

The Southwest Turns Back Its Clock Four Centuries to Honor the Exploits Of Coronado, Spanish Conquistadore

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IN THIS year of invasions of peace-loving countries, of blitzkriegs and conquests, it is somewhat ironical that one section of the United States, the only major power not yet directly involved in the second World war, should be celebrating with pageants and other ceremonies the invasion of American soil by armed forces from Europe. True, that invasion took place 400 years ago—two and a half centuries before there was a United States—and the country which these European invaders set out to conquer was occupied by nomadic tribes of savages who were far from being a peace-loving people.

It is also somewhat ironical that the leader of the invaders, who is being honored this year as a great explorer, was regarded as a failure by the powers who sent him forth. He was Francisco Vasquez de Coronado and the 1940 Coronado Cuarto-Centennial celebration in Arizona and New Mexico recalls the beginning, in 1540, of his epic journey through the Great Southwest.

The events which it memorializes began 44 years after Columbus discovered the New World. In 1536 Cabeza de Vaca and three companions, who had followed Narvaez on his voyage of exploration to Florida, began their long, weary journey from what is now Louisiana back to Mexico City. They were the only survivors of more than 60 adventurers, who had penetrated far into what is now the United States in search of gold. From the Indians they heard tales of great cities to the north where the houses were studded with gold. Their imagination fired by these yarns, they eagerly repeated the stories when they finally reached Mexico City.

In 1539 the Spanish viceroy in Mexico sent Friar Marcos de Niza to check on the reports which De Vaca had heard. His guide was the Negro, Estevan, who had been with De Vaca through all his wanderings and Estevan, who pushed on ahead of De Niza, sent back glowing reports of the great cities which lay ahead and their treasures. Friar Marcos pushed on to see for himself these great cities.

From a hilltop in what is now New Mexico he looked down upon adobe-walled cities gleaming in the sunlight and his imagination soon transformed these into the reality of the legendary golden Seven Cities of Cibola. Without bothering to investigate further, the friar hastened back to Mexico and his story stirred the gold lust of the Spaniards anew. Several of the leaders in New Spain fought for the honor of leading an expedition to conquer this new territory and recover the treasures of the Seven Cities of Cibola but Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was finally chosen as the lucky commander for the venture.

Spanish arms had completed the conquest of Mexico and the flower of Spanish chivalry rallied to Coronado's banners. On February 23, 1540, his army, composed of 250 horsemen, most of them members of the nobility, 200 foot soldiers and 1,000 Indians—grooms and servants of the Spanish cavaliers—moved out of Compostela to march north. They were accompanied by great herds of cattle, sheep, goats and pigs for food and their camp supplies, munitions and other provisions were loaded on the backs of a thousand horses and mules in their pack trains.

Coronado's expedition entered what is now the United States at the southern end of the Huachuca mountains in the region of Montezuma pass and Yaqui springs in Arizona. But his huge force with its pack trains and herds of animals proved cumbersome and delayed the explorer's march unduly, so with a force of picked troops Coronado moved on ahead, north and east, into what is now New Mexico.

The Spanish leader soon learned that he was doomed to disappointment. For instead of finding the Seven Cities of Cibola with their golden streets and their jewel-studded houses, he found only the seven villages of the Zuni Indians in western New Mexico. While they were imposing in size, with great houses rising five stories high and built of adobe, stone and wood, there was no gold whatsoever in them. Pushing eastward, Coronado came to the largest city in what was to become the United States. It was the pueblo of Pecos, which had 500 warriors who boasted that they had never been defeated.

But awed by the glitter and



Don Diego de Vargas, played by an actor in the Santa Fe Fiesta, kneels in the Plaza of ancient Santa Fe to give thanks for the reconquering of New Mexico. (Santa Fe railway photo.)

mystery of the Spanish arms, the warriors of Pecos decided not to try to resist the invaders. Instead they welcomed Coronado into their town with drums and pipes of peace and gifts of turquoise and native-woven cloth. But again there was no gold or other treasure to reward the white men for their long journey. Later the Indians of Pecos began to regret their hospitality to the strangers, so one of them, nicknamed the Turk, was persuaded to lure these gold-hungry white men away to the northeast by promising to show them the Gran Quivera, a city of silver and gold.

