



BOOKED *for* TRAVEL

AT HOME ON THE RANGE

LADY we know who says she is divorced from Texas, has just one frailty of which we have knowledge: she hates to lick postage stamps. This lady decided to get her decree on her last trip back home when she approached a Dallas hotel newsstand, bought some stamps, and politely asked the woman behind the counter if she would mind affixing them for her. The clerk drew back aghast, and with fire dancing in her eyes declared, "Madam, I am a Texan." That decided it then and there for our friend who turned around and said, "Oh, I thought you had run out of spit."

Another chap told us he was aboard a B-29 which was in the midst of making a landing at a Texas airport after a sensational, record-breaking flight from Tokyo. When the plane set down and came to a halt in front of a hangar, a man with a flag came running out, and before the blocks had been placed under the wheels, the door had been opened, or anybody had said hello, the ensign of the sovereign State of Texas had been implanted on the nose of the aircraft. Things go like that in Texas, as anyone who has been as far afield as the Stork Club when the band played the Texas national anthem, can attest.

Whether you think the singlehanded winner of the war was Texas or the Third U.S. Army, visitors can still find an excellent winter vacation in the Southwest. Most of the ranches are in Arizona, New Mexico, and northwestern Texas. The acknowledged dude ranch headquarters of the world is Wickenburg, Arizona, a city which derives its name from one Henry Wickenburg who, with the help of his burro, discovered the Vulture Gold Mine there in 1863. The approved version of the legend says the burro wandered from camp and Wickenburg attempted to drive him in by tossing rocks at him. One of the stones broke the ground, exposing gold.

Accommodations in the Southwest vary from resort hotels to guest ranches. But the ranches often have heated swimming pools, glass brick architecture, stables of golden palomine horses, and dining rooms with sliding roofs. Rates run from \$10 to \$18 a day, American plan. The usual hotel offers such ordinary sports as golf, tennis, ping pong, croquet. In addition there are desert rides, chuckwagon suppers, and such treks as the annual pilgrimage to Superstition

Mountain in search of the Lost Dutchman gold mine.

Out of the mesa northwest of Flagstaff, mountains known as the San Francisco Peaks rise to a height of 12,000 feet. They can be seen seventy miles away, and remain snow-capped until June. The Arizona Snow Bowl, formed by the mountains, provides one of the least publicized and most extensive skiing areas in the country. Six excellent, wide-open trails have been developed, and two tows are in operation.

The Indians had a word for Tucson, a city which greatly reflects Spanish occupation. They called it Stjukshon which has been translated variously as meaning "dark spring" and "at the foot of the black hill." Albuquerque, New Mexico's largest city, with 62,000 people, is more modern than Tucson, but nevertheless shows the influence of Spanish forces who ruled New Mexico as a province as recently as 1705.

Not the least attraction in the Southwest are the American Indians, many of whom could well become merchandise managers of big-city department stores without endangering the company's profits. They still retain many of their original customs and ceremonies, some of which are exploited for the white man's consumption, and others of which are

privately tribal. The Hopis of northwestern Arizona still stage their annual snake dance each summer using live, poisonous reptiles. The dance is offered as a prayer for rain, and in the Southwest they say the method usually works. What's good for snakebite nobody seems to know.

The Taos pueblos, just north of Santa Fe, look just like apartment houses. Two of them are six stories high. Visitors can amble through the area after paying a twenty-five cent fee and registering with the Indian governor. One recent governor, seizing upon the white man's frenzy for photography, laid down a new set of rules, "twenty-five cents for snaps—one dollar for big ones, if you sellum." With a clarity of purpose worthy of John Robert Powers, he also legislated a price list for posing, which as far as we know is still in effect. "Governor one dollar, other big men, fifty cents. Kids, squaws, and young men, two bit."

HORACE SUTTON.

Hidden Treasure

SUN IN YOUR EYES: By Oren Arnold. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1947. 253 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Garth Cate

JUST as the unique San Francisco Peaks dominate the great high plateau which is northern Arizona, so does Arnold's racy and rangey account of lost mines and hidden treasure stand out from his excellent chapters on the Pioneer Padres, the Cliff People, Sun Land Souvenirs, and some fifteen other themes that add up to a well-rounded study of the Sun Country of our Southwest. How he has made me want to get back into the Superstitions where some day someone will come across the "Lost Dutchman." The Superstitions, just east of Mesa, off to the right of the Apache Trail as it winds its way to Mormon Flats, are as photogenic a mountain range as ever bewitched a camera fan, or beckoned to a prospector. Now that Arnold has spelled the story out again, there's likely to be another gold rush, and, if the amateur prospectors will kodak as they go, breathe deeply, and rest their eyes on the near and far horizons, they will be among the richest of tourists or dudes.

Author Arnold rather overplays the physical benefits of the Southwestern sun, and he rather fails to give a well-rounded story of the impact of the long seasons of dependable sunshine on Arizona's agricultural output, amazing in variety and volume. Never a word about the great orchards of dates in the Salt River Val-



—From "Look: The Southwest."

The Southwest's Indians "could well become Macy merchandise managers without endangering the profits."

