SANTA FE'S PROUD POSITION

Boast Is That One Must Go to New Mexico to Find the Real American Art.

The new museum of Santa Fe claims that "one must go to New Mexico to find an American architecture and an American art." The terraced houses of the Pueblos, the Franciscan missions, are ingenious, for they have been produced by the environment, the native building material, and the climate. In Santa Fe, through the efforts of the School of American Research, there has been fostered a renaissance of this ancient American architecture, one of the latest results being the Museum building, or Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs.

Six of the ancient Franciscan mission churches, 300 years old, are reproduced in the facade, without destroying the unity of its appearance; they are Acoma, San Felipe, Cochiti, Laguna, Santa Ana and Pecos. The outlines are hard, stiff plumb lines or levels. There are no exact repetitions or parallelisms, such as mark the California mission style. The massive doors of Santa Clara have been reproduced. There are cloisters and, of course, a patio. The new museum is an art gallery, part of the Museum of New Mexico, whose priceless archeological and historical collections are housed in the Palace of the Governors. Here are Taos and Santa Fe art societies, numbering about 40 artists of international note.

WAS USED TO QUICK ACTION

Moving Picture Scenario Writer Accustomed to Taking Things "on the Fly," as It Were.

He had never seen her before, but he fell in love with her as she stepped from the surface car. "Come," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "We will take a taxi to the nearest clergyman and be married."

While waiting for the minister to put on a clean collar, wash his hands and otherwise prepare for the ceremony, the young man telephoned to the nearest furniture store. "Hello! Is this the general manager? Well, I want you to furnish a three-room apartment for me. There is one advertised in this morning's Planet, No. 42 West One Hundred and 'Steenth street. Yes, it is not very far from you. Have the furniture there in ten minutes, please'."

Eleven minutes later a taxi raced through One Hundred and 'Steenth street, and the bride and groom entered their new home.

"Doesn't this seem—er—a little bit sudden to you?" asked the bride, as she sat down to get her breath.

"N-no, not exactly," replied the groom. "In fact, it seems the most natural thing in the world. You see, for the last five years I've done nothing but write moving-picture scenarios."—Film Fun.

Historic Old Lusitania.

Among the historical mementos in old Lusitania, which is an ancient name of the western part of Hispania including a part of modern Portugal, is an ancient church ruin which stands off the Rue De San Roque. It is the former Carmo Cathedral, a conspicuous object high above the Baixo. The outer walls and piers and arches of the naves still remain. The chancel and chapels retain their roofs, and in the precincts an archeological museum has been established. Here many relics from ruined ecclesiastical buildings have found a refuge, among others two stone fountains in the Arabic style; one from the extinct monastery of Penha Longa, on the serra of Cintra. The other was brought from Barbary after the conquest, in 1462, and given to Prince Henry the Navigator, who presented it to the Faro church as a holy water receptacle. There it had been lying neglected for years in the cemetery.

Chance for Real Fr[illegible]

As the proferiat turned a corner [illegible] quick security stood before a trolley car where just ahead, evidently in trouble, humanity he slowed down [illegible] "Are people" he asked, pointing [illegible] the [illegible] gratefully [illegible] he replied the perspiration off his brow. "I do," he whispered. "Is that lady in the car? She's my wife and I'm much relieved if you'd answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm going to this point to [illegible]."

ANOTHER BLUE BUCKET STORY

The following by Fred Lockley in the Oregon Journal recalls a version of the Blue Bucket Mines that currently in a more degree with the story as related by John S. Clark and printed in the Observer a few weeks ago. The Mr. Herron referred to in the article is an uncle of Mr. Clark.

Last week while I was at Salem I chanced to meet Mr. Marion Herron, an old friend and long time neighbor. I suggested a jaunt to the window of which was a source of I said. "There is a home that certainly did its full share." "Yes, it's where Mr. Fryer lives," said Mr. Mitchell. "You should go to see him. He is a very interesting man." Thanking Mr. [illegible] for the suggestion I walked [illegible] street, [illegible] the door by Mr. Fryer. "Tell me about your early life," I said. We had taken the chair in the hall and [illegible] back. The [illegible] Fryer was [illegible] taking in the [illegible] said Mr. Fryer. "The gold [illegible] large. A [illegible] Herron, who lived in the Mexican war, [illegible] the Oregon [illegible] Campbell, my [illegible] in-law, who put in three years in the 87th batallion Western Scouts.

"Tell me something about your early life," I said. "Somehow or other I have a hunch that you can tell me a mighty interesting story."

"Well, I have lived in Oregon 72 years and I have certainly met a lot of interesting people. My name is Thomas Jefferson Fryer, though most folks call me Jeff. I was born in Missouri, and came to Oregon with my folks in the fall of 1845. My father's name was Absolom Heath Fryer. He was born not a great ways from where Abraham Lincoln was born, in Kentucky. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth McCullough. She was born in Virginia. I was born at Boonville, Mo."