On to Gran Quivera.

Instead of starting directly for the Gran Quivera, Coronado seems to have marched south and eastward to investigate other Indian pueblos. He next turned east and pushed on into what is now the state of Texas where he marched for weeks over arid deserts and trackless prairies, constantly harassed by hostile Indians who were more dangerous foemen than the peaceful inhabitants of the pueblos.

After circling around in the Staked Plain region of the future Lone Star state, he turned north to seek the Gran Quivera and



As night falls on the first day of the Santa Fe fiesta, the giant effigy of "Zozobra, or Dull Care," is burned as the climax of the fireworks display. (Santa Fe railway photo.)

near the present site of Wichita, Kan., found—not the treasure houses of gold which the Turk had promised but a land where the only human habitations were skin tepees and grass lodges. It is believed that Coronado got as far east as the Palo Duro canyon in the Texas Panhandle and during his wanderings he was the first white man to cross such rivers as the Canadian, the Red, the Cimarron and the Arkansas.

Disappointed again in his search for cities of gold, Coronado started back toward Mexico. His return journey took him through southwestern Kansas, across the "panhandle" of Oklahoma, thence westward across northern New Mexico to the Seven Cities of Cibola (the Zuni towns) again, and on westward through northern Arizona. The first white man to see the wonders of the Grand canyon were members of a detachment of Coronado's army who gazed in awe upon that vast emptiness.

Retreat to Mexico.

For two winters Coronado made his headquarters at Tiguel, an

Indian pueblo located near the present town of Bernalillo, N. M. Returning there in the fall of 1541 from his vain quest for the Gran Quivera, he found his main army disgruntled and homesick for Mexico. In the spring of 1542 he suffered a severe injury and while he was on his sickbed, his captains signed a petition to return to Mexico. They finally obtained his reluctant consent and soon afterwards the indomitable leader set out on the return journey over the route he had traversed with such high hopes two years earlier.

Although Coronado's expedition was, in the eyes of his contemporaries, a sad failure because he had not brought back the gold and other treasure that was expected of him, history has written his expedition down as one of the greatest land explorations of all time. Moreover, it gave Spain a claim to a vast new territory in the Southwest and established in the Southwest a civilization, many traces of which still survive after the passage of four centuries.

Half a century after Coronado's expedition, another led by Don Juan Onate came into the valley of the Rio Grande and, establishing settlements all along the river, he set up his first capital at San Gabriel, six miles north of Espanola at the mouth of the Chama river. Some time between 1606 and 1610, Don Pedro de Peralta, the third governor of Spanish New Mexico, established the city of Santa Fe and this ancient city, which has been the seat of government of province, territory and state under old Spain, Mexico and the United States, is the scene of one of the most important events of "Coronado year," although it has been observed every year for two centuries.

It is the Santa Fe Fiesta, one of the oldest continuously observed celebrations held in the United States. It commemorates the reconquest in 1692 by Don Diego de Vargas of the vast territory which had been lost to the Spanish authorities in the great Pueblo revolt of 1680. Held on August 31, September 1 and 2, the first day of the fiesta is given over to gaiety with the populace and visitors in Spanish costumes, native orchestras playing in the Plaza and dancing by the Indians from the pueblos near by. In the evening there is a picturesque ceremony, the burning of a giant effigy of "Zozobra, or Dull Care," and the crowning of the fiesta queen.

Sunday morning is devoted to time-honored services in the ancient cathedral and in the afternoon the colorful pageant of the re-entry of De Vargas and his armored conquerors into the capital is held in the Plaza. That night there is a candle-light procession to the Cross of the Martyrs overlooking the city. On Monday the children hold their costume and pet show in the Plaza, in the afternoon there is more pageantry through the streets of the city and the climax of the fiesta comes that night with native dances and songs on the balconies of La Fonda, the leading Santa Fe hotel, dancing in the streets and finally El Baile de Los Conquistadores (the Ball of the Conquerors) at La Fonda.

Thus for three days, Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, turns the clock back two and a half centuries just as the whole Southwest has been turning its thoughts back all this "Coronado year" to the days of that great explorer and his mail-clad conquistadores.