(se me, Valley of the Sun),
uma, no word for the olives,
ids, the canteloupe, only cas-
ences to the magic succession
inter and summer crops. But
us oldtimers are really wor-
Phoenix being too big for
we'd like to see the South-

chambers of commerce a little
less successful in their work. There's
too much traffic now at the intersec-
tion of Washington St. and Central
Ave. "Sun In Your Eyes" will add
to that congestion. Obviously not writ-
ten as a promotion piece, it will sure
make a lot of its readers mighty dis-
satisfied with where they're living
now, ripe prospects for the Come-to-
the-Sun-Country enticements of
American Air and TWA, willing vic-
tims of the Rock Island-Southern
Pacific's devout missionary efforts.

But how our man goes to town in
Red Hot Record, and Brand Primer.
This illustrated study and story of
branding gives a lot of real low-down
on the cattle business and a glimpse
into the hearts and minds of the old-
time cattlemen, and there are a lot of
'em left, out that way. And then
you'll understand why some artists
have referred to the "friendly wrin-
kles" around the eyes, that are the
sign of the Arizona old-timers who've
never worn dark glasses.

Arnold has written well about lost
mines, desert flowers, Western square
dances, rodeos, cowboy clothes, how
to build an adobe house, and "the most
delectable flavor man knows," which,
of course is the natural flavor of
freshly broiled T-bone steaks. If Au-
thor Arnold would like to exchange
steak addresses, my vote goes for
George Young's Central Cafe at As-
carate, just out of El Paso, Texas.

Longtime Arizonan and dean of
travel writers, Garth Cate is director
of the Travel and Trade Department
of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

New Mexico Spell

TAOS AND ITS ARTISTS. By Mabel
Dodge Luhan. New York: Duell,
Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 168 pp. \$3.75.

Reviewed by POLLY NOYES

THE ARTIST discovered Taos be-
fore the tourist, and the artist
is still king. That is part of the charm
of this little Indian village, off the
beaten track and forty miles from
Santa Fe and the La Fonda Hotel,
where, they say, if you wait five min-
utes at the bar some one you know
will come by.

Long before New Mexico dubbed
herself "The Land of Enchantment"
and hired a press agent with state
funds, the artists began to come. In



1916 came Mabel Dodge, heiress to
the Dodge fortune, dilettante in the
arts, writer and later wife of Tony
Luhan, Taos Indian. She fell under
the spell of the New Mexico scene and
has been writing about it and its peo-
ple off and on ever since, sometimes
with shocking frankness, sometimes
with chamber-of-commerce zest.

In "Taos and Its Artists," Mrs.
Luhan combines this enthusiasm with
102 black-and-white illustrations from
Taos, reproductions of the work of
Taos artists and photographs of the
artists themselves. She has catalogued
the men and their work and told
much about the village and the art
colony which has been, for the most
part, her life.

Tourists, in Mrs. Luhan's opinion,
should come from October to June
rather than from June to October to
savor the full beauty of the country.
That is when most of the artists have
chosen to paint it. And the artists,
she adds, are as hospitable as the In-
dians.

Polly Noyes, now a publicist in New
York, is the former travel editor of
the Dallas Times-Herald.

For Martians

BIG COUNTRY TEXAS. By Donald
Day. New York: Duell, Sloan &
Pearce. 1947. 326 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WALKER

DONALD DAY, once editor of *The
Southwest Review*, bit off a large
and difficult assignment when he de-
cided to write a study of the vast,
rich, and rambunctious State of
Texas, and he was even more ambi-
tious when he tried to include some
sort of sensible and plausible ap-
praisal of the Texas character. He
made a brave try on both counts,
but, regretfully, it must be reported
that he was only partly successful.

What Mr. Day has done, in essence,
is to give a quick, readable summary
of the factors which have made the
state what it is today—the pioneering
spirit, the cattle industry, cotton, and
oil. Obviously he has read widely for
his sources, and has retold many of
the old anecdotes, wisecracks, and
philosophical observations. One gets
the feeling, in going through "Big
Country Texas," that he has read
every bit of it somewhere before.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact
that Mr. Day contributes little that
is really new to the literature of
Texas, he has done a rather expert
job in assembling his material, and
his book moves along at a pleasant
lope. The well-known Man from Mars,
wondering what Texas was all about,
could do worse than skim through
these pages.

The unfortunate thing about the
book is that Mr. Day has not gone be-
low the surface, that he has skimmed
in many of his passages, and that he
contributes no original observation or
analysis of importance. The more im-
portant matters which agitate Texas
today are referred to only sketch-
ily if at all. Moreover, his discus-
sion of the leading Texans is wholly
inadequate.

For many years a New York news-
man, Stanley Walker said farewell to
New York in a magazine piece by
that name, went longhorn, writes now
from Lampasas, Texas.

SRL'S Ten Tips for Tenderfeet

- (1) **Unless you** like your meals off the mantel, don't overdo it. Ride one hour the first day, one hour the second, two hours the third.
- (2) **Don't pass** another horse and rider at anything faster than a walk. You may lose your friends and your seat.
- (3) **Keep a** horse-length behind the rider in front.
- (4) **Don't force** a horse into a fast gait going downhill; it hurts his front legs.
- (5) **When approaching** a horse from the rear, let him know you're coming, or you may get a strenuous rebuff.
- (6) **All horses are** leftists. Approach from the left, mount from the left, and refer to it as the "near side."
- (7) **In spring** a young mare's thoughts are just like anybody else's. Keep her away from crowds.
- (8) **Don't give** a warm horse a cool drink.
- (9) **Passing horsemen**, like passing bus drivers, always wave a greeting.
- (10) **Don't insult** a horse. Every man's steed is Man O'War even if it looks like the old gray mare.