"It's rather interesting to remember that at about the time of Mr. Fryer's birth congress had decided that the Missouri river was about as far west as there would ever be any white settlements; so it made the Missouri river country the frontier and assigned the lands to the westward to the Indian tribes. In spite of these lands being occupied by the Indians, the lure of far off Oregon and of the fertile Willamette valley drew the settlers from along the frontier across the plains to Oregon. Such good reports came back from the emigrants in 1842 that in 1845, when Mr. Fryer came to Oregon with his people, there were more than 300 persons gathered along the border to come to Oregon. Two parties rendezvoused at Independence, Mo. One consisting of 25 wagons, was under the guidance of Presley Welch, Peter Palmer and Samuel K. Barlow. The other train elected Samuel Hancock captain and guide. Another party of emigrants, of 52 wagons started from St. Joe, Mo., under the leadership of Captain Hackleman. Another party, of 61 wagons, also started from St. Joe under the leadership of W. P. T'Vault.

The party with which Mr. Fryer came to Oregon consisted of 68 wagons and was under the leadership of Sol Tetherow. The emigrants were met at Fort Hall by California boosters, who urged them to go to California in place of Oregon. From Fort Hall they went to the Snake River and on to the Malheur river, without special incident. At Hot Springs, near Ft. Boise, a man named White told them what a difficult trip they would have by way of The Dalles, and urged them to take a short cut through the Cascades, through which trail they could take their wagons and possessions without difficulty to the heart of the Willamette valley. Stephen H. L. Meek happened to be there, and volunteered to act as their guide. About 200 families followed White's advice and decided not to go by way of The Dalles, but to take what has since been called Meek's cutoff. Stephen Meek started westward, following the old Hudson's Bay fur trail, which crossed the mountains. The party followed the Malheur river for some distance but the grass was short and the oxen became restless for lack of food. Meek decided to travel south for a few days, where pasturage was better. The grass proved to be better but the water was so alkaline that the cattle could hardly drink it. Many of the children got bad with the dysentery and died.

"One of the incidents of this trip that has been discussed, almost more than any other," said Mr. Fryer, "was the finding of the gold that gave origin to the Blue Bucket mine story. I have often heard my father and mother discuss this, as well as Judge William Dawson and other members of the party who were there, but I was too little to remember anything of it. Here is the story, as I get it:

"Not long after our party had left the main emigration, and while near the head of the Malheur river, some of the cattle wandered off one night. Daniel Herron, a cousin of W. J. Herron, went out to find the cattle. Just over the ridge from the head of the Malheur river he came upon a little stream that ran toward the southwest. It didn't empty into the Malheur river. As he crossed the stream he noticed something that looked like a yellow pebble in the bottom of the stream. It was heavy and dull looking. He picked it up, and when he came to camp he showed it to some of the men. No one knew what it was, and, what was more, they didn't care. As my father often said, they were more interested in finding their way to the Willamette valley and finding pasturage for their stock and water for their children than they were in finding gold. W. J. Herron was an old North Carolina gold miner. You know in North Carolina and Georgia they had placer mines. Someone else picked up one of these heavy pieces of yellow metal and brought it to the camp. One of our party, named Martin, wanted to break it in two and see what it looked like inside. Placing it on the iron tire of the wagon he hit it with the head of his hatchet, but instead of breaking, it flattened. It was as soft as a bullet, and flattened very much as a bullet would. He finally threw it into the toolbox in front of his wagon, and during the next few days, when the party wandered around lost and hungry and without food and water for their stock, he forgot all about the nugget.

"How they started the name 'Blue Bucket mine' I don't know. They say that after the discovery of gold in California one of our party told about finding gold near the head of the Malheur river and said 'There was lots of it there. I could have filled one of our blue buckets with it.' Father always claimed that it wasn't gold; but he was no miner. He was a stockman and farmer. Mother always claimed it was gold. W. J. Herron also said it was gold. Some years later some of Sol Tetherow's boys and some of the Herron boys went back to find the place. That was after gold had been discovered in California. But they couldn't locate it. There is no question that gold was up there, for some years later they struck the rich placer diggings at John Day and Canyon City and took out millions of dollars in placer gold."

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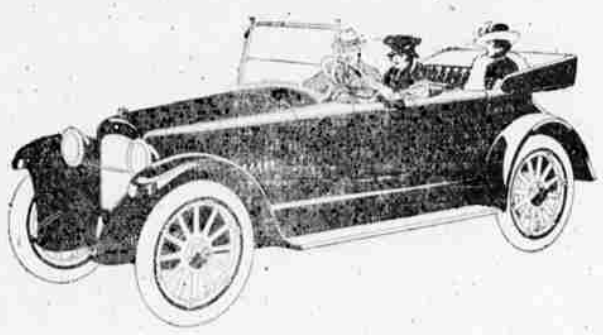

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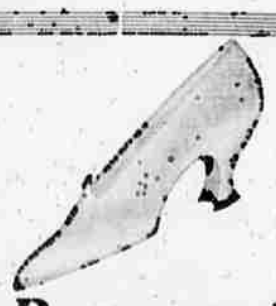

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