'DANIEL BOONE'

By KARL GRAYSON
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

A MONTH after Fritz Parker joined the navy and was assigned a berth aboard the U. S. S. Marlin he was dubbed "Daniel Boone," and the name stuck. There were two reasons for it. First, Fritz came from Kentucky, and secondly, he was an expert marksman. Quite seriously he admitted it.

"Shucks," he'd say, "I can plug a dime at 50 yards, if there's a glint of sunlight on it so it can be seen. Yep. I reckon I'm about the best shot in the Pine mountain district in Kaintuckey."

At which speech his mates hooted and laughed. Their merriment bewildered Fritz. He couldn't understand what was funny about a man telling how he could handle a rifle. Good shots, he thought, ought to be pretty important to the military forces of a country, especially when there was a war on.

"You ought to have joined the army," Jake Russell told him. "There ain't much chance for a sharpshooter to do his stuff in the navy."

Fritz looked worried. "But, shucks, I been livin' on solid land all my life an' I had a hankerin' fer a boat ride. Don't the navy fellers never get a chance to shoot?" He glanced around. "Yuh see that buoy out there, the one with the bell? Well, heck, I could ring that bell in one shot." Seized by a sudden inspiration, Fritz jammed a cartridge into his rifle and demonstrated. The bell on the buoy went "ping" and Fritz grinned. "See that?" he said. "Well, I guess there ain't anyone in the army could do better."

This was directly following a deck drill and there was quite a crowd around. Everyone laughed, and there were one or two exclamations of admiration, because the buoy was some distance away and its bell was small.

And then suddenly an ominous silence fell. An officer had come up and his face was dark. "Who," he asked, "did that?"

Fritz beamed. "That was me, sir," he said proudly. "These jiggers didn't seem to think I was much of a shot, and I—"

"So you pulled a Daniel Boone for 'em, eh?" the officer cut in sarcastically. "Well, sailor, you're not in this navy to plug at bell buoys. We've got bigger guns to play with. Come along with me."

Fritz spent a week in the brig. When they asked him where he'd got the cartridge he confessed quite frankly that he didn't see the good in carrying a rifle without having a couple of bullets along in case of need, and was promptly told a few things about military regulations. The young Kentuckian couldn't understand it. The attitude of the officers puzzled him; the amusement of his mates brought a ponderous frown to his forehead. He had the good sense to keep his mouth shut, to try and figure the thing out for himself, but in this he was unsuccessful. Men without guns, and guns without bullets! And there was a war on!

Eventually the Marlin was detailed to join a convoy scheduled to escort the transport Bragantine to France. They weighed anchor in the chill of an early dawn and put out to sea. Aboard the Bragantine was a regiment of infantry. It was important that they be landed safely in France. Everyone knew this, every sailor and officer and soldier. And everyone knew that the accomplishment of the feat depended solely upon the alertness of the convoy boats.

Least affected, perhaps, was Fritz Parker. Fritz couldn't see the danger. He couldn't understand why a whole bunch of vessels like that, armed fore and aft, port and starboard with guns big enough to blow a whole city to pieces in ten minutes, should be afraid of one little U-boat. Fritz had been told about torpedoes, had read about them and heard endless discussions about them. He knew that if a U-boat ever got the chance to let one loose it might do a lot of damage. But, shucks, with all those guns he didn't quite see how they were going to get the chance.

But they did. It happened five days out of Boston harbor. There was a heavy sea running, and the air was murky. The lookouts didn't sight the periscope until it was too late. Whistles sounded, sirens screamed, bugles blared and orders were barked like the snapping of ships. The convoy began to maneuver. Deck crews rushed to their posts. Guns began slowly to swing into range. Depth bombs were released.

But the periscope had disappeared. And a white, irregular line of foam was marked across the surface of the sea, now invisible deep down in the trough of a wave, now skimming the crest of another. It came on at a relentless, furious pace, and its destination was the hulking broadside of the cumbersome Bragantine.

