Among the Authors

This issue inaugurates a series on "Climate for Health," by C. H. Gellenthien, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P., medical director of Valmora Sanatorium, in collaboration with Anna Nolan Clark. Dr. Gellenthien is a graduate of the University of Illinois, widely known for his work at Valmora and is recognized as an authority on tuberculosis and diseases of the chest. He has written many medical articles and has lectured frequently before medical societies throughout the country. In 1936 he was made a life member of the American College of Physicians.

Dr. Gellenthien obtained his B.S. degree in 1923 and his degree in medicine in 1926. He holds a commission as captain in the Medical Reserve Corps of the U.S. Army, is a member of the board of managers of the Southwestern Medical Journal, president of the San Miguel-Mora County Medical Society, life member of the National Tuberculosis Association.


Black Manna" in this issue is the first of two articles on Hobbs and the Lea County oil fields by Wilfred McCormick. Mr. McCormick is a professional writer who has contributed to numerous magazines, frequently to New Mexico.

Breezy Layholt fans who have missed S. Omar Barker during the summer should turn to Page 16. Breezy is back again, still looking for a job—and this month with an entirely unique idea on how to cooperate with the Game Department.

Harper Simms, who contributed "Redskin Rendezvous" to this number, was brought up among the Apaches of the Jicarilla Reservation. He was born on the Mescalero Reservation, where his father was a trader and his grandfather a missionary. In grade school and high school Simms was one of a lone half-dozen white children. After high school he studied at State College, N.M., Park College, Mo., and the University of Missouri, where he graduated from the arts school and School of Journalism in 1935. His father still op-

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Carrying the banner—“Peace and Wisdom through Beauty—the one universal language”—a new art gallery has opened in Santa Fe—The Arsuna (Art is One) Galleries, located in the Gerald Cassidy Studio house on Calton Road. It is a unit of the main Arsuna Galleries of Tulsa, Okla., under direction of Mrs. Clyde Gartner.

Painting, sculpture, music and literature are featured with paintings of Prof. Nicholas Roerich, who spent a winter in Santa Fe in 1936, as the major exhibit. Other artists represented are Gerald Cassidy, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Olif Rush, Raymond Jonson, and Josef Balos—with sculpture by Eugene Shonnard, and Bruce Wilder Saville. Literature is represented by books by Prof. Roerich, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Alice Corbin Henderson, Witter Bynner, Paul Horgan, Haniel Long, Ruth Laughlin, Stanley Vestal, Peggy Pond Church, Erna Fergusson, Lynn Riggs, and other well known New Mexico writers.

Music is under the direction of Maurice Lichtmann, formerly director of music in the Roerich Institute of Art in New York. He is giving a series of recitals on Sunday evenings during the summer. On Wednesday and Friday evenings lectures are presented by authorities on New Mexico art, archaeology, Indian art, folklore and folk plays, and other subjects of interest to residents and visitors alike.

Great interest is centered about the art of Prof. Roerich, a collection of a hundred canvases being shown. Among them are many landscapes of the Far East which might well be of our own New Mexico, such as Timur Hada, Mongolia, (see cut), its towering reddish rock formations rising against tan hills, against a blue shimmering sky. So like New Mexico, one needs to look at the title to learn his mistake.

It was this great similarity that first attracted Prof. Roerich to New Mexico, for here he found the antiquity, the unsubbged nature, the resemblance in landscape contour and atmosphere to the ancient Mongolia he loved. Here too, he found in the Indians his own people of the steppes and the Asian deserts.

One of the baffling mysteries of our New Mexico, is its fascination for all people, not alone artists, writers, students, travelers, but also for just people—ask each one why he likes it, and no two will agree. It’s the sunshine. It’s the mountains. It’s the plains, the atmosphere. “It’s just something about it here that I like,” and so the answers go. There is no doubt about its attraction, yet our State is no “come all, please all” for there are those who come who do not like her. Her mountains appall them; her skin-stretched hills depress them; her remoteness smites and baffles them. These would make her over to suit their taste, or they would flee her. They mostly flee.

To the artist, be he painter, sculptor, writer, musician, New Mexico holds all that makes for great art. This, Prof. Roerich recognized and was able to transfer to his canvas—as was shown in his Sandia Mountain, the Tewa’s sacred Oku, painted the winter he was here. Its sacred Olympian atmosphere filled the canvas and the memory of its greatness remains today with those who then saw it at the Art Museum.

