriminating in our hero worship as a *nouveau riche* in a cellar of rare vintages. Our formula is that any sufficiently colorful act of daring, skill, or ingenuity makes a hero. We measure heroism not by bravery