Below decks at a forward port-hole, Fritz Parker watched the progress of the torpedo, and into his mind flashed a picture of all the things he'd read and heard of the damage they could do. And into his mind, also, there flashed a pic-

ture of a swiftly flying grouse. There are few birds that can get through the air more rapidly than a grouse, few that are harder to hit. Only an expert marksman can bring one down when it's in full flight.

Fritz had accomplished that feat, and other feats equally as miraculous. Memory of it caused a wave of pride to surge through him. The torpedo, he thought, was traveling about as fast as a grouse. It would require quite a lead to bring it down on the wing, so to speak.

These thoughts raced through Fritz's mind in a split second, as thoughts are apt to do when a crisis is at hand. Even as he pondered the matter his hand reached back and seized the rifle that leaned close by. The rifle was now loaded and ready for use.

Fritz shoved the muzzle through the port hole, squinted along its barrel and got a bead on the torpedo. Then he swung about the same distance he'd do if it were a grouse, and pulled the trigger. He worked the lever frenziedly and shot again.

Officers and men standing on the decks of transport and convoy ships were abruptly amazed to hear a loud explosion and to see a great geyser of water stream into the air, fully 100 yards away from the Bragantine. There was a moment of awed, wondering silence, and then pandemonium broke loose.

Below decks, Fritz Parker eased the firing pin back into place, stood the rifle against the ship's side and sat down with an expression on his face that indicated he was obviously sunk in the depths of despondency. About him men were milling wildly, babbling incoherently, pounding each other on the back.

Jake Russell came up and whanged Fritz between the shoulder blades. "By God, Daniel, I never see anything like it! I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes! That's what I call shooting!"

Fritz looked up morosely and shook his head. His face wore an entirely earnest expression. There was a look in his eyes of misery and chagrin.

Scientific Land Usage

For Agriculture Urged

With an ever increasing realization of the necessity of land-use planning throughout the United States, the Commonwealth Club of California has completed a two-year study of the problem, conducted by leading agricultural experts of the state.

Some idea of the loss that has been incurred through lack of scientific land-use planning in California alone is revealed in the fact, the report cites, that during the last 10 years 300,000 acres of fruit trees and grape vines, costing from \$100 to \$400 an acre to establish, have been abandoned, and the end is not yet in sight.

From the standpoint of food needs, the report finds that with an estimated population of 131,000,000 in the United States in 1940, an adequate diet for a family of low income would necessitate 230,000,000 acres of agricultural land. For families of medium income this total might rise to 286,000,000 acres of productive land.

This means, the report holds, that the low-income class would need 1.78 acres per capita and the medium-income group 2.22 acres.

With the advent of shorter working hours and the increased travel facilities, the report finds it will be necessary in land-use planning to consider the amount of land that will be set aside for recreational facilities.

The report finds that in 1923 more than 84,000,000 acres were required to produce the net export of agricultural products and to feed farm animals used in producing them. By 1933, however, the total number of acres required had dropped to 40,000,000.

"Unless we can revive international trade," the report says, "certain areas must make great changes in the uses made of their lands. About a fifth of the wheat crop, more than half of the cotton and about half of the dried fruit crop have gone into export outlets."

Island of Slogans

Prince Edward Island, officially known as Canada's Island Province, has more inviting tourist slogans than any vacation district of similar size. The island, by its location of nine miles from New Brunswick and 30 miles from Nova Scotia, capitalizes on all the nature slogans of its two neighbors but distinguishes itself as an island of "white and silver beaches" which are so conspicuous in the island landscape, and for its Scottish heritage, the "Isle of the Bonnie birchen tree." Prominent among the slogans are "Summer Isle of Eden," "A Paradise for Deep Sea Fishers," "Charlestown, Where the Federation Was Cradled," and "The Isle Where Small Folk Thrive."

Of interest to visitors is the pleasant old farmhouse at Cavendish, the scene of L. M. Montgomery's famous story of island life, "Anne of Green Gables," with the island capitalizing on the story lure of the slogan "Seeing the Island Where Anne Sought Her Will-o'-the-Wisp."

New Autumn Suit Silhouette Registers Rigorous Changes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BEST dressed women have long since proved through experience the wisdom of investing in a new suit at the very start-off of the autumn season. In a smart suit and a goodly supply of eye-thrilling accessories you have an investment that will yield a hundred per cent to the good right through until fur coat time and then likely as not you will be wearing your suit under your coat on many a wintry day.