Nicholas Roerich heard the voice of our land in far-off Russia where he was born at St. Petersburg, Sept. 27, 1874, of ancient Viking ancestry, and where he received his education at the University of St. Petersburg—his father, a lawyer, wanting him to follow his profession, Roerich wanting to follow art. He did both; law in the winter, art in the summer, at the Academy of Fine Arts. The profound study of art went hand in hand with the spiritual and scientific training of the University. This training gave Prof. Roerich the solid foundation on which he has built his world reputation in art and letters. He next entered Prof. Koudinjihjy’s studio, where painting was valued for its own sake, and the development of individuality was encouraged. Russian art schools of that day were not paint factories, turning out artists en masse. This accounts for the amazing individuality of the Russian artists of that period. After his graduation Roerich commenced exhibiting in leading art exhibitions where he at once attracted attention. He also published (Continued on Page 29)
Art and Artists of New Mexico

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"ART IS ONE"

articles on art antiquity especially in the field of archaeology. In 1900 he went to Paris where he studied further, under Cornelius.

On his return from Paris in 1901, Roerich was appointed Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts in Russia, was a member of its Council, as well as assistant editor of its magazine. In 1906 he returned to Paris and Italy, where he painted assiduously, the Italian primitives appealing strongly to him.

In 1909 he was elected Academician of the Imperial Gallery of Fine Arts in Russia, member of the National Academy of Khrems, of the Salon d’Automne, Paris, and honorary member of the Vienna Secession. Through the years following, Roerich gained honors and position in Russia, but life was interrupted by the Revolution and in Sept., 1920, he with his wife and two sons came to New York, instead of going to India as at first planned. Here he held his first American exhibition at the Knoeber Galleries—following which the exhibition went on tour to the principal cities of the United States, where collectors for public and private galleries secured canvases for their collections. He also secured commissions for stage settings for the Metropolitan Opera and the Chicago Opera Co., continuing his stage set successes of Europe. During this year he gave a series of art lectures in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other art centers—declaring that the “best credentials with which to enter Russia would be a song or a picture.”

In the summer of 1921 Prof. Roerich and his family came to Santa Fe, taking a house on Galisteo street, which at once became a center for esthetic discussions. To those of us who knew him at this time, and listened to his dreams of world peace, world solidarity through art, through beauty, his subsequent work for world peace came not as a surprise, but as an expected unfoldment, a natural, orderly development.

“Beauty, art, speak a universal language. It is the open sesame for all peoples. It is the one thing that endures when all else fades. Wars and pestilence may rage. Beauty sits supreme and waits, secure in everlasting understanding and ultimate appreciation.”

This was then and still is Prof. Roerich’s belief, and from this he has worked to establish his world conception of “Unity through Beauty,” which culminated in 1930 in the Roerich Pact for the protection of works of art, museums and galleries, and outstanding architectural buildings and monuments in time of war. The pact was signed by the leading nations of the world.

From this recital, the value and importance of an exhibition of Prof. Roerich’s work can be seen.

Among the canvases shown at the Arumna Galleries in Santa Fe are three very large ones. The Cross Roads, a great mountain, showing on its slopes a lamasery of many rooms, built on the spot where, according to the Tibetan tradition, the paths of Jesus and Mohammed crossed. Roerich delights in preserving in pigment, the legends of these aged old countries. Another, the “Star of the Hero,” shows a night scene, a towering peak darkly outlined against the night sky, star studded with a golden comet cleaving the blue dome, while a faithful hermit, lighted by the windows of the lamasery watches. This is the story of the second coming of the Messiah whose sign is to be a brilliant comet sweeping past.

There are others illustrating the myths and legends of the Far East together with presentations of landscapes—the towering snow-clad Himalayas and the softer landscapes of the deserts and plains. His canvases are characterized by simplicity and rhythm of form, rich glowing color, sincerity of purpose, economy of line, and a deep significant spiritual quality rare among painters of today.

Prof. Nicholas Roerich is a great man, and a great artist. He is also a poet, with several volumes to his credit; and, as might be judged, a prodigious worker.

In Praise or Appraisal

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to his brother, Steve Elkins. The trip got along nicely, but approaching the Colorado line they were captured by a band of renegade Indians who took them to their camp.

“After several days while awaiting the return of the Chief, the Indians decided to make them run the gauntlet. Just as they were getting ready, a great toto went up beyond the camp, and word was passed that the Chief and his men were coming.

“When the council gathered, John Elkins and my father were brought before them, and to the astonishment of all the Indians the Chief said, ‘Hello, Elkins; hello, Logan.’ As I recall the story, they were in the presence of Charley Bent, who was supposed to have been in the Confederate service but who had never surrendered. No doubt the Chief he returned from was one of his raids, intended to cripple Federal forces of any kind.

“Well, the result of the council was that Charley Bent gave them an Indian escort to Santa Fe—and I guess Steve Elkins had the pleasure of his carriage.

“Father also knew Dick Wooton, of Toll House fame, as well as Maxwell of the famous Maxwell Land Grant . . . .”

To our readers and to the U. S. Potash Companies apologizes for incorrect listing of Santa Fe Fiesta dates in the August U. S. Potash Company advertisement. Dates as carried in this advertisement originally were correct but dates were changed by the Fiesta committee to Sept. 11, 12, and 13. Through oversight the dates were not changed in the advertisement.

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