CULTURE AND HIGH IDEALS WHO HAVE CHILDREN TO NURSE AND WHO ARE COMMUNITY BUILDERS. IT WOULD NOT NEGLECT THOSE THINGS THAT BRING BUSINESS PROSPERITY AND GROWTH, BUT EVEN THOUGH IT FAILED IN TRANSFORMING SANTA FE INTO A NEW YORK OR A LOS ANGELES, IT WOULD BRAVELY KEEP AT THE TASK OF MAKING SANTA FE THE MOST LIVABLE AND THE MOST LUSCIOUS TOWN IN THE WEST--A TOWN WITH DISTINCTIVE, APPROPRIATE ARCHITECTURE, CLEAN STREETS, ATTRACTION PARKS, SPLENDID MAGAZINES, BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, MODERN SANITATION, FREE FROM VICE AND MASTERY, A COMMUNITY OF CULTURE, HAPINESS AND HIGH IDEAS LIVING UP TO ITS OPPORTUNITIES. IT WOULD SEEK TO DEVELOP THOSE INDUSTRIES THAT ARE INDIGENOUS, FOR WHICH A CAREFUL SURVEY OF RESOURCES OFFERS SOLID AND PERMANENT FOUNDATIONS AND WOULD HELP ITS OWN SONS AND DAUGHTERS TO FIND SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD.

FOR SUCH PURPOSES, IT WOULD BE QUITE JUSTIFIABLE TO RAISE ANNUAL BUDGETS OF RESPECTABLE PROPORTIONS, BUT EVEN THOUGH SUCH RESOURCES ARE NOT AVAILABLE, THE COMMISSION THROUGH THE INFLUENCE IT WIELDED, BY UTILIZING ITS FORCES, THE EQUIPMENT, THE CHANNELS AND THE AGENCIES ALREADY EXISTING, ACHIEVEMENT FOR THIS CITY THAT HAS WITHSTOOD NOBLY THE VICTIM'S SNUFFER OF MORE THAN THREE CENTURIES.

CRESCENCIO MARTINEZ—ARTIST
BY EDGAR L. HEWETT
Director School of American Research

On the 30th of June, there died at Santa Fe, another of our faithful Tewa, Cressencllo Martinez (real name, "M. L."")—home of the "ilk". The cause was probably pulmonia. Cressencllo was industrious, serious, dependable, clean-minded. He was unusually clever in finding the things that the archaeologist is seeking. He was watched keenly, carefully and the glow of satisfaction on his face when he found a discovery that was rare, long, white. One can not forget the rare smile that his face wore while his finds were being examined by the students. Yet, no one surpassed what was really going on back of that indescribable Indian countenance. The spirit of a great race was struggling there. Archaeology was not merely retrieving the cultural products of the past. It was quickening sacred fires that had been smoldering through generations of repulsion.

Cressencllo's wife, Maximilliana, came of an exceptional family. The three sisters are all potters of ability. Maria, without doubt the foremost living Indian artist and her husband, Julian, has few if any equals as a pottery decorator. Deidora, wife of Dionicio, is also a clever potter, and, nearly related, are Ramona, wife of Juan Gonzales, and several others—too many to mention—none of whom formed a group of art-loving people. They were students along with the rest of us, and, we gracefully acknowledge, in many things...
Crescencio died an artist in the best sense of the word. His only teachers were those rare spirits of the past whose names were never signed to their works (nor even spoken by those who survived them), to whom beauty and happiness were synonymous. In contact with modern art and artists for years, Crescencio's art was completely uninfused by them. It is a distinctly racial as a Japanese art. A remembrance is under way which is destined to bring back an art that is unmatched in the culture history of the world—a unique racial product. In this native American school the name of Crescencio Martinez will stand as the first artist of record. 

THE CORN CEREMONY AT SANTO DOMINGO

BY EDGAR L. HEWETT

Director School of American Research

Three ceremonies of the Pueblos, commonly known as dances, have their origin mainly in the food quest of the ancient people. In a country like the Southwestern desert, where rainfall is uncertain and everything depends upon moisture at favorable periods in the year, it was natural that the people should speculate with great intensity upon the forces which could bring them plenty or which might leave them on the verge of starvation. Game was never plentiful in a desert country and the people had to look mainly to the soil for subsistence. Now the soil of the Southwest would yield almost the entire rain came at the proper time to germinate the crops after they were planted and to insure their maturation in the summer season.

The Indian tribes of every force and every element as under the control of diffused power. Rain falls, wind will come to life; these quiet students were taught when the gods will it, and every element which touches the welfare of man depends upon some mighty power for hâted into motion, with the result that control. Hence, man must ally himself with the deities that control the elements. He must by invitation, by offerings, command himself to the favor of the gods. It was natural in the arid deserts of the Southwest where man could gain sustenance mainly from the soil, that elaborate rain and growth ceremonies should develop.

In the Rio Grande Valley another factor and a vital one was that of protecting the food supply from enemies. Sedentary, agricultural people were always subject to the raids of predatory tribes who chose a method of obtaining property which is largely in vogue among civilized men; that is, of depriving other people of it. Navaho, Comanche, Apache, and other nomadic tribes were the enemies of the Pueblos. Waiting until the crops were ready to harvest they swept into the Rio Grande Valley depriving the peaceful Pueblos of their corn in the field or in storage for the winter. After a long season devoted to bringing about the germination and growth and maturity of the corn, by a series of elaborate ceremonies, the Pueblos must now address themselves to defending their crops from predatory foes. Cer-