The call for a new suit (with accent on new) becomes positively imperative this particular fall because lines have undergone such drastic change they make a last-year model look hopelessly passe. The new silhouette somehow contrives to give the impression of being narrow and straight though as a matter of fact it does not at all times entirely eliminate pleats and other devices that insure free and easy movement. As to jackets, they are slimmed and lengthened to give the new long-torso look.

Just now the world of fashion is all agog concerning the handsome, neat and trim black silk suits made either of faille or bengaline or smart moire. The charming suit centered in the picture is tailored of black moire. The skirt is interesting because it is skillfully manipulated to preserve the coveted slender line so indicative of the new trend, at the same time that unpressed pleats are introduced. Also the long-torso contour, which is a major fashion law this season, is interpreted in the smartly tailored

jacket. The fastenings of gold buttons are especially significant, in that they confirm the report that gold jewelry and gadgets are to return this fall and winter. There's important news too, in the hat this fashionably attired young lady is wearing in that it is one of the dramatic profile shapes that's the latest, according to expert millinery advice.

The suit to the left flashes important highlights in more ways than one. To begin with, the material of which it is made is a finely ribbed woolen and all the fashion notes will tell you that ribbed weaves abound in the fabric realm this fall. Again this model gives accent to the long-er jacket vogue. The slenderizing narrow skirt is also made a feature in this instance. It is one of the very new side drape types. And now for the most telling fashion stroke of all which this mode registers—jet buttons fasten it!

The new tweeds for fall are gorgeous. The challenge is going to be whether to buy an all black suit such as the new style program proclaims for fall or to go in for colorful tweed with all your might. The ideal course of action is to acquire both, black for the more formal, dignified moments, and a carefree vividly colorful plaid contrasting a monotone skirt for nonchalant going about. Make it an all-plaid suit for that matter for the suit of plaid looms up on fashion's horizon in no uncertain way. The practical thing to do is to buy a plaid suit, also a monotone skirt that picks up one of the colors in the plaid. This will give you welcome changes that tune to time and event. For the model pictured a vivid plaid is selected for the long-torso jacket, the same topping a narrow skirt done in monotone. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Long Gloves



In this picture below-the-elbow sleeves and long gloves meet in just the right spot to look fashion-correct. These American-made slippers of velvety soft mocha make a dramatic contrast to the natural Russian lynx jacket. While the gloves' extra length and their exquisite finish give them an extravagant air, the fact that they are American made means long wear and washability, thus keeping them in the practical class.

Ladylike Fashions Keynote for Fall

The new autumn style program places the emphasis on dignity and conservatism in dress. The majority of frocks arriving are simply fashioned carrying their style message through an entirely new silhouette that narrows skirts into easy natural lines, modifies shoulders in bodice, blouse and jackets, lengthens sleeves to below elbow or to wrist.

The early call is for blacks and browns and rich greens in suit or ensembles. Hats are not freakish and they are styled to fit snugly and they are tuned to the type of hairdress you adopt.

Materials say quality at a glance. The dresses in the new collections are designed along simple wearable lines, glorified with fetching details that bespeak their newness.

And when all is said and done, you are going to be charmed with the new order of things in that good taste is evidenced all the way through heightened with dramatic touches of color in jewelry and gloves and other accessories that add fascination to the entire scheme of costume design for the coming months.

Jersey for Dress

The Coming Season

When you dress up this coming season, you will probably put on jersey, but you may not recognize it as such, it will be so changed. Afternoon dresses are being made of uncut velvet jersey and dinner gowns of ribbed crepe jersey. Evening gowns will be shown in thin chiffon gauze jersey and a two-faced iridescent jersey, each side a different color, while shiny white velvet jersey will be seen in wedding gowns.

Military Headgear From New Zealand

The picturesque headgear of the Australian and New Zealand soldiers is influencing much of the new millinery shown by London hat designers. These styles have high pinched crowns and wide brims. Some of the brims are simply flat and straight, while others turn up at one side and fasten under the chin with a military looking strap.