

1943

## Los Paisanos

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### Recommended Citation

Keleher, Julia. "Los Paisanos." *New Mexico Quarterly* 13, 4 (1943). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol13/iss4/25>

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## LOS PAISANOS

### Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

The traditional and beautiful holiday custom of decorating homes with *luminarias*, which annually made Albuquerque, and particularly the campus of the University of New Mexico, a scene of magic loveliness, has not been observed since the war. In former years, happy, carefree students threaded festival nights with golden beauty by spacing thousands of white candles in brown sand-weighted paper sacks along campus roof-tops. Admiring groups of pretty coeds directed the work from safe vantage points below, and passing faculty members called up anxious warnings in regard to life and limb. Today, those young men trace stars beneath the Milky Way in Flying Fortresses, drop blockbusters on Nazi-dominated Europe, kill "Japs" in the far Pacific.

Many of those boys were members of the 200th Coast Guard Artillery, the New Mexico anti-aircraft unit which, as all of America and most of the civilized world knows, took part in the epic defense of the Philippines. A large number of those former University students have been officially reported by the War Department as killed or missing in action. The rest of them are Japanese prisoners. Fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters have submerged their tragic sorrow in an effort to get relief to survivors through the medium of the Bataan Relief Organization, an effort dominated by a spirit fashioned centuries ago in the shadow of a Cross. In New Mexico we have living symbols of faith, hope, and charity. They are the relatives of approximately 1700 members of the 200th Coast Guard Artillery—Indians from the scattered pueblos, Spaniards from isolated mountain villages, doctors, lawyers, teachers in our town—and only their eyes speak their suffering.

Among the significant spring publications will be *Proud People*, by Kyle Crichton, which Scribner's has announced for February. The novel is New Mexican in background, characters, and theme, and will no doubt provide a great deal of literary conversation. Although the author is an associate editor of *Collier's Magazine* and has lived in

New York since 1929, his heart belongs to New Mexico. Here he regained his health, met and married Mae Collier, the daughter of a territorial judge of the nineties; here his three children were born, his first stories written, and here by his own admission live his best friends.

The years between Kyle's release from the Presbyterian Sanatorium, "a cure," and his departure from Albuquerque were busy ones. He sold advertising for the *Albuquerque Herald* and the *Albuquerque Tribune*, was commissioner of a state bureau of publicity during the administration of Governor A. T. Hannett, and for a number of years in his official capacity as manager of the Albuquerque Civic Council welcomed hundreds of newcomers to New Mexico. Off and on he pounded out and sold short stories and feature articles. Material for his stories came from the "lenadores" passing the Crichton home on East Central Avenue, from a blossoming orchard in Los Griegos in which an eastern sophisticate had several hundred mature trees cut down so that he might have a polo field, from ball games managed by the late Dan Padilla. During this period he also wrote a narrative biography, *Law and Order, Ltd.: The Life of Etefego Baca*, which today remains the classic story of the only man who bows to Billy the Kid in the number of notches on his gun.

Important recognition of Kyle's literary talent came first from *Scribner's Magazine* with the publication of one of his best stories, "For sale: A Med-Show," which won for him an associate editorship on that magazine in 1929 when he walked into the Fifth Avenue office and asked for a job. He left Scribner's three years later to become associate editor of *Collier's*, and dramatic and book critic on the old *Life* magazine, running a column in the latter called "Stop and Go." His present work takes him from coast to coast for special interviews with figures of national importance.

The book-conscious public of the Southwest will be very much interested in the fact that the University Press under the continued management of Fred E. Harvey has completed plans for the enlargement of the plant to such an extent that from now on "everything but the casing" of a book will be done by this concern. Spring publications will include *Spanish Folk Poetry in New Mexico*, by Arthur Campa, and *Campfire and Trail*, by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett. The latter volume contains many of this distinguished scholar's archaeological experiences and observations, put down in an informal essay style. Undoubtedly,

one of the most notable of the University Press publications scheduled for 1944 will be that of the hitherto unpublished 1634 manuscript of the *Memorial* of Fr. Alonzo Benavides, as translated by Frederick Webb Hodge and Agapito R y. (This 1634 manuscript is Benavides' own revision of his famous 1630 *Memorial* published in Madrid.) The edition of this famous document will be the fifth volume in the Coronado Historical Series, all of which have been edited by Dr. George P. Hammond.

The *Memorial* of Benavides, who was *custodio* of New Mexico missions from 1622 to 1630, has been a source for historians for centuries. Paul A. F. Walter, Southwestern historian and authority, has said in reference to the manuscript: "What Herodotus was to the ancient world, Fray Benavides is to early colonial history. It is nothing short of remarkable that most places described by him can be located with accuracy at the present time, and that the ethnological, zoological, climatological, and geographical observations he made casually are verified by accurate scientific research at this day. There is no other source book that could be spared so little."

Within four years after its first appearance in 1630, the *Memorial* had been translated into Latin, German, French, and Dutch. It was translated and published in complete form for the first time in English in 1900, in a periodical, *Land of Sunshine*, edited by Charles Fletcher Lummis. It was not until 1916, however, that the document was available in book form in English, translated and privately printed in a beautiful edition by Mrs. Edward E. Ayers. One of the four extant copies of the original manuscript was at that time in the possession of her husband, first president of the Field Museum of Natural History, trustee of the Newberry Library, and owner of the finest collection of New Mexicana in existence. Annotations for the Ayers translation were made by Frederick Hodge and Charles Lummis. Authorities are agreed that Mrs. Ayers' translation is a fine legacy and a lasting memorial to herself and to her husband, whose interest in the culture of the Southwest she so passionately shared. Only three hundred copies of the beautifully illustrated book were printed, and all of them were presented as gifts, not sold. Today, the Ayers edition is of course a rare item for collectors, one of whom recently placed its value at \$200. The University has one; the only other known copy here was in the possession of the late Herman Schweizer, close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Ayers.

One of the late fall publications by the University Press was *Democracy in Progress*, by Dr. T. M. Pearce, head of the English department at the University of New Mexico. Recent articles by this same author are "Some Anthropological Terms Used in the Southwest," and "New Mexico Folk Etymologies," both of which appeared in *El Palacio*. "Weapons and Names," which was published in the November issue of *Word Study*, is a review by Dr. Pearce of the custom of fighting men of giving personal names to their weapons as illustrated in the swords of Beowulf, Roland, Siegfried, in the rifles of Western frontiersmen, which they called "Sweet Lips," "Bull Thrower," "Old Blackfoot," and in the nicknamed field pieces of modern artillerymen, "Bardia," "Long Lizzie," and "Long Tom."

Mabel Scacheri, author of *Indians Today*, and her husband, Mario Scacheri, made many friends in New Mexico several years ago when they were here gathering material for this book. The Scacheris were an interesting writer-artist combination, working together in much the same fashion as do Dorothy and Nils Hogner. Mabel wrote the books and Mario illustrated them. He also did such a good job of teaching her how to use a camera, that at the time of his sudden and widely lamented death a few years ago, she was named his successor as camera editor of the New York *World-Telegram*. According to Etna M. Kelly's recent article "Career in Photography" in the magazine *Woman*, Mrs. Scacheri turns out some of the liveliest and most provocative writing on camera subjects in the country.

Erna Fergusson, author and lecturer on Latin-American affairs, left Albuquerque in December for Washington, where she has accepted a position with the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs. Her work, for which she is so ably qualified, will consist chiefly of giving lectures, writing, and meeting Latin-American visitors to the United States. Since the publication of her latest book, *Chile*, Erna has been actively identified with practically every phase of New Mexico's war effort, giving particularly of her time and talent to organizational detail concerning the newly opened Sandia Hospital and the recently incorporated *Towards Freedom, Inc.*, an organization of Albuquerque citizens vitally concerned with post-war problems.

J. Frank Dobie is, as every admirer knows, giving England and particularly Cambridge University not only "local color" but scholarship. I rather suspect that Mollie Panter Downes, London columnist for the *New Yorker*, journeyed to the famed University to see for herself

“just what” Mr. Dobie looked like. Her reference to him as Professor James F. Dobie makes him seem like a stranger, and we would like to tell the lady that everybody in America highlights the middle name. Here is what she has to say about him:

Much interest has been taken, not only in Cambridge but all over England, in the endowment, by the Cambridge Press, of a Chair of American History and Institutions here. It is the first time a body within a University has of its own volition forked out the funds, 44,000 pounds, which represents the profit on quite a lot of books, for such a professorship. The old and well-founded criticism that study of the United States has been neglected should no longer apply, for since the announcement of the University Press endowment, Professor James F. Dobie of the University of Texas has arrived at Emmanuel on a visiting United States history lectureship. After reading the rather picturesque advance press publicity the visitor received, his large and enthusiastic audiences have apparently been disappointed that he hasn't mounted the platform wearing a brace of six-shooters and a ten-gallon hat. He says that the largest number of questions he gets from the boys and girls, in informal talks outside his lecture room, concern the race question and the Five Senators and that he tackles them all bravely. On raw mornings, with the gargoyles leering dimly through the mist of the fens, pink-nosed undergraduates also ask him about American steam heating, something they would be glad to see installed here.

Local followers of the “What America is Reading” page in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* undoubtedly get as big a thrill as I do upon seeing the weekly sales of the New Mexico Book Store charted with the sales of the other leading book stores of the country. There we are listed with such book stores as Gelber, Lilienthal's of San Francisco, Kendrick-Bellamy's of Denver, Marshall Field's of Chicago, Brentano's of New York, Doubleday Doran's of St. Louis. It is fun and very revealing to compare our book tastes with those of the book-buying public at large. I hardly know of a more fascinating literary filler-in pursuit than that of watching those little dots, representing books and authors, weekly change and shift positions, one little dot sometimes slowly forging ahead, sometimes phenomenally jumping to first place, holding it for months and then disappearing. Talk about drama behind the scenes! It is all there for those who can visualize it—surging around author, publisher, advertiser, critic, blurb writer, and buyer.

All of those little pinpoints represent, no doubt, from the viewpoint of the authors, honest work and the realization of dreams and ambitions; but think of what they represent from the viewpoint of the

public! Occasionally a dot has represented a pot of gold at the beginning of a rainbow spanning from Broadway to Hollywood. But only a very, very few dots have ever represented immortality.

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER